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THE JOB DEPARTMENT Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

W. IRWIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Chronicle Contains

Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors.

Its Local News is Complete and market reports accurate

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

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

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by the name of the best quality of Indian and Ceylon Tea. For that reason they see that none but the very finest leaves go into Monsoon packages.

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

It is put up in sealed tins of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 2 lbs., and sold in three flavors at 50c., 60c., and 65c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. E., Toronto.

DURHAM MILLS

GRISTING AND CHIPPING DONE on shortest notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED

THE SAWMILL We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS always on hand.

N., G. & J. MCKECHNIE.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, what an invention is patentable. Communication strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munz & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, forms like a ready-made almanac. Specimen copies and HALL'S BOOK ON PATENTS sent free.

MUNZ & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

IS BABY CUTTING TEETH?

Watch him carefully.—On the first indication of Diarrhoea give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Hot weather comes hard on babies, especially those cutting teeth.

The little form soon wastes and fades away when diarrhoea or cholera infantum seizes upon it.

As you love your child, mother, and wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It is so other remedy so safe to children and none so effectual.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, Shoal Lake, Man., writes: "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine that I ever used for diarrhoea, dysentery or cholera infantum. It is the best remedy I have used when my baby's teeth were cutting and it has never yet failed."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER III.

In an elegant boudoir, all crimson and gold, some hours later, sat Pluma Hurlhurst, reclining negligently on a satin divan, toying idly with a volume which lay in her lap. She tossed the book aside with a yawn, turning her superb dark eyes on the little figure bending over the rich trailing silks which were to adorn her own fair beauty on the coming evening.

"So you think you would like to attend the lawn fete to-night, Daisy?" she asked, patronizingly.

Daisy glanced up with a startled blush.

"Oh, I should like it so much, Miss Pluma," she answered, hesitatingly, "if I only could!"

"I think I shall gratify you," said Pluma, carelessly. "You have made yourself very valuable to me. I like the artistic manner you have twined these roses in my hair; the effect is quite picturesque." She glanced satisfiedly at her own magnificent reflection in the cheval-glass opposite, Titian alone could have reproduced those rich, marvelous colors—that perfect, queenly beauty. He would have painted the picture, and the world would have raved about its beauty. The dark masses of raven-black hair; the proud, haughty face, with its warm southern tints; the dusky eyes, lighted with fire and passion, and the red, curved lips. "I wish particularly to look my very best to-night, Daisy," she said; "that is why I wish you to remain. You can arrange those sprays of white heath in my hair superbly. Then you shall attend the fete, Daisy. Remember, you are not expected to take part in it; you must sit in some secluded nook where you will be quite unobserved."

Pluma could not help but smile at the ardent delight depicted in Daisy's face.

"I am afraid, I can not stay," she said, doubtfully, glancing down in dismay at the pink-and-white muslin she wore. "Every one would be sure to laugh at me who saw me. Then I would wish I had not stayed."

"Suppose I should give you one to wear—that white mull, for instance—how would you like it? None of the guests would see you," replied Pluma.

There was a wistful look in Daisy's eyes, as though she would fain believe what she heard was really true.

"Would you really?" asked Daisy, wondering. "You, whom people call so haughty and so proud—you would really let me wear one of your dresses? I do not know how to tell you how much I am pleased!" she said, eagerly.

Pluma Hurlhurst laughed. Such rapture was new to her.

The night which drew its mantle over the smiling earth was a perfect one. Myriads of stars shone like jewels in the blue sky, and not a cloud obscured the face of the clear full moon. Hurlhurst Plantation was ablaze with colored lamps that threw out soft rainbow tints in all directions as far as the eye could reach. The interior of Whitestone Hall was simply dazzling in its rich rose bloom, its lights, its fountains, and rippling music from adjoining ferrieries.

In an elegant apartment of the Hall Basil Hurlhurst, the recluse invalid, lay upon his couch, trying to shut out the mirth and gaiety that floated up to him from below. As the sound of Pluma's voice sounded upon his ear he turned his face to the wall with a bitter groan. "She is so like—" he muttered, grimly. "Ah! the pleasant voices of our youth turn into lashes which scourge us in our old age. 'Like mother, like child.'"

The lawn fete was a grand success; the elite of the whole country round were gathered together to welcome the beautiful, peerless hostess of Whitestone Hall. Pluma moved among her guests like a queen, yet in all that vast throng her eyes eagerly sought one face. "Where was Rex?" was the question which constantly perplexed her. After the first waltz he had suddenly disappeared. Only the evening before handsome Rex Lyon had held her jeweled hand long at parting, whispering, in his graceful, charming way, he had something to tell her on the morrow. "Why did he hold himself so strangely aloof?" Pluma asked herself, in bitter wonder. Ah! had she but known!

While Pluma, the wealthy heiress, awaited his coming so eagerly, Rex Lyon was standing, quite lost in thought, beside a rippling fountain in one of the most remote parts of the lawn, thinking of Daisy Brooks. He had seen a fair face—that was all—a face that embodied his dream of loveliness, and without thinking of it found his fate, and the whole world seemed changed for him.

Handsome, impulsive Rex Lyon, owner of the most extensive and lucrative orange groves in Florida, would have bartered every dollar of his worldly possessions for love.

He had hitherto treated all no-

mouth, hidden by his black mustache, and there was a cruel gleam in the dark, wicked eyes scanning the face of the young girl so closely.

"Ah! why not?" he mused. "It would be a glorious revenge." He made his way hurriedly in the direction of his young hostess, who was, as usual, surrounded by a group of admirers. A deep crimson spot burned on either cheek, and her eyes glowed like stars, as of one under intense, suppressed excitement.

Lester Stanwick made his way to her side just as the last echo of the waltz died away on the air, inwardly congratulating himself upon finding Rex and Daisy directly beside him.

"Miss Pluma," said Stanwick, with a low bow, "will you kindly present me to the little fairy on your right? I am quite desperately smitten with her."

Several gentlemen crowded around Pluma asking the same favor.

With a smile and a bow, what could Rex do but lead Daisy gracefully forward. Those who witnessed the scene that ensued never forgot it. For answer Pluma Hurlhurst turned coldly, haughtily toward them, drawing herself up proudly to her full height.

"There is evidently some mistake here," she said, glancing scornfully at the slight, girlish figure leaning upon Rex Lyon's arm. "I do not recognize this person as a guest. If I mistake not, she is one of the hirelings connected with the plantation."

If a thunderbolt had suddenly exploded beneath Rex's feet he could not have been more thoroughly astounded.

Daisy uttered a piteous little cry and, like a tender flower cut down by a sudden, rude blast, would have fallen at his feet had he not reached out his arm to save her.

"Miss Hurlhurst," cried Rex, in a voice husky with emotion, "I hold myself responsible for this young lady's presence here. I—"

"Ah!" interrupts, Pluma, ironically; "and may I ask by what right you force one so inferior, and certainly obnoxious, among us?"

Rex Lyon's handsome face was white with rage. "Miss Hurlhurst," he replied, with stately dignity, "I regret, more than the mere words express, that my heedlessness has brought upon this little creature at my side an insult so cruel, so unjust, and so bitter, in simply granting my request for a waltz—a request very reluctantly granted. An invited guest among you she may not be; but I most emphatically defy her inferiority to any lady or gentleman present."

"Rex—Mr. Lyon," says Pluma, icily, "you forget yourself."

He smiled contemptuously. "I do not admit it," he said, hotly. "I have done that which any gentleman should have done; defended from insult one of the purest and sweetest of maidens. I will do more—I will shield her, henceforth and forever with my very life, if need be. If I can win her, I shall make Daisy Brooks my wife."

Rex spoke rapidly—vehemently. His chivalrous soul was aroused; and he scarcely heeded the impetuous words that fell from his lips. He could not endure the thought that innocent, trusting little Daisy should suffer through any fault of his.

"Come, Daisy," he said, softly, clasping in his own strong white ones the little fingers clinging so pitiably to his arm, "we will go away from here at once—our presence longer is probably obnoxious. Farewell, Miss Hurlhurst."

"Rex," cried Pluma, involuntarily, taking a step forward, "you do not, you can not mean what you say. You will not allow a creature like that to separate us—you have forgotten Rex. You said you had something to tell

me. You will not part with me so easily," she cried.

A sudden terror seized her at the thought of losing him. He was her world. She forgot the guests gathering about her—forgot she was the wealthy, courted heiress for whose glances or smiles men sued in vain—forgot her haughty pride, in the one absorbing thought that Rex was going from her. Her wild, fiery, passionate love could bear no restraint.

"Rex," she cried, suddenly falling on her knees before him, her face white and stormy, her white jeweled hands clasped supplicatingly, "you must not, you shall not leave me so; no one shall come between us. Listen—I love you Rex. What if the whole world knows it—what will it matter, it is the truth. My love is my life. You loved me until she came between us with her false, fair face. But for this you would have asked me to be your wife. Send that miserable little hireling away, Rex—the gardener will take charge of her."

Pluma spoke rapidly, vehemently. No one could stay the torrent of her bitter words.

Rex was painfully distressed and annoyed. Fortunately but very few of the guests had observed the thrilling tableau enacted so near them.

"Pluma—Miss Hurlhurst," he said, "I am sorry you have unfortunately expressed yourself, for your own sake. I beg you will say no more. You yourself have severed this night the last link of friendship between us. I am frank with you in thus admitting it. I sympathize with you, while your words have filled me with the deepest consternation and embarrassment, which it is useless longer to prolong."

Drawing Daisy's arm hurriedly within his own, Rex Lyon strode quickly down the gravelled path, with the full determination of never again crossing the threshold of Whitestone Hall, or gazing upon the face of Pluma Hurlhurst.

Meanwhile Pluma had arisen from her knees with a gay, mocking laugh, turning suddenly to the startled group about her.

"Bravo! bravo! Miss Pluma," cried Lester Stanwick, stepping to her side at that opportune moment. "On the stage you would have made a grand success. We are practicing for a coming charade," explained Stanwick, laughingly; "and, judging from the expressions depicted on our friends' faces, I should say you have drawn largely upon real life. You will be a success, Miss Pluma."

No one dreamed of doubting the assertion. A general laugh followed, and the music struck up again, and the gay mirth of the fete resumed its sway.

Long after the guests had departed Pluma sat in her boudoir, her heart torn with pain, love, and jealousy, her brain filled with schemes of vengeance.

"I can not take her life!" she cried; "but if I could mar her beauty—the pink-and-white beauty of Daisy Brooks, which has won Rex from me—I would do it. I shall torture her for this," she cried. "I will win him from her though I wade through seas of blood. Hear me, Heaven," she cried, "and register my vow!"

Pluma hastily rung the bell.

"Saddle Whirlwind and Tempest at once!" she said to the servant who answered her summons.

"It is after midnight, Miss Pluma."

There was a look in her eyes which would brook no further words.

An hour later they had reached the cottage wherein slept Daisy Brooks, heedless of the danger that awaited her.

"Wait for me here," said Pluma to the groom who accompanied her—"I will not be long!"

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(To Be Continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The devotees of the game of chess are probably not aware of the fact that the game was played more than a thousand years before Christ, the credit of the invention being given by some authorities to Palamedes, a Grecian hero of the Trojan war, about 1080 B.C. The word chess is derived from the Persian shah, king and check mate, or shahmat, means "king confounded or overcome." But not only in Persian, but in Sanscrit, and other Asiatic languages, are the terms connected with it found. In England the game was played before the Norman conquest. Dr. Franklin was fond of the game, and it was a favorite with Napoleon I.

The average man who uses the expression "He's a brick" is probably not aware of the fact that he is quoting from no less an authority than Plutarch, who in his life of Lycurgus uses the words to describe the Spartan law-giver. Lycurgus once said of Sparta, "The city is well fortified, which has a wall of men instead of brick," and a king of Sparta, showing the city to an ambassador, remarked: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick."

The picture which has the honor to be the first and grandest in the world is Raphael's "Transfiguration." He had scarcely finished it when he died, and it hung over his bed while he lay in state and was carried in his funeral procession. The picture is devotional and not historical. On the right side of the Saviour is Moses, and on the left side Elijah representing the law and the prophets. The picture was painted to the order of a Cardinal who afterward became Pope Clement VII. It was carried to Paris, but upon its return to Rome was placed in the Vatican, and now bears the title, "The Jewel of the Vatican."

The Harp of Tara has an "hug mite" upon its wall since 544 A.D. That was the year in which assembled there for the last time the kings and nobles of Ireland. The triennial councils of Ireland had been held there for many years, but a criminal who had sought sanctuary in the monastery of St. Ruari was dragged to Tara's hall and executed there. Proceeding in solemn procession the holy abbot and his monks went to the palace and pronounced a curse upon its walls, since which it has been deserted.

The term "Brother Jonathan," is used to designate the United States as "John Bull" is used in connection with England. When Washington, as commander-in-chief of the army, went to New England, he found a lack of means and of the necessities of warfare. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, Washington remarked: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." Brother Jonathan was so often consulted and so often found a way out of difficulties that he came to be looked upon as the saving genius of the country, hence the phrase.

"None shall wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk," was an old Hungarian saying, and the number of feathers in his cap indicated how many Turks the man had killed, hence the origin of the saying with reference to a feather in one's cap. The information is contained in the Lansdowne manuscript in the British Museum describing Hungary in 1599.

"The Seven Lamps of Architecture," of which Ruskin wrote in 1849 were the Lamp of Sacrifice, the Lamp of Truth, the Lamp of Power, the Lamp of Beauty, the Lamp of Life, the Lamp of Memory, and the Lamp of Obedience. He desired to introduce a newer and higher conception of the significance of architecture.

The Bayeux tapestry is a history on canvas of the Norman conquest of England in 1066. It is said to have been the work of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court. It was presented by the Queen to the cathedral of Bayeux, Normandy, as a token of the appreciation which she and her husband felt for the aid which the Bishop Odo rendered in the battle of Hastings. The tapestry is a web of canvas 214 feet long by 20 inches wide; the "conquest" is worked in different colored woolen threads. It is exhibited every year on St. John's day. It is divided into seventy-two compartments, each representing one particular historical occurrence and bearing a Latin explanatory inscription. It contains 505 quadrupeds, 623 men, 202 horses, 55 dogs, 37 buildings, 41 ships and boats and 49 trees.

TO WARM BABY'S MILK.

Before retiring, set a quart cup full of water on your stove, where it will keep hot. Fill a bottle with cold milk, leaving a space for the amount of water that is to be used. When needed, fill up the bottle with some of the hot water, and stand the bottle in the rest of it. In a minute or two the milk will be warm, and you will not have had time to shiver. When a stove fire is not handy, a one-burner oil stove kept very clean, will answer the double purpose of lamp and stove.

DO YOU FEEL TIRED IN THE MORNING?

Does Sleep not bring Refreshment?

Do you feel wretched, mean and miserable in the mornings—as tired as when you went to bed? It's a serious condition—too serious to neglect, and unless you have the heart and nervous system strengthened and the blood enriched by



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, collapse is almost certain to ensue. Mr. Fred. H. Graham, a well-known young man of Barrie, Ont., says:—"I have had a great deal of trouble with my heart for four years. I was easily agitated and my excitement caused my heart to throb violently. I had dizziness and shortness of breath, and often arose in the mornings feeling as tired as when I went to bed. I was terribly nervous. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done wonders for me. They have restored my heart to regular healthy action, giving me back sound restful sleep, and making my nervous system strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.50 at all druggists or by mail. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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. They unfit a man for business, married life and social enjoyment. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

NO CURE—NO PAY

Reader, you need help. Early abuse of your organs may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

250,000 CURED

Young Men—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stopping form and downward countenance reveal the blight of your organs.

WE CURE VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you have been afflicted, 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 assured. NO CURE, NO PAY, NO OPERATION NEEDED. DON'T DELUDE YOURSELF FROM BUSINESS.

CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure SYPHILIS, GLEET, EMISSIONS, PROSTRATION, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLADDER AND KIDNEY diseases. SURE CURE. GUARANTEE FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

RIP-AN'S

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

"I Can Eat What I Like."

Many people suffer terribly with pain in the stomach after every mouthful they eat. Dyspepsia and indigestion keep them in constant misery. After trying the hundred and one new-fangled remedies without much benefit, why not use the old reliable Burdock Blood Bitters and obtain a perfect and permanent cure? Here is a case in point:

"I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia for three or four years, and tried almost every doctor round here and different dyspepsia remedies, but got little relief. I then started using Burdock Blood Bitters, and when I had finished the second bottle I was almost well, but continued taking it until I had completed the third bottle, when I was perfectly well. Before taking B.B.B. I could scarcely eat anything without having a pain in my stomach. Now I eat whatever I like without causing me the least discomfort." — Mrs. THOMAS CLARK, Brussels, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters

PERFECTLY RAW WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

A Terribly Painful Case of Burning, Torturing Eczema, Which Was Thoroughly Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The torture which is caused by the intense itching and burning sensations of eczema makes it one of the most distressing of ailments, while the presence of the raw flesh, which refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, adds to the misery of the sufferer.

The following case is reported as one which illustrates the extraordinary control which Dr. Chase's Ointment has over eczema, both as a prompt relief for the dreadful itching and as an antiseptic healer, which speedily and certainly brings about a thorough cure.

In vain were all sorts of medicines and ointments used and doctors appeared to be helpless before the dreadful ravages which the flaming fires of eczema were making. Here is the way Mrs. Knight describes this interesting case:

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, states: "My mother, Mrs. Wright, of Norval, suffered for a summer and winter with eczema on her foot. She could neither walk nor sleep, and it became so bad that she was perfectly raw from her toes to her knees.

After trying every available remedy without success, and almost hopeless of relief, she began using Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used eight or nine boxes, with the happy result that she is now completely cured. Anyone wishing further particulars can communicate with Mrs. Wright, Norval, Ont. After such a grand success, is it any wonder that we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?"

It is just such tests as this one that have convinced physicians of the truly wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. If you are a sufferer, with any itching skin disease, or have a sore that will not heal, make a test for yourself. You will certainly become an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Dr. Chase's Ointment, just as is every one who knows its merits. Besides curing the most severe forms of itching skin diseases, Dr. Chase's Ointment is delightfully healing and soothing in all cases of chafing, skin irritations, sore feet, prickly heat, pimples, and blackheads. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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IS BABY CUTTING TEETH?

Watch him carefully.—On the first indication of Diarrhoea give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Hot weather comes hard on babies, especially those cutting teeth.

The little form soon wastes and fades away when diarrhoea or cholera infantum seizes upon it.

As you love your child, mother, and wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It is so other remedy so safe to children and none so effectual.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, Shoal Lake, Man., writes: "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine that I ever used for diarrhoea, dysentery or cholera infantum. It is the best remedy I have used when my baby's teeth were cutting and it has never yet failed."