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Young Folks.

HOW MAMMA KNEW.

It was almost time. Polly sat on the next to the lower stair with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and waited. Her eyes were fixed on the tiny door that would open in a minute to let the birdie out. "O, I'm glad Uncle O'Ratio gave mamma the cuckoo-birdie clock! It's such fun to hear him sing, an' see him come out a-hoppin'!" she murmured contentedly. Then she jumped up a-hopping for the tiny door was quivering, opening— "There he is!" cried Polly excitedly, "Sh!"

Twelve times the cuckoo-bird sang "coo-coo, coo-coo" in his sweet, clear, little voice. It was a regular little concert. Then he disappeared again behind the tiny door.

Polly drew a long breath of disappointment. If he only would stay out! Uncle Horatio had given mamma the beautiful clock several weeks ago, but Polly didn't grow a bit tired of hearing the bird "sing the time o' day"—no, indeed! She hurried home from school to hear him say that it was twelve o'clock. The "third-readers" at Polly's school got out at half-past eleven. It was more fun at noon, for then he sang so long, you know.

To-day was a holiday and it rained and mamma was over helping to take care of poor Mrs. Miffins's sick baby. There wasn't any fun but the cuckoo-birdie, and—O, dear!—he wouldn't come out again for half an hour, and then just to say "coo-coo!" once. And he'd only say it once at one o'clock too—and at half-past one! Three o'clock all in a row—O dear! Then Polly thought of something splendid.

"I know how to," she cried, clapping her hands. "I've seen mamma. It's just as easy! You turn the hand round with your fo. finger—O-o!"

She dragged the step-ladder out of the library and climbed up to the tiny door. She opened the big glass door under it and began to turn the hour-hand slowly round the clock's face.

How often the little bird came out, a-hopping! How he did sing! It was beautiful, just like one long song!

But just as the hour-hand passed by half-past eight, Polly heard mamma coming up the steps outside. She clattered the step-ladder back into the library, and she stayed there, too.

Polly felt queer. She kept feeling queer all the afternoon and it was such a long afternoon! Everything went wrong, and the querness felt so queer!

Almost an hour after Polly went to bed, mamma saw a little pink outing flannel night-gown, creeping into the sitting-room, and the first thing she knew it was up in her lap.

"I meddled, mamma," whispered Polly's sorry voice. "I thought 'twould be such fun—but it wasn't when I'd got through."

Mamma looked grieved and sorrowful. She rocked the little pink night-gown and stroked Polly's bright hair above it, for a long time without speaking. But how her face talked to Polly!

"I meddled, mamma," reviewed the sorry little voice with a sob in it. "Yes, dear I knew it," said mamma's grave voice.

Polly's eyes flew open wide. "You knew it? Why, mamma, how'd you know?"

"A little bird told me," mamma said, quietly.

"Oh!"

that they must be making a nest. And sure enough, as we found out afterwards, they were lining the nest with the soft white hair, to make it smooth and beautiful for their babies. Now if you will open the package which I have mailed to you, I think you will find something in it which you will like to add to your collection of nests.

Your loving Grandma.

Ralph opened the package pretty quickly after finishing the letter, and there inside the box, attached to a small branch of a tree, was a little round nest beautifully made, and with the inside completely covered with soft, white hair, woven so that it formed a part of the dainty bird-cradle.

"It's grandpa's hair," Ralph exclaimed, as he ran to show the treasurer to mamma.

And do you wonder that all the members of the family considered that the chief treasure of all Ralph's collections.

PARSONS AT SEA.

Had Feelings of Skippers at Having Clerical Passengers Aboard.

Merchant skippers almost without exception have a great dislike to having parsons aboard. Navy men, owing to their respect for the queen's regulations do not care to talk on the subject. The commanders of big liners are also rather shy about discussing the subject. I once wished on a pleasant voyage, says a writer in the Church Gazette.

"Pleasant voyage!" he retorted savagely. "That's likely, ain't it, when there's three persons shipped, and one of them a bishop?"

Here his feelings became too much for him, and he called to the steward and to refill the glasses. I was not surprised to hear that a cylinder cover blew off in the bay.

Sitting in my club one night, a skipper came in. I shook him by the hand and hoped he had had a good voyage.

"Yes," he replied, in heart-rending tones. "Don't call it that. I've never had such a dog's time in my life. Got two parsons aboard at Sydney and another at King George's Sound. Same name if two missionaries did not join at Colombo! Sooner than sail with five parsons again, I'll break an arm or a leg and get put ashore."

But to see the prejudice in all its glory one must talk to the masters of ocean tramps. I have known of one case in which a skipper feigned serious illness sooner than take command when he found that five missionaries were booked as passengers, and two of them ladies.

As it happened, the ship had a particularly bad voyage, and the unlucky missionaries had more than one very near squeak for their lives.

Once a case was quoted to me as showing great presence of mind and seamanship on the part of a skipper. The ship had a couple of parsons aboard, and as the crew expected, the voyage was disastrous. The misfortunes culminated in the decks being swept and three men washed overboard. One was a parson who ought to have been below.

After this, the weather suddenly abated, and the ship came safe to land. I remarked that the parson ought to have been under the hatches.

"Ah!" replied the old seadog who told me. "Cap'n S. is a good man. He talked it over with his mates, and there agreed nothing else to be done. So they got him up on purpose. Better one man than a whole company, and the parson ought to have been prepared when it were for a reason that the whole crew should be."

Skippers have told me that, danger apart, parsons are not desirable passengers; they interfere too much. One told me that the wife of one clerical gentleman insisted on holding little religious conversations with the stewards and the crew and giving them tracts till they nearly had a mutiny.

At length he found her trying to improve the moral condition of the stewardman, when he threatened that if he caught her about the funnel again he would put her in irons, after which she subsided.

TATTOOING AN EYE.

The scientific world is watching with interest the result of a surgical operation recently performed at the London Hospital, whereby a young woman's eye, which had lost its color by disease, had been tattooed back to its normal shade.

Lottie Eggleston was a good-looking girl of nineteen when the left side of her face was exposed. But, viewed from the right side, quite another picture was presented, or at least it was before the surgeons took her in hand. Her right eye was almost colorless and was disfigured besides by a number of salmon patches on the cornea.

She was admitted to the institution on Dec. 29. After a careful examination the affliction was diagnosed as staphylococci, a clear which had originated in the iris and had wholly replaced the cornea.

A Wedding Telegram.

Jane was going to be married. The contract was all ready to be signed that very evening, and the notary, with her finances, were to come down from town by the same train in time for dinner. Jane's father lived in the country, but as the happy groom-elect was never known to be on time in any of his appointments, Jane's papa had privately sent off a telegraphic dispatch half an hour ago saying to the young man: "Do not come too late," so now all was in readiness.

The eventful night had come, the guests for the ceremony of signing the contract had arrived and all was prepared. The little bride to be began to feel nervous as the hour drew near for Jean's arrival. Wheels on the drive! She flew to the door. The notary alone had come by the 6 o'clock train—no Jean. Twenty times at least she had gone to the end of the long terrace to catch a glimpse of his approach, but nothing met her view.

"Bah," said her father, "do not fidget so, my child; he will come by the 8 train; he is very charming, this lover of yours, but he is always late."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes, yes, always being late." At 8 o'clock, they sent again to the station, but no Jean was there. Dinner was served without him, Jane trying bravely to be cheerful with her guests, but as the hours passed and no lover appeared she could bear it no longer. She left the room and ran to the end of the terrace, where she could weep in solitude, but a young cousin—a fine looking fellow had followed her, and said gently, "You weep, Jane, Jane sobbed out: "Oh, think what an affront—how can I face all those people?"

"Do you love him so much?"

"No, not so much now; but I was happy in being married; all my school-mates at the convent are married already."

Jacques smiled. "Never mind," said he, "we'll find another husband for you."

"You think that so easy? Papa was a long time selecting Jean."

"But suppose I know of another; eh, little cousin?"

Jane answered joyously: "Ah, then I should quickly give Jean his dismissal; but, oh dear, when I think that all the arrangements are made, that to-morrow the wedding guests will be here—I feel as if I should die with shame, I wish I could—"

"Foolish girl, there is no need for that; to-morrow you shall be a bride; there will be no excuses to make to the guests; the bridegroom of whom I speak will ask nothing better than to marry you at once, for he loves you, he has loved you for years, but did not dare to tell his love, because he believed that you loved the other, and if you marry him to-morrow he will be the happiest of men." Struggling with emotion, he ceased for a moment, then said softly:

"Little cousin."

"Well?"

"Well, I do not regret this, Jean, I will not give him another thought. Bring your friend here."

Jacques took her hand. "Have you not divined that it is I who love, who adore you, who has loved you for years; I know I am not a sentimental fellow like the other, but my heart is yours alone."

Jane thought for a moment, then said quietly, "Jacques, I believe it is you I have loved after all, without knowing it, for as you spoke just now my heart beat with joy. But come, let us go to papa—the notary is here; there is nothing to do but change the name in the contract, and to-morrow we will be married. We will leave directly after the wedding breakfast, and when the other comes he will find me gone."

They laughed together like children, and ran to explain matters to her father, who was not quite so ready to accept the situation.

"Why, you stupid fellow, did you never speak before?"

"Because Jane was rich and I poor."

"But now—"

"Now, I too, am rich. A distant relative has left me all his fortune of 200,000 francs, which enables me to ask the hand of Jane without being regarded as a fortune-hunter."

The father speedily became reconciled to the change of bridegrooms, saying: "All is prepared; the priest will be here to-morrow, and the marriage will take place after all—and when the other comes how furious he will be! But he will be as he always is—too late."

The happy couple had just driven away from the house next morning when a note was brought to the old gentleman, with which was enclosed a telegraphic blank. It was his own dispatch.

He read the letter accompanying it and rubbed his hands.

"No wonder he is furious, poor fellow! I sent him a message, thus: 'Do not come too late,' and the operator made it read, thus: 'Do not come too late.'—From the French of Marie-Louise Neron.

NATURAL BORN.

He—I want you to understand no woman ever made a fool of me. She—indeed! Who did it, then?

An English parson tells how the Archbishop of Canterbury, some time ago entered an East End London church during a week-night service, and, taking a back seat, joined in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Next to him was a workman who was singing lustily in tune. The parson was wretchedly out of tune, and his singing evidently upset the workman, who patiently endured the discord as long as he could, and then nudging the Archbishop, whispered in his ear: "Ere, dry up, misther; you're spilling the show!"

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the new newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payments are made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon be ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE

In the matter of good health temporary measures, while possibly successful for the moment, can never be lasting. Those in poor health soon know whether the remedy they are using is simply a passing incident in their experience, bracing them up for the day, or something that is getting at the seat of the disease and is surely and permanently restoring.

The eyes of the world are literally fixed on South American Nervine. They are not viewing it as a nine-days' wonder, but critical and experienced men have been studying this medicine for years, with the one result—they have found that its claims of perfect curative qualities cannot be gainsaid. The great discoverer of this medicine was possessed of the knowledge that the seat of all disease is the nerve centres, situated at the base of the brain. In this belief he had the best scientific and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed the ordinary layman recognized this principle long ago. Everyone knows that ill disease or injury affect this part of the human system and death is almost certain. Injure the spinal cord, which is the medium of these nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow. Here is the seat of the brain. The trouble is spilling the show!"

able with medical treatment usually, and with nearly all medicines, is that they aim simply to treat the organ that may be diseased. South American Nervine passes by the organs, and immediately applies its curative powers to the nerve centres, from which the organs of the body receive their supply of nerve fluid. The nerve centres healed, and of necessity the organs which have shown the outward evidence only of derangement is healed. Indigestion, nervousness, impoverished blood, liver complaint, all owe their origin to a derangement of the nerve centres. Thousands bear testimony that they have been cured of these troubles, even when they have become so desperate as to battle the skill of the most eminent physicians, because South American Nervine has gone to headquarters and cured them.

The eyes of the world have not been disappointed in the inquiry into the success of South American Nervine. People marvel, even when they have been medical quack, but they know beyond all question that it does everything that is claimed for it. It stands alone as the one great certain curing remedy of the nineteenth century. Why should anyone suffer distress and sickness while this remedy is practically at their hands?

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

Hetty Mrs. Hetty arms on the barnyard in She had been care for a to that had been to the world day before the ed wearily in floozy, rose-into gray, over the field began to shu "Spring will and then say How many hills around put on the Twelve! You since she been and ten years Mr. Slocum four children May, the eid Harry only fo her husband hands in li "Hetty, there to whom I ca you. Will you ability and k you have for It is not us when we kna quest ever m Hetty promis Had she sel self once mos been easy. H her complete are and the some debts, a good manage better kept, a Hamlin Valley the pole, pa never too bu gish troubles, or. Somehow been more it were fast gr teaching a u Frank, the en thusiasm w ed to send m pretty, gay M "lady," a h boy "Yes, I am Hetty murmur for one of the blame that w tive? I have a was expressed. I've been so I can't help thi more for what what I am to be big eoug and then— "She has p "What then frightened by before her. "I and it will b they go out of late and all w was some one Such hours o out that we while all the is the One that wild you alwa called herself "desolate and a way a few tea closer around "Well, I mus per," she said o lin, and Harry warm and heart When she op she found a b potatoes pared, frying. The ta dining-room, w came the sound panning Magg "The mother' is a thoughtful fry some appie the sausage, an biscuits." "What was it She had found in the attic the be one: "Not dead, not Bur rison "King." Suddenly the e came out in Mrs. Slocum, w pantry heard th em so glad the it said "was, real." Frank was re Hetty saw, thr door the smile a as he replied: "to you, sister, I used to feel h always limp. M was our mother see the beauty She has done s "And then, Cl of her as that s Maggie interrue won't be in a D Don't look shee press myself for she was the k new." "I don't call th ble," Frank said Then his voice, "Something "I bewaitin never left me. fact life in God's to talk with no studying for the Mrs. Slocum w She went back to supper, a half-di A few moments opened to admia Teacher was a sh Her face was m dead father, a fa to Hetty. "Oh, little mu support smelt!" is for you, spen