THE CASH SYSTEM

ADOPTED BY

N., G. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our Customers and the Public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its equivalent, and that our Motto will be

"Large Sales & Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance of the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

Durham, Aug. 9th, '94.

Chas. McKinnon

—DEALER IN—

All kinds of Farm Machinery, Vehicles, Organs & Pianos, Sewing Machines, Etc.

WAREHOUSE, Upper Town, Durham.

Just Arrived

One Car Brockville Buggies, also Gananoque, and Campbell, London Carriages & Buggies.

One Car Chatham Famous Wagons, also Snow Ball Wagons.

New Stock of the famous Ramsay Carts—at fabulous prices.

Frost & Wood's Singe Apron Binders, Buckey Mowers and Tiger Rakes.

One Car Maxwells's Light Steel Binders—cheaper than ever.

Now on Hand

Maxwell's Steel Rakes, etc.

Coulthard & Scott's Seed Drills and Harrows.

Wilkinson Ploughs and Scufflers.

Organs & Pianos of the best makes.

A few Stoves at job prices.

New Williams Sewing Machines.

Full Stock of Repairs always on hand.

EVERYTHING BOUGHT FOR CASH

And Sold at Lowest Possible Prices.

Call and inspect and be Convinced.

CHAS. McKINNON.

Durham, May 1st, '95.

Imported and Registered Clydesdale Stallion.

That fine specimen of the above popular breed of horses

"LORD LAWRENCE,"

will stand for the summer months at his owner's stable, Lot 13, Con. 2, Tp. of Normanby.

TERMS: $6.00 to Insure a Foal.

The usual conditions govern all business done.

ROBT. WATSON.

WANTED!

A good man in your district to represent the "Fonthill Nurseries of Canada." Over 700 acres. The largest in the Dominion. Position permanent. Salary or Commission to right man.

With the increasing demand for fruit, a position with us as Salesman will pay better than engaging in farming. Send us your application and we will show you how to earn good money.

School Teachers!! its just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON,

TORONTO, ONT.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Bonny Bicycle.

"Oh, see my bicycle airy and light—
Wheels made of dahlias yellow and white,
All bound together snugly and tight,
Oh, I am the champion wheelman!

"So, crickets and beetles, just clear the road,
Look out for yourself, my friend, Mr. Toad,
While I skip along quite a la mode,
For I am the champion wheelman!"

The toad quickly jumped, but jumped the wrong way,
The grasshopper hopped from his perch in dismay,
The wheel went to smash, I am sorry to say,
And that was the end of the wheelman.

—F. H. Littlejohn in St. Nicholas.

Aunt Patty's Cow.

Daisy was Aunt Patty's cow. She gave rich milk and was very gentle. Aunt Patty made a great pet of her and always milked her herself.

By and by auntie felt too old to take care of her cow and hens and garden, and concluded to go and live in the village with her sister.

The cow was sold to a neighbor, who felt very much pleased to get such a good one as he knew Daisy to be.

But he changed his mind when he tried to milk her. She seemed a very cross cow indeed. She put down her head and shook her horns at him, kicked and sent the pail across the yard. He tried again and again, but it was no use. She would not let him come near her.

Away he went to Aunt Patty.

"I thought your cow was gentle," said he, "but I can do nothing with her."

Auntie was surprised to hear this of her pet. She thought a minute.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said. "Daisy is used to me, you know, and she does not like a change. Go home, and put on your wife's sunbonnet and one of her skirts, and I think you will have no trouble."

"Maybe that is the matter," said the good man, and went home to try the experiment. Sure enough, when he came in sunbonnet and print skirt, with the pail on his arm, Daisy made no objection. She was as quiet as she had been with Aunt Patty and gave a pailful of rich, yellow milk.

This is a true story. Her new owner kept her for years and liked her very much, but it would never do to forget the sunbonnet.—Mrs. Mary Johnson in Our Little Ones.

It Wasn't the Same.

A city youngster who had never seen the country or breathed any air but that of the crowded tenement district took his first excursion into green fields with a "fresh air" party during the time of the full moon. The big yellow orb had a peculiar attraction for the little fellow, and night after night he would sit down on a certain stone behind the farmhouse where his party lodged and silently watch it as it rose over the trees.

The week of refreshing was soon over, however, and the boy went back to his tenement, leaving the country behind him.

A year passed, and again in the summer it happened that the little fellow came back to the same house for another week's enjoyment. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived. Supper was eaten, and then he slipped quietly away and made straight for the stone in the backyard. But alas, there was no big yellow moon in the old place! The little boy looked all about, and finally discovered, low in the west, the slim silver crescent of the new moon. In a minute he came running into the house, crying bitterly, and exclaiming, "Oh, it isn't the same feller, it isn't the same feller we had last year!"—New York Tribune.

Beyond Counting.

Two small folk whom I will call Little Sister and Little Brother were disputing in a friendly way as to whether he or she loved mother most. Little Sister's arms were round her neck, Little Brother's were round her waist, and mother was getting a very tight squeeze between the two. "I love you millions," said he. "I love you billions," said she. "And I love trillions," exclaimed he. "Quadrillions," declared she. "I love you decillions," he cried triumphantly, "and Little Sister cannot get higher than that, can she?" Little Sister pouted, and the tears lay somewhere very near. The next instant came a flash of sunshine into her face, and her arms gave a tightening squeeze, "And mother, oh, mother, I love you beyond the last of the counting." And mother drew down the arms and gave a kiss of victory into the glorified little face.—Popular Magazine.

Camping Out.

Our tent is just a sheet on sticks,
We've hardly room to get about,
When I stand up I bump my head,
But, then, you know, we're camping out.

We bring our dinners from the house.
When Fred is greedy, then I pout.
But, oh! to eat them on the grass
Is so much fun—we're camping out.

Poor dolly staid here all one night.
The rain came down—a waterspout—
Her eyes are gone, her cheeks caved in,
But she don't care—we're [illegible]

FAIRWELL CORNERS.

Miss Annie R. McKechnie is home to spend her holidays with her mother and other friends near here.

Mr. Thos. Coleridge, of Toronto, is home on a couple of weeks vacation. All are glad to see him again.

Mrs. Donald Campbell, of Fairbourne, was the guest of her sister Mrs. John McKinnon for a week recently.

Miss Mary Whitmore, of Rob Roy, was the guest of her cousin Mrs. Will Watson for a week. She also called on other friends around the corners.

Mrs. Chas. Gray, jr. of the corners and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Mathews near Durham visited at Mr. D. McKinnon's on Friday week.

Mrs. T. Daley, near Lake View, was the guest for a few days last week of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Watson here.

Mrs. Chas. Long, of Toronto, came home for a visit to her parents and many friends last Saturday week.

Miss M. Calder of Mt. Forest spent a few days at her brother's, Mr. Will Calder's last week.

Mrs. Cherry of Dundalk spent a few days with her relatives at the corners recently.

Mr. Frank K. Coleridge spent a few days in Durham at his brother-in-law's, Mr. Chas. Ramage.

Miss Jannet Calder was the guest of Miss Flora Clark, of Dromore last Saturday and Sunday.

Master Geo. Hargrave had quite a smash up with his pony running away with him and badly smashing the cart. Howeyer Geo. was more frightened than hurt. Take better care in future Geo.

A little boy of Mr. Wm. Watson's was badly kicked by a horse on the forehead. We are pleased to state that he is recovering under Dr. Bird's care.

We are pleased to notice that Miss McCannel is home from the Queen City.

Mr. Angus McCannel is busy putting up his new brick house. Wonder who will be the lucky lassie?

Mr. Jack Scott is also putting up a new brick residence.

PROTON CENTRE.

