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FURNITURE UNDERTAKING

Prices Out. A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION. Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS. J. SHEWELL Furniture Undertaking and Embalming A SPECIALTY DURHAM, - ONT

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY - WE MAKE - Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

- WE REPAIR - Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers. Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

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

TO BE EXPECTED. "I believe she is thinking of marriage," she said. "Of course," he returned. "Why do you say 'of course'?" "Because of her sex."

THIS IS A MIGHTY GOD.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of the World's Great Sin.

A despatch from Washington, says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "And he took the calf which they had made, and he burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."—Exodus xxxii. 20. "People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times they were masculine as well as feminine decorations. When they got these beautiful golden earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mould, not of an eagle or a war-charger, but of a silly calf; the gold cools off; the mould is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs; An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms, and gyrate and shriek, and dance mightily, and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden-calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre, or by the old-fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook, or not drink at all. I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, the temple,

HIS ALTAR OF SACRIFICE, and the music that is made in the temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters. Every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul of the English, and St. Peter of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindus, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its vaults are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold; and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its steps pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold. Further: every god must have not only its temple; but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks, and fire-proof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on, yet lets them suffer. Oh, heavens and earth, what an altar! What a sacrifice of brain, mind, and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they SACRIFICE THEIR FAMILIES. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the acme of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage; "Get out!" They get out. They get down. The husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of the split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf. Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock, in India, walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music of clanking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling of the banks and brokers' shops, and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the dogology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands with moulty and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"MORE! MORE! MORE!"

But my text suggests that this worship has got to be broken up, as the behaviour of Moses in my text indicated. There were those who made this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out in a puddle of oil, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old-fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment, the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn, and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed earrings of the Egyptians, and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers not paying for the articles they get on credit of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow, until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow, and those who are borrowed of; and after awhile the capitalist wants his money, and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money, and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness-maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been

THREE TIMES RENEWED. But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah! no. The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may, perhaps, take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers. Ah, my friends! if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh! this is a fleeting world, it is a dying world. A man who had worshipped it all his days, in his dying moments described himself, when he said "Foot! Foot! Foot!" I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice that does for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die. When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled, and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not miss them good-by forever. He only wants to hold them for a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh! what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshipping the golden calf, and

THEORY AND PRACTICE. An Unnecessary Evil—Sweating Grain—Sowing Timothy.

There has been much complaint this fall of an "invasion" of the Colorado potato beetle. The "bugs" have stripped the tomato vines in the gardens and have eaten tomatoes and potatoes when no vines remained for them. They belong to the second or third brood, and I am quite sure that any such brood in size that is really harmful to crops is wholly unnecessary and is possible only because many farmers are careless in their method of fighting the first brood. The beetles that appear in the spring deposit their eggs in May and June. The young, after a few weeks of feeding, go into the ground and in about ten days emerge as beetles, ready to begin the work of producing another brood. If the first brood is fought effectively, there is no later brood to damage crops in August and September. The beetles that come out of the ground in midsummer do not scatter much to other fields, but deposit their eggs on the vines about them. It is the beetles that appear in the spring that seek out all localities where an early crop is grown that furnishes breeding ground for the second brood. It is my experience that if the young of the first lot of beetles are killed no second lot may be feared that year. The trouble simply is that most growers do not kill all the young. They do not apply the poison until many of the young have scattered over the entire potato top, and then some escape, go into the ground and lay the foundation for another brood. The grower of 20 acres of potatoes can kill the young as effectively as the grower of a garden patch. The secret is to apply the arsenite with some sticky diluent to the bud of each plant before any of the young leave the bud. The mixture should be strong. It remains where the young come within a day after hatching, and it kills as fast as they appear in the bud. When grain is not plump, as was the case throughout much of the great Ohio valley this year, there is a distinct gain from sweating it in mow or stack before thrashing. There is an old belief among farmers that the grain becomes more plump in the mow. I should not like to assert that this is correct, yet we do know that the sweating brightens the grain and makes it more attractive. Shrivelled grains are often bleached, and after six weeks in the mow they come out much brighter. The improvement in appearance helps to sell the crop to local mills that do not use the tester, and even with the tester it may grade better on account of the perfectly dry condition. The moisture in grain thrashed early from the shock causes it to test lower than it would when perfectly dry. When timothy is seeded with the wheat, I believe that it is best to let the seed fall behind the drill hoed instead of in front of them. Many farmers turn the timothy seed sprouts forward, so that the drill hoed may cover the seed, and in this way a better stand of plants may be got in a dry fall, but too many of the plants come on the ridges between the little drills and perish later on. The safe place for the timothy plant is in the furrow with the wheat plant, as it is then protected by the ridge on each side, says a Farm and Fireside writer, from whose items of farm theory and practice the foregoing are gleaned.

THE BEST GARDEN SOIL.

The first requisite for a good garden or farm, is good soil; this is indispensable. Plants cannot reach perfection unless the conditions of growth are favorable. It does not follow that the soil must be naturally rich, but plants do not live upon soil, they live in it, and partake of the food it contains. It therefore follows that if the soil does not contain the food the plant demands for growth, and the development of its fruits, it must be supplied. The question as to the best kind of soil is an arbitrary one. Natural conditions must be accepted as we find them, but it does not follow that a naturally uncongenial soil cannot be made to produce good crops. The condition of the soil is of far greater importance than its character, and it is upon the former that success largely depends. A lively loam is undoubtedly the best soil for a garden. Experience and observation show conclusively that many uncongenial soils are such from lack of proper tillage. The very general opinion is that the difference in the cost of labor to produce a crop is more than sufficient to pay for the manure used on the sandy soil, where all the plant food employed is at once available. The delicate roots of the plants can easily penetrate the sandy soil in every direction. At the same time the soil is pressed firmly around the roots. This is an important consideration, as they are so delicate that they will immediately perish if exposed to the air, as is frequently the case in heavy, poorly-prepared soils. Another important consideration is that a greater variety of vegetables can be grown on light soils than on clay, and they will also be of better quality. There are but few plants that cannot be successfully grown on light, sandy soils, while there are many that cannot be induced to perfect their crops on heavy, wet, clay soil.

DIFFICULTY IN CHURNING.

Several winters ago we had difficulty in churning, says a writer. Our cows were due to come in in the spring and were fed with good hay and corn fodder, but no grain. The milk was set in small pans for 36 hours, then skimmed and after the cream was slightly sour we tried to churn it, but could not make it separate. This winter we have a small quantity of milk, not enough to take to creamery, so we are setting in small pans again the same as before. I put about 1 qt boiling water into each pan of milk. The cream stirs to butter in a few minutes, so I conclude the milk was too rich was the reason the butter did not separate. I set the pail of cream on a shelf back of the churn several hours before churning. When just ready to separate, I add a little skim milk.

JAPANESE WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

The rich Japanese family Mitsui has presented an extensive piece of ground near Tokio for the purpose of founding a women's university, writes a Tokio correspondent. Three other Japanese gentlemen have subscribed the sum necessary for erecting the university buildings. The work has been started, and it is hoped that the university will be opened in the spring of next year. Many lady students are expected to join, many young Japanese ladies of good family having assisted at the medical and polytechnic lectures at the existing Japanese universities.

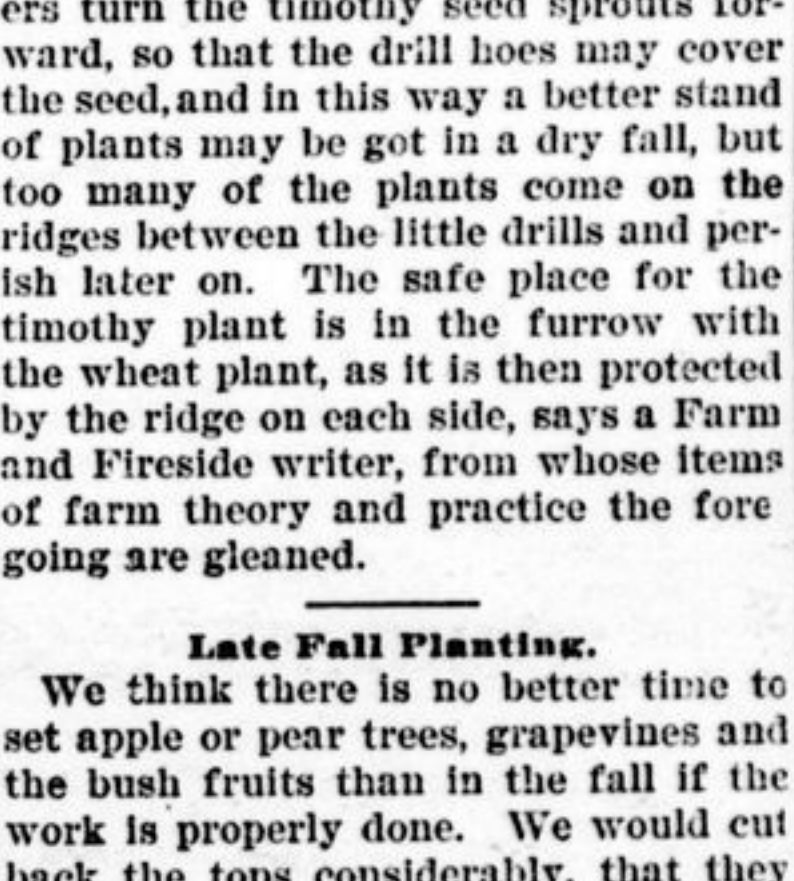
YOUNG MEAT.

