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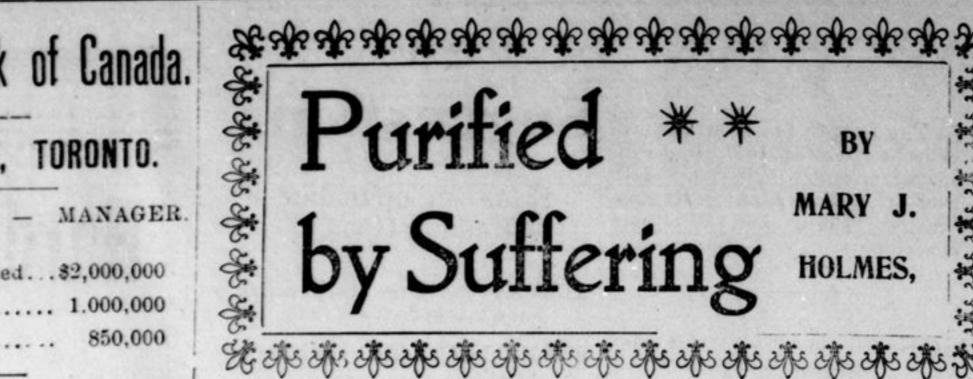
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for that, and in a mood anything and touched Wilford at once. acted. Drafts issued and collections him, and herself so much excited him to confess his errors. There had made on all points. Deposits re- that she did not at first observe the always been a struggle between his Wilford was not hungry then, and and love her as before. until the servant left the room, encountered Sybil Grandon, when she timidly asked, "What is it. with her Juno Cameron. Grandon."

> "Yes, I forgot to mention it." Katy answered, feeling puzzled to know why that should annoy her husband; but his next remarks disclosed the whole, and Katy's tears flowed fast as Wilford asked what she supposed Mrs. Grandon thought, to see his wife looking as though fresh from the flour barrel, and to hear her talk about Aunt Betsy's bad habit of yours, Katy," he con- had never felt before. dication of low breeding."

and so Wilford went on. "Our ser- Cameron and Juno were to be of fresh and green. May I go, Wilford? vants were selected by mother with the party and probably Sybil Gran- May I go home to mother?' and inexperience, and it is not ne- ter, but she was never easy in her tune just as she asked to go home cessary for you to frequent the kit- presence, while she could not deny Wilford would have given it to her, chen, or, indeed, to go there oftener to herself that since Sybil's return, but Silverton had a power to lock than once a week. Let them come Wilford had not been quite the same all the softer avenues of his heart, to you for orders, not you go to as before. In company he was more and so he answered that the Mounthem. Neither need you speak quite attentive than ever, but at home he tain House was preferable, that the so familiarly to them, treating them | was sometimes moody and silent, rooms were engaged, and that as he almost as if they were your equals. while Katy strove in vain to as- should enjoy it so much better they Try to remember your true position certain the cause. -that whatever you have been you! They were not as happy in the new are now Mrs. Wilford Cameron, equal home as she had expected to be, but to any lady in New York.

the soft May breeze came stealing ing upon her young shoulders the fleecy curtains, and blowing band should have helped her Katy had arranged; but Katy was too wretched to care for her surroundings. It was the first time Wilford had ever spoken to her in just this way, and his manner hurt her more than his words, making her feel as if she were an ignorant. ill-bred creature, whom he had raised to a position she did not know how to fill. It was cruel thus to repay her attempts to please, and so, perhaps. Wilford thought, as with folded arms he sat looking at her weeping so bitterly upon the sofa but he was too indignant to make any concession then, and he suffered her to weep in silence until he remembered that his mother had requested him to bring her round that evening, as they were expecting a few of Juno's friends, and among them Sybil Grandon. If Katy went he wished her to look her best, and he unbent so far as to try to check her tears. But Katy could not stop, and she wept so passionately that Wilford's anger subsided, leaving only tenderness and pity for the wife he soothed and caressed, until the sobbing ceased, and Katy lay passively in his arms, her face so white, and the dark rings about her eyes showing so distinctly that Wilford did not press her when she declined his mother's invitation. He could go, she said, urging so many reasons why he should go, that, for the first time since their marriage. he left her alone, and went where Sybil Grandon smiled her sunniest smile, and put forth her most persuasive powers to keep him at her side, expressing so much regret that he did not bring his "charming little wife, who completely won her heart, she was so childlike and simple-hearted, laughing so merrily when she discovered the flour on her hair, but not seeming to mind it in the least. Really, she did not see how it happened that he was fortunate enough to win such a domestic creature.

