Furniture.

LARGE and Complete STOCK. Consisting of Bedroom and Parlor Sets, Extension and Centre Tables, Bible Stands—in Oak, Bamboo and Elm. Nice Assortment of Easles. We also carry a Large Stock of Pictures and Frame Moulding.

UNDERTAKING.

In this line we Take the Lead. Well Stocked and Complete in CASKETS, COFINS, Etc., in the Latest Designs.

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HEARSE IN TOWN.

J. SHEWELL & SON.

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

J. T. FOSTER.
Dornoch, Ont.
COMMISSIONER IN HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.
CONVEYANCER, ETC.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, WILLS, ETC., ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY, NEATLY AND CHEAPLY.

MEDICAL.

DENTISTRY.
T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.
HONOR Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas, or vitalized air. Particular attention paid to the filling of the natural teeth. Office and Residence next door West of Post Office. y.614
DURHAM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUGH McKAY.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, for the County of Grey. Sales attended to promptly and at reasonable rates.
Residence Durham Out

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

AUCTIONEER.
Licensed Auctioneer, for the County of Grey. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Arrangements for sales can be made at the REVIEW Office, Durham, or at his residence Priceville.
D. McCORMICK.

DAN. McLEAN.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for County of Grey. All communications addressed to LAMLASH P. O. will be promptly attended to. Residence Lot 19, Con. 8, Township of Bentinck.
DAN. McLEAN.

A Farm for Sale.

250 ACRES belonging to the Estate of the late James Burnett, 125 acres under cultivation, rest hardwood bush, being Lots 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, Old D. R. in the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey, two miles from Flesherton Station, three miles from Priceville. For further particulars apply to
A. H. BURNET, Hopeville,
Or to MRS. BURNET, Durham. *cm

There's Big Money!

—IN THE—
Following Properties at Prices Asked

Lots 241, 242, 243, con. 3, S.W.T. and S. Road, Township Melanchton—174 acres timbered.
Lots 241 242, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Melanchton—100 acres a bush lot.
Lot 218, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Melanchton—50 acres good bush.
Lot 23, con. 5, Melanchton—83 acres well timbered.
Lot 16, con. 5, Bentinck, 100 acres known as the Jas. Bamford farm—well improved close to Lamlash.
Lot 1, Durham Street, North Priceville.
Lnt 3, Kinross Street, North Priceville.
With other splendid Farms in Ontario and the North-West, Toronto and Hanover properties for sale or exchange.

MONEY TO LOAN
at very lowest rates on good land security.
FIRE, Life and Accident Insurance.
Claims of all kinds collected—Old notes bought.
H. H. MILLER,
The Hanover Conveyencer.

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. 20, 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.

Farm for Sale.

LOT 5, con. 1, W G R, Bentinck, 100 acres, more or less, good land, well watered, good dwelling house and stable on premises. Farm very reasonable. Apply to
ALLAN McFARLANE,
Lucasier, Durham

The Grey Review.

Vol. XVI. No. 41. DURHAM, Co. Grey, Thursday, October 11th, 1894. Whole No. 840.

Attention

In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences. Indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, billiousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. Mrs. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says:

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is

No Better Medicine,

and have induced many to use it.

"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 80 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 6 boxes every year, which make 210 boxes up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."—H. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

Fancy Goods,
TOYS and Stationary,
WOOLS,

EMBROIDERIES and SILKS, in all COLORS and

Wall Papers

at greatly reduced rates

—AT—

MISS GUN'S.

NEXT Door TO PARKER'S.

XXX cuse us X tolling the X cellence of our X ceptionally X quisite stock of

CLOCKS & - - - - - - WATCHES.

8 DAY CLOCKS
With cathedral gongs, in very handsome cases and in many Styles.
ALARM CLOCKS
Cheap and Reliable. Guaranteed to effectually rouse the most inveterate lie-a-bed.

WM. McFARLANE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
Lower Town, Durham.

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.

PRIME HARNESS OIL.
—AT—
BOULDIN & CO'S
HARNESS MAKERS.

SEE OUR HARNESS.
UPPER TOWN.

SALESMEN WANTED.

GOOD OPENING and permanent situation to the right party: salary or commission. Previous experience not necessary Outfit free.
We are the only Firm furnishing
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS CANADIAN GROWN STOCK,
Nurseries of 700 acres at Fonthill, Ont.
Write for particulars at once,
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont

OUTCAST OF MILAN.

CHAPTER V.

he should die.

"I attack no man," he said; "but I shall defend myself to the utmost. I know you; and I know your business."

Orlando had prepared himself for the battle, and was all ready to meet his huge opponent, when he was startled by beholding two or three armed men emerge from the shadow of the paling; and as near as he could judge from the glimmering of their armor, they were companions of the bravo.

CHAPTER VII.

NEED OF MORE PLOTTING.

"What is this?" cried Orlando Vendorme, starting back, and gazing sharply out upon the strangers who had arisen from behind the paling.

"They are nothing to me," returned Matteo. "Look out for yourself."

Our hero had but a moment for thought, but during that moment his thoughts comprehended considerable — comprehended enough to convince him that the men behind the fence were companions of the villain before him. Matteo had not turned his head; he had not looked behind him; and yet he showed by his speech that he knew just what the youth had seen. How could he have known this if he had not known who were at hand?

But the question was no sooner answered in his own mind than he was called upon to defend himself; for while he yet gazed to see if the strangers were inclined to advance, the bravo attacked him.

"Insolent cur!" the guardsman shouted, raising his sword, and preparing for the blow, "you have sealed your own doom. This is the fate of those who interfere with officers on duty!"

Matteo was probably astonished when he found that his sword spent its force upon empty air; but he was not long in recovering himself, and his next blow was given with more care and precision. He did not hit his mark, however; and a fierce oath escaped him. Our hero very quickly discovered that his antagonist was a mere lout at handling the sword; though his immense physical power gave him fatal advantages over ordinary swordsmen.

"Forbear!" cried Orlando, after the third passage. "I want no more of it."

"Ha, ha—you don't, eh! But I do. I must have your life—Ha! Take care—here it is!"

And so it is was; but not as Matteo meant. He fancied that he was about to cleave the point of the youth's sword entered his body directly below the arm, passing through his heart; and, in a very few moments more, his gigantic body tumbled over upon the ground; but not, however, until he had cried out in sharp agonizing tones that he was killed.

Before Vendorme could fairly recover himself from his shock, the men whom he had seen behind the paling, three in number, rushed in upon him with their swords drawn; and as they came near he saw that they were what he had supposed them to be—members of the ducal guard.

"Hold!" he shouted, starting back against the edge of the platform. "What means this violence? Who are you?"

"We'll bet you know who we are," returned the foremost of the guardsmen, stopping for an instant when he reached the body of his fallen companion. "I think for once we'll take a dead prisoner into our hands!—Look, my brothers," he continued, addressing his followers, "this wretch has slain our lieutenant, and he acts as though he meant to serve us the same. There's no mercy now!"

With fierce oaths the three stout soldiers set upon our hero, and the appearance was, that they would soon overcome him. They evidently looked to see him fall at once; but in this they were disappointed. Still they were very good swordsmen, and so keenly did they ply their blades that the youth had as much as he could do to defend himself. Had he but taken the precaution to wear his shirt of mail, he might have laughed at their blows while he swept them from his path; but as it was, he was forced to defend every part of his body with his own sword.

"Saint Peter!" cried one of the villains, "can we not hit this fellow? Let me take a fair sweep at him. There!"

If the rascal had kept his tongue to himself his furious onset might have accomplished something; but his boastful words had caused his companions to fall back so that he might have room; and thus, for the moment, he was the youth's only antagonist. His sword came down with a powerful sweep, but was caught and turned away, and before he could recover himself he was pricked through the neck. At this time the other two lunged forward, and they might have borne the young armorer down had not the play been suddenly interrupted.

"Orlando! Orlando!" cried a voice from the gate-way, accompanied by the sound of rushing feet.

"Ha!—here!—here! Quick, my good Michael!"

It was Michael Totilla, and just in season. As he came near he saw how the case stood; and, without hesitation, he drew his sword and cleaved one of the villains heads clean from its shoulders; and in a moment more the remaining ruffian was sent to earth with his skull almost severed in twain.

"By the mass, my good Michael," said Orlando, as soon as he had time to take breath, "this is a curious work."

"Indeed it is, my master," returned the artizan, gazing around him. If I mistake not, yonder lies the huge body of Matteo."

