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AN ANGEL OF EVIL.

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

CHAPTER VII.

Francesca stood motionless within few feet of her aunt's chair. Her long golden-brown lashes were lowered, but little Betty caught a gleam of what looked like triumph in the veiled blue eyes. That stillness of Francesca's was one of her distinguished characteristics. She moved seldom and moved slowly, yet there was no trace of laziness about her. She would remain at times hour after hour in precisely shining eyes fixed on vacancy, or white lids lowered, lost in thought.

Now, when she heard her aunt's proposal, she did not speak for some moments, thereby rousing the old lady's impatient anger.

'Have you lost your tongue, Frances?" she asked sharply "Do you intend to be my guest or do you not?"

"I do intend it," Francesca answered at last, fixing her eyes full upon her aunt's face-"to-night, and as long as you wish. But will you let me send off FURNITURE a telegram to London at once, so that I may not be expected back?"

"One of your cousins can take it to Kingston. Betty, find note-paper and a pencil."

"I would rather go myself," said Francesca-"if some one will tell mo the way to Kingston."

"One of the boys will go over with you in the omnibus. You are much too handsome to be about at night alone," said the old lady; and Francesca, with a deprecating laugh, left the room to put on her hat.

Little Bety had gone back to the piano and was about to continue playing, when Mrs. Revelsworth called her. "Come here, child," she said; "I want to talk to you!"

Betty obediently took her place on a fow square stool with a woolworkcovered cushion at a little distance from her employer's high chair. "You're a sharp little girl," Margaret

Reveisworth began. "What do you think of all these people?" "They are all exceedingly nice,"

Betty was begining, when Mrs. Revelse worth cut her short impatiently.

"Nice! Fiddlest. ks! You're not talking of cakes or pies. To begin with-what do you think of the French-"I think he is very amusing and ami-

able, and has eyes just like Mr. O'-Meara's collie dog, so soft and brown and kind!" said lit e Betty, blushing over her own enthusiasm. "Pshaw! Eyes lil a French poodle

more likely! He can't even speak his father's language, and is as full of antics and grimaces as a monkey. And "I think he is exceedingly handsome,

and that he seems very ciever and interesting. Just a little grave, though, don't you think?"

dignity and solidity in a man. And now, Betty, what is your real and true opinion of the other one?"

'Miss Re'velsworth? I think she is conderful! I can't take my eyes off her. I never thought a woman could be so beautiful."

"If I were a younger or more nervous woman," said the old lady suddenly, "she would make my flesh creep." Betty stared at her in astonishment.

"Don't glare at me, child!" Margaret Revelsworth exclaimed testily. "I am eighty next birthday, and I haven't been much into the world. Twenty years I've lived like an oyster in Revelsworth House, and thirty years before I lived in Revelsworth Hall and saw but little company. But my powers of observing haven't got rusty, and I'm not a man, to be tal en in by a beautiful face and silky manner. I've read of basilisks, and I've read of upas-trees, and plants that absorb all nourishment in the air : d starve their neighbors; and I think of all those things when my niece Francesca comes near me!"

"But she seems so gentle." "Seems-yes! But Sikes here wasn" taken in, and no more am I."

Voices outside the room at that moment cut short the discussion, and the door opened and Francesca entered, 23companied by her two cousins.

She was laughing while she leisurely buttoned her gloves.

"I don't want you both," she said. "One escort will be quite enough for me as far as Kingston, if indeed I require an escort at all."

Francesca glanced, smiling, from one face to the other. In the eyes of both brothers there was an eager look, disproportionate as it would appear to tl. occasion. For the first time in their lives Dudley and Victor found that their interests clashed, and that a sense of myalary had sprung up between

"Now which shall it be?" she said, "France or England? and, to begin with, does either of you know the places doing unheard-of things!"

"Oh, you can't miss that!" cried Betty, who had been watching the little he said. "But you must let me explain she says, 'I i can get very good ones Bridge."

"You're wasting time, all of you," said Mrs. Revelsworth sharply. "Dudley, see your cousin to Kingston postoffice and back. But you, Victor-can you play the piano?"

"I am a little amateure of music, Dudley," Francesca said, with a light madame," said Victor, bowl g stiffly in laugh, "you would not confuse me with ing!" exclaimed Betty. "I would much

"I don't know what that means. But if you know your notes, you can sit down and play duets with Betty. There are a lot of operatic duets among the old music, and the child never has any one to play them with her."

Somewhat mollified, Victor took a seat at the piano by little Betty's side, and speedily forgot his momentary illtemper in her agreeable society. She was a charming musician and he was devoted to music, although as a performer he lacked practice. To all appearance therefore the quartette young people were all satisfied; and Mrs. Revelsworth, as she raised a bar of the Venetian blinds and looked across the Green at Dudley and Francesca walking together towards Kingston, could not repress a thrill of pride over their appearance.

"True Revelsworths to look at!" she said to herself. "A pair like that would be difficult to match. That girl walks like an empress: but there's something uncanny about her all the difficulties ahead. Need your help. Am same."

As they walked along, Dudley was turcing over in his own mind how he should best lead up to the question he meant to ask Francesca. He had easily induced her to walk to Kingston instead of making use of the omnibus.

"As it is barely nine, and we can celegraph until ten we might just as well walk if you are not tired," ho had suggested.

"Tired? Oh, I am never tired!" "You must be a very unusual young

"I suppose I am. I never have headaches. I always sleep splendidly and enjoy my food; I never have toothache or neuralgia, I am never low-spirited, and, as I told you before, I am never

"'A healthy mind in a healthy body," he quoted. "You certainly look like that, Francesca. But where have you been living all these years since my uncle Harold's death? You have no Italian accent, so I suppose you have been in England?"

She paused a few seconds before replying; then she said-

"I have traveled a good deal. My father always spoke English with me. and I had an English governess. After his death I had to earn my living, and I taught Italian in English families."

"Did you say," he then inquired, undeterred by a growing constraint in her manner, "that you only come over from Italy yesterday?" "Yes. Why?"

"It is so curious," he said, watching her closely; "I could have sworn I met and spoke with you last night."

Francesca stopped short in her walk and looked at her cousin in wonder-

"With me?" she caid. "Why, how s that possible? I cossed from Calais to Dover by the afte noon boat yesterday. Then, when I arrived in London "No-I don't! I Like that English | quite late, there was the difficulty of getting lodgings; and I certainly spoke to no man except porters and railwayofficials and hotel-keepers between landing in England and going to bed last night at half-past ten."

"You will laugh at me, of course," he said, looking at her face to face and trying to read by the light of the moon whether she was speaking the truth, "but I imagined I met you about this hour last night in a music-hall in Leicester Square."

"A music-hall! I have never been to one in my life!'

"I thought you were dressed in deep mourning, and that you had a companion with you-a short woman, whose face I could not see. I thought you were wearing a very thick black veil. and that presently you put it back and looked about you-looked at me. And then- But I need not tell you the

co," she said wit .. a little laugh of diswhat extraordinary pranks my double played. Is this a bad joke, or were you dreaming? And why did you associate this lady in mourning you met at a music-hall with me?"

"Because she had your voice and face and height. And yours is a face not easily forgotten."

"Yours, too, I should never have forknow that I loved my father passionately, and that you are very like him. When I saw your face for the first time extravagances? I can't resist them myin the full light as I stood by the door | self." of Revelsworth House to-day, your please do not have any more extraord- thread and mohair." inary dreams about me in unheard-of

Dudley took her hand. "I hope we shall be friends indeed."

traordinary. Only a few words passed for half a dozen." between us. Then I put her and her companion into a cab, and they drove away in the wake of another cab, in which was a man they knew and were most anxious to speak to." "Had you known me a little longer.

extreme vexation at his aunt's high ladies who have to chase gentlemen rather have her than the two hundred a said there was an enormous profit in

up to now my experience is that it is they who wish to speak to me, and I who do not want to be troubled with

She drew herself up proudly, and a warm rosetint crept over the whiteness of her skin. The road was perfectly quiet and deserted but for themselves. Walking along by Francescars side, with her hand in his-for she had apparently forgotten to withdraw it-Dudley experienced something of the feeling towards his beautiful cousing which Mrs. Revelsworth entertained op the subject of her niece.

In the full perfection of her physical beauty, she seemed to absorb the light and air about her, to demand the vitality of others as well as her own, so that Dudley had to fight with all his will against the magnetic attraction which drew him closer to her side. Her strong slender fingers were twined round his and held them close, and her eyes, as they shone full upon him in answer to some speech he forced himself to make bout the scene, seemed to hold a halfalluring half-mocking smile within their depths.

With a brusque movement he raised her gloved fingers lightly to his lips and then let them go.

"We musn't make a sentimental entry into Kingston," he said, laughing: and she returned the laugh with perlect unconcern.

Nevertheless, when Francesca presently stood, pencil in hand, within the telegraph-office, her eyebrows contracted in a frown as, after a moment's reflection, she wrote the following mess-

"To Rivers, Hotel de Rome, Soho,

"Returning to-morrow. Dangers and 'Francesca.' forming plans.

CHAPTER VIII.

The fair Francesca slep that night in little Betty's room, and, to the latter's delight, kept her up from ten, by which time Mrs. Revelsworth was in bed, until past midnight talking and asking innumerable questions.

Now Betty was a chatterbox-a sunhy-tempered merry little creature, who loved the sound of her own voice and of the voices of others. During the five years in which she had been the unremunerated maid, nurse, secretary, confidante, and companion of her elderly relative, she had had hardly any opportunity, for converse with persons of her own rank and age. It was true that Mr. Heremon O'Meara, who lived with his mother just across the Green, and who rented Mrs. Revelsworth's stables, made a practice of calling Miss Elizabeth Mannington in conversation; but there all intercourse between the two households ended. Mrs. Revelsworth openly denounced Mrs. O'Meara to her doctor and to the Rector as a "painted harridan"; while Mrs. O'-Meara retorted by dubbing the elder lady "old Mrs. Moneybags," and "that fearful old screw opposite!"

"Poor little Miss Mannington, a martyr to that awful o'd woman's caprices!"-that was the light in which Betty was regarded in the neighborhood, where it was charitably hoped that she would "come in for something handsome" in her employer's will, Betty, being an orphan in poor circumstances. From her own point of view however, Betty was by no m ans deserving of pity. She was not juite twenty, and wholy ignorant of the world. Mra. Revelsworth was her godmother. She had paid for her education, had taken her into her house while barely more than a child, and had promised to provide for her in her will. In spite of the unfavorable imaginings of the neighbors, Mrs. Revelsworth was never like this about myself," she said, with unkind to Betty, to whom she was after her fashion, sincerely attached. She was a strong-prejudiced, dictatorial old lady, with whom economy was an eccentricity; but there were fine elements underlying the superficial austerities of her character, and to these Betty Mannington did ample

"You seem really very fond of my aunt Margaret," Francesca observed that night, as she and Betty sat in the

bed-room brushing their hair. It was impossible to imagine a greater physical contrast than that which existed between the two girls. Betty, in her anxiety to do honor to her queenly guest, had brought out a fine cambric dressing-jacket trimmed with real lace which she had fashioned from a French model in a ladies' paper, with materials supplied by Mrs. Rev-"On the contra you had better do clsworth. The costly elegance of Francesca's clothing astonished Betty. Miss dain, "otherwise I shall be wondering Revelsworth's garments were at perfectly new, of the finest silk and lace and she unhesitatingly admitted that

she had purchased them that morning. "As soon as I learned from Mr. Simpson of my aunt's position and my own prospects," she said, "I knew that I must be dressed as became the niece of Mrs. Revelsworth."

"Why, I am the second cousin of gotten had I seen it before," she said, Mrs. Revelsworth," cried Betty ingenwith simple earnestness. "You must | uously, "and look how plain my thing?

"Perhaps you are not fond of little

"I should love to have them!" said likeness to my father came upon me Betty. "I should love to have silk just at first as a shock. Then all sense stockings and high-heeled shoes, and of strangeness vanished, and I felt that short-silk petticoats with lace flounces in meeting one so like my father I was like yours, and skirts lined with silk meeting a dear friend. We shall be and pocket-handkerchiefs with lace friends, shall we not?" she said, extend- insertion, smelling of delicious pering her hand towards him with a ges- fume! But I can't get them, so I have ture of gracious friendliness. "But to be content with cashmere and Lisle

"Why don't you ask Mrs. Revelsborth for what you want?"

"I do. I say, 'I'm afraid I must have scene of coquetry with intense interest. one thing in connection with your in Kingston for sixpence apiece at "It's perfectly straight along the road double last night. She did nothing exBrownley's. Here are three shillings "I should get two with the three shillings, and then ask for some more.

You have no moral force," said Francesca calmly. "But I suppose you mean to make my to the to when well come into some money at her death." "Oh, I can't bear to think of her dy"Only two hundred! Why, she has

over a million!" "Yes; but that will go to Revelsworths, of course. You know, I suppose-or, if you don't, Mrs. Revelsworth is sure to tell you-that, by her husband's will, the Revelsworth money it to be divided among genuine Revelsworths, and that at midsummer of next year, a hundred years after the foundation of the firm, it is all to be approtioned as she pleases among the heirs? Her own little property, which comes from her father, is quite distanct from all that."

"I should think," observed Francesca effectively, as she took the pins from her long hair and let it fall over her shoulders in a mantle of golden brown shot with red, "that you must be tired of the very name of Revels-

"I feel inclined to apologize sometimes for not having been born in that blessed state," laughed little Betty. "But, oh, what hair you have! How rich it is, and how long and soft! What an extraordinarily beautiful person you are, M.ss Revelsworth!"

Franecsca did not laugh. She walked slowly up to the looking-glass and surveyed herself critically, hair-brush in hand. In a skirt of shot-gold colored silk trimmed with black lace flounces, and Betty's white cambric and lace dressing-jacket, with her hair falling below her waist and her starlike blue eyes shining out of her fair face, which was flushed with secret excitement, she appeared, a perfect model for a princess or queen of fairytale-

"I suppose I am beautiful," she said, as she gazed at her own reflection; "but, Betty-I am going to call you 'Betty,' and you must call me 'Francesca'-my beauty has never done anything for me. I have never been rich really rich, I mean; I have never had my own carriage, my own horses, diamonds, beautiful clothes, furs, dainty lace-never any of the things a beautiful woman ought to have. Now and then I have had a little—a very little money, just enough to make me want more; but it has been uncertain-here to-day and gone to-morrow. Why. look at me, Betty; I am twenty-five, and yesterday morning I hadn't a pound in the world!"

There was a suppressed passion about her which half frightened and half fascinated Betty. Clearly Francesca was in an expansive mood, and with Francesca, moments of expansion were not rare. Even now she seemed rather to be answering some voice within herself than consciously speaking to another.

"You certainly look as if you ought to have all the money you want," said Betty illogically, as, seated on a low chair in her pink flannel dressing gown, she brushed her short dark curls and gazed up in unstinted admiration at Francesca. "But do you want expensive things so much?" "Do I want them?" Francesca repeated scornfully. I long for them!

You see, Betty, I am not an ordinary, young English lady. My mother belonged to a very old Roman familythe Counti Palace, where she was born and brought up, was a splendid palace two hundred years ago-but she had no money when she married, and my father was forever planning schemes for making a fortune- even alchemy he dabbled in, and wasted thus the money he made by his clever inventions. We were one day rich and the next almost starving. And it has always been like that with me. Again and again a fortune has dangled before eyes and just beyond reach, and then-"

She stopped abruntly, and glanced down at little Betty, who was watching and listening in fascinated interest. "I don't know why I should chatter a little laugh. "What are you thinking about it all?"

"I am thinking," Betty began, "if you won't be angry with me for saying so, that I can't understand how it is some great nobleman or some enormously rich man hasn't married you long ago, if you cared to have him." Francesca flushed deeply, but she did

not appear offended. "Perhaps I am difficult to please," she said, "or perhaps I am not for ail tastes. Talking of tastes-what do you think of my cousin Dudley?"

It was Betty's turn to grow red now. "He is very he come," she "and just the lease oit about you about the eyes and forehead and chin. Both your chins look so determined; I only hope you and he won't ever have a quarrel!" "Why?"

"Well, it would ' war to the knife between you, I should think. You have both that sort of look, as if you would not give in, and rather as if-"

"As if what? I won't be offended." "As if you wouldn't forgive in a hurry either." Francesca laughed. "I don't think I

am very vindictive," she said, slowly, as she drew a comb through the long strands of her shining hair, "unless people came in my way."

"I shouldn't like to come in your way," said Betty decisively.

"You are an c'l little girl," exclaimed Francesca, with her soft musical laugh. "But I haven't half finished my questions yet. I am dreadfully anxious to hear all about the ghosts. Why, Betty, you have grown quite pale at the very name! Do you really believe there is anything wrong with this house? Have you seen anything yourself?'

"It isn't seeing," whispered Betty glancing nervously around her-"it's hearing." "What! Clanking of chains, or

groans, or anything horrid like that?" "Worse!" said Betty, rising and com OVERCOMES "Well, but what does it mean?" ask

Mr. Bacon-I see by this paper that ice one and one-half inches thick will tce, John.-Yonkers "Statesman."

BUNESSAN

Mr. Alwin, of Toronto, spent a few days here. He fished, etc.

Rev. Mr. Lediard, of Owen Sound. called at Mrs. Ginn's in the interests of the Children's Aid Society. A number took in the Farmers'

Institute excursion to Guelph and enjoyed the trip, rain included. Mr. W. J. Young was in Toronto last week.

Pathmasters find themselves rather short of men for roadwork this year. But the days are mostly being put in nevertheless. We think statute la. bor has outlined its usefulness, and it's time for a change."

Crops generally look well, and especially pasture is keeping greener than it has done for many a year. Hay may not be as heavy as one might expect. Mr. and Mrs. Trendgrove, from To.

ronto, were visiting at Mrs. Beaton's. School closed last Monday, The usual promotion examinations were held, and a fair percentage of pupils

Misses Laura Whitmore, Bella Binnie and Jeannie Beaton are writing on the Part I Junior Leaving Exam. (P. S. L.) this week. Miss Jewel McComb and Archie

McComb are having a much needed rest for a day or two before writing on their Part II Junier Leaving examination next week. The annual picnic of the Centre Baptist S. S. will be held in the usual

place-McKinnon's grove-on July 9th. As this is always a successful affair, anyone coming may be sure of a good time; and bring your basket. Then in a couple of weeks or so there will be a monster garden party in the orchard of Mr. S. McComb. Plans and date are not quite definitely settled yet, but will be announced later. In the meantime everyone may plan to include this among their summer outings.

There's a little girl visiting with us just now, but she hasn't come to stay, It's Isabel Ector from Dur-

We'd like very much to take a hand in helping to build up Durham's famous cement works this vacation. but are afraid to tackle the job for fear the building would be completed too soon. We've got orders to fork hay instead.

Note. - We didn't post the above in time to get in last week's Chronicle. but send it in nevertheless. Mr. Alex. Bell, Jr., visited George-

town and Toronto July 1st. Sandy

may possibly have visited that

widow, and may consequently wear that widowed look again. Miss Maggie Beaton is home from Cannington.

Mr. C. E. Firth, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is visiting his parents here.

EDGE HILL Mr. George Moffat returned to Toronto last Tuesday.

Mrs. John Little, of Proton, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ector, last week Miss Jennie McGirr is visiting friends along the line at present.

Miss Alice Moffat, of Toronto, is visiting her grandfather. Mr. Chas. Moffat, and other relatives. Miss Maggie Ector is home after

spending a month with her sister, Mrs. John Moffat, of Greenock. Mr. Geo. Lamb, formerly of Glascott, now of Dafter, Michigan, passed through our burg recently, and called

on a few old friends. Misses Maud and Allie Banks are home for the holidays. Miss Bessie Banks is giving lessons

in painting to a number of pupils. She is a capable teacher. Miss Ethel Gowland, from near Weston, was visiting her cousins,



CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; rustling of silk—along the passages Oh, I've heard it again and again!

There is no mistake possible."

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