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W. IRWIN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## Heiress and Wife.

How poor little Daisy's heart longed for sympathy and consolation! Oh, if she only dared tell Eve that great hidden sorrow that seemed eating her away! She felt that she must unburden her heart to some one, or it must surely break.

"Eve," she said, her little hands closing softly over the restless brown one drumming a tattoo on the window-sill, and her golden head drooping so close to Eve's, her curls mingled with her dark locks, "I could never love any one in this world again. I loved once—it was the sweetest, yet the most bitter, experience of my life. The same voice that spoke tender words to me cruelly cast me from him. Yet I love him still with all my heart. Do not talk to me of love, or lovers, Eve, I cannot bear it. The world will never hold but one face for me, and that is the face of him who is lost to me forever."

"Oh, how delightfully romantic!" cried Eve. "I said to myself over and over again there was some mystery in your life. I have seen such strange shadows in your eyes, and your voice often had the sound of tears in it. I do wish I could help you in some way," said Eve thoughtfully. "I'd give the world to set the matter straight for you. What's his name, and where does he live?"

"I can not tell you," said Daisy, shaking her golden curls sadly. "Oh, dear! then I do not see how I can help you," cried Eve. "You can not," replied Daisy; "only keep my secret for me."

"I will," she cried, earnestly. And as they parted, Eve resolved in her own mind to bring this truant lover of Daisy's back to his old allegiance; but the first and most important step was to discover his name. Eve went directly to her own room, her brain whirling with a new plan, which she meant to put into execution at once. While Daisy strolled on through the grounds, choosing the less frequented paths. She wanted to be all alone by herself to have a good cry. Somehow she felt so much better for having made a partial confidence of Eve.

All through her life Daisy felt that to be the sweetest compliment ever paid to her. Daisy laughed—the only happy laugh that had passed her lips since she had met Rex that morning under the magnolia-tree.

"Shall I tell you what my brother said about daisies?" "Yes, you may tell me, if you like," Daisy answered, observing the child delighted to talk of her brother.

"He has been away for a long time," explained Birdie. "He only came home last night, and I cried myself to sleep, for fear he wouldn't. I wrote him a letter all by myself once, and begged him not to marry, but come home all alone, and you see he did," cried the child overjoyed. "When he answered my letter, he inclosed a little pressed flower, with a golden heart and little white leaves around it, saying: 'There is no flower like the daisy for me. I shall always prize them as pearls beyond price.' I planted a whole bed of them beneath his window, and I placed a fresh vase of them in his room, mingled with some forget-me-nots, and when he saw them, he caught me in his arms, and cried as though his heart would break."

"If the white fleecy clouds in the blue sky, the murmuring sea, or the silver-throated bobolink swinging in the green leafy bough above her head, had only whispered to Daisy why he loved the flowers so well which bore the name of daisy, how much misery might have been spared two loving hearts! The gray, dusky shadows of twilight were creeping up from the sea.

"Oh, see how late it is growing," cried Birdie, starting up in alarm. "I am afraid you could not carry me up to the porch. If you could only summon a servant, or—or—my brother."

For answer, Daisy raised the slight burden in her arms with a smile. "I like you more than I can tell," said Birdie, laying her soft, pink dimpled cheek against Daisy's. "Won't you come often to the angle in the stone wall? That is my favorite nook. I like to sit there and watch the white sails glide by over the white crested waves."

"Yes," said Daisy, "I will come every day."

"Some time I may bring my brother with me; you must love him, too, won't you?"

"I should love any one who had you for a sister," replied Daisy, clasping the little figure she held still closer in her arms; adding, in her heart: "You are so like him."

Birdie gave her such a hearty kiss that the veil twined round her hat tumbled about her face like a misty cloud.

"You must put me down while you fix your veil," said Birdie. "You can not see with it so. There are huge stones in the path, you would stumble and fall."

"So I shall," assented Daisy, as she placed the child down on the soft, green grass. At that instant, swift, springy footsteps came hurriedly down the path, and a voice, which seemed to pierce her very heart, called: "Birdie, little Birdie, where are you?"

"Here, Brother Rex," called the child, holding out her arms to him with eager delight. "Come here, Rex and carry me; I have broken my crutch."

For one brief instant the world seemed to stand still around poor, hapless Daisy, the forsaken girl-bride. The wonder was that she did not die, so great was her intense emotion. Rex was standing before her—the handsome, passionate lover, who had married her on the impulse of the moment; the man whom she loved with her whole heart, at whose name she trembled, of whom she had made an idol in her girlish heart, and worshipped—the lover who had vowed so earnestly he would shield her forever from the cold, cruel world, who had sworn eternal constancy, while the faithful gleaming stars watched him from the blue sky overhead.

whispered Birdie, clinging to the veil which covered Daisy's face. "I broke my crutch and she has carried me from the stone wall; won't you please thank her for me, brother?" Daisy's heart nearly stopped beating; she knew the eventful moment of her life had come, when Rex, her handsome young husband, turned courteously toward her, extending his hand with a winning smile.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

On the day following Rex's return home, and the morning preceding the events narrated in our last chapter, Mrs. Theodore Lyon sat in her dressing-room eagerly awaiting her son; her eyebrows met in a dark frown and her jeweled hands were locked tightly together in her lap.

"Rex is like his father," she mused; "he will not be coerced in this matter of marriage. He is reckless and willful, yet kind of heart. For long years I have set my heart upon this marriage between Rex and Pluma Hurlburt. I say again it must be! Mrs. Lyon idolized her only son. "He would be a fitting mate for a queen," she told herself. The proud, peerless beauty of the haughty young heiress of Whitestone Hall pleased her. "She and no other shall be Rex's wife," she said.

When Rex accepted the invitation to visit Whitestone Hall she said complacently.

"I can end in but one way," she told herself; "Rex will bring Pluma home as his bride."

Quite unknown to him, his elegant home had been undergoing repairs for months.

"There will be nothing wanting for the reception of his bride," she said, viewing the magnificent suits of rooms which contained every luxury that taste could suggest or money procure.

Then came Rex's letter like a thunderbolt from a clear sky begging her not to mention the subject again, as he could never marry Pluma Hurlburt.

"I shall make a flying trip home," he said, "then I am going abroad."

She did not notice how white and worn her boy's handsome face had grown when she greeted him the night before in the flickering light of the chandelier. She would not speak to him then of the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Retire to your room at once, Rex," she said, "your journey has wearied you. See it is past midnight already. I will await you to-morrow morning in my boudoir; we will breakfast together."

She leaned back against the crimson velvet cushions, tapping her sat in quiet slumber restlessly on the thick velvet carpet, ever and anon glancing at her jeweled watch, wondering what could possibly detain Rex.

She heard the sound of a quick, familiar footstep in the corridor; a moment later Rex was by her side. As she stooped to kiss his face she noticed, in the clear, morning light, how changed he was. Her jeweled hands lingered on his dark curls and touched his bright, proud face. "What had come over this handsome, impetuous son of hers?" she asked herself.

"You have been ill, Rex," she said, anxiously, "and you have not told me."

"I have not, indeed, mother," he replied.

"Not ill? Why, my dear boy, your face is haggard and worn, and there are lines upon it, that ought not to have been there for years, Rex," she said, drawing him down on the sofa beside her, and holding his strong white hands tightly clasped in her own. "I do not want to tease you or bring up an unpleasant subject, but I had so hoped, my boy, you would not come alone. I have hoped and prayed, morning, and night, you would

bring home a bride, and that bride would be—Pluma Hurlburt."

Rex staggered from her arms with a groan. He meant to tell her the whole truth, but the words seemed to fall him.

"Mother," he said, turning towards her a face white with anguish, "in Heaven's name, never mention love or marriage to me again or I shall go mad. I shall never bring a bride here."

To Be Continued.

### Mormons in Canada.

Lord Minto, Governor General of Canada, on his trip to the west, paid a visit to the Mormon settlements near the southwest corner of Alberta, says the New York Sun, in an interesting article. He and his party were greatly pleased with the evidence they saw of thrift and contentment. No pioneers on the plains of western Canada have made a better record as good citizens and happy and prosperous farm folk. What the followers of Joseph Smith did for the valleys of the Salt Lake region the second and third generations after them have done for their little corner of the great Alberta plain.

Within sight of their eight villages and their thousands of acres of wheat and grazing lands are the Rocky Mountain ranges and the glacier-fed streams from these mountains have been tapped by irrigation canals and their waters led to all the villages and farm lands of the Mormon settlements. On this prairie, dry, bare and a few years ago tenantless, the Mormons raised last year 50,000 bushels of wheat for export, ground all their flour at their own mill in Cardston, sheared the wool from 10,000 sheep, and made a great deal of cheese in their own factory and sent all their children to good schools. Their villages have no hotels or saloons, but they are blessed with clean streets, good drainage and neat houses.

The approval which Lord Minto's party conferred upon the Mormons and their work is in striking contrast with the suspicion and mistrust they aroused during their early days in Canada as shown in the annual reports of the Interior Department for some years after 1866. In June, 1865, twelve families of Mormons, comprising sixty souls, arrived on the plain of southwest Alberta, after a long weary journey from Utah. They were under the leadership of C. O. Card, whose wife was a daughter of Brigham Young. Mr. and Mrs. Card are still the most prominent members of the colony, now numbering 6,000 souls, and one of the reports of Lord Minto's visit says of Mrs. Card, who is a potent force among the immigrants, that "to her own force of character she owes the remarkable intelligence and sympathy for the good of all."

In the following year Mr. J. S. Dennis, agent of the Dominion Government, was sent to the colonists to see what manner of people they were. In his report to the Interior Department he expressed astonishment at the progress they had made in so short a time; but he thought their immigration in large numbers was not to be encouraged. He said they were silent when he asked them if they practised or professed polygamy though they said they would obey the laws of Canada. Undoubtedly some of them were fugitives from justice in the United States, having practised polygamy in Utah. "I cannot help feeling," he wrote, "that decisive action should be taken to prevent the growth of a power that, beginning in the same small way in the United States, has for years set the law of that country at defiance. Shortly after this report was printed it was discovered that there was no law in the statutes of the Dominion that seemed wholly to fit the case of

the Mormons and Parliament lost no time in passing a strenuous anti-polygamy law that is still in force. The accounts of Lord Minto's visit agree, as one of the reports puts it, that "not only is there no polygamy among the Mormon immigrants, but, as visitors to their settlements will find, the practice of polygamy is now regarded among them with precisely the same feeling of abhorrence as among men and women in any other part of this Christian land."

The accuracy of this latter statement may be doubted. The Mormons in Canada have not violated the law of the land, and there is no reason to believe that they have any intention to incur its penalties. But no Mormon in this country or any other has abjured the principle of polygamy and he could not do so without repudiating articles of Faith of his Church, of which Article VII, is the basis of his belief, that the revelation of the right and duty to practice polygamy was a message from the Divine Ruler. They are dumb to-day when asked if they believe in polygamy, as they were when Dennis questioned them. This fact does not detract from the many admirable qualities which the Mormons in Canada have exhibited. Not the least praiseworthy feature of their life for fourteen years in Alberta is the hospitable and kindly welcome they have extended to the Gentiles who have come to live among them with whom they have maintained the most kindly relations.

It was several years before the official reports on the Mormon colony were free from a strain of suspicion and unfriendly criticism. Finally melted away in face of the remarkable development and irreproachable behavior of the new comers. Thus an appendix to the report of the Minister of Agriculture in 1890 said; "Frugality and industry seem to go hand in hand; the settlement has made rapid progress and the laws of the country are respected."

#### HOW A BUTTERFLY SLEEPS.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downwards. It tucks and contracts its wing to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads on thousands of other stems around. The butterfly also sleeps on the top of the stem. In the mornings, when the sunbeams warm them, all these greasy sleepers in the grass tops open their wings, and the colorless benets are stirred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure.

#### MOUSE BROKE UP A CONCERT.

An uninvited guest was present at a state concert in the Vienna palace. The emperor of Austria and several titled dignitaries were present. Mme. Saville was warbling an affecting solo, when she caught sight of a mouse timidly creeping across the carpet. She stopped singing and began shrieking and so terrified the mouse that it ran towards a group of ladies. They slatched their skirts and fled, and the concert came to an inglorious end.

#### ILLUMINATING GAS.

Coal gas was first used as an illuminant in 1792. The first gas applied to artificial lighting was obtained from coal. Nearly \$50,000,000 is invested in the gas companies of the city of London. Bituminous coal yields from 8,000 to 12,000 cubic feet of gas to the ton. Immense amounts of water gas are made in this country from coal, water and naphtha. It is a curious fact that one large lamp or gas jet gives more light than three or four burning the same quantity in the same time.

#### BITS OF TRUTH.

When you open your heart to lust love will leave your life. Fidelity to old truths demands hospitality to new ones. It takes more than a high price to make a thing highly precious. A man's wealth may be measured by his capacities, not by his coin. There is only one single step from the level rock over the precipice of ruin. If men put more sense into their sacred service the world would put more faith in their sanctity.

#### OIL LAMPS IN PARIS.

Paris' latest innovation in street lighting is oil lamps. They are not the sort of lamps used a hundred years ago, when the cry was aristocrats a lanterns, but enormous structures that give out 1,000 candlepower each.

#### GOLD IN A WILD GOOSE.

A mild sensation has been caused in New Westminster, B.C., by the discovery of \$12.50 in gold as big as flaxseed in the crop of a wild goose which was killed at Pitt lake, 28 miles from Westminster. Many prospectors have started for the scene of the supposed gold placers.

#### HEAVY INCIDENTALS.

She—is the writing of poetry very lucrative. He—Well, it would be if one didn't have to lay out 50 cents or so every week on paper and stamps.

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**NO CURE**  
THE NEW METHOD...  
**WE CURE**  
This terrible disease...  
**CURES GUARANTEED**  
Thouman's of young men...  
**WE CURE**  
And restore all parts...  
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"I am cured..."  
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