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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.

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Farms For Sale! Several good lots of land for sale—improved and unimproved—At from \$5 to \$20 per acre, in Proton, Malenabon, Oprey, and Colingwood. Terms easy. Apply to J. J. MIDDLETON, Dundalk Dec. 21, 1877.

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The Oldest FIRE INSURANCE and MONEY LOAN AGENCY in the TOWNSHIP.

The best Companies in the Province represented.

Farm and Village Lots For Sale. Business done strictly private. Residence and address HOPEVILLE, Co. off Grey. June 21, 1877.

Mr. P. WHITTLE! Begs to inform the inhabitants of Dundalk and vicinity that he has on hand a fine stock of

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, LEMONS, ORANGES, FRESH OYSTERS, PURE APPLE CIDER.

Also that he has opened new Oyster Rooms, his premises Owen Sound Street, near the STATION, - - Dundalk. Good Family Flour for sale. Dundalk, Feb. 23, 1877.

WTS. \$5 A DAY selling the best of the world's goods. Write with full particulars. Lasts one year. A Sample 10 cents—three for 25. Agents: Mrs. J. McARDLE, 101 St. George Street, Dundalk, Ont.

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Every Thursday, At the Office, Garrafxa 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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Professional and business cards, one inch square and under, per year, \$ 4
Two inches or 24 lines Squared measure, 7
Three inches do, per year, 10
Quarter column, per year, 15
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D. McDONELL, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c. Office—Upper Town, Durham, Ont. y1

FROST & COWPER, BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—North Broadway, Glasgow Office in Tribune's Building—Open every Thursday.

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Grey Review

Vol. I. No. 8. DURHAM, Co. Grey, APRIL 4, 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. Those in need of such articles would do well to call and inspect my stock.

R. McFARLANE, Durham, Feb. 14th, 1878. y1

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.

J. W. CRAWFORD, Rockville Mills, Durham P. O. Benthick, Feb. 14/1878. y1

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, Pax Jackets, Overcoats, Pants and Vests.

Great bargains in Ladies, Fur, 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.

Mens' Felt Hats in great variety. GREAT bargains in Fur CAPS.

HASTIE & GRANT, Durham, Feb. 1878. y1

ELGIN WATCHES

Would call the attention of the public of Dundalk, and surrounding country, to the fact that he keeps constantly on hand a large Stock of WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY, which he sells at Toronto prices. Engagement and Wedding Rings a speciality. Goods to select from sent on application.

E. D. WILCOX, MARKDALE, Dundalk, E. D. WILCOX. y30

POETRY.

FAREWELL TO FINARY.

Elrich agas tagalon, O, Elrich agas tagalon, O, Elrich agas tagalon, O, Fawell, farewell to Finary.

The wind is fair, the day is fine, Swiftly, swiftly runs the time; The boat is floating on the tide That wafts me off from Finary.

A thousand thousand tender ties— Accept this day my parting sigh; My heart within me almost dies At thought of leaving Finary.

With tender steps I've often strided Where Finary's Castle stood of old, And listened while the shepherds told The legend tales of Finary.

I've often passed at close of day, Where Ocean sang his martial lay, And viewed the sun's departing ray, Wandering o'er Dun-Finary.

Alas! Catharine's gentle stream, That murmurs sweetly through the green, Will witness how my heart is torn, Beside the banks of Finary.

Farewell, ye hills of storm and snow, The wild rocks of deer and roe; In peace the loathsome loam may grow Along the banks of Finary.

'Tis not the hills or woody vale, Alone my joyous heart bewails; A moment's group this day remains Within the Masque of Finary.

Can I forget Glenmore's name? Farewell, dear father, best of men; My heaven's joy, and his remain Within the Masque of Finary.

Mother!—a name to me so dear— Must I leave thee thus to roam, And try a world that's full of snares, Far, far from thee and Finary!

Brother of my love, farewell! Sisters, all your grief conceal; Your tears suppress—your sorrows quell. Be happy while at Finary.

Should I return, oh may I find The smiling still at Finary.

O must I leave thee, happy scene! Ours, they spread the happy scene! Adieu, adieu my native plains, Farewell, farewell to Finary.

The Walls around Eden.

Philip Grey and his wife, Rosamond, emancipated themselves from boarding-house life last fall and took a flat. They had had, for \$25 a week, one room on a third floor where Rosamond took care of the children through the day and had breakfast and lunch brought up to her. When Philip came home at six o'clock, as babies were not allowed at table, he and she took turns going down stairs to dine with a dozen or more stylish fellow-boarders. The house was on a fashionable street and the meagre provided everything in the market.

From this they went to five pretty rooms "all in a row," beginning with the kitchen and ending with the parlor, where little Phil and Rose Pose could see up and down with delight, and have a big, lighted closet all to themselves, to keep playthings in. So much sunshine streamed into the parlor, where the curtains were rolled up in the morning, that it reached like a golden pathway, through the whole five rooms, if the doors were open. And "Right is life," said Rosamond. One flight of stairs did not seem at all formidable; and, being only a stone's throw from the park, she could take the children there any hour in the day, to see the sheep, the swans, the lake, the rocks, the whole realm of delight.

Here they paid \$25 a month for rent, and Rosamond found she could manage the house on thirty more. So, equipped with boarding, that left quite a royal margin, she and Philip thought; and they began to talk of taking one or two magazines and going to hear Eschhoff.

Of course, there was some work daily to be done; but, as they did not have very many dishes, there was not very many to be washed, and little Phil and baby Rose found a great deal of entertainment in watching mamma cook. She was not interrupted by very many callers at first. Only three or four of her intimate friends found their way to "the Grey's flat" in the beginning of it.

One of these was Prue Bentley, dear little Prue, with her sweet, disconcerted face, if you can imagine a face sweet and disconcerted at the same time. The door-bell rang just as Rosamond had finished sweeping, and, as their modest flat did not boast a janitor, she ran down to answer it in her neat calico dress, with Rose Pose trotting behind her.

"Dear me!" said Prue, as the door opened. And it must be owned her first thought was that Rosamond did not look nearly so stylish as she used, in her calmer peignoir, at Miss Perrin's boarding-house.

"You, darling!" exclaimed Rosamond. "Come right up-stairs." And as she led the way she sang gaily:

The way into my parlor is a winning stair, And I have many curious things to show you when you are there.

"Why, how lovely this is!" said Prue, as she entered the little parlor, and looked from the glowing grate to the sunny windows and then up at the picture-hung wall.

"And this is the most resting chair I ever sat in," as she sank down in Rosamond's own easy-chair.

"Now I will take your hat and you must stay the day out," said her hostess. "I know you are tired, coming all the way from Brooklyn; and, as soon as you are a little rested, you shall have some lunch."

"Oh! no, indeed! Don't take that trouble," protested Prue; remembering that Rosamond had no servant, and thinking there must be some fearful impossibility about sudden lunches.

"Oh! it won't be a very elaborate one," laughed Rosamond, going toward the kitchen. "Only some Vienna bread and fresh butter and a cup of tea."

So, a few minutes later, little Phil, with a snowy napkin tucked in his neck en garçon, brought her on a waiter the promised lunch, and Prue enjoyed it. Still a cloud hung over the young face, and Rosamond, noticing it, asked, at last:

"How's Harry, now-a-days?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply, with a pitiful little quiver in her voice. "He quarrelled with me Saturday night, and I haven't seen him since."

"Quarrelled with you?" exclaimed Rosamond, agitated.

"Yes," and the voice trembled yet more. "He says I don't love him as much as I used to, and I'm sure he doesn't love me as he used, and so I suppose it will all come to an end before long."

"Oh, Prue!" said her friend, earnestly, "don't talk so. Your own Harry, who has been so faithful for four long years! I don't believe he has taken another girl to a single entertainment or even walked home with anybody in that time. And you know you refused that rich Mr. Doane for his sake last winter; and you're perfectly miserable if you don't see him as regularly as the sun."

"But," said Prue, wearily, "it is so wearing. There doesn't seem to be the least more prospect of our ever being married than there was four years ago. Aunt says we are like two parallel lines running side by side forever, but never going to meet; and she talks to me, and the girls tease, and then Harry comes, looking careworn, and I suppose I look as if I had been crying. That's the way it was Saturday night."

Rosamond knew all about it. It was the old, old story: "Too poor to marry." Harry "couldn't support a wife." Prue's suit dressed her in velvet and seal skin. She was used to five courses at dinner, and there was a carriage for her whenever she wanted it. Still, she hadn't a penny of her own to shrew with her husband if she married; and it would have made matters much smoother if Harry had been a rich man, instead of a poor bookkeeper with twelve hundred a year. He felt it keenly over the problem till his head ached. Supposing they married and paid \$20 a week for board. How far would two hundred go toward car hire and laundry bills for a year, and dresses, hats and gloves for his dainty, darning Prue? He liked to dress well himself, and liked to buy a new book now and then, or a picture, or attend a fine concert. All this he would have sacrificed without a word; but even then he could not support Prue. But they loved one another with their whole hearts; so they waited on and on, hoping that some time the twelve hundred would swell to three thousand. But it was four years now and hard times had come, and things looked worse instead of better. So Prue's sweet face grew disconcerted, and Harry's blue eyes were a settled gloom.

Rosamond understood it all; for she had been in Prue's confidence from the beginning. She administered her usual tonic—telling Prue that, if Harry were dead or off on a five years' whaling voyage, she would look back at her life now as the height of happiness, when she could see him every day and read his love in his faithful eyes.

Prue grew more placid after awhile; and to occupy herself began to dress a doll for Rose Pose. Phil built houses on the floor with his blocks, and the baby took a long nap. So the two friends had a quiet, pleasant time together. When the hour came for Rosamond to begin to get dinner, she led Prue into the kitchen with her, so they could talk while she worked. Prue looked around her with some interest. There was such a few, few things there. But they were all bright and clean. Could that Rosamond who was cleaning potatoes be the same Rosamond who used to go to parties with her and who danced every set?

Yes. It was the same bright, merry face, and, somehow, the calico was becoming, after all.

There was not a great dinner to get. Rosamond had only to bake a few potatoes, stew some tomatoes and broil a steak; but the things were all good and had an appetizing smell, that made Prue hungry, especially after the coffee was ground and set to steep.

"I thought housekeeping was a terrible hard thing to learn," she said. "But you seem to find it easy enough."

"I am only in the A B C of it," answered Rosamond, laughing. "I really know very little more than what you have seen me do. These are all very simple dishes and I learn them one at a time. Of course I look at my cook-book. You don't know, Prue, how much happier I am than I ever was before in my life. But I do think it would wear my life out if I had to begin with a great house and a lot of servants."

Prue wondered. These few little mous-

and these few things to do with! But, in the light that Rosamond set it, housekeeping really seemed to be great fun and full of happiness. But, oh! how deviously her cousins would laugh, if she should go home and tell them she had seen Rosamond Grey washing potatoes in a tin pan.

Meanwhile Philip's step was heard on the stairway, and Rosamond went the children to meet him, while she heated the plate and laid the last things on the table. The table looked very pretty, set off with some of her wedding presents, and Harry Prue found nothing to offend her eye or palate in the simple dinner. In fact; she thought it delicious; and Philip Grey as head of the household seemed to her three times the man he used to be in the old dancing days. He and Rosamond talked gaily and happily to each other, and laughed as if they hadn't a care in the world; while poor little Prue, under her momentary cheerfulness, felt her heart beating, oh! so sadly.

When dinner was over and she was putting on her hat to go home, Rosamond said:

"We're going to furnish our spare bedroom next week, Prue dear, and I want you to come and stay over Christmas with us. We'll have a real good time, and Harry can spend all his evenings here. I'm going to buy a dripping-pan before then and practice first on chicken, so maybe we shall have turkey Christmas. I haven't learned to roast yet, and that's why at present we starve on porterhouse steaks and oyster stews."

Prue laughed, swept a little corner, and said she would accept the invitation with pleasure.

"What made you tell her about the dripping-pan, Rosy?" asked Philip, when their guest had gone.

"Oh, I do so enjoy her amazement," said Rosamond, with a laugh, as they turned back into their cozy little parlor, where, after getting the children to sleep, they sat down for a delightful evening with "Deirdre."

Prue did not see her friends again till Christmas week; but she heard of them now and then. Her Cousin Julia, coming home one afternoon from an Essoff pastime, said she had got quite a new idea about the trimming of her winter hat from seeing the one worn by Mrs. Philip Grey, directly in front of her. Prue had one from Rosamond, reminding her of her promised visit, and adding a few words of cheer, which the poor girl sorely needed in the contest in which she was engaged, with love on one side and the world, her old familiar world of fashion, on the other. Her aunt had been plainly taking her in hand, in a series of "sermon talks," in which she demonstrated that, as Prue could not do a single useful thing in the world, and as her various costumes in a year cost as much as the whole of Harry's salary, it was the height of foolishness to talk of him any longer, and she had best end her meddling under a fifteen dollar cloak than under one that cost a hundred.

"Yet I am as strong as Rosamond Grey," said Prue in a flash of resistance. "And I am no fool. I suppose I could learn to do a few useful things."

But, although this did occur to her, she did not tell Harry so; for, although she could have died for him, or have been perfectly happy with him in a desert or desolate island, she felt that it required in her case far greater heroism to take up a life of family care; and be busy with brooms and kettles, instead of her piano and embroidery. As for Harry he had never thought of asking her to do such a thing. He never dreamed of anything but what he had had resources enough to supply his pretty Prue, at least partially, with her accustomed luxuries. So they met and parted time after time, in a kind of dull patience, and looked at each other with sad, weary eyes of love, which saw not yet how sweet is the "hinner of herbs."

Rosamond was busy with her holiday preparations the day before Christmas, when Prue came in, all in a flutter, with her cheeks crimson.

"I've fairly run away," she exclaimed, laughing. "Aunt had accepted an invitation for us all to spend Christmas at old Mrs. Doane's house; and she was furious when I insisted on keeping my previous engagement. I'm going to stay till she gets over it. I told Julia to send me word."

"I have looked for you all the morning," said Rosamond, with a kiss of welcome. "Here's your room all ready for you; and you can sit in the parlor and read the magazines, or you can come out into the kitchen with me and the children. I must go right back there, because there are cookies in the oven."

"I'll go with you," said Prue, and she went. Seating herself in one of the kitchen chairs, she watched all the preparations with deep interest, and even went so far as to stone raisins and pare apples to help Rosamond.

"You've done a good deal since I was here," she observed. "How pretty that broad window looks, with all those plants! And do you mean to say you hang pictures like those on your kitchen walls?"

"Yes, indeed," said Rosamond. "This is one of my sitting-rooms, and you don't know how pleasant it is in here when the work is done. And it is so warm and comfortable, and a nice place to have the

children's playthings around."

"And you are perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied, and glad you married Philip?" asked Prue, wistfully.

"Perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied, and glad every hour of my life that I married Philip," Rosamond replied, picking up her baby with an air of triumph and leading the way to the parlor.

They had a merry busy afternoon together, weaving wreaths and crosses of evergreen for the windows and pictures; while little Phil and Rosy decorated every figure in the carpet with the clippings. It grew dark early; and as soon as possible after that the children were coaxed to hang up their stockings and go to bed. Then as soon as they were asleep out from drawers and closets came the delightful packages that had been in hiding, and everybody played Santa Claus and helped to fill the stockings.

"I do hope there won't be a fire to burn the house down before morning, before the children see their presents," said Rosamond, as she carefully planted the feet of lovely doll in among the bon-bons in the baby's stocking.

It took all the rest of the evening to get the wreaths and crosses up, and then, tired and happy, the little household went to bed.

The next morning Prue was awakened by the sound of a Christmas carol, which Philip Grey sang as he built the fire; and not long after she heard little Phil talking out of bed and his shouts of delight over his stocking. The horn began to toot, the whistle began to blow, the toy cat squealed, the woolly dog how-wowed, and the children had a regular revel.

"What good times they do have!" thought Prue, as she hurried out to join in the fun.

