

THE
"Grey Review"
A
28 COLUMN PAPER
contains a vast amount of interesting
MATTER,
LOCAL AND FOREIGN
MARKET REPORTS,
AND EDITORIALS,
age and rapidly increasing circu-

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DURHAM, Co. Grey, MAY 29, 1879.

Whole No. 67.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.
Farm for Sale.

BEING South half of Lot 28, in the 10th
Con. of Hastings, containing 50 acres, 30 acres
cleared and fenced, the rest is good land
and wood. There are no buildings on the premises.
The price will be \$1000. Immediate
possession. Apply on the premises to
ALEX. McDONALD,
Crawford, P. O.
Bentley, March 13th, 1879. 4-36

Farm for Sale.
LOT 22, 18th Con., Egrement 100 acres.
This lot will be sold cheap apply on the
premises to
A. GLENDENNING,
Durham, March 4th, 79. 4-33

Farm for Sale in Glenelg.
THE Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No. 1
on the 2nd Concession, East of G. R. Township of
Glenelg, containing 100 acres, almost 20 acres
cleared, 8000—8000 down, for balance 50
will be given. For further particulars apply to F.
MacLure, Durham, or to
E. WILLIAMS,
on the premises.
Glenelg, Sept. 19th, 1878.

Lands for Sale.
A well-finished frame house and out buildings and
lot, opposite J. H. Hunter's store house, west of Gar-
rafraxa St. in the said town of Durham. Everything
in connection with this property, a well-kept
house, stable, wash-house, hard and soft water, &c.
Now the proper time to purchase property in and
around the town of Durham, as the railway will
certainly be built to Durham next summer.
Apply to
A. GLENDENNING,
Durham, Oct. 1st, 1878.

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
fine homestead for a family of six or eight. It
is to be sold for 2000, which is only 25 cents
per acre. It will be sold for 2000 or by lot to
any one who will apply to the proprietor or by letter
to
NEIL MUNN,
Priceville, P. O.
Priceville, Aug. 10th, 1877.

Nothing LIKE LEATHER!
FAIR PRICE AND LIVING PROFIT.
THE subscriber keeps on hand no low
priced goods but goods that are chosen when
taking into consideration the long wear and com-
fort of the Bootmaker.

ROOTS AND SHOES.
I have now facilities for manufacturing an article
second to none in the County of Grey, and have
no old stock on hand, but all my goods are of the
best material, and are made up in large quantities
of a 1st. Last, Continental and French Box
for gentlemen. In my work I take the greatest
care. The work is done by workmen of experience
as everyone admits that "Jopp's" Shoemakers can-
not be surpassed.
Call and see my "Eureka Show" something
new in these parts.
Orders left at J. W. Bowles's Harness Shop, Dur-
ham, will receive prompt attention.

Repairing done with neat-
ness and despatch.
CASH FOR HIDES.
J. C. JOPP,
Rockville, Bentley, March 1st, 1878.

W. CALDWELL
Boot and Shoemaker,
SOUTH END, Durham, near Cattle-
yard Hotel, having commenced business in
advance here would respectably solicit a share of
the patronage of the public.
The very best material used; workmanship
superior to anything in the county; having made
up in the principal cities of Canada and in the
United States.
Formerly Master Shoemaker in Her Majesty's
Hundred of England.
Fine Calf Hides, sewed, from \$3.50 to \$6.50,
pegged, from \$4.75 to \$5.50.
y-c-8

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
on hand.

A FIRST-CLASS BEARER 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 trim-
mings, always on hand.
CHARGES VERY MODERATE.
If home furnished free to participating coffins
from the. Remember the place,
WATSON & SON'S,
Priceville, Ont.

POETRY.
Protection.

Hurray for Sir John A. Macdonald,
Who won at the general election,
Hurray for old Samuel Tilley,
Who snatched a Tariff Protection.
No hard times are now to be found,
For officials fill up every station,
Assiduous and faithful police
Are appointed and fed by Protection.
Public office 's the one grand reward,
Let none want a nice paying station;
There's Government post for the whole
Of our (Tory at least) population.
They deserve no better Protection
Than to suffer the hard times they brought,
And to fly on the wheels of Protection.
Protection properly brings
Clear light to all observation,
Just look at the bargains now sold
Each day in the markets of the nation.
Free Traders may talk, but such facts
Make their logical arguments stagger;
For terms are bought for a song—
Knocked down by the force of the hammer.
Then hurray for John A. Macdonald,
Who won at the general election,
Hurray for old Samuel Tilley,
Who gave us the scheme of Protection!
Globe.

Stepping Stones.
A Story of Our Inner Life.
BY SARAH DOUGLASS.
CHAPTER VI.—THE LAWYERS.
"How the Lawfords are going on!" said
Edna, one day. "They say that Mrs.
Lawford's new pair of boys are the finest
in Campwick, and I am sure those little
ponies of hers are perfect beauties. Why
do they want so many carriages and horses,
I wonder?"

"Because they like to outshine everybody
else," returned Olive. "Just look at that
dress Bridget is finishing for Mrs. Lawford;
it is most extravagantly trimmed with
Honiton lace; and then she always blaz-
ing with jewellery!"

"I hate to think that Bridget works for
that woman!" cried Edna, colouring
deeply.
Margaret looked up in astonishment.
"I dare say I have surprised you,
mother," Edna went on. "But I cannot
well feel displeased when I see Mrs.
Lawford flaunting in the things that Bridget
has helped to make. Like George Fox, I
long to lie me to the woods, and stich my
own personal suit of leather," she added,
trying to laugh.

"I am sorry you do not take a right view
of the matter," said Margaret, gravely.
"But your father used to say that people
are often humbled by the very things that
ought to raise them. Sometimes, when
God gives us a stepping stone, we must
needs take it up and make a burden of it.
Or He sends us a staff, and we turn it into
a yoke."
Edna went up to Mrs. Westyn, and gave
her a penitential kiss.
"You are a dear wife mother, and I am
a foolish daughter," she confessed, "I am
almost afraid that people have been turn-
ing my head lately with their kind words."
With the exception of the dressmaking
mistake, Edna's party was very smooth in
those days.

Mrs. Everleigh already looked upon her
as an intimate friend, and her pupils were
devoted to her. Even the cathedral set had
found out that she was clever and charm-
ing, and had taken her into favour. It
was a dangerous distinction to be conferred
on one who was already beginning to set
too high a value on these courtships.
To do her justice, she was quite incapable
of toadyism. And yet there was a certain
flatter of gratified vanity, always carefully
veiled under a very cool and graceful man-
ner, when she received some special mark
of good-will from the dignitaries of Camp-
wick.
Bridget said plainly all that was going
on; but nothing ever lessened her love for
Edna.

There was not a particle of envy in
Bridget's mind; but like her sister, she rejoiced
in her sister's little triumphs, she mourned
over the fetters that were gradually win-
ding themselves round Edna's nature. Either
they would become so strong that the free-
dom of thought and action would be perma-
nently cramped, or they would be broken
by some painful effort.

Less gifted than Edna, Bridget had,
nevertheless, reached higher ground.
She understood the beauty and excellence
of honest work, no matter what that work
was. Did her rougher ferefinger make
her any the less a gentleman? Was she
no great reader, but she had grasped the
meaning of the words, "Our works are the
mirror wherein the spirit first sees its
natural lineaments." Hence, too, the fol-
ly of that impossible precept "Know thyself,"
till it be translated into this partially
possible one, "Know what thou canst work
at."

So Bridget saw herself mirrored in her
neat stitches, and did not murmur because
those "natural lineaments" were not flash-
ed back from the painter's canvass, or the
poet's page. Therefore, she wasted no time
in vainly trying to thwart her Maker's in-
tentions, but took up needle and thread, and
made a "druggety divine."
But Edna failed to see any divinity in
that druggety. If Bridget had only been
like herself, a governess in a clergyman's
household, the work would have seemed
far enough.
Margaret was conscious that William
Lawford had never felt kindly towards her.

sell and her family. In past days when
they had met him at Eden Hall his civility
had always been of the kind which owes its
origin to necessity. He had been courteous,
solely because his elder brother's eye was
upon him, and to have offended James
would have been fatal to his own interests.
But in his heart he had always disliked the
Westyns, and suspected them of having
designed upon James's purse.
When he inherited his brother's property,
and settled in Eden Hall, he showed his
groundless animosity by openly cutting the
Westyns. Not even by a bow would he
acknowledge their acquaintance; they must
be made to understand that he had no in-
tention of talking to James's friends.
Augustus and his wife had never been
acquainted with them; but the former soon
found that it angered his father even to
hear him say that Margaret's daughters
were lady-like girls. And the latter com-
plained that they gave themselves airs,
singing out Edna as an object of special
aversion.
It is possible that Edna did carry her
happily little head higher when she encoun-
tered any of the Lawfords. Yet Augustus
Lawford's six little girls were pretty chil-
dren, and would have been engaging enough
if they had not been spoiled and over-dressed.
Olive and Philip would gladly have
made friends with them if Mr. Lawford
had been more affable; but he showed no
sign of softening as time went on.
In truth, all the Lawfords were disap-
pointed, not in their prosperity itself, but
in the fact that it did not do for them all
that they had expected. They had begun
by greatly overrating the power of money,
and it was a long while before they dis-
covered their mistake.
"If one has plenty of money," Augustus
would say to his wife, "one can hold one's
own against anybody. What do I care
whether these stuck-up dons call on us or
not? I'll soon show them that I can afford
to have better horses and wines and green-
houses than theirs!"
"But I don't think we ought to spend
you father's money too fast, although he
does let us do as we please," answered
Mrs. Lawford rather measily. "And we
must provide for the children, Augustus."
"I have always had my own way, Jane,"
returned her husband, "and I won't be
dissatisfied. I mean to enjoy myself; and if
I take a fancy to anything I'll have it, no
matter what it costs. So don't say any
more about saving!"
After that Jane Lawford held her peace,
and got all the pleasure that was to be had
out of her fine things. She never told any
one that her life did not satisfy her; but
there was no need for words, when the
lined and harassed face declared its own
story. Margaret Westyn looked at her with
 pitying eyes, and longed to comfort her.
Bridget sighed sometimes as she trimmed
and finished the rich dresses that were to be
sent to Eden Hall, and thought that she
would a thousand times rather be the maker
than the wearer of them.
Meanwhile Augustus was as good as his
word, and did his best to show all Camp-
wick that he could outdo everybody. All
through the summer a staff of masons and
carpenter-decorators were busy with Eden Hall,
enlarging, altering, and beautifying. Out-
of-doors there were new stables and con-
servatories to be built; and the pepper-
box lodge was pulled down to give place to
an elaborate Gothic structure, at which the
Dean and Chapter shuddered. Neither
Augustus nor his wife had any knowledge
of architecture, and were happily (or un-
happily) blind to all defects.
CHAPTER VII.—A SEARCH.
"Can this be the first of September?"
said Edna, half incredulously, one morn-
ing. "Did you ever know time fly so fast
as it has done lately, mother?"
"Yes, it used to fly quite as fast when I
was young," Margaret answered smilingly.
She looked round upon the bright faces
at the breakfast table, glad to see that
the last shade of sorrow had vanished from
each. The swiftly-passing months had re-
conciled her to her lot, and brought her
peace and contentment as she had never
hoped to know again.
At that moment the latch of the garden
gate clicked loudly, and the postman
marched up to the door.
Olive sprang up to receive the letter that
he brought; there was only one, and the
handwriting was unfamiliar.
A soft wind wandered in at the open
door, bringing with it the scent of peat
and moor, and stirring the pale petals of
a bunch of monthly roses standing in a
glass on the centre of the table. The sun
was shining brightly, and the swallows,
soon to depart, were twittering in the
porch.
"For mother," said Olive, putting the
letter into Margaret's hand. Mrs. Westyn
opened it at once, wondering if it came
from one of her husband's old friends; but
as she read the first lines her hand trem-
bled, and a cold shadow seemed to fall upon
the sunny little room.
The letter was from Mr. Lawford. He
stated that in going through his late
brother's accounts, he had found an entry
which showed that the late Richard Westyn
was debtor to the late James Lawford for
the sum of two thousand pounds.
With cool civility, the writer added that
he had refrained from troubling Mrs. Westyn
with this matter as long as he possibly
could. He did not wish to inconvenience
her, and was quite willing to receive the

sum by instalments. No interest had been
charged for it, as the transaction had
evidently been of the most friendly kind,
nor would Mr. Lawford demand any.
The letter, although exceedingly formal,
was not discourteous; but it was enough
to suggest that the claimant was quite pre-
pared to enforce the demand.
It was impossible for Margaret to hide
her pale, scarred face from her children.
She tried to smile on them as she handed
the letter to Bridget.
"Read it aloud," she said. "I confess it
has startled me, but of course I know that
he has no real claim upon us."
Bridget obeyed, and then there was a
vehement burst of indignation.
"Of course the debt was paid," cried
Edna. "But oh, that father had never bor-
rowed the money!"
"It was borrowed when he was starting
that unfortunate journal," replied Margaret,
tears filling her eyes. "I know it was paid,
for I saw the receipt myself when he
brought it home. He took the money to
Eden Hall himself, and James Lawford
did not say a word."
"Then that two thousand pounds must
have been found in the old man's posses-
sion," said Bridget thoughtfully. "You
can produce the receipt, mother?" she
added.
"I think so—I hope so," Margaret
answered, growing very pale. "But I have
never seen it nor thought of it since it
was in your father's hand that night. I re-
member now that I wanted to take it into
my own keeping, but he would not give it
up to me. God grant that it is safe!"
The bright young faces around her had
been growing graver and graver as she
spoke. Not one of them hinted that the
paper would have been safer in her hands
than his, but a great fear fell upon them
all. Even Daisy's blue eyes widened with a
look of startled inquiry.
"Well," said Bridget, who was the first
to recover herself, "it will not help us to
stare at each other. Had we not better
go to our respective duties, and leave
mother to begin her search?"
They all rose quietly from the table, feel-
ing that there was nothing to be done but
to follow the advice. In a few minutes
more Philip walked out of the house-door
more steadily than usual, thoughtfully
swinging his shabby books by the leather
strap that held them together. Olive fol-
lowed, looking grave and preoccupied.
Edna was the last to go.
"Take heart, mother," she lingered to
say, with a parting kiss. Margaret knew
quite well what thought was uppermost in
all their minds. Richard Westyn's shifless
habits had been a vexation to his whole
household. He had kept his books and
papers in a state of hopeless confusion,
and again and again he had come out of his
study to accuse some one of having med-
dled with them. The most emphatic
denials were always met with angry un-
belief.
"Manuscripts could not vanish without
hands," he would say impetuously. And
then a weary ransacking would follow, and
the missing paper would at last be found
in some out-of-the-way corner, into which
it had been thrust by the bewildered man-
servant. Yet the same thing was sure to
happen again, and sometimes the strictest
search was of no avail.
The mother and eldest daughter were
silent for a few seconds after Edna's depar-
ture.
"I shall begin at once to turn out the
cabinet and the desk," said Margaret,
rousing herself. "And if I cannot find the
receipt here, Bridget—"
"Then the matter must be faced, mother.
But surely you will find it; I think father
must have taken good care of such an im-
portant thing."
With that Bridget betook herself to her
little sewing-room. Her first act was to
provide Daisy with a wooden spade, and
suggest that a very deep hole might be dug
under the old laburnum which flourished
at the back of the house. This employment
kept Daisy close to the open window of the
sewing-room, and enabled Bridget to as-
sure herself that the child was out of harm's
way.
Even if there had been no anxiety pres-
ing on her mind, that morning's task would
still have been a sad one to Margaret. The
spare sitting-room—called a parlour because
they would not dignify it by the title of
drawing-room—was furnished with some
of those household treasures which they
had not thought too cumbersome for their
present abode. Everything in it seemed to
speak of Richard. He had been fond of
collecting articles which had a history of
their own, and Mrs. Westyn could never
enter that little parlour without being
vividly reminded of him.
Here was a bronze inkstand that had
stood on the table of Madame de Stael;
and there was a quaint, gilded chair, its
back curyed like a shell, which had once
been a piece in the salons of the First
Napoleon. The black oak cabinet, little
remarkable for beauty of finish or design,
had belonged to Sheridan; and on a small
table beside it stood the old brass-bound
desk which contained most of Richard
Westyn's private papers.
In that desk Margaret began her search.
It was filled to overflowing with relics
of her husband's best days. There were some
of her own letters, written during their
brief courtship, and a few sketches, done
roughly in pencil, of the scenes they had
visited on their wedding tour. Then—

most pathetic of all—there were three or
four unpublished poems, jotted down, and
then laid aside, and forgotten in the absorb-
ing work that demanded daily attention.
But although there were bundles of useless
notes and scribbled bills, the thing that she
sought was not there.
Yet as she looked the desk she was
thinking more of what she had found than
of what she could not find. There had been
a time when the husband whom she had
lost had been worthy of her love, and that
search had brought to light many an evi-
dence of his better self.
She came face to face with the present
again as she turned to the black oak cabinet.
As she found the key, and opened the fold-
ed leaves, her hands began to tremble.
And then she went patiently through her
investigation, until her poor face was strain-
ed and worn, and her head began to grow
dizzy.
Drawer after drawer was searched in
vain, and when she drew out the last her
breathing was short and laboured, her
whole frame quivered. There were fewer
papers in this drawer than in the others;
three or four minutes were spent in unfold-
ing them with feverish eagerness. But the
receipt was not there.
She sat down helplessly in the nearest
chair, with that drawer in her hands.
Suddenly, with a new and painful
meaning, her husband's last words came
back to her mind—"I shall find it to-
morrow." Might it not have been this
very thing that he had lost, and hunted for
in vain?
She rose slowly at length, with aching
head and limbs. It seemed as if an age
had gone by since the postman came; and
yet it still wanted three hours to noon.
Outside, the sunshine still lay warm and
bright upon the garden; a slight shower
had fallen after breakfast, and the
Michalmas daisies had tears in their
golden eyes. Bees were humming loudly;
the house was full of the scent of jessamine,
and the carpet was strewn with the
white blossoms that had been blown into
the room. But the fragrance seemed to
sicken Margaret, as she closed the cabinet
and left the parlour to go straight to
Bridget.
Her daughter's honest eyes met hers
and read failure in her face; but she did
not nurse in her work. Her fingers were
very busy, just then, with some delicate
satin trimming; the needle darted in and
out, and she could hardly spare a second
glance. Another woman might have drop-
ped the silken thread or entangled it; but
Bridget worked on as steadily as fate.
"Is there no other place in which it
is likely to be found, mother?" she asked
in a voice that quivered only once.
"No, every nook has been ransacked,"
Margaret answered, almost in a whisper.
There was a brief silence. The satin
rustled softly in Bridget's fingers, and the
scrapping of Daisy's wooden spade could be
distinctly heard. There are always com-
monplace sounds to fill up the most
momentous pauses; and gentle as Mar-
garet habitually was, she almost hated the
swift needle and the grating spade at that
moment. She had come to a standstill in
her own life, and was impatient of the uni-
versal movement going on around.
"If Mr. Lawford proceeds to extremities,
she said abruptly, "we shall have only fifty
pounds a year left to us. We do not know
in the least what is before us."
"No one ever does," replied Bridget.
"Sit down, mother."
Margaret took a seat, feeling that it did
not matter whether she stood or sat. Why
must she be pestered with trifles at such a
time as this? But Bridget had seen that
her strength was giving way.
At that moment Daisy appeared, in-
opportunately, with a soiled pinafore and a
sooty face. Flourishing her spade in one
small earthy hand, she told Bridget that
she had dug a hole as deep as a well. And
Bridget instantly recommended her to fill
it up again carefully, lest the kitten should
fall in and be buried alive.
Daisy went off to act upon this suggestion
without loss of time, and Margaret wonder-
ed more and more at her eldest daughter's
eccentricity. But she understood now that
Bridget's presence of mind proceeded from
absence of selfishness.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.
The jury on Friday brought in a verdict
to the effect that the deceased James Goodier
came to his death as the result of injuries
received at the recent collision. The verdict
also censured the engine-driver Cross for run-
ning his engine at such a high rate of speed,
switchman Mayne for opening his switch in
opposition to the regulations of the Company,
and the Grand Trunk Company for not en-
forcing their rules.
RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.—Destructive incendi-
ary fires have taken place in several Rus-
sian cities during the past week or two,
caused by the nihilists. Despatches from
St. Petersburg says there are 12,000 prison-
ers with their families, i. e. about 30,000
persons, waiting at Nijni Novgorod to be
sent to Siberia as soon as the [Voiga is
navigable.
A committee has been formed for the
erection of a memorial to William Tyndale
on the Thames Embankment in London,
where a site has been granted by the Metro-
politan Board of Works. It has long been
felt that this great reformer and martyr to
whom the English nation is indebted for
its first translation of the Bible from the
original tongues, has had no adequate me-
morial.

FRICEVILLE.
(Correspondence Guelph Mercury.)
We are now busy with the elections. In
South Grey Mr. Hunter is opposed by Mr.
Falley, who hails from Stratford; it is said
he lived in Guelph at one time. Mr.
Hunter is meeting with good success in his
his canvass, and his election is sure if
his friends turn out to the polls. Mr. Fal-
ley is a man of light calibre, a fluent speak-
er, not very particular what he says, and
does not seem to have much knowledge of
the great political questions of the day.
His method of attack is to cry down the
Mowat Administration without giving a
reason, vilifying the character of his op-
ponent, winds up by telling the electors
(when in a catholic) that he is one, and as
a poor man claims their support. When
among Orangemen, for them a special bill.
Consequently he pleases the conservative
Catholics (the majority of them being Re-
form) and one Orangeman in particular,
who was defeated by Mr. Hunter some
years ago as Reeve of the township of Glen-
elg, since which time it is a matter of per-
sonal spite. As Mr. Edge is a man of but
little personal influence, and not able to
command much of an Orange following,
Mr. Falley will find that he with his assis-
tance will not be able to get the Orange
vote. The day is past when a County
Master can dictate to the different local
and tell them how to vote, in order to grati-
fy his personal preference. We have not yet
heard the Conservative policy if they have
any, from their supporters. Last fall the
people went for a new thing, they find now
that the N. P. was and is a fraud, and they
are a little shy of Mr. Falley lest he might
turn out the same if elected, but in the
benefit of his friends in Stratford I may
say he is not likely to be.
In East Grey, Mr. Leader has lost the
confidence of the people of Arden (his
strong hold) not only that, but some who
were his friends are bitterly opposed to
him and do not fail to let him know it.
That he has forfeited the confidence of
East Grey he now knows, and with that
knowledge he retreats. He is opposed by Mr.
Rourke and an independent, Mr. Miles. It
is difficult to say which of the two may be
elected.

A Montreal Sensation.
A MELANCHOLY DEATH.
Montreal, May 19.—The death of Wilson
the electrician who perfected Craig's ar-
rangements for an electric light on the
Champe de Mars here, in Craig's factory,
has created a melancholy interest. He was
39 years of age and an Englishman by
birth. Deceased was brought to the police
station on Saturday night under the influ-
ence of liquor. He mentioned to the in-
spector on duty that he was a friend of F.H.
Badger, Superintendent of the City Tele-
graph Alarm, and if that gentleman was
notified of his arrest he would take Wilson
all right. Sergeant Kelso then told Wilson
to go home. He left the station, but re-
turned in about half an hour, and started
up stairs to the tower, where the lodg-
ing's offices are. He was, however, preven-
ted, and this time he was locked up.
Deceased was a very intelligent man, and
conversed with the reserve man with his ex-
periments with electric light, etc., and
explained at length his connections there-
with. About five o'clock on Sunday morn-
ing the reserve man passed the cell in
which Wilson was confined and he was then
in good health. Half an hour afterwards
he passed again and found the man stiff
and the body lying there warm. It is said
that he was a man of temperate habits,
and this, no doubt, was the cause of his
sudden death.
The jury in the case returned a verdict
that he died of asphyxia. A note asking
Mr. Badger, Superintendent of the Fire
Alarm Telegraph, to come and release him
from the cells, was read. The prevailing
opinion is that Wilson is of a most respect-
able English family, but sank slowly from
affluence to degradation and poverty. The
following letter was found in his pocket,
addressed to Thos. Elwin, Egton, Walford
Hall, Shrewsbury, England.
Montreal, May 17th.
DEAR TOM,—I am now on my last legs.
If I am not able to get through the next
night I must take poison. I have had no
food for the last two days. If I can get
the price of a stamp this letter will come
direct, otherwise you will get it through
the authorities. I am known here as Jas.
Wilson, and have had a good chance if only
I had a little help. I do not complain,
but I want you to remember my fate when
dealing with your own boys. Make your
children believe entirely in you, and, for
God's sake, old man, don't let them take
any liquor. Drink has killed me, and it
will kill all your family unless a strong
hand stops it. Good bye, dear old chap, I
am only a disgrace to you and all, and I
shall be worse if I get over this trouble.
Yours, etc., WILLY.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Last Friday after-
noon, an accident which nearly cost two
men their lives, occurred at Mr. Williams
farm, on the town line of Holland and En-
frasia. A number of men were engaged
in raising a barn, and had got the first
end up but not stayed except at one end,
and while proceeding with the work or
bracing, the bent fell. Messrs. John Rich-
ardson and Samuel Barber were under-
neath, and it is a wonder they were not
instantly killed, for in falling the bent
struck Mr. Richardson on the forehead,
cutting him across the front and two or
three inches back on both sides of the head
tearing the scalp up the full depth of the
side wounds. Barber was struck on the
back and had his knee badly jammed, but
was not so seriously injured as Mr. Rich-
ardson, who was fortunately knocked down
between two logs, and so saved from being
crushed to death. Doctors were soon after
in attendance and under their care the in-
jured men are progressing favorably.—
Markdale Express.

A DEBT is a very stubborn thing and al-
ways succeeds in having its own way. The
more you attempt to contract it the larger
it gets.

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ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chan-
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Lower Town, Durham, Mar. 7th, 1879. y54
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versity, Montreal. Surgery in rear of Medical Hall
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DR. JAMIESON,
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DR. EIGHTFOOT,
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GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary
College Toronto, will be at his office in St.
John's Row, 30th-31st Street, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.
Orders will be promptly attended to.
Durham, April 25th, 1879. em.61

F. Z. NIXON,
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lege, Toronto.
VETERINARY SURGEON,
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Will be at J. J. Taylor's Hotel, Shelburne, every Mon-
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