"THE REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town,

Durham, - - Ont.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Professional and business cards, one inch space and under, per year,	$ 4
Two inches or 24 lines Nonpariel measure	7
Three inches do. per year	10
Quarter column, per year	15
Half column, "	28
One column, "	50
Do. six months	28
Do. three months	15

Casual advertisements charged 8 cts. per Line for the first insertion, and 2 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion—brevier measure.

Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and all kinds of local news, inserted free of charge.

STRAY ANIMALS, &c., advertised three weeks for $1, the advertisement not to exceed 8 lines.

Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates,

J. TOWNSEND.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL.

D. McDONELL,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c. Office —Upper Town, Durham, Ont. y1

E. D. MACMILLAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Upper Town, Durham, Ont. 10

JAMES LAMON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Office and residence—Dundalk.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Poulett St., Owen Sound. fm37

FROST & COWPER,
BARRISTERS and Attorneys-at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., Owen Sound and Flesherton. Flesherton Office in Tribble's Building—Open every Thursday.
ALFRED FROST, County Crown Attorney. T. D. COWPER. y1

MEDICAL.

DR. KIERNAN,
OFFICE at Medical Hall, Lower Town, Durham. Night calls promptly attended. Charges—By day, 1st mile $1, each subsequent mile 50 cents. By night, 50 per cent. more. Medicine extra in all cases. y8

GORDON,
DENTIST will visit the British Hotel, Durham, on the 8th and 9th of every month. First class work only done. Head Offices at Elora & Fergus. y4

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGE RUTHERFORD,
FIRE AND LIFE Insurance, Money, Loan and General Agent, Main Street, Dundalk.

Do You Want Money.

F. MacRAE, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Durham, Co. Grey, Ont. Money to Loan at reasonable interest, payable half-yearly or at the end of the year—principal payable in 3, 5 or 10 years—or principal and interest yearly to suit Borrowers. Wild and Improved Lands for sale. Mortgages Bought and Sold. y1

Beautiful Ambrotypes For Only Ten Cents.

SPLENDID Photographs for $1 per doz. Photographs made in all the latest and best improved styles. Pictures copied and enlarged to any size. $10 Enlarged Photographs in best square walnut frame, only $2 each.

MOTTO FRAMES, 8½x21 Inch, fitted with glass, back and rings, ONLY FIFTY CENTS. Picture Nails, Cord and Rings always on hand.

A large assortment of Frames, Mottoes and Pictures that will be sold at cost, and even less, during the next two months.

N. KELSEY, Photographer,
Opposite the "Review" Printing Office, Upper Town, Durham

Nothing LIKE LEATHER!

FAIR PRICE AND LIVING PROFIT.

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

I have now facilities for manufacturing an article second to none in the County of Grey, and have no old stock on hand, but all my goods are of the latest style, having opened out a large consignment of A 1 Last, Centennial and French Box for gents' fine work. In sewed work I defy competition. The work is done by workmen of experience, as everyone admits that Jopps' Shoemakers cannot be surpassed.

Just call and see my "Eureka Shoe"—something new in these parts.

Orders left at J. W. Boulden's Harness Shop, Durham, will receive prompt attention.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

Always on hand all kinds of Leather of Native and Foreign Brands at my Tannery.

CASH FOR HIDES.

J. C. JOPP.
Rockville, Bentinck, March 1st, 1878. y4

WATCHES JEWELRY
W. F. DOLL,

A large assortment of gold and silver Watches, all kinds of superior Clocks from $1 up. Wedding and Engagement Rings, Silver Plated Goods, Violins, Fifes, Spectacles, Revolvers, &c. Don't fail to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Repairing of Watches and Clocks a Speciality. Having had upwards of 5 years experience with a practical German Watchmaker, I feel confident that all work entrusted with me will be promptly and neatly executed. All Work Guaranteed.

W. F. DOLL,
Watchmaker and Jeweller, Strain's New Block, Flesherton.

THE Grey Review.

Vol. I. No. 18. DURHAM, Co. Grey, JUNE 13, 1878. $1 per year in Advance.

WM. WATSON & SON,
Undertakers,
PRICEVILLE, ONT.

FUNERALS furnished on short notice. Caskets and Coffins, with all sorts of trimmings, always on hand.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

Hearse furnished free to parties buying coffins from us. Remember the place,

WATSON & SON'S
Wagon and Carriage Works, Priceville, Ont.
y7

Alexander Robertson,
DURHAM,

OFFERS the FERGUS MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S
Family Sewing Machines
For $25 cash:

Selling price $32. These Machines have a polished table and cover, with outfit.

Many poor machines have of late years been put on the Canadian and other markets. They have been sold as possessing every merit, while a few weeks' work have rendered them useless. "THE FERGUS" is fully warranted to do a range of work such as no other competing concern can attempt, while its durability is undoubted.

Durham, Feb. 28 1878. d3

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.
Bentinck, Feb. 14, 1878. y1

JOHN ROBERTSON,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
DURHAM ST., DURHAM.

Residence—Opposite the Canada Presbyterian Church.

Cutting done to Order.

Spring and Summer Fashions regularly received.

Durham, Feb. 14, 1878. y1

DURHAM
Carriage Works.

ROBERT McFARLANE,
Manufacturer of
Carriages, Buggies, Democrat Wagons, etc.,

OF THE VERY 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.

The Subscriber is also Agent for All Kinds of FARM IMPLEMENTS.

ROBERT McFARLANE,
Durham. y-1

THE BRITISH CANADIAN
Loan and Investment Co.,
(LIMITED)

OFFERS to Lend Money on Farm, City and Town Property, on the following Liberal Terms, viz.:—8 per cent. per annum, Interest payable HALF-YEARLY, NOT IN ADVANCE. 8½ per cent. per annum, Interest payable YEARLY, NOT IN ADVANCE.

Capital authorized by Charter, $5,000,000.

PRESIDENT: Sir Alex. T. Galt.
VICE-PRESIDENT: A. H. Campbell, Esq.
DIRECTORS: His Honor D. A. Macdonald, Lieut.-Gov. of Ont.; Hon. John Simpson; Hon. S. C. Wood, Prov.-Treas.; William Thomson, Esq.; George Craig, Esq.; Donald Mackay, Esq., of Gordon Mackay; G. L. Beardmore, Esq.; Wm. Ince, Esq.
BANKERS: The Bank of Montreal; The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
SOLICITORS: Messrs. Blake, Kerr & Boyd.
MANAGER: J. Turnbull.

No Fines. Charges Low.

Borrowers can, by special arrangement, have the privilege of repaying principal in such sums and at such times as they please, whether the mortgage be repayable in one sum or by instalments. Interest ceases at once on amounts so paid.

☞ **Mortgages and other Real Estate Securities purchased, or advances made on the same.**

A. McLELLAN,
fm-7 Agent at Durham
HEAD OFFICE: 14 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

POETRY.

For the Review.

A New Poem.

In a trip this year through the county of Grey,
I halted at Durham to bait by the way;—
A smart little town on a bluff of sangeen,
In the snowiest country that ever was seen.
I don't know myself, but I hear people say,
It snows here for weeks, and it snows every day.
To Durham I came, and took quarters meanwhile,
In the travellers' room in the House of Argyle.
I sat musing, alone, on the old rule of three—
What has been, what is, and what's likely to be—
The past not quite pleasant, the future as drear
As the hills of Glenelg at the close of the year;
The present sole item of time that is ours
Has its lights and its shadows, its sunshine and showers.
Every lot has a crook in't: my trouble to-night
Is the thought that this right eye is losing its sight.
For months I have noticed a cloud gathering o'er it.
I wonder can nothing be done to restore it?
I ask for a doctor, my landlord replied:
"There's a doctor in whom you can fully confide
Lives across the big gully, himself a big Gun;
Chirurgeon, physician, and first-class optician—
Three very learned gentlemen rolled into one."
"All right, I'll step o'er and see what can be done."
I sailed on the doctor, "Please doctor," says I,
"Will you just be so good as examine my eye?
It seems losing its sight, and I cannot tell why.
It sees men as trees, scarce knows chalk from cheese;
It drew once a light bead, but its best days are by.
"Be seated, my son; let your pleasure be done;
I'll see what's the matter in half a York minute."
He seix'd a box, and from thence took a strong double lens,
Which flashed as if lightning was pent up within it.
"Sit here, sir," quoth he, "now look right at me,
Now upward, now downward, now toward your nose.
Now, steady, I see it: I see a palm tree—
A palm tree with fair foliage and far-spreading boughs."
"Losh me, a palm tree in the stern o' my e'e!
That beats all I heard yet. Do you think it still grows?
Can't you girdle it, doctor?" "Don't know, I will see."
"What the deuce brought it there?" "Drinking grog, I suppose.
Yes, grog, sir, 'tis grog, sir; if you quit not that eog, sir,
You are blind as old nap or the rest of the dead.
I'll think o'er the matter, but perhaps it were better —
The windows both out than the house 'bout my head."
So I left this learned doctor delivering a lecture
On optics, opthalmicks, cat-tracks and their kin,
Went back to my quarters, thinking much about martyrs,
Took a good glass of toddy, peeled off and turned in.—ALEX. GLENDENNING.

A Thames Adventure.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

"Gracious Heaven," she exclaimed, "it is Ralph! It is my cousin Ralph! Why, Ralph—Mr. Merris, I mean—how came you here? Are you also going to Demerara?"

"No, Kate," I answered; "and I am much inclined to think you are not. Don't think me cold or unfeeling, Kate, if I do not attempt to express the delight and pleasure with which I look upon your face and hear your voice again, but I fear you are in danger."

She seemed, from the motion of her lips, to be repeating my last words, and her eyes distended—well I remembered those eyes!—but she spoke not.

"Is your passage taken by this ship for Demerara?" I said.

She made an affirmative gesture, and I continued:

"Then we have not an instant to spare if what I suppose is true. You can trust me, Kate?"

"Trust you?" she echoed. "Of course I can! How can you ask me such a question? But what danger menaces us—or me—and what is this danger to which you are alluding so vaguely, yet terribly?"

"A few seconds, Kate, and you shall know; but consent to defer a full explanation, and reply briefly to what I shall ask," I said. "And it would be well if, even while you are answering me, you got on your cloak and hat, if you have such things handy." This speech, which was certainly rather an ominous one, startled her a great deal more. "I am afraid, Kate," I went on, speaking very quickly, "that there is a plot on foot against you. By a series of mistakes I have discovered this, for I have read a letter to-night never intended for me, and I have been brought to your ship in complete error."

I then explained about the letter, and asked her what she was going to Demerara for. She said that she was going to her uncle, who had written for her to come out, and who had expressed his intention of making her his heiress. Her father was dead, and, owing to the failure of the local bank in which nearly the whole of his money had been invested, she had been left in reduced circumstances. While she was speaking, I noticed how grave and thoughtful a few years had made the bright, merry face I was once so fond of; yet, in another way, she looked quite as handsome as ever.

"Now, Kate," I resumed, when she had concluded, "I think I see it all. Is there any one whose interest it is, or might be, to keep you from reaching your uncle?"

"There are the Rentons," she replied thoughtfully, "who have always looked upon themselves as the heirs of Mr. Michael Jarden's wealth, and have said many insulting and harsh things since they have know that it was proposed for me to go over; but they are down in Herefordshire."

"Are they, indeed?" I exclaimed. "'Renton' was the name you said. Pray, has one of the family a large and very ugly scar on his face?"

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Jarden. "Arthur Renton is terribly marked."

"Then I am sure there is no time to be lost," I returned; "he is in London. I cannot trust the men on board this vessel—they are evidently in league with him—and I am quite sure he means to seize you to-night and place you in some confinement—perhaps a lunatic asylum."

She clasped her hands at this, and seemed about to speak, but I stopped her.

"Now, Kate," I said, "you are ready, and must go on shore with me at once. Providence has thrown in our way the means of foiling them with their own weapons, and we will do it. I would fight them and die for you with readiness, Kate, but here I am only one against a large gang, and my resistance would be unavailing; on shore, and knowing all I do, we shall have the advantage. Hark! Here they come!"

I heard voices, then steps climbing the ladder by which I had entered, and then I heard a man cross the deck. Not having been fairly on shore, I had not abandoned my New Zealand habits, and consequently in my coat-pocket was a loaded five-shot revolver. As quickly as possible I drew and cocked it. Miss Jarden saw my action, and whispered:

"Do not oppose them; pray do not run any risks for me."

But I knew that my being there at all would involve a great struggle, and I watched the opening door with the eye of a tolerably good shot who is measuring his distance. I breathed more freely, it was only one of the men whom I had left in the boat. My right hand being concealed by the table, he did not see my pistol.

"Now, master," he said, "how much longer are you going to be? We are obliged to bale the rain out of the boat, and we are wet through. If you mean to be much longer you may row ashore yourself."

"You are well paid for the job, are you not?" I demanded, deeming this a pretty safe guess. "What are you grumbling at? As it happens, the lady is ready, and if you go back to your post, she will be there in a couple of minutes. Let me hear no more growling about work that you are well paid for."

With a muttered oath or two, the fellow retreated, and, turning to my companion, I said:

"Thank Heaven, that danger is averted! But another will be on us again, directly. The men will come on board, and we had better be anywhere when the storm bursts than here. Quick, Kate—never mind money, jewels, or any valuables!"

"I brought very few of such things on board the *Reindeer*," said she, with a somewhat sad smile; "but I am ready."

Taking her arm, I led her to the ship's side, and, as we paused there a moment while I showed her how she would have to descend, a man hitherto unperceived in the darkness, came up and said in a low tone:

"She is going quietly enough, then?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied in the same key. "It wanted only a little management."

"It's a deuced good job, however," he said, "I thought we should have had a scene. Now, Miss, let me help you."

In another minute we had descended the ladder—I knew by this time why the "ladies' ladder" had been provided—were seated in the boat, and the men were bending stoutly to their oars. The tide was of course with us, as we were going up the stream, but the water was very rough—"lumpy," as the men described it—and, the north-east wind still blowing strongly, our progress was but slow. As a measure of precaution, I requested Miss Jarden to lie down, so that no one, without looking closely into the boat, could see there was a female there, and I was soon very glad to think I had been so cautious. When about half way to our destination, as near as I could judge, we heard the plash of oars, and there came suddenly upon us, passing so closely that we nearly fouled, a large skiff pulled by four men, with a man sitting astern, whose figure even in the darkness I could recognize as that of one of the men I had heard speaking in the saloon. They were moving, although the tide was against them, at a much greater rate than we were, and as there could be no doubt as to whether they were bound, and for what purpose, I dreaded lest we should yet be overtaken; for I felt sure that those engaged in the plot, whatever it was, were desperate enough to perpetrate any act of violence. I would have asked our men to take us to the other side of the river, but such a request would have excited suspicion. In a short time, however, the darkness of the river changed to the deeper darkness of the shore; then our men ceased to pull, and the boat's keel grated on the pebbles.

"Look alive, master!" said one of the sailors—he was standing in a foot of water, steadying the boat. "Do you want us up above, or can you manage by yourself?" This inquiry was whispered in my ear.

"I can manage," I replied in the same tone. "You can see that she is contented enough."

"That will do then," said the fellow. "Now, Tom, look out!"

With this he gave the boat a push, and jumped on board. I heard the oars plash in the water, and then I felt we were safe. I assisted Miss Jarden up the wet steps, and there, as I expected, at the top I found a four-wheeled cab. I had informed my companion of the watchwords I was to use and receive, so she was not surprised to find me go straight to the driver and say, "Hornsey!" The man instantly replied, "Time's up!" then added, "By jingo, governor, you have been quick!" Where had that boat got to as was to have met you here?"

"Oh, never mind, now!" I growled from inside my coat-collar. "We are too wet to talk."

We got in, the cab rumbled off, and as we turned the closely-adjacent corner, I distinctly heard the keel of a boat grate on the shore below, accompanied by loud voices. The rate we went at, however, precluded all fear of pursuit, for the driver had a horse of a capacity not often seen in a London cab, and he knew his road well. I judged, too, that he knew his business. I allowed the man to drive on for about twenty minutes, until we had got clear of all waterside associations, when I put my head out of the window, and, calling for him to stop, told him I would ride on the box with him, and smoke a cigar. He seemed surprised at my decision, partly on account of the continued rain, and partly because he evidently thought it unsafe to leave my patient, or prisoner, alone. But his surprise was immeasurably greater when I mounted to his side, and the light of a street-lamp fell upon me.

"Hallo," he exclaimed—"hallo! Why, you ain't the party as— What's the meaning of this here?"

"All right," I returned very coolly. "We have made a change, that's all. It does not matter to you, you know."

"Well, I can't say that it does," allowed the man; but from his extremely thoughtful silence, it was evident he was brooding with more surprise than pleasure over his discovery.

I retained my seat by his side, and, as we worked our way towards the City Road and Islington, I desired him once or twice to take a different route from that which he had intended, for I had a plan formed in my mind. The man obeyed without a remark, until I presently said:

"Turn to the right"—for I knew the neighborhood well of old.

"What for?" demanded he. "That ain't of no use."

"Yes, it is," said I. "There is a place down there I wish you to see." He eyed me in amazement, but turned up the desired street. "Now," I continued, "do you see that light on the left-hand side of road, a long way down?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Do you know what place it is?" I asked.

"Certainly," he again returned. "It's a police-station."

"Quite true," I said; "and at that station, my friend, I wish you to stop."

"Want me to stop there?" gasped the man. "There—among the 'blues'? You must be mad, or I think I am!"

"Drive slowly," I ordered, "so that you can hear me, and I will tell you what I think. I think, and know, that you are engaged in a conspiracy to kidnap this young lady and take her to some madhouse or such place; and I am here to spoil your plans."

"Why," exclaimed the man, almost dropping the reigns in his astonishment—"why," he gasped again, and seemed unable to utter another syllable; at last he said, "Blow me if I didn't think a screw was loose when you got on this here box! Who are you, then, mister?"

"Never mind who I am," I retorted; "we are approaching the station, and, if you don't pull up, I will shoot you through the body without another word of warning." As I spoke I drew my revolver and ostentatiously cocked it. The man hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"Look here! I hain't got much to do with this business, as I dessay you know; it seems to me that I am the only one as is caught. I can see that, somehow or other, it's all up, and I make you this fair offer. If I split on the whole lot—blow the gaff entirely—will you make it easy for me? Here's the station, I'll pull up; but I own to you candidly, I ain't a cabby; and there's two or three things again me what will make this job go harder with me than it really ought—and that's the truth."

"Drive to the Great Northern, then," I said. "and while we are travelling I will think over your offer."

"I'll stick to it, mister, honorable," promised the man, lashing his horses so as to get out of the dreaded vicinity of the police-station; and, if I acts square to you, why, you'll do your best for me, Mr. Inspector?"

The application of this title showed what was in the man's mind, and I had no objection to his remaining under the delusion. Before we arrived at the hotel, I had decided on my plan. A room was engaged for Miss Jarden, and the cab given into the charge of a man from the stables, while I and the driver were accommodated with a sitting room, the strangeness of our proceedings, and the evident mystery about them, impressing every one with the idea that I was an officer, and making every one anxious to assist me. When we were alone, I told the cabman—to call him so for want of a better name—that his only chance was to make a clean breast of it, when he repeated his determination to do so. His revelation, or confession, took a long time, for he was a rambling speaker; but condensed, it amounted to this—that he was a sort of odd man at Mr. Dychester's asylum, "which," he said, "you have often heard on, I'll be bound, as he has been in some queer things afore;" that a gentleman, whom he described as being of about my own height, with a very large scar on his cheek, had been there several times; and at last the proprietor of the asylum had sent for my informant—Bill Small by name, it appeared—and had shown him to this gentleman as a man who "would do so." He had several interviews with this stranger afterwards, and as they were both fond of a glass, and still fonder of several, the latter talked more to Bill than any one else. He said that his aim was to prevent a young woman, whose family had done them all the harm they could, from doing him a great deal more—that she was "a-going" out to foreign parts to his uncle, and that the old idiot would leave her all the money promised to him. So he wished to arrange for her to be seized on the night before the ship sailed, and taken to Dychester's den, Mr. Bill Small's services being required as driver.

"You see, sir," said Small, with much emphasis, "I'm very very poor, and ain't got a character what would get me a job, except at such a place, but my heart ached for the poor young woman—it did, indeed. If she had once got in there, she never would have come out, so long as her friends—or enemies, mostlike—paid the allowance, and they would have drugged her and drugged her til she was madd as a March hare." The skipper of the vessel, he went on to say, and two or three of his men were heavily bribed to assist, but, owing to various difficulties which sprang up—the actual deposit of the money being one—it was not until the very day named for the attempt that all the preliminaries were settled, when Small had taken the final arrangements down to the ship, and the skipper, having to go on shore to seek his agents, and knowing how long he should be detained, had left a note for Renton on his way. This fell into my hands. A boat was to take Renton off at a quarter past twelve, and about that time Small was to be at the stairs with a cab.

I have explained how far these plans were successful, and Small had very little more to add. I told him that I should sit up the rest of the night with him for fear of accidents, to which he replied:

"You can do what you like, mister. I'm bound to act honourable to you now, for I'm done with the others. Anything will suit me a good deal better than kidnapping young women to shut 'em up for life in a madhouse."

"But, Small," said I, "I should like to ask you another question. How would the skipper have managed when he got to Demarara?"

"I think they were going to say she died on the trip," returned Small. "None of the crew of course would have seen her on the voyage. They would have had a sham burying, and there are quite enough concerned in it to carry anything through that wanted hard swearing."

I saw Miss Jarden for a few minutes in the morning, and was glad to find that she had not suffered materially from the excitement of the previous night; and then, with Small in attendance, I waited upon one of the most eminent criminal lawyers in London, whom we were lucky enough to find at home, and to him I told the story, The application ended in our waiting on the nearest police magistrate, through whom a telegram was sent to stop the ship at Gravesend. As a consequence, the *Reindeer* did not sail for a fortnight, during which time her captain and two of her crew, with Mr. Dychester of Paradise Retreat, the well-known asylum at Hornsey, were arrested on a charge of conspiracy, had their hearing, committal and trial.

Small was of course admitted as evidence; Renton could not be heard of—he never will be heard of any more now, for we learned that his body was found a week or two after the trial, when one of the small docks at Limehouse was cleared. The prisoners, to use Mr. Bill Small's expression, "got it hot," and, under a new captain, the *Reindeer* proceeded on her voyage, Miss Jarden being again the lady passenger. But I sailed with her this time, for I persuaded myself that as Mr. Jarden was also my uncle, he might be glad to see me too; and as it was impossible for Small to get an honest living in England, Miss Jarden took upon herself the responsibility of paying his passage out, in the hope that some employment would be found for him; and she was not disappointed. Small has behaved himself very well ever since, and has been appointed to a situation of responsibility and trust.

My uncle was very much astonished to see me, but not displeased—indeed, when he found that, besides being willing to make myself generally useful, as the advertisements say, I was tolerably good company, and could play all sorts of games at cards, besides chess, draughts, billiards and the like, he was very glad I had come—so glad, indeed, that, if I had not first mooted the question of my marrying my old sweetheart Kate, I believe he would have suggested it; at any rate, he by no means disapproved of the idea, and Miss Jardin became Mrs. Merris before I had been in the colony a year.

I often used to wonder how long my own boat waited for me that night, and what Jem Giles, the mate, said on the occasion. I know what he says now, for I sent him a present when I married, and he, on purpose to see me, obtained a berth in a Demarara trader. Then, before any very long time had expired, Jem brought his wife out, and settled down with me in the land of the sugar-cane.

Normanby Township Council.

The Council of the Township of Normanby met at the Hall on May 21st, 1878, according to adjournment of last session.

Present—A. S. McEdward, Reeve; John Kœnig, Nirst Deputy-Reeve; Noah Wenger, Second Deputy-Reeve, and Andrew O'Farrell and Henry A. McMahon, Councillors.

The minutes of last meeting read and assented to.

Moved by Mr. Kœnig, seconded by Mr. McEdward, That the Council form Court of Revision on Assessment Roll of 1878, and that Mr. Wenger act as chairman.—Carried.

The members of the court were duly sworn as such. Some eight or ten complainants put in an appearance. The Assessor and those parties arranged the complaints satisfactorily.

The Court passed the Roll except where palpable errors might be found and an adjournment was agreed to for May 31st, to correct same and pass roll as finally revised.

The Council resumed.

The Trustees of No. 12 Public School Section applied for Lot No. 31 on the 4th concession to be restored to said Section, as no equivalent was given said Section.

The Trustees of Public School Section No. 2 applied for Lots occupied by Messrs. Dodds, Scram, Kirby and Douglas to be added to second Section, it being very weak and Section they now belong to being very large in proportion.

Moved by Mr. O'Farrell, seconded by Mr. Wenger, That the Clerk notify the parties interested prior to meeting of Council in May, 1878, of the intention of the Council to enquire as to advisability of making such changes.—Carried.

The Council adjourned until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

The Council met from adjournment of yesterday—same members present.

Moved by Mr. Kœnig, seconded by Mr. Wenger, That account from Klien & Son for printing Auditors' Report in English and German and other publishing to date, amounting to $44, be paid.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Wenger, seconded by Mr. O'Farrell, That *Confederate* Office be paid $4.50 to date, and *Examiner* Office $2 to date.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. O'Farrell, seconded by Mr. McMahon, That copies of revised statutes so far as relates to municipal matters, for use of Council and amounting to $9 be paid for.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Kœnig, seconded by Mr. Wenger, That the Assessor be paid his salary of $110, for 1878.—Carried.

On motion made and seconded the Council adjourned.

W. H. RYAN, Tp. Clerk.
Normanby, May 30, 1878.

The 24th at Hopeville.

The 59th Anniversary of Her Majesty the Queen was celebrated at Hopeville, on Friday, the 24th, with a joyful holiday fashion. In the morning a Salute from the Hopeville Heavy Guns were fired, and at 1 o'clock p. m., when the prizes were awarded.

BOYS' RACE, under 14 years, 100 yards, 3 entries.—1st Thos. Scarlette, 2nd W. McEachenie, 3rd A. McEachenie.

MEN'S RACE, 200 yards, 6 entries.—1st J. Goheen, 2nd S. Goheen, 3rd N. McEachenie.

STANDING JUMP, 6 entries.—1st N. McEachenie. 2nd R. Goheen, 3rd A. Vanolstine.

THROWING SHOULDER STONE, 3 entries—1st J. McEachenie, 2nd D. K. McArthur, 3rd N. McEachenie.

THREE STANDING JUMPS, 5 entries.—1st D. Ferguson, 2nd, N. McEachenie, 3rd A. Vanolstine.

HOP, STEP AND LEAP, 5 entries.—1st M. Burk, 2nd S. Goheen, 3rd R. Goheen.

HIGH JUMP, 3 entries.—1st Neill McEachenie, J. Goheen and D. McEachenie, ties.

THREE-LEG RACE, 4 entries.—1st R. Goheen and A. Vanolstine, 2nd M. Burk and J. Ferguson.

BLIND WHEELBARROW RACE, 5 entries.—A. Vanolstine.

HURDLE RACE, 100 yards, 3 Hurdles, 6 entries.—N. McEachenie, 2nd R. Goheen, 3rd S. Goheen.

Other amusements such as Base Ball, &c., &c., were indulged in, and although the prizes were keenly contested everything went off with the best of good feeling, and all seemed well satisfied with the day's sports.

HONOR ROLL.—The following is the honor roll of School Section No. 3, Glenelg, for the month of May, for general proficiency:

4th form, seniors—marks obtainable 700—M. Ritchie, 575; M. Banks, 537; M. Edge, 485; T. Morrison, 482. Juniors—E. Morrison, 535; A. Banks, 531; Henry Moffat, 487; J. Kenny, 362.

3rd form, seniors—marks 500—W. Staples, 485; J. McCormack, 369; P. Kenny, 357; M. Struthers, 349. Juniors—E. Ritchie, 451; M. Ector, 433; P. Morrison, 421; A. Greenwood, 398; C. Collier, 387.

2nd form, seniors—marks 300—M. Collier, 278; T. McKenzie, 276; E. McNally, 260. A. Moffat, 251; Mary Anderson, 244; Isabella Burnett, 297; Alice Banks, 260; R. Timmins, 216; Flora Kington, 197; A. Williams, 190. Juniors—J. Firth, 258, Jane Anderson, 253; F. McNally 232; I. Struthers, 230; John Timmins, 203.

1st Form—John Macdonald, Hugh Macdonald, Robert Struthers, Susan R. Timmins, Ellen M. Williams, John G. Falkingham. Good conduct, diligence and punctuality, Mary A. Ector, Isabella Burnett.

Quarterly examination on 3rd, 4th and 5th of July. Public examination on Friday, 5th. All ratepayers and those interested in education are cordially invited to attend.

JAS. A. DEACON, Teacher.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO