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

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

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 Co. 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.
MRS. BURNET, Durham. *cu

McLEOD'S System Renovator!
— AND OTHER —
TESTED REMEDIES
SPECIFIC and ANTIDOTE
For Impure, Weak and Impoverished Blood, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, Neuralgia, Loss of Memory, Bronchitis, Consumption, Gall Stones, Jaundice, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, St. Vitus' Dance Female Irregularities and General Debility.
Laboratory - Goderich, Ont
J. M. McLEOD,
Prop. and Manufacturer
Sold by H. PARKER,
Druggist, Durham.

FOR SALE
The EDGE PROPERTY.

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

Mortgage taken for part purchase money.

Apply to JAMES EDGE,
Edge Hill, Ont.

There's Big Money!
— IN THE —
Following Properties at Prices Asked

Lots 241, 242, 243, con. 3, S.W.T. and S. Road, Township Melancthon—174 acres timbered.
Lots 241 242, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Melancthon—100 acres a bush lot.
Lot 248, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Melancthon—50 acres good bush.
Lot 29, con. 5, Melancthon—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 Conveyancer.

The Grey Review.

VOL. XVII,—NO. 18. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1895. WHOLE NO. 868.

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.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

PARK & CO.
BANKERS
Transact a general Banking business. Money loaned to farmers and others on reasonable terms. Interest allowed on special deposits at current rates. Also FIRE and LIFE Assurance Policies issued.
Middaugh House Block, Durham.

JACKSONS.
David Jackson, Jr., Clerk Div. Court.
Arthur H. Jackson, Notary Public.
Land Valuators, Insurance Agents, Commissioners.
Money to lend. Money invested for Parties. Farms bought and sold.
CONVEYANCERS.
A general financial business transacted
Office next door to Standard Bank, Durham.

Building a New Empire.

How Russia is Rapidly Developing the Riches of Eastern Siberia.

In her interesting letters Mrs. Bishop draws a striking picture of the manner in which the Russian government is opening up the fertile regions of Eastern Siberia. Nikolskoye is a place of 15,000 inhabitants, the centre of a large government flour mill and elaborate barracks. For many miles on either side the new Siberian railroad passes through neat villages and prosperous farms. "From Spasskoje," says Mrs. Bishop, "and east of the Hanka Lake up to Usuri, the magnificent region is waiting to be peopled. Grass, timber, water, coal, a soil as rich as the prairies of Illinois, and a climate not only favorable to agriculture, but to human health, all await the settler; and the broad, unoccupied and fertile lands which Russian Manchuria offers are capable of supporting a population of many millions. Here Russia is laying solidly the foundations of a new empire, which she purposes to make a homogeneous one. 'No foreigner need apply!' One thousand families, assisted emigrants from Russia of the best class, will come out next year, and the number is to increase progressively. Each head of an emigrating household has to deposit 600 roubles with a government official on leaving Odessa, which he receives on landing in Siberia. The emigrants, on reaching Vladivostock, are lodged in excellent emigrant barracks, and can buy the necessary agricultural implements at cost price from a government depot. Already along the railroad houses are springing up; and if security can be obtained there is nothing to prevent the country from being peopled up to the Chinese frontier, the rivers Sungacha and Usuri, which form the boundary from the Hanka Lake to Khabarofka, on the Amur, giving a considerable protection from brigandage."

A Determined Suicide.

A despatch from Buffalo, N. Y., says:—Daniel Buckley, a lake fireman, 23 years old, jumped off the Lehigh Valley trestle on Monday afternoon and was fatally injured. Near where he fell a razor was found open, as if he had it in his hand when he leaped. Possibly he meant to cut his throat before he jumped. Buckley was taken to the Fitch hospital, where he died. He has a sister in Toledo, and one in Toronto, Ont., but their addresses are not known here.

China's Need

What China needs
To remove the tarnish,
Is a few dabs more
Of Japan varnish.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relief in six hours the "Great South American Kidney Cure" This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by McFarlane & Co., Druggists.

