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DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, MARCH 13TH, 1902.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Dalaguete, Cebu, P. I.
January 4th, 1902.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Christmas and New Years passed off very quietly here, there being no excitement what ever. It was the dullest Christmas week I ever put in, in my life. We had nothing to eat except some bread and coffee for both days, as the Quartermaster did not think enough of us to send the ration boat around. But holidays are not very largely celebrated by soldiers in the field any way, and as the boat got here safe and sound yesterday, we have no kick coming. Captain Martin, the present Q. M. of the island, wouldn't give his mother a pleasant look, if he thought it would do her a favor. He is just as disliking as he can be, and it seems to tickle him if he can keep the soldiers waiting for rations.

We had our first piece of really good beef, since coming to the island, yesterday. It was some of the noted frozen beef of Australia, and the Q. M. Sergeant, on board the ration boat said we were supposed to get it once a week. However, supposed to get, and getting it, are so far apart that we have no faith whatever in the Sgts. words, and will not place any confidence in them, till we see a couple of shipments of beef come to Dalaguete.

Mail is of no consequence whatever here any more. We have not received any for over a month, and have almost lost hope. Letters are not of so much importance as papers and magazines, as we have a large number of men who do not correspond with anyone at all. The magazines take third place in interest here, next to letters. The cheap literature of to-day is not of much consequence to us. You can take all of the American magazines, or nearly so, and the stories in them take from six to ten issues to complete them, and are necessarily of no value to a man who cannot follow them up from month to month. It nearly sets one wild to pick up one magazine after another, and find that as a rule all of the stories are continued. This may seem strange to some of you, but if you can imagine yourself in a foreign uncivilized country, with nothing to do but eat, sleep and occasionally a little fight: nothing to amuse you but card playing and reading, you may understand better, the predicament we are all in here. Of course the word "amuse" may seem funny to you, applied as it is to grown men, yet there are few persons, were they situated out here as we are, who would not enjoy some of the simple little games they used to play when they were younger. Monotony is something a person cannot imagine. If you think so just imagine for six months, then come out here and see the difference.

The hot, or dry season, is slowly but surely coming upon us. The rain has stopped, and the sun has started his work of baking the solid earth into a mass that might be compared to iron. In March or April, the earth becomes so hard, and the sun so hot that the soil cracks and fairly large fissures, run for sometimes a hundred yards. The grass dies, and all vegetation seems dead, but just as you think that you and the vegetation are about gone, up pops a pleasant little rain storm and the grass and trees seem to spring to life almost as quickly as you do. It must be one of nature's mysteries, for I have experienced it myself and was almost ready to lie down and die, when the air cooled and the rain began to fall.

One of our soldiers was to Cebu city for the past month on a pass. He says

the city is improving rapidly, there being Americans, Spanish, English and Germans, grocery, dry and in fact all kinds of stores starting up, including the usual amount of saloons and public houses. Private dwelling houses are also being put up, as far as the Filipinos can do the work, but as they are very slow about everything it takes a long while to complete one. Even Dalaguete and also other towns as Argao, Sibonga, Carcay and Naga are pushing rapidly to the front, and before long I believe Cebu, though one of the smallest, will be one of the leading islands in the archipelago. Before five years, it is stated, Cebu will be next to Luzon, in commercial importance. Cebu, for its size, produces more hemp than any other island, and even here in this pueblo, it keeps four or five large sailing vessels on the go, to carry the products to the city. Though small, Dalaguete it is second to Cebu, for real business. There are more Chinamen doing business here than in any other place outside of Cebu city, and a person can buy much more than in many of the larger towns. Since peace has been declared everything has picked up and is doing well, all ports have been opened, except Oslob, (on account of the cable) and an extensive shipping trade established, between the island and the outer world.

I may have told you in some of my previous letters of the change that has taken place in the military part of the governing of the island, but I think a second telling will not come amiss. The islands have been divided into two departments, instead of the several that were established before, namely Northern and Southern. The Southern Department consists, mainly of the Visay or those islands, on which Visayan is mostly spoken, and the Northern of the Tagalog. The Northern is commanded by Gen. Bell, with headquarters at Manila, and the Southern by Gen. Wade, with headquarters at Cebu, instead of Iloilo, as before.

Gen. Chaffee, who returned from China about July 1st, and who succeeded Gen. McArthur, is commander-in-chief of the military forces in the Philippine Islands, while Judge Taft, the civil governor, is the ranking American authority on the islands. The various islands of each department have a government of their own, having a civil governor, a Filipino, as the head. He has a Presidente, or Mayor, as we would call him, in each town, and he, in turn, a Leniente, (Lieutenant) of Police in each and every berrio (village) in his district. All these native officials, are in turn, under the orders of their superiors, while Mr. Taft, an American, governs all. When Judge Taft, arrived in the islands at the head of the Civil Commission, he made a tour of the Archipelago, trying to establish Civil Government. All islands which were pacified had governors and Presidents appointed for a period of four years, Cebu being one of the last to surrender. These officials will not be appointed next time, but will have to go before the people for election, the same as officials in the United States. The priests have in one way lost their former power, but the man to be elected for the next term, will have to be on good standing with them, as they hold these people so strong, through their religion that the majority will vote for the man they tell them to.

Naga, a town about fourteen miles from Cebu, and some forty-four from here had quite an exciting time, for a day or so last week. A native Scout, through jealousy shot Pvt. Mitchell, of Co. G. 19th Inf. through the head killing him instantly. Another Scout who interfered, received a wound in the side, which, though not serious, was quite painful. The insurgent, when he realized what he had done, and knowing that no mercy or quarter would be shown to him, took his gun and belt and started for the mountains. As the people round Naga are, and always have been friendly towards the Americans, he could not escape in broad day light, so he took chances and hid in a sugar cane field. The Scouts and American soldiers, forming up immediately, gave chase, but were unsuccessful. Later, the soldiers went out alone, and after scouting around for a while, finally located their man. Almost immediately he opened up on the advance guard, and then escaped from the field and took shelter in an old sugar mill. The soldiers couldn't dislodge him any way, so they set fire to the building, which being built of bamboo, and roofed with nipa, burnt easily. The native wounded a Corporal and three Privates, before the building was set on fire. In a few minutes it became too hot for him, and he made a run for life. The boys plugged it into him, and, when found he was stone dead, and his body the finest flour sieve you ever laid your eyes on.

Well, so much for the Nigger, but I hope they will let him "R. I. P." where ever he has gone to.

We are expecting great changes for the better, right away if all reports are true. It is rumored about that after this next pay day the soldiers are to be paid once a month. This is a great improvement on the once in two

months system. Our beef is to come once a week, whereas before we got none at all; mail is to be delivered once a week also, and it is at present about six weeks since the last sack of mail stopped at Dalaguete; and last, but not least, they are going to make Dalaguete a permanent garrison. If all this comes to pass we will live like kings and will probably all re-enlist. One of our boys was at Cebu for a while, attached to "D." Co. for rations and the Quartermaster Sergeant, who feeds pretty "bum" having given out a breakfast of coffee, bacon, and bread, was remarking that it was good enough for any soldier. One of the men immediately remarked "If the devil had you for a fireman, he wouldn't need much coal." Pretty good, wasn't it? It seems funny to me how some men can do a thing like that, but it is done every day in the American Army.

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of the Island of Cebu, passed through here a while back, arranging to have teachers stationed on all garrisoned towns on the coast. He went all round the island, our own Mounted Infantry escorting him from Argao to Damanjue, about one hundred and fifty miles. The teacher assigned to this place, got here a couple of weeks ago. He comes from New Jersey, and therefore brought a mosquito netting along with him. He is an excellent fellow, so far as I know, and seems to be well satisfied with his situation. The U. S. Government sends these people over here, not to learn, but to teach the language to these people. It is intended to make English the prevailing language here, in as short a time as possible, and therefore every town, where soldiers are stationed, has a teacher assigned to it. It must take some nerve to come over here to teach a people, when you know nothing of theirs or they of your tongue. The job pays from \$75 to \$125 per month and a bonus for every pupil you can get at night school.

At the present time, I have just four months and sixteen days to do, and don't know what to think of it. The time seems just the same as when I had two years, in fact it concerns me more, for I think the time will never roll around. I have heard, on good authority that all persons enlisting east of the Mississippi River, are to go home by way of the Suez Canal, and be discharged in New York. This would knock me out of over one hundred dollars, and as I am going that way any way, that is, after I see China Australia and a few more countries, I would sooner be discharged here. The government is trying to get us to re-enlist and are offering us four cents per mile between here and our place of enlistment. That would give me about \$32, and I don't know whether to take it or not. Soldiers seem to be very scarce and they can't get them as fast as they would like.

I don't believe I ever told you of "H." Co. being a mounted infantry. We have about forty horses, twenty at Argao, and twenty at Oslob. That saves us a lot of marching, and as I am in Dalaguete, about half way, I am having a pretty easy time of it.

Around Cebu city the soldiering is pretty strict, there being all kinds of drill and fancy guard mounds, etc. This will be worse than ever, now that Department Headquarters is situated there. It would not be so bad or hard to get along if a person had anything to keep his clothes in, but as it is not altogether settled down, and Cebu is so dusty it is very hard to keep your

equipments in good condition. Of course we have inspections here, but not quite so strict as if a commissioned officer was in command.

Phineas Foutz, a former Corporal of Co. "K." 19th Infantry, who stabbed a young native girl to death, about a year and a half ago, at a town called Liloan, and who was sentenced to be hanged, paid the penalty yesterday morning, in Fort San Pedro, Cebu. The report states that he struggled for two minutes after the drop was let go, and in half an hour was pronounced dead by the medical authorities who witnessed the hanging. While in the Hospital, I made the acquaintance of Foutz, and he told me all about the girl he had at Liloan. Nearly every spare cent he could save, would be expended for something for her. After I had been out for a while I heard of the tragedy, and since Foutz was confined in the fort, I have often visited him. He did not seem at all downhearted and was even in good spirits. His time he spent playing cards and reading, and as the time drew near it is stated that he jokingly remarked that the time for his "neck-tie" party would soon be here. He even examined his scaffold and commented on it. The hanging was private all person being barred to witness it except the authorities. No official reports of it have been received yet, but from time to time we hear something new concerning the affair. Foutz was born near Zanesville, in the State of Ohio, and was about twenty-two years of age. He is well thought of by his Company Commander as well as every man in the Company. His little fifteen year old sister had an interview with President McKinley, and tried to have him paroled, but the President would not act, and if all reports are true, refused to see her a second time. She also interviewed President Roosevelt, but he would do no more for her than than McKinley. At the trial, Dr. Reilly, our Army Surgeon, tried to prove to the court that Foutz was insane, but it did no good, and his evidence was thrown in the waste basket. It seems strange that one man should be hanged for this one offense, while Luga, a former insurgent general, who has murdered galore attached to him, should be let go. Luga is about to be made a Captain of Police in Cebu. Besides, Luga is not the only case where a known Filipino murderer has been given a good position in the Philippines.

Private Myers, of "H." Company, who was stationed at Sibonga, while diving from a native boat, struck his head on a submerged rock, and was brought to shore insensible. For a time it was thought he was only stunned, but as the hours passed by and he did not recover, the doctor from Argao went down to hold an examination. The doctor found Myers in a very precarious condition and had the launch Philadelphia stop and take him to Cebu. He died the next day, and at the post mortem it was found that one of the vertebrae had been broken. Myers was buried at Cebu, with military honors, a large crowd attending.

Pvt. Colman, of this Company, is in a pretty bad fix just now. It seems that he and Corp. Barnes had a fall out over some eggs, and had gotten in to a pretty hot argument. Corp. Wild happening to pass along, tried to pacify them and Coleman, not caring to be interfered with, hit Wild over the head with an ebony walking stick. Wild fell like a log and had to be carried into quarters, while Coleman was arrested and placed in the guard house. For nearly two weeks Corporal Wild did not come to, and even then he was not fully in command of his senses. He would talk for a few minutes and then his mind would wander. The doctors found that his skull had been fractured and that an operation was necessary. The operation was successful and Corporal Wild is now doing duty in Argao. He is not going to prosecute Coleman, and is now trying to get him out of the scrape as light as possible. Coleman is now in San Pedro prison in Cebu, awaiting trial.

Well, I suppose you must be getting tired of me by this time and I am about run down. I will not occupy your time any longer. Give my best respects to all my friends, and love to my sisters and yourself, and if you don't hear from me for some time, never think that I am in trouble, or that I am sick in bed, for these are two things I have managed to steer pretty clear of so far.

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Perhaps! Don't you run the risk, though, but always buy the well-tested and sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe and painless. Putnam's removes corns painlessly in twenty-four hours. If your druggist does not sell it, send 25 cents to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and they will send it to you post paid to any address in Canada or U. S.

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FRANK.

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Students' Volunteer Convention.

The Students' Volunteer Missionary Movement for Foreign Missions whose convention was held in Toronto a week ago, has for its object "primarily to raise up among students of North America, sufficient number of capable missionary candidates to meet the requirements of the various Missionary Societies Boards." It came into being in 1898 the year of my graduation, but agents did not reach Toronto till year following. Its object is to form an organization among students themselves to keep alive an interest in the evangelization of the world and to draw from the young men and women in our college halls, those who will offer themselves to work. It is thus in strictness a students' Voluntary Missionary Movement. Its hope is that by the grace the Gospel will be carried all the world in the present generation hence the motto of the organization is, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

Already it has branches in 800 of the 1000 Schools and Colleges of North America, and has branches Great Britain and Germany. Up to the present time they have gone to the foreign field, while the influence of the movement has been less on those who remain than those who have gone. Its leaders officers have been students who devoted themselves to the field, and who, in the meantime given of their time and strength spread the same spirit to others.

To stimulate the work a convention held every four years, or on every student generation. The one of these was held in Cleveland '91, the second in Detroit in '94, third in Cleveland in '98 and fourth in Toronto a week ago. The first meeting there were 680 delegates representing one hundred fifty-one institutions; at the last were nearly 3,000 delegates, and over 500 institutions, and from over sixty Christian denominations.

The element of size always an impression, but it was not numbers that mainly impressed in this gathering, but a certain of the Divine presence. The movement is strictly religious in its character. A Toronto daily paper says that it is one of three great religious movements that have sprung from the English speaking world in the last one hundred and fifty years. The first of these was the Methodist revival under the Wesleys, the second the Oxford movement in Church of England, and this thought this one worthy of a side by side with these, never vouched, one has only to feel the religious character of the meeting. All conventions do impress those who attend. Some are light and frivolous; lack all sense of dignity and Here the prevailing feeling was they came to worship. Those attended the prohibition Convention could hardly fail to note the difference in this respect, between the sphere in the two gatherings. Former we met as citizens to laws, but whatever may have in people's hearts no one would gathered from a word spoken the demon of drink "goeth out" but by prayer and fasting. On the meeting on Wednesday the prayer meeting to seek help to receive a blessing—the stillness of the sanctuary addresses poured from earnest the humble confession of self and need of an emptying of self and