The clear, cold Christmas Day was different from any Prue had ever known before. To tell the truth, a good part of it was spent in the kitchen, for Rosamond had announced her intention to have a regular genuine Christmas dinner, and Prue borrowed an apron and wanted to help. She chopped bread crumbs, washed celery, grated cheese, and did anything she was told; and Rosamond said it seemed quite like old times, when they were girls and always together. Phil raced up and down the rooms on his hobby horse, and Rosy trotted after him on a broom, entertaining themselves so well that their elders paid them but little attention. There was one tremendous moment, though, when, in the very midst of stuffing the turkey, Rosamond turned her head and saw her baby on the top of the stationary tub, holding in her hands the reservoir of oil from the student lamp and alternately shaking it over the water-pitcher and the tea-pot.

"Don't you wish you could keep a nurse?" asked Prue, as Rosamond, flushed and hurried, stopped to scald the tea-pot.

"No, I don't," said her friend, undaunted. "I feel through and through my heart, that, when I get to be an old woman, and look back on my life, the very sweetest part of it will be the time I had my little children around me and took care of them. And I think Rosy's fully equal to 'Helen's Babies, don't you?"

The turkey browned famously, and all the various articles stewing and boiling on the stove did their best, when, at a quarter of three, Prue, who had no more to do, thought she would take the children to the parlor and tell them a story. Suddenly the door-bell rang.

"That must be the man with the nuts," said Rosamond; "and I don't see how I can possibly leave the gravy. I wish Philip was here."

"I'll go to the door," proposed Prue.

"If you really don't mind," began Rosamond; but Prue was already out in the hall. She ran light-heartedly down the stairs, opened the door, and met—Harry.

Philip had fallen in with him, down town, invited him to dinner, and then, having to stop on the way home, had sent him on alone. Prue gave him a swift glance, saw that he looked careworn, but the same dear old love was shining in his eyes, and, with his arm around her, they ascended the stair and entered the little parlor, now a perfect bower with its Christmas greens.

He sat down before the glowing fire and looked about the room.

"Philip's a lucky fellow," he said, with a sigh.

Prue's heart beat rapidly, for new, brave thoughts were finding their way into it; but she said nothing, only stroked Harry's hair with a lingering touch.

Rosamond came in now, with a welcome, and, a few minutes later, Philip Grey arrived, looking bright and cheerful, and, with a child on each shoulder, was quite ready to lead the way to dinner.

Such a merry Christmas dinner as it was! Harry grew gay in spite of himself, and Prue was as sweet as a little carnation pink. Philip and Rosamond did the honors finely, and the fact that they were a little pinched for dishes made them all the merrier. Prue got the cup that was cracked; but the tea was from Hinod's, and delicious. The turkey was splendid, and all the side dishes as nice as any lady in the land could have. When it was time for dessert, little Phil could not sit still in the parlor, but had to be reproached for telling the guests beforehand that they were going to have plum pudding. Rosamond was a little slow about bringing it; but when she did come, holding it high in

a platter, it made a sensation; for she had finished off in old English style, so that it seemed to be all on fire with blue flames.

Dinner over, they adjourned to the parlor, and tossed nutshells into the fire to make pictures there for the children. The happy day waned away, and at last it was night and bedtime for Phil and Rosy. Their mother sang them to sleep with carols, and came back into the parlor in time to hear Harry say:

"I suppose housekeeping is twice as expensive as boarding. Isn't it, Grey?"

"Well," said Philip Grey, serenely, "as you are a novice, I don't mind throwing a little light on the subject. Rose, darling, where is our account-book?"

Rosamond found it, and her husband ran over the items aloud. Rent for one month, so much; marketing, so much; coal, so much; washing, sundries, etc., so much; and then looked it up.

"—Something like \$65 in all this month, perhaps," he said. "When we boarded we paid one hundred a month. So you see, my boy!"

Harry was surprised and silent in a sort of breathlessness. It seemed as if in the high walls around Eden he had suddenly discovered a gateway he had never dreamed of, where even he might pass. But it could not be. He felt that at the next instant, Prue, his dainty little love, could undertake the care. It was too much to ask of a girl like her.

"Let me read you a poem of Browning's," said Rosamond, taking up a book and turning the leaves. "It's about two young people who loved each other, but were too young to marry; so they waited on and on, and finally gave it up. The girl