The weather is very hot and dry.

Haying and logging is the order of the day and the farmers report a very poor crop of hay.

Mrs. J. Jackson who has been ailing for some time is recovering somewhat.

Mr. J. Gorden who got his leg broken some time ago is still unable to get around.

Mr. A. Bryce while logging got two of his fingers badly bruised, which he will have to nurse for a few days.

Mr. C. Jack's little girl Katie has been under the care of Dr. Leith for the past week.

Mrs. W. J. McLean, of Swamp College, has been visiting at her father's, Mr. A. Bryce for the last week.

Mrs. W. McLaren, of Daybreak, was visiting friends around this part last week.

Mrs. J. Scarlett and Mrs. J. McMurdo, of Hopeville were the guests of Mr. J. Batchelor Wednesday last.

Miss E McTaggart is home from Buffalo where she has been for the past few months. Also Miss E. Jack has returned home from the Queen City. Welcome back girls.

Miss Allan, of Burlington and Miss Kilgour of Mt. Forest were visiting at their uncles, Mr. Thos. McLaren.

Mr. Daniel Murtle, of Cedarville is engaged digging a well for Mr. Joseph Ellis, of this place.

Mr. Joseph Bellings took a job of logging from Mr. J. Batchelor also Mr. McLee and sons. I guess John intends clearing his farm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jackson, of Lufher, were visiting at their daughter's Mrs. Rogers a couple of weeks ago.

MABLE.

BALSAM VALLEY.

The freshening showers of the past week have given courage to the downhearted farmers through the country. The farmers of Balsam Valley have no reason to grumble at all, when they take a look over part of Glenelg and the Northern part of Bentinck and see the deplorable state of things there.

Mr. Chas. Ferguson, of Minto, was visiting friends in this part and returned home last week accompanied by his daughter, Mary Jane, who was visiting in this vicinity for a few weeks.

Mrs. McDonald, of Proton, paid Balsam Valley a friendly visit last week.

Mr. Lake, Disciple preacher, is holding a course of meetings every night at J. Ferguson's. Mr. Lake is an able and eloquent speaker and preaches his doctrine up to the point.

Miss Kate McPhail returned home from the Queen City last week.

Mr. Angus Ferguson, of Erin tp., was visiting at Mr. Dougald Ferguson's last week and left for Dakota on Monday.

Mr. David McIntyre left for Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, last Monday where he intends remaining for some time working at the harvest and threshing. He has engaged Peter Ferguson to take off his crop and attend to the threshing.

Mrs. Keyser is visiting at Mr Lamont's at present.

Mr. John A. Graham's smiling face was noticed in our midst last week.

Miss Sarah McCormick, of Central Hotel, Durham, arrived home last week.

We would like to know if there wont be some yards of crape on the line now, and if the man with the white coat wont be down in the lip.

IRISH LAKE.

Mrs. McMillan has been very ill recently, but with vigilant care, we are glad to state, she is regaining her usual health again.

Miss M. Butler has been visiting Miss Woods, of Flesherton Station, for a few days last week.

Miss M. A. Ryan arrived home from Toronto last week, and was accompanied by her sister's (Mrs. Jamieson's) two children, who are apparently enjoying the exhilarating influence of the country air very much.

Mr. E. J. Foley, of Owen Sound, took his departure for Sault Ste. Marie, Tuesday evening after spending a couple of days at the Lake, the welcome guest of Mr. Thos. Sullivan. E. J. is a purely business young man and intends engaging in some remunerative enterprise at the Soo.

Will the young Dr. of the Grove, who received such a curt response from the old gentleman in town lately, permit that "older person" to offer one more piece of advice, which should be impressed upon the "juvenile" mind of the Dr.—When away for a day's outing do not ask any one older than yourself to take a circuitous route in order to convey a message home for you.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McMillan, of London, Ont., are visiting at D. McRae's.

IS PARALYSIS CURABLE?

MR. GEORGE LITTLE, OF ESSEX COUNTY SAYS IT IS.

He Gives His own Terrible Experience to Prove the Truth of His Assertion—Suffered For Over Two Years—Both Himself and Family Thought That Only Death Could End His Sufferings—Again Enjoying the Blessings of Sound Health.

From the Essex *Free Press*.

Life is truly a burden to those not blessed with a full measure of health and strength, but when a strong man is brought to the verge of almost utter helplessness, when doctors fail, and there is apparently nothing left to do but to wait the dread summons that comes but once to all, the case assumes an aspect of extreme sadness In such a condition as this did Mr. George Little, of the township of Colchester North, find himself, and recently the *Free Press* hearing incidentally that he had recovered health and strength, a reporter was sent to investigate. When seen Mr. Little expressed willingness to state the nature of his case, and his story is as follows:—

Some four years ago Mr. Little suffered from a severe attack of la grippe which left his lower limbs partially paralyzed. He called in one of the best known physicians of Essex county, who appeared to do all that lay in his power for the relief of Mr. Little, but to no avail. For two and a half years he suffered the most intense pain and was confined to his bed for the greater part of the time. The doctor was puzzled with his case and as he seemed to obtain no relief, he changed doctors for a period. The second doctor did no better than the other, and Mr. Little returned to the one he had first called in. Finally, despairing of ever obtaining relief, he he told the physician that he did not see any further use of taking his medicine, and believed he should die if he did not obtain relief in a short time. He had wasted away to little more than a mere skeleton, and was an object of pity by his neighbors, and felt himself a burden to his family. His wife and family had given up hope, and his neighbors all thought it was merely a question of time when Mr. Little's death would relieve his sufferings. While his limbs were partially paralyzed he could use them sufficient to hobble about the house and door yard, but if he undertook to walk to the stable he would be confined to his bed for a week after. His limbs grew numb and cold. During the hottest summer days he was obliged to sit with his feet and legs in a hot oven, wrapped in flannels and hot cloths until the skin would come off in scales. Mr. Little believed that his physician was doing all that could be done, and has nothing but kindly feelings for the treatment he received at his hands but he is certain that the doctor had no hope of his recovery. He had tried an advertised mineral water, taken in all seven gallons of it, but failed to obtain relief. After suffering for two and a half years, Mr. Little, in the summer of 1893, read of a case similar to his own, that had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.. Grasping at this last hope he sent for a few boxes and began taking them. Before the second box was all used, Mr. Little was satisfied that he had found a remedy that would cure him of his exceedingly painful and mysterious ailment. Mr. Little continued the use of the Pink Pills for several months and was able to get out and do light work about his farm, which he had not been able to do for over two years. He continued taking Pink Pills a while longer, when he was fully recovered and was able to do any of the hardest work on his farm, and in the winter time worked almost steadily at saw-logging and wood chopping. During the past fall, he says, he was frequently caught out in heavy rain storms when away from home, but he had so far recovered that his exposures have not brought any bad results. During the very cold weather of the present winter he was hauling wood to Windsor, a distance of fifteen miles. He looks at present as if he had hardly seen a sick day in his life time.

Mr. Little feels deeply grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claims that his complete recovery is entirely due to the use of the pills. He gives his testimony for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. Mr. Little's wife who was present at the interview, corroborated Mr. Little's testimony and believes he owes his entire recovery to the use of Pink Pills. The entire family look upon the husband and father as one rescued from the grave by the timely use of Pink Pills.

On inquiry among Mr. Little's neighbors, we find that he is a man of undoubted veracity. He has lived in Essex county all his lifetime, and on his present farm in Colchester North, about four years. He is the superintendent of the Edger Mills Sunday School, and his case is too well known in that district to be disputed. His neighbors look upon his cure as a most miraculous one, his death having been expected among them for many months before he began the use of Pink Pills.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO