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CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

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

UTHORITY ON CHINA hsband-I'd like to know what become of China?

Talmage Discourses on Rev. Leave Taking.

-Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the fears stay aft. The right must confollowing text just before leaving for quer. Know that Moses, in an ark of Europe: "And when we had taken our bulrushes, can run down a warleave one of another, we took ship." steamer. -Acts xxi. 6.

never have gone ashore at Melita.

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, flying jib, the foresail, the top-gallant, know nothing of the perils of ancient the sky-sail, the gaff-sail, and other man who first ventured on the sea it, and the winds of heaven will drive must have had a heart bound with you ahead. Sails made out of oak and triple brass. People then other canvass than Faith will be slit that which you do for God. Let ventured only from headland to to tatters by the first north-easter. there not be more strokes of the hamheadland, and from island to island; Strong faith never lost a battle. It mer or clicks of the trowel on that and not until long after spread their will crush foes, blast rocks, quench Tabernacle than supplications to God. it; but he can imagine no method sail for a voyage across the sea. Be- lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a A field opens for us such as is seldom of changing a system which appears fore starting, the weather was watch- shield to the warrior, a crank to the granted to a Church. By a mighty irksome save the death of an innocent ed, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off-they, at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden-the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory as in our day,

er place. In the spring, summer, and autumn, the Mediterranean Sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor; although now the world's commerce prospers in January AMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage as well as in June, and in mid-winter all over the wide and stormy deep, there float

when the first desire of a man in one

place seems to be to get into anoth-

PALACES OF LIGHT. trampling the billows under foot, and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted

shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire, Search the Scriptures. "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!" It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, woand children on the beach at

Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea-how many dark mysteries hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-bye, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. "When we had taken our leave one of another, we took

The Church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor-timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibbooms into the eye of any tempest, heart shall beat like a warwhen caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's word are what I mean by floor-Away with your lighter timbers. materials. Nothing but oaks hewn in the forest of divine truth, are staunch enough for this craft.

You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride, nor Ambition, nor Avarice, will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye, and tingling in the hand-Love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride-Love, not like brooks which foam and rattle, yet do nothing, but love, like a river, that runs up the steps of mill-wheels, and works in the harness of factory bands -Love, that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not "If I forget/thee, O Jerusalem, may merely saying "Poor fellow! you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine, and pays his board at the tavern.

There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

There are three mountain surges that Some had gone to other churches; sometimes dash against a soul in a some fell back to the world; some minute-the world, the flesh and the had ascended to heaven, glad to get devil; and that is a well-built prow into a place where there were no that can bound over them. For lack Church fights. They fought, and of this, many have put back and never | bled, and died. Wife-I guess the hired girl can tell as you wipe off the spray of the split mittees waiting on him to tell him how the receiver to pay the rest on de- were in revolt there were tidings of

A despatch from Washington says: of these things move me." Let all your

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which Paul was an old sailor-not from oc- hope we have as an anchor." By this cupation, but from frequency of tra- strong cable and windlass, hold on to vel. I think he could have taken a your anchor. "If any man sin, we vessel across the Mediterranean as have an advocate with the Father." well as some of the ship-captains. The Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do sailors never scoffed at him for be- not always stay in the same latitude ing a "land-lubber." If Paul's ad- and longitude. You will never ride up vice had been taken, the crew would the harbour of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the the canvass. Faith is our canvass. Hoist en with priceless pearls from the har- ers and mothers, your companions, cards. So he rushes into the street,

must have what seamen call the runbraces, halliards, clew-lines, and such be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvass in any wise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tacking you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement, and you wil be ready for the sea. You must have a compass-which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness, and storm, it works faithfully.

"BOX THE COMPASS."

Be sure to keep you colours up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown, and dove; and from the mast-head let float the streamers of Emmanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say, "There goes a Christian bound for the port heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back, or labouring under great stress of weather-now changing from starboard track to larboard and then from larboard to starboard - look above top ' gallants, and drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make

Are you ready for such a voyage? All aboard for Heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying

But I suppose you have come here life. to give me a parting salutation, and I have some things to say in that direction. My heart is bound up in the welfare of this church. While the ocean may separate us in body, there are feelings of sympathy and affection that will not be sundered. my right hand forget her cunning." A little more than a year ago I came here, not knowing what would befall me. By a long series of Church troubles that I have no heart to describe, this Church had gone into the dust.

THE PEOPLE HAD FLED.

started again. It is the broadside If there is anything in all the world tem of private letter carrying. Let- for the gratification of his own Sadic wave that so often sweeps the deck distressful to a minister, it is to get ter shops are to be found in every temper. Not many years ago there and fills the hatches; but that which into a pulpit where things are stereo- town. If he has a letter to send the was a mysterious stranger, one Sternstrikes in front is harmless. Meet typed and fixed, and where he must Chinaman goes to a letter shop and berg, who supported the Anarchs of troubles courageously and you sur- stand on the look-out for long. bargains with the keepr thereof. He France for the mere lust of slaughter mount them. Stand on the prow, and established prejudices, and have com- pays two thirds of the cost, leaving and suffering. Wherever workmen surge, cry out with the apostle, "None he must comb his hair and fold his livery.

proclaims liberty to the captives himself be free? Rather give me an empty church to start with than church full of precisionists. I have

pocket-handkerchief. Rather let me be

no great fondness for fossils. I see more to admire in one living horse than in fifty megatheria or Mastodons exhumed by geologists. Give me one man with a great heart rather which are here appended. than a thousand men made out of "The anarchist is a ruffian of feeble

plaster of Paris. I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight to Him. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that anyone in this house had been as inefficient a Christian as my self. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will rub

Meanwhile, take care of the interests of this Church. In your last hours there will be no work that will yield you such high satisfaction as most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry baptism of the Holy Ghost may we be man. That is to say, he does not unup pyramids, a drum whose beat gives ready to enter it. And now, may the derstand the rules of society's game; strength to the step of the heavenly blessing of God come down upon your he is like a man who would be taken soldiery, and sails to waft ships lad- bodies and upon your souls, your fath- for a gentleman, and yet cheats at bour of earth to the harbour of heav- your children, your brothers and armed with dynamite or dagger, and sisters, and your friends! May you finds heroism in a lupine brutality. Bellingham struck with the weight But you are not yet equipped. You be blessed in your business and in Hence it follows that he is of a sanyour pleasures, in your joys and in guine disposition. He is of those who ning rigging. This comprises the ship's your sorrows, in the house and by the hope always that the wickedness of the way! And if, during our separa- to-day will be overlooked by the merlike. Without these the yards cannot | tion, an arrow from the unseen world | cy of the morrow, and, in truth nothshould strike any of us, may it only ing need appear hopeless to the brain hasten on to the raptures that God has | which detects in an unreasoned crime prepared for those who love him! utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-bye!

"And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship."

REMINISCENCE OF CAWNPORE.

The Awfulness of Having to Kill One Own Wife and Children.

At this distance and in this environment, writes a London correspondent it seems that the nations of the earth have permitted all these awful things in China. It may not be so, but it looks very much like a consultation over a dying man, with Russia as th family physician, Japan as the sur geon who could save, and the rest of us a lot of blithering, bungling country doctors, letting him die while we

discuss the etiquet of it all. It looks as if the only hope for the women and children in Pekin is that their men will shoot them down when the worst comes to the worst. This thought recalls a ghastly experience I had at an evening reception here recently. I was discussing the situation in China with a white-haired, seared-visaged, soldierly looking man, and I said I didn't see, necessary and human as the act would be under some circumstances, how it could be diculous method of inconsequent asspossible for the men in the legation to shoot their wives and daughters. The man was silent for a moment, his face rigid and white, his eyes gazing into space before him.

"I had to shoot mine in the Indian muting," he said, quietly.

I wanted to shriek out then and there, but only groaned and walked away. Later, a friend who knew I have come to see you off. This glori- him told me the story. He was a maous opportunity is about to set sail, jor in the army, and during that aw-Make up your minds. The gang- ful Cawnpore affair he and his famplanks are lifting. The bell rings. ily were captured. He shot his wife and two daughters as they were being dragged away by those black brutes; after he had been imprisoned and torto make its nest on the rocking billow. tured he escaped, to live a nightmare

> We all recall the Cawnpore story, and people are retailing it now just as if there were not enough present horror-how those women, the wives and daughters of English officers and officials, had their breasts cut off and were thrown into a pit to die of their wounds and of starvation.

And all this, like these later horrors in China, in the name of religion. Yet Buddha and Mohammed, like Christ, came to the world as apostles of peace and good-will toward men, Surely the real living God of humanity now and then shuts his light from the soul of His human images.

CHINA'S LETTER SHOPS.

TO IT IS TRACEABLE MANY MOST CRUEL MURDERS.

the Anarchist Is Vain, Hopeful and Cowardly-After Blood, Re Has An Inord! nate (raving for Publicity.

The assassination of King Humbert of Italy makes of timely interest an article in Blackwood's Magazine on The Real Anarchist, extracts from

brain and weak inclination, who is

pursued by a spirit of restless discon-

tent. Sorry for himself, he believes, by an easy transition, that he is sorry for his fellows; and it is this sham sympathy, rooted in selfishness. which generally wins for him the credit of amiability. So the discontent which he fondly construes into a general love of the human race, drives the anarchist to attempt reform, and for him reform means death. Indeed, so narrow is his brain that he can conceive no other remedy for a trifling ill than murder; he would wipe out a spot of dust with blood, and his own war cry is 'Kill, kill, kill!' In other words, his diseased intelligence forbids him to understand the link which binds cause and effect. He recognizes his poverty, and believes that a change of system will ameliorate I a cure for poverty.

A VICTIM OF WORDS.

" But says his apologist, at any rate, the anarchist is a man of courage; at any rate, he risks his skin for an idea. Nothing could be further from the truth; he is not brave, this irresolute apostle of slaughter; he is the victim. not of ideas, but of words. Impelled to his ineffectual act by a phrase, he tags before his judges. His quick, attraction, he seems to hear the echo blood, he best loves publicity. of his hollow voice, an he proclaims the foolish sentences which he has learned by rote. And his stupendous vanity blinds him to the last consequence, the early morning and the ghostly counsel, the chill walk from the prison to the guillotine, the oblique blade and the fateful basket. These horrors do not appal him, be- bert, both having been born within a cause his self-satisfaction carries him | few months of each other, in 1844, no farther than the speech which he brings very forcibly home to Englishfondly believes will impress the jury. men the constant diminution of the For, indeed, if there were no vanity in | number of Princes of the royal blood the world there would be no anarch- of Great Britain. ists, since vanity is the essence of that stupidist of crimes, which is called attempt single-handed what he grandiloquently describes as the "regeneration of man;" none but a vain fool would choose for this attempt the riassination; none but a vain fool would overlook all the consequences of his deed save the chance of an ill-deserved speech in a hostile courthouse. And in all the history of anarchy you will not find one practitioner who did not unite in himself the three qualities of

vanity, hope and cowardice. "The anarchist, moreover, is commonly half-educated. Rotten before he is ripe, he has extracted from cheap philosophy all that is mischievous. Reeking with murder, he will quote Herbert Spencer, as the devil quoted Scripture, to his purpose.

"Such is the type to which the most of 'political' murderers conform Such was the foolish, amiable Vaillant, who thought that an infernal machine thrown into the Chamber of Deputies might call attention to himself and his fortunes. In this he succeeded, and if there were room for cynicism, in the adventure, we might smile at the irony which chose tha place and the method. At any rate, the deputies experienced a new terror, even though the machine was wreathed in flowers. Such, too, was the miserable Henry, who comes nearest to our ideal of shiftless, irresponsible half-knowledge. Such, too, was the poor Caserio, who was elevated by his compatriots into a hero of the Sunday school.

ANOTHER TYPE.

"Nor are these the only exceptions to a clearly defined type. There is another sort of anarchist, who works China has still the old-fashioned sys- stealthily, not for a revolution, but this man of mystery. It was not his

hand that threw the bomb, but it was his brain that devised the crime, his money that bought the materials. For a while he was the best known man in France, yet few eyes had ever beheld him, and few men knew his nationality. He is a Pole, said this one; he is a Russian said that; and we may cheerfully leave it to the wiseacres of eastern Europe to settle their claim, But he was indefatigable in his desire of blood. 'Kill more you brutes!' he is reputed to have said, when he thought his creatures were not giving him value for his money. He was working at Antwerp, he was an inspiration at Lille, and then he vanished. Tried for murder, he was twice condemned, and, at last, a rumor came that he was in a Russian prison. Thereafter an enemy espied him at Geneva, and none can say whether he is dead or buried alive.

'It is France that made anarchy possible. For anarchy is the legitimate child of the Revolution, which now appears to us in a true light as the mother of evil. If the lesson of marder had not been taught to the imbecile citizens of the Terror, we might never have heard of the assassination which appears to its votaries as the highest virtue. The Revolution it was that first discovered the grandeur of cowardice, that first saw in the severed head of a girl the symbol of freedom and patriotism. The country which still insists that the Revolution must be taken en bloc as a rebirth of the world can hardly be surprised if her citizens and her pupils have learned the use of dynamite and the knife. Assassins there were, course, before the black year, 1789, but they were no better than sporof a misguided movement behind them. No; the anarchist is a brief century old, and already it is time that he should crawl away to death, and be no more known.

THE FUTURE.

And what is the future of anarchy? Blank for the anarchs, hopeful for us. The international association, which now devises murder in secret, and puts to death its disobedient members, has passed its zenith of brutality. The activity of the police, and the dying zeal of the agitators, have doubled its risk and halved its ingenuity. It will still hold its middle-claass meetdeems no risk excessive, if only he be ings and discuss the works of Hergiven a chance to work off a few bert Spencer, but it is not likely to renew its forward policy. All that govrestless mind omits one step in the ernments can do is to see that the argument. He sees the crowded court; anarchist, when he is caught, has the he is blind to the gallows. He imagines briefest trial and the severest senhimself for a moment the centre of tence that can be devised. For, after

BRITAIN'S ROYAL PRINCES.

The death of the Duke of Edinburgh,

who, by the way, was exactly the same age as the murdered King Hum-

It may seem curious that, although the Queen has been blessed with a political. None but a vain fool would fairly large family, the number of royal Princes is very limited outside the direct line of succession.

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURIAN. County of Grey, including a valuable Wa'er Power, Brick dwelling, and many elegible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R., Township of

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are an inestimable boon to anyone suffering from any disease or derangement of the heart or nerves or whose blood is thin and watery. Mrs. E. Horning, of 115 George Street, Sarnia, Ont., is one of those whose experience with this remedy is well worth con-

It is as follows:—"I am pleased to recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nerve trouble, no matter how severe or of how long standing. "For years my nerves have been in a terribly weak condition, but Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Geary's Pharmacy, have strengthened them greatly and invigorated my system leaving me no excuse for not making known

"I cannot refrain from recommending these pills to all sufferers as a splendid cure for nervousness and weakness.

Besides the Prince of Wales, his son and three grandsons, there are only three royal Princes now left in England, namely, the Duke of Connaught, his son, and the aged Duke of Cambridge. That, of course, is not counting the young Duke of Albany, who is now to become a foreign potentate. or the Duke of Cumberland, who is also to all intents and purposes a foreigner. Prince Christian is of the royal house by creation only.

Without entering into details the fact presents itself that the descendants of Queen Victoria represent all that is left of four generations of the Hanoverian dynasty. Thirteen branches of the royal house have entirely died out.

In the direct male line the same process of diminution continues. The Queen has lost two sons out of four and the Princess of Wales two out of three. The late Duke of Edinburgh's son died before his father. The Duke of Connaught has only one son. The Duke of Albany is the only son of the late Prince Leopold. Only five princes are left out of two generations.

A SOURCE OF GRIEF.

Judge. So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he? McGinty. Yes, yer honor.

Judge. But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway? McGinty. No, bad 'cess to him: but

it's wishin' he had Oi do be. Judge. Why do you wish that?

McGinty. Begorry, thin Oi would have seen the schoundrel hanged for

The British Government used 124,000 gallons of corn whiskey last year in the manufacture of smokeless pow-

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