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# THE FALLING OF TEARS.

## Showers of Trouble Somewhere All the Time.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

What is the use of tears? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an Eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? When a family is put together why not have them all stay, or if they be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvest chase each other without fatiguing toil, and all our homes afflicted? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success, or a congratulation; but come, now, and bring all your dictionaries, and all your philosophies, and all your religions, and help me this morning to explain a tear.

A chemist will tell you that it is salt and lime, and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperan sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution.

Hear me then, this morning, while I discourse to you of the ministry of tears, and of the ending of that ministry, when God shall wipe them all away.

First, it is the ministry of tears to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a leaf of this life for a hundred million years, if there were no trouble. The earth is cushioned and upholstered with such a padded and chandelered with such an expensive, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul get out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house until he has a better house. To cure this inordinate wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a panel from the sun, or to subtract an atom from the water-lily, or to diminish the pungent aroma from the magnomete, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. How then are we to be made willing to leave here is where the trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere where I don't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that doesn't distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find friends, I would like to go there." He reads the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how this world was made and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half so much as the other story.

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife, that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worthier. It is the ministry of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation, he could have made a better world than this. What a cushioned seat when I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything, until Men show them that they can do nothing at all. We lay out our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that hid him from the arrow of trouble well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why to women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before they had had any trouble his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information, that must be highly gratifying. He then comes down gradually over beautiful table-laid of "forever and ever amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with

last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery I looked around and said—there is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, here are whole circles of kindred, and I thought to myself, "together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying "give my love to my parents—give my love to my children—give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered, and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne.

My friends take this good cheer home with you. Those tears of bereavement that course your cheek, not of persecution and of trial, are not of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? O! what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work.

See you the planets against the sky? It is the city of our God; and he are approaching it. O! let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons had no weapons at all, and yet his history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times "hallelujah!" And at the third shout of "hallelujah" their enemies fled panic struck, and so the Britons got the victory. And my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we should be so filled with enthusiasm that no power on earth could stand before us, and at our first shout the opposing army would begin to tremble, and at our second shout, they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the recent wounds in my congregation. Death has swung a sharp keen sword through this church, and here has been gone. I was not here to comfort you. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exit at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

## HIS MAJESTY'S UNIFORM.

### WHY SHOULD THE OFFICER DISCARD IT AS OFTEN AS HE CAN?

Continental Officers Always Wear Their Uniform in Public—Once a Soldier Always a Soldier is the Rule in Europe.

One of the first of Earl Roberts' acts as Commander-in-Chief was the issue of an order that all officers visiting Pall Mall as officers should be attired in the uniform of their rank. That order strikes the right note. Some day, perhaps, His Majesty may, through the Commander-in-Chief, inform his officers of the sister services that it is His Royal will and pleasure that they shall cease to disguise themselves as civilians when off duty.

But is an officer ever really "off duty"? In the other armies of the civilized world they do not think so. The uniform of the Kaiser and the Tsar, of the French Republic and the Emperor of Austria, is not slighted in this way. In all European services it is a military offence for an officer to appear in public, save by special permission and when unofficially visiting foreign countries, without his uniform, and even if this were not the case, no European officer dare brave the ridicule and contempt with which his comrades would visit such an insult to his country. They are never off duty. They are soldiers from the moment they enter the army till the hour in which they leave it. To them their uniform is the outward and visible sign of the facts that they have devoted their lives and energies to the service of their country, and the wearing of it is to them not only a duty.

BUT AN HONOR.

Why does not the British officer think the name of the King's uniform? Why is it to him merely a livery of service, to be worn, as a footman wears his livery, only when he is directly serving his master? Further, why the private soldier and the non-commissioned officer is compelled to wear His Majesty's uniform both on and off duty, while those who hold his commission are permitted to get rid of it, as though it were something irksome and disagreeable, at the earliest possible moment—just as the footman does with his livery?

It cannot, of course, be that the British officer holds His Majesty's uniform in anything but honor, though his European brother-in-arms sometimes thinks differently. It would rather seem to be partly the result of a pernicious tradition, and partly on that amateurism which so deplorably interferes with the efficiency of our Army in the field.

The fact is, that the average British officer does not take his profession seriously save when on duty, and therefore the moment his professional duties are over he makes haste to return to civilian life. He has, apparently, a rooted objection to being recognized by the Man in the Street as a bearer of His Majesty's commission, and he likes to get into uniform to get the men of his own regiment may pass him by in the street without saluting.

With us it is not the officer who is saluted, it is the uniform. On the Continent it is both, for the man and his uniform are one. Once a soldier always a soldier, is the rule from end to end of Europe. Why should it not be so in this country?

It would be a good sign that the British officer had ceased to look upon the army as a gentlemanly occupation, and had come to regard it as

## SOME BOGUS BRITISHERS.

### "SUBJECTS" WHO MAKE GREAT BRITAIN HATED ABROAD.

A Famous South American Filibuster—Counterfeit John Bull in Japan—An American Plays the Briton in Asia.

There is nothing like pretending to be a Briton if you are in for a big undertaking, for you have the fear of the Empire at your back. The most successful of recent sham John Bulls was Ruy Lopez, the famous South American filibuster, who found it more convenient to be called John Phillips.

He was a restless adventurer of Ecuador, and he wanted to become President of the State. He had already made two attempts with a few hundred men at his back, to oust the reigning President, but had failed hopelessly. And, finding the party in power was not at

ALL AFRAID OF HIM

he disappeared as Ruy Lopez, to bob up again as John Phillips, Britisher. He disguised himself as well as he could by shaving his head and moustache, and he looked that part better than most South Americans because he had black hair. He got himself up in strict British kit—riding breeches and white helmet, and even wore an eye-glass. His rivals did not recognize him. He could talk English fluently, and he gathered together about 1,500 men and a couple of machine-guns. He went so far as to call all his officers and most of his men by English names, and they were instructed to speak only in broken Spanish and English when dealing with the country people.

All South Americans, as Lopez knew have a great sense of the superiority of the British, and his ruse succeeded, for it really was thought by his enemies that he was an Englishman, backed up by Britain, with British followers, and of course, plenty of money, in which we are all supposed to be rolling.

The sham Phillips utterly routed the rival forces in three short battles, and carried everything before him. He made himself President Phillips of Ecuador, and ruled for over six months before he was found out. Ten weeks after the discovery.

HE WAS ASSASSINATED.

Japan was badly "had" some time ago by a counterfeit John Bull, who really came from Sweden. He was a big trader in the East, and came to Japan to open up a big business. Now the British Ambassador of that time happened to be engaged on important matters elsewhere, and when the Swede, whose name was Bjorkman, found this out, he decided to palm himself off as an influential Briton, and get a big "deal" out of the Government.

He was as yet unknown in Japan, and he turned up at State headquarters with alleged letters from all sorts of powerful British authorities. He wanted Japan to give him some big trading concessions and monopolies, the holding of which meant the acquisition of millions of money.

He was as yet unknown in Japan, and he said, among other things, that he was a nephew of the Prime Minister of Britain, and the heir to the "Earldom of Mistletoe," which is unknown in the British peerage.

The Japanese have a great reverence for European nobility, and Bjorkman, who was a clever man, and a master of English, pushed his point so well that he obtained the agreements he wanted within twenty-four hours. When the British Minister returned, he naturally denied all knowledge of the man. But Japan could not well retract, and the Minister, on looking into the matter, decided that it would make a bad impression on the Japanese to

DENY THE AUTHORITY

of the man, and decided that there was no way out of it, but to quietly wink at the sham. Bjorkman's impersonation was one of the most fruitful pieces of lumbag ever brought off in the name of Britain, for he quickly became the richest foreigner in Japan, and amassed over £2,000,000.

Americans have after found it pay to become temporary Britons when trying for a big thing—especially in Asia—and the most daring of them all was certainly the notorious Lincoln Forbes, who "rushed" the Amer of Afghanistan, and risked his life in doing it. His reason for becoming a sham Briton was simply

DARING FRAUD;

and he was very nearly successful.

He picked his time for visiting the Ameer's Court at Kabul, just at the moment when nobody was present who could "show him up," and presented himself as Joseph Arkwright, in the service of the British Government. The Ameer owed the Government a sum of nearly £70,000, which was about to be paid, and it was this that Forbes was after.

Clad in Anglo-Indian riding-kit, he managed to get into the presence of the Ameer with a set of forged papers, and he actually succeeded in convincing the grim monarch of his genuineness. He had some camels and an armed escort to take the money away. It was paid in gold, and the sum was handed over to him. He would have been impealed alive had the truth been guessed. He got over the borders, however, and tried the desperate plan of escaping through Kafiristan, a deadly country; but the Ameer was raised, and he was captured by a British patrol. He is still doing time in the Andaman penal settlement.

