

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Less than a year ago several scores of Canadians got the idea that they could improve their fortunes by going to Brazil. Nothing could dissuade them from their purpose, though even the Government warned them that the results would probably be disastrous.

Every steamer from England to South Africa are carrying hundreds of emigrants who are not wanted in the countries where they have decided to live. It is to be hoped that the protests from South Africa, which are now published in England, will stop this flood of unwise emigration.

The same cry comes from Cape Town. Men and women who were well off at home are said to be working there for starvation wages, while scores of men sleep regularly on the mountain side, unable to pay for a night's lodging.

The fact is that under the conditions now prevailing in all civilized lands very few persons are wise to expatriate themselves or even to remove to distant parts of their own country in the expectation that they will better their circumstances.

QUEENS WHO SMOKE.

According to Les Annales the Empress of Austria smokes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. The dowager Empress of Russia, is a confirmed smoker, but confines her indulgence to her own private apartments.

The Queen of Roumania, the Queen Regent of Spain, Queen Amelia of Portugal, who in this respect follows the example of her mother, the wife of the Comte de Paris, and the Queen of Italy are all smokers.

"In France," Les Annales continues, "the association of men and women in all kinds of sports has been the cause of a greater degree of intimacy, and has brought us to accept the cigarette, whose use is extending among young women of the most exclusive circles."

"In all times Spanish women have smoked; and not only cigarettes, but cigars. Marbot in his 'Memoirs' tells us this without mincing matters. And they smoked in England and the United States, although in the latter country it is only recently that women have begun to use tobacco."

HIS OFF DAY.

Is your papa a Christian, Georgies? Not to-day, sir. He's got the neuralgia.

A PUBLIC EXECUTIONER

M. DEIBLER, OF PARIS, HAS GUILLOTINED 502 CRIMINALS.

Something About the Headsman of France—Has Held the Position Thirty-Nine Years—Will Soon Retire to Private Life.

The man in France who has probably killed more human beings than any other person in the world, unless those 2,000 rebellious Mussulmans who were executed in the Northwestern province of China a few months ago were decapitated by one man, which is not likely, is soon to renounce his trade of blood and retire to private life.

Speaking of his retirement the Figaro says editorially: "He is very old, his hand trembles, and his extensive services should give him the right to rest. His achievements are known to all; he has dealt more than 500 wounds, all of which have been fatal, but not for him. Lately it was noticed that he has become enfeebled; he had no longer the skill, the vim of his youth."

"At this 502d execution at Nancy the other day he came near bungling the ceremony; and the people of that province are very particular. In a few days, possibly even to-morrow, the gruesome identity of 'Monsieur de Paris' will have fallen upon another than M. Deibler, who will retire from the world, known only as 'M. Moreau,' a good, honest citizen, living on a small, yet sufficient income."

A HEADSMAN THIRTY-NINE YEARS

M. Deibler has been an executioner for thirty-nine years. From 1858 to 1863 he assisted Roch, his predecessor, in eighty-two executions, and then became "executeur des hautes oeuvres" himself. He is now seventy-three years of age. If such a term be permissible, it may be said that he is the most popular "bourreau" that France has ever had, and he has very seldom been placed in an embarrassing position at the scaffold.

He carefully tests the guillotine beforehand, and even again at the last moment, just before the execution. The knife he keeps in his own possession at his home. The different places in France appointed for executions have each their own scaffolds. In journeying to and from an execution, M. Deibler carries the knife with him in a small black case of leather made for the purpose. This case once seen is never forgotten. The memory of its deeds seem to haunt one.

M. Deibler seemed to have a strange almost supernatural power over his intended victims, and it rarely happens that he meets with any resistance. When he does the police are there to do his bidding, but he usually insists on managing the refractory criminal himself.

In personal appearance M. Deibler has been an ideal "Monsieur de Paris," with his black beard, iron gray hair, dark mournful eyes and pale visage. He always dresses in black, with long frock coat and tall silk hat. His domestic life has been quiet, as might naturally be supposed and his wife, who died a few months ago, was a delicate, refined and well-read woman, hardly the spouse that one would expect to find in the home of "Monsieur de Paris."

It has been reported that she was a descendant of the famous Samson, who beheaded Louis XVI. That is a mistake, Samson had but one son, who was named Henri, and who was Roch's predecessor until 1848, when he retired from office, with rather an unenviable name. About fifteen or twenty years ago he published the famous "Memoirs de Samson." Mme. Deibler was the daughter of the executioner of Algiers.

SNOWBALL, RUNAWAY, SUICIDE.

Peter Joseph Dreis was the oldest druggist in St. Paul, Minn., and one of the city's leading politicians. His son, 13 years old, threw a snowball at a man in a cutter the other day, and it struck the horse, causing it to run away. This runaway resulted directly in three other runaways, in which much damage was done. Two of the injured persons called at the drug store, and demanded damages. Without making any answer Mr. Dreis walked directly into the office at the rear of the store, put a revolver behind his right ear, and fired. Death was instantaneous. Mr. Dreis has been in the drug business here forty years.

LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER'S RETURN.

Bravery of His Wife Saved Him From a Watery Grave.

The lonely life of a lighthouse-keeper calls for stern, unswerving devotion to duty, and sometimes for real heroism. A story is told of the wife of a lighthouse-keeper of Chicago which shows that the heroism is not always confined to the keeper himself. The light which this keeper tended is at a place called the "Crib," two miles out in the lake, and surmounts the massive masonry at the entrance of the tunnel which receives the water supply of the city.

One day in early winter the keeper went ashore for supplies. Night came, and he did not return. A wild storm had swept suddenly down, and it was impossible for a boat to cross the lake; but though the keeper was not there, the light burned steadily and the wife kept her lonely watch, tending the light and looking for her husband.

It was two or three days before he came, and even then the waves ran high and the wind roared. She stood at the window of the tower waiting for him, with a rope ready to draw up the

small cargo. It was soon safely housed, and the rope dangled for the keeper. Just as he grasped it the waves swept his boat from under him, and carried it away beyond his reach. His safety depended on the strength of his wife's arm, and he trusted himself to it. Slowly, very slowly, he was drawn up, till he reached the window's edge, but before he could grasp it a heavy gust of wind struck him, and he was hurled back into the water.

Once more the rope was thrown within his reach and inch by inch he felt himself ascending the rough wall of the stone tower tossed to and fro by the force of the wind. Would the strength of the wife hold out till the final effort was made, or would the wind triumph and send him back into the raging water?

It seemed impossible that the woman could sustain such a weight so long, yet he slowly ascended till the critical spot was reached, and with a long, brave pull the ledge was passed, and he climbed in at the window. Then, and not till then, did the brave woman's endurance give away. As her husband touched the floor she fainted. It was no wonder. He found her clothes worn through where she had braced her knees against the stone wall, and her left arm was torn and bleeding. The sudden jerk when he fell had wounded her arm and disabled it, yet she had not given in. "I knew there was no time to faint," she said, when she opened her eyes and looked in his face. "You were at the other end, and so I drew that rope up with my right hand and my teeth."

VALUE OF PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS.

The Great Benefit Which They Confer on Old and Young.

Among the many plans which have been suggested in England for commemorating worthily the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria in June next, none seems to find more favor than the proposition for a concerted movement for setting aside plots of ground or places of historic interest to be dedicated to the common use and enjoyment of the people.

It is pointed out that this is a plan which will give the people of each town and country a personal interest in the celebration, while it will give them also the feeling that they are sharing in the great national movement. Should this plan be adopted, hundreds of "Queen Victoria" gardens, parks, playgrounds and fields, dotted over the kingdom, may express the popular appreciation of Queen Victoria's beneficent reign, and at the same time confer a great and lasting benefit upon the people.

There are one or two errors which should be guarded against, however. For one thing, places set apart for the public use should not be too good to play in. Neat paths, closely trimmed sods and signs of "Keep off the grass" do not meet the need. These are all well, but somewhere in the park there should be grass which one can stretch out upon and ground that the boys can trample over.

Another mistake is that communities do not begin soon enough to set aside land for commons and public grounds. They wait until the pressure of population makes breathing-space absolutely essential to the general health. By that time land commands a large price, and the difficulty of securing enough of it within easy reach of the people is considerable.

Playgrounds, too, are needed in the country as well as in cities. It is often assumed in the country that boys and girls have all outdoors in which to play, and that special provision for them is not necessary, but it often happens in rural communities that there is no place in which children may romp freely. They either play in the roads or trespass in private fields and pastures. Rural communities which move in season to secure open grounds for the public use not only provide for the children of to-day, but save large expenditure later, when the population presses upon them and land comes to be reckoned at so much the square foot.

PRUSSIAN SABLE.

Ten thousand dollars seems a big price to pay for a second-hand garment, but the members of the Royal house of Europe do not hesitate to spend this amount frequently to obtain one for winter wear. The first owners of the costly dress are endowed by nature with a precedence in the matter of wearing that no amount of money can overcome, and the millionaire or titled representative of a European monarchy must be content to purchase the garments after they have been worn for years. But the Russian sable is not a human being and, no matter how much the animal may drag the fur through the mire and dirt, no one will consider it a dishonor to wear it. In Russia and many of the Northern countries a sable coat or cloak is worn as a mark of distinction, and Svengali, in his expressed ambition to wear "ze big fur coat," undoubtedly referred to the fine Russian sable that is seen so commonly at the courts of Europe.

While the fashion in most fur changes year by year, sable invariably holds its own, and the possessor of a rich garment of this material can well feel the pride that comes from owning something not commonly worn. The demand for sable has never been so extensive here as in Europe, and very few understand the difference between the relative value of the American and Russian furs. At the court of Russia every member must have his sable furs for state occasions, and it is estimated that this equipment must cost each one not far from \$25,000. In Germany the maids of honor are compelled to have their garments trimmed with sable tails and clippings, while in the court dresses of several other European nations the sable figures in various ways.

NOTHING SERIOUS.

Doctor (examining an applicant for life insurance)—Now what did your father and mother die of? Applicant—Well, sir, I can't say as I 'xactly remember; but 'twarn't nothing serious.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

This Quick-step is Said to Date From the Sixteenth Century.

That fine old English quick-step, "The British Grenadiers," is usually considered to be the peculiar property of the Grenadier Guards; but such is not the case. The march is used by the artillery engineers, and by all the fusilier regiments as well. Originally the air, which dates from the sixteenth century, was played only by those regiments which were armed with the grenade; that is to say, by the artillery, the engineers, and the Royal Fusiliers—the Grenadier Guards only received their title after Waterloo. The words of the song were composed about the year 1690, and contain a reference to "fuseses"—often mis-spelt "fuseses"; they were really fuses, that is, muskets—and to "hand grenades." The Twelfth Lancers, for some reason nicknamed "The Supple Twelfth," have a curious and unique custom, called the "Penance." This consists of the playing by the band every night throughout the year, after the last post, the trumpet call which signifies the time for going to bed—the Spanish Chant, the Vesper Hymn and the Russian national anthem. During the Peninsular war, the regiment is said to have sacked a convent, and as a punishment for this sacrilegious proceeding, the authorities imposed the performance of the Spanish Chant by way of atonement. The Vesper Hymn is played in accordance with the conditions upon which the widow of an officer presented new instruments to the band about a hundred years ago. But the origin of playing the Russian anthem is shrouded in mystery.

CATCHING THE PACE.

I don't mind the city so much now—I'm getting accustomed to its ways. Are you? How? Well, I used to turn two somersaults every time I got off a street car, and now I turn only one.



In the... Rain Storm

the man got very wet. The wetting gave him a cold. The cold, neglected, developed to a cough. The cough sent him to a bed of sickness. A dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, taken at the start, would have nipped the cold in the bud, and saved the sickness, suffering, and expense. The household remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung troubles is

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Our Manufacturing Interests.

What a Hamilton Manufacturer Has to Say.

Mr. James Brayley speaks for the public good.

THE PROPER POLICY.

Our representative interviewed Mr. James Brayley, of Hamilton, at his office, 63 King William Street. Mr. Brayley is an enterprising business man, and one of Hamilton's foremost manufacturers. His goods, Saddlery hardware, punches, dies, etc., are known from Halifax to Vancouver, and stand very high in the estimation of the trade.

Mr. Brayley said: "For years I have been troubled with gravel and weakness of the kidneys. I had to stand up and clench my teeth when urinating, so intense was the pain. The pains around my loins were almost intolerable, and I felt as though a cat were being pulled down my back by the hind legs."

"I went from bad to worse till at last I could not urinate at all, and had to be operated on. I had no confidence in anything, and made up my mind to suffer torture to my dying day. Reading the testimony published by the Doan Kidney Pills Co., I saw a similar case to my own, and, being in constant agony, decided to give them a trial, and got a box of the pills from Spackman's drug store, at the corner of Market Square."

"It did me no good, so I got another, and another, until I had taken four boxes, and was about giving up when relief came. I continued to take them till the pain left my back, and I am now as limber as an eel. Instead of getting up a dozen times a night I never get up more than once now. The urine is now perfectly clear and has no sediment of any kind."

"I am delighted to testify in behalf of Doan's Kidney Pills, as they cured me after the last ray of hope had fled."

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Is invaluable. if you are run down, as it is a food as well as a medicine.

The D. & L. Emulsion will build you up if your general health is impaired.

The D. & L. Emulsion is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

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The D. & L. Emulsion is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite.

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FROST & WOOD, WILKINSON, MAXWELL, and other well-known manufacturers.

ALSO Buggies, Road Carts, Waggon, Stoves, and Musical Instruments

All kinds of Repairs kept on hand

BE SURE AND CALL.

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EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM.

County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. E. Township of Bendloch, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot, Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill, P.O. Oct. 2nd.

The "Chronicle" is the only 12-Page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

About the

OUR OLD CHAIR, NE Holding us weary in the Our minds from anxious engage, Even as her fretful child calms— For us thy beauty born ago. Thy faded garment wr shame, That thou wert old w the less. Yet bless we still the lo came To deck thee now—

TO COOK KI

Kidneys, if properly a particularly nice dish lamb kidneys are used, chased for a small sun are the most delicate Kidneys can be served ways, and thus are of to the housewife in ma menu. They require slowly, and too much toughen them.

For a plain kidney wash the kidneys and in plenty of water 4 hour. Remove them rinse them in cold w into a saucepan with ough to well cover cook them until th Let the kidneys rest them out with a skin into square pieces. to the same liquid, salt, and pepper, a teaspoonful of ch the pan over the heat. Serve with t

For stewed kidney Kidneys, remove the white centre, wash i in weak salt and Then cut them into roll each slice in flo ter in a fryingpan, put in the floured them on each side of good stock, or w no stock is at han fifteen minutes. S paprika and add mushroom catsup sauce and the ju Turn them over t toast.

For kidneys stev the kidneys and s slices one-quarter ness and roll them ingpan over the kidney slices and of butter. When is browned, turn other side, adding ed. Add two gill with salt and pe and let the con twelve minutes. and sprinkle with

Another way of thus: Cut the ki or thin slices at cold water thirty them and put t with half an onc quart of water. the liquid will hours. Put a ta into a small pa fire. When full in a spoonful of it becomes brow it with a couple kidney liquid a oughly mixed t kidney mixture salt and cayenn sherry. Remove leaf. Turn the dish and serve. For broiled k skin from the clear water half with a soft clo halves. Season per, dip them roll each piec broiler with b prepared kidney a clear fire. I a hot platter, better upon the sley over the t with sliced le

An excellent in crumbs. Fry them into slices them in cold w them and sprin Dip each piece roll it in bread upon a fine br a bright fire. upon squares o on sauce upon soon as broil air two table two teaspoonf it is light and ful of chopped paprika. Keet until it is nea When served small instead in the middle and skewer t toothpicks. Lamb kidn together are the ly nice break into fat and them in cold. the bacon th two pieces; b er, then a pie them until y each until l into skewer upon the skew on a broiler, turning them sides are well are broile finger strip lightly with butter upon served immed