THE "REVEIW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday.

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town,

Durham, - - Ont.

TERMS:—$1.00 per year in Advance,

$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 month	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 — Nonpareil 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

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—Proudfit St., next McClean Bros., Owen Sound, and every Thursday at Flesherton.
ALFRED FROST, J. W. FROST, LL. B.
County Crown Attorney. y31

MEDICAL.

DR. KIERNAN,
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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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. Well and Improved Lands for sale. Mortgages Bought and Sold. y31

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Farmer's Hotel, Priceville.
FROM a long acquaintance with the wants of the travelling public, the subscriber feels confident he can cater to the satisfaction of the travelling community. The care of Teams a speciality. ALEX. LIVINGSTON. 19
Priceville, June, 1878.

Barber Shop.
PROF. J. LEWIS respectfully of the City of Toronto, (Windsor Hotel) has opened a shop in McIntyre's Block, Durham, near Middaugh's Hotel, where he is prepared to do
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. $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 goods 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 equal to any made in the County of Grey, and have now in stock on hand, but at my place of business, a large assortment of the best Leather, Canadian and French Box for Men's Calf Boots, Congress and French Calf Shoes, &c. In sewed work I defy competition. The work is done by workmen of experience, as everyone admits that Joppa 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 Growth at my Factory.

CASH FOR HIDES.

J. C. JOPP.

Rockville, Bentinck, March 1st, 1878.

Geo. J. Matthews.
Cabinet Maker,
UPHOLSTERER, and UNDERTAKER,
Garafraxa Street, DURHAM.

Wood Turning,
of all Kinds done to order on short notice. y3

The Grey Review.

Vol. I. No. 46. DURHAM, Co. Grey, JANUARY 2, 1879. $1 per year in Advance.

ROBT. BULL,
BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a large stock of Sash, Doors and all kinds of Building materials, also a stock of Mouldings in Walnut, Rosewood, and Gilt. Plans, specifications and Bills of Lumber made out on short notice. A full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Trimmings always on hand.

A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE TO HIRE.
Remember the place,—a short distance north of the Post Office.

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
y7 Priceville Ont.

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

Any Person Wanting Money
Should borrow from the
English & Scottish
INVESTMENT COMPANY, (Limited.)
Capital £500,000, Stirling.
Loans made at 8 per cent and upwards according to privileges granted.
No fines. Expenses Lower than any other Company.
For further information apply to
JOSEPH F. MOWAT,
Agent, Durham,
Or to NORMAN McINTYRE,
y18 Valuator, Durham.

Geo. Rutherford,
Real Estate, Loan,
INSURANCE, AND
General Agent,
Conveyancer in B. R., Conveyancer &c.
IMPROVED and Unimproved Farms for sale cheap. Send for Land List. Village lots for sale in Dundalk.
Money Loaned on farm security at 8 per cent Simple Interest, for any period of time between 2 and 10 years.
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.
All Communications promptly attended to. Business private and confidential.
Office—Main Str't, DUNDALK, Ont. 17

THE BRITISH CANADIAN
Loan and Investment Co.,
(LIMITED)
OFFERS to Lend Money on Farm, City and Town Property, on the following Loan Accounts, viz:—5 per Cent. per annum, interest payable HALF-YEARLY, NOT IN ADVANCE. 6 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. M. Campbell, Esq.
DIRECTORS: The Honor. D. A. Macdonald, Lieut-Gov. of Ont.; John Stuart, Esq., Q.C.; A. R. S. C. Wood, Prov. Treas.; William Thomson, Esq.; George Gooderham, Esq.; Donald Mackay, Esq.; A. Gordon Mackay, Esq.; A. Robertson, Esq.; Wm. Hare, Esq.
BANKERS: The Bank of Montreal; The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
SOLICITORS: Messrs. Blake, Kerr & Boyd.
MANAGER: J. T. Fenton.

No Fines. Charges Low.
Borrowers can, by special arrangement, have the privilege of repaying principal at any time and at some times at very slight charge, whereby the mortgage can be cleared off in one, two or three months. Interest ceases to run on amounts so paid.

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

A. McLELLAN,
fm-7 Agent at Durham for Dundalk, Flesherton, Markdale, Elliott's Post Office, &c.

POETRY.

The End.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn for ever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines proudest through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form,
By thine all knots are given
Complex although they be
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the path may be dreary
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the jest is lost,
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the night;
And love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the World that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

EVE HARWOOD.

CHAPTER I. *(Contined.)*

"Well, yes, there's my name right enough," said Reuben after a lengthened pause, during which he had been turning the paper about with one hand and rumpling his hair with the other. He spoke the words in a slow puzzled tone, and then his face suddenly brightening, and his voice becoming assured, he exclaimed, Ah, now, some of you are in this; you're trying to have a game with me; but it isn't the first of April yet, and it it had been, the joke wasn't the best you might have hit upon, for the child might have come to harm." He cast a searching glance around the circle of faces, but on none could he detect the smile or self-conscious expression that he might with certainty have expected to see had his guess been a correct one, while each man offered verbal assurance of being as innocent as Reuben himself of any knowledge of the mystery, with an earnestness the sincerity of which there could no mistaking.

"Perhaps the tramp knew something about it; might have even had a finger in the pie," suggested one of the hands; and the others agreeing that it was at least worth while to question him, he was awoke and put through a brief but pointed and pertinent examination; the result of which was to convince them he was as guiltless as any of themselves of any knowledge of participation in the dastardly act which had excited their surprise and indignation. As a committee of investigation the hands had now got to the end of their resources, and their meal hour had more than expired, they returned to their work, leaving the "nipper" to watch over the slumbering infant, and signal should it awake.

About half-past two in the morning it did awake, and announced the fact by a feeble cry. Heeing this, the "nipper," acting on his instructions, summoned Reuben, who hastily came forward, followed by some half-dozen others. By the time they reached its side it had settled into a steady cry, and it was amusing to see their uncouth, though kindly efforts, to pacify it. A looker-on would have been pathetically amused at the fearful manner in which they patted or stroked it, though it were some brittle substance that a touch of their rough hands might break, and the halting style in which they framed their voices to the "hush-a-bys," and other baby-talk phrases which flows so trippingly and sweetly from female lips. All their efforts in this kind proving futile, Reuben took the child up in his arms, where with its little hand twisted in his whiskers, it presently dozed off to sleep again, but very lightly, as however gently he tried to lay it down again, it would immediately awake and recommence crying. So one of his kindly disposition this was really a trying situation, for on the one hand he could not pretend to leave his work all the morning to nurse it; and on the other he he had not the heart to disregard the tearful manner in which it clung to him when he attempted to put it down moreover, as one of the hands suggested, it was probably hungry; and so, as a way of cutting the the gordian knot of his difficulties, he determined to take the pretty foundling to his wife, and leave it in her charge until he was free from work, and to consider what farther could be done.

CHAPTER II.

"Is that you, Reuben?" his wife called out as he entered the house.

"Ay, lass," he answered.

"But it is not six o'clock yet is it?" she said with an evident touch of anxiety in her tone.

He understood her fears, and to relieve them made his voice specially cheery as he answered, "No; it's hardly three yet, but I'm all right."

"What *is* wrong then; bringing you home at this time?" was the next question, to which Reuben answered, "You'll see in a minute. I'm coming up stairs as soon as I get a light."

When with the lamp in one hand and the sleeping infant safely held in the other arm, Reuben reached the bedroom, his wife was, to use a popular phrase, all eyes and ears, and before the husband could speak she exclaimed, "O, dear me! another accident!" and added in a questioning tone, "It's mother that is killed I suppose?"

"No, thank God, it is not so bad as that," he answered; there's been no pitch-in or anything of that kind; we've been more in the way of life saving than loosing life this time. It's a strange affair though."

"So I should think," interrupted the wife, who, now that she was thoroughly assured of the safety of her husband, spoke in a rather sarcastic tone, and exhibited an inclination to laugh at the comical figure which he presented as he stood infant in arms. "But whatever is it all about? Why do you come home at this time in the morning, bringing a strange baby with you, of all things in the world?"

"Well my dear," said Reuben, putting down the lamp and seating himself on a chair by the bedside. "Well, my dear, if you'll only listen, and make allowances for a man's tongue being slower than a woman's, I'll tell you all I know about the business, though I warn you, beforehand, that will only be enough to set you wondering, not to satisfy you. Now, look here," he continued, as she would have interrupted him again, "I shall only be longer getting to the end of the journey if you try to shunt in and out upon me. Let me make the run in my own style. It was this way:" and he proceeded to detail the facts with which our readers have already been made acquainted, concluding by showing her the scrap of paper.

With some women this piece of evidence would probably have excited suspicion, or, at any rate, have opened up a new field for conjecture and question. But Mrs. Harwood, though given to act under a general impression to the effect that it was "her place" to rectify and restrain her husband's too abundant good nature (as she considered it), had a thorough trust in him, and in her heart of hearts admired, and was proud of that impulsive unreckoning kindliness in him, which in her greater worldly-wiseness she sometimes felt bound to oppose in action, on the ground that the proposed acts involved an undue forgetfulness of the class of considerations summed up in the adage that "Charity begins at home." "Ay! ay! they knew their man, whoever they were," she said, putting down the paper, and smiling with an air of superiority. "They had pretty well reckoned up how much more soft-hearted than hard-headed you were. Any other man, now, who had picked up a nobody's child in that way would have sent it off to the police station at once, but you being the great softy you are over such things, must bring it home."

"Oh, don't call it that, lass," said Reuben appealingly.

"Well, that is what people do call such waifs and strays," she answered.

"Well, I suppose it is," he replied, "and perhaps there is not much in a word, but let us say a somebody's bairn, not a nobody's child."

"And fine somebodies they must have been," answered the wife, waxing indignant—not with her husband, but at the idea of parents who could abandon a child as this had been abandoned.

"Well, I don't suppose *they'ee* been much troubled with softness of heart," Reuben assented; but that's this little ones bitter misfortune, not her fault, and the Father of the fatherless forbid that any of us poor mortals should take upon us to visit the sins of the parents upon the child. Just look at her," he went on throwing the shawl further back than he had hitherto done, and holding her so that the light of the lamp fell full on its face, "isn't she pretty; doesn't she look peaceful and trustful."

"Yes, she is pretty and innocent enough, poor little creature," said the wife; "and, as you say, her parents are her misfortune. However, as you have brought her, I suppose you mean me to take care of her till daylight; so give her to me, or she will be taking cold."

She took the infant from him as she spoke, and that with a tenderness of action that more than atoned for any little want of tenderness that there had been in her tone. Her own little boy was sleeping by her side, and she placed the infant between them. The movement consequent upon this awoke the young Harwood, whose eyes opened to their widest on beholding his new bed-fellow. He gazed at her for about a minute, and then lisped out, "Oo's, oo," to which his father replied, "She's a poor little girl that's got no mammy or daddy, Jim, aren't you sorry for her?" to which the three year old Jim promptly and unhesitatingly replied "Es."

"Then love her, like a kind little boy;" said the father, and the child, replying by action, put his arm round the neck of the sleeping infant and kissed her. Still embracing her, he fell off to sleep again a minute or two later, whereupon Reuben, in an honest ecstasy of admiration, exclaimed, "Look there! isn't it a picture; you might fancy them a couple of little angles almost, lying there in there innocence" The wife in her calmer manner admitted, as she looked on the living picture, that "it was pretty," premising at the same time that "all their sorrows were yet to come, the more was the pity for them."

"Well; a share of sorrow is the lot of all," said the husband cheerily, "for, as the Bible tells us, man is born unto trouble; and now," he concluded, turning to leave the room as he spoke, "I must get back to the shed again."

It was, of course, still dark when Reuben came home again at six o'clock, but he found his wife sitting up in bed feeding the little stranger with some warm food that she had prepared for it, his own child meanwhile looking on with an air of affectionate interest. About nine o'clock, after rather ruefully "supposing there was nothing else for it," he made his way to the police station and reported all that had occurred. The facts having been noted, an inspector, together with a plain-clothes man," were dispatched to investigate the case which they did at great length, and with a very knowing air, and liberal expenditure of slangy professionalisms. In the course of an hour they had propounded half-a-dozen contradictory "theories," and whispered of as many "clues," the general result being "confusion worse confounded."

"It strikes me you'll have to take time and boil it all down in your heads before you make anything out of it, if ever you do make anything out of it at all," said Mrs. Harwood, giving vent to her impatience on their coming back for the third time to go over all the circumstances again with her and her husband. "But here is the infant, any way," she went on; "there can be no mistake about that; and the question is what are you going to do with that?"

"Well, they could take it to the station for the present, they said, or, for the matter of that, they could send it straight away to the workhouse, though it would be a bad day for that, as the attendants would all be busy with the work incidental to giving the inmates their Christmas dinner—but there the infant would be made all right somehow or other. The thing was to drop on those who had been in the job.

From the tone in which they spoke, however, Reuben Harwood felt firmly convinced that the child if then taken from under his roof, would *not* be made all right, that on this day in particular it would be likely to meet with but cold comfort at any such place as a police-station or workhouse. "Look here, lass," he said, in a half apologetical, half coaxing tone, "what such a little morsel will eat will neither make us up nor down, and I know you don't mind a bit of trouble to do a kindness to one that needs it—let the poor little thing bide with us a day or two, to see what may turn up."

"I'm agreeable, Reuben," she said; "if you wish it;" and there was no special enthusiasm in her tone, neither was there anything of unkindness.

During the remainder of this and the whole of the next day the police were supposed to be following up one of their clues, but nothing resulted from their exertions. Bills were then issued offering a reward for such information as would lead to the conviction of the child deserter or deserters; but no information was forthcoming. So a week passed away, and then Mrs. Harwood, putting on her most business-like air, intimated that she considered it "high time" that the question of what was to be done with the child should be decided. The appearance of marked resoluteness and matter-of-fact-ness with which she broached the subject perhaps concealed a conscious weakness of purpose. Though, regarding it as an unwise "giving way," she sought to disguise her feeling on the point, the fact was that during this week the pretty little waif, so strangely cast upon her care, had greatly endeared itself to her as well as to the soft-hearted husband, whose more practical half she was wont to consider herself. Moreover the feeling of personal endearment was materially strengthened by the circumstance that her own child and the little stranger had "taken to" each other with remarkable affection, and were in their infantile way inseperable friends. Of the exact state of her feelings, her husband, however, was not aware, and he was therefor surprised as well as rejoiced, when on cautiously broaching the idea of adopting the child as their own, he found that her opposition to it was by no means either so formidable or so emphatically expressed as from her tone he had expected it to be. Still she did oppose it, nor could he honestly gainsay the reasonablness of the prudential grounds on which she based her opposition. On the other hand, she freely admitted that Reuben's sentiments were highly admirable, however imprudent, still neither would altogether give way, and finally, on compromise, Reuben, who, had the debate been simply between himself and his own conscience, would have sought "direction" in prayer, suggested that the question of adoption should be decided by Bible lot. The wife consenting, he took down his well-worn Bible and let it fall open on the table, but it is to be feared that in his anxiety to save the child from the fate of a workhouse foundling he unconsciously so far tampered with the strictness of the lot as to glance rapidly over the page before pointing to the verse which was to be taken as the one that had first met his gaze. Job was a favourite part of his Bible with Reuben, and the volume's falling open at the twenty-ninth chapter of that book was pure lot, though it might have been a process of unconscious selection that guided Reuben's finger to the twelfth verse of that chapter. The verse runs, "Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him;" and both husband and wife were sufficiently pre-disposed in favour of the child to accept such words as plain "direction" to take the question of adoption as decided in the affirmative.

This important point thus decided upon, the next was to give the child a name. Lot had to be rejected, as being a man's. Christmas Eve, which was next thought of, was after a moment's consideration held to be too long, and what was of more consequence, too likely to give rise to questioning, calculated to lead to painful results: but Eve without the Christmas it was afterwards agreed would be at once pretty and appropriate; and, accordingly, as Eve Harwood the little child who had come into his charge so strangly became one of Reuben's own family.

CHAPTER III.

Sixteen years have passed since that night when Providence, moving in its own mysterious way, gave his adopted daughter into the hands of Reuben Harwood. During those years nothing had transpired to throw the slighest light upon the true parentage of the child, nor as the years rolled on would Reuben or *his* wife have wished any light to have been forthcoming, the effect of which would have been to bring any sense of divided duty to the child, or in any other way weaken the tie of love between them—a tie that time only served to strengthen. Throughout this space of time things had, on the whole, gone smoothly and prosperously with Reuben. When Eve was four years of age he was promoted to the footplate, and was now one of the leading passenger drivers of the company under which he served, and stood high alike in the estimation of his employers, and all with whom his duties brought him in contact. In the course of his twelve years service as driver, he had been in several "accidents," one of them ranking with the great of its year, numbering its thirteen slain outright and thirty wounded, Reuben himself being among the latter number with a broken leg and fractured ribs, as his share of injuries received. But when found lying unconscious amid the wreck of his train, his hand still grasped the regulator, and on this and other occasions he received "honourable mention" for the brave and self sacrificing manner in which he had stood to his post in the hope of in some degree lessening or mitigating the effects of a "pitch in" when by simply jumping off, as a man of his experience could easily have done, he might have avoided all danger to himself.

He was still an energetic member of his "connection" and a leading spirit in carrying out the local revival services instituted by it, and he continued to be a popular favourite upon the temperance platforms of Knightsford. His son, now a strapping young fellow of nineteen, was serving his apprenticeship in the engineering shops of the line on which he drove, and Eve, an exceedingly pretty girl of sixteen, having finished her schooling and had a year at dressmaking, is right hand to "mother" in the management of the household. As so many with whom Eve was likely to come into contact knew her story, Reuben and his wife had thought it prudent on her coming to years of understanding to enlighten her as to the nature of the tie between them. She knew, therefore that she was not their child by bood, but it was rarely indeed that even the remembrance of this crossed any of their minds, for the girl had been to them as true a daughter as they had been to her true parents *in love*; and in the opinion alike of Reuben and his wife their kindly deed in adopting the child had brought its own great reward. To young Jim Harwood she had been as a sister; but just about this period he was beginning to show signs of a desire that a time might come when she would be even more than a sister to him—be nearer and dearer still.

It is Christmas Eve once more, and a bright crisp frosty day. Again it is Reuben's lot to be on duty, but this time it is day duty. He is to take out the nine o'clock through train to Mettleton and return with the express timed to reach Knightsford at eight in the evening; and as, after a hearty breakfast, he stands equipped for the road, he looks as contented and good-humoured a fellow as one might hope to meet with in a summer day's march. He has waxed stout since we saw him last, and his honest open face has been healthily reddied by exposure to the weather. With his heavy pilot overcoat on, a large muffler wound loosely round his throat in such a fashion as to leave a fold of it handy for being drawn up over the mouth, and a fur cap well pressed on the head, he presented a fine bluff figure of a man; while the formidable dimensions of the parcel which with a large coffee-can attached to it he carried in his right hand, may, in conjunction with his general appearance, be taken as a practical proof that with him good digestion waits on appetite and health on both—for that parcel, it need scarcely be said, contains his "bagging" or food for the day.

"Ah! 'I must away,' as the song says," he observed, looking at his watch. "So long, partner, so long, Eve; if I have time to run into the market at the other end, I'll bring you a proper misletoe bough, so long;" and kissing them both, he set out, smiling as he went. With him the coming even cast no shadow before; no presentiment of evil crossed his mind, or the minds of those so dear to him, whom he had just left. Yet, if such things are, it might fitly have been so with them on this morning. The sense of impeding calamity might well have weighed heavily upon their souls, for Reuben was leaving his home to return to it no more alive—to be brought back to it as "the body," on which a coroner's inquest had been held, and found a verdict of "Accidental Death."

The run to Mettleton had been safely made, the misletoe for household decoration bought, and Reuben still in high spirits, was within seven miles of home on the return journey, when, as his train cleared a curve, the bend of which had prevented him seeing any distance a-head, he saw, with a dismay that was not for himself alone, that "some one had blundered." Scarcely three hundred yards in front of him, on the same line of rails, and at the commencement of an incline, the steepness of which almost brought it to a standstill, lumbered a heavy mineral train, which had no right to be there—and his train was going at fifty miles an hour. Whatever might be its ultimate results, it was, in its probabilities and possibilities, the worst thing of its kind that he had ever been in. His experienced judgement took in the situation at a glance, and he knew that it meant death and destruction, and that it was for him to be in the forefront of the deadly encounter. He was not one—supposing there are such—of whom it is said they know not the taste of fear. His heart sunk within him, and the ruddy weather-bronzed face blanched to a ghostly whiteness, but with his fear there mingled no touch of hesitation as to the fulfilment of what he held to be his duty. So close was he upon the other train, that, even by the faint moonlight, he could see its driver and fireman jump from the engine on catching sight of his train thundering down upon them. But Reuben speaking to his own fireman without looking at him, exclaimed with all the vehemence and rapidity of utterance such a crisis was calculated to call forth, "Remember we have passengers! Stick to your post; and leave the rest to God!" His mate, however, was of different metal from himself. With him the instinct of self-preservation was stronger than a self-sacrificing sense of duty, and, while the trains were still a few yards apart, he, too, jumped for his life, and escaped with nothing worse than a sprained ancle. When his engine struck, Reuben still doing what was possible under the circumstances to check its speed, was alone upon it. By the force of the collision its leading wheels were, for a moment, forced atop of a pile of the waggons it had crumpled up; then loosing its balance, it fell over completely smashed, and poor Reuben, still breathing, but unconscious, and fatally injured, lay tightly jammed among its wreckage. The brunt of the smash fell upon the engine and two first carriages. In the first carriage two passengers were killed, and in the second, one, while several were badly injured. The occupants of the other carriages were for the most part only frightened and shaken, and were soon able to set about assisting their less fortunate fellows. But Reuben was so fixed that it was not until the arrival of the break down-hands and appliances that he could be released. Under the influence of strong stimulents, he was after a time restored to consciousness, and languidly opening his eyes he found himself supported in the arms of a leading official of the line, and the doctor kneeling by his side.

"Harwood, my poor fellow, I'm afraid you are very seriously injured this time," said the official, in a voice made tremulous by painful excitement.

"I'm done for, sir," answered Reuben, slowly and faintly. "I've made my last run, I shall never see the morning light again." He closed his eyes, exhausted by the effort of speaking; but, rallying again presently, he went on; "There's one consolation, sir, though I say it—I've died doing my duty. You'll find her reversed, and with the break hard on; and wherever you my have picked me up, I was on the foot-plate till the last."

"You've no need to tell us that, Reuben,' said the other. "None who knew you would have any doubt about that. But try and keep your heart up, it may not be so bad with you as you think."

"I've that within me that tells me the end is near," answered Reuben, with a feeble shake of the head; "and I can but say God's will be done," Once more he lay back for some minutes, utterly exhausted, and then reviving again, he murmured, "You're very kind, sir, but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from looking after some of those whom looking after might be of use to."

"All are being seen to," answered the official; "but tell me Harwood, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"I should like to see my wife and bairns before I go, if it can be managed, and it's the Lord's will," Reuben answered, in a voice that was sunk to a whisper, and with the tears for the first time gleaming in his eye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

That women cannot keep a secret has become a proverb; but the fact does not lessen their qualification as office holders. This has been proved in Philadelphia. The only woman who has ever served there as a school director is Mrs. H. W. Paist. At a meeting of the Board, while the names of candidates for teachers was under consideration, Mrs. Paist startled her associates by saying: "I have this day been visited by the mother of a young lady, who has offered me a bribe of a hundred dollars for my vote." One of the male members thereupon remarked that until a lady came into the Board such a thing as a bribe had never been heard of in their discussions. The quick retort was: "It is possible that, had I accepted the offer, I should myself have felt great diffidence in reporting it."

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO