

very low level of the... have been found near... Among... specimens of which... Among... and past skeletons of... and the moon-ben... under a considerable... wheat in a good state... a remarkably perfect... staghorn harpoon... removed to Fran... the collection of the... natural history society... latest in long-time ob... of Switzerland...

"THE GREY REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED Every Thursday, At the Office, Carleton Street, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per year in Advance—\$1.25 if not paid within three months.

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The Grey Review.

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A FIRST-CLASS REPAIR TO WHEELS Remember the place—a short distance north the Post Office.

The N. P. BOOT and SHOE SHOP My respects, Ladies and Gentlemen!

SHOEMAKERS Should Call and Examine COLGAN'S IMMENSE STOCK of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC LEATHERS.

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

J. W. CRAWFORD, 630 Bush, Fresh Lime. Durham P. O., May 25th, 1880.

J. C. JOPP IN thanking his many customers for their liberal patronage in past years would also like to say that he is about to give up business and sell off his Present Stock.

BOOTS & SHOES At Cost for Cash or to suit you at reduced prices on the usual terms.

J. C. JOPP, Abertown, March, 26th, 1882.

had no other will than his. This was her uniform practice; and this yielding was and sacrifice to her, but a natural exhibition of obedience and love.

The home of the forester was supplied with the luxuries of the higher classes; but guarded against the intrusion of strangers; for the widowed father, desiring to keep his daughter from the company of men, preferred to deprive himself of the pleasure of their society.

But now the stern, heavy hand of destiny was laid upon her pathetic life, for her father was taken sick. Eugenia, with sympathizing care, lamented the sufferings of her father, but no thought of a dangerous termination to them ever entered her mind.

The father, who felt that his situation was critical, wished to save her from anxiety as long as possible, and concealed his real feelings until the raging fever mastered him; and then Eugenia, seized by consciousness of coming misfortune, sat day and night, with folded arms, beside his bed in voiceless anguish too deep for words, watching to catch from his eyes some glimpse of hope foreshadowing his recovery.

In vain! alas! in vain! The Lord of life and death had willed it otherwise. After an illness of fourteen days, the struggle drew to a close.

Eugenia wrung her hands in grief, and threw herself in despair upon the bed of death.

"Remain with me, oh, my father!" she cried; "remain with me!"

In the last moment of consciousness, the invalid raised himself up, drew a ring from his finger, and gave it to her.

"Take care of this," said he. "As for the rest, trust in God! Remain pure and true! God forsakes no one who trusts in Him!"

His end was calm and resigned; and the minister, who had been sent for from the next village, came too late to give him the last blessing of the Lord.

But it was no easy task to soothe the grief of the bereaved daughter. Recovering from the stupor which first overwhelmed her, she burst forth in paroxysms of the wildest emotion, and the frenzied agitation of her mind rendered her deaf to all the consolations of the holy man.

Unable to calm her grief, the man of God bore her away from the playground of her childhood, now the scene of her irreparable loss, and took her to his own home, in hopes that intercourse with strangers would tend sooner to assuage her anguish than the lonely life she had been wont to lead.

Her sorrow was diminished by the new impressions which the outer world made upon her mind—or, rather, these daily associations compelled her to keep her feelings under strict command.

In the meantime, the Orphan's Court took the necessary steps to dispose of the property of the deceased father, and provide a small inheritance for his daughter—which, however, was not sufficient for her support.

The minister, who was now the guardian of the bereaved orphan, was therefore compelled to seek a situation for his beautiful ward, where she might have an opportunity for the exercise of her manifold accomplishments. He looked upon the advertisement of the countess as a providential opening, as he could now place Eugenia, to whom he had become strongly attached, in a respectable and honored position, and he applied for the situation without delay.

The maiden was so perfectly willing, and the countess was so favorably impressed that the business was closed at once.

The day for her departure was fixed upon; and, at the hour appointed, the carriage of the Countess of B— stood before the parson's house. The driver and footman, with languid pride, looked down upon the plain and humble mansion, and waited for the coming of one whom they regarded as a servant like themselves.

They looked for a plain, meek, awkward country girl, who would gaze with joy and astonishment upon their rich liveries and gay dresses, and joked laughingly in advance upon the behavior of the little governess.

How great then was their surprise, when a tall, beautiful lady, of imposing mien, came forth, leaning upon the arm of the venerable pastor, and, without a single glance at the gorgeous equipage, but with all the dignity of a queen, commanded the footman to take charge of her baggage and upon the carriage door.

Giving her beloved guardian one last fond look, and a friendly grasp of the hand, she stepped gracefully upon the cushions, careless of everything until she should arrive at her journey's end.

While upon the road she shed many bitter tears. She was now alone in the world without a protector. Separated from those she loved, she had now no home on earth. This is a thought which at all times is full of sadness.

At length they arrived; and after a brief interview with the old countess, Eugenia requested permission to withdraw to her room.

Though somewhat astonished that a poor orphan should have a wish of her own, and the independence to express it, still the rules of etiquette and courtesy would not allow the countess to oppose the wish of

expressed. Eugenia sought her own apartment; and after she had put it in order, according to her own tastes—arranging her hunting equipage, her looks, clothes, and so forth—she rang her bell and directed that the countess should be informed of her readiness to receive her pupil.

That lady did not wish to humiliate the governess in the estimation of the servants, and therefore again they acceded to her wishes.

No thought of pride or presumption in thus acting entered the mind of Eugenia. She was ever willing to do what she could for others, and in return she wished to have her own requests implicitly complied with.

She received the little Agnes with the most cordial greeting, and spent a pleasant hour on this first day of her arrival in instructive conversation.

The child was yet entirely ignorant; but this her teacher considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as she could teach and mould her in consonance with her own views.

When evening came, the countess sent to inquire whether Eugenia would prefer supper in her own apartment, or in the parlour with the family.

The courtesy gratified her, and she returned for answer that it would afford her much pleasure to comply with the wishes of the mistress of the mansion.

Thereupon she was invited to come down to the supper-table; and she entered the dining-hall with so much native grace and youthful liveliness, that the stern gravity disappeared from the features of the countess, yielding to the freedom and the restraint of this beautiful young child of nature.

It seemed as if the similarity of their dispositions, and the true nobility of their souls, drew each of them more closely to the other, and created a mutual harmony of feeling.

The servant looked with amazement upon the pretensions of the new inmate, and was utterly confounded at the ready compliance of the old lady, whose imperious haughtiness, overbearing spirit had caused her to be feared, even hated, by the whole of them.

The countess learned to love Eugenia more and more every day, humoring her every whim, and yielding to her in everything. Agnes improved wonderfully under her care; and she took charge also of two other pupils, two young ladies, as they were, who could learn nothing more at the village school.

What the hours of study were, it was hard to tell, as the young persons were never in the house. The garden, the field, and the forest were their school-rooms; and not until late in the afternoon could the countess find her reading from some classic volume while she supervised the studies of her scholars.

Eugenia carried out her plans in a manner peculiar to herself, and her beauty and eccentricity possessed a strange charm for the aged countess.

She passed her time in the utmost freedom and independence—so much so that all who saw her there would have imagined her to be the daughter of the house.

A steed was appropriated for her exclusive use, on which she traversed the surrounding country for miles; and when she rode in the carriage, the coachman sat idly upon his box, for it was her steady hand which guided the reins with unerring skill.

The countess refused her consent to but one wish of her heart—her desire to join in the sports of the chase—and to enter this forbidden paradise was now the acme of her heart's longings.

Thus about a year passed away, while Eugenia grew more and more in favor with the old lady, when the little Agnes was called away to visit a near relation, which rendered the governess mistress of her own time.

Her excursions on horseback and on foot now took a wider range, and at length she could no longer suppress her longing to grasp her beloved rifle and betake herself to the forest as in the days that were past. She chose the hours of early morning to carry out her plans, while the countess still slumbered and would not notice her absence.

At first Eugenia was satisfied to shoot only at small birds; but this did not long suffice; and one morning, just as she had loaded her rifle, her eyes fell upon a deer, and she could not refrain from drawing a bead upon it.

The shot took effect—but only wounded the animal—which, unable to flee, fell down upon the green sward.

At this sight her womanly compassion was roused; and hastily tearing her handkerchief into strips, she proceeded to staunch his bleeding wounds.

The deer lay quietly at her feet; and it was a strange sight to see the beautiful huntress striving to remedy an injury inflicted in the same moment that it had been inflicted.

She was not aware that any one as yet knew of her arrangements and raised her eyes; when she met the fixed gaze of a gentleman, elegantly dressed, who saluted her with civility, inquired:

"What has caused the necessity for this your timely aid? Did you see the direction in which the poacher fled?" This question confirmed our daring Eugenia. The poacher gazed stealthily on her

ears. She had never thought that this act of hers might meet such an appellation; neither did she pause to consider whether or not the interrogator had a right to make the inquiry; but, ashamed and blushing, she acknowledged that the deer had been shot by herself.

"Ah! so!" smilingly rejoined the stranger; "not a poacher, but a poacheress! Luckily for you, my lady, the laws and penalties of our country are not enforced in this respect, and I shall be compelled to let you go free, though I would willingly arrest so fair a delinquent."

Eugenia could not wholly comprehend this speech, as she noticed that the gentleman did not wear the garb of a forester, and she could not therefore mistake him for one of that class. He then thus proceeded:

"Where will you have your booty conveyed? as it is but proper that it should remain under your further care until your protegee is perfectly cured."

Curious Aspects of Philosophic Facts.

On the mention of philosophy, a numerous train of ideas crowd in upon our mind. We think of science grappling with the secrets of the universe and philosophy searching the deep things of the human mind.

We think of history unrolling its mighty scroll, and pointing to the grand succession of warriors, statesmen, patriots, philosophers and martyrs that the world has seen and who though dead yet speak. We think of great libraries where the treasures of thought, past and present are gathered.

We think of museums and laboratories and all the means of intellectual stimulation they afford. We do not, however, just now allow ourselves to be carried away by the law of association into the regions of disursive thought; but we simply draw attention to our present communication to a few things of curious interest—

1. The size of atoms.—Sir William Thomson contributes an important paper on the "Size of Atoms" to Nature, and thus sums up:—"The four lines of argument which I have now indicated lead all to substantially the same estimate of the dimensions of molecular structure. Jointly they establish, with what we cannot but regard as a very high degree of probability, the conclusion that in any ordinary liquid, transparent solid, or seemingly opaque solid, the mean distance between the centres of contiguous molecules is less than the hundred-millionth and greater than the two thousand-millionth of a centimetre. To form some conception of the coarse-grainedness indicated by this conclusion, imagine a raindrop or a globe of glass as big as a pea to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule to be magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be coarser-grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of cricket-balls." The importance of this conclusion can hardly be over-estimated.

2. Oxygen as a source of energy.—As is well known, however, the highest temperatures are obtained by combustion—that is, by the combination of other bodies with oxygen. Since oxygen is continually inhaled and consumed by animals during life, we are obliged to consider this as the source of heat and force. We have here a problem which is open to discussion, namely, whether the energy liberated by the combustion was originally contained in the oxygen or in the other substances. It appears as if the latter assumption was generally accepted; at least, statements are often met with, such as, for instance, that coal contains the heat of the sun which has been stored up during thousands of years. Although we cannot, at present, with the means at our disposal, definitely solve this problem, it can at least be shown that the statement has little in its favor. The decomposition of carbonic acid by the influence of the light and the heat of the sun is effected in such a manner that the carbon is employed in the formation of the compounds of which the plant is made up, while the oxygen escapes into the atmosphere. Now we know that solids contain the least energy, because it must be supplied to them in the form of heat in order to convert them into the liquid or gaseous state, while, on the contrary, heat must be withdrawn from gases to condense them to liquids or solids. Oxygen is one of the most permanent gases, and must, therefore, possess an enormous amount of energy, while carbon on the other hand, being one of the most diffusible and volatile bodies, can only contain a little energy. This makes it extremely probable that the force of the sun, taken up by the plants, is not stored in their bodies, but in the free oxygen of the atmosphere. Hence the latter is to be considered as the inexhaustible source of power on which man and animals draw, and in the carbon we possess a valuable aid for making his energy, contained in the oxygen, available.

3. Clairvoyants unmasked by philosophy.—The practical success of clairvoyants, public and private, is the result of these 3 factors: 1, guess work reduced to a science and an art; 2, coincidences; and 3, trickery.

Guessing is at once a science and an art,—a science because it may be regulated by certain principles. The familiar "guessing game" illustrates what can be done by guessing scientifically carried out; with the privilege to the guesser of but twenty chances, he may yet, beginning with the kingdom to which the article belongs, reach the most minute object before his list is exhausted. Success in this game, as all who have played it know, depends much on practice. Clairvoyants devote their lives to the practice of this game, for they play it with every victim they meet.

The subject of coincidences is one that has excited far less attention among the students of history or of human nature than it deserves; little indeed has been written upon it. Among those who have given the subject any thought, the most erroneous prevalent that it can be brought under the laws of pure mathematics. In the life of every active human being are frequent, almost daily occurring, coincidences,—which those who give any attention to them may, if they choose, make the basis of most absurd delusions. Usually we give no more attention to these occurrences than an explanation of surprise, and then forget all about them. We are talking of a person whom, perhaps, we rarely meet, and have not seen for a long time; suddenly he appears. A thought—out of the ordinary course, it may be—enters our mind; we express it, when he is before us, and the same thought has been passing in the mind of our friend. We meet with a certain experience, and then we remember, or fancy we remember, that the same experience has happened to us in a dream. Of all these daily or hourly happening coincidences, clairvoyants skillfully avail themselves, and in that direction they are aided by the ignorance and sagacity of their victims.

The trickery of clairvoyants consists mainly in making their victims unconscious—by reveal, by word or look, facts of personal history, and then at the proper time, in re-hypnotizing the information to them. In this way they gain the credit, even among men of keen intellect, of revealing what divine power.

The coroner's inquest on the body of the man Poole, recently found on the Great Western Railway track, near Dundas, was brought to a close on Wednesday. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons who are unknown.

The Bill before the Railway Committee of the Commons on Thursday to incorporate the Toronto Grand Central Station Company was rejected by a vote 81 to 37.

The population of Harrison is 1,805 and the assessment \$307,135, an increase of \$32,823 over last year, while the increase in population is 93.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO