

THE GREY REVIEW

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Township of Bentinck, 100 acres adjoining
Town plot Durham.
Mortgage taken for part purchase
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Apply to JAMES EDGE,
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Horse Shoeing Shop.
In the old stand. All hand-
made shoes. Also
WOODWORK
in connection.
A first-class lot of
Hand-made Waggon
for sale cheap.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly
attended to.

ALLAN MCFARLANE,
Proprietor.

THE REAL BOERS AT HOME.

SIMPLE, PRIMITIVE WAYS OF THE
PEOPLE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Seen at the Best on Lonely Farms—Strong
Religious Beliefs—Few Pleasures
Known to Their Lonely Lives—Ritual
Matches, Communion and Mobilization
—Every Boer Can Shoot Well From
Rifles.
You will hear divers answers as to
what kind of people the Boers are. The
more short-sighted and intolerant
among travellers may say that the
Boers are a dirty lot who don't use
table napkins, an illiterate set of
brutes who never heard of Kipling, an
utterly unrefined people whose knowl-
edge of art is nil; in short, a back-
ward, stupid, unprogressive, half-civil-
ized set who are too thick-headed to
know they are standing in the path
of that juggernaut car, civilization,
and must in the end be crushed be-
neath its wheels.

It is a mistake to take Paul Kruger
and his surrounding politicians as
types of the Boer. Also it is a mis-
take to take the dweller in the towns
as typical. To unearth the real Boer
one must seek the wide and solitary
veldt, the hidden valleys, the distant
hills, and there, on his farm, draw him
out and study him. Your true Boer
despises the town. He is essentially
an agriculturist and a hunter. Up to
1892 he never saw a railroad in his
country, and he was bitterly opposed
to its coming. He argues that the
railroad will drive away the game,
and, without anything to shoot at, life
will not be worth living. He is ex-
tremely conservative, and with stran-
ger brusque and taciturn, but if he
finds you are harmless he can be very
hospitable. He does not drink
deep.

HE IS RELIGIOUS

With a gloomy, stern religion, which
makes him believe, as did the Coven-
anters, as much in the Old Testament
as in the New. Like all people whose
belief in the Bible is of that uncon-
promising kind, he is more or less super-
stitious. He is moral. He does not
believe in divorce laws. He marries
early in life, and is convinced the
highest blessing is an abundance of
children. He is sturdily built, as a
rule, thanks to his way of life, which
is the same as that of his father and
his ancestors for many generations—
an open-air life, with lots of beef and
cabbage and milk. He is a good horse-
man, and a remarkable marksman. He
understands that the man who can
shoot straight and without excite-
ment, makes nowadays, the best
soldier. He fears God and loves his
country, but cannot understand the
need of a taxgatherer.

At the first hint of gray in the East-
ern sky, at the first crow of the cock,
the farm household is up and stirring,
and breakfast, with the usual strong
coffee the Boer loves, is over by the
time the sun rises. The men are out
and about at once. The women have
plenty of work about the house. The
genuine old Boer farm furnishes itself
every necessary to its occupants.
The furniture is often made by the
farmer, or he has great, unwieldy,
carved chests and bureaus which have
come to him from his ancestors. He
can make his own shoes. His women
dress and weave his sheep's wool,
and make their and his clothes from
it. There is almost nothing he needs
to buy. He does not care a rap for
neckties or collars or store clothes,
and a full beard is fashionable. All
he really has to buy is farming im-
plements, and of these he prefers the
primitive sort, though enterprising
agents have introduced such things as
mowing and other machinery.

During the day he works leisurely,
content to make a living out of the
ground. He has been seen sitting in
his wagon for hours watching an en-
terprising, bustling, Utilitarian with
wonder as the foreigner worked con-
tinuously with all kinds of new-fangled
machines, producing far more from
the earth than his wants required, be-
cause he wished to mark the surplus
and make money. He has been seen
thus, shaking his head in pity and not
unmingled with contempt at such
folly, for the Boer is

NOT A MONEYMAKER.

He does not want a bank account. So
he drives his slow-moving ox wagon
away on the hot and dusty trek, medi-
tating on the want of faith these Ut-
linders have, who cannot trust the fu-
ture to God and be content with to-
day.

He dines heartily at noon and stups
heartily at evening. His day hardly
differs from that of any farmer in any
country, only, if he sings at his work,
it is likely to be a psalm that he sings.
He smokes a great deal while he goes
about—a habit derived from his fore-
bears in Holland. He is fortunate in
having no winter—no frost, no snow,
only the dry season, when his cattle
suffer, and the rainy season, when the
rivers and ponds are flooded.

His house and barns are low and
roomy—simply furnished as to the
house-rooms. The great featherbed is
usually the most noticeable feature,
unless, perhaps he glories in a little
harmonium for his daughter to pick
out, hymn tunes on, of a Sunday. Just
before the sun goes down, at a time
which varies very little all the year
round, the Boer calls his family to-
gether and they have household pray-
ers and pious singing. No lights are
needed, or if one is, it is an old-fash-
ioned lantern, or more likely, a
rush dip floating in a cup of home-
made tallow. Ere the daylight has
fairly gone the farmer has bolted the
door and everybody is in bed.

He has no amusements, according to
European or American lights. Know-
ing nothing of theatres or picture gal-
leries, he does not want them. He
hardly ever reads anything save the
Bible, and that is a sacred duty, and
with stammering and difficulty. The

hunt is his chief sport, for big or little
game, and there is keen rivalry in
the display of trophies. Also he has
one favorite sport which he has the
kind—the shooting matches. For this
however, he does not dress up in pic-
turesque attire, as a German does with
a Schutzenfest, but goes to it with
his folks in his usual dress, seeing to
it, however, that his rifle is in its best
trim. One township may challenge
another, or Majuba Day—the anniversary
of the battle in which the English whip-
ped the Boers in 1855—may be cele-
brated by a grand meet of all the
neighbors for simple prizes. There is
not, to the outsider, very much excite-
ment—no yelling or waving of hand-
kerchiefs. It is rather a grave func-
tion, for even the children know that
it is a kind of examination, during
which each patriot is anxious to show
with what a deadly aim he can shoot.
When the time comes, for his father,
he does not fire crackers on
Majuba Day, nor get drunk, nor howl,
but accepts it as an occasion for quiet,
triumphant thanksgiving and a lit-
tle patriotic oratory denouncing the
demands of the Boerlanders. When
the match and the speeches are over
he drives home.

TO BED BY SUNDOWN

As usual, of course, in the bigger
towns—but there is no really big
town in all the republic—things may
be more animated.

Three or four times a year he goes
to Nachamaal, which is equivalent to
the Scotch Fast Day, or communion.
In the little market square of the
nearest little burg there will stand a
modern whitewashed building like a
barn. This is the church of the dis-
trict, and at stated periods the
farmers gather from all about. They
don't take their families to hotels,
though some may stay with friends,
but drive the two or three days' jour-
ney in the big white-carriage wagon,
with a pair of twelve to sixteen fat,
white-horned oxen. They make camp
near the town in a meadow probably
cooking for themselves the Nachamaal,
which means the food they have
brought along. The congrega-
tion gathers, during this time, day
and evening. Their neighbors meet
casual, at a little business. They
would not belong to the human family
if, of course, the lads and lassies did
not walk and talk and court and ex-
change vows. These are the great
outings of the pioneers of the year, and
small tradesmen and peddlers are on
hand with knickknacks, and trumpery
to sell to the young folks, so that, out-
side the services, the meeting is a kind
of fair. Sometimes also there may be
a wrestling match or jumping match
between young men, in which all, old
and young, will take a deep interest.

Although the Boer has proved that
he can be longheaded and shrewd in
some of the ordinary matters of life he
is remarkably simple. There are
many stories told of his unsophisticat-
ed ways. A prospector for gold found
signs of it on a farmer's land, and
after a great effort succeeded in buy-
ing the plot he desired. A check on
a bank in Pretoria was offered in
payment, but the farmer had never
been inside a bank, and did not know
what a check was. He would take no-
thing but gold, and gold, a consider-
able amount was finally handed over
to him. The excitement of the trans-
action over, and his bewilderment at
possessing so much wealth put the
farmer began to fear what he had nev-
er had to trouble himself about before
—robbers. He slept on his money, and
as he could not take it out with him
to his work, he either sat at home
watching it with a gun or else had
one of his stalwart sons do the same.
When occasion demanded that he
should visit the town he drove in with
an armed son, and while one of the
youngsters sat at the wheel, the other
place, the other sat on the box con-
taining the treasure, warning off all
comers. It was only after his pastor
had reasoned with him for months,
and then with great deal of doubt
and nervous, cautious questions, he
was persuaded to put his fortune in the
Standard Bank.

ONE GOOD WOMAN

with children she was very proud of,
though they were rude and awkward
boys and girls, had been in Pretoria,
and there, by some chance, was taken
to luncheon at the home of the Eng-
lish Bishop. She could speak Eng-
lish, but her hosts had been at the
pains to learn something of Dutch.
The farmer's wife was so much struck
by the neat and polite daughters of
the Bishop's wife that she went at
home, she felt that, after all, her
swans were but ugly ducklings. For
a long time she worried, until, one day
along came a tramp—a wallager, with
whose appearance she was struck, and
was English, and the old lady had a
happy thought. He was a tenderfoot,
and knew not a word of "taal," but
an interpreter was found, and the tramp
was hospitably told he was to stay
right there and tend the youngsters.
English speech and English manners.
He protested that he could not teach
English if he did not know some Dutch
but the old lady was obdurate, so he
accepted the post. His first appear-
ance at the table was a signal for the
mother to gather her flock and make
them watch how the amazed and un-
happy Englishman handled his knife
and fork and so on. He stayed at the
farm a long time, and as he really
was a gentleman down on his luck,
probably earned his board. At any
rate, the simple old farmer's wife felt
her peace of mind restored when her
children had had "an English educa-
tion."

So the Boer farmer and hunter pur-
sues his even way, as his people have
ever done, and if what he considers
the accursed gold had never been
found in his land, he might so pursue
it to the end of the chapter. It is to
be feared, however, that foreign capi-
tal and railroads and telegraphs and
lightning-rod agents have broken up
his idyllic life forever, or, rather, will
soon do so.

CLOVER HAY FOR SHEEP.

Well-cured clover hay is the best
possible rough feed for sheep. Great
care must be exercised in curing it.
One ton of bright, green, clover hay
is worth two or three of poorly cured
and dusty.

Japan has established at Yokohama
an imperial coinage mint, modeled
after the one in Philadelphia.

MAKING WALL PAPER.

The Interesting Process Briefly and In-
structively Described.

The manufacture of wall paper is sin-
gularly interesting. First, a web of
blank paper is set in a reel behind
a blotching machine; two cylinders
bring the free end of the paper into
the machine, where a roller working
in a color pan puts a large quantity
of color upon the paper in blotches.
Then a set of flat brushes, called jig-
gers, brush quickly back and forth,
thus spreading the coloring matter ev-
enly over the surface of the paper.

As the paper comes from the blotch-
ing machine a workman takes one end
of it, wraps it around a stick and places
the stick across two parallel endless
chains, and the paper is thus carried
up an incline. When 18 feet of it has
run out, the chains take up another
stick that lies across them, and carry
it up as they did the first stick;
a third stick soon follows the second,
and thus the work continues until the
entire web of paper has been run out
of the blotching machine.

EACH ONE IS GIVEN A COLOR.

A workman to whom that color has
been given takes the roller to his bench,
sets it firmly in the grasp of a vise,
and with hammers, files, brass ribbons,
and brass rods goes to work. Every bit
of the design that is to be in green
is traced out for him, and he carefully
reproduces it in relief on the roller.
When his work is finished, the roller
bears on its face, in raised brass, green
stems, leaves, etc., and at the proper
time and place will put the green col-
oring and shading, just where the de-
signer intended it should be. In like
manner the other rollers are made
ready for use, and they are then taken
to a press that has a large cylin-
der of the width of ordinary wall pa-
per. There are grooves around the
sides and the bottom of the cylinder,
into which are fitted the rods on the
ends of the rollers, and when in posi-
tion, the faces of the rollers just touch
the cylinder. An endless cloth band
comes to touch of the rollers from below,
and each band works in a color pan,
which contains, in liquid form, the color-
ing matter to be carried on the roller to
which the band belongs.

Each roller is placed in such position
that the part of the design upon it
will strike exactly in the spot neces-
sitated by the relative position of the
other rollers.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

An Incident in the Life of a London
"Bus" Conductor.

The sight of a white-haired bishop
standing on the footboard of an Eng-
lish "bus" for the express purpose of
taking the passengers' money and tick-
ets, and otherwise acting as conduct-
or, was one that might have been seen
in a London street not very long ago.

The situation a few minutes before
had been almost tragical. The con-
ductor was collecting fares on the top
of his "bus," when a lurch or jolt threw
him from the roof to the street.
The fall was a heavy one, and the unlucky
man came down headlong. No one
expected to see him on his feet again,
but he picked himself up, staggered
pluckily to the footboard of his "bus,"
and essayed to resume his duties.

His face was white as death, his
forehead was badly cut, and he quiver-
ed in every limb. Several passengers
gathered around him and tried to per-
suade him to go off to the hospital in
the next cab, for fear of any internal
injury; but the poor fellow continued
to grip the brass hand-rail, although
with shaking fingers.

"No," he said, "I must keep at work.
I don't leave my bus. I don't, in-
deed."

Then out from the crowd stepped the
white-haired figure of Dr. J. L. Pater-
son, the learned Roman Catholic titu-
lar bishop of Emmus.
"Don't be foolish, my friend," he said
in his kipli way. "Off you go to the
hospital in that cab. Give me your
belt-pouch, cash-bag and tickets, and
I'll look after these people for you to
the end of the journey."

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

Beggar.—Please, sir, will you lend me
a dime ter git something ter eat?
Gentleman.—You've got a quarter in
your hand now. What's that for?
Beggar.—That's ter tip the waiter.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Pub-
lishers and subscribers to the following
provisions of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the
publisher may continue to send it until pay-
ment 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 sub-
scribed or not is responsible for the pay-
ment.
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 he 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 Hearses.
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 differ-
ent 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 Ameri- can 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.



In the matter of good health tempo-
rarily, while possibly success-
ful for the moment, can never be last-
ing. Those in poor health soon know
whether the remedy they are using
is simply a passing incident in their ex-
perience, tracing 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' won-
der, but critical and experienced men
have been studying this medicine for
years, with the one result—they have
found that its claim of perfect cura-
tive 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 prin-
ciples. Indeed, the ordinary lay-
man recognized this principle long
ago. Everyone knows that
long 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 cen-
tres, and paralysis is sure to follow.
Here is the first principle. The treat-
ment while this remedy is practically
able with medical treatment un-
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 im-
mediately 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 organ
which has shown the outward evidence
only of derangement is healed. Indi-
gestion, 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 there.

The eyes of the world have not been
disappointed in the inquiry into the sus-
cess of South American Nervine. Peo-
ple marvel. It is true, at its wonderful
medical qualities, but they know be-
yond all question that it does every-
thing that is claimed for it. It stands
alone as the one great certain curing
remedy of the nineteenth century. Why
should anyone suffer, diarrhea and chol-
era, while this remedy is practically
at their hands?

For sale by McFarlane & Co.