"THE REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

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Durham, - - Ont.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c.—Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

Money to Loan. y10

C. B. JACKES, B. A.

ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Commissioner in B. R., Notary Public,

Lower Town, Durham, May 7th, 1879. y-64

McFAYDEN & ROBARTS,

BARRISTERS, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office, one door east of the Merchants Bank Union-st., Owen Sound.

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ALFRED FROST, County Crown Attorney. J. W. FROST, LL. B. y31

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GRADUATE of Victoria University, Toronto, and Under-Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Surgery in rear of Medical Hall Lower Town, Durham. y8

DR. JAMIESON,

GRADUATE of Toronto University and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. OFFICE—Next door to Parker's Drug Store, Durham, Ontario. y21

DR. LIGHTBODY,

WILL be at his Office, Hanover, from 8 a.m. to Noon. At home, 2nd Con. N.D.R., Bentinck, after noon. Messages for the Dr. left at Rutherford's attended to. y50

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Veterinary Surgeon, Durham, ONT.

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

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GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto.

VETERINARY SURGEON,

DUNDALK, ONT.

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

Dundalk, March, 20th 1879. y37

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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

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. y17

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-49

The British Hotel, Durham,

HAVING been thoroughly overhauled and put in first-class order, the travelling public may depend on finding every convenience and ample accommodation. The table is supplied with the best the season can afford. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars. A first-class Sample Room for Commercial Travellers. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

A LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT having been opened in connection with the Hotel. The best conveyances, either double or single, all new, can be procured at any time on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN HOGAN,
Durham, August 7, 1879. Proprietor.

W. CALDWELL

Boot and Shoemaker,

SOUTH END, Durham, near Cattle-Yard Hotel, having commenced business in the above line would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.

The very best material used; workmanship superior to anything in the county, having made prize work in the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

Formerly Master Shoemaker in Her Majesty's Hundredth Regiment.

Fine Calf Boots, sewed, from $5.50 to $6.50.
" pegged, from $4.75 to $5.50.
y-50.

The Grey Review.

Vol. II. No. 34. DURHAM, Co. Grey, OCTOBER 2, 1879. Whole No. 85.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Farm for Sale.

FOR Sale, Lot No. 3 of 17, Con. 1st W.G.R., Township of Bentinck, containing 50 acres; 25 of which are cleared. There is a first class stone quarry on the lot, which is about three miles from Durham. The Lot will be sold cheap. For further particulars apply to

ALEX. McLEAN, 5th Con. Bentinck.

Bentinck, May 15th, 1879. *h-65

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 of Glenelg, containing 100 acres—about 70 acres cleared. Terms $2,000—$500 down, for balance time will be given. For further particulars apply to F. MacRae, Durham, or to

E. WILLIAMS,
on the premises.

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 14, con. 2, W.G.R., township of Bentinck, 100 acres, 60 acres clearne' and log buildings, known as Dugald MacFarlane's Farm; and the 3rd division of lot 1, con 1, E.G.R., Glenelg, 50 acres, good log buildings, 35 acres cleared. For further particlars apply to F. MacRAE,

Durham Ont.

Durham h-53

House and Lot for Sale in Durham.

THE Proprietor wishes to dispose of Lot No. 3, on Albert Street, one Range East of Garafraxa Street, Lower Town, Durham. On the lot is erected a good dwelling House and Stable. The Lot contains one acre of land. A good well and pump, and a number of fruit trees, on the premises. For garden purposes the land is unexcelled. The whole property will be sold cheap for cash, or otherwise as may be agreed upon. For further particulars apply at the REVIEW Office.

Durham, June 24, 1879.

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 Mechanic or any one wishing to retire from farming and live in a village. Will be sold for $400, which is only $25 per quarter acre lot. Apply to the proprietor, or by letter to

NEIL MUNN,
Priceville P. O.

Priceville, Au. 16 1877. tf-27.

Money to Loan

ON Real Estates at 8, 8½, and 9 per cent, according to privilages granted.

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TRUST AND LOWN CO. OF CANADA.

English & Scottish Investment Co., (Limited)

NORMAN McINTYRE, Valuator. JOS. F. MOWAT, Agent, Durham.

Durham.

Notice to Farmers

IN THE

South Riding of Grey.

THE great stringency of the Money Market, which has prevailed for the last two years not only in Canada but in Great Britain, has made the more substantial Loan Companies very cautious in their investments, and very slow to advance money except upon security known to the Directors.—This depression is now passing away and I am instructed by

The London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Limited,

(Whose Agent I am,) that they have about

Half a Million of Dollars

Ready for immediate investment and are anxious to place it at reasonable rates of interest upon improved Farm Security.

This Company is one of the most liberal in Ontario, and I confidently recommend it to those wanting money.

Interest half yearly on 1st of May and 1st November or may be made payable once-a-year after Harvest if the applicant desires.

The Borrower may arrange for the right to pay sums of money at any time without notice in direct reduction of the principal of their mortgage debts. These payments at once stopping interest to a proportionate extent.

No Fines—No Commission—No Bonus.

C. B. JACKES,
Lower Town, DURHAM.

July 4th, 1879. cm73

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.

$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

The Poultry Show.

They were two forlorn chickens that landed at the foot of the garden, where the river ran, fast wedged in a cake of ice, with hardly any feathers, and with both feet frozen. Marcia took them in and wrapped their poor claws in oil and wool, and fed them in a basket, and gave them the air on fine days by walking abroad with the basket on her arm, till, as she went by, the neighbors were wont to speak of her as the poultry show.

Of course her brother and her superior elder sisters, and all her cousins and their confidential friends, thought Marcia's last fancy was the worst of all. "Those ridiculous chickens!" was becoming a family watchword.

Although the means at home were limited, still they were not so much so that the chickens needed to go unfed; but the fact that Marcia's temper getting fired early in the affair, although she said nothing, determined her to make these chickens pay for what they had; and when, one day, she brought in a dozen great pearly eggs and laid them in triumph on her mother's lap, she felt that she had said a great deal.

But, those eggs bestowed, she allowed her mother no more. Great ideas had entered her head. She came home one day from a long walk with a black Spanish hen in her arms, for which she had contracted a debt to be paid in her Houdin eggs. When, some six weeks afterward, a dozen curious little gallinaceous specimens were running about the yard, Marcia watched them with intense curiosity, and for weeks, if not months, to come, seemed to be holding her breath. Not an egg of her Hordin hens, however, did she allow to be taken for pudding or cake: one basketful of them went to buying a pair of young brown Leghorns, another basketful was found to have purchasing power equal to securing a pair of white bantams, and then the Houdin hen, whose inclinations had been seriously tampered with, insisted upon raising a family of her own. But Marcia felt very well equipped, and she added only some patience to her stock in trade just then. At four months old her brown Leghorn pullet laid an egg, and on that same day she brought one of her twelve chickens into the house in a rapture—it was a black chicken with a huge white top-knot.

"My fortune's made!" said Marcia. "There are no fowl like these in all this part of the country. It's a black Poland—I read about them in the library book."

"I declare, Marcia," moaned her mother, "I believe you're insane about these miserable birds. You have no time or thought for anything else." "Well, mother, I hav found just what I'm fit for. If I only had some sort of carpenter's skill—"

"What is it you want to do, Marcia?" asked Philip—Tom's classmate, who spent half his time at the place.

"Just to make boxes and roosts and hutches for my hens, so as to keep them wholesome and happy, you know."

"Wholesome and happy!" said her mother.

"Why, yes, mamma," said Bessie. "I should think there was really sense in that, if there is any sense in having things at all. If their water is clean, they'll drink more, and if everything is to their hen-mind, of course they'll lay more."

"What absurdity, Bess!"

"No, indeed, mamma," exclaimed Marcia, impetuously. "You don't know how human they are. You see the lords and masters fighting for supremacy; see the hens all picking on the one that has an infirmity; see the old-maid aunts—"

"The what?"

"Really, now, you remember those two common sitting hens I bought to hatch out some of the top-knot eggs? And one brought out a brood, and the other lost all hers? Well, the one that lost hers tries with all her might to be mother to the other hen's chickens. She scratches for them and clucks to them all day long, gives them the morsel instead of taking it herself, will get them under her wings when the real mother isn't looking, and the real mother doesn't seem to care at all; and at night, evidently feeling dreadfully because they will go under their mother's wings then in the barrel instead of under hers outside, she gets on top of the barrel instead of going to roost with the other hens. Now isn't that just like an old-maid aunt and the idle indifferent mamma who lies on the sofa and reads novels, and lets her sister take care of the babies?"

"I never heard such talk, Marcia, nor saw a person with such low tastes. I can't conceive where you got them," cried her mother.

"Why, mamma," said Bess, "if the Lord could make chickens, I should think Marcia might watch them.

"It's first-rate," said Phil. "What else do they do, March?"

"Everything that human beings do. They are jealous of each other, like Mormon wives. Those that are not favorites sometimes go to roost in the middle of the afternoon, so as to secure the place they want next their husband; and he goes picking round with his favorite till bed time, and then flies up knocks the others out of the way to make room for her. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, pshaw!"

"It's true. And I'll tell you something more. He thinks he knows how to lay an egg better than the hen does. And if there's a hen that's dilatory, he makes a nest for her, and gets into it, and gets out of it, and coaxes her, and literally tries to show her how. Isn't that human? Those husbands that know everything— Oh, it's as good as a play!"

"I should think so."

"And then the first crowing of a little young rooster, and the strutting afterward—it's so exactly like the first long coat of a boy, and the strutting after that—"

"Marcia, I am ashamed of you," said her mother. "I must beg to hear no more such conversation."

"Now, Mrs. Thurston," said Phil, "I'm sure I saw you laughing. And as for me, I'm going to make these boxes with March. I'm just as good a carpenter as Noah."

And so Phil went down the garden with Marcia, and there were days upon days of hammering and sawing and fitting; and Tom was going about full of mischief, and Emily had her sewing under the apple-trees near by, and Bessie came down to bring a freshly baked tart or some hot gingerbread.

"And I'm sure it's just like picknicking," said Marcia. "You ought to be obliged to me for making such a pleasant occasion. And I'm awfully sorry that we're almost through." And as she uttered the last sentence, Philip happening to glance down at her in that moment from the ladder where he was standing, her face suddenly flamed up as if a torch had been held before it, and she turned and hid its color over a box of old nails that she and Tom—an age ago that seemed now—had taken at school in exchange for pins, meaning to sell them to the junk-man, but diverted from their purpose by one of Mrs. Thurston's methods of persuasion.

But as soon as Marcia could slip away from all that merry racket she flew down to the foot of the orchard, and cast herself into the deep grass there in the shadow, and cried to break her heart. That one glance in Philip's face, that swift instant, had served to turn the whole earth on a pivot to another issue of life. It had indeed, held up a torch before her, it had showed her that of which she was unconscious before, and now she knew that she loved Philip Masters, and she knew that he loved Bessie and the world was one dead blank.

The hens were not fed that night, and nobody carried the eggs in; it was only when the moon set that, her skirts dripping with dew, Marcia stole in herself and crept away to bed.

It was a long fight that Marcia had with her heart on that September night. She rose early in the morning, and gave the hens into Bridget's charge, looked into her mother's room, and told her she was going to see Aunt Brown; and as that good lady, now that she could no longer whip her children, generally allowed them their way, no objection was made; and Marcia found herself, after a couple of hours, in the arms of her old counsellor and friend, to whom, albeit, she never breathed a word of her trouble. A day of Aunt Brown, Marcia used to say set her up in virtue for half a year, and now she took seven of them. "Seven days' counsel with an old angel ought to make an angle of me. But nothing will ever do that."

Yet when she went home there was something different in Marcia's face from any thing that had ever been there before; and if nobody paid enough heed to observe it, nevertheless the fact was true that the boyden girl had vanished, and a grave and active woman had taken her place—a woman who never allowed herself to be still long enough to think. She asked for no other dresses; she never put a ribbon near her; she brushed the kink out of her hair as well as she could, and said to herself that it was of no use for her to try and look any thing but a fright, with one eye hunting up the other the way hers was—an allusion to a slight cast in her eye that was not at all unbecoming on the whole; of course nobody would think of falling in love with a Cyclops, and of course nobody could help loving such a rose and lily piece of beauty as Bess. She was sure, she thought, she was glad that Bess was happy; but, for all that, she cried sadly about it. Yet after any of these secret crying spells she fought her battle with herself all the more furiously; and although it wrung her heart, she would insist upon talking about Philip, and suffer Bessie to sing his praises on every occasion that offered, in fear and trembling all the while lest voice or face surrendered, and took all his small kindnesses as a matter of course.

The winter wore away at last, and Marcia might have felt her trouble in their behalf, her self-denial, and the money, or rather the eggs, that she had spent, all repaid in the glossy look of her hens, with their red combs and their nests full of eggs. Those who are in search of anything can always find it, and she had secured, in one way and another, eggs of many of the choicest breeds, the hatchings had all turned out well, and the result was a great flock of some of the finest-looking birds in the country, among which a troop of black Polanders went about shaking their fall white crests, and hardly able to see out of their eyes. "I'm sure they're fine," said Marcia. "And as I'm never going to marry and shall have to earn my living in some way, I'll earn it this way." And she then announced that she was going to contribute to the poultry show in the city, and waited for some opposition.

But they had done with opposing Marcia, in the matter of hens, in that house. "They treat me with the silent contempt I deserve," she said, lightly. But she bribed Tom to help her manufacture a set of coops, bribed him with a promise that Bessie should make him a box of cookies to take away with him; for he had begun his study of medicine, while Phil, who thought the learned professions already full, was looking in vain for something to do in which to start himself in life. "Poor fellow!" thought Marcia over and over again, "if he only could get something to do, then the engagement could be announced, and by-and-by they could be married." It seemed as though she herself would be easier when it was all over. But there was no prospect of it, and Phil's outlook was dark enough at present. She meant to ask him, at some favorable time why he didn't go out to Colorado, and, after he had made a home there, send for Bessie. She fancied that, after all, the best thing for her would be not to be obliged to witness their happiness at last.

But when Marcia had emptied the better part of her hennery into the great poultry show, one felt it necessary to go and look after her interests there, and she sold enough of the common stock left at home to pay the expenses of herself and Bessie in the city. Her mother burst into tears with the thought of the vulgar pursuits of her daughters.

It was a fine thing, that show, as Marcia said, trusting Bessie could make out what she said in the riot of the chanticleers, each rivalling his unseen opponent. "Just hear the rumpus those roosters keep up!" she cried. And what with the cackling of the geese, the quacking of the ducks, the gobbling of the turkeys, the clatter of the guinea-fowl, the cooing of the pigeons, and the screams of the peacocks, the rumpus was that of Pandemonium itself. But, except for the unsightly coops, it was rather a beautiful Pandemonium — the huge Brahmas with their fluff of snowy feathers like so many arctic owls, the jet and shining Creve-cœurs, the silver-spangled Hamburgs fine as silk-clad court ladies, the Cochins with the gloss of dark green enamel on the blackness of their plumes, the superb red Game, the crested, ruffed, and bearded Sultans, and the little Bantams more important than the whole. Marcia felt all the glory of a connoisseur and the wealth of a producer, as she moved through the place, and recognized her own, and listened to the clarion call about her.

She found a seat for Bessie at last, and then went to see the secretary. "Phil will be sure to be here, she said to herself, "so long as he knew Bess was coming. He'll find her and keep her from being lonely." As she came back with a radiant face after a half hour's interview, she saw that her prophecy was fulfilled—Phil was there sitting by Bessie, their heads close together, their backs toward her. Meaning to be as merry as she could, she started to put her face close down between theirs in order to tell her news, and so it came about that she heard Phil saying, "Ah, if I only had some sort of business, so that I could speak without disgracing myself!"

"Speak any way, Phil," answered Bessy, putting Marcia in mind of Priscilla and John Alden, in spite of herself.

Then the little hen-woman drew back, and waited half a minute before she touched them on the shoulders. "Come with me, Phil," she said; and she led him down the lower corner of the hall, where, the peacocks having rested from their screaming, it was a trifle less noisy than anywhere else. "I heard what you said, Phil," she contrived to say directly, "and I have a proposition to make to you. See here"—as he turned to her with a stare of utter amazement in his handsome eyes. "Look at this list of premiums—I've taken twenty. And every one of my birds is sold, some at ten and some at fifteen dollars a pair, just as the secretary chose. What do you think of that for wealth?" she cried, gayly. "My receipts and my orders from this poultry show will be only a little less than one thousand dollars. Now, Phil — you're listening?—if you don't feel ashamed of it (and I'm sure you won't, if you really want to marry Bessie), I propose to sell out my hen business to you. You can double it; you're a man, and can do twice as well as I could; and you can have, any way, in spite of accidents, a good income of fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year, with everybody buying your rare breeds and choice eggs, you know. And you can pay me in the course of your life, and you can marry Bess to-morrow."

Then there was silence a moment, while she looked at the gorgeous illumination of the azure on the peacock's breast, and feared that Phil would hear her heart beating.

"Marcia," said he, presently, getting hold of her hand somehow, "you are certainly the most ineffable little goose in this hall. What in the world do you suppose I want to marry Bess for?" It's you I am in love with!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A gentleman has arrived in Montreal with the intention of shipping live cattle to Antwerp.

The Spanish representative at Vienna has been authorized to ask the hand of the Archduchess Marie Christine in marriage with King Alfonso.

The Earl of Dufferin will go neither to India nor to Constantinople at present. He is now travelling on the Continent with Lady Dufferin, and after a six weeks' tour he expects to go to St. Petersburg.

Toronto and its Exhibition.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A VISITOR.

To the Editor of the Review,

SIR,—Like a good many others of the loyal population of the County of Grey I got infected with the idea of personally witnessing an Exhibition of royalty. Although, I make this admission to you, I do so in confidence, you know. Of course when talking about going to Toronto last week I put it in such a way as to lead folks to think that I was merely going on business. I would not even admit that I had much curiosity to see the Exhibition, and far less would I admit my curiosity in regard to the Princess. Oh, no! of course not. It is all very good, sir, and just, according to at least human nature, for the fair sex to be a little on the *qui vive* as to actually seeing and staring at a live princess, but it is of course, altogether inadmissable that we men folks should be guilty of any such weakness. Consequently as I have said, Mr. Editor, although between you and me, I plead guilty confidentially, yet publicly I wish it to be decidedly understood that I had no feeling whatever of snobbery about me in being just a little curious to have a bo-peep at this real *bona fide* British Princess, and sir, I may as well admit the truth—I am a married man—consequently you yourself, sir, from I have no doubt, personal experience, can easily understand how I would not wish it to get abroad that I was possessed of any special curiosity that way, seeing that curiosity once aroused in the female cranium there was no saying where it might end. Well, one morning last week I found myself on board of the train at Flesherton Station, where I entered into a compact with a notable Benedict, who lives, or rather let me say, exists not a hundred miles from that place. The compact was that we were to eat, sleep, visit the sights and return together—in short, be inseparable. But alas for the inconstancy of mankind in general and of benedicts in particular, as the sequel will show. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and to quote the saying of some caustic copying critic who was doubtless a poor benedict himself, that "A woman is generally at the bottom of every bad business." It will be found in one instance at least that this critic was not far astray. Getting to Toronto about 8 p. m. we found the city all agog. Usually Toronto people are an unexcitable race. Strangers going down there from the country are generally met with orthodox queries as to the weather and cognate subjects, but at the present time country cousins are flooded with queries as to whether they have seen the Marquis, the Princess and the glass hen. If they hav'nt seen no marquis—well, they may still live, eat, or drink, although it is a pity. If they have not yet seen the Princess there is no rest either to live, eat, or drink until they have done so, but if they have not seen the glass hen—well, they might better have staid at home and been buried. The Governor-General and lady were to be on the grounds on Thursday, so Mr. Benedict and I arranged to go there on that day by ten o'clock. I tried to keep a sharp eye on Mr. B's movements on Wednesday evening, but to my astonishment he vanished in a crowd and reappeared only about midnight, after I was enjoying my second snooze. I could get no satisfactory account of where my friend had been, although were it not that I am a very innocent-minded individual I might have had my suspicions. However, next morning, after a great deal of hemming and hawing, Mr. B. gravely and with much apparent sorrow, informs me that he had agreed, if I was willing to go to the Exhibition with some old acquaintances. Of course I wouldn't stand in the way at all and although my friend looked a little sheep-faced over the matter it did not occur to me but what it was simply some old male chum who had invited him to bear him company to the grounds. Mr. B. went his way and I went mine. Going down to Yonge street wharf I took the boat for the Island and soon landed at Hanlan's Point. Hanlan wasn't about at the moment, so I had not the pleasure of seeing him. Hanlan has a tavern here and his well-wishers think it would be well could he be got to give it up. Since he became so well known there has been quite a run to his place and he no doubt finds it pays. But it might be well for himself and well for the profession he has done so much to make popular and of which he is the chief ornament, were any such temptation entirely removed. He ought now to be independent of any such means of livelihood, and if he is to keep the position in the aquatic world he has so perseveringly achieved he will have to keep his physique, mentally as well as otherwise, in the best possible trim. He is to row Courtney on Chataqua Lake next month. His old opponent, Elliott, has challenged him to another match in England, while Trickett, of Australia, is about entering on a match with him for the championship of the world. Few cities possess the advantages of Toronto, in having an island like this at its door. The island is flat and sandy, but is being gradually much improved by tree planting, drives, &c. When it once gets well covered with trees there will be less danger of its being washed away. Getting back to Yonge street wharf I was soon on board the *Prince Arthur* for the Exhibition Grounds. The Prince Arthur had on her bows the marks of a collision that took place that morning between her and the Maxwell. The latter was taking aboard passengers at her own wharf, when the Prince Arthur was passing for another wharf. The latter anxious to secure some of the passengers went hastily in and stove in her bows on the Maxwell, creating no little panic on board. A courageous M. D. however, from the neighborhood of Priceville, stood on the bows of the Prince Arthur like another Trojan, shouting with all the strength of his mighty lungs—"Let her rip." Ill natured persons suggest that our well-known friend the Doctor, was already speculating on some *cases*, but we who know him better can easily understand that the *perervidium* of the Doctor's would lead him coolly to enjoy from his exalted position the excitement of an actual collision. There has been great rivalry among these boats lately. I was told that one day lately they were running passengers for nothing; If so, they were decidedly very foolish and the owners must be a different breed from the ordinary Toronto man, who certainly is not much given to do anything for nothing. The Exhibition buildings and grounds look remarkably well from the lake, in fact, visitors going to Toronto and not having seen the lake view miss a great part of the pleasure of going. It was noon when I arose, and there was said to be more than 80,000 people then on the grounds, including the Marquis and Princess, as well as—let us say—the glass hen. The Marquis and Princess were seated in a small pavilion in the horse ring, submitting patiently and cooly to the inspection of thousands of loyal and curious subjects crowded into the Grand Stand and around the ring. The Princess very graciously bowed to the general multitude, and, what do you think Mr. Editor? she actually singled out your humble servant, and "bowed to me." A good many around me disputed the fact, an said "she bowed to me"; but I held to it that it was to me and none other; but the ignorant rabble would'nt give in. The fact is they were jealous of the signal honor and preferment shown me, and as I did not want to increase the jealousy, for in the words of Scripture "who can stand against jealousy?" I merely hung my head slightly in return at the same time giving a wink to the Princess as much as to say, "never mind, Louise, I'll come and shake hands and have an invite to tea with you some time. You see they are jealous of your taking a fancy to to me."

Now it is a strange thing, Mr. Editor, how everybody seems to fall quite in love with this Princess, the consequence being that when she shows any partiality to any one as she undoubtedly did to me, everybody appears to think that the partiality was specially directed to themselves. Well there is this consolation, it don't hurt them to think so, and it don't in the least affect the fancy which the Princess has unmistakably taken for me.

The next important sight was the glass hen. It has been so often described of late that it is unnecessary to do so here farther than to say that like every other great invention, it is chiefly remarkable on account of the simplicity of the process. The man who, in ancient times, raised chickens in a dung heap only followed out the same principle that the Yankee has now adopted in manufacturing his glass hen; the principle being the proper distribution of heat. The Exhibition, as a whole, is indescribable within the compass of an ordinary letter, and it, as well as the glass hen, has been described and glorified of late by the Toronto Press that there is small need for adding thereto. There is one thing I always feel interested in at such exhibitions, and although too many of our farmers think it is of small consequence; yet it is really of the very greatest importance to our locality especially, i. e. the show of Fanning Mills. A great want in this section is undoubtedly first-class grain cleansers, and so long as many of our farmers take to market mere mixtures of grain for wheat, barley, or peas, so long will they stand in their own light and lose money. There were some very superior Fanning Mills on the ground. Hovey's Improved Fanning Mill, or three machines in one is a first-class article, took the first prize—a bronze medal—and is just such a fanning mill as every farmer should have. The price is thirty dollars, and is manufactured by W. T. Dingle, of Oshawa. In comparison with the price of many other mills I have seen it seems cheap at the figure. Since last year the Exhibition grounds are vastly improved. Many new buildings have been erected, and altogether it is a credit to the city of Toronto as well as to the Province of Ontario. London, Hamilton, Guelph, &c., have been manifesting considerable jealousy of Toronto about this Show. The selfishness of Torontonians has been much deplored by them. But it is a selfish thing all round and Toronto would not have been true to itself, nor true to the Province it so well represents had it not done everything in its power to make the Show the success it has undoubtedly proved. The Toronto Industrial, with the start it has now received, will soon come to be regarded on all hands as the chief representative institution of its kind in Ontario. It is needless, and worse than useless for other cities and towns to manifest any jealousy anent the matter, for they can do little to hinder, and they might as well help, and in so doing help more effectually their own interests as well as those of the people in general. Toronto has a great future before it. It is already turning the corner on Montreal, and it bids fair at no distant date to become the first city of the Dominion, both commercially and in point of population, as well as it now so creditably is both morally and socially. Late in the evening Mr. Benedict turned up at our hotel with a most doleful account of his day's proceedings. Poor man! The days of his youth had seemed to come back to him in the morning when, with a nice young lady linked on the one side, and an attractive widow on the other, he had marched off for the Exhibition. How they had really spent the day I could not very well make out beyond the fact that they did actually reach the Exhibition grounds, but saw neither the Marquis, the Princes, nor even the glass hen. Worse than all Mr. Benedict lost entirely for a