When Japanese ladies have the skins removed the sections fall apart naturally.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or salloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains GEORGE ROSS, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

LADY AYLMER.

CHAPTER I.

DICK AND DOROTHY.

"With you, you infernal young idot, I haven't got the patience of a mouse. I hope you'll live to repent it. Meantime keep out of my way, and don't expect more than your four hundred a year, because you won't get it. And if I hear of your marrying anybody under a hundred thousand pounds I'll cut off your allowance. After you are forty we can think about it. It is only just to tell you that if I have a chance I shall marry again in the hope of having an heir of my own. Yours, AYLMER."

So ran the letter that Lieutenant Dick Aylmer received from his amiable uncle, the Lord.

A nice, cheery letter for a young man to receive when he contemplated marrying a girl with a fortune of a thousand pounds!

But he made up his mind that hewould marry Dorothy Strode, in spite of all the angry uncles in the world, and marry her he did privately, just as if that letter had never been written.

It was as Mr. and Mrs. Harris that Dick and Dorothy went out hand in hand to face the world together.

Fortunately, under the circumstances, there was no one to interfere with Dorothy's plans. Her aunt, Miss Dimsdale, was dead, and a distant cousin, who lived in Egypt, was the only surviving relative.

It was not likely that she would meet David Stevenson again. She had left him behind her with her old life at Graveleigh, miserable enough, she was sure, for his love had been very strong and sincere, and would probably haunt his life to the end.

There was no one, in short, to remind her of the past but Barbara, an old retainer of her aunt's, who adored her young mistress and would not be parted from her.

Six months had gone by—six glorious and blissfully happy months, during which Mr. and Mrs. Harris kept their secret well,and Dick was all the world to his wife Dorothy.

Now, as the Forty-third were still quartered at Colchester, it became a question of some importance for them to decide where Dorothy should take up her abode after this. Colchester or its immediate neighborhood was, of course, an impossibility, as her whereabouts might at any moment be discovered, and also Dick's real name. Dick suggested that she might go to Chelmsford and take rooms there for the time; but Dorothy had stayed more than once in that sleepy little town, and it was therefore almost as impossible as Colchester itself. So finally they agreed that there was no place to hide oneself and have a good time all the same, and therefore they came back to town during the last week of Dick's leave, and they took a little flat in Kensington, just where Dorothy and Barbara could get on very comfortably without any other servant, and yet could be near to good shops and a tolerably lively street.

"I'm afraid you'll be awfully dull, darling," he said to her when they had taken possession, and their last evening had come, "because, of course, you won't know any one, and you are not at all likely to get to know people."

"I shall have Barbara," said Dorothy, smiling bravely.

"Yes, you'll have Barbara, but Barbara won't be much company for you," he answered. "I do hate all this concealment. I hate leaving you at all, and I hate having to live, as it were, on the sly, and I'm afraid always that some one you know or one of the fellows will be seeing you, and that they may get hold of a wrong idea altogether, and—and—I sometimes feel as if I should like to kill that old savage at Aylmer's Field."

"But, Dick dear, nobody will see me and if they do they will think I am Dorothy Strode still. Remember, I don't know many people in all the world, and none of your officers know me at all, and if they even happened to see me with you they wouldn't think anything of it. Really I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, dearest, and as for my being dull—why, I never am dull. I never have been used to having more than one person at a time—Auntie all my life, and now you. I shall get on splendidly with Barbara, and I shall always be able to look forward to the days when you will be coming home."

"And I shall come like a bird whenever I get the ghost of a chance," he cried, tenderly.

"And I," cried Dorothy, "am going to make a study of gowns, I have always been used to make my ordinary gowns, and I shall have lots of time, and I am going to begin as soon as you are gone. I am going to make myself some beautiful tea-gowns; they will make me look married and dignified—they will make you respect me sir."

"But you don't want to look married and dignified," he cried, half alarmed. "Suppose you meet some one you know, and"——

"I shall not be wearing a tea-gown, Dick," cried Dorothy, with a gay laugh.

"Ah! no, no, of course not," he answered relieved. "All the same, though, did you not tell me the other day that you had a cousin somewhere or other?"

