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# The Grey Review.

VOL. XVI,—NO. 45. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1894. WHOLE NO. 844.



**"Only the Scars Remain,"**
Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

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# OUTCAST OF MILAN

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Hark!" And thus speaking, Hippolita put her ear to the door and listened.

"Yes," she added, "he is here. I can hear his step very plainly."

"What now?" cried the princess, in alarm. "Must we give up after gaining thus much?"

"Wait," said Vendorme, moving a step nearer to the door, and drawing himself up as though he would try his muscles. "This is the court on the side of the Olona?"

"Yes," replied Hippolita.

"And you have the key to the wicket?"

"Yes."

"Then our course is clear. Do you open the door, and let me pass out first. I will meet the guard, and find some way to overcome him. Fear not, lady—I know what I do."

"But—sir—you are weak," urged Rosabel.

"Upon my life, lady—aye, upon more than that—upon my responsibility for your safety—I know what I do. Let us waste no time. There is but a single sentinel, and he must be passed. Let your attendant conceal her lantern, and open the door; and do you remain behind until I bid you come."

Rosabel gave her consent, and the door was opened. Our hero drew his sword, and stepped forth into the open air, meeting the sentinel but a few feet distant? The stars were shining brightly, and the knight saw clearly the work that lay before him. The guardsman was an ordinary-sized fellow, armed with a spear, who, when he beheld a man advancing from the open door, demanded to know who came there.

"Who should come this way but one who has the right?" returned our hero. "Listen, fellow, for I have a word to say to thee."

Now in all probability that sentinel had never seen a man come from that door who had no business to pass; so thinking of no harm, he rested the pole of his lance upon the pavement, and listened to what was to be said.

"Do you know me?" asked the youth, taking a step forward.

"Eh!" uttered the soldier, staring into the questioner's face. "Why, it is the knight of the Silver Cross! It is Vendorme! Bless me, sir, where did you come from? There has been a great noise about you."

Orlando was very sure that none of the guard had been entrusted with the secret of his imprisonment, so he ventured boldly upon his reply:

"I came into the palace by one way, and I am going out by another; but I am not alone. I have two companions with me. Michael cried, holding his young master in a close embrace.

"No, my good Michael; I am here safe and sound, though somewhat weak; and I have a companion, too, who claims your assistance."

"Welcome, all friends of Vendorme, to all that Michael Totilla has. And now come to our board."

When they reached the dwelling-room they found Cinthia already there, she having arisen at the first alarm; and when she had embraced Orlando, she turned to his companion, who had not yet thrown the mantle from her head.

"Lady, thou art welcome. How! The princess?"

"Yes, good wife," replied the fugitive, letting her mantle fall. "Rosabel of Bergamo seeks your friendship and your aid."

Cinthia was considerably startled by this discovery; but she quickly regained her composure, and gave to the princess a cheerful promise of love and fidelity.

"Ha," cried Michael, "here is another friend. Perhaps you recognize him, my master?"

Orlando turned as he heard a door open behind him, and beheld a man approaching.

"I think I should know that face," he said. "Yes, yes,—it is our esquire of Saxony—good Gaspard. Am I not right?"

"Of a verity you are," replied Gaspard, extending his hand. "Saint Andrew! how strange it is! The bird returns as we were about to sit down in despair."

"Gaspard has been helping me in my search after you," explained Michael. "Ha! there is another knock at the door!

"Be not alarmed," said Orlando, as he noticed that Cinthia started and turned pale. "I think it is a friend—one who led this lady and myself in safety from prison."

It was Hippolita who demanded admittance; and when she had been seated with the rest, Orlando commenced the explanation which was anxiously waited for. He told his own story—how he had been led away by the false errand—(he did not yet know that Hippolita had acted against him knowingly)—how he had been cast into the dungeon—how the prince had come to him, and revealed to him the horrible fate to which he had been doomed—how he had suffered almost unto death—and how, at the last moment, the saving angel came and set him free.

During this recital Cinthia trembled and paled with horror, while Michael and Gaspard clenched their hands and [illegible]

It was very easy to see that the guardsman had no thought of entering into a physical conflict with the knight who had overcome all opponents in the list, and who had also slain the giant Matteo in a hand-to-hand encounter. The very presence of the redoubtable champion overcame him with awe. Still he had an idea to his own safety.

"You cannot pass further," he said, without any effort to regain his spear. "The gate is locked, and the captain has the key."

"We have the key to the wicket," returned Vendorme, "and can easily make our way out. Now answer me—shall we pass?"

"You will not betray me?"

"Of course not. I tell you once again, we have left no trace behind us, and it can never be known which way we came, unless you confess it. Come—speak."

"Give me back my spear, and go."

"I will give it to you when we have passed the wicket. But remember this: If you give an alarm, be it so much as a sigh, my passage shall be over your dead body. And yet I would not harm you if I can help it. Come—we have no time to spare."

The sentinel moved back against the wall, and folded his arms upon his breast.

"I trust in your knightly word," he said, "that you will give me back my spear before you leave me."

"You shall have it."

And when he had thus spoken Vendorme turned to the door, and bade his companions come forth. They came, so closely muffled in their mantles that their features could not be seen, and Hippolita advanced directly to the wicket and unlocked it. She passed out first, and when Rosabel had gone, Orlando placed the spear against the wall and followed them, the sentinel making no movement to oppose them. When the wicket had been relocked the party stood in a narrow street, with no present bar to their progress.

Whither now?

"I must get some sign of intelligence to Michael Totilla," said Orlando; "and furthermore, I must find some bit of rest. I am glad the guardsman did not try my arm, for I much fear that my strength would have failed me in the event. Still, lady, I am at your service."

"Let me speak," interposed Hippolita; and she presented her claim to be heard the more readily because she saw that neither the knight nor the princess were calm enough for deep reason. "Of one thing we may be sure: Our flight cannot be known till morning; so we have some hours yet of security before us. I must return to my master's house, and carry back these keys; and in the meantime you can proceed to the armorer's shop, where I will meet you. I think the keys had better be returned; and I know that I can do it without danger. In less than half an hour we will all be at the armorer's where we shall have Michael to assist us."

As no better plan than this could be thought of, Orlando and Rosabel at once agreed to it, and so the parties proceeded in their respective courses.

"We must not remain long at the armorer's" said the princess, as she and her companion walked on.

"We will not," returned Vendorme. "Do not fear on my account, lady. I am not so weak, even now, as I was a short time since. The excitement of the moment, when I met the guard, made a heavy draft upon my strength of nerve. If you wish to leave Milan, be sure I am able to go with you."

"We must be clear of Milan before daylight," said Rosabel. "Oh, I should dread the consequences of being within these walls on the morrow."

"We will not be here. We both have reason to fee from the tyrant's cruel wrath."

When they reached the armorer's house Orlando knocked upon the door, and [illegible] long the voice of [illegible] was heard within, [illegible] the door was opened, and the [illegible] had left the house [illegible] the fresh air of the country would help to invigorate him.

"It is all very simple," said Gaspard. "If you do not object I shall bear you company for a while; that is, if you turn your steps to the north."

"I mean to go that way," replied Vendorme, "and I shall accept your company thankfully."

"Then there will be no trouble. I have a right to pass from the city at any time, with my attendants, and the guard, if they have had no especial orders to the contrary, will not question me."

Michael was anxious to accompany his master; but his proposition was quickly ruled down, and he finally consented to remain behind; and as soon as this understanding had been arrived at, he started out with Gaspard to procure horses. Orlando had two horses in a neighboring stall, which Michael obtained, while the Saxon soon brought two of his own. The animals were led into the court, where the party were presently in the saddle.

"I shall hear from you," said Michael, holding his master by the hand. "You will find some way to let me know of your fate?"

"Fear not, my good friend," replied our hero. "While I live I will not forget you."

He then kissed Cinthia's hand, and when the latter had bade an affectionate adieu to Rosabel and Hippolita, the party rode out from the yard. At the gate of the Saveso the guard wished to know who passed at that hour.

"Gaspard of Saxony and his friends!" was the reply.

And the reply was accepted, and the party allowed to pass without further question.

"How many hours to sunrise?" asked Orlando, when they had cleared the city.

"Not more than three," replied Gaspard.

"Then we have need of haste."

"Do you fear?"

"Fear!—I? No, sir—not beyond the walls of Milan. But—for this fair lady—I would—"

"I understand," said the Saxon.

"O," cried Rosabel, as she grasped and tightened her rein, "let me ride on even unto death, rather than be taken back to Milan!"

"Then on we go!" said Gaspard. "I will lead the way until the sun is up."

The horses opened into a striding gallop, and the party sped swiftly on away from the sleeping city.

And whither did they go? What should be the end?

Orlando Vendorme asked himself these questions as he gazed upon the face of the beautiful being who rode beside him, but he knew not what to answer. A strange thought—almost a hope—came tremblingly up from his heart, but he dared not give it place in his reason.

He would save Rosabel of Bergamo if he could. Why need he think further?

CHAPTER XIII.

NEED OF REST.

The duke of Milan was astir earlier than usual, and by eight o'clock the prince and Hugh de Castro were with him in his closet.

"This day," cried Ludovico, "shall see me amply avenged. Upon Rosabel of Bergamo I shall lay my hand with authority; and upon that dog of an outcast I will see the seal of death fixed!"

"Aye," responded the duke, "we can have no further trouble. I did fear some what that the princess might so far oppose us as to have recourse to her single right of refusing a husband. This would have been a difficult matter for us; but the office of his helpmate has scarcely the attractions of this lady's counsel is not material. But we will not have a large company at the [illegible] "Not a very pleasant wife," the captain remarked, turning upon the prince a light smile.

"It makes little difference to me," said Ludovico, with an ugly twist of the mouth. "I become master of the castle of Bergamo; and, if my wit does not leave me, I'll show the lady Rosabel that I can master a refractory woman.

"I pity her, if she forces you to the test," returned de Castro, with a significant nod.

"So do I," rejoined the prince. "Still," he added, with considerable self-assurance, "I do not fancy that she will put me to much trouble. Her proud spirit will soon break down when she finds that every turn will only draw more tightly the bonds of her own suffering.

"If her spirit doesn't break," suggested Manfred, with one of his fiendish leers, "let her keep the strain up till her heart breaks. It will be as well in the end."

Hugh de Castro, villain as he was, could not hear this without a shudder. He joined freely in the crusade against Vendorme, for the youthful knight had wounded his pride; but he had no heart for exulting in the misery of the beautiful princess. Still he was willing to lend his aid to the accomplishment of the marriage, because whatever added to the power of the prince enhanced the value of his own station.

"And now," said Ludovico, "when shall the ceremony take place?"

"It shall be as soon as the hour of audience is passed," replied the duke.

"Good." Then turning to the captain the prince asked—"Have you the keys to the dungeon?"

"Yes, my lord, I brought them with me."

"Then I will go down and see if Vendorme is dead. I would like to know."

"I had thought of that very thing myself," said the duke. "Do you go and visit the dungeon, and in the meantime I will [illegible]

Ludovico took the keys from de Castro, and when he had gone the duke sent his page to inform Rosabel that he would be with her as soon as he had given audience to his officers.

The audience on that day was short, and when Manfred returned to his closet he found his page waiting for him.

"Will the princess be ready?"

"The princess is not in her apartments, my lord."

"Ha—where is she?"

"She is not to be found. Her attendants have searched everywhere, but without discovering the least trace of her."

"She has not left the palace?"

"It is feared so, my lord. Her jewels are gone; and moreover, her bed was not pressed during the night."

"It cannot be!" cried Manfred. "She could not have escaped from the palace. If she is not in her own apartments, she must be concealed somewhere in the adjacent passes. Oho—she cannot escape so easily. She is lurking in some dark corner. Ha—here comes the prince."

"Aye," exclaimed Ludovico, quivering from head to foot, as he strode in and stood before his father, "it is the prince, in a cloud! Let your page withdraw."

The boy left the apartment, and the duke then turned towards his son, with an explanatory gesture.

"I know what you mean, Ludovico; but it will not avail. I have heard of her absence."

"Of her absence! Of whom do you speak?"

"Why—of the princess, to be sure."

"Is she gone?"

"She is missing from her chamber."

"O, hole [illegible] ponderous doors."

"Not a door had been forced," returned the prince, "nor had a lock been harmed. I found every bolt in its place, and every door fast."

"Then some evil spirit is in arms against us! Ha—here comes my captain. How now, de Castro! You look troubled. What have you found amiss?"

"Only this, my lord," replied de Castro, closing the door behind him, and advancing into the room—"I think my fair minion, she who conveyed Vendorme to the dungeon, hath taken a sudden leave of me."

"What—was it Hippolita?"

"Yes."

"And is she gone?"

"I think so."

"When? When?"

"Sometime in the night."

"Then," cried the duke, "I think we begin to have light. Were the keys of the passage leading to our dungeon where she could get them?"

"How, my lord? Has—"

"Don't stop to question me, but answer. Were those keys where she could get them?"

"Yes."

"Then, de Castro, your wench hath done more mischief than an army could have done. Our prisoner is gone from the dungeon, and Rosabel of Bergamo hath gone with him!"

De Castro stood like one upon whom had burst a thunderbolt.

"Gone!" he repeated, trembling when he spoke. "The outcast gone!"

"Aye—and the princess, too," returned the duke, his tones mingling with the grating of his teeth. "De Castro, if you do not find the runaways, I'll hold you accountable! I thought you could trust your wench."

"So I thought, my lord. Indeed, I did the best I could. Hippolita never deceived me before. But—but—"

"Well—but what?"

"But, my lord, this work must have been too much for her. Her weak, foolish heart was not proof against sympathy for the gallant knight."

"I think," said Ludovico, coming forward as he spoke, "that we had better cease our arguments, and start in pursuit. I am well convinced that de Castro hath done us no wrong willingly. If he has erred, let him make is good to us by finding that which is lost."

"I meant no accusation against our captain," said the duke; "and yet I have reason for offence. However, let us find the fugitives first, and then we may look into the other matters if we please. And de Castro, I shall not abate from my proposition. You must bring them back."

"I will do my best, my lord—be assured of that."

"The first look shall be made at the house of the armorer," said Ludovico. "We must have Michael Totilla upon the rack; for I am sure that Vendorme would not have left the city without communicating with him."

De Castro shook his head.

"We must not trouble the armorer at [illegible]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### His Calling.

Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troupe, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He resorted to the church wardens and guarantee to give a night's takings to the poor if the parish would pay for hiring a room, &c. The charitable knit took, the bait it proved a bumper, and next morning the church wardens waited upon the wizard to touch the amount of the "[illegible]," said [illegible] "[illegible] do pass." [illegible]

## PRACTICAL FARMING.

### A Hand Apple Picker.

As the season for picking winter apples is now on, orchardists will find the illustrated picker of great service in reaching the fruit on extended limbs. One man can stand under a tree and pick nearly all the fruit from the tree including the hardest to get at—that on the ends of the branches. The frame is made of heavy wire, or light round iron and a sack of heavy cloth sewn to the frame, leaving the slots at each end so that an apple will be free to enter the sack. Then all you have to do is to push or pull and the apple drops in the sack. I have one with a fourteen foot and another with a six-foot handle. The wire from A to B is eight inches wide, from C to D ten inches. The slots at C and D are three inches long and an inch wide. The handle or pole may be of any desired length.

FOR PICKING FRUIT WITHOUT BRUISING.

While winter dairying is slowly increasing it requires so much skill and careful management, and such a change in the common methods of the farm, that while it is the most profitable part of dairy farming, it is not likely, for some years yet, to be sufficiently practised to fully supply the demand for butter in the winter. Thus the summer dairyman may still find it profitable to pack the fall made butter for winter sale. And indeed, he may do this with advantage as well as safety, for when the best quality of butter is packed in the best manner, it will improve during the keeping from the fall until winter, and be really more desirable than the ordinary winter made article. This is due to the fact that by the slow ripening in the package during storage in a cool, clean place, and in sweet air-tight packages, there is a slow internal change going on in the butter by which its finest flavor is developed, and as with fruits, so the butter is greatly improved by what may truly be called in both—a process of ripening. Two things are to be considered in this subject, always, however, premising that the butter is of the best quality, as it easily may be when it is made from the sweet, fresh fall grass, equal in every respect to the fresh spring pasture. The first thing in the process is the package; the second, the manner of packing [illegible] of butter, of the very purest and finest ground salt. It is worked as dry as it can be. The pail being emptied of the brine, is dusted all over the inside with the salt, and the salt, and the butter is put in only so much at a time as will make a layer of four inches. This is compactly pressed down by a maple presser, made like a common potato masher, so that all the moisture is pressed out and drained off. If in this moisture there is any cloud or shade of milk, the butter has not been made as well as it should be, and will not come out in perfect condition. Not a shade of milk is to be permitted in the butter for this use, but any moisture that drains from it should be as clear as the dew on the morning grass. Then the butter thus put in is lightly dusted with salt, and another layer is put in in the same manner, until the pail is filled to a quarter of an inch of the edge of the pail.

If the butter is not sufficient for a full pail it is packed as far as it can be and covered with salt, and the pail is put away until the next churning, being kept covered with a clean towel. Then the next churning is packed in the same manner until the pail is filled as mentioned, when the butter is covered with a piece of good, heavy shirting cloth, well washed in boiling water and steeped in brine, with the pail. It is cut half an inch larger than the outer edge of the pail. It is pressed down on the butter to exclude all air, a little salt being sprinkled under it, and is then covered with dry salt to the edge of the pail. This salt is well pressed down and is covered with a sheet of parchment paper, on which is printed the name of the butter maker and the dairy, and any handsome device that may be used as a trade mark. This is in justice to the person who will take all this trouble to make a fine article of butter. The cover, treated as the pail has been, is then securely fastened down and the pail is stored.

### Dairy Granules.

Parchment paper should always be soaked in a strong brine before using to prevent moulding.

See to it that your stock do not drink ice water, you cannot afford to have your cattle warm up such water with feed.

Dr. E. M. Gatchel, who is an expert in the examination of cows for tuberculosis and in the test of milk, does not condemn dehorning. He simply warns against using milk of cows having high fever from any cause.

The Ontario Agricultural College, in a bulletin on the care of milk and cows, says: While in the stable, cows need currying and brushing once a day. If more time is spent in brushing the cows and less, if necessary, in brushing horses, it will pay better at present.

That pasteurizing the cream is gaining ground in Denmark is best illustrated by the advertisements of dairy implement manufactures. A very neat elevator is now sold for elevating the cream from the separator to the pasteurizing apparatus.

Under no other system of farming can fertility of the soil be so easily maintained and increased as with a dairy. Whether on a small scale or with a large capital, it affords employment the year around, and yields a constant income of cash, and, if skillfully conducted, brings a large profit.

It requires the expenditure of more nervous energy to produce butter than milk. Hence, a rich butter cow must, of necessity, be a cow of some nerve power than one that is a large milk maker but of inferior butter quality. In other words, an rich, fat butter cow is a human cow [illegible] ...

## ANIMAL LIFE.

### Some Interesting Items About Life in the Animal Kingdom.

[illegible] up the height of a man really di[illegible]

[illegible] ants are said by Darwin to be al[illegible]

[illegible] of a beaver is a regular trowel, an[illegible] such.

[illegible] eats fewer plants than any other animal.

[illegible] animals seldom produce more than two young at a birth.

[illegible] of the boa constrictor is eaten by the Indians of Brazil.

[illegible] tropical countries the scorpion grows to the length of a foot.

[illegible] of the crodils are scarcely larger than those of the goose.

[illegible] greatest velocity attained by a whale when struck by a harpoon is nine miles an hour.

[illegible] of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in thirty [illegible]

[illegible] of the mammoth have been found [illegible] of 9 foot, measured along the [illegible]

[illegible] whole body of a boa or other con[illegible] a perfect network of powerful [illegible]

Some naturalists say that the ape was once a land animal that took to the water for safety.

Elephants annoyed by flies have often been known to break off a branch and use it as a fan.

Oxen and sheep are believed by some stockmen to fatten better in company than when left alone.

The natural life of an elephant is said to be 120 years. It is, however, greatly shortened by captivity.

The bones of very aged persons are said to have a greater proportion of lime than those of young people.

The rhinoceros has a perfect passion for wallowing in the mud, and is usually covered with a thick coat of it.

The mole is an excellent civil engineer. He always secures his own safety by having several entrances to his dwelling.

The lowest order of animal life is found in the microscopic jellyfish. It is simply a minute drop of gelatinous matter.

Many birds have the trick of tumbling along on the ground ahead of a sportsman in order to draw him away from their nests.

European marmots remain dormant during the winter. Before becoming torpid they carefully cement the entrance to their dwelling.

The outer layers of the alligator's skin are said to contain a large percentage of silica, hence the hardness of the animal's hide.

Although [illegible] a clumsy animal, the [illegible] quick in the water, and [illegible] generally catch almost [illegible]

[illegible] microscopists that the [illegible] their instruments have [illegible] most minute forms of [illegible]

[illegible] flesh on the forequar[illegible] resembles that of land [illegible] the hindquarters has [illegible]

[illegible] adagascar, is remark[illegible] es, which are larger, [illegible] size, than those of any [illegible]

[illegible] are almost always red; [illegible] are generally white, [illegible] exception in the latter case being the heart.

Snakes have the singular property of being able to elevate the head and remain without the slightest movement for many minutes at a time.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head, quite as serviceable and good-looking as that which was taken away.

Cats and several other animals have a false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball, either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong a light.

With both the alligator and the crocodile the tail is the most formidable weapon. One stroke, fairly delivered, will break the legs of the strongest man.

The muscles of a pig's snout are exceedingly powerful for their size, and thus enable the animal to turn up very hard ground with the utmost ease.

A bat finds its way about without the assistance of its eyes. A blinded bat will avoid wires and obstructions as dexterously as though it could see perfectly.

When falling, as out of a tree, or down a steep declivity, bears will roll themselves into a close resemblance to a huge furry ball and thus escape without injury.

The mole is not blind as many persons suppose. Its eye is hardly larger than a pin-head, and is carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of inclosing hairs.

No parental care ever fails to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of a insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour and keep it up for half a day.

The blessing of Palestine is a small falcon, or hawk, which destroys the field mice. Were the hawks exterminated the human population would be obliged to abandon the country.

The common housefly is often literally devoured by parasites, and it has been proved that these parasites are also infested with minute creatures that threaten their destruction.

### Electric Roads to Hamilton.

A despatch from Hamilton says:—The Hamilton Electric Radial Railway Company has completed the purchase of the Niagara Central railway for the sum of $400,000. The road is 13 miles in length, extending from Niagara Falls St. Catharines. The Company proposes to build the road on to Hamilton and operate it as a steam road. From here electric radial roads will be constructed to Guelph, Port Dover, Woodstock and other points. The portion of the steam road from St. Catharines to Hamilton has already been bonused by the Government to the extent of $3,200 a mile. The company has also an application in to the City Council for a bonus of $125,000.

### A Noble Motive.

Samuel was before the bar of justice for having purloined divers and sundry pullets from the coop of a prominent citizen.

"Didn't you know it was wrong to steal these chickens?" asked the judge.

"Yessiree, yo' honor."

"Then why did you do it?"

"It's disker way, yo' honor," replied Sam, striking the attitude of a martyr. "I jis' done hit to take away temptation from de pal ob my neighbors, yo' honor."

### How It Works.

Prison Superintendent—"Here's a lot of money discovered showing that the man who broke in to rob 90 for the last ten years has been found innocent of the crime for which he was convicted."

"Hum! What's to be done with it?"

"Return it to the rightful owner."


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**Grand Trunk Railway.**

TIME TABLE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | GOING SOUTH. | | |
| Durham | 7.15 a.m. | | 6.40 p.m. |
| Holstein | 7.40 " | | 7.10 " |
| Mt. Forest | 7.55 | | 7.35 " |
| Palmerston | 8.20 " | | 8.10 " |
| Guelph | 10.23 " | | " |
| Toronto | 12.20 | | " |
| London | 11.15 a.m. | | |
| | GOING NORTH | | |
| Durham | 3.45 p.m. | | 10.00 p.m. |
| Holstein | 3.15 " | | 9.34 " |
| Mt. Forest | 2.55 " | | 9.20 " |
| Palmerston | 2.15 " | | 8.50 " |
| Guelph | 10.31 " | | 6.00 " |
| Toronto | 8.20 a.m. | | 4.25 " |
| London | 7.25 " | | 5.35 " |

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

**Canadian Pacific Railway**

TIME TABLE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | GOING SOUTH. | | |
| Owen Sound | arve 5.50 | m | 2.40 p.m. |
| Chatsworth, | " 6.30 | | 3.27 " |
| Flesherton, | " 7.13 | | 4.19 " |
| Orangeville | 8.20 | | 5.45 " |
| Toronto, | arrive 10.35 | | 8.1 " |
| | GOING NORTH | | |
| Toronto, | leave 4.40 p.m. | | 7.00 a.m. |
| Orangeville, | " 7.25 | | 10.15 " |
| Flesherton, | " 8.5 | | 11.05 " |
| Chatsworth, | " 9 | | 12.00 " |
| Owen Sound | arrive | | 2 " |
| | SOUTH | | NORTH |


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Laboratory - Gl[illegible]
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