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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.
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THE REFUGEES
By A. CONAN DOYLE
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"
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busses. We're overfar south for them, I reckon. But we can't be more'n 200 mile from Port Royal, in Acadia, and we're in the line of the St. Lawrence trade. What is it, Amos?"
The young hunter was standing with his ear slanting, his head bent forward, and his eyes glancing sidewise, like a man who listens intently. He was about to answer when De Catinat gave a cry and pointed to the back of the cave.
"Look at the crack now!"
It had widened by a foot since they had noticed it last until it was now no longer a crack. It was a pass.
"Let us go through," said the captain. He led the way, and the other two followed him. It was very dark as they advanced, with high dripping ice walls on either side and one little zig-zagging slit of blue sky above their heads. Tripping and groping their way, they stumbled along until suddenly the passage grew wider and opened out into a large square of flat ice. The berg was level in the center and sloped upward from that point to the high cliffs which bounded it on each side. With one impulse they began all three to clamber up until, a minute later, they were standing not far from the edge of the summit, seventy feet above the sea.

Amos Green looked about him with startled eyes. "I cannot understand it," said he. "I could have sworn—by the eternal, listen to that!"
The clear call of a military bugle rang out in the morning air. With a cry of amazement they all three craned forward and peered over the edge.
A large ship was lying under the very shadow of the iceberg. They looked straight down upon her snow white decks, fringed with shining brass cannon and dotted with seamen. A little clump of soldiers stood upon the poop, going through the manual exercise, and it was from them that the bugle came which had sounded unexpectedly in the ears of the castaways. Standing back from the edge, they had not only looked over the topmasts of this welcome neighbor, but they had themselves been invisible from her decks. Now the discovery was mutual, as was shown by a chorus of shouts and cries from beneath them.

But the three did not wait an instant. Sliding and scrambling down the slippery incline, they rushed, shouting, through the crack and into the cave, where their comrades had just been startled by the bugle call while in the middle of their cheerless breakfast. A few hurried words and the leaky longboat had been launched, their few possessions had been bundled in and they were afloat once more. Pulling round a promontory of the berg, they found themselves under the stern of a fine corvet, the sides of which were lined with friendly faces, while from the peak there drooped a huge white banner mottled over with the golden lilies of France. In a very few minutes their boat had been hauled up, and they found themselves on board of the St. Christophe, man-of-war, conveying Marquis de Denonville, the governor general of Canada, to take over his new duties.

CHAPTER XIX.
ASINGULAR colony it was of which the shipwrecked party found themselves now to be members. The St. Christophe had left Rochelle three weeks before with four small consort conveying 500 soldiers to help the straggling colony on the St. Lawrence. The squadron had become separated, however, and the governor was pursuing his way alone in the hope of picking up the others in the river. Aboard he had a company of the regiment of Herby, the staff of his own household, St. Valier, the new bishop of Canada, with several of his attendants; three Recollet friars, five Jesuits bound for the fatal Iroquois mission, half a dozen ladies on the way to join their husbands, two Ursuline nuns and ten or twelve gallants whom love of adventure and the hope of bettering their fortunes had drawn across the seas.
There was peace between England and France at present, though feeling ran high between Canada and New York, the French believing, and with some justice, that the English colonists were whooping on the demons who attacked them. Ephraim and his men were therefore received hospitably on board, though the ship was so crowded that they had to sleep wherever they could find cover and space for their bodies. The Catinats, too, had been treated in an even more kindly fashion, the weak old man and the beauty of his daughter arousing the interest of the governor himself. De Catinat had during the voyage exchanged his uniform for a plain soldier's suit, so that, except for his military bearing, there was nothing to show that he was a fugitive from the army. Old Catinat was now so weak that he was past the answering of questions, his daughter was forever at his side, and the soldier was diplomatist enough, after a training at Versailles, to say much without saying anything, and so their secret was still preserved.
On the day after the rescue they sighted Cape Breton in the south, and

