

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Grain, Cattle, Cheese, & the Leading Markets. Aug. 11.—The receipts at the cattle yards this morning...

There was little business in prices all round remain un-

changeable. A fair demand for any real-estate cattle that was here...

Shipping and butcher cat- tled lots were sold at a

choice calves are wanted, but it is a slow sale.

per cwt. \$1.25 \$1.80 choice do. 3.50 4.00

Aug. 11.—Wheat—Closed—No. 1 Northern, 71 3/4; No. 2 Northern, 71 1/4; No. 3 Northern, 71 1/4

FOR SALE The EDGE PROPERTY. In the Town of Durham, County of Grey, including valuable Water Power Brick Dwelling, and many eligible building lots...

ALLAN McFARLANE Has opened out a first-class Horse Shoeing Shop, in the old stand. All hand-made shoes. Also WOODWORK in connection. A first-class lot of Hand-made Waggons for sale cheap.

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. ALLAN McFARLANE, Proprietor.

THE GREY REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY Thursday Morning.

REVIEW OFFICE, GARAFRAXA ST., DURHAM.

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

Standard Bank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.

CAPITAL, Authorized \$3,000,000 Paid up 1,000,000 RESERVE FUND 600,000

W. F. Cowan, President. Geo. P. Reid, Manager.

AGENTS in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.

SAVINGS BANK.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

J. P. TELFORD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN SUPREME COURT.

W. L. MCKENZIE, Loan and Insurance Agent, Comptroller, Commissioner &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUGH MCKAY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, for the County of Grey.

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE, Thoma Deputy Registrar.

JAMES LOCKIE, ISSUER of Marriage Licenses.

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

ALLAN McFARLANE

HEROINES OF THE PAST.

It takes considerable temerity to attempt to criticise an author like Goldsmith over a prose idyll like 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' yet Alice Meynell, in 'The Spirit of Place and Other Essays,' has been equal to the undertaking, writes Irene A. Safford. And now that she has shown the courage of her convictions and stamped the women of this little classic as poor and vulgar beyond any comprehension of her Creator, no doubt a timid 'hear! hear!' will come from her enfranchised constituency, and more critics than Mrs. Meynell will begin to consider why the vain daughters, who 'gazed at themselves in the glass between every page of their lessons,' and the virtuous Mrs. Primrose, 'who gave the history of every dish at table,' discussed every single man she met, even the depraved Thornhill, as a possible candidate for matrimony, and 'showed her abilities mainly in making goose pie,' have not been served up in the vulgar row long since.

Worse still, now that these classic, good dames are to be handled, as Dr. Primrose would say, with such 'mutilated courtesy,' the sacrilege spreads rapidly to companion sisters in vulgarity who figured in the anti-romantic character novels of the day. It is not even with the bated breath of Taine that one ventures to say now that 'the sublime Clarissa had a little mind' that the virtuous Pamela and gentle Amelia had too much of the 'rustic ladies' maid' and submissive slave in their composition to fill the place of any exalted heroines, and that too much of vulgar goodness, narrow virtue, 'genteel' (i) vice and pervading insipidity becloud the whole atmosphere wherein they sit enshrined. It was Horace Walpole who declared that he stopped at the fourth volume of Sir Charles Grandison 'because he was so tired of sets of people getting together and saying, 'Pray, miss, with whom are you in love?' and the 'woeful insipidity,' to say nothing of grosser evils in the novels of his day, may well be said to have turned the 'delicate digestion' of nicer critics than Walpole away from contemporary literature.

And yet—here's the rub—a very slight excursion outside their pages show facts in the real life, character and position of woman which in no way tally with their tame ladies'-maid pictures. There, for instance, was Hannah More, a schoolmaster's daughter leading Dr. Johnson around by the nose, shining a bright, particular star in the grand drawing rooms of London and putting her plays successfully against 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal.' There was Mary Wortley Montague compelling Horace Walpole to exclaim, 'It is very remarkable how much better these women write than men.' And not far off was the still more famous letter-writer, Mme. Savigne, completing the triumph of her English sister. In social life the real heroines, as well as lords and ladies, was writing the country sisters: 'We spent the whole evening at a party at Hampton in a pleasant wrangle about poets, scholars, and to censure Shakespeare, I raved and scolded, and Garrick did everything but beat him.'

This certainly does not look like necessarily tame or vulgar being for either vicar's or schoolmaster's daughters, women of the court or women of the country. Why then, did the eighteenth century writers so misrepresent their women in their heroines? Of course, the explanation of Mrs. Meynell's is the nearest though severe one. They were not conscious of their sinning. They had not come to a comprehension of their subject. They painted women as their masculine contemporaries would them, as she was, or ought to be—a mixture of patient Griselda and one-sided Jeannie Deans. Loving was her chief grace—not a poor one, loftily exercised, but lighting on the pictures of the Thornhill or Lovelace pattern, the most debasing in human history. When the incorruptible Pamela confesses that she does 'not blush,' to give her coyly numbered kisses to the brutal lord, who had tried, and is tempted, and insulted her by every beastly device known to his low nature, before making her his bride, she writes herself a hundred fathoms below the high-souled Romola, who, torn in swift, though heart-breaking recoil, from the most fascinating Tio, who has shown the sign of the beast for him, she would not be the whole of literature begin to interpret the other half of humanity to the world.

'The heroines of the past,' says a recent writer, 'were of only two kinds: the wholly good woman and the wholly bad; and the good or bad of it appears to have been comprehended mainly in the idea of the husband, who was to say that his wife would do anything for him: she would do anything for him.' 'To love with unselfish and unflinching devotion that was the good type,' says this writer, 'and it entered even in the works of Dickens and Thackeray.' To be faithless and un-thackeray' was the bad one, and in either case it was wooden. Only here and there a genius like Shakespeare, glancing from earth to heaven and perceiving the inherent elements in

CURIOUS SIGHTS AT ST. PAUL'S.

Various Forms of Irreverence in London's Great Cathedral. Visitors in London have often been astonished at the conduct of some people in St. Paul's Cathedral. They have seen men sitting about the entrance eating bananas and nibbling sandwiches; others have been dozing and many have evidently not been attracted there by the idea of worship or sightseeing. The beggars that hang about the continental churches and the guides who lie in wait for sightseers may be no better looking, but they present a more reverential aspect. One visitor who has been in the church at intervals for the past ten years says he has never failed to notice these offenders. On Sundays there are fewer of them than at other times; but he recalls one curious incident on a Sunday afternoon when a popular canon was preaching. The body of the great church was occupied by a congregation that filled every chair. Among the worshippers sat three men eating oranges. They apparently had no ears for the eloquent sermon and the beautiful singing. When they had finished their meal they simply left the church.

A Londoner has described in a newspaper some of the remarkable sights he has witnessed at St. Paul's. One regular attendant was a well-known bookmaker, who was always to be seen at the afternoon services. His case did not present the mental contrast that might have been supposed of gambler to some extent in the large churches here which are always open. The persons who cause more trouble in this way are old women, who go to a church as soon as it is opened and remain there all day. They are occasionally removed by the police, and are attracted to the church chiefly through religious enthusiasm. The St. Paul tramps are of quite a different kind. The cathedral has long been a favorite meeting place of lovers, and the couples constantly meeting there are one of its familiar features. St. Paul's is unique among the great show churches of the world in that it is a place of reverence and even decency among the persons who frequent it. No continental church has ever offered a similar sight, although none of them is, of course, in a city of such size.

ROSA BONHEUR.

Of the Extreme Tomboy Type in Her Youthful Days. Rosa Bonheur, the great artist, is now a hale and handsome old lady of seventy-seven, still passing much of her time out-of-doors among her friends the animals, in the grounds of her beautiful estate in the heart of the forest of Fontainebleau. In the course of her remarkable career she has displayed many traits and tastes more commonly associated with the masculine sex than her own. Her physical vigor, her interest in hunting, her love for horses, dogs and wild beasts, the half-masculine costume she early adopted to meet the requirements of her work—all these have been roughly classed as masculine. Perhaps they are so; but they have not therefore made Mademoiselle Bonheur AN UNWOMANLY WOMAN.

Her guests pronounce her a charming hostess. She is kind and sympathetic, her manners are pleasing, although abrupt, and she resents any imputation that her career has rendered her tactlessly or rustic. She confessed recently to her feminine satisfaction in having, while visiting at the court of the Empress Eugenie, disappointed the malicious expectations of that overbearing great lady, the Princess Metternich, who was on the lookout for her to make some awkward slip.

In her youth, however, as she gaily admits, she was an extreme type of tomboy, brought up to delight in the company of her brothers and sisters, detesting all the usual tasks of girls, and caring little for their pleasures. At one time, when her brothers went to school next door, their master, seeing her idle, offered to take her too.

'So I entered his class of boys with my brothers, Auguste and Isidore. I was not in the least abashed to have only boys for my companions during the hours of my school days. I spent in the garden of the Pige Royale. I was quite able to hold my own in all the games.'

Five years later on the death of her mother, she was placed—she of all girls—as an apprentice with a dressmaker, Madame Gaidorf. Naturally, she did not long remain there. Her next occupation was to color simple designs for a friend of her father, Monsieur Brisson, whose business was to PAINT HERALDIC DEVICES.

'In this way,' she says, 'I earned a few sous—poor little earnings, of which I cannot now think without emotion. What an eccentric creature was dear Madame Brisson! The mother of three boys, she was disconsolate never to have had a daughter—her dream. To lessen her disappointment, she nicknamed her boys with girl names—in the home circle of course. My chum, best friend and closest companion, her youngest son, answered to the name of Elenora. An odder comradeship, surely, of boy-girl and girl-boy! The madcap Rosa was next sent to a prim boarding-school, from which she was sent home in disgrace for having slashed the heads of the owner's best rosaries with a stick while conducting a desperate charge in the garden, during a sham battle in which she had induced the other girls to take part. Shortly after, she began to paint in earnest, and had entered modestly and obscurely upon her destined career, although she was not quite the conventional girl, even then.

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Are Fixed Upon South American Nervine.

Beyond Doubt the Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

WHEN EVERY OTHER HELPER HAS FAILED IT CURES

A Discovery, Based on Scientific Principles, that Renders Failure Impossible.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE

In the matter of good health temporarily, 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 fad or a permanent cure.

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 claim of perfect curative qualities cannot be gained.

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 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, which is the seat of the nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow.

Here is the first reliable trouble. For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

- 1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, 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 his ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

JAKE KRESS

is still to be found in his Old Stand opposite the Durham Bakery.

Furniture

Of the Best Quality Cheaper THAN EVER.



First-Class Hearse. UNDERTAKING Promptly attended to. JAKE KRESS.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Are Fixed Upon South American Nervine.

Beyond Doubt the Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

WHEN EVERY OTHER HELPER HAS FAILED IT CURES

A Discovery, Based on Scientific Principles, that Renders Failure Impossible.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE

In the matter of good health temporarily, 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 fad or a permanent cure.

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 claim of perfect curative qualities cannot be gained.

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 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, which is the seat of the nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow.

Here is the first reliable trouble. For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO