Durham Chronicle.

AND GREY COUNTY ADVERTISER.

MAINTIEN LE DROIT.

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WHOLE NO. 165.] DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, MARCH 31, 1870. [VOLUME 4, NO. 9.

James Brown,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HANOVER, Ontario.

Medical Advice Gratis.

E. W. PRITCHARD, A. M. M. D., formerly Surgeon C. S. Army.—Residence one door South of Jas. Brown's store, Lower Town, Durham. The doctor will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE, each day from 10 a. m. till to 2 p. m. ☞All orders left at Findlay & Shaw's Drug Store promptly attended to.

P. S.—Pure Vaccine Matter on hand, so bring along your children and have them vaccinated.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRADUATE of Victoria College, Toronto. Office—In Griffin's Building, Durham, County of Grey. All calls, day or night, promptly attended to.

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BARRISTER, ATTORNY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—OFFICE:—Next door to the Telegraph Office, Durham. 164 tf.

William Barrett

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—Office—Over Turner & Richardson's store, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

Samuel E. Legate,

LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c. Money to Lend from one to ten years, on easy terms of interest. Farms for sale.

Durham, 10th June, 1868. 71-1y.

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General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Lands, &c., Valued, Books and Accounts made up and collected. ☞$50,000 to lend on good Farm and Town Property at 8 per cent.. OFFICE:—14 Garafraxa St., Durham.

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FROM GLASGOW Scotland, Book-Binder, Sullivan Post Office. Charges moderate. All orders left at the CHRONICLE Office, promptly attended to. 1-1y.

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H. I. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Waggons and Sleighs, manufactured from the best material, at the cheapest possible rates. All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr. Carson's store, Lower Town, Durham.

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IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS AND Groceries, and General Wholesale Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

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General Blacksmith, opposite Wiley's Boot and Shoe Store, Lower Town, Durham.—Good workmanship, punctuality and moderate charges are the rules at this Smithy.

☞Apprentice wanted, one who has worked sometime at the trade preferred.

Durham, Jan. 4th, 1870.

IF YOU WANT FURNITURE GO TO SHEWELL'S Cabinetware and Chair Factory, OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL DURHAM, SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.

WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY description can be had as cheap, and as good as at any other establishment in the County. All work warranted. Wareroom, One Door North of the sign of the big chair.

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY are prepared to do Millinery and Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs. Perkiss is well acquainted with above branches, and also Straw-work. Fluting done in good style.

☞Residence next to R. McKenzie's large brick store, Lower Village.

HOTEL CARDS.

DEACON'S HOTEL,

HANOVER.

This House is furnished with all the requisites to insure the comfort of travellers. The Table supplied with the best the market affords. Choice wines, liquors, and cigars kept constantly on hand. There is also a good livery in connection with this house. Charges moderate.

April 26, 1868. 1y.

HALF-WAY HOUSE,

ORCHARDVILLE, JAMES BELL, PROPRIETOR. Having leased the above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J. Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class accommodation to travellers and the public generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Superior Stabling and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,

ORCHARDVILLE. This House has recently been refitted and furnished in first class style, with a view to the comfort and accommodation of the travelling public. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest bands always on hand. Good Stabling and an attentive hostler. Stages call daily.—Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,

HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR, Durham. ☞The subscriber is Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham,

J. E. LIOTT, Proprietor. The above Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished with a view to the comfort and convenience of its guests. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands always in stock. The Larder will at all times be supplied with the best the market will afford. Good Stabling. Charges moderate.

OPEN REBELLION.

TAKEN BY STORM!

Fenian Raid!

Photographs for the Million!

BETTER than the BEST and Cheaper than the Cheapest at KELSEY'S GALLERY,

Opposite Fletcher's, Upper Town, Durham.

SIMPLE AND ELEGANT!

DURABLE and ECONOMICAL!

THE LOCKMAN FAMILY SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine

MANUFACTURED BY

WILSON, BOWMAN & CO., HAMILTON ONT.

Is the most complete Sewing Machine made. The price of the Machine, on beautiful stand, walnut top, mouldings and drawers is

$32 00.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine is not only the LATEST but also the BEST of its kind, before the public.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine, altho' not much exceeding in price the very cheapest machine manufactured anywhere, is yet INCOMPARABLY superior to any cheap machine yet brought out.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine has achieved an IMMENSE POPULARITY in the short time it has been before the people.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT the Lockman Machine already occupies a position only accorded to others after years of toilsome effort.

It surpasses all others yet attempted in the most essential particulars. It is simpler, and consequently much more easily managed; it is more durable, and consequently will last much longer; it is more elegantly finished, and consequently makes a more agreeable appearance; it runs easier, and consequently does not fatigue the operator; it does more work and of a better quality in an equal space of time, and is consequently more economical; it does better work, and a greater variety of it, and consequently possesses a greater adaptability; it is a greater wife-saver, labor-saver, money-saver, time-saver, board-saver, and consequently appeals more completely to the philanthropic instincts of humanity, it has stood the test of actual use, and has achieved a great popularity. Purchasers should not select a machine until they have examined the LOCKMAN, if they would save a large amount of future annoyance and trouble.

Call and Inspect.

Agent for Durham and vicinity,

F. H. Edwards.

Durham, March 16th, 1870.

Pure Air.

Throw open your window and fasten it there,
Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis the life and the health of mankind.

Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheums?
Or headaches, and fevers, and chills?
Of bitters, hot-drops, and plasters and fumes,
And bleeding, and blisters, and pills?

Then shut yourself up like a monk in his cave,
Till Nature grows weary and sad,
And imagine yourself on the brink of the grave,
Where nothing is cheerful and glad.

Be sure when you sleep that all air is shut out;
Place, too, a warm brick at your feet;
Wrap a bandage of flannel your neck quite about
And cover your head with the sheet.

O! prize not thus lightly so precious a thing,
'Tis laden with gladness and wealth—
The richest of blessings that Heaven can bring,
The bright panacea of health.

Then open the window and fasten it there,
Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis the light, life, and joy of mankind.

THREE CHAPTERS IN A LIFE'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

"Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night."—
HOOD.

Four years passed over Rachel Masterton's head after the opening of her career—four weary downward tending years of blighted hopes and unfulfilled aspirations. She made the one great mistake of her life within a twelve-month of her entering her new profession,—she married. She was caught, as many lonely women are, by a handsome face and plausible tongue, and gave her heart to the man who offered her protection, and shelter, and love to boot, with a passionate fidelity, and all a woman's longing for something to love.—Alas! ere many months had gone by she learned how sadly she had been deceived; her talent and the little money she possessed had been her chief attractions; and when her first child came, with the comfort its baby innocence brought to her aching heart, went even the last show of love or affection from her reckless, dissolute husband.

"She had lost her good looks," he said, "and nobody cared for an actress who had always a baby dragging about with her; she must put the child out to nurse."

