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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is no snap to make a time exposure with a camera. An all-round writer ought to be able to get up a good circular. Hunger is a terrible thing, but some men consider thirst more so. The silent watches of the night hang in front of jewelry stores. Only a strong-minded woman can keep her calendar torn off up to date. The good may die young, but the bad nearly always outlive their usefulness. The crooked horse race is the result of a lack of straightness in the human race. An umbrella offers a good opening for people who have laid away money for a rainy day. If an orator is a word painter, a lecturer in a deaf and dumb institute must be a sign painter. It might be well for the conceited man to remember that the smallest onion is stronger than the largest pumpkin. The tandem cycle is all right in its way, but it will never see the day when it can supplant the hammock built for two. A WOMAN HATER. Cecil Rhodes is a confirmed woman hater, though he profits by their love of diamonds.

Jeremy York.

When York was searched, they found in his coat pocket a large clasp-knife with a ring through the end of it, capped, where the ring was, by a mounting of copper such as formerly might protect the butt-end of a pistol, upon which the words "Gabriel Work-sop" were rudely scored. The knife looked to have been newly cleaned. There was no stain of blood or anything approaching such a mark visible upon it. In the pocket with this knife was found a Spanish gold piece minted in the year 1690, with a hole through it, as though the coin was used as a charm or an ornament. His bundle contained merely a few trifles of wearing apparel. They also found upon him four shillings of English money and other articles of no moment as evidence. But when they came to strip him, they found the left side of his shirt heavily stained with blood. All that he said was, he was innocent of the crime charged against him, but refused to declare more. The first hearing was before the mayor of Sandwich and a bench of magistrates. The room was crowded; never in the memory of the most ancient inhabitant had anything of the kind excited so much interest, not indeed in the district, but throughout the south-eastern portion of the county. It was universally agreed that Mr. Worksop had been murdered, and by whom, if not by Jeremy York? But then, what had become of the body? The marks of blood proving that it had been dragged to the timber extension were conclusive enough; yet it was almost inevitable that a corpse thrown into shallow water close in-shore should be set upon some part of the beach by the action of the tide, unless weighted by a heavy sinker, in which case there would be a chance for the grapnel. But day after day, a broad tract stretching from Deal Castle to Sandown Castle had been swept without result. Would complete evidence be forthcoming? Would York confess, or make some admission that might help to solve the mystery?

The lady of the Lonely Star, along with other witnesses, proved that the knife and the gold coin had belonged to Mr. Worksop. The landlady stated that she had frequently handled the coin, and that on the day preceding his disappearance or death, she had asked him to sell it to her; but he replied that it had been given to him by a sweetheart twenty years before, and that he would not part with it for a ton of gold. She and other witnesses also testified to Mr. Worksop having been in possession of some thirty or forty guineas, which in his cups he had a trick of lugging out by the handful, that the company might know a jolly sailor who might be a pauper. The two boatmen that had rowed Jeremy York ashore gave evidence that he confessed he was only worth half a guinea, that there was a quarrel over the fare, and that they had to be satisfied with four shillings. York's statement, on the other hand, was as follows: He said that on the night in question he fell asleep, after having lain with the boatswain for about an hour. He was then awakened by the oppression of the atmosphere, which made him fear that he would suffocate; and being parched with thirst, he resolved to seek for the inn's back-yard, where he might hope to find a pump, where he would be sure of the relief of fresh air. As he could not lift the latch of the door, he searched Mr. Worksop's clothes, not choosing to disturb the man, who had shown himself querulous and grumbling, as though in pain, and found a knife, with which he succeeded in opening the door. It was a little past two o'clock when he returned to his bedroom; a faint light penetrated the window from the oil lamp outside, which enabled him to see that the bed was empty. He also took notice that Mr. Worksop's wearing apparel, that had lain upon a chair, was gone. He was somewhat surprised, but concluded that Mr. Worksop had been awakened, as he himself had, by the heat, had dressed and walked forth into the night, and that he would return presently. He got into bed again, but lay sleepless, until, hearing some distant clock strike four, he rose, clothed himself, took his bundle, and left the house, carrying away the boatswain's knife, which he would have left behind, had he remembered that it was in his pocket. He was unable to account for his possession of the Spanish piece of gold, which the witnesses swore had belonged to Mr. Worksop; nor could he explain how it was that there were blood-stains upon his shirt, in the bed, on the floor, not to mention the marks which terminated at the waterside. Having heard the evidence, the magistrate committed him to take his trial assizes to be held at Sandwich. There was probably but one person living at that time who believed in Jeremy York's innocence, and this was his sweetheart, Jenny Bax. The widow Bax, after much mental swaying to and fro, arrived at the conclusion that the youth was guilty. How could it be otherwise? she reasoned. As did all others who discussed the matter. The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Worksop—the knife and coin in the incriminating marks discovered on him—if these things did not point to his being the assassin of the unfortunate boatswain, what, in the name of truth, could they signify? But what had he done with the guineas, to obtain which, of course, he had committed the dreadful deed? Well, that was a thing not to be conjectured. It was strange, no doubt, that the money should not have been found upon him when he was searched; for one artful enough to conceal his booty somewhere on the road to the widow's cottage, he would have taken care to

hide such damning testimonials to his guilt as the knife and the Spanish coin. But it is always through some oversight on the part of the evil-doer that he is brought to book. However it might be as regards the concealment of the guineas and the retention of the knife and coin, it was beyond all dispute manifest that Mr. Worksop lay somewhere secreted, a murdered man, and that York was his assassin. Jenny alone believed in his innocence. She and her mother were poor; but had the widow been well to do, she would not have advanced a groat in defence of the man whom she believed a murderer. In the brief time that the lovers had been together before the arrival of the constable, York had told his sweetheart that he was in hope of obtaining the balance of his wages as second-mate from the owner of the Cosia, and this coming to Jenny's mind whilst her sweetheart lay in Sandwich jail, she wrote imploringly to the owners of the brig, of the terrible charge that had been brought against Mr. Jeremy York, and how neither of them had funds to enable them to procure counsel; and she prayed them, with all the might of her little bursting heart, to send her the money her sweetheart said was owing to him that some effort might be made to rescue him from the gibbet. In response to this piteous entreaty, the owners of the brig sent her fifteen guineas, with which money she hastened to Canterbury and there engaged the services of the likeliest lawyer that she could find in that ancient city. This lawyer had several talks with York, and he was candid enough to represent to Jenny Bax that though he would do this best, there was little or no hope. Beyond his solemn assurance of innocence, coupled with the carelessness which certainly did not look criminal, of his suffering the knife and coin to remain in his pocket, the young man seemed incapable of stating a single point upon which the defence could rely or which it could make anything of. And it turned out as the sagacious lawyer had predicted; the evidence that had been previously tendered was gone over again, and far more diligently examined; the blood-stained shirt, the knife, the coin, were produced. The landlady of the Lonely Star along with her husband and six other witnesses were present to testify to the coin, to the knife, though the name scored upon it abundantly indicated the ownership, to the money in possession of the boatswain at the time of his disappearance, to the circumstances of Jeremy York having shared the bed with him, to the avowed poverty of the young man, to the blood-marks terminating at the timber extension, from which point beyond all question the corpse had been thrown into the sea. The judge summed up, making but little of the circumstance of what he referred to as the heedlessness of York in retaining upon his person such incriminating articles as the knife and the coin. The jury conferred a few moments without withdrawing and returned a verdict of "Guilty." Whereupon his lordship put on the black cap, and after a tedious sermon on the hideousness of the crime for which the prisoner was to suffer, sentenced him to be hung by the neck until he was dead.

VII.

In the days in which Jeremy York flourished the gibbet was a much less conventional detail of the civilization of the century than the gallows now. Pirates and blood-stained smugglers were, to be sure, hanged in chains upon gallows erected on Thames mud, were fixed points in Jack Ketch's programmes when it came to maritime tragedies or felonies committed in the white water round about the coast within convenient distance; but the ordinary land-going felon was again and again "turned off" in places adjacent to the scene of his wrong-doing. There came a sort of poetical justice in hanging a man within view of the spot where, according to the ferocious laws of those days, he had earned his bitter title to the halter. In conformity then, with this practice, it was decided that Jeremy York should be hanged on a gibbet erected within musket-shot of Sandown Castle; that is to say, within a mile or so of the old wooden structure on to which he had dragged the bleeding body of the hapless boatswain, and from which, with horrid secrecy, he had committed it to the sea. It was a windy melancholy morning, sombre with the stoop of dusky weeping clouds sweeping out of the north-east, with an edge of frost in their occasional showering of wet. The sea ran a dark hard green under their shadow, with a ghastly glare of froth boiling upon the Goodwin Sands. The sandhills were dusky with crowds of people, who had assembled to witness the fine show of a hanged man; many of the gibbet, that stood back close to the road to Death, with the rope swaying tremulously in it. But the mass of the berth, as though it was an object to be admired from afar. One might have noticed, however, in the midst of the people who lingered in the immediate vicinity of what used to be called the fatal tree was a knot of some eight or ten persons, whom the least observant eye might have suspected were present from a motive that had little reference to curiosity, with a certain air of resolution in their manner; they conversed very earnestly; they might have been observed to measure the height of the arm of the gibbet from the ground, the length of the rope, and the space from where the

noose would be when the end of it had been coiled about the neck to the sand beneath. Some time before the arrival of the felon, a woman of slight figure, in deep mourning, her face concealed by a veil, came to the steadfast group of men, conversed with them for a few minutes, then broke away sobbing passionately, and was seen to walk hurriedly in the direction of Sandwich. It was whispered amongst the crowd that she was Jenny Bax, the murderer's sweetheart; and several females who recognised her as she walked away, exclaimed that, for all her mourning and veils, she could not but be an unfeeling person to come and view the gibbet where her sweetheart was to be strangled, even if she had not made up her mind to witness the whole scene from behind one of those sandhills she was skirting in such a hurry. A little before eleven o'clock a murmur ran through the crowd like the cry of a wave breaking aslant along a mile of shore. The procession was in view of a horse and cart, in which were seated York the malefactor, the chaplain of the jail exhorting him, and the hangman sitting behind, with his legs over the edge, fortifying his spirits with a sly dram from time to time from a flat bottle which he drew from his pocket, for this was a country pageant, with nothing but rooks, and here and there a farmyard labourer, as sightseers; no crowded progress, such as that from Newgate to Tyburn or Newcastle jail to the town rook. On one side of the cart walked the sheriff, on the other three constables, one of whom was Budd, and a small detachment of helpers after the pattern of the one-eyed man. Jeremy York sat cold and silent, gray as tobacco ash, habited in the clothes he wore when taken; he held his eyes bent downwards; his lips were compressed into two bloodless lines; he gave no heed to the chaplain who mumbled in his ear; he had only spoken once since he had entered the cart, and that was to say to the ordinary: "Sir, before God I am innocent." All the while he lay waiting for the day of execution he had said no more. The cart rolled up to the gibbet, and the constables and helpers drove the crowd into a circle round it. It was thought that York would make a speech, but he held his peace, never looking up. His arms were pinioned; the hangman hitched the end of the rope round his neck; the chaplain prayed earnestly and devoutly; the crowd held their breath, and not a sound broke the dreadful stillness saving the dreary sweep of the wind over the sandhills and the seething and hissing of the breakers rising and falling upon the shingle. The sheriff then gave the signal; the driver who held the horse's head started the animal, the cart rolled away, and left Jeremy York hanging.

But scarce had he swung to an erect posture under the gibbet, when it was observed that the hangman had not allowed for his considerable stature; his toes touched the ground; but ere the crowd could well distinguish this, the group of men whom the veiled woman in black had conversed with gathered round the suspended figure in such a way as partly to support it. The sheriff, conversing with the hangman, looked away; no notice was taken of the action of these people, for it was a common custom in those days for friends of a malefactor to gather about him after he had been turned off, to shore him up, and to do their best to keep him from strangling during the half-hour in which he dangled. The crowd looked on; what the group of men were trying to effect they might have guessed; but whether the criminal should be ultimately saved or immediately throttled was all the same to the mob, as it was apparently to the sheriff. It was an execution anyway; this was the sight that the people of Deal and Sandwich and of adjacent hamlets had covered the sandhills to witness, and be the issue of the spectacle what it would, there was nothing to disappoint them in the presentation of it. At the expiration of half an hour, time was called by one of the men who crowded round the motionless body; the sheriff signed to the executioner, who, springing forward, severed the rope, and the body fell into the outstretching arms of those about it. A minute after, a small cart, containing a shell, was brought to the gibbet, the body was placed in it, five men of the group who had clustered about the pendent form sprang into the cart, and within a few moments the vehicle was being driven rapidly in the direction of Sandwich.

(To Be Continued.)

A YOUNGER SON'S SUCCES. The case of a younger son is usually pitied in England, but there was a notable exception in the case of the family of the late Earl of Mansfield, who died worth some \$5,700,000. Viscount Stormont, the father of the first Earl of Mansfield, the great judge, was one of the poorest lords in Scotland, long been a by-word in England. This and "as poor as a Scottish lord" has younger son, William Murray, born in 1705, one of a family of twelve penniless children, rode off to London on his pony to attend Westminster school, and never, it is said, saw his native land again, but he left an earldom and a vast fortune to his eldest brother's heir. The Earl who recently died was the fifth of the title, and the sixth Earl is his brother. BISMARCK'S DRAUGHT BOARD. The late Prince Bismarck was an ardent lover of a game of draughts, and is said to have possessed the most valuable draught board in existence, the squares of which were made of gold and silver, to represent the light and dark squares respectively. The men were made of the same metals, the silver men having the addition of a diamond in the centre, the gold draughtsmen having a ruby inlaid in the centre of each.

LINGO OF THE COOP.

Chicken Talk That Human Beings Can Quickly Learn to Comprehend.

It is a strange language that human ears learn readily to comprehend. For the most part it is instinctive. A fuzzy toddler six hours out of the shell has five distinct calls. The first and loudest of them is the lost note, uttered when he loses sight of his mother or finds himself out in the cold. It is loud and very shrill. The second, the hunger note, is as shrill, but more plaintive. As soon as eating begins it changes to a sort of satisfied chirping.

After eating they grow sleepy, and cry to to be hovered. The note is somewhat like that of hunger, with a peculiar tremolo breaking it in the middle. Very rarely do the motes disregard it, though they may be eager to go foraging over grass plots or down hedgerows.

The fifth note, the chir-r of fright or astonishment, is the quaintest of all. The chicks themselves appear to find something in it distinctly humorous. When they are a few days old, if a big wriggling worm or a fat juicy bug be thrown to them with their usual food, they will first draw away from it, chir-r-ring in concert, then, after eyeing it a minute, seize upon it and tuck it about with faint, immature chuckling cackles. This chir-r develops at last in the grating call of warning, a sound of which from their mothers even the youngest scatter and scuttle to cover.

Anything, a bird, a kite, even a very small passing cloud sailing in the sky overhead, will evoke this warning cry. Let one hen sound it and every other will take it up. Often, oftener than not, indeed, the alarm is a false one, but centuries of hawks have impressed upon each feathered mind that danger cometh out of the air, and they govern themselves accordingly.

Everybody knows how hens cluck to their broods, but it may be news to many that, though a hundred hens may be clucking in the same inclosure, the voice of each will be individual and unmistakable to her immediate family. A chick just out of the nest may not be able to discriminate, but let him follow for a day and he is past making mistakes.

Even more wonderful is the hen's ability to differentiate her brood from all the rest. With spiteful, ill-tempered fowls this often leads to pitiful barnyard tragedies. An intruder, feeding peacefully among chicks of his own size, shape and color, has often been slain with one single blow of a sharp and angry beak.

A cock, especially a game cock, or one of Spanish breed, has a wonderful variety of crows. By means of them, indeed, he runs the whole gamut of expression—hope, fear, defiance, triumph, love, hate, rage, vanity, and a fine, ineffable conceit.

It is the hens without families, though, that are the true barnyard gossips. Any fine day, outside moulting time, you may see them, standing in groups, their heads close together, chucking and chattering like so many blackbirds, or else wallowing in light earth, pecking lightly as they scratch and wallow, and evidently finding it good sport to throw dirt over each other.

A hen, save when setting, will wallow alone. And when setting she is not normal, but a ragged, unkempt and very ill-tempered shadow of herself, scowling and pecking at whatever comes near her.

IMPROVING CIDER.

How It Is Treated in Different European Countries.

The excellent quality of the cider drunk in many parts of Germany, Austria and Switzerland has often been the theme of comment. It appears that this excellence is in a great measure due to the treatment of the fruit before it is pressed. After they have been picked from the tree the apples are well washed. This interferes somewhat with the fermentation, which becomes less active, but the cider itself has a much finer and more pleasing taste. Only the purest water must be used for the purpose. It is said that the small amount of tannin, sugar and pectic matter lost by the fruit during the process of washing is of little moment compared with the general improvement in the quality of the cider. The French method of cider-making presents some radical differences from the foregoing method. The Normans often make cider with dirty water, which they say gives a stronger and fuller flavored liquor. They even pretend that pure water does not make good cider. The popularity of cider as a drink has, if possible, been increased by the discovery by the Pasteur Institute that it is a bactericide. The bacillus of typhoid dies in cider in two to eighteen hours, according to acidity. The cider should contain at least 2 per cent. of malic acid to produce this effect, otherwise the bacillus will exist for three or four days. Ordinary cider, however, possesses at least 2 per cent of malic acid, and so it can be drunk without danger of typhoid eighteen or twenty hours after its manufacture.

THOUGHT HE MEANT CAMP FIRE.

Denny—Th' captain told me to kape away from th' inemy's foire. Larry—Phwat did ye tell him? Denny—I told him the inemy wur so busy shootin' they bodn't made lay foire yet.

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