"THE REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

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Durham, - - Ont.

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J. TOWNSEND.

The Grey Review.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

MACDONELL & MACMILLAN,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c.
Lower Town, Durham, Ont. y24

JAMES LAMON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office—Opposite Sheridan's, Owen Sound.

Frost & Frost.
BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery and Insolvency, Conveyancing, &c.
Office—Fort-st., next McLean Bros., Owen Sound, and every Thursday at Flesherton.
ALFRED FROST, J. W. FROST, LL. B.
County Crown Attorney. y21

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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

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

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.
A large assortment of Frames, Mottoes and Pictures that will be sold at cost, and even less, during the next two months.
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Opposite the "Review" Printing Office, Upper Town, Durham

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FAIR PRICE AND LIVING PROFIT.
THE subscriber keeps on hand no low priced goods that are cheap when [illegible] in the long wear and comfort.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Have new facilities for manufacturing an article equal to any in the County of Grey, and have a good stock on hand, but all my goods are of the latest style, having opened out a large consignment of A 1 Leather, 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.

Any Person Wanting Money
Should borrow from the
English & Scotish
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 NORAMN McINTYRE,
y18 Solicitor Durham.

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

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

TEAS! TEAS!
A fresh Lot, Choice and Cheap,
Including BLACK, GREEN, and JAPAN

Green, 25c per lb.	Japan, 25c per lb
" 40c " "	" 30c " "
" 50c " "	" 40c " "
" 75c " "	" 50c " "
" 90c " "	" 65c " "

Black, 30c, 60c, and 90c, per lb.
New Fruits.
Currants, Raisins, Candied Lemon, Orange and Citron Peels,
Pure Flavouring Extracts and Essences.
H. PARKER,
y-8 DURHAM.

POETRY.

Twilight Thoughts.

Slowly falls the shades of evening;
Slowly fades the light of day;
One by one the stars come, peeping
Through the cloudy curtains gray.

Softly mid the twilight shadows,
Angel visitors draw near;
Spirits of my friends departed,
Friends of youth, so loved and near.

And they sweetly whisper to me
Of a mansion, grand and fair;
Of a home of fadeless glory,
Free from sorrow, pain and care.

But those angels voices whisper,
"Work, and faint not by the way.
Though thy life be sad and dreary,
Yet the end is perfect day."

O, my soul, faint not at trials.
Though the cross may heavy lie;
Rest remaineth for the faithful,
In the "Golden By and Bo."

EVE HARWOOD.

CHAPTER VI. *(Continued).*

"Yes, Eve, I have," he answered. "I must try to escape the consequences of my act, for I cannot recal it."

"Well, I won't reproach you, dear. I know it is love for us that has drawn you away," she said, "but I am sorry. If you could but have been patient and borne your cross for another year or two, it would have been so much better, we could have freed you then ourselves."

"It was love for you that made me so wish to come in the first instance," he answered; but knowing that I was secure of your love, I could have born the seperation till better times had come, if that had been all; but you don't know what I have had to put up with of late, Eve. I have been goaded and badgered and tormented till I have felt almost like a wild beast, and could scarcely answer for my actions; and as I should still have been subjected to the same treatment if I had stayed, what I have done, bad as it is, is perhaps the best."

"But, what is it dears? what are you talking about?" said the mother, who had been looking on in dumb wonderment. "You daze me quite."

"Oh, mother," answereed Jim, shaking his head in self-reproachful sorrowfulness, "I'm afraid I've been born to be a curse to you. I never thought once I should ever live to say it, but I am almost glad poor father is dead; it would have broken his heart to see me come to this."

"But what is it, Jim? what has happened?" urged the mether, full of vague terror.

"Poor innocent mother!" he exclaimed, pityingly; "no one but you would have needed to ask that question. I have deserted, that is what has happened, mother," he went on, his tone changing to one of bitterness. "I have become an outcast, one that must live in fear and trembling, and hide myself from the faces of those who knew me—always excepting you and Eve,—for I know I can trust your love, however unworthy of it I may be."

Mrs. Harwood had only ears for the one dreadful word. "Deserted!" she said, sinking into her chair and helplessly wringing her hands. "Oh dear! Oh dear! I think I shall die. My son, my dead Reuben's boy, will be taken from me and shot."

"Oh, no, mother," he said, soothingly, "at the worst it would not be so bad as that. Even if I were taken, I would not be shot; and after all," he added, his tone becoming genuinely hopeful, "if you'll help me, the danger of my being taken at all is not great. Thousands take French leave of the army, and for pretty much the same reasons as I have done, and there is not one in a hundred of them that is ever taken again. England is a big place, and it is easy to lose one's self in a crowd."

