

"THE GREY REVIEW"

Every Thursday, the Office, Garrafrax Street, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

The Grey Review.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Professional and business cards one inch square and under, per year...

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL. E. D. MACMILLAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town, Durham.

MEDICAL.

J. S. JEROME, Licentiate in Surgery, will visit Durham on Tuesday (Fair Day) from three to five o'clock P.M.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

F. Z. NIXON, Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN MOODIE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Grey, Residence and Office on reasonable terms.

HUGH MACKAY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, for the County of Grey, Auction Sales attended to in all parts of the County.

H. STEVENSON, GENERAL AGENT, London and Ontario Loan Company - Hamilton and London Life Insurance Co.

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GEO. KRESS, New Furniture Warehouses, Opposite Parker's Drug Store.

GEO. KRESS Sr, 572 WEEK, \$13 a day at home easily made.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, DURHAM.

Capital \$6,000,000; Reserve \$1,400,000.

DEPOSITS of \$4 and upwards received, upon which the current rate of interest will be allowed.

COLLECTIONS MADE.

On reasonable terms, and a General Banking Business TRANSACTED.

Money to Loan.

THE undersigned has a large amount of either Farm or Company funds to lend on either Farm or Company funds at lowest rates of interest.

Durham Plating Mill, SASH, DOOR AND Blind Factory.

ROBT. BULL, BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a full stock of Sash Doors and all kinds of building materials.

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COLGAN'S, IMMENSE STOCK OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LEATHERS.

W. G. B. BENTON, Lumber, Lumber, Shingles, Shingles, Lath and Lime.

G. WARNER, Carpenter & Contractor, DURHAM.

Changed Hands.

THE business formerly carried on by T. Easton as Wagon & Carriage Shop has changed hands and is now superintended by E. McCracken.

FOR SALE, Building Lots.

TOWN OF DURHAM, County GREY, No. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Hunter's Survey, East Side Garrafrax St., North of Jackson St.

FOR SALE, CANNED FRUIT, CANNED FISH, SALT FISH, VARNY CHEESE etc.

W. P. PATERSON, 572 WEEK, \$13 a day at home easily made.

PATENTS.

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

SETTLE UP!

Notice to all Whom it May Concern.

HAVING concluded to give up the Real Estate Business in Durham for a short time and retire to a less responsible occupation...

NORTHERN Business COLLEGE, OWEN SOUND.

STUDENTS may enter any School day in the year with equal advantage.

Special Features for 1882-3.

PHONOGRAPHY is included in the Commercial course without extra charge.

Actual Business Department.

having Bank (Capital \$100,000). Wholesale Store and everything that can be had to make it as practical as possible.

C. A. FLEMING, NOTICE To Farmers.

Has concluded to keep his EXCHANGE Office Durham, Open for two months more, for taking in Exchange.

Wool for Cloth.

Flannels, Blankets, etc., Made at the Enterprise Woolen Mills, having done much better than expected up to the present time.

GEO. TANNER, NEW Grocer & Liquor Store, DURHAM.

Wishes to inform his Friends and the Public generally, that he has opened a general Grocery Store in the building formerly occupied by C. Levens, as a harness shop, opposite the McAlister House.

W. P. PATERSON, A full stock of Choice Liquors.

for sale of the very best brands. CANNED FRUIT, CANNED FISH, SALT FISH, VARNY CHEESE etc.

W. P. PATERSON, 572 WEEK, \$13 a day at home easily made.

Forgiveness.

A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been of ten punished.

"Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned. "Flogging—disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him."

When upon the sergeant stepped forward and, apologizing for the liberty he took, said: "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that?" "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiveness!" exclaimed the Colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge?

"Nothing, sir, only I am sorry for what I have done," turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the Colonel addressed him, saying: "Well, we have tried every thing with you, and now we are resolved to—forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement! The tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; and, thanking his officer, he retired.—To be the old refractory, incorrigible man? Not from that day forward he was a new man. He told us the story had him for years un- his eye, and a set or conducted man never wore the Queen's colors. In him, kindness bent one whom hardness could not break. The man was conquered by mercy, and melted by love.

Have you to do with one with whom you have tried every kind of punishment in vain? The next time you are going to strike the blow, stay your hand, and say: "Well, I have tried everything with you; now I have resolved to forgive you." Who knows but you also may touch the secret chord of that heart, and find the exquisite lines of the poet true:

Each block of marble in the mine Conceals the Paphian Queen; And lo! when the light divine, And Pallas, the serene, Only sees the lofty thought, To give the doves their wings; And lo! by skilful fingers wrought, They captivate the truth!

So—in the hardest human heart, A little well appears, A fountain in some hidden part, Brimful of gentle tears; Only needs the master touch Of love or pity's hand; And lo! the rock with wat' r burst And gushes o'er the land.

Miss Burke's Love-Letter.

"Johnny, Johnny Hunter, I want you," said Miss Laura Hunter, bringing a flutter of silks and ribbons into the small sewing room where Johnny was leaning contentedly on the sewing-machine talking to Miss Burke.

"Well, what do you want?" says Johnny with a disconcerted air.

"I want you to take this note to Mr. Reed's store, leave it. I don't see what you are in here bothering Miss Burke for anyhow."

"Aunt a lothering a bit," says Johnny sulkily.

"Indeed he isn't. I like to have him here," said the little dressmaker.

"Oh, well, boys are always in the way, poking round the house," said Miss Laura.

"Come Johnny, take this note and I'll give you a nickel."

"All right, hand over your nickel, then." The small coin was placed in the young man's hand, and dropped into his pocket along with the note, but Johnny still lingered in the sewing room.

"Read's store," said he, after Laura had gone out. Read's her bean, and I'll bet it is a love letter! I wonder what girls are so fond of love-letters for?

"Aren't you?" asked Miss Burke.

"You bet I ain't. Write 'em to the girls at our school, sometimes, just to make 'em mad. But law, they never mean nothing. How many love-letters do you get, Miss Burke?"

"Never had one in my life," Johnny.

"Oh, she's now! Honor bright?"

"Yes, honor bright."

"Well, I think it's shame. You're awful nice looking. Prettier than our Laura with all her bangs and frizzes, I think."

"Johnny, I'm afraid you're a flatterer."

"I ain't. It's what I do think, honest."

"Then I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion."

"Your welcome. Now there's Laura, she gets dozens of 'em. Laughs at some of 'em, and burns 'em up. Not at Reed's though. They're always writing to each other. I would't carry 'em, but I make 'em pay me dimes, quarters, sometimes, I's too bad you don't get any, Miss Burke."

"Shall I tell you what I think, Johnny, said his friend gently.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, I think that when boys' sisters ask them to take a note in a hurry, boys ought to go."

"Oh, Lo's always in a hurry," said Johnny, deliberately. "But I reckon I'd better go, or she'll give me hankies. She needn't say boys are always in the way, though."

"It's a little hard on the boys, Johnny. But never mind, remember you are not in my way, whenever you like to be in here."

"All right, that suits me," said Johnny, and off he went upon his errand, with his head full of a plan of his own, to return to John?

Miss Burke's kin n-s.

"It's too everlasting bad," he said, "and I 'aint going to stand it! I'll get Uncle John to help me, and then I'll be all O. K. you bet!"

When Master Johnny came back from his errand, he sped upstairs to his Uncle's room. Uncle John was a bachelor, and boarded with his sister-in-law, Johnny's mother.

"Uncle John!" cried our small friend, dashing into the room with his usual lack of ceremony. "I want you to write me a slam up, superfine love-letter!"

"What do you want that for, sealwig?" asked Uncle John.

"That's for me to know, and for you to find out! You write it that's all."

"Which one of the school girls have you set your heart on, monkey?"

"I don't have to tell! Here's a sheet of paper; please write that letter, Uncle, and I'll send it. It needn't be long, you know."

"Well, if I must, I must, I reckon. What sort of one do you want?"

"Oh!—any kind! Only not too silly, just sorter sensible you know, like you would write yourself."

"I have not had much experience in the love-letter line," said Uncle John, laughing, "but I will get up something."

He scribbled over the paper and then he gave it to John Jr., who took it delightedly.

"Thanky, Uncle. When you get a girl I'll help you."

"I dare say you will, you humbug! Go along with you now, and don't bother me."

"Well give me an envelope, then."

Johnny took an envelope and trotted off to address his letter, and his Uncle forgot all about it.

The next morning when Miss Burke went to her work, a small white envelope directed to Miss Mary Burke lay upon the machine.

She took it up, somewhat surprised, opened it, and read that which made her catch her breath, while her blue eyes filled with tears.

The note read thus:—

"DEAREST MISS.—I admire, respect and love you above all other ladies. My heart is yours, and I want yours in exchange. If you will accept me and be mine forever, I shall be forever yours adorably."

JOHN HUNTER.

Miss Burke could hardly believe her senses. Could this be a trick? No, she felt sure from the small acquaintance she had with John Hunter that he was not the man to do such a deed. She knew that Mrs. Hunter sometimes scolded because he would not pay attention to the fine young ladies who visited her, and she heard him say that he wouldn't give a quiet little body for 'em all. But could it be he had really chosen her? Was it true that she might have a nice home of her own, and not be a wanderer serving from place to place? It seemed too blessed to be real! But there was the note, and it might have some sort of an answer, so she wrote:—

"MR. HUNTER.—I feel sure you would not make me the subject of a cruel joke, yet I can hardly believe that the note you sent me really meant for me. I never started to hope that a happy home and the love of a noble man were for me, but if you were truly in earnest, I shall be in the sitting room to-night, and if you wish to talk it over you can."

MARY BURKE.

Mr. Hunter dropped the note in terror and amazement.

"In the name of the people!" he cried, "is the woman crazy? Send her a note? I never dreamed of such a thing! And how on earth can I tell her so? She takes it in dead earnest too—gracious, what a position? Make her a cruel joke? No, indeed, I could not! Such a modest little thing as she is, too! My! it's too bad! Somebody has done it, and if I knew—great goodness! I hullo, here!"

These last words came as a sudden remembrance flashed over his mind. Just then the front door shut with a well-known bang. Mr. Hunter hurried to the door and called,

"J-hunny Hunter, come up here quick!"

"O. K. I'm coming!" was the response, and up bounded young America, three steps at a time, and stood unabashed in the presence of his uncle.

"Look here, I did you send that nonsensical love-letter I wrote for you the other day?"

"You bet."

"Who to?"

"My girl."

And John the younger looks John the elder calmly in the eye.

"Confound you! Tell me her name!"

"Her name's Miss Burke, and she is a bully nice girl."

"Whose name did you sign?"

"Why, my own, to be sure. I 'aint ashamed of it."

"Did you put Jr. to it?"

"No. Why should I?"

Uncle John could hardly help giving the cool little lad a shake. He dropped into a chair, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Do you know what a scrape you've got me into?" he exclaimed. "She thinks I wrote it! She has answered it and she believes I have asked her to marry me!"

Johnny burst into a raging laugh:—

"Golly, what a sell! I never thought of such a joke! It's too tall for anything."

"Don't laugh, you exasperating rascal, or I'll be tempted to thrash you!"

"Catch you at it, hooray! It's too good! What are you going to do, Uncle John?"

Lord knows!

"Lord knows! I never was in such a scrape, I'm sure! Confound it all!"

Johnny coolly settled himself, with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, which was his usual attitude when advising his elders.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what to do."

"Sing it out, quick!"

"I'd just marry her."

"Good Lord!"

"Well, I would, with a safe shake of his head. "She's nice and pretty, and she never gets cross, and she don't bang her hair, and you own the nice house next door—law sakes, Uncle John, just get married and be done with it, and I'll come over and live with you."

"That's an inducement, certainly. Hang on if I haven't a notion to it!"

"I would, Uncle John. Old bachelors are always being made fun of. And you've got lots of money, Uncle John. Just go in and let's have a big wedding, and lots of cakes and goodies, do I sent that letter on my own account, but I'll let it stand for you, if you want her, and we'll fix it all up so! See it?"

"And the small imp cocked up one eye, and looked more aggravated than ever."

Uncle John, meanwhile, was doing some hard thinking, and small John's counsels were having their weight. It never took Mr. Hunter long to make up his mind.

Presently he took a five dollar note out of his pocket, and something it over his knee, he said to John Jr.:—

"Be that?"

"Well, sir, if you'll promise to keep this thing mum, and never, in your life to tell anybody about that letter, I'll give it you."

"Done! It's a bargain. Hand over your money," says Johnny, holding out his hand to receive it.

Uncle John gave it, and as the monkey pocketed it, he said:—

"Are we going to have a wedding?"

"We'll see Miss Burke about that," says Mr. Hunter.

"Oh, she'll be all right, I know," says Mr. Hunter.

"Well, she'll be all right, I know," says Mr. Hunter.

"I'll see you hanged first! But, look here, my laddie—I'm going down stairs to see Mary—that's a pretty name, 'aint it Johnny?—pretty soon, and if she does say yes, you shall be groomsman at the wedding."

"Done again! Howew! Three chibbers for Aunt Mary and Uncle John! Now I'll go study up what to do with this greenback! Say, Uncle John, do you want any more love letters written?"

"Get along with you!" cried Uncle John.

And when John Junior, danced off in great glee, John Senior, went down stairs to see the little dressmaker.

And so it happened that the answer to Miss Burke's note walked into the sitting-room about the time she did, and everything was lovely.

There was a wedding before long, at Mrs. Hunter's. Johnny was groomsman, and enjoyed the "lots of cakes and goodies" until the wonders that they didn't kill him. But it never even made the rascal sick.

The newly-married pair did take up their residence in Uncle John's house, next door where the small advisor of his niece was generally to be found.

Both the Johns kept their secret, and nobody was ever the wiser for the lucky mistake caused by Miss Burke's love-letter.

Care of the Horse.

1. Never allow anyone to tease or tickle your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

2. Never beat the horse when in the stable. Nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

3. Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot fermenting manure makes the hoofs soft, and brings on lameness.

4. Change the litter partially in some parts, and entirely in others, every morning, and brush out and clean the stalls thoroughly.

5. To procure a good coat on your horse naturally, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "silbo grease" opens the pores, softens the skin, and promotes the animal's general health.

6. Never clean a horse in his stable. The dust fouls his hair, and makes him loathe his food.

7. Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain.

8. Let the hoofs be well brushed out every night. Dirt if allowed to cake in, causes greas and sore hoofs.

9. Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

10. When a horse comes out a journey, the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents him taking cold.

11. The next thing is to groom him quite dry, first with a wisp of straw and then with a brush. This removes dust, dirt and sweat, and allows time for the skin to recover itself and the appetite to return.

12. Also, let his legs be rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes a strain. It also detaches thorns or splinters, soothes the animal and enables him to feed comfortably.

13. Let the horse have some exercise every day. Otherwise he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

14. Let your horse stand loose if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from the confined position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

15. Look often at the animal's feet and legs. Disinfect or wounds in those parts, if at all neglected, soon become very dangerous.

16. Every night look and see if there is any stone between the hoof and shoe. Standing on it all night, the horse will be lame next morning.

17. If the horse remains in stable his feet must be "stopped." Heat and dryness cause cracked hoof and lameness.

18. The feet should not be "stopped" oftener than twice in the week. It will make the hoofs soft and brings on corns.

19. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. It is probably hard and unwholesome.

20. Never allow drugs to be administered to your horse without your knowledge. They are not needed to keep the animal in health, and they may do the greatest and most sudden mischief.—New York Graphic.

One Tuesday evening a number of ladies and gentlemen connected with the Canada Methodist Church, Palmerston, drove out to the residence of Mr. Henry Petre (their choir master) and presented him with an address and \$100 in gold.

TOO MANY WIVES.—A man who was arrested at Chicago on Monday under the name of Daniel Eastman turns out to be John D. Hewitt, a former resident of Mount Forest. A dispatch from Buffalo states the following facts about him. He married Honora Hawkins in Mount Forest, in April 1878, and had two children. Last week he married at Buffalo Alice J. Lamont, a respectable girl 17 years old, and after two days it was discovered that he had another wife. When he started for Chicago he took \$300 of the wages belonging to a gang of longshoremen, of whom he was foreman. Detectives Marin, of Buffalo, took him back to Buffalo for trial.

Hell's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer has the hearty commendation of thousands whose "turning locks" have been restored by it to their former beauty of color and growth. It is, in fact, a miracle in its way even in this age of wondrous improvement—a fact to which every one has given its virtues a full and well-merited testimony. The proprietors, R. P. Hall & Co., are men of liberality and enterprise, who give the benefit of their discovery to the world at large, and have placed it in the hands of every druggist in the country, that its benefits may be extended alike to all. If there is the least suspicion of gray hair showing itself upon your head, go at once and procure a bottle of this celebrated Hair Renewer.—Carthage, N. Y., Republican.

You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul he makes his fortune; if he marry a fool, the lord help him. The wife may be a silent partner in the firm. There may be only masculine voices down on the exchange, but there are ten cents from the lightest, a potential and elevating influence. The woman of Shiloh, at whose home the prophet Elisha stopped, was a great woman and the superior of her husband. Ho, as far as I can understand, was what we often find in one day, a man of large fortune and only a medium of brains, intensely quiet, sitting a long time in the same place without moving hand or foot; if you say yes, responding yes; if you say no, responding no; if you say half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. His wife belonged to that class of people who need no name to distinguish them, no title of prince or queen. She was great in her hospitality. Jupiter has the surname of "The Hospitable," and he was said to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled hospitality in his verse. The Arabs were punctilious about it.—Tatler.

A Wise Man.—"Not only in making garments, but also in mending health. If Hagar's Pectoral Balm were used in the earlier stages of Colds and Coughs, many a 'stitch in the side' and many a case of 'lungs' might be avoided, that, neglected, rapidly develop into irreparable Consumption."

972 WEEK, \$13 a day at home easily made.

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