'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

Casual advertisements charged 8 cts. 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.

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, 1879. y-64

Frost & Frost,

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

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

June 24th, 1880. y31

MEDICAL.

DR. LIGHTBODY,

WILL be at his Office, Hanover, from 8 a.m. to Noon. At home, 2nd Con. N.D.R. Rankin, after noon. Messages for the Dr. left at Lutherford's attended to. 172

F. Z. NIXON,

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. y57

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. fm-116

South End Bakery, Durham.

REMOVAL.

A. PALMER, Baker, has removed to his New and Commodious Building, just South of McJames 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,

1600 Bush. Fresh Lime.

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

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 guarranteed.

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.

F. DOWNES,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter,

DURHAM.

Glazing, Graining, and Paper Hanging promptly attended to.

Fresco and Banner Painting a Speciality.

Charges Moderate.—Orders left at J. F. Mowats will receive prompt attention.

Durham, March 3rd, 1881. y136

Look out for cold weather.

How are you for Socks?

A VERY important question for every-one to consider as there is nothing more injurious for health than cold feet, however such can very easily be remedied and everybody made to feel comfortable by calling on William Johnstone, junr., who has all the appliances for

Knitting Stockings & Socks

In all sizes on the most improved methods, latest styles, on the shortest notice and at charges that defies competition.

Give him a call and support native industry.

WM. JOHNSTON, Jr.,

Lower Town, Durham.

Oct. 13th, 188 y-189.

The Grey Review.

Vol. IV. No. 12. DURHAM, Co. Grey, MAY, 5, 1881. Whole No. 165.

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, 1879 h-126.

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 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.

LOVELL'S

Province of Ontario Directory

FOR 1881-82,

To be Published in Novem'r, 1881,

Price $5.00.

MR. LOVELL, at the request of several Merchants and others of the Province of Ontario, of the City of Montreal, &c., begs to announce that his firm will publish a PROVINCE OF ONTARIO DIRECTORY, in November next, containing an

Alphabetical Directory

AND A THOROUGH

Classified Business Directory

of the Business and Professional men in the Cities Towns, and Villages of Ontario, with a

Classified Business Directory

OF THE

CITY OF MONTREAL

The same care and attention bestowed on the Dominion and Provincial Directories of 1871 will be given to this work. Subscribers names respectfully solicited. Terms of Advertising made known upon application.

JOHN LOVELL & SON, Publishers.

Montreal, Dec. 1880.

J. C. JOPP,

TANNER, CURRIER and Dealer IN

Leather, Hides, Boots,

SHOES, &c.,

Has now on hand several hundred pairs of

Factory Boots & Sheos,

Suitable for all at very low prices.

Also on hand, and made to measure, all kinds (Sewed and Pegged), made by workmen who took all the First Prizes, for boots, at the County Shows held in Durham, 1879 & 1880.

FRESH EGGS and GOOD FLOUR taken in any quantity in exchange.

Cash for Hides.

J. C. JOPP.

April, 1st, 1881.

Hanover Carriage Works,

HANOVER, ONT.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to Supply all who may want

Waggons, Carriages, Buggies,

and all other articles in his line of business on the shortest notice and made of the best material.

He is also Agent for

Farming Implements.

Remember the place next to Reid's Hotel, Main Street, Hanover, Ont.

R. McNALLY

Hanover, March 24, 1881. y130

POETRY

Brother and Sister.

MY BROTHER.

Who was it picked up all the chips,
And strewed the floor with strings and whips,
And in the wash-tub sailed the ships?
My Brother.

Who was it ate the currant jell,
And threw the kitten in the well,
And made me promise not to tell?
My Brother.

Who was it taught me how to skate,
Then left me on the ice to wait,
While he went home with Cousin Kate?
My Brother.

Who was it when he older grew,
To tops and marbles bid adieu,
And tried, but could not learn, to chew?
My Brother.

Who does a tiny moustache wear,
And oils and colors it with care,
And in the middle parts his hair?
My Brother.

Who is it tumbles up my curls,
And buys me bracelets, rings and pearls,
And flirts with all the pretty girls?
My Brother.

Who talks to me about his clothes,
And all my little secrets knows,
And teases me about my beaux?
My Brother.

Who is it that I love the best,
Of all the boys in east and west,
Although he is a perfect pest?
My Brother.

MY SISTER.

Who was it climbed the tallest trees,
And raised a most delightful breeze,
By stealing off the school-house keys?
My Sister.

Who was it stole the lemon pie,
Hidden the pantry shelf so high,
And gave me half upon the sly?
My Sister.

Who was it in the mill pond fell,
And throw her thimble in the well,
And cried for fear that I would tell?
My Sister.

Who sews the buttons on my clothes,
And with me to the Opera goes,
And then neglects me for her beaux?
My Sister.

Who coaxed me once to go to bed,
Because I had an aching head,
And then sat up with Cousin Fred?
My Sister.

Who was it cried the other day,
Because Fitzgerald would not stay,
But went off home with Jenny May?
My Sister.

And who with all her crimps and curls,
And airs and graces, rings and pearls,
Is just the very best of girls?
My Sister.

Besieging His Heart.

'A clergyman hasn't any business to be a single man,' said Mrs. Brushby.

'Certainly not,' acquiesed Miss Foxe.

'But I dare say he's engaged,' slyly remarked the plump widow, with a side-long glance of her green eyes, which seemed to dilate and contract, like those of a middle-aged cat, with the intensity of her interest.

'No, he's not, 'said Miss, Foxe. 'At least I heard him tell Col. Copley that he was entirely fancy free.'

'Humph!' said Mrs. Brushby. 'There is no reason why he should not marry and settle here at Exmar.'

'Exmar, indeed!' said Miss Foxe, who had accepted her own old maidhood as a foregone conclusion. 'There is no one here for him to marry—only factory girls and Col. Copley's six daughters, the youngest of whom is three and twenty, to select from.

The green eyey scintillated sharply.

'Why shouldn't he marry either you or me, Felicia Foxe?' asked Mrs. Brushby.

'Why, he ain't thirty,' said she.

'Neither am I,' said Mrs. Brushby.

'Now, Cornelia Brushby, there ain't no use coming that game over me,' said Miss. Foxe, fairly aroused at last into antagonism, 'You were eight and twenty when you married Brushby, and he's been dead and buried these ten good years.'

Mrs. Brushby laughed.

'Felicia,' said she, 'you're worse than an old family record. Don,t you see there's people older than their years, and people younger? I am of the latter; I dont see why I can't marry Mr. Selwin if I once make up my mind to do so.'

So Mrs. Brushby took up the three pounds of brown yarn that she had been buying at Felicia Foxe's thread and needle store, and went home.

Her niece, a tall, pale girl, with yellow hair, like braids of dead gold, a transparently pale skin, and sad hazel eyes was setting the table.

'How slow you are, Clara,' said Mrs. Brushby snappishly. 'I supposed, of course, te would be ready by the time I came back.'

"I'm sorry for the delay aunt,' said Clara, timidly, 'but I was detained at the factory. There was extra work and—'.

'There, that'll do,' interrupted Mrs. Brushby. 'I dont see why you must be flinging the factory in my face all the time. Oh, it's bad enough to have a neice obliged to drudge for a living without hearing of it forty times a day.'

The deep scarlet glow mounted into Clara Cone's transparent cheeks.

"I could not pay my board, aunt said she, 'if I did not earn the money within the four walls of the factory. But if the subject is disagreeable to you I will endeavor to avoid it as much as possible for the future.

It was now six months since Clara Cone had arrived, a homeless orphan, with all her earthly belonging packed in a shabby little leathern travelling bag, at Mrs. Brushby's door when this evening stage rooled up the street.

'Aunty,, she said, trying to repress the rising sob in her throat 'will you give me a home? I am your sisters daughter.'

Mrs. Brushby had received her as cordially as a fish-wife might have done.

'I suppose you'll have to stay,' said she, curtily 'But I didn't leave a swarm of orphans for my sister to take care of. Oh, yes you can stay and perhaps I can find you a situation as dress-maker's apprentice or shop-girl, somewhere! Because, of course, one cannot expect me to keep a great girl like you for nothing.'

Upon which Clara bestirred herself actively and had been heartily glad to obtain a place in the pin factory, in the glen below the village, where a half a hundred other pale-faced operatives worked for a scanty lively hood, and Mrs. Brushby charged her a high price for her board, and got a servant's work out of her before and after hours into the the bargain.

'I should like to go to church, aunt, Clara had ventured to say one Sunday morning when the maples in the glen were all blazing in their autumn colors, and the crisp autumn sunshine turned the village spires to gold.

'That's just like your selfishness, Clara Cone!' said Mrs.' Brushby' acidly. 'And let me stop at home; for, of course, one of us must stay at home, to see that we are not robbed by tramps, and to cook the dinner.'

'But couldn't I go in the evening, aunt?'

'Certainly no!' said Mrs. Brushby with emphasis. 'I belong to the 'Rebecca Band,' which always meet in the chapel on Sunday evening, and Deacon Halstead calls for me in his box wagon. If you feel so piously inclined,' with a covert sneer, 'you can read your prayer book at home.'

And so Clara found herself gradually degenerating into the mearest household drudge under her aunt's iron rule. She went nowhere and saw no body.

'Pretty!' Mrs. Brushby would scornfully remark, when a neighbor chanced to hazard an opinion concerning her neice. 'Nonsense! just like a colorless celery sprout that has grown in to the cellar, and never a word to say for herself!'

And if by chance Clara was invited to join any of tha neighborhood festivities, Mrs. Brushby took good care to decline for her.

'Clara never goes out,' she said,' she has no taste for such things poor dear.'

Until people actually began to think that Clara Cone was actually either an idiot or a recluse.

The pale faced factory girl had just taken the teapot off the stove, upon this especial evening, when Mrs. Brushby uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Whisk the things into the closet, quick, Clara,' said she. 'Put the bread behind the family Bible. Don't leave the bottle of pickles on the mantel. Mr. Selwyn is coming.'

A minute and a half later Mrs. Brushby in her best black silk apron, greeted the clergyman with her sweetest smile.

'My visit intended to your neice, Miss Cone, as well as yourself,' said he after the topic of the weather had been discussed and exhausted.

'O, Clara,' said Mrs. Brushby, simpering —,Clara wished to be excused, Clara sees no company. I realy regret the dear girl's eccentricity but,—'

And she rolled her green eyes heavenward, with a depreciating motion of the hands.

'She never comes to church,' said Mr. Selwyn, gravely.

'A-h-h-h!' groaned Mrs. Brushby 'her heart is like the nether millstone. If you knew, dear Mr. Selwyn, how I have striven with her!'

Mr. Selwyn looked concerned.

'I am beginning a series of sermons to young people this next Sunday evening. Pray use your utmost endeavors to induce this young girl to attend.'

And Mrs. Brushby promised that she would and the young clergyman took his leave.

* * * * *

'You must,' said Mrs. Brushby.

'Please, aunt, don't ask me!' said Clara, with tears in the dark limpid eyes.

'What a goose you are!' Said Mrs. Brushby. 'As if it made any earthly difference! And I must have the dress to wear to church to-morrow evening. Mr Selwyn is to preach the first of a series of sermons to the young people, and I am especially interested in them.'

'But I never sewed in my life.'

The dress maker has disappointed me, and I must have the dress. A few seams and flounces more or less—what do they matter? I'll risk your soul! And no body need never know. And only think Clara Cone, w' at I have done for you.'

'Oh, aunt, I can't!' cried Clara in a choked voice. 'It wouldn't be right.'

'And who sat you up as a judge of right and wrong, I'd like to know?' almost screamed Mrs. Brushby. 'Now take your choice; either finish up this cashmere dress for me by Sunday noon or leave this house.'

Clara was silent for a moment, then she spoke.

'I will leave this house,' she said.

'And I fully endorse and approve of your decision,' said Mr. Selwyn's voice, as he stepped in from the open door portico, where his knock had been drowned by the high accents of Mrs. Brushby's vituperation. 'Leave the house, Miss Cone, and I will see that a refuge is provided for you at the home of Miss Foxe.'

Mrs. Brushby stood startled and dismayed. Clara Cone, pale and silent, laid her hand on the minister's arm, and left the room and the house.

Honest Miss Foxe was amazed when Clara Cone took refuge with her.

'Well, she declared, 'I always knew that Cornelia Brushby was a regular grinder but I did suppose she had some Christian decency about her. Yes child you are welcome to my spare room, and I shan't charge you any board. I dare say you will lend a hand now and then, when I'm busy and your company will be a deal of comfort to me.'

But Miss Foxe didn't have that 'comfort' long. Mr. Selwyn had become deeply interested in the pale, clear-eyed factory girl, and, before the wild roses blossomed along the verge of the woods, the parsonage had a mistress, and Mr. Selwyn no longer came under the head of 'unmarried clergymen.'

Mrs. Brushby's tender aspirations were blighted in the bud; but a bald headed batchelor bought the factory just about that time, and Mrs. Brushby transferred her attentions to the new comer—and, with many nods and winks, she gives the public to understand that Mr. Selwyn is her rejected lover.

"You see," says Mrs. Brushby, with her green eyes of confiding artlessness uplifted, 'I never could reconcile myself to the trials of a minister's wife."

A Laic Effussion of Vital, Personal Religion.

Just as you count 'the seven springs" to be the Thames, *without* a flood of water, and without the navy that rides on the Thames; and just as you call the sapling an oak, without acorns; so God reckons the trust in him as righteousness, because it is the fountain and the root of righteousness, being indeed the divine life in the soul. But then that faith will *not* be without works, for the fountain *must* flow on, and the tree *must* grow, and the life of God in the soul *must* spring up into good acts.

St. Paul says, Works are not enough to justify us, because they are limited and imperfect. True, replies St. James; but then do not think St. Paul means to say that a living fount of faith will be *barren*, without works. The faith which saves is not that kind which has no fruits, but that kind which is ever prolific—"a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

There is no exception to this as the great rule of christian life; but let us simply view it under the three particulars:—

1. The power of religion may for a time appear dormant in a person but it will be sure to be awakened within him into activity by some casual incident. A child about four years of age, who had been faithfully instructed by a Christian mother, was a great favorate in the boarding-house where for a time he was inmate, and especially with Mr. B——, who one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, invited him to remain on his knee. In the free conversation which ensued after the ladies had retired, the gentleman alluded to, frequently used some of those profane expressions which are very shocking to a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table, "what do you think of Mr. B—— —?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I think he *did not have a good mother*; for if he had, he would not use such naughty words." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and a pious mother rose in all their freshness to his mind. The effect was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterwards known to make use of similar expressions.

Before His eye who counts the sands.
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from earth's fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame!

2. The knowledge of religion shows the right and wrong side of everything. On one side of a thing there may be a temptation to evil, but on the other there is a path to righteousness, and the one is designed to lead to the other.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old.
The fruit was all shining with silver and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;'
I shouldn't have thought—now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he should rnswer me, 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds, and hundreds, and he would'nt miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sung: "Little Willie, bewave, oh! beware.
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad would you feel if you heard the Lord say:
This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him and please not to say,
"Little Willie 'almost' stole an apple to-day."

Again, our trials or afflictions have a bright as well as a dark side. Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Falcon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outcast.

Like most garmets, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and beyond, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities,

3. The practice of religion acts and reacts with reciprocal power. The religious life of one man goes forth to mould and to beautify that of another. James Marteau, the scholarly Unitarian preacher of London, says: "I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are, in almost every department, to writers not of my creed. In devotional literature and religious thought, I find nothing that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the church, it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Wesley, or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cool. I cannot help this. I only say I am sure it is no perversity." This is a very striking admission, implying, as it does, that Unitarianism is not a religion. It cannot feed the devotional nature, and is no better than the cold system of philosophy.

This one among the many blissful effects of Man's religous life upon that of another; but all our religious acts return to us again with similar blessings.

A little Bee, one day, her way to the water took,
And carelessly, they say, she drank and fell in the brook,
A beautiful lone Dove at the sight was filled with grief,
And out of tender love, she cast in the stream a leaf,
Floated the leaf along, till it reached the poor Bee's hand,
To it she stoutly clung, and safely she reached the land.

Upon another day, our Dove sat among the trees,
And thence her soft sad lay was sent on the passing breeze,
It reached a hunter's ear, and quick to the place, he came,
And standing very near, he was taking deadly aim
The bee on the hunter sprang with a sting most sharp and hot,
The loaded gun went "bang," but the Dove escaped the shot.
"I thank you for that sting," said the Dove as he flew away,
'For helping to dry your wing, you have saved my life to-day."

Then help the very least of sufferers in their need
For they may prove the best, and the truest friends indeed.

Rules on Feeding Poultry.

When one begins to raise poultry for either profit or pleasure, he should observe some rules that are essential to success. First, never overfeed young fowls in quantity, or give excess of stimulating food, because either it is injurious to their health as it tends to make them too fat for laying or excites the egg functions to undue activity. Secondly, if they are situated so that they cannot procure green food, feed them with cabbage, lettuce, tender grass, onion tops or clover, during the summer, and raw cabbage, turnips and potatoes with scraps of meat occasionally during the winter and early spring, as they are conducive to the well being of fowls. Thirdly, provide them with some loose sand, earth, or coal ashes to bask in daily, as it cleanses the skin and keeps vermin at bay. This bath should be under a covered place to protect it from rain, and where the fowl could have easy access to it at all times. Where fowls have free range many of the articles mentioned can be dispensed with, as they pick up what they like best. Feeding twice a day when at liberty is most economical. They should receive their morning meal early and at certain hours, and never give them more than what they pick up clean. In the evening give a full meal of whole grain as it remains longer in the crop and gizzard before digesting.

In winter, fowls require more food than in summer, because they cannot then roam the meadows and search their daily allowance of insects and grass, and a large percentage of food is consumed in the system like fuel in a stove to keep their phisical condition up.

The broad tire for waggons is coming into general use on the other side, and it is an example which could be well followed everywhere. It does not cut through, either in mud or sand, thus making the draught much lighter; besides this, the roads are not cut up, but to the contrary, the broad tire presses down the lumps and leaves a smooth track, thus bettering the roads, the advantage of which is easily understood. Many farmers and teamsters in Michigan are having their wheels fixed over with a broad tire, which is done at a small cost, while hardly a new waggon is made there of the old style. It is hoped that the broad tire will be generally adopted, and that none will purchase a waggon without first considering the benefits arising from using this style. The tire which seems to meet with general favor is from three to three and a half inches wide. Here there is a by-law on the subject which, however, applies only to railway lorries. Should it not extend to all waggons of heavy draught?—*Globe.*

CANADIAN ITEMS.

A mad dog was shot at Napanee on Wednesday.

A despatch from Candahar says the evacuation has been completed.

Alfred Lickford, a workman of Howick, has fallen heir to the nice little sum of $10,000.

The Saskatchewan is three feet higher at Battleford than was ever known at this season of the year.

It will take $10,000 to move the railway station nearer to the centre of Walkerton as proposed.

James Dyer of Tossoronto, has lost by death since the 22nd of March, no less than five children. The disease was croup and diphtheria.

Robert Seals, of West Williams, has just left for California, where a fortune awaits him. It is rumored $100,000, or even more, will be the amount of the legacy.

The Geological Museum at Montreal has been closed. The specimens have been removed to Ottawa, and not a duplicate remains.

Young McNabb, of Moulton Station, who, while fooling with a loaded gun on the 18th instant, instantly killed a companion named Lymburner, was let off with a fine of $20 and costs.

A merchant of Glenmorris the other day stuck a knife into a roll of fine-looking butter and found in the centre of it a bar of lead weighing 7½ ounces. The perpetrator of the fraud is known.

Some time during last Friday night, burglars effected an entrance into the dry-goods store of J. D. Williams & Co., Guelph, by breaking through the cellar window facing on the main street of the city, and carried off $150 worth of kid gloves, silk handkerchiefs, and ostrich feathers.

The Ontario Government offers $1,000 for the apprehension and conviction or the murderers of Mr. J. B. Sage, Brantford. It is also understood that the Brant County Council and the father of the deceased will largely increase the reward, making the total about $4,000.

It is rumored in police circles that Jas. Carroll and the two Feehley boys had a quarrel in Biddulph last week, when the latter told Carroll he was a murderer, and they could prove it. They did not come to blows, but the strangest of language was made use of.

We are glad to observe that at the recent examination in the Trinity Medical College Toronto, Mr. Wm. A. Mearns, of Ayton, passed his final examination for the fellowship and diploma (F. Y. M. S.) of the college very successfully carrying off the 'gold medal'. It will be remembered that at his primary examination, Mr. Mearns secured the $10 scholarship and the special prize of $15.

The Walkerton *Telescope* says;—"A rather interesting affair is said to have occurred this week, which fully illustrates the uncertainties of law. Wholesale houses in Hamilton and Brantford obtained judgment about the same time against a certain party in this county, and there was an eager race to Walkerton to see which could get in the execution first. The Brantford man got the start, and the Hamilton man tried to charter a special train, offering $75 for the service. The comyany would do it for $120, but he declined to pay the extra amount. He rrived here in time to find that the other fellow was a little ahead of him, and that he had not much chance of getting anything."

THE SEVERITY of the terms which the victorious Chilians are imposing upon Peru is probably unexampled in modern history. These terms include the surrender of three of her most valuable provinces, and full indemnity for all the expenses of the war, including the cost of armaments and the wages of soldiers and marines. The relentless victors also demand full payment for all losses incurred by Chilians expelled from Peru or Bolivia, and more humiliating still Chili is to maintain, at the expense of Peru, 10,000 troops in such garrisons as she may choose, and Peru is forbidden to acquire a new navy for 40 years, or to fortify her forts for 50 years. The direct money indemnity is to be paid at the rate of $1,000,000 per month, and the extraction of guano from the Peruvian island is to be carried on for account of the Government of Chili. Altogether the humilation of the conquered country is very complete, and the strugele will be a hard one before she regains anything like her former power or prestige.

A WIND STORM IN ARKANSAS.—Little Rock, Ark., April 16.—A terrible wind storm has swept the northern part of Drew county levelling houses and trees. On Roddy's plantation three houses were blown down, one of which was occupied by Alden Hill (colored). His wife, and seven children were torn to pieces. In attempting to save one of the children Hill was hit by a piece of flying timber and killed. Two children were also crushed to death. A colored woman was blown into a tree top and found dead with a baby in her arms, which was uninjured. Two white women are reported dangerously wounded. Others whose names cannot be learned are reported killed and wounded. Some valuable cattle were killed. Bedding and other clothin was carried five miles.

Mr. Hellams, a well-known and sucessful apiarian of St. Catharines, informs the *Journal* that from his knowledge of the past winter he is convinced that fully 90 per cent. of the bees in Canada and the United States have died. In Lincoln many keepers have lost all their stock; others—himself among the number—fully three-fourths of those which went into winter quarters. Those remaing look tolerably well, although pretty badly shaken by the long winter's imprisonment. He does not attribute this great mortality entirely to the cold weather, but a fatal dysentery with which the bees were attacked. This, he says, was caused by them gathering honey from damaged fruit last fall, and the sudden coming on of cold weather did not give them time to seal up the comis which contained it, causing it to sour; and, as the inmates were on short rations, they had to eat it.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO