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

StandardBank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.

CAPITAL, Authorized	$2,000,000
" 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.

A general Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on savings bank deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

J. KELLY, Agent.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

J. P. TELFORD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN SUPREME COURT NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner, etc., MONEY TO LOAN.

Fire Insurance secured.

OFFICE, OVER GRANT'S STORE, LOWER TOWN, DURHAM.

W. L. McKENZIE,

Loan and Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Commissioner &c.

Loans arranged without delay. Collections promptly made. Insurance effected.

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of Interest

Office one door north of S. Scott's Store Durham

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUGH McKAY.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, for the County of Grey. Sales attended to promptly and at reasonable rates.

Residence Durham Out

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE. Thomas Lander, Registrar. John A. Munro Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

JAMES LOCKIE,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses. Auctioneer for Counties of Bruce and Grey. Residence—King St., Hanover.

FOR SALE

The EDGE PROPERTY.

In the Town of Durham, County of Grey, including valuable Water Power Brick Dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Bentinck, 100 acres adjoining Town plot Durham.

Mortgage taken for part purchase money.

Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill, Ont.

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

Rosanne.

But circumstances seldom allow us to rage long uninterrupted, and while Rosanne walked on, the fields grew dimmer, and the green grayer, and the breeze chillier, and the grass wetter until at last she found the thorny briers which twitched her by the shawl as she passed them, were beginning to ask her where she was going. It was a puzzling question. To go home among those false, scheming, triumphant creatures, could not for a moment be thought of. It would be more tolerable to return and face the storm in the dairy at Kilcrumlyn farm, and even that was quite impossible. On such consideration as she could give, only one answer occurred to her. She would go to her Aunt Lizzie Mahony, her mother's sister, who had always been good natured and friendly. The Mahonys, it was true, lived rather a long step off, somewhere beyond Hewlistown, still she thought she could certainly contrive to get there in the course of the next day, and she knew they would be glad to see her. After that, her future was all drearily vague. She supposed that she could get field work to do, and sometimes she even thought wildly of turning ballad singer. Dan used to say that she had a voice fit to make her fortune; but of course that might only have been one of his lies, for it was evident you could not believe a word that came out of his head. The further her feet and her reflections traveled, the more attractive grew the picture of the Mahony's little white cottage, with her aunt looking out at the door, and saying: "Glory be to goodness, if it isn't little Rosanne." For the fields around her spread lonelier, and stranger, and the moonlight began to fill them cruelly with ghastly gleams and shades. At last in a great fright she crept under a haystack and shivered and dazed in inequal alterations till the dawn.

It found her bewilderingly miserable, but delivered from the panic fears that had beset her, while the world was black and white, and she stole out of the yellow-mounded haggart on to the high-road close by. She hardly noticed that she was hungry and cold and damp with dew as she resumed her journey, upon which the July sun soon began to glare strong and fierce. The way was much longer than she thought, and she lengthened it by missing it several times, finding intricate directions all the more puzzling because she was dazed for the want of food and sleep. Two women of whom she had made inquiries and who told her of terribly many miles gave her a drink of milk, but that was all she had the whole day. With her gaudy hat and her carelessly-wisped-on shawl and bedraggled pink gown, her curly hair tossed and ruffled and her eyes wild and woebegone, she had become a forlorn, strange-looking figure, which passers-by eyed curiously, and on which they sometimes made remarks. This alarmed her greatly, for solitary wanderings were a new experience to her. She made up her mind never to be a ballad singer, and her aunt's house grew a more and more desired refuge. At last, when the shadows stretched very long and the sunbeams had relaxed their scorching grip, she came to a bit of road that seemed familiar to her. Round the next turn, if she was not mistaken, stood the little white cottage at the foot of a steep field, in the angle where two lonings met—she remembered the place very well.

And, sure, enough round the corner, just as she had hoped, the little white cottage came into view, a sight which for a few moments she beheld with much comfort of heart. But she had not taken many steps towards it before she perceived that something was amiss. On the brown slope of the thatch a thick cloud of smoke was brooding, dull and pale, and, as she looked thicker black clouds came rolling up through it in great, heavy puffs, pierced here and there by sharp thrusts of flame, which even under the sunset of the sky gleamed strong and red. Very clearly the house was on fire, which was a dreadful thing; but what struck Rosanne with still more dismay was that there seemed to be nobody about to mind it. Three small stranger boys were sitting on the triangular grass plat between the two lanes just in front of the cottage, but they were busily playing some game with bits of broken crockery and taking no interest in the fire. Nobody else was to be seen. Rosanne ran up to the children in a breathless scare. "Where's all the Mahonys?" One of boys glanced at her indifferently "Och, the Mahonys was put out of it yisterday for the rint," he said, "and the colonel's burning the ould bad houses to hinder the people of comin' back to them, and squatters and tramps, and all manner. Give me the blue-edged bit, Billy."

"And where's me uncle gone to?" said Rosanne.

"I dunno," said the boy, "unless it was to the Union below at Hewitstown."

"Sure, not at all," said Billy; "I heard them sayin' Pat Mahony was gone to his brother's place, away at Tullylough."

The first boy, who was freckled and blue-eyed and red-headed, put out his tongue in acknowledgment of this correction, and the third, who was like him, said: "No, he isn't. They've all took off to the States." Rosanne thought they looked quite fiendishly hideous. She was turning towards the house when Billy said: "There's nobody in it;" but his brother said: "Yis there is, after that ag'in. I seen Alec Anderson and another of the bailiff's men goin' round wid a pitchfork awhile ago."

Rosanne ran desperately up to the door, and looked in. It was all a smother of smoke inside, and the flames might be heard gnashing their teeth among the crackling rafters. Then she ran on round the corner of the house, and there, sure enough, were two men, one of whom, standing on the pig sty wall, was poking a pitchfork into the thatch. The fact was that Alec Anderson, who had a thrifty turn, had noticed a fresh golden patch where Pat Mahony had lately darned his roof, and now deemed it worth while to rescue the good bit of straw from the conflagration for use on his premises. Burning cabins is hot and thirsty work on a radiant July day, and Anderson's mood had become irritable over it. So when a dishevelled bit of a vagrant girl, wrapped in an old rag of a shawl surmounted by an incongruous gray hat, came rushing up to him, and in horror-stricken accents asked would he plase be tellin' where Mrs. Mahony was gone, he felt moved to reply by tossing down a bundle of thatch on her off his fork, and saying: "Ou speir that at somebody that kens or cares, me hizzie and dinna be bletherin' here away."

Unluckily the bundle had a red-hot smouldering core, and as it dropped on Rosanne's head, it knocked off her hat, and set her hair alight, and fell in scorching flakes before her eyes. She was fleeing away, blind and terrified, but she tripped over a stone, and fell with her head against the wall, which stunned her into unconcern.

By the time that her troublesome world came back to her, she had been conveyed to the infirmary ward of the Hewitstown workhouse, a doleful white-washed place, where the last red rays of the sunset were beating on the grimy windows. Poor Rosanne's fortunes had sunk so deeply within the last four and twenty hours that you would hardly have recognized her as the same girl who had talked to her cousin Martha at the gate among the hayfields, while the sun went down behind a screen of rounded tree tops. For her clothes were blackened and drenched with fire and water, and much worse, her pretty curling hair was all burnt off, and one side of her face was scorched. Next morning her neighbor in the ward thoughtfully lent her a bit of broken looking-glass that "she might see the quare show she was;" but she had scarcely energy to glance at it, and was faintly shocked by the disfigured image. All the day she lay in a dazed, apathetic state, and took little heed of anything. It seemed to her as if she had been there always in a dreary sort of dream.

But on the day after, when the creeping shadow on the floor had shrunken almost to its noontide skimpiness, she suddenly roused up quite awake. Just outside the door, which was close to her bed, she heard a familiar voice speaking—the voice of Dan McClean. Rosanne held her breath as the nurse, a square-framed stolid person, was called out to interview, "a young man from about Kilbracken, that was come exin' after a girl." Dan's voice would have sounded like heavenly music to her, if the echo of Martha's had not come harshly through it and jarred it into discord.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," she heard him say diffidently, "might there be a girl by the name of Rosanne Tierney in it?"

"Is it the name?" said the nurse, 'sure I couldn't be tellin' you the names of the half of them that comes and goes. What sort is she?"

"Och, a slip of a girl," snid Dan, whose descriptive powers were not great, "a slip of a girl—wid black hair—and a smallish size she is."

"There's plenty of them like that, if that's all," said the nurse, "we have a black-haired one came in the other day, not over big. Some sort of a tramp she is, and got a crack on the head wid a bit of the roof slippin' down on her; but I could be axin' her her name. Rosanne Tierney did you say? And what might you be to her supposin' she is? Her brother maybe?"

It seemed to Rosanne as if an endless pause followed this question; yet Dan only hesitated for a moment before he answered: "Och, well, ma'am," he said, "you might say I'm as good as a brother, anyway."

And with that a stormy darkness fell upon Rosanne. For what could "as good as a brother," signify, except marriage with the step-sister, Maggie Walsh? She hoped to goodness she might never have the misfortune to set eyes on either of the two of them to the end of her life's days—and she'd as lief that mightn't be very long—a pair of black-hearted rogues—the villain might just go back the way he came.

When a minute afterwards the nurse returned to make her inquiry, the tramp kept her head under the blanket, and would only mutter in a husky, mumbling way: "I dunno any such people at all—bid him get along out of that—me name's Isabella Hill," facts which were at once reported to Dan outside in the passage, with the additional details that the creature seemed to be a cross-tempered one, and perhaps not quite right in her senses. But at this moment another visitor arrived in the shape of a small freckled and red-haired boy, who was carrying with an averse expression of countenance, a large, gaudily-wreathed straw hat. "And what might you be wantin', Matthew Flanigan?" said the nurse.

"Me mother bid me bringin' th' ould hat," said Matthew. It dropped off the girl that got hurted up at Pat Mahony's on Friday, and me brother brought it, home, but she sez it might be a loss to the crathur that owned it, so she sent me along wid it, and it's him she'd a right to ha' sent——

"Be the powers of smoke!" Dan exclaimed, seizing hold of the hat, "that's belongin' to Rosanne Tierney; she got it new at Easter, and as proud of herself in it she was as a little paycock. Sure I remember this tuft of yeller roses wid red glass beads in them cocked up at the side of it; I was tellin' her it looked for all the world like one of our old donkey's ears; and was axin' her why wouldn't she be sticking up the other to match it."

"For the matter of that," said the nurse, "there's dozens of quare hats goin' about the world, and all of them that deminted-lookin' you'd be hard set to tell the one from the other. The aquil of the outlandish gazaboes you see on people these times I niver witnessed."

"Ah! but I couldn't be mistook in this one by any manes," said Dan continuing to examine the hat: "sure 'twas sittin' in front of me in the trap all the way drivin' over from her place to our place and back agin of Easter Sunday, an' here it is the very same. Couldn't I be seein' the girl, ma'am, just for a minyit, for if she isn't Rosanne——"

But here a voice called loudly and clearly through the half-open door: "Don't you offer to be comin' next or nigh me, Dan McClean. I'm no such thing. Git away home to Maggie Walsh," it said, and Dan's sunburnt face grew two inches shorter at the sound. "Glory be to goodness, it's herself," he said, "and me heart broke thinkin' what had become of her ever since Saturday morning. Sure, I'll not be comin' in if you're not wishful, jewel," he said, peering warily round the edge of the door, "but what talk at all was that you had about Maggie Walsh?"

"It was me cousin, Martha Reilly, was tellin' me all manner," said Rosanne, who felt as if she were wakening up out of a very ill-favored nightmare."

"Trust Martha Reilly to be gabbin' about what diesn't consarn her," said Dan. "Troth I well knew your stepmother was puttin' that story about this while back, and devil a word of truth in it. 'Deed, Rosanne, that ould woman isn't anyt oo good I'm thinkin' But sure what matter about the pack of them? Your Aunt Lizzie Mahony's stoppin' wid her sister-in-law away at Drumcastle. I discovered that much yisterday—and they bid me be bringin' you to stay up there till we would be gettin' married afore reapin' begins. Maggie Walsh bedad! Is it idling me time I'd be trampin' over the country after her on a Monday morning in th' middle of havmakin'? So hurry, up, honey, and git all right agin, the way I can be comin' to fetch you. I'll borry Jimmy Byrne's side-car."

"And did you hear tell the quare awful thing I done at the farm—throwin' all Mrs. Conroy's grand crame to the pigs?" said Rosanne, the recollection of this disaster now beginning to emerge from the chaos of troubles which had overwhelmed and obliterated it. But Dan replied unappalled: "Why to be sure. And was that any reason for you to bet browin' yourself after it, so to spake? Not if every sup of crame in Ireland was spilt, and all the pigs in the country swimmin' in the middle of it wave, and your stepmother and her daughter, and Marthe Reilly, that can't be easy unless she's gabbin,' along wid the lot of them,"

So a few Sundays later Rosanne Tierney was married in her gay buff and crimson wreathed hat. It was slightly battered and the worse for its travels, but it would have been ungrateful for her to discard it, as only for its timely turning up on a former critical occasion, it might probably enough at that moment have been worn by a forlorn little distracted vagrant, instead of adorning the proud and happy head of Mrs. Daniel McClean.

The End.

EAST INDIAN WIVES.

Until the day of her marriage the East Indian girl has been the spoiled pet of her mother, but the hour that sees her put into a planquin, shut up tight and carried to her husband's house changes all that was happiness into misery. She becomes from that moment the little slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she has to wait hand and foot, whose lightest word is law and who teaches her what dishes her husband likes best and how she is to prepare them. A kind mother-in-law is a thing seldom, if ever, met with, and rarely does she give the little bride leave to go home and visit her mother.

Of her husband the girl sees little or nothing. She cannot complain to him of the cruelty of his mother, for he would never by any chance take her part. He sends in to her the portion of food he wishes cooked for himself, her and the children, and when it is ready she places it upon a large platter and it is sent into his room. He eats all he fancies of it and then it is sent back to her, and she and the children sit upon the floor and eat whatever is left.

The girls are married as young as 3 years of age, and should a little boy to whom such a baby is married die she is called a widow, and can never marry again. Married life is hard, but far harder and more sad is the lot of a widow, for she is considered disone day in two weeks she must eat only the very coarsest sort of food, and one day in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours. Her food and always be eaten away from other women, and she must never dress her hair, never sleep upon a bed and never wear any jewelry.

A piece of matting upon the hard floor comprises the couch of a widow, and sometimes even the strip of mattress is denied her; no matter how cold the night may be, she is allowed no covering except the thin garment that she has worn during the day. She may never look on at any marriage ceremonies, for it would be an evil omen for her to do so; she may have been a half-caste woman, but upon becoming a widow even the lowest servants may order her to do work that is distasteful to them, and no woman in the house may even speak one word of comfort or pity to her. Any woman who so far forgets herself as to show the slightest kindness to a widow is supposed to infallibly become a widow herself before long. Such barbarous behavoir is hard to understand and yet these widows take their miserable lot as a matter of course, not even having the spirit to rebel against its injustice.

PRONE TO SUICIDE.

Statistics show that the medical profession is more prone to suicide than any other. During the last three years the number of suicides occurring among physicians has been, respectively, 45, 49 and 47 per annum, an average of nearly one to 2,600; or, as the death rate among the physicians is about 25 to 1,000, nearly one fiftieth of all the deaths in the profession have been by suicide.

THE BEST EXERCISE.

Of all the athletic exercises the very best is digging. Probably every single muscle, vein, artery, and nerve in the body is vigorously exercised in the process.

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 arreages, 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.

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 LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

M. 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.

In the matter of good health temporizing 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 claim 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 scientists and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed, the ordinary layman recognized this principle long ago. Everyone knows that let 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 first [illegible] 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 healed, and of necessity the organ which has 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 baffle 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 process of South American Nervine. People marvel, it is true, at its wonderful medical qualities, but they know beyond 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 distress and sickness while this remedy is practically at their hands?

For sale by McFarlane & Co.

TORONTO