"THE REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town

Durham, - - Ont.

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

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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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GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, will be at his office in Mr. Hugh Rose's Blacksmith Shop, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Orders will be promptly attended to.

Durham, April 17th, 1879. cm-61.

F. Z. NIXON,

GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto.

VETERINARY SURGEON,

DUNDALK, Ont.

Will be at Hastings' Hotel, Shelburne, every Monday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 5 p. m.

Dundalk, March, 26th 1879. c-m57

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. Wild and Improved Lands for sale. Mortgages Bought and Sold. *y1

Any Person Wanting Money

Should borrow from the

English & Scottish

INVESTMENT COMPANY, (Limited.)

Capital £500,000, Sterling.

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, Valuator, Durham.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

WE will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. "We mean what we say. Sample free. Address, SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Geo. J. Matthews,

Cabinet Maker,

UPHOLSTERER, and UNDERTAKER,

Garafraxa Street, DURHAM.

Wood Turning,

of all kinds done to order on short notice. y19

Watson Bros.,

Carpenters and Builders.

PLANS and Specifications furnished for Schools, Churches, and private Dwellings. Doors, Sash and Blinds made to order.

A., P. & C. WATSON, DROMORE P. O.

Egremont, Jan., 1878. tf-19

REMOVAL.

MR. HECTOR McARTHUR, BUTCHER, DUNDALK,

Has removed to his Old Stand on Main Street, near the Post Office, where he will be found by his friends and customers.

Dundalk, March, 20, 1879. 57

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

The Grey Review.

Vol. II. No. 12. DURHAM, Co. Grey, MAY 1, 1879. Whole No. 63.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

133 Acre Farm for Sale.

Best Land in the Township.

BEING the front of lots 1, 2, and 3, 7th Concession, in the Township of Glenelg, Co. Grey. 70 acres cleared and free of stumps and stones and level enough for the use of a reaper and mower. There is no better 133 acres in the Township. A house and barn on one of the lots can be had until buildings can be erected.

Price $2,800, or the 100 acres along the front of the three lots $2,200.

Half cash. Possession immediately.

O. C. HAYWARD.

Hayward Falls P. O.

Glenelg, April 9th, 1879. tf-60.

Farm to Rent.

—o—

LOT 26 in the 8th con., N. E. T. & S. Road, Melanethon will be leased for a term of years. Fifty acres first class soil. For terms apply to Robert Duncan, Thornton P. O., or to the undersigned,

JAMES LAMON, Attorney at Law, Dundalk.

Dundalk, March 19th, 1879. d-57

Farm for Sale.

BEING South half of Lot 28, in the 10th Con. of Bentinck, comprising 50 acres, 30 acres cleared and free of stumps, the rest is good hardwood bush. There are no buildings on the premises. The above will be sold cheap. Immediate possession. Apply on the premises to

ALEX. McDONALD, Crawford, P. O

Bentinck, March 13th, 1879. d-56

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 22, Con. 11, Bentinck, 100 acres, will be sold cheap. Apply on the premises to WILLIAM HONNESS, or

A. McLELLAN, Durham

cm49

Farm for Sale.

SOUTH half of Lot 25, Con. 11, Bentinck, 50 acres. The lot is nearly all cleared and free from stumps. Good buildings. This is one of the best farms in the Township of Bentinck. Apply on premises to

STEPHEN HONESS,

Or to A. McLELLAN, Durham cm49

Farm for Sale.

LOT 22., 18th Con., Egremant *100* acres. This Lot will be sold cheap apply on the premises to

A. GLENDENNING.

Dromore, March, 4th, '79. d-55

Farm for Sale in Glenelg.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No 38, 2nd Concession, East of G. R., Township Glenelg, containing 100 acres—about 70 acres cleared. Terms $2,000—$500 down, for balance one will be given. For further particulars apply MacRae, Durham, or to

E. WILLIAM on the prem

Glenelg, Sept. 19, 1878.

Lands for Sale.

14 ACRES of Land in a High State of Cultivation, with a large, well finished frame house, and all buildings thereon, and a young orchard. Hard and soft water. This property is adjoining the corporation of the town of Durham, and known as the Charles Limen Estate.

—ALSO—

A well-finished frame house and out buildings and lot, opposite J. H. Hunter's store house, west of Garafraxa St, in the said town of Durham. Everything convenient around this property, a good driving house, stables, woodshed, hard and soft water, &c. Now is the proper time to purchase property in and around the town of Durham, as the railway will certainly be built to Durham next summer.

—ALSO—

A first-class farm, lot 13, con. 2, W.G.R., township of Bentinck, 100 acres, 60 acres clearing and log buildings, known as Dugald MacFarlane's Farm; and the 3rd division of lot 1, con 1, S.G.R., Glenelg, 50 acres, good log buildings, 35 acres cleared. For further particulars apply to F. MacRAE,

Durham Ont.

Durham h-53

House and Three Acres of Land For Sale.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

THE Subscriber wishing to leave this part of the country offers for sale his property in the

VILLAGE OF PRICEVILLE,

consisting of three acres of excellent land, under cultivation, on which is erected a small cottage and a frame stable. This property would make a nice homestead for a business man, one wishing to retire from farming and live in a village. Will be sold for $300, which is only $25 per quarter acre lot. Apply to the proprietor, or by letter to

NEIL MUNN, Priceville P. O.

Priceville, Aug. 16 1877. tf-27.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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 Work's Priceville Ont.

y7

POETRY.

Charity.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then as often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our minds a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessing there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Flitting o'er the dewy grass,
If we knew the birds of Eden
Were in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would we drive it with our coldness
Back to haunts of vice again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe;
But the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
Kept in life are flowers of snow.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disordered spirits
Soar to realms of light above,
We may say, "Dear Father, love us,
E'en as we have shown our love."

Stepping Stones.

A Story of Our Inner Life.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise, on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

IN MEMORIAM.

CHAPTER I.—PAID IN FULL.

The tall spire of Campwick Cathedral looked white and ghostly in the moonshine of a sharp January night. A keen wind was whistling through the streets, driving the citizens to the shelter of their homes, until the causeways were nearly deserted. But one man, well protected by great coat and wrapper, went slowly past the iron railings of the cathedral yard, and paused for a few seconds at its gates.

Choristers were practising within the grey walls; now and again a faint strain would come drifting out solemnly into the night-air. Just then, the wind was lulled, and the bursts of melody grew louder; and Richard Westyn, listening there in the cold, could distinguish the notes of an old tune that he had sung many and many a time in his boyhood. Tears were gathering in his eyes as he walked on at a quicker pace, saying half aloud—

"The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,
The dead and the angels speak there."

It is a great truth that a man may rise on the stepping-stone of his Dead Self;—an evil and foolish Self, slain in a brave fight. But is it not also true that he sometimes carries about with him the corpse of a former Self, which is a burden instead of a stepping-stone? The noble past may shame the ignoble present; the Dead Self may have been a thousand times worthier than the Self which is living.

This was the case with Richard Westyn. Those few solemn notes had awakened in him a bitter regret for the days when he had been another kind of man. They reminded him of the shameful mastery of evil over good, and bade him look within, and see the results of the conquest. Those results might have been outwardly seen too; a few years ago Richard could have faced the January wind more boldly than he was doing this night. But now, in spite of great-coat and woollen comforter, he flinched at every blast that sung in his ears.

He passed the beautiful old market-cross, and made his way into the suburbs of the city. The walk was not long; and yet, when he stopped at last before the gate of an old-fashioned house, he was faint and spent, and almost ready to seek rest in the little pepper-box lodge, before going farther. But he pressed on, wearily, up the avenue, while the wind made a dismal creaking and moaning in the bare boughs overhead, and the ground was chequered with wild black shadows, writhing and shifting in the moonlight.

In summer, when the chestnut avenue was in leaf, and the lilacs and laburnums were in flower, Eden Hall was a very paradise of sweets. Then the hall door generally stood open, and the threshold was often strewn with petals, and swept by soft breezes. Now, the front of the large house was dark and silent; only one window in that long range was aglow with cheerful light, and the place was so still that Richard's ring seemed to make a startling clamour. A staid woman-servant answered his summons, and received him as a familiar guest.

Unannounced, he went straight into the lighted room, where the master of the house was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire. As Richard entered, the old man slowly turned his head, and then shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Is it really you, Richard?" he said. "Who would have thought of seeing you on such a bitter night as this? But I'm very glad—very glad indeed, my lad."

Richard Westyn was forty-nine, but he was always "my lad" with Mr. Lawford.

He threw off his wrapper, and sat down on the other side of the fire, facing his old friend. The room was not large, but thoroughly comfortable and well-furnished, and the bookshelves that lined its walls were stocked with good old authors in sober bindings. This apartment was Mr. Lawford's favourite winter retreat; here he would sit, evening after evening, with his pet volumes on the table beside him. But to-night, although the books lay close to his elbow, they were unopened; and it struck Richard that there was something unusually dreamy in his look and tone.

"Can you guess what has brought me here, Mr. Lawford?" he asked, trifling with an ivory paper-cutter as he spoke. Perhaps a close observer might have seen at once that he had something of importance to say, and did not know how to say it; but the old man saw nothing of this. He had turned towards the fire again, and was leaning back in his chair.

"I don't care to guess what has brought you, Richard," he said. "Anyhow, I'm glad to see you; for if the truth must be told, I was fast getting lost in a mist. When a man takes to seeing faces in the fire, and hearing voices that have been silent for years, it is a sign that he needs to be led back to realities."

Richard gazed anxiously at him for a moment. Fancy had not deceived him; there certainly was an indescribable change in Mr. Lawford's face. He had never looked so dignified as he did that night.

In the early days, when Richard had first known him, he had been a rugged man of the lower middle class; clever, shrewd, and kindly by nature. But now, all the old roughnesses were smoothed away, and instead of the shrewdness there was that dreamy look which added tenderness and refinement to the countenance. He did not seem to care to know what had brought Mr. Westyn to Eden Hall, but went on rambling about the faces he had seen in the fire.

"I have been looking at you, Richard, as you used to be," he continued. "Do you remember how you came into my little shop-parlour to talk over the wrongs of the people, and your own in particular? And others came too in those days—good, true fellows, all of them! I wish I could see them all again in the flesh, but that isn't likely, is it? I wonder what has become of them all?"

"Scattered far and wide," said Westyn. "I don't think one of them ever got into parliament."

"Well, parliament would have been none the worse for them. But they had their work to do in the world, Richard, although perhaps they didn't do it in the place they had marked out for themselves. We don't always know what we're fit for; but God does—you may be sure of that. We are mighty fond of trying to force ourselves into niches that were never made for us. Well, well, the lads are scattered, as you say; and here am I, a rich brewer, alone in a big house, while Nelly and the children are in their graves!"

"The losses are sure to come with the gains," said Richard sadly.

"Ay, and the gains with the losses," answered the old man, with a sudden bright look. "There will be nothing precious to leave when I go; and my good things are waiting for me in the next life. It's just that thought that keeps me so quiet and bright;—I'm very bright to-night, my lad, although I am a bit confused between the present and the past. Sometimes an old man can hardly tell who is left here, and who has gone on to paradise."

He closed his eyes for a moment, and Richard glanced wistfully at the face that looked strangely white against the dark-red background of the cushioned chair.

"Mr. Lawford," he said, "I have not yet told you what has brought me out to-night. Here is the reason."

He put his hand into his breast-pocket and produced a leather pocket-book from which he took out a packet of bank-notes. The old man's eyes had opened again wearily, but at the sight of that little packet he looked startled and troubled.

"What does this mean, Richard?" he asked, reluctantly taking them.

"Please count them, Mr. Lawford. You will find two thousand pounds there."

"Two thousand pounds paid all at once! Either you have terribly crippled yourself, my lad, or you have had a windfall. What need was there for this?"

"The debt was a trouble to me," Richard answered; "it was all the heavier burden because you lent me the money without security, and would take no interest. I have had no windfall;—and you know that the journal was a dead failure."

His voice trembled a little as he spoke. Richard Westyn was a proud man, and it was heard to speak of a defeat.

"As to your kindness and generosity, Mr. Lawford, you know what I feel about that;—a great deal more than I can say. But I could not bear to keep the money any longer. Please count the notes, and give me a receipt."

Mr. Lawford did count them, slowly and silently;—forty fifty-pound Bank of England notes. There was an inkstand on the table, and a blotting-pad and paper lay beside it; still in silence he took up a pen, and wrote a formal receipt.

"I have known friendships end with the payment of a debt," he said, as he handed it to Richard.

"Such friendships were better ended than kept alive! Why, Mr. Lawford, do you really think my attachment to you cannot survive my need of your aid?"

"I deserve the reproof, my lad," said the old brewer kindly. "It vexed me for a minute, Richard, to think that you chafed under a sense of obligation which I never wished you to feel."

"It was not that," returned Westyn earnestly. "I am not less your debtor to-day than I was yesterday. But I wanted you to have your own again, because it is best to get it out of my unlucky hands. I almost believe that 'my good days are done.'"

When he entered his own house, he found his wife sitting in the library, and waiting for him alone.

She saw at once that he was faint and weary after his walk. He spoke sadly, too, not in the tone of a man who has just been relieved from the pressure of a burden.

"The debt is paid, Margaret," he said, and then he took the receipt out of his pocket-book, and held it before her eyes.

"Shall I put it away in safety, Richard?" she asked, involuntarily stretching out her hand.

"No," he answered sharply; "women never know how to take care of anything."

She was far too wise to make a retort; moreover, she had long been learning one of the last lessons that Love has to teach—patience. She said a few commonplace words on other matters, and then persuaded her husband to retire to rest.

He yielded, going straight up-stairs to his own chamber, while the mother went into the dining-room to silence the busy tongues there. Just as she opened the door, a burst of merry laughter came pealing out into the hall; a sound that most people would have found far from unpleasant. But in the next moment Richard Westyn's voice called sharply down-stairs—

"Why am I to be pestered by that abominable noise? It is strange that you cannot succeed in keeping order, Margaret!"

"Oh, hush, my dears!" said poor Mrs. Westyn, scarcely in time to check another outburst.

"We did not hear father come in," remarked Bridget, the eldest girl, in a tone of apology.

Olive, aged thirteen, and Philip, a lad of eleven, were not disposed to give up laughing all at once. They had prepared their lessons for the morrow, and wanted to have as much fun as possible before bed-time.

"Oh, mother, let us just finish this game," the boy pleaded. "It's earth, air, and water, you know; and Edna does make such capital mistakes! She thinks about other things, you see, and then gives the most absurd answers ever heard."

Here Edna, the second daughter, gave way to an irrepressible little giggle at the remembrance of her own blunders. And even Bridget, sedate maiden of twenty-two bit her lips to keep in the titter that was ready to break out. Mrs. Westyn looked at them all, fondly and sadly. Her heart owned that it was hard to repress wholesome mirth; but with that querulous invalid up-stairs, what was to be done? She knew, only too well that father's going out had been hailed as a domestic holiday, and that Philip had not scrupled to whoop and halloo for very joy when the hall door had closed behind the head of the family. True, he had given no definite reason for those noisy demonstrations of delight; but none was needed. Margaret was quite aware that the boy-nature was exulting in its temporary freedom from restraint, and she could not help sympathizing with her son. Oh it was so hard—so very hard to feel the wifely and the motherly love fighting against each other!

"We have all had quite enough fun for to-night," said her faithful Bridget, coming to her aid. "The clock will strike nine in a few minutes; and you must be going to bed, Philip;—yes, and Olive too, if she wants to keep her roses," added the eldest sister artfully, knowing that this suggestion would have weight.

In a little while the two noisy ones had gone to their respective chambers, and Mrs. Westyn sat down to supper with Bridget and Edna. It was a quiet meal; the girls saw that their mother was sad, and both wondered when the household cloud would show its silver lining? It was long since they had seen her thoroughly bright and cheerful; yet they loved her all the better for the efforts she constantly made to seem so. If they saw through her loving pretence, poor soul, they did their best to convince her that they were happily deceived. It was the greatest kindness that could be done; young as they were, Bridget and Edna had learnt that the wisest way to treat some sorrows is to appear unconscious of them.

Margaret and her children were early risers. There were Olive and Philip to be sent off to school, and there was Daisy the five-year-old pet of the family, to be washed and dressed. Richard had acquired the habit of breakfasting in his own room, and seldom appeared till eleven or twelve o'clock. He was still sleeping when his wife came down, and was met at the foot of the stairs by her old servant.

"Oh, ma'am such a sad thing has happened!" began Deborah, in a whisper. "Poor old Mr. Lawford has been found dead in his bed."

"Who told you this?" her mistress asked. "Are you sure it is true?"

"True enough, ma'am; the milkman brought the news. They say the old gentleman must have gone off in his sleep, as quite as a lamb. I'm afraid it will be a shock to master."

"He must not be informed of it suddenly," said Margaret, moving towards the diningroom.

The cloth was laid, and china cups and saucers reflected the cheery firelight. She went over to the hearth-rug, and mechanically warmed her hands at the blaze.

She was wiping her eyes when Bridget entered, leading little Daisy in a warm scarlet frock of the eldest sister's own making. The child capered up to her mother to show the new garment, and beg that she might not have a bit of it covered by a pinafore. Mrs. Westyn kissed Daisy, and duly admired the dress before she told Bridget of Mr. Lawford's death.

Bridget was shocked and grieved. Eden Hall had always been opened freely to the Westyns, and the girl thought mournfully of the pleasant old rooms and flowery gardens that would be closed to them now. If these were selfish thoughts, she may be pardoned. Richard Westyn had laid so many restraints on his children that the old brewer's house and grounds had been an earthly paradise to them all. There they might talk and laugh unchecked, for good Mr. Lawford was untroubled with irritable nerves, and loved the glad ring of young voices.

"Has father—I mean, do we owe him anything?" whispered Bridget, hesitating and flushing, as a sudden fear crossed her mind,

"No; thank God, your father went last night to Eden Hall, and paid the debt in full."

The others came in at this moment, and heard the news with grave faces. The kind old man had been dear to them all;—dearer, perhaps, because they were the only friends he had ever made in Campwick. With many other people he had been on excellent terms; but the Westyns alone were admitted to close intimacy. Even Daisy realized the family loss, and almost forgot to resist when the obnoxious pinafore was tied over the scarlet frock.

Mrs. Westyn went up to her husband's room, and broke the news as gently as possible.

In spite of all her care and tenderness, the blow fell heavily. She could not blind herself to the fact that even a slighter shock than this would have had a disastrous effect upon him. He was so weak and shattered that all power of bearing up under sorrow was gone.

"James Lawford dead!" he said, again and again. "He was my best friend; I never loved any man so well. I think he must have had a foreshadowing of this, Margaret, when he saw the old faces and heard the old voices. Well, he has left me in a cheerless world!"

The wife went quietly away to hide her tears. Whose fault was it that Richard Westyn's world was so cheerless? Truly, there had not been withheld from him anything that was good.

He did not leave his room until the winter daylight was beginning to fade; and then he came feebly down-stairs, wearing his favorite indoor garment, a warm, wadded dressing gown of an Oriental pattern. It was a piteous sight to see this man, who ought to have been in his prime, pattering with slow steps towards his study, and shivering as he went. His youngest girl, at play with a ball at the foot of the stairs, made haste to get out of his way.

In her hurry she tipped over her playthings, tumbled head foremost, and burst into a hearty roar. The dining-room door opened quickly, and Bridget came out to take instant possession of the luckless Daisy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boyton's Long Swim.

A Memphis, Tenn., despatch say: This city has been thrown into an intense state of excitement over the arrival of Captain Paul Boynton, after a run of 250 miles, through a wild stretch of the Missippi River. There being no telegraphic stations on the route, the people had to rely until now upon the steamboats for any news of the traveller. Captain Boyton started from Cairo, Ill., at ten a. m., on the 9th inst., and, amid a large number of skiffs, paddled into the Missi sippi, whose swift current soon bore him out of sight. He was accompanied by his little boat "Baby Mine," which was laden with medicines, provisions and cigars. He took no whiskey along, as he is convinced that its stimulating power is not equal to the injury it does his system. The first run was the longest of the voyage, from Cairo to cottonwood Point, Mo., a distance of 130 miles, which he accomplished in 32 hours, arriving at six p.m. Tuesday. From Cottonwood the start was made at two a. m. Thursday, and after a run through a terrific storm, for twenty-eight hours arrived at Bradley's Ark., at half past five p. m. Thursday. After a night of rest, the Captain started at half-past twelve on the 11th, and after some lively paddling arrived in Memphis at a quarter-past four p.m. His entry to the city was one of the granbest ovations he has received on the voyage.

F. Frey, brakesman on the Grand Trunk Railway, was killed Thursday afternoon between Tavistock and Stratford. It appears Frey was on a special train from Stratford, standing on the platform of the last car, and when passing the Port Dover Railroad his attention was attracted by some persons on that train waving a handkerchief. He leaned over to see who it was, holding the railing of his car. While leaning over a side bridge struck him on the back of the head killing him instantly. His remains were taken to his parents' residence.

A Refractory Prisoner.

Considerable excitement was created in the business part of the town of Owen Sound last Friday afternoon over the arrest of a man named Andrew King, hailing from the township of Elderslie. King, who is said to be ordinarily a quiet and inoffensive man, got under the influence of liquor, and coming to the City Hotel began to make his presence so decidedly disagreeable that Constable Pearce was obliged to arrest him. To this, however, King positively objected and resisted with so much energy and determination that assistance had to be called in. After this he was, with considerable difficulty, alternately dragged and shoved as far as the Police Magistrate's office, where a crowd of upwards of two hundred had by this time collected. Here he became absolutely desperate,—kicking, biting, and shrieking, like a madman. Further aid was called in, by which he was thrown on the sidewalk, bound firmly hand and foot with a stiff bed-cord, and carried off bodily to the Police Court, where a waggon was provided in which he was taken off to jail, all the while offering the most determined resistance. During the struggle at the Police Magistrate's Office two large panes of glass were broken. The conduct of Constable Pearce, who was at that time suffering from a severe felon on his finger, and was consequently able to use only one of his hands, was highly creditable. Despite every effort of the prisoner to release himself by kicking and biting and every other means, he was unable to loosen the firm grasp of the single hand of the Constable. The prisoner was taken before the Police Magistrate on the following morning, and, as a further exemplification of that beautiful provision of the British law which visits punishment alike on the *King* and the beggar, and was fined to the tune of $50 and costs.

Artistic Eccentricities.

In traversing the grand grand galleries of paintings in Europe one is constantly annoyed by the astounding anachronisms and ignorance of manners and customs in the times anterior to their own which most of the artists exhibit. Take the following as illustrations:—Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour; and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick the lookers on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather, to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the Child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scripture informs us, he is represented using a more effectual instrument—he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catharine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers, filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.—*Christian Globe.*

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday 8th inst., a serious accident happened to Mr. Charles Edgar, of Elm Grove. While chopping, at his cousin's, Mr. Robt Edgar, lot 9, con. 6, Essa, the axe of his companion glanced from the tree he was chopping, cutting a frightful gash in Mr. Edgar's face, dividing his nose completely across and cutting into the bones of the face. The bleeding of the wound was very great. Mr. Robert Edgar hitched up his team and drove him as fast as possible to Dr. Nichol's Surgery, Cookstown. Dr. Nichol, after securing the bleeding arteries stitched up and dressed the wound. We are glad to hear that Mr. Edgar is doing well.—*Advocate.*

About 12:30 p. m., Thursday, the Arthur Foundry, owned by John Buschlen, and occupied by A. Howell, was burned to the ground. The cause of the fire is unknown. It was insured in the Phœnix for $800. The loss on the building and machinery is about $2,000.

Last Wednesday night a quantity of dry cordwood near the Grand Trunk Railway station, Acton, was burned. Five suspicious looking tramps were seen among the wood-piles in the evening, and it is supposed they set fire to the wood in spite, for being put off a train near Guelph. Major Allan was the first to appear on the scene, and when he endeavoured to extinguish the fire the tramps interfered, one of them attacking him with a black bottle. The Major picked up a small stick of cordwood and defended himself. When the tramps heard that the wood did not belong to the Grand Trunk Railway Company they would have been willing to assist in extinguishing the fire, but they were afraid of being arrested, and took to their heels. The Guelph fire brigade was telegraphed for and arrived about 5 a. m., bringing a hand engine only. They rendered all the assistance possible. The wood was the property of Mr. Ransom Adams, of Acton. About seven hundred cords were burned. The loss is estimated at $1,200 or $1,500, and there is no insurance on it.

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