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Wood Turning, at all kinds done to order on short notice.

Watson Bros., Carpenters and Builders, PLANS and Specifications furnished for Schools, Churches and private Dwellings.

The British Hotel, Durham, HAVING been thoroughly overhauled and put in first-class order.

A LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, HAVING been opened in connection with the Hotel.

W. CALDWELL, Boot and Shoemaker, SOUTH END, Durham, near Castle Yard Hotel.

THE LATEST IMPROVED KINDS TOWNSEND, PROPRIETOR

The Grey Review

Vol. II. No. 30. DURHAM, Co. Grey, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879. Whole No. 81.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Farm for Sale. FOR Sale, Lot No. 8 of 17, Con. 1st W.G.R., Township of Bentinck, containing 60 acres.

Farm for Sale. LOT 22, 18th Con., Egrement 100 acres. This Lot will be sold cheaply on the premises.

Farm for Sale in Glenelg. THE Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No. 3, and Concession, East of G. R., Township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres.

Lands for Sale. 14 ACRES of Land in a High State of Cultivation, with a large, well finished frame house, and all buildings thereon.

House and Lot for Sale in Durham. THE Proprietor wishes to dispose of Lot No. 1, on Albert Street, near the Race Course.

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.

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Money to Loan. ON Real Estates at 8, 9, and 9 per cent, according to privileges granted.

Loans Repayable by Instalments, or Otherwise. To Suit Borrowers. TRUST AND LOAN CO. OF CANADA.

Notice to Farmers. THE great stringency of the Money Market, which has prevailed for the last two years.

ROBT. BULL, BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a large stock of Ash, Doors and all kinds of Building Materials.

POETRY

Speak softly, gently ever; There is no wiser part; For harsh words pierce like steel.

Speak softly, gently ever; There is no better plan; For angry words can never Effect what kind ones can.

Speak softly, gently ever; Words breathing not save love; And soon our bigoted Eden Will bloom as meadows above.

Stepping Stones. A Story of Our Inner Life. BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WAITING AND HOPING. One evening, near sunset, Clement Vale again found himself in the brown room.

"Are you going out, Clement?" she asked, promptly stepping from the sitting-room.

"Only to post a letter," he answered, without stopping.

"Cannot Martha take it for you?" "No, thank you," and he was at the bottom of the stairs.

"What's different, Naomi? Love doesn't change with the fashions, my dear; and of course this young lady will be feeling just as I did then."

"I'll do my best to please you, child; but it has seemed to me lately, Naomi, that Clement has come down in his notions, and you've gone up in yours."

"The sound of wheels in the square, and then footsteps coming up-stairs, warned Naomi of the arrival; but if she intended to make an imposing ceremony of this first meeting, Edna balked her by being simply and calmly at ease."

"Will you have the cold mutton for dinner to-day, Clement?" she asked. "Or shall I get some chops?"

It was so plain that this question was but a pretext for breaking in upon him, that he may be excused for turning snappish.

"Why on earth do you bother me about cold mutton?" he cried. "Do I always eat it without a murmur? It is good for you and the mother, if it is good enough for me."

Naomi instantly retired. And then Clement returned to his letter with an unquiet mind.

All that day Naomi wore a martyr's air; and when evening came, and they went out together, Clement found that he had set himself no easy task.

"Naomi," he said at last, with a desperate effort, "I am engaged to be married. The lady's name is not known to you; it is Edna Westlyn."

"Oh," said Naomi shortly and stiffly. "Of course you can please yourself."

"But I am sure she will please you too," he said in a kind tone.

"Oh, I think I know myself pretty well," said Naomi, more nettled than mollified.

The mother received Clement's tidings in a very different way; and it was soon evident that she could not help too much about her future daughter-in-law.

"You will tell Naomi what to ask her here," she said eagerly. "I'm getting old, my boy; and at my age one does not know how soon the end may come."

The invitation was written, but before Naomi had wasted a dozen sheets of her best note-paper, and had inked herself all over in the agony of composing that brief letter.

It was, however, enclosed in a letter of his own, and sent to Hope Cottage; and Edna kept it to herself. It told her more of Naomi than Mr. Vale had ever put into words.

"How shall we two women get on under one roof?" she asked herself. And then she remembered that neither man nor woman ought to put asunder those whose hearts God has joined together.

"Thank you, dear Edna; you are behaving just as I expected. She is motherless, poor thing; but the earl writes me saying that she speaks of you continually."

They parted after agreeing to meet at the railway station on the following morning; and then Edna went in-doors to prepare for her hasty journey and write a note to Mr. Vale.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A PARTING GIFT. Little Edna, it is really you! kiss me—it was good in you to come."

"Why, Naomi, she said, "who isn't coming here to quiz us. If she had ever had a sweethearth, child, you would understand her better."

"I hope, mother, you won't say a word to Miss Westlyn about these old times. Do keep yourself from mentioning the shop, and don't tell her the history of that chest of drawers that father made all himself. It would only lower us in her eyes."

"I'll do my best to please you, child; but it has seemed to me lately, Naomi, that Clement has come down in his notions, and you've gone up in yours."

"There was a pause. Lady Rosamond's eyes scanned Edna's face with a very contented look.

"Little woman, it is good to see you," she whispered. "You told me all about the smash in the haunted house and the gallant rescue. That was the way in which Providence sniped your ends, and set right all my thoughtless evil. But you have forgiven me?"

"Yes, from my heart. It was all for the best."

"No thanks to me if it was! I ought not to have tampered with him. I still cannot believe him good enough for you, Edna; but I suppose your mind is set on him?"

"Most assuredly it is," Edna replied, wondering why Lady Rosamond had sent her to hear this.

"Well, then, I am going to make him a parting gift for your sake. The rector of Maxlowe, in Surrey, died a few days ago, and I have asked my father to bestow the living on Mr. Vale. Here is the Earl's letter. Edna; you must give it to Clement Vale yourself."

Edna took the letter from her feeble hand, and then kissed her in silence. She could not speak; this sudden bounty overwhelmed her, coming, as it did, from such an unexpected quarter.

"Little Edna," she said, "these things ought not so to be. It is hardly seemly that the appointment of one who has the

quered his besetting sin. Short as his stay was, he found time to spend a few minutes in Widow Stowell's cottage, and poor Harry's gladness knew no bounds.

Here the nurse entered, making a sign to Edna that the conversation had lasted long enough. She rose at once, and said softly, "You don't know how grateful I am, Lady Rosamond. He has a mother and sister partly dependent on him now."

"I wish it were a richer living. Five hundred a year, and the rectory and glebe land; that is all."

To Edna's thinking it was wealth enough. She went out of the sick chamber, and along a corridor to her room, like one in a dream.

"Little Edna," said the Earl's daughter, "this is our good-by. If I had lived, I dare say I might have come and bared you in the old rectory. I should like amazingly to see you as a married woman. But you are going one way, and I another."

"But may not the two ways have the same ending?" Edna asked.

"I don't know; everything is in a mist, Edna; I'm always thinking of that All Saints' day, when I listened at the school-room door, and heard you talking to the children about the great multitude which no man could number. But I suppose nobody but those who came out of great tribulation can be amongst them."

"Ah, but they did not get to heaven because of the tribulation, but simply because they had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Then you think I need not be quite hopeless on account of my lazy, easy, good-for-nothing life? You don't pass stern judgments?"

"Lady Rosamond, I have nothing to do with judgments," said Edna, sadly remembering how she had spoken, long ago, of Rosamond Fosse. "But," she added earnestly, "I know who said, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' And I don't believe that any one who hungers will be sent empty away."

"That was all. And then Edna went out of that stately house of sorrow, and back into the sunshine of her own homely world, where Clement Vale was waiting for her.

There was a wedding in St. Cyprian's Church, one July morning, which satisfied even Deborah. The old woman had earnestly hoped that her second young lady would be married in the good old way, instead of going through the ceremony as the first had done.

"Dear Lady Rosamond, can't you think of something better and pleasanter than that?"

"Perhaps I can," she answered more faintly. "Lucy's husband is coming to talk to me by-and-by; but I made them send you first."

"Don't spend your strength too much," entreated Edna earnestly.

There was a pause. Lady Rosamond's eyes scanned Edna's face with a very contented look.

"Little woman, it is good to see you," she whispered. "You told me all about the smash in the haunted house and the gallant rescue. That was the way in which Providence sniped your ends, and set right all my thoughtless evil. But you have forgiven me?"

"Yes, from my heart. It was all for the best."

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cure of souls should rest with a woman whose own soul wants curing badly enough. But my father did not care who had Maxlowe, and I wanted to do a little good, for the first and last time in my life."

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Unprofitable Work and Plenty of it

When you can kill two birds with one stone, always do it. A good, practical housewife will cook three dishes with one fire and have some cinders to spare.

The wasteful housewife (there are more of them in this country, unfortunately, than in France) will cook a fire for each dish. There is a great deal of waste, as the chemists tell us, in refuse which has been thrown away. Almost everything, as the Chinese proverb has it, is capable of being turned to account, and the most reliable thing in this world is time, and this is the very thing which is most wasted.

It takes some ladies forty minutes, for instance, to throw on their bonnets, for other things in like proportion. The train, in consequence, has been missed, a second carriage hire (\$5) becomes necessary to-morrow, and that is the way the money goes. A wise man who knows a thing or two gets twenty-five per cent. more out of a span of horses or ten hired men in a day, than one who has poor executive or managing power.

And the wise man to whom we refer, and whom we commend, treats both his horse and his men well. His acre is not in overwork, and as we have no space to explain the how to you, you must find out the secret for yourself. We once knew a dry goods man who, in order to make his banker and neighboring merchants in the same street believe he was doing a thriving business, was accustomed to keep his hands at work, and the front windows open till midnight, with every gas jet in the store aflame. When there were no goods to enter or pack the employees set to work (each work) carrying the goods from one flat to another, to make a show of business. The youngest clerk in the establishment who had any mother wit about him was disgusted with such management, and got out of the concern as soon as he could.

In a few years Dun Barlow reported the failure of that firm, which shows that one firm fits into another exactly. This putting the cart before the horse, doing a thing the wrong way, is a very common blunder, and it is so costly. Did you ever see how the letter-carriers in our cities economize their steps when the thermometer marks 97? They do not take an unnecessary step and yet do their work thoroughly. They have acquainted themselves with the shortest cut and best sidewalk to the remotest point. In a printing establishment a careless and uneducated hand mislays an extract which requires an hour's search to discover, and the press has to be stopped till the thing is found. That is unprofitable work, and there is too much of it in individual and private enterprises. A careless and unmethodical servant is one to be shipped, not kept and promoted. Many a business enterprise goes down because there has not been at its head a master mind who can extract out of men and opportunities the powers they possess. There is a pen which carries ink enough for half a day's work. Get one of them. It will save in ten years many an arm's trips from the porch to the inkstand. Economize time and power and grow rich. Doubtless alone find and make labor irksome.—N. Y. Witness.

The Clipper tea-ship races from China home to London have become almost obsolete. Great interest attached to them, and large sums of money were wagered on the results. It occurred more than once that two of the magnificent vessels, starting from Hong Kong together, would go out to sea, lose sight of each other, and finally pass up the Thames within half an hour of each other. The passengers have been known to make up purses for the successful captain of as much as \$5,000—an agreeable contingency—which was in itself a great inducement to embark in these trials of seamanship, to say nothing of the advantage derived from getting first into the market with the new ship. The great ocean steamers which have succeeded to the tea business since the opening of the Suez Canal show the same rivalry, and the excitement and eagerness attending the effort to get to London first would make one think there was a tea famine in England. From Hankow to the mouth of the Yangtze is a distance of 600 miles—in great part a tortuous and dangerous channel, and for this distance these huge steamers are raced night and day. As a result of this practice, a favorite vessel, the "London Castle," was recently driven in the middle of the night into a rice field at a rate of 15 knots an hour. She had 5,000 tons of tea on board, which she was to take to London in 39 days at a compensation of \$80 a ton, or \$21,000 for the voyage. At last accounts the captain was compounding with two river steamers to haul her out of the field, a service for which they insisted on having 50,000 taels.

A medical man in Spolote, Italy, was called in to attend a child who was informed by the father that, should he cure the infant, two thousand lire would be his reward, but that should he fail he would be infallibly be shot. He undertook the case, and the child shortly after died; whereupon the father, true to the compact, fetched his gun and at once put an end to the laborer and the life of the unhappy doctor. In Italy juries are generally lenient to a murderer, and the rule held good in this case, for the owner of the gun was compelled to pay a fine of twenty-five thousand lire and suffer ten years' imprisonment only.

The most sensational event for the discussion of society in London is the report of the arrangement of a marriage between the Duke of Argyll and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, the widow of Col. Anson, member of Parliament, daughter of Bishop Clifton, and niece of Lord Dudley, one of the richest men in Great Britain. The marriage will give Lord Anson a new member-in-law, and through the Princess Louise, distinctly form new connections with the Queen herself. The news is talked of everywhere.

Some valuable Japanese springs are stated to have been discovered in Uson and Ugo, two Japanese provinces lying to the north of Yedo.

Sir Rowland Hall, author of the English penny postal system, died on Wednesday morning. He was born near Birmingham in 1778. In 1827 he published a pamphlet describing his postal system, which was carried into effect with his assistance in 1840. In 1860, in acknowledgement of his services at the Post Office, he was made a K. C. B., and upon retiring from the service four years later the Treasury awarded him his full salary of £2,000 per year. In the same year, (1864) he received a Parliamentary grant of £30,000 a year. The Albert gold medal of the Society of Arts, and the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford, Sir Rowland was 84 years of age at the time of his death.

Holland is the paradise of depositors. There has been no bank failure nor fire insurance company failure for forty years.

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