

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising space and Rate per line/week.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL
E. D. MACMILLAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c.—OFFICE
opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town.

MEDICAL
DR. LIGHTBODY,
WILL be at his Office, Hanover, from 8
a.m. to Noon, at Home, 2nd Con. N.E.R.

MISCELLANEOUS.
ALEXANDER BROWN,
PRICEVILLE, ONT.

South End Bakery, Durham.
REMOVAL.
A. PALMER, Baker, has removed to

Lumber, Lumber,
Shingles, Shingles,
Lath & Lime,

Alexander Robertson,
TAILOR,
Residence at the Old Post Office, Lower Town,

F. DOWNES,
House, Sign, and
Ornamental Painter,

Look out for cold weather.
How are you for Socks?

Knitting Stockings & Socks
WM. JOHNSTON, Jr.,
Lower Town, Durham,

Handover Carriage Works,
HANOVER, ONT.

The Grey Review

J. A. Halsted & Co.,
BANKERS,
DURHAM.

Deposits Received,
And Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent.

MONEY ADVANCED
To farmers and business men on short dated
discounted notes or good collateral.

JOHN ROBERTSON
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
DURHAM ST., DURHAM.

Cutting done to Order.
Spring and Summer Fashions regularly
received.

Blacksmithing & Waggon
Making.

JAMES HANNA
THE famous Cavalry Horseshoer has
secured the services of a Good Waggon-

Durham Planing Mill,
SASH, DOOR,
AND—
Blind Factory.

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



Province of Ontario Directory
FOR 1881-82.

MR. LOVELL, at the request of several
of the Merchants and others of the Province

Alphabetical Directory
AND THROUGH
Classified Business Directory

J. C. JOPP,
TANNER, CURRIER and Dealer
IN
Leather, Hides, Boots,

Factory Boots & Shoes,
Suitable for all at very low prices.

Cash for Hides.
J. C. JOPP.

Handover Carriage Works,
HANOVER, ONT.

Farming Implements.
R. MCNALLY

POETRY

Young Charlotte.
Young Charlotte lived on the mountain side.

Descent of the Gladstones.
Coklaw or Coklawa was a "peel," tower,

Carl Springel.
CARL SPRINGEL is the name of a boy who

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had succumbed to the fury of the water

which rushed down upon its foundations

irresistible torrents from the mountain side.

Hurrying on as fast as he could Carl

reached the railroad track, and his worst

fears were realized. Upon the track, some

ten feet away from the entrance to the

bridge had been his father's hand-car,

with his red lantern burning dimly in it;

and by the lantern's light Carl could see

the full extent of the disaster. Every sec-

tion, every timber of the bridge had been

swept away, and the yawning gulf and

roaring flood were all that were left.

"Father, father," cried Carl in his loud-

est tone. "Father, father," he called

again, "where are you?"

But no answering voice responded, and

they rushed upon his brain the terrible

certainty that his father had gone down

with the bridge.

For a moment his mind was filled with

unutterable anguish. But it was only for

a moment. Quick as thought it flashed

upon his mind that it was almost time for

the last night train from the city above

to come rushing along with its living

freight.

No danger-signal gleamed from the

water-tower upon the bridge, and on they

would come, unsuspecting of their peril

until it was too late, and they would be

dash in a moment into the seething flood,

more than a hundred feet below.

What was to be done? Forgetting for

the instant the great woe that had befallen

him, Carl decided at once that it was his

duty to supply his father's place, and warn

the train of its peril in time to save it, if

possible. But what could he do?

The tempest increased in fury, and the

rain poured down as though it would never

stop. Hark, the train is coming! Already

he hears it rumbling on towards destruc-

tion, and it must be near or he could not

hear it above the storm.

He cannot run with his poor crippled

legs, so he throws himself upon the hand-

car, and nerves himself for a mighty effort.

As though his own life were at stake, he

begins to turn. Slowly at first then faster

and faster, he drives the car in the direc-

tion of the approaching train.

On, on, dashes the mighty horse; near-

er and nearer it comes. Oh if he could

only warn them while there is yet time to

stop the train. If he can get far enough

off to save the train from rushing headlong

into that horrible grave.

Around the mountain side, on the curving

track, the train speeds along. The gleam

of the light is now shed upon the plain,

and the boy knows that the supreme

moment is at hand.

On thunders the engine, and the track

trembles beneath the heavy burden. Sud-

denly, around a sharp bend, a hundred feet

away, full on his sight, bursts the blazing

light of the engine.

Ceasing from his labor, Carl Springel

braces himself with one hand, and grasp-

ing the red lantern in the other, swinging

it wildly above his head.

"The bridge is down! The bridge is

down! He cries, with all his power. "The

bridge is down! The bridge is do—"

The engineer has seen him but cannot

save him. With a dull thud the engine

clears the obstruction from the track, and

dashes along—but slower and slower now.

A Monomania.

At Toronto a curious case came up in

Chancery on the 2nd inst., before Vice Chan-

cellor Blake, being an application by Mrs.

John Alpaugh, a handsome woman of Gara-

fraxa, county of Wellington, for a commis-

sion of lunacy for her husband, who is a

wealthy man. Mrs. Alpaugh testifies that

they were married thirty years ago, and

that he had been insane for eighteen years.

One of his hallucinations was that his fan-

ily were all devils, and it would be no crime

to kill them. For ten years he had lived in

a room by himself, which he kept locked

when he occupied it, and did his own cook-

ing. He had raved about calling meetings

of the people to get up a raid on the banks

in order to get gold to pave the streets of

the New Jerusalem which was to be located

on his farm. He had been in the Asylum

twice, and had told her that he had fasted

for forty days because no one that had a

dirty stomach could enter the New Jerusa-

lem. He had often threatened to roast the

house and all the devils in it. He labored

under a hallucination that she was the queen

of the New City and ride on a scarlet throne

and marry the Pope, which was to be the

last wedding in the world. He had given

her \$1,500, which she spent in raising her

family.

The Feeding Value of Bran.

The late Alexander Hyde, a well known

agricultural writer, had an opinion of the

feeding quality of bran. Experience of

stock-feeders has confirmed the opinion

long held by men of science that in some

essential elements of food it is much richer

even than the pure kernel that it encloses.

Mr. Hyde says:

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