



James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HAN-
OVER, ONTARIO.

Medical Advice Gratis.

P. W. PRITCHARD, A. M. M. D.,
Formerly Surgeon G. S. Army—
Residence one door South of Jas. Brown's
store, Lower Town, Durham. The doctor
will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE,
each day from 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.
All orders left at Findlay & Shaw's
Drug Store promptly attended to.
P. S.—Pain Vaccine Matter on hand,
or being along your children and have
them vaccinated.

R. T. Porter, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRAD-
UATE OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, TORONTO.
Office—In Griffin's Building, Durham,
County of Grey. All calls, day or night,
promptly attended to.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.,
Office—Over Dalgluish's store, Upper Town,
Durham, Ont.

THOMAS DIXON,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.,
Office—Next door to the Telegraph
Office, Durham.

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c.,
Money to Lend from one to ten
years, on easy terms of interest. Farms
for sale. Durham, 10th June, 1865. 71-17.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed
Auctioneer for the County of Grey,
Land, &c., Valued, Bought and Accounts
made up and collected. \$300,000 Post
paid on good Farm and Town Property at
8 per cent. Office—14 GARAETHA ST.,
Durham.

C. McDougall,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER, Durham, Ont. Painting
Gilding, and Paper Hanging, done in the
most approved style of the art.

William Buchanan,
FROM GLASSGOW,
Scalped, Book
Binder, Sullivan Post
Office. Charges mod-
erate. All orders left
at the CARROLL'S OFFICE,
14-17.

Durham
Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. I. STOREY IS NOW PREPARING
to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Wag-
ons and Sleighs, manufactured from the
best material, at the cheapest possible rates.
All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr.
Carson's store, Lower Town, Durham.

Kerr, Brown & McKenzie,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS AND
Groceries, and General Wholesale
Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

HUGH ROSE,
A general Blacksmith, opposite
No. 7, Wily's Boot and Shoe
Store, Lower Town, Durham.—
Good workmanship, punctuality and moder-
ate charges are the rules at this Smithy.

IF YOU WANT FURNITURE
GO TO
MS. SHEWELL'S
Cabinetware and Chair
Factory.

**OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL,
DURHAM.**
SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.

WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY
description can be had as cheap,
and as good as at any other establishment
in the County. All work warranted.
Ware-room, One Door North of the sign
of the Big Chair.

MISS WOOD & MISS E. PERKINS
MINNERS & DRESSMAKERS.

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY
are prepared to do Millinery and
Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the
patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs.
Perkins is well acquainted with above
branches, and also Straw-work. Finishing
done in good style.
—Residence next to R. McKenzie's
large brick store, Lower Village.

Call and Inspect.
Agent for Durham and vicinity,
F. H. Edwards.
Durham, March 16th, 1870.

DENTISTRY.
J. A. B. E. L. L., SURGEON-DENTIST.—
Office, One door North of
Elliott's Hotel, Upper Village, Durham.

A CHOICE LOT OF
FRESH MEAT
ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT THE
"Durham Meat Market,"
CHARLES LIMIN.

George Isaacs.
SADDLER, HAR-
NESS AND TRUNK
Maker, opposite the
Crown Land Office,
Durham, Ont.
Whips, Spurs, &c.,
always on hand.

HOTEL CARDS.

HALF-WAY HOUSE.
ORCHARDVILLE, JAMES BELL,
Proprietor. Having leased the
above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J.
Hart, I am prepared to offer first class ac-
commodation to travellers and the public
generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Ci-
gars always on hand. Superior Stabling and
an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.
Charges moderate.

CORNISH'S HOTEL.
ORCHARDVILLE. This House has re-
cently been refitted and furnished in
first class style, with a view to the comfort
and accommodation of the travelling public.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest
brands always on hand. Good Stabling and
an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.
Charges moderate.

Aregyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR.
Durham, Ont.—The subscriber is
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of
Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham,
JAMES ELLIOTT, Proprietor.
The subscriber thankful for past favors
wishes to inform his old friends and the
public generally, that he has again com-
menced business in the above Hotel and
hopes by strict attention to the comfort of
his guests to merit a fair share of public
patronage.
—A good Livery in connection.

Simple and Elegant!

THE LOCKMAN
YANLEY SMITH'S
Sewing Machine
MANUFACTURED BY
WILSON, BOWMAN & CO.,
HAMILTON, ONT.

Is the most complete Sewing Machine made.
The price of the Machine, on beautiful
stand, walnut top, mouldings and drawers is

\$32 00.
IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine is not
only the LATEST but also the
BEST of its kind, before the
public.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine, al-
though not much exceeding in price the
very cheapest machine manu-
factured anywhere, is yet
INCORPARABLY SUPERIOR
to any cheap machine yet
brought out.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine has
achieved an IMMENSE POPU-
LARITY in the short time it has
been before the people.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine al-
ready occupies a position only accorded
to others after years of toil some
effort.

It surpasses all others yet attempted in
the most essential particulars. It is simpler,
and consequently much more easily man-
aged; it is more durable, and consequently
will last much longer; it is more elegantly
finished, and consequently makes a more
respectable appearance; it runs easier, and
consequently does not fatigue the operator;
it does more work and of a better quality
in an equal space of time, and is conse-
quently more economical; it does better
work, and a greater variety of it, and con-
sequently possesses a greater adaptability;
it is a greater wife-saver, labor-saver, money-
saver, time-saver, board-saver, and conse-
quently appeals more strongly to the com-
passionate instincts of humanity, it has
stood the test of actual use, and has achiev-
ed a great popularity. Purchasers should
not select a machine until they have ex-
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POETRY.

The Man with Many Daughters.
He most deserves your sympathy,
Who, wading through dark waters,
Spends most of his life in care and strife,
The man with many daughters.

To wit, I take my clay chair,
They blossom up around me,
Recount their beaux, and tell their woes,
In troubles that astound me.

There's Maud and Bella, Grace and May,
Miranda, Jane and Polly;
My eldest wants a sober man,
My youngest one a jolly!

And yet, in spite of all I do
To please them in their folly,
I find the jolly man wants Maud,
The sober one wants Polly!

The tall wants short, the short wants tall,
The ugly man craves beauty;
While beauty hates the ugly man,
In spite of maiden duty.

Thus at cross purposes they play,
In labyrinthine mazes,
Those bright, bewitching, wayward girls,
Until my poor head crazes.

Wife takes it easier, I find—
I love a woman! I adore her—
In love affairs she seems to see
A yard or two before her!

While I, poor victim, forlorn
These dark and troubled waters;
A hat in blindness, dolt in tact—
A man who wants Polly!

They Say.

They say—Ah well, suppose they do!
Why need you tell the story true?
Suspicion may arise from thought;
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

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One evening Titus Closely and his
wife took tea by invitation with neigh-
bor Deepwater.

"I declare, Nancy," said Titus on
their way home, "Prudence Deepwater
beats all creation for cooking, don't
she? I'd no idea she was such a hand at
it. I wonder where she got them
fresh strawberries."

"She perturbed them herself," an-
swered Nancy.

"O—git out! Them wasn't per-
turbed—they was as fresh as new pick-
led."

"'Tis the way they were fixed, Titus."

"Eh. Can you do it?"

"I could if I had her paper."

"Her paper?"

"Yes. She found the receipt in the
newspaper. And that's where she
learned how to do most all of her nice
cooking."

Titus changed the subject of con-
versation.

Autumn came, and the Agricultural
Fair was held in an adjoining town—
Titus went over with a yoke of what he
considered very fine oxen; but he found,
when the exhibition came off, that he
was very far behind the times. New
breeds, of which he had known nothing,
had been introduced, and his own ani-
mals were not deemed worthy of notice.

"Wise!" whistled Titus, as he sat in
his kitchen, with a crumpled report of
the Awarding Committee in his hand. A
friend had given him the printed docu-
ment. "John Deepwater has got the
premium for sheep. By hokey! I'll
bet I clip more wool than he does next
season."

"Because you have got more sheep,"
suggested Nancy. "But wait and see.
The new breed which he has procured
is a very valuable one."

"Bah! Think what it cost him—fifty
dollars for a pair on 'em!"

"And," said Nancy, "he sold two
of his spring lambs to Mr. Thompson
for eighty dollars."

"Git out!"

"Prudence told me John Deep-
water saw so many flattering accounts
of these sheep in his paper that he knew
it would be safe to invest."

Titus referred again to the report.
"Holla! I'm blest if Polly Downer
hasn't got the first premium for cheese
—five dollars!"

"Yes," said Nancy. "She was telling
me about her cheese. She found out
how to make them in her paper. I tell
ye, Titus, it's a good thing to have
a good newspaper. I wish you'd—"

"Bah! Don't talk to me!" And
Titus threw down the report, and re-
turned from the kitchen in disgust.

The winter passed, the spring work
was done, and the time for sheep-shear-
ing came. Titus Closely sheared one
hundred and fifty sheep, and obtained
therefrom not quite six hundred pounds
of wool, being less than an average of
four pounds to the sheep. John Deep-
water sheared seventy sheep, and ob-
tained from them very near five hun-
dred pounds of wool, thus giving him a
yield of a trifling over seven pounds from
each sheep.

"Titus, didn't I tell you that neigh-
bor Deepwater's sheep would prove far
more the profitable? It costs no more
to keep one of his splendid animals than
it does one of ours. And then his lambs
are heavier and his mutton is—"

"Stop your gab, Nancy! I know
what you're pitching at. It's one of 'em
tarnal papers! Let John Deepwater
go if he wants to. I've got more
wool'n he has."

"And you wintered more than twice
as many sheep as he did!"

"Shet up, Nancy! I tell ye I don't
want it."

And Nancy closed her lips; and the
agent went forth with his field with the
great old wooden plough which his
father and his grandfather had used be-
fore him.

And time passed on. The newspaper
agency was established at the village
post-office, but Titus did not patronize
it. He felt that he had a principle at
stake. He had said he wouldn't—and
he wouldn't! But in one thing he was
consistent—he would not allow his wife
or children to borrow papers of his
neighbor Deepwater if he knew it.

"But—didn't you know that wool had
risen in value?"

"No. Mr. Saddler said thirty cents
was all 'twas worth."

"Mr. Saddler deceived you. But you
should have watched the market reports.
Didn't you notice them in the paper?"

"I—I—don't take no paper."

"I declare, Titus, I'm sorry for you.
But it can't be helped now."

Mr. Deepwater saw how badly his
friend was feeling, and he laid no more.
When the company had gone, Titus
Closely took down the old slate from
his peg by the side of the looking-glass,
and began to cipher. The difference
between thirty and forty-five was fifty;
and fifteen multiplied by five hundred
and seventy gave a product of
eighty-five dollars and fifty cents!

On the following morning Titus
Closely went to the village and sub-
scribed for two papers—one for himself,
and one for his wife; and in time he
came to regard the Newspaper as one
of the greatest institutions of the age.

Source and Effect of Hope.

Hopefulness is the mother of happi-
ness. The truly hopeful are never truly
miserable. They see a light ahead, even
at the midnight. Whence comes hopefulness?
Some one has thus declared:

True hope is based on energy of char-
acter. A strong mind always hopes,
and has always cause to hope, because
it knows the mutability of human af-
airs, and how slight a circumstance may
change the whole course of events; such
a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not
confined to partial views, or to one par-
ticular object. And if, at last, all
should be lost, it has saved itself—its
own integrity and worth. Hope awakens
courage, while despondency is the last
of all evils; it is the abandonment of
good—the giving up of the battle of
life with dead nothingness. He who
can implant courage in the human soul
does more for the world than any other
man.

Frankness Illustrated.

Some persons profess great love of
frankness; they would have no conceal-
ments among friends or even acquaint-
ances, but would have every man's feel-
ings be seen as plainly as if he had
a pane of glass in his breast. Miss
Miford, in one of her letters recently
published, tells an anecdote of Godwin,
the author of "Caleb Williams," which
is a good commentary on this doctrine.
Godwin was once visiting a friend of
hers, in company with Curran, and pre-
tends, as usual, to go to sleep after din-
ner. That it was only make-believe
was, however, very visible; and Curran
seized the opportunity to treat his
most bitter with a character of Godwin
the most bitter that his malice could
invent, qualifying every phrase with,
"though he is my friend." The con-
tortions of the philosopher, who dared
not show that he was awake during this
castigation, and the pretended fear
which Curran showed of awaking him,
the concealed anger of the one when he
did venture to open his eyes, and the
assumed innocence of the other—form-
ed a scene, says Miss Miford, which
no comedy ever equalled. The advocate
of sincerity, the frank philosopher,
Godwin, never forgave this practical
exemplification of his theory.

FACT.

Love swings on little hinges. It keeps
an active little servant to do a good
deal of its fine work. The name of the
little servant is Tact. Tact is nimble-
footed, and quick-fingered; tact sees
without looking; tact has always a good
deal of small change on hand; tact car-
ries no heavy weapons, but can do won-
ders with a sling and stone; tact never
runs his head against a stone wall; tact
always spies a sycamore tree up which
to climb when things are becoming
crowded and unmanageable on the level
ground; tact has a cunning way of avail-
ing itself of a word, or a smile, or a
gracious wave of the hand; tact carries
a bunch of curious-fashioned keys, which
turn all sorts of locks; tact plays its
monosyllables wisely, for, being a mono-
syllable itself, it arranges its own order
with the familiarity of friendship; tact
—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying
tact—governs the great world, yet
touches the big baby under the impres-
sion that it has not been touched at all.

Selected.

Two old women were standing in
front of the bustings at an election,
listening to the speeches, when the crowd
suddenly burst into laughter at some-
thing which had been said upon the plat-
form; and one of the old women clap-
ped her hands, and cried, "Eh, Mary,
that war a good 'un—that war a good
'un!" "What war it, Matty?" inquired
her friend. "I don't know," replied she, "I don't
know what it war; but somebody
elect!"

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