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BIRDS FOR SACRIFICE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Blood of Christ.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar-wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field." Leviticus xiv. 5-7.

The Old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter-house, strewn with the blood, and the bones, and horns, and hoofs of butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As he appears at the other end of the corridor we can only see the outlines of His character; coming nearer, we can discern the features. But when, at last, he steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of Heaven announce Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wild wood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of heaven. He was the favourite of the land. He was the King's son. Whenever a victory was gained, or a throne set up, He was the first to hear it. He could not walk incognito along the streets, for all heaven knew Him. For eternal ages He had dwelt amid the mighty populations of heaven. No holiday had ever dawned on the city when He was absent. He was not like an earthly prince, occasionally issuing from a palace heralded by a troop of clanking horseguards. No; He was greeted everywhere as a brother, and all heaven was perfectly at home with Him.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion, and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say, "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tributes to the King are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the prince, the King's son; and I see Him push out one day, under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of the inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth has smitten Him, and the spirits of the lost world put their black wings over His flying head, and shut the sun out. The Hawks and vultures swooped upon this dove of the text, until head, and breast, and feet ran blood—until, under the flocks and beaks of darkness, the poor thing perished. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified Him who came down from heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be His glorious name for ever!

I notice also, in my text, that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed, nor the cormorant, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text; and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. Although He spent His boyhood in the worst village on earth, although blasphemies were poured into His ear enough to have poisoned any one else, He stands before the world a perfect Christ. Herod was cruel, Henry VIII. was unclean, William III. was treacherous; but point out a fault of our King. Answer me, ye boys, who knew Him on the streets of Nazareth. Answer me, ye miscreants who saw Him lie. The septuagint translators have tried for eighteen hundred years to find out one hole in this seamless garment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day, in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ, says, "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in summer showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress us with thy innocence! But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop-branch,

A LOCK AS A DETECTIVE.

An Indian Rajah's Plan to Watch His Honest Servant.

A lock for which Messrs. Chubb, the famous English locksmith, not long ago received an order, taxed the ingenuity of all their experts. It is a point of honor with the firm that no order, however uselessly ingenious, shall baffler the inventive faculty of the designers or the technical skill of the workmen. Whatever a customer wants he must have.

The order came from an Indian rajah. After the manner of dusky potentates, he suffered from the dual possession of dishonest servants and magnificent diamonds. The diamonds had been disappearing at an alarming rate, and although only seven servants had access to the box containing them, it had been found impossible to discover the culprit. Whether the rajah dismissed his retinue or put them to death on suspicion, the thefts continued with unbroken regularity.

In his extremity he thought of Messrs. Chubb. An ordinary person would have contented himself with procuring a safe, the lock of which would answer to no key but his own, but the rajah desired something more. He wanted not simply to preserve his jewels, but to catch the thief. It was the fashioning of a lock that should carry out the rajah's idea that taxed the ingenuity of the designers of the great lock-making establishment.

The rajah's order was for an exceedingly complicated lock. He wanted a safe fitted with eight different keys, one for each of his servants and one for himself. A piece of glass about eight inches square was to be let into the front of the safe. To carry out his wishes, the lock must be so constructed that upon the opening of the safe by any particular key the photograph of the opener should appear immediately in front of the glass, to remain there until another key was inserted. Thus it would be always possible to tell who had last opened the safe.

The clumsy ingenuity of the idea made it a hard one to carry out, but in less than a week an apparatus was designed which would contain the seven photographs. This was fastened inside the safe and made to communicate with the lock. By a clever mechanical device, the key of each servant, as it turned the lock, acted on the photograph and brought it into view.

Whether this unique lock answered its purpose is not yet a matter of history, but it was certainly a clever piece of mechanism.

NATURAL FEET IN CHINA.

At last a movement is under way to abolish the hideous custom of binding the feet of the Chinese women. It will probably be many years before much will be accomplished, for the idea is so entirely novel to the antiquarian Celestials, but gradually the custom may be broken down. Mrs. Little, an English woman, doing mission work in China, some time ago organized "The Tien Tsu Hai," or "Natural Feet Society," and all the missionaries are using their influence to bring about the reform. In speaking of the matter Mrs. Little says: "This custom of footbinding dates back one thousand years, and until the women of China are released from this terrible bondage, endured only to please the men, there is no hope for China."

NEW MODE OF CHEESE-MAKING.

Carleton Experimenters Have Now Caught the English Patent.

An interesting experiment in the curing of cheese is being carried out at Carp, Carleton county, under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying. The English palate likes a Canadian cheese of a flavour similar to the English Cheddar, which is cured at 62 degrees Fahrenheit. At Carp a special room has been set apart in the factory, the air of which is drawn into the room through the drains, cooling it so that the temperature of the room is continuously under 65 degrees, and a flavour is given to the cheese cured in it equal to the best English make.

Last year similar experiments were carried on, and the unanimous opinion of the Montreal Cheese Board was that cheese so cured was worth half a cent per pound more than cheese from the very same vat cured under ordinary circumstances. In addition, the shrinkage in weight of the cheese in the cooler room is much less. On the basis of last year's output of cheese in Canada the increased value represented by the new method would be about \$800,000, or to a small factory it would represent an annual increase of \$40,000 after the initial expense of \$250. The general adoption of the new system in Canada will certainly work a revolution in this important industry.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does "M.D." mean on a doctor's card? Pa.—It means "money down," my son.

WHEN WOMAN IS SUPREME.

"Liberia is the paradise of mother-in-laws," says Miss Agnes McAllister, the author of "A Lone Woman in Africa," who has been for the past twelve years in charge of the Garraway Mission, Liberia.

"When a child is born some member of the family is sent at once to the devil doctor to inquire who it is and what its name shall be. He goes up into the house top, taking with him a cow horn. This he blows to call the devil, and the devil is supposed to tell who it is that has come back into the world. For the people believe that every new-born child is some deceased member of the family who has returned to life among them. It sometimes receives the same name it had before, and sometimes the name is changed.

"A young mother is never permitted to have the care of her child, an older woman being called in. These nurses may be seen any morning sitting on one of their common chairs, which is nothing more than a stick of stove wood, out of doors, with a pepper board by their side. They will rub one finger in the pepper on the board then thrust it as far down the child's throat as possible, and massage and stretch the throat thoroughly until the poor little creature is almost strangled and throws up all that is in its stomach. The wretched infant is then laid down to sleep on its little mat on the floor by the fire.

"When a child is 9 to 10 months old small bells are tied to its person at its wrists, waist and ankles. These are intended to coax it to walk. The mother then takes it to a devil doctor, who makes a charm, which she ties about its waist. But often I have seen children without even these charms, and when I asked for an explanation I was told that the child was supposed to be some one who had returned from the spirit world only to find articles to carry back: If its parents should dress it or give it anything it would not stay, but would take the things and be gone. So it is forbidden clothing and ornaments, in hopes that it will change its mind and remain on earth.

"When a girl is from 6 to 10 years of age she wears on her forearms brass rods, sometimes twisted in a spiral and sometimes bent into separate rings. These are put on half way up to the elbow—put on with a hammer to stay. They are worn night and day until the arms become sore. Then they may be taken off, for the scars will always be there to prove that the girl wore jewelry when she was young. If a woman grows up without these marks on her arms it is a lasting source of annoyance to her; for should her neighbors become vexed they cast it up to her that her mother was too poor to put jewelry on her child. This is a great insult, as they all aspire to be considered wealthy.

"Girls are usually betrothed at 7 years of age, and when about 10 she is taken to live with her betrothed's people, where she will be associated with him and learn "his fashion." She is supposed to study his wishes and live to please him.

"A man going off to his work in the morning is never sure he will find his wife on his return. It is a common thing for her to run away, and she is considered a very queer woman who has not at some time left her husband. When he goes visiting he usually takes her with him, to carry his chair, light his pipe and to make sure of having her when he gets back. After harvest the women go on dancing parties from town to town, and are entertained with feasting by their friends.

"Every town has its head women, who judges and punishes offenders without asking the advice or consent of the man. I have asked for an explanation of this custom, and have always been told, 'Woman is the mother of man, and he ought to listen to her.' Some of these women are remarkable orators. I have often seen one of them standing in the midst of a crowd of people—kings, chiefs, soldiers and women—all seated on the ground, and according profound attention to the 'queeda,' as they call her. The men of a town dare do nothing to which the women seriously object, as they think women have more influence with God and the spirit world."

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

NEW CURE FOR CANCER. Tuberculous Ails, It is said, Shows Best Results From the Use of Kalagua. A new specific for tuberculosis and cancer has, it appears, just been discovered says a Paris despatch. It is true that scarcely a week passes without some such discovery being reported. Nevertheless, as nothing ought to be rejected "a priori," we think it right to point out to our readers a medicine which its promoters claim to be a cure for these two terrible diseases. The plant in question is called kalagua, and grows in South America. M. Ch. Patin, a Belgian Consul, who is a botanist and an explorer, is said to have used kalagua with success in the treatment of bovine tuberculosis, and Dr. Alberto Restreps has obtained excellent results from its use on his own person. Dr. Stubbert of the Loomis Sanitarium, at Liberty, N. Y., and Dr. Wechold, another American physician, claim to have effected cures of patients, whose recovery was despairing of. Lastly, the Belgian doctors, Yenoos Popelin, Hendricks and Coremans, announce that kalagua has, to some extent at least, realized the expectations they had formed of it. Kalagua is not poisonous. It stimulates nutrition and increases the weight. It is not for us to pass an opinion on kalagua, but from the fact that it appears to stimulate nutrition and increase the weight, it certainly merits attention and enquiry.

A HEART-BREAKER. Mrs. Seaside—Oh! I think divorces are simply awful! I never could bear to hear of another woman filling my place—never! Mrs. Breezy—You couldn't! Mrs. Seaside—No! It would simply break my heart to think of any other woman writing to Harold for money! INFERRED. Mrs. Hatterson—I don't know what I shall do. My husband has been so discontented lately over his meals at home. Mrs. Catterson—Why, I didn't know you were without a cook.

AUNT ANN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Aunt Ann, I am surprised to hear you say you are in favor of second marriages. How can you justify them? Why, my dear young widow, if your first marriage was a happy one you will never be happy until you are married again. If it was a failure you are entitled to another trial.