

Church of Scotland reports a total of 1,598 members. The total of whom \$5,612 was in the High Church, and in this portion of the church the membership has steadily increased since 1876, to 80,942. The gains are made mainly from the city.

Monthly Fairs.
 Third Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Fourth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Fifth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Sixth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Seventh Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Eighth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Ninth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Tenth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Eleventh Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.
 Twelfth Tuesday in each month. Monday before Durham.

INDEX
 ADVERTISEMENTS AND ACCOUNTS
 OF THE NORTH WELLINGTON COUNTY.
 THE GREY REVIEW.
 Published every Thursday.
 the Office, Garraux Street, Upper Town,
 Durham, Ont.

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

TERMS:—\$1.00 per year in Advance—
 \$1.35 if not paid Within three
 months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 Professional and business cards one inch
 space and under per year..... 75
 Two inches or 14 lines Nonpareil measure..... 7
 Three inches do. per year..... 10
 Casual advertisements charged 6 cents per line
 for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each
 subsequent insertion.—Nonpareil measure.
 Ordinary notices of deaths, marriages, deaths, and
 all kinds of local news, inserted free of charge.
 Heavy Advertisements, so advertised three weeks
 for \$1. the advertisement is not to exceed 12 lines.
 Advertisements, except when accompanied by
 an illustration, to be inserted in the regular
 issues, and charged at regular rates.
 J. TOWNSEND, Publisher.

The Grey Review.

Vol. V. No. 24. DURHAM, Co. Grey, JULY 27, 1882. Whole No. 228.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, DURHAM.

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

THIS BANK issues Letters of Credit on Great Britain and all Foreign Countries; Buys and Collects Sterling 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. 109

Money to Loan. THE undersigned has a large amount of both private and Company funds to lend on either Farm or Village property at low rates rates on business strictly confidential and costs of loan reduced to the lowest figure. R. A. PRINGLE, Lower Town, Durham, Sept. 29th, 1881. 1176

R. DAVIS, FLESHERTON. Conveyancer, Commissioner in B.R. Real Estate, Loans & Insurance Agent. Lands Bought and Sold. 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 with all men. W. M. CLARK, Architect and Builder, MARKDALE. PLANS, Specifications, Estimates, &c., Furnished. Work Superintended and Inspected. Charges Moderate. 118

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 up on short notice. A full stock of Coffins, Shrouds and Trimmings always on hand. Askins' Patent Metallic Glass Burial Cases kept in stock.

THE N. P. BOOT and SHOE SHOP MY respects, Ladies and Gentlemen! Having commenced business I solicit your patronage. I make the N. P. Boot, such as the following:—The Dominion was. The Respectable John A. and the Hon. Alexander coming to get a pair each of my Boots. All the leading cuts, and (who would think it?) the Conservative cut, and as you know the N. P. Boot is the best for both wear and appearance. Fair dealing. Repairing done. JAMES MCKEAY, Opposite the Liverpool Office, Upper Town Durham. 1194

SHOEMAKERS Should Call and Examine **COLGAN'S** IMMENSE STOCK OF FOREIGN and DOMESTIC LEATHERS. Also Tanned in great variety. A splendid lot of PRIME HARNESS LEATHER. Cell and examine and you cannot fail to suit yourselves. Tannery corner of Sadder and Albert Streets, Lower Town, Durham. Highest market price paid for Hides, Calf Skins and Tallow. Durham Feb. 7th, 1882. 1197

Lumber, Lumber, Shingles, Shingles, Lath & Lime. AT THE ROCKVILLE MILLS. Also a large quantity of JOISTS, Lot 41, Con. 2. W. G. R. BENTICK. J. W. CRAWFORD, 600 Bush, Fresh Lime. Durham P. O., May 25th, 1880. \$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Cooley's Outfit free. Address TRICE & Co. 1212 Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE,—Six of the Best— **Building Lots** IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM, County GREY. No. 8, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Hunter's Survey, East Side Garraux St., North of Jackson St. These lots are beautifully situated on the principal Street, in Upper Town, opposite the residence of Geo. Jackson Esq., they are very desirable for building purposes, and are situated near to the principal thoroughfare in the town. They are situated on the corner of the principal thoroughfare in the town. They are situated on the corner of the principal thoroughfare in the town. They are situated on the corner of the principal thoroughfare in the town.

Knitting Stockings & Socks A VERY important question for every knitter is, how to knit the best quality of stockings and socks. This is a question that has long troubled the knitter. It is a question that has long troubled the knitter. It is a question that has long troubled the knitter. It is a question that has long troubled the knitter.

WM. JOHNSTON, Jr., Lower Town, Durham. 1198

POETRY

MAKE SOMEONE GLAD.
 On life's rugged road,
 As we journey each day,
 Far, far more of sunshine,
 Would brighten the way,
 If, thoughtful of self
 And our troubles, we had
 The will, and would try
 To make other hearts glad.
 Though of the world's wealth
 We're little in store,
 And labor to keep
 Grim want from the door,
 With a hand that is kind
 And a heart that is true,
 To make others glad
 There is much we can do.
 A word kindly spoken,
 A smile or a tear,
 Though seeming but trifles,
 Full often may cheer.
 Each day to our lives
 Some treasure 'twould add
 To be conscious that we
 Had made somebody glad.
 Those who sit in the darkness
 Of sorrow, do dream,
 Of a word
 Had need of a word
 Of solace and cheer.
 There are homes that are desolate,
 Hearts that are sad—
 Do something for some one,
 Make somebody glad.

An Ungrateful Daughter.
 "You've got a neat little spot here," remarked Farmer Hays to his friend Mr. Johnston.
 The two old men were sitting upon wooden seats, which were placed on either side of the rustic porch, and formed a kind of arbor entrance to the front door of the dwelling.
 The speaker was a spare, little man with dark hair thinly sprinkled with grey. He wore a swallow-tail coat, adorned with brass buttons; corduroy breeches, fastened at the knee; thick, best, worsted stockings, encased his legs, and a pair of low shoes covered his feet. His visage had a placid expression, as he glanced first at the well kept garden, with its rows of potatoes and other vegetables; then out to the little paddock adjoining, where two cows were grazing; and next over the wide, undulating meadow land beyond, his eyes resting finally on the long clay pipe between his lips and watched the wreaths of smoke slowly ascending from it.
 Mr. Johnston was a noble looking man; his snowy hair and long, white beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His countenance lacked that acute, intellectual expression which is so often stamped upon the visage of a middle aged "town man." His eyes were thoughtful, but gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate goodness. The few wrinkles which had gathered on the white, placid brow had been gradually traced there by time's relentless fingers, and not suddenly cut by a keen, sharp sorrow. He smoked silently for a few moments, and then replied to his friend's remark:
 "You're right; this is a neat little spot. But I'll tell you what I've been a thinking on, Hays. You know my Jennie's a going to be married to Robert Meadows. She's my only child—so of course she will have all my belongings when I'm gone. But I've been a thinking that soon after she's settled I'll have a deed of gift drawn up, and turn everything over to her; then there will be no proving the will, and all that fuss; and the lawyers won't have a pickin' out of my bit o' property. I shall live here and be master just the same. What do you say to that, friend Hays?"
 The old man put a hand on each knee, and gazed into the other's face, with an expression which said, "Do not you think it's a very brilliant idea?"
 His friend took the pipe out of his mouth and shook his head dubiously, then placed it between his lips, and gazed fixedly before him for an instant ere he answered; then he said, slowly and emphatically:
 "I don't like it."
 He shook the ashes from his pipe and began leisurely to fill it again with tobacco.
 "I never seed a play but once," he began, in slow, measured tones, "and that was many years ago, when I was a young man. I was in London, and my friends got me to go to the theatre to see a grand piece that had been made up by a great man hundreds of years ago. Well, I went, but the sight of the lights, the gay dresses, and the flash folks, I shall never forget, but it was the play that struck me. There was a good old fellow, who had three daughters, and he thought he'd divide the kingdom amongst 'em. They were very pleasant; the eldest went down on her knees, and swore how she loved him better than anybody else; and said as how he was the kindest and best father that lived—or words summat like them. The next said about the same, or only a great deal more; but I thought both on 'em looked too big and handsome and wide awake to stick to their word. The third daughter said very little, but I thought she was the nicest of all the lot. The king was loved because he would not own she loved him. So he divided the kingdom between the two eldest daughters. I thought was a silly old fellow to put the reins into their spiteful creature's hands. But he did it, and he died it. They treated him very well at first; but after a time they began to alter, and let him know he was 'nt master. Well, one night they turned him 'out of the castle, then there was a dreadful storm that it was 'nt fit to turn a dog out; and he who had once been a king had to roam about like a leger. The poor man went nearly crazed. I almost forgot how it ended, but I think they was all killed at last."
 "And what has this to do with what I was saying?" enquired Mr. Johnston, testily. "I was talking about deeds of gift, and not of plays."
 The other began to smoke—puff—puff. After a few minutes the full meaning of his friend's words dawned slowly upon his mind.
 "Well, I was a-thinking as how, when Jane got possession of the house, she might, maybe, after a bit turn you out. Keep the reins in your own hand, man—you can draw them tight, or let them loose, when you please; but don't give them up till you die. That's my advice, friend Johnston."
 There was a little flash in the other's eyes as he replied:
 "You don't know my Jennie; she's the loveliest, best, truest girl that ever lived. She would never wrong her father."
 In the meantime Jennie and her lover were in the orchard at the back of the house slowly walking up and down the path between the trees.
 "When two more days have passed, you will be my wife!"
 The young man looked down lovingly into the shy, dark eyes raised to his, and clasped the hand that rested on his arm.
 "I am so glad, Robert, that I shall not have to leave my home," she said, after a pause, "for I was born here, and here my mother died. It was very kind of father to propose that we should live with him. Now you can keep all the money in the bank that you have been saving so long to buy furniture with, and if we are careful we shall soon add some more to it."
 "Your father is very good, Jennie. We must be kind to him."
 The wedding day arrived.
 Mr. Johnston was placed in the seat of honor. He moved among the guests, with a kind word and cherry greeting for all.
 Jennie was a blooming, bonnie bride, and seemed proud of her stalwart husband.
 Jennie was installed as housekeeper in her father's home. After a time Mr. Johnston presented his daughter with the deed of gift, and the young people were formally acknowledged as master and mistress of the farm, with the understanding that Mr. Johnston was to reside with them.
 All went well for a time. Then gradually there came a change over the serene atmosphere of the dwelling, and the old man became conscious that he was no longer treated with courtesy, or his wishes respected.
 "Would you mind sleeping in the back bedroom for a few weeks?—we have a visitor coming," said Jennie, one morning, about six months after the wedding.
 The old man stared in great surprise.
 "Why can't the visitor go into the back room?" he asked.
 "Oh, it's such a little poky place! I don't mean that, exactly," she exclaimed, checking herself in confusion. "The room is very clean, and there is a beautiful view from the window and a good feather bed. But Miss Martin is very particular; she has such a grand home that we cannot put her anywhere."
 Mr. Johnston leisurely crossed his legs, put his newspaper on the table, took his spectacles off, rubbed them, put them in the case, and then slowly rejoined:
 "If there is such a fine view from the window, your visitor may enjoy it, and she can lie on the feather bed. I've slept in the front room five-and-forty years, and I ain't a-going to be turned out now. If Miss Martin ain't satisfied with the accommodation, she may stay away."
 "Stay away, indeed!" cried Jennie. "It's just like you father. I call you selfish."
 She hastily left the room, shutting the door with a bang.
 The old man took up the newspaper, but the words ran into one another, for large tears gathered in his bright grey eyes, and his lips quivered painfully.
 Miss Martin came, and informed Jennie that her father was the most aristocratic-looking gentleman she had ever seen. But during her stay Mr. Johnston was subjected to many slights, as Jennie and her husband were ashamed of some of his old-fashioned ways.
 One evening Mr. Johnston returned from the village where he had spent the day with a friend. He walked leisurely up the garden path, but suddenly paused and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.
 A fine hawthorn tree, which had stood near the house, and had been full of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon the ground. On examining it, he discovered that it had been cut off near the roots. He turned hastily to enter the house by the front door, when he observed that the monthly rose tree, which had twined the porch and leap full of bloom all summer, lay across the garden path, cut into a number of pieces; and an attempt had been made to dig it up by the roots.
 "Robert! Robert!" cried Mr. Johnston.
 "What's the matter?" queried a voice from the inner room.
 "What's been cutting them down?" cried the old man, excitedly, entering the apartment, and waving his hands towards the garden.
 "I have," answered Mr. Meadows, calmly, the other angrily. "It's your going to

put on such fine airs, I'll have you turned out."
 "Oh, Robert! Robert!" cried his wife; "the deed—the deed—"
 A hysterical fit of weeping checked her utterance.
 "What do you mean?" queried her husband, with a white face and a touch of fear in his tone.
 "Father's burnt it!"
 "Father is master of his own house, and will have you turned out if you don't behave yourself!" returned the old man.
 Angry words passed. Robert declared that he would go to law; he would not be done out of his rights; the house was his and Jennie's.
 "Prove it," grimly retorted his father-in-law. "You may have your company this afternoon, Jennie," he continued, after a pause, but it will be your last party in my house. I shall send for Farmer Hays, and we shall enjoy our pipes this evening, in the best parlor, as we did before you were married. As for you, Robert, you haven't provided a home for Jennie at present; but you will have to do so now. There's a cottage to let in the village which I think will suit you. A month to day I shall expect you to be clear from my house; and you needn't think I'll do any more for you. What I mean to give you—I'll give anything at all—you'll have to wait for until I'm dead. No more cutting down my favorite trees, or selling my old cows, or making me sit in the kitchen when you've got fine company. I'll send for my sister Jane, and she shall have a home with me as long as she lives."
 Jane, the sister, came to live at the farm-house, and passed away at the advanced age of eighty-six. Mr. Johnston lived ten years after, retaining all his faculties to the last, and died in his sixty-ninth year.
 Jennie and her husband had to work very hard in order to bring up their large family respectably. Robert's hair was silver white and Jennie's thickly streaked with grey, and their sons and daughters were men and women, when the formerly ungrateful couple were again allowed to take possession of the old farm-house.

School Law Changes.
 Hon. Adam Crooks, in a late address foreshadowed some changes in the school system, as follows:—
 1. The Government intend to make two Normal School terms instead of three short ones as at present.
 2. Teaching to be of a more professional character.
 3. Terms of County Model Schools to be lengthened.
 4. There are to be only four divisions in the Public Schools, the same as in Provincial Model Schools, instead of divisions as at present.
 5. The course in the Public Schools is to be of a more flexible character, there will be more optional and fewer compulsory subjects.

The exposure of Dr. Slade, the Spiritualist medium, at Belleville, was most complete. He had come there at the invitation of some believer to make converts of Spiritualism, but the sensible Canadian audience gathered to greet him only peered into the mystery of his tricks and exposed their nature. For \$150 and his expenses he was to advance the cause in Canada, but he went away without even the reward promised him. Those who watched him closely discovered that the mysterious rappings under the table were made with his heel, and the taps and pressure of spirit hands were produced by the medium's left slipper. By availing himself of a pretended nervousness, Slade was enabled to move more or less without creating suspicion, and to look under the table frequently. By this means he learned the exact position of the several knees under the table, and could then move his foot with precision. One of the sitters crossed his legs under the table, and the sphere of the medium's operations was at once perceptibly narrowed. Another sifter when touched gave a vigorous kick, and the medium's face showed that the calf of his leg was the object struck. It was found that Slade carried the slate about under the table on the upturned sole of his slipper. The slate-writing is not altogether accounted for; whatever answers to questions were really written during the seances were, however, in all probability traced with his very muscular and elastic left foot. When caught he confessed that most of his spirit messages were prepared before the slate was exhibited, and that by sleight-of-hand he showed only one side when he made his audience believe that he had shown and washed the entire slate. A reporter who shared a bed with Slade on Thursday night was treated to a series of "manifestations," which came to an abrupt conclusion when the reporter pinioned the Doctor's arms and legs so that he could not move. While Slade was free the noise he created at the head and foot of the bed were frequent. When his arms were held the raps could only be heard where his feet had jurisdiction, and when both feet and arms were held the noises ceased.

Mrs. Vaughn, an old woman of Milton, who has been suffering from a brain affection, committed suicide on Tuesday, by drowning herself in Martin's pond. She had deliberately taken off her slippers, stockings, and bonnet, and jumped into the water.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

The North Wellington County.
 From the News-Record.
 County Judge Drew finished the recount of the North Wellington election ballots last Thursday, and gave his decision on Saturday morning, the proceedings having lasted four days in all. As the recount was held at his honors residence in Elora, and the proceedings were strictly private throughout, only the candidates and their counsel being allowed to be present, it is not very easy for every one to get at the precise facts. But the well authenticated opinion among Mr. McMullen's friends is that it was fortunate for him that the ballots were in such a condition that it was utterly impossible that he could be counted out. Because so many peculiar judgments have been rendered relative to ballots that ought to be counted or rejected,—all apparently legal technicalities it may be, and perfectly free from personal feeling or political bias, it is quite possible,—that it was very fortunate indeed for Mr. McMullen that no matter what peculiar class of ballots were either thrown out or counted in a majority still remained in his favor. Judge Drew, we believe, at the commencement of the proceedings absolutely refused to lay down any rules by which he would be governed in determining what class of ballots ought to be counted in or rejected. He further expatiated and declared to be bound by decisions given by Superior Court Judges upon the ballot question in controverted election trials. Indeed it is said that his honor reversed his own ruling relative to ballots held to be good or bad, the developments as the recount progressed having induced him to change his decision upon several occasions. We believe that all the ballots cast at three polling places were thrown out, either because the counterfoils with the voter's names on the voters list was not torn off, or because although the counterfoil or stub was torn off the numbers were marked by the deputy returning officers upon the back of the ballots. In two of these cases, viz: in division number 2, Arthur Village, and division number 3 West Luthor, Mr. McMullen had a majority; but in the other, viz: number 7, Amaranth, Mr. Plumb had a majority of 42. As the recount was commenced at Wallace in the West end of the riding, and the municipalities were taken up as they lie on the map, the throwing out of counterfoils or numbers attached gave matters a color de re appearance to Mr. Plumb who was 22 ahead until No. 3 Amaranth (last polling place but one) was reached, where the vote stood McMullen 37, Plumb 79. Here the counterfoils were left attached to the ballots, and consequently they had either to be thrown out or else the ballots of No. 2, Arthur Village, and No. 3 West Luthor, which were a precisely similar state and gave Mr. McMullen a majority of 64 must be counted.—Therefore it is not to be wondered that at this stage hope within the breast of the sweet-singer from Niagara utterly collapsed and that the defeated bard, rejected by a strong Tory constituency, foiled in his attempt to secure a seat that a majority of 75 of the qualified electors said that he should not have, arose from the table in disgust and sought to cool his fevered brow in the breeze at the open door.
 There was one decision by his honor which is of so fine a character as to merit preservation. It would appear that the ballot papers were fastened together with a string or bit of thread passed through them at one corner or one end. Consequently, in pulling off the ballots to hand to voters as they went in a little bit would get torn out by the string with which they were fastened together. At one polling place where Mr. McMullen had a majority the ballots had been fastened at the centre at one end, where a little bit was torn out, but all the ballots were presumptively rejected because of the absence of the deputy returning officer's initials.—At another polling place the ballots had been fastened at one corner, where also a little bit was torn off apparently by the string, and here likewise the deputy returning officer's initials were missing. But his honor decided that it was not only possible but highly probable that the initials had been marked upon the missing corner; and consequently, although still refusing to count the ballots with the bit out of the centre at the end, he counted in the ones with the bit out of the corner! It is needless to add that the gentleman who sought to succeed Mr. Drew as Conservator is representative for North Wellington, benefited both by the rejection of the one set of ballots and also by the counting of the others.
 Another somewhat suggestive feature in connection with the recount was the number of costs. It is difficult to understand why Judges of the same County should differ so widely in their judgment upon similar matters. It appears Judge Drew gave back Mr. Plumb his deposit of \$100 and only allowed Mr. McMullen \$2 per day; while in the Centre Wellington recount four years ago Judge Chadwick allowed Mr. Orton the deposit of \$100 made in behalf of Mr. Robinson. The law is just the same now as it was then, and certainly Mr. McMullen is much better entitled to costs than Dr. Orton was; because in his case the recount was completed and judgment rendered in his favor; whereas, the recount applied for four years ago was never finished, and no decision was given by the Judge in favor of either one candidate or the other. There unfortunately does not appear to be that even handed justice in such cases here as one would expect when appealing to a fair, impartial and unbiased judge or political tribunal like the bench. We do not question the motives of their honors, but merely refer to facts, which we submit bear the unmistakable impress of unevenness.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.

At the last meeting of Owen Sound town Council Mayor Brewster tendered his resignation, which the Council accepted. The nomination to fill the chair for the balance of the term took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the election of Mr. D. A. Conroy, barber, by acclamation.