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Carter's Broad leaved Early
One car of selected Ameri-
Seed Corn, (three of the
varieties), also hard, dry
ican Corn for fodder.

and Oil cake in 100lb. bags.
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ester in Bags.
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rip Sowers,
Harrows, Buggies,
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**Pelham Nursery
TORONTO,**

FIGHT WITH KAFFIRS.

"Take the whip and help them along, I'm going to ride up to the kopje." The speaker, a youth of seventeen, mounted the long whip to his companion, hitched a horse that was tied to the back of the wagon, and jumped lightly into the saddle. "Has Makolo come back yet?" asked the voice from the inside of the tent. "No father; but I'm going on to the kopje to have a look for him and to have a good place to outspan. How do you feel now?" "About the same, my boy; the jolt-ings are awful."

"If we get through to-night we ought to see you safe into Shoshong in three days, then we'll be able to fix you up better."

"I rode away toward the hill, soon leaving the wagon behind. He kept a sharp lookout, and carried a rifle slung over his shoulder. A revolver just showed in his belt, and he himself looked worn and troubled.

"It was little wonder he looked troubled, for since his father had been seriously wounded, on him devolved the task of getting the wagon, his father's possessions back to a place of safety. To have to pilot and protect a wagon heavily loaded with ivory skins through three hundred miles of country, water scarce, no roads, wheels often a foot deep in sand, jumping over boulders, and day and night expecting an attack from some tribe of Kaffirs, with no help from his younger brother and the Cape Kaffirs—that is a hard task for a boy of seventeen. But he did not shrink from it. As his horse moved a way up the kopje he looked anxiously for Makolo. He chose a place for the night—the strong-est place should they be attacked. He tried to find a good stream of fresh water among the rocks. There was little vegetation except cacti; but below the plain, was rich grass for the grazing of the friendly Bamangwatos, but he knew that he was now in one of the most dangerous parts of the country, not far from the Kalahari Desert, and still in the country of the Bamangwatos whom they were fleeing from.

"The wagon was fixed up for the evening meal partaken, and the oxen was on them before Makolo came. He was only a lad, but about the younger of the two brothers. Once Ralph Watson had saved Makolo, since then Makolo had served with Jack with all the question-ability of a dog. His dress consisted only of a monkey-skin muchi or kanga, and in his hand he carried a rifle. He sat down on his haunches, and listening to the questions of the two boys, he told them that he had been to a distance "four hours' run" for water, and that the Kaffirs were drinking and dancing, which looked bad. "I saw a big kraal, only about twenty, but they were bad men, and I expected an attack."

"How do you think they will come?" asked Jack.

"I think before the sun shows," said Makolo.

"Come along then," said Ralph, "at once we will die hard."

"Makolo took a hasty meal of a sort of porridge and a long drink of water, and he helped the two boys and the oxen to get out down a lot of cacti and a rough barrier in the most exposed spots. The oxen were driven to the rifles loaded, and everything ready for the expected fray. In the wagon Hunter Watson lay unconscious and burning with fever, along the edge of the Kalahari Desert. He had been forced into a quarrel with an independent chief, and, being badly in the thigh, he had been saved by the pluck of his younger brother. Bitterly he had often regretted that he had consented to allow his younger brother to adopt his adventurous mode of life, for now it seemed that the end had come for all of them. He could not see how could two boys with a few Kaffirs withstand an attack of a horde of yelling savages?

"They all had a couple of hours sleep during the night, watching in turns. At four o'clock each was awakened. They tried to eat a little, but they did not take their places. They were on the top of the hill, with clear views all round them. Hunter Watson was able to shift his position so as to be able to assist as far as possible in the attack; and just before the dawn he saw the dawn he silently shook his head with his two sons and waited. He did not long to wait; the foe was on them on all sides—fully thirty.

"Don't waste a shot," shouted Ralph. "For the sake, keep cool and kill the oxen."

"Some of the assegaits fell into the wagon, and the oxen began to bellow. The shouts sounded all round them, and the coming rush of the wild beasts was only a shadow in the distance.

"The rifles spoke together, answered by horrid yells, then another shout. Then revolvers came into play. "Thank God for those cacti," thought the boys. Had they been there nothing could have saved the little band of defenders.

All was noise of strife, the crack of fire-arms, groans and yells of pain and the fever of battle, the bellowing of the terrified oxen, the hard breathing of fighting men.

The light increases. See! There is a huge, naked Kaffir climbing over the boulders; he is inside. Makolo sees him, and before he advances two steps an assegai well aimed transfixes his throat and he falls heavily to the earth. In the corner farthest from the wagon Ralph has expended every bullet. He has no time to load again, and is using the club end of his rifle to keep back the rush. Blood is flowing from his arm, and his left leg, but he fights like a demon.

At every point the fight is fierce. Jack falls with a groan on one knee. Two assegaits whiz past him; he uses his last cartridge on a man who has made his way half over the barricade. The man falls over the top, and another, leaping lightly on his body, poises his weapon to strike. Jack feels his hour has come; but no, a rifle shot from the wagon saves him just in time, and his life is given back to him once more. He scrambles up on to his feet, half dazed, and, leaning against a rock, reloads his revolver and rifle. There seemed to be a lull for a moment. Ralph and Jack had time to look round them. Four men lay dead in the inclosure; they had forced their way in only to die. One was speared on his own stabbing assegai; he must have fallen on it as he was shot, and his face was distorted by a horrid grin. Outside they could not see how many they had accounted for, but of their own number none had escaped altogether. They saw Makolo breathing heavily by the wagon, tear out a piece of broken assegai which struck in his left arm. His face too, was covered with blood and dust. Over by the corner one of their two other Cape Kaffirs lay dead on the body of an enemy, his hands still clasped in death around his throat.

But it was only a momentary lull, and soon they were all at it as hard as ever. It seemed impossible to keep them back. Lucky it was for them that they had been able to reload, and in the good light they never wasted a shot. Now and again a shot from the end of the wagon told that the hunter was still alive. The tent of the wagon was stuck all over with assegaits. The fight was getting hotter, fiercer. It seemed that they could not hold out longer. Each man had determined never to be taken alive, when Ralph shouted out, with anguish in his voice: "It's all up, Jack; here come some more of them. Good-by, old chap."

But what was it in the fast approaching body of men that he saw! Surely they were shields of cow-hide! They were—the white shields of the Bamangwatos.

"They are friends," he shouted—"friends from Shoshong! Keep going, old chap."

Just then the attacking party also saw the new-comers. They were within half a mile now. The cry went round among them and they fled. Over the stockade, Ralph scrambled, and Jack tried to follow, but neither had strength enough left to run; but they saw their enemies being chased away over the plains by the group of friendly natives.

Some of the new-comers advanced straight to the inclosure! They were a hunting party, had heard the shots, and had come on at once. Lucky for the boys they had been so near, else they must surely have been slain.

But what a sight met their eyes in the small inclosure! Hanging with his

head out of the end of the wagon, a long assegai through his breast, but still grasping his trusty rifle, Hunter Watson lay dead. He had fired his last shot, fighting against fearful odds, and was dead before he knew that help had come.

A sad morning indeed for the two brothers, for not only were they fatherless now, but there, lying beside a heap of slain, lay Makolo. Was he dead, too? Ralph knelt down beside him and lifted up his head. No—he wasn't dead; he moved his lips.

One of the friendly natives gave him water from a gourd. He smiled into Ralph's face.

"We beat them, boss," he whispered; "beat them—six against many—good-by—boss Ralph."

He smiled again—and his faithful black head fell back on Ralph's shoulder—and he died happy.

On the top of the kopje they buried Hunter Watson, and left him to lie there among the plains and hills he had hunted over for years. Beside him they buried Makolo and the other Kaffir who had fought so well. Then with sad hearts they turned away from the spot where they had left father and friends.

The friendly natives treated them kindly, escorted them back to Shoshong. They admired the pluck of the two white boys who had fought like men, and when they were rested and recovered from their wounds started them on their way south, asking them to come back and trade in their country. They came back and did well, for the trading stations of Watson Brothers are known even to-day in the land of the Bamangwatos.

the Elbe was blockaded by the English and Hamburg in the hands of various foreign Powers, very little news penetrated from abroad. Shortly after the peace of Paris, however information reached Steinbeck that Suck had died in London, intestate, leaving a fortune of three-and-a-half million pounds.

This was corroborated by a ship's captain, who, in 1820, sought out the heirs and informed them that the inheritance was waiting to be claimed. The family, who had been respectable farmers, having become impoverished by the long blockades and wars, could not collect money enough to take the necessary steps to obtain it, and the authorities were too busy to interest themselves in private matters. The few aged members of the family who still live say also that they distinctly remember hearing their elders talk of a letter arriving at Steinbeck, presumably from the British authorities on the subject of the inheritance. This letter had to be refused, as the relatives were not in a position to pay the heavy postage, 16s., on it.

Steinbeck, like all the country round Hamburg was then Danish territory, and some of the old people got it into their heads that the Danish Government knew more of the inheritance than they care to acknowledge.

Inquiries have more than once been set on foot to try and find the exact whereabouts of the treasure, which is generally supposed to be in the hands of the British Court of Chancery, but the descendants who are all in obscure circumstances, have evidently not gone the right way to work. The matter seems now to be taken up with more system and a splendid opportunity offers for any one interested in unravelling mysteries.

Suck is reported to have shown his gratitude to the country of his adoption by presenting £20,000 to St. Paul's Cathedral. There should be no difficulty in ascertaining whether such a donation was made, and if this were the case, it would be an important clue.

All the facts narrated above were distinctly in the recollection of the older members of the family, when the last inquiries were instigated fourteen years ago, and though most of these persons have since died, the tradition is still fresh in the minds of the present generation.

ANOTHER LOST FORTUNE.

Efforts to Find Three Million Pounds Mis-laid in London.

A quaint advertisement appeared in the London papers a few days ago, offering £1,000 for information leading to the recovery of a vast fortune alleged to have been left by a German merchant, who died in London, intestate, at the beginning of this century.

A London Daily Mail representative has obtained from some of the survivors of the merchant's family, living in the neighborhood of Hamburg, the following romantic story which led to the insertion of the advertisement.

Hans Jacob Suck, the merchant in question, was born in the parish of Steinbeck, not far from Hamburg, in the middle of the last century. Some time about 1770, on an expedition into the neighboring forest, for what purpose is not known, he had an encounter with a forester, whom he killed, and was consequently compelled to fly the country. He emigrated to Africa, married the daughter of a rich native chieftain, and after amassing considerable wealth made his way back to Europe and established himself, under an assumed name, in London as a sugar refiner. Early in this century, Suck paid a secret visit to this home, passing a few days there with a friend of his youth.

To this friend he related how prosperous his circumstances were, and after his departure the news naturally circulated among his relatives. During the troublous years of 1806-1814 when

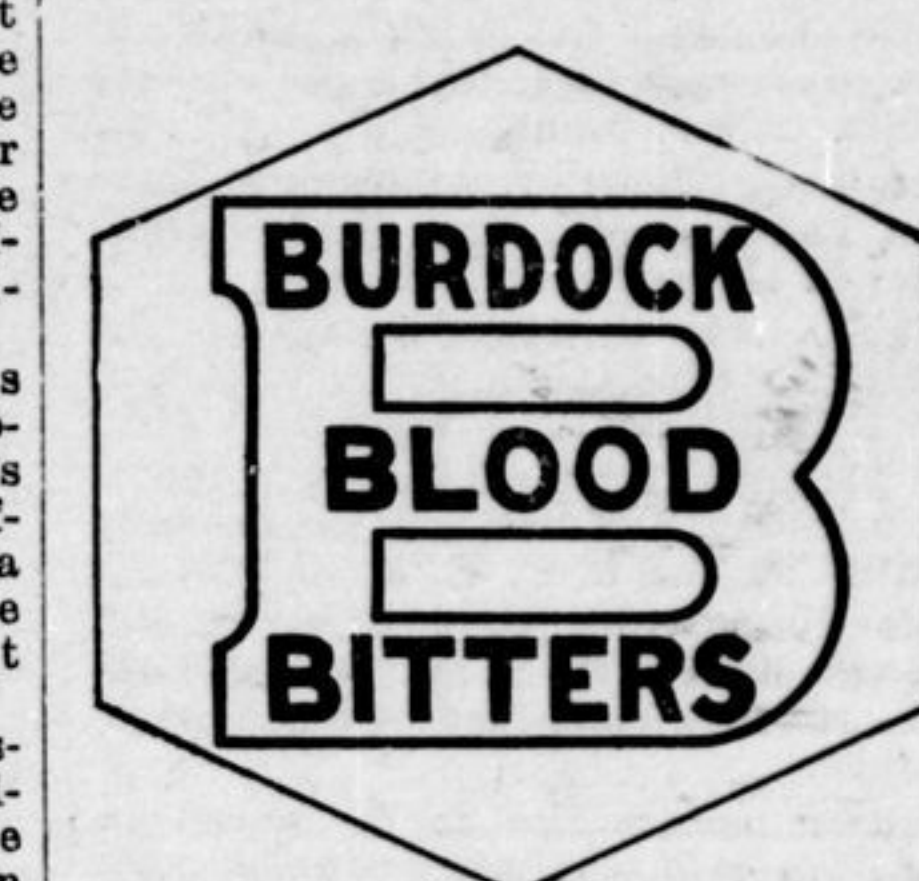
Old People's Troubles.

Hard for the old folks to move about—constant backaches to bother them in the daytime—urinary weakness to disturb their rest at night.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and help to make the declining years comfortable.

Mr. W. G. Mugford, Chestnut Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes: "For the past two years I have had much trouble with disease of the kidneys and non-retention of urine, was dropsical and suffered a great deal with pain in my back. I have been greatly benefited by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."



Mrs. THOS. McCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY -- 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 the 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 Gunmed, Filed and Set.

I am prepared to fill orders for wood shingles.

CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM.

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

Mortgages taken for part purchase money Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill P.O. Oct. 2nd.

A. GORDON

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

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 \$1.50 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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

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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.

MRS. CHAS. FERRY, CHAS. FERRY.

Wm. A. WALKER. Wm. A. WALKER.

BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT

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 'syphilis'. 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 dependent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. My treatment is wonderful. I finally a friend induced me to try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. My treatment is wonderful. I finally a friend induced me to try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. My treatment is wonderful."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

IMPOTENCY VARICOCELE EMISSIONS CURED

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 has been done for others it will do for you. Consultation FREE. No matter who has treated you, I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, emissions, became thin and dependent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. My treatment is wonderful. I finally a friend induced me to try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. My treatment is wonderful."

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.

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