

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 \$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 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
accorded to 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, Con-
veyancer, Commissioner &c.
Loans arranged without delay. Collections
promptly made. Insurance effected.
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest
from 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 Ont

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE, Thomas
Laxer, Registrar. John A. Munro
Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 11
a. m. to 4 p. m.

JAMES LOCKIE,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses. An-
nouncer 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. 63, 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 Waggon
for sale cheap.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly
attended to.
ALLAN McFARLANE,
Proprietor.

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

MR. THORBURN'S THRILLING TRIP
IN UNKNOWN WILDS.

Thirty Years in Darkest Africa—Her Ma-
jesty Queen Estabart—Billions of Dol-
lar's Worth of Diamonds Sold for Thou-
sands.
Visitors to "Savage South Africa,"
at Earl's Court Exhibition, are meet-
ing the most interesting man in Eng-
land, says a London letter. This is Mr.
John Thorburn, who is full to the brim
of properly authenticated adventures.
Mr. Thorburn has passed the meri-
dian of life. A little wiry man, with
not an ounce of superfluous flesh on
his bones, a face bronzed by 30 African
summers, and partly hidden under
a shock of whitening beard, John
Thorburn cuts a picturesque figure in
his suit of prepared flax and large
pancake-like hat.

In 1885 John Thorburn, his wife, and
family were making a great trek
across country from Lorenzo Marques
to the Transvaal. A succession of dis-
asters that would have discouraged
anybody but a Scotchman.—Mr. Thor-
burn hails from the land o' cakes—
culminated in the last of his oxen
succumbing to the tsetse fly, and the
little band of travellers being left
stranded in the boundless ocean of the
African veldt. The plain before them
was dotted with huts.

THORBURN MEETS THE KING.
Presently there approached a fine
well set-up, dignified looking Swazi.
"Malung, what hast thou in thy
waggon?" spoke the new comer.

"I have clothes for the body and
food for the stomach," replied the
traveller, in the poetical language of
the tribe. "I was journeying towards
the setting sun, when the tsetse fly
slew my oxen. I would have assist-
ance—who are thou?"

The stranger threw back his should-
ers and made a wide sweep with his
arm, as he answered proudly:—
"I am Umbandine, King of Swazi-
land, paramount chief of all the Swazi-
land. There is my Emblekeleni"—
pointing to a great cluster of huts in
the distance. "You are welcome, ma-
lung."

In this dramatic fashion did Mr.
Thorburn meet His Majesty King Um-
bandine, and the king set great store
by the traveller, in that his waggon
was loaded with good things to eat
and drink, and fine raiment, fitting
for a chief of the Swazin. Mr. Thor-
burn's three waggon were accommo-
dated within the Royal Kraal itself,
but the king took nothing without pay-
ing full market price. His Majesty asked
the price of gin.

"Three pounds a case," replied Mr.
Thorburn. Umbandine generously
gave him £4, but the trader promp-
tly returned the surplus.

"What funny malungus you are!"
said the astonished chief, as he hand-
ed the rejected coin to one of his in-
dunas. He seemed to be overpowered
by the white man's scrupulousness.
Presently he enquired:
"Can you read and write?" and pro-
duced a letter from a person, asking
the king to grant him part of Swazi-
land. The upshot of it was that Mr.
Thorburn received the appointment of
adviser to Umbandine and remained
resident within the Royal Kraal for
several years.

He built stores and an hotel, and
flourished exceedingly. White men
began to flock to Swaziland, and Mr.
Thorburn's receipts averaged about
£150 a day.

The king made him many valuable
concessions, including a plot of land
75 miles in circumference. That land
teemed with precious minerals, and
Mr. Thorburn saw himself immen-
sely wealthy. After a time he came to
London for the purpose of "floating"
his concessions.

During this time a son was born to
Mr. Thorburn, and he was christened
Bandini, short for Umbandine, the
king. He is now known as the "white
boy chief of the Swazis" at Earl's
Court.

STEAMER'S OVERLAND VOYAGE.

We now come to Mr. Thorburn's
greatest exploit—one that does not
live in the annals of South African
development. The Dark Continent
has been the scene of many great ac-
chievements, but none illustrates more
strikingly the pluck and determina-
tion for which British pioneers are de-
servedly famed than the adventure
which had this little Scotchman for
hero.

Thorburn established himself as a
trader on the Vaal River, where he
was fairly successful, till one day the
river rose and swept his store away.
He thought to turn the cause of his
ruin to future success, and, as the
swollen river was then navigable for
long distances, he ordered from Eng-
land a steamer 37 feet long and of
15 horse power. For some time the
boat brought him in a goodly revenue,
but dry seasons succeeded, and the
Vaal became unnavigable.
That would have been the end of
the steamer with most men; but not
so with John Thorburn. If the Vaal
River was dry, there was still a tidal
river at Delagoa Bay, which was badly
in want of a steamer, and Thorburn
actually decided to drag the boat
across country, a distance of 1,600
miles, a great part of which had
never been trodden by white man be-
fore. The journey occupied 14 months
and the little bands of adventurers
had to make their own roads.
Mr. Thorburn was accompanied by
three white men, his son Jack, George
Gray and Bill Davies. They had the
assistance of three natives. The boat
was placed in a waggon drawn by 18
oxen, and its engine was disposed in
a second vehicle, which was hauled by
14 bullocks. Mr. Thorburn speaks re-
luctantly of the adventures and mis-
adventures which befell them in this

THE MOST NOVEL OVERLAND JOURNEY EVER
UNDERTAKEN.

PURSUED BY FIRE.

Once the veldt caught fire and per-
sued them mile after mile, the flames
roaring and hissing behind them like
a great army of fiends. It seemed a
certain death to all—a hideous linger-
ing death by fire and suffocation. The
32 oxen broke away, and the terri-
fied natives were only too glad to
seize the opportunity to run after
them. The seething furnace crept
nearer with a terrible roar, and blind-
ing choking clouds of smoke it
swept over them. The whole world
seemed ablaze. The little band silent-
ly awaited the end.

When the dawn came Thorburn look-
ed about him, dreading the worst.
But strange to say, not one of the
company was missing, and never was
more heartily prayed for than the axle-
tree in a bit of "S" country, and the
men were six days in digging them
out. The climax arrived when the
waggon containing the boat became
unmanageable in descending a hill
and overtook the waggon, and other
fittings into a matchwood. One-half
of the boat's side was knocked
off of shape, and six feet of the
pinnacle were rent open. Thorburn
patted up the boat, and the journey
was continued.

LOYAL THOUGH BLACK.
The Buffels Heights were negotiated,
and the travellers trekked on to the
Dittin Kraal. Then a great dignitary
came out to welcome them—no less
a personage than Sandhlana, Prime
Minister of Swaziland. He was accom-
panied by several headmen, who paid
great respect to the pale-faces when
they learned that they were English-
men.

"They asked me a lot of questions
about our 'Great White Queen,' says
Mr. Thorburn, 'and I told them of her
greatness and of her goodness to the
black as well as to the white people.'
The next day they sent 'Skokoko,' as
they christened Mr. Thorburn, a young
ox, which was slain and eaten by the
party, and later of the arduous and dan-
gerous journey was resumed.

Almost every mile was attended by
some mishap or adventure. One stretch
of country could only be negotiated by
making a road. Days were spent in
this undertaking. Hands blistered and
bled with the welding of pick and
spade; and the work was almost fin-
ished when the floods came and wash-
ed the road away. Thorburn made
the road again, and the weary, foot-
sore travellers trudged hopefully on.

ROMANCE OF A DIAMOND MINE.

A great friend of Mr. Thorburn was
Hans de Beer, upon whose farm were
discovered some of the most valuable
diamond mines the world has known—
the De Beers and Kimberley. On June
20, 1882, this man, who sold for a few
thousands land which was worth mil-
lions, died in Mr. Thorburn's house, in
the 52nd year of his age.
Hans de Beer was a Dutch stock
breeder, who was rather disgusted with
the noisy incursion of diamond seek-
ers in the neighborhood of his farm,
and he determined to seek less lively
pastures. He agreed to sell his farm to
Messrs. Duvell and Ebdlen, of Port
Elizabeth, for the sum of \$6,500; and
so great was De Beer's anxiety to es-
cape from the babel of strange tongues
that he refused to wait for his money,
and it was sent on after him.

Although during the years De Beer
tended his farm, he literally walked
on untold wealth, it never occurred to
him to reap the rich harvest of pre-
cious stones that lay at his door. He
was quite content to let his flock graze
on the land. Nor, as he repeatedly
told Mr. Thorburn, did he regret dis-
posing of it for the comparatively
speaking, ridiculously small sum of
\$6,500. All he wanted was to be al-
lowed to live a quiet, industrious life.
His wish was granted, and he died a
happy and contented man.

CLOUD OVER THE HONEYMOON.

A temporary cloud has just dark-
ened the honeymoon of twenty newly
married couples at Pöclitz, a hamlet
in Pomerania, says the correspondent
of the London Telegraph. The new
Bürgermeister has been acting as re-
gistrar, thinking that the duties of
his function would be to allow him
ex-officio. After having joined to-
gether in civil wedlock some score of
pairs, with all the parental advice
usually imparted by a Teuton re-
gistrar on such occasions, the authori-
ties discovered that the Bürgermeis-
ter had unwittingly committed an error,
seeing that he was not ex-officio re-
gistrar as well; so that the twenty
marriages were illegal. All the cere-
monies will have to be performed over
again. It is to be hoped that none of
the contracting parties will take ad-
vantage of the situation to sever the
knot they thought securely tied.

ABOUT GLOVES.
The fact that a bridal party occa-
sionally goes to the altar ungloried
must not mislead anybody into thinking
that gloves are "going out," as the saying
is. For all occasions of ceremony
gloves are imperative as a part of full
dress, and for most unceremonious
occasions they are worn as a protec-
tion. A pretty hand is quite too pre-
cious a possession to be sacrificed, and
nothing ruins it so quickly as constant
exposure to wind and sun. For sum-
mer wear the English greatly affect
fabric gloves. Many of these of fine-
st thread are too expensive to find
any sale here. For out-of-door sports
the English always wear gloves, a
great part of which are of the same
being universal. For shopping there has
been a revival of the comfortable
Biarritz or sack glove, but castor and
chamois are still in great favor. For
driving the gauntlet style is at pre-
sent a great favorite, and for visit-
ing the glove par excellence is undre-
ssed kid by the mousetrainer or clasp
style. Society with the big S. is
simply amused at the idea that a lady
gloves about ungloried at any time or
occasion.

UNDETECTED FORGERIES.

At Least Half Are Never Found Out, Says
an Old Bank Clerk.

"At least one half of the forgeries
committed in any great city are never
detected," said an old bank clerk. "I
base that statement upon the observa-
tion of years. It happens now and
then that some man finds himself in
desperate need of money, yields to the
temptation and discounts a note bear-
ing a forged indorsement. The cash
tides him over the crisis, and by the
time the paper matures he is able to
take it up and put it in the fire. That
wipes out the material evidence and the
secret remains locked in the bot-
tom of his heart. Occasionally he fails
to raise the money in time, and then,
of course, the affair comes out, and he
is ruined. But I am convinced that
the proportion of discovery is small."
"The feelings of a man who has been
honest before and who permits himself
to take any such desperate chances
must be terrible. A prosperous mer-
chant confessed a transaction of that
kind to me once, and I have never for-
gotten his story. It was shortly after
he started in business, and in a moment
of frightful pressure he cashed a forged
note for \$1,100. The paper had 90
days to run, and he felt certain he
would be able to collect enough out-
standing accounts to pay it before the
time elapsed.

"But, once the deed was done, he be-
came a prey to all manner of horrible
apprehensions. Risks and possibilities
he had never dreamed of suddenly
loomed like mountains. He heard acci-
dentally that the bank cashier and the
man whose name he had forged be-
longed to the same club. What if the
note were mentioned by chance in con-
versation! The thought went through
him like a bullet, and he nearly swooned.
For two months, he said, he kept
in his desk, fully determined to blow
out his brains on the instant of dis-
covery.

"Eventually he paid the note, and the
reaction sent him to a sickbed for
a week. He assured me that the mem-
ory of that transaction had kept him
on the straight path of honour ever
since."

HAVANA'S GOLGOTHA.

Mountain of Human Bones, Skeletons of
Cuban Dead, at Last Covered Over by
the American Forces.

In the Colon Cemetery, in Havana,
where the American seamen who per-
ished in the Maine catastrophe are
buried, in striking contrast to the re-
verence displayed by Anglo-Saxon peo-
ples for the burying places of their
dead, there has been for more than
two centuries a human bone pit. Ex-
posed to the glare of the sun, the
mercy of the rains, there have lain
for years the frames of those who once
lived and loved.

This famous pit was first dug by
Don Pedro Valdes, in the year 1632, and
from that day to this has been the
receptacle for the skeletons of the Cu-
ban dead. It is 110 feet square and
20 feet deep, and it had been filled
to the twenty-foot level. An eight-
foot stone wall encloses it from the
morbidly curious, and in external ap-
pearance it resembles an antiquated
Spanish fortress or barracks.

The old Spanish custom of renting
graves, none being able to buy out-
right, in Colon Cemetery, easily ex-
plains the necessary existence of the
"pia." A man dies, is buried in a
rented grave, forgotten in a short
time, the rent unpaid one year—his
bones are dug up and thrown among
his ancestors in the mass of dead hu-
manity; the grave, being already open,
is held to receive the next body.

A careful estimate, no record having
been kept, puts the number of human
skeletons in the pit at 700,000. When
one realizes that the pit is nearly three
hundred years old, and the average
life of man is a little less than thirty
years, Havana's population for the last
hundred years being more than 200,-
000, it is quite plausible that the esti-
mate is most conservative.

In some cases the coffin and all have
been dumped into the "pit" and left
to the deprivations of the culture or
hazard, and scavengers of Havana;
skulls with long hair still on are not
infrequent sights, and in one case, a
skull still held fast a "switch."

AN EXTRAORDINARY FOREST.

The most extraordinary forest in
the world was discovered by Dr. Wel-
witsch and occupies a tableland some
six miles in width, between 300 and
400 feet above the sea, near the west
coast of Africa. The peculiarity of the
trees of this forest is that, though
their trunks are as much as four feet
in diameter, they attain the height
of only one foot. No tree bears more
than two leaves, and these attain a
length of six and a breadth of two
feet. The flowers make gorgeous crim-
son clusters.

A SHORT SERMON.

After he was grown up Mr. Ruskin
became a great author, of whom nearly
everybody has heard. When he
was a little boy his parents wanted
him to become a minister, and one
night he heard them talking about it,
so he thought he would begin right
away. The next day when he was
with his little playmates he got a red
cushion, which he placed on a chair.
Then standing behind it and pounding
it, as he had seen the minister do, he
preached his first sermon. All he
said was "People, be good!" but it was
a pretty good sermon, after all.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Post-
masters and subscribers to the following ar-
ticles 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-
ments 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 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
It still to be found in his Old Stand
opposite the Durham Bakery.

Furniture
Of the Best Quality Cheaper
THAN EVER.



First-Class Hearse-
UNDETAKEING 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 lasting.
Those in poor health soon know
whether the remedy they are using
is simply a passing incident in their ex-
perience, bracing them up for the day,
or something that is getting at the
root 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 scientists
and medical men of the world
occupying exactly the same pre-
mise. Indeed, the ordinary lay-
man recognized this principle
long ago. Everyone knows that every
hot disease or injury affects this part of
the human system and that almost
certainly injure the spinal cord, which
is the medium of these nerve cen-
tres, and pain is sure to follow.
Here is the first of the trouble.
The trou-
ble with medical treatment usual-
ly, 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 organs
which has shown the outward evidence
only of derangement is healed. Indi-
cation, 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 sus-
ceptibility 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 distress and sleep-
lessness while this remedy is graciously
at their hands?
For sale by McFarlane & Co

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO