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For the Revelsworth Millions,

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.

er's directions concerning the articles needed for Francesca's mother, Bet y set to work with the hearty unselfishness which characterised her to arrange general Banking business trans- a charming bed-room for her new

The wall-papers on the second floor had been renewed during the past few days, the cellings white-washed, and the aid of a charwoman enlisted to assist Sussan in some necessary cleaning. Mrs. Revelsworth had taken these procautions simultaneously with the insertion of her first advertisement for legal heirs to her husband's name. Chintz curtains and hangings of a wild rose design lined with apple-green, a bedspread of string-colored coarse lace over apple-green sateen, a brass bedstead, bed-room suite of walnut-wood, a fell-J. KELLY, Agent. length mirror-indespensable, Betty nonsidered, to any one so beautiful as Francesca-basket-work arm-chairs, a dainty dressing-table set in white and gold china, a neat little walnut-wood book-case, a square of carpet to place over polished boards, and a white fur hearthrug-these things, so Betty desided, would render the bare little room a more fitting restirg-place for the imperial Francesca. The fact that her FURNITURE own bed-room was ill furnished and unlove'y never once troubled her. Betty's was a nature in apable of a mean or envious thought. She willingly tried herself out in the sa vice of the coming guests, and at halfpast three o'clock returned home hot, tired, dusty, and hungry, but happy in the thought of the pleasant surprise which would wait Mrs. and Miss Revelsworth in the prettiness and comfort of their surroundings.

Scarcely allowing herself the luxury it among-deferred luncheon, she worked through the afternoon, superintending the arrival of the furniture and the preparation of the two rooms. Of the young men she had saw nothing at all until half-past four, when, as she stood on some steps in the room which was to be Francesca's fastening the new curtains along the cornice-rod, Betty perceived the tall form of Dudley blocking up the doorway, hat in hand, a broad smile upon his handsome face.

You are the busiest little woman I ever heard of!" he said, as she nodded a greeting to him from the steps. "At least half a dozen times to-day since breakfast Victor and I have asked for you. First you had gone to Kingston to change some books, then you were absorbed in household matters with Mrs. Revelsworth, next ye were back igain at Kingston buying furniture, and afterwards you were arranging the same. You seem to have been hard at it with one thing and another since nine o'clock. That's an eight-hours' day. Aren't you going to give yourself

"All of which means," she said, shaking her finger at him judicially, "that you want me to give you a cup of tea." "Precisely. But I am willing to earn

A long course of half-friendly, half Agricultural Implements and coquettish badinage with the feather-Domestic requirments including cross the Green had taught this couna friend of the opposite sex, and Dudley was greatly delighted with the air of maternal authority with which, perched as she was on the top of the steps, with her serge skirt pinned up under a coarse apron, and her tiny feet in shabby shoes

> and give you some tea," she said. 'Where is your brother?"

"On the Green, helping some boys to | "Does Mrs. Revelsworth know that fly their kites. Kite-flying is a fad of Criton is dead?" his, and the wind has risen so much since the morning that he's in his element now. But he'll be delighted at the prospect of tea. That is an English for me when you tell her-won't you, custom my father loved, and which always kept up in our Paris home." custom my father loved, and which wo | miss?"

"'Le fiv'-o'clock,' they call it over Mrs Revelsworth takes in most of the greatly startled by the news. social weeklies, and that's how we learn those little things about fashions and so on. There-the curtain's fixed! Now I will come down and make your

tea in my little 'den' down-stairs."

Betty's "den" showed clearly enough shelves. the girl's industry, good taste, and lack | As soon however as Victor heard of of pence. With her own hands -he had Briton' death, he recalled the savage hidden the unattractive outlook from attack the dog had made upon Miss the window with a clever in tation Revelsworth that morning, and the of stained glass, had darkened and pol- wonderful way in which she had reducish the boards, drared the mean-look- ed him to trembling submission. Was ing Mill Castings, Light Castings ing little mantleplece with peacock-blue the dog mad then? he wondered, full of serge, nailed a square of similar mater- anxiety on his ladylove's account. fal with drawing-pins on to the floor, "Are you sure he did not die mad?" and painted the woodwork, two kitch- ae inquired of Betty. "Has he ever aten-chairs, and a little round tablea pale tacked or bitten anybody?" greenish-blue to harmouize with the "He gave me this bite on my hand

Some cheap but pretty blue-and-white him no malice for it," Joseph Welldon rases, filled with yellow and wat e flow- assured him. ers, stood on the mantelpiece; and, "And do you think that he was when the young girl took from a brown | mad?" earthen ware tea-pot, and a spirit-lamp and kettle, and set about making the one of us!" protested little Betty, wiptea, chattering gaily all the while. Dud- ing the tears from her eyes. "A dear ley felt his heart grow warm with af- kind creature, not much more than a SHINGLES FOR SALE. fection for the sweet-tempered and puppy, and a splendid house-dog!" kindly litle creature, who in a pearance | "The dog-doctor said he had been and disposition reminded him so badly hurt, and that he had eaten strongly of the "Little Mother" he and something which didn't agree with

gest chair is the safest: but they are all saddened them all. rather week in the legs."

"I could make it really pretty if I had you were disturbed in the night?" But I can always give you and your conversation. some of my little cakes."

too? You are a perfect wonder, Miss

most everybody does." mind Victor and me so wonderfully of my step-mother in Paris-'La Petite.' as we used to call her?"

"So he told me." "It seems odd, seeing that you are so erable mystery. very much younger. But she might be rather pale, and that her hair is long think?" and yours short, and that she was older and a little plumper, and, above all that she is French and you are English there really is a s.rong likeness between you. It sounds strange to you perhaps that, when I want to say some thnig extremely complimentary, 1 an she is, so kind . ..d thoughtful and unselfish, so gay and happy-tempered him and so very ... etty-one of those women who seem put into the world to bring sunshine wherever they go. tor and I would be the most ungrateful anything in the world for the Little Dan: and here, as it seems, we have had

Betty flushed with pleasure. "It is nice of you to say such things to me!" she exclaimed. "Nobody ever cays me compliments -except-" "Except?"

in Englanul"

"Oh, except Mr. O'Meara, who rents firs. Revelsworth's stables-and he's an Irishman and doesn't count. The kettle's just boiling. Will you bring in your brother?"

The mention of Heremon's name remy tea by helping you to hang those minded Betty of the mastiff Briton, whom she had not had time to visit since the morning, although she had repeatedly inquired after him, and had try-bred young girl exactly the right | Joseph, who forthwith presented himtone of light banter in which to address | self, with flushed and tear-stained cheeks, and evidently in distress.

"Briton's dead, Miss Betty," the boy sobbed out. "He got worse again, though Mr. O'Meara fetched a 'vet' to him. But he seemed like as if he couldn't swaller, and couldn't bear to be fully displayed, the little lady answered | touched. He died half an hour ago; and father's been wolloping me ever "If you will be very good and quiet | since he come in with Mrs. Revelsworth for just three minutes, I'll come down from her donkey-drive, 'cos he's says I done it. And I didn't, Miss Betty-I didn't!"

"We dursn't tell her, not even father. And of course when she knows, she will say it wa me. You will stand up

The two young men entered the room at that moment, and Betty, with tears there-don't they?" she asked, laugh- in her eyes, detailed the mastlff's fate ing. "I know I read that somewhere, to them. Victor in particular seemed

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "That was then the great dog that sprang on us this morning."

The others turned to him in surprise. and the young man reddened. By Fran-Betty's" little 'den' " was, so Dudley | cesca's request he had said not a word learned, one of the four rooms on the concerning his discovery of her in the ground-floor. Of these, the dining- haunted room and their subsequent room, darkened by the overhanging walk by the river. They had parted on bay portion of the house, formed one, the bridge at seven o'clock, and Victor and of the remaining three one was a had re-entered the house alone. How large scantily-furnished room in the or when Francesca got in he did not front of the house, to which several know, but she was present at the eightdusty book-cases gave the name of li- o'clock breakfast, fresh and fair as ever, brary, and the others were two litle having been found by Betty, when the rooms overlooking the yard, stables, latter descended at half-past seven, turning over the volumes on the library,

last Saturday, sir; but I didn't bear

"Mad? No! He was as sane as any

Victor so fondly loved in the old Paris him," added Joe. "P, had a fight with - butcher's dog from Kingston last

week, and the butcher's boy said he'd in love with!" do for him, 'cause I heard him."

Telling Mrs. Revelsworth of the death of the dog was felt by all three to be a serious matter, after a visit to the stables had demonstrated the truth of Joseph's statement. Here they, found poor Briton's body, still warm, but growing stiff in death, stretched upon the straw, the tongue, which protruded from the mouth, and the entire throat swollen and inflamed. Betty's heart was melted at the sight of her dumb friend's dead body. Tears rolled fast down her cheeks, until Dudley, putting his arm around her in gentle brotherly fashion, induced her to return with him to the house.

In consultation the three young pec-ple decided that the news must be "You may smake 'n here," Betty said; broken gently and gradually to Briton's "I like the smell of tobacco. The lar- mistress. The dog's untimely end had cal, for certain. If you know your

> "It seems such an unlucky beginning "I'll take the window-ceat," the for your stay here," said Betty, "and young man said, seating himself on a reminds me of what our last parlorlong cushion covered with blue serge, maid said when she gave notice. 'No with which Betty had decorated the good,' she said, 'can come of living deep window embasure. "What a jolly in a haunted house.' The ghostly women about me, but it must be the homely little room this is! I like it rustling drove her away, she declared; right sort of handsomeness. You may better than any room in the house and that reminds me that I never asked think I have been living so long out of

> I was a whole year saving up enough like a top until my hot water was are sitting now, taking stock of me just to buy the varnish and serge and brought at a quarter to eight," Dudley with half shut eyes, it came to me that sticky stuff for the windows? But I began, and then stopped short, struck there was something wrong, something dare say I like it all the better for hav- by the change that came over his sinister in her good looks, and-it's a ing had to wait for it. Mrs. Revelsworth brother's face at Bet'y's question. For strange thing for me to say, who have rings for the tea every day at exactly the young Frenchman had flushed and alf-past five. Susan goes up with the tray looked emtarrassed, just as he had and I read aloud until a quarter of sev- done a few minutes before, when the en, when I change my dress for dinner. dead mastiff had been the subject of

me," Dudley thought. "What in the to the sea, "Do you find time o make li'tle cakes | world can it be?"

As if he divined his brother's conjecture and desired to avoid a cross-exam-"Why don't you call me 'Betty'? Al ination. Victor hurriedly left the room, pleading an appointment with his kite-"I would very much rather. Well, flying friends, as soon as Mrs. Revelsthen, do you know, Betty, that you re- worth's bell summoned Betty up stairs.

Before however he had time to leave the house, the boy Joseph joined him in the hall, and, to Victor's surprise, approached him with an air of consid-

"That dog wasn't never hurt outside," your elder sister. She doesn't look he whispered. "I found blood upon more than seven or eight and twenty, the door-mat here and wiped it up. Was You must see her portrait. Except that it her he sprang upon.? And did she you have a brighter color and she is have any hand in killing him, do you

"The tall lady, sir, with the shining

CHAPTER XI.

Dudley Revelsworth was even more surprised and puzzied than were his shou'd tell you you are like my step. brother and his aun' when he learned mother: but I will I could make you of the existence of Francesca's mother, understand what a veable little wome and when at Mrs. Revelsworth's teatime his cousin's letter was shown to

For a moment his thoughts flew to the short, stout, indistinguishable person whom he had met with Francesca's "double" at the music-hall. But after beggars alive if we weren't ready to de a little consideration he realised that this person could not by any possibilfty be his cousin's paralysed mother. The mere fact that the idea had occurthe good luck to met just such another red to him however proved that he could not quite rid his mind of the

that Francesca and the lady at the music-hall were one and the same person, in spite of Miss Revelsworth's scornful and reiterated denials on the subject.

The more he saw of her, the greater his opportunity of studying her features and her movements, the stronger the conviction grew upon him that two women, with that face and voice and height, and, above all, with those strangely-smiling blue eyes, could not exist. He was lo. h to believe that his cousin was deliberately lying to him. and his admiration for her beauty and the personal fascination she had for him were undeniably strong; yet already he was fighting against her sway over his heart and senses, and telling himself that the strange magnetic attraction which she possessed for him was an unworthy thraldom, to which he must not submit without a struggle.

regard her prompted his first thought on reading her letter to Mrs. Revels-

"Now what was her reason for keeping her mother's existence a secret?" Dudley's mind, while Victor was melted to tears by the affecting tenderness of Francesca's allusions to her mother.

Victor had been equally astonished | tienate niece. and angered by Joe Welldon's hint that Francesca might have been concerned in the death of the dog which had attacked her, At the same time, after administering a sharp reprimand to the precious youth, he had been constrained to bestow a shilling upon him with the tacit understanding that he was to keep silent on the subject of that matutinal walk upon which the ccusins had started in company. For his own part, Victor would have liked nothing better han to confide to his brother every detail of that triumphal walk; but his liege lady had decreed otherwise, and Victor, who, by his tender and chivalrous nature, was especially liable to become a woman's slave, already realized that for him Francesca's will was law.

That evening, after dinner, in the drawing-room, when he and Betty repaired to the piano, he insisted upon; singing nothing but love-songs, either solos, which he executed in a tuneful tenor with excellent expression, or duets, with little Betty's sweet light soprano to help him. Mrs. Revelsworth, who liked listening to music, put down her rattling wooden knitting-pins to hear them better, while Dudley, seated near her, stroked his moustache and pondered, chiefly about

"Your brother," sa'd his aunt in at whisper, leaning over the broad wooden arms of her chair and suddenly breaking in upon his reverie-"your brother is in love. Is it some one in Paris, or is it Betty here, or is it Fran-

"It is Frances, I think." "Think! Hasn't he told you?"-"There isn't much to tell yet." "He'd better have chosen Betty." "So I think."

makes a man happy.

Mrs. Revelsworth's keen eyes scrutenized his face. "So Betty's more your style?" Dudley reddened. "I didn't say that," he said. "I onin "That some men will fall in love

"But Francës is the style a man falls

with-certainly." "But are you not me of them'?"

Dudley was incided to resent his aunt's abrupt cross-questioning, but, turning to look at her, he could not fail to be struck by the anxiety expressed in her eyes as she watched him. "Frances is the most beautiful wom-

an I have ever seen," he said guardedly. "She is beautiful certainly," Mrs. Revelsworth agreed, speaking in slower and more thoughtful tones than was her wont. "And this letter of hers is a noble letter—a noble letter, mind I admit that. Now I am not one of those silly people who talk about 'beauty being skin-deep' and 'handsome is as handsome does.' I don't know when that nonsense came in; it isn't Bibli- who invited the Mayor, Aldermen Bible, you will remember that in Mosaic days the priests had all to be handsome, 'without spot or blemish,' and that all the chosen leaders were 'goodly' and 'well favored.' I like to see handsome men and handsome you two how you slept, and whether the world that I have grown morbid; but, when my niece Frances lay back a little money. But do you know that "I can answer for myself that I slept last night in that chair in which you never feared anything yet, but, when that girl came near me, I almost felt I was afraid of her!"

Dudley listened with frowning brows, deeply interested.

brother a cup of tea at this time, and "Victor is keeping something from "As the flight of a river that flows

by Victor to Betty's accompainment,

reached the ears of Mrs. Revelsworth and her nephew at that moment. They exchanged glances with a half smile. "Yes." Dudley said in a low voice, in answer to the unspoken question in his aunt's eyes-"Victor certainly admires

Frances very much, but he does not as a rule take his love-affairs much to "Frenchmen never do!" said the old fady, with sort of disdain for all "for-

"At the same time," pursued Dudley slowly, "it would seem in the nature of things rather a desireable arrange- physician in charge, upon the splenment, would it not, for two out of the didly equipped institution they had three Revelsworths to marry and make their interests one? And, as to that odd sort of half attraction, half repulsion I feel about Frances-"

"Then you feel it too?" the old lady

cried triumphantly. case it amounts to no more than an unwillingness to become her slave. What I was going to say was that her beauty is so unique, and shows so unusual a blending of the healthy fairness of an Englishwoman with a touch of Ital an voluptuousness and warmth of color, D. W. McPherson, J. J. Crabbe, Miss that it probably impresses us oddly. simply because we have never seen it before, and inclines us to be mistrustful and perhaps unjust towards her." "You are not in love with her, 1

a can naruly answer that." "I wish to Heaven," the old lady exclaimed energetically. "that she had stopped in Italy! Surely you and your brother don't propose to set up in riv- koka Cottage Sanitarium since its alry against each other?"

hope?" said Mrs. Revelsworth sharply.

"It remains to be seen," said Dudley quietly, "whether she intends to encourage either of us. A girl with that appearance, who keeps single until she is twenty-five solely on her mother's account, is not likely to fall in love at first sight. Bravo, Victor! You sing contributed by Mr. W. J. Gage and that very well indeed! Who is the late Hart A. Massey in equal composer?" And so the conversation on the sub-

fect of Francesca closed.

The first post on the following day brought Mrs. Revelsworth a short note from Francesca, written on plain paper without a heading.

"Dear aunt Margaret," it began-The light in which he had come to "How can we, my mother and I, thank you for your goodness? Believe me, we are grateful. I have only just found your telegram awaiting me at Mr. Simpson's office, and have already arranged to move my mother from here That was the question that rose in to-morrow afternoon. We hope to arrive at Revelsworth House about six o'clock.

"Always your grateful and affec-

"Frances Revelsworth." And surely enough, at a few minutes past six on the following day, Mrs. Revelsworth, seated at her bay-window, with Betty in attendance, perceived a closed fly coming slowly from the direction of Kingston, and announced its approach to her companion. "They've had the top of the carriage

put up because of the rain, no doubt," Mrs. Revelsworth observed. The weather had suddenly changed for the worse, and a deluge had been

pouring steadily down from an inky sky all day. "I am realy anxious to see this paragon of loveliness," Mrs. Revelsorth presently said, as the cab drew nearer. "Both those boys have spoken to me about her beauty. She's been married over thirty years, so she is no chicken; and of course paralysis ages a woman.

You can run down now, Betty, and help Welldon to lift her from the fly. Good Heavens! Is it a woman or a monkey?" Mrs. Revelsworth was by this time alone at the window, for little Betty had flown from the room to assist the invalid. But the old lady could not repress her feelings of astonishment when her long-sighted eyes discerned the short bent form and malignantly-

ugly face of the paralysed woman whom Welldon and Francesca between them were assisting from the carriage. Viewed from the bay-window above, Mrs. Harold Revelsworth appeared absolutely witch-like with her yellow wrinkled skin, hooked nose, and preternaturally bright eyes, as she lay, an inert bundle, in the arms of her stalwart daughter and Welldon, and blinked up from her shaggy gray eyebrows at the house into which she was being borne. A feeling of instinctive aversion amounting almost to horror crept over Margaret Revelsworth as those hawk-like eyes fixed themselves upon her own keen blue ones close within meant that Betty is more the style that the bay-window. She had risen from her seat in her involuntary excitement, and her tall form, in the voluminous

CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITAL

Formally Opened at Gravenhurst

Special Despatch to the Globe

Gravenhurst, July 6.-This new free hospital for consumptives erect. ed by the National Sanitarium As. sociation was formally opened this afternoon in the presence of a large number of the friends of the association. A special train from Toronto brought nearly five hundred persons. who were anxious to display their sympathy with the laudable object which the association has in view. The excursionists were met at the Muskoka Wharf by Mr. W. J. Gage. and other distinguished visitors to accompany him in his handsome vacht Ina. The remainder of the party were taken across on the steamer Medora of the Muskoka Nav. igation Company, which also kindly sent the Charlie M. to bring them back in the evening.

