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Bank of Canada
Head Office, Toronto.
G. P. REID,
Manager.

SAVINGS BANK.
Allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt payment and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
J. KELLY, Agent.

Medical Directory.
W. H. HARRISON, Durham.
Residence a short distance from the Hotel, Lambton Town. Office hours from 10 to 12.

DENTIST.
T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.
First door east of the Durham City Block.
Office, Durham.

Legal Directory.
J. P. TELFORD,
Solicitor, etc. Offices over the new jewelry store. Lower amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. per annum.

Miscellaneous.
W. H. BROWN, Issuer of Marring Notices, Durham Ont.
W. H. MacKAY, Durham, Land Valuer and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to at highest references furnished.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING
W. H. BROWN, Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to at highest references furnished.

Smith, Threshers and Millmen.
W. H. BROWN, Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to at highest references furnished.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carrington, the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wilton's admiration for the girl he thinks he loves, rides off and calls on his old nurse. He meets Mildred Thorpe. Lady Gladys takes steps to uncover Maida's past. Maida dismisses Wilton, and becomes engaged to Guy at her enfeebled father's request.

CHAPTER XXVII.
When Mildred set out for her walk after Guy's sudden departure, she loitered sadly on the path through the garden until she came to the Hartleigh church. The moon was shining brightly now, and she was tempted to go into the edifice and look at it by moonlight.

A grave-digger, at work in the yard, told her where she could find the key, and she went in. She had never been there before, but there was more than mere curiosity in her glance as she looked around.

Presently her eye fell on the memorial tablet, and with an eager sadness she hastened to it, and with swimming eyes read it, and with a gasp she cried, "why did you leave me alone with this mystery? Who is it that has come here to fill the place you taught me was mine. Who is it that has had this stone placed here to your memory? And, oh, my mother, whom I love, it is that has taken the moon which I love is mine, and whom I love? I know he loves me, mother—I know it!"

She rested her head against the tablet, and with her face in her hands, wept silently, wondering at herself for daring to say even to the dead, what she had not yet ventured to whisper to herself.

When she saw Maida fall senseless, she seemed to realize, as by an inspiration, what had taken place from the time of her own supposed death to the present moment, though there were some things for which she could not account.

curity where she was, restrained her, and she remained, hoping the man would not stay long.

But in this she was doomed to be disappointed, for he not only sat there, but kept looking up as if in expectation of seeing somebody. And presently, to Mildred's astonishment, he was joined by a young lady. She might have thought it a simple lover's meeting, but for the fact that the man was not only much older than the lady, but that he was evidently in a different station in life.

Moreover, there was something lurking in their greeting of each other; the man sprang to his feet with an exclamation of satisfaction at sight of the young lady, and the latter, with no attempt to hide her repugnance, came forward, holding something in her outstretched hand.

Mildred gave a little gasp at sight of this object, and, without a moment's hesitation, abandoned her design of getting up and softly stealing away in order that she might not be guilty of eavesdropping. She fastened her eyes eagerly to an opening in the leaves and listened.

"The man was Miles Barton; the woman, Lady Gladys."
"Here is the book you asked for," she said, with a mingling of shame and anger.

"How did you get it?" he demanded, as he eagerly took the book. "I followed your directions and stole it." She angrily emphasized the word "stole." "I refused to go on the picnic, on the plea of neuralgia; and then I went over to the Hall, and, on pretext of searching for a book, I used the skeleton key you gave me, and opened the door, and found this book. Never, never ask me to do such a thing again. How dared you do it—how dared you?" she burst into passionate tears.

"I told you it was your only chance of preventing Guy Hartleigh from marrying her," she said. "How can it? I have read it over and over, and I cannot find a word that will compromise her."

"Did you bring her letters—the letters that you have received?" she asked.

"Here they are," she handed him several notes of invitation which Maida had written to her.

"I took them with a greedy hand and opened one. Then he opened the little book, which Mildred recognized as her memorandum book, which she would seek London or the far away land she had come from. She would try to see Guy once more, unseen by him, and then she would go away. She would like, too, to see the woman who had taken her place at the Hall. She would like to convince herself she was one likely to make Guy happy."

And so it came about that the next morning, after a short and troubled sleep, she arose with the determination to go to the neighborhood of the Hall and watch for a sign of the two.

"This, my lady, Mr. Hartleigh will never marry that young woman, and you will have the field to yourself. Don't ask any more questions, and let us leave the time comes. It will be a great deal better for you to be surprised when the time comes. Only mind, wait—wait two weeks from to-day—and you will have your revenge. I will do all the acting, and I will see if I am going to chase two women all over America, and to find out all about them, only to have the reward snatched out of my hands by a pair of lawyers. Won't you get me a pair of walking-papers. And won't I get my reward?"

"I wonder where they are? They seem rather wild this morning. I hope none of them will forget the tide and go too far." "I will rest here until you make back." "I do not like to leave you." "But please go," she gently urged, "there may be some accident otherwise."

He hesitated a moment, and then, making her comfortable on a ledge of smooth rock, he ran along the beach in search of the others.

She remained seated for some minutes, looking dreamily over the sea, and wondering where the only man she could love was at that moment. Her life seemed to be a succession of pasts and futures, she seemed unable to realize. She arose and sauntered idly along the bottom of the cliff, glad to be alone with her thoughts for even a few moments.

She wandered at random through her thoughts, fitting at random through her thoughts, strange past, and a sad sort of melancholy wonder filling her mind of what was to come next. Was the end to be when she took the name of Hartleigh by law? Or was there something else in store for her? And something else in store for her? And something else in store for her? And something else in store for her?

He was lying with his head resting on his arm, his face turned away from her; but Maida did not need to see it. Her heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stand still—as she recognized Caryl Wilton.

To be continued.

About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Roller Oat Bread.—One pint rolled oats, scald with 1 qt of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add half compressed yeast-cake, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2-3 cup case, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2-3 cup case, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2-3 cup case.

A Piquant Sauce.—Twelve medium-sized tomatoes, 1 teaspoon minced onion, a little bay leaf, a little parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, 4 granulated Boston crackers, 1 pt cold water and 1 lb beef, 1 lb beef, 1 lb beef, 1 lb beef.

East India Sauce.—For 1 pk green tomatoes use 6 lbs brown sugar, 2 lemons and 1 oz dried ginger root. Slice the tomatoes, cook until tender then add the sugar, the lemons, sliced and seeded, and the ginger, also sliced fine. Boil down for two hours or until the sauce is rich enough to suit.

Salad Dressing.—Two eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Add 1 cup sweet cream and 1 cup vinegar, mix well, and boil until the mixture thickens.

It is of primary importance to understand that a child's social life does not depend upon parties, public entertainments, or any of the formal gatherings that we are apt to associate with the term.

THE STATES IN GREAT BRITAIN.
Guernsey and Jersey Have Each a Parliament.

THE STATES OF GUERNSEY.
The States, as the legislative assemblies of Guernsey and Jersey are called, are historically interesting on account of their origin, dimly traceable to remote Norman times.

THE STATES OF JERSEY.
The States of Jersey is a much more imposing building than the royal court house of Guernsey. As at present constituted, the States consist of two branches, the legislative one being called Etats de Deliberation, and the executive one, Etats d'Electon.

Five millions is spent yearly on funerals in the British Isles.



GIRL'S JACKET.
4 to 12 Years.

No wise mother permits her children to be without general utility jackets that can be worn over any gowns. The attractive little garment shown is entirely practical, at the same time that it is essentially smart, yet it is not difficult to make.

FLOOR AND FURNITURE STAINS.
A durable and inexpensive dark stain for floors is a mixture of one-quarter ounce of permanganate of potash and a quart of water. Apply with a brush immediately and do not touch the liquid with hands or clothing. In drying the color turns to a rich dark brown, but for a very dark shade two applications are necessary. When dry, apply boiled linseed oil. To stain wood with sulphate of iron, take a solution of logwood, applying when dry, two or three coats of strong decoction of logwood. Wipe the wood dry and polish with a flannel wet in linseed oil.

WOODWORK AND FLOORS ARE NOW STAINED WITH A COLOR CALLED FOREST GREEN, which harmonizes with draperies and floor coverings of almost any color. This is but a bad of the moment, however, and the standard stain will always be the natural wood color.

TO CLEAN HAIR BRUSHES.
Sprits of ammonia is the best thing to clean hair brushes with, as it does not soften the bristles like soap and soda. If a teaspoonful of ammonia is mixed with a quart of water, the brush need only be dipped in the solution for a moment and all grease is removed. The brush should then be rinsed in cold water, shaken well and dried in the air but not in the sun.

HAPPY CAVE DWELLERS.
Traveller Lived Five Years in Northwest Mexico.

Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the well-known Norwegian explorer, has been travelling for five years in the hitherto little known regions of Northwest Mexico. He is the first white man that has lived among the cave-dwellers in those parts.

THE UNITED STATES IS 32 TIMES AS BIG AS GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AUSTRALIA 26 TIMES.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
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Sammy—'Hello! There's a sea mouse!'
Aunt Julie—'Oh! oh! oh! Don't let 'im in the boat!'