

The Little Brown Dog.

He was a poor little fellow, errand-boy in the large grocery of Rice, Cloves & Co. (I don't mean the brown dog, but Harry Jacklow), and he earned just two dollars a week.

Sixty cents of that went for his fare—he lived so far from the store that he was obliged to ride to and from it—and he gave the rest to his mother, who with that and the eight dollars a week she received from the cloak factory where she worked, supported herself, her children—Harry, twelve years of age, Eddie, seven, Jennie, two—and Mr. Jacklow.

Mr. Jacklow was her husband; and the less said about him the better. I'll merely state that he could sit in the rocking-chair and smoke and think longer than any other man I ever knew.

Besides this two dollars a week, Harry, who was a bright-eyed, willing, whistling, young chap, sometimes got a two or five cent piece, or more rarely, a ten cent piece, from his employers' customers when the grocers' wagons being overloaded or the customers in a great hurry he carried home the purchase for them. And it was this money he had been saving ever since the first of January for the purpose of having a good time on the next holiday.

On Christmas-day they had had a real nice time at his house. His "boss" had given him two dollars, and the superintendent of the place where his mother worked had given her one, and somebody (they had never found out who) had sent them a large turkey, and the dressmaker down stairs she put a box of tools, and Jennie a doll, in the name of Santa Claus—and Harry had presented his mamma with a new coffee-pot, and his mamma presented him with a woollen comforter and a pair of woollen gloves, and Mr. Jacklow had bought himself a new pipe; and when Harry saw how happy they all were, he quickly made up his mind to give them a party on the very next holiday, which would be the First of July.

It was the last day of June when my story commences, and Harry had kept his resolution of saving every penny outside of his wages. He had to pass many a heap of rosy apples without gleaning at them, run away from many peanut stands, force himself not to look into the tempting windows of the candy stores and go by on the other side when he knew himself near a well known bakery, to do so, but he had done so, and now his reward was near.

The house in which he lived was an old-fashioned one in an up-town street. A quarter of a century ago it had been a small farm house surrounded by meadows, but now it had a large tenement-house on each side, and a low row of brick buildings in front of it. But one splendid oak-tree still stood before the door—"Bully to take pin-wheels on," said Harry to himself, and there was any number of children around to cry "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the fire-works, the more ringing and ah-ing there is, the brighter the fire-works look to that boy. Well, Harry had laid out the supper in his mind as follows: ice-cream, a whole quart, twelve-cent sponge cake, five sticks of molasses candy, pitcher of lemonade, apple pie, half a pound of cheese, and some baked potatoes—Mr. Jacklow liked baked potatoes. And he meant to get his mother and the rest of them out of the room (and then to visit the dressmaker, who at the last moment was to be invited to the party) and when all was ready, call them up again. Wouldn't it be fun to look at their faces when they saw the ice-cream, and the molasses candy, and the lemonade, and the cheese, and the baked potatoes! It would be almost as good as the show. Harry had been there once, and had never forgotten how delightful it was. And then after the supper was over, and they thought the entertainment was at an end, wouldn't it be fun to see their faces when he invited them down on the front to stoop to see the pyrotechnic (look in your dictionaries) display!

So Harry had been saving and saving until he found himself on the last day of June, with one dollar and eighty-two cents in his right hand trousers pocket. Times had been hard, very hard, since the new year began, and people looked very sharp after their small change, or it is likely he would have had double that amount. "But," he said to himself, "a dollar will get the feast, and the rest will buy at least one dozen fireworks.

He got home from the store on that evening too late and too tired to go out for the things he wanted but the next morning he was up before the sun rose—and the sun rises pretty early during the summer months—and dressed and out in the streets as the first sunbeams told the eastern sky morning had come. The streets were almost deserted, and no fire-crackers or pistol-shots yet broke the silence. But before he had walked a block some cannons boomed in the distance, and a peal of bells rang by ringing "God save the Queen." Whistling and singing the notes in his pocket came and time with the music of the bells, and wishing the stores where he meant to buy the material for his party would be open, he sauntered slowly along until he reached the dog pound—a place where all stray dogs are taken in hot weather and kept a day or two, so that their owners may, if they choose, seek and reclaim them. If found to be friendless at the end of that time, the poor things are put in a large tank prepared for the purpose, and drowned.

Harry heard the imprisoned dogs yelping and barking; and stopping a moment to listen to them with a pitying look on his face—for, like all kind-hearted boys, he dearly loved animals—he saw sitting upon the door-step a very pretty little girl, she wore a faded calico dress and a blue striped gingham apron; the apron she gathered up in her hand, as though it held some valuables, and her head and feet were bare. Her large eyes were of a soft brown and her hair of the same color, hung in straight curls about her face. There wasn't another creature, man, woman or child, with exception of a milkman on the next

block, in sight, and Harry looked at her with surprise. At last he said with a smile, "I thought I got up early, but you must have got up much earlier than I did."

"I've been here all night," said the child, in a sweet, patient voice.

"Here all night," repeated Harry with a long whistle. "Good gracious! what'd you do that for?"

"'Cause I want to go in the very minute the door opens. My Prince—with a sob—"is in there."

"Your dog?" asked Harry.

"Yes. He's the dearest little brown dog in all the world, and I love him the best of everything 'cept granny, and I love him just the same when she scolds, and my mamma brought him home one day just before she went to heaven, and I've had him ever since, and he's the best dog that every lived, and never did anything wrong in his life, 'cept once, when he stole a piece of corn beef somebody'd set out in the back arroy to cool, and he wouldn't have done that 'cept he knew how hungry and me was; and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh! I'm so sorry! Don't cry," said Harry. "Here take my handkerchief and wipe your eyes."

"They'll kill him," commenced the child again, "if I can't coax them to let him out, and I don't want him to go to heaven that way, I'd rather we'd both go together; and he could run on in front, and mamma'd say 'why here's Prince—Nellie must be coming.'"

"Are you sure he's in there?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes. He was playing by our door yesterday afternoon, 'most night, and I was poking chips in the stove to make the kettle boil, and I heard him calling like he was in some trouble, and I run out, and two awful men had him in a cart, and Jimmy O'Neil said they were going to take him to the pound. So I run after the cart without putting my hat on, and soon it went so fast that I couldn't see it, and then I asked where the pound was. I remembered the name by thinking of a pound of brown sugar; and at last I got here, and it was shut up, and so I staid here all night; and do you think they'll open it soon?"

"What are you going to do when they do open it?" asked Harry.

"Go in and beg the dog man to give me Prince back. He's such a little dog they won't mis him."

"But he won't give Prince back unless you pay him two dollars," said Harry.

"I haven't any money—not a cent," said the child; "but I've brought these," rising and holding out her apron, which held a tiny china doll, a headless cat of the same material, a string of glass beads, two pink motto papers and a round white shell.

"These were all given to me Christmas," she said; "and I've kept them good, all 'cept the cat, and her head's in my pocket, and he can stick it on somehow, and the candles out of the mottoes—I ate one and gave the other to granny—and the man may have them every one if he will let poor Prince go."

"If you afraid he won't take them," said Harry, shaking his head.

"He won't? Oh dear! what shall I do?" cried the child. "My dear little dog! My dear, dear little dog!"

"Don't, don't!" begged Harry; the tears starting in his own eyes. "You shall have Prince. I have a dollar and eighty-two cents, and I'll borrow the other eight-cent cents from mother."

The girl's face lit up with joy; she thrust the toys into his hand. "Take them, you good, good boy!" she said, "and I'll tell my mamma about you when I say my prayers to-night."

Harry put them back in her apron. "You keep them till I come back," he said, "I won't be gone but a little while; and away he ran to his home. There he found his mother making a fire, and his father smelling the coffee she had measured out ready for boiling.

"Mother," he said, "will you lend me eighteen cents?"

"I intended to give you ten," she said "for your First of July. But why do you want it so early in the morning?"

"Please, mammy," coaxed Harry, "make it sixteen, and I'll pay it all back to you soon; and may I have a slice of bread and butter for a poor little girl. I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

"I can't make it eighteen," said his mother; "I haven't another cent. Take the ten if you want it. It's in my pocket-book in the top bureau drawer, and the bread's on the table. Don't bother me any more—I'm in a hurry."

Harry helped himself, and then away he ran again to where Nellie patiently awaited him, a smile of perfect trust upon her lips.

"It's all right," said Harry, putting his bread in her hand (an uncommon thick slice it was, too, with plenty of butter); "eat that."

By this time there was a number of people in the street, and pistols were being fired and torpedoes and fire-crackers set off, and all the bells began ringing. "My Country, 'tis of thee," and "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." And Harry looked at the ice-cream stand, which the owner—a jolly-faced old woman, who had just arrived with a bag and a basket of fruit, cakes and candy—was preparing for the day, and at an early rocket that was going up in the sky; and he thought of the long time he'd been saving the money, and of the intended supper, and the fireworks, and the tenement-house children ooling and ah-ing; and then, the door of the pound being opened, he took Nellie by the hand and marched in.

"Is there a little brown dog here?" he asked.

"Named Prince?" said Nellie, her love making her bold—"a dear little dog?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the man; "that's good. Why, there's fifty brown dogs here, and all of 'em dead, I think. Two dollars apiece. Do you want to get one out?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, "if you'll take a dollar and ninety-two cents—all I have."

At this moment a tall, dark, odd-looking gentleman came into the doorway and stood just behind the child.

Can't do it," said the man, "it's against the law to take less than two dollars."

Nellie began to sob again, and the tall gentleman came forward.

"Your dog?" he asked Harry.

"No, sir; hers," replied the boy.

"Your sister?" was the next question.

"No, sir; I never saw her till this morning. I came out to buy some things for a First of July party, and I took a walk down this way 'cause the shops wasn't open and I found her sitting on the door-step, and she'd been sitting there all night."

"All night!" repeated the gentleman, just as Harry had done, only without the whistle. "Tell me all about it."

And he looked so kind and good that Harry did tell him all about it. And when the story was finished, the gentleman said to the man at the door, "You'd better take the money, Lewis. Put wait—we'll see if Prince is really here."

And led by their new friend, the children went in. There were dogs of all kinds there, all shapes, all sizes, all colors that dogs could be—yelping, barking, growling and moaning.

Nellie looked eagerly around, and shouted "Prince!" as loud as she could shout, but could scarcely hear herself, so great was the noise. But a little brown dog whose ears must have been much sharper than hers, sprang forward with a cry of delight that seemed to come out of the very top of his little brown head.

"It's Prince! it's Prince!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands in delight; and the next moment he was in her arms, covering her face with dog kisses.

Harry marched on, handing the door-man the money as he passed. The tall gentleman followed with the little girl and her dog; and when they were in the street once more, he stopped and patted Prince on the head, at the same time tucking Harry's handkerchief, which was hanging half way out, into his jacket pocket, and saying, "you'll lose that if you're not careful, my boy."

Then he kissed both children and went into the pound again. And Nellie threw her arms around Harry's neck and gave him a good hug, and told him she should love him forever, and made him promise to come and see her and Prince; and they parted.

"And that's the end of our First of July party," said Harry, a short time after, to the Jacklow family, as he finished his breakfast and his story at the same time.

"You're a good boy, and did just right," said all the Jacklow family, with the exception of Mr. Jacklow, who remarked mildly that "that dollar and ninety-two cents would have kept him in lucre a long while."

And baby Jennie came and gave her big brother a sweet kiss—in fact a very sweet kiss, for some of the syrup which she had been eating went with it; as she toddled away Harry pulled out his handkerchief to wipe his mouth. It came out with a jerk, and four bright new silver half-dollars with it, and falling upon the floor with a pleasant sound, rolled away toward the corners as fast as they could. But they were pounced upon before they had rolled a foot.

"The tall gentleman!" said Harry.

"God bless him!" said his mother.

"Three cheers for our side!" shouted Eddie, and proceeded to give them.

"I wish I had the morning paper," said Mr. Jacklow.

And there was a party, after all, and besides the family there were three other guests—an old woman, a small girl and a little brown dog.

A NEW WAR ON THE TEPIC.—Panama, March 24.—Lima advices, March 12, say Bolivia was evidently growing impatient, awaiting the result of the Peruvian attempt at mediation. The latest mail from Lapaz brings intelligence that President Daza has issued proclamations calling the nation to arms to resist the invader, and declaring an amnesty for all political offences. The public enthusiasm is intense. The wealthy citizens of Lapaz offered the Government as a war contribution 50 per cent of their revenues, but Daza restricted his acceptance to 10 per cent of the sum offered. Peru is far from being idle. Already two line regiments and a section of artillery have reached Iquique. This force, with the troops sent from Arequipa to Iquique, will aggregate 1,500 men. Iron-clads are ready for sea. Two monitors have been thoroughly repaired. The frigate Independencia is receiving heavier armament, and the Huascar has all her stores and ammunition on board. At Valparaiso recently, on account of unfounded rumors regarding the armed interference of Peru on the B-Iviva question, the mob attacked the Peruvian consulate. The ringleaders were arrested; and suitable apologies tendered by the Government to the Peruvian diplomatic agents.

WHAT IS CASTLE SOAP.—A subscriber wishes to know how this differs from other soap. The hard soap made in this country are almost exclusively from animal fats; in the south of Europe, where the olive grows abundantly, the poorer kinds of olive oil are used for soap making. Common soaps are soda and animal fat, Castle soap is soda and vegetable oil. In making Castle soap great care is taken to avoid an excess of alkali (soda), only just enough being used to neutralize the oil. On this account the soap is much milder, and may be used on wounds and other surfaces, where common soap would irritate and give pain. The molasses appearance of Castle Soap is due to a small quantity of solution of copper (sulphate of iron) which is stirred into before it hardens; this leaves a bluish oxide of iron in the soap, which, when exposed to the air, becomes changed to the red oxide. White Castle soap is often sold, which is the same as the other, without the coloring. Though called Castle, it is by no means exclusively in Spain, the largest share coming from the south of France, and indeed it is generally known in Europe as Marsailles soap.

The London Times says that the English Budget will show a surplus of \$2,700,000 on ordinary expenditures.

It is reported that rinderpest has broken out in a hundred villages in Bohemia.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that Russia is subsidizing Yakoub Khan, and is preparing for a diversion in his favour.

A squadron of the Tenth Hussars, consisting of a lieutenant and 40 men, were swept away by the current while crossing the Cabul River on the 31st ult., and drowned.

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

A sense of duty often causes some ludicrous mistakes, as the following story will illustrate: Near Dumfries lived a pious family who had adopted an orphan who was regarded as half-witted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she did not think it wrong for people to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pocket with apples. One half-headed old man who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he struck the astounded sleeper a blow with an apple on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned round and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sullen expression of countenance, "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

Answers to Riddles.

Geographical Puzzle No. 1.
JAMES HILL HUNTER.

Sea	Arctic
River	Thames
Lake	Charnock
Bay	Tralac
Island	Haitian
Archipelago	San Juan
Village	Leith
County	Russell
Town	Sarnia
City	Marsilles

J. A. ANDERSON, Durham.

Riddles.

Riddle No. 13.

I am composed of eight letters.
My first is in rain but not in snow.
My second is in went but not in go.
My third is in girl but not in boy.
My fourth is in crane but not in stork.
My fifth is in dog but not in cat.
My sixth is in snake but not in land.
My seventh is in sea but not in land.
My eighth is in run but not in stand.
My whole is the name of an animal.

A. CAMERON, Latona.

Riddle No. 12.

I am composed of seven letters,
My first is in Dane but not in Celt,
My second is in ring but not in belt,
My third is in ours but not in theirs,
My fourth is in many but not in few.
My fifth is in oil but not in tar,
My sixth is in rain but not in hail,
My seventh is in eagle but not in quail.
My whole is the name of a village in the county of Grey.

Riddle No. 14.

I am composed of six letters,
My first is in hand but not in foot,
My second is in ashes but not in soot,
My third is in Dan but not in Mike,
My fourth is in small but not in pike,
My fifth is in heavy but not in sight,
My sixth is in fun but not in fight,
My whole is the name of a noted sculler.

Riddle No. 15.

Supposing I had a cart load of gravel,
and I gave my servant orders to unload it,
what Russian General's name would I use.

JOHN D. LEITH, Dromore.

Riddle No. 16.

I am composed of eleven letters,
My first is in owl but in bird,
My second is in right but not in left,
My third is in apple but not in plumb,
My fourth is in night but not in day,
My fifth is in girl but not in boy,
My sixth is in Eve but not in Adam,
My seventh is in village but not in town,
My eighth is in land but not in ocean,
My ninth is in large but not in small,
My tenth is in life but not in death,
My eleventh is in eel but not in fish,
My whole is the name of a town in the county of Dufferin.

ELIZ. A. JACKMAN, Dundalk.

Riddle No. 17.

My first is in court but not in jail,
My second is in snow but not in hail,
My third is in last but not in first,
My fourth is in ice but not in water,
My fifth is in son but not in daughter,
My sixth is in cat but not in mouse,
My seventh is in ark but not in house,
My eighth is in mat but not in rug,
My ninth is in pitcher but not in jug,
My tenth is in bell but not in chime,
My eleventh is in poetry but not in rhyme,
My twelfth is in lane but not in street,
My thirteenth is in hall but not in guest,
My fourteenth is in much but not in little,
My fifteenth is in crisp but not in brittle,
My sixteenth is in a often but not in seldom,
My seventeenth is in Holland but not in Belgium,
My eighteenth is in joy but not in sorrow,
My nineteenth is in to-day but not in to-morrow,
My twentieth is in send but not in go,
My twenty-first is in friend but not in foe,
My whole is the name of a very important old bachelor in the County of Grey.

K. J. C. Hanover.

Articulated Question No. 2.

A merchant buys a parcel containing 464 yards for \$108.50. At what price per yard must he mark it so that he may fall 20 per cent, and still have a clear gain of 20 per cent on cost, allowing 10 per cent. of sales to his bad debts.

No fraction in answer. The work in full must accompany the answer.

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