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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 FINEST 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 them as a sample of the best quality of Indian and Ceylon Tea. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh 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 canisters of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 3 lbs., and sold in three flavors at 50c., 75c., and 1.00. If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. Toronto.

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We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work.
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GREAT GOODNESS OF GOD

Rev. Dr. Talmage Dwells on God's Care for Man.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: “The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.”—Psalm xxxiii, 5.

The season of harvest has come. Nothing could stop it. It pressed on down through the weeks and months, its way lighted by burning cities, or cleft by cavernous graves; now strewn with orange-blossoms, and then with funeral weeds; amid instruments that piped “the quickstep” and drummed “the dead march.” Through the gates of the morning it came, carrying on one shoulder a sheaf of wheat, and on the other a sheaf of corn. Children in holiday dress, hold up their hands to bless it, and old age goes out to bid it welcome, asking that it come in, and by the altars of God rest awhile. Come in, oh season, fragrant with a thousand memories, and borne down under the weight of innumerable mercies, and tell to our thankful hearts how great is the goodness of God.

By a sublime egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, when the fact is that our race is in a small minority. The instances of human life, as compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to a million. We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness and come to a better understanding of the text if, before we come to look at this cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the irrational creation.

On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress, unless, perchance, a heartless school-boy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flock. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and sealed, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the lark carols it; the whole sports it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as our joy is to us. Goat climbing through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not grieve or melancholy; they are not only supplied; God says they are filled with good.

God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover top for the oxen's taste; and pours out crystalline waters, in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags; and pours nectar into the cup of the honey-suckle to refresh the humming-bird; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey-bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet; and tells the grasshopper to go any where he likes, and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain-fields.

Yea, God in the Bible announces his care for those orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defence—Psalm civ, 18: “The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.” He watches the bird's nest—Psalm civ, 17: “As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.” He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm civ, 14: “He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.” He sees to it that the cows, and sheep, and horses have enough to drink—Psalm civ, 10, 11: “He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst.”

Why did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing and dancing, and frisking amid the irrational creation? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth, and air, and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. “The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.”

I take a step higher, and notice the adaptation of the world to the comfort and happiness of man. The sixth day of creation has arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field, but where was the sceptre which should rule all? A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the heaven above.

The one reminding him of his origin the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal, the finite, and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor, and heaven for his roof; God for his Father; eternity for his lifetime.

The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the confirmation of the human body exclaims, “I am fearfully and wonderfully made.” Volumes have been written of the hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reins in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it snatches the fire from child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power. Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

Behold the eye, which in its Daguerrean gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; this human voice, capable, as has been estimated, of producing seventeen trillions, five hundred and ninety-two billions, forty-four hundred and fifty millions, forty-four hundred and fifty millions, if we could realize the wonders of our physical organization, we should become hypochochriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But many men have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a hand to manipulate.

I take a step higher, and look at man's mental constitution. Behold the lavish benevolence of God in powers of perception, or the faculty you have of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm, and the splendours of the day-dawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water to your lips.

Watch the law of association, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought, or knew, or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clewline, and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought starting up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse an orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past, and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot.

In reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength, the antelope in speed, the bound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far-reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honey-bee in delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness of touch. Man's power, therefore, consisteth not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for in these respects he is the ostrich, and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all. At his all-conquering decree, the forest that had stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm. The sea which raved and foamed upon the shore for commerce to march on. The race has become a crystal pathway thunder-cloud that slept lazily above the mountain is made to come down and carry mail-bags. Man, dissatisfied with his slowness of advancement, shouted to the Water and the Fire, “Come and lift!” “Come and draw!” “Come and help!” And they answer, “Ay, ay, we come,” and they joined hands—the fire and the water—and the shuttles fly, and the railroad rattles on, and the steamship comes coughing, panting, flaming across the deep.

I take a step higher, and look at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment; capable at first of eternal joy, and, though now disordered, still, through the recuperative force of heavenly grace, able to mount up to more than its original felicity; faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity; a soul destined to range in unlimited sphere of activity long after the world has put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that, in their courses, fought against Sisera, shall have been slain, and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. We are put in a garden, and told that from all the trees we may eat except here and there one. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air, and deep, analogies and antitheses; all deep, analogies and antitheses; all colours and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the “Grand March” of God in the storm.

I wish you good cheer for the national health. Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearths has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree-branch might fatally assault our life! Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. Our sight fails not, though the air is so full of objects which by one touch could break out the soul's window. What ship, after a year's tossing on the sea, could come in with so little damage as ourselves, though we arrive after a year's voyage to-day?

I wish you good cheer for the harvest. Reaping machines never swathed thicker rye, and corn-husker's peg never ripped out fuller ear, and mow-poles never bent down under sweeter hay, and windmill's hopper never shook out larger wheat. The gardeners are full, the store houses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness, and whistle to the flagmen at dead of night to let the Western harvest come down to feed the mouths of the great cities.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches us, nor does an armed soldier interfere with the honest utterance of truth. Blessed be God that today we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. Jew and Gentile—Arminian and Calvinist—Trinitarian and Unitarian—Protestant and Roman Catholic—on the same footing. If persecution should come against the most unpopular of all the sects, I believe that all other denominations would band together, and arm themselves, and hearts would be stout, and blood would be free, and the right of men to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences would be contested at the point of the bayonet, and with blood flowing up to the bits of the horses' bridles.

But for the soul still higher adaptation; a fountain in which it may wash; a ladder by which it may climb; a song of endless triumph that it may sing; a crown of unfading light that it may wear. Christ came to save it came with a cross on his back; came with spikes in his feet; came when no

one else would come, to do a work which no one else would do. See how suited a man's condition is what God has done for him! Man is a sinner; here his pardon. He has lost God's image; Christ restores it. He is helpless; Almighty grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at one touch of Him who cured Bartimeus, eternal glories stream into his soul. Jesus, I sing thy grace! Cure of worst disease! Hammer to smite off heaviest chain! Light for thickest darkness! Grace divine! Devils scoff at it, and men reject it, but heaven celebrates it!

Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that has breath praise the Lord! Today let the people come out from their store houses and offices, from factories, and off from Western prairies, and up from mines, and out from forests, and in from the whale ships and wherever God's light shines, and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, let the thanksgiving arise!

THE HAIR HARVEST.
Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest that can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women.

Two-thirds of the ladies nowadays use false hair, more or less. The degree of fashion or the desire to conceal a defect or heighten a charm is the reason, of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continued frizzing, and would like to conceal the fact. Both make use of a front or top piece, with a choice of many styles.

The rarest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market in Merlan, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, their shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the steps of the houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck the hair is cut and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from 60 cents to \$5 in our money.

INSINCERITY.
“Our civilization demands a greater or less degree of mendacity,” remarked the abstruse person. “We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark which is absolutely devoid of sincerity.”
“That's right,” answered the book agent. “That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to a front step where there is a door mat with the word ‘Welcome’ on it.”
BONDAGE, BUT WHOSE?
That ring, said the advanced woman, indicating the wedding ring, is a sign of bondage.
True, admitted the young matron.
Yet you wear it?
Certainly. Why shouldn't I? It isn't necessarily my bondage.
Then whose is it?
Well, it takes several years of married life to find that out. I'll tell you

WHERE THE FUNDS GO.

The Cry for a Great Hospital Seen About Gift.

I am often surprised, says an official of a large London hospital, at the lamentable ignorance people evince upon the subject of hospital finances; not one person in a hundred seems to have the remotest idea what it costs to run a big institution such as this. I heard a City man tell another a few days ago that this hospital had an income of nearly £20,000; he seemed astonished at the largeness of the sum. As a matter of fact, the income of this hospital is more than twice that amount, and yet it always has a deficiency on the balance-sheet, and a precious heavy deficiency to boot.

In round figures, this institution costs between £70,000 and £80,000 a year to run. You are surprised? Of course, so would any one be who has not troubled to inquire into the subject. There are a hundred and one expenses which a stranger would never expect. You will hardly credit it, but we pay over £1,000 a year for milk alone, while eggs cost us from £300 to £400 a year. Our meat bill runs between £1,500 and £2,000, and that is quite exclusive of poultry and fish, which cost an additional £800.

A mere item like butter and cheese will cost us £500 a year, while groceries run away with over £700 a year, vegetables and flour taking about £600 to £700. It may seem strange to you, that while milk costs us such a large sum, alcoholic liquors rarely cost more than £250 in the course of twelve months. That practically exhausts the lists of provisions, though you must understand the items I have mentioned are those things consumed by the patients; the boarding of the staff of medical officers and nurses is treated as a separate account, and adds an extra £3,000 or £4,000 to the total bill for provisions, which generally tops £10,000 per annum.

Drugs, disinfectants, and chemicals usually cost us about £2,500, while dressings and instruments swallow up approximately £3,000. Altogether the dispensing and surgery departments, exclusive of salaries, involves an expenditure of about £6,000.

I mentioned salaries, which is always a heavy item: £10,000 a year would not cover it. The nurses get some £1,500 divided between them during the twelve months, the dispensers between £500 and £1,000, and the medical staff £2,000. An additional £3,000 is required to pay other salaries which I cannot classify.

Of course you will understand that I am giving you round figures, and that when I say simply ordinary repairs made on the premises cost about £5,000 you must take it that I do not guarantee to be within a couple of pounds of the exact sum, but I may be, as I am in other figures, under or over estimating by £50 or £60.

Lighting and heating are costly, and the £3,000 which it usually entails will probably be greatly exceeded this year owing to the increase in the price of coal. Our laundry receives £1,700 odd from us, and the tax-collector £2,500; £800 goes in printing, stationery and stamps. But, though I have not been more than half through the list of expenses, I think I have said enough to show you what an enormous amount of money is required to keep an hospital going for twelve months. Let me just say this: the eighteen largest items on the expenditure side of our balance-sheet for last year amounted to the very respectable total of £68,500. Think of that—write it down on a piece of paper, and you will not complain that hospitals are always crying for money without the best of all reasons.

TRADE OF CHINA.

A remarkable fact that should be kept in mind in connection with the Chinese question is that, of the total annual trade of China—£69,000,000—the share of the British Empire is 63.5 per cent. It is British trade first, and the rest nowhere. Japan's share is only 11 per cent., while the United States of America comes third, with under 10 per cent., and third with under 10 per cent., with less than 5 per cent. As for the other countries who have prominently taken an hand in the Chinese game—France and Germany—their trading interest in China, plus that of all other nationalities, amounts to only 10 per cent.

HIS TRAVELS.

The workmen who go in advance of the Czar whenever he travels form a squad of six mechanics. Two form a squad of six mechanics. Two form a squad of six mechanics, and are locksmiths, two carpenters, and two masons. All are married men, born in the Czar's service, and absolutely devoted to their Sovereign. Their business is to examine the walls, flooring, chimneys, locks, and furniture of the apartments which the Czar is to occupy. The chimneys, in particular, engage their attention, for every flue leading to a room in which the Czar is to sleep or eat has to be grated and barred at top or bottom.

It is not lovely when husband and wife are always of the same opinion! Certainly; only it makes such a great difference whose opinion it is.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and get her health back. They cure those feelings of weakness and sinking that come on at times, and the heart beat strong and regular, sweet, refreshing sleep and banish all the aches and nervousness. They infuse life and energy into dispirited, heart-tired women, who have come to think there is no cure for them.

Read the words of encouragement in this letter from Mrs. Thos. Somers, Toronto, New London, P. E. I.
“Last fall I was in a very serious condition, suffering from nervousness and weakness, I got so bad at last that I could hardly move around, and despaired of getting well. Seeing Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills highly recommended for such conditions I purchased a box of it. I could not get an improvement in my condition at all when I had used two boxes I was completely cured.”

“It was wonderful how these pills took away that dreadful feeling of nervousness and gave me strength.”
“I recommended them to my neighbor who was troubled with nervousness and they cured her, too. We all think it is nothing equal to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.”

DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of
20 YEARS IN DETROIT.
250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS.
Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the loss of the “highly valued” seed. It produces weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms, which may ruin a man for business, married life and social happiness. 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 later excesses may have weakened your system. You may have exhausted your vitality. We will cure you. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

250,000 CURED.
Young Men—You are pale, feeble, nervous, irritable and nervous. You become forgetful, nervous and despondent; blotches and pimples appear on your face. You feel tired, listless and downcast. Consult us for the light of your existence.

WE CURE VARIOUS DISEASES.
No matter how acute or how long you have been suffering from any of the following diseases, our New Method will cure you. We cure all cases of sexual organs, gonorrhea, syphilis, and all other diseases. We cure all cases of nervousness, weakness, and all other diseases. We cure all cases of nervousness, weakness, and all other diseases.

CURES GUARANTEED.
We treat and cure all cases of GLEET, EMISSIONS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SORES, AND ALL OTHER DISEASES. MODERATE. If you are suffering from any of the above diseases, write for a QUESTION BLANK and we will send you one.

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

COULDN'T

Mr. P. L. Campbell, the well-known merchant of Fortuna, Mich., was troubled with severe pains in his back for over two years.

At length he became aware of the fact that backache was simply a symptom of kidney trouble and did not hesitate to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and promptly and permanently cured. Here is his statement: “I was afflicted for two years with pain in my back and hips. Some morning pains were so severe that I could not get up. I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box cured me. I have been perfectly well for over a year now and free from all trace of pain.”

ONE GIVES RELIEF.
R-I-E
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ard F
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