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The greater part of the diseased ear was cut off by the attending surgeon and a plaster of paris cast was taken of the left side of his head. Then an artificial ear was built up in wax to match the healthy one on the opposite side. The bogus ear was then made in vulcanite and aluminum, tinted and enameled to harmonize with the complexion. No artificial contrivance, such as a spectacle frame, was made use of to support the aluminum ear, and adhesion to the head was effected by means of a saturated solution of mastic in absolute alchol.

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LADY ALYMER.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED APPOINTMENT.

About two months after this a sort of avalanche fell upon the little household in Palace Mansions. It took the form of a letter from Lord Aylmer, the old savage at Aylmer's Field, and as Dick in his first surprise exclaimed: "Now, who the devil was to expect the old savage would be up to this sort of game?"

It began by assuring his nephew that he was enjoying the very best of health, that he had not had a touch of gout for something over three months, but that her ladyship was in exceedingly queer health—that she was, indeed, thoroughly out of sorts, and at present giving both himself and her medical adviser cause for the gravest anxiety. Then he went on to say that he had just had a visit of nearly a week from his old friend Barry Boynton—"That's Lord Skevversleigh," said Dick, as he read the letter aloud—and that Barry Boynton had just been appointed Governor-General of Madras, and that as he—"the old savage"—felt his nephew could not lose by advancement in his profession, whether he ever happened to come in for the Aylmer title or not, he had put in a good word for him with his old friend, with the result that Barry Boynton had promised to appoint him as his military secretary.

"But, Dick," Dorothy cried, "that means India!"

"Not a bit of it, my darling. Dick cried, "I'll see the old savage at perdition before I accept it. I only go to India on one condition—that I go as a free man; that is, with you as my acknowledged wife."

Then they read the letter over again, and made their comments upon it—she with her sweet face pressed against his cheek, he with his arm close about her waist.

"The amount of delicate information he conveys is really remarkable." Dick laughed, for Dick, by the bye, was on a ten-days' leave, and was jovial and inclined to view the whole world through rose-colored glasses in consequence; "that is to let me know that I needn't expect to step into his shoes for many a day yet. Bless me! if he knew how little I cared about it, one way or the other."

"Nor I," Dorothy chimed in; "except—except that we should always be together then, Dick," with a soft touch of yearning in her voice.

"But we are always together in heart, my dearest," cried Dick, fondly. "And my lady's health is causing him the gravest anxiety—h'm! We may take that with a grain of salt. Gravest anxiety! Why, if my lady was lying at death's door that old savage wouldn't be anxious, unless for fear that she should get better. However, as they are in town I must go and inquire after her ladyship. She's a hard nailenough, but she has always been good to me in her way, and she's worth a thousand of him any day. And then I can tell the old savage that he may use his influence with his dear old friend Barry Boynton for somebody else."

"But you won't do anything rash, Dick?" Dorothy cried.

"Certainly not—why should I? But I shall tell him I have no fancy for India, and that I'd rather stop at home."

"But supposing that he says no," said Dorothy, who in her heart regarded Dick's "old savage" as an all-powerful being, who had it in his power to make or mar her very existence.

"Oh! I think he will hardly insist, one way or theother," he answered easily. "Anyway, I must go and be civil to my lady, who isn't half a bad sort, and gently intimate my decision to my lord."

"When will you go, Dick?" Dorothy asked.

"To-day, I think dearest," he replied; "just after lunch will be a good time. The savage is never quite so savage after a meal as at any other time."

A strange and sickly faintness began to creep over Dorothy, a dull and indefinable sense of forboding rose in her heart, and threatened to suffocate her. "Shall you be long there?" she faltered.

"Well, if I am," returned Dick, with a laugh, "it will be a new experience for my delightful uncle, for I never stopped a single minute longer in his house than I could help, since I can remember."

Then he happened—attracted by her silence, and the absence of the sweet laugh which generally echoed his—to turn and look at her. The next moment he had caught her in his arms, and was kissing her as a man only kisses the one woman that he loves in all the world.

"My love, my love!" he cried, "my dear, sweet little love, don't look like that. What is it you fear? Not that I shall ever change toward you, or be different in any way, so far as you are concerned?"

