"THE REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

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Durham, - - Ont.

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J. TOWNSEND.

The Grey Review.

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LEGAL

MACDONELL & MACMILLAN,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c. —Upper Town, Durham, Ont. y34

JAMES LAMON,

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

Frost & Frost.

BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery and Insolvency, Conveyancing, &c.

Office—Poulett St., next McClean Bros., Owen Sound, and every Thursday at Flesherton.

ALFRED FROST. J. W. FROST, LL. B.
County Crown Attorney. y31

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GRADUATE of Victoria University, Toronto, and Under-Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Surgery in rear of Medical Hall Lower Town, Durham. y8

DR. JAMIESON,

GRADUATE of Toronto University and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. OFFICE—Next door to Parker's Drug Store, Durham, Ontario. y21

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

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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

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Priceville, June, 1878. 19

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Shaving, Shampooing, Hairdressing, &c.

In the best style. Being well experienced in the profession, Gentlemen or Ladies favoring him with their custom will receive his best attention. Manufacturer of the most approved Hair Restoratives. A call solicited. 12

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. 8x10 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.

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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 boots fine work. In sewed work I defy competition. The work is done by workmen of experience, as everyone admits that J. Jopp' Shoemakers cannot be surpassed.

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

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Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

Always on hand all kinds of Leather of Native and Foreign Grades at my tannery.

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J. C. JOPP.

Rockville, Bentinck, March 1st, 1878.

Geo. J. Matthews,

Cabinet Maker,

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Remember the place,—a short distance north of the Post Office.

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Undertakers,

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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,

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Wagon and Carriage Works,
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With the Circular Saw against all kinds of Saw Logs during 1878.

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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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Rockville Mills, Durham P. O.
Bentinck, Feb. 14, 1878. y1

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Loans made at 8 per cent and upwards according to privileges granted.

No fines. Expenses Lower than any other Company.

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Or to NORMAN McINTYRE,
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Geo. Rutherford,

Real Estate, Loan,

INSURANCE, AND

General Agent,

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IMPROVED and Unimproved Farms for sale, cheap. Send for Land List. Village lots for sale in Dundalk.

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District Agent for the Victoria, The Western and Canada Fire & Marine Insurance Co's. Insurance effected at Low Rates. Farm Property insured for three years against Fire and Lightning at 75c on each $100.00.

All Communications promptly attended to. Business private and confidential.

Office—Main Str't, DUNDALK, Ont.
17

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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.

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HEAD OFFICE 14 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

NELLY CHANNEL.

IV.

One August evening, when it was too sultry to stay indoors, Nelly wandered out into the lanes alone. She had told Morgan that she was going to drive into the nearest town on a shopping expedition, and should not return till dusk. But one of her ponies had fallen lame, and she had given up the plan.

On she went, saying a kind word or two to the villagers as she passed their cottages. They all loved Nelly well. Her bright face came amongst them like a sunbeam; even the smallest children had a smile for her as she went by. She was so young, and healthy, and beautiful, that many an admiring glance followed her tall figure. She belonged to Huntsdean, and Huntsdean was proud of her.

She made straight for the downs, tripping up the green slopes, and starting the browsing sheep. She gave a friendly nod to the little shepherd-boy who lay idly stretched upon the grass. And then as she had done often enough before, she mounted the gravelled terrace, and sat down on a rustic bench behind the hedge of laurels.

From this spot she could not see Laurel House at all. The high wall of evergreens completely shut in the view of the residence and its garden. The gravelled terrace was divided from the grounds by this thick hedge, and was only approached from the house by one long straight path of turf. The path terminated in an arch, formed by the carefully-kept shrubs, and giving access to the platform; and any one, walking on the downs, must go up to the middle of the terrace and look through this archway before he could get a glimpse of the house.

Nelly knew that Miss Hazelburn liked to walk up and down the tufty path when the day's duties were done. She meant to rest herself for a few minutes before entering the garden.

The bench was at the very end of the platform. She loved the seat because it commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. Beyond the Huntsdean downs, she could see other hills lying far away, softly outlined against the summer evening sky. And nearer lay the dearer old meadows and homesteads, and the long tracts of woodland—all familiar and beloved scenes to the girl who had been born and bred among them. The air was very still: even here it was but a faint breath of wind that fanned her flushed cheeks; but the coolness on these highlands was delightful after the closeness of the vale. She sat and enjoyed it in silence.

Quite suddenly the sound of voices broke the stillness. The speakers were hidden from Nelly's gaze, for the tones came from the other side of the laurel hedge. Eve Hazelburn's accents, clear and musical, could be recognised in a moment.

"I am going away next week," she said, "going back to Warwickshire, Mr. Foster. I wrote to Mr. Lindlay, the good vicar of C——, and he found a place for me. I am to be companion to an invalid lady whose house is close to the street where your father and mother live. They will be glad to have me near them again."

She spoke rapidly, and a little louder than usual. Nelly, overwhelmed with astonishment, sat still, without giving a thought to her position as an evesdropper.

"I have kept away from you,—I have tried not to think of you!" cried Morgan Foster in irrepressible anguish. "God does not help me in this matter. I have prayed, worked, struggled, yet I get no relief. What shall I do, Eve,—what shall I do?"

"You must endure to the end," she answered, with a little sob. God will make it easier by-and-by. Oh, I was so sorry to come here, Mr. Foster; but I could not help it! We will never meet again, you and I. Yet I am glad that I know Miss Channell. I will go and tell the old people what a sweet, bright girl she is; and they will soon learn to love her. It will all come right in the end."

"Ah, if I could believe that!" said the curate. "But I can't. It is madness to think that a wrong path can have a right ending. Sometimes I am persuaded it would be best to tell her everything."

"If you did," cried Eve, sternly, "you would break her heart. And don't think,—pray don't think, Mr. Foster that I would build my house on the ruins of another woman's happiness! When I am gone," and the proud voice trembled, "you will learn to submit to circumstances. We are not likely to cross each other's paths again; you will be a rich man——"

"Oh, the money makes it all the harder to bear!" interrupted Morgan, bitterly.

"That three thousand pounds that Mr. Myrtle promised to leave to you has been left to her. Did you know this?"

Nelly did not wait to hear Eve's reply. Swiftly and noislessly she sprang from the terrace on to the smooth sod beneath; her muslin dress making no rustle as she moved. Away she sped down the green slopes; the sheep parted to left and right before her flying footsteps; the shepherd-lad stared after her in amazement. She did not take the road that led through the village. In her misery and bewilderment, she remembered that she could not bear the friendly good-nights of the cottagers. She struck wildly across the fields, regardless of the wet grass, and the brambles that tore her thin skirts, as she dashed through gaps in the hedges. She was not thinking at all, as she hurried along; she was only feeling,—feeling passionately and bitterly that she had been cruelly wronged and deceived.

"Oh, those two!" she moaned aloud as her home came in sight. "The man whom I loved, the girl whom I would have made my friend!"

Robert Channell and his wife were sitting together in the library. He had been reading aloud: Shakespeare still lay open on his knee. Talking, as happy married people love to talk, of the old days when God first brought them together.

When they chatted in low tones, the day was fast closing in. The French windows stood open, and the first breath of the night-wind stole into the room. A dusky golden haze was settling over the garden; the air was heavy with flower-scents and the faint odours of fallen leaves. Suddenly a great shower of petals from over-blown roses drifted through the casement, and Nelly swept in after them.

She sank down on her knees, shivering in her limp wet dress, and hid her face in her step-mother's lap. And then the story was told from beginning to end.

An hour later, Rhoda was sitting by Nelly's pillow, talking to her in the sweet hush of the August twilight. Already the heat of anger had passed away. The girl's thoughts had gone back, as Rhoda knew they would, to that winter afternoon When Morgan had asked her to become engaged to him.

"Mamma," she said piteously "he has never loved me at all. He gave me all he could give; but it is only the silver, not the gold. It is very very humiliating, but it is the truth, and it most be faced. To-night, when I heard him speaking to Eve Hazelburn, I understood the difference between love and liking. He liked me, and perhaps he saw more than I meant him to see! O mamma I was very young and foolish!"

It touched Rhoda to hear Nelly speak of her old self in the past tense. Yet it was a fact; the youth and folly had had their day. Nelly would never be so young again, for sorrow takes away girlhood when it teaches wisdom.

"I heard Eve say," she went on, "that she would never build her house on the ruins of another woman's happiness. And God forbid that I should build mine on ground that has never rightly belonged me! But I wish he had told me the truth. He has done me a greater wrong in hiding it, than in speaking it out."

"Nelly," said her step-mother tenderly, "we believe that Morgan has been a blunderer, but not a traitor. We have blundered terribly ourselves. We ought not to have let the engagement take place until we had tested the strength of his attachment. We wanted to guard you from unworthy suitors; and in taking you out of danger, we led you into sorrow."

"I was very foolish," repeated Nelly, with a sigh.

"Don't forget," Rhoda continued, that God can bless those whom He puts asunder, as well as those whom He joins together. It is better to live apart than to live together with divided souls. He saw we were too weak and stupid to set our mistake right, and He has done it for us. While we were gazing helplessly at the knot, He cut the thread."

It was on a Saturday evening that Nelly's love affair came to an end. She was in her place in the church on Sunday morning and during the rest of the day she kept much by her father's side. They had talked the matter over and over, and had arranged all their plans before the night closed in. And Nelly thanked God that the anger had gone away from her heart, although the sorrow remained.

Very early on Monday, the Golds' governess took her departure from Huntsdean. The train bore her away through the pleasant southern counties while the dew was still shining on the meadows. On and on it went; past cottages, standing amid fruit-laden trees, and gardens where Michaelmas daisies, were in bloom; past yellow fields where the corn was falling under the sickles of the reapers. Hedges were gay with Canterbury bells and ragged robins. Here and there were dashes of gold on the deep green of the woods. Eve Hazelburn, quiet and tearless looked out upon the smiling country, and bade it a mute farewell.

Afterwards, two carriages laden with luggage drove out of the village, taking the road that led to the neighbouring seaport town. The first contained the two little Channells and their nurses; in the second sat Rhoda and Nelly. And before the vehicles were out of sight, Robert Channell had turned his steps in the direction of the curate's lodging.

He met the young man in the lane outside the sexton's cottage and gave him a kindly good morning.

"I am the bearer of startling news, Morgan," he said, slipping a little note into his hand. "Let us come under the shade of the churchyard trees. And now, Morgan, before you read the note, I want you to forgive my Nelly."

"Forgive Nelly!" stammered the curate, thinking that if all could be known it would be Nelly's part to forgive him.

"Yes," the father answered, "try to think of her as a dear, foolish child who has made a grave mistake. She has sent me to break off her engagement with you, Morgan. She begs you, through me, to forgive her for any pain that she may cause you. She wants you to remember her kindly, always, but neither to write to her, nor seek to see her again."

The curate was silent for some moments. No suspicion of the truth crossed his mind. He concluded, not unnaturally, that he had been too quiet and grave a lover for the bright girl. That was all.

When he spoke, his words were very few. Perhaps Nelly's father respected him none the less because he made no pretence of great sorrow. His face was pale, and his voice trembled a little, as he said quietly,—

"If you will come to my lodging, Mr. Channell, I will give you Nelly's letters and her portrait. She may like to have them back again without delay."

They walked out of the churchyard, and down the lane to the sexton's cottage. And then Morgan left Mr. Channell sitting in the little parlour, while he went up-stairs to his room.

The hour of release had come. He took out a plain gold locket, which had always been worn unseen, and detached it from its guard. He opened it and looked long and sadly at the fair face that it contained. It was a delicately painted photograph, true to life; and locket and portrait had been Nelly's first gift. The smile was her own smile, frank and bright; the brown eyes seemed to look straight at the gazer. "O Nelly," he said, kissing the picture, "why couldn't I love you better? Thank God for this painless parting! No wonder that you wearied of me, dear; you will be a thousand times freer and happier without me."

Presently he came down stairs, and entered the parlour with the locket and a little packet of letters. These he gave silently into Mr. Channell's hands.

"Morgan," said Mr. Cannell, "I am heartily sorry for this. Don't think that I shall cease to feel for you as a friend, because I cannot have you for a son-in-law."

"I shall never forget all your kindness," Morgan answered, in a low voice. "But I shall soon leave this place Mr. Channell."

"Better so, perhaps," Robert responded. "You ought to labour in a larger sphere. You have great capacities for hard work, Morgan."

Then the two men parted with a close hand-shake. And Mr. Channell looked back to say, almost carelessly,—

"My family have migrated to Southsea for a month or two. I follow them to-morrow."

It would be too much to say that the curate "regained his freedom with a sigh." Yet certain it is that this unlooked-for release set his heart aching; it might be that his *amour propre* was slightly wounded, for was it not a little hard to find that the girl for whom he had been making a martyr of himself could do very well without him? He had climbed the height of self-sacrifice, only to find deliverance. The spirit of sacrifice had been required of him; but the crowning act was not demanded.

He read Nelly's note again. It was a very common place little letter, written in a sloping feminine hand. She used that stereotyped phrase, which, hackneyed as it is, does as well, or better than any other, "I feel we are not suited for each other." This was the sole excuse offered for breaking the engagement, and surely it was excuse enough.

How could he know how these few trite sentences had been written in the anguish of a woman's first great sorrow? We don't recognise the majesty of woe when it masquerades in every-day garments. It needs a divine sight to find out the real heroes and heroines of life. If Morgan had been questioned about Nelly, the term "heroine" would have been the very last that he would have applied to her. And yet Nelly, quite unconsciously, had acted in the true spirit of heroism.

By-and-by the sense of relief began to make itself felt, and Morgan's heart grew wonderfully light. He went through his usual routine of duties, and then took his way to the rectory. He must give the rector timely notice of his intention to resign the curacy.

Meanwhile Robert Channell had proceeded to Laurel House. Mrs. Gold received him in a depressed manner. Her governess, she said had left her; and she seemed to consider that Miss Hazelburn had used her unkindly. She did not know how such a useful person could be replaced. Nobody would ever satisfy her so well as Miss Hazelburn had done. Yes, she could give the governess's address to Mr. Channell. She had chosen to go to Warwickshire, to live with an invalid lady. Mrs. Gold hoped she would find the post unbearably dull, and return to her former situation.

"There is little probability of that," thought Robert Channell, as he went his way with the address in his pocket-book. And then he thought of Nelly's face and voice when she had stated her intention of giving up Mr. Myrtle's legacy to Eve.

"I won't keep anything that isn't fairly mine," she had said; let her have both the lover and the money."

Eve never ceased to wonder how the Channells had found out that Mr. Myrtle had owed her father three thousand pounds.

October had just set in when Eve and Morgan met again. It was Sunday morning, and she was on her way to that beautiful old church, which is the chief glory of the city of C——. The bells were chiming; the ancient street was bright with autumn light; far above them rose the tall spire, rising high into the calm skies.

They said very little to each other at that moment. A great deal had already been said on paper, and they could afford to be quiet just then. Together they entered the church, a happy pair of worshippers, "singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord." "A thousand times happier," Eve remarked afterwards, "than we could ever have dared to be if another had suffered for our joy."

* * * *

About two years ago, a great crowd assembled in one of the largest churches in London to hear a popular preacher. He had, it was said, a rare power of touching men's hearts, and of lifting their thoughts out of the mire and clay of this working-day world. And often, too, his wife's name was coupled with his; for she by her written words, was doing angel's work among the people. Fashionable society knew them only as preacher and writer; but some of the unfashionable were better acquainted with them.

In the crowd were two persons who managed to get good seats in the middle aisle. They were husband and wife; he a brave soldier, she a beautiful woman. It would not have been easy to have found a couple better satisfied with each other. They exchanged a quick glance of intelligence when the preacher ascended the pulpit stairs, and then composed themselves to listen.

They were not dissappointed in him. As they listened, they understood how and why he won such a ready hearing; and when the sermon was over, Nelly turned to her husband again with the old bright look; and he answered her with a slight nod of satisfaction. Then, and not till then did she perceive a familiar face at the top of the pew.

As Nelly looked once more on Eve, there was revealed to her a strange glimpse of what might have been if those two had been kept apart, and she had taken Eve's place. She saw herself a restless, unsatisfied wife, always craving for a vague something that was withheld. She saw Morgan crippled, not helped, by her riches; a good man still, but one who had, somehow, missed his footing, and failed to climb so high as had been expected of him. And she comprehended, fully and thankfully, the great love and pity of that Being who had saved them from their mistake.

There was a quiet hand-clasp in the crowded aisle; and then these two women went their respective ways. And a voice seemed to be ringing in Nelly's ears, as she leaned upon her husband's arm.

"I am thinking," she said of something that was spoken long ago. It was when I was in great trouble, dear, and felt as if I couldn't be comforted. 'Dont forget,' my step-mother said to me, 'that God can bless those whom He puts asunder, as well as those whom He joins together.' And I think I'm realising the truth of those words to-night."

CONCLUDED.

The First and Last Canadian Governor.

It is now rather more than a century and a decade since General Sir Guy Carleton carried the British flag triumphantly in North America, and drove the French out of Canada. He was the first Governor of that splendid dependancy of the Crown, and like the last, was an Irishman. Born at Strabane, in the County of Tyrone, he brought to the government of Canada not only the courage and science of the soldier but the sagacity and strength of purpose of the statesman. But for him the Dominion, which now rejoices in its attachment and loyalty to the Crown of Great Britain, would have added other stars to the banner of the United States. For these great services he was rewarded with a peerage. The work which he commenced has been continued by his successors, but by none more skilfully than by Lord Dufferin, who was also born in the northern Province of the sister country. The administration of Lord Dufferin has been singularly felicitous. Had he hearkened to the voice of the political party who a few years ago clamored for separation from the Colonies, as they now do for leaving India to her fate, the feeling in Canada towards the mother country would have been very different from what it is. Canada is happy and prosperous, because it has enjoyed the rare good fortune of having had a succession of able governors. It was their aim to draw more closely the ties which bound the colony to the mother country, and to show the reciprocal advantages to be derived from a close and a cordial union. British statesmen of the Whig school did not hesitate a few years ago to express an opinion that on the whole it would be better to cast the colonies adrift, and leave them to defend themselves against the enemies of England. Experience shows how fatal such a policy would have been, and the latest Canadian offer to equip regiments for India is a proof not only of the fealty of the Dominion to the Crown, but of the strength and resources of our far extended empire. No public man is likely now to commit himself to the silly declaration—"Perish the colonies."—*Globe.*

By the will of the late Mr. Charles Randolph, engineer, who was at one time a member of the celebrated shipbuilding firm of Messrs. John Elder & Co., £60,000 has been left to the building fund of Glasgow University.

Amusing Speech by Professor Blackie.

The winter session of the University of Edinburgh was opened lately with introductory addresses by the several professors. Among the first of the professors to meet with the students was Professor Blackie, who opened his junior Greek class in the morning. This being the Professor's first appearance before his classes since his return from Egypt, he was enthusiastically received on entering. The subject of Professor Blackie's address was "The comparative value of Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, and Hebrew, the latter of which he said was spoken of as exclusively a study for theologians, though he did not see why that should be, seeing they were all Christians, or pretended to be so, the learned Professor said that some ignorant people, and there were plenty of these in Scotland, wondered what was the use of his going to Egypt; but three of the best books in the Greek language were about Egypt, and he intended to use them in his class this winter. (Derisive laughter.) Professor Blackie—What's that idiot smiling at. (Loud laughter.) It's impossible to conceive the idiocy of some fellows. (Renewed laughter and uproar.) Continuing, Professor Blackie said Latin was like small change in comparison to Greek, and a hundred-pound bank-note would not pay the innkeeper's bill at the North Pole. (Laughter.) With regard to modern languages, French was the most useful, but at the same time he never spoke French without despising himself—feeling as if he was becoming half a monkey. (Loud laughter.) There was such a mincing air about it. (Renewed laughter.) It had got its ears cropped and its nose shaven off. The next most useful language was English, which was a mixture of all languages—a hotch-potch, but that was a good soup as they all knew. (Laughter.) If, however, they knew English alone and travelled, they must be content to be acquainted only with the waiter and the dragoman and the donkey boy—(laughter)—a little impudent snatchet. (Renewed Laughter.) German was the language that had risen only recently into notice by the intellectual power of its people and the excellence of its government. It was not, however, of general currency in the South. When he landed at Alexandria he was smuggled into a little boat, and he saw the man wanted to do him. He said the fare was 12s., and that for about a mile's sail. He (Professor Blackie) said in Italian that that was nonsense, and the man saw that he had not got a green Englishman to deal with. (Loud laughter.) When they landed the boatman toned himself down, and he (the Professor) stood in the centre of an admiring mob of people—(loud laughter)—like Rob Roy Macgregor in the midst of his Highlanders, and he carried the victory like a canny Scot. He paid him off with eighteenpence. (Loud Laughter.) It was a great mistake to think Italian was a language for fiddlers and young ladies discoursing music in the drawing-room. There was another language—Russian. (Loud hisses.) The Russians insinuated themselves and went in—(loud hisses and slight cheers)—and they required looking after. The Russian language was useful as belonging to a people who were destined to perform a great part in the history of the world. (Prolonged hisses.) Modern Greek was also distined to be an important Eastern language when the Turkish Empire went down. Professor Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen—(loud cheers and slight hisses)—who was one of the cleverest fellows and one of the most profound Hebrew scholars in Britain, told him that as soon as he got rid of that wretched squabbling in Aberdeen Presbytery he was going to spend a winter in Tunis to get a thorough mastery of the Arabic as a living language. He would say to all students of theology—Go thou and do likewise. (Applause.)

A BRUTAL HUSBAND.—In a suit for alimony in the Court of Chancery, Toronto, it transpired that a man named Richardson, married in April, 1877, to a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, has been guilty of great cruelty to his wife. Two or three times she left him, but each time was persuaded to return. In January last, when she was *enciente* the monster kicked her in the most brutal manner, and she laid in hysterics the whole night after the child was born. He, one night when it was pouring rain, took the poor little thing under his arm and carried it around for some time in this manner, followed by his wretched wife. At length, unable to bear such treatment any longer, she left the man for good. The Court made an order compelling the defendant to pay the plaintiff $150 a year out of a salary of $850 which is all he earns. The child remains in the custody of its mother.

The Detroit *Free Press* evidently thinks that we "do things better in Canada." It says:—Only a little while ago a criminal was captured, bound over for trial, convicted and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary by the authorities across the river all within a week, and the action of Justice Bartlett in a case yesterday will certainly give the Windsor Courts a reputation for prompt justice. A hack driver named Nelson stole fifteen dollars from the master of the steamer *Princess Alexandria* about breakfast time yesterday morning. He was captured at 9 o'clock, tried, convicted, and sentenced to nine months in the Central Prison at Toronto before 10 o'clock. "I'm not going to fool with these fellows," said Magistrate Bartlett, as he booked the sentence.

It is said that the American National Board of Trade, which meets at Washington on the 11th inst., will assume a position of hostility to trade with Canada, and in the event of the adoption of Sir John Macdonald's "National Policy," will probably ask Congress to place a prohibitory duty on Canadian lumber and other produce.

The Foreign Affairs Committee at Washington proposes a general reduction in the salaries of United States Consuls.

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