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from the best British,
Houses, and prices (qual-
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YELLOW and White Fleshed Tur-
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Carter's Broad leaved Early
Sowing Rape.
One ear of selected Ameri-
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best varieties), also hard, dry
American Corn for fodder.

Ground Oil Cake in 100lb. bags,
British Cattle Pie—a good thing for
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Thomas' Phosphate,
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and Salt in Bags.
Insor and Seaforth Barrel Salt.

**Druggist and
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MORTGAGE SALE.
HERE WILL BE OFFERED FOR
SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION ON
Thursday, 2nd day of June, A. D. 1898,
at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon,
JAMES CARSON, Auctioneer, at the
KNAPP HOUSE, DURHAM.
Interest of James Austin, being a one-
fourth interest, in the following lands, name-
ly: one half acre, more or less, composed of
number four on the East side of Elgin
in the Town of Durham.
said lot there is a one and a half storey
house, rough cast, also a smaller rough cast
and a small stable.
TERMS OF SALE: 10% in cash on day of
sale, Vendor's Solicitor, and balance with
fifty days thereafter without interest.
For further terms apply to auctioneer or
Vendor's Solicitor,
W. J. MILLICAN,
at Galt this 16th day of May, A. D. 1898

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Buff
Cochins, J. C. Hare's strain, \$1.00 for
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Farmers!!
our Show Room is open at
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see our new
Frost & Wood Binder No. 2
Mower No. 8
Steel Rake.
Flows, 2-furrow & single,
Turnip Sowers,
Harrows, Buggies,
Waggons etc. etc.

DO NOT FORGET that we sell the
best Wire Fencing and Singer
Sewing Machines and can insure
you in the CHEAPEST and BEST
FIRE INSURANCE Co's.
Farmers' Grey & Bruce' and
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W. LIVINGSTON, Agent,
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Or any one desiring to better their posi-
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It will cost you nothing to learn what
we can do for you.
Don't write unless you mean business
and want profitable employment.
Stone & Wellington,
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Standard Bank of Canada
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Physicians, Edinburgh, Scotland. Of-
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Will be at the Commercial Hotel,
Priceville, first Wednesday in each
month.

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An amount of money to loan at 5 percent
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Agency promptly attended to. Seesches made
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Money loan at lowest rates. Easy terms
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Will be at the Commercial Hotel, Priceville,
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and Sales and all other matters promptly
attended to—highest references furnished
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General financial business transacted
at the front door to Standard Bank, Durham

The "Chronicle" is the only
Large Local Newspaper in
Western Ontario.
PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE.
Things often take on new im-
portance under a new definition.
A certain learned judge, famous for
his wit, was asked by a
man what was prima facie evi-
dence. The judge replied in his broad-
brimmed hat:
"A good man, you were
out of a road; an' you saw a man
out of a public house—an' sup-
posed you saw him drawin' the shleeve
across his mouth, that's
prima facie ev'idence that he was after
a drink."

The Gambler.

"I have made up my mind to take the plunge," said March. "It is a big thing, no doubt, but honestly I think it is my only chance."

Thomas Gillespie March was clerk in a London bank—a small private bank—and he had held that onerous position for the last fifteen years. His salary, advancing by easy stages, had now arrived at no less a sum than £150 per annum—an amount that might be considered princely remuneration for the work required of him. March did not regard it in that light. Three years ago he had contrived to get engaged, and, of course, the girl was penniless. Certainly there seemed to be nothing for it but heroic measures. The worst of it was, my friend had a sanguine temperament; he would do nothing by halves; and when he spoke of taking the plunge, I foresaw that he meant no compromise, but a thorough immersion, which might very likely, demand all the efforts of the Humane Society for the rescue of the experimentalist. Therefore I counseled caution. March shook his head.

"It is sink or swim with me now," he said again. "At the end of the year I leave old Fletcher & Harrison and start working in earnest. I would sooner be anything—a crossing-sweeper, if you like—than stay on there any longer. I am burning my ships." The infatuated man laughed light-heartedly. It was evident enough that he enjoyed the novelty of the situation, at present.

"Well," I said at last, "it is a good thing you have enough to keep you from starving, while you are trying your hand at the new trade." He laughed derisively.

"You do not seem to comprehend that this is a big thing," he went on. "Look here, old man"—in a more serious tone—"I cannot keep that poor little girl of mine waiting any longer. Unless I can secure a decent income in a year or two, at the furthest, I don't care much what becomes of me. When I gamble at all I like to do it thoroughly. I have sold out all my investments, kept enough to keep me for half a year, with economy, and put the rest into a good thing I had wind of the other day. It's not safe, of course, but with any luck it will pay 50 per cent. some day."

"You utter fool," was all I could trust myself to say.

"We shall see," he replied composedly, as he lit one of my cigars with a spill. "In a year's time, independently of what I can make by journalism, I expect my two thousand, which is plaguy little use to me at 3 per cent. will be worth twenty. Then I shall sell."

"Oh! you will sell then, will you?" I was rather exasperated at the man's folly. "And you expect to make money by journalism, poor innocent. A thousand a year in that, I suppose. Well—I only hope you may." I regarded him with mingled feelings of contempt and envy—contempt for his madness, envy of his sanguine temperament. After all, it is a great thing to be born a persistent optimist.

"I know you fellows who write think no one can make anything at it but yourselves." March spoke with a tolerant smile at my infirmities. "I mean to show you that business habits are bound to pay even in your profession."

"I am afraid you will not have many receipts to enter in your ledgers," I retorted. Poor March! I do not think he had one single qualification for journalism, unless it were this unbounded self-confidence of his. I felt unfeignedly sorry for him, but it was his own affair, and it was too late to accomplish anything by interference in any case.

"You don't know me yet," were his words as he left my rooms that night. I confess that the cheery ring of his voice left me in some doubt whether I might not be mistaken. Of course, gamblers do succeed sometimes. I saw nothing more of March for some time afterward.

Early in February I came across him walking vigorously along Holborn. He was shabby, but buoyant. I stood him a lunch that day, partly because he had rather a hungry look, and partly because I wished to find out how things were going with him. He expatiated largely on his economical habits. He had found a bed-sitting-room at 5 shillings a week, and was working hard. The shares were going up slowly, but steadily; however, there was no hurry about them. No! He had not made much out of journalism, yet, but he had always expected to find it a bit of a struggle at first. He tried hard to speak with the old hopeful tone, but I could see it was an effort, and his eyes wore a haggard look. I urged him to sell out his shares while they were up—they were some South African mine or other, and I never had any faith in mining shares—but he was firm as a rock.

"Twenty thousand is my figure for those shares," he said; "not a farthing less." I was glad afterward to know that I had given him a respectable meal, for I believe the poor beggar was nearly starving then. March was never the man to acknowledge defeat if he could put a good face on it.

A few days later I left London for some weeks, during which certain events occurred of so momentous a character, from my own point of view, as to make me forget for the time all

until June that we met once more. I happened to be walking along the Strand in the afternoon, in fact, I was taking a young lady to a matinee, the same young lady who had made me temporarily oblivious of March's welfare—when I became suddenly aware of a face and figure that were familiar to me. A man was walking along the gutter, dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab sheikh, and attracting no small amount of attention from the crowd. He was distributing small handbills to the passers-by, and he handed one to me. As he did so our eyes met, and I saw that he was March. He turned away quickly when he saw that I recognized him. I could not stop—Edith being with me—but when we got to the theatre I told her his story, and the dear girl insisted on my going out between the acts to try and find him. It took me a long time, but at last I ran him to earth in a little by-street near Charing Cross.

I pressed a sovereign on him—I was not a rich man, or I would gladly have made it five—but he would have nothing of it. The man was as proud as ever. In my own happiness it struck me with a keener pang to find him in such a miserable condition, but he did not seem to mind it much. It was honest work, at any rate, and he saw no need for false shame. He said with quite the old humorous air that he had been offered a place on the staff of a leading newspaper, and was only doing this to keep himself going until he could take up the appointment.

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated, "surely it would be worth while to realize on a few of those shares, just to tide you over for the present." I did not know that they were practically unsaleable at that time, nor did he tell me that. He contrived a laugh, as he reiterated his old determination to hold on at all costs. I slipped the sovereign into his hand when he was not looking, and ran off.

"It's a debt, then," he called after me. And I fully believe he meant it. That man was as proud as Lucifer.

A year passed away. I had taken a house in Surrey, and rarely came up to London now except on business. It so happened that one day I had occasion to call on a firm in the city, and on my way there passed by the office of March's old employers. The name brought his story back to my memory, and I wondered what had become of him. Poor fellow! the world had been too strong for him, he should have taken my advice and stuck to his clerkship. I was thinking of him still as I walked back to Cannon street. Somehow I could not help feeling that I was to blame in the matter. I should not have allowed him to drop so completely out of my sight. We had been at school together and I had known him all my life.

Half way down Walbrook there was a block. Crowds always attract me and I pushed forward to see what was the matter. A newspaper-seller, it seemed, had fallen down in a fit, or dead. Presently the body was lifted into the ambulance, and wheeled off toward the hospital. As it passed by I strove in vain to get a glimpse of the face, for an unreasoning suspicion seized me that it might be my friend. Few things were less likely, but my mind was full of him just then. I hesitated for a moment and thought of following the procession to the hospital; but I had barely time to catch my train, and after all, it was the merest fancy. But I was unduly depressed all that evening. I resolved to look in at the hospital next morning. They would have taken him to St. Philip's, and the house surgeon there was an acquaintance of mine.

It was about 12 when I arrived there and found my way into Miller's room. In a quarter of an hour or so he put in an appearance, overwhelmed with work, as usual. I told him my errand, and his eyes brightened as at a humorous recollection.

"Oh! I remember that chap," he said. "Nothing much the matter—fainted from want of food. I fancy. Curious thing was, he made out that he had just come into a fortune—thirty thousand, I think he said. A bit touched in the head, I expect."

"Where is he? What was his name?" I asked eagerly.

"Sent him out last night—he was well enough after he'd had some brandy and a hunk of bread. Some name like Clark or Stark, or something—a monosyllable of sorts."

"Was it March? Because if so—"

"March it was. How do you know anything about it?"

And it was March after all. I saw his wedding announced in the paper this morning. It was the shock of reading in the copy of the paper he was selling, that the director of his mine had received a cable announcing the discovery of a new and valuable gold-bearing reef on their property, that caused his sudden collapse. For once the cable did not lie, and March realized a little more than his long-looked-for twenty thousand. The gambler had turned out a success, but even now, the gambler does not like to talk much about that year's existence. But he paid me back my sovereign with interest at 5 per cent. March was always a good man of business.

THE HEALTHY SELDOM HUNGRY.

Stomach's Pangs said to be Felt Because of Imperfect Digestion.

"A thoroughly healthy person is never hungry." Thus says Dr. William Henry Porter, who is a recognized authority on dietetics. Up to this date a huge appetite has almost invariably been considered as evidence of a good physical condition. Many persons will realize after weighing the doctor's remark that their great desire for food at certain times is a warning that all is not well with them. Dr. Porter supports his startling statement by some interesting explanatory facts. The healthy person does not, however, slight his meals, it must be understood, but does ample justice to them. Yet not until he tastes the food before him, says Dr. Porter, does he realize the need of it. He could go about and forget his meal times but for the force of circumstances. The pangs of hunger are felt as an effect of imperfect digestion.

Dr. Porter gives some valuable information on the question which and of what kind shall be the principal meal—morning, noon or night. In speaking of this he said:

"As in running of an engine, the most intensive consumption of fuel must be just prior to and in accordance with the amount of work to be performed; so, in a man, the time for taking, and the quantity and quality of the meal digested, or the determination of the 'principal meal,' must be in harmony with the work to be accomplished. If the individual is to begin his daily labors between 4 and 6 in the morning and terminates them between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening it necessitates the taking of a good and liberal breakfast at an early hour before beginning active work, especially so if the last meal of the day previous has been a light one at 6 o'clock, as is the common habit of this class. Habits of this kind naturally call for the heaviest meal, which also may be called the principal meal, at noon, or near that hour.

"On the other hand, if the custom is to rise between 6 and 8 in the morning, and the largest amount of work is performed between 9 in the morning and the succeeding midnight, an entirely different arrangement of the meals must be followed. In this class a light breakfast is in order at about 8 in the morning; a stronger, more substantial meal at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and the heaviest and what justly deserves to be called the principal meal should be taken from 6 to 7 in the evening, because this is more nearly in the middle of the working hours. When the labors are continued until midnight and the hour of resting is after this time a light meal should be taken at 11 o'clock.

"In any of the instances cited, if the foodstuffs taken have been easy of digestion, rapidly absorbed and oxidized, the fire will naturally burn low after several hours' sleep and abstinence from food. On the other hand, if the foodstuffs taken require considerable time for their digestion, and are slow-

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Contains . . .
Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors.
Its Local News is Complete
and market reports accurate.

THE LARGEST FARMER IN ENGLAND.
The largest farmer in England, curiously enough, bears the name of Farmer. He is the neighbor of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His residence is at little Bedwyn, near Hungerford, in Wiltshire, and he occupies the land for miles and miles, the entire amount of his holdings exceeding 15,000 acres. He milks at least a thousand cows, and has a stock of upwards of 5,000 sheep. Paying his men good wages, he commands the most useful class of labor. He also obtains his farms on the best possible terms. There was recently a farm of 1,800 acres to let, which had previously fetched £1,800 a year. Mr. Farmer offered £650, and got it.

Cash System
Adopted by
N. G. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance of the same.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE

ENGLAND'S FOOD SUPPLY.
The Government Will Store Large Quantities of Grain for an Emergency.
The agitation of the subject of the food supply of England has reached a point where it has become a great national issue. It is now almost assured, as a result of the Spanish-American war and the scarcity of bread in Europe, that there will be established in that country something in the nature of national granaries, wherein will be stored large quantities of grain against times of shortage.
The matter has been talked of for a long time, but the Cabinet has now taken it up and some definite action is likely to be taken shortly to guard the people of Great Britain against a famine in the event of war or other cause that would prevent foreign