Seeds!

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

LLOW and White Fleshed Turnips.

PE. Carter's Broad leaved Early Sowing Rape.

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

ne Ground Oil Cake in 100lb. bags.
itish Cattle Spice—a good thing for fattening cattle.
omas' Phosphate.
nd Plaster in Bags.
nd Salt in Bags.
indsor and Seaforth Barrel Salt.

, Druggist and Seedsman,
AM.

OMING! COMING! COMIN

T. P. SMITH, SCIENTIFIC EYE SPECIALIST
raduate New York, Philadelphia, and Toron
Optical Colleges.

Call early and avail yourself of h
aluable services, as this is an
pportunity to have your eyes prop
tested, free of charge. No gu
ork but a scientific certainty. Di
ult cases accurately fitted. A
ORK GUARANTEED.

I never call at private houses

ill be at MacFarlane's Dr
Store, Wednesday, May 1
— ONE DAY ONLY. —

FARM

achinery.

Silvester Seed Drills,
Frost & Wood Binde
and Mowers,
Rakes, Disk Harrows
Spring Tooth Harrows
Ploughs, single & 2 fur
Woodstock Wagons,
Carriages of all kinds,
Stoves,
Sewing Machines,
Bicyles, Etc., Etc.

Fire Insurance atten
to Promptly in the Fa
ers' Grey & Bruce and
other good companies.

OHN LIVINGSTON, Ag

Cochrane's Old Foundry,
ower Town, Dur

ursery Stock Agents!
ook Agents!
gricultural Implement Age

Or any one desiring to better th
sition and increase their income
write us. The demand for home
Nursery Stock is on the increase
need more men. If you want
paying work, write us.

Ve furnish all supplies free.
Ve have the largest Nurseries i
Dominion.
Ve pay both salary and commis
Ve engage either whole or part
men.
Ve guarantee all our Stock.
Ve furnish purchasers with ce
cate from Government insp
stating our Stock is free fro
Jose Scale.

UR NURSERIES comprise over 70
and growing stock in large q
enables us to sell at the closest
figure.

en Succeed with Us who have Failed with
It will cost you nothing to lear
we can do for you.
Don't write unless you mean b
and want profitable employment

Stone & Welling
TORONTO.

A SEVERE EXPERIMENT.

It was an ill-tempered day, with a fine penetrating mist, and a raw east wind. Everyone who came into the store shivered as the warm air struck them, and the east wind seemed to have possession of all their tempers.

Caleb Wilson, the proprietor of the store, was at best a gnarly old gentleman with an uncertain disposition, which was growing more uncertain as the day progressed and his trials accumulated. Mrs. Jones could get everything she priced "a mite cheaper to Harmon's." Mrs. Austin, his best customer and butter-maker, brought in doubtful butter; and he dared not tell her so, but meekly took it at his highest price. Mrs. Sampson returned a dress because she found a "damaged spot right in the middle of the piece." So it had gone all day.

Just at nightfall Bruce, his only son, a boy of fifteen, came in, and stood by the showcase, talking to a mate in the vicinity of Mr. Wilson, who was marking goods behind a sack of muslins.

"I feel awful bad about their changing our arithmetics," the boy was saying. "Pa just can't afford to get me one, I know."

"Yes, 'tis bad for some of you fellows," Bruce answered in a lofty tone. "Of course with me it's different. Father can get whatever I want."

The old man's face grew grimmer, and his thin lips set in a displeased line. "So, so, young man," he muttered; "you are crowing pretty loud."

Bruce went on: "I tell you I am glad my father's rich. I'd 'most rather die than go dressed as some of the fellows have to, and dig into all kinds of work."

"Guess you could work if you had to," the boy replied rather tartly.

"Yes; but I don't have to," Bruce retorted with a laugh.

"You don't sonny? Well, we'll see," Mr. Wilson muttered again, peering around the muslins at the spruce, rather supercilious-looking boy. Then his gaze wandered down the length of the long well-filled store. It was the largest in the county; and the honest, energetic old man had the patronage of the entire country-side, in spite of his surly ways. He gazed long down into the dim interior, until his clerks commenced lighting up.

"I am tired of keeping store, anyway," he said, half aloud. Then, roused sharply, "Never mind lighting up," he called to the two young men. "Come here." He moved to the desk, and they followed him. "I shan't need you any more. Here's a month's wages ahead that will last you while you are hunting another job," he said, shoving the money toward them.

"Why," they both began in astonishment, "have we done anything?"

"No, no, boys; you are all right. I will give you good recommends. Hope you will have luck getting a place."

He turned from them, and commenced to pile up the books on his desk. They stood an instant in blank amazement. "Shan't we come back for the evening?" one of them ventured. "No, no; you can go now," he answered impatiently.

"Why, father, what does this mean?" questioned Bruce, who had been an interested auditor to these proceedings. His father, vouchsafing no answer, went around carefully, closing the great shutters, setting the burglar-trap shotgun, and double bolting the doors. He put the front door key in his pocket.

"Bring the account books from the desk," he said to Bruce. The boy obeyed. Then he extinguished the light, and they groped their way in the darkness to the back door. "Take the books to the house; then come with ," was the next command.

He carried them to the big white house just across the alley. Then down the long village street they went rapidly with coat collars turned up in slight protection against the driving mist. Finally, they stood on the bridge over the river just above the dam. The rains had swollen it into quite a torrent. Mr. Wilson took the two keys from his pocket, and handed them to Bruce. "Throw them in," he

"Into the water?" the boy gasped. He was very white; but, knowing his father, he said no more, only obeyed.

"Now, young man,"—Mr. Wilson facing him with a keen gaze on the boy's startled countenance—"that store will stay shut until I see fit it should be opened. It may be five years. It may be fifty. Meantime I calculate I've got about income enough from other things to keep us off the town. So, after this, if you get anything better than blue jeans, you'll flax around for

Such a mystery had never befallen the people. The whole country went wild over it. But the blank, wooden front of the big store and Mr. Wilson's stern face were alike imperturbable. Mrs. Wilson and the two married daughters, after vain questioning and many tears, dropped it meekly. Bruce, who alone held the key of the problem, was naturally silent but a bitter desire in his heart.

"Guess when he sees me in rags he'll find some way to fix it up. I'd like to know what work he expects me to do anyway," he thought sullenly. As the months went by, in spite of his mother's care, his clothes grew older and shabbier. His shoes were actually ragged, but his father seemed not to notice it. But Bruce had always been unpopular with the boys [illegible]

So in his adversity he had no friends to turn to. The mysterious closing of the store and the pinched way in which the family appeared to live was "good enough for him" in their eyes; and the boy's school life seemed sometimes almost a purgatory.

"'Most die if you had to go like some of us fellows, wouldn't you?" jeered one of them one day.

"You'll have to stay to home in a blanket, pretty soon," chimed in another.

"Mr. Jenkins wants a boy up in his tanyard. Better try for the place," suggested a third.

"When you see me in Jenkins' tanyard, you'll know it," shouted Bruce, boiling with passion. "My father's got money enough"—

"Oh, bother money, Bruce Wilson!" broke in one of the older boys. "You make me sick! You weren't any good with it, and you ain't any good without it. There's one thing money can't buy and you haven't got, and that's sense."

He slunk away from the laughter of the boys with black rage in his heart. "'Twas all his father. He'd make him sorry," was the whole thought of his life. Daily the neat gentlemanly boy grew more careless and worthless.

"He looks and acts like a tramp," his sister said one day to his mother. "Can't father fix him up some? It might give him a little self-respect."

Mr. Wilson, coming in, heard her, "No, he can't," he answered. "A self-respect that's made of clothes isn't going to stand by a fellow. I'll own that I'm disappointed in the boy. I thought he was worth saving; but I guess he ain't, I guess he ain't." His voice quivered, and he turned to the window.

I think just that break in his father's voice went a long way toward saving Bruce Wilson, for he was in the next room and heard it all.

"Why, I believe he cares for me. He honestly cares, and isn't doing it for meanness," he thought, with a softening throb in his heart. He lay on the lounge a long time with his head buried in the pillows. When he got up, there was a look of grim determination on his face, very much like his father's.

That night he announced at the tea-table: "I've been up to see Mr. Jenkins. He will give me my board and fifty cents a week while school lasts. In vacation he will give me two dollars."

Mrs. Wilson dropped her fork in dismay.

"Why, Bruce, that's the dirtiest, awfullest-smelling place; and Mrs. Jenkins has the name of being a dreadful housekeeper."

"Yes, it's a pretty tough place; but 'twas all the job I could get. I'll have to ask you, father, to advance me money enough for a pair of overalls and a wamus. You know you promised me blue jeans." Mr. Wilson, without a word, handed him a dollar and a half.

Monday morning Bruce commenced work. The horrible smells sickened him. Mrs. Jenkins' cooking spoiled even his appetite; but there was a good deal of his father in him, after all, so he went on without a thought of giving it up.

"Yes, I am 'Jenkins' boy'; and I except I do smell of the tan-yard," he remarked, cheerfully, to the boys. "And, if any of you fellows object, I'll fight it out with you."

Somehow, though, "Jenkins' boy" grew in popularity with the "fellows," in spite of his hands, and sometimes even his rather objectionable smell.

All the long summer he lived and worked at the tan-yard. Mrs. Wilson missed him sorely, and shed many tears in secret; while Mr. Wilson contracted a habit of strolling up to the yard, and from behind the safe shelter of the big piles of bark watching the boy with an anxious countenance.

"I'm afraid he's working too hard this hot weather," he said to his wife. "It seems sort of unnatural, anyway, to have the only boy we've got boarding away from home."

"Everything has been unnatural for 'most a year back, ever since you took that notion to shut up the store," she answered tearfully.

"Well, we'll see, we'll see. I ain't over the notion yet," was the discouraging rejoinder.

In the fall Bruce obtained a situation in the rival store of the village, which was doing a flourishing business now its formidable opponent was out of the way. His terms this time were his board and ten dollars per month. The winter dragged slowly and lonesomely along for the old couple. Still Mr. Wilson bided his time.

One morning in the spring every bill-board in town and every fence the country over held big posters announcing, in large, impressive letters:

I, Caleb Wilson, having rested until
I am tired,
Will open my store as suddenly as I
closed it.
Old goods sold at cost. New ones,
some over.
Hoping my friends will be as glad to
see me as I am to see them, I am,
Your obedient servant,
Caleb Wilson.

"Ah! This is like living again!" he said to himself, as he felt the old, familiar floor under his feet, and the old, familiar piles of goods confronted him. He drew long breaths of delight as he bustled about, directing his help in the "redding up."

It was growing a little late when he put on his hat and went slowly down the street. Rather hesitatingly he opened the door, and went into the other store. Bruce was alone; the proprietor had gone to tea. Someway, he looked unfamiliar to Mr. Wilson. He had grown so, and the boyish look had left his face. It seemed, as he looked at him, that he had lost his boy forever. He could have gathered him to his heart in a strange excess of tenderness. The sudden tears welled to his unaccustomed eyes. He walked briskly up to the boy.

"Well, Bruce, does your board suit you?" he interrogated brusquely.

"Fairly," answered Bruce, with a smile.

"Good as mother's?"

"Well, no; it don't seem so to me. Maybe I am prejudiced."

"Get pretty good clothes?"

Bruce looked down at the plain homespun. "Better than blue jeans," he answered laconically.

"Well, you've flaxed around for them haven't you?"

There was a silence. Then Mr. Wilson commenced again.

"I never could abide that man Harmon getting ahead of me. So, Bruce, if you will come over and work in my store, I'll give you your board and fifteen dollars a month this year, and I'll send you to college next year. But you will have to keep on flaxing." He came nearer to the boy, and said, in a low voice, almost appealingly: "Say, Bruce, you've got more sense, haven't you? And you've got over the notion that good clothes and a rich old father will make a man? Say, sonny, you don't think I was too hard on you, do you?"

"Well," the boy said, rather hesitatingly, "you did jump on a fellow pretty heavy; but—I guess it was worth it."

Then his heart fairly leaped from his mouth; for his father, his hard, unyielding old father, suddenly leaned over and kissed him full on his mouth, as he was kissed when he was a little child.

K&K=DRS·K&K=DRS·K&K=DRS·K&K

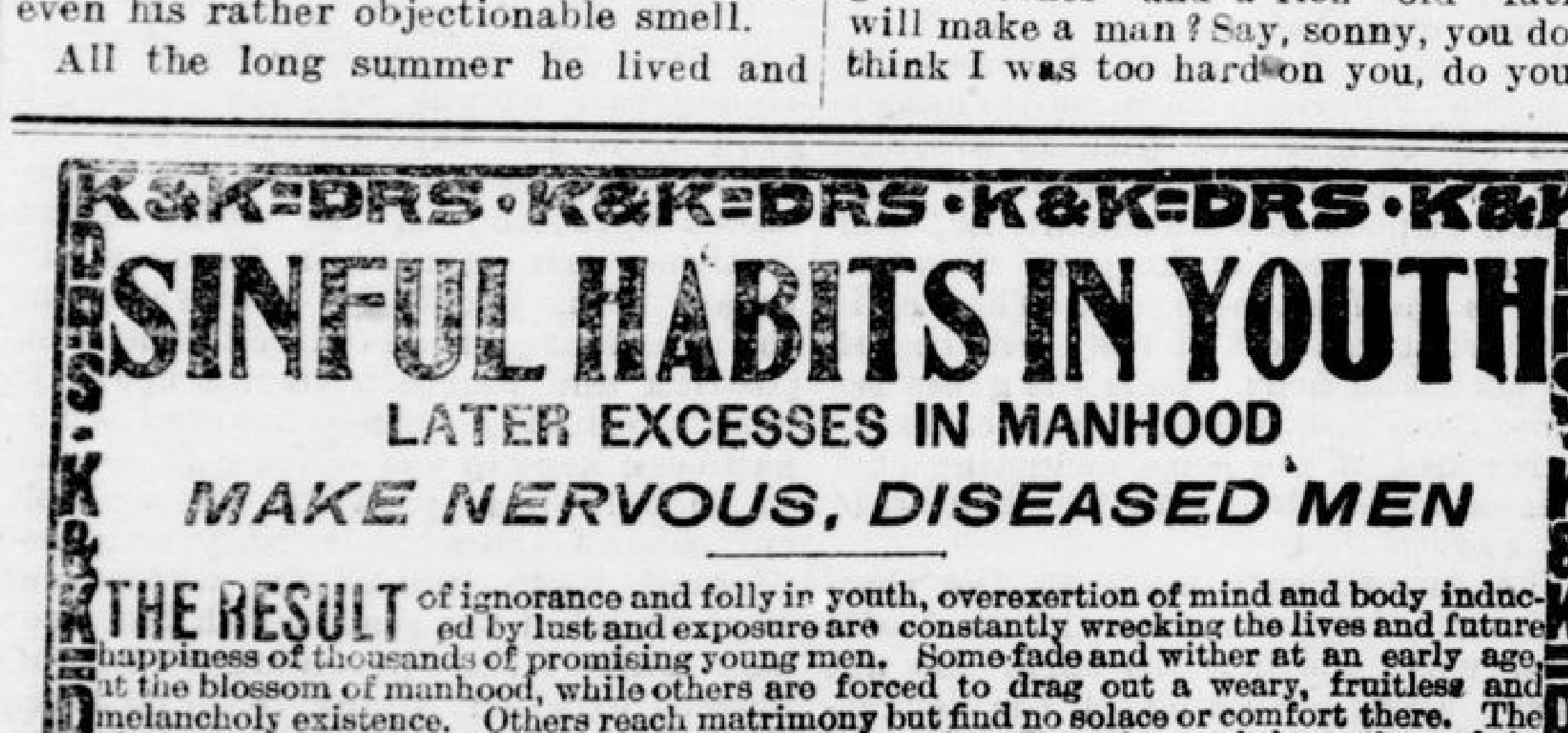
SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

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

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."

IMPOTENCY VARICOCELE EMISSIONS CURED

☞ *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.

☞ NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C.O.D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN. No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

HARRIS'S SLIDE FOR LIFE.

Sailor Lad's Glide Toward Sharks Interrupted by Mizzen Sheer-Pole.

It was off Sangor Island, in the Bay of Bengal, that Apprentice Fred Harris, of the four-masted British bark Achnashie, which has arrived at New York from Calcutta, made his involuntary slide for life.

"It had been a long, tedious trip from Middesboro, England," said Harris, who is from Kent, the other day.

"We could hardly wait for sight of land again. We were now, as nearly as we could judge, only twenty-four hours' tow from Calcutta. Royals, spanker, gaff-topsail, topgallant staysails and flying jib and been hauled down, and a fair wind, a six-knot topgallant breeze on the starboard quarter, pushed us toward the city on the city on the Hugli.

"I was anxious to catch the first glimpse of the lights of India's capital, while Capt. Pasiful also wished to know if the lightship was visible. As I jumped into the mizzen starboard rigging I heard the watch on the forecastle-head pass back word from a sailor who was hanging his clothes to dry on the jobboom stay that two sharks were knocking around the bow.

"It was at one bell of the first watch, and a fine, clear night. I climbed up to the topgallant masthead, but the Calcutta lightship was not in sight. I descended the lee rigging to the mizzentop, all right, but in some way which I cannot explain lost my grip on the futtock shrouds.

"I felt myself drop. There came a bright flash, as the sails appeared to burst into a blaze. I became stone blind, deaf, Kent, Calcutta, sharks were jumbled together in my thoughts, and inside of this single, infinitesimal fraction of a second I lost every sense.

"At eight bells of the middle watch all the world, accompanied with a racking pain in the back and a numb leg, returned to me. I was in my bunk, with my shipmate here standing by.

"They told me that the cry of 'Man overboard!' had been raised at four bells of the second dog watch, but Mr. Wannell, the mate, rushing down from the poop with the binnacle lamp, had found me with my head in the scuppers. The iron sheer-pole between the forward mizzen swifter and the forward mizzen shroud was bent into a V where I had landed on it. The sheer-pole had kept me from gliding overboard and caromed me to the deck upon my side. One of the eight sheer ratlines between the sheer-pole and the mizzen futtock shroud hung adrift.

"My momentum had swept me forty-eight feet at an angle to the mast, defying the laws of gravitation. All that interposed between me and the sharks were eight sheer ratlines and the sheer-pole, which I knocked into seven bells with my left leg."

A QUEEN OF SOCIETY.

In the life of Madame Mohl, a woman, who, without rank, fortune or beauty, held a controlling position in French society, for the greater part of a century, there are useful hints for women who wish to gain influence in the world.

Her dinners were famous. The most learned wise and witty men of every country were her guests, and she gave much anxious thought to assorting them, to placing them at table, and to the suggestion of subjects which would draw from each the best he could give. The food was plentiful, but plain and simply cooked, and only a white-capped maid served it. There was no display of any kind.

Queen Sophia of Holland, when visiting Napoleon III., expressed a wish to dine with Madame Mohl, who asked a brilliant company to meet her.

"And what will be your menu? asked an anxious friend.

"Oh, Marie must cook us a lobster," said the old lady. "She cooks lobster very nicely.

The usual simple dinner was served, with its sauce of rare wit and wisdom, and the queen was enchanted.

The next day with her suite, she came to call upon her hostess. Madame Mohl, her gray hair in curl-papers, attired in a short jacket and skirt, was busy dusting the chairs, while the linen from the laundry was spread upon the table. When the royal party suddenly entered, the old lady laid down her brush, and after welcoming the queen chatted away as gaily as usual.

"Were you not mortified at being caught in such a dress?" a friend asked the next day.

Not a bit, my dear. I didn't mind it. Neither did her majesty. I suppose it was important to her maid and the flunkey who waited behind her, and they were mortified."

Once as one of her favorites left the room, a fashionable woman asked superciliously, "Who was Madame X. before her marraige?"

Madame Mohl turned. "She is my friend. What do I care for her wases?"

She once said, "It is des ames biennees, well-born souls, not bodies that

Beauty without Health is impossible.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Bring **Health,** then **Beauty** follows. They clear the muddy complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the System.

Mrs. Addie Therrialt, 216 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have corrected the irregularities of Liver and Stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy natural action."

--- TO ---

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDR

--WE MAKE--

Furnace Kettles, Power Staw 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.

--WE REPAIR--

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.

CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

Durham Tannery.

Robe Tanning.

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

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED —

THOS. SMITH.

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

EDGE PROPERTY
FOR SALE
IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM,

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,
Oct. 2nd. Edge Hill, P.O.

A. GORDON

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

LADIES!
THE LUXURY OF SECURITY
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.

LeRoy Pill Co. Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

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.

MILES OF DANCING.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile; a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled programme travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at a half-mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll and the trips to the dressing-room to