Where did he find her?" If Sybil Grandon meant this to be complimentary, it was not received as such. Wilford, almost grating his teeth with vexation, as he listened to it, and feeling doubly mortified with Katy, whom he found waiting for him, when at a late hour Secretary. he left the society of Sybil Gran-

don, and repaired to his home. To Katy the time of his absence had seemed an age; for her thoughts had been busy with the past, gath- and a bit of soiled paper, on which ering up every incident connected was written, "I am not guilty, Wilwith her married life since she came to New York, and deducing from them the conclusion that "Wilford's Axle Grease and Hoof folks" were ashamed of her, and that Wilford himself might perhaps become so if he were not already. That would be worse than death itself, and the darkest hours she had ever known were those she spent alone

Wilford die not care to have his to bring on a racking headache. wife domestic; he did not marry her which showed itself upon her face.

but favorable to the light, delicate Sybi! Grar lon was forgotten in dessert Katy had prepared with so those moments of contrition, when much care, he went to his luxurious he ministered so tenderly to his sufhome, where Katy ran as usual to fering wife, whom he felt that he meet him, her face brimming with had wronged. But he could not tell the surprise she had in store for her so then. It was not natural for cloud upon his brow, as he moodily duty and his pride when he had done answered her rapid questions. When so, and now the latter conquered, the important moment arrived and especially as Katy, grown more the dessert was brought on, he calm, began to take the censure to promptly declined it, and after her herself, lamenting her shortcomings, explanation that she made it herself, and promising to do better, even to urging him to try it for the sake of the imitating of Sybil Grandon, if pleasing her, if nothing more. But that would make him forget the past

even had he been, he would have Wilford could accord forgiveness chosen anything before a pudding far more graciously than he could made from a recipe of Betsy Bar- ask it, and so peace was restored, low, so the dessert was untasted and Katy's face next day looked J. KELLY, Agent. even by Katy herself, who, knowing bright and happy when seen in her now that something had gone new carriage, which took her down wrong, sat fighting back her tears Broadway to Stewart's, where she

Furniture . . . Wilford? What makes you seem so From the latter Katy instinctively she would not say cross, and shrank, but she could not resist the so substituted "queer," while Wil- former, who greeted her so familiarford plunged at once into the matter ly that Katy readily forgave her by saying, "Juno tells me she call- the pain of which she had been the That is sure to please can ed here this afternoon with Mrs. cause, and spoke of her to Wilford without a pang when he came home to dinner. Still she could not overcome her dread of meeting her, and she grew more and more averse to mingling in society, where she might do many things to mortify her husband or his family, and thus provoke a scene she hoped never again to pass through.

cipes and "our folks." "That is a ience a sensation of loneliness she trees, and real grass, such as grows

ceedingly, inasmuch as it is an in- wait until autumn, inasmuch as more, I dream about it nights and

the fault did not lie with Katy. She hey were in the library now, and performed her part and more, takthrough the open window, stirring whole of the burden which her husacross the tasteful bouquet whi h bear. The easy, indolent life Wilford had led so long as a petted son of a partial mother unfitted him for care, and he was as much a boarder in his own home as he had ever been in the hotels in Paris, thoughtlessly requiring of Katy more than he should have required, so Bell was not far from right when in her journal she described her sister-in-law as "a little servant, whose feet were never supposed be tired and whose wishes were never consulted," It is true Bell had put it rather strongly, but the spirit of what she said was right, Wilford seldom considering Katy, or allowing her wishes to interfere with his own plans; while accustomed to every possible attention from his mo-

> ther, he exacted the same from his Tiring of the country, she had to wife, whose life was not one of un- turned to the city, and thin a mixed happiness, notwithstanding that every letter home bore assurances to the contrary.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The last days of June had come, and Wilford was beginning to make arrangements for removing Katy from the city before the warmer weather. To this he had been urged by Mark Ray's remarking that Katy was not looking as well when he first saw her, one year ago. "She has grown thin and pale," he said. "Had Wilford remarked it?"

Wilford had not. She complained much of headache, but that was only natural. Still he wrote to Mountain House that afternoon to secure rooms for himself and wife, and then at an earlier hour than usual went home to tell her of the arrangement. Katy was out shopping, Esther said, and had not yet returned, adding, "There is a note for her up stairs; left by a woman who

guess came for work." That a woman should come for work was not strange, but that she should leave a note seemed rather too familiar; and when on going the library he saw it upon the table, he took it in his hand and examined the superscription closely, holding it up to the light and forgetting to open it in his perplexity and the train of thought it awakened.

"They are singularly alike," said, and still holding the note in his hand he opened a drawer of his writing desk, which was always kept locked, and took from it a picture ford, and God will never forgive the wrong you have done to me."

There was no name or date, but Wilford knew whose hand had penned those lines, and he sat comparing them with "Mrs. Wilford Cameron." which the strange woman had written. Then opening the note, read that, having returned to New that night, sobbing so violently as York and wishing employment either

ian Hazelton had ventured to call upon Mrs. Cameron, remembering her promise to give her work if she should desire it.

"Who is Marian Hazelton?" Wilford asked himself, as he threw down the missive. "Some of Katy's country friends, I dare say. Seems to nie I have heard that name. certainly writes as Genevra did, except that this Hazelton's is more decided and firm. Poor Genevra!"

There was a pallor about Wilford's lips as he said this, and taking up the picture he gazed for a long time upon the handsome, girlish face, whose dark eyes seemed to look reproachfully upon him, just as they must have looked when the words were penned, "God will never forgive the wrong you have done to that is your own family. Dr. Mor-

'Genevra was mistaken," he said, At least if God has not forgiven, he has prospered me, which amounts to the same thing;" and without single throb of gratitude to Him who had thus prospered him, Wilford laid Genevra's picture and Genevra's note only replied, 'Perhaps he is vexed back with the withered grass and flowers plucked from Genevra's grave but I can't. I think of him a great Katy herself came in.

made Wilford kinder to his wife, so thing comes in between me and what how he kissed her white cheek, no- I wish to say, for I want to conticing that, as Mark had said, it vince him that I am not as frivolous was whiter than last year in June. But mountain air would bring back the roses, he thought, as he handed her the note.

"Oh, yes, from Marian Hazelton," Katy said, glancing first at the name feel so hateful when I see Juno and and then hastily reading it through. Wilford's mother putting their heads

ford asked, and Katy replied by re- I do that they both are thinking how she chanced to know her at all. just in front." "Don't you remember Helen wrote that she fainted at our wedding, and have overworked her?'

Wilford did remember something about it, and then dismissing Marian from his mind, he told Katy of his plan for taking her to the Mountain House a few weeks before go- do not care, and then Katy went ing to Saratoga.

"Would you not like it?" he asked, as she continued silent, with her eyes fixed upon the window opposite. "Yes," and Katy drew a long "Oh, if Helen were only here!" weary breath. I shall like any place she thought, as she began to exper- where there are birds and rocks, and of itself in the country; but Wil- broidery, linen, and cambric, which tinued, "one of which I wish you to But Helen was not there, not com- ford," and Katy crept close to him break yourself, if possible. I have ing there at present. One word how, "if I might go to Silverton, I wife of Wilford Cameron; and her never spoken to you directly on the from Wilford had settled that, con- should get strong so fast! You don't subject before, but it annoys me ex- vincing Katy that it was better to know how I long to see home once they were going so soon to Sarato- think about it days, knowing just There was no answer from Katy, go and Newport, places which Katy how pleasant it is there, with the whose heart was too full to speak, dreaded, after she knew that Mrs. roses in bloom and the meadows so

a direct reference to your youth don. Katy did not dislike the lat- Had Katy asked for half his forwould make no change.

> Katy did not cry, nor utter a word of remonstrance; she was learning that quiet submission was better than useless opposition, and so verton was again given up. there was one consolation. See n Marian Hazelton would be almost s she did, it was not "Genevra Lamgoo'l as going home, for had she not pert, aged 22." And so Marian askrecently come from that neighbor- ed her no more questions concerning hood, bringing with her the odor Alnwick, but talked instead of Lonfrom the hills and freshness from | don and other places, until three the woods? Perhaps, too, she had hours went by, and down in the lately seen Helen or Morris at church | street the coachman chafed and fretand had heard the music of the or gan which Helen played, and what kept his mistress in that neighthe singing of the children borhood so long. Had she friends, just as it sometimes came to Katy or had she come on some errand of

> in her dreams, making her start in mercy? The latter most likely, he her sleep and murmur snatches of | concluded, and so his face was not the sacred songs which Dr. Morri had taught. Yes, Marian could tell her of all this, and very impatiently Katy waited for the morning when she started for No .- Fourth Street. with the piles of sewing intended for

remain long contented in any place.

might succeed better alone, has hired a room far up the narrow and way of a high, sombre-looking but a ing, and then from her old acquaintances, of whom she had several in the city, she had solicited work. More than once she had passed the handsome house on Madison Square where Katy lived, walking slowly, and contrasting it with her one room which was not wholly uninviting, 10 where Marian went there was always an air of comfort; and Katy, as she crossed the threshold, uttered an exclamation of delight at the cheerful. airy aspect of the apartment, with its bright ingrain carpet, its simple shades of white, its chintz-covered lounge, its one rocking-chair, its small parlor stove, and its pots of flowers upon the broad window sill

"Oh Marian," she exclaimed, tripping across the floor, and impulsively throwing her arms around Miss Hazelton's neck, "I am so glad to meet some one from home. It seems almost like Helen I am kissing," and her lips again met those of Maiian Hazelton, amid her joy at finding Katy unchanged, wondered what the Camerons would say to see their Mrs. Wilford kissing a poor seamstress whom they would have spurn-

But Katy did not care for Camerons then, or even think of them, as in her rich basquine and pretty hat. with emeralds and diamonds sparkling on her fingers, she sat down by

"Tell me of Silverton; you don't know how I want to go there; but Wilford does not think it best, present. Next fall I am surely going and I picture to myself just how will look; Morris's garden, full the autumnal flowers-the ripe peaches in our orchard, the grapes ripening on the wall, and the long shadows on the grass, just as I used to watch them, wondering what made them move so fast, and where they could be going. Will it be unchanged, Marian? Do places seem the same when once we have left them?"

and Katy's eager eyes looked wistfully at Marian, who replied, "Not always-not often, in fact; but in your case they may. You have not been long away."

"Only a year," Katy said. "I was as long as that in Canandaigua; but this past year is different. I have seen so much, and lived so much, that I feel ten years older than I did last spring, when you and Helen made my wedding dress. Darling Helen! When did you see her last?' "I was there five weeks ago," Mar-

ian replied; "I saw them all, and told them I was coming to New York."

"Do they miss me any? Do they talk of me? Do they wish me back again?" Katy asked, and Marian replied, "They talked of little else, ris. I think, did not mention your name. He has grown very silent and reserved," and Marian's eyes were fixed inquiringly upon Katy, as if to ascertain how much she knew of the cause for Morris's reserve. · But Katy hed no suspicion, and

that I do not write to him oftener jus as Katy's ring was heard and deal, and respect him more than any living man, except, of course, Wil-As thoughts of Genevra always ford; but when I try to write, someas he thinks I am. I have not forgotten the Sunday school, nor the church service; but in the city it is so hard to be good, and the service and music seem all for show, and "Who is Marian Hazelton?" Wil- down on velvet cushions, knowing as peating all she knew of Marian, and either of their own bonnets or those

"Are you not, a little uncharitable?" Marian asked, laughing in I was so sorry, fearing that I might spite of herself at the picture Katy drew of fashion trying to imitate religion in its humility.

"Perhaps so," Katy answered. "1 grow bad from looking behind the scenes, and the worst is that I back again to the farm-house, asking numberless questions and reaching finally the business which had brought her to Marian's room.

There were spots on Marian's neck, and her lips were white, as she grasped the bundles tossed into her lapthe yards and yards of lace and emshe was expected to make for the voice was husky as she asked directions or made suggestions of her own. "It's because she has no such joy

expectation. I should feel so too, if I were thirty and unmarried, Katy thought, as she notice Marian's agitation, and tried to divert her mind by talking of Europe and the places she had visited. "By the way, you were born in

wick?" Katy asked, and Marian replied, "Once, yes. I've seen the castle and the church. Did you go there-to St. Mary's, I mean?" "Oh, yes, and I was never tired of that old churchyard. Wilford liked

England? Were you ever at Aln-

it, too, and we wandered by the hour among the sunken graves, and quaint headstones."

"Do you remember any of the names upon the stones! Perhaps I may know them?" Marian asked; but Katy did not remember any, or if ted at the long delay, wondering quite so cross when Katy at last appeared, looking at her watch and exclaiming at the lateness of

Katy was very happy that morning, for seeing Marian had brought Silverton near to her, and airy as a It was a fault of Marian's not to bird she ran up the steps of her own dwelling, where the door opened as

> by magic, and Wilford himself con fronted her, asking, with the tone which always made her heart beat where she had been, and he waiting for her two whole hours. "Surely it was not necessary to stop so long with a seamstress," he continued when she tried to explain. minutes would suffice for directions," and he could not imagine what attraction there was in Miss Hazelton to keep her there three hours, and then the real cause of his vexation came out. He had come expressly for the carriage to take her and Sybil Grandon to a picnic up the river, whither his mother, Juno and Bell, had already gone. Mrs. Grandon must wonder why he staid so long and perhaps give up going. Could Katy be ready soon? and Wilford walked rapidly up and down the parlor with a restless motion of his hands which always betokened patience. Poor Katy! how brightness of the morning faded, and how averse she felt to joining the picnic, which she knew had been in prospect for some time, and had fancied she should enjoy! But not today, with that look on Wilford's face and the feeling that he was vexed. Still she could think of no reasonable excuse, and so an hour later found her driving into the country ness, by regular treatment with Sybil Grandon, who received her apologies with as much good-natured grace as if she too had not worked herself into a passion at the delay, for Sybil had been very cross is naturally adapted to the cure and impatient; but all this vanished when she met Wilford and saw that he was disturbed and irritated. Soft, and sweet and smooth was she both in word and manner, so that by the suffer. time the grove was reached Wilford's ruffled spirits had been soothed, and he was himself again, ready to enjoy the pleasures of the day as keenly as if no harsh word had been said to Katy, who, silent and unhappy, listened to the graceful badinage between Sybil and her husband, thinking how differently his voice had sounded when addressing her only a little while before. "Pray put some

your face, or Mrs. Grandon will the we have been quarreling." whispered, as he lifted his wife the carriage, and with a great of

Katy tried to be gay and natural But all the while she was fight back her tears and wishing she away. Even Marian's room. into the dingy court, was preferat to that place, and she was glad who the long day came to an end with a fearful headache she was ing back to the city.

The next morning was dark rainy; but in spite of the weath Katy found her way to Maria room, this time taking the - ave cars, which left her independent regarded the length of her st About Marian there was someth more congenial than about her friends, and day after day found there, watching while Marian fash ed into shape the beautiful little gar ments, the sight of which had strangely quieting influence Katy, sobering her down and man ing her more than all the years her life had done. Those were happ hours spent with Marian Hazelto and Katy felt it keenly when Wilfo at last interferred, telling her was growing quite too familiar wi that sewing woman, and her call must be discontinued, except, indeed such as were necessary to the wor in progress.

With one great gush of tears, when there was no one to see her, Katy gave Marian up, writing her a note. in which were sundry directions for the work, which would go on even after she had left for the Mountain House, as she intended doing the last of June, And Marian guessed at more than Katy meant she should and with a bitter sigh laid it in her basket, and then resumed the work which seemed doubly monotoned now that there was no more listening for the little feet tripping un the stairs, or for the bird-like voice which had brought so much of music and sunshine to her lonely room

CHAPTER XIX.

For three weeks Katy had been

at the Mountain House, growing

stronber every day, until she was

the evils and excesses which shocked

her once did not startle her now. To

this letter Morris had replied as a

brother might write to an only sis-

ter, first expressing pleasure at her

happiness, and then reminding her of

that other life to which this is only

a preparation, and beseeching her so

to use the good things of this world,

given her in such profusion, as not

to lose the life eternal.

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hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p m. Reside much like the Katy of one year ago. and office, Old Bank buildings. Up Town Durham. Telephone No. 10. But their stay among the Catslille was ended, and on the morrow they were going to Saratoga, where Mrs. Cameron and her daughters were Arthur Gun, M. D. and where, too, was Sybil Grandon the reigning belle of the United DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. States. So Bell had written to her fice over McLachlan's store. O brother, bidding him to hasten or hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 with Katy, as she wished to see p. m. Special attention given to dise "that chit of a widow in her proper of women and children. Residence place." And Katy had been weak posite Presbyterian Church. enough for a moment to feel a little throb of satisfaction in knowing how effectually Sybil's claims to belle-ship Dental Directory. would be put aside when she was once in the field; even glancing at herself in the mirror as she leaned on Wilford's shoulder, and feeling glad Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S. that mountain air and mountain exercise had brought the roses back to OFFICE-FIRST DOOR EAST her white cheeks and the brightness the Durham Pharmacy, Ca to her eyes. But Katy wept passion-Block. Residence-Lambton Street, ate tears of repentance for that weak ness, when an hour later she read the the Station. letter which Dr. Grant had sent in answer to one she had written from W. C. Pickering, D.D.S., L. the Mountain House, confessing her short-comings, and lamenting that

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