One of the biggest and most wholesale pillaging expeditions on record was made by a sham John Bull, but called himself Colonel Stoddart, but was really a plausible Turk by the name of Selim Hassan. He organised a force of about twenty men, all rigged out in English

CAMPAIGNING CLOTHES,

and all armed. With these, and himself as their "colonel," he descended on Armenia, where he represented him-

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self to the peasantry as an English emissary, who was sent by the British Government to levy taxes, and collect whatever valuables the Armenians had, which would be stored and protected.

In return for this, Britain would take the Armenians under her special care, and protect them from the terrible raids by the Turks and Kurds. Armenia at the time was terror-stricken by Turkish massacres, and had some hope of help from England. Colonel Stoddart had seldom need for violence anywhere, for the people yielded up all they had to him in most instances; and he was said to be the best imitation of a Briton ever turned out. He and his men fared sumptuously, and altogether he cleared about £20,000, mostly from the country traders. What he did not give him took. Then he disappeared, and Turkish troops did not appear to find him. He is peaceably settled now in a gorgeous house of his own in the Turkish provinces.

## FROM BRIN'S GREEN ISLE

### INTERESTING READING FOR THE SONS OF OLD IRELAND.

**Duke of Connaught's Command—Distributing Census Papers—The Irish Viceroyship—Immigration Statistics, Etc.**

The Shamrock League, as worked up by the Countess of Limerick, assisted by Lady Cleve, and other Irish ladies, brought an enormous demand for "the chosen leaf of bard and chief," and at the price at which it has been selling the cultivation of the Shamrock ought to be a profitable undertaking.

It is stated that the Duke of Connaught is not likely to relinquish his command in Ireland for some time—for a year at least. H.R.H. and the Duchess intend to pass a great deal of the summer at the Curragh of Kildare. The Duke is a great favorite in Ireland, and there was general regret when he was rumoured that he was about to leave.

Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, comes in for a nice perquisite by the accession of the King to the throne. The new sovereign on commencing to resign names an emergency list of a new Great Seal and the "breaking-up" consists in the sovereign giving the seal a gentle tap with a hammer, after which it is supposed to be broken up and has lost all its value.

The men of the Royal Irish Constabulary were busy distributing the census papers all over Ireland recently. This is causing a great feeling of uneasiness, as a visit from "the peelers" in the out-of-the-way districts forebodes evil as a rule. There is a general feeling on the part of the people that any information given will be used against themselves in some mysterious way.

The Shamrock, as usual, the subject of a Parliamentary discussion. This time it was the Woolwich Cadets, who had been crushed in their "wearing of the green." Some of the cadets appeared at church parade on St. Patrick's Day, with such enormous bunches of the "chosen leaf" as to cause an amount of jocularly and unsteadiness in the ranks, and the officers on duty felt called upon to direct the removal of the shamrock in the interests of the respect due to divine service.

A good story is told of an Irish sergeant who was wounded in the head and invalidated home from South Africa. The doctor who removed the bullet accidentally removed a little bit of the brain with it. Prompted by a sense of honour he wrote to the sergeant and asked him if he would like this bit of his brain returned to him. The sergeant, with true Irish wit, replied: "Thank you, no, I shall not want it, as I have got a situation in the War Office."

The decision of Earl Cadogan to retain the Irish Viceroyship for another year is believed to be not unconnected with a prospective visit of the King and Queen to Ireland when the period of Court mourning is over. King Edward is known to hold the view that a royal visit should be paid at least once a year to the sister island. His Majesty is credited with the intention of making his first entry into Dublin as King of Great Britain, and partly to oblige Lord Salisbury, Lord Cadogan will stay on at the castle.

An extraordinary occurrence took place in Dublin recently. A car driver named Bolger had an altercation with two soldiers and assaulted them, when he was arrested by the police, and after arrest broke some glass in the Clarendon police station. He was brought before the police magistrate, who declined to divide the case, sending it on for trial. Bolger, who was allowed out on bail, was greatly incensed, thinking himself badly treated, and proceeded to Mr. Byrne's house in Leeson street. Gaining admittance, he rushed into the furniture room and demolished the furniture with a blackthorn. He smashed up a handsome clock, furniture, etc., to the tune of over £3. He will undoubtedly be severely punished.