

Changed Hands.

I HAVE PURCHASED the laundry business of Charlie Lee, and wish to announce that the business will be carried on in the high class manner followed by my predecessors.

All hand work—No machinery. Washing done on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Ironing done on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Family Washing, plain . . . 35c doz. Family Washing, starched, 30c doz.

EVERYTHING WELL IRONED. LEE GET

The Laundryman, Durham, Ontario

For Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS The Harnessmaker.

Ask for Lawrence Fountain Pen. None better. Includes an illustration of a fountain pen.

SOLD BY Percy G. A. Webster JEWELLER.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brookings, N. D.

To the Public

I HAVE PURCHASED THE Bus and Dray business from Mr. John Vollet, and wish to announce to the people of Durham and vicinity, that it will be my aim to make the business, so successfully carried on by my predecessor for the past two years, more successful than ever.

All orders promptly attended to. Phone No. 13.

W. J. WALPOLE Lower Town, Durham, Ont.

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Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass, Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.

Pumps from \$2 upward. SHOP open every afternoon.

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Any old Worn silver? If so, I am prepared to replace it. Bring it in now while I have the time. All work guaranteed.

Prices Moderate, and Strictly Cash.

Geo. Siirs.

COMIN' HOME AT NIGHT.

Dominion Day Sketch of Passengers Thrown Together—Tolerant Good-Nature Uppermost—Ideas of Fun.

All the incoming trains Dominion Day were crowded. In one particular coach, passengers were packed like crackers in a biscuit box.

Break away, there," shouted one of the crowd as a curly-headed lad found a pillow on his fair companion's shoulder.

"Break nothin'," responded the lady with the made-gold hair, slipping a protecting arm around the weary one's neck.

"Gwan," laughed the bass-voiced beauty across the aisle, who displayed several inches of butterfly-embroidered hostery as she sat balancing her heels on the suit case before her.

"Everybody that wants sandwiches pile in," called the third girl, who looked like a front row chorus fairy, opening a valise from which etables and numerous bottles of lager were produced.

"Somebody, in fact several somebodies, brought out mouth organs and played 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and various other selections with energy and simultaneousness that would have done credit to a calthumpian band.

"Rambled Till the Butcher Cut Him Down," implored 'Bright Eyes Not to Cry,' and, vociferously stating that they had 'Done Nothin' to Nobody,' asked 'Who Took the Engine Off My Neck?'

Threats of time and tune, they were unanimous in their decision of 'No-bodies'.

Roses and Tobacco. All this time people at every station had been coming and going—principally coming.

Very few London dealers indeed are competent to judge Turner's works—that is, without a certified history.

A lady acquaintance of mine had a large picture in her house which she had always regarded as a Turner, and, desiring to sell it, she offered it to five or six of the leading dealers, but not one of them would buy it at any price, asserting that Turner never saw it and that it was nothing like his work, and so on.

"Talk about daisies! The woods are full of 'em," bellowed the bass-voiced beauty, pinning a bunch in her hair.

"Skidoo, you!" she yelled through the window to one of her attendants, "Go on pickin' flowers."

Fashion might be ashamed to unpack such an ark at home, but for an invited to own it in a crowded car, for an inverted telescope makes a seat a foot square, while, as every traveler knows, after a mile or two a suit case, be it ever so labelled, makes a poor prop.

"How're you doin'?" Percy," shouted the interlocutor to the owner of the curly head on the white blouse-shoulder-rest, and being told "Pretty good," vouchsafed the information that he was "Doin' a little better."

"I'm in on that," was the instant rejoinder of the front row chorus girl, who flopped down promptly, her companion following suit amid applause from the crowd of men.

Made Way For Them. "We're comin'. Don't overlook us," they admonished on their return, with a gust of soft coal smoke and much noise—a superfluous warning as every suit-case seat had to be vacated and the standers in the aisle squeezed back almost to the laps of the more fortunate travelers, to allow them to pass.

In the meantime their seats had been taken by weary holidayers of their own party, and:

"Any pretty girl that won't stand has to sit on my knee," was the ultimatum of the manly occupants.

"I'm in on that," was the instant rejoinder of the front row chorus girl, who flopped down promptly, her companion following suit amid applause from the crowd of men.

Brown-Eyes' Disapproval. The quiet little girl with the big pearl beads you could see through, was so ashamed she kept her brown eyes lowered for fully a quarter of an hour, refusing to look at her companion answering his observations in monosyllables.

The old lady who, with umbrella before her knees, had sat in grim silence all the way, grasped her rainstick tighter, made, if possible, a thinner line of her tightly closed lips, but said nothing.

The young wife, more impulsive, who had insisted that her sleeping husband take his head from her knee in fear lest people might not know they were married, exclaimed indignantly:

"You oughtn't to be allowed away from home," but nobody paid any attention to her.

Obeys and Skidooed. The mouth organs played on the slingers "rambled," the whistlers warbled, and the lover of the pretty girl, who an hour before had buried herself in a novel so that she might be blind to the public demonstrations of affection around her, sat in silent adoration on a suit case at her feet, and the standers laughed and apologized to each other while the train made up time, and reached the city at the scheduled hour.

Then came a scurry for hats, coats and bags, and fears lest some of them had been left behind. "Fergit it!" rang out the bass beauty's voice over all the din. "There's yer blue coat. Now, skidoo!" and as her adherents fell in line to obey, she pushed her way vigorously through the crowded aisle, followed by the affectionate fair girl and the front-row chorus fairy whose daisy decorations showed coquettishly under the brim of the Panama hat she wore instead of her own creation of lace and flowers.

MOON BEAT.

Many people suppose that moonlight possesses great potency and has a wonderful influence on or over animate and inanimate things on our planet.

Such persons should remember that moonlight is only reflected sunlight and that the quality and quantity of the light thus reflected are not what is generally imagined. In fact, it is a truth which has often been demonstrated by the speculative astronomers that it would take 618,000 full moons to afford an amount of light equal to that emitted by the sun, and, furthermore, there is only sky space for 75,000 such disks.

Some heat comes from moonlight. However, it is in quantities so small that it cannot be measured by ordinary instruments. Flammarion says that the amount of heat emitted by a full moon while at its zenith cannot be more than one eighty-thousandth of the amount that the sun supplies when standing on the meridian on a favorable day in July.

Such being the case, it is really surprising that intelligent people should consider that the moon has such a wonderful "influence" over terrestrial affairs.

The Rhinoceros Bird. Among the birds not commonly found is the rhinoceros bird, from the Transvaal. Buffel pikker is its Dutch name.

Its habits are remarkable and its plumage unusual. Small flocks accompany most of the large antelopes, the buffaloes and the rhinoceroses in South Africa and run all over the creatures' bodies, picking off flies and insects.

When an enemy approaches the buffel pikker sits in a line with heads raised on the back of the animal they are attending, like sparrows on a roof ridge, and signal "the enemy in sight." The plumage is curiously close, uniform and compact, so much so that the bird has an artificial look, as if covered with painted satin and not with feathers.

The general tint of the body is cinnamon brown, with yellow beak and legs, giving the color effect of a brown and yellow iris.

A "Turner" Story. Very few London dealers indeed are competent to judge Turner's works—that is, without a certified history.

A lady acquaintance of mine had a large picture in her house which she had always regarded as a Turner, and, desiring to sell it, she offered it to five or six of the leading dealers, but not one of them would buy it at any price, asserting that Turner never saw it and that it was nothing like his work, and so on.

A few months afterward a document turned up among her family papers showing that the picture had been specially painted by Turner for her husband's father, and in a week she had sold the work for £2,250.

The average dealer is almost frightened to touch a Turner, and you seldom or never see one exposed for sale in the galleries.

Our Foolish Alphabet. Why, think of it! We've not even a reputable alphabet. The letters are all tangled up. J is J when it isn't Y, and more than half the time Y is doing duty for I. S is sometimes Z, G is I, and poor C is always either S or K.

We've got four distinct ways to express the N sound—gn, pn, kn and j; four ways to write the terminal syllable "er"—er, ar, or, or ir; five ways to sound the letters "ough"—uff, awf, ow, and o. And there are no rules. Each of the myriad cases must be separately hammered into a student's head. And this is work for babes!

Mary Bronson Hart in Woman's Home Companion.

Color and Aroma of Coffee. There are two things which people imagine are guides to the goodness of coffee which are really of no consequence whatever. They are the color of the decoction and the aroma of the coffee when ground or as it escapes from the pot in drawing. The color is due almost entirely to the roasting. This is true also of tea. The finest coffees and teas, when properly roasted and prepared, to give out their finest flavors will color the water but little. The real essences which give the flavor have practically no color.

Mixed. A professor at one of the Australian universities recently informed his class that "the darkest hour in the day is in the middle of the night at 3 o'clock in the morning."

On another occasion the same professor made his apology for the intricacies of a statement by adding, "I can't give you an easier explanation without making it more difficult."

To Make It Tender. "Waiter," called the customer in the restaurant where an orchestra was playing.

"Yes, sah."

"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this steak."

His Ambition. Father—My son, do you know that most of the rich men of today began poor? Small Son—Yes, sir. Father—And yet, instead of saving your pennies, you spend them. Small Son—Yes, sir. When I start out I want to begin poor.

A Stronger Word. "But, really, now," asked Miss Gusch, "don't you think Mr. Kidder has a delicate wit?"

"It's more than delicate," replied Mr. Chelius; "it's sickly."

Her Temperament. "Miss Posey was very warm in expressing her feelings against you."

"Oh, that explains why her manner was so cool!"

L'HOMME PROPOSE.

Since brighter days in other lands, Ere yet my second self had died, And through life' morn with linked hands, We seemed to walk with single aim.

Since — of one mind, one heart, one blood, One name—my nobler counterpart, Was drawn with haste to promised good, And all my light of life grew dim.

On earth there has not dawned for me, Of human worth a goodlier form, Than this fond friend who ceased to be, Than this true soul in Liberty.

Nor love of books, nor art, nor song, Nor love of mighty thoughts of men, Nor love of right, nor hate of wrong, Nor mutual bonds of great and good.

But that which truly holds them all— His broadly, grandly human heart, Did draw us, spite of great and small, And bound us to the bitter end.

With yearnings for the golden west, And proud unrest for martial fame, At length he called the river's breast, But fell upon its farther brink.

'Mid fringes of the virgin trees And gleanings of a shining mere, And music of the murmuring bees, At length he waits the blessed dawn. —Byron Nicholson.

A BRITISH COMMISSIONER.

Old Land Wakes Up to Importance of Canada's Trade.

The complaint has often been made, by Canadians as well as Old Country people, that while the United States and other foreign countries have been represented in the Dominion by Consuls and commercial agents, Great Britain has had no official trade representative in this country.

The consequence has, undoubtedly, been that much business which otherwise might have gone to the Mother Land has been diverted to American and German firms.

But John Bull has at last awakened to the fact that, if he wants to preserve the trade he has, or if he wants to secure additional business, he must be as up-to-date as his competitors.

It is officially announced that the British Board of Trade (which is a Government department, and not a combination of business men as are our Boards of Trade), has, through its advisory committee on commercial intelligence, decided to send a commissioner to Canada to investigate and report upon trade possibilities.

Other commissioners have been previously sent to South Africa, Australasia, South America, Siberia and Persia, and their labors have been rewarded with considerable success.

The gentleman selected for the Canadian mission is Mr. Richard Grigg, of Wingfield, Stoke, Devonport, who is apparently well qualified for the position.

For many years Mr. Grigg resided in Canada, and since leaving it he has maintained a close connection with the Dominion. He has also been actively associated with important manufacturing concerns in the north of England.

Mr. Grigg is thus qualified both by his commercial experience and knowledge of the Dominion for the task he has undertaken. His primary duty will be to inquire into the present position and future prospects of British trade in Canada.

His mission will consequently be a wide and comprehensive one, and it is understood that the commissioner will have a free hand to pursue his inquiries in every field of investigation likely to yield useful information for the betterment of the trade between the two countries.

Mr. Grigg is leaving England immediately to take up his appointment, and will probably be absent until the spring or summer of next year. In this tour through the Dominion he will cross the entire continent, and visit every place of commercial importance from Halifax to Vancouver.

In pursuance of the new policy of the Board of Trade, correspondents will be appointed in the principal commercial and industrial centres of the Dominion. It will be their duty to keep the Board of Trade informed of the movements of trade in Canada, and to advise British merchants and manufacturers of the changing requirements of the Canadian market, and it may be assumed that the correspondents will be gentlemen specially qualified by knowledge and experience to give expert advice to British traders.

A "Lady Sleuth" on Board. The Customs Department is evidently very much in earnest in its determination to put an end to the petty smuggling which has been carried on over the border for many years past.

A few days ago mention was made of the collection of duties on small parcels at Windsor and Sarnia. Now Morrisburg sends a tale of woe regarding the presence of a "lady sleuth" on the ferry between that town and Ogdensburg.

She was courteous itself, but the women passengers had to settle up and add their mite to the customs revenue of Canada. Heretofore it was the custom of many people to walk past the customs with anything smaller than a house and lot, without saying good day. No doubt in some cases at least they had added to their stock of knowledge in relations to the customs laws of Canada, and in future they will know the road to the customs office, and this knowledge may make it pleasant to all concerned.

One of Our Quiet Workers. Henry M. Ami, M. A., D.Sc., F. G. S., F. R. S., Paleontologist of the Geological Survey of Canada, was born at Belle Viviere, near Montreal, Nov. 23, 1858. He is the second son of the late Rev. Marc Ami of Geneva, Switzerland, and Anne Gramaire of Glay, France.

He was educated by private tuition, at the Ottawa public and grammar schools and McGill University. He was Macdonald scholar and Dewson prize man, taking in the faculty of arts the degree of B. A. in 1882, and D.Sc. at Queen's in 1892. He is president of the Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society of McGill, and was president of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, 1899-1901. He was five years in a Company, Governor-General's Foot Guards. Mr. Ami is a fellow of the Geological Society of London, Switzerland and America.

Wanted His Money Back. A foreigner took out a pedlar's license in Burk's Falls recently, says The Arrow, but results not coming up to his anticipations, he sought out Reeve Menzies, and showing the latter the receipt for the five dollars the license cost, touchingly remarked: "I sell me nothings. I make one red cent. You good man—you geeve me back ze money, zeb five dollar, eh?" But the chief magistrate could not see the point, and laughingly told him so.

FOR THE LARGER CANADA.

Dominion Must Have a Soul as Well as a Body—Protest Against Crass Materialism.

It is not what Canada now is or what Canada has done, but what Canada may yet do and may yet become that give distinction and alertness to Canadian life to-day. The interest is that of the unclouded morning of a new day; the enthusiasm is that of an eager and healthy youth; the rejoicing is that of a strong man to run a race.

As yet Canada has to its credit, for the most part, only a fair start, a great opportunity, and a worthy ambition. After forty decades of reconstruction and readjustment and steady progress the people of this half-continent of the Canadian Dominion feel, as never in the past, the thrill and beat of a new national life. It is the virile and abounding life of the larger Canada.

The elements in our national life, the factors that make for material wealth, or for social betterment, or for moral culture must all be drawn upon, each to contribute its quota for the nation that is to be. The railways and the steamship lines, the great manufacturing industries and the institutions of commerce and trade, the farmer and the miner and the lumberman, the inventor and the artisan, the teacher and the philosopher, the poet and the artist, the scientist and the preacher and the statesman, all who in any way add to the wealth or increase the worth of Canadian citizenship—to them the call comes from the larger Canada.

Life in a half-continent peopled from the ends of the earth cannot but be complex. In its complexity is the charm and the hope of Canadian life. Not a replica of any of the old-world nations, but a composite out of which a new type of national character may emerge, the Canadian type is the opportunity and the ambition of this latest born among the nations.

And if that Canadian type is to survive it must stand for something more than mere bigness, says The Toronto Globe. The larger Canada must have a soul as well as a body or its decay will be certain and swift. A nation is great not because its territory is wide and its natural resources abundant. Its greatness is in those qualities which cannot be reckoned in the counting-house or stored in the granary; in the greatness of its nature, the magnanimity of its impulses, the integrity of its honor, and the worth of its service.

In the day of Canada's recognition among the nations of the world its rank will be fixed by the courage with which it faced its difficulties, by the high purpose with which it made use of its unparalleled and unencumbered heritage, and by the worth of its contribution to the spiritual wealth of the world. The Canadian type of character will fix the national rank of the larger Canada.

A Dog Hero.

Dan Dalton, a Wabash engineer, residing in St. Thomas, relates a dog story that is almost beyond acceptance. Yet anyone who knows Dalton will admit that he is not given to exaggeration and he is regarded as a man of veracity.

"I was coming west this week with an immigrant special," said Mr. Dalton in telling of the incident. "Between Ekfrid and Glencoe I noticed a large dog on the track. We whistled, but did not think of stopping. My attention was attracted by the peculiar actions of the animal. He jumped around and kept looking straight at the oncoming train. The next time I looked I was horrified to see a little child on the track."

"We closed off steam, put on the brakes, but I knew that the train could not stop in time. It looked just like murder, but there was absolutely no way of avoiding an accident unless the little tot got out of the way."

"The wheels were jarring and the cars were bumping under the brake pressure when we neared the spot. I wanted to turn my head away, but I kept my eyes glued on the dog in front of the child. That noble beast never faltered. He stood like the dumb hero that he is, although in his inferior intelligence the dog must have been warned by instinct to jump out of the way as the engine came. As true as I say in that engine, the dog remained in near one rail, perhaps unconscious of danger and perhaps confident of safety in the dog's company."

"Well, we struck the dog first, but by doing so the dog knocked the child out of harm's way. Neither were injured to any extent, because we were almost stopped at the time. The dog was wild with joy when we picked up the babe and carried it off the track."

Train Kills Toronto Zoo's Camel. Passengers on the Canadian Pacific Railway express, coming into the city the other morning were somewhat alarmed by a quick application of the air-brakes, which brought the train to a sudden standstill on the banks of the Don.

Those who ran out to discover the cause of the stop were more surprised to find a dead camel lying on the track. It appears that as the train came rushing along the river the engineer saw a huge animal tearing down the track in front of the engine. The animal cast one frightened look behind, and let out a few links of speed, but the express train was too fast, and in a few seconds the camel, for such it turned out to be, was being tossed through the air. The animal was caught on a narrow strip of track and could get to neither side.

The dead camel was the pride of the Zoo. He was formerly a working camel in southern Russia, and carried many thousand dollars of merchandise between China and Russia. Mr. Frederick Nicholls brought it to this city and presented it to the Riverdale Zoo. It was out for its usual stroll when the fatality occurred. With Zoo visitors the dead animal was known as "Moses."

Chinese Cologne. The Chinese ladies have an odd kind of cologne—that is to say, they constantly have upon their person a small bag of sweet smelling gum similar to that which was used by the ancient Egyptian women. Numerous costly jars recently unearthed at Pyramids contain the cosmetics and perfumes which were used by Egyptian princesses, all of which bear a resemblance to those in vogue today among Chinese ladies of the highest rank.

Sorry He Spoke. He—I'd like to know what enjoyment you can find in going from store to store looking at things you haven't the least idea of buying. She—I know I can't buy them, but there is a sort of melancholy pleasure in thinking that I could have bought them if I had married George Seads when I had the chance, instead of taking you.

Coldly Described. "So you don't envy any of the world's men of genius?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I admire them, but I don't envy 'em. A genius is a man who gets a monument after he's dead instead of three square meals a day while he's living."

She Was Stout. "Do you remember how you used to put your arm round my waist when we were engaged, ten years ago? You never do it now." "No; my arm has not grown any longer."

The average Englishman does not want his wife or sister to be anything but dull. A beautiful and amiable idiot is his ideal of feminine perfection.—Ladies' Field.

Inconveniently Tall.

The mayor of one of the communes of Angers had ordered a gamekeeper and a butcher to take a madman named Legrand to the St. Geminis lunatic asylum. On the way the gamekeeper noticed that their charge was in one of his lucid intervals and concluded that he would never consent to be handed over to the authorities. It was decided, therefore, to make him drunk, and all three adjourned to the nearest inn. Legrand took his liquor kindly. So did the others. And when the trio arrived at the asylum the governor could not make head or tail of their story. He therefore wired to the mayor, asking him which was the man who was to be detained. The mayor replied Legrand, but the telegraphist spelled it in two words, "Le grand" (the tall one). The governor, on examining the three men, saw that one was much taller than the others, so he promptly clapped him into a strait waistcoat and sent the other two away. It was three days later before the error was discovered.

Bismarck Forgave. Bismarck could forgive, but he wished to do it after proper solicitation. The beginning of the Danish war Field Marshal Wrangel, who was at the head of the Prussian troops, was exceedingly annoyed at one point to be telegraphed not to advance farther, and he returned a message telling King William that "these diplomatists who spoil the most successful operations deserve the gallows." After that Bismarck ignored him completely, and one day they met at the king's table, where it was especially awkward to preserve a coldness. Wrangel called everybody "du," and presently he turned to Bismarck, who was seated next him, and said, "My son, canst thou not forget?" "No," was the curt reply. After a pause Wrangel began again, "My son, canst thou not forgive?" "With all my heart," said Bismarck, and the breach was healed.

The Redwood. Redwood forests are practically unharmed by forest fires, and it is common practice for the lumbermen to fell the trees and peel the bark from them and when the dry season is on set fire to the felled timber and burn the branches and bark and other wreckage without practical injury to the saw logs, which procedure would mean disaster to any other wood. Redwood contains no resin or turpentine of any kind, and, owing to its great resistant qualities in severe climatic conditions, is free from cracking or decay, where cinders might lodge and start fires. When burning, it is easily extinguished with a small quantity of water. It has the appearance of burnt cork and is harder to ignite a second time than at first.—Scientific American.

Paris' Secondhand Market. There is a curious old market near Paris in which everything is sold at second hand. Working girls can fit themselves out there from head to foot. As a writer says, "Mimi can sell her old felt hat and buy a straw one, exchange her old dress for a new one, and, if she likes, buy a steak and salad for her dinner, a paper bag of fried potatoes, sweets and some flowers for her window. Democracy is king here, and no more attention is paid to the millionaire who is looking for something marvelous which he may pick up cheap than to the man with the wooden leg who wants a new left boot in exchange for a dozen sardine tins, five gloves and a stocking."

Lord Kelvin's Bravery. Lord Kelvin once performed a daring experiment before a class of students. In the course of his lecture he said that while a voltage of 3,000 or so would be fatal to a man a voltage of some 300,000 would be harmless. He was going to give a practical illustration on himself, but the students cried out, "Try it on a dog!" Lord Kelvin cast a look of reproach at his class. "Didn't I figure it out myself?" he said quietly, as he walked to the apparatus and safely turned the tremendous voltage into himself.

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