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AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY
--WE MAKE--

Furnace Kettles, Power Straw-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 repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

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I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles

CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

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

The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood.

It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. R. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

"I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful."

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FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

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That is why "Monsoon" the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and ½ lb., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 12 and 13 Front St East, Toronto.

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LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS always on hand.

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MUNN & CO.,
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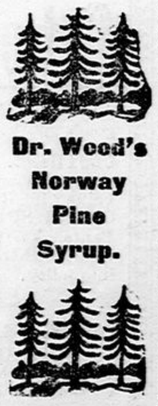
Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail.



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LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

The "Chronicle" is the only 12-Page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

YOU SING = =

CHAPTER III.

This discovery marked a new departure in our relations toward each other. Hitherto I had looked upon You Sing as I might have done upon a big faithful dog, but never dreamed of crediting him with any intelligent initiative. His behaviour so far had cetainly justified me in this opinion; but now he became completely transformed. In the most energetic pantomime, and with strangely severe struggles to enunciate a few words of my language, he endeavoured to explain to me the origin of all these treasures. I did not find it hard to understand the general drift of his attempt to enlighten me, because I had already suspected something of what I was now gathering from him. Roughly, it was to the effect that the cargo we had relieved the junk of was the accumulated hoard of a nest of pirates who had long been preying upon such seafarers as they dared attack without fear of reprisals, and who were all deliberately slain after they had been plundered and their vessels scuttled. Then the wretches had turned their bloody hands against each other, and by so doing somewhat atoned for their innumerable crimes by ridding the world of two-thirds of the gang. The survivors then loaded up all the most valuable of the stored plunder into the most seaworthy junk they possessed, and, divesting her of all suspicious appearance, sailed for some port where they intended to dispose of their loot. Again Nemesis overtook them; they had befouled the seas too long. They stealthily murdered one another as opportunity served, until there were hardly enough of them left to handle the junk. You Sing was a slave who had done their cooking, having been spared for that purpose alone out of the entire crew of a large barque they had surprised one night. Doubtless his turn to perish had nearly arrived, when, going down into their storeroom under the cabin for some rice, he found himself in a sort of trap from which he was unable to escape. There he would certainly have perished of starvation, instead of sharing the unknown fate of the remnant of his tyrants, but for our intervention. And in various quaint ways he gave me to understand that he considered his life to belong to this ship and her crew, of whom the child asleep and my small self were now the sole representatives.

I could not bring myself to the point of heaving all those pretty things overboard; but seeing what a dread he had of them, I stowed them all in the late skipper's berth under his bedplace, in two large drawers, which I locked and hung the key round my neck. Then, for the first time, I began to think about working the ship. Unfortunately I had not the faintest idea of which was the best direction to steer in, for I did not know, within at least a thousand miles, our position. I imagined, of course, that we were somewhere south of Formosa, and between that great island and the Philippines; but that was vague in the extreme. And I was in hourly terror of being sighted by a wandering junk of whatever character, feeling certain of a barbarous death at the hands of any of You Sing's countrymen who might happen to find such a prize as the Blitzen. How I longed for the sight of a smokewreath festooning the horizon! That vision would have nearly set me crazy with joy. But I suppose we were far out of the track of steamers, for we saw no sign of one.

Aided most manfully and sensibly by You Sing, I clewed up the royals and topgallant sails with a view of making the vessel easier to handle, and with a great deal of labor managed to haul up the course, mainsail and foresail, as well, taking the gear to the capstan where it was too heavy for our united efforts, until those great squares of canvas hung snug as they could be without being actually furled. Then, after long cogitation, I decided to make for the coast of China, which I knew must be west of us, and trust to a merciful God to bring us in sight of either some civilized port or ship before any of those calm, merciless pagans came across us. Now we each took a regular trick at the wheel, You Sing learned to do in less than half-an-hour; and little Elsie, all her high spirits gone, and docile as You Sing himself, even took a spell at steering, when we would let her. Heaven alone knows what our track would have looked like on the chart, but it's my belief that we were getting to the westward at the rate of about twenty miles a day for the best part of a week, I lost all count of time; and, though it seems hard to believe, I was actually beginning to feel quite important as the commander of a big vessel on the high seas. We fed well and we slept well—at least Elsie and I did; as for You Sing, I don't know whether he ever slept at all. He did all the cooking, kept everything clean and tidy, and was ever ready when called upon. Besides all this, he had won his way into the affections of Elsie; and I almost felt a pang of jealousy when I heard her clear laugh at some of the quaint antics he cut in order to amuse her. Had it not been for the one haunting dread of being overhauled by a junk, I believe we should have been quite happy. For the terror of the past tragedy had faded from our minds, and the sea was kind and gentle, the soft breeze blew sweetly, though it varied a great deal, making our task of trimming the yards in order to keep the vessel somewhere near her course—due west—an uncommonly heavy one.

Then it fell a flat calm. Now, I had, even at that early age, all a sailor's horror of a calm, and this one troubled me more than any I had yet experienced. The silence was almost unbearable. I could not rest day or night—it lasted three days—for more than an hour or so at a time; and when I fell asleep from sheer weariness I always woke with my heart thumping furiously and in an icy sweat of fear. The inaction got upon my nerves, so that I began to hear strange noises, and to imagine that the dead crew were among us, grieving because we were yet alive, and scheming to secure our company. This state of mind grew upon me to such an extent that at last I dared not leave You Sing, clinging to him as the one hope I had of ever again seeing the land of the living. He—grave, careful, and kind as ever—accepted this entire change in our relative positions with the same serene behaviour as before; and in my worst mental trouble I had only to look into his eyes to be completely comforted. Elsie, strange to say, seemed quite happy. She was carelessly kind to me; but she loved our Chinese friend. A word or two from him, in an unintelligible jargon, would set her dancing with delight, and it was only during his unavoidable absence from her for a short time that she ever seemed to feel the misery of our position.

On the tenth evening (I think) of our loneliness, and the third of the calm, I was lolling against the useless wheel watching, with eyes that observed naught, the fantastic efforts of You Sing to amuse Elsie, when an appalling feeling of dread suddenly came over me. It was as if I was going to be violently sea-sick, and affected my limbs to such an extent that I slid down from the wheel to the deck. This disabling sensation was happily only momentary in its effect, so that I was able to rise to my feet again almost immediately, although trembling violently. Whatever mysterious cause had thus affected me I could not tell, and it was evidently peculiar to myself, for my two shipmates were still merry at their play. But I was deperately uneasy, fearing that I was going to be very ill. I left the deck and descended into the cabin, seeing, to my astonishment, several rats prowling uneasily about. They took scarcely any notice of me, and I was too upset to obey the momentary impulse to chase them. I sank down on a settee and tried to collect myself, but I was too uneasy to sit still, and soon wandered out on the main-deck again.

Aimlessly I slouched forward and climbed up on the forecastle head. As soon as I reached it, on looking ahead I saw a sight that thickened my blood. Right before the vessel rose a dense mass of inky cloud extending over an arc of the horizon of about one-sixth of its circumference. It was dome-shaped, and upon its apex rested the descending sun, his glowing disc changed into a dull bronze-green ball that shed no light around. It looked as if the glorious orb was sick unto death. As I watched with growing anxiety, the painfully changed luminary sank slowly into that black mountain of gloom and disappeared. But above it the clear sky reflected its ghastliness, not by reason of its rays ascending, for it appeared to have none, but as if some unknown light from the bowels of the earth had broken through the sea and was thus disfiguring the beautiful face of the heavens.

Tearing myself away from the disabling fascination of the sight, I returned to the poop, noticing with much satisfaction that my trembling had almost ceased. I found You Sing and Elsie sitting on a hen-coop watching with solemn faces the rising gloom ahead in perfect silence, all their pleasant play at an end. Meeting You Sing's eye, I read therein a reflection of my own concern, and in an instant we understood each other. Doubtless, it being his native country, he understood the ominous signs far better than I, although even the child could see and feel that something terrible was impending; and as I went up to her to coax her below he murmured in my ear two words of pure Chinese, which, because they have passed into the English language, I understood at once, "Ty fosng!" They rang like through my brain like a sentence of death; but I actually felt some relief at knowing the worst. For of we were about to encounter a typhoon in our utter helplessness either to prepare for it by furling sail, or to handle the vessel in any way, what hope could there be of our survival? But there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that, whatever happens, it is no fault of yours; that you can do nothing of any service but just endure and hope. And that was exactly our position.

We got Elsie down below without alarming her, laid in a stock of fresh water in the cabin, and barricaded the doors opening on to the main-deck. Then we got some old sails up from the locker and covered the cabin skylight, lashing it down as securely as we knew how. The cabin being as secure as we could make it, we braced yards sharp up on the starboard tack (although I don't know why I chose that side, I'm sure), for I had a dim idea that we should stand a better chance so than with the yards square as they were, since I knew very well that in heavy gales of wind a vessel ought to be hove to, and that was always effected by bracing the yards forrard. Then I let go the topsail-sheets and lowered the upper topsails down on the cap. We also hauled all the jibs and stay-sails down, making them as snug as we could. Last of all I put the helm hard down and lashed it there. My hope was that in the first burst of the tempest the big sails that were loose would blow away, and that the vessel would then heave herself to naturally, although I knew well enough that if caught by the lee she would probably capsize or drive under stern foremost.

While we had been thus busy the rising pall of clouds had imperceptibly grown until exactly half of the concave above was perfectly black—black as the adit of a coal-mine. The other half astern was of an ugly green tint, as unlike the deep violet of the night sky in those latitudes as could well be imagined. Its chief peculiarity, though, was its light. That segment of the sky was full of glare, diffused light that was even reflected on to the vessel, and yet could not be traced to any definite source. The contrast between this uncanny radiance and the crepe-like darkness of the other half of the sky was tremendous, and of itself enough to inspire fear in the breast of any creature living.

Presently, as we watched in strained silence, came the beginning of what we were to know; a twining golden webwork of electric fires all over the swart roof of cloud, or whatever that gloom was built of, and in a hot puff of wind the destroying genie of the tropics uplifted the opening strains of his song. All cries of uttermost woe were blended in it as it faintly fell upon our ears, indistinctly as if echoed and re-echoed from immeasurable distances, but growing louder and wilder with every burning breath. Then, in one furious blast, accompanied by a cracking blaze of lightning, the typhoon burst upon us. It was just sufficiently on the starboard bow to avoid catching us aback, and the vessel sailed off, heeling over to its force until her lee rail was awash, and the gleaming foam toppled inboard in a smother of pale light. Lower and lower the sky descended until it seemed as if we might have reached upward and touched it; and, unable to bear the sight any longer, I fled below, followed by You Sing, and securely fastened the scuttle behind us.

Elsie was asleep when I peeped into her room, for which I felt profoundly thankful; for how could we have comforted her? I sat down by You Sing's side and looked up wonderingly into his impassive face, which, as usual, was lighted by a tender smile as he met my troubled gaze. He took hold of my hand and patted it, murmuring his shibboleth, "Ullo, Tommy," and in spite of my terrors I smiled. Outside, the uproar was beyond description; but except that we lay over at a most dangerous angle we were fairly steady. The force of the wind did not permit the sea to rise, and so between sleeping and waking that awful night passed.

(To be continued.)

SWALLOWED HARDWARE.

This Youth Wanted to Earn Money as a Museum Freak to Support His Mother and Sister.

Out of the ranks of common men steps John Fasel, at nineteen, and stands revealed to the world, a hero, a curiosity. A hero because he strove to carry out a noble resolve; a curiosity because he transgressed, more or less successfully, certain physiological laws.

Fasel is the Brooklyn lad who swallowed large quantities of hardware. In St. John's Hospital, he was operated upon and Head Surgeon George Hopkins and several colleagues took from the opening in his stomach the following: 129 common pins, six hairpins; two horseshoe nails, ten 2 1-2-inch nails, two latch-keys, a ring with a stone setting and three chains—one brass and two nickel. There were other things which the doctors did not get. When he recovered from the effects of the anaesthetic Fasel told the doctors he had also swallowed in addition to the articles enumerated above, several hundred pins, eight horseshoe nails, a brass express check, a shoe buttoner and a glass pendant from a chandelier. These things are still in him. When asked why he ate them he merely said: "To make some extra money to help my poor mother and my sick father."

The boy's father is dying of consumption and his ambition is to support his mother and sister by appearing in public.

THE MOTHER'S STORY.

Perhaps John Fasel's story is best told in the language of his mother, who, in her statement of her son's ambition, was quite unconscious of the picture of misery she was unveiling. She told of it during a pause in her work of cleaning her bare little kitchen. Her husband lay on his pallet near the stove, punctuating her remarks with his hacking cough.

"Johnny always had an idea of going on the stage,' said Mrs. Fasel. "He particularly wanted to belong to a circus. He could do some wonderful sleight-of-hand tracks. He had a partner, Henry Heineman, who worked in the shop beside him. He did these tricks just like John.

"Well, one night we were sitting at the supper table and there was no more food left. John asked for more, and when I told him it was all gone he says: "All right, mother, this will do just as well!" and with that he takes a pin from his coat and just swallowed it.

"Well, I was that struck! 'It'll kill you,' I says, 'No, it won't,' says he, I've often done it—me an' Henry.'

'Then he told me how he had often swallowed pins and nails. Once, he said, a pin or a nail stuck in his throat and he had been to the hospital unknown to me to have it removed.

"Well, after that he often swallowed things. He seemed to have a cast-iron stomach. I asked him how it felt. He said he did not feel the things at all—that is, no more than you might feel a crust of bread going down. He swallowed a glass pendant and he took button-hooks as easily as you might eat a stick of candy, and from button-hooks he took to swallowing chains.

SWALLOWED A THREE-FOOT CHAIN.

"I saw him swallow a chain three feet long. It was the only thing I ever knew him to revolt against. He could not keep it down. Maybe it would have killed him if he had.

"Unknown to me he was going out nights and earning money by giving exhibitions of swallowing.

"On Thanksgiving Day he and Henry Heineman had a regular feast of hardware They ate everything hard and small they could find. One thing John did was to wrap up a dozen or so pins in paper and swallow the package.

"John got offers from museums and side shows and he expected to go with Barnum's Circus this spring. One night a man came and asked him to attend a smoker in Brooklyn. That was the night he overdid himself, In the presence of people who ought to have known better than to let him do it he ate all those things they took out of him in the hospital. He was feeling bad the next day, and from that on he grew worse.

DR. HOPKIN'S STATEMENT.

Dr. George Hopkins, surgeon of St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, said:

"When I first saw John Fasel he was suffering from severe pains in the abdomen, due to the great quantity of nails, pins, and other hard substances he had swallowed. It was necessary to operate on him. We began by taking X-rays photographs, of the region about the stomach.

"Drs. E. P. Harman, H. A. Fairbairn, E. E. Woolworth, E. F. Bishop, H. B. De la Tour, E. Worth, H. D. Hotchkiss, Knight and Crittenden were present, when the operation was performed We made an incision three inches in length, and found horseshoe nails, ordinary nails, pins, hairpins, latch keys, a ring and three chains. One of the chains was as long as my watch chain; the other two were each half as long.

"Fasel is now resting quietly. His temperature is normal, and his pulse is regular. I think he will get well, although I may have to make another incision.

"He told me he ate those things at the rate of $3 an hour in order to earn extra money to help his mother and sick father."

Who is strong? He that can conquer his bad habits and keep up with progress.

Hale Old Age.

Sad to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be attained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

befriend the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System.

Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., spoke as follows:

"I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man."

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

"I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me."

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
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DURHAM, ONT.

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☞ All advertisements, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than TUESDAY morning.

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County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lot Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Bentinck, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot Durham.

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The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.

TRADE RIPANS TABULES MARK

IS THIS TRUE?

"I take it," said the man who had been reading about one of the fights in South Africa, "that this was a real, genuine British victory."

"What makes you so certain?" asked the other man?

"Why, the cable is still working. A British defeat falls on the cable with a dull, sickening thud and breaks it."

Cash System

Adopted by

N., G. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance of the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.