

SUBSCRIPTION The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance...

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion...

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 McLachlan'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, D.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. 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.

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. Licensed 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.

reformer and was legitimately pursuing a criminal whose evil genius had been directed toward the destruction of one whom I had learned to like. It was no ordinary man that I had to fight against, and this gave more zest to my undertaking.

I discovered that my master had a night appointment with Dr. Squires about once a week. These appointments were irregular. Sometimes they were early in the week and, again, in the middle or the end. Evidently the doctor told him each time when to come again.

Upon reflection I was satisfied that there was a strange coincidence between these weekly night calls and my master's periodical attacks of languor and sickness. Almost every time after he had met the doctor at night he had been in bed a good part of the following day. This convinced me that the poison was administered at the doctor's office and was not intrusted to his patient.

This conclusion was reached one day when I was considerably dejected. I had been working up the case for nearly a week, and everything seemed to point to the fact that I had made a mistake in my reasoning. I could discover nothing to corroborate my suspicions. On that very day I had managed to secure the medicines my master was in the habit of taking, and, carrying them with me to the city, I had them analyzed by an expert chemist.

I was so confident that poison was contained in some of them that I was greatly surprised and perturbed when he told me that they were composed of harmless herbs and oils.

"You mean to say there is no poison in any of them?" I asked in astonishment.

"None whatever," he replied.

I did not believe he understood his business and probably said as much. I took them to another chemist and spent \$5 more just to have a correct analysis made. The same conclusion from this man convinced me that I was mistaken.

I walked home, dejected and baffled. The doctor was too shrewd for me, and he had scored the first victory.

Nevertheless I was not discouraged. I reasoned with sense that the man would not adopt ordinary methods to poison my master. He was too shrewd for that. Then I thought of hypodermic injections, which might be administered while in his office.

It was while speculating upon the possible methods of giving him poison that I reached the conclusion that my master's night visits to the doctor's accounted for everything. It was at these meetings that the harm was done. I would be present at the next meeting or I would relinquish all claim to the possession of abilities of a certain order necessary for success in my line of work.

CHAPTER X.

BEHOLD! In the meantime, by mere accident, I discovered the secret of my master's fatal illness. It happened in this wise:

One afternoon when I was free for a few hours I strolled down the road toward Dr. Squires' house, habit generally drawing my footsteps in that direction. I was intent upon no particular purpose. I was merely walking along for the change. I frequently like to get off by myself and lie down in the woods or on the green grass and think. I am a great lover of nature. The birds and grass and flowers always appeal to me.

When alone in the woods, I will watch the birds by the hour, finding more enjoyment therein than in the company of man, or an army of busy ants will amuse me for half a day. I would not hurt one of these insects for anything or permit them to be disturbed in their work, and yet I have raised my hand against my fellow creatures, partly in self defense, it is true, to wound them or to take their lives if necessary.

On this particular afternoon I walked down the country highway for some distance, and then, attracted by the song of a wood thrush, I concealed myself in a thick clump of bushes and listened. The bird could not see me, and for a long time I lay there with my eyes half closed listening to the sweet music of the dainty singer. I do not know how long I remained there entranced by this private concert, but suddenly the bird hushed its song and flew away.

The noise that had frightened her came from the hoofs of two horses, which were cantering down the road at a rapid pace. I peered through the leaves of the bushes at the riders, and instantly all my gentle thoughts fled. The spell of the bird was no longer upon me. All my evil, crafty nature returned. The approaching riders were Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson.

Not a dozen paces from me a small stream bubbled up from an underground spring, and it was quite customary for riders to give their horses a drink at this place. A wooden trough had been sunk into the ground to receive the water and to form a drinking vessel for the beasts.

I was consequently not surprised when the two drew up their horses just in front of me and led them to the spring. The doctor dismounted and held the horses while they drank in the cooling draft. The two had been engaged in conversation, and I judged that she had been trying to extract his secret from him.

"I do not consider it an honor to keep your work so secret until you have completed your discovery," she was saying. "Then all the world will know it, and there is no special interest in it for me."

"But I have promised to tell it to you before any one else hears of it," the doctor answered.

"How long before—one day or one hour?"

There was a look of annoyance in his face at her reply.

"Any number of days beforehand you wish," he answered.

"Well, then, I wish to hear it now," she replied quickly, a bright smile reinforcing her words.

"Woman's impatience," he muttered. "It has caused half the trouble in the world."

"That is unkind. I don't like such reflections upon my sex."

"Nothing personal was intended, Miss Belle. I was merely uttering my reflections aloud."

"Well, please don't do so any more."

The doctor watched the horses drinking for a few moments and then, leaning against the saddle of his black steed, he said:

"Can you keep the secret if I divulge it to you?"

"Can I? I don't think that question is necessary."

"No, probably not. But I want your promise that you will never reveal it to anybody," he persisted.

"Well, you have it. I will never mention it until you give me permission."

"All right, then. I will tell you all."

When I was a young man, I went to India as a surgeon in the English army. There I met so many lepers that my attention was called particularly to this disease. At first they disgusted and alarmed me. Their rotting fingers and toe joints, their running sores and their emaciated bodies were so loathsome that I could hardly stay in their presence, but in time I got used to them, as we do to everything. I even found myself pitying them and wondering if something couldn't be done to alleviate their sufferings and even to cure and stamp out the horrible disease. This was the beginning of a career that I have studiously pursued ever since. I spent all my time in studying leprosy in its worst forms. I determined to find some remedy for it. I was limited in funds, but managed to get along by living near them. I could not exist in the same house with them. The thought of it nearly stifled me. But I could live near them and help them and in time perfect my discovery.

"My secret is already out, Miss Belle," he added after a pause. "I am devoting my time and life to the discovery of a positive cure for leprosy, that most dreaded of all diseases that ever scourged a wicked world. I am on the right track. In fact, I have about perfected it, so that I will be ready to announce the results to the world in a year. There is only one thing that bothers me. I am experimenting with this continually."

"Experimenting with whom?"

"The words were so hollow and unnatural that I turned my eyes from the doctor's face to that of Miss Stetson. I was startled at the sight. Her face was livid—paler than that of any corpse. A look of horror shone from her eyes.

"Whom are you experimenting with, Dr. Squires?" she repeated in the same strange voice.

"With—why—my dear Miss Belle, have I divulged any family secret?" stammered the doctor. "Did you not know? I thought your father knew that you knew that?"

"That Charles had leprosy in his system—that he was a leper?" she said slowly.

"Your father knew it; his father knew it; Charles knew it when he met me. I understood that both families made no secret of it among themselves."

"No, I never knew what the disease was. Father never told me. Oh, can it be possible!"

She swayed in her saddle, and if the doctor had not caught her she would have fallen to the ground. I could hardly contain myself. The news nearly made me desperate. This accounted for everything. I was all wrong in my conclusions. The doctor was, after all, a good man, holding the secret of my master's life in his possession and trying hard to help him.

"You must let me give you some water, Miss Belle," the doctor said as he steadied her in the saddle. "Dismount a moment, and let me bathe your forehead."

"No, thank you, doctor. I will be all right in a moment. The suddenness of the news startled me."

"I know it, I know it, and I was a brute to tell you. I should have been more thoughtful. I shall never forgive myself. But, Miss Belle, believe me, I thought you knew it all. He should have told you."

"No, no; I am glad he didn't. How could I have been the same to him? How can I in the future?"

She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't go on so, my dear Miss Belle," the doctor said in a low, winning voice. "There is hope for Charles yet. You

But you could not eradicate the germs of the disease from his body; they might not show themselves in him, but in future generations they would come out."

"We can only hope for the best," he replied. "Who can tell what medicine may not accomplish? It has done wonders in the world already, and there are new worlds that it is conquering every day. We must look forward hopefully for results that it would be daring to predict now."

His words were intended to be encouraging, but she did not raise her head. From the slight shuddering of her delicate body I knew that she was sobbing.

"Do not yield to this weakness, Miss Belle," he added a moment later. "I tell you I will cure Charles. I can do it, and I will do it. If not for his sake, I will do it for yours."

A faint smile was visible through her tears as she looked at him and answered slowly:

"You are good, doctor, to sacrifice so much for either or both of us. Cure him by all means for his sake, not for mine. I could—no, I could never marry him; I would be afraid."

Again she covered her face and sobbed.

"Not if I cured him entirely?" he asked in a voice that had a curious tension to it. "Not if I assured you positively that the disease would never show itself while either of you lived?"

"No, no; I could not. It would be a sin, a crime. And yet I loved him so—I loved him, loved him!"

There was an awkward silence. The tears stood in my own eyes, but those of the doctor were dry and exultant. The confession, I knew, pleased him. These words from her lips would give him the clear field. He could honorably try to win her love. With Charles no longer a possible rival, what was there to prevent him from winning a beautiful bride and a princely fortune?

A few moments later they gathered up their reins and rode away. She was pale and beautiful; he was strong and robust—and exultant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Influence of Laughter on Digestion.

The efficacy of laughter as an aid to assimilation and alimentation has passed into such a common physiological truism that no one of ordinary intelligence needs to have the principle upon which it works elucidated for his understanding in these days of widely disseminated dietetic knowledge. The average person who is not continuously "in the dumps" knows from experience that laughter is good for digestion, says What to Eat. It should be borne in mind that mirth and good cheer need not express themselves in convulsive laughter in order to influence digestion. An amiable, contented, calm and equable temperament has marked influence upon the digestive processes without laughter.

A Silver Riddle.

English tram car companies use in counting the money taken in what is called a "silver riddle." Four or five frames are placed on the top of each other, and a given quantity of mixed silver is emptied in on to the topmost. Shake the latter and all the pieces except the half crowns will disappear through the wire net arrangement on to the frame below. Shake frame No. 2 and everything goes through except the florins, and thus the coins are eventually exhausted down to the three-penny pieces.

A Desperate Character.

First Henpecked Husband—Well, sir, I've been gone and done it. My wife wouldn't give me the latchkey again this morning, so I took it by force—by force, do you hear me?

Second Ditto (admiringly)—Say, old man, don't let my wife hear that. She'll never let me go out with you again.

One He Couldn't Lose.

Peddler—Want to buy an umbrella cheap, boss?

Merchant—No; what's the use? Whenever I buy an umbrella somebody steals it.

Peddler—Well, this one ain't worth stealing.—Exchange.

The Reminder.

"Mamma," said Bennie as there came a brief pause in the conversation on the part of the callers, "isn't it time for you to ask me what I learned at the kindergarten today? If you don't do it pretty soon I'll forget what you told me to say."

Wouldn't Show.

Mistress (greatly shocked)—Is it possible, Mary, you are making bread without having washed your hands?

New Girl—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

A man is at his best when he is attending to his own business.—Dallas News.

The First Automobile.

In these days of fast motoring and high railway speeds it is interesting to recall that it was in July, 1829, some little time before George Stephenson had solved the problem of steam transport, that Sir Goldsworthy Gurney made his famous journey in a "steam carriage" from London to Bath and back. Gurney was a surgeon in Marylebone, greatly given to the working out of inventions in his spare time, and it took him some years to complete his first "motor" in his back yard in Albany street in London. He accomplished the journey to and from Bath at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and there was only one disturbing incident, when a crowd assembled at Melksham set upon the machine and, having burned their fingers, threw stones and seriously wounded the stoker. This Gurney journey stands as the first example of locomotion by steam in England.



The two had been engaged in conversation. forget that I am close upon the great discovery of the age. If it succeeds Charles will be a new man, free of all taint of leprosy."

Advertisement for Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, featuring 'Men's Life Blood', 'Blood Poison', 'Varicocele & Stricture', and 'Kidneys & Bladder' treatments.

Advertisement for Shewell & Lenahan, featuring 'Furniture', 'Undertaking Department', and 'Durham School'.

Advertisement for N. G. & J. McKechnie, featuring 'Natty Spring Goods', 'Fancy Wash Silks', and 'Our Carpets'.