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VOL. XVII,-NO. 51.

DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 901,

Hair

and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:

color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

Growth

"Eight years ago, I had the varioloid, and lost my hair, which previoasly was quite abundant. I tried out beneficial result, till I began to fear I should be permanently bald. About six months ago, my husband brought home a bottle of Aver's Hair Vigor, and I began at once to use it. In a short time, new hair began to appear, and there is now every prospect of as thick a growth of hair as before my illness."-

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U.S. A. AN NIGHT BELL AT RESIDENCE. Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

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one strictly confidential. A Handbook of in-emption concerning Parents and how to ob-Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public with-out cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the

terms and particulars. Colborne, Ont. English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take removed a curb from horse of hard-soft in the removal from horses of hard-soft in the removal from horse in the curb from him, and, with a kindly word and smile, leads her. With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes to the garden and so round to the tenders of his face had been and feeted by his residence there. The with a slow wonder he lifts his eyes. Will be appears to the derness that binds his heart to hers. With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes if the character of his face had been and feeted by his residence there. The with a skindly word and smile, leads her to the derness that binds his heart to hers. With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes to the derness that binds his heart to hers. With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes to the derness that binds his heart to hers. With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes to the derness that binds his heart to hers. With a slow of the tremoval from horse of hard-soft his face had been and gazes at her. There is a petulant word her ponies are impatiently availing her consider. He does of the cruel strength of the tenders of his face had been and feeted by his residence ther A Boon to Horsemen.-One bottle of

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

That were most precious to me.

hear, face to face, what this her oldest his knees,—cheered, perhaps, by the appears unbearable, friend will say to her engagement with thought that his favorite pup, if only The very air see

proves her choice.

shall begin to tell James about it. thing, and picking things to pieces, beauty lies." and generally condemning the sound

the thought that she is not going to | "Oh, don't do that," says Clarissa, en- | Clarissa to pity.

duties, and though in her secret soul why you should deny yourself." stupid of her to think of that, when he to come for a little walk with me." is so clever, so learned, so-

E. J. SHEWELL. where her father was concerned. He "Is it an honest mystery," he says is lost, and finally coming back again Many years before the opening of this the Principia on November 19. In a The only first-class flearse in town. "1 | a bore a dog is sometimes!" FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS thought of parting from her. She thought of parting from her. She thought of parting from her. She in a very low tone, "I am going to be married!"

ing again if you can't sit still! What ly." turn home. Before that he nad been says nothing. He walks on beside her handkerchief, she slip- useless to stand by the ship, and that dull and distrait; now he is bright and with an unfaltering footstep, his head "You are," says Miss Peyton, with a nor returned home. Years passed, and "You are," says Miss Peyton, with a nor returned home. Years passed, and "You are," says Miss Peyton, with a nor returned home. Years passed, and "You are," says Miss Peyton, with a nor returned home. theerful, if still rather too devoted to erect as ever, his hands clasped in their final sob, and a whole octave of reshe met a Mr. Polworth, whom she marhis books to be quite good for him.

He might, indeed, be forgiven for regarding the man who should take her garding the man who should take her faintly (as though under protest) in from him as an enemy. But Jim is some neighboring thicket; yet, I think from him as an enemy. But Jim is some neighboring thicket; yet, I think from him as an enemy. But Jim is some neighboring thicket; yet, I think you what I would tell nelections and a whole octave of resher and a whole octave of resher and a whole octave of resher and the boat was washed away, with proach in her voice. "Anything so unfined, keeping silent about her secret is shining; some birds are warbling faintly (as though under protest) in had come all the way over here to tell devoted to each other.

