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WOOLS,
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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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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.
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The EDGE PROPERTY.
In the Town of Durham, County of Grey, including valeable 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.
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Following Properties at Prices Asked
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Lot 1, Durham Street, North Priceville.
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With other splendid Farms in Ontario and the North-West, Toronto and Hanover properties for sale or exchange.
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FIRE, Life and Accident Insurance.
Claims of all kinds collected—Old notes bought.
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The Grey Review.

VOL. XVII,—NO. 46. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1895. WHOLE NO. 896

Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction
Permanently Cured by Taking
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
A CAR-DRIVER'S STORY.
"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without noticing any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as
Free from Eruptions
as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stamford, Ont.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla The Only
Admitted at the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

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—FULL LINE OF—
Furniture of the Best Make
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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. '83

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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Money to lend. Money invested for Parties. Farms bought and sold.
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THE "OLD RELIABLE" NURSERYMEN.

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 callused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. George Robb, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER IV.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."
—Coleridge.

All round the drawing-room windows at Scrope a wide balony had been built up, over which the crespers climb and trail. Stone steps lead to it from the scented garden beneath, and up these runs Clarissa gayly, when Thursday morning had dawned, and deepened, and given place to noon.

Within the drawing-room, before a low table, sits Miss Scrope, tatting industriously. Tatting is Miss Scrope's forte. She never does anything else. Multitudinous antimacassars, of all shapes, patterns and dimensions, grow beneath her untiring touch with the most alarming rapidity. When finished, nobody knows what becomes of them, as they instantly disappear from view and are never heard of afterward. They are as good as a ghost in Pullingham, and obstinately refuse to be laid. It was charitably, if weakly, suggested, at one time, by a member of the stronger sex, that probably she sent them out in bales as coverings for the benighted heathen; but when it was explained to this misguided being that tatted antimacassars, as a rule, run to holes, and can be seen through, even he desisted from further attempts to solve the mystery.

Miss Peyton, throwing up one of the windowsashes, steps boldly into the drawing-room and confronts this emblem tatter.

"Good-morning," she says, sweetly, advancing with smiling lips.

Miss Scrope, who had not heard her enter, turns slowly round: to say she started would be a gross calumny. Miss Scrope never starts. She merely raises her head with a sudden accession of dignity. Her dignity, as a rule, is not fascinating, and might go by another name.

"Good afternoon, Clarissa," she says austerely. "I am sorry you should have been forced to make an entrance like a burglar. Has the hall door been removed? It used to stand in front of the house."

"I think it is there still," Miss Peyton ventures, meekly. "But"—prettily—"coming in through the window enabled me to see you at least one moment sooner. Shall I close it again?"

"I beg you will not distress yourself about it," says Miss Scrope, rising to ring the bell. "When Collins comes in he will see to it."

It is a wild day, though warm and sweet, and the wind outside is tearing madly over the lawn and shrubberies into the wood beyond.

"But in the meantime you will perhaps catch cold, or rheumatism, or something," says Clarissa, hesitating.

"Rheumatism! pugh! nonsense!" says Miss Scrope, disdainfully. "I simply don't believe in rheumatism. It is nothing but nerves. I don't have those ridiculous pains and aches people hug nowadays, and I don't believe they have either; it employs their idle time trying to invent them."

"Is Jim in?" asks Clarissa, presently, having seated herself in a horribly comfortless but probably artistic chair.

"James is in," says Miss Scrope, severely. "Do you mean my brother? It is really almost impossible to keep up with your pretty nicknames."

"Don't you like the name Jim?" asks Clarissa, innocently, leaning slightly forward, and taking up the edge of Miss Scrope's last antimacassar to examine it with tender interest. "I think it such a dear little name, and so happily wanting in formality. I have never called him anything else since I can remember, so it comes most natural to me."

"I think it a most unmaidenly way of addressing any gentleman whose priest christened him James," says Miss Scrope, unflinchingly. "What would you think of him were he to call you by some hideous pet name, or, more properly speaking, nickname?"

"I shouldn't mind it in the least; indeed, I think I should rather like it," returns Clarissa, mildly.

"I believe that to be highly probable," retorts Miss Jemima, with considerable scorn.

Clarissa laughs,—not an irritating laugh, by any means, but a little soft, low, girlish laugh, very good to hear.

"If you scold me any more I shall cry," she says, lightly. "I always give way to tears when driven into a corner. It saves time and trouble. Besides," returning with some slight perversity to the charge, "shall I tell you a secret? Your brother likes that little name. He does, indeed. He has told me so a thousand times in the days gone by. Very frivolous of him, isn't it? But—ah! here he is," as the door opens and Sir James comes in. "You are a little late, are you not?" leaning back in her chair with a certain amount of languid, but pleasing, grace, and holding out to him a slender, ungloved hand, on which some rings sparkle brilliantly.

"Have I kept you waiting?" asks he, eagerly, foolishly glad because of her last words, that seem to imply so much and really mean so little. Has she been anxious for his coming? Have the minutes appeared tedious because of his absence? "I hurried all I knew," he says; "but stewards will be stewards."

"I have been quite happy with Miss Scrope; you need not look so penitent," says Clarissa. "And who am I, that I should compete with a steward? We have been having quite a good time, and an excellent argument. Come here, and tell your sister that you think Jim the prettiest name in the world."

"Doubt anyone throw a doubt on the subject? Lives there a soul so dead to euphony as not to recognize the music in those three letters?—Jim! Why, it is poetry itself," says Sir James, who is not so absurd that he cannot turn battle on the breeze. As he speaks he smiles; and when James Scrope smiles he is almost handsome.

"Some day you will regret encouraging that child in her folly," remarks Miss Scrope severely. At which the child makes a saucy little grimace unseen, and rises to her feet.

"What a solemn warning!" says Scrope, with a shrug. "I hope," turning to Clarissa, "you have taken it to heart, and that it will keep you out of imaginary mischief. It ought, you know. It would be a shabby thing to bring down public censure on the head of one who has so nobly espoused your cause."

"My conduct from this day forth shall be above suspicion," says Clarissa. "Good-by, Miss Scrope," stooping to press her fresh warm lips to the withered cross old cheek beneath her. "I am going to tread old ground with—James."

She follows him across hall and corridor, through two modern rooms, and past a portiere, into another and larger hall beyond. Here, standing before a heavy oaken door, he turns the handle of it, and, as it swings back slowly and sleepily, they pass into another room, so unexpectedly and so strangely different from any they have yet entered, as almost to make one start.

It is a huge old-fashioned apartment, stone-floored and oak-paneled, that once in olden days, must have been a refectory. Chairs, carved in oak, and built like bishops' thrones, line the walls, looking as though no man for many a hundred years has drawn them from their present position. Massive cabinets and cupboards, cunningly devised by crafty hands in by-gone days, look out from dusky corners, the hideous faces carved upon them wreathed in their eternal ghastly smiles. From narrow, painted windows great gleams of sunset from the gay world without pour in, only to look sadly out of place in the solemn gloomy room. But one small door divides it from the halls outside; yet centuries seem to roll between it and them.

In one corner a door lies half open, and behind it a narrow flight of stairs runs upward to a turret chamber above,—a tiny stairway, heavily balustraded and unearpeted, that creates in one a mad desire to ascend and learn the secrets that may lie at its top.

Miss Peyton, scarcs noticing the monkish refectory, runs to the stairs and mounts them eagerly, Sir James following her in a more leisurely fashion.

"Now for my own room," she says, with some degree of quickness in her tone. She reaches the turret chamber as she speaks, and looks around her. It is quite a circle, and apparently of the same date as the one they have just quitted. Even the furniture, though of lighter make and size, is of a similar age and pattern. Ugly little chairs and unpleasantly solid tables are dotted here and there, a perfect wealth of Old World work cut into them. Everything is carved, and to an unsympathetic observer it might occur that the carver must have been a person subject to fiendish visions and unholy nightmares. But no doubt the beauty of his designs lies in their ugliness, and his heads are a marvel of art, and his winged creatures priceless!

The high chimney-piece is en rapport with all the rest, and scowls unceasingly; and the very windows—long and deep—have little faces carved on either side of them, of the most diabolical.

Miss Peyton is plainly entranced with the whole scene, and for a full minute says nothing.

"I feel as though I were a child again," she says presently, as though half regretful. "Everything comes back to me with such a strange yet tender vividness. This, I remember, was my favorite table, this my favorite chair. And that little winged monster over there, he used to whisper in my ears more thrilling tales than either Grimm or Andersen. Have you never moved anything in all these years?"

