

MUNYON'S NERVE CURE

Cures all forms of nervousness, nervous prostration and all the symptoms of nervous exhaustion, such as depressed spirits, peevishness, irritability, general weakness, loss of the whole nervous system, failure of memory, inability to concentrate the thoughts, morbid fears, restlessness and sleepless nights, pains in the head, noise in the ears and dizziness. It stimulates and strengthens the nerves and acts as a strong tonic. Price 25c.

The CHRONICLE invites all its readers to contribute items of a personal nature, such as the arrival or departure of guests, the movements of people, their sickness, recovery, accidents, etc. All that is required is to send a post card to the telephone THE CHRONICLE.

Not in 100 Years.

Prices for high class Dry Goods have never been so low in this town as they are to-day in this store. We are introducing ourselves to the people here in a manner that wins the appreciation of the most fastidious. Our fame has spread over the County and this store is known throughout the length and breadth of both Oxfords as being the cheapest store west of Toronto. No trash here, all reliable goods at figures easy for all. Note below just a few hints to set you thinking:

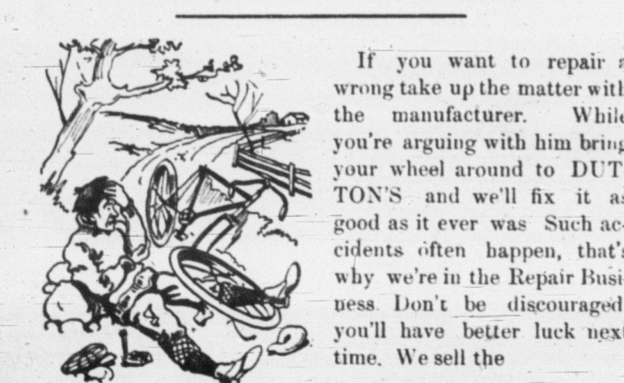
MILLINERY.
17 Trimmed Hats and 4 Bonnets are left on our tables, and we are going to sell.

Hats.	Regular \$4.45 for \$1.80
Regular \$5.35 for \$2.47	4.30 for 1.90
2.55 for 1.23	10.00 for 4.37
3.30 for 1.97	4.15 for 1.99
4.35 for 2.26	8.60 for 4.10
4.30 for 1.64	10.50 for 4.90
3.50 for 1.60	
8.25 for 3.42	
3.75 for 1.68	
5.75 for 2.10	
2.00 for .90	
3.25 for 1.72	

See our Ladies' Blouses and Wrappers.

A. J. SMITH,
COYNE'S OLD STAND.
Highest price paid for Eggs.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
TO REPAIR A WRONG.



If you want to repair a wrong take up the matter with the manufacturer. While you're arguing with him bring your wheel around to DUTTON'S and we'll fix it as good as it ever was. Such accidents often happen, that's why we're in the Repair Business. Don't be discouraged; you'll have better luck next time. We sell the

CLEVELAND, GENDRON and
McBURNIE & BEATTIE BICYCLES.
W. G. DUTTON,
KING STREET WEST.

Anecdotes of "Dizzy."

In G. W. E. Russell's "Collections and Recollections" are these anecdotes of Disraeli:
The atmosphere of a court naturally suited Lord Beaconsfield, and he had a quaint trick of transferring the grandiose nomenclature of palaces to his own very modest domain of Hughenden. He called his simple drawing room the salon; he styled his pond the lake; he expatiated on the beauties of the terrace walks, the "Golden Gate" and the "German forest."
His style of entertaining was more show than comfortable. Nothing could excel the grandeur of his state couch and powdered footman, but when the dessert came up melting one of his friends exclaimed:
"At last, my dear Dizzy, we have got something hot."
And in the days when he was chancellor of the exchequer some critical guest remarked of the soup that it was apparently made with deferred stock.
When Lady Beaconsfield died, he sent for his agent and said, "I desire that her ladyship's remains be borne to the grave by the tenants of the estate." Presently the agent came back, with a troubled countenance, and said, "I regret to say there are not enough tenants to carry a coffin."

RAMBLER'S RAMBLINGS.

The Town of Moncton, N. B.—The Great Government Railway Centre.
Cape Breton, its Beautiful Location and Fine Hotel — A Delightful Summering Point.
After a run of 373 miles on the Intercolonial Railway we reach Moncton, New Brunswick, a town of 9,000 population. As soon as we are nicely settled at our hotel, we visit the harbor to see the tide or "bore," come in. The great spectacle of the place is its "bore," a most astonishing effect of the Bay of the Petitcodiac River led on an impetuous wall of water four to eight feet in height. We were a little too late to see the arrival of the tide, but saw the tide rise to full tide. The water is a color of terra cotta color, which is the color of the soil along the river.

Here are the shops of the Intercolonial Railway, as well as the head offices. Upwards of 800 hands are employed in the shops and offices. A magnificent new station building is in course of construction and when completed it will be one of the finest buildings of its kind in the system. Something over a year ago an electric railway was laid down, but after running for a time the company discontinued it for the want of lack of patronage. The town is mostly built on a street, and it seems strange that there was not sufficient patronage to warrant its operation.

After a pleasant evening spent with some friends we leave at 2.40 a. m. for Sydney, Cape Breton.
A run of 339 miles over the I. C. R. brings us to our destination—Sydney—a town of about 2000 inhabitants.
Before reaching Sydney we pass through a great deal of beautiful scenery and cross the Strait of Canso, which is said to be traversed by more keels than any other in the world. It has the loveliest scenery clustering along its banks. Not long after leaving Point Tupper the sun began to sink behind the western hills, and a more beautiful sunset we never saw.

The town of Sydney was founded in 1784, over a century ago, and for many years a garrison of British regulars were quartered at what is now familiarly known as the Barracks grounds, and which are now being converted into a public park. The last garrison stationed here was a detachment of the famous 42nd "Black Watch" or Royal Highlanders. Many interesting reminiscences are yet to be noted of this once military governed and aristocratic town and the frequent visits of the British and French naval squadrons even yet serve to recall those days of military pomp. The harbor, which is about twelve miles long and eight miles wide, is one of the best natural harbors in the world. It is said to have anchorage ground capable of holding the upwards of 500 war vessels of Great Britain and still have plenty of room for more. The Sydney Hotel, where we remain over Sunday, is one of the best appointed hotels in Nova Scotia. It is a handsome structure, built in Queen Anne style of architecture, and erected on the historic site upon which formerly stood the Government House in the days when Cape Breton was a Crown colony. It commands a position overlooking the harbor, and is well patronized by tourists visiting Cape Breton.

The town of Cape Breton has all the modern conveniences—electric light, water works, &c., but the sidewalks are not what they should be being mostly made of gravel. There are three newspapers, one of them being published in Gaelic, and we are informed by the publisher, Mr. McKinnon, that it is the only Gaelic weekly published in the world. It must be receiving a good share of patronage, as the publisher is putting in a new power press and otherwise improving his plant. It is inferred from this that the inhabitants of Cape Breton are principally Scotch. Fully three-fourths of them are natives of the land of the heather or descendants of such. In business circles the same keen competition is noticeable that is experienced in Ontario, but the prices are considerably higher in many lines. From observation, we should say that Sydney will not be likely to attain a great deal more population than she has at present. There are not industries in the town or immediate vicinity, and its only source of growth comes from the tourist traffic. North Sydney on one side and Glace Bay on the other, both being great coal mining centres and the former a shipping port of no small importance, detract from Sydney. The location of the town is beautiful, and as a place to spend a few weeks in the heated term it cannot be surpassed. The climate commands itself agreeably to the stranger. One never experiences that excessive summer heat, it is always cool and pleasant. No other place in America, it is said, can lay claim to so delightful a summer climate, and certainly none can show greater attractions to the tourist and seeker after rest and health. Situated as the town is on an annual rental of one red rose to be paid in June of each year. After Baron Stiegel's death the rent was never demanded until a few years ago, and now it is formally paid to one of the baron's descendants. The occasion is known as "the feast of roses," and the quaint ceremony attracts the greatest interest.

Carrying Out the Propagation.
The subject of Alice's graduation essay, you remember, was "Alm High."
"Yes."
"Well, she has been throwing herself at the feet of her head, and he is 6 feet tall."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
A distinguished professor says that what is called stupidity is simply the indication that a certain brain area is not properly nourished or is without communication with the nerve fiber.
Analysts say that butter is the most nutritious article of diet, closely followed by bacon.

ALL HEADACHES
SUFFERERS HEADACHE POWDER
in 10c and 25c packages.

BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR.

He Was Rude and Willing to Be Insulted in Parliament.
The prince used to prepare himself, for answering questions put in parliament. He was very indignant at the practice and at the meeting of the ministry when the matter was discussed declared, "I must speak straight out, and should like to be as rude as possible without being insulting." He made use of several expressions, asking the minister of justice if those were insults. The minister, being conscientious, was obliged to say yes. Then the prince grew angry, exclaiming that in that case it would be better that he should not answer at all, but leave it to Camphausen, the vice president of the council. Herr von Tiedemann describes the office hours in the chancellery, which began early and ended late. At that time Prince Bismarck rose only toward noon. He worked hard from 12 o'clock again from 9 till late at night. Tiedemann seldom left his office before 1 a. m.

It was not easy to read to the prince. He demanded a succinct extract, as he called it, of everything that occurred, however complicated a matter might be, its kernel might be extracted in a few words. His subordinates gradually learned to write very little, preferring to dictate. He wrote very little, preferring to dictate. He wrote very little, preferring to dictate. He wrote very little, preferring to dictate.

His method of dictation was strange. He spoke in jerks, sometimes with long pauses and then so rapidly that it was difficult to follow him. His thought and expression were so rich that he frequently carried two or three tautologous phrases and then said, "Please choose the most fitting." As he might never be interrupted—for, strange to say, he then lost the thread of his thought—it was all the more difficult to follow him. Blucher did this more readily, for he was a stenographer, but Tiedemann was not, and so he seldom wrote a whole sentence, and had to be content to catch the most important turns of speech, sometimes only a single word. Afterward it was his business to pick it up—Herr von Tiedemann's Nachrichten.

THE CUBAN WATER MONKEY.

One Must Be an Expert to Drink From It Gracefully.
The Cubans have a domestic utensil called a "water monkey" that is to be found in houses and offices. It answers the same purpose as the olla in Mexico and the clay jugs of India. It is made of gray porous clay and is manufactured in Malaga, where the rains come from. By absorption and evaporation a blanket of cool air surrounds the jug continually and keeps the water almost as cold as if it contained ice. In a country where ice is both scarce and expensive these jugs are indispensable.
The water monkey has two apertures, one about the size of a dollar through which water is poured into a glass. On the opposite side is a protuberance with a small hole running through it. From this the experienced Cuban drinks without touching it to his lips. When about to drink, he holds it two or three inches from his mouth, into which the tiny stream of water pours. Gradually and slowly he lifts the monkey away from him allowing the water to flow from the monkey down his throat. Occasionally the drinker gulps, and when his thirst has been satisfied he returns the monkey toward his mouth, then suddenly tips it up, shutting off the stream. It takes considerable experience to drink out of a water monkey gracefully. The beginner sends a stream of water down his neck instead of his throat four times out of five until he has mastered the art.—Exchange.

Mosby and Fitz-Hugh Lee.

The conversation had drifted into war channels, and the major had the floor.
"Well, Colonel Mosby, you know, was a good fighter, but when General Grant sent him to China the Virginians turned the cold shoulder to him. One day he was making a speech in Alexandria. He told the Virginians that they ought to vote for him."
"Why," said the colonel, "I fought all over northern Virginia for four years. Talk about my war record! Why, my war record is a part of the state's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."
"That's a fact," said Fitz-Hugh Lee. "I saw him do it." He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick was after him, and he carried it whether he was the Confederate flag or a small-pox warning."—New York Sun.

One Red Rose Kept For a Church Site.

A unique celebration occurs in June of every year in Mashburn, Pa. according to The Ladies' Home Journal. It is known as the feast of roses and is held to commemorate the benevolence of Baron Stiegel, who more than a century and a quarter ago leased a tract of land in Mashburn to a congregation for a church site at an annual rental of one red rose to be paid in June of each year. After Baron Stiegel's death the rent was never demanded until a few years ago, and now it is formally paid to one of the baron's descendants. The occasion is known as "the feast of roses," and the quaint ceremony attracts the greatest interest.

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IT WAS HIS DREAM.

But it is a Stern Reality With Newspaper Publishers.
An exchange relates that once a farmer had two thousand bushels of wheat, which he sold, not to one single grain merchant, but to two thousand different dealers, a bushel to each. A few of them paid him in cash, but a greater number said it was not convenient then, but would pay later. A few months passed, and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said. "My two thousand bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised. But I have parted with the grain, and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect it fast enough to pay my expenses." So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay some of these days," forgetting that, though each account was small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to being so bad, and rolled and tossed about so much in his efforts to collect, that he fell out of bed and awoke, and, running to his granary, found his two thousand bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming and hadn't sold his wheat at all.

Moral.

The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper and when next year's subscription is due you can depend upon me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and know how it feels to have one's honesty earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—Neal's State Gazette.

Firecrackers in China.

In China firecrackers can be purchased at a cost of 62 cents for 10,000, although the best quality commands twice this price. This is but little more than the actual cost of manufacture. The straw paper used is of the cheapest grade. The powder is also of cheap and inferior quality, which probably accounts for so many "sizzlers" in every pack.
Most of the firecrackers are made by women and children at their homes, and rapid workers are able to earn from 5 to 7 cents per day. An expert can earn 10 cents, while a novice receives only his board for the first four years. The wages paid in this trade are about the same as those paid the common laborer.
Besides being unhealthy, the work of making firecrackers is more or less dangerous, yet the hours of labor are from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m. seven days in the week.

Goose on Friday.

"You never heard about the time that Judge Egan gave that price of birds, the goose, a new place in natural history, I suppose," said M. W. Fitzgerald to the Philistines.
"Well, a couple of years ago Judge Egan and Tom Conroy went over to lunch together one noon. 'What'll you have?' asked the judge.
"It's Friday," said Tom. 'Give me some fish.'
"Judge Egan let his eye wander down the bill of fare. He saw that there was goose on the bill and the soul of him hungered for goose. He framed up a decision to make the punishment fit the crime.
"Goose," said he. 'A goose is a bird that swims in the water. That's clear enough. Water, bring me some goose!'"—St. Paul Globe.

A Distressing Outlook.

A little Cleveland girl was greatly worried by the misfortune of a favorite playmate. The latter injured her knee by a fall, and for a time it was feared she might lose the limb. Happily this contingency was avoided, and in time the sufferer completely recovered. But when the outlook was dark indeed the sympathetic girl burst in on her mamma one day with the following excited query:
"Oh, mamma, did you know it was Bella's vaccination leg that was hurt?"
"No, mamma didn't know it."
"Well, it is," cried the little sympathizer, "and, mamma, just think, if they cut off her leg she'll have to be vaccinated all over again!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Useful Neighbors.

Sir, or madam, if you have any difficulty in making your children behave, just turn them over to the family next door. Both the man and the woman in that house are quite sure they could make those children mad.—Boston Transcript.

A Receptive Pupils.

Mistress—Bridget, those are awfully nice. I hope you'll not call them jugs any more.
Bridget—Thank you, mam. Sure, and is those others mine too?—Jewelers' Weekly.

Russian peasants eat sunflower seeds in large quantities. You can hardly find a man who has not some sunflower seeds in his pocket.

The Apaches have three different kinds of violins, each having but one string and played with a small bow.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask for your own bottle of Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Make no other as all Mixtures, pills and lotions are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 25c per box; No. 2, 50c per box; No. 3, 75c per box. If mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company, Buffalo, N. Y. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada. No. 3 and 4 sold and prepared by R. Keele, Corner Dear Street.

More than you have been surprised at the Great Bargains in

HATS

Which are going at

Hollinrake's

Hats for a Nickle
Hats for a Dime
Hats for 15 cents
Hats for 20 cents
Hats for a Quarter
Hats for 35 cents
Hats for 50 cents.

All our Hats go, go, go.

HOLLINRAKE & COY.

F. P. LEAKE
INTERIOR DECORATOR.
Manufactures the Latest Styles of Mantels and Over Mantels, Grill Arches and Window Cornices. Novel and Art Furniture. DESIGNING AND WOOD CARVING A SPECIALTY.
Give him a call. One door north of Piano Factory

Growing in Popularity

THE DAILY CHRONICLE has increased in circulation nearly fifty per cent. since the first of the year. The reason for this is plainly seen. It gives more home news than can be found in any other paper. Its news is thoroughly reliable and up-to-date; it eschews all forms of sensationalism, and has in view always the best interests of our town. No local event of any importance is missed from its columns, while a full epitome of the news of the world is given daily. Reader, if you are not a regular subscriber call at the office and have it delivered at your home for a month.

JOB PRINTING.
The art of printing is advancing all the time. To do good printing requires good material and a proper appreciation of beauty in art. Tasty job work is an evidence of progressive ideas. We will surprise you along this line. Call and see samples of Wedding Stationery, Invitations, and Visiting Cards printed from our new styles of type. Prices always as low as the lowest.

The Chronicle Printing Co