But Rachel was resolute. All the pent-up affection of her woman's heart vented itself on her infant, and she would not part with it. Her husband might ill treat her if he chose, might neglect her as he would; she had her baby, and for its dear sake she would strive to bear all. What she did bear, only those who have been placed in her position can tell; all helpless wives, and neglected loving mothers, can sympathize with her. And time wore on, and the father she had so nobly kept from all sorrow and suffering died in peace and quiet at the home her sacrifice had provided for him, and her money was hers once more. No, not *here*, her husband's; in her blind faith in him she had made no settlements, and it went, as everything else had done, to the four winds. For a few months there was plenty and riot in their home, which she vainly tried to prevent; for she foresaw what a future lay before her when it was gone; and ere long she would have two children on her hands instead of one, and be more tied than ever. It was no use; as well might she have tried to control the current of the mighty river on whose banks they dwelt, as stay the tide of her husband's recklessness; and one morning, when she lay silently revolving the future in her mind, with a little daughter of a day old in her arms, and her cherished boy sleeping by her side, came the news that they were ruined at last, and her husband arrested for a debt he had no means of paying. Even then she could think and plan for him; and she did it, writing here and there to friends whom she thought might aid her; and aid came. From one quarter and another she got help, till they were once more started in life. Her husband promised, as men will, all sorts of wonderful reforms; but, alas! they were, like most promises, only words; and Rachel travelled with him about the country, getting short engagements now and then, only to see him break them ere they were half fulfilled, through drunkenness, or carelessness, or some misconduct. She was rapidly sinking into that most miserable of all womankind,—a hopeless, heartless slattern.—But for her children, she might have flown to the bottle for comfort; but the sight of her husband's degradation, the endurance of his brutality when under the influence of the debasing vice which had been his ruin, nerved her heart, and made her loathe the sight and smell of the soul-destroying spirit. Her children were her safeguards; she had something to live and strive for while they were left her; and she did strive, starving herself that they might live, and hoping and praying for them always. At length the end came; one bitter winter morning she woke from a troubled, weary sleep to find her husband gone, whither she knew not. He left a scrap of paper scrawled with heartless words, to the effect that he could do nothing, hampered with such a family; that he was gone to seek an engagement; and that when he got something to do, he would send her some money. Rachel was stupefied by this last blow. Alone in a strange town, with those helpless infants on her hands, what was she to do? She had no money, scarce any food, and there was rent owing to the landlady. She managed to exist for about a fortnight, parting one by one with her things to buy bread, till she had hardly clothes to cover her; her very boots had gone for the purchase of a scanty meal. Her landlady often hinted to her that she must go, but she begged from day to day for a shelter, hoping every post would bring her a letter. None came, and one bitter snowy night she was thrust forth, homeless and shelterless, into the cruel streets.

"There was the workhouse," the inhuman woman said; "she could go there, but in her house she shouldn't stay."

Rachel sat down stupefied on the step of a door, clasping her two children.—She could hear the din and bustle of the street, hear even what the passers-by said as they hurried along. Above all the medley of voices and sounds, came the clash of a brass band from a tent not far off, where the mirth and fun of a travelling circus was in full swing. She shuddered and stopped her ears; how could people laugh and be merry when there was so much misery in the world? and she rose dizzily to walk away just as a policeman sternly bade her 'Move on, and not be loitering there.'

"Move on!" she repeated,—"where?" And as she spoke, came, like a flash of lightning into her mind, the thought of deliverance—the river! Within a hundred yards of where she stood it ran calm and peaceful under the cold stars. Under its glassy water there would be at least rest and oblivion; one plunge, and she and her children would know neither sorrow nor suffering, want nor cold in this world more! With the ardour of her old impulsive nature, she caught up her frightened boy on her disengaged arm, and rushed madly, blindly forward. No one heeded her,—she was only a street tramp in the eyes of the passers-by, and what mattered a tramp and her children to them? She reached the brink of the river; another moment and the water would have closed over her head, when she was arrested by a voice calling her by name.

"Mrs. Foster," it said respectfully.

Rachel turned and looked. It was an old man, coarse, and not over clean, his wrinkled face still showing traces of red and white paint,—a clown from the circus she had passed in her mad flight to destruction. She had seen him once or twice, and knew him in a moment.

"Mr. Davies," she said, falteringly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, taking off his hat, and bowing to her in her misery as he would have done in her greatest prosperity. "Might I ask where you were going to?"

"Nowhere!"

"Hadn't you better go home (still with the utmost respect). "If you'd let me carry that little gentleman there, we'll soon get in,—it's a bitter night for these babies."

"Home!" Rachel's sore heart gave way at the words, and she burst into relieving tears. "Home!" she repeated, "where is it? I have none! I was going to make one for myself yonder!—Let me go."

"No, my dear," the old man said, simply, "you'll think better of it. I've a house, such as it is, and my old woman will be glad to see you. Come along with me; we'll find something for these young uns, and shelter for to-night, at all events. There, there, don't talk; I'll hear all about it when you're warm and comfortable by the fire."

And wrapping the half-frozen child in his rough over-coat, he led Rachel away from the river-side. She could only mutter "God bless you, God bless you," as she dragged herself along after him, through the dark, dirty streets by the water-side, till she came to the door of the place where he lodged.

"It's a poor place," he said; "but it's clean and warm. Here, old woman, bustle up and make room for us."

She was a hard-featured woman, this showman's wife, and looked as though she had borne many a hard knock from the world; but she had been a mother, and her thoughts flew back to many a little grave here and there in the country, as she looked at the two babies half perished with the bitter cold. She took one and her husband the other, and warmed them, and chafed their little limbs by the bright fire; while their mother lay with her arms on the table, and wept out her thankfulness for the relief that had come to them all.

"Let her be a bit," the clown said to his wife; "women are always better for crying. I only just caught her in the nick of time."

"Caught her?"

"Yes; in another minute she'd have been over the quay into the water with them two children. Poor soul! I doubt she's had enough to drive her to it."

"Who is she?"

"Why, Mrs. Foster; you've heard me talk of him, Mary,—a handsome scamp. I doubt he's left her; she said she had no home."

"Poor soul! we might put her and the babies to bed in here, Jim,—there's the fire and gas, so they'll be nice and warm. You and me could do on the floor in the little closet here for one night, couldn't we?"

"Ay, for two for that matter, wife."

They were only a circus clown and his wife, these two feeling hearts; given to swearing now and then, and drinking sometimes; and appearing nothing in the eyes of the world but a pair of low, coarse, show-people, fit for nothing but to paint their faces, and indulge in vulgar buffoonery for the amusement of the common herd; yet their humble loving-kindness to their distressed sister will be noticed in the great account by eyes which are not of this world, and their reward will be ten-fold, for having shown the Christian charity that "seeketh not her own." Warmth and food brought back to Rachel the senses which had well-nigh left her; and, ere she laid down to rest, she told the kind pair who had befriended her all her pitiful story. They listened, but hardly knew what to advise, and could only recommend her to rest, for that night, at least.

"My old woman always says, 'sleep on it,'" the clown said, "and we'll just take her advice. Only promise me one thing, my dear,—I'm as old as your father would be if he were here, and I think I may ask it,—kneel down here by me, and put your hand on your baby's head, and swear you'll never think of doing what you were going to do to-night. You may master every trouble in this world, but you can never undo that."

"I never will, never," sobbed the poor mother. "I was mad—desperate, or it would never have come into my heart," and kneeling by her innocent child, she swore the oath he asked of her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Burns as a Farmer.

He took possession of a farm near Ellisland, on the banks of the beautiful Nith. His heart was not in his work, as we may judge from his own bitter words: "If miry ridges and dirty dung-hills are to engross the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once." But the "miry ridges" might have yielded an honorable independence, had Burns looked after his farm. In three years and a half the end came. Burns lost all his money, the farm-stock was sold by auction, and the former lion of Edinburgh was driven to live in a Dumfries lane as an exciseman, on seventy pounds a year! In five years more death ended the sad struggle, and then Scotland woke up in amazement to honor her dead poet.

General Sheridan's report states that during the last eight years 800 persons have been murdered by the Indians within the limits of his present department, and many were fearfully tortured and mutilated. He adds that the problem to be solved is, "Who shall be killed—the whites or the Indians?" It does not matter much which—if both parties are equally savages.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—An old lady, on reading that an ice-house had been burned, remarked: "La, now! I suppose it was from spontaneous combustion. I often noticed that the ice in the wagons smoked.

Josh Billings charges the cat with being a kritter that is guilty of affektashun: "I hev known a kat tew klean the kream all oph from the buzzum of a pan of milk, and then limp into the sitting-room on all four leggs, and lay down in the corner of a fire-place, as melancholly as tho she hadn't a friend on the face of the earth."

The new press of the London Times, invented by a Mr. Macdonald, prints eleven thousand copies per hour on both sides. The paper is used just as it comes from the mill, in strips of three thousand three hundred yards in length.—It is rolled upon a cylinder and moistened by another cylinder. The press measures only fourteen feet by five.

Down in the Sea.

LIST OF THE MISSING STEAMSHIPS FROM THE PRESIDENT, IN 1841, UP TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

Just at this time, when so much anxiety is being felt for the safety of the City of Boston, the following from the New York *Times* will be found very interesting:

The President which left New York March 11, 1841, having among her passengers Tyrone Power, the comedian; a son of the Duke of Richmond, and other noted persons, is in this dismal catalogue, and so is the City of Glasgow, lost in 1854, and the Pacific, in 1856; but we recollect no other vessel of similar character that have so vanished and 'left not a track behind.' Consequently, the chances would seem that as in the cases of the troopship Birkenhead and the packets St. George, Central America, Sarah Sands, Austria, Anglo Saxon and London, a greater or less number of the passengers of the two missing crafts may have been saved.

Such, it will be remembered, was also the fate as regards the Lady Elgin, sunk by collision on Lake Michigan, September 8, 1860. Of her 385 passengers, 287 perished among whom were Mr. Herbert Ingram, M. P., the founder of the Illustrated *London News*, and his son. Of the passengers and crew of the Hungarian, on the other hand, which was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia, February 19, of the same year, all on board were lost. The Birkenhead, wrecked off Simson's Bay, South Africa, February 26, 1852, lost 484 and saved 184. The St. George, which was bound for Liverpool from New York, was destroyed by fire at sea, December 24, 1852, lost 51, while 70 were rescued and taken to Havre by the American ship Orlando. The Central America, which foundered on her way from Havana to New York, September 12, 1857, carried 579 persons, of whom only 152 were saved. Of the 538 on board the Austria, burned in the middle of the Atlantic, September 13, 1858, but 67 survived.

The Sarah Sands, which sailed from Portsmouth for Calcutta in August, 1857, took fire in November, and afterward experienced a tremendous gale, carried all on board safely into port.—The Anglo-Saxon, wrecked on a reef off Cape Race during a dense fog, April 27, 1863, lost 237 out of 446 individuals. The London, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, January 11, 1866, on the passage from England to Melbourne, lost 220 lives, among whom were Dr. Woolley, Principal of the University of Sydney, and Mr. G. V. Brooke, the tragedian. Two instances have befallen during the past few years, when the romantic incident, so much used by novelists and dramatists, of a single life being saved from among all on board a lost ship has really been exemplified. These were in the cases of the Dalhousie, wrecked off Beachy Head, October 19, 1853, and the Dunbar, wrecked off Sydney, August 20, 1857.

In the latter instance the survivor was thrown by a gigantic wave into a tiny aperature high up in the face of a precipice—the chance of such a thing occurring being about the same as that of throwing a pea in a nail hole in the side of a wall—where he lay insensible for many hours, but was finally discovered and saved by a daring fellow, who caused himself to be let down from the top of the acivity by ropes.

The facts we have named, and others that might be cited, indicate a strong preponderance in favor of the supposition that even should the City of Boston have been overtaken by calamity, many and perhaps all of her passengers and crew may have been saved. We do not, however, like to abandon the hope that a joyful telegram may yet flash over the Atlantic cable, announcing that this fine ship as well as those who entrusted their lives to it, are still above water.

Garibaldi's doctor gives him six months more to live.

☞The Associated Press have offered a reward of $500 for the detection of the author of the late cruel hoax, stating that the steamer "City of Boston" had arrived safe at Queenstown.

We deem it but justice to the public to state that the postage on newspapers sent from Canada to foreign parts, which has heretofore been five cents (prepaid) has been raised to six cents. In consequence of sufficient public notice not having been given to that effect by the post office authorities, large numbers of papers posted in Toronto and elsewhere are confiscated and sent to the dead letter office at Ottawa.

☞Mr. George Arensberg, a New York compositor, better known as the "Velocipede" accomplished the extraordinary feat of setting 2,064 ems of solid minion type in one hour. It may interest the public to know that the type will average three letters to an em, so that Mr. Arensberg actually placed 6,192 pieces of metal in position within an hour.

American Slang—How It Bothered an Englishman.

The utter ignorance of the English of the signification of American slang expressions often causes some curious scenes between them and Yankee buyers in England, who seem to think that because their language generally is understood, all their American idioms will be. An expert buyer, junior partner in one of our large American firms, at a recent visit to his correspondent in an English manufacturing city, was complicated by the senior partner of the house, who insisted on personally showing goods to his American customer.

"There, sir," said Dowlas, throwing out a roll of goods, "what do you think of that?"

"O, that's played out," said the American. "It's what?" said Bull.

"It's played, I tell you," said his customer.

"Played—ah! really—we call it *plad*, h'yar in England, but this isn't plaid—plad, you know."

"No," said the Yankee, "I don't mean *plad*. I mean 'ter say it's gone up."

"Oh, no," said the Britisher, "not at all—it has not gone up; quite the contrary. We've taken off from the price."

"Over the left; it's three pence too high now."

"No doubt of it; but our neighbors you know on the left are not manufacturers, you know."

"Very likely, but I don't care to be *stuck* when I get home."

"Really! Most extraordinary! is it as dangerous in New York as the newspapers say?"

"Yes, but I don't want these goods I've got some already that will knock the spots out of 'em."

"But, my dear, there's no spots on the goods, I assure yah. They are perfect."

"Well, well; suppose we 'switch off on these goods and try something else."

"Certainly!" said the Englishman, and to the infinite amusement of the American's friend, called a clerk with a wisp broom and directed him to swith off all dust he could find, while he proceeded to show something else.

"There," said the Englishman, triumphantly, spreading out another fabric, "there's the hansomest piece of goods in England, 'arf a guinea a yard."

"I can't see it," said his customer.

"Can't see it! Why, you are looking straight at it. However, suppose you try the light of this window."

"No; I don't mean that," said the American. "I haven't got the stamps for such goods."

"Stamps! No stamp required but a bill stamp, which we are happy to furnish."

This misunderstanding might have continued longer, had not the younger members of the house, seeing his senior's perplexity, rescued the American and put him through after the manner of his country-men.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Short Letters.

Some very amusing instances of laconic letters are given. Lord Berkeley says to the Duke of Dorset:

My Dear Dorset—I have just been married and am the happiest dog alive.
BERKLEY.

And gets for answer:

My Dear Nephew—every dog has his day.
DORSET.

A young fellow at college wrote to his uncle, on whom he entirely depended:

My Dear Uncle—Ready for the needful. Your affectionate nephew.

My Dear Nephew—The needful is not ready. Your affectionate uncle.

It is pleasant that affection should survive pecuniary embarrassments, as in the case of Samuel Foote's Mother and himself:

Dear Sam—I am in prison for debt. Come and assist your loving mother.
E. FOOTE.

Sam replied:

Dear Mother—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son.
SAM. FOOTE.

A case of consience in which Charles Yellowplush might have been the principal, has occured at Milwaukee. Some years ago a gentleman there was robbed of a $100 bond. The thief has now sent it back, with the information that it has "layed on his stummuck ever sense." His reason for taking it was simple: 'I took it for i wanted munny.' His reason for not selling it is far more complicated: "Every time i went to sell the thing sumthing told me not to, and i didn't." His surrender of the security is unconditional: "Here it is for I can't keep it no longer." Excellent, if not grammatical! praiseworthy if not orthographical! There are men who can spell a great deal better than he can, who might follow the Milwaukee thief's example.

Nothing in the Paper.

The following spicy chapter on the subject of newspapers, we clip from an exchange—elicited, no doubt, by the too frequent remarks of the indifferent reader, after perusing the news of the day, that 'there's nothing in the paper.' It says:

'And men are always grumbling about their papers, and insinuating how much better they could do it. They talk as flippantly about 'fine articles' on every imaginable subject as if they could effect such a change. Let some of the overrunning philosophers try it for one hundred and fifty days in succession.

And then they think it is nothing to select for a newspaper; you have merely to run the scissors through a half dozen exchanges, and you have got matter enough. Now this is the most important and the most difficult department to fill on a newspaper. Very few men have the slightest idea how to do the work. It requires a thorough newspaper man—who knows the public appetite well; who knows what is going on in the world, and who knows how to re-write

Men who skim a newspaper and toss it aside, little reflect how much brains and toil have been expended in serving up that meal. Busy heads and busy hands have been toiling all day to gather and prepare these viands, and some vast building has been lit from cellar to garret all night to get the paper ready for the newsboy by crack of dawn.

'Nothing in the paper!' Nothing in your head! that's what's the matter.

Distance from Fort William to Winnepeg.

In the general report of the Hon. Minister of Public Work for the year ending the 30th of June, 1869, we find among other useful information, the following table of distances by land and water from the head of Lake Superior to the town of Winnepeg:

	Land Carriage. Miles.	Chains.	Navigable Water. Miles.
From the depot at Thunder Bay to Shebandowan Lake	40		
Shebandowan and Kasbiowekanak Lakes		25	
Height of Land Portage	50		
Lac des Mille Lacs		25	
Baril Portage	15		
Baril Lake			8¼
Brule Portage	21		
Windegostegon Lakelets		12	
French Portage	2		
Kaogassikok Lake		15	
Deux Rivieres Portage	2		
Sturgeon Lake & River		27	
Island Portage		13	
Nequaquon Lake		17	
Fequaquon Portage	5		
Nsmenkan Lake		10	
Bare Portage		11	
Rainy Lake		46	
Fort Francis Portage		10	
Rainy River and Lake of Woods		120	
N. W. angle of Lake of Woods to Fort Garry	88		
	137	41	305¼
			137¼

Total distance by land and water 433

PILES—Internal, Bleeding, External, and Itching, no matter how severe, relieved quickly, and cured magically with Dr. J. Briggs' Pile Remedy. Sold by Findlay & Shaw.

CATARRH, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, &c., no matter how distressing, instantly relieved and quickly cured with Dr. J. Briggs' Allevantor. To be had at Findlay & Shaw's.

NEURALGIA.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Allevantor for Neuralgia, headache, catarrh, sore throat, bronchitis, &c. It is agreeable to use, and reliable. Sold by druggists.

CORNS.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Modern Curative for corns, bunions, in-growing nails, tender feet, &c. Mild, soothing, softening and healing. Sold by druggists.

AN HONEST CLERK.—It is related that a merchant in a town not a thousand miles from the goodly city of Hamilton recently hired a new clerk, and of course initiated him at once into the mysteries of the "trade mark." The same afternoon the newly inducted knight of the yard stick was showing some goods to a lady customer, when she demurred to the price of the article. The feelings of the merchant may be imagined when the young man called at the top of his voice: "What shall I sell this for? It is marked four dollars and a half and cost fifty cents." The engagement with the clerk soon terminated. *Hamilton Times.*

CONSUMPTIVES.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Throat and Lung Healer for all diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest. Very pleasant and efficacious. Sold everywhere.

A Philadelphia reporter belonging to 172 secret societies, is the custodian of 3361 grips, passwords and signs. Being a temperance man, he never gets fuddled.