On the morning of the opening of this seeming to offer the only chance. fferent; he is a mere friend,—a dear | Scrope neither sees the sun, nor heeds ! nd valued one, it is true, but still on- the birds, nor knows for the moment y a friend,—a being utterly indepen- that life flows within him, after that left flows within him, after tha dent of her, who can be perfectly happy without her, and therefore, of course, without her, and therefore, of course, who can be perfectly happy kind and good to me on an occasion without her, and therefore, of course, the washed away with her by the fury of glanced up and down the winding street. The waves. The two remaining boats

see the good points in Horace. He ried," repeats Clarissa, in a somewhat evidently likes him; at least, they have changed tone. The nervousness had always appeared excellent friends when gone out of it, and the natural hesitatogether. Dorian, of course, is the tion; she is speaking now quite comgeneral favorite,—she acknowledges posedly and clearly, as if some surprise from his arm, and holding it closely ders. hat,-just because he is a little more betrays itself in her voice.

Parties. Farms bought and sold. | the ponies swing merrily down the slowly. avenue; and just before she comes to the hall door her heart fails her-that something that never errs-tells her James Scrope will not betray any pleasure at her tidings. Before she quite reaches the hall door, a groom comes from a side-walk, and, seeing him, Clarissa pulls up the ponies sharply, and asks the man,—

She is feeling wounded, disappointed at sharply, and asks the man,—

She is feeling wounded, disappointed at his reception of her news; and now the sharply have all many before she found herself at the large have and mainmast went by the board

> goes round to the yard, glad, at least, that her first hope is fulfilled,—that her first hope is fulfilled,—that he is out of doors.
>
> Journal of the training senses catch the sound of the training senses catch the clarion tones that are wafted to Six bodies, including that of Captain I have been recovered them. into the ivied yard, she sees before her one of the stablemen on his knees, supporting in his arms an injured puppy; with all a woman's tenderness he is examining the whining little brute's Horace." soft, yellow paw, as it hangs mourn-

Dody does anything."

Like a heavy blow from some unseen that have endured so long.

Like a heavy blow from some unseen that have endured so long.

Like a heavy blow from some unseen that have endured so long. master reprovingly, nay, almost contemptuously.

"I really don't see why you should surprise at the depth of the misfortune think it was the law. It is as a reveal that he can be something that is agonized to him.—far more than he ever dreamed to him.—far more than he ever dreamed this something that is agonized to him.—far more than he ever dreamed the law of the lighter foliage. Seated alone on a bench was an old man clad in the customer than the provingence of the lighter foliage. think it was the boys, Joe?" says Sir that has overtaken him. It is as a revel- the one bright spot in his ex-"Twarn't anythin' else, anyway,"

honest weather-beaten face to Clarissa, or joy, or that love that could transform Oh! I could play the woman with mine be bound. Yet them pups "(disgusted-ly) "is like children, allus ungrateful. greve—" may part with anything." To For the sake o' your handsome face, Scrope, just now, it seems as if hope and now, he'd go to you now if he could, he had parted company forever. The forgetful of all my kindness to him. Well, 'tis the way o' the world, I be-beliefs and uncertain dreamings—all too

ments on James Scrope's character.) full of mischief, " should any one be them aloud. blind to the claims of beauty?"

> his unsympathetic mood! his back ever since her arrival, and sighs against which he is leaning.

ly to spend most of her time still in "You know you are dying for a smoke, very sweetly, almost pathetically. she detests town life, still there is a jey in the thought that she will be with Scrope, politely and hopefully. pathizing with his fail—, but no, of course there will be no failures! How der her soft plush hat,—"I want you the silence.

They dig in their gardens and trim the silence. how she could love him eyen the more man, must have meant much. "Com- words! If I had known-"

mand me, madam." and, turning suddenly, bestows a most important to tell you," says Miss Pey- would so treat me, I should—should unexpected caress upon "Secretary ton, earnestly. This time she looks

to him. He had been, indeed, distress-ed and confounded. He had certainly faintest idea of her meaning, so speaks the garden path. tried his hardest to conceal from her in a cone light and half amused, that these facts, but she had seen them all leads her to betray her secret sooner will hide him from sight of her tears herself to deeds of charity and kindthe same. She could not be deceived than otherwise she might have done. or sound of her woes, he hesitates, then ness. had felt unmistakable regret -- "Be carelessly, "or a common ghost-story, to where she is standing, hidden by a story a secret marriage occurred on second the hatches blew into the air.

He will, she feels sure, say everything a certain amount of self-possession that 'You were saying--?" "Only that I am going to be mar-

open, more outspoken, perhaps,—easier | Scrope is aware that his heart is beat- in his own. "You do not know; you | "Kings' Road, Chelsea," she said. open, more outspoken, perhaps,—easier to understand; whereas, she firmly believes, she alone of all the world is capable of fully appreciating the innate goodness of Horace!

Here she turns in the huge gateway of Scrope; and the terrier, growing excited, gives way to a sharp bark, and the ponies swing merrily down the ponies swing merrily down the ponies swing merrily down the ponies aware that his heart is beat ing madly. He has stopped, and is leaning against the trunk of an apple tree, facing Clarissa, who is standing in the huge gateway of Scrope; and the terrier, growing excited, gives way to a sharp bark, and the ponies away to a sharp bark, and the ponies aware that his heart is beat ing madly. He has stopped, and is leaning against the trunk of an apple tree, facing Clarissa, who is standing in the huge gateway of Scrope; and the terrier, growing excited, gives way to a sharp bark, and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the terrier, growing excited, gives way to a sharp bark, and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the terrier growing excited, gives way to a sharp bark and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the terrier growing excited, gives way to a sharp bark, and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the ponies away to a sharp bark and the trunk of an apple tree, facing Clarissa, who is standing in the cabman lashed his horse and drove do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! There is no subduct the fire do not. Be happy! The ca "Mr. Branscombe,"-coldly. Dorian ?"

It is the last straw.

As she goes through the big portals lign him to the woman he loves." "You are unjust," says Scrope, wearily. "I know nothing bad of Horace.
I merely said I wished it had been Dorian. No, I have nothing to say against
Horace."

Yery earnest.

"How fond you are of me!" says
Miss Peyton, with some wonder and
rian. No, I have nothing to say against
Horace."

To this be finds it impossible to make "Then why do you look as if you any answer. The decadence of the Waterloo veteran ad?" says Miss Peyton pettishly "Whenever I wish I had had a brother, is now complete, but there are many

tle, yet so ignorant of all he is at pres-With a sickening dread he looks for- Proclaim the message far and near, ward to the future that still may lie before him. It seems to him that he To rich and poor sweet Christmas cheer. CHAPTER XI.

"Better leave him to me, Miss," says
Joe, regarding the injured innocent
with a parent's eye. "He knows me.

"I cannot but remember such things with a parent's eye. "He knows me.

L'Il treat him proper" raising his old companionless, devoid of shade, or rest.

The pather hard poor sweet Christmas che distance, a lonely cheerless road. What love divine for men did plan, and the companionless devoid of shade, or rest.

The pather hard poor sweet Christmas che distance, a lonely cheerless road. What love divine for men did plan, and the companionless devoid of shade, or rest.

The pather hard poor sweet Christmas che distance, a lonely cheerless road. What love divine for men did plan, and the companionless devoid of shade, or rest. I'll treat him proper," raising his old companionless, devoid of shade, or rest The nobler brotherhood of man.

lieve," winds up old Joe, rising from sweet for realization-that the present The very air seems dark, the sky Horace is a matter of anxiety to her.

She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
Since is a matter of anxiety to her.

She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
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She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disap
She will know at on Driving along the road to Scrope, behind her ponies, "Cakes" and "Ale,"

"I am too amazed for speech," says wholly to one unworthy of her,—one utterly incapable of comprehending the contemplating Clarissa with admirational mobility and truthfulness of her nature. with her little rough Irish terrier, tion. "That man," pointing to Joe's "Secretary Bill," sitting bolt upright retiring figure, "has been in my father's service, and in mine, for fifty beside her, as solemn as half a dozen ther's service, and in mine, for fifty years, and never before did I hear a civil "What is life when stripped of its indeed she wonders any journey how she judges, she wonders anxiously how she word from his lips. I think he said your disguise? A thing to be desired it canface was handsome, just now ?-or was not be." With him it seems almost

She hopes to goodness he won't be in his ultra-grave mood, that, as a rule, in his ultra-grave mood, that, as a rule.

Indee was nandsome, just now !—or was not be.

I deceived?"

I deceived?"

I deceived?"

I like Joe," says Miss Peyton, eletoo, at its best,—a mere "glimpse into the world of might have been."

I like Joe," says Miss Peyton, eletoo, at its best,—a mere "glimpse into the world of might have been."

I like Joe," says Miss Peyton, eletoo, at its best,—a mere "glimpse into the light became more apparent in the light became more apparent light became more apparent light became more apparent li Some words read a week ago come to him now, and ring their changes on "How he differs from the rest of the his brain. "Rien ne va plus,"-the vines that not the slightest glimpse of the very heart of London-redemption world!" says Scrope, not looking at her. hateful words return to him with a per- the masonry of the walls is seen. These for all mankind, The first beams of judgment of others. (As a rule, Clar- Does he? That is unkind, I think. tinacity not to be subdued. It is with houses are small and old-fashioned, and Then the hirds absurably and old-fashioned. issa is a little unfair in her secret com- Why," says Clarissa, with a soft laugh, difficulty he refrains from uttering lywood Terrace," "The Lindens," or The overture was done. "No; he does not disapprove." says | "Somner Villa." They are of pictur- To-day the drama to be enacted by It will be so much better if she can "Why, indeed? It is, as I have been Clarissa, interrupting his reflections at esque, whimsical design, and one fancies London is "Hospital Sunday." It ap-

only come upon him out of doors, in his homeliest mood, with a cigar between homeliest mood, with a cigar between the second of the late James Bornett, 125 speaks somewhat slowly, as if remem- by picturesque, whimsical people. The Polworth entered the gardens. Every his lips, or his pipe. Yes, his pipe will "Don't be cynical, Jim," says Miss brance weighs upon her. "And, even present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants occupants of the street are old man stood near his small square of present occupants o ial with a pipe than with the goodliest it will be if, now when her story is ab- that must give me happiness: it is the come and go with amazing rapidity. love him." phasis on the verb, and a little flick then he looks lovingly at his pipe, which of the whip on "Cakes's" quarters, he has held (as in duty bound) behind a tiny piece of bark from the old tree traffic of Kentish Town and Camden

would be actual hypocrisy." "There is silence for a moment: there is nothing to run over.

should have stayed at home this morn-

-that is, what they left him of it- and makes a desperate effort to but- to burst out crying; and she cries peers over the walls, for the neighborlovingly, if somewhat anxiously, and ton an already obedient little bit of heartily (by which I mean that she ivory, wonderful eyes, as though desirous of They have turned into the orchard, ment and agonized description) for at thieves. The Albany street police stanow bereft of blossom, and are strolling least five minutes, without a cessation, tion chronicles many a thrilling episode Oh, yes, of course James will be de- carelessly along one of its side-paths. making her lament openly, and in a that has happened hereabouts. Be-Oh, yes, of course James will be de-lighted. And he will tell her so with the gentle smile that so lights up his the gentle smile that so lights up his the gentle smile that so lights up his to reduce his heart to water. And not flows the sluggish waters of the canal, face, and he will take her hand, and stretched its hand "to reap the ripensay he is so glad, so pleased, and—

stretched its hand "to reap the ripenin vain is her "weak endeavor."

Sir James, when the first sob falls in whose muddy depths many unfortu-With a sharp pang she remembers "Are you listening to me?" asks she, upon his ear, turns from her, and, as nates have ended their wretched lives. how her father was neither pleased presently, seeing he makes no response though unable to endure the sound, de- In this locality resided Mrs. Polworth. Principia, the loss of which was report-

> cambric handkerchief, lays his hand up- Christmas Day at Bath, England. After At 2.30 o'clock in the morning the "There is nothing to break," says on her arm. At his touch her sobs in-

you what I would tell nobody else ex- On the morning of the opening of this seeming to offer the only chance cept papa! There was a time, Jim." this tale, Mrs. Polworth, bent upon for saving the lives of those on board

now behind his back you seek to ma- Scrope, palliating the ugliness of his sight of a present generation of soldier. conduct as best he may. His voice is a former generation is slowly passing To this he finds it impossible to make a tract of land is reserved for them.

Ring out the merry Christmas chim

A fuller life beyond death's bourne To such as seek to enter in. Peal forth with no uncertain tone That love leaves none beneath the bar And they alone are blessed that own Their duty to their fellow man.

be even better. Men are even more gen- Peyton, softly. What an awful thing if he had not, there is still something musicians, actresses and singers, who ground The denizens of Park Village enjoy al- Mrs. Polworth trembled as an old of Grey, two miles from Flesherton Sta-Well, of course, if he is the great "Well, I won't, then," says Scrope, friend he professes to be,—heavy emaintably, which much relieves her. And Sir James turns away, and, paling vistable to the omnibuses on Albany street does not voice. traffic of Kentish Town and Camden which the spirited but docile creature heavily, and proceeds to knock the ashresents bitterly,—he must be glad at es out of it.

There is something in his face that, Town that flows through Hampton though she understands it not, moves Road in any wise disturb its peace. The me?"

Way. The flowers fell to the ground. "Tom," she responded. "You know through though she understands it not, moves the peace. The me?" "You will wish me some good wish, milkman who enters this tranquil spot His lips moved as if about to speak, leave the country,—is, in fact, very like— treatingly. "I really wish you after all, Jim, won't you?" she says involuntarily "meows" in a lower key, when suddenly he pressed his hand to his heart and without a great and withou and even that daring light-horseman. Pullingham.

and I—perfectly love the smell of to-brusquerie foreign to him. "No, I cannot," returns he, with a bacco. There is, therefore, no reason brusquerie foreign to him. "To do so brusquerie foreign to him." To do so brusquerie foreign to him. "To do so brusquerie foreign to him." pace on entering here, when he sees fervor of a nature that had been re-

Clarissa grows a little pale, in her turn. The residents are of a retiring na- man's brow. The doctor was summor him, helping him, encouraging him in mouth again. And—do you mind?"— In his turn, he takes no notice of her ture, little disposed to trouble them—ed, but his services could be of no available to the mouth again. And—do you mind?"— They dig in their gardens and trim had been an old comrade of rum s at his way toward the dead-house. "If I had been wise," she says, "I their vines without a thought of what door was locked, but standing on tip-t "To the end of the world, with you, ing. and kept my confidences to my sold be a short walk," says Scrope, with a half laugh but a ring in his self. Yet I wanted to tell you. So I days are quiet, the nights are not. The Furniture and Undertaking Business established by his father in Durham in 1858 and will endeavor to give all old and new custom-will endeavor to give all old and new custom-will endeavor to give all old and new custom-significant, not - worth - speaking-about content of a defeat), if only to let him see of the same entire satisfaction.

Yet I wanted to ten you.

Self. Yet I wanted to ten you.

Some thinking, believing, I should receive sympathy from you; and now of the winding streets; they drive up to the body to the grave, after the body to the grave, after the to the houses at all hours; people get ed the body to the grave, after the in or get out, and the cabs disappear in es away. In the cemetery was the a She blushes, and smiles to herself, "I have something very-very very "Yes! If any one had told me you the Serpentine Road. The policeman ress and celebrated woman. The gray walking his solitary beat thrusts his was covered with flowers and who Bill," who wags his short tail in return at her long black gloves, not at him, It is this supreme moment she chooses lantern suspiciously in the gardens and lalone remained on her kness

liberately walks away from her down an actress of much eleverness and considerable means. She had lived her

He has quite regained his self-control social world was driving in Hyde Park. by this time, and, having conquered There was a glittering of harness and "No.Horace."
"I wish it had been Dorian," he says, issa, as he has said, does not understand the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary if they might vanish at any moment, while the records the records while the records the records with a spot of color. Beyond were the distant trees, impalpable and quivering, as if they might vanish at any moment, while the records the records while the records that trees is a great with a carriage wheels, intermingled with spots of color. Beyond were the distant trees, impalpable and quivering, as if they might vanish at any moment, while the records the records and the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary while the records the records are the records and the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary while the records are the records and the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary while the records are the records and the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary while the records are the records and the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary while the records are the r And why?" demands she, angrily, tone, and with a face which, if still while the people, too, seemed but crea-

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There's Big Money!

Following Properties at Prices Asked
Lots 211, 292, 293, con. 2, S.W.T. and S. Road, Township Melancthon—193
Across timbered.

Lots 212, 222, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Township Melancthon—193
Alexanchin-do-lores pool between the part of the construction of the part of the

and half-crowns plentifully among the old soldiers, and was about to return when her glance fell upon the aged sol-iier. Then a vale was torn from the past. The secret marriage again came to her; she heard the words of the cler-

and agitated, re-entered her cab.

The week that followed was like a Rest to the weary, heaven to win, ream; her youth and romance came to her as a bright vision and all that inter-vened vanished and faded away. All London was asleep on that morning preceding Hospital Sunday. Along the embankment everything was hushed and the mighty river going out with the tide made no apparent sound as it

of day. The color changed on the face of the water and the houses along the First by the angel chorists sung.

gan to grow pale. Suddenly from Battersea Park a pird's note was heard, rising clear and gsters caught up the note until the whole park was filled with music. These sounds were wafted across the houser are small and old-fashioned, and the light became more apparent in the

> garden with a pretty windr. II." Thank you," she said in a low | burther particulars apply to At the sound of her voice he started.

"Carrie," he said in a bewildered his heart and without a grean sank to pressed for years burst its bonds. She wept and pressed her lips to the old

TALE OF THE SEA. The Wreck of the British Steamer Princip -The Statement of the Sole Survivor. A despatch from Liverpool, says: Henry Anders, the sole member of the Wiarton Southampton, Kincardiac and Stratford crew of the ill-fated British steamer ed the other day, tells the following When he gets quite to the end of greatest triumphs, and had now settled story of the disaster :- He states that t, however, and knows the next turn down to a life of retirement, devoting when off Cape Wrath smoke was disfrom the church and were about to en- steering gear got deranged, and the Of the Best Quality Cheaper Well, after all, he is her father. It Clarissa, softly. Then she looks down "Don't do that!" he says, so rough- ter their carriage, when officers of the vessel rolled heavily in the gale, the is only natural he should dislike the at the strawberry borders at her side,— ly that she knows his heart is bleed- law arrested the bridegroom for some crew being powerless to direct her come to him, ever since her final re- There is a dead silence. Sir James and it is driving me mad. What has cried a little at first; then, drying ing made up their minds that it was ped the wedding ring from her finger she was doomed, but the davits broke

She moves a step nearer to him, and and then, placing a silver whistle be had been burned, and the hapless crew lays her hand—the little, warm, puls- tween her rosy lips, blew a shrill, loud were thus shut up on board the burning hand he loves so passionately—up- tone. A cab responded from the head ing ship with no means of escape. The on his arm. Her glance is half offend- of the street. Mrs. Polworth was now engines were finally stopped for want ed, half beseeching: Scrope's strength considerably past the prime of life; her of steam. The progress of the fire of will gives way, and, metaphorically hair was touched with gray, but as she made it impossible to watch the boilspeaking, he lays himself at her feet. | moved in a sprightly manner her bear- ers. Six men who were forward in "If I have been uncivil to you, for- ing did not indicate that the burden of the ship jumped overboard in desperasome steam was obtained again, with

towards the north-east, with the fire increasing in violence, and moment arily threatening to spread to all parts At midnight on November 20 the had been seen to give warning of the "Is Sir James at home?"
"Yes, miss; he is in the stables, I think; leastways, he was half an hour agone. Shall I tell him you are here?"
"No, thank you. I shall go and find him myself."
She flings her reins to her own groom, and, with Bill trotting at her heels, goes round to the yard, with Bill trotting at her heels, that her first hore is fulfilled. The stables in the stables, I think is signs contentedly, and moves the hand with the tolong before she found herself at the sighs contentedly, and moves the hand that rests in his.

She smiles. Her tears vanish. She sighs contentedly, and moves the hand that rests in his.

"I am so glad we are friends again," she says. "And now tell me why you were so horrid at first: you might just heart."

What evil thing have you to say of Horace," she goes on, vehemently, "that that her first hore is fulfilled. The stables is the foremast and moves the hand that rests in his.

"I am so glad we are friends again," she says. "And now tell me why you were so horrid at first: you might just it was washed away with those on Horace," she goes on, vehemently, "that that her first hore is fulfilled. The stables, I that her first hore is fulfilled. The stables is the bard of the shock. Rock-climax has come. Like her father, he, sighs contentedly, and moves the hand that rests in his.

"I am so glad we are friends again," she says. "And now tell me why you were so horrid at first: you might just it was washed away with those on Chelsea barracks, and the old veterans no longer hear the sound of the trum-and." (reproachfully) "all my tears."

"Perhaps I value you so highly that"

"Perhaps I value you so highly that"

> The Divine Lullaby. I hear Thy voice, dear Lord. hear it by the stormy sea. When winter nights are black and

-Eugene Field. The Wife for Him. that has overtaken him. It is as a rever-ation, the awakening to a sense of the longing that has been his,—to the know-ledge of the cruel strength of the ten-ledge of the cruel strength of the tentomary blue coat of the pensioner. He | Candid Friend-I say, Chatterton, you | some nights cann

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gyman in the country church, and mur-muring "My husband!" she turned and fled from the pathetic, lonely figure. She almost ran past the little gardens decorated with cockle-shells, and white and agitated, re-entered her cab.

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RESERVE FU RESERVE FUND 600,000 Geo. P. Reid,

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Ageneral Banking business transacted Drafts washed against the solid stone bulwarks. ssuedanc collections made on all points. Depos-In the east was indicated the breaking ts received and interest allowed at current SAVINGS BANK.

riverside assumed a more vivid outline.

The gas jets which followed the winding line of the embankment now be-J. KELLY, Agent.

JAMES LOCKIE

1 tioneer for Counties of Bruce and Grey. Residence-King St., Hanover.

A Farm for Sale.

bush, being Lots 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, Old D. "Oh," said a visitor, "look at this R. in the Township of Artemesia, County tion, three miles from Priceville. For A. H. BURNET, Hopeville, MRS. BURNET, Durham. *cn



	- processed format	
	TIME TABLE	1.
	GOING SOUTH.	
Durham	7:10 a, m,	6 40 p. z
Holstein,	7:40 **	7,10 **
Mt, Forest,	7.55	7.35 **
Palmerston	5.20 "	8.20 **
Guelph.	J16.23 **	44
Toronto.	12.90	
London!	11.15 a. m.	
	GOING NORTH	
Durham	3.45 p.m.	10.00 p. n
Holstein	3.15 "	9.31 **
Mt. Forest,	2.55	9.2
Palmerston	2.15 **	8.55
Guelph,	10.31 "	6-34
Totonto	8.00 n.1n-	4.25
London,	7-25 -	5,55 *
Connection	with morning	
trainsfrom D	arham are made at	Palmerstonfo



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> in connection. A first-class lot of

Hand-made Waggons for sale cheap. Jobbing of all kinds promptly ALLAN MOFARLANE,

A Sure Cure. Mrs. Minks-Doctor, my husband is a terrible sufferer from insomnia, and Doctor-Certainly, madame. In the first place he must go to bed not later