

# THE GREY REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY  
**Thursday Morning.**  
—AT THE—  
**REVIEW OFFICE, GARAFRAXA  
ST., DURHAM.**

TERMS: \$1 per year, IN ADVANCE  
**CHAS. RAMAGE** Editor & Proprietor

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# CHECKMATE.

"A man is an idiot to submit to the lashings of a woman's tongue!"  
With this exclamation John Gledon snatched his hat from the hatrack, slammed the door behind him, and walked away rapidly down town.

Deprived of the chance for another word, Mrs. Gledon flew into a passion which it is difficult to describe. She rushed to and fro about the house with hands outstretched, as if clutching at an imaginary foe, her husband, no doubt, and muttering incoherently. Evidently, the domestic machine was very much out of joint.

At last she was struck with a novel idea. She would pay him out for his cruelty; she would teach him to insult her; she would humble his pride and fill his heart with remorse.

Sitting down at her desk, she penned the dagger which should pierce his soul!

It was late when Mr. Gledon returned for dinner. Business had detained him, but it had been profitable and his humor was greatly improved. His wife would be sorry, no doubt, for what had passed, he thought, and perhaps would drop a tear or two as evidence of her penitence. He would be generous and forgive her, and allow her to dry her eyes upon the lapel of his coat. Yes, she should have his unconditional pardon.

However, Mr. Gledon was doomed to disappointment. No penitent eyes met him at the door.

He stepped into the hall and passed on into the dining-room. She was not there, and no dinner awaited him.

On the table was a note. It read as follows:

"John Gledon.—In the presence of a whole churchful of people you vowed to love, cherish and protect poor little Gladys. Have you done so? No! You have trampled upon my love! You have crushed me with your tyranny! You should have married that red-headed Jones girl, who would have scratched your face and cracked your skull with a rolling-pin. But I will not upbraid you; your conscience alone shall be your accuser. Believe me, there is no malice in the heart which has borne your persecutions. It may console you, in the lonely years to come, to know that you have my pardon for your petty—your inexcusable treachery and neglect. If it is not too much trouble you may come down to the foot of Old Grantside to-night, and rescue from the cold, heartless waters all that remains of little broken-hearted  
GLADYS.

As Mr. Gledon reached the end of the note his face paled and his hands shook perceptibly.

"Good Heavens!" he gasped, "does she contemplate suicide?"  
He was about to rush from the room when a second thought flashed across his mind. He picked up the note and perused it again, his countenance changing from fear to anger. Making a roll of the note, he struck a match, lighted the paper, and threw it, blazing, into the grate. He then mounted his bicycle and rode away.

Two ladies were sitting in the shade, partially concealed by a thick growth of shrubs and trees which crowned the brow of Old Grantside. They were enjoying the exhilarating breezes and chatting rapidly.

They were Mrs. Gledon and her friend Miss Fannie Wagner.

"Isn't it strange that he doesn't come Fan?" asked Mrs. Gledon, glancing anxiously in the direction of the town.

"Perhaps he is going to bring a body of men, with drags and an ambulance," replied her companion laughing.

"No doubt, but even then he or they ought to be here before this time. John will not leave my body in the water longer than necessary," said Mrs. Gledon, shuddering in imagination of such an unpleasant condition.

"What a mean thing you are, Gladys, to frighten him so! He will be nearly distracted."

"Well, I don't much care if he is. It will teach him to treat me with more regard in the future."

"On the contrary, he may never forgive you for treating him so shabbily."

"Oh no! He will think that I really and truly meant to jump into the water; but that I met you and was persuaded otherwise. It will be easy to deceive him. Love is blind, you know. Hi ha!"

"Then you believe he loves you?" asked Fannie.

"Why, of course he does; he adores me! That's what ails him. He is so jealous of me that he wishes me to be always petting him, for fear my love will wane. If he loved me less he would not be so peevish."

"And you?"  
"Oh, certainly, I like him fairly well. But then, you know, a woman, should not be so lavish with her affections; she must be master of herself and her temper. It is the man who is continually betraying himself by his actions, and making a staid of himself."

Fan!" exclaimed Mrs. Gledon, as their machines were gliding over the bridge. "Yes, it is! But look, Gladys! There is a man down there! Who can it be? What has happened to him?"  
Glancing in the direction designated by her friend, Mrs. Gledon saw a man lying at the bottom of the ravine on a patch of green-sward, with his face turned upwards. Not far from him lay his machine.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "it's John! He has ridden off the approach to the bridge and is killed!"  
The ladies dismounted from their machines and Mrs. Gledon, in her excitement, made a movement as if she contemplated following the course taken by her husband, but was restrained by her hand of Miss Wagner.

"Compose yourself, Gladys," she said. "Would you jump to certain death? Perhaps he is not killed after all."

"But tell me he is dead! Look at his white face!" exclaimed the frightened woman. "Come, Fan, let us go to him!"

In a few moments Mrs. Gledon was kneeling beside the still form of her husband, with her hands placed over his heart.

"He is not dead, but only stunned. Bring some water, Fan! Quick! please!"

Miss Wagner hurriedly soaked her handkerchief in the stream close by, and placed it on the man's forehead. Then they both set to work rubbing his hands, face and chest, while Mrs. Gledon, forgetting her pride and self-respect, went to her excitement in tears and sobs.

"Oh, my poor hubby! You did come to save me and have lost your own life, perhaps, in the undertaking! See! Fan! How still he lies! Oh, he will never come to, and I have murdered him!"

But Miss Wagner was busily applying the water, and paid little heed to what her companion said.

At last there was a slight jerking of the muscles and something like a moan escaped the man's lips.

"He is coming to, Fan! More water!" exclaimed the excited wife, bending over and pressing her lips to those of her husband.

Another supply of water drenched his head. He sprang to his feet, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, and began mopping the water from his face and neck.

"What on earth are you two simpletons doing with me?" he asked, half in anger.

"Oh, John! are you badly hurt?" asked his wife, with much anxiety.

"Hurt? No, I should think not! But, you know, you rode off the approach, and—"

"Don't you believe it! Just come down here to enjoy a nap in the cool shade, and was pounding away amazingly when you came and woke me up in such a heathenish manner."

"But, I don't understand—the note—didn't you come to the rescue—"

"Indeed not!" said he. "You see, I thought both in the cold, heartless water would be the thing to cool your temper, and—"

But Mrs. Gledon wanted to hear no more.

"You mean thing! Come, Fan," she said, and away they sped, leaving Mr. Gledon to follow at his leisure.

**SWISS INN KEEPERS' PROFITS.**  
In Switzerland last summer there were 1,790 hotels, boarding houses, bathing and health resorts to accommodate the travelling public. When one includes about 1,500 smaller hostleries, with accommodations for about ten persons, there were sleeping accommodations for 140,000 travellers in Switzerland. During the main travelling season, from the middle of July to the end of August, the minimum expenditure of the average summer boarder, with his children and servants, is placed at the low sum of five francs. Nevertheless this means a daily income to the innkeepers of 550,000 francs. Making allowance for 650,000 francs. Making allowance for favorable travelling weather, these estimates mean an income to the hotel keepers during a month and one half of summer of 28,000,000 francs. In Luzerne alone there are fifty-two first class hotels.

**HAIR RISES ON END.**  
An eminent medical man, whose treatises on human hair have attracted much notice, among many other striking statements as to woman's hair, remarked that "bristling" hair which is used in speaking of the human hair is not a figure. The hair is subject to and influenced by almost every passion of the human mind, and emotional hair, of which he has treated especially, he claims is quite common. Hair looks fine, and falls differently when a person is in sorrow, joy, surprise or dejection. After a day or two of deep mental study or violent bodily exercise, a most visible difference may be detected by a practical observer. The day is faded to come, he maintains, when this coloring in the hair will be a valuable aid in identification.

**FIDELITY.**  
Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interests and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle.

**BANNA JUICE.**  
The juice of the banana being strong in tannin, makes an indelible ink and shoe blacking.

**GROWTH OF GIRLS.**  
The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year; of boys in their seventeenth.

# On the Farm.

## ESTABLISHING A PEACH ORCHARD.

When planting the trees I cut off all broken roots; also about half the length of the long ones; cut off all the limbs and about one-third of the top of the small trees so when set they look like so many sticks stuck in the ground, writes Mr. Bliss. If the trees start well, and throw out plenty of little limbs, I pinch off those I don't wish, and so am able to grow the tree very near vase shape, with open top, so plenty of sunshine can get in. For plant food I use chemical fertilizers solely. The phosphoric acid I supply with fine ground bone and potash in some form, usually from high grade muriates. Ashes are excellent for the peach orchard. Nitrogen comes from the bone and what clover is plowed under. In setting the trees I use two or three handfuls of fine ground bone mixed with the soil, and after the roots are covered, put on a few ashes, then finish filling. After the first year sow broadcast over the land bone and potash separately.

I believe the word cultivation means a large part of the success that will come to us as fruit growers, or if we will take the two words intense cultivation and follow thoroughly on this line, we will be able to secure an excellent growth of wood and foliage of large, long leaves, of the darkest green color. If we are so fortunate as to have a good set of fruit, and it has been properly thinned, we shall have every reason to expect beautiful and luscious peaches. But to get them we must keep up this intense cultivation until the very last of August or first of September.

Best fruit grows on the trees with large, healthy foliage. If the buds are not killed by the cold winter or late frosts, we get a full bloom, especially with some varieties. Then we have no small job on our hands thinning the little peaches; we don't thin the fruit very much until after the pit is formed in the peach, because there is what is called the June dropping, and as it would be rather unwise to do the thinning until nature had done its share. But we like to get them off before the pits get very hard, as it takes a large supply of plant food to grow them. Thin so there will be no two peaches within four inches of each other; six inches is better, but it requires the closest attention to get the men to thin them.

**GYPSUM IN THE SOIL.**  
It has generally been supposed that gypsum when used as a fertilizer is valuable largely because it attracts moisture and furnishes some material which nourishes the plants in extremely dry weather. As a soil for producing vegetation, it has never been considered, indeed it has not been supposed that plants would grow in it, but some experiments at agricultural stations show that plants will flourish in pure gypsum and make an almost phenomenal growth. Grain and plants were raised in this soil with the most surprising results. Experiments also have been made in growing plants in clean, white sand. The results of these efforts may, it is said, almost revolutionize the growing of certain forms of vegetation. As a case in point, some years ago a family moved into a new house which was built upon an unpromising gypsum bed. The mistress of the house was extremely fond of flowers and bewailed the fact that she could have no flower garden. Finally her house plants became so troublesome that she turned them into the sand bed, digging holes and dropping them in regardless of order or system, and left them, as she supposed, to die. Her astonishment may be imagined when she grew such verbenas, petunias, geraniums and other plants as she never raised in her life. The neighbors insisted that she must have used some commercial fertilizer, but the fact was that the roots found abundant nourishment in what would usually be considered absolutely worthless soil.

**HEALTHY POTATOES.**  
Potato growers who want to have potatoes with bright, clean skins, free from scab, should not neglect to use the necessary precautions to have them so. First, plant on new soil, or that not already infested with the scab fungus, for it is proved that the fungus lives in the soil for a year or two. Planting should be done where some other crop than the potato has been grown for two years previous. Second, having washed the seed potatoes, immerse them in a solution of corrosive sublimate in order to kill any scab fungus on the tubers. Use two and a quarter ounces of corrosive sublimate in fifteen gallons of water. Dissolve the corrosive sublimate in two gallons of hot water, and then add thirteen gallons more of water. Use a large tub or a barrel; metallic vessels will be corroded by the liquid. Place the potatoes to be treated in a large, coarse sack, and sink it into the liquid, allowing it to remain an hour and a half; at the end of that time lift them out and turn them out on a floor to dry, when they can be cut up and planted. The sack of potatoes can be conveniently handled, in lifting it in and out of the barrel, by means of a lever on a post near the barrel, sufficiently high to work easily, something like an old-fashioned well sweep, and which any one can easily and quickly rig up. This will be necessary only when a considerable quantity of potatoes are to be treated. As the corrosive mixture is poisonous, care should be taken not to touch it to the hands, especially if the skin is broken, also to keep the treated tubers away from poultry or cattle.

# Newspaper Laws.

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

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is 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 the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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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 fact, he had the best scientists and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed, the ordinary layman recognized this principle long ago. Everyone knows that disease or injury affect this part of the human system and death is almost certain. Injure the spinal cord, and the medium of these nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow. Here is the first principle. The trouble 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, once healed, and of necessity the organ which has shown the outward evidence of derangement is healed. Indigestion, nervousness, impoverished blood, liver complaint, all owe their origin to a derangement of the nerve centres. Thousands bear testimony to troubles, even when they have been cured of these so desperate as to have been considered the most eminent physicians, because South American Nervine has gone to the head-quarters and cured there.

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