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W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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G. P. REID, Manager.
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Paid Up 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 600,000
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Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Forgetting the narrowness of the ledge, and her own danger, she bounded forward and knelt beside him.
His face was white, his eyes closed. She thought he was dead, and all the love that she had so carefully repressed went out to him, as with a low wail she threw herself on him and pressed her cheek to his, her lips to his.
Not a word passed her lips—in that supreme moment all power of thought or speech seemed to desert her.

Last night she had for the second time seen him from her—had bidden him go forever, and he had obeyed her and gone to his death. She could never send him away again.

For an age it seemed she crouched thus, then suddenly a thrill ran through her, and she shrank away from him. She had felt the heart beating beneath her arm, the dark, mournful eyes were fixed on her, open and staring in confusion.

With a low, eager cry of hope she tried to rise, but he put out a weak hand and feebly held her.
"Not yet—not yet," he muttered, a spasm of pain crossing his white, handsome face. "So, it is really you! Oh, do not leave me! No, it is a dream."

For she had drawn her arm away, and, as she did so, his head fell back and his eyes closed. Then her voice came back to her.

"No, no!" she cried. "It is I, Constance! I am not going. Oh, what shall I do?"
And she sprang to her feet and looked eagerly along the beach. Her voice roused him again, and, with a great effort, he raised himself on his arm, but still staring at her.

"Constance!" he said.
"Yes—yes, it is I," she answered, looking down at him in wild agitation. "Let me go for help; there are others there below us. Oh! How did you come here? Are you much hurt? Let me go!"

"No," he said, staying her with a feeble grasp of her gown, "do not go for a minute. Let me have you up here a moment. How came you up here alone?"

"What does that matter?" she cried, wringing her hands. "How did you come here, and—how did this happen?"
He beckoned her to come nearer, and in her agitation she could not disobey.

"I obeyed you," he faintly said. "I left the castle this morning. But I knew you were coming here, and—and it was weak and foolish, but I thought I could come here by a by-path, and get a last look at you."

With a sudden, crimson flush, she hid her face in her hands, she raised herself until his face was on a level with her shoulder.
"I heard you coming down the path—I was just in front; and thinking you would be displeased, I slipped off somewhere above this and fell here. Constance, you have saved my life."

With a low sob she still hid her face. Then she sprang up.
"Now let me go for them," she pleaded, for he still held her dress.
"You have saved my life," he said, with a faint smile. "You cannot still insist on making it a curse to me. Constance do not go away from me again. I—let your dear face against mine—surely I did not dream it. I did not dream that you loved me. Constance—my Constance!"

With a shudder she drew her dress from his hand, and shrank from him like a guilty creature.
"No, no," she murmured. "I—I—you do not know. Let me go. They are down there. Oh, let me go!"

"What?" he asked, eying her with a suspicious light in his dark eyes at the darker for the black line which pain had drawn around them. "Let them be!" he said, almost wildly.
"Constance, I would rather lie here and die than live without you. Can you swear you do not love me?" he groined out, grasping at her.

With a sudden pallor she put his hands from her.
"No, no!" she said. "For your sake, no! It is too late. I—I—"
"Too late!" he echoed, hoarsely. Then a fierce light flashed across his face, followed by a dull, deadened despair. "You have promised yourself to him—Guy Hartleigh?"

He fell back, white and death-like.
With a loud scream, Constance sprang along the ledge and down the narrow path at the beach, crying for help at every step. Loud shouts of alarm arose in answer, and Guy and the rest came dashing toward her.

When they came she could only point above her, but Guy understood, and making his way up the cliff, was soon kneeling beside the unconscious man.
"Hill you fellows!" he shouted, leaning over: "don't come up here; you can do no good yet. Go round to the point and hail the boat, then two of you come up—the two strongest!"

They hailed the boat and two of them went up to him.
"Why, great Heaven! It's Caryl Wilton," exclaimed one. "How on earth did he get here?"
"Don't know," said Guy, quietly—he was always cool in moments of danger. "Is more important to know how to get him away from here."

As gently as possible they lifted him, and with no little danger to themselves carried him down the narrow path to the beach. There they made as comfortable a bed for him as they could with their coats, and two of them volunteered to row the boat.

"I will go," said Guy, and he jumped in and took his place in the boat.

Then as he seized an oar, he said: "We shall row to the point. The first man who gets to the top of the cliff, send a carriage to the point—send a wagonette. The dog-cart can go on to Lougham, to Dame Chester—she must find a room in one of the cottages; the castle will be too far. Now, then!"

And with a strong stroke he sent the boat toward the point.
Long before they gained the point Caryl came to, but he still looked so white and haggard that when Lord Algy, who had come down in the wagonette, first caught sight of him, he sent up a cry of alarm and sorrow.

"My dear old man!" he cried, leaning over him as they laid him on the floor of the wagonette, "are you much hurt? How did this happen? For the first time Caryl spoke. On regaining consciousness in the boat, Guy's face and voice had been the first to greet him, and he had turned his head away in silence; but now he explained:
"Don't alarm yourself, my dear Algy; it was all my fault. Clinging to the boat, I fell. How did I get there? By the quickest and simplest route—by falling. It beats an express train, my dear boy. Oh, you mean what brought me to the cliff at all? Well, you see, I could not resist this picnic of yours, and when I had got half way to the station I turned back and made straight for the Titan's what-you-call-it."
"But why didn't you wait for us?" asked Lord Algy, anxiously.
"Oh, my! don't ask me any more questions," he retorted testily. "What does it matter? What does anything matter, if it comes to that? Where are you taking me?"
"I sent on to get you a room at Lougham," said Guy. "There's an old nurse of ours out that way; you couldn't be in better hands."
"All right," was the response, given with languid indifference; "that will do famously." Then he added, looking around, "You fellows have had an awful trouble. I'm very grateful."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Going at a walking pace they reached Lougham. There one of the grooms, who had gone on with the dog cart, met them and told them that Dame Chester had prepared a room in the cottage and was waiting for them. Guy looked up with sudden start. He had not intended that they should go to her cottage, but it was too late to alter arrangements, even if he had wished to do so.

The dame met them at the gate, and Mildred stood in the doorway. He avoided her eye, but he need not have feared. She as sedulously avoided his. She waited with womanly sympathy for the sick man to be brought in. She had yielded up her room to him and was ready to do what lay in her power for him.

At first the dame was not willing, but Mildred was so persistent that she yielded and allowed Mildred to watch him during the night.
The sick man was delicious and talked incessantly of Maida Carrington and Romeo, and Mildred, hearing him, knew he was talking of the famous actress who created such a furor at the time she was in San Francisco. But after a time he mixed the name of Maida Carrington and Constance Hartleigh, and little by little told the whole of his own and her story. And Mildred, listening as if to a voice from another world learned all that had been a mystery before.

And so, all through the lonesome night, she listened to the wild utterances of the sick man, and struggled with her own thoughts. She pitied this man who had been so kind to her, and still more she pitied the erring woman who had brought so much misery to herself.

"Two weeks," she muttered to herself; the man said two weeks. I must do something within the two weeks to save her from that man. If I had the money that would do, for all he cares for is money; but then, there is that wicked little creature who stole the memorandum book. What shall I do about her? What shall I do at all? Oh, if he would only get well in time!"

But he did not get well at all, seemingly. Every morning and talking inquiries were made at the little cottage. Lord Algy was almost heart-broken, and he never allowed a day to pass without calling. Guy, too, rode over every morning, but it was not often that he saw Mildred, or if he did it was only to exchange a shy good-morning with her.

Maida seemed the only one of all the neighborhood who did not call, and Mildred, though in daily expectation of a call from her, and on the alert to slip out of sight in case she did come, was very much relieved to have her remain away, for she did not know what would be the effect of a recognition.

It was rather strange, considering how frequent a visitor to the Hall the injured man had been, that that one of all the ladies in the neighborhood, refrained from calling.
More than a week had elapsed since the accident, and the interest in it had not disappeared, when the prospect of a still more exciting event stirred the country to its depths. The engagement of Guy and Constance Hartleigh had not made much stir, simply because it had been foreseen and predicted from the first; but now it was announced that the marriage was to take place almost immediately.

The news ran around like wild-fire, and the neighborhood was divided into two parties; the men who envied Maida and the women who envied Guy. Poor, unselfish Algy went straight to the Hall to hear if the news was true, and to get a few words with Maida.

As he drew up to the house in a low pony-carriage, which he preferred to the stately barouche he saw Guy standing on the terrace. It lacked an hour or more of dinner time, and Guy was smoking his favorite pipe. Algy's eyes were sharp, and he keenly scanned the frank, handsome face.

"To ought to look happy—as happy as a mortal can look," sighed the boy, "but he only looks grave."
When he called to him, Guy came down the steps with his open-hearted smile.
"Hello, Algy, where have you dropped from? I didn't see you coming."
"A little better, they say; they wouldn't let me see him. No one sees him but the doctor and his nurse. Poor old boy! but he's lucky to have such such nursing. That pretty Miss Thorpe is as devoted as a sister. Guy winced, but said nothing, and Algy went on with sudden inquiry, "But I say, Guy, is it true?"
"Is what true?"
"That you and Constance are to be married soon? You don't mind my asking do you?" and he looked up at him wistfully.

"Yes, it's true, Algy," replied Guy with a half frown.
"I am so glad," said Algy, pressing the strong arm. "Guy, you ought to be very happy, very happy—and you are, of course. And Constance, is she at home?"
"She is in the morning room, or was a few minutes ago," said Guy, as they entered the hall. "Go in and see her, and I will finish my pipe."

He opened the door, and Algy went in. The room was almost dark, lighted by a candle or two at the table; but he caught the glimmer of a woman's dress at the farther end of the room, and Maida came forward to meet him, putting her hand into his extended one.
"Is it you, Lord Algy?" she said, in her low musical voice. "I can scarcely see. Let me ring for more lights."
"No, don't," he said, dropping into a chair beside her. "I like this light, but for one thing. I can't see your face distinctly, dear Constance."
She laughed absently and invited him to be seated.

"Constance," he suddenly asked, is it true that you and Guy are to be married directly?"
There was a moment of stillness. Then she answered, distinctly and slowly:
"Yes, it is quite true. Papa wishes it, and it is a wish of his now is law."
Algy looked at her. Her eyes were downcast. It was not the voice or the face of a bride blushing with anticipations of happiness. With all his love for her, Algy was beginning to think he did not understand her.

"I hope you will be happy—you know that, Constance. I think Guy the happiest man in the world—you know that, too."
"Do you," she said, quietly. "Do you think he looks happy?" and there was almost a touch of irony in her voice.
"Guy always looked grave and wise," said Algy, patting her hand softly.

There was a pause; then he said, suddenly:
"By the way, I have just come from Lougham."
"From Lougham?" repeated Maida turning on him with a swift blush and a sudden quiver of the delicate lips.
"Yes; I tried to see poor Wilton, but couldn't; they don't let anyone see him. Poor fellow!"
"Is—is he better?" she asked, the words dropping from her lips slowly, as if they cost her an effort.

"A little, they think; and—"
Lord Algy got up and began fidgeting about, and fumbling in his pocket.

Presently he laughed shyly, and taking her hand, went on hurriedly, "I hope you won't mind, but I thought I'd bring my wedding present now. It isn't a regular sort of present, as it ought to be, fresh from a Bond Street jeweller. It is quite an old trifle. It was my mother's; but you will like it none the less for that, I am sure."
For a moment it seemed to her that she could not take this thing which his mother had worn, and which could not be worn by such a one as she; but her sense of caution came quickly to her aid, and she rose and, still holding his hand, drew him to the candle light and opened the case.

A cross formed of emeralds and diamonds flashed in her eyes. At a glance she saw that it was of enormous value—a gift fit for an empress. The feeling that it would be unjust to him to take the gift once more overcame her, and she held the glittering mass toward him saying:
"Oh, no, no! Not such a gift as this—I am not worthy."
"Not worthy?" he echoed, looking at her with a rapt smile of worship. "You not worthy? Tell me who is then?"

With a gasp, she sank to the floor, and hid her face in her hands. His question had pierced her to the soul. Who was more worthy? He should have asked who was less worthy than she—than she, the impostor, the criminal.

Lord Algy shook like a leaf, and bent over her, white and agitated.
"Constance! Constance! Dear Constance, you will kill me! Are you unhappy? What is it? Tell me; you can trust me. Constance, you know I would die to shield you from one minute's pain. What is it?"

Her good and bad angels struggled for the mastery for a moment; then she looked up, a smile quivering on her lips, her eyes wet and languid, and put her hand on his arm.
"It is nothing," she murmured; "it is past now. I am a naughty, unreasonable girl; don't tell on me, as they say at school, Lord Algy."
Only half satisfied, he bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Is it nothing?" he asked, wistfully. "Don't kneel—don't kneel. I don't like to see your proud head so low—your, who are my queen. Rise, dear Constance."
She rose slowly, and put both her hands in his.

"You will keep my poor gift," he said. "It is a poor one, too. Think of the Hartleigh diamonds. You will keep it?"
"Yes," she said, slowly. "I will keep it until—"
"Until—"
"Until you yourself are convinced that I am unworthy to wear the gems that have shone on your mother's bosom. Hush! Here is Guy."

To be Continued.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHAPTER XL.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CHAPTER XLV.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CHAPTER L.

CHAPTER LI.

CHAPTER LII.

CHAPTER LIII.

CHAPTER LIV.

CHAPTER LV.

CHAPTER LVI.

CHAPTER LVII.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CHAPTER LIX.

CHAPTER LX.

CHAPTER LXI.

CHAPTER LXII.

CHAPTER LXIII.

CHAPTER LXIV.

CHAPTER LXV.

CHAPTER LXVI.

CHAPTER LXVII.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

CHAPTER LXIX.

CHAPTER LXX.

CHAPTER LXXI.

SECRET SERVICE HEROES THEY SPY OUT THE SCHEMES OF OTHER NATIONS.

John Bull Pays \$320,000 a Year in Secret Service Money—Dangerous Work.

When, at the beginning of last year Mr. Balfour announced in the British Parliament, that the vote for Secret Service was to be increased from \$150,000 to \$320,000 a great many people felt surprised. The majority of folks had long seriously believed that the British Service existed only in the pages of the novel.

As a matter of fact, however, it is a very live organization indeed. But from their very nature, its workings seldom come into the glare of publicity. No details are ever asked or given, provided the Ministers responsible for the expenditure of the fund take the following oath:
"I swear that the money paid to me for foreign secret service, or for detecting, preventing, and defeating conspiracies against the State, has been bona fide applied to the said purpose and no other."

Occasionally a few facts leak out, but it is very seldom.
Only last January it became of vital importance that the British Admiralty should obtain certain information about the French submarine boats. For months past the French naval authorities had been trying to throw dust in Britain's eyes by the publication in French engineering journals of misleading plans. It was recognized that there was only one remedy—a secret service agent must be employed.

The selection of this man was no light task. His identity was to be kept known only to a few. His employers may have been the Admiralty or the warship contractors, Messrs. Vickers Sons and Maxim. This matters little. His qualifications were a thorough knowledge of engineering, the capacity to speak French like a native, and the ability to obtain the necessary bills as a mechanic in Cherbourg Dockyard.

BELLEVEILLE BOILERS
Within a few months of his appointment he had furnished the Admiralty with the most valuable information. Everything was going swimmingly, when suddenly he was silent. From that day to this he has been as one dead. There is a rumor at Cherbourg that a British spy was recently caught red-handed, and secretly sentenced to life-long fortress labor. But—that is all. Governments do not refer to these matters officially, and the spy who fails is lost.

Rather less than ten years ago a good-humored looking little man boarded one of the Messageries Maritime mail steamers, plying between France and Australia, and speedily fraternized with his chief engineer. He was the new under-engineer, and he evinced an interest in his work that put him very high in the estimation of his chief.

Early and late he was to be found hovering round the vessel's "Belleveille," anxiously watching temperatures, pressures and feed valves, and always ready to lend a hand at the slightest hitch. He made two voyages out and home, and then suddenly quitted the service.

A few hours later, Edouard Gaudin, a native of Guernsey, who spoke French and English with equal facility, and then whom the British Navy had no more loyal engineer officer, had told Sir John Durston, Engineer-in-Chief of the British Navy all there was to know about the water-tube boiler.

He spoke of its wonderful capacity for raising steam at a few hours' notice, of its safety in case of accident of the thousand and one odd-raiser. Perchance he dealt, too, upon its disadvantages.

BIBBERY STOPPED SOLDIERS.
Be that as it may, it is not too much to say that the intrapud engineer took his life in his own hands when he entered the French company's service. Had his identity been discovered he would probably have "fallen overboard," or been "crushed in the crank pit," or met with one of those thousand and one little disasters which—accidentally, of course—happen to unpopular people on the high seas.

English history teems with incidents of successful secret service, not always to its own advantage. The failure of the historic French invasion of Ireland, in 1796, was largely due to a judicious use of the Secret Service funds.

The expedition, which was under the command of General Hoche and the notorious Wolfe Tone, comprised forty-three ships and 14,000 soldiers, besides heavy siege artillery and large quantities of arms and ammunition. With its arrival off Bantry Bay, a heavy tempest and snowstorm not only prevented an immediate landing, but drove many of the vessels out to sea. Amongst them was the General's ship, the Frigate.

Three weeks later she ran into La Rochelle without her consorts, who, after vainly waiting their General's return reluctantly returned to France. The invasion had failed. But the failure was not so much due to the warring elements cited by the Frigate's captain as to that gentleman's venal proceeding in accepting a heavy British bribe to delay the landing of the expedition by every means in his power.

On the evening of June 15th, 1815, an officer in the uniform of the 7th Hussars rode into a little village near Waterloo, in which some British regiments were quartered. Checking his horse outside a inn door, he called to some artillerymen who were lounging near, and demanded to see their officer, Major Leathes. He was informed that the officer in question was not in the village. He then thoroughly catechised the gunners as to their strength in horses, men and guns, in order that he might determine whether Lord Uxbridge could stable there an additional 200 horses for the night. After bullying the local mayor, and ordering the men right and left, he gracefully remounted.

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od his pony and rode out of the village, just as Major Leathes entered it from the opposite direction. Eventually it transpired that he was a member of Napoleon's celebrated secret service. But, so boldly had he played his part, that none felt more pleased at his escape than the Tommies he had so cleverly hoaxed.
Those who have read Fenimore Cooper's fictitious "Spy," and have followed the fortunes of which the gallant young British spy, Major Andre, who was shot by Washington's order, must be numbered by millions. But it is a curious fact that the most useful spy ever employed by a British general died in poverty, practically unknown to the nation he had benefited.

THE GREATEST SPY.
The man in question was Colquhoun Grant, who throughout the Peninsular War was Wellington's most trusted intelligencer. His faculty for spying out an enemy's plans and strength was that of a "B.P.," whilst his escapades belittled those of a De Rougemont. His watchword was "Thorough," never had his owd most of his great successes, of which one incident must suffice. On a certain occasion when the French occupied Tamames, they began to open preparations for the storming of Rodrigo. Their officers made no secret of the fact that Marmont intended to move against that town on the earliest possible occasion. Wellington, however had his suspicions of this embarrassing frankness, and Grant was dispatched to ferret out the truth.

Concocted himself in a wood near Tamames, where the road branched to Rodrigo and Perales. Short afterwards the French moved out to the assault. Regiment after regiment, gun after gun, wagon after wagon, tramped down the Rodrigo road, until Grant calculated that practically the whole French force had passed. Nine men out of would have returned post haste headquarters, and reported the imminent assault of Rodrigo. Grant was one of the tenth. He eagle eye had not been so dazzled by the huge force, the siege artillery, and the direction of the march, but that it had missed one indispensable adjunct of an assault. He rapidly doubled back to Tamames, found the town empty, save for the Frenchmen's scaling ladders, and forthwith was able to report that the investment was only a feint. It is this eye for detail that marks the dividing line between the great spy and the mere gas-bag.

SARDINE TINS.
Frenchman Made a Fortune Out of Them.

At the end of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the keeper of a Parisian wine-shop found himself completely ruined. He did not know where to turn for bread for his family. In a yard at the back of his shop there was a large accumulation of old sardine tins.

Sardines, in his better days, courted his especial patronage, and a box of them was found on his table every day. At the same time that he came across the pile of old tins, he happened to learn that the soldier with which they were hermetically sealed was a valuable commodity, and it occurred to him that it might be possible to recover it from the broken tins and sell it at a good profit—which he did.

Being a man of some ingenuity, he improvised a small furnace, and immediately began making experiments in this direction. He tried them unsatisfactorily, and the price the soldier thus realized enabled him to keep going.

He saw that there was every likelihood of a good business to be done—the germ of it had declared itself—and so he contracted with a number of master rappers to supply him with all the old sardine tins they could by hands upon soon found himself at the head of a growing concern, and looking matters one day he conceived idea that there was a deal of work in the metal that was thrown away after the soldier had been extracted.

At all times material means may be used, only we don't always know how to convert it into pounds, shillings and pence.

The thought struck him—Why make tin soldiers and other toys of the metal which up to that moment was considered as only waste—the result of that inspiration—the — in after years — established of several factories in the parts of France.

Millions of metal pieces in the shape of children's toys are sold annually from these works, and Monsieur Drog has built a huge fortune on old sardine

"This man Dobbin is one luckiest fellows I know of. I've heard of his arm being blown off a week in that explosion." "There is nothing lucky about it. It was his right arm, you know. Well, what of that?" "Well, left-hand!"

Taking the distance as five miles, Sydney, 10 120 miles most distant of large London.

Gold Settles on the Kidneys.

Deep-seated Kidney Disease Often the Result of a Neglected Cold—Then Come Great Sufferings From Lumbago and Backache.

Few people realize what a vast proportion of serious illnesses arises from cold settling on some delicate organ of the body. The kidneys and liver, as well as the lungs are very easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, and the results are often suddenly fatal. It is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system, out of order. There is usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, pain and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills