THE REVIEW

is PUBLISHED

Every Thursday.

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town

Durham, - - Ont.

TERMS:—$1.00 per year in Advance

or $1.25 if not paid within two months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Professional and business cards, one inch space and under, per year,	$ 4
Two inches or 24 lines Nonpariel measure	7
Three inches do. per year	10
Quarter column, per year	18
Half column, "	32
One column, "	60
Do. six months	32
Do. three months	18

General advertisements charged 8cts. per line for the first insertion, and 2 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion — Nonpareil measure.

Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and all kinds of local news, inserted free of charge.

STRAY ANIMALS, &c., advertised three weeks for $1, the advertisement not to exceed 8 lines.

Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates.

J. TOWNSEND.

The Grey Review.

Vol. III. No. 47. DURHAM, Co. Grey, JANUARY 13, 1881. Whole No. 150.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

E. D. MACMILLAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c.—OFFICE opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town, Durham.

Money to Loan. y10

C. B. JACKES, B. A.

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

Lower Town, Durham. y 7th, 1878. y-64

McFAYDEN & ROBARTS,

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

C. McFAYDEN. y 52 J. T. ROBARTS.

Frost & Frost,

BARRISTERS and Attorney's-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, etc. Owen Sound, have removed at Flesherton. Office open every Thursday as heretofore.

ALFRED FROST. J. W. FROST, LL. B.

County Crown Attorney.

June 24th, 1880. y31

MEDICAL.

DR. KIERNAN,

GRADUATE of Victoria University, Toronto, and Under-Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Surgery in rear of Medical Hall Lower Town, Durham. v8

DR. LIGHTBODY,

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

DENTISTRY.

J. S. JEROME, Licentiate of Dental Surgery, will visit Durham, Office, British Hotel, the last two weeks of every month, where he will be most happy to wait upon all those that may favor him with their patronage. All work entrusted to him will be performed in the latest and most approved style. Remember, any of the following Dentists of Toronto.

Main Street—Windsor. *m151

F. Z. NIXON,

GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

DUNDALK, Ont.

Will be at Dunlop's Hotel, Shelburne, every Monday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 2 p. m. Dundalk, March 20th, 1879. y37

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALEXANDER BROWN,

PRICEVILLE, ONT.,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, Commissioner in B.R. &c. Conveyancer, and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

Farmers, Merchants, and Land Sales attended to with punctuality and charges made very moderate.

Priceville, 1880. lm-116

South End Bakery, Durham.

REMOVAL.

A. PALMER, Baker, has removed to his New and Commodious Building, just South of Mr. James Brown's Store, where he will constantly keep on hand a supply of Bread, Cakes, etc. Tea and Surprise Parties supplied on the shortest notice and at very low prices. Pastry made to order. He would also take this opportunity of thanking the inhabitants of Durham, and surrounding country, for the patronage bestowed on him during the past two and a half years, and as usual will supply bread daily at any place in the Town.

Durham, May 13, 1880. y116

Lumber, Lumber,

Shingles, Shingles,

Lath & Lime,

AT THE ROCKVILLE MILLS. Also a large quantity of JOISTS. Lot 41, Con. 2 W. G. R. Bentinck.

J. W. CRAWFORD,

1500 Bush. Fresh Lime.

Durham P. O., May 25th, 1880.

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 price work in the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

Formerly Master Shoemaker in Her Majesty's Rifle Regiment.

For Summer Trade, Fine Sewed Wellington Boots, only $6.00. Laced Balmorals, Sewed, only $5. Low Shoes, Sewed, only $4.50. The best French Stock used.

Alexander Robertson,

TAILOR,

Residence at the Old Post Office, Lower Town, DURHAM.

THE subscriber is prepared to Receive and Make Up, on the shortest notice, and in the Latest Style, Men and Boy's Clothing. A good fit guaranteed.

Latest Fashions Regularly Received

Is Agent for Wilson & Co. Sewing Machine Manufacturers, Hamilton, which he is prepared to sell cheap for cash and on time. These machines are reliable and highly finished, fit for any drawing-room.

A. ROBERTSON.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

25 Acres of Land For Sale.

FOR Sale, the South Half of the Third Division of Lot Twenty-eight, in the First Concession West of the Garafraxa Road, in the Township of Bentinck. Twenty acres cleared, and five acres well timbered with Cedar and Hardwood Watered by a never-failing Creek. This land will be sold Cheap for Cash, or part Cash and the balance secured by mortgage. For further particulars apply to

WM. JOHNSTON, Normanby, or F. MACRAE, Durham.

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.

Town Lots for Sale.

I AM instructed to offer for sale the following Lots in the Town of Durham on easy terms of payment, viz: 8, 9, 10 and 11 on the East side of Albert Street, and 8, 9, 10 and 11 on the West side of Elgin Street.

I am also authorized to receive tenders for the purchase of lots 58 and 59 in the 2nd Con., E.G.R., in the Township of Glenelg, either together or separately.

Tenders to state amount of Cash payment and number of years required for balance, and rate of Interest.

Dated at Durham this 8th Sept., A.D. 1880

C. B. JACKES,

Lower Town, Durham.

Robert Davis'

Real Estate CATALOGUE.

Farms For Sale

In Artemesia, in the County of Grey.

LOTS 115, 116 and 117 in the 2nd Range, N. E. of T. & S. Road; 150 acres, 110 cleared. This is one of the best grain farms in the Township.

October, 14, 1880. 138

J. A Halsted & Co.,

BANKERS,

DURHAM.

Office opposite McAlister's Hotel.

Deposits Received,

And Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

MONEY ADVANCED

To farmers and business men on short date endorsed notes or good collaterals.

Sale notes purchased at a fair valuation.

Drafts issued at usual Bank rates, payable at all Banks in Ontario and Quebec.

Collections of notes and accounts on reasonable terms.

122 G. L. DAVIS, Manager.

JOHN ROBERTSON

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

DURHAM ST., DURHAM.

Residence—Opposite the Canada Presbyterian Church.

Cutting done to Order.

Spring and Summer Fashions regularly received.

Durham, Feb. 14, 1878.

Blacksmithing & Waggon Making.

JAMES HANNA

THE famous Cavalry Horseshoer has secured the services of a Good Wagon-maker.

Business prompt and Prices reasonable.

Dundalk, Sept. 23rd, 1880 b-126.

For the Fall.

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

Boots & Shoes

FOR

Ladies', Misses', Gentlemen's and Youth's wear, have just been opened out by

JAMES WILLEY,

LOWER TOWN, DURHAM.

The Prices are low, and the goods such as to secure the patronage of all who call.

Durham, Sept. 16, 1880 138

Just to Hand!

—AT—

BURNET'S

Grocery and Provision Store

Upper Town, DURHAM,

Another Lot of Splendid

BACON.

GROCERIES, of all kinds

Always in Stock, and will be sold Cheap for Cash or Farm Produce.

POETRY

For the Grey Review.

New Year's Hymn.

O Lord another year we've seen
Pass like a shadow or a dream,
With all its hopes, and joys, and fears,
Its pains and pleasures, smiles and tears.

And now when a new year is rung,
To Thee we raise our grateful song
Of thanks for all the mercies shown
To us throughout the year that's gone.

And while we welcome the New Year,
O may we feel that thou art near,
And seek thy blessing to attend
Our journey through it to the end.

And may the seasons as they fly,
Remind us that we too must die;
That here on earth we cannot stay—
That life is but a fleeting day.

And if O Lord this year should be
The last which we shall ever see,
O, may our happy spirits wing
Their flight to heaven, to Christ their king.

A. T., Glenelg.

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task;
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look on it as no ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

Writing for Life.

"My dear Tom, I speak to you not only as an old friend, but as a medical man; and I see that it is quite necessary for you to have complete and perfect rest for some weeks. You have been overdoing it in nursing that old uncle in the country for the last three months, and, to my own knowledge, have taken the last train down there at night and the first train to town in the morning, and have consequently not had a good night's rest for all that time. How can a man stand it, added to your hospital work all day, without suffering from it? Don't you feel you require rest?"

"Not the least in the world," returned Raven, "Oddly enough, the nursing seems to have done me good. I confess to having felt thoroughly knocked up some six weeks since; but I battled bravely against the feeling, won the victory, and now I'm as fresh as paint and up to work far better than ever."

"You don't look it. I repeat, you look thoroughly worn out. But you know your own business and state of health; and, now your uncle has gone and left you a pottul of money, you can take things easily."

"Yes, old boy, I'm game for anything—mind and body first-class; and I intend to stick to my hospital work. It's very good of you, Jack, to take an interest in my health and all that, but say no more about it, I beg."

"I promise to say nothing to anybody."

Raven and I were at the same hospital—St. Lazarous—where he held a medical and I a surgical appointment. We were both hard worked, often day and night; and my time and attention, for about three months after the above conversation, were so fully occupied and engrossed that I thought no more of the occurrence. Raven looked in good health, and was very successful—indeed he bade fair to rise in a short time to great eminence in the profession. He was immensely popular with every one. His florid complexion, combined with a frank, open, and hearty manner in speaking made him a friend with everybody, and inspired confidence in all his patients as well as in all his friends.

As nearly as I can recollect, it must have been about three months after his uncle died that Raven came up to me one day in the hospital.

"I've just received a summons to Exeter, said he. "The family is wealthy and influential; and from what I know of the case I've been called t' ere to attend, I am sure it is more of a surgical than a medical one. It will be an excellent chance for you Lawson; and I can promise you a good fee to begin with. Therefore, if you can possibly manage it, meet me at Paddington this evening at half-past nine and we will go down together by the express. Send me word during the afternoon if you can come or not."

I hesitated. It was in the depths of winter, and I hardly liked leaving my wife and a most important baby; but fees were scarce—this was a golden opportunity not to be rashly neglected. I decided to risk my wife's disappointment.

"It is most kind of you, Tom. I will certainly go down with you. So far as I can see, there will be nothing to prevent my doing so."

A gleam of satisfaction shot through his bright blue eyes.

"You promise?"

"Unless anything unforseen should happen to prevent me, I will be at the station by half-past nine."

"Remember."

Raven was dramatically impressive, I thought as we parted; and I arranged my work so as to be able to keep my appointment. The hardest task was breaking the news to Amy, who would be low spirited and conjure up all sorts of horrors and impending railway accidents, and who finally dissolved in a shower of tears as I tore my self away, burdened with no end of rugs and comforters to alleviate in some measure the moral wet blanket she had thrown over me.

I was only just in time to catch Raven, who hastily opened the door of the railway carriage.

"Jump in, Jack, jump in? Half a crown to the guard has secured this compartment for us all the way down; so we shall have it to ourselves without interruption. Time's up; you have run it fine. Fire away!"

He flung in my bag and the several rugs, etc., and we entered. The guard touched his hat and shut the door with a bang.

"This door is unlocked, guard?" said I.

"Yes, Sir; side nearest the platform unlocked. The other door is locked."

He whistled, and the train started.

"I can't bear the idea of both doors being locked," I remarked to Raven. "In case of accident it would be impossible to escape from the carriage."

"It dosen't matter," he said and then relapsed into silence.

For about twenty minutes he remained opposite to me, sometimes with his eyes closed, sometimes with them fixed upon me in a most unpleasant manner. All my endeavours to draw him into conversation failed, and after a time I gave them up and also relapsed into silence.

Suddenly he rose from the seat and drew from the side of his overcoat a long and pointed knife, which flashed ominously in lamplight.

"Jack Lawson, we must both of us die to-night." said he calmly and deliberately, without any excitement of manner. "I feel that the time has came for us both to quit this vale of tears."

"Yes; I agree with you Tom Raven," I replied—seeing what had happened—in as calm a voice as his own. I have long thought that life was becoming very undesirable; and, to leave it in your company with you, my oldest and warmest friend, would be the most agreeable thing that could happen. But—you are not married, Tom."

"Thank Heaven, no!"

"Remember, I am married; and, had you given me notice of this wish of yours before starting, I would have made arrangements and have spoken to my wife to prepare her for it. Have you made your will?"

"No, I have not."

"Good Heaven, man, not made your will. Tom it is absolutely necessary for both of us to make our wills before we die. I have not made mine, and should not like to leave the world with the chance of my wife and child having to go tot he work house or to be chargeable on the parish after my death. You would wish to leave your money to some one in particular—is it not so?"

"Of course I should like to leave my money—of course—yes! I never thought of making my will."

"You must also remember, Tom, that it would never do to die deliberately in the way we both wish to die, without leaving to the world our reason for the act. You would not wish your name to be a by word and the cause of derision to any one, I am sure; and I am certain I don't wish my own to be so. Therefore we must draw out our reasons for dying."

"Do you know, Jack, I never thought of that."

"Well, then, first put your knife down on the cushion there, and then we will set to work. I've plenty of paper in my bag and plenty of led in my pencil, and we've the whole night before us."

A tremble in my hand, a quiver in my voice, would have been fatal. I opened the bag and drew forth my writing paper, The knife was on the cushion at my side.

"Now, Tom, let us first state our reasons to the world for wishing to die to-night by our own hands. If you will dictate to me your reasons I will write them down, and then we will revise and correct them. After that, I will dictate my own to you and you will write them. We shall be able to do our work well and quickly."

"Quite right, Jack; we ought to give them our reasons. How odd that I never thought of that! Let me see; if I kill you first, I might just write them out afterwards."

"Ah, but who would write out mine? Don't be selfish, there's a good chap."

"To be sure! Well are you ready?"

He began dictating long and flowery sentances. Now and again I interrupted his flow of language to gain time. This kept him thoroughly occupied and interested, while the train sped on at express rate. He had nearly finished his long rambling dictation, when, to my inexpressible delight, I felt the speed of the train gradually slackening. I knew my chance of deliverance was near.

"Read over for yourself what I have written," I said to him. "The carriage is very close—a little fresh air will do us good. I will make any corrections you may require."

I sat on the knife and reached over to lower the glass. A slight fumbling necessitated my rising to manage better, and the knife was in my left hand concealed under my coat. I turned round to look at my poor friend, and saw him trying intently to read my scribble by the light of the lamp, seemingly unconscious of the stopping of the train. In another moment the glass descended, the knife dropped upon the platform, my hand was thrust through the open window and on the handle of the door. The train nearly stopped as I Jumped out, shut the door, and held the handle firmly. Poor Raven even then was quite engrossed with what I had written for him. I called the guard, and secretly and quietly the porters were assembled on the platform at the door of the carriage.

"Come, Tom, this is Swindon! Let us have a cup of coffee!" I called to him through the window.

In that moment the spell was broken. I saw him look for his knife, then rush to the window at the opposite side; but we were too quick and too powerful for him. The guard, two porters and I jumped into the carriage, and he was secured.

My best friend, with a brilliant future before him, and in the ripe portion of his life, was a raving lunatic, and has remained hopelessly so—insane from that time—one of the many victims to over-work,

I need scarcely add that the case which Raven had represented to me as calling him to Exeter was an entire fabrication, and was invented by him as part of the scheme which, in his madness, he had no doubt seriously imagined would be for the benefit of both of us.

I frequently go to the Asylum where he is to enquire after him; but the mention of my name brings on such a violent aggravation of his disease that I am not allowed to see him. Poor Raven! I fear I shall never see him again.

That terrible night can never be effaced from my memory, and I can never sufficiently congratulate myself on having so fortunately thought of the expedient which answered admirably—WRITING FOR LIFE.

R. A. L.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Donald Ferguson, of the township of Oso, while engaged chopping was killed by a tree falling on him.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Hearns, of Napanee, was smothered in bed on the night of the 4th instant.

The other day at Zimmerman, a horse bit off the under lip and a portion of the chin of a young man named Watson.

Wm. Campbell, Acton, was robbed in that village on Tuesday evening of $45. The robbery was commited by two men who have not been captured.

A man named Bates was sentenced at the last Walkerton County Court Sessions to three years for forgery and two years for fraud in the Penitentiary.

The Brantford Board of trade have taken up the project of extending the Grand Trunk from Galt to that city, and will make an effort to secure its accomplishment.

William Lougheads of Molesworth, who has carried the mail from Molesworth to Listowel for the last 8 years, while cutting down a tree in the bush was crushed by the tree as it fell, and killed instantly.

A bear weighing four hundred pounds was shot in the township of Olden a few days ago. Deer have been killed in that vicinity in great numbers this season. One man living at Sharbot Lake killed over fifty.

Mr. John Hunt, of Northfield, Burford township, recently returned home from near London, where he spent the summer. $149 from the Bank, and that, while going to the station, he was robbed by two men of all his money.

There were 11,796 persons arrested in Montreal last year—8,959 males and 5,837 females. The sum of $8,226.61 was found in the possession of the prisoners and returned to them. Stolen money and goods to the value of $29,751.50 were recovered by the police and handed to the proper owners.

The Montreal *Witness* says:—A villain, who is supposed by the police to have been connected with the ruin, for the purposes of prostitution, of one or two hundred girls, is on conviction in one case, sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of $100, which is said to be the utmost rigour of the law. We ask Parliament now sitting to provide for such being sent to the penitentiary for not less than 25 years. We do not mind how much more. Montreal is now called the Circassia of Chicago.

The Orangeville *Advertiser* hits the mark when it speaks as follows:—"Many people appear to be unconscious of the imposition they are practising in taking a newspaper without paying for it until due for a year or more. Does the farmer get a year's credit on his grain, or the merchant on his goods? Is the laborer expected to wait a year for his wages, or the clerk or official for his salary? Is any one expected to wait a year or more for his money besides the printer, who has to pay for all his expenses?"

Mr. A. Church, writing to the *North Shore Miner* concerning his discovery of a mountain of graphite in the Lake Superior section of Algoma, after mentioning that he had submitted a sample to an expert, says:—I am now in receipt of his reply, and learn with much pleasure that my discovery is of more importance than I anticipated. The expert says "that it is plumbago, or black lead, of a very superior quality, indeed; that it bears a closer resemblance to the famous Borrowdale lead, of Keswick, in Cumberland, Eng., than any other brought to his notice." The site of the above discovery is at the foot of a bare, rugged and precipitous bluff, or mountain, where the lead in great quantities can be excavated with pick and shovel. The prevailing formation of rock is sparkling granite and clay slates, with strata dripping southwest.

Clerical Facetia.

(*Continued.*)

Ministers are, as it has been shown, both the subjects and objects of wit; but there are other aspects from which they may be viewed with peculiar interest, and we therefore proceed to give a few kaleidoscope views of them. The first is a view of Talmage in his merits as a preacher.—Of Talmage the Glasgow *Mail* says:—"Compared with Moody he wants earnestness, with Spurgeon originality, and with Gough the knowledge of platform effect. Generally speaking, had we not known that it was the celebrated American orator who was lecturing, we might have mistaken him for an ordinary Presbyterian minister making a humorous speech at a first class soiree. The audience, however, knew it was Talmage, and so laughed "consumedly."

The second is a view of Spurgeon, as possessed of the qualities of celebrated men.—Dr. Armitage, refering to Spurgeon, says:—"He thinks like Andrew Fuller, he sings like Milton, he dreams like Bunyan, he preaches like Hall."

The third is a view of Hall in the preparation of his sermons.—Occasionally Robert Hall would fix on some passage without taking the precaution of ascertaining its place in the Bible. If, however, his brother-in-law, Mr. Isaac James, who was jocosely termed "a living Concordance," happened to be on hand, no difficulty arose, for he would say in a moment where such a passage was to be found. On one occasion Mr. Hall had prepared a sermon on the uncertainty of life and the nearness of death, associating the subject with the words, "In the midst of life we are in death;" but while turning over the Bible in the vestry, and unable to find them there, he said:—"Mr. James, I cannot find the text; where is it?" "If you will tell me the words of it, Mr. Hall I will try and help you." "Why, sir, that wonderful passage, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'" "Do you think, sir, that passage, fine and striking as it unquestionably is, is in the Bible?" "Of course I do, Mr. James. It is my text, and must therefore be in the Bible, sir." "I don't see that, Mr. Hall. You may have been thinking of a topic to which those words are suited; but they are not in the Bible, sir; they are in the prayer-book." "What am I to do, sir? That is my text, sir, and you know I cannot preach without a text." "There are plenty of passages in the Bible, Mr. Hall, which express the sentiment of those words with far greater distinctness and force. What think you of David's language to Jonathan—'There is but a step between me and death?'"

There are other aspects of amusing interest, to which we now draw attention:—

1. A curious case of coincidence at a church service.—A rev. gentleman who had engaged to preach in one of the Dundee churches was on the train, and like it, was of course not "up to time;" for when the hour of commencing divine service had arrived he had *not*. Waiting in hope, one of the elders took heart of grace and gave out a Paraphrase to be sung till it should be seen whether the missing minister would turn up. With a bold prophetic spirit, the elder gave out the Paraphrase containing the vers, "Behold he comes, your leader comes"—and, just as the line was being sung, the longed-for clerical 'leader' came, and stalked up to the vacant pulpit amid the ill-suppressed titters of the congregation.

2. The ludicrous side of ministers.—Coleridge's father was rather an eccentric character. It is told that once when he had to go from home for several days, his wife packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him strictly to be sure and use them. On his return, his wife, on opening the portmanteau, was surprised to find no shirts in it. On asking him to account for this she found that he had duly obeyed her commands, and had put on a shirt every day but had never taken one off. Equally ludicrous is the case of the Rector's false teeth.—He had been compelled to send to a dentist his set of false teeth in order that some repairs might be made. The dentist had faithfully promised to send them back 'by Saturday,' but the Saturday's post did not bring the box containing the rector's teeth. There was no Sunday post, and the village was nine miles from the post town. The dentist, it afterwards appeared, had posted the teeth on Saturday afternoon, with the full conviction that their owner would duly receive them on Sunday morning in time for service. The old rector bravely tried to do that duty which England expects every man to do, more especially if he is a parson, and if it is a Sunday morning; but, after he had mumbled through the prayers with equal difficulty and incoherency, he decided that it would be advisable to abandon any further attempts to address his congregation on that day. While a hymn was being sung, he called his clerk to the vestry, and there said to him, "It is quite useless for me to attempt to go on. The fact is, that my dentist has not sent me back my artificial teeth; and as it is impossible for me to make myself understood you must tell the congregation that the service for this morning is ended, and that there will be no service this afternoon." The old clerk went back to his desk, and the singing of the hymn—in 'the singing gallery"—was brought to a close, and the rector, from his retreat in the vestry, heard his clerk address the congregation as follows: 'This is to give notice that there will be no sermon, nor no more service this mornin', so you'd better all go whum; and there won't be no service this afternoon, as the rector hasn't got his artful teeth from the dentist!"

3. The second sight of ministers. The Rev. Mr. Bees, a minister of Campbeltown more than a century ago, was said to have the second sight. One time being at the Assembly, and coming home on Saturday to his flock, he was overtaken by a storm, which drove the packet into Rothesay. He went to preach in the church on the Sabbath. The rafters of the roof above not being lathed, in the middle of his sermon he looked up, and with a loud voice, cried, "You're there, Satan, ye kept me from preaching to my own congregation, but ye cannot keep me from preaching for all that," and then went on with his sermon. At another time, his congregation having assembled on the Sabbath as usual, the minister was walking rapidly on the grass after the time of meeting, the elders not being willing to disturb him by telling him the time was expired. At last he clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Well done, John;" the Duke of Argyle being at that present at the head of the British army in Flanders, fighting a battle in which he was victorious. The minister, by the power of second sight, witnessed the battle and exclaimed, when he saw it won, "Well done, John!" He went afterwards and preached to his congregation. Another Sabbath, when preaching to his congregation, some of the members having fallen asleep, he cried to him "Awake." In a short time the man fell asleep again. The minister bade him awake and hear the sermon. The man fell asleep the third time, when the minister cried with a loud voice, "Awake and hear this sermon, for it will be the last you will hear in this life." Before the next Sabbath the man was dead. On the morning of a Communion Sabbath, Mr. Boes got up very early, convinced that something was wrong about the Church. He examined it, and found that the beams of the gallery were almost sawn through by the emissaries of Satan, in order that the congregation, by the falling of the gallery, might be killed. He got carpenters and smiths employed until they put the church in a safe state, and proceeded with the solemn service of the day with great earnestness. Mr. Boes was sometimes severely tried with temptations, having imaginary combats with Satan, and being very ill natured. On one of these occasions he shut himself up in his room for three days. His wife being afraid he would starve with hunger, sent the servant man with food to him, but the minister scattered it on the floor. The servant-man exclaimed, "The devil's in the man!" In a moment the minister, becoming quite calm, answered, "You are quite right," then partook of the food and returned to his former habits.

G. S.

INJURED BY A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE.—Willy Johnston, aged 12, son of John H. Johnston, of Hanover, met with a serious accident on Thursday by the explosion of a dynamite cartridge. The lad was not aware of the dangerous character of the cartridge which he struck with a hammer, when it instantly exploded, carrying of his thumb and seriously mutilating his hand. Dr. Landerkin was summoned and found it necessary to amputate a portion of the poor lad's hand.

THE RAILWAY DEPOTS IN FRONT BORNED.—During Tuesday night the G. W. R. and C. V. R. stations were entered by burglars. At the G. W. R. station they received nothing, but did considerable damage in the way of breaking locks and smashing furniture. The C. V. R. station did not escape so fortunately. The loss amounted to about a hundred dollars or more. They carried off several things in the way of baggage, besides taking a quantity of clothing belonging to the agent, worth about $15, and some six dollars in change which had been left in the till. Entrance was gained by breaking the windows in each station.

The rapid reduction of our national debt is a matter for general congratulation, especially because of the contrast it presents to the situation in other countries. Great Britain and Holland are the only countries in Europe which owe less at present than they did at the close of our civil war; and as regards the former, the process of reducing its debt—always a slow one—has been stopped since the time when the Tories cast came into power. Even Canada has a growing debt, which is heavier proportionally to her wealth and resources than that of the United States. If she continue to add to it at the present rate, we may be forced to buy in the Dominion at sheriff's sale, to prevent its falling into the hands of some foreign despot or English brewer.—*The American.*

The question of dividing the District of Algoma for judicial and other purposes is again seriously talked of in that region. At the present time the inhabitants of the Manitoulin Island, for instance, are compelled to go to Sault Ste. Marie with all civil cases that cannot be tried before a Division Court, and all criminal cases that a magistrate may not try, thus necessitating a journey of 200 miles, which also means a loss of from ten to twenty days, and a very heavy burden of additional expenses. During last summer, a merchant who had on hand a stock valued at about $3,000 got into difficulty with his creditors, and they attempted to force him into insolvency. Notwithstanding that the summer season is the most favorable for making the trip to the Sault, before the writ could issue from that place eleven days elapsed, and all the stock but about $300 worth had disappeared. The expense of sending a prisoner to the Sault is enormous. It cost in one instance to send a man who had stolen goods worth $7.50 the sum of $370 to get him to gaol. The *Expositor*, which gives the above illustrations of the inconvenience caused by the present condition of the District, asks not only for a division for judicial purposes, but also for the purpose of giving the people increased parliamentary representation.

The Cyprus garrison has been reduced to 500 British troops.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO