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ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion...

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

The Miner's Love

One September morning, while the sun was shining down in the mining town of Walong, Ellen and her father came slowly along the road.

Over in Gilt Creek a great strike had occurred, and numbers of prospectors thronged the streets and stood in groups at every corner. One rough miner turned and looked after Ellen and her father and the old hand organ.

"This here's a city now, boys!" he cried. "Just look at the organ-grinder come to town."

"Give me a tune, old man!" called out a second miner.

"Let him alone, boys," said a third. "He is blind."

Ellen led her father down the narrow street and piloted him safely through the noisy crowd. As she turned a corner she spied an unpretentious eating-house.

"Dinner fifty cents," the sign read, and she paused before the open door.

"We'll go in and get some dinner, dad. I'm fearful hungry."

She led her father to one of the small tables and slipped the organ from his back. Then she drew an old red handkerchief from her pocket and untied one corner. A little roll of coins dropped out on the table.

"Got enough, dear?" asked her father. His quick ear had caught the click of the coins.

"Lots," said she, shortly. She hastily tied up the money, and going to the counter ordered dinner for her father and for herself—only a bowl of oatmeal and milk.

"I was pretty near starved," said the old organ grinder, as he ate his roast beef with a good relish. "Hain't the meat good, Ellen?"

"Course it is!" answered Ellen, calmly taking a sip of milk.

"And the tomatoes and the rice pudding?" asked her father.

"Yes, dad; but don't stop to talk," said his daughter.

She soon finished her own simple dinner and leaned back in the stiff wooden chair. Two miners close by looked up admiringly. Her eyes were large and black, as had been those of her Italian mother, who had died when she was born. Heavy braids of black hair were wound round her head, and her cheeks and lips were crimson. Her old straw hat was tied down with a faded ribbon; her dark blue dress was stained and shabby. She wore a blanket shawl round her slender shoulders.

"We've had a splendid dinner, hain't we?" said her father, rising and taking the organ on his back.

The young woman took her father's arm and led him to the corner of the street.

"We'll stop and play here, dad." Her father patiently began to turn the crank of the old organ. She stood beside him, and eagerly scanned the faces of the passers-by. Few seemed to think the music was worth paying for. A lady gave a coin, and a miner carelessly tossed a quarter toward them.

But their supper and a night's lodging were to be paid for, and very little was left in the handkerchief.

It grew late at last. The organ-grinder had played through all his tunes.

"You are tired, dad," said Ellen, as her father paused. "We'll go and find a place to sleep."

"We don't want no supper, do we, Nell? We had such a hearty dinner."

"Yes, dad," said she, faintly. "And it was late, too," added the old man. "It must ha' been 'most three o'clock."

"Be you hungry, dad?" asked the daughter, anxiously looking into his face.

"Not a mite," answered her father, very cheerfully. "And s'pose I play a little longer. Tain't dark yet, is it? Let's walk along."

They turned a corner and found themselves in a side street, in a quiet neighborhood. There were curtains at some of the small cabins.

An open door gave a glimpse of a bright Brussels carpet. Suddenly a young girl appeared at a window, and raising the sash, very carelessly, tossed out into the road a beautiful, half-withered bouquet of noisette flowers.

Ellen quickly glanced up at the lady, who was young and had fair hair. This much she remembered always. The bouquet rolled to the young girl's feet, then stopped. She stooped and picked up the flowers. They were only a little faded. Some of the roses were quite fresh and fragrant. It must have been a beautiful bouquet once. Why did the young lady throw it away so soon?

It was nearly seven o'clock. Ellen and her father had paused before a large hotel; the space in front was crowded with men. Some of them patiently waited at the girl who stood so patiently beside the old organ. Her hat had slipped back, and her black hair lay in rings on her smooth, white forehead. She did not know how pretty she was, and wondered why the men were staring at her so. She knew she was tired and hungry. She wished some one would toss them some money. A young man came down the steps. He wore a blue flannel shirt and his coat was quite as shabby as the one her father wore. He stood in front of the organ with his hands in his pockets.

For a few moments he did not speak, but seemed to be listening to the music. And then his eyes fell on the flowers.

"Where'd you git 'em?" he asked, suddenly.

"Found 'em," answered the girl, quite as shortly.

He came a step nearer and held out his hand.

"Let me see 'em." She drew back hastily.

"Pay for 'em first. I'll sell 'em cheap," she said.

He thrust his hand still deeper in pocket, then tossed some silver on the top of the old organ. Then he took the flowers and studied them intently as he turned the bouquet round.

"Tell me where you got 'em," he asked, pleadingly.

"Found 'em," she said again. "A lady threw 'em out the window."

The young man said something under his breath then turned and walked away.

Ellen had seen the color come to his face and a hurt look in his eyes. As she looked after him he gave the bouquet a toss and it fell in the muddy street. Only to be crushed the next instant by the wheels of a passing vehicle.

"Hain't there enough money yet?" asked her father, touching her arm.

"Yes, dad," she answered. "We'll go and get some supper, and then we'll find a place to sleep."

The little parlor of Mrs. Murphy's lodging-house was crowded with miners that evening. Ellen left her father seated contentedly in a corner, and stole quietly out of the front door. She was so used to an outdoor life that she felt suffocated in a small and close room.

Some one sat on the lower step, with his head resting on his hands. He looked up and saw her as she stood hesitatingly in the doorway.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly. "It was the young man who had bought the flowers."

She sank down on the steps and drew her old shawl still closer about her.

"It's cold out here," said the young man. "Perhaps you'd better go in."

"I aint cold," answered Ellen; "I'm most always outdoors."

"Where'd you say you found the posies?" he asked, suddenly raising his head.

"A young lady threw 'em out, she had yaller hair. It was a house with white curtains at the windows. I didn't set no price on the flowers," she added hastily, "you needn't have paid so much for 'em."

"I ain't complainin' of the price," said the young fellow. "They cost me a pile to begin with."

"Did you give 'em to her?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered shortly; "more fool, too!"

"They were faded," remarked the girl, consolingly.

"Yes," he said, bitterly. "She had 'em twelve hours."

His head dropped on his hands again. "I wouldn't care," said Ellen, softly.

The young man glanced at her. Her eyes were soft with sympathy; she looked so fair in the moonlight.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Seventeen," she replied, wonderingly.

"And you travel about with your father?"

"Yes," said the girl. "Dad likes to travel. He won't let me do nothin'," she replied, proudly. "He says he can support me."

her black eyes grew bright with pleasure. "I didn't get no answer," he whispered.

Ellen looked sorry; then a curious gladness came to her eyes.

"Haven't you seen her?" she asked. "No," answered the young man; "she don't live here no more."

"I'm sorry," said the girl; "I writ it plain."

Then he looked at her admiringly. "S'pose I come to see you to-night?"

The organ-grinder took up his burden again and as they moved away she smiled over her shoulder at the young man with fair hair who looked after her as he leaned lightly on his pick.

A month later a clergyman at Walong married them.

Ellen was very happy in her new home. There were no lace curtains at the cabin windows, for her husband was but a poor prospector, with only his youth and hope. Her father still played the old organ, but he kept near home that Ellen might see him as she glanced up from her work.

One evening during the winter her husband came home and as he seated himself by the stove drew a yellow envelope from his pocket. It was old and worn by much handling and bore numerous postmarks.

"What is it?" asked Ellen, quickly. "An old letter fur me," answered her husband. "They said it had bin folerin' me 'round everywhere. I hain't been in one place long the past year. It ain't much good now. S'pose you read it."

She took the letter and tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines.

It began "Darlin' Jim," and was signed "Your own Lizzie." It stated that the writer would marry him at any time.

"Don't look so!" cried her husband, as Ellen grew deadly white. She did not speak, but stood perfectly still with the letter clutched in her hand.

But her husband threw his strong arms around her.

"I'm glad I didn't get it!" he cried. "Don't you know I love you best? Nobody can't take your place now."

A WALK TO THE SUN.

The Aggregate Man Takes a Stroll of 70,000 Every Second.

If the average old man of comparatively sedentary habits were told that during his life he had walked as many miles as would compass the earth at the equator six times, he would probably be very much surprised, says the London Daily Mail.

And yet such a pedestrian effort only represents an average walk of six miles a day for a period of sixty-eight years.

Similarly, the man who is content with the daily average walk of four miles will consider himself an athlete on learning that every year he walks a distance equal to a trip from London to Athens.

When one considers the aggregate walking records of the world the figures are even more surprising. Assuming that each individual averages a four-mile walk a day—and this cannot be considered an extravagant estimate when one remembers that Mr. Thomas Phipps, of Kingham, has walked 440,000 miles on postal duty alone—the startling conclusion is arrived at that the world covers a journey of 69,444 miles every time the clock ticks, night and day.

This means that the world's walking record for a second of time is equal to two trips round the Equator and more than thirteen jaunts between London and Naples. Every minute the aggregate man walks a distance equal to eight return-trips to the moon, supplemented by over fifteen walks round the earth's waist.

In an hour he would walk as far as the sun and back again, take a trip to the moon, from the earth, 140 times, while still leaving himself a stroll of 190,000 miles to finish the cigar he lit at the commencement of his journey of sixty minutes. But considering the rate of his progress, it is probable that even a slow smoker might require a second cigar before finishing the walk.

In a single year the aggregate man walks a distance of 2,490,000 million miles, which, after all, inconceivably great as it is, would take him less than one-eleventh part of the way to the nearest fixed star.

It is well for the aggregate man's exchequer that he walks these distances instead of covering them by rail. At the rate of a penny a mile, the world's annual walk would cost £9,125,000,000, or ten times as much as is current throughout the entire world. To purchase a ticket for this distance it would be necessary to mortgage the entire United Kingdom to three-fourths of its full value.

RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT.

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travellers by pretending to mistake them for noblemen occasionally meets one who does not fall into the trap. The following example is taken from an English paper:

An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera house, by an usher, who bowed low and said, The door is open, prince.

The Englishman glanced at him, and without extending the expected fee, simply said, Thank you very much, viscount.

ORIGIN OF MILLINER.

Milliner is a corruption of "Milaner," from Milan, which city at one time gave the fashion to the world in all matters of taste in woman's head-gear.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

THE DOINGS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE REPORTED BY MAIL.

Record of Events Taking Place in the Land of the Rose—Some Interesting Occurrences.

Sleeping cars were introduced into Great Britain in 1878.

The oldest militia force in Great Britain is that of the Channel islands.

Lady Salisbury continues to make slow but steady progress towards recovery.

It is proposed to convey the honorary freedom of Bath upon the Earl of Rosebery.

Dr. Murray's new dictionary of the English language will contain 200,000 words.

The new Australian service of the White Star Company was inaugurated on the 3rd instant.

New Zealand farmers now send frozen cream to London, where it is churned for butter.

The consumption of water in Manchester has reached the high figure of 40,000,000 gallons per day.

A London dealer says the sale of diamonds this season is the smallest known for several years.

Telephonic communication is expected to be instituted shortly between Liverpool and Paris.

The Durham coalowners have decided to grant a two and a half per cent. advance in the miners' wages.

The Queen will reside at Osborne for between five and six weeks before going to Balmoral.

The trustees of wates and her daughters are all fond of arranging the flowers on their own dinner tables.

Rev. Wm. Wright, D. D., editorial superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society since 1876, is dead.

Mr. Alexander McMillan has been appointed to the professorship of Indian Jurisprudence, at King's College, London.

Mr. Edward Plumer Price, Q.C., formerly recorder of York and judge of Norfolk county court, died on the 2nd inst.

Thirty thousand women spend their lives in driving and steering the canal boats in southern and middle England.

The treasurer of Guy's Hospital, London, has received a further donation of £5,000 to the re-endowment fund from "M."

Lloyd's reports an increase of more than 1,100,000 tons in the world's shipping between 30th June, 1898, and 30th June, 1899.

The good service pension of £150 per annum, vacant by the promotion of Capt. E. F. Jeffreys, has been awarded to Capt. John S. Halifax.

The Duke of Westminster possesses a clock, the pendulum alone of which is worth £48,000, for it is set with 48 flawless diamonds, each valued at £1,000.

Lady George Hamilton, on the 28th ult., opened the new wing of the Victoria Hospital at Deal, which was enlarged in commemoration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

The Midland Railway Company have declared a dividend at the rate of 2-1/2 per cent. on the preferred stock, and 3-1/2 per cent. on the deferred stock, carrying forward £20,000.

The first British organized expedition to study the treatment of diseases of tropical climates left Liverpool on the 29th ult., for the Grand Canary and the West Coast of Africa.

A peer who becomes a bankrupt is disqualified from voting or sitting in the House of Lords. A peer of Scotland or Ireland is by bankruptcy disqualified from representing his country.

The Queen Anne's Mansion is the highest and hugest block of buildings in London. It contains 350 suites of rooms or altogether between 1,000 and 1,100 apartments. The carpets covering the stairs and corridors are three miles long.

Thomas George Mylchreest, a Manxman, has been bequeathed by his uncle, John William Naylor, late managing director of Fairbairn, Naylor, Macpherson & Co., Leeds, personal and real estate amounting to £350,000.

The freedom of Devonport was presented to Sir W. White, K. C. B., and also to Alderman May and Ryder, both of whom have been associated with the governing life of the borough for upwards of 60 years.

NO WONDER HE WAS DISGUSTED.

No, said the convicted saloonkeeper, I won't have you to defend another case for me. But, his lawyer protested, you know you were guilty, and you know, too, that the evidence against you was overwhelming. Oh, I don't deny that but after having the case postponed four times you run out of excuses. A lawyer what ain't got no more resources than that can't git fees from me.

"GOSSAMER" IRON.

"Gossamer" iron, the wonderful product of the Swansea iron mills, is so thin that it takes 4,800 sheets, piled one on the other, to make an inch in thickness.