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Do You Want Money? MACRAE, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

AGENTS, READ THIS. WE will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month.

Geo. J. Matthews, Cabinet Maker, Carpenter and Undertaker.

Watson Bros., Carpenters and Builders.

Plans and Specifications furnished for Schools, Churches, and private Dwellings.

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Funerals furnished on short notice. CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

\$66.00. A week in your own town 85 cents per week.

Wm. Watson & Son, Undertakers, PRICEVILLE, ONT.

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The Grey Review.

Vol. II. No. 24.

DURHAM, Co. Grey, JULY 24, 1879.

Whole No. 75.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Farm for Sale. FOR Sale, Lot No. 3 of 17, Con. 1st W.G.R.

Farm for Sale. I OT 22, 18th Con., Egmont 100 acres.

Farm for Sale in Glenelg. THE Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No. 20, 2nd Concession, East of O.R.

Lands for Sale. A well finished frame house and out buildings.

House and Three Acres of Land For Sale. A GREAT BARGAIN.

Nothing LIKE LEATHER! FAIR PRICE AND LIVING PROFIT.

BOOTS AND SHOES. I have now facilities for manufacturing an article.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

CASH FOR HIDES. J. C. JOPP.

W. CALDWELL, Boot and Shoemaker.

ROBT. BULL, BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a large stock.

WM. WATSON & SON, Undertakers, PRICEVILLE, ONT.

Funerals furnished on short notice. CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

\$66.00. A week in your own town 85 cents per week.

POETRY.

"Tramps." BY WILLIAM GLAND BOURNE.

There's a great and growing army, Tramping through our sorrowful land.

There's a sad and solemn army, Tramping through our sorrowful land.

There's a strong and mighty army, Tramping through our sorrowful land.

There's a greater army coming, Tramping through our sorrowful land.

There's a great and growing army, Tramping through our sorrowful land.

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I am only sorry for him instead of angry with him.

"I think I know why," David answered.

"That comforts me. But, oh, to see him setting his mind on earthly things!

"And Edna Westyn! There was never any decided engagement, but—"

"When I think of her, I lose patience with him!" cried David, with unusual heat.

"And then pity steps in again, because I know that his loss will never be made up to him in this world.

"But do you think he will really marry Lady Rosamond?" asked Mrs. Aspen.

David laughed scornfully.

"Whatever his intention may be, it matters very little," he said.

"Edna's day's work was done; slowly and wearily she took her way under the heavy arch of the old Canon Gate.

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ing our Lord before you came. You made it so clear, sir, that He was only just ahead of us on the path.

"I like that little Edna Westyn," Lady Rosamond said to him in the evening.

"I don't want to reach them; the fatigue of climbing would be too great, and the air up there would be too keen and strong for me."

"Clement's lips were sealed, and she rambled on.

"It was beautiful to hear her talking to the children this morning—I stood at the schoolroom door and listened. I think that girl will develop into a poet or something; or else she will die young."

"The curate was still silent.

"Do you know," she continued, "I should really like to help that little Edna if I could; I know her family are poor. But I am not quite sure that she would take help from me. I have even seen a quiet kind of success in her face when I have talked to her sometimes."

"Impossible," murmured Mr. Vale, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"Quite possible," said Lady Rosamond calmly. "As I said before, she is on the heights—it is very natural."

"This little talk went on in the vicar's drawing-room, while Mr. Everleigh was in the study and his wife with her sick child.

"I was always difficult to find out whether she aimed her shafts or shot at random.

"The curate's colour deepened for a moment, and he went his way in secret discomfort.

CHAPTER XIX.—ON THE WANE. About this time thoughtful people began to notice a falling off in Mr. Vale's sermons.

His style was more florid and less natural. He grew more pompous and verbose; but the bright thoughts were fewer, and the simple heartiness was lacking.

"We cannot expect it to be otherwise," said David Arran to the Aspens.

"The worldliness that checks the growth of the spiritual life is dwarfing the intellectual life also. If a man persistently seeks the fellowship of inferior minds, not to raise them, but to stoop to them, he will gradually lose his own proper elevation."

Poor Clement Vale! It must not be supposed that he was without much dissatisfaction in those days. At times, indeed, he was conscious of positive self-disgust.

Not for one moment did he ever try to imagine that he loved Lady Rosamond Fosse; amongst all the sophistries with which he strove to exalt himself to himself this was never attempted.

Even when he felt most committed to his foolish course, he knew that he was turning his back on the dearest thing in the world.

One dreary afternoon, when November was well advanced, he went his way among the sick and poor of the parish.

Many a sad face brightened at his approach, for he was still dearly loved by the people. But, somehow, he could not speak to them with the old frankness, nor make himself one with them as he had been wont to do.

The spirit of worldliness was hindering him in the parish as it had done in the pulpit.

A fine rain was falling as he turned his steps to the Stowell's cottage. He had an uneasy consciousness of having somewhat neglected them of late.

The widow's little dwelling was not a hundred yards from another home in which he had once been a familiar guest. But to Hope Cottage he would not go again if he could help it, because he could not go in the old way, and therefore he had shunned his neighbour's house.

The widow's garden was a melancholy little wilderness of sticks and yellow foliage. He pushed open the little broken gate, and knocked at the widow's door.

"I'm downright cheered to see you, sir," "I'm down right cheered to see you, sir," he said. "We've only seen you in church, mother and I. And we have thought you weren't looking like yourself; but may be we are a bit fanciful."

"Wall, perhaps I have been tired. And how is it with you, Harry?" "Very well indeed, sir, thank you. I can't say I don't miss my legs; but I've never been so happy in my mind before. Somehow, I'm a deal more peaceful in myself than when I had the fall use of my limbs."

"The road to peace often lies through pain," answered Mr. Vale.

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CANADIAN ITEMS.

The boot and shoe manufactory of W. B. Hamilton, Front street, Toronto, was badly damaged by fire on Wednesday night.

A young man named Robert Nelson, confined in the Charlottetown gaol was released by his mother and a Mrs. Smith who visited the gaol and one of them exchanged clothing with the prisoner.

The running horse belonging to Mr. Alex. Hannah, Fleeterton Station, broke his front leg at the races at Fleeterton on the 1st. We are pleased to learn that there are some hopes of the horse knitting again.

STRANGE.—We are informed by Mr. Jno. Moore of the 10th con. of Sydenham that he is in possession of a somewhat rare curiosity in the shape of an apple tree, one half of which is at present out in full bloom for the second time this season.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—We are sorry to be informed that Mr. Thomas Christie, well known to many of our readers, and formerly a member of the Lacross Club here, had both his legs cut off while shunting cars on the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto on the 1st of July.

A letter from Keewatin states, in addition to information already given that the work on Section B was started on the 3rd ult., just after the arrival of the Government engineers, and now Fraser, Manning & Co. have 250 men in their employ on the western end of the line.

THE NEW COUNTY QUESTION.—A meeting of the Provisional Council of Dufferin was held in that town on Tuesday last.

The National Policy is now denounced as a fraud by those who were its strongest advocates previous to the election.

Mr. Spurgeon, at the annual supper of the students of his Pastor's College, said that he arranged for training fifty additional students and that he had confidence in a Divine Providence supplying him with the funds necessary to do so.

The latest educational returns in Russia show that among the recruits for the Imperial army only 10 per cent. could read only 4 per cent. could write.

There was lately on exhibition in New York a section of a tree belonging to what was probably the longest trunk in the world.

It was a specimen of the Sequoi Gigantea, and grew in Tulare County, California, at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

It was discovered in 1874 by Prof. Knowles, who found that at a height of 240 feet above the ground its top had been broken off.

Its circumference was 111 feet, and had the whole tree been chopped up it would have yielded not less than half a million feet of lumber.

Arboriculturists have computed that the tree had attained the extraordinary age of 4,810 years.

On Smith's Creek, in Elko county (Nev.) there is a most remarkable stratum of steatite resting horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic matter which flanks the eastern side of Smith's Creek valley.

The stratum of steatite is from three to ten feet in diameter. It is easily worked, and is a veritable soap mine.

In fact the farmers, cattlemen and sheep herders in that region all use the natural article for washing purposes.

Chemically considered, this peculiar clay is hydrated silicate of alumina, magnesia, potash, and lime.

When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks precisely like immense masses of mottled Castile soap, the mottling distant being a small percentage of iron oxide.

The Pembroke Observer says:—A strange scene is reported to us on good authority to have taken place in a church the other Sunday.

A local preacher was officiating in the election contest in favour of Mr. Murray. It was known a few days previously that he was to be the preacher and an ardent, active, and imperious "Protestant," and also an official member of the congregation.

Previously, it is said, went round and got a party organized, composed to a great extent of non-churchgoers, to attend on the occasion referred to, and upon the signal given, to rise in a body and leave the church, to show their disrespect to the preacher because of his opposition to their party candidate.

The programme was carried out to the letter, and the number, we are told, who thus lifted up their testimony for the good cause was thirteen (the devil's dozen). It is a very bad policy and worse Christianity to turn the Church into a political arena.

Without the "noble thirteen" fell from the church, but we very much mistake the good sense and reverence of their neighbors and our people generally if their barren triumph has not ended there.

Their exhibition of themselves exhibited neither manliness or godliness.—(Query)—Very good, friends, Observer, but how quiet that pulpiter error who was such an "active" politician? Why turn the Church into a political arena?