

# THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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

**SUBSCRIPTION** The *Chronicle* will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance—\$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**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.

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**MISS MARGARET GUN,**  
Teacher M. M. M.  
Feb'y 5,—3m.



"Kindly tell me where my friend can wait upon a friend of his grace."

dently walked out to this quiet path to consult about the situation. As they approached, Mary spoke to the duke with a vicious sparkle in her eyes. "My Lord Buckingham, this shall cost you your head. Remember my words when you are on the scaffold, just when your neck fits into the hollow of the block."

He stopped, with an evident desire to explain, but Mary pointed down the path and said: "Go, or I will have Master Brandon spit you on his sword. Two to one would be easy odds compared with the four to one you put against him in Billingsgate. Go!" And the battle was over, the foe never having struck a blow. It hurt me that Mary should speak of the odds being two to one against Brandon when I was at hand. It is true I was not very large, but I could have taken care of a lawyer.

Now it was that the lawyer-knight earned his bread by his wits, for it was he, I know, who instigated the next move, a master stroke in its way and one which proved a checkmate to us. It was this: The duke went at once to the king and in a tone of injured innocence told him of the charge made by Brandon, with Mary's evident approval, and demanded redress for the slander. Thus it seemed that the strength of our position was about to be turned against us. Brandon was at once summoned and promptly appeared before the king, only too anxious to confront the duke. As to the confinement of Brandon and his secret trial, the king did not care to hear. That was a matter of no consequence to him. The important question was, Did Buckingham attack the princess?

Brandon told the whole straight story exactly as it was, which Buckingham as promptly denied and offered to prove by his almoner that he was at his devotions on the night and at the hour of the attack. So here was a conflict of evidence which called for new witnesses, and Henry asked Brandon if the girls had seen and recognized the duke. To this question of course he was compelled to answer no, and the whole accusation, after all, rested upon Brandon's word, against which, on the other hand, was the evidence of the Duke of Buckingham and his convenient almoner.

All this disclosed to the full poor Mary's anxiety to help Brandon, and the duke having adroitly let out the fact that he had just met the princess with Brandon at a certain secluded spot in the forest, Henry's suspicion of her partiality received new force, and he began to look upon the unfortunate Brandon as a partial cause at least of Mary's aversion to the French marriage.

Henry grew angry and ordered Brandon to leave the court, with the sullen remark that it was only his services to the Princess Mary that saved him from a day with papers on the pillory.

Henry was by no means sure that his suspicions concerning Mary's heart were correct, and in all he had heard he had not one substantial fact upon which to base conviction. He had not seen her with Brandon since their avowal, or he would have had a fact in every look, the truth in every motion, a demonstration in every glance. She seemed powerless even to attempt concealment. In Brandon's handsome manliness and evident superiority the king thought he saw a very clear possibility for Mary to love, and where there is such a possibility for a girl she usually fails to fulfill expectations.

Now, all this brought Brandon into the deep shadow of the royal frown, and like many another man he sank his fortune in the fathomless depths of a woman's heart and thought himself rich in doing it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**His Sad Story.**  
"Cleanliness can do you no harm," said the housewife.

"I don't know about dat, ma'am," replied the dusty wayfarer.  
"Did you ever lose anything by it?"  
"Yes, mum. I was 'tattooed man' in a circus one time, an' when dey made me take a bath all de figures came off, an' I lost my job."

**He Needed the Money.**

Bookkeeper—I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, sir—  
Employer—And need the increase for your family?  
Bookkeeper—No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!

**Golden Weddings.**

"But, papa, things have changed since you were young."  
"Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, and now they demand it at the start."

## A BANQUET IN JAPAN.

Talking and Amusements Are More Important Than the Eating.

Dining is not in Japan a serious business. The Japanese do not meet to eat, but eat because they have met, and conversation and amusements form the principal part of a banquet. Conversation need not be held only with your neighbors, for if a man wishes to speak to a friend in another part of the room he quietly slips the paper panel behind him, passes into the veranda, enters the room again and sits down on the floor before his friend. Exchanging cups is the chief ceremony at a Japanese dinner. Sake, a spirit made from rice resembling dry sherry, is drunk hot out of tiny lacquer and gold cups throughout dinner, and the musmes, who sit on their heels in the open space of the floor, patiently watch for every opportunity to fill your cup with sake.

When a gentleman would exchange cups, which is equivalent to drinking your health, he sits down in front of you and begs the honor. You empty your cup into a bowl of water, have it filled with sake, drink, wash it again and hand it to your friend. He raises it to his forehead, bows, has it filled and drinks. As this ceremony has to be gone through a great many times drinking is often a mere pretense. Eating is, however, but a small part of the entertainment. We must be amused, and to amuse is the business of the getshas, the licensed singing and dancing girls who are attached to every tea-house.

But the singers at a Japanese dinner only take the part of the chorus in a Greek play, and they sing the story which dancing girls represent or suggest by a series of gestures or postures. The dancers are splendidly dressed, and their movements are so interesting, so unlike anything seen in Europe, that we watch them with a curious sense of pleasure.

## "LOST MONDAY."

A Popular Fete Day in Belgium Whose Origin Is a Mystery.

The first Monday after Epiphany is a fete day throughout Belgium. "Lost Monday" it is called; exactly why no one seems able to explain. The origin of the fete is lost in the legends of the middle ages, but the modern acceptance of the day is certainly lost to no one here. Like Mardi Gras, Lost Monday is a day of general merry-making. Every cafe and restaurant in Brussels keeps "open house," and free drinks are on hand for all patrons of the establishment, and as a matter of fact for many others as well who are not regular patrons.

On Black Monday, then, as it is ironically called by some of the natives not overenchanted with the day, the streets of Brussels are given over to the people, and the adventurous foreigner, who, ignorant of the country's customs, ventures out, is apt to find that the Belgian populace is no respecter of persons. On this day the shopkeepers, sighing behind their counters, find themselves compelled to hand over to their customers' servants a forced contribution, amounting to a certain percentage of the year's purchases, while the bakers, too, have a contribution to offer in the shape of cakes specially made for the occasion and offered as gifts to their clientele.

In this manner the unique fete is perpetuated, though the calendar does not note in any particular manner the first Monday after Epiphany.

## Where the Other Half Was.

A young minister in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world staggered his congregation by exclaiming:

"Here am I standing here preaching to you with only half a shirt on my back, while you sit there covered with gewgaws and other baubles."

The next day a parcel containing several brand new shirts was left at his house by one of his hearers, a kind hearted old lady. Meeting the donor a few days afterward, he thanked her exceedingly, but expressed much surprise at receiving such an unexpected gift.

"Oh," said the lady, "you mentioned in your sermon on Sunday that you had only half a shirt on your back."

"Quite true," added his reverence, "but you seem to forget the other half was in front!"—London Tit-Bits.

## Violented Their Victim.

Bjornson was once asked by a friend upon what occasion in his life he had taken the greatest pleasure in knowing that he was a poet. "It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania," he answered, "and smashed all the windows. Because when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing, 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They couldn't do anything else. They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked."

## The Persian Crow's Beak.

There is a weapon known as the "crow's beak" which was formerly much in use among men of rank in Persia and north India. It was a horseman's weapon and consisted of a broad curved dagger blade fixed at right angles to a shaft, pickax fashion. The shaft incloses a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms and especially of the battle axes of Persia.

## The Light That Failed.

Mrs. A.—When I was engaged to my husband, he was the very light of my existence.  
Miss D.—And now—  
Mrs. A.—The light goes out every night.

Things do not go wrong of themselves; somebody pushes them.

## Poker Friends.

"No, I am not popular any more with the gang," moaned a business man who used to entertain largely at poker. "I haven't touched a card in seven years. The friends I made at the poker table were near and dear to me. When I lived on the seventh floor of a tenement, they flocked to see me nightly, climbing the stairs without a murmur. When I moved to the Bronx, they followed me. When I settled in Jamaica, the ride to my house did not seem too long for them, nor did they mind the journey home at 3 or 4 in the morning. When I realized that I was supporting them with my losses, I tore up the cards and cracked the chips with a hammer. When, lo, behold, every mother's son of them knew me no more! I lived so far away that it was impossible to find time to come to visit me. I am sure that if I had opened a poker game in the darkest cell in the bottom of the bottomless pit they would have come to play with me. To regain their friendship it is only necessary to announce a reopening of the game."

## The Etiquette of Cues.

In China the men take as much pride in their hair as women, and the "pig-tail" is a thing of no little moment. In making the cue the whole head is shaved except a circular patch upon the crown. The hair from this is braided, and strands of silk are added, which end in a tassel reaching to the heels. In full mourning the black strands are replaced by white ones and in second mourning by light blue or green.

It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for an inferior to enter the presence of a superior with his cue wound round his neck or head, as it is frequently disposed of during work, and the greatest insult one man can offer another is to pull his cue. It seems very odd to see sailors and soldiers on ship or in barracks combing each other's long tresses or coolies at the street corners performing the same friendly office. Custom forbids a man to wear a beard and mustache until he becomes a grandfather.

## He Got Up.

There is a keen knowledge of human nature in the following bit of fun from the Lewiston Journal, but no more than might be expected from a down east tavern keeper who has had a long experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called, but few get up: A mighty hunter from Boston "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half past 4 in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door.

"All right! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilts.

"You get up here now and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncle Cy.

"Receipt? What receipt?" demanded a very wide-awake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly.

"Waal," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkerlate to have ye humping down to the office at 8 o'clock declaring that ye ain't been called."

## A Humorous Mixture.

In a Scotch church an old minister who was very deaf was also very anxious to introduce some new hymnbooks into the church and asked his precator to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The precator, having a notice of his own, gave out that members of the congregation wishing to have their children baptized were to send their names into the vestry. The old minister, thinking that it was the notice about the hymnbooks, stood up and said, "And I wish to say, for the benefit of those who have not any, that they may be had in the vestry any afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4—ordinary little ones at a shilling each, and special little ones, with red backs, at one and three."

## Effort and Its Effect.

It pays to think. It is like putting money out at interest. Dollars make dollars, and thoughts make other thoughts. We are so accustomed to having this old world reward us for things we do in dollars that we forget there is such a reward as brains—mental growth. Happy the one who sees all these things in their proper light, who recognizes in every failure a lesson learned, in every effort a reward, be it only a little speck of mental energy.

## The Self Effacing Act.

Myer—In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible.

Gyer—Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it?  
Gyer—By marrying famous women.

## Significant.

In a well known thoroughfare in London outside of a noted restaurant there might be seen the following notice:

"This is the best restaurant in London! Our fish cannot be approached!" —London King.

## Today.

Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days.

## A High Testimonial.

Lady (engaging a maid)—Was your last mistress satisfied with you?  
Maid—Well, mum, she said she was very pleased when I left.

Women's hearts are like yale locks—no two alike, and but one man carries the key to fit.

Jim Dumps' physician once fell ill. Said he: "I'll have no draught or pill." Said Jim: "Ho, ho, you're on the shelf, You who cure others, cure yourself." Then Jim sent up some "Force" to him, "That's what he needs," quoth "Sunny Jim."

# Force

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for doctor and patient.

Has Eaten Three Cases.

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