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Durham Standard

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Law Respecting Newspapers. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

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Business Directory. H. H. STOVEL, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, MOUNT FOREST.

H. H. STOVEL, CONVEYANCER, Fire & Life Insurance Agent, MOUNT FOREST.

UNION HOTEL, General Stage Office, FERGUS,

R. D. COULSON, STAGES leave this house for Guelph, Arthur, Mount Forest, Durham, and Owen Sound DAILY.

Travellers' Home Inn, THEODORE ZASS, Township of Arthur.

ALEX. B. McNAB, POSTMASTER, Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench and Commission General Agent.

INSURANCE. The subscriber is Agent for the Corn Exchange Fire and Inland Navigation Insurance Co.

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ARGYLE HOTEL, DURHAM, BY A. McFARLANE.

SAUGHEEN HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, BY E. B. McMILLAN.

MAY'S HOTEL, BAY STREET, OWEN SOUND, C. W.

ROB ROY HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, BY G. E. SIMPSON.

LUMBER. For sale, by private bargain, 400,000 feet Seasoned first-class Lumber.

POETRY. The Press and the Cannon.

The Cannon and Press! how they ban, how they bless This beautiful planet of ours;

When the reveller reels, then the plunderer steals Like a snake, through the horrible gloom,

When the morrow's fair face looketh down on the place, All trodden and sodden with strife,

Reeking ruins abound on the war-withered ground. In whose ashes sit slugs of despair,

But the tears of the sad, and the cries of the woe, And the blood that pollute the sod,

Behold the proud Press! how it labors to bless, By the numberless tones of its voice!

The Cannon lays waste but the Press is in haste To enlighten, uplift and renew;

Jo, joy to the world! Press and People have lurid Their slings 'gainst the errors of old;

When I have got as low down in the world as I am, sir, which I hope will never be,

What do you mean by the dark mood? "When I have got no drink in me, sir."

"But were you in the room during this?" cried Mr. St. George.

"I was in the seat that I tell you of, sir, and had not moved from it; and from an angle I could see most of what was going on."

"Proceed, said he. Major Anketel reached the pen and ink, and Swallowtail took a piece of paper from his pocket-book."

"It is dated the first, and this is the cleventh; if we add another I, that will be right!"

will," answered Swallowtail, "he is entirely oblivious of having given it me. He was three parts gone then, or he would have written the amount in letters, instead of figures;

"I did not know what they altered it into," returned Pratt; "all I heard was, that they would add to the oughts. But I heard Lord Temple's loss spoken of afterwards, over the tables, and found that it was £3,000."

"Well—about your own share?" Swallowtail put up the memorandum, and Anketel said he would go, and he left.

"I will think about it for you," said Mr. St. George. "A friend of mine is an architect, and I will inquire whether he can get into an office without premium; perhaps he may be induced to take him, if his talent is so decided."

"What do you mean by the dark mood?" "When I have got no drink in me, sir."

"What profession used you to follow?" "The medical was the answer, after a slight pause of surprise. "I have no followed it much, for evil habits overtook me before I had well done walking the hospitals."

"I half ruined my father, I completely tired out my other friends, and now I am attached to a gaming-house. I am ready to kill myself at times when I think of my wife and children. The little girl, thank Heaven, is a

miscellaneous reading. \$500 PRIZE STORY. DANESBURY HOUSE. BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

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been subjected to nothing but good influence. This afternoon, after the departure of Pratt, Mr. St. George proceeded to Lord Temple's and he went there with one settled purpose—to put him on his guard against Major Anketel.

"What dreadful plot have you to disclose," he laughed, "that you could not speak before Isabel? I have no secrets from her."

"That £3,000 you lost at play to Swallowtail—which we had to raise for you—you remember?"

"Isabel knows of it," he eagerly answered. "I told her everything I had ever done. At least nearly everything; there are some antecedents in a fellow's life, of course, not fit for a wife's ears; but everything that I could tell her I did, and assured her it lay with her to keep me right for the future."

"Never, returned the unfortunate man, "I have tried in vain: the habit is too strong upon me. No; miserable and guilty as I am now, so I must go on to my grave; lost in this world, and I suppose lost in the next."

"My only failing!" he emphatically replied. "I was kind, just, honorable, well-intentioned. Whatever bad things drink has caused me to do, I should never have done them without it: now, it is excitement; now, it is despondency; both bad to bear, and both mingling to sin."

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