soon, running swiftly before an easterly wind, saw the loom of the east end of Anticosti. Then they sailed up the mighty river, though from mid-channel the banks on either side were hardly to be seen. As the shores narrowed in they saw the wild gorge of the Saguenay river upon the right, with the smoke from the little fishing and trading station of Tadoussac streaming up above the pine trees. Thence the ship tacked on up the river past Mal Baie, Amos Green, leaning on the bulwarks, stared with longing eyes at the vast expanses of virgin woodland, hardly traversed save by an occasional wandering savage or hardy coureur de bois. Then the bold outline of Cape Tourmente loomed up in front of them, they passed the rich, placid meadows of Laval's seigneurie of Beupre, and, skirting the settlements of the island of Orleans, they saw the broad pool stretched out in front of them—the falls of Montmorenci, the high palisades of Point Levi, the cluster of vessels, and upon the right that wonderful rock, with its diadem of towers, and its township huddled round its base, the center and stronghold of French power in America.

The old merchant had pined away since he had left French soil, like a plant which has been plucked from its roots. The shock of the shipwreck and the night spent in their bleak refuge upon the iceberg had been too much for his years and strength.
Since they had been picked up he had lain amid the scurvy stricken soldiers, with hardly a sign of life save for his thin breathing and the twitching of his scraggy throat. Now, however, he opened his eyes and raised himself slowly and painfully upon his elbow.
"What is it, father? What can we do for you?" cried Adele. "We are in America, and here is Amory and here am I, your children!"
But the old man shook his head. "The Lord has brought me to the promised land, but he has not willed that I should enter it," said he. "But at least I should wish, like Moses, to gaze upon it if I cannot set foot upon it."

A minute later the old merchant was on deck, and the two young men had seated him upon a coil of rope with his back against the mast, where he should be away from the crush. The soldiers were already crowding down into the boats, and all were so busy over their own affairs that they paid no heed to the little group of refugees who had gathered round the stricken man. He turned his head painfully from side to side, and his lids fell slowly over his eyes, which had been looking away out past Point Levi at the rolling woods and the faroff mountains. Adele gave a quick cry of despair and threw her arms round the old man's neck.
"He is dying, Amory; he is dying!" she cried.

A stern Franciscan friar who had been telling his beads within a few paces of them heard the cry.
"He is indeed dying," he said as he gazed down at the ashen face. "Has the old man had the sacraments of the church?"
But the old Huguenot had opened his eyes, and with a last flicker of strength he pushed away the gray hooded figure which bent over him.
"I left all that I love rather than yield to you," he cried, "and think you that you can overcome me now?"
The Franciscan started back at the words, and his hard, suspicious eyes shot from De Catinat to the weeping girl.
"So?" said he. "You are Huguenots, then?"
"Hush! Do not wrangle before a man who is dying!" cried De Catinat in a voice as fierce as his own.
"Before a man who is dead," said Amos Green solemnly.

As he spoke the old man's face had relaxed, his thousand wrinkles had been smoothed suddenly out as though an invisible hand had passed over them, and his head fell back against the mast. Adele remained motionless, with her arms still clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed against his shoulder. She had fainted.
De Catinat raised his wife and bore her down to the cabin of one of the ladies who had already shown them some kindness. A brief order was given that the old merchant should be buried in the river that night, and then, save for a sailmaker who fastened the canvas round him, mankind had done its last for Theophile Catinat. With the survivors, however, it was different, and when the troops were all disembarked they were mustered in a little group upon the deck, and an officer of the governor's suit decided upon what should be done with them. He was a portly, good humored, ruddy cheeked man, but De Catinat saw with apprehension that the Franciscan friar walked by his side as he advanced along the deck and exchanged a few whispered remarks with him.
"It shall be seen to, good father; it shall be seen to," said the officer impatiently. "I am a zealous servant of the holy church."
"I trust that you are, M. de Bonneville. With so devout a governor as M. de Denonville it might be an ill thing even in this world for the officers of his household to be lax."
The soldier glanced angrily at his

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.
For those who are taking a lengthy rest from business, or for those who are unable to leave it, suggestions as to the best way to get the most good out of spare time is always interesting, and sometimes helpful. "Vacation for Business men," dealing with the best and most helpful way to spend a holiday; and "A Busy Man's Vacation," showing how a person can get rest and recreation at their own doors, are both interesting and helpful. Both these articles are to be found in the July Outing Number of Busy Man's Magazine. In addition to these, there are several others of interest to those about to take an outing, such as, "In Evangeline's Country," an entertaining account of a trip in picturesque Nova Scotia; "In a Border Mining Camp," and "John Bull's Bread-basket," on Western Canada, the farming country. Other articles of popular interest also appear, among which are, "Government Ownership in Canada"; "The Farce at the Hague," a character sketch of Chas. R. Hosmer, Telegraph Operator; "Telegraphing Pictures"; "Inventions We Owe to Savages"; "A Revolution in Travel" (the latter giving a little idea of the Mono Rail System); "Old Age Pensions in Germany"; "Even Temperament as a Business Asset"; "Successful Dinners that Swim the Sea"; and other miscellaneous matter of equal merit. The amount of fiction is rather larger than usual this month, and no better can be said of it than that it is up to the usual standard.

IT RINGS IN YOUR EARS.
That same cough is everywhere you go, deep and hollow because consumptive. First it was catarrh which could have been cured by Catarrhozone. Moral, never neglect a cold, never trifle with catarrh; go to your druggist and get Catarrhozone. It's instant death to colds, cures them in a few minutes. Throat trouble and catarrh disappear as by magic. Catarrhozone is the great throat, nose and bronchial remedy to day. Thousands use it, doctors prescribe it—why, because it does relieve quickly and cure thoroughly. Two sizes, 25c and \$1.00 at all dealers.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.
Mr. M. K. Richardson, Agent for the Children's Aid Society, for this district, was in town Sunday. He was out to James Hogg's in Melancthon, where there are five small children in charge of their father, a feeble old man eighty years of age. The young mother died a year ago last spring of pneumonia and the children are in a deplorable state and the home in a very unsanitary condition. The old man objects to give up the children to the care of the society and it is probable the law for their protection will have to be enforced. Mr. Richardson's work covers a large area including the counties of Bruce, Grey, Dufferin and Simcoe, and the Georgian Bay Islands. His sound judgement and sympathetic nature specially fit him for this work of mercy.—Dundalk Herald.

TEACHING MANNERS IN SCHOOL.
If school teachers could spare time from the preparation for examination to teach pupils the decencies of decorum they could do a good deal to remove the growing opinion that the Canadian youngster is not as well-mannered as he ought to be. They might cut out a lesson in physiology and substitute a lesson in kindness and hospitality to strangers. They might leave out one period devoted to nature study and teach children that it is vicious to smash windows and deface property. They might even leave out a lesson showing the effects of alcohol on the human stomach and give the pupils a lesson in the gentle art of accepting defeat gracefully in the realm of sport.—Kincairdine Review.

SKULL FRACTURED BY A FOUL BALL.
Orangeville, July 13.—A peculiar accident happened here on Dominion Day during the holding of the sports at the Exhibition grounds, which has just developed serious results. During the baseball match between the Alton and Bellwoods team clubs, Louis Jeffers, son of Joseph Jeffers, J. P., of the township of Mono, was struck on the head by a foul ball, and was knocked unconscious. He quickly recovered and was able to work for over a week, although he complained of pains in his head. On Tuesday last convulsions set in, and Dr. Carson of this town and Dr. Campbell of Grand Valley decided on an operation, as death was otherwise inevitable. The skull was found to be badly fractured and the portion pressing on the brain was removed. The Crown Attorney investigated the circumstances and in the event of death proceedings will be taken. Last evening young Jeffers was reported as resting easily.
Mr. Patrick Heffernan a well known resident of Walkerton, died last Thursday night of cancerous growths of the stomach which had bothered him for about a year. The funeral took place on Sunday and was largely attended. The deceased was in his fifty-seventh year.

Even Her Blood Turned to Water.
When Dying of Pernicious Anaemia Her Life Was Saved by
FERROZONE.
Probably very few cases are on record in which an absolute cure has been made of pernicious anaemia.
But Ferrozone did cure Miss Elaine Stanhope—cured her absolutely, and her mother Mrs. G. Stanhope of Rothersay, Ont., says the following:
"My daughter complained of feeling tired. She was very pale and listless, and kept losing strength till too weak to attend school. The doctors prescribed different bottles of medicine but Elaine kept getting worse instead of better. She had Anaemia and we were afraid for a while that she might never rally. We read of a similar case, that of Miss Descent of Sterling, Ont., being cured by Ferrozone, and this induced us to get it for Elaine. It took three boxes of Ferrozone to make any decided improvement, but when six boxes were used my daughter was beginning to be her old self again. It didn't take much longer to make a complete cure, and I am convinced that there is no better blood-maker than Ferrozone. It has made a new girl of Elaine. She has gained ten pounds in weight and looks the picture of health. She is stronger and enjoys the best of spirits. The credit of her recovery is entirely due to Ferrozone.
Every grown girl and young woman can make herself strong and healthy with Ferrozone.
It makes blood, nerve and tissue,—makes it fast—makes it stay.
Complexion soon becomes perfect, nerves get new strength, tiredness vanishes—perfect health is the reward for using Ferrozone, which is sold by all druggists—price 50c per box; don't fail to try it.

ADVANTAGES OF COUNTRY LIFE
To our young people life on the farm and small village seems narrow, and duty an unpleasant round of irksome tasks. They rebel at their long hours of labor and the rough work, and sigh for the easier tasks of those in the city. Did they only know it they are much better off where they are. They may be preparing themselves for some great world task. It is a trite but true saying that the most successful business and professional men, the leaders in finance and politics, have been country-bred boys. The masters of industry, the money kings, the rulers in transportation and commerce, and the leaders in the world of intellect, as well as of material things, are found on investigation to have been generally of humble beginnings and born on a farm, or in small towns where the country is close at hand. So very commonly is this the case that the boy born and brought up in the city, especially if born to comfort and ease seems actually handicapped in the race of life; the country boy has many advantages which the city boy has not. He has more responsibility placed upon him; he has daily tasks to perform; he is thrown upon his resources; he is up with the sun, out in the snow and the rain, nature is a constant tonic and invigorator; his work develops him and makes self-reliant; he depends upon himself and decides questions unaided, which constantly arise; he is planting the seed of leadership; if our young man who is living in the country or small village is made of the right material he will overcome all disadvantage in the race of life.—Glencoe Transcript.

If men and women could get rid of the desire to do as their neighbors do, and substitute for it the determination to do as they feel they ought to do, hosts of people would be relieved of intolerable slavery and freed from dangerous temptations. The great majority of men who live beyond their means are victims of this passion to do as their neighbors do, without regard to the difference between their income and their neighbor's income. Instead of selecting their own way of living, choosing their own interests, forming their own habits, defining their own aims, and so becoming independent rational human beings who stand for something real and who contribute to the mortal wealth of a community, they sink to the level of mere imitators and count for nothing, because they stand for nothing.—The Outlook.

My wife and I at the window one day stood watching the organ man's monkey.
When a cart came along in which a boy sat driving a long eared donkey. Said I to my wife by way of a joke: "There's your relatives in that carriage."
She glanced at the monkey and made reply: "Ah, yes—we're related by marriage."
TWENTY-FOUR burglaries are reported for Sunday night in Victoria, B. C. The places entered were the offices of dentists, lawyers, contracting firms and insurance companies. Not over \$100 was secured. No explosives were used. The burglars, supposed to be from Seattle, are still at large.

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CENTRAL Business College
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Listowel Lionel Bread Flour
AND
McGowan's Eclipse
We can give you what you want and you will find our prices right.

Mrs. Alex. Beggs & Sons
DURHAM, ONT.

A SPRING SUIT
Is \$15 Your Price For A Spring Suit?
Then we should like to burn into your brain the fact that for \$15.00 you can get all the style and as perfect a fit as can be put into a suit that you would pay \$28.00 for. Of course the cloth is not so fine nor the trimmings so luxurious, but every other way the \$15.00 suit is identical with the highest cost clothing.

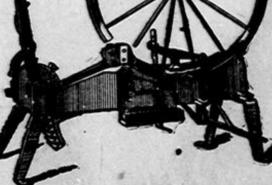
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Give us a Trial and be Convinced.
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To be continued.