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VOL. XVIII,-NO. 5.

DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1896.

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XVII. "It is the hydra of calamities, Damn'd."

combe turns abruptly away, and, pass- made strong by the receiving of the ing through a glass door that leads in- Dorian would gladly believe that her to the gardens outside, paces slowly up | silence means indifference; but to-night and down the winding paths beneath has forced a truth upon him that for the subdued light of countless Chinese anterns, that, hanging amidst the agony that shone in her eyes as she foliage, contrasts oddly with the cold lived them were Here eyes as she "Ouite so When spot, I take it?" foliage, contrasts oddly with the cold fixed them upon Horace's form in the

"Rush forth in myriads, as to wage above it comes the song of the nightin-his tone warmer because of his pity for Dorian believes him. "It is lighter her. "Take care of yourself. Are you walking that way; not so hilly. Did gale that, resting in yonder thicket, sure you do not fear going alone?" pours forth its heart in tender hurried "Yes." Her voice is low, and sounds "Rather so. I don't know when I melody, as though fearful the night strange, even in her own ears. love-chant.

ing but itself. For it the night appears Now he presses it, and then drops it | 11,-you may, I suppose, adjure that II you like,-but I think you will see a created, and draws its "sable curtain "Good-night," returns she, slowly, feathered tribes, is wakeful, and chants its hymn of praise at midnight, whilst its hymn of praise at midnight, whilst Her brain seems on fire; her body cold

Of heaven plays music to the birds that slumber."

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Yet this one sweet bird refuses rest, has hardly, however, gone two hundred based based once more in the direction of the house. He has hardly, however, gone two hundred based to look at," says Horace, idly, beat-many stories of the veteran journalist's individuality going the rounds. The following many stories of the veteran journalist's has hardly, however, gone two hundred based to look at," says Horace, idly, beat-many stories of the veteran journalist's individuality going the rounds. The following many stories of the veteran journalist's has hardly however, gone two hundred based to look at," says Horace, idly, beat-many stories of the veteran journalist's has hardly however.

shed by his father in Durbam in 1858 and will endeavor to give all old and new custom-

Branscombe starts, and looks round her? suddenly, but can see nothing. No foot- "Ruth Annersley?" shrubs are sufficiently thick to conceal | thing about it. She was foolish enough Then some ray from the brilliant moon of our desires, when gained." opens his eyes, and he sees a woman's figure standing in a somewhat disconsolate attitude, with her back against a tall elm, and her eyes fixed wistfully course, and all that." upon the distant windows, through which the lights are streaming, and the Dorian, recognizing her, goes quickly up to her and lays his hand upon her shoulder. It is Ruth Annersley!

For a moment she makes him no an- "It was fortunate, indeed, your meetsays, at length, with difficulty; "I sneering, about his tone that Dorian As he does so, something lying on the Mr. Barnato: "Respected Sir- As the ught it would be a pretty sight; and colors hotly. a movement that is terribly pathetic very coldly. "And I think I should pick it up. she lays her hand upon her heart; and term the coincidence 'lucky' rather than It is a lace handkerchief, of delicate then Dorian, following the direction her curious. I see no difference between and exquisite workmanship, with some eyes have taken, sees what they see. this walk and half a dozen others. Peoto where they are standing, two figures | much." Office next door to Standard Bank, each other. Beyond are the forms of the dancers; the faint sweet strains of here as well as me. You, for example.

air; but the two in the window seem lost to all but the fact of their own existence, and that they are together. At least, so it seems to the onlookers in See, now he takes her hand,-the kindly curtain hiding the act from those | coming in? within; he stoops toward her; the girl | They are again in front of the house. leans a little forward; and then Dorian and near the steps that lead to the knows them; the man is Horace, and | conservatory. the girl Clarissa Peyton!

Instinctively he glances from them to Ruth. She, too, is leaning forward, am engaged for this dance." her whole attention concentrated upon the picture before her. Her eyes are coldly. The old man goes slowly, mood-wide and miserable, her cheeks pale and ily, up and own the graveled path be-You have seen enough of this ball, Ruth," says Branscombe, very gently.

"Yes; enough—too much," says the girl, starting into life again. She draws her breath quickly, painfully: her brow contracts. As though unable to her brow contracts. As though unable to house.

and thinks of many things in a humor man rather handsomer than the ordinary run of men. His brother's hondinary run of men. resist the movement, she again lays her hand upon her heart, and holds it there. as though in anguish "What is it?" asks Dorian. "Are you n pain? How white you are!"

night grass, neither speaking, until, half pain, half pleasure—he has never coming to a curve in the way, she breaks silence.

"How beautiful Miss Peyton looks"

"How beautiful Miss Peyton looks"

CHAPTER XVIII

to-night," she says, in a tone impossible "Very," says Dorian, unkindly, yet with very kindly intent. "But then she is always one of the most beautiful wo-"Is she very much admired?"-this "One can understand that at once," Horace,—who came down from town for slowly. "Why, that might mean Ruth an exhaustive professional examinasays Dorian, quietly. "Both her face and figure are perfect." As he says sauntering leisurely into the smoking-this, quite calmly, his heart bleeds for room at Sartoris, finds Branscombe He dares not speak his inmost thoughts. Annersley."

Robert Rawlinson, K.C.B.—that of beling the only soldier who has been knock-like the calmly, his heart bleeds for room at Sartoris, finds Branscombe He dares not speak his inmost thoughts.

this: but something within him compels him to the cruel deed, if only through The sevenfold death: the jealous are pity for the girl who walks beside him. trees, and he cannot see her face; spring sunshine outside. "Are you really going seen it at this moment, he would not Having watched her until the last fold have looked at it. No word escapes her; of her gown has disappeared, Brans- she walks on steadily, though actually

white brilliancy of the stars overhead, window, have betrayed only too surely that She makes no further attempt at con-

> "Good-night," he says, very kindly, Horace, easily, half closing his eyes, and "Wrap your shawl more closely round enjoyed an affair of the kind so much."
> "Lucky you!" yawns Horace, lanyou. The night is cold. Is the pain guidly. "Of all abominations, surely 'Yes,"-almost regretfully.

And disburden his full soul of all its music."

That is right. Well, good-by. I shall stand here until I see you have on the air. No other sound comes from the breast of nature to mar the richness the breast of nature to mar the richness anxiously all this time, not quite liking the same of the same of the same of the worst. One goes out when one ought to be turning in, and one turns in when one ought to be going out. They upset one's whole calculations. When I marry I shall make a point of forgetting that such things be."

A Costly Ricycle—Portugal and Germany anxiously all this time, not quite liking "I can't say about the daysing part of the worst. One goes out when one ought to be turning in, and one turns in when one ought to be going out. They upset one's whole calculations. When I marry I shall make a point of forgetting that such things be."

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A Costly Ricycle—Portugal and Germany anxiously all this time, not quite liking "I can't say about the daysing part of the worst. One goes out when one ought to be going out. They upset one's whole calculations. the breast of nature to mar the richness anxiously all this time, not quite liking "I can't say about the dancing part of

stained with gold" over the sleeping and then turns away from him, never world. This nightingale, of all the remembering to thank him for his kindall its brethren rest in peaceful slumber. as death. Oh, to be in her own room, says Dorian; yet, even as he speaks, the only daughter of the Emperor of The intense and solemn stillness of all free from all watching eyes, where she there rises before him the vision of a Germany. The reason he assigns indiaround renders more enchanting the can fling herself upon the ground, and little lithe figure gowned in black and cates great prudence on the part of this "No whispering but of leaves, on which and soon the corner hides her from to their beauty.

him from the painful reverie into which even one's own brother.

Yet this is not the only sound that out hesitation, feeling that any prevaridisturbs the quiet of the night. Sadly, cation at this moment will only make mournfully, a half-suppressed sob falls matters worse for the unhappy girl.

May not Arthur have seen and known "Yes. You will, of course, say no-

the presence of any one, yet it seems to wish to see a few people dancing, so to him as if the thought of that sob came here, and standing among the was born of fancy, and that the earth- shrubs, obtained her wish-which, no doubt, proved as satisfactory as most of our desires, when gained."

"At this hour of the night to be here, alone!"

"Yes Very improved as satisfactory as most of our desires, when gained."

Strong and painful doubts of Dorian's honesty of purpose had kept him wakeful, and driven him now down from his own home to Sartoris.

"Yes Very improvedent of her of own home to Sartoris."

Steep overnight has been a stranger. Strong and painful doubts of Dorian's honesty of purpose had kept him wakeful, and driven him now down from his him myself to-morrow."

Strong and painful doubts of Dorian's honesty of purpose had kept him wakeful, and driven him now down from his him myself to-morrow."

When the logs get into the lock opposite the mill they are stopped and, him myself to-morrow." "Yes. Very imprudent or her, o "There must have been some strong

inducement to make a girl of her gentle bassing to and fro of the dancing crowd | nature undertake so bold, so daring, a step. It was a strictly improper action," says the old man, in his most "I dare say. Imprudent, however, She stifles a low cry, and, turning to was the word I used. I am rather glad I him, grows even a shade paler than she I was the one to meet her, as she knew me; and, as a rule, people talk so much Was that why you came? Sit here, offs as a judgment of God. "Ruth," says Dorian, "what on earth about nothing, and make such moun- Arthur: you will find it much more

tains out of mole-hills."

"I confess I hardly see it in the light | tice) attracts him. The words seem to choke her. With you do," he says, easily enough, but In an open window, directly opposite ple don't seem to affect any of them-"No," says Lord Sartoris. "Any other fellow might have been

"Just so!" says Lord Sartoris. "Then why bring in the word "It merely occurred to me at the mo ment," says his lordship, dryly. "Been dancing much ?"

"Then, I fear, I must leave you. So, for the first time, these two part

"From her clouded veil soft gliding. Lifts her silvery lamps on high," and thinks of many things in a humor As he regains the ball-room, the remembrance of the little partner he has

CHAPTER XVIII. doubts have none;

Known mischiefs have their cure, but And better is despair than friendless Mixed with a killing fear."

watching him narrowly.

To the old man the altered coun-

tenance of his nephew, his pallor and hesitation, all betoken guilt. Dorian's

eyes are still clear and calm, as usual,

out the skeleton remains of a horse's head, bleached and ghastly, and altogether hideous, that, even now, reminds its master of a former favorite hunter that had come to a glorious but untimely end upon the hunting-field. A stuffed setter with very glassy eyes, sits staring, in an unearthly fashion. In one corner, Upon a window-sill, a line it from him to a table near "I in one corner. Upon a window-sill a ing it from him to a table near, " cat sits, blinking lazily at the merry need not detain you any longer, now," "Are you really going back to town "Going so soon?" says the younger this evening, Horace?" asks the owner man, roused from his galling reflections, of all these gems, in a somewhat gloomy by his uncle's abrupt departure, to some fashion, bending over a fishing-line as sense of cordiality. "Why, you have hardly stayed a moment. Yes. I feel I am bound to be back "I have stayed long enough,-too iere again as soon as possible." long," says Lord Sartoris, gloomily, fix

ing his dark eyes (that age have failed "Well, I can hardly say it is exactly "Too long?" repeats Branscombe, "Yes. Have you forgotten altegethhe morning? Sleeping?" "Nothing half so agreeable." By leal foe, Let me bring it to your memer the motto of our race ?- 'Leal friend. his time Horace is looking at him curi- ory. She makes no further attempt at con-versation, and, when they come to the little iron gate that leads on to the road, little iron gate that leads on to the road, rian, whose head is bent over his work, haughtily, drawing up his figure to its War with the lines of darkness."

Cold as the night air is, not a breath of wind comes to disturb the strange of wind comes to disturb the strange of without bidding him even good-night, as if (which is indeed the case) she has a line of the case calm that hangs over land and sea. Far down in the bay the ocean lies at rest. From the distance a faint sound of But he cannot let her go without a music from the hand comes softly, se-word.

as if (which is indeed the case) she has forgotten the very fact of his near me to the stifling city."

He bows and opens the door as he finishes his speech. Lord Sartoris, though sorely troubled, makes no sign; and, without so much as a pressure of and, without so much as a pressure of the case. "Ah! past the mill? I mean in that though sorely troubled, makes no sign;

ball or two before you die. She likes

lovely she looked last night!"

finds himself confronting Dorian t. i

ground (that has escaped Dorian's no-

"What is this?" he asks, stooping to

letters embroidered in one corner.

round! curiously.

"I hardly hoped to find you at home,"

scarcely a word to say to him.

(To be Continued.) balls are the worst. One goes out when BEHIND THE SCENES WITH KINGS

Prince Henry and the Ashantee Expedition-Poyal Smokers, &c. &c. The most costly bicycle in the world that sort of thing. By the bye, how has been presented to the Queen o

"Very. She cut out all the other wo- The heir to the throne of Portugal, men, I thought; they looked right down who rejoices in fourteen Christian trills and tenders trembles that shake with only the friendly darkness to overhear her! She hurries rapidly onward, and a touch of wistfulness that adds so I shall not let any one else have the "That little girl at the vicarage isn't Since Mr. Sala's death there have been

Yet this one sweet bird refuses rest, has hardly, however, gone two hundred yards, when the voice of his uncle, foules", that "slepen alle night with Lord Sartoris, calling to him through that there may be moments when it the first time making the discovery that there may be moments when it there may be moments when it first time may be moments when it that there may be moments when it first time may be moments when it first time may be moments when it that there may be moments when it first time may be more than the first time open eye," sings on courageously amidst the gloom, stays his steps, and rouses would be a sure and certain joy to kick Irving from Greenwich to London. In Dorian. strolling absently through the walks, and into the shrubberies bethe walks, and into the shrubberies bether walks, and into the shrubberies bether walks, and into the shrubberies bether walks. yond, listens, and feels some sense of some surprise. He is a little sorry, for lindsing from the average of his line. yond, listens, and feels some sense of comfort (that has yet with it a touch of pain) creep through him as the night-of pain (that has yet with it a touch is a little sorry, for judging from the expression of his lips, ered out. "I am George Angustus Sala that he is in his moodiest mood to-day, of the Daily Telegraph and the is all three winter, so the great logs can be you may interview him, Dorian: I feel in the spring they are started down may be a supplied to the task. Give him (or combined to the local pain) and the process of the process o myself unequal to the task. Give him on, coachman!" The crowd fell back stream to the mill, the men following my love and a kiss, and say I have gone petrified, and the carriage rolled away He leaves the room, and, crossing the in triumph.

halls, makes his way into the open air The Prince of Wales has not that con- a lock, where they spring out on the throug hthe conservatory; while Lord tempt for trade which many a lesser tangled mass of loose logs, jumping Sartoris, entering by the hall door, and social personage possesses. At the from one to another with dexterity being directed by a servant, goes on to Marlborough Club one evening an inti-He is looking fagged and care-worn.

He is looking fagged and care-worn.

In the liked the idea of having his relations log, which may sink or whirl over lassitude that belongs to those to whom sleep overnight has been a stranger. Fife connections. "If—would have me."

he voice he loves best on earth, had taken possession of him; yet now he fore happened that the firstborn of a reigning Czar was a girl. Anti-Government parties are making much out o this unprecedented event. The superstitious Russians are beginning to look

He pushes toward him the cozily- is going the rounds of the Stock Ex- straight down a cable track until it swer. She raises her hand to brushly away the tears that still lie heavily upon her cheeks, and then moves a little away from him, so as to elude his touch. "I came to see them dancing," she "I came to see them dancing," she "I came to see them dancing," she says, at length, with difficulty: "I specific allows for the stock based on the stock of the reduced him the cozity-lis going the rounds of the Stock Excushioned chair in which Horace had in the cozity-lis going the rounds of the Stock Excushioned chair in which Horace had cause track until it reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or results to be on this deserted walk just at the reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or results in the reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or results and the reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lathes or reaches three or four saws, which cut into short lengths for lat vicar of - my aim has always been down another track out-doors, where the investment and not specutation. When inspector sits, pencil in hand, to mark your bank came out I regarded the the worm-catea wood, which is practishares as an investment, and I pur-chased 400 at £4, sinking my little all in from the good lumber. If you go down them, and a great deal more. They to the river bank, where there are logs "You have been receiving gentle have now fallen to £2, and I am undone. piled for cutting, you can distinctly visitors ver early," says Lord Sartoris, My parish I cannot face as a bankrupt, hear the borers, or worms, at work turning the pretty thing round and and what am I to do? I throw myself under the bark. They make a clicking on your mercy." Mr. Barnato was noise, not unlike a frog's note or a wood "Not unless you can count Horace deeply moved by this touching appeal, pecker's tapping. The borers rarely in-Stooping, he, too, examines minutely the back from the clergyman 400 shares at needed. Tragile piece of lace and cambric his £4, the price he had paid for them. The w incle is still holding. Sartoris turning Immediately on receipt of this generous

> himself had given it to Ruth at Christ- The following are the favorite varinas; but how had it come here? No eties of the weed consumed by royal one had entered the room to-day except smokers: The German Emperor consumes an extraordinary number of ciga- ing lot of men, which, perhaps, shows Notwithstanding the scene with Ruth the night before, when she had so un- rettes daily. The Czar of Russia has nistakably betrayed her love for Hor- abandoned cigarettes in favor of a pipe. ace, Dorian had never for one moment Old King Albert of Saxony smokes a suspected that things had gone further heavy German pipe, with a porcelain bowl. King Humbert of Italy is a man rather handsomer than the or- "chain" smoker, and keeps one strong oring misery upon one who had trusted gium clings tenaciously to his brier pipe membrance of the little partner he has come to claim rushes back upon him pleasantly, and serves to dissipate the gloomy and somewhat indignant many past actions and past words The Emperor of Austria smokes so-call-

in pain? How white you are!"

I am tired, I have a pain here," pressing her hand still more closely against her side. "This morning I felt well and strong—and now—. My mother died of heart disease; perhaps I shall die of it too. I think so; I hope so!"

You are talking very great non-sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in sense," says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in sense, "says Dorian, roughly, though in s shall die of it too. I think so; I hope so!"

"You are talking very great nonsense," says Dorian, roughly, though in his soul sbecked to the last degree by the girl's manner, which is full of reckless misery. "Nobody sees any amusement in dying. Come, let me see you home."

"Oh, no! please do not come, Mr.
Branscombe," entreats she, so earnestly that he feels she has a meaning in ber
words. "I have the key of the small."

"Then at least I shall see you safely as far as the gate," says Branscombe, who is tender and gentle in his manner.

"Silently they walk through the damp night grass, neither speaking, until, coming to a curve in the way, she
in and can thin from the arms of a gay and (doubtless) gallant plunger.

"I had he lied to him when he told him when he told him when he told him when he told him the follows her slight form with eager glance, and at length crosses the room to where she is now standing with her solder. As he does so he flings from him all tormenting thoughts, forgetvalue of the mindre of the Universal to him when he told him when he had been to biddulph's farm and not anywhere in the case of percesses. This precedent, and Miss Vanderbilt's pearl necklace which she will undoubtedly wear, recalls the blook and every tone. And the handwill undoubtedly wear, recalls the beauting the presentation of Grand Duchees Sergius at the Court of St. Petersburg. As the Russian grand dame was receiving the room the the will make tring which confined the presentation of Grand Duchees Sergius at the Court of St. Petersburg. As the Russian grand dame was receiving the prosentation of Grand Duchees Sergius at the Court of St. Petersburg. As the Russian grand dame was receiving the prosentation of Grand Duchees Sergius at the Court of St. Petersburg. As the Russian grand dame was receiving the presentation of Grand Duchees Sergius at the fount at one thought of the presentation of Grand Duchees Sergius at the fount

them. On one occasion, the chancellor but his expression has strangely alter- called in a young physician who, indif-

WHOLE NO. 907

YOUNG FOLKS. My Kitty. My kitty, ah, me, Did ever one see Another gray kitty So full of his glee. A marble he rolls, And a soit rubber ball. To him is the nicest Plaything of all.

He rides in a box

With the greatest delight, If the children will draw him, From morning till night, He eats raw potatoes, And nice pop corn, too, And taffy of all kinds He gladly will chew. But stands on his hind feet,

And digs with his claws, At his mouth for the taffy, That sticks on his jaws; But for all he has trouble That vexes him sore. He won't give up eating. And still mews for more.

He is striped like a tiger And acts like one, too, Unless we are careful, Just what we all do. If his beautiful tail We nappen to touch, He at once lets us know,

We are presuming too much. But if softly and gently We smooth his soft fur, He repays us by giving A low, happy purr. Although full of his antics He still loves his ease.

And the best place to take it Will still better please. But kitty, gray kitty, Oh, what shall I say, When I thus find him Day after day. Asleep in my rocker, The one I like best, Cuddled as cosily

As a bird in its nest? And when I insist That he vacate the chair, He does something else That I think hardly fair As soon as I'm seated. He springs in my lap. And proceeds to continue

His unfinished nap. He plays with my yarns And tangles my thread And sometimes I wish That, that kitten was dead But what should I do Whene're I feel blue If it were not, my dear, Little kitten, for you?

BOULDIN & CO'

A strange longing to see his favorite The house of Romanoff-Holstein-Got cable track to the cutters, who roll and nephew again, to look upon the face torp has ruled in Russia for 135 years, fasten the logs into cleats, which are had always deemed so true, to hear and during that period it has never be- attached to the side of a flat cable car. One man attends to the brake, the other to the log. The car runs the log against a great disk-like saw, that The cleats are then adjusted so the on the uncertainty of the succession and When the log is half sliced it is whirl-"What, a very flattering speech! the consumptive tendency of the Roman- ed over and the other half is treated in the same way. The first cut from the The latest Barney Barnato story which log is mainly bark, and this runs

again, the initials in the corner make reply the guileless country parson wired top foliage, are very interesting places

themselves known, and stand out legibly and carefully worked, as "R. A." nato Banks at 2, and send round to Barthat it is often very bewildering and Dorian's face changes. He knows the nato Bros., who will give you 4 for makes one ready to believe all the The mills are filled with a delicious lumber men are usually a sturdy-lookthe salutary effect of living among the

A Russian Sled.

best coaster that ever was made. If a boy is careful of his sled-and he apt to be careful, for considerable work is necessary to make one-it will last

Hit by a Cannon Ball, But Not Killed A unique distinction belongs to Sir this, quite calmly, his heart bleeds for "Who has she been dancing most the girl beside him.

"Who has she been dancing most question is put. The utter simplicing spurs, fishing-rook, and sporting-pic spurs, fishing-rook, and sporting-pic tures; there are, too, a few other pictures; there are, too, a few words spurs, pictures; there are, too, a few other pictures; there are, too, a few other pictures; there are, too, a few words spurs, pictures; there are, too, a few words of it, he cannot be defined. And, at all events, no matter what comes of it, he cannot

REVIEW

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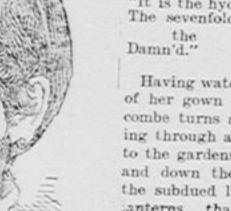
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