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BARCLAY & NOBLE desire to intimate to the public of Durham and vicinity that they have now opened out in the Calder Implement Warehouses a full line of Agricultural Implements and Domestic requirements including

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— TO —

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GOOD SHINGLES FOR SALE.

CHARTER SMITH,

the Foundryman, Durham, Ont.

For the Revels worth Millions, or AN ANGEL OF EVIL.

A Story of Intense Interest in which a Beautiful but Unscrupulous Woman's Schemes are Made to Fail by the Man She Loves.

"Revels worth" should meet this eye of his direct descendant of Dudley or Harold Revels worth, who left England in the year 1847, and are supposed to have died abroad between the years 1878 and 1881, or she is earnestly requested to immediately communicate with Messrs. Simpson & Watt, solicitors, at their offices, 43, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they may hear of something to their advantage.

Dudley Revels worth, the younger son to one of the men named in the advertisement, had had his attention drawn to the notice in question at the Paris office of the London Morning News, to the daily "Paris letter" of which he was an occasional contributor of social and artistic gossip.

It was a bitterly cold day in the latter part of March, 1890. Dudley Revels worth suffered but little from changes in temperature, but even he turned up the collar of his well-worn overcoat as he walked forth into the keen east wind on his way home across the Seine for his second breakfast. At the office he had had but little time to ponder over that advertisement in the Morning News, which clearly related to himself, since his father's name, Dudley Revels worth, was by no means a common one, and since both his father and his uncle Harold had died between the dates mentioned in the announcement in question.

Dudley Revels worth decided that he must think things over a little in connection with this advertisement before making it known to his home-circle. He therefore turned into a restaurant near the bridge, and ordering a cafe au lait, spread out his paper before him on the marble-topped table, and, supporting his face with his hands, proceeded to devote his whole mind to a study of the advertisement.

Speedily his cup of hot coffee was before him. The waiters knew him well, and "le grand anglais" was never kept waiting. Although fifteen out of his twenty-seven years of life had been spent in France, although he adapted himself to French habits, liked the French as a nation, and spoke their language with perfect fluency, no one ever mistook Dudley Revels worth for a Frenchman. He was English from top to toe, English in his bright-colored complexion, in his broad shoulders and massively-built figure, in his deep musical voice and slow speech, his clear blue eyes, wavy light brown hair, and moustache innocent of cosmetic or curl. English, too, he was in his slowness to take offence, and his bull-dog tenacity and courage against any odd when once anger or indignation were thoroughly aroused within him—altogether a handsome, healthy-minded, manly specimen of all that a typical Englishman ought to be.

At twenty-seven he was the head of his little household, and had been its chief stay and director for ten years—a fact which lent him a certain dignity and gravity in advance of his age. Already he was too well insured to depend on his death-bed, told me to starve rather than apply for monetary help from any one of the name of Revels worth. For all that a few pounds would come in very useful just now—and the Little One could have that spring costume she has set her heart upon.

Thereupon he finished his coffee, and, comfortably fortified against the inclement weather by its fragrant warmth, he dried his score, left the restaurant, and proceeded on his journey homewards.

The tiny flat in which the young English journalist's household gods were modestly housed was situated at a dingy old-fashioned street on the cheaper side of the Seine. Dudley ascended the polished uncarpeted shallow stairs two steps at a time, and paused outside the entrance-door of the flat to listen, smiling, to a woman's voice carrying a French chansonnette within. It was the Little One, singing as usual over her task of arranging the breakfast-table.

"Let's hope this paper may bring some luck to her!" was the thought in the young man's mind as he let himself in with his key.

A tiny hall led to the salle-a-manger, from which the other rooms opened and at a table in the middle of it a very little woman with daintily-dressed black hair, into the coils of which a red anemone flower was coquettishly thrust, was bending her head over a bowl of salad, and singing while she mixed it.

At the sound of Dudley's step she raised a pretty, pliant, and eminently Parisian face, round and pale, with a little reticent nose, a flower-like red mouth, and bright dark eyes, to his with an exclamation of pleased surprise.

"C'est donc toi de là!" she exclaimed, and, running to meet him, she kissed the young man affectionately upon each cheek, standing on tiptoe to reach his lowered head. "Victor and I we did not expect you quite so early," she continued in French; "and I long to see you, for before the two of you together I have to make a little confession—to

Victor arrives you shall hear!" she spoke hurriedly, laughing and flushing, and seeming nervous. With the color coming and going in her cheeks, she looked about eight-and-twenty, though her face in repose appeared a little older.

"Has somebody been pestering you again with offers of marriage?" Dudley inquired. "And do you want me to punch his head?"

"Mais, non, Dudley! What an idea! And, after all, why should they not ask me to marry them? I ought to be flattered—ought I not?"

"That isn't the way you generally talk. But, when you have told your piece of news, I have also something to tell you," said Dudley, as he took from his pocket his copy of the Morning News. "Now who is going to be big—or is?"

"Here is Victor! He shall decide!" cried Little One, as the third member of the small household on the fourth floor entered the room.

Victor Revels worth, step-brother to Dudley and his junior by four years, resembled him scarcely at all in appearance. A man of medium height and lightly built, his intelligent and sympathetic face was marred by an over-long and over-large nose, a full-lipped mouth, markedly gentle and even weak in outline, and a retreating chin, the defects of which last feature were partly concealed by a small pointed dark beard, which, with his hair and moustache, was trimmed in military fashion. Large brown eyes, full of feeling and kindness, lent charm to a face which possessed but little of the beauty of his mother, a little Parisian belle, who had now, during ten years of widowhood, been the presiding genius and household fairy of her son and step-son, and who was regarded by both young men with a tender and protective love.

"The little mother has a marvellous secret she is longing to tell," Victor declared, as he put down the palette and brushes he was carrying. "I have tired my brains out guessing; but she would tell me nothing until you came. It is my idea that Monsieur the President has proposed to her, and that she is afraid of what may happen to us if she refuses his offer."

"Your brother has also something to tell," said his mother. "Allons, Dudley, mon fils, we must first hear your news. I have prepared for you both so delicious a breakfast—potage, sardines, a cold chicken, a salade, a Caramel, and then a bottle of excellent Medoc—"

"Peste mere, you must have spent the entire week's housekeeping money! And these flowers and oranges and grapes! Then there is something unusual about you—you look younger and prettier than ever—"

"Forty the next first of May!" exclaimed little Madame Victoire. "But, pauvre!—putting her finger to her lips—'we will not talk of that! What is it you say in England? A woman is as old as she looks! I do not look forty—hein?"

"Twenty-five!" Dudley stoutly asserted; and Victor supported him.

"But what, after all, is the meaning of this grand breakfast?" the latter presently inquired. "It is not like you, little mother, to be extravagant without cause."

"I have managed well always with the money you two dear boys have given me," she said, as she asked eagerly as she helped Victor to more soup.

"No better manager exists in Paris," said Dudley. "And I have looked after you both—have I not? And, if you have both had to work very hard all day and far into the night, you have been happy in your little home—have you not? And glad to come back to it? And it is not my fault that you would always spend all your savings on little treats for me, little journeys to the country and Versailles, and little presents for me? I have always said, 'No—put them by; but I could not help being pleased, could I?'"

"You have always been perfectly good and sweet, petite mere," said Dudley, laying his hand upon hers on the table and pressing it affectionately—"our guardian angel, our household fairy. I don't know what in the world we should do without you!"

"Ah, don't say that!" exclaimed little Madame Victoire, and promptly began to cry.

"The two young men looked at each other in some bewilderment. Such a breakdown was utterly unlike the little mother, than whom a gayer and more sunny-tempered creature never existed. Even when work was very slack and francs far from plentiful, she had always contrived to be cheerful, and to fabricate excellent potages out of miraculously scant material. And here she was crying about nothing at all, just when the winter, with its extra charges for fuel and lamp-oil, was coming to an end, and her sons were both in fairly lucrative employments."

The soft-hearted Victor was on his knees by her side in a moment, caressing her and laughing at her by turn.

It was all her jealousy, he declared, because a few evenings before he had brought home the portrait of a pretty café-chantant singer and stuck it upon his mantelpiece.

"But you know quite well, little mother, she is not nearly so pretty as you. Now don't shake your head! You know how every one admires you—le Capitaine Gerault and Monsieur Berthelin and le Docteur Gilles. What more tears! Tiens, Dudley," the young man cried, turning to his step-brother with a comic expression of despair; "tell la petite this news of yours; it

may serve to divert her."

Thus adjured, Dudley proceeded to unfold his paper and to read aloud the advertisement from the "Agony Column," headed by the name of "Revels worth."

Long before he had finished Madame Victoire had dried her eyes, and sat upright in her chair listening with all her ears. As he put the paper down she sprang from her seat, snatched it up, and read the advertisement again aloud, her face flushed and her eyes bright with excitement. Then she fairly danced around the room, flourishing the paper aloft, and finished by effusively hugging each of her companions.

"Enfin," she cried—"it has come! the fortune I so hoped would be yours some day! Oh, assuredly it is the Revels worth money which was first made by your great-grandfather one hundred years ago, and which now had been so poor—so poor they sometimes have had to live for days and weeks on bread-and-cheese and a little salad! But, even when they were poorest, they would go without anything—their cigarettes, their coffee—everything—so that I should not suffer. Ah, you must never think that I am ungrateful, or that I have forgotten! But, voyez-vous, there will be no more struggles, no more starving now! These other Revels worths, they are rich—oh, but enormously rich! Your father he would scarcely speak of your wicked grandfather, who turned him out of his house because he would not join him in his business, and turned out your uncle Harold, your grandfather, but I know how rich your grandfather was, and how all was left to your uncle John, who married his rich cousin Margaret, and went into the business of his father. Allons—listen to me! I know what has happened. Your uncle John and his wife, they are old and at the point of death. They have perhaps no children, and they say to themselves, 'We will make restitution. We have taken all, now we will give it back to our brother and our brother's children.' Then they send for their lawyer, and he advertises, and you two see it and go in triumph to England to take possession of your property!"

"Here, here, having talked herself out of breath, Madame Victoire sank back upon her seat, trembling still with excitement, all tears and smiles."

Her little outburst was received in characteristically different ways by her two auditors. Victor applauded enthusiastically, being easily carried away by her hopefulness and excitement; but his elder brother was not so readily elated.

"In the first place," he began, "we are not certain who it was that caused this advertisement to be inserted. Then again, our uncle John may have a very large family of sons, and grandsons, too, by this time. And in any case the message is not to us alone, but also to the descendants of our uncle Harold, who, as we know, was married to an Italian lady of rank some years before he died, and who may very well have left a family of children when he was killed in that Alpine accident twelve or thirteen years ago."

"He will have left a daughter," cried little Madame Victoire—"one daughter, as beautiful as an angel! And you will fall in love with her and marry her, and divide the fortune between you!"

"Which of us?"

"Ah—bah! I do not know. You must arrange that between you. Or there may be two daughters—"

"Or there may be two sons, or even six! Oh, Little One, how your hopes run away with you! Don't you remember that in any case Victor and I are bound to single blessedness and to looking after you?"

The young man spoke laughingly, but there was an undercurrent of deep tenderness in his tone. Rather to his surprise, his step-mother did not laugh. She was standing just behind his chair, and she patted his shoulder affectionately without speaking. Presently she resumed her seat, and pretended to go on with her breakfast; but her hands shook, and in a few moments she put down her knife and fork, and asked Victor to open the wine.

"I feel all parched and thirsty," she explained. "It is without doubt because I am excited. And then I want to drink to your healths, both of you, in your new life in England!"

"Our new life, you mean," said Victor, struck by something in her tone, and pausing to look at her as he rose from the table, corkscrew in hand. "And who said we were going to England?"

"Assuredly you will have to go, to prove to the lawyer-gentleman whose sons you are. And then Dudley is always wishing to live in his father's country; and you, too, my son—you are so fond of England!"

"But you are not!" cried Victor. "Why, little mother, you have the English climate, the English food, and then the crossing makes you sick; you do not suppose that Dudley and I would go to England and leave you here alone?"—laughing merrily at the suggestion.

"Ah, bien," his mother began hurriedly, "I might not be alone, you see; I might have friends. And you will surely there will be a cousin, or perhaps two—lovely English misses, with fine complexions and as tall as Dudley! Then you will say, 'Of what use is the little mother that we have our wives?' Ah, no—do not look so angry! I did not mean that! But remember I am growing old, and perhaps lazy too. I did not know that you would have any of the Revels worth money. And perhaps I say to myself, 'Here is a chance of ransoming myself, of being no longer a burden upon my brave sons, and of having a pretty home of my own—a little flat in Paris and a little chateau in the country, and thirty thousand francs a year of rent.' Voyez vous, it is not every woman who has a chance like that when she has no dot, and when she will be forty in May!"

Both Victor and Dudley were on their feet by this time, staring down upon her with wonder and consternation in their eyes.

"Allons, petite mere!" broke from the former. "Is it possible that you

are going to desert us and get married?"

"But you must not say 'desert you!' cried the little lady, while tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks and she clasped her hands appealingly. "I would not have him unless he promised that our home should be yours, and that you should be with us also in the country every autumn to shoot the rabbits. I know how you, Victor, love to shoot rabbits! And then he has to have a tennis-lawn, and an excellent library. And you, dear Dudley, you like the tennis so well—"

"But who is he, petite? You have never told us, and we haven't the slightest idea. And, if you have really made up your mind to marry him, when is it going to be?"

"It is the Docteur Gilles," sobbed his step-mother, the big dog at a together and dropping her head on her hands upon the table; "and I—I was married to him this morning!"

A dead pause followed this startling announcement. Again the young men looked at each other. Victor's face clouded by quick resentment, Dudley's full of wonder, shadowed by regret.

"Is it possible," whispered the younger man, "or is she laughing at us?"

"She means it," Dudley whispered back. "After all, it isn't surprising; she is still so young and so pretty! We oughtn't to be selfish, and she has been so jolly good to us!"

Neither of the young men had ever contemplated a life without their sunny-natured, industrious little friend and comforter, and the thought that she was lost to them and about to confide her future to a comparative stranger came upon them as a painful shock.

Dudley, the less emotional and more self-restrained of the two, was the first to recover his equanimity.

"We must drink to your health and happiness in the Medoc," he said cheerily. "But why did not Monsieur Gilles come to the wedding-breakfast?"

"I thought you would rather have me to yourselves for the last dejeuner," his step-mother answered, as she sat up and wiped her eyes. "And then I had to tell you; and I didn't know how you might take it. I assure you I trembled. I did not dare to tell you beforehand, lest you should think me cruel for leaving you. At the same time I said to myself, Monsieur Gilles is only forty-five, big and handsome, and kind and rich, a man most intelligent and amiable, and our house will be yours. And then it is not likely I shall have another offer! He believes me to be thirty-seven, and Victor twenty; but, after all, that is nothing! Oh, I have cried about it—you do not know how I have cried! But clearly the good Providence does not think I am wrong, since He is going to let you have some of the Revels worth fortune. And, now that it is all told, will you forgive me; and will you be very angry if I go and put my traveling-things on?"

"Already, little mother? At what time is he then coming, this Doctor Gilles?"

"At half-past two we go by the train into the country. Give me each a kiss, my dear good boys! And you will not be angry with me, or think me selfish or cruel for leaving you, will you? I have engaged an excellent old bonne, who will cook and look after you, and—"

"Run away and dress, dear, or you will be late!"

Thus admonished, she disappeared, laughing through her tears. By this time Victor had tears in his eyes too, and was utterly unfit for work or food or conversation; so, leaving him smoking in melancholy fashion by the stove, Dudley hurried out and returned before long laden with a bouquet of lovely white blooms, a bag of bonbons, and a dozen gloves numbered "five and a half" enclosed in a hand-painted card-case. Sixty francs of his hard-earned money had been expended in purchasing these trifles, but it was necessary to give the Little One a good "send-off," and he knew that such attentions pleased her.

Pleased she was indeed when she entered a few minutes later, daintily dressed in gray velvet and fur, still half-apologetic in her attitude towards her boys, melted to ready tears at the sight of Victor's distress, and touched and delighted beyond measure by Dudley's pretty presents.

They must take great care of themselves, and they must write to her every day, and they must tell her all about the Revels worth fortune and their English relations, and above all, they must not think her unkind.

In the middle of these, her last admonitions, a coupe was driven up to the door of the house, and a tall, stout, good-humored-looking Belgian gentleman, with gray whiskers and fur-lined overcoat and an expansive smile, ascended to the fourth floor to claim his bride. Monsieur Gilles, for it was he, was disposed to look kindly upon his sons-in-law, and to consider Victor's grief at parting from his mother as altogether natural & all. But he had already deferred his bridal tour by some hours in deference to Victor's entreaties, and he placed more than once at his watch during the Little One's protracted leave-takings.

"Allons, ma petite ange!—the train will not wait!"

And down the four flights of narrow, slippery, uncarpeted stairs the Little One accompanied—new lord and master, casting wistful glances back over some Englishman and the plain young Frenchman, whom she had seen grow from boyhood to manhood during the ten years they three had spent together in the cheap little flat upstairs.

A few moments later she was waving a small pearl-gray glove hand out of the coupe, and Dudley and Victor Revels worth were left standing bareheaded on the pavement in the keen east wind.

"She has gone," said Dudley in English, with a deep sigh. "By Jove, how you shall miss her! Now, Victor, old boy, pull yourself together. You have done enough crying for the French English, and give the other side a turn. Living on and live without her would be too deadly dull. Old Gilles seems a good sort, and then of course we would break his head for him if he didn't treat the Little One properly. I vote we write at once to those lawyer chaps, and, if they give us the slightest en-

couragement in that direction, that we throw up our berths over here and hop for England, home, and beauty—other words, for the Revels worth francs and the imaginary cousins!"

CHAPTER II.

A fortnight later Dudley and Victor Revels worth were seated in the office of Messrs. Simpson & Watt, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, listening attentively while the senior partner of the firm, a pale, thin, erect, little white-haired gentleman of dapper appearance and elaborately polite manners, with whom they had been in active correspondence for several days past, put them in possession of certain facts connected with their own family which they had previously ignored.

Before this point was reached however the two young men themselves had had to submit to a very thorough, although most courteously-worded, cross-examination. They had arrived in London, at Mr. Simpson's request, armed with indubitable proofs of their identity, and of their father Dudley Revels worth's movements since his departure from England, forty-three years before, to his first marriage with a Miss Graham in 1846, the birth of his son, Dudley the younger, in 1853, his wife's death two years later, his subsequent re-marriage with Mademoiselle Victoire Meunier, the birth of her only child Victor in 1867, and, finally, the death of Dudley Revels worth the elder in Paris in the year 1880, aged fifty-six.

On one point the young men's answers seemed to puzzle Mr. Simpson. It appeared incomprehensible to the man of law that the great-grandsons of the famous cotton-spinner Isaac Revels worth should know and apparently care so little about the monetary position of their surviving relatives in England.

"You say," Mr. Simpson observed, looking keenly through his tinted spectacles at Dudley, "that you were both at boarding-school in England for several years?"

"Five years."

"Your holidays were spent in Paris, where your father, as I understand, was settled as a water-color painter? But surely, during your residence in England, you must have heard something of your family? The firm of Revels worth is so well known in the North—"

"We were at a college at Brighton—little boys of seven and eleven when we joined, and by our father's special wish we never questioned him about his family."

"But he must have explained to you how it was that he left his home?"

"You must remember, Mr. Simpson, that I was a lad of seventeen, and my brother a child of thirteen when our father died. He was always a reserved man, and he hardly ever, to my remembrance, alluded to his early life in England. Except to impress most emphatically upon me that I was to work my own way up in the world, and never to apply for help to any one of the name of Revels worth, he avoided the subject of his relations, and I am under the impression that he deeply resented throughout the whole of his life his father's treatment of him and of our uncle Harold."

"I presume, then, that your father was a man of means? Possibly the first or the second Mrs. Revels worth had money—"

"The first Mrs. Revels worth was an English governess, and the second was the daughter of a teacher of painting. Neither had any money; and I shall always believe, Dudley added, with a touch of regret which varied upon bitterness in his voice, "that my poor father's life was shortened by his struggles to earn a sufficient living by his art. All this however can hardly interest you, Mr. Simpson."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but it does interest me, and puzzles me too greatly. By the disinheriting of his brothers your grandfather's eldest son John came into possession of the entire Revels worth property, being already a rich man through his marriage with his cousin Margaret Mannington. He has now been dead for twenty years; but I have reason to know that long before he died he would gladly have met either of his brothers halfway, had they shown the slightest wish to be reconciled with him. For I suppose you know he had warmly sided with your grandfather in the family quarrel?"

"It was to his interest to do so," said Dudley simply.

"Quite so—quite so. And my late client, Mr. John Revels worth, was always a cautious and far-seeing man of business. But he and his wife had no children, and in the latter years of his life he was a great sufferer from a painful affection of the heart and breakdown of the nerves. On more than one occasion before his death he consulted me on the subject of his brothers. But he would never authorize me to find out their whereabouts, and communicate with them, fearing, as he asserted, that they would regard his advances."

"I believe my father would have done so," Dudley observed thoughtfully.

"And your uncle Harold?"

"I know very little about him. My father was deeply grieved when he heard of the accident which resulted in my uncle's death, but as boys my brother and I had scarcely ever seen him. He lived wholly in Italy, and was absorbed in scientific investigations."

"You know nothing of his family?"

"Nothing at all. But I remember as a child being shown a very beautiful woman's portrait, and told that it was that of a Roman contessa whom my uncle had married."

"You don't even know if he left any children?"

Dudley shook his head.

"We only learned of his death by accident in the newspapers several weeks after it occurred. From that I believe my father had not heard from him for a considerable time."

The lawyer leaned back in his chair, tapped the tips of his long wrinkled fingers together, and gazed at the young men with polite benevolence.

"May I ask if either of you is married?" he inquired suavely.

Victor burst out laughing and Dudley smiled.

"We haven't been able to afford it even if we had been so minded," the elder brother said.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, DURHAM, ONT.

DURHAM, ONT.

Subscription The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for one year, payable in advance. The price for one year is \$1.00. The price for six months is \$0.60. The price for three months is \$0.35. The price for one month is \$0.15. All advertisements are charged in advance. No paper discontinued until the address is paid, except at the option of the printer.

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