



KILLS

All Leaf Eating Insects.
Church's Insect Powder
10c. per Tin and in Bulk.

FRESH GROUND HELLEBORE.
Finest English Paris Green.

J. E. WILLIS,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,
MEDICAL HALL,
BROOK ST., WHITBY.

The Chronicle.
WHITBY, JULY 30, 1897.

Short Notes.
What with the rain and the tribute paid to Neptune by excursionists, Lake Ontario has risen about a foot.
When people pray for rain they should ask for a moderate shower or so. Going the whole hog is liable to bring on a deluge.
If Mr Tarte causes half as much pain in the bowels of the Grit party as he does in the Tories he will soon destroy the whole fabric.

The weather clerk must be clearing off his rain and wind orders for the season, preparatory to taking a well earned holiday during the dog days, if there be any in store for us during the year of grace 1897.
The new McKinley bill, to be known as the Dingley law, was passed and signed by President McKinley on Saturday last. It hits Canada hard in every possible way. There was a great deal of opposition to the measure, but all agreed that it should strike Canada hard.
God never made anything in vain. The barren lands of the northwest show more wealth than ever the world knew, while the barren Gaspe to the northeast surges forth 5500 barrels of oil per day from one shaft. When the wealth of Hudson Bay is found British America will outmarvel the world. Hurrah for Canada!

Sir Willifrid pays a very poor compliment to his title when he takes special pains to write home explaining that he did not seek it, and only accepted it because the patent was already made out when he went to England and he hated to refuse it. When Queen Victoria and her advisers read Sir Willifrid's letter they will feel sorry that he did not decline it, even though the big seal and ribbons would have been wasted.
We hope no news agency will startle the world with a dispatch that Canada is the scene of a deluge, and that everybody has been drowned, as is the course usually adopted in the Western States when they have a heavy shower. There are portions of Uncle Sam's territory which have been twisted up by cyclones and carried away times beyond reckoning.
If we were to set at to write an editorial about good roads, it would be to advocate a law making it a punishable offence for a road overseer to put or allow to be dumped or to lie on his road any stones that would not go through an inch and a half ring. The penalty should be in all cases that the overseer would have to pay costs and break the stones. Nearly every road overseer in the country would be cracking headstuds for three months to come. Then we would have good roads. The big stones that have been sunk in our roads, taken together with the millions rolling around on top, are what have destroyed our roads. If Mr Provincial Road Engineer Campbell would attend to this matter for four or five years, and have all visible stones piled up and smashed he would be able to guarantee us good roads.

Two things became painfully evident on reading the examinations of Hon Jno Dryden and Mr Wm Smith ex-M.P. in reference to their slander suit. Neither one of them appears to be very clear about what he did in reference to the main matter in dispute, while each of them has a bundle of information about what the other said and did. So far as the principals in this suit are concerned they appear to be afflicted with a death of facts about the matters in dispute. If the witnesses in the case know as little about it as the principals it will be hard scratching for the lawyers to find anything to carry before a jury. In fact it would be too bad to ask twelve jurymen to sit all day, and then be locked up to take nothing from nothing and see how much remains. It is so long since the excruciating events of the case occurred that all hands and the cook will very likely have a dis-rememberance of facts, as the nigger says. In view of the fact that neither of the principals knows anything which will be evidence in court, we would advise that the witnesses be not depended upon to know the facts, and that the case be withdrawn.

Whitby Town Leads.
The 3 year old son of Rich. Collins died yesterday.
Mr. Arthur Fallon, Buffalo, is home for his holidays.
Miss Clara Adams is visiting her uncle at Cobourg.
Pike and perch fishing at the bay was good last week.
Mrs. J. H. Perry returned Friday from a three weeks trip to Toronto.
Mrs. and Mr. Albert Richardson are taking a holiday trip to Sault Ste. Marie.
A gang of young fellows from Toronto have pitched tent at the harbor bar.
The Capitals defeated the Cornwall team at Ottawa last Saturday by a score of 7 to 3.

The corn is all weeping.
The small potatoes will be ruined.
A Rowland brought us a fine lot of raspberries on Friday, the best we have seen.
Anybody who says this is not weather should be made to apologise or else prove it.
Mr Wm Black, steward of the Garden City, spent Tuesday and Wednesday in town.
The band did not visit the bay Tuesday night. The boys did not want to get drenched.
Even with the privilege of riding on the walks, this week has squelched the bicycle.

A contortionist turned himself inside out a few times on the four corners on Monday night.
Miss Lawler has returned to Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, to resume her studies.
Just in a large stock of white china which we bought cheap in Toronto. Prices away down. A D Urrlin.

The city laundry can now boast of another Chinaman. Geo Lee the proprietor has imported one from Toronto.
Miss Marie Wilson of Belleville, who is visiting friends in town, spent the week with Miss Ella Richardson.

The town council should meet Monday next, but as that is civic holiday it will likely sit some other day next week.
Mrs Collins, who moved into the Till recently, is making improvements in the way of painting, papering, etc.

The Sons of Scotland throughout the Province will hold their annual picnic and games at Prospect Park, Oshawa, on Monday next.
The Lord made a bargain with Noah about deluges, but there appears to have been an oversight as to a provision against half a deluge at a time.

The wise ones went berry picking on Sunday last, their prophetic spirits no doubt prompting them to take the last chance they would have for a week or so.
This was a dry moon, according to those who prognosticate when they behold luna when new. But it took to drinking, like a good many others round here this week.

The man who doesn't know it is loaded, and the man who rocks the boat have joined by the man who looks a better way while on wheel. The fool-killer finds plenty to do yet.
This would be a good time for the streets committee to buy some fine broken stone at the jail and fill the ruts on the main streets. As the committee cut up the streets hauling stone in the spring, Chairman Smith should see that the ruts are filled.

Mr I. Paquet, Jr., has secured a good position in Montreal, and went there on Friday last. Isaac is an industrious, steady young man, and will keep up his end in the east. His removal breaks the strong combination in the Whitby hockey club.
Uxbridge is offering the 34th battalion \$25 as prize money for the annual rifle meet, provided the meet is held at Uxbridge, and \$10 if held elsewhere. As that town has been better gobbled up prize money than any other, it can afford to bid high for the matches.

The only way to stop the bus war will be to warn travelers to keep away from here, or else get a trolley line in. If the fights were advertised so that everybody could see them it would not be so bad, but to hear of the scrap and not be a witness of it is a severe aggravation.
Richard Bond a former employee in King's tannery died on Saturday last at the age of thirty years, of consumption. For a year and two he has been ailing and about six months ago had to quit work, since when he has been slowly growing worse until death relieved him of his suffering. Deceased leaves a wife and one child who have the sympathy of the community in their untimely bereavement.

Wanted.
Two or three Boarders for the summer. Home comforts. MISS HAYWARD, Laburnum Cottage, Whitby.
May 27, 1897.—14

John Barleycorn on the Rampage.
The wet weather this week has promoted the consumption of the juice of the barley, and likewise that of the rye. If one did not know better he might fancy it were fair week or that a race meeting were in progress. Some of us are so afflicted that we do not drink anything strong for years.
Moonlight trips.
How is it that moonlight trips are generally held when the moon has very thoughtfully retired from duty? We always notice that a larger crowd go when only a few stars bespangle the sky, or when clouds obscure the moon.

How lovingly the excursionists cling to each other, when there is no necessity of holding on to anything, since the water is calm and peaceful. Such a trip is the greatest place for hand-cum-guns and gun sucking. For a year and two he has been ailing and about six months ago had to quit work, since when he has been slowly growing worse until death relieved him of his suffering. Deceased leaves a wife and one child who have the sympathy of the community in their untimely bereavement.

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a return match, hitting him on the left temple with his rock. In Patterson's account, he grabbed McGeary by the collar with his left hand and proceeded to argue vigorously with his right and the stone on the back of McGeary's head. By this time numerous spectators had hurried to the scene of the discussion, but none interrupted intellectual and physical contention. When, however, Patterson proceeded to argue all the while on the back of McGeary's head, without allowing the latter to be foul on any point advanced. Spry was infuriated and the match off after some effort to separate the combatants. During the heat of the discussion the blood had rushed to the face of the wranglers, and was running down in small rivulets, and shortly thereafter Patterson and McGeary were separated until the next time the parties have cause for further discussion. Yesterday morning, Sturgess, McGeary's driver, backed into Newport's hack at the station, breaking some wheels, and shortly thereafter Patterson and McGeary, from the rival stables, had a talking match at Woodruff's, each threatening to wear out the other by mopping the mud with him. If the fight had started, there is no doubt but that the battle would have been very interesting until night would have set in to give the belligerents a rest.

A. O. U. W. Excursion.
About 450 people visited St Catharines on Monday, and made the United Westmen's Excursion a decided success. The point of numbers. Whitty and Pickering contributed about 175 each to this number. The morning did not look very promising, but people paid no attention to prognosticating, and went as if bound not to turn back. The lake had been rough for some days, but did not rock the ship much at first. Shortly after leaving Freichman's Bay, however, it became apparent that there was to be a big swell, and that the direction the boat was heading would cause it to take the rough of the wave. The Garden City is an iron ship, and not very easily rocked, but the swell was so great that she had to bend to its will. As a consequence some of the excursionists began to feel a little queasy in the region of the stomach, and shortly thereafter a violent eruption of their gastric apparatuses. By the time the deepest water was reached the sickness had become contagious, and about 100 were seized with it. Some people had tremendous powers of expulsion, and one would almost suppose from their heaving that they had swallowed a house and were bound to restore the same to the world undigested. On every side the retching and vomiting was a constant feature, and the visible aspect of things and sounds as from the dying. An odd one who had not caught it could be seen hunting for a place where was not so much vomiting, as it was turning his or her stomach, but relief there was none. His removal to a quiet place was a victim sure. Proudly and grandly the good ship rode the wave, and the lake breeze was most bracing, but the stomach of the land lubber is not attuned to Neptune's airs, and what was joy to the wind and wave was almost death to the pleasure seeker. However, more of this later. The Welland canal was reached about two o'clock, and the Garden City took the old canal, which has a wharf at St. Catharines and three miles up the river, for the old canal was very foolishly built along a river. There is now a new canal built parallel to the old one part of the way, and joined into it a few miles up the country. St. Catharines in its thrifty garden city days, because of the fine soil and climate it boasts for fruit and vegetables. Apart from this there does not appear to be any special feature about the place. It is a lovely region, and everybody is industrious and happy. After dinner the excursionists took the neat little trolley lines to run along the deep valley of the old canal, which trip in a mild way is suggestive of trailing up the brink of the gorge of Niagara. But there is a well defined line in one way. Every quarter mile or less there is a lock, and situated at each lock is a thriving factory, some of them large ones. For a small sum the government allows the manufacturers to put in a turbine beside the lock, and the same water runs from one industry to another, and carries the hum of genius and human prosperity down the lovely valley until the marvellously useful duty is lost in the awful surging and splashing of the decks. The trolley up to the new canal, where the mighty ships are with the greatest ease and facility borne up the great heights which meet the eye in looking towards the city. The masonry work is very admirably displayed in the world known and its equal, nor never will as long as time lasts. There is no place on the earth requiring the like. Fancy yourself standing at Queenston and three miles up the river, for the old canal was very foolishly built along a river. There is now a new canal built parallel to the old one part of the way, and joined into it a few miles up the country. 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