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TOM JONES, COWBOY

.....By C. E. LEWIS

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Tom Jones was a real Montana cowboy, the genuine stuff. By that is meant that he was no consumptive son who had been sent out from Boston to try the western ozone, nor was he a student of Yale or Harvard who was picking up \$30 a month to help him squeak through college. He was born to the business, knew all the ins and outs, and no one could beat him at turning a stampeding herd or throwing the lasso. It was said on all sides that there was only one thing out of kilter with Tom Jones—he had aspirations. If he had aspired to keep three guns shooting at once or to hold four aces in every other hand of poker, he might have had the sympathy of his fellow workers, but his aspirations took a different line.

Tom Jones had read no less than six different accounts of eastern heesses coming out west on a visit and falling in love with and marrying cowboys. Cowboys had saved them from robbers, Indians, stampedes and prairie fires, and their natural gratitude had resulted in love and marriage. What had happened once might happen again. Tom's aspirations, then, ran to heesses. He was expecting one along any day in the week and was always prepared to carry out his part of the contract.

Even an heess may come to him who waits, and in due time, when her engagements permitted, Miss Griscomb, from New York, paid a visit to relatives at Taylor's ranch. Tom had heard of her beauty and what a pile of money her old dad had in the bank within twenty-four hours after her arrival. It was now up to him to bring in the heess and start things going. He got out his Sunday togs and greased his hair as a beginning.

Nor was the labor thrown away. He had hardly set forth on a hunt for

had saved an heess from a stampede and won her undying love in ten minutes. There were 5,000 steers covering the plain between Taylor's ranch and Lame Wolf creek. If they would only get a move on them at the right time, he would be there to do the hero's part. The steers were cheerfully willing. One morning soon after the heess had passed down the road they lowered their heads, threw up their tails and stampeded. The move was not expected by the cowboy, but by great good luck he was on hand to mix in. It seems the easiest thing in the world for a hero to cut across the front of a stampeding herd of steers and snatch an heess from her saddle and bear her away to safety and win her eternal gratitude, but Tom Jones didn't find it so in practice. As a matter of fact, he was rolled in the dust and walked on in a shameful manner, while the heess saved herself, and when the herd had passed she helped him to find the remains of his hat and advised him to go home and keep quiet for a few days to avoid nervous fever.

There was only one more hope for the cowboy hero. If he could rescue Miss Griscomb from a prairie fire, all might yet be well. A drunken Indian brought things about as he wished. It wasn't an overgrown spectacular display as far as flames went, but there was a heap of smoke and a grand opportunity for yelling, and in due time Tom Jones started in on his work of rescue. While he was dashing through the billows of smoke and frantically calling upon the heess to be saved she had already saved herself, and it cut him to the quick to have her remark as he finally rode up to her that she didn't like the smell of singed hair. The cowboy had played his last card, and, weary and hopeless, he sought out the Diogenes of the flock and stated his case.

"My son," said the old man when he had heard the story, "did you ever hear the saying of 'up to date'?"

"Of course, I'm there myself."

"And there lies the cause of your failure. Miss Griscomb is more up to date as a girl than you are as a man. You had better stop making a fool of yourself and hustle those steers around."

A Surprised Bore.

The late Justice Carter of the supreme court of the District of Columbia used to relate an incident of a Philadelphia man who called at the White House so frequently and took up so much of President Lincoln's time that the latter finally lost his patience. One day when the gentleman was particularly verbose and persistent and refused to leave, although he knew that important delegations were waiting, Lincoln arose, walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the cabinet chamber and took a bottle from a shelf. Looking gravely at his visitor, whose head was very bald, he remarked:

"Did you ever try this stuff for your hair?"

"No, sir; I never did."
 "Well," remarked Lincoln, "I advise you to try it, and I will give you this bottle. If at first you don't succeed try, try again. Keep it up. They say it will make hair grow on a pumpkin. Now take it and come back in eight or ten months and tell me how it works."

The astonished Philadelphian left the room instantly without a word, carrying the bottle in his hand, and Judge Carter, coming in with the next delegation, found the president doubled up with laughter at the success of his strategy. Before he could proceed to business the story had to be told.—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

Athens Saved by Poetry.

When (B. C. 404) after a heroic struggle Athens, the "City of the Violet Crown," was captured by Lysander there were not wanting clamorous voices to urge that the city whose lust for empire had brought such woes on Greece ought to be laid level with the ground.

The Spartan general at first lent a willing ear to his powerful allies, but while the council was still debating this momentous issue a plaintive voice was heard from the city walls chanting those noble lines from the "Electra" of Euripides, that most human of the poets of Greece, in which the heroine contrasts her fallen lot with the splendid exploits of her father, who had dismantled the towers of Troy.

Lysander bent his head and pondered on fortune's cruel reverses. Triumphant as Agamemnon, who could tell but that he might be reserved for a fate as cruel? The lesson of moderation was accepted. Athens was saved. Milton has immortalized this dramatic event in one of his best known sonnets:

The repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

Language Was Not Needed.

"I don't see how the count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French."
 "Oh, it was very easy! We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which, with the other figure, meant \$10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant \$100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to \$1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it \$10,000,000. Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms and—oh, oh, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real countess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A LIGHT HEART.

Said to Be Offense Linked With Brawn Than With Brains.

Is it possible to cultivate a light heart? Probably not, but all sorts of shifts have been practiced at all times to retain one. There have always been men like Thoreau and St. Francis who believed that property brought with it a heavy heart and who have refused, as did the American philosopher, to be "harnessed to his possessions." St. Francis "cast aside every weight" that he might free himself from "idle sorrow." He and his first disciples "loved nothing earthly and feared nothing earthly. They were secure in all places, troubled by no fears, distracted by no cares; they lived without trouble of mind, waiting without solitude for the coming day." St. Francis in the fastnesses of the Italian hills singing French hymns among the highway robbers in his whimsical lightness of heart makes a strange picture. He knew French badly, but it seemed to him the language of gaiety. The founder of the Franciscans, though we are told that he possessed what was quaintly called the gift of tears when performing his devotions in his cell, was never seen abroad without a smile; neither would he tolerate any appearance of heaviness in his followers. He rebuked a brother to whom a dejected manner had become habitual, saying, "My brother, repent thy sins in private, and do not appear before the community thus downcast."

We are inclined to think that those who make their living—provided it is a fairly good one—in the sweat of their brow have lighter hearts than those who make it in the sweat of their brain. The high spirits which seem to be enjoyed by domestic servants, judge by the sounds which come upstairs, are a case in point. Dusting, scrubbing and plate cleaning seem to weigh on the heart far less than doctoring, journalism or the study of law or theology. Too often spirits are broken by overwork or by disappointment in the wild struggle to succeed which goes on among professional people. Certainly in the literary world light hearts are generally lost early, yet the light hearted man of letters, though he is rare, is the most attractive of all light hearted men. He knows how to express the music that is in his mind and is like a composer who is also an executant.—London Spectator.

When He Did Better.

A celebrated bishop once sat through a long and atrocious sermon on a hot summer morning. With an immovable countenance he listened to metaphors that were mixed, pathos that was bathos and humor that was sad. The preacher was a youth just out of college—a very conceited youth. He belabored through his sermon at the top of his lungs. His gestures were violent enough to break his arms. At every climax he fixed the bishop with his eye to see if a suitable impression had been made.

And at the end of the service this young snip swaggered up to the bishop and said:

"I fancy I did rather well today, sir. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," returned the bishop; "but you did better last year."

"Last year?" said the young man.

"Why, I didn't preach at all last year."

"That's the reason," said the bishop, with a pleasant smile.

The Dying Boarder.

The boarder was about to settle permanently with his first landlady—Mother Grundy.

The minister had been summoned.

"Is there anything you would like to have sung—any specific hymn?" asked the good man.

"Yes," said the boarder, with feebly fluttering breath. "There is a hymn with something in it about 'Feed me (I) I want no more; also some one might sing 'We're going home to dine—O more.'"

Several persons were present who boarded at the same place, and in their loud sobs could be detected a grief greater than mere sympathy.

The Omnipresent Scot.

The London Chronicle tells a story of a traveler in eastern Russia who attended service in a Greek church and noticed a gigantic attendant in the procession who flourished an asperge with great skill, uttering words which seemed familiar. Listening intently, the tourist made out the sentence: "It's jist a pickle o' clean cauld watter. If it does ye nae guid it does ye nae harm."

After the service the attendant disclosed himself as a Dunfermline man who had temporarily taken service with the local Greek priest.

David Was on Time.

Mr. Joggins (tentatively)—If I should not be home at dinner time you need not—

Mrs. Joggins (with decision)—You'll be home at the usual time, David. Joggins says he doesn't know how it is, but when his wife says a thing it is pretty sure to come true.

A Discouraged Fighter.

"He isn't so much of a fighter as he used to be."

"No. You see, he was always looking for some one who could whip him—at least that's what he said."
 "Well?"
 "Well, he found him."

Doesn't Reciprocate.

"Mis'ry likes comp'ny, don't it?"
 "Yes, but w'en I see it conin' dat's de day I don't feel sociable."

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

MADNESS IN COLORS.

TINTS THAT WILL TURN THE BRAIN AND INVITE DEATH.

Purple is the Most Lethal of All Hues, and Scarlet is Nearly as Bad. Blue Will Stimulate the Brain, but It Will Wreck the Nerves.

If purple walls and red tinted windows surrounded you for a month, with no color but purple around you, by the end of that time you would be a madman. No matter how strong the brain might be, it would not stand the strain, and it is doubtful if you would ever recover your reason, for purple is the most dangerous color there is in its effects on the brain, which it reaches by way of the nerves of the eye.

A splash or two of any other color in the room would save your reason for some time longer, but dead purple would kill you eventually as surely as would foul air. Scarlet is as bad, but scarlet has a different effect. It produces what is called homicidal mania—a madness that drives its victim to kill his fellows, especially his nearest relatives. Even on animals scarlet has this effect. It will drive a bull or a tiger to charge a naked spear. But purple, on the contrary, brings on melancholy or suicidal mania.

Blue, as long as there is no trace of red in it, stimulates the brain and helps it, but its effect on your nerves, if you are saturated with it and cannot get away from it, is terrible. Scientists class blue as a kind of drug in its effects on the brain.

It excites the imagination and gives a craving for music and stagecraft, but it has a reaction that wrecks the nerves. If you doubt it stare hard for a few minutes at a large sheet of bright blue paper or cloth—not flowers, for there is a good deal of green in their blue—and you will find that it will make your eyes ache and give you a restless, uneasy feeling.

Green, on the other hand, is the king of colors, and no amount of it can do any harm. On the contrary, it soothes the whole system and preserves the eyesight. If you were shut up in an artificial green light for a month it would develop your eyesight immensely, but it would be fatal, because when you returned to the world you would be utterly unable to stand ordinary lights and colors and you would certainly contract ophthalmia, or possibly destroy the optic nerve altogether unless you were very mindful to take great care.

Most people imagine the sky in clear weather to be blue. It is really white tinged with green. It is only the distance and clearness which make it seem blue.

Green is so soothing that it makes a big difference in the length of an illness, helping the system to fight the disease, and nearly all hospital wards have every possible detail about them colored green. Sage green is the most soothing tint of all; metallic green, however, is by no means so good.

Solitary confinement in a yellow cell for six weeks will hopelessly weaken any system and produce chronic hysteria. A long course of it will produce foolish lunacy, and even on a guinea pig or a rabbit will drive the animal at last to bite and wound itself or reduce it to such a state of nervousness that it will die of sheer fright if suddenly startled.

On the other hand, if you are not smothered with it yellow is the healthiest, cheeriest color there is, and will make a dark room bright and habitable when even green would be cold and depressing. But to be well "soused" with yellow day and night, and to be unable to get away from it, would bring you to nervous madness within two months at the outside.

Sheer dead white, unbroken, will destroy your eyesight as surely as cataract would if you are exposed to it for a few days—a week at the latest. It kills the optic nerves, and the sight goes out like a candle, while the effect on the brain is so maddening that blindness is almost a relief.

This is why arctic explorers have to wear colored "goggles" of green tinted glass; otherwise "snow blindness," as it is called, and which is really "white blindness," is almost a certainty. Even in the polar regions, though, the white is not complete. The sky breaks it. If it did not no man could keep his eyesight there without glasses.

Not Serious.

"How is your brother the poet?"
 "He has just undergone an operation. You would hardly recognize him; he is so altered."

"Indeed?"
 "Yes; he has had an epidermatoid growth removed from his head."

"Poor fellow! Was it anything very serious?"
 "Not at all. He has only had his hair cut."

His Plunge.

Jasper—Gayboy seems to be prospering nowadays.
 Jumpuppe—I don't see why you think so. His wife and family are not wearing any better clothes.
 Jasper—Very true. But he is smoking better cigars.

Literally Money to Burn.
 St Slocum—Josh Medders is back from New York, an', b'gosh, he's got money tew burn.
 Hi Korntop—Gosh! Dew tell?
 St Slocum—Yaas; he bought \$5,000 worth o' the stuff for \$150.

It is every one's secret hope that when the time comes for him to hand his baggage over to Death to be checked he will not be afraid.—Atchiso-Globe.

CAUGHT IN A LOG JAM.

Thrilling Fishing Experience in Northern Michigan.

Upon one occasion in northern Michigan I was trout fishing in company with a veteran timber cruiser, a man who knew everything about the rough bush life, says a writer in World's Work. In time we reached a bend in the stream where a lot of small logs had jammed during the spring freshet. My comrade unconcernedly ventured upon the logs, and before I could follow by some mischance he stepped upon a loose one and instantly disappeared. Had I not been looking at him it is likely I should have imagined he had crossed and gone into the brush upon the farther side. One log of all the mass was rolling, and a hand showed at one side of it. To dart across and seize the hand occupied very few seconds, but to my horror I could not pull him up through the narrow space through which he had slipped. To set a foot upon the log either side the opening and above with all strength was the only hope. For seconds I clung to the wrist and strained mightily. Slowly the logs separated and up he came till he was able to twist upon his stomach across a log. Half drowned as he was, he had not lost his nerve. "Do-don't let 'em squeeze back on me!" he gasped, and a moment later he was on his feet. Most men would have weakened then, but he was iron. He had swallowed a lot of water, had been chawed by jowl with an awful death, yet he had no idea of proving false. The logs were slowly slipping farther apart and I was standing like a certain large gentleman of Rhodes and unable to stand much more spreading or to spring to either side, while, of course, to slip into the water meant to enter the trap he had just escaped. In a few seconds he seized my hand and one quick haul carried me to firm footing. The logs at once closed like a gigantic trap. When we reached solid ground my comrade almost collapsed, and for half an hour he was a very sick man. Later he said: "I held my breath as long as I could, calculatin' you might try to get me, an', pardner, I'll never forget that little turn. I reckon I was in a mighty tight place."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Hope is the heroic form of despair.—"The School For Saints."

The most agonizing fear of a true lover is that his lady shall think him a weakling.—"On Satan's Mount."

Sentimental people are sure to live long and die fat. Feeling—that's the slayer.—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

When prudence and reticence are off guard the man himself, past, present and future, comes into view.—"Kent Fort Manor."

You never could bet on that woman. If there was one or two things she'd be likely to do she wouldn't do either of them.—"Tioba."

Things always run in streaks—don't matter whether it's politics, love, farming or war. They don't travel alone.—"Before the Dawn."

Sunum cuique—to the man belongeth courage in great things, but in affairs of small moment woman is pre-eminent.—"The Wheel of Love."

Success undoubtedly often covers mistakes, but human nature is on the whole generous, or at least good tempered.—"Retrospect and Prospect."

The Cause of the Delay.

Mrs. Passe was in a hurry. She was going to a concert, and the friends who were to accompany her were waiting downstairs. She was dressing and making things most uncomfortable for her maid, unaware of the fact that everything she said was audible downstairs.

"Annette," she cried, "how slow you are! Have you the flowers for my hair?"

"Ah, yes, madame, but!"

"Well, well, well!" sharply. "Where are they?"

"They are here, madame; but, pardon, I've mislaid the hair!"

Lipton as a "Smoker."

In his early days Sir Thomas Lipton denied himself almost every pleasure except that of amassing a fortune. Calling one day on a consul on business matters he was offered a cigar by the official.

"No, thank you," said Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lipton. "Although I am the biggest smoker in England I never smoke cigars."

"What do you smoke?" was the surprised query.

"Bacon," was the prompt reply.

An Alaskan Smoke.

How would you enjoy a pipeful of wood shavings, saturated with a strong solution of pepper, as an after dinner smoke? Strange as this may seem for a substitute for tobacco, it is, says the Family Doctor, nevertheless used as such by Indians along the Alaskan coast. Their mouths are often made raw by the practice, and the eyesight of many is affected by the strong fumes.

Justice Is Blind.

"It ain't no figger of speech," commented the philosopher, "that justice is blind. Nothin' happens to the man that makes the toy pistol, the feller that sells it or the guy that buys it for his little boy, but the kid, who don't know no better, gits the punishment that's comin' to all the others."

Ready For the Emergency.

"If you find it impossible to keep open your line of retreat," said the instructor in the military school, "what ought you to do?"

"Open up the line of advance," was the prompt reply.—Exchange.