

# THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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**THE JOB :** Is completely stocked with DEPARTMENT all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out first-class work.

W. IRWIN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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Paid Up . . . 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund . . . 600,000

Agencies at 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.

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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.**  
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## 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.

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**J. P. TELFORD.**  
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## Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

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—WE MAKE—

Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers Handles, 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.

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I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

## CHARTER SMITH,

DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

# COMPANIONSHIP IN HEAVEN.

## We May All Become Residents and Be Princes and Kings.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."—Proverbs xxx. 28.

It is not very certain what the particular species of insect spoken of in the text; but I shall proceed to learn from it in the first place the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What a loathsome thing it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace walls and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery on the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God, in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horse and chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimiter of lightning. I love to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track his footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear his voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of his robe of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly: "Let there be light," and from holding an ocean in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights and depths and lengths and breadths of omnipotency in a dew drop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the lens holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: 'I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace. What can I do amid all this gold and embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning wheel.' Not so said the spider. 'The spider taketh hold with her hands,' what a lesson that is for you and me. You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you only had a great army to marshal, if you only had a constitution to write, if you only had some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honey suckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sky? What if the rain-drop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the ten talents, if you cannot lift the calf, he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion, but you cannot be a general until you have been a lieutenant, a captain, or a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke, that our Christian character is built. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do. God is not ashamed to be found chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honey bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf, shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does he does well. What you do well, be it a great work or a small work, if ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ the five. If only the thousandth part of a talent employ that. 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' I tell you, if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

Again: my text teaches me that resignation and loathsomeness may sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You, perhaps, would have tried to kill the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web let it do so down in the cellar of this palace, or in some dark dungeon." Alas! it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places. The Church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible her beams are of

cedar and her rafters of fire, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace, the church of God is. And yet sometimes unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil speaking and rancor and slander and back-biting and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to another. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light and love and pardon and grace. Yet a spider is in the palace.

Again: my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—that throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually arrive in the king's palace. And God hath decided that though you may be weak of arm and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, that by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace. Not such an one as is spoken of in the text—not one of marble, not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and throne of ivory and flagons of burnished gold, but a palace in which God is the King and the angels of heaven are the cup-bearers. The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace, was not worth looking after or considering as compared with the fact that we who are worms of the dust may at last ascend into the palace of the King immortal. By the grace of God may all reach it. Oh! heaven is not a dull place. It is not a worn-out mansion with faded curtains and outlandish chairs and cracked ware. No, it is a fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it. A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day, I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur. What will be the use of a resurrected foot if there be nothing to tread on or of a resurrected hand if there be no harp to strike, and no place to take hold in the king's palace? Oh! what grandeur of apartments when that divine hand which bludgeoned the sea into blue and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire, shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around his throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of the Alpine rock and bent the arch of the sky, shall raise before our soul the heavenly architecture.

Even amid this overwhelming conviction that I can be made richly of the one who had been indirectly responsible for his ruin. After all, John Gillan had not intended to rob him of his £1,000. He had believed in his play, and evidently he had felt the loss keenly, for Andrew Fytton had neither seen nor heard of him since. Poor old Gillan! He had been his best friend since. He turned out the gas and walked slowly through to the outer office. It was getting dusk.

A clock struck eight as he shut the door, and he started nervously. His wife would be anxious and the children would be gone to bed! The children! The thought of them made him stand, staring wildly at the lighted street and the moving figures under the lamps. His children! He had not only ruined his own life, but theirs too!

He reached home at last, and stared dazedly, as he pushed open the gate, at the well-kept garden, and the white steps.

His wife met him at the door, and looked up anxiously into his face.

It was getting late. Outside the office the noisy street had grown silent and instead of the rush of 'bus and wagon there was now only the shuffling sound of footsteps on the pavement and laughter in the clear, cold air.

It filtered in, through the closed door of the dreary office to the man crouched over his desk.

He started up at last, shivering. As he rose he looked round. It was a large room—a lawyer's office. The carpet was thick underfoot, and a warm rug was stretched in front of the fire. A heavy bookshelf and a safe occupied one side of the room, and in every direction were chairs and tables strewn with papers, and, in a corner, Andrew Fytton's own desk.

He turned and slowly drew down the long American top. It shut out the hideous papers from his sight, but not from his memory. Only forty-two and his life was ruined and hopeless, and dishonour stared him in the face!

There are some men who become criminals through weakness, and Andrew Fytton was one. All who knew him knew him as a kind-hearted—almost foolishly kind-hearted—man. He was generous to a degree, lenient to a fault. His friends honoured him, his family worshipped him. Yet now he was on the verge of bankruptcy—and worse!

It had begun, as those things often begin, in a small way. A client had failed. Andrew Fytton, with his usual kind-heartedness, did not put in his claim, and waited for the man to pay. It was a big sum—something like £600—but he could afford to lose it just then, and probably would have felt the loss of it, if he had not hardened his heart and kept the rest of his money in his own pocket.

After that the road downhill was easy. He took another client's to make good that, and so on and on down the ugly road that is so hard to climb. He reached the bottom at last. The time came when he could go no farther, and then brought face to face with the consequences, of his sin, he had done the only thing left to him to do. It required some courage, but he did it bravely. He wrote to his clients a confession of what he had done, giving them a statement of the facts, and agreeing to hand over to them the money that could realize money. To-day those letters had reached their destination, and to-morrow he would have to face the men he had ruined! To-morrow there would be no respite for him. To-night was his last night of freedom.

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## Andrew Fytton's Delusion.

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ed before it failed now. If he could have borrowed £2,000 or so he might have struggled round in a year or two for his practice was good; but he would lend him £2,000. The one or two rich friends he had had tried, but not one of them would lend him so much. And was it likely, when it might be years before he could give it back?

His heart failed him as he thought. The hopeless horror of his life and the years before him rushed back upon him. Prison, dishonour, shame, humiliation, degradation! His wife would be an outcast—peniless! His children would bear the burden of their father's guilt! They would be known as the offspring of a criminal—branded and handicapped at the very outset of their young lives!

His Jim! His little May! He lifted his haggard face to the sky. It was cold and still with frost, and one or two stars gleamed out from the dark blue. They seemed pitiless. There was no help for him anywhere, and he deserved none. There is a weakness which is criminal, and his had been that weakness. He ought to have remembered that he could not suffer alone.

Ah, if he only could! If only he could save his children from the shame and horror. He lifted his head and the result was that Andrew Fytton's letters of the day before were attributed to his illness. Brain fever had been the cause of his delusions, and poor old Fytton must have been deluded when he wrote, they thought.

He started as he looked. They shone clear through the frosty night—clearer and kinder than the stars, he thought. They were nearer. The stars were far away, and Heaven—a hoarse cry broke from him just as he had his hand on the handle of the door. He went away from him just then! He listened. In the night nothing seemed to move. He was alone with himself and with his own maddened thoughts. He took out his watch and peered at its white face in the darkness. It was nearly ten o'clock. In a few minutes the London express would go thundering along the rail and across the viaduct. It was nearly due, and if he ran—

He drew himself up abruptly. What was he thinking? What was he doing? He was mad. He must go back—go back to his wife. Once more there flashed to him the thought of what the morning would bring for the hapless man. He would be arrested, sent to prison, and all their lives through they would suffer.

But, supposing, instead, he was found face downward on the railway line yonder, would it not save them? The truth would leak out, of course. People would know why he had done it. They would forget, and after all the great world outside would not know. His children would be saved the disgrace of prison.

He plunged forward. His brain was on fire. His head whirled and his unsteady feet slipped under him as he plunged down the dark lane leading to the viaduct. At the bottom of the hill the last branches of the road reached the railway he would have to cross a meadow. He mounted the stile quickly and jumped over. As he did so—as his feet touched the grass—he started and lifted his head to listen. His face grew gray. His breath seemed to stop. For through the frosty night the quick rumble of the coming train. Before he could cross the meadow it would be on the bridge!

His hand clutching the stile behind him trembled. He leant back. The train came on with a rush over the line of rail, across the viaduct, and into the darkness again. It went past him with a flash, and as it vanished he tore off his hat. If he had been in time earlier—

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!" he cried. "I was too late!"

I've managed it now. But tell me, Nell, it isn't true? It—it—he's ill—wandering—imagining things. He didn't mean the letters he wrote." Nellie looked up a little wildly.

"What true? What do you mean? What not true?" Gillan looked at her gravely. If she did not know he could not tell her. He looked at the unconscious man on the couch.

"Why, he's been writing letters—mad letters," she said. "By a curious chance I saw one of them this morning. I only reached London yesterday. I've come straight from New York, and to-day I went to see a banker I know. It seems the oddest thing that I should have gone just then. While I was there he received a curious letter from Andrew. He knew that he was a friend of mine years ago, and he handed it to me. He could not understand it. I couldn't either. I can only tell you that it was mad. He was evidently ill when he wrote it. Yes, poor old chap! He must have been ill—deluded. Look at him now. But don't worry about him, Nell. I came on as soon as I could to see what was up. I caught the London express and have been waiting here for you ever since. And if that doctor doesn't come in a minute, I'll go and hurry him up. I've got one thing to tell you, Nell—I've made my fortune at last. I've got a play in America that is a huge success, and I've come back to see Andrew for the £1,000 I owe him. So that if there is anything up—"

Nell started forward.

"Oh, there is—there is something," she cried. "I don't understand him. Something is the matter. He has been worried to death, but why—oh, I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. To-night he came in looking awful. He went up and kissed the children and then went out. He frightened me, and I followed him. I was afraid—"

She broke off with a sudden sob. Gillan put his hand on her shoulder.

"Well never mind," he said. "Never mind! It will be all right now, and I'll attend to his business to-morrow. And he did. He went to the office with all the dignity of an old hand at the profession, although he had never looked inside a law-book in his life. And he started creditors who came up expecting to find a fraudulent bankrupt found instead a big, square-shouldered man with a grey beard who met them with one reply to their questions—Mr. Fytton was seriously ill and quite unable to attend to his business. As for his insolvency, it was a mistake, and if anyone doubted it, he, John Gillan, was prepared to give them his own personal security for anything from £10 to £10,000.

He looked round. He was in open country. The road ran high to that point and stretching before him were long fields and meadows, with the thick white frost upon them, and beyond, the bright lights of the railway. And as far as they ever knew it was the brain fever. John Gillan saved his friend. While Andrew Fytton was raving of his bankruptcy and dishonour John Gillan had calmly paid £10,000 to his credit at the bank, and when Andrew came back to life it was to find, not the police awaiting him, but a new and honourable life. And he made it honourable too. When he rose from his sick bed there came to him a new strength—a new belief in the power of right. He took the money Gillan offered him, but he insisted on paying it back, pound by pound, and never rested until he had done so.

To-day if he has any weakness at all it is a certain foolishness with regard to the London express. He insists upon it that he saw a vision that night—that God meant it for a sign to him. Perhaps it was—who knows? For the first train he saw was unreal, and the second was bringing to him his best friend—London Tit-Bits.

He stood for a moment. The sound of the train died slowly—more slowly than usual, he thought—even as it died it seemed to grow louder again. It arrested his thoughts. It started him—that second sound. It seemed to stop the beat of his heart, and trembling in every limb he leant heavily against the stile. Was he mad? Was he dreaming? What was the meaning of another train at that hour of the night?

He stood, and through the darkness he meant to see the train pass again over the viaduct and into the darkness—just as it had done half a minute ago! He stood bewildered. Could there be two trains—two expresses rushing up from London within thirty seconds of each other? Or would there be another, and another, and another, visible only to himself?

His brain was giving way—he must be going mad—and yet there was the shank of the whistle, and then quickly and surely the rumble ceased. He looked round like a man in a dream. He was saved—saved from his own folly. This first train had prevented him from crossing the meadow. A hand from Heaven had stretched out to help him—that was it. God had vouchsafed a sign—that sent him a vision. He had interfered and he was smarting for it.

He clasped his trembling hands together and raised his eyes. Then suddenly blindness seemed to rush upon him. Something gave way with a snap in his brain and he fell forward in the darkness. As he fell a figure ran towards him and mounted the stile. A minute later he thought he was dreaming when his wife pillowed his head on her lap.

It was a long time before she was able to move him. She had to fetch a policeman and a stretcher from the town, and she hesitated to leave him at first. But no one was about in the fields at that hour of the night, and there was nothing else to be done.

She got him home at last, and a couple of policemen carried him in and put him on the couch in the drawing-room. She sent them for a doctor, and then she suddenly became aware that a figure had risen from a corner and was watching her with curious interest. She looked up. At first she thought she was dreaming. Then suddenly the figure held out its hand, and she ran forward.

"Oh, John—John Gillan," she cried. "You?"

"I," he said slowly. "I've come back at last—at last. After all these years I thought I should never get here. It's hard work to be successful, but

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## AN ILLUMINATING SHELL

IT WILL ALMOST REVOLUTIONIZE  
MODERN WARFARE.

French Government Having Them Made  
Factured in Large Quantities—Effects  
of the Illuminations.

The French Government is having manufactured in vast quantities a new illuminating shell. It almost will revolutionize modern warfare, and is by far the most important invention in projectiles of the present decade, writes a Paris correspondent.

The active preparations being made for a war with England have been stimulated by the belief that this new shell will give France an enormous advantage in the struggle which she proposes to precipitate. Although the secret of the construction of the shell has been guarded in the most careful manner possible under the circumstances, enough has leaked out to give a pretty accurate idea of what it is. It will combine the properties of illumination and destructiveness. This will enable an army commanding a supply of the shells to continue fighting all night, if necessary, and will greatly shorten the duration of future battles.

In her proposed campaign against England, France proposes to use these shells in such a way as will enable her to make short work of her hereditary foe. The shell is made adaptable for naval guns and will permit the French fleet to bombard British ports with positive impunity.

SHAPED LIKE A BOLT.

The properties of the lyddite shell and the rocket are combined in this latest and most remarkable evolution. The shell is about 12 inches in length and shaped like a bolt. Its exterior is formed of steel and so finely wrought that at a given distance it will explode. The interior section will still continue on its fatal mission until it has reached the point sought by the gunner. The shell has been made so small in its minimum grade that it can be used in all the small-calibre rapid-firing guns, and it is made upon the repeating principle, which renders it extremely deadly.

The illuminating effects are produced by a combination of certain gases, which when released create certain waves, lasting from five to fifteen minutes, regulated as desired, by the projector. The shell can be projected to any point within the range of an ordinary mortar or rapid-firing gun, giving probably an accessibility to a distance of at least ten miles. The point of bridging the channel by means of projectiles therefore has not been quite reached by France, even yet, and the devoutly wished consummation remains unfulfilled. It was hoped that the shell might be projected to any point within the range of the explosive force far out-distances the destructive power of the contents of the lyddite shell.

There were 2,507.90 miles of streets in New York city on September 29th last.

The report of the New York Building Department for 1900 shows a decrease of 50 per cent. as compared with 1899.

Five Chinese girls were sold at public auction in San Francisco the other day, the prices realized ranging from \$1,700 to \$2,500.

Additions to Grace church, New York, are so extensive that the plans which have been drawn call for an expenditure of \$118,000.

The reduction of taxes goes into effect on July 1st, but purchases of stamps will decrease perceptibly at least a month earlier.

It was on the day of the Queen's birth, May 24th, 1819, that the first trans-Atlantic steamer started from Savannah for Liverpool.

Militarism is now costing the United States \$400,000,000 a year—more than Great Britain, Italy and Austria, or France and Germany combined.

Gifts to educational institutions, churches, libraries, art museums and charities in the United States last year reached the total of \$90,264,030.

Oklahoma is a very fertile section of country, and its products are such as to make it certain that there will be a large immigration in the future.

The total prison population of New York State is 10,701, a decrease in five years of 1,900. The state prisons contain 3,383 and the penitentiaries 9,187 convicts.

The Presbytery of Chicago has pledged itself to raise \$100,000 during the next five years, to be used in the erection of new churches in that city and its suburbs.

There is an old man in the North of London who follows the somewhat strange calling of a dealer in odd buttons. The front serves as a shop, and a card in the window informs all whom it may concern that any kind of button can be matched within at moderate prices.

He buys up the buttons from marine store dealers, dressmakers and others, and sorts them into little boxes which are properly labelled. You can obtain every kind of button from his stock, whether of pearl, bone, brass, jet, glass, cloth, shell or horn.

It not infrequently happens that an odd button is required and cannot be obtained of drapers; the particular pattern is not made now, or the tradesman has sold out all his stock. This is where the dealer in odd buttons comes in, and those who are a button short to get what they want in his parlour.

It is cheaper to do this, in many cases, than to buy a dozen of another pattern, and sew them on; and matched. He does not reckon charge more than four cents for a button, but grateful customers often pay more.

A MARVELOUS INVENTION.

The spectacular effect of modern warfare will be increased immensely by this unique innovation.

The illuminating section is based upon such novel lines that it is a marvel ranking with wireless telegraphy, the emission of the light being made in the shape of waves—a point which prevents the possibility of premature concussion. Experiments made at Toulon have resulted entirely satisfactorily.

The rockets at present in use by the Government now are serviceable at a distance of eight miles, and are made merely for signalling purposes; therefore the extraordinary value of the new combination will be understood.

Thirty-eight in every 1,000 Englishmen who marry are over 50 years of age.