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ses." Miss Maud

# Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLVII.-Continued.

"Lancewood," repeated the peer. "Lancewood!" said the boy eagerly. "Why, I believe that I have dreamed, House-you see I have been masqueof such a name-I believe I have-or I have heard it somewhere? Lancewood-Lancewood-how familiar it sounds!"

"Are you the nephew of that same Mr. Dorman?" asked Lord St. Just. "Will you wait, sir, one moment? If there are bells of memory, you have

set mine all chiming, and their sound

"What picture?" he asked, wonder-

wood in the far distance. I have ed away. ever lived at Lancewood-I never beneath. heard him speak of England at all."

Dorman" stood looking at each other. that is really all as right as it seems The boy's description of the terrace to be? Her ladyship laughed, and replied. and wood at Lancewood had astound- his lordship jested; but she was very ed his listeners. An interruption came in the shape of a loud peal at

serials by the most popular here? He will tell you directly who him, "how much alike they were, her were, beat round the secret, yet nev- in the quality of their hay, as it is

"No," replied Lord St. Just, quickly. Let the mystery-the secret-be what it might, he would have no exnot needful," he continued. "I call- Heaven keep me from thinking evil- thing to have a nephew." ed to see the doctor and to take this lady home. I will come again-it is growing late."

"Will you come again," said the boy appealing to Vivien.

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "I will always be your friend. I shall come again."

Lord St. Just saw the boy hold up his face, as though Vivien were in the habit of embracing him. He could not tell why, but something in the action made the blood in his veins boil. Then he said-

"Are you ready to go, Vivien? Our carriage is at the door-we can dismiss the cab."

"Did you follow me here?" she asked -and he had never heard her voice so pitilessly stern. "Yes-and I would follow you any-

where, Vivien, even to the ends of the earth, if I could be of use to you." He placed her in the carriage, the beloved wife of whom he had been so proud; he looked at her with unspeakable anguish in his face. Then he thought-"There is something with Lancewood, as with her." He must fancied, but Even this little scene might cause remarks-he must save

her from them. just return for a few minutes if you speak to you." do not mind waiting."

passed?" she said, in a low, hoarse low you." voice that he hardly recognized as She went to her room-the pretty lance between this boy and Vivien.

trusted him.

warmly welcomed. He mentioned que disorder over her stately figure. and now-"

-Lady St. Just did not want her had to meet-his face was pale and her. family, and she knew the boy's moth- sad.

"Yes, I thought so," replied the her hands in his.

Lord St. Just continued-

any fuss or ceremony-so she called tinue-we must end it." herself Mrs. Smith. I have been laughing about it-Lady St. Just has ed by his tenderness." such a dread of ceremony."

reality he said to himself that it was he remarked gravely. a strange affair. Lord St. Just "Then we will not be at variance," face and know that she was keeping a

morning, I thought I would take the I think. Ah, Vivien, there has always his wife's pale face. opportunity of seeing you about those been a sealed corner in your heart, telescopes-then I could drive her -a secret kept from me! I can trace | "what is this dark horror between home."

fact, commonplace explanation. If is of that secret you whisper in your in them. her husband knew she was coming, sleep, and over which you brood conknew that she called herself Mrs. tinually in your waking hours. Vivien, she asked. "Do you love me enough Smith, and was ready to drive her the time has come when I must know to care to keep me alive?" home, there could be no secret, no what it means-what it is."

mystery. "Lady St. Just is in the carriage, was useless. He had observed her too doctor. Would you like to see her?"

following Lord St. Just, he saw a She raised her white face to his. and have had no return | beautiful woman, pale as a lify-leaf. Her husband introduced the doctor in ret," she said, "but, Adrian, it does not reveal it. If you love me, cease in B.B.B. as a cure few words. She bowed to him most not concern you. You have no share from speaking of it." graciously.

"Your name and fame are both "What name was that you used, known to me, Dr. Lester," she characterized her. "I shall be very pleased to welcome you at Harley right to ask to know it." rading somewhat at yours."

Dr. Lester laughed, simply because he did not know what to say.

man very well," she continued; "and the uncle was a valued friend of my father's. I have been several times to see him-but he knows me only as Mrs. Smith. I did not tell him my name-I dislike all fuss and ceremony. know the very word brings a picture I thought perhaps the boys might fidence, you cannot surely refuse to tease him."

Then, with well-bred grace that disguised all his anguish of heart, Lord "A picture of a broad stone ter- St. Just joined in the conversation, race, with roses and passion flowers and after a few minutes the doctor

Lord St. Just, his wife, and "Harry himself as he sat in his studio, "if boy?" "That is the doctor," said the boy. is a woman. Good Heaven," he cried never forget his words." derful likeness-the self-same curve about the lips; the same beautiful her father's house. He has her face. get married. I have an idea that this will end queerly."

Lady St. Just drove home together- er mentioned him to me? Why have off. In heavy clover this will be Mr. Muir, that woodpeckers don't eat drove through sunlit streets, while you kept his very existence a mys- about 10 a.m. Now cut and let lie acorns." "Yes, they do," I said, "I the soft summer air floated round tery from me? Why have you gone to in the swath till wilted, then turn have seen them eating them. Durthem, seated side by side, but for the see him under a false name? Why or stir with the tedder. When there ing snowstorms they seem to eat litfirst time estranged.

It came home to him then-a, certain strong conviction that there was a mystery in his wife's life which she had always kept from him; and now, cost what it would, he would know it.

He spoke no word to her during that homeward drive, while she occupied herself in revolving that she would rather suffer death rather than betray her secret-rather than yield up Lancewood.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

"I came to the doctor on a matter he and his wife had reached home, "I be? Had Gerald Dorman contracted a of tous, and never had any spoil. of business, Vivien," he said. "I will will come to our boudoir. I wish to

"Not now," she replied quickly. "You will not discuss what has just "Yes, now, if you please. I will fol-

little room prepared for her with such the dark cloak and vail which had so asked to see the doctor. He was of dark shining hair fell in pictures- myself one of the happiest of men,

first the business which had brought "What am I to do," she cried, with

than yield." -Lady St. Just has a protege here full height as her husband entered. her; yet even as he rendered her these -young Henry Dorman. His uncle But it was no proud, angry man she services his heart did not warm to

is the first cloud that has become be- he had lived for her, and her alone, strength of the temptation we re-"Lady St .Just did not want her tween us-the first estrangement that and now he had found that she was sist.-Emerson. name to be known-she did not want has arisen. Darling, it must not con- keeping a secret from him-that, while

In all good faith the doctor appear- without sunshine and dew, than for pleasant; no man living no matter forgets, in peace, the injuries of

she said. "As my wife was coming here this "Yet, my darling, "I must say what it through your life. It was that us? My wife, my love, trust me." The doctor's doubts and suspicions which, preying on your mind, has latealmost died before the matter-of- ly changed your whole character-it was shocked at the pain and despair

keenly to be mistaken. It would be

in it, and I decline to tell it to you." 'No," said Lord St. Just. "I am along.

tell me your secret."

said, with the courteous grace that tell you again that it does not con- conceal. In all sincerity, in all sor- naturalist, drilling holes in the cern you-you have no share in it-no row, I say still more-there can nev- thick, corky bark of the yellow pine

some little way into it, but not far. may sit at the same table, live under each acorn so nicely adjusted as to Your secret concerns Lancewood, and the same roof, but we shall be almost the size that when the acorn, point it has also something to do with this as strangers until you have told me "I knew the mother of young Dor- boy whom you have been visiting." She started, and then controlled her-

self. It seemed to her that her whole life depended now on her self-possession, on her self-control.

"If you refuse to tell me your secret, if you refuse to give me your con-

" I do refuse," she answered. He drew her nearer to him.

"Ah, beloved," he said, "do not be so cruel, so hard-do not be unjust! climbing the balustrades, and a dark bowed his adieu, and the carriage roll- We are husband and wife. We have All had been calm, well-bred, easy, interest between us. I would tell you dreams. I cannot tell you if my uncle graceful, as though no tragedy lurked the dearest secret of my soul. Why "Now I wonder," said Dr. Lester to doubt and suspicion? Who is the

"He told you himself, Adrian," she

Heaven I never married! There can man's, I am quite sure of that. Why before they commence to cut. be no peace, no security, where there did he speak so strangely? I shall means that before they are down

ladyship and young Dorman! Now er suspect it-that, while he felt sure dried so much that the best part of I come to think of it, there is a won- it concerned both Lancewood and the it, the leaves and blossoms, is lost boy, he should never connect the two. by scattering off in the handling.

chin; and his uncle was secretary at coldly, "why you should refuse to believe him. Surely it is no uncommon hay that will come out of the mow in having heard the worm story and

does the fact of his existence prey oughly wilted, rake into large win- the besides acorns. I have repeatedly He was thinking of the hour when upon you like a secret curse? You drows. As soon as the dew dries off interrupted them at their meals and he saw her first, weeping passionate think," he continued passionately, "it the next day, haul to the barn. It seen the perfectly sound, half-eaten tears in the ruins by the Rhine. He is chance that has led me to see and will be very heavy, as the stems are acorns. They eat them in the shell thought of her refusal to marry him to notice all these things. I tell you, still goven and many of the leaves al- as some people eat eggs." "But what while Lancewood was a prey to the Vivien, it is the finger of heaven. An- so. With the hay fork take up as about the worms?" "I suppose," I spoilers-of her refusal afterwards, swer me one thing-you, my wife, you large firkfuls as possible, and, com- said, "that when they come to a even when Lancewood was her own- whom I believed one of the purest, mencing at opposite ends from the wormy one they eat both worm and of her sudden relenting in his favor. best, and noblest of women, answer wagon, drop them off. Never touch acorn. Anyhow, they eat the sound me one thing. If that boy is Gerald the forkfuls after they drop till you ones when they can't find anything Dorman's nephew, how comes he to get a rick as long as your barn and they like better, and from the time have your face? I repeat it-your face as high as possible, then simply roll they store them until they are used the curve of your lips, the shape of the forkfuls entire, down first one they guard them, and woe to the

beautiful woman had slipped from his straw or anything dry with it; do arms and fallen like one dead to the not salt it; do not tramp it any more

would have been terribly alarmed, now it alone till it gets through the his fears were lost in anxious won- sweat. You have now the best feed.

What was this secret that she per-"Vivien," said Lord St. Just, when sisted in withholding? What could it to the care of Lady St. Just? There was neither sense nor reason in supposing such a thing-that would not explain the mystery of the resemb-

"Who would have thought," said "I will not," he replied-and she lavish generosity. She threw off the unhappy nobleman, "that I should ever have such a sorrow as this? Only He went back to the house, and little served her purpose. The mass a few short weeks since. I considered

He raised the pale, lovely woman in him there, and then, trying to speak clenched hands and trembling lips- his arms, and laid her on the couch; proceeds from ignorance than imin a careless, off-hand manner, he "what can I do? I will die rather he bathed her face with fragrant waters, and opened the windows so that "I find you are quite right, doctor She drew her stately figure to its the fresh sweet air might play over

He loved her none the less; but it human destiny, are little things .- R. He went up to her and took both was not in human nature to forget he had loved her with all his honest "Vivien, my beloved," he said, "this heart. He had devoted himself to her, cumb is a benefactor. We gain the he thought himself soul of her soul, name is the one whose thoughts and "I am quite willing," he said, touch- he had never even known her thoughts exertions are for others rather than -that one part of her mind and heart for himself.WScott. "It would be easier for flowers to live was barred from him. It was not ed to accept the explanation; in me to live at variance with my wife," how much he might trust and love war, and gives his direct foe a his wife, would care to look upon her friend's embrace.-Cowper. secret from him.

Lord St. Just bent down and kissed in the world either to get a good

"Vivien, my darling," he murmured, Bulwer. Her dark eyes opened slowly. He

Do you really love me, Adrian ? and snapped it shut.

"My dearest, Vivien, most certainly. extended it to him. She knew now that further disguise | What do I care for in life except "Then, if you love me, cease to ask he took the dime and handed her the

"Very much," said Dr. Lester; and, folly to deny that she had a secret. me any more questions. The secret nickel. is not all mine; you have no share in "I do not deny that there is a sec- it; so I cannot tell it to you-I will antly said.

"You must." he replied, sternly. certain of one thing-no wife has a "This is our first disagreement, Vi- right to keep such a secret from her vien-our first struggle for suprem- husband; moreover I am quite sure Busy acy. You owe me at least wifely sub- that the hand of Providence has led mission-you have never refused it. me so far, and will lead me still fur- No squirrel works harder at his You must not refuse it now-you must ther, even if you refuse to tell me. pinenut harvest than the carpenter Now I shall consider it my duty to woodpeckers in autumn at their har-"I refuse absolutely," she said. "I find out what you have chosen to vest, says John Muir, the well-known er be peace between us until you have and incense cedar, in which to store "Nevertheless, I do ask. I can see trusted me fully and entirely. We the crop for winter use. A hole for

#### To Be Continued

Good clover .hay is the best and

HOW TO MAKE CLOVER HAY.

cheapest feed a farmer can use, while poor clover hay is about as worthless a feed as there is. Some things can be done two or more ways, but the making of good clover hay is not one of them. There is just one right way to put up clover; any deviation is fatal. I once stood in a sugar refinery and saw the cooking of the sugar. There was just one right moment in which to take it off. So there is just one right time to cut clover, not narrowed down to the minute, perhaps, but not extending over two or three weeks, as some "But you know that story is not farmers seem to think. Many let pale, and his hands shook. Thank true. He is no nephew of poor Dor- two-thirds of the heads get brown aloud, for it had suddenly occurred to | It was strange that he should, as it | that does not make much difference "I do not understand," she said, Such hay is pretty nearly as good as straw, but not quite. To make good nice brown flakes, the color of light "It is your conduct which is uncom- tobacco, and that is as good as corn acorns, he asked; "Why do the woodam glad nothing ever tempted me to mon," replied Lord St. Just, "not the and timothy to lay on fat, the clover peckers put acorns into the bark of fact of poor Dorman having a ne- must be cut as soon as the first trees?" "For the same reason," I rephew. If he be, as he says, Gerald heads begin to turn brown. Wait plied, "that bees store honey and So mused the doctor while Lord and Dorman's nephew, why have you nev- till the dew or rain is entirely dried squirrels nuts." "But they tell me,

your features-how came he by those?" side, then the other, until all is in, squirrel or jay caught stealing." He stopped abruptly, for the pale, or the barn is full. Do not mix than you can help, and do not tear At any other time Lord St. Just the forkfuls to pieces. Simply let This is no theory; it is the result of nineteen years' experience, during which time I have put up thousands

#### APHORISMS.

Lie not, neither to thy self, no man, nor God. It is for cowards to lie.-Herbert.

There is one body that knows more than anybody, and that is everybody.-Talleyrand. The earnestness of life is the only

passport to the satisfaction of life. -Theodore Parker. Unbecoming forwardness oftener

Speaking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is

niggard indeed .- Sir W. Raleigh. Most of the critical things in life which become the starting points of

Every evil to which we do not suc-

The man who is deserving the A brave man knows no malice, but

There is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing name, or to supply the want of it .-

THE CULTURED CONDUCTOR. She drew a dime from her purse and put it between her teeth while she

took the coin from her mouth and have up around the Arctic circle that He saw the action and at once plac-

ed a nickel between his lips. Then

Of what? she haughtily asked.

NEVER WEARIED.

Woodbeckers Store Away Their Acorns for Winter Eating.

foremost, is driven in, it fits so well that it cannot be drawn out without digging around it. Each acorn is thus carefully stored in a dry bin, perfectly protected from the weather, a most laborious method of stowing away a crop, a granary for each kernel. Yet they never seem to weary of the work, but go on so diligently they seem determined that every acorn in the grove shall be saved. They are never seen eating acorns at the time they are storing them, and it is commonly believed that they never eat them or intend to eat them, but that the wise birds store and protect them solely for the sake of the worms they are supposed to contain. And because these worms are too small for use at the time the acorns drop they are shut up like lean calves and steers each in a separate stall with abundance food to grow big and fat by the time they will be most wanted, that is in winter, when insects are scarce and stall-fed worms most valuable.

So these woodpeckers are supposed to be a sort of cattle raisers, each with a drove of thousands, rivaling the ants that raise grain and keep herds of plant lice for milch cows. Needless to say, the story is not true, though some naturalists even believe it. When Emerson was in the park, seen the great pines plugged full of

#### FLASHES OF FUN

Mrs. Brown moved away because .our neighborhood watched everything she did. Well? And Mrs. Jones moved away because she didn't get attention enough.

He-O! yes. I have heard him sing. I admire him very much. She -Really, you don't mean it? Why, his voice is awful. He-It isn't his singing I admire it's his nerve.

I love the man who's always late Although he makes me have to wait; Yes, though he costs me time and

He gives me grounds to praise my-

She-What a fitting token of married life is the wedding ring. He-It is. A ring has no end; and it also has no beginning. It is absolutely without variety, and is much easier put on than taken off.

The Doctor-Above all things, madam, your husband mustn't worry, Perhaps you'd better not show him my bill just now. But I did, Doctor, and it didn't make any difference. He said he knew he couldn't pay it any-

Isn't it dull out in the country Dull? We had three Timmins hundred people on our porches and grounds Sunday afternoon. Three hundred? Yes; two balloons came down in our back yard.

You ought not to be so hard on Rudolph, papa, said Miss Kittish. He really is a very smart young man. What is smart about him? asked papa. He says that he thoroughly understands the currency question.

That Chinese student says he enjoys the life of George Washington more than any other biographic work. Yes. He just remarked to me that he regarded the story about a man's not being able to tell a lie as a masterpiece of mendacity. I told him you were as honest as

the day was long. What did he say? crowded back the contents of the Lag asked Senator Sorghum. He merely remarked that he guessed I must be When the conductor came along she talking about some of these days they don't last more than a minute or two. Beaker - Tippins has a peculiar memory. It is so capricious, you know. Hollis-Capricious? In what way? Beaker-Well, you see, he nev-A fair exchange, ma'am, he pleas- er forgets that I am one of the fellows he borrows from, but he inevilows he borrows from, but he inevit-Of microbes, he replied, and passed ably fails to remember to include | proved right along and was soon co me among those whom he pays.

### 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 chair utterly worn

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

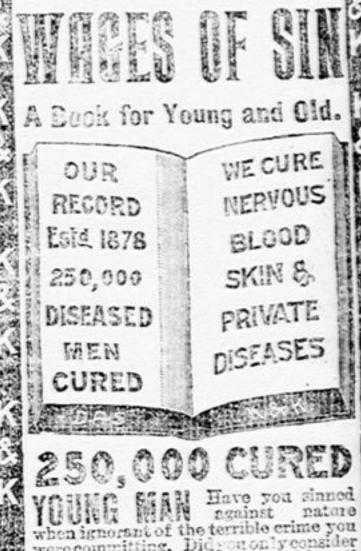
bring rest, why they are always tired, have no appetite and seem to be pains and aches all over. As a rule the real cause of the trouble is the last one thought of.

It all comes from the kidneys. These delicate little filters of the blood get out of order, and as a result the uric said 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 -natures' own remedy for all kidney

diseases and derangements. Mrs. Martha S. Frost, Little River, Digby Co., N.S., recently wrote as follows: have much pleasure in stating that Doan's Kidney Pills have wonderfully improved my bealth. 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 table 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 bidney troubles."



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prior, Ont., recently wrote pletely cured."

Grandma Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, An Used It. "My little girl, three years age, was taken very bad with diarrhoe and we thought we were going to lose he when I remembered that my gran moth Strawberry, and often said that it saved h life. I got a bottle and gave it to my chil and after the third dose she began to g better and slept well that night. She it