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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 Staw 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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 Gummed, Filed and Set.  
 I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.  
**CHARTER SMITH,**  
**DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN**

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

**Women's Ailments.**  
 Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.  
 The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.  
**DOAN'S Kidney Pills**  
 drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life.  
 Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:  
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 Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

**THE PERFECT TEA**  
**MONSOON TEA**  
 FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.  
 "Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.  
 This is why "Monsoon" the perfect Tea, can't be at the same price as inferior tea.  
 It is put up in sealed caddies of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., 2 lbs., and sold in three hours at 90c., 50c., and 60c.  
 If you prefer does not keep it, tell him to write STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. W., Toronto.

**DURHAM MILLS**  
**GRISTING AND CHOPPING DONE.**  
 on shortest notice and satisfaction guaranteed.  
**FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED**  
**THE SAWMILL**  
 We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work.  
**LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS** always on hand.  
**N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.**

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**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,**  
 the largest and most influential circulation of any journal in the world. Six months, \$3.00 per annum in advance. Single copies 10c. Address: MUNRO & CO., 361 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Leg A Solid Sore.**  
 When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.  
 Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation.  
 Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.  
 Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says:  
 "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me saline to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor.  
 "I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

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

**Through Storm and Sunshine**

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I knew they had all done something or other very famous," said Lady Nestle laughing. "Now, when your story comes to be told in those same family annals, what will they say of you?"  
 "I do not know," replied Miss Nestle.  
 "I can foretell some part of it. It will read after this fashion—'This lady was very beautiful, very accomplished, and is chiefly to be remembered for her great dislike to Valerie Nestle, her father's second wife.' That is how it will begin,—how will it end?"  
 "You are a general fool, Vivian; you would not push me into the milldam, like the jealous sister of Birmorie, of whom Colonel Hetley was reading last evening."  
 "No," replied Vivian. "I should never do anything of that kind. You should not say such things, Lady Nestle; they are not only absurd, but wrong."  
 "Well," said "mildly," dauntlessly, "you are better than I am. If I had been mistress of a home like this so long as you have been, and a stranger were brought in to take my place, I should hate her with a mortal hatred, I admit that frankly. You do not waste much love upon me, Vivian. I like my name Valerie better than yours; there is something light and fanciful about it. There is as much difference between our names as between ourselves."

But, talk as she would, flatter, caress, praise, no matter what Lady Nestle could make no impression on Sir Arthur's daughter. She could not win from her any token of interest, any mark of liking, any sign of esteem.  
 One day when they were discussing some invitation which Vivian had advised her father to decline, she, on the contrary, was eager to go.  
 "You will not enjoy it," said Miss Nestle to her, "they are stiff, formal people, all of them very clever. You would not feel at home with them."  
 "I suppose the real truth is," observed her ladyship at the close of the argument, "that you do not wish me to know me, and you object to my knowing me, because you do not think me good enough for Sir Arthur."

"Your ladyship has for once supposed the exact truth," said Vivian, as she turned away.  
 "I am afraid," remarked her ladyship, looking after her, "that some day I shall forget my good manners, and shake that proud young lady. How astonished she would be!" And Lady Nestle forgot her anger in laughing at the notion.  
 In time people began to perceive that there were really two parties at the Abbey—one headed by its present mistress, Lady Nestle, the other was the heiress, Miss Nestle. There was no open dispute, no ill-bred wrangling, no strife. Vivian was always proud, calm and self-possessed; Lady Nestle was always the perfection of good-humor. Nevertheless, two parties were formed and people sided with one or the other, according to their own tastes. All the light, frivolous, gay, young girls of the neighborhood ranged themselves by Lady Nestle. She was fond of life and gaiety; she loved dancing, flirting, all that they loved; she delighted in frivolity.  
 Lady Nestle was very happy; her hours passed gayly and brightly; she did not fear that time would ever change her lot. But on one day she was taken sick by the banks of the river Ringe and through the Hyde woods. She had never seen so much of the estate before. At the other side of the woods, near the pretty tower of Hydwel, she saw a house almost hidden by the trees—a large, well-built house, very pretty and picturesque.  
 "What a pretty house!" she said, "but, ah me, how dull, how quiet! I should not like to live there, Arthur."

"I hope you never may," he returned. "But no, I am selfish; I must not say that. I mean that I hope it may be long years before you go there."  
 "I shall never go there," she said, decidedly. "Do you think I could live there amongst those trees? I should die of ennui in a week."  
 "Nevertheless, my bright, happy love, you may be compelled some day to go there."  
 "I would not go—nothing should tempt me. But Arthur, you have not told me what house it is."  
 "We call it the Dower House," he replied.  
 "And now I am no wiser. What is that?" she asked.  
 He looked half surprised for a minute, and then he said:  
 "You do not understand English customs—I forgot that. The Dower House was built for the widowed ladies of the family; that is why I say I hope that you may never live there—at least, not for long."  
 "I do not understand it even yet Arthur," she said, looking up at him gravely. "Do you mean that, if you should die, I must live there?"  
 "That is the custom," he replied.  
 "When the head of the family dies, his widow retires to the Dower House."  
 "But," cried Valerie, "why could I not live at the Abbey?"  
 "When I die the Abbey passes to Vivian," he said. "I could not leave it to you. It is only mine during my life time. If I had a son, it would be his; if I have not, it will be Vivian's. It is not mine to will as I like."  
 She had grown very grave as she listened. At last, when there were her passing glimpses, if Vivian should some day or other supplant her?

CHAPTER IX.  
 "When I die, the Abbey passes to Vivian," so Sir Arthur said, while he and his wife rode slowly along; and Lady Nestle thoughtfully pondered the words.  
 In marrying Sir Arthur, she believed, in the words of the marriage service, he had endowed her with all his worldly goods. She had never heard of the English law of entail; she never thought of the possibility that the estates might descend from father

to son, or from father to daughter; all she knew was that she and her beloved husband's wealth. The dislike between herself and Vivian Nestle had increased with every hour, but Lady Nestle had always preserved the utmost good-humor; it was part of her policy never to allow any sign of impatience or anger to escape her, and it had been very wisely done when Vivian Nestle appeared in no other character than that of the deposed mistress of the Abbey. Things would be quite different if in process of time Vivian should again be mistress—if it should be in her power to send her rivals away.  
 "Now I understand," thought her ladyship. "I could not imagine how it was that so many people paid court to Miss Nestle—stood in awe of her; I can understand it all now. I am mistress here only for a time; she will be mistress forever."  
 "I am not sure," mused Valerie, "that I should have married, had I known this."  
 Then she comforted herself by thinking that, even if she were compelled, in the event of her husband's death, to leave the Abbey, still there must surely be fortune for her. She wished to be mistress of Lancelwood, that gave her the position she had always longed for—the position that she now enjoyed so thoroughly.

During the remainder of the ride home Lady Nestle was thoughtful, the sunny face was clouded, the ringing laugh died quickly away. Nor did she take so much interest as she had in the various views of the estate which Sir Arthur pointed out to her. What would it matter? What interest could she feel if Lancelwood was to pass away from her into the hands of the girl whose calm superiority angered her. She resolved, when she reached the Abbey, to ask some one to explain to her what would not guess her motive. Colonel Hetley, for instance, who delighted in long and pompous arguments. She would not say any more to her husband, or he might grow suspicious, and think she had married him for the sake of being at the Abbey.

She found an opportunity of talking to Colonel Hetley, she always found for whatever she fancied or desired.  
 "I have been reading a story this morning, Colonel, and it turns on what is called in England, the law of entail. Will you explain what that means to me?"  
 "And the Colonel, only too delighted to be consulted by his young and lovely mistress, entered into a complete exposition of the matter. She listened with a profound attention that flattered him."

"I understand," she said; "then this beautiful Lancelwood of ours is not what you call entailed—it does not pass to a male heir?"  
 "It was entailed once," replied the Colonel. "I remember the hearing why the entail was destroyed, but I have forgotten the reason now. Lancelwood, like many other large estates in England, can be inherited by son or daughter; but it must be in the direct line. No lord of Lancelwood has power to will his estate from his own children. If he has sons, it goes to the eldest; if no son, then to the eldest daughter; and she retains the name of Nestle when she marries, and so the name is kept up from generation to generation."  
 "Then no master of Lancelwood could leave his estates to his friend or his wife?" she said, slowly.  
 "No, that would not be possible," answered Colonel Hetley, who began to perceive a drift in these inquiries. "Take yourself, for instance," he said, "though personal applications of generalities should be avoided. Suppose an event we should all deplore—Sir Arthur's death; in that case Lancelwood would belong to Miss Nestle. You would, without doubt, succeed to a very handsome fortune, but that kind of thing is generally arranged in the marriage settlement. Miss Nestle would succeed to Lancelwood; and it would descend again to her son or daughter. Do you understand now, Lady Nestle?"  
 She tried to throw off her gravity, and looked up with a laughing air.  
 "Yes, you have made it all plain to me. I thank you, Colonel Hetley. It seems hard at times to comprehend your English customs."  
 "But you have the law of entail in France. You have but to look through the history of your own family at the Estates—for numerous examples."  
 She looked slightly confused for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"I was but a child when I was in France. I remember nothing of such things; they had no interest for me. You have told me all about it, Colonel."  
 "Yes, I do not remember any detail left unexplained. Miss Nestle is heiress of Lancelwood; but, if Sir Arthur should have a son, that son would succeed him."  
 From that moment the one passion which had been burning in her soul was that she might have a son. A son would inherit Lancelwood—and what was her child's would, of course, be hers. What a victory, what a triumph for her, if she could only show Vivian a son of her own—  
 By night and by day she pondered this one idea. People began to wonder what had come over the bright, animated, vivacious Lady Nestle. She was often to be found now with a grave, almost anxious expression on her face, she was thinking how sure she would be of the fortune if she had a little son.

She began to observe Vivian more closely. She could understand now why, despite all the victories gained over Miss Nestle, she remained calm and serene, self-possessed, self-reliant. She would be more like Valeria than she had ever felt before. Crept into Valerie's heart, and she made up her mind with true feminine resolve that Miss Nestle should not enjoy more comfort than was good for her. She had once believed it wise policy to try to make Sir Arthur's daughter her

friend, but she saw now that they could never be anything but enemies. She ceased all efforts at conciliation. She made irritating little speeches. She took every opportunity of exercising her authority. She never consulted Vivian in any matter, but pleased herself entirely.  
 The breach between Sir Arthur and his beloved daughter grew wider. Lady Nestle had a fashion of saying—  
 "It is of no use asking Vivian; she is too grave to care about such nonsense."  
 Then she would twine her arms round Sir Arthur's neck, and lay her bright head on his shoulder, asking him—  
 "Would you love me better, dear, if I tried to be grave and wise, like your beautiful daughter?"  
 "No, Valerie; I like you just as you are."  
 "Nonsense and gayety included!" she asked with a wistful glance.  
 "Just as you are, my darling, without change," replied Sir Arthur, fondly.

She clasped her hands with the glee of a child—such little white hands they were, all shining with costly gems.  
 "Now I shall never try to be wise again; after all, I am but one of the butterflies of nature, I shall spread my wings in the sunshine, and enjoy it while it lasts, without thinking of the coming rainy days."  
 "Do you think of rainy days, my darling?" asked Sir Arthur.  
 "Not often; but I do not expect to be always as happy as I am now."  
 "I do not see anything that could make you less happy, Valerie."  
 She did not say, "You have overlooked the loss of Lancelwood—the fact that my rival will reign one day where I am queen now—the fact that I shall have to give way to her," but she looked up at him with an expression of devotion in her brilliant face.

"I should be happy enough if I might always have you, Arthur; but, if I were to lose you, what happiness could I ever know again?"  
 "That is but a gloomy idea for a butterfly!" said Sir Arthur, laughing. "My dearest Valerie, we know how uncertain life and death are; still I hope to spend many years with you yet."  
 It was wonderful how solicitous she became about his health. His looks were a barometer of her spirits. When he seemed perfectly well, she was gay, happy, light of heart, full of merriment; if he looked pale or ill, if he complained even in the least, she was all anxiety and solicitude. Sir Arthur thought it concerned about his health, arising from her great love. Vivian understood it better; she knew what it was, and called it by its right name.  
 "Oh, if I had but a son," exclaimed Lady Nestle, inwardly, "there would be no more cause for anxiety or dread."  
 For many long years there had not been such gaiety at Lancelwood. One of Lady Nestle's widest caprices was a masked ball; nothing else would satisfy her. In vain Sir Arthur said that a masked ball was all very well during a carnival, but that it was not a favorite amusement amongst English people.

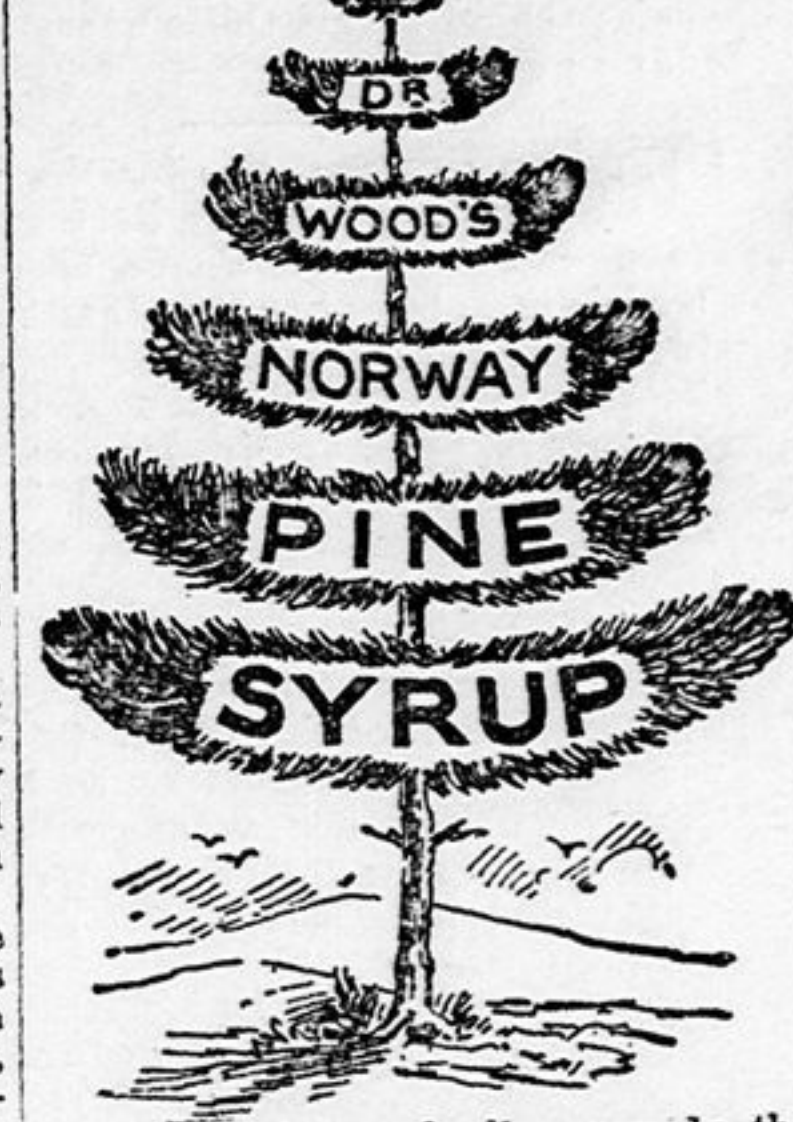
"But I must have it," she said. "Of all balls in the world a masked ball is the most enjoyable."  
 "I am afraid our neighbors will not think so, Valerie. I am doubtful whether you would even find your invitations accepted. There are hundreds of English people who entirely disapprove of such things."  
 "We will try them," said Lady Nestle. "Masked balls are common enough in Paris."  
 Paris that she should be sorry to see here, put in Vivian, "Lancelwood is an ancient building, but I do not think such an entertainment as a bal masque has ever been given in it."  
 "There is no record of one in the family annals," mimicked Lady Nestle. "Surely some of your ancestors must have had a little notion of enjoying themselves. All argument is useless, you know, Sir Arthur, you cannot refuse me; let me give a masked ball."

Sir Arthur looked at his daughter, as though he would fain have asked her to help him; but in the noble, beautiful face he only read contempt for his weakness and contempt for his wife.  
 Valerie quickly noted his glance.  
 "It is of no use looking at Vivian, she will be quite sure to oppose me; she does it on principle, to counterbalance your indulgence."  
 "I think, Valerie, you must defer a little to English prejudices. I assure you the whole neighborhood would be startled by the notion of a masked ball."  
 "I should delight in starting it," she said—"no more so." Now, Sir Arthur, instead of my deferring to English prejudices, let English prejudices defer to me."  
 She looked up at him with one of those winning smiles he was so utterly powerless to resist.  
 "You shall have your own way, Valerie; send out your invitations whenever you like."  
 She laughed aloud in the fullness of her glee.  
 "You are the kindest husband in the world!" she cried.  
 But Sir Arthur was right; the neighborhood was startled. The more serious portion of it looked grave, and said Lady Nestle was really going rather too far; but the gay young girls and gay young wives applauded the idea, and the masked ball was a success.  
 To be Continued.

**LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.**  
 Lady Randolph Churchill, who, they say, is really going to marry Mr. Cornwallis West, has started a cat craze in England. She is the first woman who has ever been seen driving in her victoria with a cat seated beside her instead of a driver. She has several very beautiful Persian and Angora cats. She dresses them up with collars and ribbons and names them after her admirers and friends. When she receives she invariably has one if not more of her pet cats in the room. They each have their own cushions, which are embroidered.  
**ITS MEANING.**  
 So she has rejected you? Oh, well, old fellow, you know what a woman's negative usually means.  
 Yes, but in this instance I am afraid it is positive.

**MATRIMONIAL FACTS.**  
 Some curious secrets as to matrimony are seen in the following statistics: May and November are the most marrying months. Fewer people are married in March than in any other month. When bachelors marry widows the widow is generally the older, but when widowers marry maids the maid is usually the younger.  
 SO HE DID.  
 McJigger—I attended Mrs. Blank's lecture on liquid air last night. She poured mercury into a paper mould shaped like a hammer, immersed the whole in the liquid air, and the mercury came out so solid that she easily drove a nail through a board with it.

**EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM.**  
 County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 50, Con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Durham, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot.  
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A powerful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds of young or old more promptly and effectually than any other medicine. Price 25c.  
**Laxa-Liver Pills** cure Constipation and Dyspepsia. Do not gripe. Price 25c.  
**SMOTHERING SENSATION.**  
**A Kingston Lady's Experience with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in Relieving this Distressing Condition.**  
 "I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous and my whole system was run down and debilitated.  
 "Hearing that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and they afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble.  
 (Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH, Kingston, Ont.

**LAXA LIVER PILLS** cure Biliousness, Constipation and Sick Headache.  
**VARYING THE OLD EXCUSE.**  
 Absalom, sharply demanded Mrs. Rambo, as he came in at 1:30 a.m., and made a persistent but unsuccessful effort to hang his hat on a figure in the wall paper, where have you been?  
 "Sitting up with the sick, m' dear, he replied.  
 With the sick?  
 Yes, m' dear. Been h-helpin' nurse weak 'sloon.  
 Is Brown happy in his marriage?  
 Well, I think it Brown were to see Mrs. Brown to-day for the first time he wouldn't even ask for an introduction.  
 A POOR MARK.  
 Ranter—I'm going to recite The Absent-Minded Beggar, to-morrow night.  
 Strutter—Well, take my advice, man and dress in a khaki costume."

**THE DURHAM CHRONICLE**  
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, BARBARA STREET DURHAM, ONT.

**SUBSCRIPTION** The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance—\$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.  
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**THE JOB :** Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out first-class work.  
**W. IRWIN,**  
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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 Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors.  
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 and market reports accurate.

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 The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.  
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 TRADE MARK  
 (CROWNED HEAD)  
 VARYING THE OLD EXCUSE.

**Cash System**  
 Adopted by  
**N., G. & J. McKechnie.**

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 of the same.

**N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.**