"Oh, Esther! Yes, but she," carelessly, "is in Egypt."

"But, my dear child she won't be in Egypt always," he rejoined; "and if she comes back to London, which she is sure to do"——

"By no means, Dick," interrupted Dorothy, quietly. "Esther is just as likely to go off for the summer to New Zealand or Finland as to come to London. And she would not specially hunt me up if she did come here. She is beautiful, and rich, and very independent in her mind, but she is six years older than I am, and thinks very little of family ties. In any case, supposing that I met her in London to-morrow, she would certainly not try to pry into my affairs, and even if I had your leave to tell her part of the truth, she is perfectly safe. I assure you that you never need worry yourself for a single moment about my cousin Esther."

So Dick was pacified, and the following day went off to Colchester—not in a very happy frame of mind, all the same. "I hate leaving you, Dolly," he said vexedly. "I hate it. I've a good mind to throw up my commission and trust to Fate and the old savage."

"Dick, Dick!" she cried, "how can you be so foolish? Supposing that 'the old savage' did turn round on you and stopped your allowance, where would you be then? If you are in the army you have always the chance of going to India, and I don't know that I would not rather be in India as Mrs. Aylmer than have these dreadful partings here."

"No, no," he cried, hastily. "I couldn't take you out there. I've always had a sort of horror of the East, and I would do anything to avoid running any such risk."

So he went away, with a lump in his throat which made him glad he was safe in a cab, leaving Dorothy to face the next week by herself—that is to say, except for Barbara, who was jubilant at having got her long holiday over and delighted to be at work again.

To Dorothy, Barbara at this time was a wonderful study, of which she was never tired. For Barbara had been born and bred in the country, and had lived more years at Graveleigh Hall than Dorothy could remember, and her comments on town people and town ways were more than amusing.

"Ah; they did things in a queer sort of fashion at Holloway. My cousin Joe lives at Holloway—you know, Miss Dorothy—he's a plumber in quite a large way of business, and has money in the bank and two children at boarding-school learning French and music and Heaven knows what beside. Mrs. Joe used to go out every Saturday night to get her stores in for the week, as she always said—for Sunday, I used to think. Never did I see such marketings! A quarter of a pound of butter and four fresh eggs. She regularly prided herself on those fresh eggs. 'My dear,' said I one night to her, 'them eggs have been laid at least a week, and I doubt if I should be far out if I went as far as ten days.'

"'You see, Barbara', says she, 'you've been used to a country life, with newly-laid eggs, and gallons of milk and butter by the stone, and I dare say you feel a bit pinched-like here. But if I'd let myself go in butter and live on new-laid eggs at twopence ha'-penny each—well, all I can say is, I should have had to rest content without any boarding-schools or anything put by in the bank.'

"'I don't say, Miss Dorothy—Mrs. Harris, ma'am, I should say," Barbara went on, in her wisest tones—"that I wish to go against my cousin Joe's wife in that respect—a thrifty wife is a crown of gold to a man that has to work for a living; but at eggs that have never seen a hen for nearly a fortnight, I do draw the line—to call 'em fresh, that is."

But although on most evenings Dorothy used to tell the old servant to bring her sewing and come and sit with her in the pretty little drawing-room. It must be confessed that at this time she found her life dreadfully dull, and as each day went by she seemed to miss Dick in her daily life more and more. For though she had been used to a quiet country home and a quiet country existence, there had always been plenty to interest her.

If you live as Dorothy Strode had been used to live all her life, you know why Janet Wytham was not at church on Sunday, and why Elizabeth Middleham a girl left that nice place at Whittington, and how Elizabeth Middleham cried for days over it, and her girl's intention to take service in London and see life. And you know all about it when Mrs. Jones has her mauve dinner-gown dyed chestnut-brown, and how it is that the rectory curtains keep clean year after year, although white silk with a delicately-tinted stripe would be ruined in three months in some houses. Yes, you know everything about everybody in the country, almost without knowing why you know it.

But in town, in London town, it is all so different. It is true that when you get known in London the gossipping is nearly as bad as if you were the centre of a small village set; but to a girl situated as Dorothy was, London is a social blank.

Oh, dear, dear, it was all dreadfully slow, and before she had been a month in her new home Dorothy was pining, pining for some woman friend to talk to, to confide in, to be friends with.

Oh course, to set off against this, there were the gay and glorious times when Dick came home, sometimes only between afternoon parade and morning stables, which meant a little dinner somewhere, a theatre after it, and a wild scramble and rush to catch a train leaving Liverpool street at some unearthly hour in the morning. At other times, however, Dick managed to squeeze a two-day's leave out of his colonel, and then Dorothy felt—ay, and said, poor child—that life was worth living, and that she would not change her lot for that of any other woman in all the wide world.

So, poor child, her life slipped by in a continual change from grave to gay, with bright spots of love set in a large surface of unutterable dulness and wearying depression."

"I wonder," she said one day to Dick, "whether, when we are able to be always together, you will get tired of me and if I shall bore you?"

"No," said Dick, promptly,

"You really think not?" eagerly.

"I don't think at all," he said, tenderly, "because I am sure of it. What makes you ask me that dearest? Have I ever looked bored or as if I was tired of you?"

"Oh, no, Dick, no!" she burst out; "only you are so good and kind to me, and it seems so wonderful that you, who have been in the world all your life, should take so much trouble for a little nobody like me—I mean that I know nothing, how should I, after living all my life at Graveleigh?"

Dick laughed aloud at the earnestness of her face and tone.

"My darling," he said, holding her close to his heart, "I have been no more kind and tender to you than you have been to me. You don't set half enough value on your dear self, the most precious self to me all the world. Believe me a man does not care so much what his wife knows as what she is—and you forget what I always remember, that you might have liked the other fellow best, and you didn't."

"The other fellow," Dorothy faltered.

"You mean David Stevenson?"

"Yes, I mean David Stevenson," Dick answered. "Many a girl would have taken him before a poor pauper devil, who had to ask his wife to live incog. in a poor little hole like this. Do you know, I went round to have a look at Stevenson's place, Holdyod, the other day, and when I saw it—shall I tell you what I did, my sweetheart?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy, in a whisper.

"I went round to the churchyard where she lies, our best friend, and I thanked God and her, if she could hear me, that my dear little love had given me her pure love in exchange for mine,and that Miss Dimsdale's wishes had never been to part us. Don't hurt me again by asking me doubting questions, my darling. Don't, Dorothy, don't, my dear."

"Dick, Dick!" Dorothy cried, "I never will. I love you, love you, love you!"

"And you will always love me?" teasingly.

"Oh, Dick!" reproachfully.

"Even when"——

Dorothy blushed, but she put her arm round his neck and drew his mouth down to hers. "I shall always love you best of all, Dick," she said; "and however much I may love the child, I shall love it most because of you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saves Many Lives.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says:—Rev. John Whitehead, of Emsworth, a suburb of Pittsburg, probably saved the lives of many persons on a Cleveland and Pittsburg express train the other night. During the day forest fires had been burning along the track. About midnight Rev. Mr. Whitehead happened to go out on an errand. He heard a crashing noise in the vicinity of the railroad track. He knew the midnight train would soon be due, and therefore started at once to investigate. On reaching the track he found that two trees which had burned off at the roots had fallen across both tracks. Rev. Mr. Whitehead hastened to the telegraph tower and informed the operator, who had time to catch the express at the next block above. Here the train was held until the obstruction was cleared.

Nell—"Do you know, I was all alone in the conservatory for ten minutes with that fascinating Charlie Fullerton last evening, and I was so afraid." Belle—"So afraid of what? Afraid he was going to propose to you?" Nell—"No; afraid he wasn't."

Dick's Great Race.

The preliminary canter was soon over, and during it many a race-glass was levelled at the good-looking young fellow in the orange jacket and black cap, who was the hero of this romantic story. Teetotum was perfectly cool and well behaved during this prologue to the great drama about to be enacted, jumping the hurdles in her canter in faultless fashion, and betraying no signs of nervousness. By this time people had poured back from the paddock, and Miss Bourton's personality had become more widely known, and a good many looks and glasses were levelled in her direction. But Kitty was too absorbed in her own feelings to observe the notice she attracted. A few minutes more and a shout from the carriages next the road proclaimed that the competitors for the Grand National had started on their journey; another minute ,and leaving the Sefton Arms Hotel well behind them, they emerge on to the flat, and, crossing the road, stream down toward the first fence, a pink jacket leading.

"That's Pullaway in front," cried Bob Waters, "and that's Defiance in the light blue jacket lying next; but they're all in a cluster at present, though I don't suppose they'll be so long."

"Dick's lying nearly last, is he not?" said Kitty, whose hand shook so she could hardly use her glasses.

"Yes," repled her father, "that's our orange jacket lying pretty well last of everything, but you know we settled he should ride the race in that way. He was to be very careful not to flurry the mare till she had thoroughly settled down to her work."

On they went pretty well all together till they came to Beecher's Brook, where on of the twenty-two competitors blundered and was left behind. Once round the turn the rider of Pullaway took advantage of his lead and made the pace pretty strong down the straight stretch on the far side of the course, his immediate attendants being a horse called Gamecock, and two or three others, the names of which are not necessary to this story. Next in order came the sky-blue packet of Defiance, and the crimson sleeves and black cap of old Todhunter; some couple of lengths behind him came Catamount, distinguished from his stable companion by his rider wearing a red cap and lying comfortably at the head of the ruck, while positively last of all, although not in the least tailed off, was the orange banner in which alone Kitty felt interested.

"It's all right," said Bourton, "she is fencing beautifully with him. He has plenty of time to catch the leaders between this and home—they have a very long way to go yet."

And now they cross Valentine's Brook and make the turn down the canal side, and as they do so Dick Colaton begins to feel sanguine of success. His great anxiety is so far allayed, that Teetotum discovers no signs of nervousness, but sails away with him as she was wont over the Hampshire Downs at the tail of Tedworth. She has made nothing of any of the fences, and Dick, who walked all over the course the day before, knew that unless it was the brook in front of the stand, she would now meet nothing likely to upset her nervous temperament. As they came down the canal side he ventured to take closer order with his companions. Jackson, who was riding the favorite, seemed also in no hurry to take his horse to the front, and was contenting himself at present with holding a good position in the ruck. And now leaving the canal they turned their heads for home, and come down the brook opposite the stand, into which Pullaway plumps incontinently and upships his jockey, one or two of his attendants also blunder at it, and, though not placed hors de combat, lose a considerable lot of ground before they can be set going again. This eft Gamecock with a somewhat commanding lead, but his rider was a wary old horseman and was not going to be tempted to drive his horse to a standstill because the fates had proved kind to him. The two veterans, Defiance and Todhunter, took the brook almost side by side and now went steadily on in pursuit of Gamecock.

The enthusiasm of the stand was thoroughly roused as the two debutantes came down to make their first real public essay at water. Catamount led a good two lengths. He might be light looking, but at the present moment he looked like galloping on and coming down to the brook without a sign of refusal, flew it cleverly.

"Now, old woman," cried Dick, as he followed suit, and Teetotum cocked her ears, quickened her stride, and, as Dick said afterward, went at it as if she had been, jerked out of a catapult. "Over, old lady," muttered Dick as he pulled his mare together and patted her on the neck. "I should think you were, but remember another time, it isn't the canal you've got to jump. I wonder how many feet you did cover?"

There was quite a little cheer followed Teetotum and her rider from the spectators near the brook as they continued their way alongside the racecourse. As they turned into the country again, Defiance and Todhunter had closed considerably upon Gamecock. Catamount was at the head of the next cluster,now considerably reduced, while Dick Colaton was lying second. Gamecock maintained his lead till they had once more crossed Beecher's Brook, and then it was evident to the experienced eyes of Sam Gregson and the rider of Defiance that his bolt was shot, and the former worthy began to think it was high time that he did something in the interests of Catamount, and without more ado he took his horse to the front. The rider of Defiance was bothered; at this stage of the race he dared not let such a dangerous opponent get away from him, and yet at the same time he was quite aware that supposing he raced successfully with this adversary he would very likely be called upon to tackle the favorite a little later. He reckoned the whole thing up quickly in his head ,and came to the conclusion that he would settle Todhunter at once, and trust to there being nothing able to get to him afterward. The tactics were ingenious in theory, but in practice they rather failed, as, unfortunately, just before they came to Valentine's Brook he became conscious that Sam Gregson had settled him.

Gregson had been too much occupied in the demolition of Defiance to take note of what was passing behind him, and when ,after jumping Valentine's Brook, he threw a glance backward, he was astonished to find Teetotum at his heels. While Gregson had been engaged in galloping down Defiance, Dick Colaton had run boldly up to Catamount, and in a few strides not only deprived him of the lead, but convinced himself that he had the favorite at his mercy.

For a second Gregson was staggered at the turn things had taken, but the superb scoundrel speedily rose to the situation. He already recognized that bar accidents Teetotum would probably win; at all events, he thought Catamount could not. As before said, he had determined to make money out of this race somehow. His two hundred pounds were contingent on Catamount's winning, and that he thought was now very doubtful. A bold conception struck him; this young Mr. Colaton no doubt stood to win a good stake on his mount, and was probably thirsting for the honor and glory of winning the Liverpool. As Dick came alongside of him, he said. "Well, Mr. Colaton, strikes me there's only you and I left in it. I'll have a cross bet with you if you like. Yours beats mine, for a thousand!"

For a moment Dick failed to recognize the villainy of this proposal, and then it dawned upon him that the irreclaimable blackguard galloping alongside of him was offering to pull his horse for that sum.

"No, thank you," replied Dick. "I'll win on the square, or not at all."

And now they turned into the flat, jumping the flight of hurdles at the bend side by side.

"There,s only three in it!" screamed Waters excitedly, "and our mare is one of 'em. Come on, Teetotum! only, now, one flight of hurdles between you and the winning post!"

Dick and Gregson were now coming along side by side, watching each other like two cats, but neither had yet begun riding. Three lengths off was the favorite, whom Jackson was carefully nursing for a final effort, though feeling that unless the unexpected happened to the two leaders, there was no chance of his winning. At least half a score of lengths behind came Defiance.

"A born fool," muttered Gregson. "Why couldn't he pay that thousand pounds? Now I shall have to jeopardize both our necks."

The minute he was over the last hurdle, Dick had made up his mind to come right away; his crafty antagonist had already divined that, and as they came toward it, Dick suddenly became conscious that Gregson was boring in upon him.

"Damnation ride your own line," he roared.

"I can't help it," shouted Gregson back again, and as they took off. Gregson deliberately pulled his horse across Colaton. A collision in the air was the consequence, and from the stand arose a shout of "They're both down!" At the same time a woman's shriek was heard, and Kitty Bourton fainted.

"By heavens," cried Waters, "and there's the favorite down too!" And as he spoke, Catamount, dead beat, fell over the last hurdle, just when Messrs. Moore and Reubens considered their money in their pockets.

However, it so happened that the first cry from the stand of "They're both down!" was not quite the case. Todhunter and Sam Gregson undoubtedly were down, and Teetotum, owing to the cannon, had jumped the hurdle sideways and blundered on to her knees; but Dick had managed to keep his seat, and by a desperate effort, just kept her off the rails and succeeded in setting her going again. He felt something give way in his arm as he did so, and in another second his right arm hung motionless by his side. Had there been anything within reach of him Dick must have been beaten, and as it was a roar came from the stand, "Old Defiance wins after all!" The jockey of that horse, when he saw the front rank go down like a house of cards, very naturally thought that, beaten as his horse was, he had a chance of winning. He got safely over the last hurdle, and, riding his horse desperately, it became a very fine point, whether he couldn't even now catch Dick before he could reach the winning post, but fortune favored the latter, and though the distance never allowed Teetotum to get fairly into her stride again, she managed to scramble past the winning post a bare length to the good.

CONCLUSION.

Kitty's companions had been absorbed in the race that they had paid little attention to her, and therefore had not noticed how ghastly pale the girl had been ever since it commenced. Her scream, however, made them turn toward her. She had fallen back in her seat and was white to the very lips. "Teetotum wins! Teetotum wins! Teetotum has won!" burst from hundreds of mouths, and in another minute the mare's number was satisfactorily hoisted with that of Defiance under it. Joe Bourton, between the glory of having won the Liverpool, and dismay at his daughter's prostration, was for the minute fairly dazed, but Mr. Waters was equal to the occasion.

"Get down as fast as you can, man, and lead your mare in; never mind Miss Bourton, leave me to take care of her. She has only fainted, and will be as jolly as a sandboy as soon as she comes to and I've made her understand that her sweetheart has won the Liverpool and not broken his neck. I'll get her into a carriage at the back of the Strand as soon as I can, and we'll wait there till you and Colaton come to us."

Bourton felt that there was sense in Mr. Waters' advice, and accordingly hurried off to lead in the winner of the Grand National. Dick looked very pale when Bourton at last got hold of Teetotum's bridle. His mouth twitched a little, and his right arm still hung powerless by his side.

"It's all right," he exclaimed, as he jumped off, and with his left hand and teeth proceeded to remove Teetotum's saddle. "I just got home, and now, as soon as I've weighed in, I'll be off to the hotel. I don't know what's wrong, but I feel as if everything was smashed in this arm. It's luck, at all events, that I don't want to use it any more to-day, for I've lost all use of it."

Without more ado, Dick got into the scales, and, as soon as the "all right" was pronounced, he threw his great coat over his shoulders, and, accompanied by Bourton, made his way to the back of the Strand.

Mr. Waters was as good as his word; but, no sooner was the race over and his neighbors on the stand became aware of what had happened, than he received any amount of assistance; cold water and a tumbler, and more than one friendly flask were proffered him, and in a very few minutes Kitty recovered herself sufficiently to sit up, gulp some cold water, wonder how she could have been so foolish, and, with a sickly smile, essayed to speak.

"Sit quiet for a few minutes more," said Waters, authoritatively. "Dick is all right, and has won the Liverpool. Now just drink this glass of sherry and then you and I will go off and congratulate him."

By this time the people in her vicinity had become aware that the lady who had fainted was the Miss Bourton whose father had just won the big race, and that she had swooned upon seeing her lover, as she thought, get a terribly bad fall at the last hurdle. She found herself, much to her confusion, an object of the greatest interest as she made her way out of the stand, leaning on Waters' arm. To get hold of their own carriage proved impracticable; but Waters had no difficulty in catching a fly, into which he and Kitty at once got, to wait till Dick and Bourton should join them. A very few minutes, and they were seen making their way through the throng, and Waters eagerly hailed them; but a glance showed Kitty that there was something wrong. Dick would have had his coat on instead of only thrown over his shoulders, if there had not been something the matter; still, as he was able to talk, the girl comforted herself with the reflection that, whatever his injuries, they could not be of an alarming description.

"All right?" exclaimed Waters, excitedly.

"Yes," rejoined Bourton, "all right as far as the race is concerned, but I am afraid Dick has hurt his arm badly."

"Don't look frightened, Kitty," exclaimed Colaton, "I've won the Liverpool, and have promised you 'never to do so no more.' I have hurt the arm, and am in considerable pain just now, but I am pretty sure it's nothing serious, and that a doctor will very soon put it to rights."

"Oh! Dick, my dear," exclaimed the girl, "I thought you were killed at that last hurdle. I've been very stupid and a great trouble to Mr. Waters, I am sure."

"Not a bit," exclaimed that gentleman, "but the first thing we have got to do now is to put that arm in a sling," and producing a large silk handkerchief from the pocket of his overcoat, Mr. Waters, with Kitty's assistance, soon manufactured a sling and got Colaton's arm into it.

"There," he said at last," that's easier, isn't it? Takes its own weight off it, you see, and now the sooner you get back to Liverpool and send for a surgeon the better. You needn't come unless you like, Bourton. I'm going to look after Dick. Strikes me these young people ain't quite able to take care of themselves to-day."

However, Bourton decided that he could depend upon Thomas to bring Teetotum home all safe, as soon as she had cooled down a bit and recovered herself, and that there was nothing further he cared for.

Such a sensational finish to a Grand National had perhaps never been witnessed. Mr. Gregson's foul riding had been quite comprehended by many people in the Strand, and it was well for him that he was picked up insensible and carried away under the impression that he was badly hurt. In reality the scoundrel, though stunned for the moment, had come out of this melee of his own making very little the worse for the fall. He was purposely rather slow coming round, and gathered from the comments about him that the tide of popular feeling had set somewhat against him.

He rightly determined not to court publicity, and as soon as he had changed his clothes and fortified himself with a copious libation of brandy and water, stole back to Liverpool in unostentatious fashion, with the sickening sensation that, in spite of all his chicanery, he had benefited nothing by the race. The general verdict was that, but for the collision at the last hurdle, it would have been a capital race between old Todhunter and the winner, while the rider of Defiance, to the day of his death, always lamented that he threw away the chance of victory.

"Mine was fairly done with, but if I could have foreseen that the three in front of me were all going to blunder at the last hurdle, I could have been a bit nearer to take advantage of their trouble, and if I had been, I should have just won."

But for those ifs the material events of this world would many a time have been much altered.

Messrs. Moore and Reubens in all their racing career had never experienced such a disaster as this. They had played for a great stake, and had seen it apparently within their reach. Beaten though Catamount undoubtedly was, had he only safely got over the last hurdle Sam Gregson's desperate expedient would have given him the race. As it was, although recognizing that their emissary had done his best, they were in no disposition to be generous; they were too hard hit themselves to dispense money with a free hand, and there were sinister rumors that they would never meet their liabilities. Thanks, however, to the consideration and to some extent the assistance of their brethren, they did manage to weather the blackest Monday they had ever encountered, but their speculations were crippled and conducted on a much more limited scale for many a long day.

Sam Gregson vanished into the obscurity and poverty that usually befalls a jockey who turns an arrant thief; in much disrepute before, his shameful foul riding in the Grand National put a practical finish to his career, and he lapsed into a mere hanger-on of the racecourse, picking up a precarious living as he best could.

Dick Colaton's arm proved a much more serious thing than was at first anticipated. No bones were broken, but in the desperate effort he had made to keep Teetotum on her legs, the muscles had been most fearfully wrenched. He suffered great pain in it for weeks, and it was months before the doctors allowed him to use the injured limb again; but Kitty made a most unwearied nurse, and Bob Waters declared that he never saw a man enjoy a state of crippledom more. His arm was still in a sling when he stood before the altar of Abbotsford church with Kitty Bourton ,and they vowed to love and cherish each other till death should them part.

"Ah! my darling," whispered Kitty, as they drove away, "you won the Liverpool, and I am proud of it, but nobody knows what I suffered during the three days previous to that race. I was haunted with the idea, Dick, that it was predestined to prove fatal to you. But you're my own now, and I'll never consent to your riding another steeplechase."

(THE END.)

In all, it has been estimated that over two million acres are devoted to the maintenance of deer in Scotland, and that about 5,000 stags are annually killed.

His Aversion to Work.

I say, Raggsy, de papers says dere's microbes in bank bills.

Yes; dat's why I don't go to work. If I did anything dey'd pay me in bills, an' then I'd ketch suthin'.

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

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

We 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 shorthand 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

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 "	9.2 "
Palmerston	2.35 "	8.55
Guelph	10.31 "	5.34
Toronto	8.20 a. m.	4.25 "
London	7.35 "	5.55 "

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

JAKE KRESS
IS still to be found in his Old Stand opposite the Durham Bakery.
Furniture
Of the Best Quality Cheaper THAN EVER.