

MONEY TO LOAN

ON FIRST MORTGAGE—
at 5 per cent.
Terms to suit borrower.

Special attention given to Loaning,
Insurance, Conveyancing and
General Estate Business.

—CHARGES MODERATE.

Fire and Life Insurance.
Best Plans. Lowest Rates.

C. Arthur Batson,
Calder's Block,
Lower Town, Durham.

RESIDENCE:—Middaugh House.

THE CHRONICLE.

DURHAM, Nov. 25th 1897.

IRELAND AGAIN.

INSPECTOR CAMPBELL VISITS THE IRISH CAPITAL.

(Concluded this week.)

Leaving the park, the Four Courts are next visited. I suppose the name was given because four courts open into a large central hall. Here the legal luminaries of the capital have their headquarters. To the Dublinite the pile has an imposing significance, and many a story is related of the wits and lights which at one time or another frequented the place.

Further on, down the Liffey and on the same side are some fine business streets, but these possess no particular interest till Sackville St. is reached. Sackville or O'Connell St. is supposed to be the street of most interest to the tourist. It is a wide open street but not very long. To the south is O'Connell bridge, the most important of the nine crossing the Liffey and to the north can be seen the dome of the Rotunda Hospital, one of the best of the kind I am told in the world. On either side of Sackville St. are some of the noted buildings of the city. The General Post-Office with the "twelve apostles in marble on top" (at least, so say the Jarveys,) the Hotel Metropole, Gresham Hotel and not far off the Custom House are some of these. Here also are the offices of Freeman's Journal and United Ireland, newspapers that have much to do with the shaping of events in the Country.

In the centre of the street and at no great distance apart are three important monuments, besides Nelson's Pillar, 134 ft. high, which is farthest from the bridge. These are in memory of Father Theobald Mathew, the apostle of Temperance, Sir John Gray, for many years proprietor of Freeman's Journal, through whose exertions the citizens enjoy a copious supply of fresh water from the Wicklow Hills, and Daniel O'Connell, the famous and eloquent lawyer and orator. That to O'Connell is one of the finest pieces of sculpture I have seen. From the bridges to the mouth of the river is one long line of quays always busy loading and unloading merchandise of all kinds.

Crossing O'Connell Bridge to the south, a short distance up Westmorland St. is that famous seat of learning, Trinity College, to the left and the Bank of Ireland to the right, just opposite. These are both fine buildings. The architecture of the college is of the Corinthian style and the building is worthy of its name and purpose. The bank was formerly the Irish House of Parliament and though higher reminds one of the Bank of England in London. It was in this House that the most famous utterances of the Irish M. P. orators, Grattan, Flood and Curran were delivered. Right in front of the College is College Green, a wide street or area, in the centre of which stand the Statue of Grattan and the equestrian Statue of William III, the hero of the Boyne.

There are two large distilleries (and several smaller ones) in Dublin. These two are Jameson's and Roe's. Jameson's whiskey is known everywhere and is advertised in almost every important paper in the United Kingdom. It is said to be milder than the "Hot Scotch" of the sister Island but as I am no judge of these things I shall be excused a pronouncement on the rival brands. Then the world-famed Guinness' Brewery has its home in Dublin. Dublin stout is said to be the best of the kind in the world and is not obtained in its purity outside of Dublin and Belfast. Guinness' label on a bottle certifies to the label itself but not to the contents of the bottle. In Dublin

Guinness' Brewery is said to be the eighth wonder of the world. It is certainly a very large establishment, extends across several blocks of streets and in itself is quite a respectable compact village. The merits of the liquor are said to be derived from the quality of the water used in making it. All of it is taken from a well sunk about the middle of the establishment. Another enterprising brewer once tapped the underground spring and thereby limited the supply in the Guinness' well hence arose a litigation which compelled brewer No. 2 to relinquish the water supply and leave Mr. Guinness sole proprietor of the much coveted water.

Two churches also were shown by the driver as possessing unusual interest. These are St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christchurch. According to tradition, St. Patrick himself founded the Cathedral bearing his name, or at least a church on the same site. The present building was erected in 1190. It was falling into decay and the interest centres in the fact that it was re-built and greatly beautified by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the Brewer at a cost of £150,000. The old church was remarkable in the history of Ireland but the main things I remember are that it was once used as a Parliament House and that here lie the remains of the eccentric Swift who was once Dean of the Cathedral. Many anecdotes of these eccentricities are remembered.

Christchurch is also very old—built I think in 1038 or thereabout but not completed for a century or two afterwards. With the building of this church Strongbow, Lawrence, & O'Toole and other historic names are associated. In the 16th century a large part of the wall fell down but recently it has been partially restored by Mr. Roe the distiller at a cost of £250,000. On enquiry as to what Mr. Jameson the other distiller was doing by way of repairing churches, the answer was vouchsafed by the jarvey, that it was said he was building an asylum to put the other two in.

The city Hall is a fine building but I must not lengthen this further. I have already exceeded my intentions by many pages. If you and I ever come abroad together, I shall rely on your hybernian sympathies to win for us an entrance into all the unvisited places in this and other Irish cities. In the meantime get a camera and practise its use so that your mechanical ingenuity can have free scope in imprisoning in your repertoire some of the scenes of beauty and works of art which abound in this fair Emerald Isle and in the Sister Islands. Wishing you continued prosperity,

I am ever yours
N. W. CAMPBELL.

OFF TO PARRY SOUND.

(To the Editor of The Chronicle.)

Dear Sir,—

I left Durham on Friday Oct. 29th for Burk's Falls, about 170 miles North of Toronto, having a well filled valise, and an empty gun, but had the wherewithal to fill the gun. In fact I was loaded for deer. "Where are you off for Mac," was the query of a bystander. "I'm off to Parry Sound to shoot deer," was my answer. "Who are you going with?" "I am going alone," and there would come the laugh. But I was not going alone. Hunters with guns and dogs made their appearance at Palmerston and from that down it was dogs, guns and men, and guns men and dogs, until at the Union Station in Toronto, there was nothing but dogs, guns and men, and then on our way North, at every station, we took on more guns, dogs, and men, until I am sure there were on board, fully a hundred dogs, and perhaps two hundred hunters.

After leaving Gravenhurst they began to thin out some, and from that on, at every station, more or less left the train. A good many left the train at Burk's Falls. Our train was late, but my friends, Tom and Bob were waiting for me, when we started on a walk of nearly four miles east. It was very dark, but we had a lantern, and reached our house in good time, where a warm welcome and supper were waiting for us. After a long talk over old times we got to bed. I was up in good time, and went out to look at the country, which is very rough, and covered with the Virgin Forest; timber and hills, timber and rocks, timber and lakes. On Saturday, after dinner, we got my satchel and empty gun in from the village, to be ready for the deer on Monday morning. While in the village I got my "License" giving me the privilege of shooting deer during the season of 1897. (of which I am proud) 57 years of age, with grey hair, blue eyes, a farmer Residence, Durham, for which I paid \$1.

I spent Sunday in a very quiet way, several of the neighbors calling in to see the new arrival. The people are very clever and friendly. Just across the road I met an old lady who knew my father when he was a boy, nearly eighty years ago. She was very smart and as far as I could see not a gray hair in her head. She must have been over seventy-five years old.

Monday morning, we were up before day and dressed for the bush in good time. Frank and Bob, together with Gip and Cap, mother and son of the collie species, a pair of better deer dogs never ran a deer. With them there was no time wasted. Once they start a deer, lock out. In less time than it takes to write it the deer and dogs are with you and past if you are not quick enough, which often happens. If blood is once drawn the deer never get away from them. It matters not where the deer goes they are sure to bring him down. We had a Mr. Steele with us the first day. Gip and Cap brought a fine buck past him but he missed but it was no wonder when you know how fast the dogs are. The deer has fairly to fly to keep out of their jaws. We came home about four miles on Monday night with no deer, but we had a splendid day's sport, as the dogs had three or four runs. In going home that evening Frank says, "This won't do, we must take back some grub and some blankets, and stop at the shanty." That suited me.

Tuesday morning we were off bright and early with our packs, and guns no longer empty, for a deer might cross our path at any moment. Tom went with us this morning, not so much to shoot deer, as to help us carry our packs and provisions, and right here it's well to say its a good thing to have a good cook at the base of supplies. And we had her, a sister of Tom and Frank's. We had fine bread and cakes, with jars of fruit, butter and cheese, and rolled bacon to cook the venison in. The two cooked together make a capital dish. We reached our camp all right but were pretty tired. That four miles of a walk, with a full pack and gun, (not empty) gave us a good appetite for dinner. After dinner we had a run, but killed no deer as yet. Wednesday was another off day, several runs but no deer killed. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, no deer killed. In fact I had not seen a deer, wasn't on the right runways, on which there are a good many. We went home Saturday evening, Frank feeling rather glum, not having bagged any game. I had enjoyed the week hugely and spent Sunday quietly at home.

On Monday morning we were up, breakfast over, and off for the same grounds with the same pack, and same gun, not empty. Frank felt somewhat better, as he felt it in his bones that we were going to get a deer, and Frank's bones were about right, for we had not gone above a mile into the bush when the two dogs left us, and in no time out rushed a fine doe, the dogs and her so mixed up that I thought there were two deer. We were so taken by surprise that neither of us got a shot. Says Frank "That's a good one," and sure enough before night we had a fine buck hung up about a mile from camp. We came into camp, tired, but in good shape, and had a capital supper of heart and liver. Frank said I was no tenderfoot, and a good cook. From that on we lived sumptuously. Tuesday I went alone, over to where we had left the deer the day before. The dogs were put out and I thought they would bring one that way. I had scarcely reached the spot, when out came the dogs with a small doe. I fired, the deer stopped dead still, but only for a second, when she was off, with Gip and Cap close upon her. I had missed but must have gone pretty close to bring her to a standstill. We went back to camp a little disappointed, but with a good appetite, and had a grand supper of deer's heart and liver.

Wednesday we had a very exciting chase and killed one doe. Gip brot her past us like the wind. We gave her a broadside which she never heeded. Soon Gip came past giving no tongue but in less than ten minutes we heard her give tongue. Says Frank "She has her coin on." We rushed on following the sound. In about a quarter of a mile we came up to them fighting, but dog and deer to some mixed up we could not use our guns. Soon the deer saw us and away she went with Gip close upon her. She soon brought her to bay and we came up and soon had her down but what a fight! They are great fighters but with these dogs, once they draw blood they never give up the deer. They would go through fire and water. Frank was more than satisfied. We had two deer and there were but two coupons attached to my license. The weather was rather against this kind of hunting by this time. In the meantime we got the first one in. We now had the two hanging near our camp and I can assure you it's a grave sight for a tender foot, especially

"Seems Impossible"

That a pure ceylon tea such as

"LUDELLA"

CEYLON TEA

can be offered at so low a price, but it is so, others are beginning to appreciate and take advantage of this snap. Why should not you?

25, 40, 50 & 50c. LEAD PACKAGES.

PARKER'S DRUG STORE

is the right place for Holiday Goods.
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR NOVELTIES

in Great Variety.

Christmas Groceries, New Fruits, Etc.

22 lbs best Granulated Sugar for one Dollar.

H. PARKER, Druggist, Durham.

when there's one for him and no one else. And now comes the work to get our deer out to the station, some eight miles distant, but this was overcome by Tom and me leaving the house about six a. m. on Friday with a one horse wooden sleigh. We got to the camp about 8 p. m. and after loading up we started, reaching home about 11 a. m. Had dinner and then off after saying good bye to kind friends, for the station some 4 miles off. I left that night or rather next morning, at one o'clock reaching Durham on the 2 p. m. train Saturday, having got all the law allows and had a most enjoyable time, so much so that if all be well I shall get up again next fall.

Yours etc.
W. E. McALISTER.

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

FOR ALL Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases, there is nothing gives such quick relief and promotes such rapid healing as this wonderful Ointment.

Geo. Lee, Mansfield, Ont., says he was troubled with Eczema on the hands so bad that he could not work. He had that he could not work. He had that he could not work. He had that he could not work. He had that he could not work.

Price, 60 cents. Sold by all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Market Report.

DURHAM, Nov 24th, 1897.

Fall Wheat.....	75 to 80
Spring Wheat.....	75 to 80
Oats.....	23 to 23
Peas.....	40 to 42
Barley.....	30 to 30
Hay.....	5 00 to 8 00
Butter.....	14 to 14
Eggs per doz.....	13 to 14
Apples..... per bag.....	50 to 75
Potatoes..... per bag.....	40 to 50
Flour per cwt.....	1 00 to 2 40
Oatmeal per sack.....	1 75 to 1 90
Chop per cwt.....	60 to 75
Turkeys per lb.....	7 to 8
Geese per lb.....	4 to 5
Ducks per pair.....	40 to 50
Chickens per pair.....	20 to 30
Dressed Hogs per cwt.....	5 00 to 6 00
Hides..... per lb.....	6 to 7
Sheepskins.....	50 to 75
Wool.....	17 to 20

S. T. ORCHARD,
—Licensed Auctioneer.
Agent for

Farm Implements and Machinery.

Noxon's Binders, Mowers, Drills, Spring Tooth Harrows, best in the market. Guards, Sections, etc., for all kinds of machines. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines. Money to loan on farm property at lowest rates. Conveyancing, Leases, Wills, Mortgages, etc., drawn up on short notice.

Horses bought and sold. Waterloo Threshers for sale at warehouses. Patronage solicited. Orders for Sales may be left at THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.

S. T. ORCHARD,
Upper Town, Durham.
Sharp's old Stand.

Harvesting Machinery

NOW is the time to buy your Binders and Mowers and be sure and buy only **Massey Harris Machines.** They are sure and reliable and will not fail to satisfy you. A full stock of

wagons and Buggies

A Car load of Buggies, McLaughlan and Tudhope to select from. The Adams Wagon always in Stock. You can buy these at right prices

HAY FORKS, SCUFFLERS, and PLOWS

Plenty of them in stock.

—TWINE—

A full car load arrived. Get your Twine early from 6 cts upwards.

Repairs of all kinds kept in stock. Fire Insurance promptly attended to.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

WM. CALDER,
Lower Town

SAW A
IT WAS IN
THE
New Willam
nessed in
in the Te
Old Men
—A Ghas
Two thou
me coast of
in the v
tableland
Koko Nor
derness for
ed an adam
from intru
tory of all
face been
man. It is
that we ha
ous progress
of the Pell
J. Jameson
From our
the Sifanes
Kiang, tri
Kiang, we
ough expl
country of
difficult an
been reserve
etration thr
Peling Mou
Teuchan.
With the
Arctic win
great moun
ing blasts
lian plateau
most out of
however, the
mystery had
sons induc
heart of Asi
and we wer
statements d
cerning the
were said to
hold of relig
of the most
ened Chite
Fully weig
must beset
ing as ours.
W
attired as T
escort of fou
angsu sam
remainder of
the station a
return.
For a fort
against a
treacherous
the Kinsha
difficult stag
journey acro
plateau, and
to the Chite
We reached
dusk. A bar
was in progr
of our guid
we could o
the city stoo
night. Next
still in prog
to venture d
procession ar
The whole p
ing seemed
into a long
drums and
had forsake
were coming
billy slope
still they ca
in dolorous
lowing mass
feelings, un
describable.
hopes that
they were d
away and ap
We had jus
ber up the
of concealm
procession en
and halted v
lit to guide
gathering glo
ed forward
until the wh
to the
POINT
For half an
strife of disc
moment, unti
man form, fl
chral glare o
a weird and
another worl
would leap in
the mouth, ca
of the moon
with a knife
of flesh and
or taunting a
it of emulatio
eyes the ghas
Suddenly fro
rose a howl o
fury. At the
phitheatre wa
form upon wh
was mounting
chief priests,
he stretched
there was silen
us to see the
to the platform.
dividual. Ove
visage, and ha
and down his
in withlike lo
sun scorched
masses. His ey
All his right
the brown par
and quite a
with rents of
which the bloo
of the coarse
below the wai
him follow
The same deat
the awe strick
heretofore, t