

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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THE JOB DEPARTMENT is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording 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 McLauchlan'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.

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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.

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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 charts, 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,
Feb'y 5.—3m. Teacher M. M. M.

TIM DONNAN'S LUCK

By D. H. TALMADGE
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There are people who scoff at the theory of luck, but Tim Donnan is not one of them. Tim was a brakeman on the P. and T. railway six months ago, and a freight brakeman at that, with a pretty slim prospect ahead of him. He despaired whenever he thought of a certain girl who was so practical that she refused to marry him until his salary was adequate for an establishment. The fact that she called it an "establishment" showed plainly that her emotions were under control of her intellect. A sentimental, impulsive creature who loved a man as this girl loved Tim would have called it a little home. Tim isn't a brakeman on the P. and T. now. He is a conductor on the F. and L., and he and the girl have their "establishment" and are deliriously happy. Luck did it, Tim says, and he proves it by telling the story.

"Mebby you know and mebby you don't," he begins in a subtle brogue, "that the windows of heaven were opened over a small spot in the northern part of Missouri one night last June. Mebby, again, you know and mebby you don't that the P. and T. road runs parallel with the F. and L. for about six miles after leavin' St. James. They cross the Blue river each on its own nice little bridge within two miles of each other, the P. and T. bridge bein' up stream from the bridge of the F. and L. "Twas lucky for me they fixed it so. I was sittin' on the back platform of the caboose the night when the cloud busted. My work was finished for the minute, and I was restin' and nursin' a bad fit of melancholy. My hopes were blacker than the night just then, and the night was blacker than the inside of a brunette cat. I saw nothin' to look forward to, and that's a worse state to be in than Arkansas. I was sayin' to myself that I believed I'd commit suicide and end the agony when all of a quick sudden the train stopped. "Mebby you never experienced the sensation of bein' on a freight train



BRUSHED ME OFF WITH ITS BRANCHES. when it stops suddenly. 'Tis like a ton of coal droppin' into a man's throat. "For a minute I forgot my troubles. I grabbed my lantern and went up ahead to see what was wrong. 'Twas easy to see. By the gleamin' of the headlight on the engine I saw a roarin', howlin' flood of water. Blue river was full and runnin' over—way over. The track on the bridge was all but covered. 'Shall we try it or not?' says the engineer to the conductor. 'Wait till we look at the bridge,' says the conductor. 'Come, Donnan, we'll go and see if 'tis safe.' And we went. "Twas a fool thing to do what I did then, but I was in a desperate mood, and the rushin' of the flood affected my brain, I'm thinkin'. I told the conductor I'd go across and take a peep at the anchorage on the other side. And I started, the conductor offering no objections visible to the naked ear, and got half way across mebby when—blif!—a tree that made ordinary sawlogs look like matches struck the bridge and brushed me off with its branches as easy as a whisk-broom disposes of a crumb. "Ar-rah, the swim that followed! "I don't know the words that describe it. But luck was with me. I got my hands on to a regular Pullman of a railroad tie, and I clung to it as the Ivy clings to the molderin' wall. 'Twas nothin' resemblin' suicide the way I stuck to that tie. And every once or twice in awhile a chicken coop or a woodshed or a cord of wood bumped into me, knockin' out prayers like sparks from an anvil. "Tis my humble opinion that the current was runnin' at a rate of 410 miles to the hour. Mebby 'twas more, and mebby 'twas less. I didn't stop to measure it. Anyway, 'twas but a short time till I brought up against the F. and L. bridge with such force that six of my teeth took refuge in my stomach and a constellation of stars danced before my eyes, furnishin' sufficient light to enable me to crawl on to the bridge. "The bridge was about ready to break loose. I crawled off of it rapidly. I'd had all the trip by water that

