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 promp and at reasonable rates.
Residence Durham Ont

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. *cn

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, y
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.
Lot 3, Kinross Street, North Priceville.
With other splendid Farms in Ontario and the North-West, Toronto and Hanover properties for sale or exchange.
MONEY TO LOAN
at very lowest rates on good land security.
FIRE, Life and Accident Insurance.
Claims of all kinds collected—Old notes bought.
H. H. MILLER,
The Hanover Conveyencer.

The Grey Review.

VOL. XVII, NO. 20. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895. WHOLE NO. 870.

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.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN MURDERED.

A Financier and Editor Charged with the Crime.

Not for many a day has Guthrie, Okla., enjoyed such a sensation as when she awoke the other morning and found two of her prominent citizens and business men in jail on a charge of murder. When the body of Frank Ledgers, a young Englishman, was taken from the Cottonwood River last September, and the Coroner's jury could not tell after a thorough investigation what produced death, or who the guilty parties probably were, it seemed that his taking off was destined to remain a mystery. Two months ago came a Pinkerton detective, sent by the British Government, on the appeal of the murdered man's parents and sweetheart in Birmingham, England. As a result of his work came the arrest ten days ago of Frank Thorpe, a negro porter, and three days ago William Knowles, ex-night policeman, both as accessories to the murder.

Still the detective followed up his clews. At midnight he secured a confession of some startling facts from a woman of the town, and at 3 o'clock, with the Sheriff, went to the resident of W. H. Thorne and O. C. Seeley and took them from bed and to jail, charged with the murder of Ledgers. Thorne is Pesident and general manager of the Guarantee Investment and Loan Company, and Seeley a prominent real estate man and publisher of Oklahoma Illustrated. Thorne is an Englishman, and the murdered man was related by marriage to his wife, and boarded at his house at the time of the murder. The detectives will not give out the particulars, and the details of evidence so far can not be told with certainty. They give, however, an assurance that they have a conclusive chain of evidence that will implicate all the four parties so far arrested. There are still other persons who are suspicioned as being at least accessories after the facts, and more arrests will follow. The theory of the murder now is that he was chloroformed at Mrs. Jackson's on South Second street, where the negro, Thorpe, was porter, and afterwards thrown into the river.

When the body was found a watch and considerable loose change was found in the pockets, which seemed to allay the suspicion of robbery, but several thousand dollars young Ledgers had brought from England were never found.

One Mystery Less.

An old Scotch lady who had no relish for modern church music was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said:

Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul."

Weel weel! answered the old lady, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

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 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.

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 scalloped humps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains GEORGE ROSS, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

LADY AYLMER.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW IDEA.

Lord Aylmer was sitting alone in his library, smoking a cigarette, and wondering what answer Dick would bring him, when he thought proper to come again to give in his decision.

He was a handsome old man, not so very old in years, but aged in wickedness. A handsome man still, with aquiline features, a flushed face and a goodly crop of white, curly hair. Your first thought on looking at him was, "What a charming old gentleman!" your second, "What a pair of steely eyes!" your third, "What a Mephistopheles! Yes, without the shadow of a doubt, Lord Aylmer was a wicked man, with a bad heart filled to the brim, and running over with all manner of evil.

They say, you know, that women novelists always make their heroines all good, till they are as insipid as the dummies in a tailor's window; or else that they go to the other extreme, and make their villains such unmitigated villains that it is impossible to find one single ray of virtue wherewith to redeem their character from its inky pall of utter blackness. But let me tell you that if all the women novelists who write stories in the English language were to concentrate their efforts upon the task of trying to depict the villainy of Lord Aylmer's natural depravity, I am afraid that in the end they would have to call in the aid of their masculine confreres to adequately complete the portrait. For the noble lord was all bad, thoroughly bad—what up in the North country they call "bad, core through." Yet he had a delightful manner when he chose, and in early middle age had made a genuine love-match with a beautiful young woman at least sixteen years younger than himself—a penniless as well as a beautiful young woman, upon whom he had lavished so much love and attention that within three months of his marriage his love had burned itself out and was as dead as any dead volcano. A few weeks later, Lord Aylmer practically separated himself from his wife, although they continued to share the same house, and he appeared before the world as much as possible as if no breach had ever been opened between them.

Not by Lord Aylmer's desire, this—oh! no, but because her ladyship had never been so genuinely in love with him as he had been with her, and was moreover perfectly alive to the solid worldly advantages of being Lord Aylmer's wife, the mistress of Aylmer's Field and of the handsome town house in Belgrave square.

"Of course, I know that there are others," she said in reply to a dear friend, who thought it her duty to open this young wife's eyes, "and, of course, I know that Aylmer wants to get rid of me; but I don't mean to be got rid of, and I put up with the others because I think doing so the least of two evils. There is only one Lady Aylmer, and she is a strong and healthy young woman, who means to be Lady Aylmer for at least fifty years longer. Yes, I know, my dear, all that you feel about it. I quite appreciate your feeling toward me. Oh, yes! it was your duty to tell me, but I am not going to cut myself out of all that makes life worth living, just to oblige a husband who has got tired of me in three months."

To this decision Lady Aylmer had from that time forward kept most rigidly. As far as her husband was concerned, nothing seemed to annoy her, and whenever she wished to do so and condescended to try to get her own way by means of a little flattery, she generally succeeded; and now that Lord Aylmer had got into the "sixties," she was simply a stately, even-tempered, iron-willed and exceedingly healthy woman, who looked as if she meant to live to be ninety.

It was partly on the subject of his wife's extreme healthiness that Lord Aylmer was thinking that morning as he smoked his cigarette and tried to assure himself that the twinges in his left foot were merely a sign of a coming shower and nothing in the world to do with gout at all. And just as a worse twinge than usual made him wince and shiver, the door opened gently and a man-servant made his appearance.

"Mr. Aylmer is here, my lord," he said. "Will your lordship see him?"

"Certainly, of course," exclaimed his lordship. "Show him here at once."

The man retired, and in a minute or two returned with Dick, who said "Good-morning" to his uncle with an air of cheerful civility.

"H'gh!" grunted the old lord, "morning. Well?"

"Well, sir," said Dick, "I have thought the matter over, and although I have not and never have had any wish to go to India, I have decided that it will be best for me to accept the appointment you were good enough to get for me.

"Oh!—er, I'm glad you've come to your senses at last," said the old lord a shade more graciously. "Well, you had better go and see Barry Boynton about it—that will be the best. And then you'll have to get your affairs put in order, make your will and all that."

"I have made my will," said Dick, promptly, "although it's true I haven't very much to make it for."

"Ah! that's good—those things ought always to be done before they are wanted. By the bye, Dick, are you hard up or anything of that kind?" Do you want any money?"

"No, sir, thanks. I could do with a hundred or two, of course—who couldn't? But I am not in debt or anything of that sort."

The old lord caressed his white mustache and looked at his heir with a sort of comical wonder. "'Pon my soul!" he remarked, "I can't tell how you do it."

"Eh?" said Dick, not understanding, and in fact not interested in his uncle's thoughts.

"Well, how do you do it? Expensive regiment—flat in Palace Mansions—Riviera, and all the rest."

Dick shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sir, I don't owe a penny in the world, I give you my word."

"Ah! Mrs. Harris must be a young lady of very moderate desires," said Lord Aylmer, lighting another cigarette. "Have one?"

"No, thank you, sir," returned Dick.

"And what will become of Mrs. Harris when you are gone to India, eh?" the old man asked with a great air of interest.

"Well, sir, said Dick, "I always make it a rule never to talk about my friends' private affairs, even when I happen to know them."

"You won't tell me," Lord Aylmer chuckled. "Oh, very well, very well, never mind. I can take a hint as well as anybody."

"When it suits your purpose," Dick's thoughts ran, as he watched the handsome, wicked old face.

Then he got up from his chair. "If you don't want me any longer, sir, I shall go and pay my respects to the lady. By-the bye, I hope you are less anxious about her than you were a short time ago."

"Lord Aylmer jumped up in a fury and stamped his gouty foot hard upon the floor. "Damme," he cried, "that woman is like an indian-rubber ball, and as hard as nails into the bargain."

"Then she is better," said Dick, with an air of profound and anxious interest.

"Better!" Damme," the old savage cried, "she's outrageously well, sir. Damme, her healthiness is positively aggressive."

