"THE GREY REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

In the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town

Durham, - - - Ont.

TERMS:—$1.00 per year in Advance.—$1.25 if not paid Within three 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
Casual advertisements charged 6 cents per Line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.—Nonpariel 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 12 lines.
Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates.

J. TOWNSEND, Publisher.

The Grey Review.

Vol. V. No. 27. DURHAM, Co. Grey, AUGUST 17, 1882. Whole No. 231.

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 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.

y 169

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 of interest.

Business strictly confidential and costs of loans reduced to the lowest figure.

R. A. PRINGLE, Lower Town, Durham.

Sept. 29th, 1881. tf176

R. DAVIS, FLESHERTON.

CONVEYANCER, Commissioner in B.R. Real Estate, Loan & Insurance Agent. Lands Bought and Sold. Deeds, Leases, Wills &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. 164.

W. M. CLARK, Architect and Builder, MARKDALE.

PLANS, Specifications, Estimates, &c., Furnished. Work Superintended and Inspected. Charges Moderate. 158

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 on short notice. A full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Trimmings always on hand.

Askins' Patent Metalic Glass Burial Cases kept in stock.

A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE TO HIRE

Remember the place—a short distance north of the Post Office.

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 leading gentlemen of the Dominion wear. I expect Sir John A. and the Hon. Alexander coming to get a pair each of my N. P. Boots. All the leading Grits, and (who would think it?) the Conservatives too, are dealing with me, as they know the N. P. Boot is THE BOOT for both wear and appearance. Fair dealing. Repairing done.

JAMES McCREARY, Opposite the REVIEW Office, Upper Town Durham.

y194

SHOEMAKERS

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

Also Findings in great variety. A splendid lot of PRIME HARNESS LEATHER.

Call and examine and you cannot fail to suit yourselves.

Tannery corner of Saddler and Albert Streets, Lower Town, Durham.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Calf Skins and Tallow.

Durham Feb. 7th, 1882. y197

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,

600 Bush. Fresh Lime.

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

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. y212

FOR SALE, —Six of the Best— Building Lots —IN THE— TOWN of DURHAM, County GREY, No. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Hunter's Survey, East Side Garafraxa 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 even, have been used as a Cricket ground, and are near to where the principal Produce is brought into the Town for sale. Since the opening of the Railway to the Town of Durham it has become one of the best Markets in Ontario and at no distant day, with its splendid water powers, will become a manufacturing place of note. J. H. Hunter, Esq., is now erecting a commodious Store-house at the Station, 50 x 40, three stories high, and others contemplate buildings of a similar kind. Durham is noted for its splendid stores and Hotels. This is a far safer investment than Manitoba Lots. The advertiser relies on an offer for one or all the Lots. Apply at this Office or to

F. F. BECK, Leader Xtst.

March 23rd, 1882. 429

POETRY

Health Alphabet.

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheets;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet:
Children if healthy are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house were you dwell,
Garments must never be made too tight;
Homes should be healthy, airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen.
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now, to open the windows be ever your care:
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember, the young cannot thrive without light:
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find if their be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come from its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerces could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

Lil's Folly.

Pretty Lilian Lawney, exquisitely costumed, from the silken ostrich plume of her hat to the tip of her dainty foot, ran lightly down the high steps of her beautiful new home.

She had been married a month, and was very happy as the darling of an old man, who, while fortunate enough to surround her with luxury, was also more fortunate to possess the utter faith and love of his young wife.

Major Lawney had never regretted the few years of tried fidelity and experience which made his breast a haven of rest and peace to his otherwise lonely girl. It was Lilian who grieved that her brief twenty summers might separate so far their now united lives.

But this brilliant winter day possessed for her no retrospection. She only knew that her happy heart seemed to be reflected from the dazzling streets and bright blue sky. Her content seemed to make all the world content about her, until quickly turning a corner of the square, she came on a knot of boys in the midst of which was a dog, a miserable, crouching creature over whom her heart melted. She stopped.

"What are you doing with that poor creature?" she inquired, somewhat severely.

The boys had quickly paused at her sudden appearance upon the scene, with the air of detected criminals, as they certainly were.

One, revealing that he had a heart, finally said:

"Ned Rollins he's turned a whole bottle of kerosene over him, and they're going to light it."

"Is this true?" Lilian demanded of one of the older boys.

"He's my dog, and I have a right to do what I please with him!" he returned insolently; and he rose from the crouching position and gave the poor dog a kick which actually caused Lilian a feeling of physical faintness.

The other boys looked somewhat cowed at the indignant flash of her beautiful eyes, but the bully stood sullen and defiant.

"You don't want the dog, I understand," she said, at length, addressing him.

"I am going to kill him!" he answered brutally.

"He said he'd sell him to me, and now he won't" spoke up another one of the boys.

"Will you sell him to me?" asked Lilian quickly.

"How much'll you give?" demanded the young ruffian.

Lilian took out her little azure purse, with its gold rings, and turned the coin into her hand. Only a few pennies and a gold sovereign, which latter she had kept for a pocket piece for some months. Her husband had dropped it into her purse one day, playfully proposing that she should make some wise investment of it. She turned the coin in her hand regretfully. There was no help for it.

"I will give you this," she said taking out the sovereign.

"You may have him."

Transferring the coin to the boy's hand, Lilian bent over her new purchase, patting him, and taking the string which was about his neck.

The dog was only a puppy yet, apparently of a large breed of animal, was of good size, with a shaggy, rusty coat; but Lilian observed that his head, with its drooping silky ears, was really pretty, and intelligence shone in the appealing brown eyes. Still, the forlorn, half-starved creature was a ludicrous appendage to the elegant young lady, and as she rose up to lead him away the boys set up a shout of derision. Lilian's cheeks burned, but she continued to lead and coax the animal through the quiet square to her own door. With a breath of relief she at once shut it upon him. In the vestibule of the elegant house the miserable dog looked more miserable than ever by contrast, and Lilian looked at him thoughtfully, a faint smile of humor relieving her excitement and compassion.

At that moment she heard her husband's step in the drawing room.

"Major," she called, gayly.

"Darling!" was the response.

"I have invested my sovereign. Come and see!"

Major Lawney, with his handsome, manly face and curling gray hair, appeared in the hall.

With a dramatic air of mock triumph, Lilian pointed to the dog.

"Why, Lilian, where did you get that unfortunate creature?" demanded her husband, in a low tone of utter surprise.

"Found him with some boys who were going to torture him. I could not save him any other way, so I bought him, and I had only the sovereign to pay for him with. He isn't very nice, but I pity him so!—and I may keep him, mayn' I, Guy?"

Major Lawney looked from the lovely face to the unlovely dog, and the next moment his own face broke slowly into a smile.

"Yes, you may keep him, and he shall be called Lil's Folly," he said rather drily.

The next instant her arms were around his neck, and they were laughing heartily together.

But Lil's Folly, fed and washed, brushed and treated kindly, began to have a respectable appearance. His shaggy coat became black and glossy. Lil observed that he was growing; and Major Lawney surreptitiously fed him from his plate at dinner, and pronounced him a good specimen of the Newfoundland.

"Not so bad an investment, Lil," he finally remarked, kindly, when in the spring Foll had reached a remarkable size.

Lil laughed.

"Thank you! I can bear considerable of that sort of thing, Guy; I have been ashamed of him so long."

Folly was invested with a handsome new collar, and in the summer went down to the seashore with them. They took board at one of the hotels. Lil had never been in such a place before. The great, level, restless sea, the stretch of silent, shifting sky, the panorama of the gliding sails, were indescribably delightful to her. She was constantly out of doors, running along the shore and climbing the rocks like a child. She watched sunrises and sunsets. She sat in the yellow sands watching the snowy surfs, and lived all the happiness she had ever dreamed.

Her husband leisurely accompanied her light footsteps, if his thoughts were graver than hers, they were not less pleasant; and that bonny, golden, glancing head was the light of his eyes. But one day he had letters to write when Lil wanted to be out of doors.

"Be as quick as you can, Guy, and I will run about myself, with Folly, until you are ready, when we shall go down to the shallows," she said, and was away, the great Newfoundland by her side.

Folly was sagacious, docile and very obedient. Along the shore he was allowed to accompany them; but at the village, where Major Lawney received his mails twice a week, he found an embarrassment—a certain belligerent mastiff making war upon him; and though Folly, "being in," bore himself bravely, he was the greatest sufferer in these encounters, by reason of his shaggy coat which gave the mastiff so undetachable a hold upon him.

Lil also had occasional errands to the village. If Folly followed unperceived and was sent back, he always obeyed, and not only turning back at the command, Home, sir—home!" but returning to the piazza of the hotel, where he lay down and patiently bided his time.

But this morning he was free to follow his young mistress. He bounded at her side, his head erect, his great tail moving like a banner, apparently as happy as she was.

Lil took a new direction this morning, and, being out of sight of the hotel, ran out upon a promontory that reached far into the restless water. There she sat down to rest, but soon busied herself picking up some beautiful pink shells.

When an hour had passed in this way, she turned to retrace her steps, but paused in amazement. She was upon a small island. The sea had advanced, crossed the neck at its lowest point, and sent her off from the mainland. And, to her horror, she saw that it was still advancing, and lessening the little island upon which she and her dog stood.

After a moment she climbed upon the highest rock and watched it. Yes, the tide was coming in rapidly, and swiftly and surely surrounding the island. She had reason to believe that it would soon be submerged. Folly, too, seemed to scent danger. He ran back and forth uneasily sniffing the air.

Lil sat down on the rock and tried to think. She was about a mile from the hotel and out of sight of it. Her husband would apprehend no trouble, and, when he should have finished his letters, would take a cigar and wait her return. No one was on the shore, and no boats in sight. If the water should submerge the rocks upon which she sat, there was no prospect but that she would be drowned.

I cannot tell you how long the poor girl sat there watching the crawling water—trying to be brave—trying not to think how happy she had been—how her husband would be stricken by her death—for she never knew herself.

But she rose at last, made a desperate effort for life. She determined to send the dog ashore with a message to her husband.

Tearing a blank page from a letter in her pocket, she wrote a few urgent words upon it with a little gold pencil that hung from her watch guard, and then tried to fasten the note to Folly's collar; but the paper was too perishable to trust to the water. The salt drops, already dripping from his coat, instantly soaked it and made it worthless, and she broke into a bitter cry. The next instant she snatched the pretty straw hat from her head and tied it securely by its ribbons to Folly's neck.

He looked into her face, whined and crouched at her feet. Was he troubled about her or himself?

"Go home—home sir!" she said.

For the first time Folly did not obey. He alternately crouched before her, and sprung upon her breast, wagging his tail. She caught hold of his collar and lead him to the water's edge.

"Go home, Folly!—home!—home!"

With a desperate howl the dog sprang into the water.

He swam away and left Lil alone. The water encircled her within a few yards. She was certain now that it would rise about the rock upon which she sat. In spite of herself she was crying miserably—whispering her husband's name—trying, poor child, to say her prayers—to say, humbly, 'Thy will, not mine, be done." But, 'twas, hard while the cruel, craving, cold waves came up, up, up, and there was no sound but their clashing voices. She was not ill, either. Her heart beat so wildly in her young breast! the red blood burned so hot about her throbbing temples! and the sweet lips that trembled were yet thrilled with kisses.

"It will be too late—too late!"

Folly might go directly to the hotel and display the drenched hat; and then again, for once, he might hie away to sulk his own pleasure, and the hat be torn from his neck and never found in time to tell the story. Already the water was creeping around her feet—already she sat on a level with the tossing waves. Ten minutes more, and—"Lil! Lil! Lil!"

A call—her name.

She sprang up—tore off her duster of pale linen and waved it aloft to guide the coming boat. She could hear the oars; and at last—at last—she saw the little dory leaping the waves. There was her husband and another strong oarsman and Folly stood in the stern

She utterly lost control of herself then & wept wildly, until her husband's arms took her into the boat: and then, sobbing into calmness on his knees, as they rowed away from the spot, Lil prayed.

When he could talk and she could listen Major Lawney told her how Folly had come ashore.

"He came bounding into the chamber with the hat in his mouth, evidently wanting to attract my attention to it. I was still busy writing, and half-absently ordered him out. He would not go—but sprang around me, whining—until, glancing at my watch and seeing how late it was, with no sounds of your arrival, I looked at him more closely, and saw that he was very wet. On trying to take the hat from him, I observed that it was attached to his neck, and that it was the one you had worn away. The truth then rushed over me; but never was there a more miserable man, for I did not know which way to go, I feared you were drowned. I rushed down to the shore, calling to our landlord's son, and pushed off the dory. I begged him to come with me; Folly, too, jumped in, and when we began to row he showed every sign of dissatisfaction until we turned the boat. Every time I called, he barked—until, dear child, we came in sight of you—and then I could hardly keep him into the boat—so anxious was he to reach you. But for his help, sweetheart, death would have separated us. No money shall ever buy Folly."

What Strong Drink Will Do.

At the police court on Saturdry a woman of tall commanding figure was charged with drunkenness. She is a frequent visitor at the court. She is the wife of a respectable citizen, and everything has been done to reform her, but, without avail. She possesses more than ordinary ability and is a woman who would be an ornament to any society in which she chose to move, only for the fearful habit which ruined her life and brought shame on all connected with her. She was literally in rags.

Just after the court was over, when the reporters were leaving the building, two constables came along, bearing between them another woman in a brutal state of intoxication. It required the united strength of both officers to keep her on her feet, and when she was placed on a chair in the police station she rolled off to the floor. She was elegantly attired and a woman of fine person. But her face was aflame with strong drink, and although, despite her kid gloves, jewellry, and finery, she was loathsome to look upon. She gave her name as Kate Blair, and her age as 25. She is the wife of a man who at one time doted upon her, but who has been compelled to let her go withersoever her habits might drift her.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

INCAUTIOUS USE OF FIREARMS.—A young man named Thomas Colvin, Luther Township, accompanied by a companion was out shooting on Tuesday, and having placed hand on the muzzle of the gun the cap by some means exploded blowing off his thumb.—*Enterprise.*

A Summary Notice of Sheridan.

Prepared specially for the Review.

As a man of genius, Sheridan stood out in his day as a conspicuous figure in the republic of letters, in the house of commons and in the upper circles of society. He had easy access to the mansions of the great, whom he charmed with the flashes of his wit, with the brilliancy of his conversation and with the fascinations of his manners. He lived by his wits and his whole life was thickly strewn with amusing anecdotes, with curious episodes and with droll adventures. A story is at hand quite characteristic of him,—He was staying at Lord Craven's at Benham, or rather at Hampstead, and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorne, with only his "dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad, the birds few and shy, and he walked and walked in search of game until, unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighboring squire. A very short time after he perceived advancing toward him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position and waited the approach of the enemy. "Halloa you sir," said the squire, when within half an earshot; "what are you doing here, sir, eh?" "I'm shooting, sir," said Tom. "Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire. "I'm here, sir." said Tom. "Here sir?" said the squire growing angry; "and do know where here is, sir?—these, sir, are my manors; what d'ye think of that, eh?" "Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable." "I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire, "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir!—what are you?" "Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing." "Sheridan!" said the Squire, cooling a little; "oh? from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I—" "No, sir." said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion." "Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan?" said the squire "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in my place I should like to know what you would say on such an occasion." "Why, sir," said Tom, "if I was in your place, under the circumstances, I should say, 'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment." The squire was hit by this nonchalance, and, it is needless to add, acted upon Sheridan's suggestion. "So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me; now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said 500 more good things than he swallowed, having delighted his host, and having half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sports man proceeded on his return homeward. In the course of his walk he passed through a farm yard; in the front of a farm house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond. On the pond were duck innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green, Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly up he goes to the farmer and accosts him very civilly. "My good friend," says Tom, "I make you an offer." "Of what, sir?" says the farmer. "Why," replied Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer. "Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!" "And to have all you kill, eh?" said the farmer. "Exactly so," said Tom. "Half a guinea," said the farmer. "That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece which happens to be all I have in my pocket?"

"Well," said the man, "hand it over." The payment was made. Tom true to his bargain, took his post by the barndoor, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing and screaming and fluttering had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his successes, picked up first a hen then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until his bag was nobly distended. "Those were right good shots, sur," said the farmer. "Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than eight shillings—eh?" "Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be; but what do I care for that? they are none of them mine!"

Here, said Tom, I was for once in my life beaten, and made off as fast as I could for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but what I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did for his cunning and coolness.

There is in the story which we have just given much to entertain us—it is highly flavored with fine attic salt as well as enriched with materials of comic interest. In the first part, the squire amuses us with the pomp and circumstance, which he as proprietor, assumes in his colloquy with the subject of our notice while the one furnishes the other with the occasion of exercising his powers of pleasantry raillery and repartee. The scene is certainly one of rare entertainment.

In the second part, the subject of our notice makes himself the butt of ridicule by the absurd idea of a sportsman seeking to come on game, to take a shot at domestic fowls in a pond situated within or near to a barn yard. This is made still worse by the cool manner, in which he was outwitted by a by-stander and by the consequent plight in which he was placed. It was a farce, which irresistably excites our risible faculties without any implied derision of him, as he retired from the scene in a graceful manner and carried us along with him rather than against him. He was fertile in resources and equal to any emergency, as the subjoined may suffice to show—When he was hard up for cash, he used to make his wit earn the means of subsistence; and could accomplish this in no better way than by laying wagers with the Prince Regent. A discussion arose as to the respective walking capabilities of turkeys and geese; the wit expressed himself very incredulous of the assertion that turkeys would walk twice as far as geese in a given space of time. He affected to believe that geese could be driven as fast on the road as turkeys; and the thing appeared so very absurd that the Prince instantly laid him a heavy wager that such was not the case. Sheridan, however, knowing the 'early-to-bed' habits of turkeys, took care to arrange for a long distance to be traversed, and to fix the period of trial late in the afternoon. The consequence was that evening set in before the rival flocks had anything like arrived at their destination and, although the turkeys outstripped the geese at first, as the shades of night fell they refused to be driven forward, and got flying up into the branches of trees at the roadside. The geese however, were driven steadily forward to the gaol, and the Prince, as usual, lost his wager.

O. S.

The City of Brandon.

A correspondent writing from the North West speaks in glowing terms of the city of Brandon, of its present prosperity and its promising future. He says its natural position is far ahead of either Winnipeg or Portage La Prairie. People has known it as the "town" of Brandon, but it has recently been incorporated as a "city." It is situated on a beautiful slope, is well supplied with water and can be easily drained. There is abundance of gravel and stone in and around it, besides splendid clay for making bricks. It has a fine farming country all around it and well settled. Its distance from Winnipeg by rail, is 140 miles, and the fact that it can be reached by water, is sufficient to make it an attractive and important place. It is the end of the first division of the Canada Pacific railway, and has the railway workshops and round-house. The south-western branch of the C. P. R., to the coal fields of the Souris, branches off a little west of Brandon, but the latter will be the real junction; and there is talk of railway from there to Repad City. All this will make Brandon an important point. The whole country around it is lovely.

The writer goes on to say that anyone who visited Brandon three months ago would not know it now, there has been so much building going on. The latter is only limited by the supply of material, but that is being speedily brought in. The corporation of the place have decided to spend $50,000 this year on street improvements. A complete staff of municipal officials have been appointed. The fixed population of the place is at least 2,000, and the floating population 1,000. The place is growing fast, and is one of the thriving cities of the North West.

DEATH OF ARCHIBALD MCMULLEN.—Death has this week removed from our midst one of our respected citizens, in the person of Mr. Archibald McMullen. Deceased has of late years been residing with his son, in Mount Forest, and has been in comparatively good health. The day before his death he had been complaining a little, but of nothing serious. Sunday morning last he felt somewhat faint and, after expressing himself so to his sons, passed away very peacefully. Mr. McMullen was a native of County Monaghan, in the North of Ireland. He came to this country with his family in 1848 and settled at Fergus. Here he remained the greater portion of the late years of his life, but more recently has resided in this town. Being of a quiet retiring disposition he did not take any very active part in public affairs, choosing rather to devote his attention to the promotion of his business as a merchant; still he was not slow to express his approval or otherwise of the acts of those in authority. He was all his life a devoted member of the Presbyterian church and died in the faith of his fathers, and in the full enjoyment of peace unspeakable through faith in Christ, to whose meritorious sacrifice and finished work he attributed the whole of his salvation. The funeral on Monday was very largely attended, and, as expressive of the respect in which he was held, places of business were closed. Mr. McMullen leaves two sons—the Rev. W. T. McMullen, who for the past twenty years has been pastor of Knox Church, Woodstock, and our townsman Mr. James McMullen, who recently was elected M. P. for North Wellington—and three daughters—Mrs. T. Rogers and Mrs. T. W. Bowie, of this place, and Mrs. Grant, wife of the Rev. R. N. Grant, minister of Knox church, Orillia.—*Confederate.*

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO