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WOOLS,
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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.
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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.
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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,
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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. y

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,
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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.
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at very lowest rates on good land security.
FIRE, Life and Accident Insurance.
Claims of all kinds collected—Old notes bought.
H. H. MILLER,
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The Grey Review.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 31. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895. WHOLE NO. 881.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING
E. J. SHEWELL
Would intimate that he will continue the Furniture and Undertaking Business established by his father in Durham in 1858 and will endeavor to give all old and new customers the same entire satisfaction.
—FULL LINE OF—
Furniture of the Best Make
ALWAYS ON HAND.
PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY

Undertaking and Embalming on latest principles at reasonable rates.
E. J. SHEWELL.
Remember the stand—opposite the Market, Durham.
The only first-class Hearse in town.

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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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.

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David Jackson, Jr., Clerk Div. Court.
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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

Reads Like a Fairy Story.

Cycling has proved of unexpected benefit to more than one manufacturer of a line of goods entirely distinct from those usually connected with bicycling. A large watch concern one day found themselves burdened with a lot of wheels and interior works of a line of watches which, for some reason or another, had not proved satisfactory. The mass of material was virtually worthless, and to get rid of it was offered for sale at any price, but no one wanted it. An ingenious workman, wanting a cyclometer for his wheel, went to this scrap heap, selected seven parts from it, added two more of his own making, and the result was an accurate, durable, and economical cyclometer. Other workmen who were cyclers did the same thing until the value of the scrap heap became known to the heads of the campany, with the result that from what was at one time deemed a worthless scrap heap over 5,000 cyclometers a day are now being turned out and retail at $2 each. Reads like a fairy story, but it is the truth, just the same.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

No violent extreme endures.—Carlyle.

Ah! the soft starlight of virgin eyes.—Balzac.

Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.—Young.

Education is the apprenticeship of life.—Willmott.

Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.—Goethe.

The flower she touched on dipped and rose.—Tennyson.

Public instruction should be the first object of government.—Napoleon.

Happy are they who can create a rose-tree or erect a honeysuckle.—Gray.

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.—Disraeli.

To overcome evil with good is good, to resist evil by evil is evil.—Mohammed.

The Anarchist.

Yes, sir, shouted Mr. Badman, shaking his fist aloft, I avow it! I am an Anarchist! Down with the law! Away with the courts! Up with the red flag! I will place a bomb under social order! Down with our rulers! I have no rulers—not I! I am—

John Badman, shrieked a thin, piping voice from an upper window, if you aren't up stairs with that coal in just twenty seconds I'll drop a bomb down your back when you do come! Are you coming?

Even as she spoke he was there, saying that he had just stopped a minute to order a new bonnet.

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

Would they could sell us experience though at diamond prices, but then no one would use the article second-hand.—Balzac.

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.

HEART TO HEART;

OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE.

CHAPTER IX.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

It was some weeks after Hilda had been discovered lying half dead upon the steps of the hospital before her naturally strong constitution triumphed over the fever which had so nearly ended her young life. She opened her blue eyes once more upon the world she had so nearly quitted.

She gazed wearily around her upon the strange place in which she found herself. A long room, with a row of tiny white beds facing the large uncurtained windows through which was to be obtained a glimpse of the pale blue of the Spring sky, flecked here and there with tiny white clouds. Bare, whitewashed walls, a bare floor spotlessly clean, a small fire burning cheerfully in the large fireplace, near which Hilda's bed was placed. Near the fireplace a table, upon which stood a large bunch of sweet white and purple violets, whose exquisite fragrance perfumed the air—bonnie Spring flowers. From what lovely woodland dell had your scented blossoms been culled, to wither and die in the cheerless ward of a London hospital?

While Hilda was looking round her try to recall her scattered memory, and vaguely wondering where she was, a pleasant-looking woman approached the bed and in subdued and kindly accents asked her if she was better.

"Have I been ill?" asked the girl. "Where am I?"

"You are in St. James's Hospital," replied the nurse, "but you must not exert yourself by talking; drink this," offering the restorative that had been ordered by the doctors, and Hilda obeyed and suffered the attendant to rearrange her pillows and lay her weary head down again to seek the repose she so much needed.

But as the Spring days passed on Hilda did not improve so quickly as could be wished, for truth to tell, with returning health the girl's spirits sank and greatly retarded the progress of her recovery. But at last there came a day when, being dressed for the first time, she was able to sit up for a little while, and then it was that Dr. Bridgeworth came, and, sitting down by the lonely young girl, took her wasted hand in his and said kindly:

"And now, my dear, don't you think it is quite time that we wrote and told your friends of your recovery? I am afraid they must have suffered greatly on your account."

Hilda looked at the good old man through a mist of unshed tears as she replied:

"I have no friends, Dr. Bridgeworth, to care what becomes of me. I am quite alone in the world."

"Oh, that's all nonsense, my dear," returned the kind-hearted physician, cheerfully. "You must put all those moody thoughts on one side, or we shall never get you well. Come! give me the address of some friend to whom I can write for you, and the letter shall be sent off to-night."

"Indeed, doctor," said poor, Hilda in rather a pained tone. "I assure you I am speaking the truth. When this new year dawned I was rich in all that makes a woman's life worth living. A loving father, a happy home, friends and fortune. In one short moment my father's sudden death left me of all, and in all this great city there is no mortal more friendless, more lonely than I am."

"My poor child!" exclaimed the old man, as Hilda broke down and sobbed bitterly, "forgive me for tearing open half-healed wounds; but tell me what brought you to so sad a pass as you were the night when you were brought into the hospital."

"I will tell you all I can recall distinctly of that wretched night. I had left my old home, and had arrived in London, and was most unfortunately robbed of a bag containing my money and jewels. I was directed to some lodgings, but, bewildered by the strange and unused to London, I lost my way, and remember no more till I awoke from what seemed to me like a succession of dreadful dreams, to find myself here."

Dr. Bridgeworth looked keenly at Hilda as she spoke; in truth, the doctor did not believe her explanation of the circumstances which had brought her to such a wretched plight. But as long as she remained in the hospital he never abated his kindness toward her, offering her advice and assistance in her plans for the future; but though Hilda was grateful to the old physician for his goodness, she never reposed any confidence in him. She told him that she intended to try and obtain a situation as governess; also that should she fail in so doing, she could obtain from a distant relative a sum of money sufficient for her support. She did not say that, headstrong and wilful as she was, she would starve sooner than touch one farthing of Reginald Deloraine's money. With this half confidence Dr. Bridgeworth was obliged to be satisfied. He scanned the daily papers eagerly each day to see if any advertisements appeared in the "agony" column that might refer to his lovely, unsatisfactory patient, but all to no purpose, and all he could do was to recommend her to some quiet lodgings, where she would be safe and comfortable while looking for a situation.

It was the middle of April when Hilda left the hospital and proceeded to Hackney, where, in the neighborhood of Victoria Park, resided the kindly, motherly woman to whose care her kind physician had confided her. But so great was Hilda's fear of being discovered and perhaps ruining the future of her beloved Roger, that in one short week she took her departure from the pleasant lodgings, and, after some trouble, succeeded in finding a room which she thought might suit her in one of the small streets branching off from the crowded Harrow-road, not very far from Paddington. Here in the house of a tidy widow woman, Hilda established herself, and prepared to try and obtain the means of earning a respectable livelihood.

* * * * * *

A bleak, dreary day in November was drawing to a close. The fog was thick, rendering the murky streets in the region of the Harrow-road murkier and gloomier than ever. In the small "two-pair back" of a shabby house in one of the above-named streets a young woman was sitting at a rickety, oak-stained table, which was drawn close to the window to catch the fast dying rays of daylight. The room was small and meanly furnished. An iron bedstead covered with a patchwork quilt, a tiny washstand, over which hung a glass about a foot square, a couple of chairs, the deal table, and a strip of carpet upon the floor constituted the whole of the furniture. Bitterly cold as it was, and keenly though the wind blew through the badly-fitting window frames, there was no fire in the small grate, and the door of a cupboard which stood open revealed a few common articles of crockery ware, together with a little kettle, but not a scrap of food was to be seen, and the tired, shivering woman who bent over her drawing at the little table had not broken her fast during the long November day. Is it possible that this can indeed be Hilda Deloraine—this anxious-eyed, weary woman, whose shabby black gown is a "world too wide" for her shrunken frame? It is a sad truth. The former heiress of Marham Abbey, who is anxiously bending over her drawing, as with cramped fingers and an aching head she sketches and colors the exquisite little pictures of dogs and horses, huntsmen and hounds, which she disposes of to a picture dealer in the west end for about a tenth of their value, and by the sale of which she just manages to pay the rent of her shabby room and buy herself a morsel of food.

