

Save the Potatoes

Eat them yourself. Don't let the bugs do it. Kill the bugs. Kill them to stay killed. Several things that sell will do it.

PARIS GREEN is one of them, for there are others—but this is the most popular, and will do the work, if it is fresh and strong.

Ours was bought this spring, is newly made and is guaranteed. Buy here. 20c a lb.

MacFarlane & Co.
DRUGGISTS AND BOOKSELLERS.

DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, JULY 31ST, 1902.

SOUTH AFRICA.

H. M. Transport Cestrian, June 3rd, 1902.

DEAR MOTHER,—Well, mother, I guess I will drop you a few more lines. We are on the water 26 days to-day, but we expect to land to-morrow. We arrived at Cape Town on the 31st, but they sent us on up here to Durban nearly 900 miles further three days' journey. We are travelling along the coast now and can see land, sand and rocks. I wrote you a letter when we were about one week out from Halifax and before we came to Cape Verde, but was unable to post it there as there were no British boats about, they were all Portuguese; it was posted at Cape Town the other day. I have no ink here but I guess you will be able to make it out all right.

We have had two deaths on board, a fellow named Higgins from St. Catharines was buried at sea, and a fellow named Woodman, from Hamilton, died this morning. He is not buried yet, but I guess he will be lowered overboard at sundown. The bugle after the service, sounds, first post, last post and lights out, just as last post ends you hear a splash and all is over. Pretty solemn.

Lots of horses dying. Must be about 50 or 60 in the deep by this time.

Cape Verde is a gorgeous sight, nicest I ever saw in my life. We are being rushed right to the front and that is what we want. I would not like to come all this way and not get a crack at something, but our time is coming. Of course you don't worry about me because I'll look after myself. I think we are going right to New Castle not far from Ladysmith. We anchored in Table Bay and they claim it is the worst anchorage in the world. I don't think I'll ever be a sailor. I've got enough of the water. In a storm we all have to run below to our horses and they fly in all directions, and so do the men. I have been thrown 20 feet and landed on the broad of my back at one roll of the ship, but it is sport too. I guess we will go from the ship right into the train, then up country to help them lick the Boers. Our horses are all used up. Just think 26 days on their feet and the old ship throwing them up against the sides of the stalls, some of them get their brains knocked out. I was bitten and kicked three times, but nothing much.

When a fellow dies here his kit is sold and the money sent home. I guess I will finish this up when we land.

Well, mother, we landed here at Durban yesterday, June the 5th. The Kafirs are a comical looking set. They pull you around town in a cart and have harness, bells, etc., on them and they scare the horses considerably. Lots of mules here too.

We will be going up to New Castle in a couple of days. It is very warm here. Lots of fruit. This is a very pretty place, so is Cape Town.

I suppose you have heard of peace being proclaimed long ago and I guess you were glad, but I wasn't. I wanted to get a smash at something—of course I might yet. Well, I guess I will close for this time as I have no pen or ink. Will write soon again. Don't worry.

From your loving son,

W. MAX BROWNE.

FROM REV. MR. JANSF.

Melfort P. O., Sask., N. W. T.

July 8th, 1902.

DEAR MR. IRWIN,—Thanks for your paper. Durham papers seem to improve a great deal after having travelled some two thousand miles. They seem now to be letters from home, and now in return a few lines to my friends in and around Durham. On June 16th reports reached the people of Prince Albert that the broken down ferry was restored and that the strong Saskatchewan river allowed

courageous travellers to cross. So I started in full earnest to secure my outfit; a nice and good team of Western ponies, buggy, etc., were bought, next a tent and its necessary belongings were purchased, as I was not certain to find a suitable residence. I took the manse with me, and if need be keep house with or without a housekeeper. Besides these, one thing and another more and I was ready to start off for a trip of eighty or more miles.

One thing however, I needed more namely, a guide. A young man from Bruce County, a Mr. McK., offered his services half of the way. The offer was accepted and on Tuesday, June 17th at 10 p. m. we started. And what a trip! What roads, what conditions! The oldest settlers declare that the country was never before in such a state. The roads were in a state of inundation. Mud, mud, from one, two and three feet deep; bridges and culverts swept away and yet there was no other way but to go ahead. Worst of all my guide after the first day piloting took the wrong road and to me we were in death of fear, dangers by land and water. That we were not drowned or lost or perished in one way or other was a marvel. I thanked God and took new courage. I cannot describe this trip. The young man had been in Africa in the Boer war but I believe that he feared more for his life than on the veldt. Many a time he shook his head and was almost ready to say something strong but he did not. We went through swamps, rivers, parts of open, lakes, creeks, mudholes, cliffs, etc. as if we were after De Wet and were sure to catch him. Had our ponies given way or our buggy broken down I am sure you would never have heard of your former pastor again.