"Never. It is your own room by adoption, and no one shall meddle with it. When I went abroad I locked it, and carried the key of it with me wherever I went; I hardly know why myself." He glanced at her curiously, but her face is averted, and she is plainly thinking less of him than of the many odd trifles scattered around. "When I returned, dust reigned, and spiders; but it has been made spick and span to-day for its mistress. Does it still please you? or will you care to alter anything?"

"No, nothing. I shall pay a compliment to my childish taste by letting everything stay just as it is. I must have been rather a nice child, Jim, don't you think? if one passes over the torn frocks and the shrewish tongue."

"I don't think I ever saw a tear in your frocks," says Sir James, simply, "and if your tongue was shrewish I never found it out."

Miss Peyton gives way to mirth. She sits down on a wretchedly uncomfortable, if delightfully mediaeval chair, and laughs a good deal.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

she quotes, gayly. "Those lines, meant by poor Burns as a censure on frail humanity, rather fall short at this moment. Were I to see myself as you see me, Jim, I should be a dreadfully conceited person, and utterly unbearable. What a good friend you make!"

"A bad one, you mean. A real friend, according to my lights, is a Jew who will work out into them, and bring to the surface, all the latent and somewhat repellent in her manner to those in her own rank of life.

She had been sent early to a private school, had been carefully educated far above her position, and had come home again to her father, with all the pretty airs and unconscious softness of manner that, as a rule, belong to good birth.

She is warm-hearted, passionate, impulsive, and singularly reserved,—so much so that few guess at the terrible power to love, or hate, or suffer, in silence that lies within her. She is a special favorite with Miss Peyton and the vicarage people (Mr. and Mrs. Redmond and their five children), with those at Hythe, and, indeed, with most of the county people, Miss Scrope excepted, who gives it freely as her opinion that she will come to no good "with her books and her high society and general fiddle-faddling." Nobody knows what this last means, and everyone is afraid to ask.

Just now, with her pretty head bare, and her hand shading her eyes, she is gazing down the dusty road. Her whole attitude denotes expectancy. Every feature (she is off her guard) expresses intense and hopeful longing—

"Fiery Titan, who
—with his peccant heat
Has dried up the lusty liquor new
Upon the herbs in the greene mead,"

has plainly fallen in love with her today, as he has clothed her in all his glory, and seems reluctant to pass her on his homeward journey.

The heat has made her pale and languid; but just at this moment a faint delicate color springs into her face; and as the figure of a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, turns the corner of the road, she raises her hand to her cheek with a swift involuntary gesture. A moment later, as the figure comes closer, so near that the face is discernible, she pales again, and grows white as an early snow-drop.

"Good-morning Ruth," says Dorian Branscombe, with a smile, apparently oblivious of the fact that morning has given place to noon many hours agone.

Ruth returns his salutation gently, and lets her hand lie for an instant in his.

"This is a summer's day, with a vengeance," says Dorian, genially, proceeding to make himself comfortable on the top of the low wall near which she is standing. He is plainly making up his mind to a long and exhaustive conversation. "Talk of Italy!" he says, disparagingly; "this beats it to fits!"

Ruth acquiesces amiably.

(To be Continued.)

Philadelphia Fire Horses.

Philadelphia has some remarkable horses in its Fire Department. One acts as a watch dog; another chews tobacco; another has developed a fondness for raw onions, another kisses his driver, and another is ever on the alert to go to a fire, taking almost a human interest in his work, but he does not like to be fooled, and the daily training he despises. He is always first to spring under the harness when the signal is given; but when the firemen unharness him and attempt to lead him back to his stall he manifests his disappointment by an ugly shake of his head, striking out with his fore feet, kicking with his hind feet, and then bounding back to his stable.

On a Murder Case.

"Excuse me," said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music conservatory, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have and not make any fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.

"Why, this little affair, you know."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see, we got a tip from the boarding house next door that somebody here has been murdering Wagner, and the boss sent me down to work up the case."

"Is it not like a dream?" says Clarissa, stopping to point backward to the turret they have just quitted.

"The past is always full of dreams," replies he, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER V.

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."
Wordsworth.

The baby morn has flung aside its robes, and grown to perfect strength. The day is well advanced. Already it is making rapid strides toward rest and evening; yet still no cooling breeze has come to refresh the heart of man.

Below, in the quiet fields, the cattle are standing, knee-deep in water, beneath the spreading branches of the kindly alder. They have no energy to eat, but munch, sleepily, the all-satisfying cud, and, with gentle if expressionless eyes, look out afar for evening and the milkmaid.

"'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Into the heart of earth and heaven direct his forceful rays.
Over heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
Distressful Nature pants!
The very streams look languid from afar,
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove."

A tender stillness reigns over everything. The very birds are mute. Even the busy mill-wheel has ceased to move. Bright flashes of light, that come and go every one can catch them, dart across the gray walls of the old mill,—that holds its gaunt and stately head erect, as though defying age,—and, slanting to the right, fall on the cottage, quaint and ivy-clad, that seems to nestle at its feet. The roses that climb its walls are drooping; the casements all stand wide. No faintest breath of air comes to flutter Ruth's white gown, as she leans against the rustic gate.

All miller's daughters should be pretty. It is a duty imposed upon them by tradition. Romance, of the most floral description, at once attaches itself to a miller's daughter. I am not at all sure it does not even cast a halo round the miller himself. Ruth Annersley at least acknowledges this fact, and does her duty nobly; she gives the lie to no old legends or treasured nursery superstitions; she is what poets as heart can desire,—

"Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair."

She is small, piquante, timid, with large almond-shaped eyes and light-brown hair, a rounded, supple figure, and hands delicately white.

Perhaps there is a lack of force in her face, an indefinable want, that hardly detracts from her beauty, yet sets one wondering, vaguely, where it lies, and what it can be. The mouth, middle and slightly parted, betrays it most. Her lashes, covering her brown eyes, are very long, and lie a good deal on her cheeks. Her manner, without a suspicion of gaucherie, is nervous, almost appealing; and her smile, because so rare, is very charming, and apt to linger in the memory.

She is an only child, and all through her young life has been petted and caressed rather more than is good for any one. Her father had married, somewhat late in life, a woman in every way his superior, and, she dying two years after her marriage, he had fallen back for consolation upon the little one left to his sole care. To him, she was a pride, a delight, a creature precious beyond words, on whom the sun must shine gently and the rain fall not at all.

A shy child from the first, Ruth had declined acquaintance with the villagers, who would, one and all, have been glad to succor the motherless girl. Perhaps the little drop of gentle blood inherited from her mother had thriven in her veins, and thus rendered her distant and somewhat repellent in her manner to those in her own rank of life.

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(To be Continued.)

SOME VALUABLE HINTS.

THE NEW REMEDY FOR DREAD CONSUMPTION.

How to Ascertain the State of the Lungs—The Way to Prevent an Attack of Rheumatism—Prevention of Cancer—Displacement of the Liver—Results of a Hearty Supper.

Dr. Margliano, professor at the University of Genoa, speaking of a new treatment of tuberculosis by the use of serum, says: "I have applied my treatment in 83 cases presenting all the forms of pulmonary tuberculosis, from its most serious to its incipient stage. These are the conclusions I have been able to form. Consumptive patients presenting but small centers of tuberculosis, without fever, or even with slight fever, without or with few active microbe centers, derive a real benefit. I have treated 45 of such patients, and all those who followed the treatment methodically and completely might, in the end, be considered cured. There were 29 of them. Of the other 16, of whom several were febrific, their conditions improved considerably, but none of them followed the treatment to the end; some of them are still under treatment; others, believing themselves to be cured, insisted on abandoning the treatment. Secondly, the bronchopneumonic tuberculosis patients, with extended centers of the disease, without fever, or even with fever, but with few microbe colonies, may be entirely relieved of the fever, and the success obtained in certain cases leaves hope of cure by persevering in the treatment." In summing up his remarks Dr. Margliano says he is concinced that by the use of his serum, brilliant successes may be obtained when the disease is taken in its early stage. He points out that of the 83 consumptive patients treated, 61 derived real benefit; and those in whom the disease was not too advanced have either been cured, or are approaching that condition.

The State of the Lungs.

Draw in as much breath as you conveniently can, then count as long as possible in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds must be carefully noted. In a consumptive the time does not exceed 10, and is frequently less than ten seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are sound the time will range as high as from 29 to 35 seconds. To expand the lungs, go into the open air, stand erect, throw back the head and shoulders, and draw in the air through the nostrils as much as possible. After having then filled the lungs, raise your arms, still expanded, and suck in the air. When you have thus forced the arms backward, with the chest open, change the process by which you draw in your breath, till the lungs are emptied. Go through this process several times a day and it will enlarge the chest, give the lungs better play, and serve very much to ward off serious lung troubles.

Prevention of Rheumatism

One who has even a strong tendency can certainly do much to prevent it. The "busy" season for that disease commences about October. Why is it? That we do not know, but it is quite safe to infer that, owing to a certain combination of influences, people are then in a condition specially favorable to it. After a spell of hot weather the systems of many who have not been fortunate enough to evade the heat in shady places at summer resorts are relaxed, weakened and more or less choked up with waste material. Exercise, the great eliminator of such waste, is quite naturally neglected during hot weather. And, moreover, those who exercise too little are sure to eat too much. So autumn finds them in a sluggish state, as we have said, with all the waste avenues clamorous for only "eight hours a day" are the very ones who, while they are angered at being required by others to work more than eight hours a day, do not hesitate to impose on their stomachs 15 hours' work. After a night's sleep we wake up with a certain amount of bodily vigor, which is faithfully portioned out to every muscle of the system, and every set of muscles, each its rightful share, the stomach among others.

When the external body gets weary after a long day's work the stomach bears its share of the fatigue, but if, when the body is weary with the day's toil, we put it to bed, giving the stomach meanwhile a five hours' task, which must be performed, we impose upon the very best friend we have—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enjoyments; and if this overtaxing is continued it must as certainly wear out prematurely as the body itself will if it is overworked every day. And if persons eat between meals, then the stomach has no rest from breakfast in the morning until 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock next day. Hence it is that so many persons have dyspepsia; the stomach is worked so much and so constantly that it becomes too weak to work at all. It is to be hoped that every intelligent parent will press these things on the attention of their children as a matter of conscience, because dyspepsia, like consumption, has its foundations laid in the large majority of cases during the "teens" of life.

Displacement of the Liver.

Dr. Graham, in a paper with the above title, states that displacement of the liver may occur from influences outside the liver and its attachments, such as tumors, abscesses and the like, as well as from stretching or relaxation or undue length of the ligaments from any cause. The condition is not uncommon in women with pendulous abdomens, who have borne many children. A distinction is to be made between floating liver and merely movable liver. The author reports the case of a woman, aged 62, who had borne 10 children and presented cyanosis, dyspnoea, dilation of the right heart and emphysema. The liver was displaced downward, but could be replaced when the patient resumed the recumbent posture, and could be retained in place by the use of a bandage. In the second case, that of a man aged 35, the liver was displaced by a subphrenic abscess. There existed, also, pyloric obstruction and gastrectasis. The liver lay obliquely in front of the stomach. In a third case, in a boy, the front wheel of a waggon had passed over the trunk, fracturing the seventh and eighth ribs. For a time a considerable area of dullness was found upon the left side, while the normal area of hepatic dullness could not be detected, while the question arose whether the liver was originally displaced and an inflammatory process had taken place in the right hypochondrium, or if the liver was merely hidden under the diaphragm, and an inflammatory process had taken place about the spleen. The paper contained a tabulated statement of 30 published cases of displacement of the liver.

FALL FUN.

"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."

"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?" "I should certainly set my face against it, sir."

"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain." "Because no one has ever fallen off it."

Hamlet Hardupton (meditating)—"Things are all out of place with me. I wish I could only get the shine off my coat and put it on my shoes."

Teacher—"Tommy, how is the world divided?" Tommy—"Paw says it is divided between the corporations and the politicians."

On chilly days the maiden greives
Though dressed in garments new:
She can't display her silk waist's sleeves
And heavy jackets, too.

"Now that we are married, Penelope, and have nothing to conceal from each other, how——" "I'm 29, George. How much did you give the preacher?"

"It may be weakness," said the dying editor, "but I can't help but feel grateful to this town." "What for?" "For life enough to leave it."

He (waxing serious)—"Do you believe in the truth of the saying, 'Man proposes; God disposes?'" She (archly)—"It depends upon whom man proposes to."

Tommy—"Paw, why is it the good die young?" Mr. Figgs—"They don't die young because they are good, but they stay good because they die young."

"Oh, boy, I'll give you a dollar to catch my canary bird." "He's just caught, ma'am." "Where—where is the precious pet?" "Black cat up the road has got 'im."

"You say he contributes to the magazines?" said the literary girl. "Yes," replied his rival. "Anything worth using?" "Yes." "What?" "Postage stamps."

"Mabel—Yes, he's a nice young man but hasn't his nose met with an accident of some sort? I can't get over it." Amy—"No wonder! It has no bridge."

"I reckon," said Mr. Corntossel, 'that these politicians says a good many things they're sorry for." "Yes," replied her husband, "an' a good many more thet they orter be."

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the pawn-broker, as he hung up the $60 overcoat on which he had advanced $4. "It's the other way with me," aptly remarked the overcoat.

"Do you think," he asked, "that your father would consider my suit favorably?" "Really, Herbert," the merchant's daughter replied, "I couldn't say. Did you buy it at his store?"

Oh, legislators, while you strive
To remedy our ills,
If you would keep us all alive,
Pass some ten dollar bills!

A—"When I see you I always think of the proverb: To whom God gives an office, to him he gives understanding." B—"But I have no office!" A—"Well don't you see how that fits?"

"As you have good references I'll offer to you the post of cashier in our house, provided you can deposit 1,200 marks as security." "And what security can you give me that my 1,200 marks will be secure?"

He asks me will I share his lot.
A fool I'd be to scorn it.
Why wouldn't share a lot like his,
With a brown-stone mansion on it?

Strawber—"Dr. Probe has been treating my rheumatism for the past six months." Singerly—"Are you any better?" Strawber—"I should say so. When he comes with his bill yesterday I was able to run like a deer."

"Never marry a girl with the idea you are going to reform her, my boy," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "If she chews gum and giggles when she is a young woman, she will giggle and chew gum when she is married."

Snaggs—"Do you know, Bilkins, I think I'm a gifted orator." Bilkins—"What makes you think so?" "I've spoken twice, now, and when I sat down on both occasions the audiences were much pleased and applauded loudly."

"Years ago," said Mr. Barnes Tormer, the eminent tragedian, "I started out to be the architect of my own fortunes, but in the school of experience I have learned that a successful architect ought to be able to draw good houses."

The black-bearded pirate, with a knife between his teeth, boarded the passenger ship. "Throw up your hands!" he shouted. The passenger hanging over the rail smiled feebly. "I think I did, not less than an hour ago," he said gaspingly.

"Are all these young men anxious to become surgeons?" asked the visitor. "They are," replied the lecturer upon surgery. "But how can so many expect to make a living?" "Easily, sir; easily;" answered the lecturer. "Think of the effect of the present bicycle craze."

In reply to the cry for assistance, the professor said: "If I could help you I couldn't help helping you. It is because I cannot help you that I cannot help refusing to help you." And the mendicant darted around the corner, with terror in his eye and cries of "Help!" in his mouth.

Railways of India.

The director-general of railways in India reports that some forty-five different railway projects have recently been approved by the government, and are now in course of construction. The various lines will, when completed, aggregate 6,163 miles of railway. The private enterprises are encouraged by certain concessions from the government, such as free use of land and provision of rolling stock. The parliamentary commission, which has investigated into the resources of India, has reported that 60,000 miles of railway are needed in India to develop the resources of the country.

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Grand Trunk Railway.
TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Durham	7.10 a.m.	6.40 p.m
Holstein,	7.22 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest,	7.35 "	7.22 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph,	10.21 "	"
Toronto,	12.00	"
London*	11.15 a.m.	
GOING NORTH		
Durham	3.45 p.m.	10.00 p.m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest,	2.55 "	9.2 "
Palmerston	2.15 "	8.35
Guelph,	10.31 "	5.34
Toronto	8.20 a.m	4.25 "
London,	7.25 "	3.25 "

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

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Proprietor.

Cash Girls.

I hear that Miss Cash has rejected Mr. Bellevue after receiving his attentions for nearly a year.

Is that so? How does the poor fellow take it?

He's completely broken-hearted.

I suppose he was madly in love with her.

Yes, indeed he was. When I tried to console him by telling him that there were plenty of girls left he said he'd have me know that girls with $200,000 in their own right were mighty scarce.

An Encourager.

My cake is dough, complained the dejected husband.

Well, responded his energetic wife, all cake is more or less dough. All you need is to brace up and cook it.

Good to the Boy.

Jimmie—Billy Snagg's mamma is awful good to him.

Mamma—What has she given Billy?

Jimmie—Let him have the measles the day