"Well, that may be, Jim," said the mother, somewhat but not fully reassured; "but you might be the one in a hundred, and, at any rate, it must be a miserable life to live with the fear of such a thing hanging over you like a sword. Why ever did you do it? you might have known that we hadn't given up our intention of getting you off."

"I did know that, mother," he answered, "for that is only saying that I knew how good and true-hearted Eve and you were, though at the same time I was in earnest when I said that I did not wish you to burden yourselves so on my account. If things had gone on as they did for the first few months, I could have bided time and opportunity; but they didn't. Changes in the regiment put it in the power of a petty tyrant to lead me a life worse than a dog's. Day after day he subjected me to mortifications and annoyances, such as were almost enough to madden any one with the feelings of a man in him. I told you that he had prevented me from obtaining leave, and this very day he met me out of barracks, and openly taunted me about it. He threatened me with what he would do in the future, and so I have faced the risk and run off rather than be placed in his power again after that. Having money enough in my pocket to pay fare, I came straight away here—for help."

"I had rather you had not needed the help, my boy," said the mother, "but since you do, you have only to show us how we can help you."

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered, and then proceeded at considerable length to explain his position and views to the loving and anxious listners.

Briefly put, the assistance he wanted from them was the looking out for him of the civilian clothing he had left behind him on his flight from Knightsford, more particularly his "working" suits; and a little money to supply his immediate wants until he could obtain employment in some large town. Clothes and money were of course instantly forthcoming, and then after lying down for two or three hours Jim, his soldier's uniform changed for the garb of an artizan, stole from the house again, in the dark of the cold winter's morning, mother and sweetheart alike parting from him with tears, and with many mute but heartfelt prayers for his safety. At first they had been loath to part with him again at all after so brief a meeting, but he had shown them that in Knightsford, of all towns, it would be dangerous for him to be seen, and that for all their sakes it would be the wisest plan for him to get away if possible without anyone but themselves knowing he had been there. With a view to securing this secrecy he left the town a-foot. This time he was going away in a period of unusual briskness of trade, and his search for employment was attended with speedy good fortune. Within a week he was able to write to "the dear ones at home," informing them that he had started to work in Manchester, and was earning good wages.

Through the same means by which the fact of Jim's enlistment had become known in Knightsford it soon got rumoured there that he had deserted; and the mother had a vague general idea that inquiries were being made about him in the town; but no one in authority came to her, and no one among her personal acquaintances suspected for a moment that her son had been under her roof again. Nor was she put to any embarrassment or necessity for equivocation in the matter; her friends regarding it as a subject to be avoided in her presence.

Meanwhile, she and Eve exchanged letters with Jim every week, and as months rolled on without bringing any sign of danger, the feeling of fear and apprehension gradually grew weaker and weaker, and the sense of comfort and security, and desire for re-union stronger and stronger. The latter feeling, in fact, after a time became an all absorbing one with him. At the end of a year he wrote that he had become an established hand in the firm by which he was engaged, and was therefore certain of constant employment, and earning good money and enjoying good health, he only wanted to be with his own people to be happy. His coming to them he urged was impossible, but now that he was in a position to maintain a home for them, there was nothing to prevent them from coming to him; and he begged that they would come. Their hearts inclined them to fall in with his views on this head, and after some little hesitation and correspondence as to details, it was arranged that Jim's proposals should be carried into effect, and Mrs. Harwood, whose health was somewhat failing her saying that she was going to live with her own "kin again," she and Eve quitted Knightsford "for good."

Jim having the special reason we know of for "keeping himself to himself," had but few acquaintances and no friends in Manchester, so that when his mother and Eve arrived the three became all in all to each other, and entered upon a brief period of happiness that would have been about as complete as it is given to human happiness to be, but that the shadow of the impending sword that hung over him would occasionally fall upon it. They could not quite forget that he was a deserter, and that accident might at any time cause the sword to fall. Time, however, lessened the chances of detection, and as time went on without the occurrence of anything in the least calculated to alarm them, their hearts grew lighter, and the remembrance of danger returned at less and less frequent intervals. So assured of their position had they become at the end of their first year's residence in Manchester, that it was then arranged that Jim and Eve should at length be united, and in the then coming Whitsun week, that day being a holiday one with the artisan class in the town, and therefore allowing opportunity for a little honeymoon trip. In preparing for the wedding Mrs. Harwood and Eve had a good deal of shopping to do, and on the Saturday before Whitmonday—the latter being the day fixed for the marriage—Jim, it being half-holiday with him, accompanied them as escort, on their final shopping expedition. While they were making purchases at a draper's, Jim had sauntered on a-head, so that when they came out of the shop they were for a moment alone. At that instant a hand was laid on Eve's shoulder. She turned round expecting to see her betrothed, but, beheld, instead, the face of Mr. Stone flushed with drink, and gradually lighting up with an unpleasantly triumphal smile.

"Yes, Eve it is by all that's lovely!" he exclaimed in a theatrical tone, "I thought there could not be *two* such lovely figures."

All that might result from the recognition flashed through Eve's mind, and so unnerved her that she stood like one under, an evil spell, unable either to speak or move.

The other had learned sufficient of her character in the old Knightsford days to know that neither the mere surprise of seeing him, or any idea of physical danger to herself arising out of the meeting, would account for her blank look of terror, her cowed and trembling manner. With the instinct of a worthless nature he instantly guessed the true cause of her agitation and it was this that brought the smile of sneering triumph to his countenance. "Oh oh!" he laughed, "I've flattered the dove-cote, have I? I'm pretty smart, you know, Eve; I'lay odds that if I follow you up to your nest I'll trap the male bird and everything is fair in love and war, remember. But never mind, my dear, you know how I'm held towards you; you can do pretty well as you wish with me if you act anything like reasonable."

"What do you mean, sir, by springing upon me in this style?" said Eve rallying a little and assuming an indignant tone. You knew I would have no wish to speak to you, and I should have thought you would have had more self-respect than to speak to me; I suppose I must attribute it to your not being in your sober senses,"

"Sober or not, Eve, I'm quite wide awake," he said, interrupting her; "it is all very well for you to come the virtuously indignant, but it won't act with me. I'm master of the game, and I tell you fairly I mean to make the most of my hand."

"I don't understand you," she said faintly though her heart belied the words that her lips uttered. "What can you possibly want with me?"

Mrs. Harwood at this moment recognising her former lodger had hurried after Jim, meaning to tell him to fly, but in her excitement she became so incoherent, that for the moment all that was clear to him was the wave of her hand pointing to where Eve stood, and that was enough. Eve's face was toward him, and he saw it was blanched with fear, and without stopping to ask for any explanation he strode foreward, quivering with indignation.

Eve, poor girl, could but cling to his arm in speechless agitation, and seeing this, he turned his eyes with a look of inquiry on Mr. Stone. The recognition was now but little of a surprise, and Stone was the first to recover himself. He hastily advanced to meet a policeman, who, attracted by the crowd gathering around was approaching the scene of action. "Take that fellow, constable," he exclaimed, pointing to Jim. "he is a deserter; I charge, and will take all responsibility. Do your duty."

"You hear what he says," observed the officer, who was evidently disgusted with the unconcealed malignity of his informant and desirable of giving the other any reasonable chance of escape.

"Yes, I hear," answered Jim briefly, and though his heart was cold within him, he bore himself proudly while the eyes of his enemy were upon him.

"Have you nothing to say then?" asked the constable.

"Nothing." Jim answered.

"I don't like them jobs," replied the officer, "but all the same I must do my duty."

"I know you must, and you are doing it kindly," answered Jim.

"You can have a cab if you like, laddie," the policeman said in an undertone, and at the same time making a slight sign to a cabman who had stopped his vehicle to see what was going on.

Jim gladly availed himself of the offer, and, accompanied by his mother and Eve, entered the cab, while the policeman mounted beside the driver. The instant the door was closed Jim gave way to his feeling of grief and desolation, and covering his face with his hands cried like a child.

He made no denial, attempted no defence, but the material facts of his story became known to the authorities, and he was leniently dealt with. After a brief term of imprisonment he was sent back to his regiment, joining it this time in his proper name. At first he was much broken in health by what had befallen him. But he had youth on his side, and soon he had even a greater healer of broken spirits—hope, and life which had seemed all dark to him began to brighten again. Eve and his mother, though greatly depressed themselves put on a cheerful countenance to him. Their faith in the goodness of the Most High was of a very simple and unswerving character, and, in humble and honest faith, they wrote that they had never seen the righteous forsaken and expressed the utmost confidence in the final and not very far distant success, of a renewed attempt to work out the redemption of their loved one.

