Grey Review.

CHRISTMAS EDITION.

DURHAM, ONT., DECEMBER 12TH, 1895.

INDECISION.

I've decided I shall marry.
Only Dan so hard to please;
Twixt two maidens fair I tarry,
One is Winnie, one Louise.
Both are pretty applications,
But by fashion disenchanted,
In their outlines scientific,
Winnie and Lou they're often called.

But a mandate! I'm in, then,
Should I win Winnie's heart, you see,
I lose Lou—should Lou I win, then
I lose Winnie—which shall I be?
Very hard it is, this choosing;
Lou's I win, or Winnie I lose,
Names like these are so confusing,
Two mortals which to choose.

—London Family Herald.

MY LADY'S FLITTING.

Sunlight never shimmers here,
Moonbeams never stay,
Life is now all dark and drear,
For my Joll's away.

Gone the breath of violets,
Gone content of June,
Mayflowers and violets,
Pinks and clarypinks.

Free, free, feathers—ribbons—rings!
Fetched day left town—
All frivolous things
In an Empire gown.

Fetch me now where Pleasure rings
To appease my woes!
In the air and echo rings—
Only "Joll's" close.

—Chicago Figaro.

ON THE INDIA FRONTIER.

This doctor's story.

"WANT Berlyng," he seemed to be saying, though it was difficult to catch the words, for we were almost within range, and the fight was a sharp one. It was the old story of India frontier warfare: too small a force, and a foe foolishly underrated.

The man they had just brought in—laying him hurriedly on a bed of pine-needles, in the shade of the conifers where I had halted my little train—poor Charles Noon of the Sikhs, was done for. His right hand was off at the wrist, and the shoulder was almost severed.

I bent my ear to his lips, and heard the words which sounded like "Want Berlyng."

We had a man called Berlyng in the force—a gunner—who was round at the other side of the fort that was to be taken before night, two miles away at least.

"Do you want Berlyng?" I asked slowly and distinctly. Noon nodded, and his lips moved. I bent my head again till my ear almost touched his lips.

"How long have I?" he was asking.

"Not long, I'm afraid, old chap."

His lips closed with a queer, distressed look. He was sorry to die. "How long?" he asked again.

"About an hour."

But I knew it was less. I attended to others, thinking all the while of poor Noon. His home life was little known, but there was some story about an engagement at Poonah the previous warm weather. Noon was rich, and he cared for the girl; but she did not return the feeling. In fact, there was some one else. It appears that the girl's people were ambitious and poor, and that Noon had promised large settlements. At all events, the engagement was a known affair, and gossips whispered that Noon knew about the some one else and would not give her up. He was, I know, thought badly of by some, especially by the elders.

However, the end of it all lay on a sheet beneath the pines and watched me with such persistence that I was at last forced to go to him.

"Have you sent for Berlyng?" he asked, with a breathlessness which I know too well.

Now I had not sent for Berlyng, and it requires more nerve than I possess to tell unnecessary lies to a dying man. The necessary ones are quite different, and I shall not think of them when I go to my account.

"Berlyng could not come if I sent for him," I replied soothingly. "He is two miles away from here, trenching the North Wall, and I have nobody to send. The messenger would have to run the gauntlet of the enemy's earthworks".

"I'll give the man a hundred pounds who does it," replied Noon, in his breathless whisper. "Berlyng will come sharp enough. He hates me too much."

He broke off with a laugh which made me feel sick.

I found a wounded water-carrier—a fellow with a stray bullet in his hand—who volunteered to find Berlyng, and then I returned to Noon and told him what I had done. I knew that Berlyng could not come.

He nodded and I think he said, "God bless you."

"I want to put something right," he said, after an effort; "I've been a blackguard.

I waited a little, in case Noon wished to repose some confidence in me. Things are so seldom put right that it is wise to facilitate such intentions. But it appeared obvious that what Noon had to say could only be said transpired, not been on speaking terms for some months.

I was turning away when Noon suddenly cried out in his natural voice, "There is Berlyng."

I turned and saw one of my men, Swearney, carrying in a gunner. It might be Berlyng, for the uniform was that of a captain, but I could not see his face. Noon, however, seemed to recognize him.

I showed Swearney where to lay his man, close to me, alongside Noon, who at that moment required all my attention, for he had fainted.

In a moment Noon recovered, despite the heat, which was tremendous. He lay quite still, looking up at the patches of blue sky between the dark, motionless tops of the pine trees.

His face was livid under the sunburn, and as I wiped the perspiration from his forehead he closed his eyes with the abandon of a child. Some men, I have found, die like children going to sleep. He slowly recovered and I gave him a few drops of brandy. I thought he was dying and decided to let Berlyng wait.

I did not even glance at him as he lay, covered with dust and blackened by the smoke of his beloved nine-pounders, a little to the left of Noon and behind him as I knelt at the latter's side. After a while his eyes grew brighter and he began to look about him.

He turned his head, painfully, for the muscles of his neck were injured, and caught sight of the gunner's uniform. "Is that Berlyng?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes."

He dragged himself up and tried to get nearer to Berlyng. And I helped him. They were close alongside each other. Berlyng was lying on his back, staring up at the blue patches between the pine-trees.

Noon turned on his left elbow and began whispering into the smoke-grimed ear.

"Berlyng," I heard him say, "I was a blackguard. I am sorry, old man. I played it very low down. It was a dirty trick. It was my money—and her people were anxious for her to marry a rich man. I worked it through her people. I wanted her so badly that I forgot I—was supposed—to be a—gentleman. I found out—that it was you—she cared for. But I couldn't make up my mind to give her up. I kept her—to her word. And now it's all up with me—but you'll pull through and it will all—come right. Give her my—love—old chap. You can now—because I'm done. I'm glad they brought you in—because I've been able—to tell you—that it is you she cares for. You—Berlyng, old chap, who used to be a chum of mine. She cares for you—God, you're in luck! I don't know whether she's told you—and I was—a d—d blackguard."

His jaw suddenly dropped—and he rolled forward with his face against Berlyng's shoulder.

Berlyng was dead when they brought him in. He had heard nothing. Or perhaps he had heard and understood—everything.

"CHEEK OR CHIN, KNUCKLE OR KNEE,
WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?"

It is estimated by engineers who have studied the subject that 16,000,000 horse-power goes to waste every hour over Niagara falls.

ELYSIUM FOR LAZY MEN.

Mr. Edison predicted the other day that work would be altogether abolished in the next generation, and that our only labor would be to press the button and start the machinery going. Mr. Edison may be slightly wrong as to the generation, that is, it may take longer, a few more generations than he imagined, but that the drift is in the direction he indicates, and that actual labor will become a very small element in all industries, is self-evident. Steam did a great deal to free us from the curse of labor, but electricity is a far more potential instrument, and its uses seem almost limitless. We have made it do our lighting, our transportation and a thousand small jobs, but we have only just begun to use it.

Hitherto this mighty genî has been brought into play mainly in the field of manufactures, and man is still compelled to labor hard to grow crops; but there is a disposition to use electricity more and more in agriculture, and it seems to be even better suited for the field than for the workshop.

In Saxony they are now ploughing by electricity with great success, using an ordinary dynamo, and doing away with horses and men to a large extent. In the department of Tarn, France, a water wheel is made to give sufficient force and to develop enough electricity to cultivate the farm so that the little brooks that runs through it save the farmer nearly all labor. In Moravia a single dynamo furnishes all the power needed to cultivate three adjacent farms.

Plowing by electricity is much cheaper and better in all respects than plowing by steam. With a waterfall handy—and there is one handy to nearly every farmer in the country, save in the southern lowlands—and ordinary intelligence, there is no reason why all the hard work of the farm, from butter making to the threshing of grain, should not be economically done by a well-distributed electric plant. French experiments have further shown that the distribution of electricity through the soil by means of ordinary current-bearing wires stimulates the growth of plants and increases the yield.

It is not necessary to go into further particulars. We have mentioned the work done on the farm as a sample of the electrical development going on in a field of which we hear very little—agriculture. The farm as well as the city is to be benefited by this new force, and the farmer as well as the city merchant will simply touch a button and have electricity do all his plowing for him. Edison is not a dreamer. No one can seriously doubt his prediction, but the only question is when we will enjoy that laborless world which he promises us.

SAVED BY A BELL BUTTON.

Some years ago my life and $20,000 belonging to my partner, Jim Bigney, and myself, were saved, and a gang of robbers broken up, by means of an electric bell. Jim and I had been telegraph operators, but had abandoned the business for mining. We had luck in prospecting, and after a few years had sold our claims for $27,300, of which we took $7,300 in promissory notes, and started East with the balance, chiefly in bank-notes. It appears that three outlaws learned the real value of our old trunks and contents. I had left Jim at the clerk's desk of a new-fangled hotel in a Western town and followed the parties as they carried the baggage to the front end of our room on the fourth floor. After dismissing them I had shut the door, neglecting to lock it, however, and had turned to the washstand, behind, when I heard the door swing slowly open behind me.

Thinking it was Jim, I rinsed the lather from my eyes, and turned, only to find a man holding a six-shooter in my face, another blocking the door, and a third making a break for the trunk. I wanted at first to argue the matter from a standpoint of morality, and so inquired what right they had to disturb me in dressing. But the man with the gun remarked, axiomatically: "Might makes things all right, stranger, and this is might," tapping his weapon with the disengaged hand. I felt that the silent instrument in his hand was a deeper, a more potent argument than any I could advance under existing circumstances.

"Back him up to the wall and keep him covered until we get the stuff, and then we'll slit his throat, and hope," resumed the leader.

Though the programme did not just suit me, I acquiesced, as far as the wall.

"Put your hands behind you," tersely commanded my slouch-hatted jailer.

I did, when a happy thought struck me. My right hand had come in contact with a knob, which I recognized as the electric bell which communicated with the office. This was a feature of civilization the robbers were not posted about. Unobserved by them, I began sending the following message:

"Jim—Three robbers have the door locked, and are just waiting to get our stuff to murder me. Get a man and step-ladder, and don't make a sign of noise; put a gun through the transom and shoot. Be quick and careful. JOHN."

My only hope was that Jim might be still lounging where I left him, in which case his ear would quickly catch on. There was a chance in a hundred, and I began to sweat very freely. But I started repeating the message, and was nearly through, when bang, bang, two shots were fired from over the door, and the man, who had not been hit, turned just enough to let me hit him back of the ear with my right hand, the force of despair, and the knowledge of being on the right side at last. It would be painting it a shade light to say we had sprung a surprise-party on the visitors. I had a gun in a moment, and kept the thieves at bay until the two men outside got in and tied them up, except the leader, who was as dead as a man ever gets to be. The other wounded one died in a hospital three months afterward, and my jailer was killed in an attempt to escape from jail about the same time.

As I had expected, when the bell began ringing the message in the office, Jim was there and commenced taking it. The clerk gazed in such astonishment that he forgot to start a boy up to answer it for a minute, when Jim pulled his gun and remarked:

"The first man that leaves this room gets all I've got here in the neck."

When he had got the "ringogram," he afterwards termed it, he rapidly explained, cautioned everybody else not to follow, took a drummer he had met on the train, snatched a step-ladder, and as soon as he could climb around the job was done.

THE PASTOR'S NARROW ESCAPE.

"It was during the War of the Rebellion," said the diffident and blushing assistant pastor, addressing the Young People's Friday Night Prayer-meeting, "that a company of the Union soldiers were ordered to take a Rebel battery. Quickly they sprang to the charge; but, alas! before they reached the guns they broke and fled ignominiously.

"That is, all except a certain corporal, who rushed in, and seizing a gunner by the throat carried him off an astonished captive.

"And when the company reached the little clump of woods from whose shelter they had started they gathered around the gallant corporal, and asked him where he had got his prisoner and how he had managed to capture him.

"'I went in and took him,' said the hero modestly. 'Oh boys, why didn't you keep on? There was a man for every one of you there?'

"And so I say to you, my dear young Christian soldiers," continued the assistant pastor fervently, "there is a man for every one of you in this world.

"Yes, my dear young brothers, there is a man for every one of you here.

"Yes, my dear young sisters, there is—or—there is—or—there is a work for you all in the vineyard of the Lord if you will only seek for it.

"Let us now sing the 425 hymn:—

"'Oh, save me from the careless world,
The swift unbidden thought,
And make me always think and speak
Exactly as I ought.'"

And the young assistant sat down with an intensely relieved expression, and mopped his burning brow.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Of the twenty-seven royal families of Europe, two-thirds are of German origin.

The epidermis of a brunette is said to be one-tenth of a millimeter thicker than that of a blonde.

Little oak trees an inch and a half high are grown by Chinese gardeners. They take root in thimbles.

It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other known body of water.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has twelve, the Tartarian 202.

The largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ingot, or "loaf" of Annam, a flat, round piece, worth about $325, the value written on it in India ink.

A Philadelphia occulist who has been studying the human eye for thirty years declares that all great men of the past and present had or have blue or gray eyes.

The diatoms, single-celled plants of the seaweed family, are so small that three thousand of them laid end to end scarcely suffice to cover an inch of space on the rule.

The Japanese religion demands that a man must worship on the soil every day. Princes and rich men evade this by sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of the room, on a square of cement made for the purpose.

To this day Lapp men and women dress precisely alike. Their tunics belted loosely at the waist, their tight breeches and their wrinkled leathern stockings, their pointed shoes; the whole appearance of them, in short, is identical.

Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is because they know in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task, another takes its place.

Divorce has been legal in France now for eight years. The first year the number granted was 1,700; the second, 4,000; in 1894 it was 8,000; the total of eight years is 40,000. The working classes supply the largest proportion, 47 per cent; the peasants the smallest, 7 per cent. Incompatibility of temper was the cause in 35,000 cases. The most common time for suit is the fifth year after marriage. Geographically, Paris heads the list.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age, five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown, and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were grey; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

The lowest temperature ever recorded on the earth was taken at Werchojansk, in the interior of Siberia, January 15, 1885. It was 90 degrees and a fraction below zero. There the earth is frozen to the depth of about 100 feet, and in the warmest season it never thaws. The highest temperature recorded is 124 degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 14, 1879. Greeley, the Arctic explorer, probably experienced a wider range of temperature than any other living man. He recorded 66 degrees below zero at Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin Bay. On another occasion, in the Maricopa Desert of Arizona, his thermometer in the shade ran up to 114.

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Lemon Peel, 20c lb.
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ORLOCK,
Upper Town, Durham.

Thoroughbred Chester White Boar,
'Washington,'

FOR Service. This splendid animal was imported from the United States and was a winner of four Prizes at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Also RUFUS, six months' old, a get from Prince and Princess Lyons, and a fine animal.

TERMS — $1.00.

BOULDEN & Co., Harness Makers,
April 3rd, '95. Durham

Thoroughbred Berkshire Boar.
'FERDINAND.'

This fine animal will be kept on the premises of JNO. CLARK, Jr.,

LOT 32, CON. 3. W. G. R., BENTINCK,

For Service during Season of 1895-96.

Registered in the "Canada Berkshire Swine Record" as No. 2955. Farrowed Nov. 21st, 1893, and bred by John Meyer, Kossuth, Ont.

TERMS:

$1.00. To be paid for at time of Service.
Aberdeen, Oct. 15th, 1895.

BERKSHIRE BOAR.

SEASON 1895—96.

The undersigned has for service at Lot 23 and 24, Con. 3. S. D. R. Glenelg,
A THOROUGHBRED BERKSHIRE BOAR.

TERMS $1.00

A. & J. SEALEY,
Dec. 10th, 1895. Prop.

Strayed.

Came to the premises of the undersigned about two months ago, one Leceister Ram Lamb. Owner will please prove property, pay expenses and take it away.

ALEX. TAYLOR, Dromore.

Came Estray.

Came to the premises of the subscriber about the 1st. October, two Sheep and two lambs. Owner will please prove property, pay expenses and take the animals away.

J. McKINNON,
19 Rocky Saugeen.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Darah Stewart.

acy. It stood alone at the World's Fair.

C. HEAVENS, Jr.