"But that must be a great relief to your mind, sir," said Dick with perfect gravity.

"Relief!" the other echoed, then seemed to recollect himself a little. "Ah! yes, yes, of course—to be sure. Well, go and see her. I dare say you will find her in the boudoir."

Dick felt himself dismissed with a wave of the old lord's hand, and being never very anxious to remain in his presence, he betook himself away, and went to find her ladyship. But Lady Alymer was not in the house—had, in fact, been gone some time before he reached it; so Dick jumped into a cab and went back to Palace Mansions to Dorothy, who met him with a new idea.

"Dick, darling," she said, "I know that you are worrying about me, and what I shall do when you are gone and I have thought of something."

"Yes. Have you thought that, after all it would be safe for you to go right out and risk everything?"

"No, because you do not go till September, and by then I shall have got very near to the time. No, it is not that at all; but you will have leave until you sail, won't you?"

"Yes."

"Then might we not to go sea for a month. I am pining for a breath of sea air, and it will be good for you, too."

"That is easy enough. Where shall we go? Tenby—or would you rather be nearer to Graveleigh."

"We could not go to any of the places near Graveleigh, Dick—I should be meeting people there."

"Yes; but we might go to Overstrand or Cromer, or go down to one of the little quiet places near Ramsgate. Why, if you like, we might even go to Ramsgate or Margate itself."

"I don't in the least care where!" Dorothy replied. But what I wanted to say is this—you remember my cousin, Esther Brand?"

"I've heard you speak of her."

"Well, when you are gone, would you let me write to her and ask her to come and stay with me till I am ready to come after you? She is young and kind, and I am very fond of her, and altogether it would be very different for me than if I had nobody except Barbara."

"My dearest, you shall do exactly as you think best about that," Dick said, without hesitation. "It is a good idea, and if she is nice and won't worry you about being married in this way"—

"She won't know, dear," Dorothy cried, "I shall shew her my marriage-lines, and say that you are gone, and that I am going to join you as soon as I can."

"She will be sure to ask my regiment."

"Not at all. Besides, you are going out to an appointment, are you not?"

"Yes, true. Well, then, do as you think best about it," he said. "Of course, I shall be a great deal easier in my mind, and then she will be able to see you off, and all that. Oh, yes, it will be a very good thing in every way."

Dorothy clapped her hands together and laughed quite joyously, "Oh, Dick, dear," she cried, "I'm so glad you don't mind—I feel quite brave about being left now. I do wish, though, that you could see Esther. She is so tall and strong, very handsome, smooth, dark hair and great dark eyes—quite a girl who ought to be called Esther or Olive. And then she has always been rich, and for five years she has been absolutely her own mistress, and has travelled about everywhere."

"Won't she think it odd that you have never written to her all this time?"

"I don't think so. Esther is not a girl who thanks you for letters unless you have something special to say."

Dick put his arm round his little wife's waist. "And you have something very, very special to tell her, haven't you?" he said tenderly, then cried with an uncontrollable burst of anguish, "Oh, my love my love, you don't know—you will never know what it will cost me to go away and leave you just now, when you will want, me most of all."

"Never mind, Dick," she said, bravely, "I am not afraid.

Looking at her, he saw that she spoke the truth and only the truth—her eyes met his, clear and true, and the smile which played about her sweet mouth was not marred by any expression of the agony which she had suffered during the few previous days. A week ago she had been more Dick's sweetheart than his wife; now she was not only his wife, but had also in her eyes the proud light of motherhood—"Filled was her soul with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven."

CHAPTER V.

ALONE.

There is no need for me to tell of the month which Dick and his wife passed together at a secluded little watering place on the Norfolk coast, nor of the scramble which Dick had at the last to get ready for the appointed day of sailing for the shining East. It is enough to say that after an agonized parting he tore himself away, and Dorothy found herself left alone in the pretty flat, face to face with the sorest trial of her life.

A week before she had written to her cousin, Esther Brand, but she had had no reply. That had not surprised her much, for Esther was a restless soul, never so happy as when moving about from place to place. Apart from that, London is scarcely the place to look for rich and idle people in September, and Dorothy had addressed her letter to her cousin's bankers, knowing that it would be the surest and probably the quickest way of finding her. But when Dick was gone, Dorothy began to get very anxious for a letter from Esther, to watch for the post, and to wonder impatiently what Esther could possibly have done with herself and whether she had got her letter or not. But for several days there was still silence, and at last, just when Dorothy was beginning to despair, it came.

"Here is your letter, Miss Dorothy," cried Barbara, hurrying into the room with it.

"Oh, Barbara!" Dorothy cried, excitedly.

In a moment she had torn it open and was reading it aloud to Barbara. "Oh, it is from Russia, Fancy Miss Brand being in Russia, Barbara, and she says:

"My Very Dear Little Dorothy:—So you are married! I can hardly believe it—indeed, since having your letter this morning, I have been saying to myself over and over again, 'Dorothy Strode is married—little Dorothy has got married,' and still I do not in the least realize it. So you are very happy, of course, and you are going to have a baby—that is almost an 'of course' also

And your husband has got a good appointment in India which he does not dare to refuse. That looks like bread-and-cheese and kisses, my dear little cousin. However, not that money makes any difference to one's happiness, and so long as you love him and he loves you nothing else matters, money least of all. But why, my dear, have you waited so long before you told me of your new ties? I have wondered so often where you were and what had become of you, and about four months ago I wrote to the old house and had your letter returned by a horrid young man, David Stevenson, whom I disliked always beyond measure. He informed me that you had left immediately after dear auntie's death and that he did not know your present address. I felt a little anxious about you, but eminently relieved to find that you were evidently not going to marry that detestable young man, who is, I have no doubt, all that is good and estimable and affluent, but whom, as I said, I have never liked.

"Well, my dear child, you must let me be god-mother to the baby when it comes, that I may spend as much money over its coral and bells as I should have done over a wedding gift to you. As for coming to you—my darling child, of course I shall come straight back, and help Barbara to make up to you for the temporary loss of your spouse. I gather from your letter that he is all that is good and kind and brave, to say nothing of being handsome and loving and true—you lucky little girl!

"Expect me when you see me, dear, which will be as soon as I can possibly get myself to London. If I were on the other side of the frontier, I could pretty nearly fix both day and time. As it is, I can only say that I will lose no time in being with you, and I will stick to you till I see you safe on board the P. and O. steamer.

"My love to Barbara—how she and I will yarn together over the old place and the old days!—and much love to you, dear little woman. From your always affectionate

"ESTHER."

This letter in itself was enough to put Dorothy into the wildest and gayest of spirits, and Barbara was almost as much delighted; for, truth to tell, the old servant had looked forward with no little dismay to the prospect of supporting her loved young mistress through her hour of loneliness and trial, and was therefore greatly relieved to find that the responsibility of the situation would fall upon the strong and capable shoulders of Miss Esther Brand instead of lying upon her own weaker ones.

"It is so good and sweet and dear of Esther," Dorothy repeated over and over again. "Just like her to throw everything else aside on the chance of being able to do a good turn to some one in need. Now, I don't feel half so nervous as I did."

"Nor I," echoed Barbara speaking out of her very heart; then she added, with a significant smile: "Miss Esther never could abide David Stevenson—neither could I."

Dorothy could not help laughing, "Ah! I think you were all just a little hard on David. I didn't want to be Mrs. David, it is true. But apart from that, I don't see that there was so much amiss with him."

"H'm!" remarked Barbara, with another sniff, "perhaps not. But for all that, Miss Dorothy—Ma'am, I should say—David Stevenson was a mean boy, and I never could abide meanness in man, woman or child."

"He was most generous to me," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

"Yes, to serve his own ends," said Barbara, sharply. "You may take such generosity as that for me. Not that I was speaking of that, ma'am, for I wasn't, but of the time when David was a boy—a horrid boy, who thought nothing of stealing the best apples and letting another take the blame of it."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" cried Dorothy, "you've got hold of a wrong story. Why, I know that once when David stole some of Auntie's apples, and young Tom Merriman got the blame, David came and told Auntie himself."

"Yes; and for why?" demanded Barbara, with uncompromising sternness. "Because I happened to have got the young limb at it and collared him before he could get away. 'You are stealing Miss Dimsdale's apples, David Stevenson, I said, laying hold of him sudden-like; 'and you stole them other apples that Tom Merriman has been sacked for.' 'And what's that to you, you old sneak?' he asked. 'Sneak or no sneak,' said I, 'you'll turn out your pockets to me, my fine gentleman; and you'll go straight up to the house and you'll tell Miss Dimsdale that it was you stole the apples last week, and then you'll go and ask Tom Merriman's pardon for having let his die under your fault.' 'That I shan't,' say he. 'Then,' says I. 'I just walks you right off to Miss Dimsdale, and she'll see you with your pockets full, red-handed as you are. No,' says I, 'it's no use to struggle, I've got you safe by the arms, and so I mean to keep you, whether you like it or not. And if once Miss Dimsdale knows the truth, do you know what she'll do. David Stevenson?' says I. 'No,' says he sulkily. 'What?' 'She'll never stop to think that you're David Stevenson, of Holyrod,' I says, 'but she'll just hand you over to the constable at once, and I don't think, my young gentleman,' I adds, 'that Tom Merriman having got the sack to fill your inside with ill-gotten goods I'll help you with the bench in the very least.'"

"Well, so I suppose he gave in," said Dorothy, who was deeply interested.

"Well, of course he had to," returned Barbara, with practical plainness; "but, all the same, he never forgave me for having been the one to get the better of him, and never forgot it, not to the very last day we were at the Hall. Ah! Miss Dorothy, darling, if you had thought proper to marry David Stevenson, you would have had to do without me. He never would have had me about him, and I wouldn't have taken service under his roof—no, not to save myself from ending my days in the workhouse."

"Barbara, Barbara!" cried Dorothy, chidingly, "not for me?"

"Well if you had put it in that way, Miss Dorothy, you might have got over me," the old woman answered.

But stay! I think I ought to say here that, although I have called her old in many parts of this story, Barbara was not, and could not reasonably be called an old woman in the common acceptation of the word. She was a year or so over fifty, and a very strong, hale woman at that, and at this time to Dorothy she was as a very rock and tower of strength.

Well, by virtue of the letter from Esther Brand and in the joy of expectation at her coming, Dorothy passed that day with quite a light heart, and even sat down to the little piano and sang one or two of the songs that Dick liked best. And then she went to bed and slept, leaving the door open between her room and Barbara's for company and she dreamed, as she always did, about Dick.

Nor was it a pleasant dream. She saw Dick on board of a large steamer, wearing white clothes and a sailor hat, looking very bronzed and happy. He was leaning over the side of the ship, with a cigarette in his mouth, just as she had seen him many a time, and by his side there stood a beautiful lady—not a girl like Dorothy herself, but a beautiful woman of about thirty years old, such a woman as Dorothy fancied her old friend at home, Lady Jane Stuart, might have been at that age. They seemed to be talking earnestly together, and after a time—such a long time it seemed in her dream—Dick took one of the lady's hands and raised it to his lips; then she laughed and said something, and Dick caught her to him and kissed her on the lips. Immediately afterward, while Dorothy, with frozen lips, was gazing at them, Dick turned his head and looked her full in the eyes with the glance of an utter stranger.

With a shriek, Dorothy awoke—the sun was streaming in at the sides of the window blinds, and Barbara was just coming through the doorway with a little tray bearing Dorothy's early cup of tea.

"Did I scream, Barbara?" Dorothy gasped.

"A bit of a cry. What ailed you, ma'am?" Barbara asked.

"Oh! I was so frightened—I had such a horrid dream about the master. I thought"—

But Dorothy did not complete the sentence, for Barbara put out her hand with a horrified look. "Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, don't tell it. Whatever you do, don't tell me."

"But why?" cried Dorothy open-eyed.

"You should never tell a dream before noon, Miss Dorothy," returned Barbara, portentously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "isn't it lucky?" She knew that Barbara was a great believer in luck, and signs and omens.

"It's fatal, answered Barbara, solemnly, whereat Dorothy burst out laughing and the worst feelings of dread with which she had awakened passed away.

"I think," she said, after breakfast, when Barbara was clearing the table, "that I shall put on my hat and go up to the High Street; I cannot finish this till I get some more lace" then she held it up and showed it off to Barbara. "Isn't it sweet?" she exclaimed, with intense satisfaction.

"It's lovely," returned Barbara, who was overjoyed at the prospect of a baby. "Then do you wish me to go with you, ma'am, or will you go alone?"

"Do you want to go?" Dorothy asked.

"Well, ma'am, to be honest, I don't. I want to turn the room out for Miss Esther. You see, she may come nearly as fast as her letter, and I shouldn't like to put her into a dirty room."

"It can't be dirty, Barbara," cried Dorothy, laughing, "because nobody has ever slept in it."

"Well, ma'am," Barbara retorted. "I can't say that I know a dirtier person than Mr. Nobody—on the whole."

Dorothy laughed. "Well, then you evidently have a lot to do, and I would just as soon go alone. So I will go soon, before I get tired or the day gets hot;" for, although September was half over, the weather just then was most sultry and trying to those not in the best of health.

She was soon ready, and went into the cozy kitchen to ask Barbara is there was anything that she wanted, but she did not happen to want anything at all.

"Do I look all right?" Dorothy asked, turning herself about.

"Yes, you look very sweet this morning, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara. "I wish the master could see you this minute."

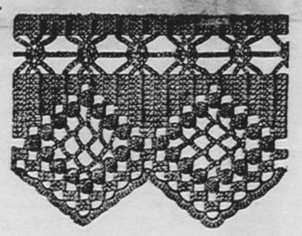
"So do I," echoed Dorothy, promptly. "Well, he will see me soon enough, soon enough. Good-by, Barbara."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crocheted Insertion and Lace for Bedspread.

To own a fancy bedspread is quite an fait now-a-days; for the guest chamber at least, one is quite indispensable. The illustrations show a choice design to be crocheted and made up with a stripe o drawn-work or scrim, or if one has a fancy for color, some of the pretty linens embroidered with white Roman floss in an open running pattern is quite effective. The blue linen comes in the most delicate shades, but it is well to be governed by the decorations of the room in which it is placed; the stripes of any material employed should be twice the width of the insertion, as they will hold the bedspread in shape better.

The same design can also be used for a bureau scarf, combined with white satin or moire ribbon; one row of the insertion in the centre with a width of ribbon on each side, the lace sewed across the ends; a pale shade of cerise is striking and attractive, especially if ecru thread is used; to match the scarf a cover for a pincushion can be made in the same manner, the lace sewed all around a square of ribbon and insertion. Crochet is so much resorted to for making dainty articles for the boudoir and bedchamber, that one must be out of touch with the times not to possess something fashioned in its manifold devices.



EDGE FOR BEDSPREAD.

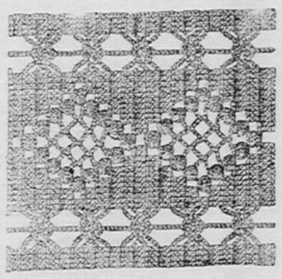
Insertion—With the Glasgow Twilled Lace Thread make 47 chain.

First row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 12 d c, 2 ch, 12 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c.

Second row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 10 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 10 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Third row—3 d c, 16 ch, 8 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 8 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c.

Fourth row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 6 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 10 ch, fasten in ch of preceding row, 10 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 6 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.



INSERTION FOR BEDSPREAD.

Fifth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 10 ch, fasten, 10 ch, fasten, 10 ch, 5 d c for rosette, repeat previous row.

Sixth row—Repeat 4th row to 2 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 10 ch, fasten, repeat four times, 5 d c for rosette, repeat beginning of row.

Seventh row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 2 d c in top of 2 d c, 2 d c in space, 2 ch, repeat fifth row.

Eighth row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c, 2 d c in space, repeat fourth row.

Ninth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 6 d c, 2 d c in space, repeat third row.

Tenth row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 8 d c, 2 d c in space, repeat second row.

Eleventh row—Repeat first row.

For the chain rope running through the long chains from the centre of the first 16 ch; 9 ch,* fasten in the centre of fourth 16 ch; pass needle under first and fourth 16 ch, 1 ch, fasten, bring needle out over second 16 ch, 9 ch, * repeat from * to * to end of insertion on both sides.

LACE—Chain 30.

First row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 12 d c, 2 ch, 2 d c, 2 ch, fasten in last st.

Second row—5 ch, 2 d c in first loop, 2 ch, 3 d c in second loop, holding each d c on the needle and drawing last slip st through 5 d c, 2 ch, 10 d c on top of 12 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c in top of 3 d c.

Third row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 8 d c on top of 10 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c in space for rosette, as in 2nd row, 5 ch, a second rosette in next space, 2 ch, 2 d c in last space.

Fourth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch on last row, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette in next space, 2 ch, 6 d c on top of 8 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Fifth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c on top of 6 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch on last row, 10 ch, fasten in next ch, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in space.

Sixth row—5ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 4 ch, fasten in centre of ch in last row, 10 ch, fasten in next space, 10 ch, fasten in next space, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c on top of 4 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Seventh row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 2 d c on top of 2 d c, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten centre of ch in last row, 10 ch, fasten in next space 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in last space.

Eighth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in space, 4 d c on top of 4 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Ninth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 6 d c in top of 6 d c, 2 d c in space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette in 1st space. 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, in second space, 2 ch, 2 d c in next space.

Tenth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in space, 8 d c, 16 ch 3 d c.

Eleventh row—Repeat first row.

For edge of lace—6 ch from first to second loop and repeat to each 2 d c; on the return row 6 s c in each space. Work the chain rope as directed for the insertion.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

The Queen's Drawing-Room.

A despatch from London says:—With bright sunshine and a cool breeze, which raised clouds of dust, the approaches to Buckingham palace were thronged on Wednesday long before the hour fixed for the opening of the drawing-room by a treble file of carriages along the Mall, waiting to take their occupants to what even then appeared to be the most brilliant Royal display of the season. The procession to the throne-room included the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne (the Princess Louise), the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Saxe Weimar. It is long since there has been such an assemblage of Royalty in London. The Queen-Regent of Holland and the little Queen of Holland went to the palace, but they did not attend the actual drawing-room ceremony. The Queen sent a special carriage to Brown's hotel to fetch them to Buckingham palace, so as to enable the young Queen to see her Majesty arrayed in her robes of State. The United States Ambassador, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Mrs. and Miss Bayard, accompanied by Lieut.-Commander W. S. Cowles, the United States naval attache, attended the drawing-room.

A Ghastly Tale from China.

There are many curious trades in the world, but the most strange must surely be the "artificial manufacture of wild men." Yet a well-known English doctor in China has just certified from his own personal experience that this art is regularly practised in the Flowery Kingdom.

First a youth is kidnapped, then bit by bit he is flayed alive, and the skin of a dog or bear grafted piece by piece upon him. His vocal chords are next destroyed by the action of charcoal to make him dumb; and the double purpose of causing "etiolation" of the skin and utter degradation of the mental faculties is effected by keeping him immured in a perfectly dark hole for a number of years. In fact, by treating him like a brute for a sufficiently long time he is made into one. At last he is exhibited to the entirely credulous Chinese as a wild man of the woods, and his possessors reap a rich harvest.

The priests, it seems, are adepts at the art. When a kidnapper, however, is caught by the people he is torn to pieces, and when the authorities get him they torture him and promptly behead him. Such is life under the rule of the Son of Heaven.

ENGLISH SPRING.

Ideal Weather Prevailing—London's Metamorphosis—Shopkeepers' Complaints.

A despatch from London says:—Ideal spring weather has prevailed during the past week and London is looking its best. The parks are crowded morning and afternoon, and everybody seems to be enjoying the change from the cold and fogs of winter to the sunshine of coming summer. Thus the season begins auspiciously, though there is the usual stack of complaints from tradesmen who grumble because the members of the Royal family intend to spend but little time in town. Then, again, the shopkeepers are grumbling because the Queen is going to crowd two drawing-rooms into a fortnight, for, in their opinions, there cannot be too many public displays, and they have particular sympathy with such events as Queen's drawing-rooms, because, naturally, they are occasion for a great display of finery and a consequent expenditure of much money.

Not Open to an Engagement.

Mistress (a widow)—Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you. (Pleasantly) I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife, now!

Johnson (the butler)—Well, really, ma'am, I feel very much honored by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already.

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 short hand course is thorough and complete. Send for a copy of the Annual Announcement containing full particulars. It is sent