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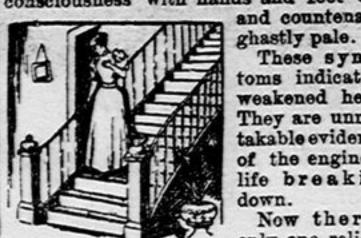
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Serious Conditions that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can Readily Cure.

One of the indications of serious heart trouble is the sensation of weakness or faintness that comes on at times. Sometimes it is simply a dizzy feeling that passes off, or it may be a state of unconsciousness with hands and feet cold and countenance



These symptoms indicate a weakened heart. her. They are unmistakable evidences

ton, N.B., amply proves this. Here is perfection, the white neck looked the her statement:

poverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. A dizzy sencation on arising quickly or coming down stairs, often troubled me, and my breath Office and Residence a short distance was so short that I could not walk up east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton stairs. The least exertion caused my Street, Lower Town. Office hours from heart to flutter and palpitate violently, and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep.

I doctored back and forth for my weakness, but I got no relief from any medicine until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pille and I can say that they helped me wonderfully. Sometimes my face and arms would swell and puff, but all these troubles speedily yielded to the restoring He rose with a grave, ceremonious influences of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and well. I did not use them long until I regained the blessing of healthful, refreshing sleep and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them to others."

A PERFECT ICA

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IN ITS NATIVE PURITY. "Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea eas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the election of the Tea and its blend, that is why they ut it up themselves and sell it only in the original

ackages, thereby securing its purity and excellence out up in 16 lb., r lb. and 5 lb. packages, and never old in 16. ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.

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Here's proof from Bertha J. Tozer, North Esk, N.B.

"I have had pimples on my face for three years, and about two years | he had left her; but when they enterago I took an attack of nervousness. | ed she rose with a stately grace all I got so bad I could not sleep and lost miserable. I was taking different dignified, with all the pride of her Circular and Cross-Cut Saws kinds of medicines but seemed to be race flashing in her dark eyes. getting worse. A friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, I did so, taking in all four bottles. As a result I sleep well, have a good neck, after the old, impulsive fashion, ought rather to be pleased that I have appetite, my face is free from pimples, my skin clear and my health is in every way perfect."

The "Chronicle" is the only briefly. 12-Page Local Newspaper in

Western Untario,

Through Storm and Sunchine

CHAPTER III.-Continued.

It was six o'clock before Gerald Dorman presented himself in the characloper, the young wife who was in great darkening—again the soft, cooing will be between us. You will love measure to wrest her kingdom from voice seemed to break the spell. Sir your wife better than your daughter—

She came in soon afterward; and Sir Arthur's daughter. though he had seen her often in the of the engine of brilliancy of evening toilet he was life breaking startled. She looked older, more dignified; more stately; she looked far Now there's more like the wife of the master of coldly. only one reliable the house than his daughter. It was remedy for restoring strength and vitality such a strange toilet, too-all black, The case of Mrs. A. Stratton, Frederic- her shoulders and arms were shown to good." fairer for the centrast. A diamond Vivien's lips, as she saw her father a diamond cross glittered on the wife. white breast. She had evidently chosen a toilet that would add to her age | thought Miss Neslie. "Hers are sweet and dignity; she had tried to look older instead of younger and she had voice is false." succeeded. The lovely Southern face had lost none of it color; the dainty fair as this daughter of the Neslies.

She did not speak when she entered "Has Lady Neslie a maid?" she askthe room; she looked at him with calm, ed, quickly. graceful indifference-it was not often that she seemed to take any special interest in the young secretary. bow; she took up a book and sat down by the open window.

"How proud she is!" he thought. I am less to her than the ground beneath her feet, than the leaves on the trees-less than the faded flowers and, with her maid and the houseshe throws away-yet I---Dear Heaven, I dare not think how I love her-I dare scarcely say it even to myself!" He watched her as she sat there; the white jeweled hands that turned the pages of her book so listlessly never trembled, the color never varied on her face, even when the sound of the carriage wheels was heard, and Gerald Dorman rose with an agitated face, nothing like it."

"They are here, Miss Neslie." "They are earlier than I expected,

was the calm reply. She did not lay her book down or make any sign of disturbing herself. Gerald trembled with excitement and agitation.

"Miss Neslie, are you not going down in the hall? Sir Arthur will expect it, I--" "Pray, do not trouble yourself, Mr Dorman; I am not going down into

the hall. You can, of course, please He went-more to save her than graorange trees, the wealth of antiquities that decorated the walls, the long line of domestics, all standing to welcome and a courtly costume for this din- would be absurd for you to call her hand a lady whose features he could dinner with her own family." figure was the very perfection of Lady Neslie, impatiently. "I wish tempt in her voice, but he made no angrace. Sir Arthur held her hand in there had never been a Duchess of swer; and the next moment Vivien their future mistress, Lady Neslie. rie."

hand, with a frank, kindly smile. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Dorman. toilet shall be such as Sir Arthur's fingers as she stood there. We have had quite a royal reception, daughter cannot help admiring." such a welcome home as we shall never forget. I have been quite touched by it. Where is Miss Neslie?"

ence-of silence inexpressibly painful her plenty of sound advice, always beautiful face and flashing eyes. meet him, who had been wont to fling Lady Neslie would have chosen some himself. He made some commonplace strong." of who was present, and give him decked herself with costly jewels. Ma- then the door opened again, and such a rapturous welcome home? Sir rie's good taste prevailed. The young what seemed to them a vision of light Arthur looked around, but the fair wife wore a dress of plain white silk, and loveliness entered-a fair bright flace of his daughter was not there. trimmed with silver net, a few beau- girl with laughing eyes and a beauti-Gerald hastened to reply:

baronet's face, but just then a sweet, ter. lingering voice, said-

English mansions like this?" fashion of French ladies who speak English well. It seemed to have a magical charm for Sir Arthur; his face cleared and his eyes brightened. "No, Valerie," he replied; "there are

few houses, even in England, like Then Lady Neslie spoke to Mrs. Spenser, to the butler, and one or two of

the head servants. Sir Arthur, turning to her, said-"We will go to the drawing-room, Valerie-Miss Neslie is there. Come

with us, Mr. Dorman." It seemed to Gerald that the master of the Abbey was, after all, in no hurry to meet his child. He seemed to linger by the way, pointing out a rare picture or statue to his wife, Gerald began to suspect that the proud baronet felt some little trepidation at the thought of meeting his still proud daughter. They passed through the magnificent suit of rooms the stranger's sweet voice sounding like the cooing of a dove; yet, sweet as it was, Gerald feared that there was something insincere in the ring

of it. When they reached the drawingroom, Vivien was still sitting where her own. Sir Arthur released his wife's hand and went up to his daugh-

"My dear Vivien," said Sir Arthur, "how well you are looking. Have you

She did not clasp her arms round his to kiss him; and Sir Arthur felt that it was the beginning of hostilities. She held out her hand to him.

"Welcome home, papa," she said, darling, I want you to welcome some could you?"

one else-I want you to welcome my

here?"

think of her-consult her wishes, not

"Yes, that is true, Vivien; she is my

authority of years to a girl not old-

er than myself. It is not just, papa."

Vivien-nothing was ever farther from

my thoughts."

she asked, reproachfully.

"I never thought of marrying again,

"Then why did you marry, papa?"

could not help it. I fell in love with

she has taken my mother's place."

think me wicked. I am jealous for my

ed you so-and do you remember how

ry again? What are men like that

Her passionate words startled him.

"Hush, Vivien!" he said. "It is all

"I will show my love for my mother

ing her place," was the abrupt re-

"Vivien, try to like my wife. She

is young-try to make her happy. Ah,

there is the first dinner-bell," con-

may as well say, while we are on the

"He loves her already," she said, "a

trailing white robes and pearls in her

was like the first act of a tragedy-

Vivien (all, dark, stately, the diamonds gleaming in her black dress; Val-

erie fair, graceful, slender, with her

"Shall I call you 'Vivien ?" she ask-

"I leave it entirely to you," Viv-

"I told Sir Arthur very often that I

was quite sure I should be dreadfully

jealous of his charming Vivien," con-

tinued Lady Neslie, "and now I see

The grave bow that was her only an-

"You look very grave, Vivien-see, I

avail myself of your permission. Grav-

ity seems to be the pervading charac-

teristic of the English. In France ev-

ery one smiles, looks pleased, interest-

ed, happy; here the people are all mel-

ancholy, serious, grave. I must teach

"She is positively audacious,"

thought Gerald to himself, and then

he came to the rescue. He drew near

to Lady Neslie with a photograph of

the Abbey in his hand. While he was

showing it to her, Vivien walked

away to the other end of the room.

the longer, Lady Neslie, you will find

ien replied. With all her burning

white dress and laughing face.

quite forget her good breeding.

swer did not daunt her.

you to laugh, Vivien."

he secretary.

that charming art?"

She laughed scornfully.

should call that girl mamma?"

beloved wife." If it had been to save her life, Vi- generous-I thought you would wel- living women if they are all like Miss vien could not have smiled, could not come my wife." ter of an invited guest in the draw- have uttered a kindly word. She made "Our happy life is all over," she ing-room. He looked with some curi- a stiff, formal courtesy, and there said. "You may think you will love osity for Miss Neslie's entrance. How was a moment of painful silence. me as much, but it will never be the liked and mistrusted her. would she receive the coming inter- Again Gerald saw the baronet's face same again, papa-never again. She Arthur's wife held out her hand to you will study her, not me-you will

> "The greatest pleasure I had in mine; she will be mistress here, not coming to Lancewood was the hope I." that you would love me." "You are very good," said . Vivien, wife, and she must be mistress. I am

"Good-nay," opposed the sweet voice, "I do not know that I am good. to weakened hearts and relieving all the with gleaming diamonds throwing Ah, that is an English idiom! They distressing symptoms. It is Milburn's out the loveliest of lights—a dress of are hard to understand. If wishing Heart and Nerve Pills.

"I suffered very much from an im- star shone in the coils of silken hair; looking with rapt devotion at his new "As though words meant anything!" enough, but the very sound of her

A smile, almost of contempt, curled

Sir Arthur turned to his daughter. "I venture to promise for you, Virose-leaf flush was on her cheeks, the vien, that you will soon love Lady Valerie, that's the plain truth-nothrich crimson on her lips. He had look- Neslie-no one can help it. Valerie, you ed on many fair women, but none so will like to go to your apartments. her, unhappy when away from her. have her child wake up at night with a Perhaps, Vivien, you-"

> "Yes," replied Sir Arthur. "Then she had better go with her. sant-try to love her." will speak to you, papa."

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Naslie left the drawing-room keeper, soon found herself in the mag- Vivien, she has taken a vacant place. nificent rooms appointed for her. She Your mother's, alas! is empty!" listened to Mrs. Spenser's explanations, and then courteously dismissed the one who would fill it. Do not

"This is very good, .Marie," she said mother-my darling mother. Every keep this remedy in to her maid, when they were alone. kind word you give this stranger, ev- the house, as it excels "I never thought to find Lancewood ery kind look, will seem an insult to so grand. It is a palace; I have seen my mother's memory. My mother lov-

"It is none too good for miladi," often you have told me that when she observed the girl; "and I wish you, lay dying she asked you never to marmiladi, years of happiness in it." "I shall be happy enough," said the they can love twice and marry twice?" bride; "plenty of money always makes one happy. Marie, find me the prettiest dress I have. This young too late. I-I did not think of these lady, Sir Arthur's daughter, is stately | things, my dear. Show your love for and beautiful as a princess; I feel me by being kind to my wife." quite plain and insignificant by her side. Find me something very nice, by preventing any one from ever tak-

that I may surpass her." "She cannot be more beautiful than ply miladi," declared the girl flattering-

"Yes, she is. You do not undertify himself—and he owned that it was stand. She has the face of a princess; tinued Sir Arthur, thankful for the ina sight well worth seeing—the grand she has the manner of a princess; she terruption, " and I am not dressed! entrance hall, with its mosaic pave- speaks like one. Find me my prettiest You will try to amuse Valerie, will ment, its great stands of flowers and dress and my rarest jewels. She shall you not, when she comes down? I not surpass me." "But, miladi, is it good taste-jewels subject, that, as she is so young, it

the bride. He saw Sir Arthur, tall ner en famille? I think not. My late anything except Valerie." and stately, with a pleased, bright ex- mistress, the Duchess of Fitzburgh, pression on his face, leading by the never made a very elaborate toilet for not see, for she wore a vail; but her | "Of course you know best," said

his, and in a few well-chosen words Fitzburgh; she is always being quoted was alone-alone with her impotent introduced her to his dependents as against me. Have your own way, Ma- wrath, her wounded love, her heartache-alone with sorrow that tore her Then, seeing Gerald, he held out his "No, miladi-your way, not mine. If breast, with pride that burned the soul your ladyship will trust to me, your within her. She clenched her white

There was a strange familiarity be- thousand times better than me." tween "miladi" and her maid when Then the bell rang, and Mr. Dorthey (were together alone. When man entered. He looked surprised at There was a moment of blank sil- Lady Neslie was impatient, Marie gave finding her alone; he looked at the -and every one felt it to be so. Where quoting, as a last resort, the Duch- "I should not have liked to be in was she who had always hurried to ess of Fitzburgh. Left to herself, Sir Arthur's place," he thought to her arms round his neck, regardless elaborate costume; she would have remark, but she did not hear it; and

tiful pearls in her hair, and a neck- ful mouth, a girl with golden-brown "Miss Neslie is in the drawing-room lace of pearls round her throat. It hair and a lovely face, teeth that Sir Arthur; she awaits you there." was pretty and bride-like. Lady Nes- gleamed like little pearls between He saw a sudden darkening of the lie owned that nothing could be bet- scarlet lips, a light girlish figure with "I shall have to dress well and use hair. She went up to Vivien and "How charming, Arthur! Are all all my powers of pleasing," she said looked laughingly into her face. to herself; "for Miss Neslie does not "I must not call you Miss Neslie," The voice was sweet and clear, the like me, I am sure. I have won Sir she said-"that has a formal sound. accent pretty and piquant after the Arthur-now I must try to win her." Sir Arthur was always talking of If she had seen Vivien just then, she would have despaired of ever winning her. Mr. Dorman had, much to the baronet's discomfiture, quitted the room. He had hoped to avoid all pri-

vate conversation with his daughter, but her strong will prevailed-they were left alone. Then Vivien went up to him and clasped her arms round "Welcome home, papa! I could not

kiss you before, with that stranger here. Oh, papa, why have you brought her? Why have you married her? Was not I enough for you? ed, not at all dismayed by Miss Nes-Why did you bring her here-a girlonly a girl? Why did you marry her?" Sir Arthur looked very uncomfortable. It was not the pleasantest po- jealousy and angry disdain, her outsition in the world. He tried to make raged pride and love, she could not the best of it. He threw his arms round her and drew her nearer to

"You ask why I married her. The reason will perhaps not seem sufficient to my proud Vivien. It was be- quite enough to make me so." cause I loved her."

"You had me to love," she interrupted, quickly. "True, and I love you now; but

that did not prevent my loving Valerie. Wait until you know her." "It will make no difference ,papa. You cannot expect me to love a girl my appetite and was very weak and ter. She stood before him, tall, dark, whom you have put in my mother's place. Have you forgotten my mother that you bring this stranger

"No, I have not forgotten your mo-

her, Vivien; but a man cannot always

here ?"

keep his heart buried in a grave. I have mourned truly enough for her. You nor did she raise her beautiful face found some one to brighten my life.' "I brightened your life," she said, with jealous pain. "Oh, papa, you were all the world to me! No one will love you as I did. I had no thought but you; and now you have brought "Thank you, Vivien. And now, my a stranger to stand between us. How

Tears rose to the dark, beautiful that the English laugh quite as heart-

ily in England as the French do in "I loved you so much, dear," she re-"There is one thing that will puzpeated. "How could you bring her zle me in England," said her ladyship,

He was more troubled than he cared with a smile, that showed all her pretto own-his voice trembled, his hands ty teeth. "What is that?" asked Gerald. "I shall hardly be able to tell the "Come, Vivien, you disappoint me. I thought you would have been more difference between marble statues and

And for that one speech more than

(To be continued.)

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURUAM

glad you have the good sense to re-County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many elegible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Bentinck, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot "Your very kindness in the years gone past has been an injury to me," said Vivien. "You made me mistress of your house when I was but a child Mortgages taken for part purchase money

Apply to JAMES EDGE -the habit of rule has grown with me Edge Hill P.O. -and now, you ask me to give up the Oct. Ind

The Crow "Well, you see, my dear, I really Of Croup.

ing more nor less. I was happy with It strikes terror to a mother's heart to So I determined to try to be always croupy cough. happy. I asked her to marry me, and Child can scarcely speak, can hardly Contains

she consented. Now that it is done, breathe-seems to be choking. Vivien, try to make all things plea-There is no time for delay-apply hot poultices to the throat and upper part of "I suppose I must tolerate her," said the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway Miss Neslie. "As for loving her, a Pine Syrup-nothing like it for giving pretty face would never bewitch me. prompt relief-will save a child when I shall never love her, if only because nothing else will.

Mrs. Wm. Young, Frome, Ont., says: "One year ago our little boy had a severe "That is not a fair view of the matattack of inflammation of the lungs and ter," observed Sir Arthur. "Remember, croup, which left a bad wheeze in his chest. "We were advised to use Dr. Wood's "I know it, and, papa, I cannot love Norway Pine Syrup, which we did, and it cured him completely.

"Now we always all others for the severest kinds of coughs

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Hard life the plucky firemen lead; out in all sorts of weather, -losing sleep, catching cold and straining their backs. Hard to have strong, well kidneys under such conditions.

"Did you ever imagine, papa, that I the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary His face flushed hotly at the con-Troubles. DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are helping hundreds of such to health.

Mr. John Robinson, chief of the fire department, Dresden, Ont., says: I had a tired feeling and never seemed to trouble, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and

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SUBSCRIPTION THE CHRONICLE will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per . . year, payable in advance-\$1.50 may for anything else Gerald Dorman dis-liked and mistrusted her.

(To be continued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

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"For Sale," etc. -50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents

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R·I·P·A·N·S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures common every-day ills of humanity.

TYPE AS AMMUNITION.

At the time of the Maori war in New Zealand a newspaper correspon-That's why firemen, policemen and others, who are exposed to dent had a strange experience. The publishing office of a newspaper was close to the scene of some of the hottest fighting. During the struggle the Maoris ran short of ammunition for their guns, and, raiding the newspaper offices, charged their guns with Prior to taking these pills I had kid- type and stereo blocks. This novel ney trouble which caused severe pain in ammunition proved very effective. the small of my back and in both sides. One of the white invaders was severebe able to get rested. However, I com- ly wounded with a patent medicine menced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, advertisement, and another was cripand after taking three boxes am completely pled for life by a church bazar ancured. I have now no backache or urinary nouncement, and the editor, who had taken refuge with the British troops, had a narrow escape of being hit with one of his own poems.

Adopted by

'Vivien.' Will you let me call you 'Vivien'? I have learned to know you by Miss Neslie had recoiled suddenly as Lady Neslie approached her; and now the two stood face to face, the young secretary intently watching the scene. He thought to himself that it

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance or the same.

Lady Neslie looked after her with a peculiar smile, and then she turned co "Do you know how to laugh, Mr. Dorman, or do you require lessons in "When you have been with us a lit- 1 09