I wanted. I crawled off at the first end I come to, and that was luck again. "There was a station a ways up the track, and after I'd found my land legs again I hustled along till I got to it. "The night operator was surprised to see me. Bein' a young chap, he reached nervously for his gun. "Put it away," says I to him, 'put it away, Willy, and get a wringer.' "Heavens!" says he. 'Is it rainin' again? You're soppin' wet.' "Am I?" says I. 'Sure 'tis the true nose for news you've got. You should be in newspaper work. But tell me,' says I, 'how soon the train's due.' I knew a train was about due, else he'd been snoozin'. "The fier goin' south,' says he, lookin' at his watch, 'will be along in three minutes.' "Does she stop at this station?" says I. "No," says he. "Then," says I, 'you'd better get out your red lamp, for the bridge is all but gone.' And he did it. "With the fier came more luck for me. The general manager's car was on and the general manager himself, artistically arrayed in a suit of pink pajamas, was up and rubberin' around almost before I'd told the conductor about the bridge. 'Tis the way of general managers. They're mostly built so.

"He looked me over with his sharp eyes, all the time spittin' out questions as a rapid fire gun spits lead, and I answered him as intelligently as was possible without my teeth. He seemed impressed. 'You'd better go and get dry. I'll look you up and remember you,' says he. "Thank you, sir," says I. "Twas about a week after that I got an invitation to the general offices of the F. and L. at St. Jim. The doctor said I might go if I'd be careful. Another touch of pneumonia, he said, might prove disastrous. So I went, and they didn't do a thing after I got there but put me through an examination and give me one of the best runs on their system, though why they did it I'll be blessed if I can understand. "Luck? Well, say!"

A Matter of Gloves. "Did you never notice how much better men's gloves look than women's?" said the man. "Go into any public conveyance and look at the gloves of the passengers and you will be impressed by the superior condition of those worn by men. Two-thirds of the women you meet cover their hands with suedes and dogskins that are shockingly soiled and worn. It is not only women of generally shabby appearance who are guilty of wornout finger tips and ragged seams; many who are otherwise well groomed and who could afford to put on a fresh pair of gloves every day are equally culpable. Men would be ashamed to go on the street wearing such disreputable things, but women flaunt them unblushingly.

"That sweeping condemnation is unfair," protested the woman. "The condition is easily explained. Women wear their gloves much more than men, and besides it is awfully destructive to finger tips to dig around in purses for change and samples and to handle candy, to turn over books and to examine dry goods.

"Now you have jumped the subject," said the man. "I am not talking about cause. I am talking about effect. The majority of men certainly do wear better gloves than the majority of women. You cannot deny that." "That is true," the woman admitted. "I cannot deny it; they can better afford it also."—Philadelphia Times.

Pride Had a Fall. "Yes, it is a pretty good cigar," said Brown, as he held it up and looked at it critically. "Jones bought it, but if he thinks he bought my silence with it he is mistaken, as the story is too good to keep. Jones, as you know, considers himself a great ladies' man, although he is old enough to know better. I was walking with him this afternoon, and he could talk of nothing but his 'latest.' Suddenly he exclaimed: "By Jove! There she is now, across the street. Isn't she a peach? "Off came his hat with a flourish, exposing his bald pate, and an idiotic grin spread over his features. "Much to my surprise, for she did not look like a girl who would indulge in a street flirtation, she waved her hand, hesitated a moment and then started to cross the street where we were.

"They can't resist me," said the beaming Jones. "Excuse me, old man; see you later; ta, ta!" "Hat in hand and grinning like a monkey, Jones approached the young lady, who suddenly stopped, looked startled for a moment and then gasped: "Goodness! I mistook you for my grandfather!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Cue Could Wait. An American traveler in China, making his way out of the province of Shensi over the mountains, after five days of rough riding overtook his servant, who had been sent on ahead with the baggage. He reports the conversation which followed: As a soldier half lifted me from the saddle Wang, the servant, handed me my razors. "For five days," he said, "the beard of my master is growin'. I think maybe he like to cut it off." I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, but I added, "You are in a great deal worse shape than I am. You needn't trouble about me. Have your cue braided, and then lie down on your pooka and take a nap." He smiled with the faraway, rather sad smile of his race. "It would not be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting. The cue is Chinese. It can wait patiently. But the beard is European. It cannot wait. It must go quickly."

Another Stride. The publishers of the "Padditt Magazine" announce with some pride that they will shortly inaugurate a strikingly new movement in literature. Instead of having the authors prepare the stories which are inserted in the center of the magazine these worthy individuals will be compelled to write the advertisements, while the ad. writer will be given full sway in the pages devoted to real romance. We are permitted to copy the following display-lines from the advance sheets of the advertising pages: "Prisoners of soap! The Adventures of Latherus and Grit. A clean, helpful story."

"The Scalped Mattress; or How it Felt to Have the Hair Removed. By old Nick Carter."

"Sherlock Homes and Happy Homes in the Laymont Subdivision. By Donan Coyle."

"The Light That Failed. It was not the Smellback Light. By Kid-yard Ruppeling."

"Striking Testimonials to the Efficacy of Dr. Healeam's Heart Cure. By the author of the "Letters of Elizabeth." Etc., etc., etc.—Judge."

Brain-Food Nonsense. Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutrition is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get this reliable remedy at Darling's Drug Store. tf.

Burnt His "Breeches." An eminent Chicago lawyer tells me this story, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle: "My father always took a great interest in musical matters, and was often the patron of impecunious musicians. Among the latter I remember a certain Professor Schell, a fine pianist, who used to visit our house. The professor had been making a hard but successful struggle, had become almost disheartened, and was seriously thinking of giving up and returning to Germany. My father, who thoroughly liked him, had tried to encourage him, and had promised to aid him in finding pupils; but still the professor vacillated for many weeks. One afternoon he entered our library, followed by my father, and, walking solemnly up to my mother, said, with an air of profound gravity:

"Madam, I haf burnt my breeches behint me."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated my mother, with an involuntary, startled glance in the direction of the professors coat tails.

"My father interposed tactfully, the professor meanwhile nodding acquiescence: 'You will be glad to know, my dear, that what Professor Schell means by saying he has burned his bridges behind him is that he has leased a house here for a year and has now no choice but to stay.'

"Oh!" exclaimed my mother, greatly relieved, "How delightful!"

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Promotion Examinations.

The following is a list of the promotions, to go into effect after vacation at Dornoch Separate School, as a result of the recent Easter examination held in that school.

Form I to Jr. Pt. II—Bella Cummings.
Jr. Pt. II to Sr. Pt. II—Mary Cummings, Ivy Dargavel.
Jr. II to Sr. II—Carroll Hunt, Wilbert McCartney, Frank Wise.
Sr. II to Jr. III—John McKenna, Willie Vasey.
Jr. III to Sr. III—Mary H. Vasey, May Vasey.
Sr. III to Jr. IV—Walter McDonald, Nellie Barry, Willie Drew.
Jr. IV to Sr. IV—Maggie McKenna, Willie Vasey.

Pupils worthy of special mention, as having obtained first class, honor standing (i.e. 75% and over of the total number of marks) are:

Form V—Nellie Vasey.
Sr. IV—Barrett Vasey.
Sr. III—Walter McDonald.
Jr. II—Carroll Hunt.
Jr. Pt. II—Mary Cummings.
Regularity of attendance—Barrett Vasey.
Punctuality of attendance—Carroll Hunt.

A number of names fail to appear in this promotion list owing to irregularity of attendance during the winter term. Such pupils must, of course, remain in their same classes.

K. M. RYAN, Teacher.

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, & PRESSURE 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 Garafraza 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.

Ready for Spring Trade.
Just arrived, at the Show-room of BARCLAY & BELL, a carload 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. Middaugh House Stables.

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

N., G. & J. McKechnie.
THE POPULAR CASH STORE.
Natty Spring Goods
We have just received another large shipment of Nobby Spring Goods including:
Silks, Prints, Skirting and Wrapperettes.
Fancy Wash Silks
In four-yard Ends, in all the newest colors, price \$1.75 each. They are good sellers.
OUR CARPETS are worthy of your inspection.
N., G. & J. McKechnie.
THE POPULAR CASH STORE.