We reached at last a stopping place or post office called Carrot River at just dinner time. There was plenty of good food for hungry travellers. I began to realize I was in the far West and had to learn Western ways. Here I met a Knox student whom I took for one of the hired hands and strange to say he knew me. How little did I know that within a week I would look more like a "hired man" than he did. Here I met the mailman who, hearing that my guide was not going further kindly allowed me to follow him. He certainly knew the road better, but with his four horses he could go through places where courage would have failed me and I believe my untrained though willing ponies would have refused too. He now and then looked behind him and smiled and when he got through a very bad mudhole I shouted "three cheers for the King" and McDonald smiled again. I thought I had seen bad roads in Muskoka and on the Manitoulin Island, but no Sir, no comparison can be made. We came towards evening to another P. O. called Flett Spring, which is one of my preaching places. Here we stayed over night and as there had not been a mail for three weeks there was great rejoicing. The people were very kind to entertain us, but they having a large family, and three special passengers, I learned another feature of Western ways, how to accommodate people desirous to stay over night.

Next morning we started off now not only mud below but rain from above, but onward we had to go I followed on, retreat was not possible, even in spite of reports that bad places were awaiting us. But the Lord had thus far guided and kept me and so joyfully I went on not knowing what would befall us before I would reach my destination. However, though we passed through deep mud and waters we arrived at last at the Melfort P. O. which has now received the name of town as it has been located by the railway company for a town site.

Now came the next step in the procedure—where to find a boarding place. On this and other experiences such as seeing the wild, heathen Indians with their painted faces, etc., I hope to write to you some other day, when I am confined to stay indoors through rain and cold weather of which we have a great deal this year. This much my dear Sir in my experience as a Missionary in the North West.

With kindest regard to all Durham friends.

Yours truly,
A. G. JANSEN.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get this reliable remedy at Darlings Drug Store.

The popular belief is that the bite of the tarantula is dangerous if not always fatal. This would seem to be a mistake judging by the experience of a Tiverton young lady. She was bitten by one the other day that was hiding in a bunch of bananas, but it did not cause her any trouble whatever.

The Origin of the Loving Cup.

THE loving cup is very common nowadays, and we see it everywhere. But many years ago there were no such things as these queer three handled affairs, and the following story tells how they first happened to be made:

Once upon a time centuries before us, there lived a great and powerful king, who was a true and honest hunter. He was one day in a forest pursuing a stag, but it was so fleet and clever that it eluded him and his band of followers, and led them entirely out of their way. After wandering about in a hopeless fashion they finally came upon a mountain and rapped smartly upon the door.

A young girl answered his knock, and soon showed the men the right path. The king was about to go, when he saw a well near the house, and at the sight of the clear water immediately felt thirsty, and, going back, asked the girl for a drink. Without hesitation she went into the house and came out with an earthen jug filled with the well water. But, instead of offering his royal majesty the cup he had intended, she held the jug to herself, and handed him the cup the wrong way.

The king said nothing, thanked the girl, and he and his band soon found their way out of the wood. But when he reached his palace he determined to reward the girl for giving him the water and at the same time to teach her a lesson in politeness. Sending to his jeweler, he bade him make a silver cup, with two handles, and deliver it to the young girl, without a word as to whence it came.

Perhaps a month after this the king again hunted in that same forest, sought the hut and asked the girl for another drink of water.

This time she entered the house and came out with a beautiful silver cup, full of the sparkling water. "Now," thought the king, "she has certainly learned a lesson." But never was he more mistaken, for the poor, ignorant girl took a handle in each hand, and for the second time offered her liege lord nothing save to the side of the cup. The king rode away, deeply perplexed. He resolved to teach the girl the polite way to hand a cup without directly rebuking her, and many were the hours he spent in cudgelling his brains for a bright idea in which to do it. At last a bright idea struck him, and he sent for his jeweler a second time. "Make me," said he to the man, "a silver cup, heavily chased, and with a royal crest, and put three handles on it." The jeweler, much surprised—for remember, no such thing had ever been heard of up to this time—did as he was told, and soon the mug was finished. As before, the king had it privately sent to the girl who lived in the little hut.

One day not long after this for the third time he rode into that forest, and taking the now well-known path, soon reached the cottage. Dismounting, he knocked at the door and asked humbly for a drink of clear water. The girl immediately came out with the beautiful three-handled cup, and, she offered him the three handles in her hands, and so the king rode away, well pleased with his strategy and well pleased the king lived in that time to be made in every sort of ware, and they became so popular that we now have them in all our shops and stores.

An Unfortunate Experiment.

SOME years ago there lived in Turin a physician noted far and wide as a specialist of brain diseases. Men and women came to him from the ends of the earth. With the development of fortune, for his fees were in proportion to his prominence, he cultivated a pleasing taste for those precious relics of antiquity in which millionaires and one are privileged to indulge. In his library a collection of costly objects of art. The fame of his treasures was loud in the world's ears with the note of his skill. One day a rich American banker came to consult him about his wife, a confirmed kleptomaniac. His life was a burden to him, following her from store to store, continually guarding her reputation against the encroachment of her fingers. Though it hurt him thousands, his wife knew nothing of anything of her own weakness. Nor should she ever know if he could prevent it.

"If I brought her here to consult you as a physician," said the afflicted husband, "what would you suspect something and it would kill her. If you will permit it I'll bring her to call on you as a collector of antiquities. Do not be disconcerted, however, if during the interview you find her pilfering, slipping your relics and coins into her umbrella or pockets. That is the ailment, and of course, whatever she takes will be returned to you at once. My references are So and So, bankers." This with much dignity and the production of documents.

The physician made the appointment, and next day the couple came. The doctor brought out his treasures, wondrous costly, antique jewelry, on which he descended with great graceful learning. Every now and then the lady slipped into her pocket or dropped into her parasol a coin, a jewel, a vase, and as she did so her husband winked at the doctor to draw attention to her theft. When the physician finally gave the signal that he had learned all he required, she had accumulated the rarest of his possessions.

"I'll be back within an hour," said the Chicago banker, "with the things my wife has taken. Poor, poor girl! She burst out. 'Doctor, my fortune, my life are yours if you can but cure her.' Two hours passed, then three, then the interval lengthened to five. The physician, rather alarmed, sent his servants to the American's hotel. No persons of the name were staying there. The police were called in, descriptions given, detectives went forth. They identified the culprits, who had time to make their escape. They were London pickpockets, two thieves whose character and depredations were notorious all over England.

"Why do you call the fast bicyclist rider a scorcher?" "Because he goes at a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warns up the police, gets roasted in court, and then thinks the whole thing is a burning shame."—"Tit-Bits."

Guest (impatiently)—Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here? Waiter—"About a week, sah. Guest—Oh, is that all? Then I must have given my order to some other waiter.—Chicago Daily News."

Money and Dreams.

He settled himself in his roomy chair in his big, old house, where he had lived so long that the dust had grown up away and beyond him, leaving the house, which had been in a fashionable neighborhood, so far down town that there was little more than the hum of business to be heard all day around it. The old man's housekeeper brought him a cool drink, and one of his nephews came in to enquire how he had stood the unusual heat of the day.

He had so many nephews and nieces to look after his comfort. Some even stayed in town all summer to be near him. When they tried to persuade him to go away for a little rest in the hot weather he would say:

"Rest! Who wants rest? If you let money rest it rusts—rusts! Turn it over, keep turning it over; it grows, it grows!" And he would add that the summer was the best time of all for work. The old financier was the possessor of many millions. But he walked alone. This evening he sat in the twilight which settled itself hot and thick about him. The roar of the metropolis was dying away in tired sobs outside. The city's life seemed sapped with the heat. Even the old man, who never stopped his work for anything, realized that it was unusually hot tonight. He fanned himself with his newspaper and took a sip from the glass which stood near him on the table.

He closed his eyes. He felt such a strange sense of oppression. No, he was not dizzy. It had passed. He opened his eyes and put up his hand to unfasten his collar. At his neck he touched a twisted cord of silk that was around it. He pulled at the cord and drew out its length. From it hung a ring—a silver ring—old-fashioned and worn, and on it two raised hearts lying against each other and rubbed smooth by time.

He sat now with his eyes closed again and his hand folded over the ring on his breast. He dreamed once more, and it was his last dream. It was summer—yes, but it was nearly fifty years ago. The dust and roar of the city gave way to the soft and quiet of an old garden; the heat to the dew of a country evening; its breeze lightly moving the leaves of the trees and fluttering the ruffles of a girl's muslin frock, with its pattern of summer blossoms upon it.

A boy—such a boyish country boy—took the silver ring, then new and shining, from his pocket and put it on the hand of the girl in the flowered muslin frock. Then they kissed each other, and the girl fell to sobbing, with her arms about her companion's neck, and he spoke:

"Never mind, dear; Annie, dear, I am going away to make a fortune, and I'm coming back for you, and we will be married, and I will take you away from the city, and you will be rich and have everything you want."

"But I don't like the city, I should be so afraid and so confused, and you might not love me there as you do now here in the country. People in the city forget each other so."

"No, they don't; not if they really love each other, and I love you. Nothing can ever make me forget you. See, not as long as evening comes after the day and the stars come with it."

The ring came back to him in a letter with a flower from Annie's grave. Never once did he go to seek the grave to rest by it a moment. Work became his love and gold the star that guided him.

Now he clasped the silver ring tight-er, tighter. By and by he gasped and fell forward. His clasped relaxed, he sighed once, a deep sigh, then lay there quite still. And later they found him so.—Margaret Klein in the New York Herald.

A Useful Helpmate.

The editor of the Grapevine "Telegraph," after spending six years without a break in the editorial harness, felt himself entitled to a vacation, and went away to the mountains for a month's hunting and fishing, leaving his wife in charge of the paper.

On his return he was astonished to find his office overflowing with potatoes. Everything that could be turned into a receptacle was filled with them. Each pigeonhole in his desk contained a potato. The drawers of his editorial table was bursting with potatoes. Old ink-kegs, lined with papers, were filled and heaped with them. There were potatoes in the coal-bucket, in the wash-pail, and even in the stove itself.

They were no small potatoes, either. Every one of them was as big as his fist, and some were as big as two fists. The collection would have taken a premium at a county fair.

"Lucy," he said, after the greetings were over, "what does all this mean?" "Oh," she almost sobbed, "I wanted to do something original, and so I announced, in the first number of the away, that the 'Telegraph' would be sent for one year to the potato raised in this county, for six months to the person sending the next largest, and for three months to the one sending the third largest. The potatoes began coming in right away, and they've been coming ever since. Some persons, I am afraid, have tried to get all three of the prizes. I have more, and I do believe they are doing prizes till they quit coming, and there are some boys in the other room right now, and—Oh, Cyrus, what shall we do?"

"Do?" said the editor, with a grin on his face. "Do? The right thing to do for me to go away for a month or two, and let you continue to edit the paper. Potatoes are worth a dollar a bushel, and you have got enough of them here to pay all the expenses of my trip, and all they cost us is a 'Telegraph.' If you want an apprentice, just consider me in line for the job."

Wife—I am going down town this morning to try and mow a piece of silk. Husband—Very well, my dear; I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.—"Tit-Bits."

SUMMER WANTS!

To Keep Cool and Fresh use Parker's Effervescent Magnesia, sold in bottles.

No Nicer Preparation can be found than Castor Oil Emulsion. Children cry for it.

To Tone the System and enrich the blood, use Dr. Budd's Alterative Pills.

A Full Line of all Patents and Drugs carried in stock.

H. PARKER, - DRUGGIST.

N. B.—Paris Green 20c a lb. and Potato Bug Killer \$1 per 100 pounds.

Great Summer Shoe Sale.

THESE ARE THE BEST VALUES we have ever offered. The shoes are new—not store worn. Every pair is comfortable, durable and attractive. The prices are very special. Read this list carefully over:

Children's Wear in fine Dongola Strap Slippers and Buttoned Boots, reg. 75c and 80c, going for 50c. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.
Misses' Wear in fine Dongola Oxfords, Strap Slippers, Buttoned and Laced Boots, reg. \$1.25 and \$1.40, going for 80c and \$1.00.
Women's Wear in fine Dongola Oxfords, Strap Slippers, Buttoned and Laced Boots, reg. \$1.35, \$1.65, \$2.00, \$2.50, for \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.65, \$1.75, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, for 90c, \$1.25, \$1.40.
Boys' wear in Solid Leather Wearing Shoes and fine Dongola Laced, reg. \$1.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, for \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50.

THESE BARGAINS will surpass all previous efforts in the way of bargain-giving. Buy Footwear here and save money.
Ordered Work and Repairing our Specialty.

PEEL, THE SHOE MAN
CASH SYSTEM HERE.
DURHAM.

Moving...

BEFORE another issue of the CHRONICLE we expect to be in our new building, next door to H. W. Mockler's Dry Goods Store. We will then have a much better and more up-to-date shop to accommodate the public. We invite all our old customers and many new ones to give us a call at our new stand.

T. J. JORDAN

Next door to Mockler's Dry Goods Store.

The People's MILLS.

New . . . Machinery

We've just added a new line of cleaning machinery. Suction from rolls. Steamers for steaming the wheat, and are now prepared to furnish a fine grade of flour. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Breakfast Food . . .

We've also got our new Chopper in first class running order, and have a large quantity of Chopped Corn, Wheat, etc. on hand. Give our Breakfast a trial. It's good.

R. MCGOWAN.

... IMPLEMENTS ...

FROST & WOOD.

Every farmer has some choice, but there is no machinery so universally in favor as that manufactured by the Frost & Wood Co. of Smith's Falls, Ont. We have the local agency for the goods manufactured by this firm, and as they are so extensively known throughout the Dominion, it is not necessary to say anything by way of introduction. Before buying, however, we may be permitted to suggest, the wisdom of examining our goods, which sell at sight in many instances. See them.

Our No. 3 Open Back Binder is a Leader in the Market.

We also carry a full line of Mowers, Rakes, Champion Seed Drills, Disc Harrows, Cultivators, in short everything a farmer needs on the farm or in the house. The Standard Sewing Machine carries with it a five-year guarantee. Everybody knows the McLaughlin Buggies and Cutters, the Gray Buggies of Chatham, and the Armstrong Buggies of Guelph. We have them all, give us a call. Don't forget we have the National Cream Separator and Famous Threshers made by White & Son.

D. Campbell, - Durham, Ont.

Our Boy

AFTER A HARD BATTLE PLEASE USE

On Friday last the crose Team, by Hanover on the ground placed themselves distance of the charter No. 4 C. L. A. was, with one exception defeated the invincible week before, and it of quiet determination journeyed westward gregation that had had twice a day combination that minds, could bring feat to the team county town of Gre

Our boys had a which the fair sex put from first to last enthusiastically, and seemed to threaten, ent lost confidence the Boys in Blue to Garrison finish.

It was shortly after Referee Richardson up the teams with the western goal. ball was faced, the made a rush on the and the defence was clear before a night Limburger cheese- ing the scoring of goal in one minute. The ball was at one for nineteen minutes were treated to one sistent attacks and cent defence work a lacrosse field in the country. Time and over home would Durham flags, and of Daymet in goal of Mathieson, the ing of McCracken, handling of the and the fast fielding and Meredith, prove being run up against first quarter.

Up to this time Durham's home has No sooner would than it was at the pass to a Hanover a still wilder shot.

Beginning with the quality of lacrosse team began to improve were still playing standard to which knew they could afford shirted men were game, and the Durham's citadel continues, when one of beat Daymet, rushed on the field, themselves, and anchors, for did it they were to tally of the season.

Third Quarter— had at last struck playing the kind of a week before wrum bosom of Jas. Add tears to the eyes of in the 'Rep's'.

However, try as Hanover defence and after 20 minutes lacrosse the score 2, Durham 0.

In this quarter dent occurred. crowd and after D toward admitted struck Munro a v the face. A serious ly averted.

Fourth Quarter— was now Do or Di at itself and show and attack so effect minutes Sheppard playing a star game first goal. At it and now Mathieson rush the length of McIntyre and one Durham's point a score with a lightning side. Though Col D. Munro, McCa McIntyre continue the full time elapsed still a tie.

It was decided each way, the team goal to be winn now played to our boys went it was bound sooner up the opposing a 10 minutes ended. In the second play, McCartee so

Sheppard is a da Durham's third It was a great Sigie McCartee at are hard workers, lers, and without men in their resp the League.

Hanover has the ham has run again Winkler was su knee, and was usual effective game. McIntyre, Dug son are a trio hard

On the defence ro. Colber, Mc and the only Math credit, as in the the team many ti