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Formerly Master Shoemaker in Her Majesty's
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Fine Calf Boots, sewed, from \$5.50 to \$6.50.
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that he has removed his Blacksmith business
to his old shop, near Edge Mills, where he will be
pleased to attend to the wants of his customers.

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Durham, Nov. 6th, 1879.

\$72 A WEEK \$15 a day at home easily made
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for cash down, or part in time. Terms made easy.

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It will be sold in lots of five acres each, or in one
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A GREAT BARGAIN.
THE Subscriber wishing to leave this
part of the country offers for sale his property
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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 farmer, or any one wish-
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Will be sold for \$300, which is only \$25 per quarter
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IN THE
South Riding of Grey.

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Market, which has prevailed for the last two
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made the more substantial Loan Companies very
outdoors in their investments, and very slow to
advance money except upon security known to the
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ROBT. BULL,
BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a
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and Make Up, on the shortest notice, and in the
Latest Style, Men and Boy's Clothing. A good
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Latest Fashions Regularly Received
A few first-class FACIAT
Sewing Machines For Sale,
Cheap for Cash. These Machines are the best
made, and give entire satisfaction to those using
them.

ALFRED ROBERT
For am Nov 1879.

POETRY

The Iron Gate.
Where is this patriarch you so kindly greet,
Not unfamiliar to my ear his name.
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
In days long vanished—is he still the same.

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,
Dust-mantled, dim-sighted, slow of speech and
sight,
Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting,
Where all goes wrong and nothing as it ought?

Old Age, the gray beard! well, indeed, I know him—
Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey!
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,
Oh! have I not him from my earliest day?

In my old Clog, toiling with his hand,—
It's hold of stick, polly, asking me, "Dear boy,
Who comes when called for,—would he lug or
trundle
His fag for him!—he was scant of breath.

And sad "Ecolintus, or the Preacher,"
Has he not stamped the image on my soul
In that last chapter, where the weanout Teacher
Sighs o'er the loosened chord, the broken bowl!

Yes, long indeed, I've known him at a distance,
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here,
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his steps draw near.

What though of gilded bubbles he beaves us,
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime,
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,
The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time!

Alas! once flaring, still with incense fragrant,
Pastor's uneasy murmurings rocked asleep,
Hops a snuff-box, will desire less vagrant,
Lifts his flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!

Still as the silver cord gets worn and slender,
Its lightest task-work, to-day's asking me, "Dear boy,
Hand me that helpful, volens, non volens lender,
Society with their rattled tones the slumberous
brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remem-
bers,
Sits by the faded-up shere of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

Dear to his heart is every loving token,
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,
Ere the last lingering tics of life are broken,
His labors ended and its story told.

Al, when around us rosy youth rejoices,
For us the sorrow-laden breeze a sigh,
And through the chime of its joyous voices
Turbos the sharp note of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying
From some far orb I track our weary sphere—
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying,
The silvered globe seems a glistening tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion
To wit from saddening scenes our age dimmed
Eyes,
And misty day dreams blend in sweet confu-
sion
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portals shut behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that illumined the glaring noonday find us,
And glimmering straight shows the gates of
heaven.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff—
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message
came,
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
If felt the guidance that it does not claim.

But of my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
These things I never move-dakes hint of toil's re-
sult—
These toiler pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks one welcome; evening asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering eye;
Though you to your loving spirit still beholden,
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents cho-
rdal,
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrases—these traitorous eyes are tear-
ful—
Thanks, brothers, Sisters—Children—and Fare-
well!

Flossy's Fortune.
My half-sister, Flossy Selmer, was a
little feisty of 10 when I was a staid girl of
16, and I think our lives would have had
little to do with each other but that, about
this time, Captain Selmer died and left
Flossy an heiress.

She had been her father's idol, and he
left her in indisputable possession of \$80,000.
I was only his step-daughter; and I believe
I never forgot that my mother had been
another man's wife—but Flossy, bright and
beautiful, the child of his old age, was all his
own. He idolized her while he lived.

Then we three left the old seaport town
where we had lived so long, and went to
live at Linden Park, where there was a
fashionable seminary, and Flossy was only
a child then. But in a strangely short time
she developed into a young lady—one of
Holmes' real "golden blondes."

I was a blonde, too, with a difference.
My old-fashioned name of Caroline had been
abbreviated to Callie, which, they said,
suggested me. And I was a full-blown lily of
22 summers when Flossy was a rosebud of
16. Add to this the well-authenticated
rumor that Miss Florence Selmer was an
heiress, and you may imagine that, though
but 16, she did not lack suitors.

She was exquisitely happy in being ad-
mired. It never made me happy to be ad-
mired by Mr. Elgin, no matter how suc-
cessfully my hair was dressed, or how nicely
my dress fitted.

Only when Mr. Ford, looking over my
cool green robe, white face, and yellow hair,
whispered to Flossy—"Callie! Her name
suits her!" Then a sweet, exquisite pleasure
stirred my heart.

troubled," said I to her. "It isn't likely that
Flossy will marry at present. She is so
young." I was sewing on my outfit and
mamma was helping me.

"That is just it," she replied. "She is too
young to know the importance of such a
step, while she is of a marriageable age.
I married your father at seventeen myself."

"Have you seen that Harley Ford?" asked
mamma, after musing a moment over
some lace she was watching.

"No. Who is he?"
"Who is he?"
"Who is he?"

"Well, he comes home after dances-school
with her sometimes. He goes there to take
care of his little sister, he says. They live
somewhere out of the town. He is much
older than Flossy—26, I should say, and
just the kind of a man to turn a young girl's
head. I don't think he's worth a cent, and
I believe he is a fortune-hunter."

"Possibly. Flossy ought not to be allowed
to pick acquaintance everywhere."

"He goes in very good society, I believe.
She expects to see him to-night at the
Altringhams. I wish, Callie, dear, you'd
go and take care of Flossy."

"If Mr. Elgin does not come, I will, mam-
ma."

I had become acquainted with Mr. Elgin
while on a visit to New York the previous
spring.

Mamma said "he would be a very nice
match for me." I think that was the reason
I was not much in love with Mr. Elgin,
but I thought he would make a good hus-
band.

Mr. Elgin was a decided reality. He was
a handsome man, stout and florid, wealthy,
and of good position—a better match than
most girls of little beauty and no fortune
would expect to make. Yes, I was engaged
to Mr. Elgin, and we were to be married
in the coming May.

It was only February, when mamma and
I sat making ruffles, matching lace, and
talking over Flossy's danger. Mr. Elgin
was expected in the train that night, but
he did not come until the following week.

I went to the Altringhams that night,
and Flossy was very glad of my company.
Nevertheless, Mr. Harley Ford and his
sister Gracie called for her just the same
that evening, and we entered the brightly
lighted room together.

It was only a little neighborhood party.
The girls had been asked to come because
somehow related. The house was lighted
and full of flowers; there was music and
refreshments, but I recollect nothing distinct-
ly, but the object of my attendance. I
was certain Mr. Ford very much admired
my sister, and that Flossy liked him.

I told mamma so.
"I know it!" she cried excitedly, walking
the floor of her chamber in a white wrap-
per, and looking like a dowager. "He'll
elope with her the first thing we know."

"Not to-night, probably, mamma, and we
shall have time to think what is to be done
to-morrow. I am very tired."

I could not tell why such a weariness
and despondency had come over me. But I
had felt that night that there was some-
thing in Flossy's bright eyes which I had
missed—freedom of choice and enjoyment.

"A man 25 years old—such nonsense! He is
much more suitable for you, Callie, and I
will tell you what must be done. Flossy
will go to the dancing assemblies all the
spring, and Mr. Elgin will be here. You
must leave her to him for an escort. Her
expected brother-in-law—very suitable;
and then this popinjay will be thrown out."

"She may have Mr. Elgin. But I don't
think Mr. Ford will force himself upon her,"
I replied, wearily.

Mr. Elgin came next week. Mr. Ford
called that evening with some flowers for
Flossy—mountain laurel—which he had
found in great profusion in his walk.

"Tell him that Miss Florence is engaged!"
said mamma, sharply to the servant.

"Oh, no, mamma!" I cried, rising and
flushing. "Mr. Ford is a gentleman, we
must treat him civilly. I will go down and
excuse Flossy, and thank him for the
flowers."

So noble, so gentle, so kind, so apprecia-
tive of the pure delight of the lavish presen-
tation, my heart acquiesced him of every
selfish motive in seeking Flossy.

"I shall have a share of them, Mr. Ford,"
I said, receiving the rosy glistening flowers.
"I shall put them in a great vase on the
dinner table, where we can all enjoy them."

"Do so. I am delighted that you, too,
like them," he replied, looking at me car-
cassly.

What in my heart responded so cordially
to those kind, questioning eyes? Why did
the tiny cuckoo clock on the mantelpiece
peal two silvery half hours before Mr. Ford
finally took his leave?

"Pretty well!" cried mamma. "I did not
know you had so much art, Callie."

I had feared he would be a little bored
by the simple country gossamer. He had
been abroad and frequented much fashio-
nable society.

Since he did not pursue Flossy mamma
became more gracious to Mr. Ford, and
one day proposed inviting him to my wed-
ding.

"No, no—not yet," I said, startled. I
know not why. "Don't speak of my mar-
riage before him," I added, "Do let me en-
joy myself as well as I can now. I expect
to be dull enough afterward."

Mamma stared but I went away in a
puff.

I seldom saw Mr. Elgin alone. He was
at Linden Park as one of the family, and
at times I forgot that I was soon to be flesh
of his flesh and bone of his bone. When
I did realize it, a miserable depression
settled over me.

Before I could have anticipated it the
crisis came.

Mr. Elgin had become much abstracted
—had scarcely spoken to me for three days
and I thought he had little taste for the
company that filled the house—for we had
a visitation of country cousins.

Mamma depended upon me to be kind
to the bucolic youths and bashful girls
who were quartered upon us for a week;
and Mr. Ford observing my efforts, came
kindly to my aid, and talked cattle and
crops with the men and complimented
the girls until they were all in love with
him.

He was passing cake and tea one even-
ing, when he suddenly whispered to me—
"Where is Flossy?"

"I don't know."

"And Mr. Elgin?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Did you know that Mr. Elgin took
Flossy to drive this afternoon?"

"No."

"He did. They have not come back I
think, and we are going to have a thunder
shower."

"No."

I went to mamma. At first she was not
much alarmed; but when 9 and 10 o'clock
came, and the wind blew like a hurricane,
she walked about the room like one de-
mented.

How strange that Flossy should have
gone without asking leave. And where
were they to be absent such a length of
time?

At about half-past ten a boy on horse-
back rode up to the door and delivered a
note to mamma. It read as follows:—
"DEAR MRS. SELMER:—It will relieve
your suspense, if not give you pleasure to
learn that Flossy and I are both safe and
well, but will not return to Linden Park,
until to-morrow, as we have just been
married. We are at the Templeton House.
Tell Callie that I do not respect and ad-
mire her any less than formerly; but I had
not the fortitude to resist securing the
golden prize placed within my hand. No
man in the world would do otherwise than
as I have done. I shall endeavor to make
Flossy a good husband, and Callie must
look out for a more faithful lover. Res-
pectfully,

ROBERT ELGIN."

"Eloped!" screamed mamma, holding
the letter in her hand.

"Eloped!" I faltered.

"Eloped!" cried all the country cousins.

Only Harley Ford did nothing, but a
strange light came into his dark eyes.
He did not approach me until the confused
household was in order—at 12 o'clock at
night—and then he came to say good-
night. He held my hand.

"Callie, you are free now. Are you
sorry?"

"No."

"I love you. Are you sorry for that?"

Social Facetiae.

No. 5.
In the walks of life we meet with men
remarkable for the peculiar castes of their
mind. "Eh, doctor," said a baillie of a
small Scotch town to a friend, "he man
has been an extraordinary man that Shake-
speare; there are things that have come into
his head that never would have come into
mine at all." This amusing simplicity is
sufficient to excite our risible faculties
into free exercise. In this as well as in
other respects equally worthy of notice are
the curious facts characteristic of not a few
young men. Afflictions, when accompanied
with grace, alter their nature, as wormwood
stated with bread will lose its bitterness.

To reject the evidence of prophecy till all
lives pale agree exactly about it, argues
a conduct as wise in the infidels, as if they
should decline sitting down to a good din-
ner, till all the clocks in London and West-
minster struck four together!

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employ-
ment; and I have known a man come
home in high spirits from a funeral merely
because he had had the management of it.

A child is eager to have any toy he sees,
but throws it away at the sight of another,
and is equally eager to have that. We are
most of us children through life, and only
change one toy for another from the cradle
to the grave.

Many persons spend so much time in
criticising and disputing about the Gospel,
that they have none left for practicing it.
As if two sick men should quarrel about the
phrasing of their physician's prescrip-
tion, and forget to take the medicine. All
the traits of character just mentioned, are
each capable of producing within us a vivid
sense of the ludicrous; but instead of en-
larging upon any one of them towards this
end, let us single out a few others of a
similar kind for our amusive entertain-
ment.

(a) Men's ideas of pleasure in things,
differ as wide as the poles, both in cause
and kind. Men's ideas of pleasure in things,
if correct, have their foundation in truth,
varied, it may be, according to their situa-
tion and circumstances of life; but it often
happens, that men's ideas of pleasure in
things have their foundation in fiction or
caprice, and that there is often a marked
contradiction between some men and the
causes of their pleasure in things. The
favourite topic of seamen on the ocean is
rural life, we have never yet known a ship-
master, however fond of his profession,
whose dream of the future was not a place
in the country, and the oversight of acres
and herds. London authors and artists
create the most vivid interiors, and pay the
most subtle homage to nature under a cloudy
sky and in a humid air, while the tropic
genius, bathed in the luxuries of climate,
expends its energy in superstition and vague
fantasies; Paul Jones, the hero of desperate
maritime battles, loved Thompson's
Seasons; Bonaparte, whose greatest skill
lay in material success, found his literary
recreations in the wild rhapsodies of Oasian.

It became a proverb in France, that the
women most successful in the salon, and
their career by the most rigorous devotion.
Metaphysical Kant cheered himself with
birds, and our most laborious and venerable
jurist used to steal away to the barn, and
recluse on a haymow, watch the swal-
lows in the eaves. Washington's first
letters, after he had sheathed his sword and
retired to Mount Vernon, allude to the
strange feeling with which he awoke in the
morning and realised that he had no march
to plan, forage to supply, or military or
civil duties to methodise; and he soon be-
came a systematic agricultural life as a sub-
stitute for national duties. Sidney Smith
talked nonsense after writing a chapter on
moral philosophy. Thus instinctively do
select intelligences and strong characters
seek the relief of contrast, and so preserve
the wholesome balance of the mind, and
escape the consequences of unmed power,
such as drive weaker temperaments to de-
spair or absurdity.

(b) The bachelor's position in society.
He may stand high in social, moral, and
intellectual qualities; but he is, neverthe-
less, made the bolt of all sorts of annoyances
on account of his single blessedness. Papa
crack their jokes at him, mamma takes
him on all occasions, and young ladies peke
fun at him. He is quizzed as if he were a
"frank of nature," or he is regarded with
curiosity, as if he were a moral anomaly;
and he is, therefore, subjected to the en-
quiry, "What is a bachelor? A bachelor is
nothing; he is neither half a man nor a
whole man; this can prove better than
by reasoning, for we prove it by Scripture,
where we are told, "that these two," that
is male and female, "make one," conse-
quently they are halves, because they make
but one together; and yet they are not
halves, because they are called together
two—these two. The fact is, then, they
are neither halves nor wholes—a sort of
nondescripts; then, too, as nuisances, they
propagate nuisances, or cause an accumu-
lation of connecting evils; for old maids
and disappointed young ones are conse-
quences of bachelors, with all the annoy-
ances of the former and tragedies of the
latter.

(c) Woman's toil. In the domestic circle,
her work is undefined. She is there, the
woman of all work, and never out of the
harassment from morning to night. "A man's
work is sometimes done, but woman's
never." She is necessitated to work on
without end. Under the pressure of con-
tinued work, her life is the misery of

drudgery and the irksomeness of thraldom.
Her dream, therefore, of happiness and
freedom, is complete cessation from work.
This, in the style of the serio-comic is set
forth in the stanza withagrammatic
point—

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house whose help was not tired;
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am
going."

Where nothing ain't done, nor ebbing nor waxing,
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of
dishes.

I'll be where loved anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing,
Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for me
never.

For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."
If we now pass from the facetious to the
serious, small incidents, it is to be observed,
often take a theological turn, mixed with
a spice of the ludicrous e. g. When a lady
was half way up the Rigi she asked the con-
ductor what would happen if one of the
engines of the track should give way. He
replied that there was a brake at the for-
ward end of the car. She imagined that
the brake itself might give way, and asked
what would be the consequence then. The
conductor assured her that there would be
no danger even in that extremity, for there
was another brake at the rear end of the
car. "But," she persisted, "suppose that
should give way, too, where would we go
in that case?" The conductor, who was a
Lutheran of the old school, replied, "Ma-
dame, in that case it would depend entirely
on how you have been brought up."

Between the two cases, there is a differ-
ence, and yet there is a similarity. In the
case of the one woman, there is simply the
desire to escape from the evils of this world
without any idea of the future award, good
or bad, consequent upon the present life;
in the case of the other, there is a vivid
realization of the world to come as its
awards and a consequent dread to enter
upon it. By both, we are taught to avoid
what is comical in life, and thereby to
practice such maxims as—1. Persevere
against discouragement; 2. Keep your
temper; 3. Employ leisure in study, and
always have some work on hand; 4. Be
punctual and methodical in business, and
never procrastinate; 5. Preserve self-pos-
session, and do not be talked out of a con-
viction; 6. Rise early and be an economist
of time; 7. Never be in a hurry; 8. Main-
tain dignity without the appearance of pride.
Manner is something with everybody and
everything with some; 9. Be guarded in
discourse, attentive and slow to speak; 10.
Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious
opinion; 11. Be not forward to assign
reasons to those who have no right to ask;
12. Think nothing in conduct unimport-
ant and inferior; 13. Rather set than follow
example; 14. Practise strict temperance;
15. And, in all your transactions remember
the final account.

Running a Newspaper.

The following extracts are from an article
on this subject in the Milton, Champion:—
"We have recently heard so many crude
and peculiar ideas expressed by well mean-
ing people regarding the objects and the
sources from which he derives his remunera-
tion that we think a little information on
the subject may be interesting and useful
to some of our readers. It appears to be
the general opinion among subscribers to a
weekly paper that the amount received in
subscriptions is ample repayment for the
trouble and money expended in its publica-
tion and that he who for some real or imag-
inary offence says "stop my paper" inflicts
a heavy and lasting punishment upon the
publisher. It should be understood, then,
that the cash expenditure for one year upon
a properly conducted journal with 1,000
subscribers is from \$1,500 to 2,000, while
the publisher is fortunate if he receives
\$800 in subscriptions during the year, hav-
ing to depend on job work and advertising
to make up the loss and keep him in bread
and butter \* \* \* We have been asked to
insert a \$5 advt. of "farm for sale" gratis be-
cause the advertiser was a subscriber \* \* \*
We once threatened a man with a suit who
owed us for several years subscription. He
is a merchant and lumber dealer and when
he came in to pay us he said the paper was
no use