

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, SARAFRAXA STREET,
DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per month. Payment in advance—\$1.00 per month. The date to which subscription is paid is denoted by the number of the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements, \$1.00 per line for the first insertion, 50c for each subsequent insertion. Professional cards, not exceeding 50 words, \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements without specific directions will be published till further notice. "For Sale," etc., 50c per line for first insertion, 25c for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by strangers must be in advance. Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. All advertising matter, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than Thursday morning.

THE JOB : : DEPARTMENT is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE and printing facilities for turning out first class work.

W. IRWIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.

MEMBER COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Ontario. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence and office, Old Bank buildings, Upper Town, Durham. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE over McLaughlin's store. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Residence opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dental Directory.

Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S.

OFFICE—FIRST DOOR EAST OF the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block, Residence—Lambton Street, near the Station.

W. C. Pickering, L.D.S., L.D.S.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO University; Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Rooms—Calder Block, over Post Office.

Legal Directory.

J. P. Telford.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Office over Gordon's new Jewellery Store, Lower Town, Durham. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

G. Lefroy McCaul.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., McIntyre's Block, Lower Town, Durham. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

W. S. Davidson.

BARRISTER, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, Etc., Etc. Money to Loan at reasonable rates, and on terms to suit borrower. Office, McIntyre Block (Over the Bank).

MacKay & Dunn.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, Etc. Money to Loan. Offices: Hunter's New Block, opposite the Chronicle Office, A. G. MACKAY, K. C. W. F. DUNN.

A. H. Jackson.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, Conveyancer, etc. Private money to loan. Old accounts and debts of all kinds collected on commission. Farms bought and sold. Insurance Agent, etc. Office—MacKenzie's Old Stand, Lower Town, Durham, Ont.

Miscellaneous.

JAMES BROWN, ISSUER OF Marriage Licenses, Durham, Ont.

HUGH MACKAY, DURHAM, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

ROBERT BRIGHAM, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Call at my residence or write to Allan Park P. O. Orders may be left at the Chronicle office.

JAMES CARSON, DURHAM, LIC ensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division. Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to. Highest references furnished if required.

Myer's Music Method.

ADOPTED BY ALL LEADING Schools in Toronto. This deservedly popular system by means of chart, drills, blackboard diagrams and other interesting devices brings the following topics within the child's immediate comprehension:

Musical Notation, Rhythmic Motion, Technique Key-board Location, Musical History, Piano Work.

For terms apply to MISS MARGARET GUN, Teacher M. M. M. Feb. 7, 5—3m.

scious governor here and have him die on your hands?"

"No. Let us see what the governor has to say." It was a solemn crowd that marched in two columns, with Denton between, to the hut of the village priest, where Neslerov lay.

"Why do you bring him here?" asked the priest. "Heard you not what his excellency said?"

"Hold your peace. Wait till you hear them speak together," was the reply. Neslerov looked up at his conqueror, and an expression of hatred came into his eyes. Denton made no show of sentiment or compassion.

"I understand you commanded these villagers to kill me," he said, standing at the side of the bed and looking coldly and sternly at his victim. "I just wanted to say before they kill me—which they certainly will do if you insist—that in that case you would probably die here for lack of proper care."

"You cannot help me—you would not," answered Neslerov. "That is for you to say. I am not a murderer. I had no desire to kill you. You attacked me, and I defended myself. I am going back to Tomsk, provided your savage villagers don't kill me, and I merely came to ask if you would be pleased to go."

"How?" he asked. "In the same car you came thus far in."

"But how? There is no train due for days." "I will take you to Tomsk if you promise never again to molest Mr. Gordon or his daughter." "I promise," said Neslerov. "I will order the villagers to permit you to go."

Denton then went to the car and examined it. He discovered where a flaw in the iron had weakened the couplings.

He was followed at a short distance by several young men, among whom was the boy who had run to tell him that a woman was being roughly handled by Neslerov, and who had taken his horse to shelter. He ordered the boy to bring the horse. Mounting, he was soon out of sight. He did not go far, however. He rode along the track until he reached a siding a short distance from the bridge, where there was an old construction engine.

Denton examined the old hulk. It was fit only for drawing one or two cars. Denton carried water from the river and filled the boiler and built a fire of wood.

Soon after the villagers were surprised to see a wheezy, rickety old engine coming slowly, with a prodigious noise, into view. Denton's horse had no difficulty in keeping up with it.

The old engine was coupled to the car, and then Denton went for Frances.

"The train is ready," he said. "The train! What train?" "The train that is to carry you to the Obl, where you will join your father."

"But there is no train!" "There is a train, and as the steam is up and the track clear I suggest haste. Your father is probably anxious."

She went with him. At the sight of the engine she understood.

"You are a wonderful—you are doing this for me!" she said.

"Yes, but Neslerov will be a passenger."

"And you?" "Engineer, conductor, guard—all." He took her to the car and made her comfortable.

Neslerov was carried to the car by the villagers. The backs of two stags were turned down, a bed was made for him, and he lay there quiet and seemingly content.

"Of course, I know that you are seriously wounded," said Denton to him, "and the possibility of your doing any mischief is small, but I want to tell you before we start that if I catch you at any tricks I will kill you as I would a dog."

Neslerov nodded, and Denton went on the engine.

It was an exciting start, though the audience was small. The villagers stared, then laughed as the little old engine puffed and screeched and scraped as it got under way.

But it had a man in charge of it who was accustomed to overcoming difficulties. And the way he made it groan and work would have made glad the heart of the man who had abandoned it on the siding six months before.

In the car was silence. Neslerov was too weak to talk; Frances would not talk to him if he wished. She remained at her end of the car, save to go in mercy to him and offer him water at intervals. At such times he would look up at her with an earnest, insinuating expression on his face. She would not speak, nor he.

Suddenly at a siding toward which he had been aiming Denton turned the engine to the right and brought the little train to a standstill. They had been on the road sixteen hours and had traveled 210 miles.

Frances and Neslerov both looked up as the train stopped and saw the grimy engineer enter the car.

"There is a village near here," he said, "and just beyond this siding there is a small signal box. I have just visited it, and there is a train coming this way from Tomsk. Undoubtedly, as there is no regular train due, this is a searching party out after Frances Gordon. Now, I have no wish to start an international controversy. What story shall we tell?"

"Tell the truth," said Frances. "It does not, as a rule, harm any person who is innocent."

"No," said Neslerov; "not as a rule. But we are in a part of the world where customs are different from yours. If you tell the truth, you will never make the world believe you. But you will not understand; I cannot tell you."

reputation is so bad that if it were known that you had that car left behind to compel me to marry you every-body will be sure I am your wife. Is that it?"

"Yes; something like that." "But, then, there is my word," said Denton.

"Your story will be believed by your people, my story by mine," said Neslerov. "Let us each tell what we please. I do not care."

Denton turned the engine back to the whistle of a speeding locomotive was borne to him by the breeze. It came—one engine and a car, the same as that he was on, but a modern locomotive of American make. Gordon was in the car with some officials from Tomsk.

"Hey! That you, Denton?" he gasped as the grimy bridgebuilder stepped into the car, which was stopped at the side of the construction engine. "My girl and the governor of Tomsk, got left behind in a car. Seen?"

"I'm all right," said Frances as she emerged from her car and flew to her father's arms.

"Did Denton save you? What was it? Where is Neslerov?" asked Gordon. "Oh, he is in there," said Frances coolly. "We've had a lively experience. I thought at one time we'd be killed by some savages. But Mr. Denton and the prince—oh, let's get on; I'm tired out and hungry."

Denton heard and wondered. In every new experience he had had with Frances Gordon he had been made more and more astonished by the uncertain moods, the whims, the strange turns her caprice would take.

"Hitch on to this train and haul her back to the Obl," said Denton. "If the road doesn't want this engine, I can use it at the Obl bridge."

This attachment was soon made, and Mr. Gordon, after visiting the prince and congratulating him upon his escape from the savages, assisted in



At the sight of the engine she understood, transferring to him some of the comforts to be found in the other car. The Russian officials swarmed around him and praised his courage.

"And that American! He is a brave one too!" they said.

"Yes; he is brave—braver than I," said Neslerov weakly.

The train started back toward Tomsk. It had about ninety miles to go to reach the Obl. During the journey Denton and Frances found themselves side by side in the rear car, with no one near enough to hear their low spoken tones.

"I cannot understand you," said Denton. "You first said tell the truth, then you yourself told the first deliberate lie. Why?"

Frances looked at him coolly.

"Because I thought it over. There was a good deal in what Neslerov said. Then, again, you and my father have work to do, a career to make, money to earn, and with the enmity of Neslerov you would be ruined. I studied it well. It is better as I said it. Let it pass."

"Here we are at Vashlov," he said. "For the time being you are home again."

"Yes," she replied, with the slightest tremor in her voice. "Thanks to you, I am home again—in my temporary home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE FESTIVALS.

Six Curious Feast Days That Usher in the New Year.

The first day of the Chinese New Year's feasts is called Bird's day (Kai-Yat) and is supposed to bring to mind the utility of the feathered tribes as food. On this day all orthodox Chinese abstain from eating flesh, and they sometimes observe it as a day of fasting. The second day is Dog's day (Ku-Yat). This day is especially held sacred to the canine hosts of the Flowery Kingdom. The Chinese, notwithstanding the fact that they eat the flesh of the dog and esteem it a great delicacy, honor their dogs more highly and take better care of them than any other race of people. In every large Chinese city there is a workman whose sole trade is that of making coffins for departed canines.

The third day, Hog's day (Chen-Yat), is celebrated in honor of a hog that once drew a valuable manuscript out of a bonfire of trash. The fourth feast, Sheep's day (Yaong-Yat), is honored in memory of Pun Koon Venga, a shepherd who clothed himself in leaves, grass and bark of trees, refusing to make use of any part of the sheep, either for food or clothing. The fifth day is Cow's day (New-Yat). This day is consecrated to the cow that suckled the orphan who afterward became rich and built the celebrated Temple of Cows. The sixth day is Ma-Yat, or Horse day, and is set apart to call to mind the usefulness of that noble animal.

WEEDS

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak lungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consumption is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

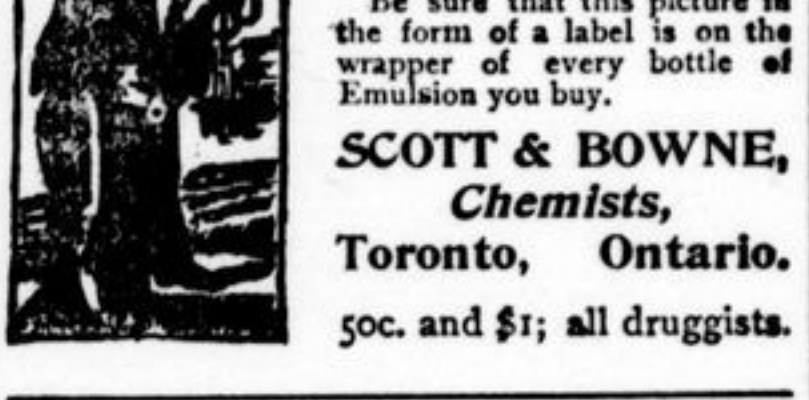
Don't wait until you can't deceive yourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.

We will send you a little of the Emulsion free.

Be sure that this picture in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1; all druggists.



No Time to Read. "Pause, O youth or maiden," wrote Andrew Lang in the Windsor Magazine, "before you accustom your lips to this fatal formula, 'I have no time to read!' You have all the time which for you exists, and it is abundant. What are you doing with it—with your leisure? Mainly, gossiping. Our modern malady is gregariousness. We must be in company chattering."

"To be always with others, always gregarious, always chattering, like monkeys in treetops, is our ruling vice, and this is the reason why we have no time to read and why you see so many people pass their leisure when alone in whistling or whittling. They have time to whittle."

Leonardo da Vinci. The celebrated Italian painter, sculptor and architect, died in 1519. He was born in 1452 and became well versed in all the sciences and arts of his time. His most famous picture is "The Last Supper," painted on the wall of a convent at Milan. He is said to have anticipated Galilee, Kepler, Copernicus and others in their astronomical theories and also some of the discoveries of recent geologists, though his views are expressed in somewhat vague language.

A Successful Test. At a small town in Kent a gentleman employed a carpenter to put up a partition and had it filled with sawdust to deaden the sound. When it was completed, the gentleman called from one side to the carpenter on the other: "Smith, can you hear me?"

Smith immediately answered, "No, sir."

Happy. Mrs. Nextdoor—I suppose your daughter is happily married.

Mrs. Nagsby—Indeed she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence.

CONSUMPTION

Prevented and Cured. Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

FREE.

Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Do you spit up phlegm? Does your head ache? Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 170 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

Watches.

See the Snaps in Watches we offer.

A. GORDON
Practical Watchmaker.
Thirty Years Experience.

Pumps.

I BEG LEAVE TO INFORM MY CUSTOMERS and the public in general that I am prepared to furnish

NEW PUMPS AND REPAIRS, DRILL CURB, RE-CURB, & PRESSCURB WELLS. All orders taken at the old stand near McGowan's Mill will be promptly attended to.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT "Live and let live" PRICES.
GEORGE WHITMORE.

H. H. Miller . . .

THE Hanover Conveyancer

OFFERS FOR NOTHING

The First Chance to Buy:
The T. O. Stewart Farm, lot 16, con. 2, W. G. R., Bentinck, 100 acres with about 30 cleared, frame house and other buildings. Said to have a lot of fine hardwood timber.

100 Acres in Bentinck, in excellent state of cultivation, good buildings and fences, good soil, school and church close at hand. Post office on the farm. Owner getting up in years and bound to sell.

The Malcolm Cameron 100 acres above Durham on Garafraxa Road.

Money to Loan at very low rates.
Debts Collected, no charge if no money made.

ALL KINDS of business deals negotiated quietly and carefully.
22 years experience. "Always prompt, never negligent."

H. H. MILLER
Lock Drawer 28. HANOVER, ONT.

N., G. & J. McKechnie.
THE POPULAR CASH STORE.

A Happy New Year.
A new pair of Shoes, a new Suit of Clothes, or a new Hat, such as you will get at N., G. & J. McKechnie's, will make the beginning of 1903 Happy to All.

Good Crockery.
A large stock of Crockery Upstairs. Call and examine our line.
THE POPULAR CASH STORE.
N., G. & J. McKechnie.

Ready for Spring Trade.
Just arrived, at the Show-room of **BARCLAY & BELL**, a cartload of the famous Tudhope carriages, which are known and approved of all men to be unsurpassed for beauty and second to none in quality. Call and see them, and if you do not want to buy one for yourself, you will be able to tell your friends the old, old story of these rigs, which is as above mentioned. Prices and styles to suit all.
Also another shipment of the renowned and up-to-date
Karn Organs
Call and test them also. They are open for inspection.
BARCLAY & BELL
WAREHOUSES:
Opp. Midaugh House Stables.

FURNITURE
of the best makes
TRY
Shewell & Lenahan
PROMPT ATTENTION TO
UNDERTAKING
DEPARTMENT.