Tendency to Finish Off Cattle at an Early Age.

There is an undoubted demand for prime young beef and mutton made ready for the market under conditions that will produce rich, red, tender meat suitable for the consumers of choice goods, says C. W. Jones in The American Cultivator. This meat is difficult to secure in any market, and it is always high priced, for customers who can secure it are willing to pay extra for it. This meat cannot be raised without attention to what is needed. In the case of beef the cattle are not young calves, but animals that are brought to maturity rapidly and finished off perfectly. Old cattle finished off after their third or fourth year do not produce as desirable meat as the year and a half animal brought to maturity under good feeding and care. The proper time to finish off cattle for the fancy market is from 1 to 2 years old. The nearer we can get to the former the better, provided the animal has reached full maturity and weighs about as much as it ever will. It is a question of feeding and breeding, so that the animal grows smoothly and rapidly from the time of its birth to the day it is sold for the fancy market. Experience has shown that the most profitable age to finish off cattle is from 20 to 24 months. That applies to the average animal and breeder and is a pretty safe rule to go by, but it is possible to finish off very fine cattle in 18 or even 15 months and obtain for them larger profits than those which reach maturity later. It is all a question of breed and breeding. Animals selected for this fancy work should be without blemish and indicate a strong, vigorous constitution from the start. If they possess these merits, they will prove satisfactory at all times. They need good care from the start and should be allowed to suck the mothers until they are ready for weaning, and then they should be fed as liberally as they can stand of highly concentrated food. We are not looking beyond the year and a half period, and, no matter what grade results forced feeding may have later in life, the animals selected for this purpose should have to the flesh is sure then to be rich and tender. When sucking, the mothers must also be fed liberally on rich, concentrated foods. The whole question of whether cattle raised in this way will be profitable depends largely upon the market one can send them to. They cannot be classed with ordinary cattle, but must seek a special market where fancy stock is in demand. In nearly every large city there are butchers who make a specialty of securing fine beef cattle. They have a line of customers who demand better meat than can be found in the ordinary cattle yards. One must put himself in touch with this side of the market to make the most of such a specialty.

An Ideal Cheviot.

The Earl is an ideal Cheviot ram owned by Professor C. S. Plumb of Lafayette, Ind. The accompanying illustration gives a correct idea of the proper Cheviot head.



THE EARL.

Better Than Gold Mines.

We read in the old books thousands of years old of the golden fleece and of the sheep's foot that turns all it touches into gold, says The Sheep Breeder. And some of us may think that there is nothing else in the world but gold that is worth the trouble to get and that the sheep's foot story is only a sort of fable to amuse people with. But the facts are that the profits from the sheep are far greater than those made from the gold mines. It is estimated that a gold dollar costs to get more than its worth in labor, which is unquestionably true when we figure up the worth of the labor spent in gold mining all over the world. But figures, which do not lie, go to show that the profits derived from the sheep in Colorado are more than is made from all the gold mines in the state. Indeed net income from the sheep in the United States every year is far greater than the total income from all the mines of gold and silver combined. While the profit of the mines is only once for all, the sheep leaves in the world bequeath the capital invested in it to accumulate, and still keep on returning profit from its use. More wealth has been gathered from the pastures of the west by the golden hoofed sheep than has been collected from the gold mines at such enormous cost of labor and life and money spent in the getting of it. Let us cherish the sheep.