Eve once more betook herself to her needle as a source of income, Mrs. Harwood as before assisting her with the plainer parts of the work; and notwithstanding low prices and the other drawbacks incidental to such a means of earning a livlihood, they worked so hard, and lived so hard, as to be able to "lay by" each week towards the purchase money wherewith, when it had reached a sufficient amount, Jim's freedom was to be bought

Poor Jim was much saddened and subdued by what he had gone through, and no longer raised objections to being bought off by the exertions of those who loved him so well. He gratefully acquiesced in their plan, and while the hopes that lay in it gave him patience to bear his fate the assurance against rashness of action which his agreement in it afforded the others was strength and comfort to them. One pardonable little weakness was that in Eve's otherwise sternly practicable and self-denying conduct; she would not bank her savings, partly because she had heard of banks breaking, and the like, and feared for her treasure, but in a greater measure because next to writing to Jim, her greatest pleasure after the long day's work was done, was to look at, and to handle and to count the money. She delighted to watch the hardly-earned and hardly-spared shillings mounting up and up till they could be changed for a sovereign, and she rejoiced over each added sovereign as one more link in the golden chain that was to join her to her love.

Under the severe labour to which she subjected herself, she waxed somewhat pale and thin, but she was sustained by the brave heart within, and her health remained sound and unbroken, while the correspondence between Jim and her, which grew warmer, and more hopeful as time rolled on, and the day of deliverance drew near kept her in good spirits. On the whole she was as happy at this period as under the circumstances she could possibly hope to be, though there was one shadow that fell darkening across her path. The worthy Mr. Stone was still in Manchester, and repeatedly took occasion to force himself upon her notice, or at any rate upon her sight; and though now that he had done his worst to Jim, her personal feeling towards him was of scorn, not fear, his appearance roused painful memories, and produced a vague, but none the less oppressive, heaviness of spirit.

He knew where she lived, and made a point of frequently passing and trying to attract her attention as she sat at the window working, and on several occasions he had tried to force his conversation upon her in the streets, wishing, so far as she could gather from the few words which she had been unable to avoid hearing on those occasions, that he desired to "make friends," and professed to be sorry for having denounced Jim, and to attribute his having done so to momentary passion. The silent contempt with which she treated him galled him sorely, but at the same time seemed to create in him a morbid craving to keep himself under her eye and within her knowledge, and it became a regular thing for her to see him two or three times a week. At first she just glanced carelessly at him as he loitered past her window, meaning to show that she was not afraid to look him in the face; but presently changes in his appearance and manner excited a stronger feeling of curiosity, and of conjecture as to the causes and meaning of the changes. She observed that his being "in drink" became a more and more frequent occurrence, and gradually the outward and visible signs of drunkenness began to show upon him—the face to grow red and coarse, the eyes dull and moist, and the figure bloated and flabby. Within the space of a single year from the time of Jim's arrest, he contrasted very unfavourably with the neat and dapper figure he had presented when under Mrs. Harwood's roof; and at the end of that period Eve began to remark that he was hanging about in working hours. From this she inferred that he was out of employment, and soon had good reason to conclude that this did not arise from his being independent of it. His clothes began to wax shabby, and this circumstance, sharpened by Eve's power of observation, she saw that most of the jewellry had disappeared. At this stage the clothes were carefully furbished up, and were worn with a sort of defiant jauntiness, but to female eyes that had seen him in the dressy Knightsford days the true state of affairs was plainly evident, and it was a state of affairs under which Mr. Stone showed to particular disadvantage. He was essentially a tailor's man; a man who in a great degree *was* made by the coat. Whatever imitation he had was the dignity of fine clothes, and with the gloss of the clothes vanished the gloss of gentlemanhood that had served him for the substance of the genuine thing. In this respect he went rapidly from bad to worse so that in the course of a few months more he got to be about the last stage of genteel shabbiness. His whole outward man was utterly seedy and rusty. He was down at heel, and out at elbow, and generally be-frayed, and besmirched, and with the brands of dissipation deepened upon him presented as mean and contemptible a figure as could well be imagined.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The present state of trade in England will inflict a financial blow on the Trades Unions from which they will take long to recover. It is no secret that in many of the unions the funds are almost exhausted, and that in others they are gradually disappearing owing to the heavy demands upon them. Nor is this all. The number of contributors is falling off. Men whose wages have fallen 25 or 30 per cent. find it dificult to continue to support the union, and they are the less inclined to do so now. Some of the artisans were foolish enough to believe that by joining a union they could permanently maintain the price of their labour above the market rate. This delusion has now been destroyed, and in many districts it has produced a decided feeling of coldness towards the unions. Every one would hope that as benefit societies the unions should be maintained; but their economical influence has been seriously and perhaps permanently impaired.

Further reductions of wages are announced in the Lancashire cotton district.

Volcanic Phenomena in 1878.

The year 1878, it has been said, will be memorable rather for the bursting of monetary bubbles, and the shock given to commercial credit, than for the volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. Nevertheless so far as the latter phenomena have yet been chronicled, subterranean forces would appear to have been more than usually active during the past year. The contemplation of an earthquake map is by no means fitted to reassure the nervous, inasmuch as it shows that the liability to this form of terrestrial plague is well nigh universal, the least *shaky* countries, according to the map, being unfortunately those that have also been least explored. The truly reasoning feature, however, lies in the fact that there are earthquakes and earthquakes which sufficiently explains why Great Britain has suffered so little and Chili so much, although during the present century there have been as many earthquakes in the one as in the other. A German professor, who has kept a record of all the known earthquakes for a considerable series of years has ascertained that those phenomina occur at the rate of about two every week, and that they happen more frequently in winter than in summer. The figures for the present year will probably not be published for some months to come. It will be found, however, by those who care to take the trouble, that upwards of forty earthquakes have been considered sufficiently important to be chronicled in the interesting "Notes" which have appeared in the pages of *Nature* during the past year. These include only a single instance from the Phillippine Islands and Java which form part of the great "circle of fire," extending along the coast of Asia and the west coast of America; not because there have not been more to note, but rather because they are so numerous that it is only of those specially destructive to life and property that information reaches Europe at the time. In the Phillippine Islands alone there were no fewer than forty-six earthquakes in 1875. Although the data are thus incomplete, the figures before us agree with present statistics as to the great frequency of earthquakes during winter, more having been noted as occurring in January than in the months of May, June, and July taken together. Their tabulation according to the time and place of occurrence also reveals some interesting facts.

Greenland.

Greenland is a remarkable proof of the rapidity with which great physical changes in the earth's surface may occur. In the year 986 Eric the Red founded colonies on both the east and west coasts, which were long flourishing. The interior of the country was then icy, but the coasts afforded excellent pasturage. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the black death so weakened the colonies that they were unable to resist the invasions of the natives. The coasts began also to subside for a distance of 600 miles, and are still sinking. Structures raised within the last century are even now under water, while more recent settlements have been submerged. Huge glaciers block across a large part of the eastern coast, and at the west side the layers of ice leave only a narrow habitable space between the mountains and the sea. A recent expedition from the west coast, under the direction of British officials, after clambering over glaciers, wading through snow-drifts, and narrowly escaping many deep crevasses, reaching in a fortnight's time, forty-five miles inward. From a height of 4,000 feet above the sea level they obtained a wide view. As far as the eye could reach to the eastward nothing but glaciers and sheets of ice could be seen. Greenland is a literal Iceland. Within the historical era it has never been free from its cold covering, but the transformations to which we have already referred are so extensive that, according to many geological theorists, the lapse of 50,000 years instead of a few hundred, would be required to account for them.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

A new Roman Catholic School has been built at Peterboro'.

A little boy named Thompson was scalded to death in Campbellford a few days ago by falling into a pail of hot water.

Esther Cox, the mysterious manifestation Miss of Amherst, N. S., is now prostrated with diphtheria.

A small boy placed his tongue upon the frosty iron railing of Dufferin Bridge, Ottawa, a few days ago, and suddenly jerking his head away, pulled half of the tongue out.

It is rumoured that the Grangers of Peterborough are preparing to buy wheat, and will shortly have a man on the street to purchase for them.

On Tuesday, 14th inst., Adam Copling, a boy about ten years of age, the only son of Mr. Jonathan Copling, of the 10th con., Downie, was killed by the upsetting of a load of rails.

A gentleman in Port Hope has just fallen heir to a large fortune by the death of an uncle in England. The uncle died some weeks ago, bequeathing his property to this person's mother, and she died thirty-six hours after the decease of her relative across the ocean. She lived long enough, however, to entitle her to the property in question; and her three sons are her heirs. One resides in Port Hope, another in Bowmanville, and the third in Chicago.

It is evident that the followers of Sir John A. Macdonald have not the slightest intention of profiting by Lord Dufferin's last advice to the people of Canada, respecting the Civil Service, and the undesirableness of an introduction of the American system of the dismissal of officials on the accession of a new Government. Not only has it been decided to change the whole of the Government nominees on the Quebec Harbour Commission, but several employees of the Quebec Post-office have also been discharged without the assignment of any cause.

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