

IN JANUARY.—The month of January is the most important month of the year. On the 1st, the circumference of the earth is 25,000 miles; on the 14th, St. Hilary; on the 16th, the first hermit; on the 17th, St. Basil; on the 18th, St. Timothy; on the 19th, St. Paul; on the 20th, St. Polycarp; on the 21st, St. John Chrysostom; on the 22nd, St. Mark; on the 23rd, St. Mary Magdalene; on the 24th, St. Valentine; on the 25th, St. Agnes; on the 26th, St. Anthony; on the 27th, St. Peter; on the 28th, St. Paul; on the 29th, St. John; on the 30th, St. Andrew; on the 31st, St. Peter.

Every Thursday.
At the Office, Garafra Street, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Professional and business cards one inch square and under, per year, 10 cents.
Two inches or 24 lines of parallel measure, 15 cents.
Three inches do, per year, 20 cents.
Quarter column, per year, 25 cents.
Half column, per year, 30 cents.
One column, per year, 35 cents.
Do, six months, 20 cents.
Do, three months, 15 cents.
Do, one month, 10 cents.
Special advertisements charged 5 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Non-perpetual measure.
Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and funerals, inserted free of charge.
Money advanced, as advertised three weeks for \$1, the advertisement not to exceed 10 lines.
Advertisements, except when accompanied by a deposit, are not inserted until the day before the issue.
J. TOWNSEND, Publisher.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
LEGAL.
E. D. MACMILLAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c.—OFFICE
Opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town,
Durham, Ont. y10
JACKES & PRINGLE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Solicitors, &c.
Office—Lower Town, Durham, Ont.
C. B. JACKES, B.A. R. A. PRINGLE, Esq. y190
Frost & Frost,
BARRISTERS and Attorneys-at-Law
Office—Lower Town, Durham, Ont.
J. W. FROST, Esq. y180
MEDICAL.
DR. LIGHTBODY,
WILL BEAT HIS OFFICE, Hanover, from 8
a.m. to Noon, at Home, 2nd Con. N.D.R.
Building, after 10 o'clock, for the Dr. left at
Lester's, attend. 172
DENTISTRY.
J. S. JEROME, Licentiate
in Surgery, will visit Durham—
Office, British Hotel, from 10
o'clock (Fair Day) to the end of
the month, where he will be most happy to visit
upon all those that may favor him with their
patronage. All work of the most approved style.
Remuneration, any of the leading Dentists of
Toronto.
124
W. Z. NIXON,
GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary Col-
lege, Toronto.
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Will call at the Hotel, at 10 o'clock, every Mon-
day and Friday, from 10 o'clock to 5 p.m.
Durham, March 20th 1879. y37
MISCELLANEOUS.
W. M. CLARK,
Architect and Builder,
MARKDALE.
Plans, Specifications, Estimates, &c.,
Furnished. Work supervised and Lapses
and Charges Moderate.
ALEXANDER BROWN,
PRICEVILLE, Ont.,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and
Life Insurance Agent, Commissioner in B.R. Ac.
Insurance, and Licensed Auctioneer
of the County of Grey.
Furnishers, realtors, and Land Sales attended
to with punctuality and charges made very
moderate.
Priceville, 1880. fm-116
Lumber, Lumber,
Shingles, Shingles,
Lath & Lime,
AT THE ROCKVILLE MILLS, Also
a large quantity of JOISTS, Lot 4, Con. 2,
W. G. R. BENTON.
J. W. CRAWFORD,
600 Bush, Fresh Lime,
Durham P. O., May 25th, 1880.
JOHN ROBERTSON
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
DURHAM ST., DURHAM.
Residence—Opposite the Canada Presby-
terian Church.
Cutting done to Order.
Spring and Summer Fashions regularly
received.
Durham, Feb. 14, 1878.
PHOTOGRAPHY.
IN thanking my many Customers for
the very liberal patronage received, from
month to month, I state that I am
now better than ever prepared to execute work
of a Superior Quality.
As usual COPYING and ENLARGING done
in A 1 style.
Picture Framing
Done in 25 different Styles.
T. DONAGHY,
Kelley's old Stand,
Durham Nov. 22 1880 y112
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
AMERICAN JEWELLERY,
INCLUDES
Colored & Bright Gold Sets,
LOCKETS, SEALS, CHAINS, &c.
BRACELETS, &c. &c.
Also Ladies' & Gents'
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES
Key and Stem Winders.
The latest Gold, Silver and Steel
Some beautiful designs in Silver and Elec-
tro Plated Ware at
W. F. DOLLS', Fisherton,
especially solicited.

"THE GREY REVIEW"
IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday.
At the Office, Garafra Street, Upper Town,
Durham, Ont.

The Grey Review.

Vol. IV. No. 48. DURHAM, Co. Grey, JANUARY 19, 1882. Whole No. 201.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, DURHAM.

Capital \$6,000,000. Reserve \$1,400,000.

THIS BANK issues Letters of Credit on Great Britain and other Foreign Countries; Buys and Collects Exchange; Issues drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.

DEPOSITS of \$4 and upwards Received, upon which the current rate of interest will be allowed.

COLLECTIONS MADE
On reasonable terms, and a General Banking Business TRANSACTED.

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

Office in Middaugh's Block, on Garafra Street.

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

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

Sales notes, purchased at a fair valuation. Drafts issued at usual bank rates, payable at all Banks in Ontario and Quebec.

Collections on notes and accounts on reasonable terms.
G. L. DAVIS, Manager.

The Old British.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to the public generally that he has leased the above Hotel for a number of years, and having refurbished and added many improvements, trusts that he will be favored with a large patronage at the British Hotel, Durham, as it is equal to the best hotels in the West. Excellent School for Commercial work. The quality of the Bar and Larder not to be excelled in Town.

Durham, Oct. 23, 1881. F. McQUILLAN, em19

Money to Loan.

THE undersigned has a large amount of both private and Company funds to lend on either Farm or Village property at lowest rates. Business strictly confidential and costs of loans reduced to the lowest figure.

R. A. PRINGLE, Lower Town, Durham, Sept. 20th, 1881. y176

R. DAVIS, FLESHERTON.

CONVEYANCER, Commissioner in B.R. Real Estate, Loans & Insurance Agent. Deeds, Leases, Will, &c., neatly and correctly prepared. Auction Sales Attended. All Business Strictly Confidential.

CHARGES LOW.
My Motto—Close and prompt attention to business and fair dealing between all men.
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Hanover Carriage Works, HANOVER, Ont.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to supply all who may want Waggon, 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 21, 1881. y199

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 Milling in and Mill of Lumber, and all other articles. A full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Trains. Also a Patent Metallic Glass Burial Cases kept in stock.

Remember the place—a short distance north of the Post Office.
J. C. JOPP,
TANNER, CURRIER and Dealer
IN
Leather, Hides, Boots, SHOES, &c.
Has now on hand several hundred pairs of Factory Boots & Shoes, Suitable for all at very low prices.
Also on hand, and made to measure, all kinds (Stowed and Pegged), made by workmen who took all the First Prize, at boots, at the County Shows held in Durham, 1879 & 1880.
FRESH EGGS and GOOD FLOUR taken in any quantity in packages.
Cash for Hides.
April, 1st, 1881. J. C. JOPP.

POETRY
Papa's Letter.

[The person who can read the following with unobscured eyes is simply hard-hearted than we are.]

Not now, darling, mamma's busy.
Go and play with Kitty, now!
"Oh, no, mamma, my letter!"
"Tan it 'oo will show me how."

I could paint my darling's portrait,
As his sweet eyes searched my face,
And a stamp in sport I assure,
And a flow of girlish grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As it slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter,
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I assure,
"Till its waves of golden light."

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news,
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoe."

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his gloe,
"Mamma's writing lots of letters;
I've a letter, Mary, see!"

No one heard a little grudge,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reaching his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated 'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door,
"I'm a letter, Mr. Postman,
Is there room for any more?"

Came his letter's gone to papa,
Papa lives with God you know,
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'oo think it 'oo can go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not today, my little man,
'Den I'll put another office,
'Cause I must go if I can."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the way crowd went on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
For the pair to left and right,
As if of sudden hidden,
In a moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

Two too late—a moment only
Toward the letterless office door,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered 'er with golden hair.

Reverently raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the ring upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face displayed,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

Coals of Fire.

Bessie Grant was alone when the landlord came in—a rough gruff old man, who scowled at her as he asked, sharply:

"Where's your mother, child?"

Bessie looked at him silently for a moment with dark, serious eyes.

"Mamma has gone to sell her wedding-ring," she said quietly. "There was no money to pay the rent, and that was all she had to sell. Are you the landlord? Have you come for the rent?"

"Yes, yes; and I can't wait either," said the gruff man, impatiently. "She should have had the money before this. Tell her I'll be back in an hour, and if the rent is not ready, out she goes. It's six dollars, and little enough too."

And he went off, muttering to himself, half wondering why he had not been harsher with the little brown-eyed girl, who did not seem at all afraid of him, as most children were.

When Mrs. Grant came in, Bessie told her what the landlord had said about the rent.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? I could only get three dollars," said the poor lady; and tired, nervous, altogether dejected, she burst into bitter weeping.

"Don't cry, Mamma, dear," said Bessie, brightly. "I'll give him my flowers; he will be glad to have them, I guess," and she turned toward the window where her treasures were. There was a little window, and there were not many flowers; only one box of delicious heliotrope and sweet myrtle; a little pot of tea roses; and—pride of her heart—one great queenly calla-lily that lifted its proud, pure white face above its humble companions, nodding graciously as its perfume was wafted upward, as if receiving incense that was due its queenly station.

"What are your flowers worth, darling?" asked Mrs. Grant, smiling through her tears, as she kissed the little comforter.

"They are worth all the world to me," laughed Bessie; but I will tell the man how much they are worth, then you can have money to buy back your wedding-ring again."

Just then came a loud rap at the door, and without waiting for permission to enter, Mr. Dorman, the landlord, walked in, gruffer than ever at having to come twice for the money.

"Well, mam," he said; "is the rent ready?"

"I'm very sorry," Mrs. Grant began. "Sorry!" he interrupted, angrily. "That means that you haven't got six dollars for me, of course? Then just pack up and leave my house, for you shall not stay another hour unless you pay me."

"I'll pay you, Mr. Landlord," said Bessie in her sweet, piping voice. "See, take all my dear flowers. They are worth—oh, I don't know, but I don't want any more money; and you have a little girl; maybe

she will love them as much as I do, and be glad you took them instead of money. And oh! I do tell her to be good to them."

Mr. Dorman looked down at Bessie's pleading face, with a curious softening in his hard grey eyes.

"What do I want with your flowers? Thank fortune, I've no little girls to give them to," he said at last. But somehow, his voice sounded as though it was hard work to him to be gruff now; and Bessie was almost sure that the tear which fell on her hand had not dropped from her own eyes.

But then as if ashamed of showing signs of feeling, Mr. Dorman said:

"I must have my money or out you must go."

"I have only three dollars. Will you not take them and wait until I have earned the rest?" entreated Mrs. Grant.

"No!" he thundered. "I'll not wait;" then turned and left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

In an instant there was an awful crash; then a groan, and a heavy fall. Mrs. Grant hastening to open the door, was almost blinded by a cloud of dust and mortar. The wall had fallen, striking Mr. Dorman as it fell. She called aloud for help, and soon came running up the stairs.

"Where shall we carry him?" they asked, seeing that he was only stunned.

"In here," replied Mrs. Grant, promptly, and they brought him in and laid him on her bed.

It was days before he recovered consciousness; days during which Mrs. Grant tended him with the gentle, unwearied care a daughter might have shown.

One morning while she was sitting by his bedside, Bessie brought a lovely rose and laid it on his pillow.

"It will give him sweet dreams, mamma," she whispered softly; "and perhaps when he wakes up and asks how good you've been to him he'll tell us stay here," for mean as the little room was, it was 'home' to poor Bessie.

"He'll never know, dear," whispered Mrs. Grant, sadly, in reply.

"Then he ought to; and I'll tell him," said Bessie, with an emphatic nod of her head, which set all her golden curls dancing.

Mrs. Grant, too pre-occupied with her troubled thoughts to notice this speech, went out to return her finished sewing and bring back more; leaving Bessie installed as nurse.

The child was just beginning to weary of the enforced silence, when Mr. Dorman opened his eyes to the full light of reason.

"Where am I?" he asked, feebly, looking at Bessie in a kind of mild surprise.

"In my mamma's room," she answered, jumping up delightedly, and tuning to him. "Don't you remember? The wall fell on you the day you were going to send us off. We couldn't go, you see," she added, apologetically; "for you were in our bed; and mamma had to stay and take care of you. I guess you were a good deal of trouble, for she has not had any time to sleep—I sleep next door, in Mrs. Flynn's bed, but it's coarse and hard—and she has to sew awful hard to get money to buy your medicine; and she has spent her ring money, too; and the doctor said if she had not taken such care of you, you would have died. And I helped; I gave you a flower every day; I will get you one now."

And she flew to the window, and cutting a sweet bunch of heliotrope, laid it in his hand.

"Where's your mother, child?" Mr. Dorman asked, in the same words he had first addressed to Bessie; but oh! in what a different tone, so gentle and kind and that it almost made her feel like crying.

"Gone to get more sewing. There she is now!"

And she ran to the door to admit her mother, who came in wearily, with a great bundle of work that would have tired a much stronger woman than Mrs. Grant to carry.

"Coals of fire! coals of fire!" Mr. Dorman muttered, and turning his face away, seemingly to avoid speech, lay silent till the doctor came in, who pronounced his patient on the high road to recovery and gave consent to his speedy removal to his own home.

Mrs. Grant was out the morning the carriage came for him, and returned to find him, with the doctor's assistance, ready to leave.

She did not expect or wish thanks for her unceasing care (she had been so ungraciously silent the last few days she fainted herself), but her heart sank like lead when he turned to her, saying:

"You remember I said you should leave this room. Well, you shall, this very day," then went out without one word of farewell.

How long she sat there, with that grief too deep for tears eating into her heart she did not know, but the doctor's entrance aroused her.

"Mr. Dorman sent me for you. Will you not come, you and little Bessie?" he inquired.

In a kind of dream she arose and prepared Bessie and herself to go out. They "wakes up," as Bessie said, in a beautiful room, in a house far up town, where Mr. Dorman was awaiting them.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked Mrs. Grant, almost humbly. "I was so harsh this morning, and yet had it in my heart to make you happy. I said you should leave that mean, dreary room, and I meant it; but I did not say I would beg

you to come and share this great empty house with me; you and little Bessie. Will you come and be my children, and let me care for you? I am such a lonely old man. I was harsh and cold to all, but the coals of fire you heaped upon my head have melted my hard heart. Won't you come and help me?"

What could Mrs. Grant say? Bessie's face flashed more strongly than the old man's. And so they are living a beautiful dream-life in that splendid house; and Bessie, with flowers to her heart's content, is as happy as the day is long. I do not think they will ever "wake up," if that means going back to the miserable poverty from which Mr. Dorman rescued them.

He says that it was all because of the "coals of fire" on his head; and Bessie wonders what he means, when she knows it was only lumps of plaster.

When the World was Young.

In a late number of Nature, Prof. R. S. Bell indulges in some curious computations about the earth's infancy, and his conclusions are somewhat startling. He sums up the evidence showing that the rotation of the earth on its axis is steadily growing slower. This retardation, due to the action of the tides, amounts to only a fraction of a second in a thousand years, yet that it does exist, and has existed ever since the tides began to ebb and flow, seems demonstrated. The conclusion is inevitable that the days must hereafter continue to grow slowly but steadily longer and longer until tracing back this retardation, in accordance with the known laws of matter and night were together but three hours long. A revolution in less than that time which Prof. Bell fixes at not less than 50,000,000 years ago, was a crisis in the world's history. At that remote time the world was a half molten mass, without organic life, the oceans themselves being suspended above it as clouds and vapours. It was at this interesting crisis that the moon was born. At first it revolved in close proximity to the earth and with great rapidity, and has since continued to revolve about it in an ever widening orbit.

The birth of the moon was followed, after a long interval, perhaps never to be definitely measured by science, by the birth of the first continent. Of this interesting event we get some idea from Prof. Winchell, of Michigan university. He holds that the present North American continent as we see it, is but the renovated ruins of a far older continent which arose far to the north and east, and of which the submerged mountain range where now rest the Atlantic cables once formed a part. "The revolution," he says, "made by every formation of the paleozoic series, points to the north and northeast as the origin of the stream of sediment that spread over the bottom of the American Isgoon which stretched as broad and shallow ocean, from the rising but yet submerged slopes of the Alleghenians on the east to the embryotic ridges of the Rocky Mountains on the west." But this ancient continent which, it appears, was nearly obliterated by oceans and glaciers in building up the present continent was itself built up from the ruins of a still older continent, the location of which cannot be known, but the existence of which cannot be doubted. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific gradually arose a broad continent covered with tropical and subtropical plants and animals, but in the course of ages it became "worn out," as the professor expressed it. The rivers cut deep gorges and drain the lakes. The once fertile plateaus become sterile deserts.

Then came the great ice age which transformed the whole face of the continent and left it very much as we now see it. Owing to astronomical causes, the inclination of the earth's axis, combined with the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, there is a great and long continued depression of temperature in the northern hemisphere. A vast glacier creeps down over the northern parts to about the 36th latitude, leveling hills and mountains, filling up lake basins and water-courses, grinding rocky masses to sand and pebbles and carrying the debris far to the southward. To the action of this inundation of ice and of the floods which followed its disappearance on the return of a warmer climate, is attributed the present surface of lakes, rivers and undulating land surfaces which are wholly different from those which were obliterated by the great glacier. This great change in the history of our continent, Prof. Winchell believes, took place about 80,000 years ago. As the same causes continue to operate, the ice age must return 80,000 or 100,000 years hence, when the centers of population will be found in the southern hemisphere, and London will, perhaps, become a mere whaling station in the northern seas.

An inquest and post mortem examination were held on Monday over the body of Jeremiah Twohey, who was found dying on the floor of his house on Jarvis-street, Toronto, on Friday last. The jury found that the deceased came to his death by a wound inflicted by his wife, Ann Twohey, by some blunt instrument. The woman is now in gaol.

Cocoones Sericidæ. Those troubled in this respect may find relief in using Esterbrook's Steel Pens. They are sold everywhere. Wholesale dealers, the leading Toronto stationers.

Musical Facetiae.

Music is a rich mine of anecdote and it is under this aspect, that we wish to place before you. As we have no other end in view than agreeable pastime arising from the outward circumstances of original composers and from the unique jealousies incidental to the career of great singers, a few instances will serve our purpose—

1. A chain of curious facts in connection with the national anthem of France. Marsellaise was composed by Bought De L'Isle, in Strasburg, April 24, 1792. In June, it reached Marsellaise, and the revolutionary band which marched from that city upon Paris to take part in the terrible scenes that followed, seized upon it as their marching song. De L'Isle, procrier as a Moyalist, heard the song as it spread over all France, and taking alarm for his safety made his escape through one of the Alpine passes. He had already refused to accept the decree which took away the throne from Louis XVI., and had laid down his sword. Some years afterwards he returned to France, and was cast into prison, but owing to the downfall of Robespierre, he escaped the guillotine. When the Bourbons returned to power he wrote his "Dien conserve le Roi," which is described as "the most anti-Republican anthem ever penned." De L'Isle's genius, however, seems to have been versatile and of easy conscience, for when Napoleon contemplated a descent upon England, he warned that nation in a lyric that "a giant with terrible arms" was about to strike them and after the coup d'etat of the 18th Brumaire, when Napoleon seized upon the sun-dial, he celebrated the event in verse as easily as he had derided the other. The original title of the hymn was, "Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin." While De L'Isle was wandering in his exile it was being sung everywhere, and with that enthusiasm known only to the French, and especially to the French of that extraordinary time.

2. A curiosity of peculiar interest consequent on a musical entertainment. The incident occurred, which frequently occurs among the celebrities of song, are often ludicrous in the extreme; but the one, which we place before you, is so serio comic in its character—in 1847, Giulia Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in London, but at different places. Each star struggled to outshine the other, and those who once even went into ecstasies over Grisi's Norma went the next evening enraptured with Lind's Casta Diva. Such was the rivalry that Lind was not expected that they would sing together in a public concert. But Queen Victoria, thinking it a shame that two singers so eminent should be separated by a petty jealousy, requested both to appear at a Court concert. Of course they complied with the request. The Queen cordially welcomed them together for the first time. She then gave the signal for the concert to begin. As Jenny Lind was the younger of the two, it had been arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers, she stepped forward and began. But, chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the southern's malignant gaze fastened upon her. The fierceness of her look almost paralyzed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled and everything before her eyes darkened. She became so faint that she nearly fell. By the utmost exertion of her will, however, she succeeded in finishing her aria. The painful silence that followed its conclusion—a silence ever noticeable where those present are embarrassed—convinced her she had made a failure. The conviction was confirmed by the triumphant expression on Grisi's countenance. Despite the semi-impudicity of her senses, she realized that the failure meant lost glory, the destruction of her happiness, and the mortification and grief of her parents and friends. Suddenly something—it seemed like a voice from heaven—whispered, "Sing one of the old songs, in the mother tongue." She caught at the idea as an inspiration which had flashed into her mind between the termination of the vocal part of the aria and the accompanist's final chords. She, unnoticed by the company, asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. For a few seconds she suffered her fingers to wander over the keys in a low prelude; then she began to sing. Her selection was a little prayer which, in the long ago, she had loved above all other songs in her childhood's repository. She had not thought of it for years. As she sang, she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but in her fatherland, surrounded by those who listened not to criticize. Not one of those before her understood the words of the prayer, but the plaintiveness of the melody and the inspired tones of the pure, sweet voice brought the moisture to every eye. There was the silence of admiring wonder. When, having finished the "prayer," she lifted her mild blue eyes to those of her rival, whose flaming orbs had so disconcerted her, she found no fierce expression on her countenance, but instead, a tear dimming the long, black eyelashes. A moment after, with the impulsiveness characterizing the children of the tropics, Grisi rushed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm around the girl's neck and kissed her, regardless of the lookers on.

3. A fact of rare amusement consequent on legal proceedings in regard to a piece of music.—At a trial in the Court of King's Bench between certain publishing trade-dress and tree-dressers, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of "The Old Hug-

lish Gentleman." T. Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned counsel rather flippantly said, "Now, sir, you say the two melodies are the same but different. What do you mean, sir?" Tom promptly answered, "I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with different accent." Sir James: "What is an unusual accent?" Cooke: "My terms are a guinea a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.) Sir James, (rather ruffled): "Don't mind your terms here. I asked you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?" Cooke: "A musician can." (Great laughter.) Sir James (very angrily): "Now, pray, sir, do not heat about the bush, but tell his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you just accented?" Cooke: "Accent in music is stress laid upon a particular note, as you would lay stress upon any given word, for the purpose of being understood. If I were to say you are an ass, it rests on ass; but if I were to say you are an ass, it rests on you, Sir James." Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Denman, the judge, with unbecoming gravity, accented the chopfallen counsel, "Are you satisfied Sir James?" Sir James, deep red as he naturally was, had become scarlet in more than name; and in a great huff, said, "The witness may go down."

City vs. Local Weeklies.

Under the above heading the Owen Sound Times discourses in the following truthful manner—

"Some of the city papers have reduced the price of their weekly editions, in common with other publishers of local journals. We are frequently asked by those who are not conversant with the circumstances why we do not also reduce our subscription price. The simple reason is that no publisher of a local weekly paper for less than \$1.50 and make it pay. In offices like the Globe and Mail, where they publish daily papers, they use the same type for the weeklies, and having no type-setting (the most expensive item in connection with a paper) to pay for, they can put out their weeklies at the mere cost of paper and press-work. Local papers, which have their type-setting to pay for, cannot pretend to compete in price with the city weeklies, but they can do better, they can give the people the news respecting home affairs, which is far more interesting and important to them. The people of the country will make a great mistake if they weaken their local journals by taking city weeklies instead, because they get them cheaper, while they do not give the news they want. Local papers are the champions and supporters of the interests of their respective sections, and as such have a claim to the support of the people, aside from their intrinsic value, which is always greater than the price asked. If the people allow their local paper to be weakened, where will be their interests when they come in conflict with those of the cities in railway and other matters. They have shown their own advocates of influence, and they may depend that the city papers will go against them as they have done in the past. We don't intend to try and compel in price with the city weeklies, but we intend, as in the past, to give our readers a live local journal, sticking up for the interests of this section of the country, for far more value to the people of the county than any city weekly, and we have no fear but we will