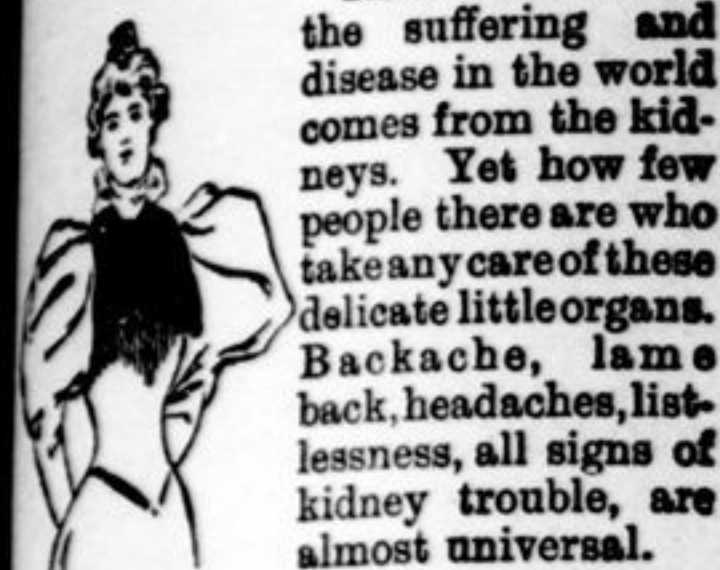


A HEALTHY WOMAN.



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lameness, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Doan's regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system. Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Minn., says: "For years I suffered from kidney trouble which caused me much suffering. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by using Doan's I had finished the first box I could take without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for all cases of kidney or dropsical trouble."

DYSPEPSIA.

For over eleven years I suffered with Dyspepsia and tried everything I could think of, but got no relief until I started using Burdock Blood Purifier. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have been so ever since. I feel as if B. B. B. had saved my life." Mrs. T. G. JOYCE, Stanhope, N. B.

B. B. B. cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Kidney Disease, and makes the blood pure. It is a highly concentrated vegetable compound.

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AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY -- WE MAKE --

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

-- WE REPAIR --

Engines, Horse Powers, Circular and Cross-Cut Saws, Grindstones, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for all shingles.

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

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IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM, property of Grey, including a valuable White Brick dwelling, and many eligible lots, will be sold in one or more lots. No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Durham, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot. For particulars 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.

Vim Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Wanted--An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write to WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$200 prize offer on any of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Chronicle is the most wide spread newspaper published in

FUNERAL OF GEN. GORDON.

HONORS FOR THE GALLANT DEAD BY KITCHENER'S ARMY.

An Impressive Scene--Martial Requiem Amid the Ruins of Khartoum "Under the Conquering Ensign of His Own People."

Geo. Stevens, writing to the London Daily Mail from Omdurman, thus describes a touching incident:--

The steamers--screws, paddles, stern-whealers--plugged their steady way up the full Nile. Past the northern fringe of Omdurman, where the sheikh came out with the white flag, past the breach where we went in to the Khalifa's stronghold, past the choked embrasures and the lacerated Mahdi's tomb, past the swamp-rooted palms of Tuti Island. We looked at it with a dispassionate, impersonal curiosity. It was Sunday morning, and that furious Friday seemed already half a lifetime behind us. The volleys had dwindled out of our ears, and the smoke out of our nostrils, and to-day we were going to the funeral of Gordon. After nearly fourteen years the Christian soldier was to have Christian burial.

On the steamers there was a detachment of every corps, white, or black, or yellow, that had taken part in the vengeance. Every white officer that could be spared from duty was there, fifty men picked from each British battalion, one or two from each unit of the Egyptian army. That we were going up to Khartoum at all was evidence of our triumph; yet if you looked about you, triumph was not the note. The most reckless subaltern, the most barbarous black was touched with gravity. We were going to perform a necessary duty, which had been put off far, far too long.

Fourteen years next January--yet even through the humiliating thought there ran a whisper of triumph. We may be slow; but in that very slowness we show that we do not forget. Soon or late, we give our own their due. Here were men that fought for Gordon's life while he lived--Kitchener, who went disguised and alone among furious enemies to get news of him; Wauchope, who

POURED OUT HIS BLOOD LIKE WATER

at Tamai and Kirbekan; Stuart-Wortley, who missed by but two days the chance of dying at his side. And here, too, were boys who could hardly slip when their mothers told them that Gordon was dead, grown up now, and appearing in the fulness of time to exact ten thousand lives for one. Gordon my die--other Gordons may die in the future--but the same clean-limbed brood will grow up and avenge them.

The boats stopped plugging and there was silence. We were tying up opposite a grove of tall palms; on the bank was a crowd of natives curiously like the backsheesh-hunters who gather to greet the Nile steamers. They stared at us; but we looked beyond them to a large building rising from a crumbling quay. You could see that it had once been a handsome building of the type you know in Cairo or Alexandria--all stone, and stucco, two-storied, faced with tall regular windows. Now the upper storey was clean gone; the blind windows were filled up with bricks; the stucco was all scars, and you could walk up to the roof on rubble. In front was an acacia, such as grow in Ismailia on the Ghezireh at Cairo, only unpruned--deep luscious green, only drooping like a weeping willow. At that most ordinary sight everybody grew very solemn. For it was a piece of new world, or rather of an old world, utterly different from the squalid mud, the baking barrenness of Omdurman. A facade with tall windows, a tree with green leaves--the facade battered and blind, the tree drooping to earth--there was no need to tell us we were at a grave. In that forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate acacia, the bones of murdered civilization lay before us.

The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle--Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade, and the staff stood in the open space facing the palace. Then, on the roof--almost on the

VERY SPOT WHERE GORDON FELL

though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished--we were aware of two flag-staves. By the right hand halliards stood Lieutenant Staveley, R. N., and Captain Watson, K. R. R.; by the left hand Bimbashi Mitford and two other officers.

The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull at the halliards, up ran, out flew the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dashing gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. "Bang!" went the Melik's 12 1/2-dom. "Bang!" went the quivered to her pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbones. "God Save our Gracious Queen" hymned the Melik and Sirdar "bang!" from the Melik--"bang!" to and private stood stiff--"bang!" to attention, every hand at the helmet peak--"bang!"--in salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same time

ing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Sudanese was playing the Khedival hymn. "Three cheers for the Queen!" cried the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive, the comrade flags stretched themselves lustily, enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartoum.

Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves the bands were playing the 'Dead March in Saul.' Then the black band was playing the march from Handel's 'Scipio,' which in England generally goes with "TOLL FOR THE BRAVE."

This was in memory of those loyal men among the Khedive's subjects who could have saved themselves by treachery, but preferred to die with Gordon. Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except for the solemn minute guns that had followed the fierce salute. Four chaplains--Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist--came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm, The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Snow-haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his helmet at his feet and read a memorial prayer, bareheaded in the sun. Then came forth the pipers and waited a dirge and the Sudanese played, "Abide With Me." Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see the abony heathens fervently blowing out Gordon's favourite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity would hardly have made us laugh at that moment. And there were those who said the cold Sirdar himself, could hardly speak or see as General Hunter and the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook his hand. What wonder! He had trodden this road to Khartoum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfellt and Bible we buried Gordon after the manner of his race. The parade was over, the troops were dismissed, and for a short space we talked in Gordon's garden. Gordon has become a legend with his countrymen, and they all but deify him dead who would never have heard of him had he lived. But in this garden you somehow came to know Gordon the man, not the myth, and to feel near to him. Here was an Englishman doing his duty alone, and at the

INSTANT PERIL OF HIS LIFE

yet still he loved his garden. The garden was a yet more pathetic ruin than the palace. The palace accepted its doom mutely; the garden strove against it. Untrimmed, unwatered, the oranges and citrons still struggled to bear their little hard green knots, as if they had been full ripe fruit. The pomegranates put on their vermilion, star-flowers, but the fruit was small and woody and juiceless. The figs bore better, but they, too, were small and without vigour. Rankly overgrown with dhurra, a vine still trained over a low roof its dwarfed leaves and limped tendrils, but yielded not a sign of grapes. It was all green, and so far vivid and refreshing after Omdurman. But it was the green of nature, not of cultivation; leaves grew large and fruit grew small, and dwindled away. Reluctantly, despairingly, Gordon's garden was dropping back to wilderness. And in the middle of the defeated fruit trees grew rankly the hateful Sudan apple, the poisonous herald of desolation.

The bugle broke in upon us; we went back to the boats. We were quicker steaming back than steaming up. We were not a whit less chastened, but every man felt lighter. We came with a sigh of shame, we went away with a sigh of relief. The long-delayed duty was done. The bones of our countrymen were shattered and scattered abroad, and no man knows their place. None the less Gordon had his due burial at last. So we steamed away to the roaring camp, and left him alone again. Yet not one nor two looked back at the mouldering palace and the tangled garden, without a new and great contentment. We left Gordon alone again--but alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Be not merely good; be good for something.--Thoreau.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.--Hood. Our ancestors have traveled the iron age; the golden is before us.--St. Pierre.

We are indebted to Christianity for gentleness, especially toward women.--C. Simmons.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely, and leave the issue to him.--John Jay.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things and is not hurt by them.--Faulton.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.--Terence.

Our lives, by acts exemplary, not only win ourselves good names, but do to others give matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.--Chapman.

Narrow-minded and ignorant persons talk about persons and not things; hence gossip is the bane and disgrace of so large a portion of society.--Sheridan.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking about being genteel.--Hazlitt.

BOTH HAPPY.

Yes, my wife and I have separated. Indeed! What is the trouble?

Advertisement for Dr. K. & K. featuring the headline 'SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH' and 'LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN'. It includes several testimonials from men who were cured of various ailments like syphilis, impotency, and varicocele. The ad is framed with decorative borders and includes a small illustration of a man's face.

Advertisement titled 'ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD' with the sub-headline 'WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE'. It contains a collection of interesting facts and news snippets from various parts of the world, such as 'A peer cannot resign his peerage', 'Italy produces annually 70,000,000 gallons of olive oil', and 'The deepest mine in the world is the Lambert mine in Belgium'. The text is arranged in a columnar format with decorative elements.