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Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLIII.

Her husband's words made a great impression on Lady St. Just. She knew they were true. She had room for no other thought in her mind but the thought of the child Oswald.

"One thing is plain," she said to herself; "if I wish to keep my secret, I must not let it absorb me so entirely."

That soon became her one great object, and the day came that brought her a very fair chance of achieving it.

As when she visited Gerald Dorman, she dressed herself as plainly as possible—a black silk dress that showed some signs of wear, a dark traveling-cloak, a bonnet with a thick veil.

She contrived to leave the house without being seen, having sent John Hubble out previously. She walked some little distance and then took a cab.

"It is a long drive," was the man's comment when she gave the address.

"You shall be well paid for it," she replied, with sublime ignorance of a cabman's peculiarities.

Her heart beat loud and fast as the cab stopped before a large square house standing back from the road and surrounded by trees.

"You will wait for me," she said, as the man opened the door—"I may be some time."

The man seated himself on his box, took out his newspaper, and mentally congratulated himself on being "in for a good thing."

"I want to see one of the young gentlemen, a Master Henry Dorman, is here?"

"Yes, please step this way, and I will fetch him," was the reply.

She was shown into a small ante-room, with nothing very cheerful to recommend it—it contained a square table, a few horse-hair chairs, a pair of globes, and a large map.

Lady St. Just sat down. Her heart was beating fast, her limbs trembled—she could not stand.

She had given up her heavy veil, and seemed to gasp for breath; her lips burned like fire; then she drew down her veil, and tried to calm her terrible agitation. She heard footsteps.

A tall, elderly gentleman entered the room, who introduced himself as Mr. Hardman, the head-master. He looked curiously at the beautiful face half hidden by the veil.

"You wish to see one of our boys, madam—Henry Dorman? He is an orphan, I believe. May I ask if you know any of his relatives?"

"I knew his mother," she replied. "I should like to see him, although he would not know me. I knew his mother when he was quite a little child."

"We are obliged to be cautious," said Mr. Hardman. "As a rule, we require a note from the parents or relations before any one is allowed to see any of the boys. But in this case I can dispense with the formality."

"I will send young Dorman to you, madam," he said, as he quitted the room.

Ah, Heaven, if her heart would but beat less wildly—if the clinging mist would but pass from before her eyes—if her trembling hands would but grow still!

When had she seen Oswald last? She remembered the day and the hour. He had said a lesson correctly to poor dead Gerald, and, as a reward, she gave him a ball he had been longing for.

"You are a good sister, Vivien," he

had said, as he ran laughing from the room. A good sister! The words returned to her with a keen pang.

"Some one to see me, James? You must be mistaken. No one ever comes to see me."

"You will see for yourself, Master Dorman," was the answer; and then he stood before her.

Her eyes almost devoured him. Her breath came in thick hot gasps as she looked at him. How was she to hide him? How was she to hide her sin?

"Are you quite sure," he said "that you want to see me? I did not think any one in the world would know me."

"I shall be better when I have seen the boy," she thought. "I am haunted by a thousand fears and a thousand thoughts that will be laid as ghosts are laid when I have seen him."

"I wish I had known her," he returned. "When all the other boys talk about their mothers, I wonder what mine was like."

"Do you not remember her?" she asked.

"I remember two faces," said the boy. "I think one was very fair and laughing, the other dark and beautiful, but I cannot tell whether either of them was my mother. I remember the faces only indistinctly, like a vague dream. Did you know my mother?"

"How her heart ached for him, warmed to him, beat with passionate pain! She would do anything for him except give up Lancelwood."

"Yes, I knew her. Because I knew her I have come to see you."

"How did you know that I was here?" he asked; and the question puzzled her.

"I heard it by accident," she replied, "and I thought I should like to see you."

"For my mother's sake?" he interrupted; and she could not say it was for Valerie's.

"I shall come and see you sometimes," she continued, "and, if there is anything you would like, I will bring it."

"There are many things I should like. I should like a good bat for cricketing, and a bow and arrow."

"Would you?" asked Vivien, with a brightened face. "Then you shall have them."

It was some little comfort even to give him those things.

"I shall be passing by here next week," she told him, "and I will bring them to you."

"That is very good of you," said the boy; and the voice was so entirely like Valerie's, that she was startled.

She saw him looking intently at her veiled face.

"You have not told me yet who you are," he said, laughingly.

"You would not know my name if I told it to you," she replied; "you will easily remember Mrs. Smith."

"Are you Mrs. Smith?" he asked. "We have five Smiths in this school, and the boys say that the doctor will not take another. Mrs. Smith, did you know my father?"

"Heaven pardon me!" she sighed from the depths of her heart. His father was her own.

"Yes," she replied, in a low faint voice. "He and my mother are both dead," sighed the boy. "I have been in America with my uncle, Mr. Dorman. Now he is dead, and I am quite alone in the world."

"Was Mr. Dorman your uncle?" she asked.

"Yes. I used to call him Uncle Dorman."

"And where did he live?" asked Lady St. Just.

"I think he had always lived in America," replied the boy, thoughtfully; "he never spoke of England to me when we were in New York. We came to England together. He placed me here at school, and now he is dead."

would never dream that this uncle who he says lived in America, was Gerald Dorman who lived at Lancelwood. I am quite safe; there is no connecting link whatever."

"I shall be very kind to you," she said; "I shall bring you everything that you like. Have you plenty of pocket-money?"

"Are you any relation to me?" asked the boy, curiously. "Do you know, I fancy that I have heard your voice before, it is just like music; and it seems to me that years ago I heard one just like it. May I see your face? Your veil is so thick."

She hesitated a moment, and then she said to herself, "There can be no danger; he does not even know the name of Lancelwood—he will not remember me."

"See my face?" she replied. "Yes, certainly—I am rude to have talked to you all this time with my veil down."

"Why, you are like a picture, Mrs. Smith!" he said. "I wonder if I have ever dreamed about you."

"I do not know; all my thoughts are so confused, so vague, so like dreams. Now that I look at your face, I think I have seen one like it once."

"Where?" she asked, in sudden fear. "I cannot tell you where," he laughed; "I only remember a background of trees and a face like yours looking sorrowfully at me. I do not remember it when you smile, but I do when you look serious. Have I ever seen before?"

"I have never been to America," she replied, evasively.

"Then I cannot have seen it. I am so glad you know me, Mrs. Smith; it is very dull all alone here. Perhaps some day, when you are not very busy, you will take me out—I have never been out since I came."

"Poor child—poor boy!" she said, her beautiful eyes growing dim.

"I shall soon be old enough to go out by myself," he told her proudly. "You will come to see me again?" he added.

"Yes," she replied, "I will come again."

She bent her stately head and kissed the brow so like her own. The boy blushed.

"I do not remember that any one has ever done that before," he said. "Good-bye, Mrs. Smith."

In another minute she had left him, standing thinking about her face, and how he had come to dream about her.

Lady St. Just could not forget her half-brother. She had fancied that going to see Oswald would put an end to the intensity of her thought about him. It did not. His face never left her by night or by day.

She was of a loving, tender disposition, and the thought of this boy alone in the world, with no one to visit him, no one to care for him, desolate and lonely, touched her with keenest pain.

"I took him from mother, home, and friends," she thought. "I must make it up to him—I must do all I can for him."

But the consciousness of the difference between his position as heir of Lancelwood and as an unknown boy in a boarding school was great—and that was what troubled her. She silenced the pleading of her own heart with an iron hand; she would hear none of it. It was for the best—he would have ruined Lancelwood.

She had found her first visit to the school so uncommonly easy that she took Oswald the cricket-bat he had called again and again. She longed for; she gave him pocket-money; she gratified every whim and wish of the boy.

"You are very kind to me, Mrs. Smith," he would say—"what shall I do for you in return? Is it all for my mother's sake?"

"I have learned to like you for your own," she replied.

He noticed that she always seemed to have a difficulty with his name—she paused slightly before uttering it.

"You do not like my name," he said to her one day.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Because you always hesitate before you say it. If you do not like Henry, call me Harry—the doctor always calls me Harry."

"Not at present," she replied. "You shall have a long holiday—you shall go to the seaside; but you must wait awhile."

To Be Continued.

BURLESQUE'S OPPORTUNITY. The theater owes a great deal to the Shakespearean drama, said the girl with the dark glasses and the pensive expression.

Yes, answered the young man with wide ears: some of the best burlesques I ever saw were on "Hamlet," and "Rosalind and Juliet."

WORLD'S MONEY SYSTEM.

IT WAS FIRST DEVELOPED BY FINANCIERS OF CHINA.

Bank Notes Used There Five Centuries Ago—The Flowery Kingdom Has Also Given Civilization Many Other Useful Things, and the Plague.

"He"—the Chinese Emperor—"buys such a quantity of precious things that his treasure is endless; while the money he pays away costs him nothing at all."

There is the idea of paper money and bank notes as Marco Polo found it at work in China more than 500 years ago.

"If any of these pieces of paper," he wrote, "are spoiled, the owner carried them to the mint and by paying 3 per cent on the value he gets new pieces in exchange."

The early Emperor of China must have been a shrewd business man, with his flimsy bank notes and his 3 per cent profit on their flimsiness. But there was the great idea of written promises to pay serving as money, and the world snapped it up.

Marco Polo was an Italian, and his book was eagerly read by the bankers of Italy who adopted the Chinese idea of paper money and written promises to pay, such as notes, bills of exchange and checks. They founded a colony in London, the bankers from Lombardy, who gave the name to Lombard street, the home of the art of banking. The Chinese idea has spread, and has become the very root idea of civilized commerce, the system of credit on which all our wealth is founded.

SECRET INTACT FOUR CENTURIES. The word china means to us porcelain or translucent pottery, and specimens from the Chinese Empire have been found in tombs of the ancient Egyptians. Chinese porcelain was common in Europe for 400 years before a German potter succeeded in finding out the process of making it.

This Chinese pottery is scattered all over the world, and everywhere valued; but nowhere was the distribution more curious than in Western Canada. Early in the century a Chinese junk was cast away on the Pacific Coast of America just south of Vancouver Island, and its cargo of willow-pattern plates fell into the hands of the Hudson Bay Company's officers. Still in the remotest trading posts of the fur traders a few fine specimens remain.

The Chinese taught us the use of tea and gunpowder. This last the early Arab traders used to call "Chinese snow" and "Chinese salt" and brought it to Europe, with the most amazing results. Now this ancient Chinese invention is being used to spread the blessings of our civilization among our Chinese benefactors. The Chinese have been wearing silk for 4,600 years. Cotton came very early from China, in the heavy textile which we call nankeen, after the Chinese.

SOME FINE GAME BIRDS. To China we owe several game birds—the golden pheasant, the silver, the reeves, the Lady Amherst and the ring-neck pheasant—the Cochinchina fowl and other poultry and several kinds of ducks.

The Chinese taught us the use of fish glues and fish gelatines. From the gum of a sumach tree they made the beautiful Chinese lacquers for ornamental woodwork. They invented the color vermilion, made of one part quicksilver to two parts sulphur. Of precious stones, jade is a Chinese product. The Chinese cypress is one of our garden trees; the Chinese hemp one of the fibers used for ropes and cordage. Of precious timber they gave us the camphor wood and the sandal wood, and of spices the cassia and the cinnamon.

The chrysanthemum, the Japanese national flower, came first to us from China. Indeed, we have always called China the Flowery Land because of her matchless garden plants. From thence came our tiger lily, the camellia, and azalea, the gardenia, and probably the jasmine.

The goldfish and the silverfish are from China sold in the streets of Chinese cities by peddlers. From China we have the paper lanterns, sunshades and fans, and American use the Chinese paper napkin. As to newspapers, the oldest in the world is the Peking Gazette.

Some of the gifts of China have been not popular—the black death, for instance. Five hundred and fifty years ago the bubonic plague broke out in China and killed 13,000,000 people. Spreading through Asia, it carried off 24,000,000 more victims. In 15 years it struck Italy and swept away just half the population.

NO ESCAPE FROM IT. The whole of Europe was swept from end to end and 25,000,000 people perished. For years there were hundreds of ships floating about the Mediterranean, with all their seamen dead, and the decks strewn with their skeletons.

One of the greatest Chinese discoveries was a kind of iron ore which attracts iron—the magnet. Then they found that a bar of magnetic iron set free always points to the north. That is the mariner's compass, without which travel at sea would be almost impossible. They were the first people to dig canals, and so find a cheaper way of carrying goods than even our railway. In building they discovered the greatest of all inventions—the arch.

In arithmetic the Chinese were first to invent the decimal system—the way of counting by tens, which has been adopted by all nations except the English.

From very early times Europe was astonished by the wonderful things which came from the Chinese—the silk, tea, spices, the great ideas and inventions.

The search for sea routes to tap that splendid trade led the Portuguese to round the Cape of Good Hope, and so discover the whole continent of Africa.

The English search for the North-east Passage to China led to their and our great Russian trade, and the search for the Northwest Passage led to the exploring of Canada, the fur trade and the whaling trade. In the search for the Indies and China the whole planet was opened up to the use of man.

THE DRINK HABIT. It is Said to Be Increasing Among Fashionable Women. A pencil case designed to contain brandy is in the possession of a certain Eastern society lady addicted to drink. The article, she has four or more exactly alike, will hold a neat nip of brandy, so that when my lady goes to ball or theatre she may refresh herself unsuspectingly. By placing what pretends to be the pencil point to her lips, in half-studious fashion, she always carries a note-book, being so anxious that her diary should be accurate, she may sip the contents of the fountain pencil by pressing the knob at the bottom. Until lately no one was aware that brandy-drinking was her greatest drawback.

Perhaps a false finger as a spirit flask may sound rather far-fetched. Yet the daughter of a well-known Washington official, having developed a liking for whisky, turned an artificial member into account in the most ingenious fashion. The finger was hollow, and grasped the stump by means of a gold and jeweled ring—artfully contrived throughout. The finger was frequently filled with a stimulant, and while the lady pretended to nibble her artificial nail she could, by means of a self-acting tube, the tip of which rested just under the nail, take what refreshment the moment demanded.

The writer once saw a fan that had been artfully contrived to hold spirits. Its outer frame was hollow, and contained a tube of a body sufficient to contain a good glass of raw whisky. The fair wielder of this production used it at ball or opera, and was not suspected of drinking. So cunningly was the thing prepared that it was only necessary to press the handle, place the rim edge to the lips, and the exhilarating flow immediately followed. This article, I was informed, cost the owner nearly \$100.

Cigarettes that are merely paper and steel tube often embrace a "nip" of something strong. So at least says one who is up-to-date, and knows a little of the vagaries of those who profess to be modest.

THE QUEEN'S CURIOS. It is not generally known that the Queen possesses at Windsor a small collection of curiosities reminiscent of the earlier Chinese wars during this reign. There is, for example, a suit of Chinese armour which belonged to a chief in the remote interior, and it comprises a cuirass of lacquered steel, a half-mast with gilt teeth, and metal coverings for the arms with gilt ornaments. There is also an ancient knife, the ivory handle of which is carved into the figure of a Chinaman, and a one-edged dagger with an engraved wooden scabbard. Greater immediate interest attaches to a similar dagger of damascened steel with the horn handle weighted with lead. This was wrested from a Chinaman in a murderous struggle by Mr. Buzalgette, who presented it to George III. in 1807. Mention may also be made of a pair of ancient chopsticks, some spectacles, a carved jade talisman, and other objects of the same kind.

THE SERGEANT WAS COOL. Towards the close of the battle of Paardeberg Lord Kitchener, when returning from an interview with Lord Roberts, came upon a sergeant carrying canteens of water for the wounded. A cannon ball came bounding over the hill and knocked off the sergeant's helmet, who coolly picked it up, brushed it with his sleeve, and carefully placing it on his head again turned to salute Lord Kitchener, who admiring his coolness, remarked, "A narrow shave, that, my man." The sergeant replied, again saluting, "A miss is as good as a mile, sir."

AN AUTHORITY ON CHINA. Husband—I'd like to know what it is to become of China? Wife—I guess the hired girl can tell you.

Tired Housekeepers.

Disordered Kidneys bring them a multitude of pains and aches.

How often women give out before the day's work is fairly begun and sink into a chair utterly worn out.

But the housework must be done even though the back does ache, and the head feels ready to burst.

These women can't understand why they are never strong, why the night does not bring rest, why they are always tired, have no appetite and seem to be pained and ached all over.

As a rule the real cause of the trouble is the last one thought of.

It all comes from the kidneys. These delicate little filters of the blood, get out of order, and as a result the uric acid and other poisons that they ought to carry off are sent back into the system.

There's no use trying to get relief until the kidneys are restored to health.

The easiest, safest, quickest way to accomplish this is to take Doan's Kidney Pills—nature's own remedy for all kidney diseases and derangements.

Mrs. Martha S. Frost, Little River, Digby Co., N.S., recently wrote as follows: "I have much pleasure in stating that Doan's Kidney Pills have wonderfully improved my health. I had been suffering with lame back for a number of years and at the time I began taking Doan's Pills I was almost unable to do any housework."

"I have used three boxes and must say they have taken the pain out of my back and restored my strength. I don't think there is any other medicine equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney troubles."

DRS. K. & K. The Leading Specialists of America 20 YEARS IN DETROIT. 250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS. Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms.

NO CURE—NO PAY. Reader, you need help. Early abuse of later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you.

250,000 CURED. Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, swollen eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE. No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease, and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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R-I-P-A-N-S. The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common everyday ills of humanity.

ONE GIVES RELIEF. TRADE MARK.

The Old Reliable Remedy for Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY.

Grandma Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, Annapolis, Md., recently wrote: "My little girl, three years of age, was taken very bad with diarrhoea, and we thought we were going to lose her, when I remembered that my grandmother always used Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, and often said that it saved her life. I got a bottle and gave it to my child, and after the third dose she began to get better and slept well that night. She improved right along and was soon completely cured."