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W. IRWIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Head Office, Toronto.
G. F. REID, Manager.

Capital Authorized	\$2,000,000
Paid Up	1,000,000
Reserve Fund	600,000

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Durham Agency.

A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made in all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.
Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
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A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION
Embalming a specialty.
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AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY
—WE MAKE—
Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

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Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers.
Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gunned, Filed and Set.
I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH,
PUMPS & FOUNDRYMAN
In 1850 the United Kingdom only possessed 14 dalled, and 551 journals altogether. Today there are 2,448 dalled, and 2,446 other periodicals.

PICTURE OF HOME LIFE.

It May be Humble, But Woman's Cheerfulness Will Gild It With Splendors.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text—Genesis 1, 27 "Male and female created he them." In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be dominant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can not compare them as you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh the affection, sentiment, thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open up my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McChyne, the Scotchman, and John Sumnerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the ETERNAL JEHOVAH.

I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm and when either of them is out of it. No bumbling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to draw the line and that is the line. I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the throne of what any one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she has: her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the

LEGISLATIVE HALL.
Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophised, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's prayer that encouraged them to do right and a wife's clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. A Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a not the disfiguring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithful action, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throw through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that women have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she

ALREADY POSSESSES.
I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long looks after it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gossiping. Underselling. Buyers deprecating. Salesmen exaggerating. Tem-

ants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fetid. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Unobtrusives. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

What right does woman want that is greater than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses panting and with lathered flanks are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the British Empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is a queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of

HEAVENLY PRINCIPALITIES.
One twilight after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the couch to rest, and half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream. It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—nor Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowded the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workman's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but

NO FEAR DID I SEE
or sigh here. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling groups, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew their words. Their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that God had gathered us up into a higher home. And I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the owners of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home! Home! Home!"

TWO OF A KIND.
Patrick O'Mars, a private in the 9th Regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to make use of a subterfuge in evading the granting of one. Well, said the colonel, what do you want a two weeks' furlough for? Patrick answered, me wife is not well, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance. The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said, Patrick, I might let from your wife this morning saying that you were a nuisance, and raised a war whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs. That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough then? said Pat. No, I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances. It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:—Colonel, can I say something to you? Certainly, Patrick; what is it? You won't get mad, Colonel, if I say it? I want to say, Patrick; what is it? I mean to say that there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in my life.

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Won by Science.

Mr. Silas B. Wokes, the celebrated Chicago millionaire thrust his hands into his pockets and planted his feet firmly on the hearthrug. His back was to the fire, and his face displayed obstinacy.

"I tell you, Elsie, I won't have it," he snapped. "You know my move, and I don't reckon on being checkmated by a slip of a girl!" "But, dad, dear—"

"I should think, dad," Elsie said, with her eyes flashing through her tears, "that, as I'm your only daughter, Elsie—my trump card, d'ye see? So I guess I'm going to play that card for all it's worth—and that's a title in the family, by my calculation. A baronet's easy, even to one against an earl—a real, live, belted earl, Elsie. What d'ye think I brought you to England for? To marry that pale-faced wisk of a sawbones?"

"I love your daughter, Mr. Wokes," he said simply, "and my income is sufficient to allow of our living in comfort, although not luxurious."

"New, look here, my lad," said the American, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the door. "I talked this over with Elsie yesterday, and I tell you plainly I'm sorry, but it's quite impossible. I reckon I've other views concerning her."

"If that is your final decision, sir," he said, evidently endeavoring to stifle some sudden emotion which seized him. "I suppose I must bow to it. The American grunted. He could not help liking this straightforward young fellow.

"Of course," said the young man, with a stifled sneer, "I should not think of marrying Elsie without your consent; but if you—that is, if I—I mean if ever you should give your consent, sir, I suppose you will never again withdraw it?"

"I haven't said Elsie was to be the fee," he said. "No; and you'd better not! That gun won't carry lead, my lad!" "Will you call at my rooms tomorrow at four?" said the bacteriologist musingly.

ing day Mr. Silas B. Wokes was ushered into the private room of Dr. Henry Bennett. The budding scientist was reading and smoking furiously at the same time—a characteristic of students. Over the table hung an immensely powerful electric light, around which were movable screens of different vivid colors. He arose with extended hand as the American approached.

The American submitted with an ill grace to the operation. Afterwards, when the doctor went to replace the phial and syringe in the armoire and followed him.

"Good gracious, dad," exclaimed Elsie, at breakfast one morning, about a week after the American's visit to Dr. Bennett. "What's that blue spot on your cheek? And I do believe— Well, I never—if there isn't one on the other side, too!"

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, looking up at the ceiling. "What is it, dad?" Elsie asked anxiously. "Is anything the matter?" "It's nothing, my girl," her father said, in a somewhat gentler tone, for her evident anxiety touched him. "It'll be all right in a day or two, I guess."

"Sit down," interrupted the doctor, calmly, lighting a cigarette with an air of the utmost nonchalance. "I have now a paper in my desk, prepared for presentation at the next meeting of the Royal Society, dealing with my discoveries, and especially certain methods which I have perfected for destroying bacteria and various colored rays."

"The millionaire neither moved nor spoke. The doctor flicked the ash from his cigarette, and stared into the bright fire meditatively.

"When you came to me," he resumed, after a pause of some length, "I injected into you a cultivation of the species of microbe whose colonies cause the harmless blue patches on the skins of certain tribes of monkeys. I am the only man on earth who knows how to destroy them!"

"I don't care a fig." "In a secret drawer of my writing-desk is the paper dealing with the combination of colors and focus of the light-rays which alone can destroy the living organisms which thrive upon your countenance. If you insist upon spoiling Elsie's life and mine, by Heaven I'll spoil yours, and send you from middle age to the grave a blue-faced baboon! I can kill the organism in six hours if I desire."

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

CARE OF SWINE.
In my opinion swine should be fed and managed with two objects in view: health, because without this no profit can be expected, and good growth for feed consumed, writes Mr. T. V. Purcell. In other words the result desired is to make a profit on the feed consumed and the time necessary for taking care of hogs. I believe that this result can be attained by proceeding in the most natural manner possible, or in other words, secure as nearly as may be the conditions which surround the original wild hog. Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean to say that I think the wild hog could be produced at a profit or even with satisfaction now, but he certainly possessed health and great vigor. To secure this for our domestic breeds is highly desirable, for without health and vigor we cannot expect our hogs to eat and digest with profit our modern high-priced feeds.

In my own practice I never kept my breeding stock fat, for I believe it is impossible to raise strong and healthy pigs from fat parents. My pigs are raised mostly from old sows and never from sows less than 12 to 16 months old. After the pigs come I feed them very little, as scours is one of my worst troubles. I have found no way to prevent this except by limiting the feed for these sows for a month or so after farrowing. Of course I feed my pigs in addition to what they get from the dams, but do this very carefully. I plan to change feed every few days, and right here allow me to say that 20 years ago I learned never to feed young pigs anything that I don't feed their dams.

I feed my hogs what I can raise on my farm, taking care to produce all the variety possible. Corn, if rightly fed, and supplemented with other grains not of a fattening nature is one of the best feeds I know of. I like good wheat shorts for feeding with corn when not too costly. I have fed a great deal of this. For the last two years shorts have been very high and hard to get, so I have been feeding whole oats. I like oats nearly as well as shorts and they are much easier fed. I used to raise a large number of pumpkins, but of late years have been unable to do this on account of the bugs, which destroyed the vines. I keep my hogs on pasture as much as possible, and have never been able to make pigs do their best without clover. I supply plenty of pure well water, salt the hogs regularly, giving them all the ashes I have, and in addition burn and char the cobs that accumulate from feeding corn. This cob charcoal is readily eaten and is a great help in keeping the animal in good condition.

I keep my hogs scattered as much as I can and try to have only a few close together. I also see that their beds are dry and clean. I quarantine every hog I buy and try to keep men who gather up dead hogs off my place. I have never fed drugs or so-called cholera preventatives and have raised hogs 28 years without having disease in my herd.

SALTS AND LIME FOR SOUR SOILS.
Gardeners use both salt and lime with considerable success on soils of a certain character. Sometimes both of these are used to excess, and if they do not actually injure the soil, they do no good and cost considerable. But where the soil is sour, heavy and difficult to work, an application of either salt or lime proves beneficial.

Salt has several good results. It will, under certain conditions where the plant food in the earth is heavy tend to free it so that the crops can result with salt used judiciously in this way that proved its value. On the other hand, its application to other soils never proved of any value at all. The best salt to use is refuse salt, which generally has a good deal of fertilizing material in it. This can often be obtained cheaper and will prove the most efficient. If this is applied on very dry soil it will in hot weather tend to hold moisture in the ground. Salt applied on rather light, sandy soil has in this way been known to retain moisture sufficient for crops through severe dry spells. The chemical effect of salt in setting free plant food is of some value, but not so great as some gardeners would have us believe.

Likewise lime has its value not so much as a fertilizing agent as a corrector of abnormal conditions. It tends to sweeten the sour soil, to release plant food, and to accumulate moisture and retain it in the soil. When people speak of lime as a fertilizer they do not speak absolutely correctly. It is not that it adds any ingredients to the soil that the plants can live on, but it makes available plant food that cannot be taken up by the crops until they have passed through certain chemical changes. The application of a dressing of lime simply tends to hasten these changes.

There are very few soils which will not be benefited in a way by an occasional dressing of either salt or lime. Fertilizers should be freely used, and green food should be added and plowed under whenever expedient, and then, with a little salt and lime used to increase the chemical actions of the soil, the highest results should be attained.

HORSE TALK.
Wheat bran is cooking for the blood. Make it a part of the grain ration by adding a few quarts for the work horses at least once a day. Give it to the road horses about three times a week, and feed it in the night ration. It is often beneficial to give the whole feed of bran instead of the regular grain ration—six or eight quarts.

20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$4 per month, \$40 per year, in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 65 P St., Washington, D. C.

Try it carefully and you will always feel better. Are the mangers sour? A pail of scalding water will cleanse them, and a little powdered charcoal will sweeten them and will also be good for the horses' stomachs. Horses have indigestion as well as men, and unless care is taken with feed and surroundings they will get upset and out of condition. This will cause loss and puts the balance on the wrong side. The horses that have worked hard all season and are run down in flesh and condition, are often turned out in August to fight the flies and try to build up in poor pasture fields. A better way is to keep them in the stable during the day. Have the stables dark to keep the flies from molesting them, and turn them out to pasture at night. They should be well groomed and have some grain three times a day.

THE HOT IRON TEST.
This is employed in the cheese factory to determine when sufficient acid has developed in the curd. The test is very simple. An iron shap is heated almost to redness. A small piece of curd is taken from the vat and the water expelled by squeezing. This is brought in contact with the iron for a moment, then it is slowly withdrawn. If an acid is present the curd will adhere to the hot iron and will string out in fine threads. The length of these threads before breaking, indicate the degree of acidity. For the best results the curd should be about one-fourth of an inch long.

KILLING THE BLUE WHALE.
How the Largest Animal in the World is Vanquished by Men.
To pursue the blue whale successfully, a boat is provided that can steam 12 knots an hour and which is furnished with a formidable weapon known as the harpoon-gun. The harpoon-gun is a ponderous piece of apparatus placed on a raised platform on the prow of the whaler, and consists of a short, stout cannon, mounted on a broad pivot, on which it can rotate horizontally. The gun has also a vertical motion, and can be turned quickly in whatever direction the prow of the ship dominates. On the top of the ship are "sights" for aiming, just as in a rifle. Behind is the stock, which is grasped in the hand when firing the gun, and beneath is the trigger. The breach is a box-like arrangement, situated just above the stock, and is fastened to the gun proper. The gun is loaded in the ordinary way from the muzzle, and the harpoon is tightly rammed into it. To discharge the gun a small cartridge, with a wire attached, is first put into the breach. Pressure on the trigger causes a pull on the wire, which ignites the cartridge and discharges the gun simultaneously.

The harpoon is about six feet in length, and very massive. It consists essentially of three parts, the anterior portion, the movable barbs, and the shaft. The anterior conical piece is an explosive shell filled with gunpowder, and screws on to the rest of the harpoon. The explosive shell is fired with a time-fuse after the harpoon is imbedded in the whale.

Behind the explosive shell piece lie the four barbs situated at right angles to each other. These barbs are always bound down tightly together with thin rope and when the harpoon is going to be discharged, as the harpoon penetrates the flesh of the whale this rope gets brushed off the barbs, and in so doing, pulls a wire, which sets fire to the fuse, and it explodes the shell in a few seconds. The shell splits open to pieces and makes a terrific wound in the whale's interior, and the explosion causes the four barbs to stand out, so that it becomes impossible for the harpoon to be withdrawn. The rest of the harpoon consists of a long shaft with a slit in it in which a ring moves freely with the rope attached.

If the whale is at all well hit, the harpoon gets imbedded about five feet, and unless the rope breaks, the animal cannot escape. The rope, which is a very stout one, passes from the harpoon onto a round tray in front of the gun where a coil of fifty feet or so lies.

Taken all in all the harpoon-gun is about the most expertly contrived instrument of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man. But it is only when one sees and knows the prodigious brute it is meant to destroy, that one realizes that it is nevertheless never discharged at a greater distance than fifty feet, and seldom indeed at more than thirty from the whale. To be able to get so very near requires not only very fine seamanship, but a very intimate knowledge of the habits of the animal.

Has the giraffe been ill long? asked the veterinary surgeon, as he entered the park inclosure. Yes, replied the keeper, I should say it was rather long. It was a sore throat.