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THE JOB : Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

W. IRWIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.

MEMBER COLLEGE PHYSICIANS and Surgeons, Ontario. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence and office, Old Bank buildings, Upper Town, Durham. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.

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OFFICE—FIRST DOOR EAST OF THE Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block. Residence—Lambton Street, near the Station.

W. C. Pickering, D.D.S., L.D.S.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO University; Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Rooms—Calder Block, over Post Office.

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JAMES CARSON, DURHAM, LIC. Ensured Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division. Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to. Highest references furnished if required.

Myer's Music Method.

ADOPTED BY ALL LEADING Schools in Toronto. This deservedly popular system by means of chart, drills, blackboard diagrams and other interesting devices brings the following topics within the child's immediate comprehension:

Musical Notation, Rhythmic Motion, Technique Key-board Location, Musical Theory, Piano Work.

...and goes on describing things that they need—absolute, simple necessities, that were never so much as hinted at in that exhaustive list. And old Time comes along, and knowing that the man in the new house will never get through bringing things up to it, helps him out and comes around and brings things too. Bring a gray hair now and then, and stick in Tom's mustache, which has grown too big to be ornamental, and too awkward and unmanageable to be comfortable. He brings little cares and little troubles and little trials and little butchers bills, and little grocer's bills, and little tailor bills, and nice large millinery bills, that pluck at Tom's mustache and stroke it the wrong way and make it look more and more as if it did the first time Tom saw it. He brings, by and by, the prints of baby fingers and puts them around on the dainty wall paper. Brings sometimes a voiceless messenger that lays its icy finger on the baby lips, and hushes their dainty prattle, and in the baptism of its first sorrow, the darkened home has its tenderest tie to the upper fold. Brings by and by the tracks of a boy's muddy boots, and scatters them all up and down the clean porch. Brings a messenger one day, to take the younger Tom away to college. And the quiet boy leaves behind him is so much harder to endure than his racket, that old Tom is tempted to keep a brass band in the house until the boy comes back. But old Time brings him home at last, and it does make life seem terrible real and earnest to Tom, and how the old laugh rings out and ripples all over Laura's face, when they see old Tom's first mustache budding and struggling into life on young Tom's face.

Still old Time comes round, bringing each year whiter frosts to scatter on the whitening mustache, and brighter gleams of silver to glisten in the brown of Laura's hair. Bringing the blessing of peaceful old age and a loved home to crown these noble, earnest, real human lives, bristling with human faults, mangled with human mistakes, scarred and seamed and riddled with human troubles, and crowned with the compassion that only perfection can send upon imperfection. Comes, with happy memories of the past, and quiet confidence for the future. Comes, with the changing scenes of day and night; with winter's storm and summer's calm; comes, with the sunny peace and the backward dreams of age; comes, until one day, the eye of the relentless old reaper rests upon old Tom, standing right in the swarth amid the golden corn. The sweep of the noiseless scythe that never turns its edge, Time passes on, old Tom steps out of young Tom's way and the cycle of a life is complete.

The Automatic Clothes-line Reel.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

No one who lived in Burlington that year, can ever forget the first practical test that was made of the famous "Domestic Automatic" clothes-line reel. It was a curious and powerful bit of mechanism, and was the invention of a man who lived on Barnes street. This man used to be previously afflicted because the Scandinavian lady who superintended the weekly wash day ceremonies at his house always took great pains to leave a net work of clothes line spread all around his back yard. And when he made complaint to her about it she answered him in the musical accents of Christine Nilsson's native language, and overwhelmed him with a torrent of eloquence which he could not understand. And when he remonstrated with his wife and daughter about it they laughed him to scorn, and his daughter, who was educated at Vassar, and can hustle her terrified parent out of the house with one hand, told him if he interfered any more in that department around the house he'd get drowned in the wash tub. So this man suffered. One bitter cold winter morning he ran out to the woodshed after some kindling, and the first line caught him under the chin and pulled his neck out till it was a foot long, and he ran into the house and frightened his wife into fits by his terrible appearance, and she threatened to apply for a divorce if he ever made faces at her that way again. It was nearly three hours before his neck shrank back to its natural size. And a few nights after that he was all dressed to go to a party with his family, and he went bounding down the back yard to see that the alley gate was fastened, and a slack line caught him amidships, let him run out the slack, and when he halted taut, just picked him up, tossed the breath out of him, turned him clear over, and chucked him down on his back, splitting his coat from the tail-buttons to the neck. And he couldn't move, and he couldn't speak, and he couldn't even breathe, only about thirty cents on the dollar, so he couldn't answer his wife and daughter when they screamed to him that they were ready, and they concluded that he had run away to avoid going with them, so they went off without him, and never came back till eleven o'clock, and the man lay out in the back yard all that time, trying to die. And one time after that, he was jogging across the back yard with his arms full of about three hundred pounds of hard wood, and he was laughing like a hyena at something he had read in The Hawk, when a clothes nap slipped from his hand, passed under the line and dropped on his head, raising a lump as big as an egg, and as he fell forward, another line caught right in his mouth and saved it clear back to his ears, so that when he smiled the top of his head only hung on a hinge.

Well, these things naturally weighed on his mind and depressed him, but they set him to thinking, and he went to work and invented a patent clothes-line reel, which was inclosed in a heavy cast-iron box, and was worked by a powerful automatic arrangement. You only had to wind up the box and set it for a certain hour, just like an alarm clock, and at that hour the reel would go off, and pull on the line like a team of mules, the spring hook at the other end of the line would let go its hold and that of a line would be rolled up at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. He said nothing about his invention, but put up the box and told some lie about it to his family, which is a way men have, and he set for 7 o'clock p.m., and wound it up strong. Then he watched Miss Nilsson's compatriot run out the line and adjust the hook, and he went away. About 7 o'clock that evening, while he was toasting his feet at the fire and reading the almanac, the family were disturbed by unmistakable indications of a fight going on in the back yard between a hurricane and an earthquake, in which the earthquake appeared to be getting a little the best of it. The frightened family rushed to the back door and looked upon some of the fragments of linen, cotton, and red flannel...

...and white shirt-buttons, clothes pins, and little brass buckles, were flying like hail. The reel in the iron box was making about 60,000 revolutions a minute, and was whirling around like a thrashing machine, and the line was tearing around the posts like a streak of runaway lightning, and the clothes were trying to keep along with it, and tearing and posts they were tipping, and snapping more than any cyclone that ever got loose, while where the line shot into the hawse-hole in the iron box, the striped stockings and white shirts and things, and flannels, and yarn socks, and undershirts and more things, and pillow-slips, just foamed and bulged, and tossed wildly, and ripped, and tore, and scraped, until the yard and air were so full of lint that it looked worse than an arctic snow storm. Oh, it was dreadful. It was terrible. Everybody shrieked in dismay.

"Somebody's at the clothes line!" screamed the man's daughter.

"Good heavens!" yelled the man, "hadn't you taken the clothes in?"

"No," chorused the women.

A Boy's Day at Home.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Master Bilderback had been home all day, confined to the house and barn by the rain, and excited by the prospects of unlimited fun during the long vacation. He was a blessing to his mother and sister, and his affectionate parent caught her death of cold by running after him in one stocking foot, searching out the tender places in his nature and anatomy with a four and a half slipper. He tied one end of his sister's ball of crocheted cotton to the fly-wheel of the sewing machine and the other around the tail of the cat, and by the time his mother had sewed half way down one of the long seams in Mr. Bilderback's new shirt, all but a few yards of that cotton was a chaotic mass about that fly-wheel and shaft, and the cat was waltzing in and out of the kitchen, sprawling along backward, tail straight as a poker, fur up and eyes adrift, snuffling and spitting, and swearing like mad, and Mrs. Bilderback and her daughter climbed upon the table and shrieked till the windows rattled, while Master Bilderback hid behind the clotheshorse and laughed a wicked gurgling kind of a laugh. Then he went out and jammed a potato into the nose of the chain pump and the hired girl went out and pumped till her arms ached clear down to her heels, and then told Mrs. Bilderback the cistern had sprung a leak and was dry as a bone. And then Mrs. Bilderback, declaring she knew better, went out and turned the wheel till her head swam and she gave up, and Miss Bilderback went out and turned till she cried, and then Master Bilderback, rather than go to the neighbor's for water, went out and fixed the pump and came in to be praised, and was duly praised with the slipper, for he had been watched. He put an old last year's fire-cracker in the kitchen stove; he insured a steady run of strange visitors for about two hours, to the great amazement of his mother and sister, by pinning a pear on the porch step, plainly seen from the street, but invisible from the front door. "Man wanted to drive carriage; \$35 a month and board," Mrs. Bilderback drew a sign of relief when she heard Mr. B.'s step in the hall, and informed her son that as soon as his father came in he should be duly informed of all that had been going on. A most impressive silence followed this remark, and the trio in the sitting-room listened to Mr. Bilderback's heavy breathing as he divested himself of his wet boots, and prepared to assume his slippers. Master Bilderback's face wore an expression of the deepest concern.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a shout of astonishment and terror, followed by a howl of intense agony, and there was a clattering as of a runaway crockery wagon in the hall. The affrighted family rushed to the door, and beheld Mr. Bilderback cleaving the shadows, with wild gestures and frantic gyrations. "Take it off," he shouted, and made a grab at his own foot, but, missing it, went on with his war-dance. "Water!" he shrieked, and started upstairs, three at a step, and turning, came back in a single stride. "Oh, I'm stabbed!" he cried, and sank to the floor and held his right leg high above his head; then he rose to his feet with a bound and screamed for the boot-jack, and held his foot out toward his terrified family. "Oh, bring me the arnica!" he yelled, and with one despairing effort he reached his slipper and got it off, and with a groan as deep as a well and hollow as a drum, sank into a chair and clasped his foot in both hands. "Look out for the scorpion," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm a dead man."

Master Bilderback was by this time out in the woodshed, rolling in the kindling in an ecstasy of glee, and pausing from time to time to explain to the son of a neighbor, who had dropped in to see if there was any innocent sport to be seen in which he could share. "Oh, Bill, Bill," he said, "you wouldn't believe; some time to-day, some how or other, a big blue wasp got into the old man's slipper, and when he come home and put it on—oh, Bill, you don't know!"

The Eandy Boy.
"Willie, you may finish this piece of pie if you want it," said mother. "It isn't enough to save."
"Mother," said Willie when he had finished it, "a boy in the family comes in very handy when there is a little bit of pie left over, doesn't he?"

OUR CARPETS are worthy of your inspection.

...to drive the sword through rugged armor of mail and brass and warm it in the marrow of his foe."

"Bravo!" he shouted.

"Cheese it," he said, sentimentally; "I didn't say it just that way. I said, 'Oh Rome, thou hast ten a binder mother to me. Thou hast taught the poor boy who never knew a sheep note to glare into the laughing ear of a fierce Numidian eyeball even as a lynx' boy at a girl. Thou hast taught him to mail his ragged brass through swords of link, and marry it in the warmer of his foe!'"

"And then?" we asked.

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No other disease is so prevalent among men as Varicocele. As it interferes with the nutrition of the sexual organs it produces emissions, loss of semen through the urine, decay of the organs, pains in the loins, aching in the back, nervousness, despondency, bashfulness, palpitation of the heart, constipation, and a combination of these results in complete Loss of Manhood. Thousands of young men in middle-aged men are troubled with Stricture. If you have reason to believe you are afflicted with it, don't neglect it. It will ruin you. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing it. Our New Method Treatment W. cure dissolves the stricture tissue, hence it disappears and can never return. W. cure Varicocele and Stricture without operation or loss of time. The treatment may be taken at home privately. Send for our Free Illustrated Book on Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet. We guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

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