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**THE JOB :** Is completely stocked with DEPARTMENT all NEW TYPE, first-class printing 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 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 qualities of Indian and Ceylon Tea. For that reason they see that none but the very best leaves go into Monsoon packages.  
That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be had at the same price as inferior teas.  
It is put up in sealed containers of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 5 lbs., and sold in three varieties at 40c., 50c., and 60c.  
If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Kent St., Toronto.

**DURHAM MILLS**  
GRISTING AND CHOPPING 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.

**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. The most complete and confidentially conducted agency for securing patents in America. We have a branch office. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice in the  
**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,**  
beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, sent free \$3.00 a year. Sixty months. Address: MANN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.  
There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are getting the original Kidney Pills, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto.

# Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.  
"My dearest mother," he cried, "you know I would die for you if dying would benefit you. Why do you doubt my willingness to obey your wishes, whatever they may be? Whatever I can do to comfort you I will surely do it, mother."  
"Heaven bless you, Rex!" she cried, feebly caressing his face and his hands. "You make death a thousand-fold more easy to bear, my darling, only son!"  
"My dear sir," said the doctor, bending over him gently. "I must remind you your mother's life hangs on a thread. The least excitement, the least agitation, and she will be dead before you can call for help. No matter what she may say to you, listen and accede."  
Rex bent down and kissed the pale agonized face on the pillow.  
"I will be careful of my dearest mother. Surely you may trust me," he said.  
"I do," replied the doctor, gravely. "Your mother's life, for the present, lies in your hands."  
"Is it true, Rex, that I must die?" she gasped. The look of anguish on his face answered her. "Rex," she whispered, clinging like a child to his strong white hands, "my hope and trust are in you, my only son. I am going to put your love to the test, my boy. I beseech you to say 'Yes' to the last request I shall ever make of you. Heaven knows, Rex, I would not mention it now, but I am dying—yes, dying, Rex."  
"You need not doubt it, mother," he replied, earnestly. "I can not refuse anything you may ask! Why should I?"  
But, as he spoke, he had not the faintest idea of what he would be asked to do. As he spoke his eyes caught the gleam of the moonlight through the window, and his thoughts traveled for one moment to the beloved face he had seen in the moonlight—how fair and innocent the face was as they parted on the night they were wed! The picture of that lonely young girl-wife, going home by herself, brought tears to his eyes.  
"Was there ever a fate so cruel?" he said to himself. "Who ever lost a wife on his wedding-day?"  
Surely there had never been a love-dream so sweet, so passionate or so bright as his. Surely there had never been one so rudely broken.  
Poor little Daisy—his wife—lying cold and still in death. Even his mother was to be taken from him. The feeble pressure of his mother's hands recalled his wandering thoughts.  
"Listen, Rex," she whispered, faintly, "my moments are precious. He felt his mother's arms clasp closely round his neck.  
"Go on, mother," he said, gently.  
"Rex, my son," she whispered, gaspingly, "I could not die and leave the words unspoken. I want my race to live long generations after me. Your poor little lame sister will go unmarred to the grave; and now all rests with you, my only son. You understand me, Rex; you know the last request I have to ask."  
For the first time a cry came to Rex's lips; her words pierced like a sword in his heart.  
"Surely, mother, you do not mean—you do not think I could ever—"  
The very horror of the thought seemed to completely madden him.  
"You will marry again," she interrupted, finishing the sentence he could not utter. "Remember, she whom you loved is dead. I would not have asked this for long years to come, but I am dying—I must speak now."  
"My God, mother!" he cried out in agony, "ask anything but that. My heart is torn and bleeding; have pity on me, have pity!"  
Great drops of agony started on his brow; his whole frame shook with agitation.  
He tried to collect himself, to gather his scattered thoughts, to realize the full import of the words she had spoken.  
Marry again! Heaven pity him! How could he harbor such a thought for a single instant, when he thought of the pale, cold face of little Daisy—his fair young bride—whom he so madly loved, lying pale and still in death, like a broken lily, down in the dark, bottomless pit which never yielded up its terrible secrets!  
"Rex," wailed his mother, feebly, gazing into his eyes with a suspense heart-breaking to witness, "don't refuse me this the first prayer I had ever made. If you mean to refuse it would be kinder far to plunge a dagger into my heart and let me die at once. You can not refuse." One trembling hand she laid on his breast, and with the other caressed his face. "You are good and gentle of heart, Rex; the prayers of your dying mother will touch you. Answer me, my son; tell me my proud old race shall not die with you, and I will rest calmly in my grave."  
The cold night-wind fanned his pallid brow, and the blood coursed through his veins like watered lead. He saw the tears pouring down her pale, withered

dimpled face so plainly discernible in the white, radiated starlight. Daisy rested her head on one soft, childish hand, and gazed thoughtfully up at the cold, brilliant stars that gemmed the heavens above her.  
"Oh, if you had only warned me, little stars!" she said. "I was so happy then; and now life is so bitter!"  
A sudden impulse seized her, strong as her very life, to look upon his face again.  
"I would be content to live my weary life uncomplainingly then," she said.  
Without intent or purpose she walked hurriedly back through the pany-lordered path she had so lately traversed.  
The grand old trees seemed to stretch their giant arms protectively over her, as if to ward off all harm.  
The night-wind fanned her flushed cheeks and tossed her golden curls against her wistful, tear-stained face. Noiselessly she crept up the wide, graveled path that led to his home—the home which should have been hers.  
Was it fancy? She thought she heard Rex's voice crying out: "Daisy, my darling!" How pitifully her heart thrilled! Dear Heaven! if it had only been true! It was only the restless murmur of the waves sighing among the orange-trees.  
A light burned dimly in an upper window. Suddenly a shadow fell across the pale, silken curtains. She knew but too well whose shadow it was; the proud, graceful poise of the dark curls waving over the broad brow, could belong to no one but Rex. There was no one but the pitying moonlight out there to see how passively from the stem and placed it close to her beating heart—that lonely, starved little heart, chilled under the withering frost of neglect, when life, love and happiness should have been just bursting into bloom for her.  
"He said I had spoiled his life," she sighed, leaning her pale face wearily against the dark-green ivy vines. "He must have meant I had come between him and Pluma. Will he go back to her, now that he believes me dead?"  
One question alone puzzled her: Had Birdie mentioned her name, and would he know it was she, whom every one believed lying so cold and still in the bottomless pit? She could not tell.  
"If I could but see Birdie and beseech her to keep my secret!"  
Birdie had said her brother was soon going away again.  
"How could I bear it!" she asked herself, piteously.  
It was not in human nature to see the young husband whom she loved so well drifting so completely away from her and still remain silent. "I will watch over him from afar; I will be his guardian angel; I must remain as one dead to him forever," she told herself.  
Afar off, over the dancing, moonlighted waters she saw a pleasure-boat gliding swiftly over the rippling waves. She could hear their merry laughter and gay, happy voices, and snatches of cheerful songs. Suddenly the boat struck up an old, familiar strain. Poor Daisy leaned her head against the iron railing of the porch and listened to those cruel words—the piece that they played was "Love's Young Dream."

Love's young dream! Ah! how cruelly hers had ended! She looked up at the white, fleecy clouds above her, vaguely wondering why the love of one person made the earth a very paradise, or wilderness. As the gay, joyous music floated up to her the words of the poet found echo in her heart in a passionate appeal:  
"No one could tell, for nobody knew, Why love was made to gladden a few; And hearts that would forever be true, Go lone and starved the whole way through."  
Oh, it was such a blessed relief to her to watch that shadow. Rex was pacing up and down the room now, his arms folded and his head bent on his official duties.  
Of course, answered the political boss. What is the first thing I will have to learn? Obedience.

CHAPTER XXI.  
One thought only was uppermost in Daisy's mind as she sped swiftly down the flower-bordered path in the moonlight, away from the husband who was still so dear to her.  
"He did not recognize me," she panted, in a little quivering voice. "Would he have cursed me, I wonder, had he known it was I?"  
Down went the little figure on her knees in the dew-sprinkled grass with a sharp little cry.  
"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she cried out in sudden fright.  
"How could I know she was his sister when I told her my name?" A twig fell from the bough above her head brushed by some night-bird's wing. "He is coming to search for me," she whispered to herself.  
A tremor ran over her frame; the color flashed into her cheek and parted lips, and a startled, wistful brightness crept into the blue eyes.  
Ah! there never could have been a love so sweetly trustful and child-like as little Daisy's for handsome Rex, her husband in name only.  
Poor, little, innocent Daisy! If she had walked straight back to him, crying out, "Rex, Rex, see, I am Daisy, your wife!" how much sorrow might have been spared her.  
Poor, little, lonely, heart-broken child-bride! How was she to know Rex had bitterly repented and come back to claim her, alas! too late; and how he mourned her, refusing to be comforted, and how they forced him back from the edge of the treacherous shaft least he should plunge headlong down the terrible depths. Oh, if she had but known all this!

If Rex had dropped down from the clouds she could not have been more startled and amazed at finding him in such close proximity away down in Florida.  
She remembered he had spoken to her of his mother, as he clasped her to his heart out in the starlight of that never-to-be-forgotten night, whispering to her of the dearest wish of his mother's heart.  
She remembered how she had hid her happy, rosy, blushing face on his breast, and asked him if he was quite sure he loved her better than Pluma Earheart, the haughty, beautiful heiress.  
"Yes, my pretty little sweetheart, a thousand times better," he had replied, emphatically, holding her off at arm's-length, watching the heightened color that surged over the dainty,

## THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Incident He Always Remembers When He Has a Wakeful Night.  
"Looking one night," said the retired burglar, "from a dark hall into a dimly lighted room, whose door was ajar I saw in bed a woman and a child asleep. I'm no judge of children's ages and never was, but I should say from what I could see of that child's face and of its form under the bedclothes that it was 2 years old, maybe 3. It was sleeping on the side of the bed toward the front."  
"Asleep on the floor in front of the other child of about the same age as the one in bed or thereabouts, brought in there temporarily apparently for some reason or other that I didn't try to figure out, that being no part of my business; but this one on the floor was so placed because there wasn't room for both children in the bed."  
"As I stood there looking at them the child in the bed began to get restless, and in a minute it rolled out or twined itself out somehow from under the bedclothes—this was in summer, and the covering over it wasn't heavy—and rolled square up to the edge of the bed. It lay still there for a minute and then rolled back a little, and I felt easier; but the next minute it rolled forward again clean to the edge, and rolled over it a little farther and hung there on the edge a minute—I believe if it had hung there a second longer I'd have run to stop it—and then over it went."  
"And I thought sure it was going to ram slam onto the bed, and just knock the breath out of that one, but it didn't do either, it fell and never woke that one up and never woke up itself. Well, I thought that beat everything I ever saw in the way of folks falling out of bed; but there was more to come."  
"The one that fell out kept right on sleeping, and it was very still for a minute or so, and then it began to get restless again and rolled over on the mattress and edged the child on the mattress clean off onto the floor, but even then that one didn't wake up either; it kept right on sleeping, too; and the one that had fallen out of bed and edged this one off the mattress now stretched out on the floor perfectly easy and settled into a quiet, gentle sleep."  
"But before this the mother had woke up—I don't know how she'd missed the one in bed, but she had somehow—and she turned up the light a little and surveyed that scene on the floor and understood it right away. And she didn't disturb the one that had fallen out, that was now sleeping peacefully on the soft mattress, but she picked up the one that had been rolled off onto the hard floor and put that one in the bed. So now the children had just changed places, and in a minute or two they were all settled down again, peaceful and quiet as before."  
"I never was troubled with insomnia much myself, but when we do have a wakeful night I always think of those blessed children, that could go to bed and go to sleep and roll out of bed without ever waking up."

**THE PLACE FOR THEM.**  
McJigger—Of course, Noah must have taken bees with him.  
Thingumbob—Oh, certainly.  
McJigger—Just think how they must have stung the animals, while they flew about.  
Thingumbob—Oh, I guess Noah kept them shut up in the archedives.  
**EARLY ADVICE.**  
I suppose I will have to give a good deal of study to my new surroundings, and the man who had just assumed his official duties.  
Of course, answered the political boss. What is the first thing I will have to learn? Obedience.

**FEEDING BY ELECTRICITY.**  
An Up to Date Invention For Farmers Now on Trial in Michigan.  
A man named McNair has devised a system of pasturing sheep by electricity, and experiments are being made with it at the agricultural experiment station of Michigan at Lansing. In recent years nearly every town of any size has been provided with an electric generating plant, and frequently the wires are strung along country roads from town to town. This fact led Mr. McNair to attempt the use of electricity on the farm. For sheep feeding he devised a curious pen some 15 feet square, built of wire and mounted on broad, flat wheels. This pen is designed to run in any pasture, even though it be hilly. Wires connect it with a small motor stationed at one side of the pasture, this in turn being connected with the electric wires from which power is derived. A turn of a button, and the pen slowly creeps across the field. This is the essence of the invention.

Two lambs and part of the time an old ewe have been pastured in the pen during the summer at the station at Lansing. The field is planted with lucern, growing thick and heavy. The pen is so arranged that it crawls the full length of the pasture in one month, traveling about two feet an hour. At the end of this time it is switched around and travels back again. As it moves the sheep eat every bit of the fodder, eagerly cropping next the forward side of the pen as it runs over new ground. A bit of canvas duck is hung over one corner of the pen so that the sheep may be well sheltered, and, curious as it may seem, they have become so accustomed to the moving of the pen that when they lie down to sleep they snuggle up close to the forward end of the pen so that they may lie as long as possible without being disturbed by the rear end of the pen as it creeps toward them.

When the pen has passed, the lucern that has been cropped by the sheep grows up again, and by the time the pen has made its monthly circuit the pasture is again in good condition. The advantages of this electrical pen over the sheep are kept from running over, half eating and trampling down a large amount of pasture, and it keeps the sheep quiet, so that they take on flesh rapidly.

**The Flockmaster's Inaug.**  
The only thing to do for the insatiable American taste for mutton is to "take something for it," a lamb chop or a leg o' mutton, says The Breeder's Gazette. Comment has been recently made on the capital demand at this market for sheep and lambs, inquiry outstripping the supply and absorbing the enormous receipts with scarcely a ripple in the market. From Kansas City comes a complaint that packers are unable to get sufficient supplies of fat sheep to keep their killing plants in operation to full capacity. So keen has been the demand for mutton that packers have been obliged to enter into competition with feeders for the range bred sheep that should by rights go in to feed lots rather than to the shambles. Now that the run from the range is largely over, dependence must be placed on the supplies from the feed lots, and it does not seem that the demand at that market is likely to be met. All this comes from the increase in the appetite of our people for mutton. Packers at Kansas City have planned to increase their output of mutton if they can obtain the raw material. Observe the situation: Last fall so many sheep were gone on feed that the conservative heads feared for the future of the industry. The enormous numbers that came from the feed lots during the winter and spring were licked up at satisfactory prices, and now killers are competing with feeders for sheep. This certainly argues the expansion and the permanency of the industry. It is merely the taste of improved mutton that has wrought this revolution. The public knows a good thing when it tastes it. The industry is capable of considerable extension yet, and the man who breeds and feeds good sheep is very apt to come out winner.

## The Dangers of La Grippe.

TO PERSONS OF LOW VITALITY—LOCAL AND GENERAL TREATMENT PRESCRIBED BY DR. CHASE.

With the very young and very old and with persons of low vitality, the dangers of la grippe are very great. Pneumonia of a violent and fatal form is a frequent result. It is also claimed that very many cases of consumption can be directly traced to la grippe. The after-effects of the la grippe are most often felt in the nervous system. The extreme debility in which this disease leaves its victims is more than most nervous system can endure—paralysis or prostration follows.

The most successful doctors advise their patients to avoid exposure to cold or over-exertion, and recommend both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment recommended by Dr. Chase cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the weakened and debilitated body to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsseed and

## NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN.

**NO CURE—NO PAY**  
THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT, original with Dr. E. J. K., will surely cure forever any form of Blood or Sexual disease. It is the result of 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases.

**WE CURE SYPHILIS**  
This terrible Blood Poison, the terror of mankind, yields readily to our NEW TREATMENT. Beware of Mercurials, Potash, etc. They may ruin your system. If you have sores in the mouth or tongue, sores on the joints, nose, throat, or elsewhere, or if you have indigestion, stomach derangement, sore eyes, headache, etc., you have the secondary stage of this Blood Poison. We solicit the most obstinate cases, and challenge the world for a case we accept for treatment. We guarantee to cure, or your money is returned. We cure all ulcers heal, the hair grows again, pain disappears, the skin becomes healthy, and restores the system to its normal condition.

**CURES GUARANTEED**  
Thousands of young and middle-aged men have their vigor and vitality renewed by our method. No matter the cause, our New Method Treatment is the refuge.

**WE CURE IMPOTENCY**  
And restore all parts to a normal condition. Ambition, life and energy are restored, and you feel like a man again. Every case is treated from a viably—no cure—no pay. No matter what the cause, consult us confidentially. We can furnish bank books to guarantee to accomplish what we claim.

**250,000 CURED**  
We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, BRUISES, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK FOR HOME TREATMENT.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN**  
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

## 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 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 with pure, healthy blood, you will never feel better.



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is almost certain to ensure. Dr. G. W. Graham, a well-known physician of Barrie, Ont., says: "I have had a deal of trouble with my heart for years. I was easily agitated, and often arose in the morning tired as when I went to bed, terribly nervous. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done wonders. They have restored my heart to healthy action, giving me back a restful sleep, and making my work restful and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is a box or 3 for \$1.25 at all drug stores. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## RIP-AN'S

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

**ONE GIVES RELIEF.**

**IS BABY CUTTING TEETH?**  
Watch him carefully.—The first indication of Diarrhea give Dr. Fowler's Extract Wild Strawberry.



Hot weather hard on babies. Especially when they are cutting their teeth. The little waster away of food. As you love your child, wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. There is no other remedy so safe, give to children and none so effective. "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract Wild Strawberry is the best medicine I ever made for diarrhea, dysentery and summer complaint. It is the thing to give children when they are teething. I have always used it in my family and it has never yet failed."