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Mr. P. WHITTLE!, HOPEVILLE, Co. off Grey.

TOTS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, LEMONS, FRESH OYSTERS, PURE APPLE CIDER.

Oyster Rooms, n his premises Owen Sound Street, near the STATION.

"THE REVIEW" Every Thursday, At the Office, GARAFAXA STREET, UPPER TOWN, DURHAM, - - Ont.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per year in Advance, or \$1.25 if not paid within two months.

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Do You Want Money, J. MacRAE, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Marriage Certificates and Licenses, Constantly on hand at the POST OFFICE, DUNDALK. Price only \$2.00.

For Sale Cheap, Lots 32, 33, and 34, in 3rd Con. S. D. E. Oprey, 80 acres each; also Lot 17, in 8th Con. Proton. Terms easy. Apply to HECTOR McKNES, Dundalk P. O.

Farms For Sale, Several good lots of land for sale—improved and unimproved—At from \$5 to \$20 per acre.

J. J. MIDDLETON, Dundalk Dec. 21, 1877.

Mr. P. WHITTLE!, HOPEVILLE, Co. off Grey. June 21, 1877.

TOTS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, LEMONS, FRESH OYSTERS, PURE APPLE CIDER.

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THE GREY REVIEW

Vol. I. No. 6. DURHAM, Co. Grey, MARCH 21, 1878. \$1 per year in Advance.

Cutters! Cutters! AT THE DURHAM Carriage Works.

A LARGE STOCK OF CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS, of the best material, good finish and at prices as low as any other establishment in the county.

J. TOWNSEND, R. McFARLANE, Durham, Feb. 14th, 1878.

NO ARMISTICE War, War! With the Circular Saw against all kinds of Saw Logs during 1878.

Custom Sawing of Lumber AND SHINGLES, done at once, and cheap, to suit the times.

SHINGLES, LATH AND LUMBER on hand and sold at down hill prices.

HASTIE & GRANT, Are selling the balance of their Winter Goods at greatly reduced prices.

Wincies at 8 cts., superior to anything ever offered at the same price.

Dress Goods in great variety, As usual we have the best stock of WINTER SHAWLS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS—white, gray, scarlet and fancy.

CANADIAN TWEEDS in quality and price to suit everyone.

CLOTHING in Coats, Pea Jackets, Overcoats, Pants and Vests.

BOOTS & SHOES, A great choice of every serviceable kind.

GROCERIES & HARDWARE of every description.

OUR TEA at 35 cents and 50 cents on a trial recommends itself.

Mr. P. WHITTLE!, HOPEVILLE, Co. off Grey. June 21, 1877.

E. D. WILCOX, MARKDALE, Would call the attention of the public on Dundalk, and surrounding country.

POETRY. STRIKES. Strikes are quite proper, only strike right; Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight.

Will you be there and I? We know there's a bright and a glorious home, Away in the heavens high.

NO ARMISTICE War, War! With the Circular Saw against all kinds of Saw Logs during 1878.

Custom Sawing of Lumber AND SHINGLES, done at once, and cheap, to suit the times.

SHINGLES, LATH AND LUMBER on hand and sold at down hill prices.

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E. D. WILCOX, MARKDALE, Would call the attention of the public on Dundalk, and surrounding country.

"I know you well enough," said Mr. Flint. "D'ye think I'm in my dotage?"

"You're the man that killed my brown horse last summer, and asked for my gray mare to do the same by this; and I told you what I thought of you in my note.

"Then if you are sober you can't read!" said Mr. Flint.

"You wrote me a note telling me to come over, saying there was nothing in the way of my having the gray mare," said Mr. Perkins.

"That's untrue," said Mr. Flint.

"I'm not drunk and a liar, sir," cried Perkins to Hoskins. "Asked him neighbor-like to lend me his gray mare, and he wrote he would, and now calls me all the names he can lay his tongue on."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said Mr. Hoskins. "He insulted me, sir. Told me I worked my poor late Abigail Arminity to death, staved her, and was afraid of him. Write that to me, sir! Hang him!"

"That's false," said Mr. Flint.

"Now, I am a liar, am I?" cried Hoskins.

"You are both insane," said Flint.

"You never write to me?" cried Hoskins.

"No doubt it's true, but I didn't," cried Flint.

"He is crazy," said Hoskins.

"Mad as a March hare," said Perkins.

"You are a couple of lunatics. I'll be protected against you. Help, help! Some one go for the constable!"

"A lunatic!" said Mr. Perkins. "Why, there's the letter you wrote me. If you were a younger man I'd not stop to argue; but you're old enough to be my father—"

Continuing to enlarge on the high and honorable position of the teacher occupied by him.

Rev. Mr. Mutholland moved that the thanks of the meeting be given to Dr. McLellan for his very able, eloquent and instructive lecture.

MISCELLANEOUS, Cape of Good Hope wool is being made into cloth at Walkerton.

A Molly Maguire, charged with murder in Pennsylvania three years ago, was extradited from St. Catharines on Tuesday.

The Collingwood harbour has not been frozen over during the entire winter. This was never known before.

A curious candle used in Alaska is a fish eight inches long, almost transparent, and very fat, the fat being pure white and very sweet.

Mr. Dickson, one of the oldest men in Canada, died on Saturday morning at Palmerston. He served under Nelson, and had been wrecked on a whaling expedition.

The severest storm ever experienced in Virginia passed over Jefferson County on Monday. Hailstones, larger than eggs, fell for an hour, mowing down trees, breaking glass and killing cattle.

The daughter of a respectable farmer, named Robert Keys—a girl about thirteen years of age—accidentally upset a pail of hot water, which had just been set on the floor for scrubbing, and so seriously scalded herself, that she soon after died of the injuries she had received.

The oldest of the white elephants of Spain, which was born in 1770, died in its temple at Bangkok in November last.

The deceased had been accorded a magnificent funeral. A hundred Buddhist priests officiated at the ceremony.

The PLAIN OF O-NO.—A friend calls our attention to the fact that Shalshat wanted to hold consultation with Nehemiah in the plain of O-NO.

On Friday evening last, Dr. McLellan, High School Inspector, gave a lecture in the Town Hall. The subject was "This Canada of ours."

"Oh, oh, oh!" she sobbed, "was ever a poor woman in such a trouble? Oh, oh!"

"Choose!" cried Hoskins; "and darned if I ain't so mad I don't care much which way you choose. I'd rather like to be at liberty to go for old Flint and mash him with my jumbo, I had!"

"Why don't I die!" sobbed Berthilda.

"But, oh, Silas, I can't leave Uncle Flint like that. It wouldn't be decent."

"The servant opened it, and Peter Perkins' voice inquired for Mr. Flint.