"Yes," replied Orlando. "He attacked me first; and as I slew him, these other three followed his example." And there, upon the youth related minutely all that had taken place.

"I came just in time," said Michael, after he had heard the story. "I feared there might be some danger when Cinthia told me that you had gone out; for I knew there had been people lurking around the house; so I came away after you as quickly as possible; and my instinct was true. They meant to finish you, surely."

"Aye. And who, think you, planned this thing?" queried Orlando.

"It must have been some one who held control of the guard," replied Michael.

"Certainly; and I think the duke is the prime mover. But what shall we do now?"

This was a question which Michael did not feel competant to answer.

"You have but to command," he said, "and I will obey; but I can give no advice in this case."

Orlando reflected awhile, and finally he said:

"I think I will go home and sleep upon it, and in the morning I shall be prepared to decide. We will let these bodies remain as they are, and those may find them who will. Can you recommend anything better?"

"No, my master."

"Then let us return."

The armorers reached their house without further molestation, and as they did not wish that Cinthia should know what had transpired, they said nothing of the bloody fray, but conversed as thought nothing unusual had happened; and so they retired to their rest without awakening any suspicion in the mind of the anxious wife.

On the following morning, Orlando had made up his mind to go to the duke and make a plain statement of what had transpired.

"It is better so," he said, "Of course the finding of those dead bodies will make noise, and it is not impossible that the work may be traced to us; in which case our silence would weigh against us. I shall repair directly to the palace, and while it is open to the public, and there make my statement. What think you?"

Michael might not have advised such a course; but now that his master had presented it, he thought it a good one. And Cinthia, too, finally came to look upon it in the same light. She had learned what had transpired, and her gratitude for Orlando's escape had partially overcome the disposition to fear.

"Certainly," she said, after due deliberation; "you must go. If you openly avow the truth, the duke will not dare to do you open harm; and as for his secret hate, I do not think that this event can increase it. In short, I do not believe that Manfred can have any greater disposition to harm you on account of this, than he has already had."

"You speak wisely," said Orlando; "and your voice has decided me. My course is plain, and I shall follow it, trusting in God for the triumph of right."

At a proper time our hero arrayed himself in full knightly costume, with the jeweled cross upon his breast, and the conqueror's scarf upon his shoulder, in which state he proceeded to the ducal palace. When he entered the audience chamber he found quite a crowd collected, and the duke was just questioning some of the guards concerning the death of Matteo and his companions. The event had created quite an excitement, though it was not the cause of much mourning.

"If Matteo has been slain, depend upon it, he deserved it," remarked a man who wore the garb of a merchant.

"Aye," responded another; "and we are well rid of a villain, too."

"You speak truly," added a third person. "I have heard it whispered—and I believe it true—that this same Matteo has been engaged with the robbers that infest the country, and that his uniform has been a cloak for many outrages."

Orlando heard all this, and he saw that the speakers were men of influence in society; and he observed, furthermore, that those who stood near, and had overheard the remarks, seemed to sympathize with them. This gave him new heart, and he approached the ducal chair with more confidence than he had before felt.

When Manfred first beheld our hero, his brow grew dark and scowling, and his frame quivered from head to foot; but when he saw how the people made way for the youth, and how they murmured their admiration of his noble bearing, he brought his feelings under control, and received the knight as was befitting to the rank.

"Ah, Sir Orlando," he said, struggling mightily to form his speech, "you have come just in season to hear news. Four of our ducal guard were killed last night upon the tilting ground."

"The event is not new to me, my lord," returned Orlando; "and it is to explain the affair that has called me here this morning."

"Ha," cried the duke, with a slight start; "if such be the case, I will give thee private audience."

"No, my lord. I prefer to speak publicly. The matter is one of public interest, and I would have my statement made in the presence of those who have already heard something of the event. I think such is the proper course."

However much Manfred may have wished to hush the voice of the knight, he dared not, after this, refuse to hear his statement before the audience; so, with as good grace as he could command, he directed him to proceed.

"My lord," said Orlando, speaking in a bold, frank tone, "thus it was." And thereupon he gave a full and particular account of his meeting with Matteo—of the unprovoked attempt of the huge bravo upon his life—of his slaying the wretch—of the subsequent attack by the three guardsmen who had been concealed behind the paling—of his killing one of them—of the opportune arrival of his friend, Michael Totilla—and of the final death of the other two assassins.

"Thus did it transpire, my lord; and I have taken this first opportunity to make the matter known to you, that you may pronounce upon it as in your wisdom you may determine."

Hugh de Castro moved to the duke's side, and whispered into his ear, but Manfred shook his head.

"It is not probable," said de Castro, aloud, "that our guardsmen would thus provoke a peaceable citizen without cause. There must be some mistake."

"It is most marvellous, added the duke.

"Aye," responded Orlando, "you may well say that, my lord. But," he continued, casting his eyes around the chamber, "perhaps your highness has been deceived touching the character of this Matteo. May he not have been a villain! May he not have been a robber? May he not have been in the habit of using the authority of his office as a cloak for gross crimes?"

"Call for the evidence, and you shall have witnesses by the score!" said a voice in a distant part of the room.

Manfred sprang from his seat, with the fire of passion starting from every feature.

"Who speaks? Who dares to interrupt me?"

There was no answer to this; but as the duke cast his eyes over the multitude he could plainly see that the mass of those present were ready to echo the sentiment of the unknown speaker. And again he wrestled with himself, and gained the victory.

"Sir Orlando Vendorme," he said, with a slight hiss in his tone—for he could not quite hide all feeling—"I must accept your version of this strange affair, because, by virtue of your knightly vows, you are subject to a higher tribunal should you perjure yourself. But, fair sir," he went on, with a softening manner, "I do not doubt your statements; and I thank you for your promptness in giving me information."

"Is my presence required further?" inquired the youth.

"No. We would be glad to confer with you on other subjects, but other business is upon our hands and time presses."

With a low bow Orlando withdrew, and as he passed from the chamber, a large number followed him out into the court, some to greet him on the score of old acquaintance, and some to gaze upon him who had overcome the prince and the captain in the joust, and slain the giant Matteo in a hand-to-hand encounter.

Manfred seemed to have little heart for the dispatch of business after Vendorme had gone; and as soon as possible he cleared his docket, and left the audience-chamber, his captain following close upon his heels.

"By the blood of my heart," cried the duke, when he reached his closet, "what shall be done now? Hath this fellow a charmed life?"

"He hath had most marvellous fortune," replied de Castro, smiting himself with vexation.

"But the end is not yet. And yet I would see the end of this upstart, my captain."

"You shall see it, my lord."

"But how? I thought when Matteo was sworn to the work, that he had him most surely."

"So did I; but we were mistaken. However his lease of liberty is not long."

"Mark me, de Castro; our own safety may depend upon a speedy removal of this Vendorme."

"How can that be, my lord?"

"I don't know. I can only assure you that I feel it. Did you not mark how the crowd stood by him? how they gloried in his deeds? and how they followed him from the chamber? I dare not trust such inflammable material with my people. These Milanese are a passionate set, and ripe for mischief. And, my captain, I do not trust much to their love for me."

"True, my lord."

"Nor in their love for you, either, de Castro."

"True again, your highness. I know them as well as you do."

"And do you not believe that they would glory in following such a champion as this Orlando Vendorme, if they should once fall into his lead?"

"By my soul, I do."

"And," pursued the duke, "his knighthood would give him good character for such leadership."

"You speak my own thoughts, my lord."

"Then we must have him. We have failed once."

"But," interrupted de Castro, smiting his fists together, "we will not fail again! I have a plan, safe and sure."

"Mind you," said Manfred, "there must be no noise—no outward sign; for I know that the youth hath powerful friends."

"Rest easy, my lord. I have it in my mind, and the execution shall be swift and secret. There shall be no second escape. The upstart shall disappear as quietly as the sun goes down at the close of day."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF A DARK JOURNEY.

Orlando Vendorme returned to his shop, where he found Michael and his wife extremely anxious.

"Not wholly on your account have I worried," said Cinthia, after our hero had taken a seat. "My husband is somewhat implicated, and I have feared for him."

"You need fear no more," returned Orlando. "The duke has heard the whole truth, and he has dismissed the case. If there is danger beyond this, there must be another pretext for it."

"For myself," remarked Michael, "I have no idea that Manfred will cherish vengeance, but for you I have not the assurance."

"I understand you," said Orlando, "and I am prepared to have a care for myself. I know that the duke hates me, and I know that the prince hates me, and I know that Huge de Castro hates me, and furthermore, I have become convinced that they will try to remove me from their way. Why they should feel thus—why they should regard me with such deadly hatred—I cannot understand."

"I can understand it," said Cinthia. "I think it all very plain."

"The duke and the prince have not forgotten that Rosabel of Bergamo loves you."

Both the men regarded her curiously.

"I think she is well cured of that folly by this time," said Orlando.

"No, no," returned Cinthia, who did not like to have her ideas disputed. "The love of a true woman is not so easily turned from its object. I can read her heart as plainly as though it beat in my own bosom. I know that her affections did once become fixed on you, and I do not think that your subsequent misfortunes have weakened the emotion. What is the inducement presented to her to turn from you? It is the prospect of marriage with the brutal Ludovico. Merciful Heaven! what a choice is that! Do you think that her emotion when she bestowed the conqueror's scarf upon you was without meaning? I tell you, Orlando Vendorme, the duke and the prince have reason to fear you. I can see it. I know where the trouble is. The castle of Bergamo, with its belongings, is the prize, and they cannot afford to lose it."

"Never mind," interposed Michael, with an impatient gesture; "let that be as it may, of one thing we are assured: There is danger, and our friend must keep clear of it."

"You speak truly," said Orlando, "and I have resolved upon my course. I shall finish the shirt of mail for that young lord of Hartburg as soon as I can, and then I shall quit Milan forever." He spoke sadly, and with his hand pressed upon his bosom. In a few moments he raised his head, and added:

"And while I remain here, I shall keep myself within the old house. There is nothing to call me forth, and I shall finish my work more speedily. I think that will be the safest course."

"Aye," cried Michael, "the safest by far. Adhere to that, and there can be no danger. And—perhaps—when you leave Milan, you will allow me to go with you."

"We'll see about that, Michael."

"I am in earnest, my master."

"Very well—we'll see. And now I think it is time we had dinner—eh, Cinthia?"

After dinner Orlando put on his working garb and took his place at the bench, where he worked rapidly until late into the night. On the following morning he came down, and found Cinthia alone in the kitchen. He crossed the room several times, and twice he moved as though he would go towards the shop, but he did not go. Finally he stopped near to where the housewife stood.

"Cinthia," he said, with a hesitation that betrayed his emotion, "you spoke yesterday of the princess Rosabel. You said that she loved me. Have you seen her since I was banished from the city?"

"Goodness me!" cried the little woman, "what a question. Where should I have seen her?"

"I did not know—"

"Ah, my brother, I am sorry I spoke as I did. I did not think, when I introduced the subject of the princess, that you cherished anything like love for her."

"And did you think that the love of a true man could not be constant?" returned Orlando, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Forgive me, my brother! O, forgive me! I did not think what I was saying. I did not know as you ever gave your heart to the princess."

"Aye, Cinthia—mad as it may have been, I did give her my heart, and I allowed myself to dream of her as a prize to be won."

"How could you hope to win her?"

"She would have solved the problem herself, if the duke had not interfered."

"I know," said Cinthia "but you cannot hope for that opportunity again."

"I know not why," returned Orlando, with more boldness. "If she was willing to flee with me when I was but an humble artizan, why should she not be willing to do it now that I am elevated to the order of knighthood?"

"But she was driven to desperation then."

"How?"

"By prospect of marriage with a man whom she despised."

"And has she not the same prospect before her now?"

"Ah, my brother, you must not let your thoughts run in that channel. It is dangerous. If it does not bring destruction upon you, it will ruin your peace of mind. Let the princess wed in her legitimate sphere, and do you look in another direction."

Orlando was about to reply, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Michael, and so the conversation dropped.

The shirt of mail progressed rapidly, and the workmen believed they were producing a piece of armor which could not be excelled. The body of the garment was finished, and the shoulder-pieces attached, and it was

(To be continued.)

ELECTRIC ROAD.—Some of the people of Hanover are agitating for an electric road to connect with the C. P. R. at Shelburne. This road would tap Durham and Hanover and terminate at Walkerton for a time. Many believe that this class of road is the one best adapted to the country to be traversed. The expense of building it would be comparatively light as the grades may be much steeper and the plant much cheaper than that for a regular railway.—Herald.

THE SONGS THAT RILEY SINGS.

What music could be sweeter than the rhythm
of the rain,
Or the oft repeated measure of the katydid's
refrain,
Or the drowsy of the pollen laden bumblebee
that wings
Through the sunny summer hours of the songs
that Riley sings?

Oh, I linger as I loiter through a little rhyme-
land street
Till I know the very pattern of the shadows at
my feet,
And my happy heart beats faster with the
stimulant of joy
As I hear the bubbling laughter of a ragged
little boy.

Oh, little boy of Riley's, with your trousers
worn and old,
With your freckled face and tattered hat and
sunny heart of gold,
I never knew how blue the sky, nor clover
fields how sweet,
Till I followed in the pathway of your dusty
little feet.

[illegible]
We two.

For I love each blade of timothy your little
feet have pressed,
Oh, the sadness and the gladness and the
breath of many springs
In the rhyming, chiming melodies the Hoosier
poet sings!

—Lee Lloyd in Kate Field's Washington.

CURIOUS CATERPILLARS.

A Singular Procession That May Be Seen Annually In France.

The extensive pine forest which covers the dunes of southwestern France, stretching from the "Bassin d'Arcachon" on the north for many miles southward toward Biarritz, is the home of a curious caterpillar, Bombyx pythiocampa, of the same family as the silkworm. These insects possess a few interesting characteristics. They pass the winter in nests at the pine tree top—very snug nests, woven around a bunch of pine needles, and large enough to accommodate a family of from 50 to 200.

Spring having arrived, each community leaves its winter home and prepares to set out into an unknown world. On leaving the nest they form a procession in single file, each caterpillar in immediate communication with the one preceding and the one following it. In this manner they descend the tall pine and reach terra firma. From this habit they acquire the local name of Chenille processionnaire, or processional caterpillar. Their principal object now is to bury themselves in the sand, and to achieve this some distance has often to be traversed before a spot suitable for the purpose can be found. Especially is this so when the pine trees happen to be situated in the streets or gardens of Arcachon, and in such a case an interesting and rather amusing sight may be seen, when a procession consisting of some hundreds of the insects, and perhaps 15 or 16 yards in length, wends its way slowly along the road.

Let us detach two or three from the middle of the line, thus dividing it into two parties, and watch the result. The last of the foremost portion, feeling the loss of his neighbor, immediately stops, and this action is communicated all along the line until the vanguard is at a standstill. Meanwhile the leader of the rear portion redoubles his speed, and in a short time has caught up to the foremost party, and the touch being communicated, the whole procession resumes the march with as little delay as possible. When a suitable place has been found, the party forms into a group, and by a gentle wriggling motion digs a hole in the soft sand in which the chrysalis state is attained.—Chambers' Journal.

A Turkish Illusion.

Since the veil has fallen into partial disuse the charm of the Turkish woman has also departed. Marion Crawford tells us: "The yashmak is not what it was 10 years ago and has almost ceased to hide the face at all. Strict as the sultan's ordinance is, there is not the slightest pretense of obeying it, and, in the great majority of cases, a thin white veil barely covers the forehead and is but loosely drawn under the chin.

"It must be admitted that with the disuse of that old fashioned veil a great illusion has disappeared from the streets of Constantinople. There was something very mysterious about it. Black eyes never looked so black and deep and liquid as when seen by themselves, as it were, between two broad bands of opaque white. In those days every yashmak veiled an ideal beauty, very different from the ugliness of the pale and flaccid features which its absence now generally discloses. One is inclined to doubt whether the mirror is in common use in the harem of today."

Caribou Horns.

Not one out of every ten female caribou has horns. When they do have them, they are much smaller than those of the bull. The horns of the female have, however, in general many more branches than those of the bull, and they are much more regularly and finely formed. The cows carry their horns much longer than the bulls. They have been seen with their horns in the month of April. The old bulls shed theirs from the tenth to the last of November. They hardly ever carry them after the month of November. The young bulls shed theirs from the first of December until the middle of February. The younger the animal the longer he retains his horns.—Forest and Stream.

Do You Save?

Do you save anything? Even if it be ever so little, do you lay it by? Of course you do not! You have not the saving faculty, you say. Well, all right. Then you might as well make up your mind that you will always be a wageworker, that your usefulness will diminish as the years go by, and with it your money earning power. Very few men who made money in large lumps died rich. It is the persistent saver on whose side luck is. Somehow the changes come his way. Maybe you have noticed that yourself.—New York Dispatch.

The Holstein creamery has cleaned out July and August's make of butter at 18¾ cents per lb to Mr. Brill of Guelph, and for the past two weeks have been shipping in pound rolls the total make at 23 cents per lb.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is important to keep the liver and kidneys in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for invigorating these organs.

The man will stand the greatest chance
For saving of his soul
Who lets his wife bring up the kids,
While he brings up the coal.

To remove the constipated habit, the only safe treatment is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as a family physic.

Mr. Alex. McNabb, of one time Pl[illegible] for a number of years a resident of [illegible] recently spoke strongly on the question of the election of public officers by the people. From his experience he declared it was the curse of the United States, and he hoped that Ontario would never adopt the system they had on the other side of electing their public or county officers.

ONLY SEVEN IN GAOL:—There are only seven personers in the county gaol at present; the annual influx of tramps not having commenced. As the regulations are at present only those sentenced to a second term in the same goal are put at stone breaking. The "Weary Willie" element had caught on to this, and these who want to come in out of the winter's cold just jog along from one gaol to another. And as there are forty gaols the majority are able to escape that tired feeling caused by breaking hardheads.—O. S. Times.

Milton, Ont., Oct. 1,—At a joint meeting of McCarthyite and Patron executive committees for the county held here, the nomination of the House of Commons was tendered to P. D. Scott, ex-warden of the county. Mr. Scott, although a life long Conservative, has not for many months been in accord with his party on the trade question.

The Preacher's Trial.

AN INTERISTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He had Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

From the Springfield, Ill., Journal.

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as its too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good and I commenced using them. they gave me additional strength from the start and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvelous, and the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I have been troubled for years with what our physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or $2.50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

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.

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 issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
SAVINGS BANK.
J. KELLY, Agent.

I Will Pay YOU
—TO ATTEND—
NORTHERN Business College
OWEN SOUND, ONT.,
IF YOU DESIRE TO GET A GOOD BUSINESS EDUCATION.
Hundreds of young men and women have taken a business course during the past ten years who are now successful in business or filling lucrative positions. The business course of study is by far the most thorough and complete in Canada. There is as much in the junior department as in the entire course of many of the so-called business colleges. The short hand course is thorough and complete. Send for a copy of the Annual Announcement containing full particulars, it is sent free to any address.
C. A. FLEMING,
Principal

ALLAN McFARLANE

Has opened out a first-class
Horse Shoeing Shop,
In the old stand. All kinds 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

LOT FOR SALE

FOR sale on easy terms West half of lot 21 on 6th con., Glenelg. For particulars apply to
J. H. HUNTER, Estate

Grand Trunk Railway.

TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Durham	7.15 a. m.	3.40 p. m.
Holstein	7.40 "	3.55 "
Mt. Forest	7.55 "	4.05 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	4.30 "
Guelph	10.23 "	
Toronto	12.20	
GOING NORTH		
London	11.15 a. m.	
Toronto	3.45 p. m.	10.00 p. m.
Guelph	5.15 "	11.45 "
Palmerston	6.55 "	1.25 a. m.
Mt. Forest	7.25 "	1.55 "
Holstein	8.05 "	2.35 "
Durham	8.30 "	3.00 "

Connections with morning and evening trains from Durham are made at Palmerston, Wiarton, Southampton, Kincardine and Owen Sound.

Canadian Pacific Railway

TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Owen Sound	leave	5.40 p. m.
Chatsworth,	"	6.40 "
Flesherton,	"	7.13 "
Orangeville	"	8.50 "
Toronto,	arrive	10.55 "
GOING NORTH		
Toronto,	leave	4.40 p. m.
Orangeville,	"	7.25 "
Flesherton,	"	8.5 "
Chatsworth,	"	8 "
Owen Sound,	arrive	
SOUTH		

McLEOD'S System Renovator

—AND OTHER—
TESTED REMEDIES
SPECIFIC and ANTIDOTES
For Impure, Weak and Impoverished Blood, Dyspepsia, Stoppage of Circulation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, Neuralgia, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, Consumption, Gall Stones, Jaundice and Urinary Diseases, Etc. Female Irregularities and Debility.
Laboratory - Chatham
J. M. McLEOD, Prop.
Sold by H. PARKER, Durham, Druggist, Durham.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO