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After his arrival at Rome there came a letter from his mother apprising him of his father's dangerous illness and asking him to come home at once. The elder Cameron had not been well since Wilford left the country, and the physician was fearful that the disease had assumed a consumptive form. Mrs. Cameron wrote, adding that her husband's only anxiety was to see his son again. To this there was no demur, and about the first of December, six months from the time he had sailed, Wilford arrived in Boston, having taken a steamer for that city. His first act was to telegraph for news of his father, receiving in reply that he was better; the alarming symptoms had disappeared, and there was now great hope of his recovery.

"We might have staid longer in Europe," Katy said, feeling a little chill of disappointment—not that her father-in-law was better, but at being called home for nothing, when her life abroad was so happy and free. "Somehow the atmosphere of America seemed different from what it used to be. It was colder, bluer, the little lady said, tapping her foot uneasily and looking from her windows at the Revere out upon the snowy streets, through which the wintry wind was blowing in heavy gales.

"Yes, it is a heap colder," she sighed, as she returned to the large chair which Esther had drawn for her before the cheerful fire, charging her disquiet to the weather, but never dreaming of imputing it to her husband, who was far more its cause than was the December cold. He, too, though glad of his father's improvement, was sorry to have been recalled for nothing to a country which brought his old life back again, with all its forms and ceremonies, and revived his dread lest Katy should not acquit herself as was becoming Mrs. Wilford Cameron. In his selfishness he had kept her almost wholly to himself, so that her polish she was to acquire from her travels abroad was not as perceptible as he could desire. Katy was Katy still, in spite of London, Paris, or Rome. To be sure there was about her a little more maturity and self-assurance, but in all essential points she was the same, and Wilford winced as he thought how the free, impulsive manner which, among the Scottish hills, where there was no one to criticize, had been so charming to him, would shock his lady mother and sister Juno. And this it was which made him moody and silent, replying hastily to Katy when she said to him: "Please, Wilford, telegraph to Helen to be with mother at the West depot when we pass there to-morrow. The train stops five minutes, you know, and I want to see them so much. Will you, Wilford?"

A moment after he quitted the room, and it was then that Katy, standing before the window, charged the day with what was strictly Wilford's fault. Returning at last to her chair, she went off into a reverie as to the new home to which she was going and the new friends she was to meet, wondering what they would think of her and if they would like her. Once she had said to Wilford: "Which of your sisters shall I like best?"

And Wilford had answered her by asking: "Which do you like best, books or going to parties in full dress?" "Oh, parties and dress," Katy had said, and Wilford had then rejoined: "You will like Juno best, for she is all fashion and gayety, while Bell-Bell prefers her books and the quiet of her own room."

Katy felt afraid of Bell, and in fact, now that they were so near, she felt afraid of them all, notwithstanding Esther's assurances that they could not help loving her. During the six months they had been together Esther had learned to feel for her young lady that strong affection which sometimes exists between mistress and servant. Everything which she could do for her she did, smoothing as much as possible the meeting which she also dreaded, for though the Camerons were too proud to express before her their opinion of Wilford's choice, she had guessed it readily and pitied the young wife brought up with ideas so different from those of her husband's family. More accustomed to Wilford's moods than Katy, she saw something in the matter, and it prompted her to unusual attentions, stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze and bringing a stool for Katy, who, in blissful ignorance of her husband's real feelings, sat waiting for return from the telegraph office whether she supposed he had gone, and building pleasant pictures of to-morrow's meeting with her mother and Helen, and possibly Dr. Morris, if not Uncle Ephraim himself.

So absorbed was she in her reverie as not to hear Wilford's step as he came in, but when he stood behind her and took her head fully between his hands, she started up, feeling that the weather had changed; it was not as cold and raw as in Boston as she imagined, and laying her head on Wilford's shoulder, she said: "You went out to telegraph, didn't you?"

He had gone out with the intention of telegraphing as she desired, but in the hall below he had met with an old acquaintance who talked with him so long that he entirely forgot his errand until Katy recalled it to his mind, making him feel very uncomfortable as he frankly told her

of his forgetfulness.

"It is too late now," he added; "besides you could only see them for a moment, just long enough to make you cry—a thing I do not greatly desire, inasmuch as I wish my wife to look her best when I present her to my family, and with red eyes she couldn't do you credit."

Katy knew it was settled, and choking back the tears, she tried to listen, while Wilford, having fairly broken the ice with regard to his family, told her how anxious he was that she should make a good first impression upon his mother. Did Katy remember that Mrs. Morey whom they met at Paris, and could she not throw a little of her air into her manner, that is, could she not drop her girliness when in the presence of others and be a little more dignified? When alone with him he liked to have her just what she was, a loving, affectionate little wife, but the world looked on such things differently. Would Katy try?

Wilford when he commenced had no definite idea as to what he should say, and without meaning it he made Katy moan piteously.

"I don't know what you mean. I would not do anything if I knew how. Tell me, how shall I be dignified?" She was crying so hard that Wilford, while mentally calling himself a fool and a brute, could only try to comfort her, telling her she need not be anything but what she was—that his mother and sisters would love her just as he did—and that daily association with them would teach her all that was necessary.

Katy's tears were stopped at last, but the frightened, anxious look did not leave her face, even though Wilford tried his best to divert her mind. A nervous terror of her new relations had gained possession of her heart, and nearly the entire night she lay awake, pondering in her mind what Wilford had said, and thinking how terrible it would be if he should be disappointed in her after all. The consequence of this was that a very white tired face sat opposite Wilford next morning at the breakfast served in their private parlor; nor did it look much fresher even after they were in the cars and rolling out of Boston. But when Worcester was reached, and the old home way-marks began to grow familiar, the color came stealing back, until the cheeks burned with an unnatural red, and the blue eyes fairly danced as they rested on the hills of Silvertown.

"Only three miles from mother and Helen! Oh, if I could go there!" Katy thought, working her fingers nervously; but the express train did not pause there, and it went so swiftly by the depot that Katy could hardly distinguish who was standing there, whether friend or stranger. But when at last they came to West Silvertown, and the long train slowly stopped, the first object she saw was Dr. Morris, driving down from the village. He had no intention of going to the depot, and only checked his horse a moment, lest it should prove restive if too near the engine; but when a clear young voice called from the window: "Morris! oh, Cousin Morris! I've come!" his heart gave a great throb, for he knew whose voice it was and whose the little hand beckoning to him. He had supposed her far away beneath Italian skies, for at the farm-house no intelligence had been received of her intended return, and in much surprise he reined up to the rear door, and throwing his lines to a boy, went forward to where Katy stood, her face glowing with delight as she flew into his arms, wholly forgetful of the last night's lecture on dignity, and also forgetful of Wilford, standing close beside her. He had not tried to hold her back when, at the sight of Morris, she sprang away from him; but he followed after biting his lip, and wishing she had a little more discretion. Surely it was not necessary to half strangle Dr. Grant as she was doing, kissing his hand after she had kissed his face a full half dozen times, and all the people looking on. But Katy did not care for people. She only knew that Morris was there—the Morris whom, in her great happiness abroad, she had perhaps slighted by not writing directly to him but once. In Wilford's sheltering care she had not felt the need of this good cousin, as she used to do; but she was so glad to see him, wondering why he looked so thin and sad. Was he sick? she asked, with a pitying look, which made him shiver as he answered:

"No, not sick, though tired, perhaps, as I have at present, an unusual amount of work to do. And this was true—he was unusually busy. But that was not the cause of his thin face, which others than Katy remarked. Helen's words, "It might have been," spoken to him on the night of Katy's bridal, had never left his mind, much as he had tried to dislodge them. Some men can love a dozen times; but it was not so with Morris. He could overcome his love so that it should not be a sin, but no other could ever in the place where Katy had been; and he looked along the road through life as if he felt that he must travel it alone. Truly, if Katy were not yet passing through the fire, he was, and it had left its mark upon him, purifying as it burned, and bringing his every act into closer submission to his God. Only Helen and Marian Hazelton interpreted aright that look upon his face, and knew it came from the hunger of his heart, but they kept silence; while others said that he was working far too hard, urging him to abate his unwearied labors, for they would not lose their young

physician yet. But Morris smiled his patient, kindly smile on all her fears, and went his way, doing his work as one who knew he must render strict account for the popularity he was daily gaining, both in his own town and those around. He could think of Katy now without a sin, but he was not thinking of her when she came so unexpectedly upon him, and for an instant she almost bore his breath away in her vehement joy.

Quick to note a change in those he knew, he saw that her form was not quite so full, nor her cheeks so round; but she was weary with the voyage, and knowing how sea-sickness will wear upon one's strength, Morris imputed it wholly to that, and believed she was, as she professed to be, perfectly happy.

"Come, Katy, we must go now," Wilford said, as the bell rang its first alarm, and the passengers, some with sandwiches and some with fried cakes in their hands, ran back to find their seats.

"Yes, I know, but I have not asked half I meant to. Oh, how I want to go home with you, Morris," Katy exclaimed, again throwing her arms around the doctor's neck as she bade him good-bye, and sent fresh messages of love to the friends at home, who, had they known she was to be there at that time, would have walked the entire distance for the sake of looking once more into her dear face.

"I intended to have brought them heaps of things," she said, "but we came home so suddenly I had no time. Here, take Helen this. Tell her it is real," and the impulsive creature drew from her finger a small diamond set in black enamel, which Wilford had bought in Paris. "She didn't mind it; she had two more, and she was sure Wilford would not mind," she said, turning to him for his approbation.

But Wilford did mind, and his face indicated as much, although he tried to be natural as he replied: "Certainly, send it if you like." In her excitement Katy did not observe it, but Morris did, and he at first declined taking it, saying Helen had no use for it, and would be better pleased with something not half as valuable. Katy, however, insisted, appealing to Wilford, who, ashamed of his first emotion, now seemed quite as anxious as Katy herself, until Morris placed the ring in his purse, and then bade Katy hasten or she would certainly be left. One wave of the hand, one more kiss thrown from the window, and the train moved on, Katy feeling like a different creature for having seen some one from home.

"I am so glad I saw him—so glad I sent the ring, for now they will know I am the same Katy Lennox, and I think Helen sometimes feared I might get proud with you," she said, while Wilford pulled her rich fur around her, smiling to see how bright and pretty she was looking since that meeting with Dr. Grant. "It was better than medicine," Katy said, when beyond Springfield he referred to it a second time, and leaning her head upon his shoulder she fell into a refreshing sleep, from which she did not wake until New York was reached, and Wilford, lifting her gently up, whispered: "Come, darling, we are home at last."

### CHAPTER XIII.

The elder Cameron was really better, and more than once he had regretted recalling his son, who he knew had contemplated a longer stay abroad. But that could not now be helped. Wilford had arrived in Boston, as his telegram of yesterday announced—he would be at home to-day; and No. 5—Fifth Avenue was all the morning and a portion of the afternoon the scene of unusual excitement, for both Mrs. Cameron and her daughters wished to give the six months wife a good impression of her new home. At first they thought of inviting company to dinner, but to this the father objected.

"Katy should not be troubled the first day," he said; "it is bad enough for her to meet them all; they could ask Mark if they chose, but no one else." And so only Mark Ray was invited to the dinner, gotten up so elaborately as if a princess had been expected instead of little Katy, trembling in every joint when about four p.m., Wilford awoke her at the depot and whispered, "Come, darling, we are home at last."

"Why do you shiver so?" he asked, wrapping her cloak around her, and almost lifting her from the car. "I don't know. I guess I'm cold," and Katy drew a long breath as she thought of Silvertown and the farm-house, wishing she was going into its low-walled kitchen instead of the handsome carriage where the cushions were so soft and yielding, and the whole effect so grand.

"What would our folks say?" she kept repeating to herself as she drove along the streets where they were beginning to light the street lamps, for the December day was dark and cloudy. It seemed so like a dream, that she, who once had picked huckleberries on the Silvertown hills, and bound coarse heavy shoes to buy herself a pink gingham dress, should now be riding in her carriage toward the home which she knew was magnificent; and Katy's tears fell like rain as, nestling close to Wilford, who asked what was the matter, she whispered, "I can hardly believe that it is—I it is so unreal." "Please don't cry," Wilford rejoined, brushing her tears away. "You know I don't like your eyes to be red."

With a great effort Katy kept her tears back, and was very calm when they reached the brown-stone front, far enough up town to save it from the slightest approach to plebeianism. In the hall the chamberlier was burning, and as the carriage stopped a flame of light seemed suddenly to burst from every window as the gas heads were turned up, so that Katy caught glimpses of rich silken curtains and costly lace as she went up the steps, clinging to Wilford and looking ruefully around for Esther, who had disappeared through the basement door. Another moment

and they stood within the marbled hall, Katy conscious of nothing definite—nothing but a vague atmosphere of refined elegance, and that a richly dressed lady came out to meet them, kissing Wilford and calling him her son; that the same lady turned to her saying kindly: "And this is my new daughter?"

Then Katy came to life, and did that, at the very thought of which she shuddered when a few months experience had taught her the temerity of the act—she wound her arms impulsively around Mrs. Cameron's neck, rumping her point lace collar, and sallying the countess of the astonished lady, who had seldom received so genuine a greeting as that which Katy gave her, kissing her lips and whispering softly, "I love you now because you are Wilford's mother, but by and by because you are mine. And you will love me some because I am his wife."

Wilford was horrified, particularly when he saw how startled his mother looked as she tried to release herself and adjust her tumbled head-gear. It was not what he had expected, nor what his mother had expected, for she was unaccustomed to such demonstrations; but under the circumstances Katy could not have done better. There was a tender and Mrs. Cameron's heart, and Katy touched it, making her feel a throb of affection for the childish creature suing her for love.

"Yes, darling, I love you now," she said, removing Katy's clinging arms and taking care that they should not enfold her a second time. "You are tired and cold," she continued; "and had better go at once to your rooms. I will send Esther up. There is plenty of time to dress for dinner," and with a wave of her hand, she dismissed Katy up the stairs, noticing as she went the exquisite softness of her fur cloak; but thinking it too heavy a garment for her slight figure, and noticing too the graceful ankle and foot which the little high-heeled gaiter showed to good advantage.

"I did not see her face distinctly, but she has a well-turned instep and walks easily," was the report she carried to her daughters, who, in their own room over Katy's, were dressing for dinner. "She will undoubtedly make a good dancer, then, unless, like Dr. Grant, she is too blue for that," Juno said, while Bell shrugged her shoulders, congratulating herself that she had a mind above such frivolous matters as dancing and well-turned insteps, and wondering if Katy cared in the least for books.

"Couldn't you see her face at all, mother?" Juno asked.

"Scarcely; but the glimpse I did get was satisfactory. I think she is pretty."

And this was all the sisters could ascertain until their toilets were finished, and they went down into the library, where their brother waited for them, kissing them both affectionately, and complimenting them on their good looks. "I wish we could say the same of you," Juno answered, playfully pulling his moustache; "but upon my word, Will, you are fast settling down into an oldish married man, even turning gray, and she ran her fingers through his dark hair, where there was now and then a thread of silver. "Disappointed in your domestic relations, eh?" she continued, looking him archly in the face.

Wilford was rather proud of his good looks, and during his sojourn abroad, Katy had not helped him in his overcoming this weakness, but the contrary had fed his vanity by constant flattery. And still he was himself conscious of not looking quite as well as usual just now, for the sea voyage had tired him as well as Katy, but he did not care to be told of it, and Juno's ill-timed remarks roused him at once, particularly as they reflected somewhat on Katy.

"I assure you I am not disappointed," he answered, "and the six months of my married life have been the happiest I ever knew. Katy is more than I expected her to be."

Juno elevated her eyebrows slightly, but made no direct reply, while Bell began to ask about Paris and the places he had visited. Meanwhile Katy had been ushered into her room, which was directly over the library, and separated from Mrs. Cameron's only by a range of closets and presses, a portion of which were to be appropriated to her own use. Great pains had been taken to make her rooms attractive, and as the large bay window in the library below extended to the third story, it was really the pleasantest chamber in the house. To Katy it was perfect, and her first exclamation was one of delight.

"Oh, how pleasant! how beautiful!" she cried, skipping across the soft carpet to the warm fire blazing in the grate. "A bay window, too, when I like them so much! I shall be happy here." But happy as she was, Katy could not help feeling tired, and she sank into one of the luxurious easy-chairs, wishing she could stay there all the evening instead of going down to that formidable dinner with her new relations. How she dreaded it, especially when she remembered that Mrs. Cameron had said there would be plenty of time to dress—a thing which Katy hated, the process was so tiresome, particularly to-night. Surely her handsome traveling dress, made in Paris, was good enough, and was about settling in her own mind to venture on wearing it, when Esther demolished her castle at once.

"Wear your traveling habit," she exclaimed, "when the young ladies, especially Miss Juno, are so particular about their dinner costumes. There would be no end to the 'colding I should get for suffering it,'" and she began good-naturedly to remove her mistress's collar and pin, while Katy, standing up, sighed as she said, "I wish I was at Silvertown to-night. I could wear anything there. What must I put on? How I dread it!" and she began to shiver again. Fortunately for Katy, Esther had been the family long enough to know just what they regarded proper, as by this means the dress selected

was sure to please. It was very becoming to Katy, and having been made in Paris was not open to criticism.

"Very pretty indeed," was Mrs. Cameron's verdict, when at half-past five she came in to see her daughter, kissing her cheek and stroking her head, wholly unadorned except by the short silken curls which could not be coaxed to grow faster than they chose, and which had sometimes annoyed Wilford, they made Mrs. Cameron so young beside him. Mrs. Cameron was annoyed too, for she had no idea of a head except as it was connected with a hair-dresser, and her annoyance showed itself as she asked:

"Did you have your hair cut on purpose?"

But when Katy explained, she answered pleasantly:

"Never mind, it is a fault which will mend every day, only it makes you look like a child."

"I am eighteen and a half," Katy said, feeling a lump rising in her throat, for she guessed that her mother-in-law was not quite pleased with her. For herself, she liked it, it was so easy to brush and fix. She should go wild if she had to submit to all Esther had told her of hair-dressing and what it involved. Mrs. Cameron had asked if she would not like to see Mr. Cameron, the elder, before going down to dinner, and Katy had answered that she would; so as soon as Esther had smoothed a refractory fold and brought her a handkerchief, she followed to the room where Wilford's father was sitting. He might not have felt complimented could he have known that something in his appearance reminded Katy of Uncle Ephraim. He was not nearly as old or as tall, nor was his hair as white, but the semblance, if there were any, lay in the smile with which he greeted Katy, calling her his youngest child, and drawing her closely to him.

It was remarked of Mr. Cameron that since his babyhood he had never kissed one of his own children; but when Katy, who looked upon such a salutation as a matter of course, put up her rosy lips, making the first advance, he kissed her twice. Hearty, honest kisses they were, for the man was strongly drawn towards the young girl, who said to him timidly:

"I am glad to have a father—mine died before I could remember him. May I call you so?"

"Yes, yes; God bless you, my child," and Mr. Cameron's voice shook as he said it, for neither Bell nor Juno were wont to address him just as Katy did—Katy, standing close to him, with her hand upon his shoulder and her kiss fresh upon his lips.

She had already crept a long way into his heart, and he took her by the hand from his shoulder and holding it between his own, said to her:

"I did not think you were so small or young. You are my little daughter, my baby, instead of my son's wife. How do you expect to fulfill the duties of Mrs. Wilford Cameron?"

"It's my short hair, sir. I am not so young," Katy answered, her eyes filling with tears as she began to wish back the thick curls Helen cut away when the fever was at its height.

"Never mind, child," Mr. Cameron rejoined playfully. "Youth is no reproach; there's many a one would give their right hand to be young like you. Juno for instance, who is—"

"Hus-band!" came reprovingly from Mrs. Cameron, spoken as only she could speak it, with a prolonged buzzing sound on the first syllable, and warning the husband that he was venturing too far.

"It is time to go down if Mrs. Cameron sees the young ladies before dinner," she said, a little stiffly; whereupon her better half startled Katy with the exclamation: "Mrs. Cameron! Thunder and lightning! wife, call her Katy, and don't go into any nonsense of that kind."

The lady reddened, but said nothing until she reached the hall, when she whispered to Katy apologetically:

"Don't mind it. He is rather irritable since his illness, and sometimes makes use of coarse language."

Katy had been a little frightened at the outburst, but she liked Mr. Cameron, notwithstanding, and her heart was lighter as she went down to the library, where Wilford met her at the door, and taking her on his arm, led her to his sisters, holding her back as he presented her. Her lost she should assault them as she had his mother, but Katy felt no desire to hug the tall, queenly girl whom Wilford introduced as Juno, and whose black eyes seemed to read her through as she offered her hand and very daintily kissed her forehead, murmuring something about a welcome to New York. Bell came next; broad-faced plainer-looking Juno, who yet had many pretensions to beauty, but whose manner, if possible, was frostier, cooler than her sister's. Of the two Katy liked Juno best, for there was about her a flash and sparkle very fascinating to one who had never seen anything of the kind, and did not know that much of this vivacity was the result of patient study and practice. Katy would have known they were high bred, as the world defines high breeding, and something in their manner reminded her of the ladies she had seen abroad, ladies in whose veins lordly blood was flowing. She could not help feeling uncomfortable in their presence, especially as she felt that Juno's black eyes were on her constantly. Not that she could ever meet them looking at her, for they darted away the instant hers were raised, but she knew just when they returned to her again, and how closely they were scanning her.

### He Fellies.

A masher who lived in Marseilles. Was a winner with giddy femelles. But a girl from Bordeaux. When he popped, snorted, "Neaux!" And it took all the wind from his bellies.

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