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THE Grey Review.

Vol. I. No. 9. DURHAM, Co. Grey, APRIL 11, 1878. \$1 per year in Advance.

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Nothing LIKE LEATHER! FAIR PRICE AND LIVING PROFIT.

THE subscriber keeps on hand no low priced goods, but goods that are cheap when taking into consideration the long wear and comfort of the Rockville.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch. Always on hand all kinds of Leather of Native and Foreign Brands at my Tannery.

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Dr. C. STEVENS, 23-31 Box 80, ROCKVILLE, ONT. Spring and Summer Fashions regularly received.

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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.

R. McFARLANE, Durham, Feb. 14th, 1878. y-1

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. Bentick, Feb. 14, 1878. y-1

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.

Great bargains in Ladies, Fur, BOOTS & SHOES. A great choice of every serviceable kind.

GROCERIES & HARDWARE 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. y-1

Watches and Jeweller, Strain's New Rock, Flesherton.

NOTICE. THE Partnership hitherto existing between Thomas Wood and George Wood, Silvers in the Village of Friesville, has been dissolved this day by mutual consent.

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POETRY. For the Review. TO JIM. Good for Jim, he wants a woman, Jim, I hope you'll get a shrew, One that will not mend the stockings, But will teach you what to do.

Jim, you're like the rest of mankind, Expecting more than you will get; The kind of woman that you wanted Is a kind that my eyes haven't met.

So poor Carl, needing nothing so much as the dear mother he had lost, fancied that if he could chance upon this wonderful cup, he might with it find some means either of calling his mother back to him, or of going to join her in the beautiful blue sky.

Filled with this idea, Carl leaped from under the old arch, and ran with all his might across the meadows, hoping to climb the mountain and reach the hemlock-wood before the rainbow had quite disappeared.

Carl stopped when he saw that he was too late, and threw himself, panting, upon a great rock, partly to regain his breath, partly to watch the beautiful sunset.

Upon his head he wore a wreath of laurel leaves, and in one hand he carried some of their beautiful flowers, but the other hand was buried in his bosom, as if he had something there too precious to be shown even to the birds and squirrels.

Everyone knows—at least everyone that knows anything worth knowing—that at the end of the rainbow hangs a golden cup, and that whoever is fortunate enough and quick enough to reach the end of the rainbow and snatch the cup before it disappears, shall find it filled with whatever in life is most desirable, and shall forever after be accounted a lucky boy or girl, man or woman—that is to say, so long as he keeps the cup and keeps the secret of it, for the rainbow-cup, like several other charming things, loses half its value when shown and talked of to every chance comer.

Carl knew about this rainbow-cup right well, for his mother had often pointed to the beautiful arch shining out from the black thunder-clouds, and said: "Now, if it were not for the wet shoes and stockings, we might scamper through the meadow and up the mountain to the great hemlock-wood and find the rainbow-cup hiding in the shadows there."

Then Carl would sometimes beg to strip off the shoes and stockings, and promise solemnly not to be tired, even if they should run a mile; but his mother would only laugh, and hug her little boy in her arms, would dance about the room with him, saying that they two needed no rainbow-cup to give them joy so long as they had each other.

But at last came a day when Carl had grown to be a tall lad, and began to know how dearly he loved this beautiful mother of his, that the good Lord called to her out of heaven; and so, stopping only to kiss her boy on the cheek, and brow, and lips, went where she was called.

Carl found himself very lonely after this, for there was no one left to love him as he was used to being loved, although every one was kind and good to him, and the uncle and aunt who came to live in his mother's house did all that they knew how to do by way of comforting him. But better than the books, and the horse, and the boat, and the young companions they were constantly offering him, Carl loved to go away by himself, and in the woods, or by the river, or on the strong, "terrible mountain," to think about his mother, and all she had ever said to him, and how happy they had been together; and sometimes, when the sky was very blue and deep at midday, or when it was soft and pearly with the little fleecy clouds of dawn, or splendid with the rosy and golden islands that float about the sunset, Carl would fancy that the sweet face and golden hair he remembered so well peeped down at him, or that the little soft hand that had used to smooth his curls, or his cool and soothingly upon his heated forehead, beckoned to him out of some cloudy palace or waved a greeting from one of the rosy islands.

So Carl grew happy again, and loved his wandering life almost as well as the old quiet one, although the uncle and aunt shook their heads, and said they wished he were more like other lads, and would shoot, and run, and ride, and row, as he used to be so fond of doing.

"By-and-by, dear uncle and aunt," said Carl, when they talked in this way to him. "That old life was pleasant, and when I am done thinking so much, perhaps it will be pleasant again, but just now I have no time for the things you speak of; and then he would wander away to the woods, or to the fields, or the mountain.

At last, one day, when he was far from home, that came up a sudden thunder-storm, and when it was over, a great rainbow spanned the sky with its double arch, dipping with one end into the far country beyond the river, while the other rested somewhere among the hemlock-trees at the top of the mountain.

When Carl, sheltering himself under the old bridge, saw the rainbow, and noticed how it stood, he remembered his mother's story of the rainbow-cup, although she had not told it to him for some time before she went away, and he remembered, too, that she had always said that whoever found this cup should also find it filled with whatever would most content him.

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Several claims have been presented to the Toronto Council for damage done to the night of the O'Connell Riots. One from O'Connell, for damage done to his property, \$500.