"They are your people," she faltered, "and"—

"My people!" he echoed, contemptuously. "Yes, so they are; but you—you are my life—my very soul—the light of my eyes, why, you are myself. Why, to put my love and care for you in comparison for one instant with what I feel for all my people together, would be too funny for words, if you were not distressed about it. But when I see you look like that, darling, it hurts me so awfully—it cuts me up, so that I can hardly talk or think sensibly. My dear little love, there is nobody in all the wide world that I could ever put beside you, or ever shall."

"You are sure?" she cried.

"I am quite sure," he answered, looking her straight and true in the eyes. "And now, my dearest, it is half-past 11; let me take you out for a turn before lunch time."

He always found it an easy matter to comfort and reassure the little wife who loved him so dearly, and, although by living so much alone and without proper companionship, she was apt to brood over the circumstances of her life, and to conjure up all sorts of gloomy fancies and dread shadows which might come to pass at some future time, these mists always yielded before the irresistible sunshine of his love, and they were happier, if possible, than they had been aforetime.

In his innermost heart, however, Dick was not so easy about his approaching interview with Lord Aylmer as he made Dorothy believe; and he knocked at the door of the old savage's town house with rather a quaking heart and something of the vague dread which he had coaxed and soothed away from his wife's tender heart.

Yes, Lord Aylmer was at home, and her ladyship also; and the servant, having no special orders about Mr. Aylmer, at once showed him into a pretty little room off the smallest of the two drawing-rooms, and told him that he would inform her ladyship of his presence. And in less than three minutes Lady Aylmer came.

"My dear Dick!" she said, "I am most pleased to see you. I did not know that you were in town. Is it true that Lord Skevversleigh has made you his military secretary? I quite thought you had set your face against India at any price."

Dick Aylmer was so surprised that he sat staring at his uncle's wife in speechless surprise. She noticed his look, and asked, with a laugh; "What is the matter, Dick? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Not a ghost, Lady Aylmer," he said recovering himself; "but I certainly expected to see more of a ghost than you are at this moment."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I had a letter from Lord Aylmer this morning, and he said that you were ill."

"Ill? I?" she echoed. "Nonsense! You must have mistaken him. I was never better in my life."

"I couldn't possibly mistake him," said Dick, firmly. "However, I'll show you the letter, there is nothing at all private in it."

So Lady Aylmer took the letter and read it. "H'm," she muttered. "I am afraid the wish is father to the thought, my dear boy," she said drily. "It's true I had a touch of toothache or neuralgia about a week ago, entirely because he was consumed with gout—though, mind, he declares stoutly that he hasn't had gout for more than three months—and persisted in having the window open all the way from Leicester. But as for my health or anyone's health but his own giving him a moment's anxiety—why the idea is ludicrous, simply ludicrous. The gravest anxiety indeed! H'm! If I was lying at the point of death his lordship might be anxious till the breath was out of my body."

"That was just what I said to—to myself," said Dick, who had been on the very point of uttering his wife's name. However, Lady Aylmer, I am very glad to find that you are alright and in good health."

"Thank you Dick," she replied, holding out her hand to him; then, after a moment's silence, she suddenly burst out, "Dick what is he after?"

"Lord Aylmer? I don't know," Dick answered.

"He is after something; I've known it for weeks, but I can't make out what," Lady Aylmer went on. "First by his persistence that he has not got the gout. I had been married to him a great many years, but I never knew him deliberately deny himself the pleasure of gloating over his gout before. He must mean something by it. I thought, of course," she went on, with a nonchalant air, "that there was somebody else. But his anxiety about my health, and his desire to pack you off to India, where he knows you don't want to go—one can think differently. In any case, go to the library and see him, and what, ever you do, my dearest boy, don't irritate him. Don't contradict him; tell him at once that you don't want to go to India—that is, if you really don't want to do so; but if he insists, take my most serious advice and temporize—put the time off anyhow—tell him you must have a week in which to consider the idea."

"Yes, I'll do that," said Dick, rising.

"Stay, we had better send to him first," said Lady Aylmer, touching the button of the bell. "Yes, Jenkins, tell Lord Aylmer that Mr. Aylmer is here and wishes to see him."

"Best to treat him in the imperial way that satisfies him," said her ladyship to Dick, as the man closed the door behind him. "I always do it when I want to make him a little more humble than usual. I don't do it at other times, because he is eminently a person with whom familiarity breeds contempt."

Dick laughed outright. "Very well, I will be most careful," he replied; then added, "It's awfully good of you to give me a good tip out of your experience. I have never been able to hit it off with his lordship yet. Perhaps I shall be more fortunate this time."

"You may be. You know, of course, Dick, that it was your steady refusal to marry Mary Annandale that set him so thoroughly against you."

"Mary Annandale's money," corrected Dick.

"Ah! yes, it is the same thing," carelessly.

"But I don't believe Mary Annandale would have had me," Dick declared.

"Perhaps not. Still, you never gave her a chance, did you? Now, of course, it is too late."

"Very much too late," returned Dick, promptly, and grinning good-humoredly at the remembrance of now very much too late it was for him to build up the fortunes of the house of Aylmer by means of a rich wife.

He turned as the door opened again, "His lordship will be pleased to see you in the library, sir," said Jenkins.

"I will come," said Dick.

"And good luck go with you," said Lady Aylmer, kindly, as he went. "Come back and tell me how you get on."

Poor Dick! he did not get on very well. He found Lord Aylmer sitting in a big chair in the library looking ominously bland.

"Good morning, sir," said Dick.

"Oh, good morning, Dick, sit down, my boy," rejoined Lord Alymer, quite tenderly.

Dick gave himself up for lost at once, but he sat down and waited for "the old savage" to go on with the conversation.

For a minute or so Lord Aylmer did not speak; he moved his left foot uneasily, in a way distinctly suggestive of gouty twinges, and fidgeted a little with his rings and finger nails.

"You got my letter," he remarked at last.

"Yes, I did, Sir; that brought me here," Dick answered.

"Ah, that's all right," said the old lord, in a self-satisfied tone. "Great piece of luck for you, my boy; great piece of luck. I couldn't have got it for any one else; in fact, I rather fancy Barry Boynton had somebody else in his eye, though, of course, he couldn't very well refuse me. Still, of course, I had to tell him you were devilish anxious for the appointment."

"But I'm not devilish anxious for the appointment, "Dick broke in at last, I'm not anxious for it at all."

For a minute or two the old man looked at him in profound amazement. "Damme, sir, do you mean to say you are going to turn round on me after all the trouble I've taken for you? Damme, sir, do you mean to tell me that?"

"Not exactly that," answered Dick, still keeping Lady Aylmer's advice in his mind; "but"—

"Then what do you mean, sir?" roared the old man, losing his temper altogether.

"I mean this," said Dick, firmly, "Up to now I have, as you know, always set my face against going to India. I hate and loath the very idea of it. England is good enough for me, and I went with the Forty-third on purpose that I might not have to go to India, or lose a lot of seniority. What I want to know is this: What has made you take a lot of trouble, and put yourself under an obligation to Lord Skevversleigh, in order to bring about what you know would be utterly distasteful to me?"

Lord Aylmer looked at Dick as if words had failed him, but presently he found his tongue and used it freely. "Damme, sir," he roared; do you mean to accuse me of any sneaking, second-hand motives; 'Pon my soul, sir, I've a good mine to write to Lord Skevversleigh and ask him to consider the appointment refused. But stay," as he saw by Dick's face that this would be the most desirable course he could take, "I will do no such thing. Damme, sir, I've had about enough of your airs and graces. Mark you, and mark what I say! To India you go without another word, or I cut off your allowance from this day week, every penny of it. As you yourself said just now, I go to a lot of trouble for you, put myself under a great obligation to a friend in order to serve you, and all the return I get for it is that you get on your high horse and accuse me of second-hand motives, Damme sir, it's intolerable—simple intolerable. And I suppose you think I don't know why you want to shirk a year or two in India, eh?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Dick with icy civility.

"No, no; of course not. And you think I didn't see you the other night at the Criterion, and mopping your eyes over 'David Garrick' afterward. Bah! you must think I'm a fool?"

For a moment Dick was startled, but he did not show it by his manner in the least. "Well, sir," he said quietly. "I have never been in the habit of asking your permission to take a lady to a theatre."

"No," the old savage snarled, in return; "nor when you wanted to start housekeeping in Palace Mansions either."

"No, sir," said Dick firmly; "nor when I wanted to start housekeeping, either."

"And that was why you refused to marry Mary Annandale?" Lord Aylmer snapped.

"Not at all. I refused to marry Miss Annandale because I did not care about Miss Annandale."

"Bah!" grunted the old man, in a fury. "I suppose you believe in all that rot about marrying for love."

"Most certainly I do."

"And you mean to do it?"

"I don't mean to marry anybody at present," said Dick, coolly. He felt more of a sneak than he had ever felt in all his life to leave the old man in his belief that his dear little Dorothy was less to him than she was, yet he knew that for her sake, for the sake of her actual bodily welfare, he could not afford to have an open declaration of war just then. Sneak or no sneak, he must manage to put the time on a little until the child had come, and all was well with Dorothy.

Lord Alymer rose from his chair in a rage of tottering fury. "Listen to me, sir," he thundered. It may be all very pretty and idyllic and all that, but you wouldn't marry the woman I chose for you, and now you shall go to India to pay for it. It's no use you thinking you have any choice in the matter—you haven't. I've had enough of your excuses, and your shilly-shallying, and all your sentimentality, love, and all the rest of it. What do you want, with love?"

"I believe you married for love yourself," suggested Dick, in his mildest tones.

"And repented it before three months had gone over my head, and have gone on repenting ever since," the old man snarled. "Damme, sir, that woman is never tired of throwing it at me. If I'd married her for her money, she couldn't very well have thrown that at me—been a fool if she had."

There was a moment's silence, then the old lord went on again: "Look here, Dick, you've got to make up your mind to one thing—I mean you to go to India, so you may as well go with a good grace."

"I'll think it over," said Dick.

"I want an answer now," irritably.

"That's impossible, sir, unless you like to take no for an answer, right away," Dick replied, firmly.

"I suppose you want to talk the matter over with the young lady in Palace Mansions," said the old lord, in his most savage tones.

"I don't think that would interest you, whether I did or not," said Dick, coldly; "but one thing is very certain, which is that I am not going to India without thinking the whys and wherefores thoroughly over. I will come again on Friday, and tell you my intentions."

"And you'll bear in mind that a refusal of the appointment cuts off your allowance at once."

"I will bear everything in mind," said Dick, steadily; and then he shut the door, leaving the old man alone.

"Well?" cried Lady Aylmer, when he looked in to the little boudoir again. "How did you get on?"

"We didn't get on at all," Dick answered. "He means me to go to India by hook or by crook."

"And I wonder," said my lady, thoughtfully, "what it is that he has in his mind. No good, I'm afraid."

CHAPTER III.

DINNA FORGET.

After this interview it was Dick's pleasant task to go home and tell the news to his wife. It had to be done; it was useless his trying to shirk it, because Dorothy knew why and where he had gone, and was too eager to hear the result of his visit to his uncle to let him even light a cigarette in peace, until she had heard all that was to hear; in fact, as soon as he put his key into the door she flew out to meet him. "Dick, is it good news?" she cried, eagerly.

Now Dick could not honestly say that it was good news, but then he did not wish to tell her how bad it was all at once; so he gently prevaricated, kissed her with even more than his usual tenderness, and asked her if she had been very dull without him and whether he had been too long away.

His well-meaning prevarication had exactly the opposite effect to that which he had intended. Dorothy's sensitive heart went down to zero at once, and the corners of her sweet lips drooped ominously. "Oh, Dick! it is bad news," she said, mournfully "and you are trying to hide it from me."

"No, no, I am not," he said, hurriedly. "But there's no need to tell all our private affairs out here for everybody to hear."

"But there isn't any everybody," said Dorothy; "there's only Barbara."

In spite of his anxiety, Dick burst out laughing. "Come in here, my darling," he said, drawing her toward the drawing-room; "and you shall give me a cup of tea while I tell you all about it."

"And you've not promised to go?" she asked, as she began to make the tea. "No, don't trouble Dick, dear, it is lighted, and the water will boil in two minutes."

She had a pretty little brass stand, a tray, spirit-lamp and kettle, and with this apparatus she always made the tea herself, with much pride, and some help from Dick. It generally fell to Dick's lot to light the lamp, but to-day she was all ready for him, and had but to turn up the light a little to have the water boiling.

"There," she said, after about five minutes, and handing him a cup of tea. "Now, tell me all—everything."

"Well," said Dick, finding himself thus fairly up in a corner, and unable to put off the evil moment any longer, "I went."

"Yes?" eagerly.

"And I saw her ladyship."

"Oh! and is she up?"

"Up! My dear child, Lady Aylmer is as well as I am," he answered.

Dorothy looked at him in wonder. "Oh, Dick!" she cried, "but what a wicked old man?"

"Ah! I fancy it runs in the blood," said Dick, easily. "One man couldn't have so much original sin of his own as the old savage has; it must be heredity."

"Then do you think you will tell horribly wicked stories when you are Lord Aylmer, Dick?" she asked roguishly.

"Perhaps—who knows? All the same, there is one story I shall never tell you," drawing her tenderly toward him. "I shall always be true as the gospels when I tell you that I love you better than any other woman in the world."

Something in his voice touched the tenderest chords of her heart, and set it throbbing and beating with a sickening sensation of fear. "Dick," she said in a whisper, "is it very bad news that you are trying to break to me—does it mean India after all?"

Dick looked straight into her clear eyes. "My dear little love," he said, "I am afraid it does mean India, after all; but if it does, it shall mean India for us both."

He told her everything then—how Lady Aylmer had received him, how she had openly declared that her husband had some scheme of his own to get rid of them both, how the old savage had received him, and what end their interview had come to. "But of course," he wound up, "although I took time to consider it, my mind was made up in a moment. I shall refuse the appointment."

There was a moment's silence. "Dick, dearest," said Dorothy, in a quavering voice, "is it a very good thing to be a military secretary to a governor-general?"

"Oh! well—yes—it is, dear," he admitted.

"I mean would you have refused it if you had not been [married—if you had never seen me?"

"No, I don't suppose I should. I daresay I should never have bothered to get such an appointment, because, as you know, I hate the very idea of going to India, but at the same time, to be quite honest, I don't suppose I should have refused. I don't suppose any man in his senses would."

Dorothy drew her breath sharply, and for a minute or two did not speak. "Dick, darling," she said, at length, "it is true that you are married, but I don't see that that is any reason why you should not be in your senses, too."

"What do you mean, Dorothy?" he asked, quickly.

"Well, just this. Supposing that Lord Aylmer had let you refuse this appointment, and had not made himself disagreeable about your allowance, we should have to go on just as we are doing now. And, of course, Dick, dear, I should like to be Mrs. Aylmer instead of Mrs. Harris, and to live with the regiment rather than in Palace Mansions; but—but, at the same time, since there is so much to be gained by it, I would just as soon be Mrs. Harris in one place as in another, if I must be Mrs. Harris at all."

Dick caught her close to him, "Dorothy, you mean"——he began.

"I mean," she ended, firmly, "that I would sooner go to India as Mrs. Harris than drag you down in your profession, and put you at loggerheads with your uncle, because he is your uncle, and the head of your family even though he is such an old savage as he is."

"But, my dear, my dear, do you know that in that case I should have to go at once?" he cried.

"Yes, I know that, Dick," she answered.

"But I can't leave you alone, just now—I can't Dorothy," he exclaimed. "It's impossible; it would be inhuman. Why I should be out of my mind with anxiety and distress."

"No, no—you would know that I was proud and happy to be able to do something to help you," she replied. "I would rather that you were here; but, then, I would always rather that you were here. That is not a new feeling for me. And I shall not be alone. I shall have Barbara, you know. Barbara will take care of me, and let you know exactly how I get on."

"No; I cannot let you do it," he said, when she paused.

"Yes, yes, you can, dear. Besides, it is not only ourselves that we have to think of. There is the child; and, although if we go to India together, we might be able to get along pretty well by ourselves, we should not be able to afford to send the child home, if the climate was bad for it. Why, Dick, dear, we should not be able to afford to come home ourselves, if we could not stand the heat."

"That is true," he admitted.

"And don't you think," she went on, eagerly, "that I would rather live as I am doing now for a year or two longer than I would run the risk of seeing you die, perhaps, because we had no money to bring us home? Just think what I should feel like if we were in such a case as that."

"But, darling, you don't know—you don't realize how very different life would be out there," he urged. "Here, very few people take the trouble to notice us, one way or another, and if they no, it does not much matter. But out there, as military secretary, I should have a lot to do. I should scarcely have a moment to myself. I should not be able to go anywhere with you, and probably very seldom be able to come and see you."

"But you would be able to come sometimes," she answered, with a brave smile. "Every one knows that half a loaf is better than no bread, and if one cannot get even half a loaf, it is foolish to quarrel with the slice which keeps one from starving."

Dick's heart felt like to break, "Dorothy, Dorothy," he said, "my dear, little, brave, unselfish wife, every word you say makes me love you a thousand times more than I did before. My dearest, I give in to anything that you wish; you shall decide everything, and I—I will give all the rest of my life trying to make you feel that you did not throw away your love and confidence when you gave them to me."

So they arranged that Dick should accept the appointment of military secretary to Lord Skevversleigh, and that two days later he should go and see his uncle again, and and tell him the decision to which he had come: Dorothy had begged him to go and see him the following day, but Dick held out firmly there. No, he would have one more day of liberty before he went over to the enemy and gave himself up.

"We will have a real happy day, darling," he said, when Dorothy had given way about imparting the news to the savage. "By and by we shall have more money than opportunity of spending it together; let us make hay while we can. First, we will go and have a look at the shops together, and I will buy you something you can always wear till we meet again; then we will go to some good place and get a little lunch; and, afterwards, have a drive, come back here, dress, dine somewhere, and do a theatre after it. There, what do you say to that a real happy day?"

Dorothy said that it would be delightful, and thought—well, with something like dismay, that she should never get through it all. Yet the fear of once giving way and breaking down altogether kept her up, and she went bravely through with that happy day, which afterward lived in her mind as being one long spell of agony.

And after that she wore upon her wrist Dick's trust gift to her—a golden bangle, with two words inscribed upon it in little diamonds, which caught the light and flashed their message at her a hundred times a day—two simple words: "Dinna Forget."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Has a Peculiar Appetite.

Among the remarkable birds of New Zealand, says the Revue Francaise, is the greenish-gray nocturnal parrot of the genus Strigona, which lives in burrows and resembles an owl, and a still more singular parrot, the Nestor notabilis, which the English have come to regard as a dangerous nuisance. The English, as is well known, introduced sheep farming into New Zealand, as well as into Australia. Now these parrots have acquired the habit of perching upon the backs of the sheep and excavating holes therein with their formidable bills in order to extract the kidneys. The fact is so much the more curious in that it cannot be attributed to an innate instinct, since, previous to the arrival of the English, these birds had never seen a sheep, nor even any animal of analogous conformation, the fauna of New Zealand including scarcely a single mammal. We know, moreover, that in entire Oceanica there are no other mammals except marsupials. There is here, then, on the part of these birds, an act of intelligence and even of calculation, so much the more curious in that it is certainly complicated with a phenomenon of language or analogous communication. It is true that the birds are parrots, but the fact is none the less worthy of remark.

A Saddening Sight.

First Tramp—Lookee here, Jim. Here's a man been killed on the railroad; all cut to bits.

Second Tramp (sadly)—Too bad! too bad! I'him clothes would 'a' just about fit me, and they's all spoiled.

SOME CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

BELLEVILLE.

The timber drives are beginning to come down the Moira.

The foundation of New St. Andrew's church is completed.

OSHAWA.

A horse owned by T. H. McMillan died a few days ago at the age of 31 years.

Jewellers will close their stores at 7.30 every evening except Saturday.

GALT.

The formal dedication of the new Masonic temple took place Friday evening. A large number of Western Ontario lodges were present.

Public and High School examinations will be held the first three weeks in July.

GODERICH.

The first vessel of the Chicago grain carrying fleet passed down Friday.

Nearly 100,000,000 white fish from the Sandwich hatchery are being deposited in the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and Lakes Erie and Huron. Forty million were deposted near Bois Blanc.

PARIS.

The annual spring exhibition of stallions and bulls, under the auspices of the North Brant Agricultural Society was held on Saturday.

Mr. W. Mallagh, of Brantford, has been appointed secretary of the Paris branch of the Y.M.C.A.

COBOURG.

R. C. Newton, a farm laborer, who stole a horse and saddle from his employer, Robert Marten last November, was captured a few days ago.

The Bell Telephone will put in a tender for electric fire alarms.

The Cobourg Battery is invited to go to Kingston to help in the big celebration on the 24th.

KINGSTON.

The License Commissioners have granted 54 licenses for 1895.

It was decided by the Macdonald Memorial Committee to erect a statue in memory of the late Sir John Macdonald in the City Park.

The Ecclesiastical Court of Appeal on the Wye case will not adjourn for several days. The arguments of the counsel are lengthy.

WOODSTOCK.

A new grand stand and numerous other minor improvements are being built by the Woodstock Amature Athletic Association on their grounds.

The police cleared out a large number of tramps who have made the town their headquarters for the past few weeks.

Mr. John Beagley's frame dwelling, on Wellington street, was consumed by fire Saturday.

Oxford horsemen are objecting over the horse show awards. They say favoritism was shown in several cases.

LONDON.

Hereafter all bars in East Middlesex must close at 10.30 at night.

Tommy Russell, the boy who placed ties on the railway track as the express was approaching was sent to the Reformatory for two years.

Rev. Dr. Potts preached here twice yesterday.

The family of Mr. Sligh, Center street, escaped with their lives from the residence, which was destroyed by fire.

About $400 damage was done in L. W. Crawford's carriage factory, Wellington street. Insurance covers the loss.

BRANTFORD.

Mr. F. B. Pollard will receive the appointment of American Consul for Brantford.

An old resident of Brantford named Valentine Roth committed suicide on Sunday morning by hanging.

The Health Inspector ordered the burial of two diphtheria victims the parents being unable to bury them.

A quiet wedding took place at the American Hotel, when C. F. Massaw, of Windham, was married to Miss E. Silverthorn, of Hamilton. Rev. J. A. Tancock performed the ceremony.

ST. THOMAS.

A horse buyer, named McGregor, gave Mr. Smith, the landlord of the Pennavalon Hotel, $10 and some papers to keep for him. Mr. Smith put the valuables in his safe, locked it, and placed the key in the cash drawer behind the bar. Yesterday the key was missed, and all efforts to open the safe were futile.

A large number of men are applying for enlistment in the 25th Battalion.

The barn of Mr. Elijah Green, North Talbot road, Southwold, with the contents, two horses, five pigs, farming implements, a quantity of hay, corn, and straw, were destroyed. There was $500 insurance against $700 loss.

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg Veterans will on May 12 decorate the graves of soldiers who fell in the Northwest rebellion of 1885.

A little girl named Stelter was lost on the prairie near Medicine Hat over a week ago. Large search parties are scouring the country.

Manitoba fire losses since the beginning of this year are more than half a million.

An uprising of half-breeds and Indians is reported to have occurred at St. John's, North Dakota, just over the Manitoba boundary line.

A church member of Winnipeg when passing his church going home late at night found the organist in her place, playing lively music, to which the members of the choir were dancing.

The special auditors appointed have exploded a local sensation by exonerating Secrtary Mulvey, of the School Board, and declaring his accounts all right.

MONTREAL.

The Finance Committee of the Council will borrow $1,500,000 nominally for the extension of St. Lawrence Main street, but most of that sum is already mortgaged; $750,000 is reserved for 1896 and 1897, and $600,000 of the harbor loan which was used for other works must be returned. This would leave only $150,000.

Mr. W. C. McDonald, whose tobacco factory was partially destroyed by fire the other night, will rebuild at once.

River navigation between Montreal and Quebec was commenced on Saturday by the arrival of the steamer Montreal.

THE GREY REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning.
—AT THE—
REVIEW OFFICE, GARAFRAXA ST., DURHAM.
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CHAS. RAMAGE Editor & Proprietor.

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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	3.47 p.m.	10.00 p.m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest	2.35