THE CHARMING LOCATION.

The new hospital is situated about half a mile from the Muskoka Cattage Sanitarium, in a charming and well sheltered location near the shore of Lake Muskoka, whose sparkling and inland-studded waters it overlooks. The hospital, of which a cut is published in this issue, is a substantial and handsome building, resting upon a solid stone foundation. It is as yet not completely furnished, but will, the trustees hope, be shortly. The equippment and appointments My soul rusheth ever in tumult to are all designed with a view to the comfort and health of the patients. The lines, sung with much fervour. The hospital when fully equipped will provide accommodation for one hundred patients.

Among the visitors present were Hon. J. R. Stratton, who made a thorough inspection of the hospital. and was very much pleased with all that he saw. As he had to return by the afternoon train in order to make railway connections for Peterboro'. Mr. Strattoh was unable to take part in the formal proceedings, but before leaving heartily congratulated Mr. W. J. Gage and Dr. C. D. Parfit, the succeeded in providing for the amelioration of the sufferings of those afflicted with disease.

THE FORMAL DEDICTION. Sir Wm. Ralph Meredith, Vice-

"Something like it; though in my President of the National Sanicarium Association, presided at the meeting, which was held in the open air. Among those present were Rev. Dr. Dewart, Drs. Wm. Oldwright, Chas. O'Reilly, N. A. Powell, F. N. G. Starr Gage, Dr. Grant, of Gravenhurst, W. J. Hill, ex-M. P. P., Ald. Jos. Oliver; Mr. Ambrose Kent, Superintendent of the N. S. A.; Dr. J. H. Elliott, physician in charge of Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium; Mr. J. S. Robertson, Secretary N. S. A.

Sir Wm. Meredith, in opening the proceedings, referred to the success attending the operation of the Musopening five years ago, which had justified the erection of the Free Consumption Hospital. He gave some statistics concerning the parent institution, the cost of which was \$80,000, of which one-half was parts, and enumerated the following subsequent donations :-

The Christie cottage, donation of \$5,000 from the late Wm. Christie. The Rosmary cottage, costing about \$3,500, the gift of Mrs. Jackson San-

The Wm. Davis cottage, costing about \$2,100, the gift of Wm, Davis and family, Toronto.

ford, Knoxville, Tenn.

B. Frank Bull cottage, costing about \$2,000, the gift of Mrs. T. H. Bull, Toronto.

The Wm. Mover cottage costing about \$2,000, the gift of Mrs. T. H. Bull, Toronto.

Since opening its doors six hundred patients have received treatment at the sanitarium, many of whom have been, humanly speaking, cured. Sir William related an instance of which he had personal knowledge, in which a young woman who upon entering apparently had not six months to live, but was restored to her friends after eight months' treatment practically a well woman.

OPEN TO ALL WITHOUT CHARGE.

The building, the inauguration of which they had met to celebrate, was designed to meet the need of those sufferers who could not afford to pay anything for treatment. The building was open to everyone who had no means, free of all charge; its doors would not be closed to anyone; who was a fit subject for treatment within its walls, and who had no means of providing for the treatment necessary. It has been erected at a cost of \$20,000, one-half of which was contributed by Mr. Gage and the other half by the estate of the late Hart A. Massey, so that this building also owned its existence to the public spirit of two men who brought into existence the parent institution. Sir William conveyed the thanks of the trustees to the public, who had generously contributed upwards of \$8,000 towards the furnish-

HANDED OVER THE BUILDING.

Mr. W. A. Gage related the various negotiations during the past ten years which culminated in the erection of the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium, and the free hospital which was being formally opened. Upon the authority of Dr. Elliott, who is in charge of the first-named institution,

Continued on Page Seven.

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