

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.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion—minimum measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements without specific directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient notices—"Lost," "Found," "For Sale," etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. All advertisements, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

THE JOB : : 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., 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 a child's immediate comprehension.

Musical Notation, Rhythmic Motion, Technique, Key-Board Location, Musical Instruction, Piano Work. For terms apply to MISS MARGARET GUN, Teacher M. M. M.

had to increase the distance between us to avoid detection.

I managed to keep him in sight for about a mile, and then he suddenly gave me the slip. In some inexplicable manner he had dodged away from me and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Chagrined at this being thrown off the track, I put all my energies at work to regain the lost trail. For two hours I wandered around, vainly trying to catch a glimpse of the man. I became so reckless that I would have exposed my person to him if it would have discovered his whereabouts to me.

Finally I gave it up in disgust. I seated myself under a tree near the highway and reflected. Certainly I was baffled for the night. I was on the point of returning home when the words of Dr. Squires recurred to me. The two were evidently engaged in the same criminal practices, and they would probably meet again that night somewhere.

With this thought uppermost in my mind I cautiously retraced my steps to the doctor's house. Once I thought that I had discovered my master again by accident, but upon closer observation I found that I was on the very point of accosting a detective. An arrest at such a time of the night might lead to unpleasant complications, and so I remained half an hour hidden in the bushes until the man had disappeared.

When I reached the old mansion, everything was as dark and gloomy as when I left it to follow my master. There was not the sign of a living being around. I cautiously started to walk up the gravelly drive, and the crunching noise of my boots sounded clear and distinct on the night air. I just had time to drop down behind some shrubbery before the front door of the house opened, and the dark shadow of a man seemed to flit out of it. I remained perfectly quiet, not daring to move or scarcely breathe. Undoubtedly the noise made by my boots had attracted the attention of somebody in the mansion.

I remained in this reclining position for a full half hour. The shadow on the porch remained so perfectly still that I half imagined that it was an illusion or the reflection of some intervening object. But my policy has ever been to make sure of a thing before deciding what course to pursue, and so I accepted the benefit of the doubt and waited patiently. Once or twice I thought of the tales of spirits and ghosts related about the old mansion and of how they walked through the empty rooms after midnight and made free with all earthly occupants. This did not disturb me, however, for I knew that somebody besides spirits was awake around the house that night.

I was getting tired of watching that immovable figure on the porch, and my eyelids were winking and blinking spasmodically when my ears caught a sound directly back of me. I did not dare move my head an inch, but the thought of the bloodthirsty Danes suddenly made me cold and clammy. I imagined I detected the patter of their



"There are many detectives around," feet on the drive, and I gripped my revolver tightly, determined to make a desperate stand for my life.

A moment later my feelings were considerably relieved. The steps approached nearer and nearer—soft, stealthy, delicate steps that might have been made by a child. Then the figure of a man loomed up within three yards of me and moved swiftly toward the house.

But in that momentary glimpse I caught the features of my master. In his hands he carried a clumsy bundle or article, which I failed to make out. Then for the first time the shadow on the porch moved. The two met at the top of the steps and quickly disappeared in the house, the door closing noiselessly behind them.

I would have given much just then to have had the power to penetrate behind those wooden walls or to have raised the shades and looked into the doctor's office, where I knew that a light must be burning. But I felt that my quest was ended for the night and that further work would be useless. After waiting around another half hour I quietly stole out of the yard and hurried home to reflect over the strange occurrences of the night.

CHAPTER XV. Y opinion of Dr. Squires did not improve any after the disclosures just related, and I was naturally inclined to lay all the blame upon him, arguing that he had misled my

master in some way or that he held a price over his head and forced him to do his will. I took this view of the question for several days, upholding my master and reviling the doctor, attributing all sorts of evil things to him. Certainly he was as great a criminal as Mr. Goddard, and if one was ever caught in the act of robbery the other would have to be implicated. I felt that the doctor was accepting the easy part of the job, staying home to receive the stolen goods while my master ran the risk of capture and even of being killed.

In the event of the latter's arrest I knew that Dr. Squires would suddenly leave the neighborhood, and my master would be left to suffer the penalties of their mutual crime. Incidentally I decided to prevent any such unjust punishment by being on hand when the doctor found the place too hot for him. I knew enough about their partnership to have him sentenced to the state prison for a good long term.

My old hatred of the doctor returned with double force. I had more tangible reason for disliking him now than when I first suspected him of attempts to kill my master with poisons. My suspicions that he was not all above board in his lonely life in the haunted mansion were now confirmed. I would make it a point to investigate the premises in spite of all opposition.

Thereafter I coolly but deliberately went to work to effect an entrance into the old house, and it may be remarked, incidentally, that when a professional burglar of my standing makes up his mind to enter a building no locks, bolts, bars or electric alarms can keep him out. Moreover, I felt that I had justice on my side this time, and, re-enforced with a quiet conscience, I made specially good plans.

It was three nights later that I found myself on the premises again. This time I was prepared for a work that had become a second nature to me. Leaving my shoes in a clump of bushes in the woods, I proceeded to approach the house with catlike treads. I reached the front porch without mishap. There was no moon out, and the place was extremely dark.

When satisfied that everything was quiet, I climbed up the largest piazza post and drew myself noiselessly up the upper porch. Here I rested a moment and then crawled along the side so as not to make any crackling noise with the tin roof. I gained the dark side of the house, and by placing one foot upon the staples which supported the blinds I deftly swung myself up on the slanting roof of the third story.

On the top of the house was a round cupola tower inclosed in glass, and I judged rightly that no burglar alarm would be attached to these windows and that noises made there would hardly be heard by the doctor and his old servant in their rooms below. I reached the cupola in safety and after resting a few minutes I proceeded to work.

In a few minutes I had cut out a small piece of glass from the window pane, and then, inserting my hand through the aperture, I easily unfastened the catch. I took the precaution, however, to be sure about a burglar alarm. There was none attached to the window, and so far I was safe.

Once inside the cupola, I flashed a bright ray of light from my dark lantern and inspected my surroundings. It was a small circular room with the accumulated dust of many years gathered on the window sills and floor. It was perfectly bare of articles of furniture and, as I judged, had not been visited by any one for years.

A trap in the floor opened into a hall below. I tried this door and found that it was locked on the inside. An ordinary lock is easier to pick than a padlock attached to a staple on the opposite side of a two inch board. However, I was prepared to encounter all sorts of difficulties.

I could work in comparative safety in the cupola. So I took a cold chisel and softly pried up the ends of the staple driven into the door from the opposite sides. When I had straightened these out, I forced them gradually out of their holes. They fell back with a little clatter that startled me. Would anybody hear the noise?

I waited breathlessly for a full half hour, squinting my eye through the small holes to detect any ray of light. But apparently nobody slept in that part of the house, and the noise had done no harm. I tried the trapdoor. It stuck a little at the corners, but by prying it up with my chisel I managed to raise it without creating any noise.

An old ladder led from the trapdoor to the hall below. I tested it with my feet before venturing my whole weight on it, for I was not certain whether it was strong enough to hold me. Then I quietly dropped down into the hall.

At last I was actually in the doctor's house, but whether I would find what I wanted was another question. Before attempting any investigation I made sure of where the doctor and his old servant slept. Their sleeping rooms, I discovered, were on the ground floor. They opened into each other, and both doors were standing on the jar.

This gave me the two upper stories all to myself, and I began my investigation with an easier mind. The first room I entered was empty, with the exception of a few old clothes, blankets and discarded furniture. The second was furnished as for a bedroom, but very little furniture was in it. The third and fourth were disposed of in a few minutes because of their barren appearance.

The large back bedroom which overlooked the woods was securely locked and the key missing. With fingers all of a tremble in anticipation of a great discovery I proceeded to pick the lock. Fortunately it was a common lock which required but little real skill to open. The spring was a little stiff and

rusty, but otherwise it worked easily, and I threw the lock back in its socket without causing anything more than a slight grating noise.

Then I entered the room and closed the door behind me. I flashed the light from my lantern on every side, taking in the whole room in one circular sweep, and for a moment I was disappointed. There was nothing visible in the room except piles of old furniture covering it. It looked as if furniture had been stored in the room and then covered over with the cloth to keep the dust from accumulating on the articles.

But why should the doctor have such fine furniture stored away in this



I soon disclosed to view a collection of treasures.

upstairs room? I raised one end of the covering and started back in astonishment. I could almost have shouted in my surprise. Throwing back the cloth in eager haste, I soon disclosed to view a collection of treasures that made my hand tremble. No robber's cave ever revealed a richer store of wealth than that which lay spread out before me.

There was the silver and gold plate of a dozen different families. The jewels and diamonds that had come down as heirlooms from several generations, small statuettes, gold framed pictures and photographs, solid silver knives, forks, spoons and plates, watches, rings and bric-a-brac of more or less value were piled in heaps and clusters on the floor and tables. In short, there was everything that a robber could collect from a house and carry away in a bundle.

Gazing at this strange accumulation of miscellaneous goods, I felt that I was standing in a dangerous place, for the collector of them would not hesitate an instant to kill me if he once discovered my presence. Here were the ill gotten gains of both my master and the doctor, and either one would be provoked and frightened enough to take my life if he once saw me in the storeroom. Nevertheless I was so fascinated by the glittering heaps of gold and silver and precious jewels that I could not refrain from examining and handling each one individually. I must have run considerable risk in so doing, for some of the pieces rolled out of the heap and fell upon the floor. But the fever of excitement which possessed me could not be controlled. In all my experiences I had never beheld such a sight. It seemed like a glimpse of a burglar's paradise.

I believe for a short time I was bewildered and half crazy. I know that I seated myself on the floor and took up one article after another, holding it up to my lantern to be sure of its genuineness and then pressing it closely against my face.

Then I filled my pockets with them and tried to estimate the wealth that I could carry away, although I had no intention of removing a single article from the house. My plan was to retrace my steps so that the doctor would not know that his storehouse had been visited by a stranger. I had another way to corner him or at least to bring him into my power by holding his secret over his head.

When I was finally satisfied in gloating over the stolen goods, I began to think of returning. I put the articles back in their places just as I had found them and drew the cover over them so as not to excite any suspicion. Then I left the room after one longing look behind, locked the door and retreated up the ladder to the cupola. I could not fasten the staple in as securely as before, but by means of a long piece of wire I succeeded in attaching it loosely into the door so that nobody would notice it unless he happened to visit the cupola. This I judged rarely occurred, and I thought I was safe in leaving matters as they were. I climbed down the piazza post and once more found myself on the green lawn without having aroused any of the inmates of the house.

My night's adventure had been successful, and I retired to my bed feeling that I possessed a secret which made me the equal of either my master or the doctor in power. At any time I might use this knowledge to ruin them or to force them to do my bidding. Altogether I thought I was a pretty lucky dog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Courage Begets Courage.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems more piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but, then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least if not exactly easy it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.—Cosmopolitan.

Turned Out.

"Our colleges turn out some pretty good men nowadays," remarked the elderly gentleman. "Yes," replied his son gloomily, "our college turned out the man who was sure to have won the hundred yard dash for us next year just because he didn't pass any of his examinations."

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE. No other disease is so prevalent among men as Varicocele. As it interferes with the nutrition of the sexual organs it produces emissions, loss of semen through the urine, decay of the organs, pains in the loins, aching in the back, nervousness, despondency, bashfulness, palpitation of the heart, constipation, and a comb nation of these results in complete Loss of Manhood. Thousands of young men, middle-aged men are troubled with Stricture. If you have reason to believe you are afflicted with it, don't neglect it. It will ruin you. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing it. Our New Method Treatment dissolves the stricture tissue hence it disappears and can never return. We cure Varicocele and Stricture without operation or loss of time. The treatment is taken at home privately. Send for Free Illustrated Book on Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet. We guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

Kidneys & Bladder. All sexual complaints affect these organs, hence the kidneys are a great source of disease. Have you aching or weakness over the small of the back, tendency to urinate frequently, deposit in urine, coldness of hands or feet, a drowsy feeling in the morning. Don't neglect your kidneys. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure any disease of these organs or no pay.

No Names Used Without Written Consent. O. W. Rowe, of Jackson, Mich., says:—I had varicocele in the secondary stage and two strictures of 8 years standing. I was operated on twice, undergoing great suffering, but only got temporary relief. I was finally advised to try the New Method Treatment of Drs. K. & K. The enlarged veins disappeared in six weeks, the stricture tissue was removed in eight weeks and my sexual energy and vitality returned so I was a man in every respect. I recommend you doctors with my whole heart.

CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, Stricture, Syphilis, Gleet, Weak Parts, Gonorrhoea and Unnatural Discharges. Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for Question List for Home Treatment.

Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

DURHAM MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS. Opposite Middaugh House Stables. Direct importers from European, American and Canadian quarries. Latest Design in Markers, Headstones and Monuments. All work warranted. Orders taken by Messrs. Barclay & Bell. ROBINSON & CORBETT, PROPRIETORS. DURHAM - AND - MT. FOREST. DURHAM SCHOOL. STAFF AND EQUIPMENT. The school is equipped for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work, under the following staff of competent teachers for that department: THOS. ALLAN, Principal. MISS L. M. FORFAR, Classics and Moderns. A. M. SHEPPARD, 1st Class Professional (Specialist). Intending students should enter at beginning of term, or as soon after as possible. Fees, \$1.00 per month. WM. JOHNSTON, Chairman. C. RAMAGE, Secretary.

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