

Standard Bank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.
G. F. REID, Manager.

Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
Paid Up 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 600,000

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

Durham Agency.

A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance. J. KELLY, Agent.

Medical Directory.

DR. JAMIESON, Durham.
Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

DENTIST.

DR. T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.
Office—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block.
Residence—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.

Legal Directory.

J. P. TELFORD.
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over Gordon's new jewelry store, Lower Town.
Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

G. LEFROY McCAUL.

BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McInnes Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

Miscellaneous.

JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham, Ont.

W. H. McMAHON, Durham, Land Valuer and Licensed Auctioneer in the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

W. CARSON, Durham, Licensed Assessor for the County of Grey. Collector, Bailiff of the 2nd Division and all other matters promptly attended to.—highest references furnished.

QUEEN, ORCHARDVILLE, has insured his old business, and is prepared to receive any amount of money on real estate. Old mortgages paid off on the best terms. Fire and Life Insurance in the best Stock Companies rates. Correspondence to P. O., or a call solicited.

FURNITURE

REPAIRING

SHIPPING IN CONNECTION

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

JACOB KRESS.

SHEWELL

FURNITURE

Making and Embalming

DURHAM, - ONT.

FARMERS, THRESHERS

and Millmen

THE BRICK FOUNDRY

WE MAKE --

Stoves, Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Saws, Band Saws, Emery Mills, Hand or Power; Cresting, Stoves, Kettles, Columns, Church Stairs, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Mill-Makers' Supplies, School Buildings, Fanning Mill Castings, Mill Castings and Builders' Supplies, Plates and points for the best ploughs in use. Casting for Flour and Saw Mills.

WE REPAIR--

Engines, Horse Powers, Mowers, Reapers, and Cross-Cut Saws Filed and Set.
Prepared to fill orders for

WALTER SMITH, FOUNDRYMAN

Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

THOSE VACANT CHAIRS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells of the Lessons They Convey.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty.—1 Samuel xx. 18.

Set on the table the cutlery and the chined silver ware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When the people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, or perhaps audibly: "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him; I expected him. What a vacant chair at a king's banquet!" The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before, Jonathan had coaxed David, in the words of my text, "Thou wilt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. In that picture a stranger would not see anything remarkable, either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it and who admired it. And that hymn-book—you remember who sang out of it; and that cradle—you remember who rocked it; and that Bible—you remembered who read out of it; and that bed—you remember who slept in it; and that room—you remember who died in it. "But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers; but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table.

First, I point out to you the father's broken chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes, when you are in their place and they come into the room, you jump up, and suddenly say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. The hair a little frosty; the gums a little depressed; for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane and old-fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new-fangled notions. I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation. An aged man was at the table, and his son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son, and said, "My son, don't, now, try to show off because the minister is here!" My father never liked any new customs of manners. He preferred the old way of doing things and he never looked so happy, as when with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice, but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover. I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor house, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave. But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good-night kiss, and the longer he stayed, the better you liked it. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it; but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle.

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rocked. I remember it well. It was an old chair and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a preening noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads

into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah, what a chair that was! It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how! I cannot tell; but we felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward, father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick day of children, other chairs could not keep awake, that chair always kept awake,—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs, which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into the grog shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" and louder than the boisterous encore of the theatre, a voice saying: "My son, what do you here?" And when you went into the house of sin, a voice saying: "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" and you were provoked at yourself and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home, and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What a prayerless pillow!" A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came, into the room where she lay, and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "O mother, mother, what your life could not do, your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty."

I go on a little farther and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh, I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of my congregation, these invalid chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world; but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching all these years, trust in God. Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering, the grace of God gets its victory. But when one of these invalid's chairs become vacant, how suggestive it is. No more of bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage and the cataplasm and the prescription. That invalid's chair may be folded up, or taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid's words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I pass on and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied, I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it, all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes from you, the high chair becomes a higher chair, and there is desolation all around about you. I cannot speak from experience, thank God; but in three-fourths of the homes of my congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night, no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it must be to have children in heaven. With respect to your child, the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty."

I have been very earnest this morning, because I realize the fact that the day will come when the pastor's chair will be empty. From this point how often I have looked off into your faces. I have seen a great many beautiful and thrilling sights, but never anything to equal what I have witnessed

when, in this chair, I have looked off and seen you rise for the doxology. Seated in this chair, sometimes I have greatly rejoiced at seeing multitudes come to God, and then again I have trembled for fear men would reject the gospel. I wonder what this chair will testify when I have left it for the last time? Will it tell of a useful life, of an earnest ministry, of a pure gospel? God grant it. The most powerful sermon that is ever preached is by the vacant chair of a pastor the Sabbath after he has been carried away from it. And oh, when we are all through with this world and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshipping God in that place from which we shall go out no more forever. Thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven!

STEAMERS OF THE UPPER CONGO.

The Large Fleet Now Plying on 6,000 Miles of Waterways.

Twenty years ago Henry M. Stanley, who had reached Stanley Pool to begin his five years' work planting stations on the river, launched the first steamer on the waters of the Pool. It was the little En Avant of five tons burden. In the twenty years that have since elapsed Europe has not failed in a single year to send more steamers to ply on the great African river.

There are to-day 103 steamboats launching on the waters of the Congo and its tributaries or preparing in the shipyards at Stanley Pool for launching. The flotilla has taken a prominent part in the pacific conquest and the economic expansion of the new Congo country. It has been very prominent in the work of exploration and of occupation. Without these steamers it would not have been possible to start so many trading and other stations. They could not, without the steamers, have procured sufficient supplies. The steamers also made it possible to develop the ivory and rubber trades, which have now reached large proportions.

Belgian enterprise has placed nearly half of these vessels on the river. The feet of the Congo Free State numbers twenty-nine vessels, and Belgian trading companies have nineteen steamers, making a total of forty-eight vessels owned and controlled by Belgian enterprises. The most important fleet after that of the Belgians is the French flotilla. In the past two years the French have sent thirty-nine boats to Brazzaville on Stanley Pool, and most of them have been launched. The Dutch traders own ten vessels, the Germans two and English and American missionaries societies have four steamers in their service.

It was a gigantic undertaking to transport the first fifty steamers to the upper river. They had to be carried piece by piece on the backs of men. Not a few of the larger vessels were divided into more than a thousand pieces were unloaded at Stanley Pool months were required to rivet them together and prepare the vessel for launching.

So nearly eighteen years were taken in placing the first fifty steamers on the upper river. A very different chapter in Congo history has been written in the past two years since the opening of the railroad from Matadi to Stanley Pool. Within the past twenty-four months half of the upper Congo fleet of fifty vessels have been carried on the cars to the Pool. While a month was required to carry the earlier boats over the mountains and down into the valleys along the 235 miles between the lower Congo and the Pool, an entire boat is now carried over the route in two days. Thus the railroad has facilitated placing steamers on the upper river; and now both railroad and steam vessels are working together in the commercial expansion of the country.

THOUGHT IT WAS ABBREVIATED.

Our grocer's mind never rises above business.
How so?
I sent him an order yesterday, and, just for the novelty of it, dated it thus: 1-5-MCMML.
Well?
Well, he sent us 15 pounds of mince-meat.

OBEDIENT.

Bessie, said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, did you peel your apple as I told you to before eating it?
Yes, mamma, replied Bessie.
And what did you do with the peeling? asked her mother.
Oh, replied the little miss, I ate that afterward.

When I was your age I never thought of spending as much money as you do, Well, sir, the careless youth replied, I cannot do more than offer my sympathies. It was grandfather's fault, not mine.

A FEMINE REASON.

"If he was not your idol, why did you marry him?"
"Because so many of the girls seemed to want him."

HOUSEHOLD.

A SKIRT FACING.

It is a matter of individual taste whether skirts made of faced cloths and materials of similar weight should be lined or not, but since it is now well known that much weight does not necessarily mean warmth, many prefer to have their cloth skirts made up without linings, or even without any lining whatever, electing to wear the silk underskirt as a separate garment. Once this plan is adopted it is generally continued, especially with the prevailing long skirts, as they are so much more easily lifted. Skirts made in this way, especially when of light weight Venetian or face cloth, require nice facing, about 13 inches deep, which should be of silk preferably. The next best material is fine Italian cloth or lansdowne.

The facing must be cut very carefully to correspond with shape of lower edge of skirt. For the amateur the safest plan is to cut it the required depth to match the lower edge of the skirt, and then join the pieces together in the case of the skirt seams, stitching the silk with slightly narrowed turnings, if the same have been allowed on both, so as to make it the least bit loose on the cloth. Next take a strip of fine erinoline out on an exact bias in strips two inches wide, which lay on the inside of cloth edge. Turn up and baste both together, in the one-inch turning that will have been allowed in cutting out the skirt. Now place the lower part of skirt wrongside up over lap board, and beginning with the centre of front, baste the facing along at its two edges, turning the later under as you proceed. Be careful to smooth the material, but avoid doing so to the facing, as smoothing one material over another tightens the upper one. Hem and press the edge nicely, the top row of stitches being done invisibly.

BUYING AND STORING FURS.

When examining skins for making up, or when purchasing fur garments a good test as to quality is to blow briskly against the incline or set of the fur. If the fibres open readily, exposing the skin to view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows a small portion of the skin, the article may be accepted. Ladies, as a general rule, imagine that care in putting away furs is all that is required; they think they can wear them when and how they please, provided they expend a few cents for camphor when they lay them aside. This idea should be corrected. More harm is done to furs by wearing them for a week after the weather has become warm than during the whole season.

When they are put aside they should be brushed the right way with a soft brush, an old linen handkerchief folded smoothly over them, and a piece of gum camphor kept in the box all the time, or put them in a close box and with good paste or mucilage fasten a strip of paper over the crack left between the lid and box and put them in the closet. The fall will find them safe and free from the unpleasant odors that tobacco, camphor, etc., always leave in furs.

CHATELAIN MIRRORS AND GOLD NECKLETS.

It is a revival of an eighteenth century fashion, this use of a small jeweled hand-mirror that is worn as a chatelaine ornament. In the good days of powder, and patches, and wigs and rouge a mirror at hand was a necessity. The troublesome war paint often needed a touch of repairs, which in the frank days of Queen Anne, was always unblushingly supplied. In this virtuous twentieth century the tiny mirrors are worn only for ornament, so their owners say, and very pretty ornaments they are.

quise necklets of chased gold, that needed but a slight advertisement to insure their popularity. The necklet must never be more than a slender gold chain clasping the base of the throat, and from which a perfect little ornament must hang. It is the preference just now to have these ornaments show few precious stones. Gold, wrought in some fine and peculiar design, is valued almost above jewels, especially when the gold shows a variety of natural colors, or is feelingly treated with enamel. Every necklet bears, as a rule, a name; the name is given the pattern or figure in the pendant, and on the lid of the satin-lined box in which an ornament reposes, the title of the contents is lettered in gilt. There are, among others, the Dragon fly, Springtime, Hope, etc.

CARE OF BROWS AND LASHES.

The beauties of old, Helen of Troy and Cleopatra notably, were famous for the beauty of their eyes, and no doubt they devoted much time to their care. Some beauties do nowadays, but many a girl who has a pretty eye could enhance its attractiveness by a little care. Long, sweeping eyelashes have been admired by poets and lovers from time immemorial, and there is certainly something very beautiful, and seductive in the long eyelash sweeping down on a velvet cheek. Not only does it add to the expression, but it is a greater safeguard to the eye from dust and dangerous flying particles.

If a little vaseline or olive oil be put upon the lashes each night the growth will be aided very much.

And then about the eyebrow. How often women are perfectly neglectful about them. Shakespeare tells us how the lover, sighing like a furnace has written a "woeful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow" but lovers in olden days were more appreciative of this feature than they are to-day.

Eyebrows differ with every individual but if nature has not been careful to provide one with those of perfect form much can be done to help matters. The eyebrow should extend slightly below the orbit of the eye at each end. Toward the temple it should terminate in a mere line, and it should be slightly broader at the other end.

Upon the peculiar arch and the breadth of the eyebrow much depends. Delicate features require a delicate eyebrow, while a face that is strong in character requires a bolder one. Never pull hairs out of the brow, but rather try, by careful brushing, to train them to grow as you wish. If you will try brushing your eyebrows in different directions, you will see just how the hair should grow in order to suit your eye best, and then you should be careful always to brush it the same way. A very little oil may be used, but be careful not to use it often, or it may make them grow bushy.

Never eat of more than one dish at a meal, no matter what that dish may be; then a person may consume as much as the stomach may bear, and satisfy the appetite without the least reserve. Nevertheless, nothing but one dish should be taken. No condiments, no soups nor supplementary desserts should be allowed. This system was recommended by the author to a lady who was slightly obese and

"I Can Eat What I Like."

Many people suffer terribly with pain in the stomach after every mouthful they eat.

Dyspepsia and indigestion keep them in constant misery. After trying the hundred and one new-fangled remedies without much benefit, why not use the old reliable Burdock Blood Bitters and obtain a perfect and permanent cure?

Here is a case in point: "I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia for three or four years, and tried almost every doctor and here and different dyspepsia remedies, but got little relief. I then started using Burdock Blood Bitters, and when I had finished the second bottle I was almost well, but continued taking it until I had completed the third bottle, when I was perfectly well. Before taking B.B.B. I could scarcely eat anything without having a pain in my stomach. Now I eat whatever I like without causing me the least discomfort." — Mrs. THOMAS CLARK, Brussels, Ont.



The "Chronicle" is the only large Local Newspaper in Western Ontario, who put it into practice with the best results. The lady observed that she suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet, and the result obtained by several others may be well understood, as she found by her own experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish or vegetables, brought on a sense of satiety much sooner than if she had partaken of a variety of dishes, whence the effect of a relative abstinence.

OUTDONE.

In almost every small town there is some person who is known and despised for his inquisitive habits. Even children delight in thwarting the purposes of such a man, as is shown by the following incident, which a correspondent furnishes: Mrs. Stocken wished a friend to share her elder vinegar, and sent her eight-year-old son to deliver it. He returned quickly, his face wearing a satisfied smile.

"Mrs. White was much obliged, ma, but I met Mr. Perkins just before I got here. He said, 'Hallo, bub! I wonder if you've got molasses in that jug?' and I said, 'No, sir, Mr. Perkins. He said, 'Got vinegar?' and I said, 'No, sir, Mr. Perkins. Then he asked, 'Got cider?' and I told him, 'No, sir, Mr. Perkins.' Last he said, 'Well, that's a jug in your hand, ain't it, Caleb?' and I put my jug on the ground and said, 'No, sir, Mr. Perkins!'

WONDERS OF THE CORN PLANT.

Assuming that there are 20 leaves two and one-half inches wide and 30 inches long on a corn plant and that there are three plants in a hill on 49 acres, counting 3,240 hills per acre, the number of square feet of surface presented by the leaves would be 4,050,000, equal to nearly 95 acres, which area the blades would cover as a carpet if placed side by side. This calculation does not take into account additional surface which naturally would be present in a field of corn.

Cash System

Adopted by

N. G. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance or the same.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE