

# Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of Diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomfiting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check further advance of these diseases.



It is an old, reliable remedy, with over forty years' of credit to its credit, whose merit is recognized everywhere and one that the doctors recommend in preference to all others.

# CONSTIPATION.

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters, as there is no remedy equal to it for the Cure of Constipation. We always keep it in the house as a general family medicine, and would not be without it." MRS. JACOB MOSHER, Pictou Landing, N.S.

B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Bitters.

# 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 and repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

--WE REPAIR--

Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers, Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Grinded, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for all kinds of castings.

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

# EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE

IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM, County of Grey, including a valuable Water, 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 Simcoe, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot, Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money. Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill P.O.

# 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? JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,500 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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

LARGEST IN THE WORLD. The Sultan of Turkey has just built Mecca the biggest house in the world.

# THE STORY OF A DAY.

Alice wanted a trip to Europe, Bess said she could not be happy unless we spent our summer in Muskoka, it was so fashionable. Bob declared he would be quite contented in the back yard with a hammock and a book. Pete was sure that a tiger-hunting expedition to Central Africa was the only thing that would restore his shattered nerves, after the hard work of the winter. Mother said the children did need a holiday, poor things! And our paternal relatives told us to stop quarreling and be thankful that we had any vacation at all; when he was young people didn't think holidays were necessary. It was at this point that Charlie came to our rescue. Charlie is our divinity student, and besides having more money than the rest of the family—a most extraordinary state of affairs for a prospective clergyman—has many nick names, but is principally known as the Bishop. He came forward with the handsome offer of a whole day's trip, entirely at his expense, to some far away point where he had spent several of his summers of student life. He was to choose the destination and no one was to ask questions. After that every one was to go his own way, provided his money would take him.

The result was that we found ourselves at a reasonably early hour the next morning, comfortably seated, and steaming out of Union Station, in a northern bound train.

We thought of Gravenhurst or Bracebridge, or some point in Muskoka, as a possible destination, and Pete even suggested Dawson City, as the limit of Charlie's generosity, but the Bishop kept his own council, so we flew north and were content.

He grew quite conceited when we began to admire the landscape about us, and pointed out each new adornment as though he had provided it in the treat. And he certainly had reason to be proud of the exhibition. Miles of never-changing farm lands, all heavy with the burden of the coming harvest, cool green woods, little streams wandering aimlessly through broad valleys where the cloud shadows chased each other over green and brown and golden fields, all flew past as we clattered along. At intervals we stopped at a pretty little town, or roared through a less important one with noisy indifference.

Pete sat in a seat all by himself with his hat on one side of his head, whistling the "Limited Express" in perfect time to the clatter of the train. Bess and Alice sat opposite, and were treated to his explanations of any point of interest passed.

It seemed a very short time indeed until our guide told us our first stopping place was in sight. The conductor was shouting "Allandale!" and Charlie pointed out of the windows to our right. A cool breeze was blowing off a long blue stretch of water and across it we could see a pretty town rising up from the water's edge, and covering the steep hills around.

"Barrie; is that the end of our pilgrimage, Mr. Greatheart?" asked Pete. "If so, this land of Buelah is a decidedly noisy and dusty spot."

"I am not going to tell our destination at present," said the Bishop, "But you may collect the baggage at Barrie."

We slowly rounded the bay, through a very busy maze of railway tracks and freight trains, and when the conductor had shouted "Barrie!" and Pete had stopped in his operation of gathering up wraps and parasols to ask, "What kind of berries?" Charlie put an end to all our doubts by ordering us to alight.

Barrie looked quite a busy little, interesting place, but Pete was beginning to complain of internal weakness, so we adjourned to an hotel for dinner before examining our surroundings.

And when we had all eaten a very hearty meal, what should our dear Bishop do but order a carriage, and we all bundled in to drive round the town. Driving in Barrie is delightful if one runs east and west, but the streets run north and south, so straight into the air. However, we were rewarded for our hard climb by the beautiful scene below.

We had scarcely time to give the pretty place its due when the carriage turned down a street leading to blind wharf, and following our guide in blind obedience we were soon upon the deck of a little steamer, ready to sail "whithersoever the governor listed." People soon begin to collect upon the boat in response to some very shrill whistling. Mothers with baby carriages and flocks of small attendants; young ladies with their galleys; groups of boys and girls with bicycles, all very jolly and noisy. But we were not crowded, and when we were comfortably seated upon the deck and heaved to skim away down the placid little bay with just enough of breeze to blow away the dust of our drive, it was delightful indeed.

dled it testified to her Anglo-Saxon origin.

The good-natured captain came out of his little wheel-house and shook his fist at the reckless canoeist as she bobbed wildly up and down on the swell from our boat. But she laughed triumphantly, waved her paddle at him, and shot away towards the shore.

"Here's Big Bay Point, mother," said Alice, pointing to the long peninsula with its pretty cottages buried in the woods. "Perhaps Charlie wants to put us up in the summer hotel there for a month."

"Not likely, there's a much larger building on the shores of this lake where we can leave you," said Pete; but Alice had forgotten about the asylum for idiots apparently, so Pete's joke fell unnoticed.

Pretty soon we found ourselves out in the open lake, where the breeze was fresher and where the blue waters rippled away to the south and east as far as the eye could see. We kept close to the western shore from which the land stretched up and away to the dim horizon, every acre of it well cultivated, except the dense fringe of trees that adorned the shore. The willows hung down over the water's edge, and were reflected in its cool green depths, except when the swell of our boat disturbed its clear surface.

The busy little bay had its shores well lined with summer residences, with here and there a merry campers' party or a group of hilarious bathers. But when we came out into the lake the shores became less thickly populated until at last only the quiet farm houses appeared set here and there on the wide sloping plain, and no sounds broke the stillness save the puffing of our little vessel or the cry of some white gulls that were sporting far out on the blue water.

Sail boats flitted like great white birds over the rippling expanse; once we met a steamer and there were mutual flutterings of handkerchiefs as our whistles politely saluted in ear-piercing shrieks.

We sailed on in the stillness once more, passing farms and still more farms monotonous in their abundant beauty.

Bob and Alice promenaded what little deck space there was, while the rest of us lounged round on rather uncomfortable seats, and watched everything. A wildly joyous group of boys and girls played cards on the top of the life boat, and a pair of lovers made entertainment for the general public in a corner. Pete pretended to be overcome by the touching scene, and fell off his stool with a thud. But even sentiment and scenery will not provide for all the wants of nature, and soon there were anxious enquiries regarding a lunch. And we found that here again the Bishop had showed his thoughtfulness. Sandwiches, salad, cake, and, in fact, everything good came out of a basket packed at Barrie, and behold, a bright-eyed little boy, who apparently regarded everyone as his special friend, came smiling round with cups and saucers and delicious hot, steaming tea for every one on board.

Charlie confessed that he was not the author of this generosity, and we were almost too amazed to thank the boy when he informed us that "they always did this," even Pete was speechless.

"It's the millennium," he said at last, when the second cup came round.

"The Mayor and Council will be at the dock in Orillia with ice-cream and lemonade when we arrive, there isn't a doubt."

"Orillia," said Bob. "So that's where we're going, is it?"

"Next time I confide in you!" said the Bishop, gazing as reproachfully as his benevolent countenance would allow at the stricken sinner, who immediately sunk into his collar, like a snapping turtle.

"Well, we've discovered where we are going," we all laughed triumphantly. "No, you haven't," protested Charlie, "I only intend to stop there long enough to put Pete in the asylum."

"Joke! Everybody laugh please," said the delinquent, emerging from his collar to attack the eatables with renewed vigor. Everybody obeyed, even the joker himself.

"We are on historic ground here, mother," the Bishop said, pointing to the shore, and ignoring Pete's explanation that it was historic water he meant.

"It was here and in the surrounding district that the Hurons lived in the early days." We all sat attentive while the Bishop rehearsed in his best clerical style some stirring tales of the brave Hurons and their devoted missionaries and their extermination by the Iroquois.

We gazed out over the peaceful country lying so quiet and prosperous in the summer sunshine; and it seemed impossible that not so many years ago those fields were covered with dense forests and overrun by savages. But Pete had had all the luncheon he could possibly eat, so there was no more peace. He broke the silence by asking in an awestruck whisper if the Bishop ordered the Huron massacre before hand to give our trip a proper romantic coloring. Alice explained that if Charlie had the power to destroy it was very likely he would have rid us of the obnoxious member of our party long ere this.

The breeze was dying away, and the afternoon sun beginning to wane as we approached a scattered group of we approached a scattered group of Grape and Strawberry, away out there with its white cliffs and its summer hotel. We seemed to be running right up to the land. The green banks approached, and Pete was explaining that the Bishop had ordered the novelty of a steamboat ride over land to Toronto, and when, suddenly, the shores parted, and we glided gently up a delightful little channel, pretty summer cottages with gay bunting-trimmed verandas and boat-houses, smiling down upon us from either side. A couple of bridges blocked our way ahead, one carrying a railway, the other used as a foot bridge; but they turned aside like magic in response to our whistle.

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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 miserably 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

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

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Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my 'ray 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 loss, 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. I feel myself 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 inherited a bad habit. At 21 I had all the symptoms of Venereal Weakness and Spermatorrhoea. 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."

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ing on one road, and a team of dancing horses, held by a stalwart young farmer, on the other.

The swell from our boat rolled away, deluging the water-lilies and reeds that bobbed up again, only to sway over under the next billow. A group of startled water fowl flew up and away with noisy expostulations, and a frisky hell-diver stared at us boldly for a moment, and then dived to the bottom of the lake in derision.

"The young duffer must be longer winded than a preacher, Charlie!" cried Bob, looking admiringly at the little fellow as he appeared again after a wonderfully long interval.

"Charlie's occupation shouldn't be mentioned in the same day with a bird that has such a wicked name as that," said Pete. "Our Bishop's the opposite extreme. He's a—" but mother silenced him.

We had suddenly discovered that we were in lake Couchiching, and such a lake! A perfect little beauty, long and winding like a river, with densely wooded shores, and fairy-like islands rising out of the still water, like great bouquets set upon a mirror. Straight across the water lay the town of Orillia, buried in Maple trees and all aglow with the setting sun. Only one street could be distinguished in the soft mass of green, the main street that climbed the hill straight up from the wharf. Far away to the right the little lake stretched away among the green islands.

"Our day will soon be over, Charlie, dear," said mother, nodding towards the setting sun.

"Yes, we must take the train here for Toronto, as soon as we land; but we are going to have a grand finale to our holiday, mother, look!"

And certainly we were to have a fitting end to this day's panorama of beautiful scenes. The sun was sinking behind the wooded hills, its glaring reflection burning in the water before us, and sending a dazzling pathway down the water, along which our boat was steaming. The great purple swells that rolled away from our bows were tipped with amber and pink and mauve while all around us the water gleamed.

Add The Story of a Day edited in a thousand rainbow tints, ever changing, moving and flashing. It seemed almost sacrilegious for our boat to cross this wonderful glory, but the motion only made the colored water take fire and change and glow again like a sea of opals set in motion.

I had never a beautiful sunset, but had never actually been in one before, nor had I ever heard of anything like the glory of this one that surrounded us on Lake Couchiching.

We all voted ourselves perfectly satisfied with "Charlie's Day," as we settled ourselves comfortably in the train for our homeward voyage, and father voiced the sentiments of the whole family when he looked proudly at our dear Bishop and said:

"The story of a day is like the story of a life, and this beautiful holiday reminds me of your life, my boy. It has grown more beautiful each hour, and I anticipate for you just such a glorious ending to your day as we have experienced in that magnificent sunset, and just such a peaceful journey home."

# NO MORE LEAP YEARS.

In time leap year will go out of existence entirely, but as this will not occur for over eight hundred years we haven't much personal interest in the event. In the ordinary course of events 1900 would be a leap year, but it will not count in the calculation. In other words, lucidly explains the Washington Star, while it does occur it does not occur, simply because it is not in the agreement that it shall occur. The story is a long one, but it can be briefly told so that the average person can understand it without much difficulty.

In 1582, in the arrangement of the Julian calendar, ten days were dropped so as to get things running on the then new but the present basis of calculating time. So as to keep things running right it was determined that a year ending a century should not be bissextile, except every fourth century. Thus there was no leap year in 1700, 1800, or 1900. It is, or at least was, rather hard on the ladies, who have special advantages in leap year, for it is the only year that it is proper for them to propose themselves in marriage, but as it has always been so in matters affecting womankind, men always find reasons for restricting their privileges.

The ladies lose their privilege in 1900, but though there will not be many of those who see 1900 who will see 2000 the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap year. In this way three days are retrenched in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over eight hundred years. After that calendar years will be like solar years, and errors in the calculation of time will occur no more.

The loss of leap years will in thousands of years affect the seasons, but I believe the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so expert in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly.

# HAWAIIAN GIRLS.

The half caste Kanakas are the most attractive women to be found in the Hawaiian Islands. They have clear, brown complexions; small, plump figures, black hair, dreamy, dark eyes and beautiful white, strong teeth. They almost live in the water, consequently are scrupulously clean. Their dispositions are gentle, and they have the soft, languorous ways so charming and so characteristic of the women of tropical climes. The soft, loose, brightly colored gowns and the wreaths of flowers about the head or waist make a picturesque costume. The feet are always bare.

# THEATER FOR WORKMEN.

The proprietor of the large metal works at Berndorf, Austria, has had a special theater constructed for his workmen by the architects, Helmer and Fellner. It is to be formally opened in a few weeks in the presence of the Emperor, and thereafter a theatrical company from Baden will give a performance twice a week.

# LIVING IN JAPAN.

In Japan a man can live like a gentleman.

# CAUSE OF EYE STRAIN