"The Wolf" had been scared away from Hilda's door by the exercise of her talent for drawing, and she had fortunately found a purchaser for her clever sketches, though she could barely live upon the starvation prices paid to her by the fashionable picture dealer. She had been busy all day finishing the last of a series of hunting sketches which had been ordered, and now, as the daylight was fast fading from the gloomy sky, she put the finishing touches to her picture and leaning back in her chair contemplated it with bitter tears welling up in her sad, blue eyes. It was her father's favorite horse Tarquin, his head held by a tiny groom, while sitting on the steps, with eager eyes turned on the great hall door, was Roy, the pet setter of dead Mark Deloraine. "Ah, Roy, dear old Roy!" cried the poor lonely girl; "never any more, Roy!" and the fountains of her grief were unsealed by the sight of the pictured likeness of her dead father's favorites. But Hilda soon roused herself, and lighting a dip candle, which diffused a poor light in the little room, she put her drawings in a small portfolio, and, slipping herself into a thick coarse shawl, she put on her hat and left the room, to walk two miles through the foggy, muddy streets to dispose of her sketches, which she must do that night unless she wished to go supperless to bed.

As she descended the stairs the door of her landlady's little parlor stood ajar, and from it came the pleasant glow of a bright fire, accompanied by a most appetizing odor of tea and buttered toast. This recalled to our poor Hilda's mind the fact that she, too, was very hungry, and, with a sigh, she was hurrying quickly past when a voice within called out:

"Is that you, Miss O'Connor? Can't you come in a minute?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Davey," answered Hilda, and pushing open the door she entered the cosy little room.

"Wherever are you off to now?" asked the landlady, as Hilda drew near the fire. "I never knew the like of girls for gadding about, I declare i should think a night like this you'd be a deal best at home.

"I have no coals, Mrs. Davey," replied Hilda, meekly, "and I am obliged to go to the shop with my pictures to-night before I can get any. I shall have your rent for you to-night, and am very much obliged to you for waiting for it," she added, nervously.

"Whoever said a word about the rent?" snapped the landlady, who had a short temper, though she was a good-hearted soul. "I'm not afraid to trust you with a fortnight's rent, though that's more than I would say to many girls. When did you get your tea, pray, if you've no fire?"

"I have not had any tea yet," faltered Hilda in reply.

"No, nor your dinner, neither, I'll be bound; just you draw up that chair and drink this 'ere cup of tea before you go out to-night, or I shall have you laid up on my hands. Here!" pushing the plate of toast to Hilda, "get your tea, you're welcome, I'm sure."

And cheered by the landlady's rough kindness, Hilda drank the hot tea and did ample justice to Mrs. Davey's buttered toast, and, refreshed and strengthened by her meal, she quitted the house, and as she threaded the busy streets her life did not wear altogether so forlorn an aspect as it had done when she sat in her lonely room.

But an adventure was to befall Hilda that night of which she little dreamed, and which was fated to alter the whole course of her future destiny.

CHAPTER X.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

When Hilda left her lodgings on the dreary November evening just referred to she walked quickly through the miry streets which were but dimly lighted by the street lamps. It was a raw, foggy night, and Hilda shivered through the warm shawl, which, purchased for five shillings at a pawnbroker's, replaced the sealskins and sables of old times. But a brave heart beat in the young girl's bosom, and she plodded steadily on until the West End picture dealer's was reached, and her sketches disposed of for less than a tenth of their value. Six o'clock was booming from a neighboring church tower as Hilda left the shop and prepared to retrace her steps toward her lodgings.

At the corner of the street a "baked potato merchant" had set up his stand, and Hilda paused, intending to purchase a few potatoes, "all 'ot" for her frugal supper.

Upon what trifling causes hang our destinies! As the young girl stood waiting her turn to be served the soft, drawling tones of a voice that recalled the Berkshire dialect to her mind fell upon her ear, and she looked curiously at the respectable-looking country woman who stood on the pavement by her side. Surely she knew that portly form, neatly dressed in mourning, and the bright, dark eyes undimmed and clear, the healthy old cheek, ruddy as a Winter apple. These, too, are familiar to Hilda.

As the old woman moved aside to make room for the waiting girl she glanced at Hilda and exclaimed in the greatest surprise:

"Lawk's mercy! if it bain't Miss Hilda! Deary me, miss! whatever brings you here at this time o' night, and alone, too?"

None but those who have been living for months friendless and alone can tell how Hilda's heart leaped to hear the language of kindness from the lips even of so humble a friend as her old pensioner, Mrs. Grey, and she was soon warmly shaking hands with the old lady. A few hasty words soon put Mrs. Grey au fait with all the sad changes which had happened to the former heiress of Marham Abby during the last twelve months, and while the worthy old dame accompanying Hilda to her lodgings and listening with sympathy and sorrow to the tale of the sad changes which had befallen the once idolized girl, we cannot do better than briefly explain who Mrs. Grey was, and how she chanced to meet Hilda so opportunely.

When Hilda had been taken from London on her mother's death her health was very delicate, and many weary, sleepless nights and days of anxiety she caused to the loving old nurse—Mrs. Grey, the widow of a former coachmen of the Squire's—who ruled over the heiress's nursery. Mrs. Grey remained at the Abbey till her charge was turned nineteen, when she left to share the home of a widowed daughter, who was a laundress in London. With this daughter she only remained a short time, not liking the second husband whom the young woman took to herself. A situation offered itself to her as caretaker of a splendid mansion in Park Gardens, belonging to the Duke of Weymouth, but which was almost entirely unfurnished, and used merely as a receptacle for the various treasures of art, including rare pictures and sculpture, which the Duke was constantly purchasing, merely, as it seemed, to be shut from the light of day in the empty mansion, whose great windows looked over the lofty trees and lawns of Hyde Park. Here Mrs. Grey lived rent free, with a modest sum paid weekly to her for her care of the mansion and its contents.

"And now, my dear Miss Hilda," said the old woman, "the best thing you can do is to come and live with me till brighter days dawn for you; there's plenty of room in the old house, and Mr. Parker—that's the Duke's lawyer—says as how I might have some one to live along o' me, if I liked. I'll not deny it's been lonesome enough, but I hate strangers, so you'll come, my pretty, and your old nursey she'll see after you, and you can draw your pretty pieters there as well as here: so now pack your things, and let's be off out of this place, which never was fit for the likes of you."

Hilda's packing was soon done, and with a kind farewell to her landlady the young girl turned her back forever upon the place where she had known so much sorrow and accompanied the friend whom Providence had surely raised up for her to her new home.

Here Hilda passed her time peacefully enough. The money she obtained for her sketches—badly as she was paid for them—was sufficient for all her simple wants, and Mrs. Grey petted and waited on her darling with as much loving pride as if she were still the heiress of Marham Abbey, instead of being a homeless and friendless wanderer upon the world's highways.

But while Hilda spent her tranquil days in the empty old house, employing herself with her pencil or in dusting the treasures contained in the deserted apartments, and while Roger Montacute, down in Berkshire, hunted and shot with a more determined energy than ever, striving in the pursuit of foxes and in the slaughter of unoffending birds to put away from him the memory of the lovely face of the woman he had lost, an hour was fast approaching which was fated to alter the whole course of events and make the rough place smooth and throw a gleam of light upon deeds which at present are veiled in deepest obscurity.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

SUMMER SMILES.

Little Girl—"What is tact, papa?" Papa—"Something every woman has and exercises—until she gets married."

Tommy—"Paw, what is the board of education?" Mr. Figg—"In the days when I went to school it was a pine shingle."

He—"Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?" She—(thoughtlessly)—"Yes; but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!"

"Guy, do be quiet," said mamma; "you are so noisy." "I'm obliged to make a noise, mamma; somebody might take me for a girl."

Now the druggist's face is beaming, as the nickles to him pass
And he thinks there's fun in selling frosh at half-a-dime a glass.

Clara Winterbloom—"There is only enough to about half fill this trunk. What shall I do, fill it with papers?" Mrs. Winterbloom—"No; let your father pack it."

"Who is the master of the house?" asked the agent of the man who answered his ring. "Well," was the curious response, in a resigned tone, "I am the husband and father."

Cawker—"Barlow made a rash prediction just now." Cumso—"What did he say?" Cawker—"He said that the time would come when it would be respectable to be honest."

First little girl—"And isn't your cat afraid of mice?" Second little girl—"Oh, no, not a single bit." First little girl—"That's queer. And she's a lady cat, too, isn't she?"

Van Pelt—"Isn't $4 a day rather high for a hotel in the mountains?" Landlord—"But, my dear sir, you should think of the scenery." Van Pelt—"How much do you charge for that?"

"What's the matter with that horse?" said the animal's owner at the race track "He's fast asleep," replied the stable boy. "Well, leave him that way. It's the only time he is ever fast."

The lightning bug is most polite;
He doth illuminate
Enough to see, but not enough
To spoil a tete a tete.

Cass—"But how do you know that was Benedict's wife that sat beside him in the train?" Bass—"Why didn't you notice that he addressed all of his conversation to the lady in the next seat?"

Fond father—"I hardly know what business to put my son in. I know practically nothing about his ability." Friend—"Take him for a sea voyage. That will show what there is in him."

"Do you believe the theory that character is determined to some extent by what we eat and drink?" "I do." "Then a person who drinks sage tea is likely to develop into a philosopher, I suppose."

She—"I'm afraid its not me that your'e after, but that it is my money you want." He—"How foolish of you to say that. You know very well I can't get your money without first getting you."

"Some folks maintain," remarked Bass between puffs, "that in the next world we shall follow the same occupation as in this." "And in this world," said Mrs. B., "you are smoking incessantly."

"My mamma got ever so many falls when she was learning to ride the bicycle yesterday," explained the little girl to the caller, "and that's why she's so long coming down. She's got the blues all over her."

"Mamie is such a conscientious little goose," said one summer girl to another. "How's that?" "She thinks she must go to the trouble of breaking one engagement before contracting another."

Mrs. McSwat—"The reason I object to your spending so much time at that club of yours, Billiger, is that I am sure it is nothing but a resort for loafers." Mr. McSwat—"Great Scot, Maria! What's any club?"

"The chief who broke into my shop last night," said the false-hair merchant, "reminded me very much of a firecracker." "How was that?" asked his friend. "He went off with a bang," sighed the hair merchant.

Magistrate—"And why did you roam about in the streets during the night?" Defendant—"I was afraid to go home." Magistrate—"Are you married?" Defendant (joyfully)—"Oh, your worship, I suppose you know what it is too."

"The summer girl is only a little lower than the angels," remarked the young man in knickerbockers. "Wait until you pay for her ice cream, her boat rides, her merry-go-round trips, and you'll think she comes a good sight higher," replied the cynic.

"I can't have whistling at the table, Mr. Slocum," said the boarding-house keeper, "I thought you said yesterday, you liked to hear a man whistle at his work?" replied the boarder, as he made another ineffectual attempt at cutting his piece of beefsteak.

Edwin—"What do you think I have in this locket, dearest? The postage stamp on your last letter. It has been touched by your lips. It often touches mine." Angelina—"Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose!"

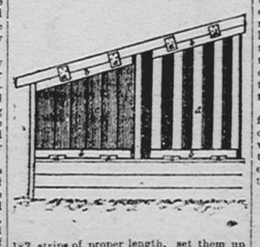
"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his lawyer, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case." "I don't see that it would have made any difference." "It would, though. Then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came in and I'd have stood some show."

No flattery, boy! An honest man can not live by it; is a little sneaking art, which knaves use to cajole and soften fools withal. —Otway.

AGRICULTURAL

A Summer or Winter Henhouse.

Here is a device for converting a summer henhouse into a winter one, and vice versa, which is simple, cheap and effective. The house is built in the usual way, the walls consisting largely of 1x3 vertical strips 2 inches apart. The device is for closing or opening these 2-inch cracks at pleasure. It is applied to an end wall, for example, as follows: Go inside the house, cut other



1x3 strips of proper length, set them up against and coinciding with the corresponding strips of the wall, the top end of each being cut to correspond with slope of roof, and lacking about 1 inch of reaching the rafter to which the wall strips are nailed. Fasten 8 or 10 of these strips securely into a frame or sash (see cut), by nailing the batten b b along their ends at top and bottom. Then nail on the cleats a a at top and bottom to hold the sash in place. The strips of the sash now coinciding with those of the wall, the 2-inch cracks between them are open, but by sliding the sash to the left 2½ inches the cracks are closed. The sash c in cut is slid back or closed, d is open. The cracks may thus be closed or opened, entirely or partially, at pleasure, by sliding the sash back or forth.

The Water Supply for Stock.

The question of the usual water supply is a very serious one, except for those who are fortunate enough to have rivers or lakes in their vicinity. Large private ponds are also of great value in these times, as they will often continue to give an unfailing supply long after the public or village pond has become a mere basin of dirty water, and a nuisance. How is it that these places are so abused, being used for every available purpose until they become foul pools quite unfit even for a pig to cool his skin in?

Even where the water supply is adequate the labor of dealing with it is no light one. Water-carting all through the summer months is scarcely the occupation one prefers. It is the large dairy and grazing farms which suffer most in these times, and the necessity of administering to live-stock is certainly an imperative one. Some of these farms are suited for the occasion, i. e., supplied with a good-sized pond or two at no great distance from the homestead, with a large tank outside the farm buildings, and a smaller one with pump inside for daily use. If these conditions are absent, or even in any way defective, they should be made good before any man ventures on a stock farm. A water cart or carts containing about as many gallons as there are acres on the farm is indispensable; one holding 150 gallons can easily be managed by a single horse. When the large tank falls below a certain point, it may easily and rapidly replenish from the nearest pond. Should the drought prove so severe as to drain even this resource, the next nearest supply may be required. Instead of allowing cattle, etc., to foul the reservoirs, they should be fenced round and kept clean and sweet; then if stored in the tanks they will last for a long time, free from all decaying matter and impurities of any kind.

On really well-appointed or model farms, large water troughs are constructed in the fields for cattle. Though somewhat costly at first, they will save a lot of labor carting. The price of iron or galvanized troughs is now less than formerly, and every large breeder or cattle owner may find them a profitable investment. They should be made removable so that they may either be used or be put away during winter. With care they may be worth two-thirds of their former value at the end of ten years.

Dairy Expenses.

While I admire the plan of independence in dairy, and have great respect for the home dairy, it does appear that there must be a closer imitation of the "trusts" and working in larger bodies, and with greater material than now, to reduce the cost of manufacture, writes John Gould in Country Gentleman. The old German who wondered "what his vife vould do in the voornoon if der milk vent to der greamery," did not take into account what an amount of wife-power it took to make 10 pounds of butter, and how insignificant it would become, and to what a fraction of cost it would amount to, if made with 2,000 pounds of other butter; and this applies as well to our creamery system and cheese factories. All over the land there are no end of 150 to 300 cow factories and the cost of making is excessive as compared with the factory using 20,000 to 40,000 pounds of milk daily; and when it becomes a matter of competition, the result is either cheap help, and cheap cheese and butter must be made, or else it is a matter of lingering starvation with the maker. Often the way is made clear that big yields will tide the matter over, and soft, spongy cheese and water-soaked butter is packed, to keep up courage and show large production.

But lower prices and dissatisfaction follow, and the industry at large and commission-men in general are blamed, when the blame should be largely laid at the door of a poorly supplied and poorly-equipped factory, or three factories where there should have been but one.

Farm House Ventilation.

The cellar must be ventilated directly into the base of the chimney. The kitchen chimney is best for it always has a draft both summer and winter. This is easily arranged by making an opening eight inches square near the bottom, which will also serve as a clean by which soot and ashes may be removed from the chimney. When repairing my house some years ago I arranged it in this way, writes a correspondent, with the result that the cellar is entirely purified from the close and unwholesome air that seemed to pervade it before, especially during the winter season. In fact it accomplishes, to some extent, ventilation of the whole house, for by this means the cellar air never ascends to the rooms, but instead the air from the house is drawn downward into the cellar and finally passed out through the chimney.

THROUGH THE WORLD.

A Subterranean Passage to the Antipodes—The Labours of an Insane Man in Paris.

A despatch from Paris says:—Everyone to-day has an idea that the Antipodes are under our feet, but it has been reserved to an enterprising architect to start a journey thither, with the aid of a wheelbarrow, a spade and a pickaxe. He started operations a few days ago at eleven o'clock in the Place des Vosges, and, first having adjusted his lantern, he set to work to dig his tunnel. First of all he removed the paving stones, without meeting with any objection from the police, the guardians of the night regarding the delver as a workman charged with the discovery of a faulty gas pipe. For three hours the solitary excavator toiled indefatigably, never ceasing to ply both pick and spade in his anxiety to reach Australia before dawn. At last the puzzled policemen began to suspect that something was not quite right, and they addressed a few pertinent questions to the lonely digger, but he remained stolidly silent, devoting all his energies to the throwing up of earth from his hole, now of a respectable depth. Finally the police took him to the police station and there the strange being disclosed that his project was to demonstrate that a mid-terrestrial passage was quite practicable, and that the eternal fires supposed to be raging in the centre of the globe need not interfere with the plan. The poor fellow is now developing the scheme in the infirmary of the depot.

A TERRIBLE FALL.

A Buffalo Woman Falls Into the Niagara Gorge—A Rotten Railing Gives Way and She Goes Down 150 Feet—Miraculous Escape From Instant Death.

A despatch from Niagara Falls says:—Mrs. Charles Grahm, residing on the corner of Clinton street and Fillmore avenue, Buffalo, fell over the high bank on the Canadian side in front of the Clifton house at 4.30 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Grahm came down for a day's outing, and was accompanied by Mrs. George Auer, of No. 354 North Division street, and little daughter Irene. Mrs. Auer's husband keeps a meat market. The party was walking along the sidewalk, between the tracks of the electric railway and the iron railing that skirts the bank. At a point that is called the Clifton house dump she reached to a high trailing vine to pick a bunch of green berries, the railing gave way, and she was precipitated 150 feet below, landing upon the refuse that had been thrown over the bank. Everybody expected that she had been killed, but when the rescuing party reached her it was seen that she breathed, and she was taken to the Maid of the Mist dock and up the roadway there to the Parkside inn, near the Clifton house, and a physician summoned. Here she regained consciousness, and enquired what had happened to her, and compained much of her back. At this writing it cannot be determined how serious her injuries are. Word has been sent to her son in Buffalo. Mrs. Grahm weighs nearly 200 pounds, and is 40 or 45 years of age.

Craig's Road Disaster.

A despatch from Quebec says:—The inquest on the bodies of the victims of the G. T. R. disaster at Craig's Road station, through which 14 lives were lost, closed at Levis on Monday afternoon. The most important evidence, and which alone gives a clue as to the possible cause of the disaster, was given by Ludger Perrault, hotel-keeper at Arthabaska station. He testified that Engineer McLeod purchased a can of ale at his bar when the ill-fated train passed that station on the night of the disaster. McLeod had the reputation of being a sober, competent man, but on this occasion the supposition is that the ale made him drowsy, and he thus missed his signals.

Madagascar's Attractive Queen.

A correspondent of a London daily newspaper writes that the Queen of Madagascar is a handsome woman, and unusually so for Queen. She has a graceful, well-formed head, good features, an attractive figure and an agreeable smile. She received the correspondent in a pink silk dress trimmed with fine white silk lace, and at her throat, holding her lace collar, she wore a valuable diamond cluster brooch. Her earrings were the work of Malagasy goldsmiths.

An Active Woman.

Husband—(breathlessly)—I must rush off on very short notice, for an extended trip, and I can take you along if you can get ready. Do you think you can do it in two hours and a quarter?

Wife—Easily. I can pack the trunk in five minutes, and that will leave me two hours and ten minutes to dress.

The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—Fuller.

W. H. Ward.

Almost a Hopeless Case.
A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.
A LIFE SAVED
BY TAKING
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 8 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.
Ayer's Pills the Best Family Physic.

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TIME TABLE.

	GOING SOUTH.	
Durham	7.30 a. m.	6.40 p. m
Holstein	7.46 "	7.16 "
Mt. Forest	7.55	7.25 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph	10.23 "	"
Toronto	12.20	"
	GOING NORTH.	
London	11.15 a. m.	
Toronto	3.45 p. m.	10.00p. m
Guelph	5.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest	6.55 "	9.2 "
Palmerston	7.15 "	8.35
Guelph	10.31 "	5.34 "
Toronto	8.30 a. m.	4.25 "
London	7.35 "	5.35 "

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