The Grey Review.

VOL. XVIII,—NO. 3. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1896. WHOLE NO. 905.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Po masters and subscribers to the following sy nopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discor tinued, he must pay all arreages, or the publisher may continue to send it until pay ment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not There can be no legal discontinuance unti payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper fron the post office, whether directed to hi name or another, or whether he has sub scribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

Fancy Goods,
TOYS and Stationary,
WOOLS,
EMBROIDERIES
and SILKS,
in all COLORS
and
Wall Papers
at greatly reduced rates
—AT—
MISS GUN'S.
NEXT Door TO PARKER'S.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

J. P. TELFORD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN SUPREME COURT
NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner, etc.,
MONEY TO LOAN.
Fire Insurance secured.
OFFICE, over GRANT'S STORE LOWER TOWN,
DURHAM.

W. L. McKENZIE,
Loan and Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Commissioner &c.
Loans arranged without delay. Collections promptly made. Insurance effected.
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of Interest
one door north of S. Scott's Store Durham

MEDICAL.

DR. ARTHUR GUN,
McGILL.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.
Late Resident Physician, Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal
Member College Physicians & Surgeons Ontario.
OFFICE:--DURHAM PHARMACY
Calder's Block.
NIGHT BELL AT RESIDENCE. '94

DENTISTRY.

T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.
HONOR Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas, or vitalized air. Particular attention paid to the filling of the natural teeth. Office and Residence next door West of Post Office. y.614
DURHAM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUGH McKAY.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, for the County of Grey. Sales attended to prompt and at reasonable rates.
Residence Durham Ont

AUCTIONEER.
Licensed Auctioneer, for the County of Grey. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Arrangements for sales can be made at the Review Office, Durham, or at his residence Priceville.
D. McCORMICK.

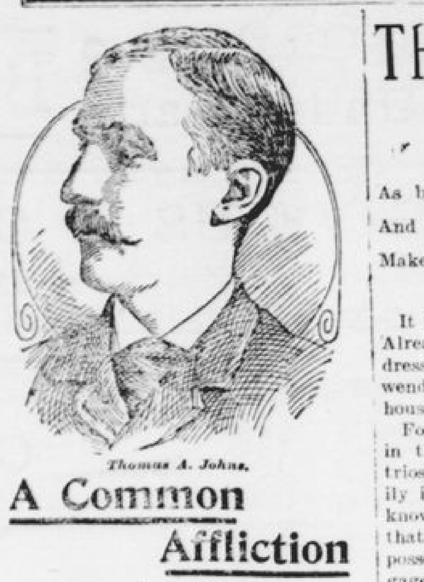
DAN. McLEAN.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for Co. of Grey. All communications addressed to LAMLASH P. O. will be promptly attended to. Residence Lot 19, Con. 8, Township of Bentinck.
DAN. McLEAN.

FOR SALE
The EDGE PROPERTY.

In the Town of Durham, County of Grey, including valuable Water Power Brick Dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, con. 2, W. G. R., Township of Bentinck, 100 acres adjoining Town plot Durham.

Mortgage taken for part purchase money.

Apply to JAMES EDGE,
Edge Hill, Ont.



Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAB-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, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

E J. SHEWELL

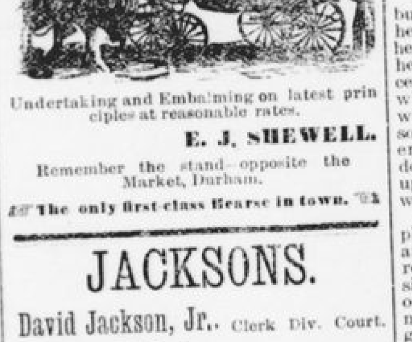
Would intimate that he will continue the Furniture and Undertaking Business established by his father in Durham in 1858 and will endeavor to give all old and new customers the same entire satisfaction.

—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. '93

JACKSONS.

David Jackson, Jr., Clerk Div. Court.
Arthur H. Jackson, Notary Public.

Land Valuators, Insurance Agents, Commissioners.

Money to lend. Money invested for Parties. Farms bought and sold.

CONVEYANCERS.

A general financial business transacted
Office next door to Standard Bank, Durham

McLEOD'S System Renovator

—AND OTHER—

TESTED REMEDIES

SPECIFIC and ANTIDOT

For Impure, Weak and Impoverish Blood, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Palpit tion of the Heart, Liver Complaint, Ne ralgia, Loss of Memory, Bronchitis, Co sumption, Gall Stones, Jaundice, Kidn and Urinary Diseases, St. Vitus' Dan Female Irregularities and General Debility.

Laboratory - Goderich, On

J. M. McLEOD,

Prop. and Manufactur y

Sold by H. PARKER,
Druggist, Durham.

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE. Thom Lauder, Registrar. John A. Munr Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 1 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XV.

"As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony."

—Love's Labor's Lost.

It is night, and the 4th of February. Already is Pullingham turning out, dressed in its very Sunday best, and is wending its way towards the schoolhouse, where the concert is to be held.

For the last week it has been deep in the mysteries of solos, duets, and trios. Indeed, there is hardly a family in the whole village that does not know by heart every mortal thing that is going to be sung, each family possessing a son or a daughter engaged in the common work, and belonging to the choir; yet nevertheless it now goes in a body to the schoolhouse, as possessed with curiosity as though music is an art unknown to them, and the piping of small trebles a thing unheard of.

Nothing can exceed the excitement and jealousy that reign everywhere,—principally in the hearts of Mr. Leatham's followers, who hope wildly, but secretly, that failure may be the only crops their rivals may reap.

It is a heavenly night, for which the Vicar is devoutly thankful. The moon is riding high in the dark-blue dome; the stars are all alight; the air, swift and keen, rushes along the high-roads sweeping all before it. There is no sign of rain; the sky above, "star-inwrought," shows promise of many fair to-morrows. "There is no excuse for their non-attendance," murmurs the vicar to himself, as he stands inside the schoolhouse door, wording his thought, as he might, were he thinking of the collecting together of his flock on Easter Sunday or to the Holy Communion.

"Vast night comes noiselessly up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world."

But for the soughing wind, the world is still. One by one, or two by two, or sometimes as a whole family, the villagers drop in, arranging themselves modestly in the back rows, and exchanging greetings with each other in a subdued and whispered fashion.

A little while after the door is opened, the lower half of the hall is crowded to excess. The vicar is well beloved by his parishioners; but above and beyond all is the desire to see Maria and Susan and Ezekiel upon the boards, "a singing for the quality!"

The room itself is what reporters would term "a blaze of light." Much ingenuity has been exercised in the decoration of it; and certainly the designs in laurels, and the designs in moss, and the one grand design in paper roses, at the far end of the room, are all that heart can desire.

To Clarissa, I think, this last outburst on the part of the village is a heart-break; but, if so, she represses her grief valiantly, and even, with her own forgiving fingers, condescends to brighten the monstrosity with some hot-house flowers. But, when all is told, it remains an eye-sore,—a regretable blot, not to be eradicated under pain of bringing down the rage of the entire village upon the devoted head of him or her who should interfere.

Mrs. Redmond, seated on the small platform, with the piano before her, and the choir arranged, with careful regard to its different sizes, on each side of her, waits patiently the coming of the county. She is looking thinner, more miserable than usual, and has a general air about her of being chilled to the bone. Her fingers, lying idly in her lap, clutch and unclutch each other aimlessly, as though vainly searching for the accustomed sock.

Miss Broughton, who is taking no part in the performance,—having suppressed the fact of her having a very beautiful voice, ever since her arrival at Pullingham,—is sitting on a side-seat, longing eagerly for Clarissa's arrival. The children have wandered a little way from her, and are gazing, as lost in admiration, at the huge rose-construction on the wall before them.

Presently, the Greys of Greymount come in, with a little shudder of disgust at finding themselves almost the first; followed closely by Lady Mary and Lady Patricia Hort, who do not shudder at all, but go straight up the small passage between the seats, with their patrician noses high in the air, and smile and nod cheerfully, and not at all condescendingly, at Mrs. Redmond, who, poor soul, is deeply relieved at sight of them.

Lady Mary goes on to the platform; Lady Patricia sinks into a front seat specially provided for her, whilst Lord Alfred, their brother,—who has been inveigled into coming, sorely against his will,—having conversed with Lady Patricia for a few minutes, and told her several lies about the arrangements for the evening,—not intentionally, but through ignorance, being under the fasle impression that a concert in a village is the same as a concert in town,—goes over to one side of the building, and plants himself listlessly with his back against a wall, from which position he gazes in a gloomy fashion at everything in general, but Miss Brouhgton in particular.

Then comes everybody, and makes a great fuss about its place,—Clarissa Peyton and her father excepted, who go straight to where Georgie is sitting, and stay with her all the evening.

Dorian Branscombe, who has come down expressly for the concert, at great trouble to himself, and simply to oblige the vicar, saunters leisurely up the room toward the middle of the evening, and looks round him dubiously, as though uncertain where to put in his time.

Seeing Clarissa, he goes up to her, and, with a faint sigh of relief, leans over the back of her chair and says, "Good-evening," in a languid tone.

"Ah! you, Dorian?" says Clarissa, very pleased. "Now, it is good of you to come."

"I am always good," says Dorian. "I'm a model boy. It is so strange that people won't recognize the fact. They sort of give me to understand I'm quite the other thing, whatever that may be. Very full house, don't you think, and awfully swagger? What's Lady Patricia got on her? She is slightly terrifying, don't you think?"

"She isn't very well got up certainly," says Clarissa, reluctantly.

"She's anyhow," says Branscombe, freely; and then his eyes fall upon Georgie, who is gazing, in her rapt, childish fashion, at the singer of the moment; and then he doesn't speak again for a little while.

"Is Horace quite well?" asks Clarissa, presently.

"Quite well. He always is, you know. Who—who is the girl next your father?"

"That is my friend, Georgie Broughton. I think I told you about her. She is governess at the vicarage, now. Is she not lovely,—quite sweet?" asks Clarissa, eagerly.

But Mr. Branscombe does not answer her. He is still staring at the unconscious Georgie, and seems almost deaf to Clarissa's praise of her. At this Miss Peyton is somewhat disgusted, and declines any further attempt at laudation.

"A governess!" he says, at length, raising his brows, but without removing his eyes from the fair and perfect face that, even now, he tells himself, is without its equal.

"Yes. She is none the less sweet for that," says Clarissa, rather coldly. She tells herself it is unlike Dorian to look down upon any one because he or she may be in a worse position than his own.

"They are going to sing again," she says, in a tone she seldom uses to him: "we must not talk, you know." She had some faint idea of introducing him to Georgie, but she abandons it, and gives him to understand that she has at present nothing more to say to him.

Whether he quite comprehends all she intends to convey, I know not; but, raising himself slowly from his lounging position on the back of her chair, he takes a last look at Georgie's profile, and moves into the background.

"Good-evening, Branscombe," says Lord Alfred, presently; and Dorian, finding himself beside him, returns the greeting, and props himself up in his turn against the friendly wall, that shows its appreciation of them by giving them finely whitewashed coats.

The concert is getting on swimmingly. As yet no flaw has occurred to mark the brilliancy of its success. The opening chorus has been applauded to the echo, especially by Lord Alfred, who feels it his duty to do something, and who keeps on applauding, in the most open-hearted manner, each thing and everything, until he discovers he has split his right glove all up the palm, when he caves in, and, having said something impossible, puts his hands behind his back and refuses to applaud again.

Lady Mary has come forward, and entreated her audience to "Love not," in the faintest and most plaintive of voices. The country is delighted with her, and smiles unrestrainedly behind its fans. "Dear Lady Mary is so funny, don't you know," says Miss Grey of Greymount, in an indescribable tone.

Then comes a solo on the violin, that charms all the back benches, and reduces the farmers' wives and daughters to tears, as it tells them how that the poor players' "lodging is on the cold ground."

Lord Alfred, who has not yet recovered his temper, says this is "disgusting," and "wonders what the—so-and-so—brought him here at all."

"I suppose the night brougham," says Dorian, equably, who is now engaged in a minute examination of Miss Broughton's head, round which her soft yellow hair is twisted in a loose artistic coil.

He is in quite a happy mood, if somewhat silent, and says the solo isn't half bad; and now Mr. Hastings, the curate, reads something from the "Ingoldsby Legends," that seems to displease Cissy Redmond extremely, as she will not lift her head during the reading, or even look at him, and expresses herself as quite charmed when it is at an end.

And now comes the event of the evening,—the thing that is to convince the county of the necessity for a good organ, and to show them the rare excellence of the Pullingham choir. Sarah Martin, the leading soprano—all muslin and blue bows—comes forward, and begins the solo upon which all the vicar's hopes are centered.

"The shades of night are falling fast," begins Sarah nobly, and goes on in a hopeful manner to the end of the first verse.

The vicar draws a deep sigh of relief!

"His brow was sad, his eye beneath," goes on Sarah, victoriously, her whole soul in the safe fulfillment of her task. She gets through to the end of the second verse as successfully as she did to the end of the first, and then pauses to draw breath.

The vicar exchanges a triumphant glance with Miss Peyton.

"In happy homes they saw the light," continues Sarah. And then—then! something horrible happens. A sound, very terrible to the vicar, smites upon his ear—a sound that fills his clerical bosom with dismay. Sarah's voice—the voice of his chief prop—has proved false. It has given way; it has cracked upon a high note; and the solo of the evening has proved a dead failure!

Talk of failing for a million; talk of Isandula or Majuba Hill; talk of Mr. Parnell and the Coercion Bill! But was ever defeat so disastrous as this? The vicar, but for his sex, and the publicity of the thing, could thankfully have given way to tears. Miss Peyton flushes to her temples, and feels as if she herself has been guilty of the miserable fiasco.

Of course it is hushed up. The piano comes out quite strong again under Mrs. Redmond's bony fingers: the defaulter is generally pushed into the background, and a chorus introduced. Nevertheless, after the breakdown, things somehow seem to go wrong. The other singers are disheartened, and will not do their best; while Sarah, who is dissolved in tears in the cloakroom, and who has another song on the programme, obstinately refuses to try her powers again.

The vicar is in despair, although he walks about valiantly among the audience, trying, most unsuccessfully, to appear unconcerned; whilst the coughing and sneezing, that generally distinguish every place where silence is the thing most to be desired, seem now on the increase, to an alarming degree, and threaten to drown Lady Mary's second effort.

"Who is that blowing his nose?" demands the poor vicar, testily, looking daggers in the direction of the sound. Clarissa, who is the nearest to him as he makes this observation, just saves herself from laughing aloud.

"Things have taken a bad turn," says the vicar, regarding her reproachfully. "I am afraid my first attempt will only be remembered as a wretched failure; and that girl has another song, and she will not venture again, and there is no one to take her place."

Mr. Redmond, I will sing for you, if you wish it," says a clear, childish voice, that has always something pathetic about it. Georgie has overheard his last speech, and has turned her soft, fair little face to his, and is speaking to him, with a flush and a smile.

"But, my dear, can you sing?" says the vicar, anxiously. Her face is full of music; but then he has never heard her song. During her fortnight's stay at the vicarage she has never sung one note, has never betrayed the fact that she is a true daughter of Polyhymnia.

"I can, indeed,—really; I can sing very well," says Georgie, in her little earnest fashion," and without the very faintest suspicion of conceit. She is only eager to reassure him, to convince him of the fact that she is worthy to come to his relief.

"But the song?" says Mr. Redmond, still hesitating, and alluding to the second solo chosen by the defaulter.

"It is an old Irish song; I know it. It is 'Shule, agra,' and it begins, 'My Mary with the curling hair,'" says Georgie, with a slight nod. "I used to sing it long ago, and it is very pretty."

"Well, come," says the vicar, though with trepidation, and leads her on to the platform, and up to Mrs. Redmond, to that good woman's intense surprise.

Lady Mary has nearly brought her little vague whisper to an end. She has at last disclosed to a listening audience that she has discovered the real dwelling-place of the lost "Alice,"—who is uncomfortably ensconced amidst the starshine," if all accounts be true,—and is now quavering feebly on a last and dying note.

"This is the song," says Mrs. Redmond, putting Sarah's rejected solo into her hand.

"Thank you," says Miss Broughton. She looks neither frightened nor concerned, only a little pale, and with a great gleam in her eyes, born, as it were, of an earnest desire to achieve victory for the vicar's sake.

Then Lady Mary's final quaver dies, and she moves to one side, leaving the space before the piano quite clear.

There is a slight pause; and then the slight, childish figure, in its gown of thin filmy black, comes forward, and stands before the audience. She is quite self-possessed, but rather white, which has the effect of rendering her large plaintive eyes darker and more lustrous than usual. Her arms are half bare; her throat and part of her neck can be seen gleaming white against the blackness of her dress. She is utterly unadorned. No brooch or ear-rings, or bracelets, or jewels of any kind, can be seen. Yet she stands there before them a perfect picture, more sweet than words can tell.

She holds her small shapely head erect, and seems unconscious of the many eyes fixed upon her. Rarely has so fair a vision graced the dull daily life of Pullingham. Even the sturdy, phlegmatic farmers stir upon their seats and nudge the partners of their joys and wonder, in a stage whisper, who "you can be?"

Mrs. Redmond plays a few faint chords, and then Georgie begins the plaintive Irish air Sarah should have sung, and sings it as, perhaps she never sang before.

During the second verse, borne away by her passionate desire to please, she forgets the music-sheet she holds, so that it flutters away from her down to the floor, and lies there; while her hands, seeking each other, grow entwined, and hang loosely before her, showing like little flakes of snow against the darkness of her gown.

Her voice is beautiful, sweet, and full, and quick with passion,—one of those exquisite voices that sink into the soul, and linger there forever, even when the actual earthly sound has died away. She carries the listeners with her, holding them as by a spell, and leaving them silent, almost breathless, when she has finished her "sweet song."

Now she has come to the end of "Shule, agra," and turns away somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Redmond, as though half frightened at the storm of applause that greets her.

"Did I really sing so well?" she asked the vicar, presently, when he has sought her out to thank her.

"Well?" repeats he. "What a word to use! It was divine; the whole room was spell-bound. What a gift you possess! My dear, you have saved the evening, and my honor, and the organ, and everything. I am deeply grateful to you."

"How glad I am!" says the girl softly; "and don't thank me. I liked it,—the singing, the applause, the feeling that I was doing well. I will sing for you again later on, if you wish it."

"It is too much to ask," says the vicar; "but, if you really don't mind? Lady Patricia is in ecstasies, and says she could listen to you forever."

Georgie laughs.

"Well, at least she shall listen to me once more," she says, gayly.

Lady Patricia is not the only one enthralled by the beautiful singer. Dorian Branscombe has never once removed his eyes from her face; he is at once bewitched, and, even at this early moment wonders vaguely within himself what can be the meaning of the strange pleasure, that is so near akin to pain, that is tugging at his heart strings.

Lord Alfred, too, is plainly impressed, and stares at the pretty creature with the black gown and the snowy arms, until speech becomes a necessity.

"Well, I never in all my life," he begins, emphatically, and then stops, "Who is she, Branscombe?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," says Branscombe, rather shortly. What right has Hort—what right has any fellow—to see beauty in her, except himself? The words of her song are still running in his ears,—"My love, my pearl!" How well they suit her! What a little baby face she has, so pure and sweet! yet how full of feeling!

"What's her name?" asks Lord Alfred, nothing daunted.

"I have quite forgotten," returns Branscombe, even more coldly. His second answer hardly tallies with the first; but of this he is quite oblivious.

Lord Alfred raises his brows. "She has a magnificent voice, and is very beautiful," he says, evenly. "Yet—do you know? she reminds me somewhat of Harriet."

Harriet is a third and a favorite sister of Lord Alfred's,—a very estimable young woman, much given to the reformation of drunkards, who, rather deficient in nose, makes up for it in prodigality of mouth.

"I can't say I see the likeness," says Dorian, with as little disgust as he can manage at so short a notice.

"My dear fellow," expostulates Lord Alfred, shifting his glass from one eye to the other and looking palpably amused, "there is no reason in the world why you should be grumpy because you are in love with the girl. I don't want to interfere with you."

"In love!" says Branscombe. "Nonsense! I never spoke a word to her in my life."

"Well, it is uncommon like it," says Lord Alfred.

"Is it? Well, I can't help that, you know. Nevertheless, I am not in love with any one."

"Then you ought to take that look off your face," persists his lordship, calmly.

"I'll take off anything you like," replies Dorian, somewhat nettled.

At this, Lord Alfred laughs beneath his breath, and tells him he will not keep him to this rash promise, as probably the Pullingham folk, being pre-Adamites, might object to the literal fulfillment of it.

"But she is a very lovely girl, and I don't wonder at your infatuation," he says, mildly.

"Foregone conclusions seem to be in your line," returns Dorian, with a shrug. "It seems a useless thing to tell you again I have not lost my heart to Miss Broughton."

"Oh, so you have remembered her name!" says his lordship, dryly.

Meantime, the concert has reasserted itself, and things are once more going on smoothly. The vicar, all smiles and sunshine, is going about accepting congratulations on all sides

"Such a charming evening," says Mrs. Grey; "and such music! Really, London could not surpass it. And what a delicious face that girl has got—like Spring, or May, or—er——Morning or that. I quite envy her to you. Now, all my governesses are so unpleasant,—freckled you know, or with a squint, or a crooked nose or that. Some people have all the luck in this world," winds up Mrs. Grey, with a gentle sigh, who has ten thousand a year and no earthly care, and who always speaks in italics whenever she gets the slightest chance.

"So glad you are pleased," says the vicar genially. "Yes, she is as beautiful as her voice. After all I think the concert will prove a success."

"It has proved itself one," says Mrs. Grey, who adores the vicar, and would flirt with him if she dared. "But when do you fail in anything you undertake? Really, dear Mr. Redmond, you should not let the idea die out. You should give us a good time like this at least once in every month, and then see what delicious windows you could have. I for one"—coquettishly—"will promise to come to every one of them."

"At that rate I should soon have no poor to look after," said the gratified vicar, gayly.

"And a good thing too. The poor are always so oppressive, and—er—so dirty, but still"—seeing a change in his face—"very interesting,—very!"

And then the concert comes to an end, and adieux are said, and fresh congratulations poured out, so to speak, upon the Redmonds; and then every one goes home.

Dorian Branscombe climbs into his dog-cart, and drives swiftly homeward, under the glistening stars, whose "beauty makes unhappy,"—his mind filled with many thoughts.

"'My love, my pearl!'"—the words of Georgie's song haunt him incessantly, and ring their changes on his brain. 'What words could be more appropriate, more suited to her?' (Alas, when we come to pronouns it is generally all over with us!) "A pearl! so fair! so pure! so solitary! It just expressed her. By what rate has Fate cast that pretty child upon the cruel world to take her chance, to live or die in it?

"How large her eyes are, and what a heavenly blue, and what a sad expression lies within them! 'Grandmamma, grandmamma, what big eyes you have!'" Here he rouses himself, and laughs a little, and wishes, with some petulance, that he could put her out of his head.

(To be Continued.)

WINTER WRINKLES.

Fuddy—"Hello there's Boojum over there. Wonder if that is his wife with him." Duddy—"Of course not. Don't you see that he is carrying all the parcels?"

Uncle Bob—"What are you going to be when you become a man, Tommy?" Tommy—"I'm going to be a soldier, 'cos then I can fight all I want to without being spanked for it.

Doctor—You have something wrong with your digestive organs. Patient—Well, considering my three daughters are learning to cook, it is hardly to be wondered at.

Junior Partner—Why did you give Crummer the job of collecting debts for our firm? Do you think he is any good? Senior Partner—Well, he collected a debt from me the other day.

He—Do you love me well enough to be my wife? She—More than that. I love you well enough to be your mother. Haven't you heard that I'm going to marry your father?

He must be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, mamma. How do you know? He told me his fortune ended in five ciphers. H'm. Maybe it begins with one, too.

He woke, his sleep was trouble fraught,
And heard an awful sound. He thought
The day of judgment come;
Then he remembered he had bought
His little boy a drum.

Parson—I married Smithers to his first wife, and he gave me $50. When I married him to his second he gave me $5. Wiggles—He knew more about matrimony the second time, I guess.

Mother—When the boy in the other house threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me? Bobby—Because, mamma, I can throw them back better than you. He's more likely to get hit.

Diner (excitedly)—Here, waiter, there's not a single oyster in this tureen of oyster soup. Waiter (politely)—Yes, m'sieur; but m'sieur must remember that he only ordered a half portion. The oysters are in the other half.

Mr. Keep Cash—Did you write that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk and have them richer? Mrs. Cash—Yes, and sent him the dollar. What did he reply? Use cream.

I have only myself to blame, said Rivers, shaking the moisture from his garments and shivering. The weather man gave fair warning it would be 'fair and warmer' and I came down town with my light overcoat and no umbrella.

Papa, in quired a small girl at the dinner table the other evening, what's a millionaire? Dorothy Smith said to me to-day, Your father's a millionaire. What did you say? asked the small girl's father. Oh, I jus' said, So's yours.'

All I demand for my client, shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, is justice! I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you, replied the judge, but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years.

VENEZUELA'S GREAT RAILROAD.

After Travelling Twenty-Four Miles You Are Six Miles from Your Starting Point.

This is one of the most remarkable railroads in the world. It is the railroad between Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and its port, La Guayra. As the bird flies, the two towns are only about six miles apart, but the railroad that joins them is nearly twenty-four miles long. Caracas is a deep valley, but it is two-thirds of a mile higher than La Guaira, and the mountains between them are nearly 9,000 feet high.

So the railroad train, that never exceeds five or six very light cars, winds along the precipitous flanks of the mountains, puffs up one side of a valley and down the other, darts through short tunnels, and keeps up its very sinuous way until finally the glorious valley of the capital city bursts into view. Then steam is shut off, the brakes are applied, and slowly the train slips down the inward face of the mountains to its station in the city.

The most charming and exhilarating views are revealed at every stage of the journey; but this short trip is not one of the safest in the world. We have not heard that nature has ever bombarded a train with rocks from above, but this is a contingency that might happen. Sometimes during violent storms rocks are detached from the mass that towers above the roadbed, and go thumping down upon the track. During the rainy season traffic has sometimes been interrupted for more than a week at a time by the damage done in this way to the track. It is a great problem how to obviate this source of danger, and no solution has yet been found.

This great work of railroad engineering does honor to the energy and initiative talent of ex-President Guzman Blanco, who conceived the project and carried it through to success. The railroad was completed in 1883.

Venezuela in Paragraphs.

Eight states are in the union.

Population of Venezuela is 2,121,998.

Venezuela contains 566,000 square miles.

Fifteen per cent. of the population are pure-blooded Indians.

The territory in dispute is about the size of the State of Maine.

British Guiana was acquired by England through treaty in 1814.

In 1893 the amount of gold mined in Venezuela was 47,900 ounces.

Slavery in the republic was abolished by the decree of March 24, 1854.

Venezuela's export trade with New York reaches $5,000,000 a year.

Difficulties between Venezuela and Great Britain first arose in 1836.

It is estimated that seventy-five revolutions have occurred since the establishment of the republic.

An absolute separation of church and state has been effected civil marriage is insisted on, and other admirable and progressive institutions have been established.

The constitution makes presidents ineligible for re-election, and it is the earnest endeavor of Venezuelan statesmen to establish the politics of the country on a firm footing of peace and order.

The financial system of Venezuela is the admiration and envy of all South American countries the single gold standard being in force, and the public debt being of quite insignificant proportions.

United States Minister, Mr. Pile, once ventured to present himself to the president on one occasion minus a necktie. President Blanco very sharply reminded him of his forgetfulness of etiquette, and shortly afterward sent him about his business.

Harry—What girl was that you had in tow last evening? Willy (indignantly) What you are pleased to call tow is usually spoken of by people of culture as blonde tresses.

"I seem to be getting pretty close to the home plate," chuckled the burglar, softly opening a drawer in the sideboard.

She—"Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?" He—"Why does she take everything else he has?"

A GLASS RAILROAD NOW.

GLASS FACTORY, WITH GLASS CHIMNEY 105 FEET HIGH.

Glass Shingles and Powder. Too—Glass Dresses, Glass Bonnets, Glass Floor Plates and Journal Boxes, Glass Church Bells and Floors

There was once a time when glass was used only for window panes and mirrors, but since then it has developed into many different fields. By means of a valuable toughening process, recently discovered, glass may now be moulded into lengths and used as railroad ties. Such ties have their advantages. They are light, easily transported, rather cheap, have even surfaces and will not decay like wood ties. Glass rails are also produced by this same toughening process. It is therefore possible to have a complete glass railway. The glass rails are turned out in sizes and shapes similar to those of the ordinary steel street rails. They are far tougher and resist the action of the elements more successfully than steel. There is reason to believe before long that we shall be able to ride in glass cars on glass rails laid on glass ties.

All of us are familiar with the glass pavements used in certain sidewalks in order to admit light to a basement. This glass is of the same kind that is used in the manufacturing of glass "grindstones." These are used for fine work on the most delicate instruments. They are much harder than the ordinary stone used for grinding purposes.

An enterprising manufacturer of glass at Liverpool, England, has succeeded in advertising his business in a very clever manner. He built a factory of glass bricks and laid it with a heavy glass floor. The roof was shingled with glass shingles; glass journal boxes were provided for his machinery, and as a fitting climax to this glassy performance, he added

A GLASS CHIMNEY,

105 feet high, built wholly of glass bricks. This is said to be one of the lightest and most substantial factory buildings in all England. It is also fire-proof.

One of the most curious inventions of the last few years is platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum unites with the glass in such a way as to form a very odd sort of mirror. The glass has not lost its transparency, yet if you place it against a wall and look at it, you see your image as in an ordinary looking-glass.

But when light is allowed to pass through from the other side, as in a window pane, it appears perfectly transparent like ordinary glass. By constructing a window of this material, you can stand close behind the panes in an unlighted room, and see clearly everything going on outside, while passers by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror, in which their own figures would be reflected, while the person inside would remain invisible.

Various tricks have been played with this device in France. In one of these a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary window, approaches to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent and the spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure hidden behind the magic glass.

Among other interesting uses of glass is that of a powder used for sprinkling the hair. This practice, however, is said to be dangerous, as the fine particles are inhaled, much to the injury of the pulmonary oragns, stomach and throat. The recent manufacture of a glass dress in Toledo is probably one of the most curious uses to which glass has been put. This garment is described as being extraordinarily beautiful. Its foundation is a silk wrap, woven with fine strands of glass. In each strand there are 250 almost invisible threads. In order to make three-quarters of a yard of this material it was necessary to employ four women

ONE WHOLE DAY.

The dress when completed was presented to the Infanta Eulalie of Spain. Its color was pure white, but the manufacturers say that it can be made in any color or in a variety of colors. The seams are glued together instead of sewed. The garment is said to be remarkably pretty, especially under the rays of artifical light.

This is not the only article of dress made of glass. A Venetian manufacturer has had great success in turning out glass bonnets, which glitter in the sunlight, thus making the wearer attractive from a distance. An advantage of this particular sort of bonnets is that they may be worn in any sort of weather. The rain, in fact, seems only to clean off the dust and make the bonnet sparkle more than ever. The possibilities of the glassmaker's art—or the milliner's, if you prefer—have only begun to be realized in this direction.

A church bell of green glass, fourteen inches high and thirteen in diameter, has been doing service for several years in England. One of the very latest uses for glass is in filling teeth. This method is said to be particularly effective with the front teeth, where it is less conspicuous than gold, being indistinguishable from the tooth service.

Some interesting experiments were carried out lately at Berlin by the fire brigade on a patent fire-resisting glass, suitable for skylights, windows and partitions. It proved capable of resisting a very high temperature. Several patents for roofing glass have been taken out during the last few years. In one of these methods glass is moulded on steel wire netting, which greatly increases its strength without lessening its transparency, and consequently it may be used in large sheets.

A window glass that will admit air as well as light is the product of the inventive brain of a Parisian manufacturer. This glass contains numerous minute pores, which are too fine to admit a draught, but allow a pleasant and healthy ventilation of the room.

Wreck of an Electric Passenger Car

A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says:—The bridge across Tinker's creek, a few miles from this city, on the Akron, Bedford, and Cleveland electric road, gave way beneath a big electric motor, early on Thursday morning, and the car, with its passengers, was precipitated to the bottom, 150 feet or more, to the water below. It is known at least two persons were killed outright, and a number seriously injured. When about half way across the trestle the passengers felt a swaying motion. The next moment the light steel structure collapsed, and the cars with their human load, went down with a crash to the creek below. The accident took place at a point a short distance north of Bedford township. The cause of the collapse of the bridge is not yet known. One theory is that the cars jumped the track, and that the jar caused the iron girders of the bridge to snap. Later reports show that there were no passengers on the motor, and the only the crew, consisting of three men, went down in the wreck.

Spiritual force is stronger than material; thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

THE GREY REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning.
—AT THE—
REVIEW OFFICE, GARAFRAXA ST., DURHAM.
TERMS; $1 per year, IN ADVANCE.
CHAS. RAMAGE Editor & Proprietor.

StandardBank of Canada
Head Office, Toronto.

CAPITAL, Authorized	$2,000,000
" Paid up	1,000,000
RESERVE FUND	600,000

W. F. Cowan, President. Geo. P. Reid, Manager

AGENTS in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.
A general Banking business transacted Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.
Interest allowed on savings bank deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
J. KELLY, Agent.

JAMES LOCKIE,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses. Auctioneer for Counties of Bruce and Grey.
Residence—King St., Hanover.

JAKE KRESS
IS still to be found in his Old Stand opposite the Durham Bakery.
Furniture
Of the Best Quality Cheaper THAN EVER.

First-Class Hearse.
UNDERTAKING Promptly attended to.
JAKE KRESS.

PRIME HARNESS OIL.
—AT—
BOULDIN & CO'S
HARNESS MAKERS.
SEE OUR HARNESS
UPPER TOWN.

ALLAN McFARLANE

Has opened out a first-class
Horse Shoeing Shop,
In the old stand. All hand-made shoes. Also
WOODWORK
in connection.
A first-class lot of
Hand-made Waggons
for sale cheap.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.
ALLAN McFARLANE,
Proprietor.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

WE WANT A MAN AT ONCE
in this community to sell specialties in our line. Trees that bear seedless Pears. Apple Trees hardy as oaks. "Excelsior" Crab as large as an Apple. Cherry trees proof against black-knot. Plum trees not affected by Curculio. Tree Currants. Gooseberries which do not mildew. Blackberry Bushes without thorns. Tree Roses, etc. Space will not allow us to further enumerate, BUT our stock talks for itself. Prices right. Handsome book of plates and complete outfit furnished free of charge. Write for terms and particulars.
A SURE THING
CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY,
Colborne, Ont.
THE "OLD RELIABLE" NURSERYMEN.

A PERFECT TEA
MONSOON TEA
THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.
"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.
ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.
If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.,
11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO