3 Seeds!

rom the best British, ouses, and prices (qual- pare favorably with

LLOW and White Fleshed Tur- nips.

PE. Carter's Broad leaved Early Sowing Rape.

RN. One car of selected Ameri- can Seed Corn, (three of the best varieties), also hard, dry American Corn for fodder.

e Ground Oil Cake in 100lb. bags. tish Cattle Spice—a good thing for fattening cattle. mas' Phosphate. d Plaster in Bags. d Salt in Bags. dzor and Seaforth Barrel Salt.

Druggist and Seedsman,

M.

Market Report.

DURHAM, Apr. 27th, 1898.

Wheat	90	to	95
Wheat	90	to	0 95
	28	to	30
	54	to	57
	35	to	40
	5 00	to	8 00
	14	to	14
per doz	9	to	9
per bag	50	to	1 00
es per bag	45	to	50
per cwt	2 40	to	2 75
l per sack	2 00	to	2 25
er cwt	75	to	1 00
d Hogs per cwt	5 75	to	5 85
per lb	7	to	7
kins	65	to	1 00
s per lb	9	to	10
per lb	5	to	6
per pair	40	to	50
ns per pair	20	to	30
	17	to	20

G 4 UPPER TOWN.

HAM.

e Curtains.

yds x 28 ins.	40c.	pair.
" x 38 "	65c.	"
" x 42 "	75c.	"
" x 50 "	$1 00	"

CURTAINS ALL HAVE TAPED EDGES.

ss Goods.

n. Blk and Col'd wool Serges @ 25c. ey Figured Lustres (a snap) @ 30. 35, and 50c. a yd. ble fold Cashmere (black only) 12½c llies, in dark colors only, 6c.

PRINTS ARE ALL GUARANTEED FAST COLORS.

scellaneous.

ge white Counterpanes, worth $1.50 for $1.00.

ge white all linen Table Covers, worth $1.75 for $1.40.

le OIL CLOTHS in white and colors, 45 ins. wide, 25c. yd.

n's TOP SHIRTS from 25c. up.

UR LADIES' OXFORD SHOES re buying. They cant be beat.

r Ladies' Shoe Dressing 10 and 20c. bottle, regular 15 and 25c.

nly, Crystal Table Sets @ 25c. set. Im. Cut glass Fruit Bowls, 20c. ea. nies to match, 60c. a dozen.

ips at all prices. Good Rawhides 50c A CEYLON TEA @ 25, 30 and 40c.

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Agents!

ltural Implement Agents!

any one desiring to better their po- ion and increase their income should te us. The demand for home grown rsery Stock is on the increase. We d more men. If you want steady, ing work, write us.

rnish all supplies free.

ve the largest Nurseries in the minion.

y both salary and commission. gage either whole or part time n.

arantee all our Stock.

rnish purchasers with certifi- e from Government inspector, ating our Stock is free from San se Scale.

RSERIES comprise over 700 acres. l growing stock in large quantity bles us to sell at the closest possible ure.

ed with Us who have Failed with Others. will cost you nothing to learn what can do for you. n't write unless you mean business l want profitable employment.

Stone & Wellington,

TORONTO.

SAVED AND LOST.

Grimed with the dust and sweat of his work at the foundry, Peter Gurney wearily plodded his way home. A great longing for the rest and comfort of his lodgings came over him, and braced his tired muscles into activity again, as he turned down the dingy street in which he lived. There was only one redeeming feature in Worship lane, and that was No. 27; and before its gate Gurney stood with admiring eyes. Bright green paint shone on door and railings—a row of sickly flowers struggled to show their bloom in a box on the front window, and neat window curtains hid the rooms within.

"It do look wonderful smart, but not half smart enough for her," he muttered as he pushed open the gate and opened the door.

Carefully wiping his boots on the tiny mat, he went straight to the kitchen.

"Where's Dick?" said a voice from the scullery beyond.

"He's' got some errands—he'll be back in a bit," he answered, as he sat in an armchair before the fire and gazed approvingly round. Bright olographs were neatly fastened to the paper; the wooden chairs and table were spotlessly clean and the grate was as bright as labor could make it.

"Well, Peter, how do you like my pictures?" said a pleasant voice; and Mrs. Dart, drying her hands, came into the kitchen. Her trim, neat figure, her refined accent, and her sweet, pale face, all proclaimed her foreign descent, and, together with her tidy house and smart dress, brought down upon her the scorn and hatred of her neighbors.

The big man looked at her with a wistful look, which she seemed to find embarrassing, for she began getting ready the supper.

"Lass," he said, turning his back to her and leaning over the fire. "I'll not be saying as how I haven't been well cared for here, or that my lodge ain't comfortable, but—I'm going to find another, lass, if I can."

The girl's pale face grew paler yet, and her eyes dilated and contracted in her agitation.

"Going to leave us, Peter? When we've been such good friends. Why, what have Dick or I done that you *should go away?*" A little catch in her voice, and the trembling of her chin warned him that tears were near at hand, and he sprang up and turned toward her.

"Ah lass, you don't understand. Can't' you see I mustn't stop here no longer?" His deep voice shook with his agitation.

"I've offended you, Peter," she said, wilfully, not seeing his meaning.

"No, lass, you ain't offended me, nor couldn't if you tried; but it's—well—I must tell it. The first day I come here I loved you, lass, and as it was, so it is, and I can't stay here; don't you see I can't? His voice rose and trembled with passion. "Ah, lass, you can't tell how I've longed for you, how I've hungered for you, night and day. Your face comes in front of my work—your face is with me always—for I love you."

Maddened by his grief, he threw his scruples to the winds, and strained her to his breast with a force that frightened her; she tore herself away, and stood panting in front of him. A heavy footstep sounded on the flagstones outside, and a loud cheery voice called out, "Is Peter in, missis?"

The pair stood looking at each other, and, with a broken-hearted sigh, Gurney turned away and went silently to his room.

At half-past 5 the two men left the house for their day's work in gloomy silence. A fierce hatred for his chum, nursed by the evil thoughts of a sleepless night, filled Peter's mind, leaving no time for idle talk. Come what might he had resolved in some way to thrust his chum out of the way. "Suppose he tripped when carrying a bucket of molten iron!" whispered the tempter; "it wouldn't be your fault. Supposing you pushed him into the pit of molten steel, who would suspect you his chum?"

With these thoughts racing through his mind, Peter began the afternoon's work of shell casting. Groups of men, each pair carrying a long iron pole sheathed at the end with wood, approached a large furnace; a hole was knocked in the end, and a small stream of molten, hissing steel flowed out, sending showers of sparks in the air. With a long hook the foreman pushed iron buckets under the flowing rivulet of metal; each one, when filled, was slung by its carriers on the pole, and was borne shoulder high to the shell molds and there emptied. Peter and Dick started at length with their load, with the latter in front, and once more murderous thoughts filled the former's mind. A trip on his part would send the molten metal streaming over his chum's back, and another accident would be added to the long list, and—the girl he worshipped would be free.

Little did Dick Dart suspect how many times that afternoon Azrael with his flaming sword stood over against him, or how many times the wretched man behind him drew back from his ghastly task.

At length the shells were all cast, and Peter, with what strength of mind he had, thanked God, that his trial was over, but as the men were leaving the foreman said to the two friends: "I wish you two would stop for a bit beside the casting pit in the other shop. We were late running the metal in, and it must be raked for at least an hour before it settles."

"All right, sir!" said Dick, cheerily. Peter and I will stay, never fear."

The workman streamed out, leaving the two men and the watchman the only living beings in the vast works. Peter shivered as he followed his mate to the great pit which radiated a burning heat on all sides. With long iron rakes they cleared the molten sea of the scum that dimmed its glowing surface and watched the blue flames that flickered from time to time on it. Although the sweat was running down him, Peter felt an icy coldness creep over him as he drew nearer to Dart, who stood looking keenly at the liquid mass before him. He raised his rake to thrust him headlong to an awful death, but he was unable to move, for there stood plainly, between him and his victim, the shadowy form of Dick's wife, with hand uplifted. He flung down the rake with a curse and came and stood close to his friend, who was stretching out over the pit, gathering the fresh rising scum. Whether the fumes overcame him, Dick Dart will never know, for he felt himself falling forward and uttered a sharp cry. Instantly Peter flung out his left arm and by a mighty effort hurled the falling man back, but lost his own balance as he did so and fell with an awful cry into the yawning death below him. His scream of mortal agony rang through the building as he lay for an instant on the liquid fire; then flames burst out around him and in a few seconds not a trace of Peter Gurney remained.

Gone to an awful death, it is true, but with the fresh glory of a hero's crown upon him—and who shall judge him?

THINGS PEOPLE WORRY OVER.

Debt, Perhaps, Is the Most Disturbing Thing of All, Thinks Mr. Nobbleton.

"Some people worry over one thing, some over another," said Mr. Nobbleton, but I think perhaps that more of us are disturbed by debt than by any one thing. Troubles of one sort and another we 'rastle with pretty well, especially the troubles of other people. And we get over a sickness and come around again chipper as birds and laughing before we know it. We can stub our toe, or receive even more serious bodily injuries, and yet recover our natural buoyancy. But debt is the heaviest load of all. A man in debt uses up all his strength carrying that load, and has none left wherewith to get ahead.

"If I had any young friends just about starting out in life I should say to them:

"'My son, whatever else you do don't get into debt.'"

MADE A DIFFERENCE.

The Old Lady—Oh, Maude, see that drunken brute! Such men ought not to be allowed at large.

Maude—But that's Cousin Tom, aunty!

Cousin Tom? Then those horrid saloon keepers have been drugging that poor boy again!"

IN NARROW QUARTERS.

What a long, thin head Jimson has. Hasn't he? Looks as if he had pushed it under a bureau for a collar button.

HE WAS A CURIOUS DUKE.

HIS GRACE OF PORTLAND AND HIS MANY PECULIARITIES.

Built Subterranean Rooms and Corridors at a Cost of Over Two Million Pounds — Kept an Army of Workmen — A Queer Sprig of Gentility With Some Redeeming Features.

The late Duke of Portland, who was born in 1800, and died in 1879, was, without doubt, one of the most eccentric personages of modern times. During his life, or, at all events, during the later portion of it, he enveloped himself in an impenetrable atmosphere of obscurity and mystery which has now followed him into his grave. It was, of course, to be expected that conduct so strange, and especially in a nobleman of such exalted rank, would give rise to a wonderful crop of legends. The villagers near Welbeck—his princely seat in Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest—have long been won't to tell strange stories with bated breath. The domestics at his other houses marveled unceasingly at his vagaries; but the strange part of it is that few of them ever saw their master, and would probably not have known him if they had met him either indoors or out. His wealth was almost fabulous. His London estate, to speak of one only, stretched from Oxford street on the south, to Parliament hill on the north, the east and west boundaries being approximately Tottenham Court road and Baker street. His annual income was considerably beyond a quarter of a million sterling, yet his solicitors to whom was entrusted the legal management of these vast estates were never allowed to have an interview with him. It is said, indeed, that the only person with whom he could be said to hold direct intercourse was his valet, but exactly what was the value of this servant to his master it would be

HARD TO DETERMINE,

unless the valet acted as the go-between who communicated the ducal pleasure or displeasure to the outer world. His Grace was a great builder. For many years he employed a standing army of upwards of fifteen hundred navvies, masons, smiths, carpenters, and artisans of various kinds. For twenty years or so a thousand workmen were constantly engaged upon the fairy-like constructions at his woodland seat, and the expenditure on these works amounted to about 100,000l. per annum.

There is a story that his Grace, who entertained a violent dislike to the fragrant weed, once came into unexpected contact with a gardener, who was smoking. Taken unawares, the offending pipe was instantly detected. The gardener, however, adroitly saved himself by peremptorily, ordering his master off the grass, saying, "You know the Duke doesn't allow it." Remonstrance falling upon deaf ears the Duke had to get off his own lawn, but he was so gratified at the man's adherence to instructions in this respect, that he forgave the breach of them in the other, and anonymously rewarded him by the gift of a sovereign. As a result of his predecessor's passion for building and invisibility, the present Duke, upon his accession to the title ninteen years ago, found himself possessed amongst other good things of one of the most extraordinary buildings ever constructed. Part of it stands above ground, but much of it is below. As the visitor approaches the venerable building—Welbeck Abbey was originally founded in the twelfth century—he cannot fail to observe the huge glass "bull's eyes" which protrude here and there in the most unlikely places. In the heart of ploughed fields, on the belt of turf bordering the highway; even rearing themselves above the level of the farmyard pond ,like the railway ventilators in the lake at Regent's Park, they stretch for miles, singly, in columns, or in groups, on every hand. These are the lanterns of the subterranean rooms and corridors, which cost their founder.

OVER TWO MILLION POUNDS

and years of labor to achieve. There are some fifteen miles of these remarkable underground buildings. All the approaches to Welbeck burrow under the earth like huge rabbit warrens. An undoubted right of way, offending by its proximity to the mansion, was at enormous cost either sunk underground or partly built over. It is now a tunnel, a mile and a half long, and is lighted from the fields above by day, and at night by gas. It is gloomy and dark to pass through, this road of perpetual night, which Mr. Gladstone has described as one of the wonders of the world; overhead rhododendrons glitter in the sun, and azaleas distil their sweetness in the passing breeze.

The underground palace comprises many majestic rooms, with offices of various kinds, corridors and passages with little trams. Their construction is as perfect as the best and most laborious workmanship could provide. The Duke was his own architect, and a very exacting one. He first drew up his plans and then had a complete model made therefrom. If the model did not please it was destroyed, and fresh plans and models followed, until his approval was secured. If the building revealed to his critical gaze a fault that could not otherwise be absolutely corrected, the building, however far advanced, was incontinently demolished, and a fresh start made. The drainage of these apartments swallowed 30,000l. The walls are immensely thick and impervious to damp. The rooms were nobly planned and finely proportioned, while for chasteness and elegance of decoration they were almost unsurpassable. The Duke adopted two colors only for the walls and ceilings; white for the cornices and other raised work, and a delicate shade of salmon color for flat surfaces. The doors massive in size and weight are hung so perfectly that they freely respond to the touch of a child. It has been observed, we doubt not by some critic of established experience, that they are matched in this respect only by the doors of the private drawing-room at Windsor Castle, and

BY—A SCOTCH SNUFF-BOX.

One hundred and sixty-six feet is the length of the longest room, which is lighted by day by forty "bull's eyes," and by night by eleven hundred odd jets of gas or electricity. The crystal roof of the picture gallery took ten years of constant labor to glaze. Its walls are hung with almost priceless pictures, for the old Duke was a connoisseur of no mean degree. A few years before his death he overhauled his pictures, and throwing out those which his fastidious taste rejected, he, with the assistance of a boy made a bonfire of them, thus destroying thousands of pounds worth of canvases which most people would have been glad to possess.

The carriage in which he almost invariable rode at Welbeck was a dismal, hearse-like vehicle, with shuttered windows and enlivened with hangings of gaudy black. It was small in size, was drawn by six ponies, and driven by lads. Every day his coach met the London train at Worksop station and the trifling affair of whether the Duke was travelling or not, or whether there was anything to send or fetch, mattered not a jot. The fact that it went empty so often led to at least one amusing incident. "When is that old idiot of yours going to London again?" blandly inquired a porter of the coachman. The "old idiot" heard the remark, and, putting out his head, took ample revenge by asking when the train would start. Upon one occasion taking advantage of the solitude of the Sabbath, he tried his hand at a piece of rough building work. It was, alas, by the wayside, and a stranger coming up, not only rated him for his ungodly conduct, but forced him to desist from it. The duke, unwilling to argue, and still less willing to reveal his identity, had perforce to go discomfited away.

MANUFACTURED FUEL IN ITALY.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel, Naples alone consuming 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from $16 to $20 per ton, the national consumption being 700,000 tons. By the new Blundell process of manufacturing charcoal from peat, the peat coal can be produced for $5 and sold at a profit from $4 to $8 cheaper than the wood product, and a company with a capital of $500,000 has purchased the patent and will establish works at various points. The machine takes the peat from the bog, reduces it to paste, eliminates all impurities and foreign matters, and forces out the paste in the shape of a tube from three to five inches in diameter, which is cut in lengths, dried and used at once for fuel, like wood, or burned in iron retorts for six hours to make charcoal. Three tons of peat make one of charcoal, which emits more heat than ordinary charcoal, gives out no smoke or unpleasant odor, and is free from carbonic acid gas.

K&K=DRS·K&K=DRS·K&K=DRS·K&K

SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

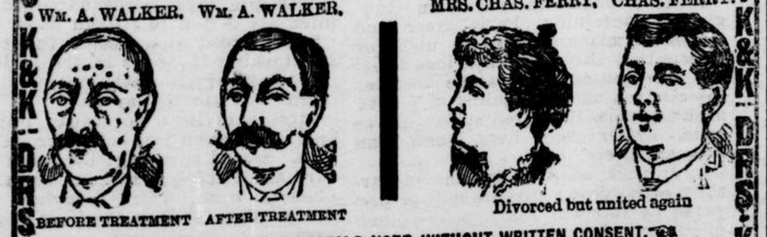
LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life:—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

WM. A. WALKER. WM. A. WALKER. MRS. CHAS. FERRY. CHAS. FERRY.



BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED

Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my "gay life." I was indiscreet when young and ignorant. As "One of the Boys" I contracted Syphilis and other Private diseases. I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, emissions, became thin and despondent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. Their treatment is wonderful. You feel yourself gaining every day. I have never heard of their failing to cure in a single case."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

IMPOTENCY VARICOCELE EMISSIONS CURED

Capt. Chas. Ferry says:—"I owe my life to Drs. K. & K. At 14 I learned a bad habit. At 21 I had all the symptoms of Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhœa, Emissions were draining and weakening my vitality. I married at 24 under advice of my family doctor, but it was a sad experience. In eighteen months we were divorced. I then consulted Drs. K. & K., who restored me to manhood by their *New Method Treatment*. I felt a new life thrill through my nerves. We were united again and are happy. This was six years ago. Drs. K. & K. are scientific specialists and I heartily recommend them."

We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

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Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

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COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST.

EASY TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE.

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--WE MAKE--

Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and Points for he different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

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Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers.

Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set.

I am prepared to fill orders for ood shingles.

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DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

Durham Tannery.

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Horse Hides, Cow Hides, Dog SKINS, Etc., Tanned Suitable orw ROBES and COATS by the ned process, which for Finish an Softness can't be beat.

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THOS. SMITH.

N. B.—To ensure a first-class job the hides must be salted as soon as taken

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County of Grey, including a valuable W Power, Brick dwelling, and many elegible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Bentinck, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot, Durham.

Mortgages taken for part purchase money

Apply to JAMES EDGE,

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Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles, Silver and Flat Ware of all descriptions. Repairing a pecialty. Upper Town, Durham.

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IS FOUND IN

Dr. LeRoy's Female Pills.

The only reliable and trustworthy preparation known. Safest, surest and most effective remedy ever discovered for all irregularities of the female system. Sealed circular free. Price $1 per box of druggists, or by mail securely sealed on receipt of price.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

SELFISHNESS.

Selfish persons do not begin their career by resolving to please only themselves, but by finding some apparently valid excuse for ignoring the welfare of others. False promises, like earth-worms, attract the gaze which is lowered from heights of beauty and generosity to the mire upturned by the wanderer's own feet; and to the mind which once gives itself over to specious reasoning there will obtrude a thousand proofs of the baseness of associates to one suggestion of personal reproof.