AN INFORMAL INVITE.

Mrs. Goodart—Poor man! Come to my house, across the way there, this evening and you shall have a good dinner. Harvard Hasben—Some of your guests disappoint you? That's rather short notice; I'm afraid I can't get my full dress suit out of the laundry in time.

COULDN'T LACE HIS BOOTS.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, of Fortuna Bridge, P.E.I., a great sufferer from pain in the back.

Doan's Kidney Pills completely and permanently cured him.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, the well-known general merchant of Fortuna Bridge, P.E.I., was troubled with severe pains in his back and hips for over two years. At length he became aware of the fact that backache was simply a symptom of kidney trouble and did not hesitate long in taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and was promptly and permanently cured. Here is his statement: "I was in an awful state for two years with pains in my back and hips. Some mornings these pains were so severe that I couldn't stoop to lace my boots. I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box so completely cured me that I have been perfectly well for over a year now and free from the least trace of pain."

The "Chronicle" is the only 12-Page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

BRITISH TELEGRAPHERS PRAISED.

Especially Good Work Done by Them in the Field in South Africa. British telegraphers have recently received a good many compliments. The King has thanked them for the services they rendered at Osborne and at Windsor during the last illness of Queen Victoria, and the German Emperor has decorated Charles Mullens, the operator who was sent from London to work the cable laid temporarily from the imperial yacht Hohenzollern to the shore. The cross bestowed on Mullens is a handsome piece of work. On the front is the imperial monogram W.V.I., surmounted by a Crown, and on the back is an inscription setting forth that the recipient had rendered service to the State. If Mr. Mullens should ever care to settle down in Germany the cross will entitle him to draw a modest pension. Equally gratifying to the telegraphers is the emphatic testimony to the excellence of their work during the war in South Africa. Field Marshal Lord Roberts, in the full despatches just published in the official London Gazette, says that, despite the enormous difficulties of the country traversed, his telegraphers almost always managed to keep him in communication with all his scattered forces in the enemy's country. Gen. Buller writes of their technical knowledge, their unwearied perseverance and their high state of efficiency, adding "all officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Telegraph Department have done exceptionally well. The only fault I have to find with them has been that they have been sometimes too anxious to keep their line up and have incurred undue risk." Gen. Sir George White declares that the service of the telegraphers during the historic siege "was of the highest value and conducted greatly to the successful defence of Ladysmith." The use which Gen. Baden Powell made of his small band of telegraphers is by this time pretty well known. All his outlying forts and lookout posts at Mafeking were connected with headquarters, and he was thus able to receive reports and issue orders for all parts of the defence instantaneously. Signalling was reduced to a fine art and maintained, by heliograph lamp and flag. Megaphones were also made and used in outlying trenches and posts, and phonophones, attached to ordinary telegraph lines, were used on the armored trains which were used to bother the Boers so much. Gen. Baden Powell thus sums up his appreciation of the services of the gallant telegraphers: "Their duties were unceasing by night as well as by day and were frequently carried out under heavy fire at great personal risk. The zeal, energy and willingness displayed by these officers was most conspicuous throughout the siege, and their work had a large share in bringing about the successful issue of the siege."

CONVIVIAL RECORD.

It Included Thirty Thousand Beers and Six Hundred Thousand Smokes. A singular old man has died at Vienna, in his seventy-third year, and the reputation of being the most exact man on record. From his twenty-seventh year he kept accurate account of all he bought and what he paid for it. In the 27 years of his convivial life he consumed 28,786 glasses of beer. He gave up drinking in his fifty-fourth year, but he continued to smoke constantly, even during his last sickness, raising the number of his cigars to 626,718, or an average of 13,667 a year. Of the whole number some 43,500 were given to him; he bought the rest for \$12,500 or about two cents apiece.

GLASS FIRE CAN'T BREAK.

For years the Pilkington glass works in Lancashire, England, have been conducting experiments designed to produce fireproof and burglarproof glass, and for the first time these experiments were crowned with success. The molten glass a wire netting was added, and the composition resulting resisted all inroads of fire or other violent agencies. Doors of this material have proved unbreakable, and even when subjected to 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit remained unaffected, while ordinary doors grew red hot. The new composition is expected to be a great commercial success.