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Scrofula.

Another permanent cure by B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennett, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forrest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

OUR GOOD QUEEN.

Not long ago Her Majesty Queen Victoria was traveling in France, and while out driving one day overtook a peasant funeral procession, where the road was so narrow there was no room to pass. The mourners stopped and stood aside, but she asked them to pass on, while she ordered her own carriage moved in line, and it moved slowly at the end of the sad little procession for quite a distance, the Queen sitting with bowed head the while till the roads diverged.

Again, when she was driving through the city of Nice one lovely afternoon, she saw a little child crying bitterly. She had her carriage stopped, and, leaning out, asked in the kindest tones the cause of distress, and at the same time pressed some bright, new coins into the little hand.

"Nothing now," said the small man, closing his fingers tightly over the precious money. And the Queen smiled well pleased when she saw smiles where the tears had been.

Unless there should be a copious fall of rain within ten days, extensive local famines are inevitable in Madras, Bombay, and the Central Provinces of India.

CANADA'S SOLDIER POLICE

THEIR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Number of Officers and Men in the Force
Their Rate of Pay—Lead the Life of a Regular Soldier in Barracks—Some Incidents of Their Life on the Plains, and Showing Their Coolness in Face of Great Danger.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand. One night it culminated in a riot. Sergeant Fury, a determined, bulldog little man, was sent, with two constables, to arrest the ring-leaders. The gang had possession of a saloon. Fury walked in, and going straight up to the man he wanted, said: "Come with me; I arrest you."

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed for the door. It was like throwing a lamb among a caged of hungry tigers. There was a mob of swaying, swearing miners in front of the little sergeant which his two assistants were vainly trying to keep back. A huge desperado made a rush at Fury from behind. He felt him coming, and without looking around fired point-blank over his shoulder, and brought him to the ground winged. It had a soothing effect upon the others, and the police got their prisoner out on the road before the crowd had time to get worked into a passion again.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again. "There'll be some quare wark this time," laughed Corporal Hetherington, for he was of the party. Just as they pulled their prisoner over a bridge which spanned a little stream, a figure came tearing down the road from the barracks with a sword in one hand and revolver in the other. It was the commander, Major Steele, whom the noise of the fighting had roused from a bed of illness. He planted himself firmly in the middle of the bridge, and vowed to kill the first member of the mob that attempted to pass.

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested. The miners knew enough of Steele to know that he would keep his word, also that their comrade would have a fair, square trial; that much Steele promised them.

Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force. Duck Lake is the "Five Points" of the Northwest. It lies 100 miles north of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Last year five white men—four policemen and one civilian—and three Indians lay dead on the prairie with their faces to the sky, to the end that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be made whole. Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry and killed a cow. The first little irregularity was that the cow belonged to somebody else. Therefore a sergeant of police and a half-breed guide rode forth to bring Almighty Voice before a magistrate. As they rode along they heard the report of a gun. They turned from the trail and came suddenly upon the Indian and two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken. "Tell him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill him!" answered Almighty Voice.

Sergeant Colbrook rode quietly forward. The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant made him put it down again. "We have no authority to kill," he said. "We've come to arrest only. Tell him to lay down his arms," he added, as he rode steadily forward.

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his code, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another pace, and the fire belched from the muzzle of the Cree's gun.

Sergeant Colbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

That was the beginning. A price was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice. While they scoured the land far and wide, Almighty Voice lived for many moons shielded by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic. Then Almighty Voice appeared upon the scene, and the scout was soon galloping for dear life—for the little life that was left him, for a bullet had gone crashing through his back, and the slayer of Sergeant Colbrook was running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail. Bending low along his horse's neck, the scout rode with reeling brain. One clutch of those dark, sinewy hands in his steed's tail, and the next instant a knife would be at his throat. The horse gained a little—the prey was escaping. The pursuer stopped for an instant, and his fierce black eyes gleamed along a gun-barrel. The bullet cut through the cowboy hat of the scout, and severed the woven hair bridle be-

tween the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap. In the morning the police were reconnoitering from a little hill. Allen saw three vertical blots on the landscape. As he looked they scampered into a bluff on all fours like deer. "That's an old game," he said. "They are the men we're after."

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late. He heard the bone of his right arm snap like a piece of glass, and his hand swung limp as a rag at his side. The bullet from Almighty Voice's rifle had smashed through his arm close to the shoulder. The exchange of leaden cards had been mutual. A 44 bullet from Allen's revolver had scorched its way through Almighty Voice's ankle.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled up a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance, he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice. He knelt for the space of five seconds looking into the face of death, expecting every minute the crash of the leaden messenger. Without uncovering his wounded quarry, the Indian pointed with two fingers and said, "Throw me your cartridge belt."

The Captain understood; the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for defense. Where he stood in the edge of the bush he was covered, and would not expose himself by coming out to finish his man with a knife. "Throw me your cartridges or I'll kill you," he said in Cree, "Never!" answered Allen.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches. A constable had sighted the Indian; the latter jumped back among the trees.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green. Then three constables—Hawkin, Kerr and Lundy—crept in through the thick, dangerous undergrowth of the stuff to drive them out. Their few comrades keeping guard on

glanced. They recovered one of their wounded comrades a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them. All that night they guarded the bluff. Once Almighty Voice tried to creep out, but was driven back. In the morning a little trail and a crutch dropped from the blood-stained hands of the Indian showed where he had tried to escape. About midnight Almighty Voice called to the police, "Brothers, we've had a good fight to-day. I've worked hard and am hungry. You've plenty of grub; send me in some. To-morrow we're trying to interrupt thus wholesale and shrien'd on a hog's back."

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men struck with a thirst engendered of life in that high dry atmosphere. A consignment of Bibles to Edmonton proved full of spiritual consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature. That the Bibles were thin did not matter in the slightest.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carmey, once ran a car-load of smuggled whiskey into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after up and downs confiscated most of it. "It was a sight to make your heart ache, sir," the sergeant who told me about it assured me. "A carload of whisky spilled out on the ground before a squad of men thirsty to their very souls. Surely a little keg wouldn't have been missed from all that lot—a wee little keg," he added plaintively.

Upon another occasion, when there had been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg." The ruby-tinted nectar had gurgled forth and sunk into the parched earth before the eyes of a thirsty file of inwardly groaning policemen. But when the bugle piped merrily for stables, there was not a corporal's guard to feed the many horses; and the superintendent took counsel with himself, and went on a tour of inspection. He jabbed viciously with his walking-stick at the brown spot of earth where the liquor, many times emptied, had burned away the grass. His stick went through the crust of earth and struck something which gave back a hollow, complaining sound. It was the bottom of a tub. On top of the tub was an old iron grate; on top of that the earth. It was a very peculiar geological formation, not described in any of the works. The superintendent spoke a word for silence; a gold coin studded with rubies; doubtless some wicked men had put it there to bring discredit upon the force. When the next lot of seized liquor was to be emptied, he said to the sergeant: "We'll take this to a new place, and give the grass a chance to grow in the old spot."

(To Be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

All the receptacles for flowers should be clear glass or white china. Some ladies have sets of Bellieek, but it is rare and costly, and any clear glass will do as well.

Cheese sandwiches are always in order to serve with salad. Grate any cheese and rub it to a paste with butter, spread the bread, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cut into strips.

A little pipe clay dissolved in the water on washing days will thoroughly clean the dirtiest linen, and will help to save labor and soap, besides the clothes being made much whiter.

A favorite form of table decoration in Paris this summer is to place a tall vase or basket of fruit or flowers in the very centre of the table. A recent pretty decoration had what the school mistress sisters in "Vanity Fair" called a "beau-pot," or a nice plant of some kind in the middle of the dinner table; but it has been reserved for the last two or three decades to heap the table with flowers—the costlier, the better liked—and to make this decoration a prominent feature of the entertainment at a dinner or supper, and to a less extent, of a luncheon party.

White veils may be nicely cleansed by soaking for half an hour in a solution of ivory or castile soap. Then press between the hands until clean. Rinse in clear water. Make a cupful of very weak starch or gum arabic, and pour over it, letting it remain until perfectly dry.

Starch is a warm weather necessity, but it takes the unerring instinct of an artist to apply it properly. The sins of omission and commission the average laundress perpetrates in its name might be called one of life's little sad-ironies, if puns were not so detestable. If some gifted woman, or man, for that matter, would give up trying to make a book, a statue or a picture, and found a school where the gentle art of starching would be taught, she might attain fame and the eternal gratitude of her fellow mortals at a single bound. A department in which people could be instructed how to infuse the desirable amount of starch into their summer manners would also be valuable.

Simplicity is what is needed in the cooking of mushrooms or their flavor is destroyed. Long cooking toughens them, therefore, have everything in readiness to serve before beginning. Two pounds of mushrooms, washed, are to be cut into thin slices, and a few drops of oil are to be added. These are to be sauteed in a pan, and when they are browned, add a few drops of vinegar and a dash of salt. Serve with a slice of bread and butter.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and athirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln. No more exciting picture was ever drawn than the sight of two policemen, with two wet blankets knotted together and trailing the ground, galloping one on either side of a line of leaping hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire line they will put out in this way.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a prohibition state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always that the man was respectable. These permits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times. A saloon-keeper with friends who held permits could store a large stock of smuggled liquor and snap his fingers at the police. It was an article of faith that men who tried to bring in liquor by means lawful or otherwise were public benefactors; while the police, who were trying to interrupt thus wholesale and shrien'd on a hog's back.

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