

A Jealous Princess.

A LIVELY STORY OF VICTORIA'S DAUGHTER, THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

The Crown Princess of Prussia, Victoria's eldest daughter, inherits more of her mother's traits than any of her other descendants...

By-and-By.

Yes, by-and-by—everything is thus. It is only in the future that we look for the joys and pleasures that never come, or are bitter and sorrowful when we find them.

By-and-by there will come a cloud of sorrow. We, who have brushed away no clouds for others, will feel it sinking down upon us like a great weight, and we shall cry out in our anguish that we cannot escape. There will be a sick bed, a death bed, and then:

"The shroud, the pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow way!" And they will be lying in the grave, and we shall be toiling on in the world.

An English somnambulist jumped out of his three-story room window into the street, under the belief that he was stepping out of his kitchen into the backyard. Breaking his leg on the pavement aroused him to a sense of his error.

Two rival ice companies are to contend for the championship. They are to test the question of superiority by each placing a block of ice of a certain weight in a room, the block that keeps longest from melting to be regarded as the best.

One of the novelties of Paris is a hat made of wood shavings, which sells for five francs, a really superior quality selling for twenty cents. The hats look as finely as the Panama, are of exquisite workmanship, light and comfortable, and, with careful handling will last some days.

An American paper records a singular occurrence at a bridge in their city recently. It being swung open the driver not noticing the fact, kept driving on without accident, the stench from the river being so strong as to bear up the car and land it safe on the other side.

A Minnesotan man, who last fall cut himself badly by a scythe, and subsequently felt that he was going to die told his wife that he had a brother who was buried alive, and urged her to cut his throat after he was dead to make a sure thing of it. The woman promised and kept her word.

It is now about over, but whilst it lasted, the display of bloom on the fruit trees was almost never finer in this quarter, and now the certainty of a large crop is the opinion of all of whom we have enquired, that is, if frosts may not yet visit us.—Chatham Planet.



DURHAM CHRONICLE.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1870.

Topics of Current Interest.

In the estimation of politicians results are everything. The character of the means for a but a secondary consideration. The Hon. George Brown regards it as being quite legitimate to slander the Hon. D. L. Macpherson and the Hon. J. H. Gray, if he can thereby injure the standing of the Government. All is fair in war, they say.

You may lie, cheat, feign misrepresent, or do any other thing to gain national or political ends, with the assurance that if you are successful you will be honored as patriots. The result is everything. Very little principle is employed in governing the world. Rank and power and titles, are won and kept by knavery and effrontery, yet the world goes on, and will, in all likelihood, continue to do so, if for no other purpose than to prove that factitious events are not lasting. History has scarcely yet taken possession of the record of the North-Western rebellion, and we are even yet too near in point of time to form a discriminating estimate of the character and conduct of those whose names must necessarily appear in the summary of events. But yesterday, the Hon. Mr. Macdougall was proceeding across the western prairies, with an imposing cavalcade to assume a Governorship, and to-day we are told that the Hon. Mr. Archibald, M. P., for Colchester, in Nova Scotia, is to supersede the nascent hero of Pembina. There is something exceedingly ludicrous in the going and coming of William. The hard fate that dissipated the delusive halo that enveloped the little Court of His Excellency, is not rendered more tolerable by the unceremonious haste in appointing his successor. Admitting as we do that Mr. Archibald possesses all the qualities of an intelligent constitutional Governor, we doubt whether the propriety of appointing a civilian until law and order had been restored in the territory. Unquestionably as a military administrator of affairs may be to our tastes, it is nevertheless true that man, in the sphere of practical affairs, has to pass through a military régime before he is fitted to enter upon the industrial phase. To our thinking, before the forms of constitutional government should be placed in the hands of the people of Red River the claims of Riel, of Priests Lestane, Richot, and others, accessories to the murder of Scott, to a halter, should be submitted for adjudication. The Commander of the forces should, during the transition period, fill up the interval between the dispensations. A preparer of the way is no new thing in the establishment of Kingdoms. William Penn removed good service in the way of removing mountains, and John the Baptist was both a harbinger and a smoother of ways. We do not accuse the Government of entertaining speculations of this kind. Governments act by instinct. Their first duty appears to be of a self-preserving character. With them results are everything. The course of the Red River history for the last twelve months has run counter to all calculation. It was never dreamt of that Governor Macdougall would be compelled to escape from British territory with his life in his hands, or that British subjects should be deprived of their personal liberty because they refused to bow the knee to a usurper of authority. The utmost stretch of imagination would fail to place within the limits of the possible such a series of facts as cluster about the death of poor Scott. In the broad light of day, within a few yards of the residence of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, under the eye of the administrator of the Roman Catholic Diocese of St. Boniface, a loyal subject, for no offence known to the law, was shot down at the command of a mongrel ruffian.—This act demanded a new arbiter of the social relations. The semi-savage devotees of a blighting superstition have chosen this line of argument, and how- ever anxious we may be to avoid the shedding of blood, it stands confessed that the faction which dominates at Red River are believed to be more amenable to the arguments of ball cartridge than those of reason.

The determination to put down anarchy by force, if need be, is an incident of the usurpation, there is, therefore, we contend, nothing in the whole series of events which compose the history of the North-West territory, since the agreement entered into between the Imperial Government and the Hudson's Bay Company, that can justify an accusation against the Government of Canada; the Globe—the privileged stirrer-up of strife—to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Government not being responsible for the existing state of things are bound, however, to give the best possible direction to the current of events.—Their administrative acts are objects of legitimate criticism. In the exercise of this privilege, we doubt the propriety of appointing a Civil Governor of the territory at this juncture of its affairs. Our idea is that before Canada had entered upon the practical work of governing Manitoba, as an integer of the Confederacy, every allegation of injustice or oppression should have been sifted and redressed under the direct auspices of Imperial responsibility. A business-like and accessible tribunal should be established, before which every equitable claim can be presented—a tribunal which would unmask every

monstrous pretension, and award fair compensation for every act of actual hardship or wrong. We refer to the pretensions and claims which are the offspring of the rebellion. To hand these over to the ordinary civil tribunals to be hereafter constituted, will entail a heritage of trouble. Canada has had some little experience in adjudicating upon rebellion losses. The value of that experience will be lost if there remains an unsettled claim for compensation after the military régime has subsided. It is an accepted theory that all knowledge is but an accumulation of experiences. Viewed in this light the Red River troubles, as they are called, may be turned by very valuable account. Indeed we see force in the conclusion that the destiny which shapes our ends requires that Rupert's land shall be reconquered, and that its rulers shall not enter therefrom from the soil of an envious and ill-natured people.

Railroad News.

The ratemakers of the townships of Minto and Maryborough have extended the time, to the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway Company, for completing their undertaking. They have acted wisely in so doing. We have every reason to believe that the Company will now be able to fulfil their engagements with those municipalities and the County of Bruce. To the County of Grey the success of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Company is of first importance. The impudent attempts which have been made by a combination of huxters at Toronto to shut up the County of Grey by a tramway extending from Arthur to Kincardine on the South, and the Northern Railway on the East, has been offensively avowed. The scheme of the thimble-riggers will collapse. We have something more to say on this subject, but it will keep for a while, all events it will be withheld until after the Railway Convention to be held at Owen Sound in a few days for the purpose of promoting a Railroad round the circle from Owen Sound to Toronto. If it was a round-about way to go from Durham to Toronto via Angus, what must it be to go from Durham to Toronto via Owen Sound and Collingwood? The majority in Minto for the By-Law was 110, and in Maryboro, 148.

CRICKET MATCH.

The match between the Bachelors of the Durham Senior Cricket Club, and the Benedicts of the Village, took place on the 24th inst., and resulted in a victory for the former—beating their opponents in one innings and 18 runs to spare. Good general play was made by both sides; but the batting of Mr. Sutherland, on the part of the Benedicts, and that of Messrs. Jackson, Rawson and Harris, on the side of the Bachelors, was admirable. It is no part of our composition to indulge in vain boasting, but we believe we have the material out of which to form a club second to none in Wellington, Grey or Bruce.—All that is necessary is a little practice, particularly on the field, and Durham can have a club that will rank A. 1.

At the conclusion of the game, both sides adjourned to the "British Hotel," where they partook of an excellent dinner. Dinner being over, a short time was spent in toast and song, after which the gathering dispersed, all well pleased with the day's sport.

We understand that the return match will be played on the 1st of July next, Dominion Day. The following is the score: BENEDEICTS—1st INNINGS. W. Anderson, run out..... 1 F. Richardson, b. & c. Rawson..... 1 J. Sutherland, b. J. Cole..... 12 J. Spence, b. Rawson, c. Cooke..... 0 J. Hunter, b. J. Cole..... 3 W. Barrett, run out..... 2 J. Brown, b. & c. J. Cole..... 0 G. Isaacs, b. J. Cole..... 2 D. McDonnell, b. & c. J. Cole..... 0 G. Russell, not out..... 0 F. Simpson, b. J. Cole, c. P. Cole..... 0 Leg. Byes..... 4 Wides..... 3 Total..... 31

BACHELORS—1st INNINGS. P. Cole, b. Hunter..... 0 R. Porter, b. Anderson, c. Hunter..... 4 D. Jackson, b. McDonnell..... 40 J. Cole, b. Richardson..... 0 R. White, run out..... 5 J. Hunter, b. J. Cole..... 11 F. Rawson, b. Hunter..... 2 W. R. Turner, b. w..... 1 F. Cooke, b. Hunter..... 0 M. Kraze, not out..... 3 Leg. Byes..... 4 Wides..... 6 Total..... 94

BENEDEICTS—2nd INNINGS. J. Hunter, b. w..... 2 J. Sutherland, b. J. Cole, c. Mocker..... 8 F. Spence, b. Harris..... 11 F. Richardson, b. J. Cole, c. Rawson..... 3 W. Barrett, b. J. Cole, c. Jackson..... 0 W. Anderson, b. Harris..... 5 G. Isaacs, b. Harris..... 0 D. McDonnell, run out..... 2 A. Simpson, not out..... 0 J. Brown, b. w..... 0 G. Russell, b. J. Cole..... 0 Leg. Byes..... 9 Wides..... 0 Total..... 45

Grand Total..... 76

Temperance Meeting.—A public Temperance meeting took place in the Hall here on Monday evening last, and was largely attended. The meeting would have been much more agreeable had it not been for a number of unruly boys. The singing was good.—Miss V. Jones presided at the melodeon. Want of space prevents further particulars.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents, and only give them publicity for the information they contain.

Dis is eine Briefe von Hanover.

Master Gronicle. I make not much in Newspaper, but I just read a letter from this place in your paper which make me mouch blasse and mine Gout it make me so mad too as I could give one Barrel of Saer Kraut and one Barrel of Sink Kase mit one job, it make me so mad that Hanover get such a bad name for telling scotories on one another. Hanover is a Deutch Town and the Deutch is all goot becozes; he tells us lies over the Irish and the Scotch and the English, they tell such bad scotories as never was, dey had the Deutch and the Deutch had the Diefel, deir wamen work noding, but get about and drink Dea, and tell scotories and lies on one another, but in my Gountry, Yarnaw, we make the wamen work every thing, and so hard, and gib dem bease coffee for dea, and some broat werd, but in this Gountry dey work not so hard over my brow, when he get gay and go about like Irish folks, I jost gib him 12 shtrick on the head and the other 12 mit a sheik, and he get good and work. Now, Miss Gronicle, I ask before, the leader of the Deutch, he says before, the Deutch make me mouch blasse dat the wiche word on the Irish and Scotch and English becozes for telling scotories about deir wamen, he calls them Deuchler, Mrs. Greenly, and Mrs. something else, but I know not such bease, if dey make such bad things, why dey be not gib dem name bad perhaps as the goot Deutch, "I ask before, those of his own household," dat is goot wiche spelling, I take him from the Book. I think dough I know the man what makes the Deutch, he says before, he used to write in the newspapers over in the States, and come here dea, four weeks ago, he werry nice young gentlemen, he wear a black big coat, I saw him at a Toronto match, mit the tail coat off, he make now sat on his hair and he shake so nice and look so nice dat the gals like him so mouch and his den when dey fish, and if dey see his kid, mine Gout in bimself, wiche piness is it? I says, and all the Deutch folks says, who is the goot beoples and who is the best beoples in Hanover, and then wiche beoples believe not demselve, I let you know, and as I am so dry for beer, I must close my letter this time.

Hanover, 21st May, 1870. NIX.

Flogged for Indecent Assault.

London, May 23.—John Radford, a middle-aged man, lately convicted of an indecent assault upon a little girl named Hannah Rosser, aged thirteen, of the township of Long, was on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock punished on the bare back with twenty lashes of the cat of nine tails, in addition to imprisonment for one month. The whipping took place in the jail yard. Radford being stripped and tied to the post, both hand and feet as is done in the military service. The execution was a strategy here and wore a mask over his face. The prisoner bore his punishment with remarkable fortitude. At the close his shoulders were freely oozing from a raw appearance. This is the first case of whipping in Canada under the act of 1869.

Great Fire in Quebec.

Early on the morning of the 24th a destructive fire broke out in the city of Quebec, totally consuming 800 houses and leaving 5,000 people homeless. Two men are missing.

President Grant has issued a proclamation for the suppression of the Fenians.

A Fenian raid is momentarily expected. The volunteers all along our frontier have been called out.

A recent writer, noticing the character of the editor of a New York paper, says: "This hybrid apostate Jew can no more emit a decorous truth than the skin of an antique alligator can excrete oil of roses." The biography of a western senator is done up in the same style: "He cannot propel himself through the muddy pool at a higher rate of speed than that of a ruddier's polygraph through a bottle of cold mudd."

Syrin is haunted by old women who wheedle young ladies out of their natural hair upon the pretence that it is needed for the Holy Virgin, and then sell it at high prices. In Paris, too, young girls are exposed to the depredations of hair stealers. Notwithstanding the many substitutes for hair, the genuine article continues in good demand.

Lamont, the Arctic explorer, sailed from Scotland about a month ago on a new expedition to the North Pole from the eastward of Spitzbergen. The impression is gaining ground that small expeditions are more likely to succeed than large ones. Sir George Black explored himself at that effect before the London Geographical Society.

The railways in America involve an enormous consumption of wood. A western paper says that 150,000 acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railroad buildings, repairs, and cars, the annual expenditure in wood is \$38,000,000. In a single year the locomotives consume \$36,000,000 worth of wood. The number of artisans in wood is set down at 400,000, and the wood industry of the country represents some five hundred millions per annum.

In Alaska, if a native murders his wife, her relatives won't be satisfied until he gives them a lot of blankets.—They think a wife is worth fifteen blankets in the summer, and twenty in the winter.

Alexander H. Stevens sits bolstered up with pillows, and is so feeble that he can hardly rise and hobble about his room a little on crutches.

A death by hydrophobia, under singular and very distressing circumstances, occurred at Yonkers yesterday morning. An engineer by the name of Thomas Lamb, who has been employed for some time past in Otis' factory at Yonkers, was bitten January last by a large dog belonging to Mr. Bergen. Lamb's blood was not much lacerated by the dog, and no anxiety was felt regarding any serious consequences that might arise from the bite. The dog, a very valuable one, was, however, killed by Mr. Bergen. On Tuesday of last week young Lamb was married to the object of his choice, against the wishes of her mother, who at once visited the young couple and expressed her feelings in pretty hard language, winding up, as it is asserted, with the wish that her daughter would be a widow within three months. On the day after the wedding, the husband showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and two physicians were immediately sent for, and their treatment for a while appeared to have good effect; but subsequently Lamb sprang from his bed and fled to the woods, where he carried on all sorts of antics, jumped over fences, and barked like a dog. Some of his friends, aided by the police, captured him, and he was taken back to his home, where his ravings, barking and hideous noises were of the most agonizing character. Early yesterday morning, death put an end to his sufferings.—N. Y. Times.

The Tomb of Lord Byron.

Some six miles from Nottingham, on the Mansfield line of railway, lies the miserable collection of cottages and small shops dignified by the name of Hucknall Torkard. Approaching it from Nottingham you pass one or two other small places, as grimy and unpoetical looking as itself; then comes a wide sandy tract of unreclaimed land covered here and there with stunted bushes and blackened furze, which is all that remains of what was once Sherwood Forest, and still bears that name; and at length the train stops where the dark woods around Newstead are just visible in the distance. The village is not more than a stone's throw from the station, and consists mainly of one long dirty, irregular lane, at the top of which is the church. The edifice is a small, weather-worn building, supposed to date from the 14th century, and stands in a churchyard that reminds you of nothing but Arabia Petraea without the sun. In a vault beneath the chancel Lord Byron, his ancestors and his daughter, Lady Lovelace, are buried. Buried, indeed! Shut out from the living world, yet its very remembrance. More lonely, more forsaken by his fellow-men in his death, than in the darkest moments of his self-bittered life. Anything more at variance with the thoughts that crowd upon the mind while standing beside the resting-place of genius, than every surrounding of this forlorn grave, it is impossible to imagine. The miserable, poverty-stricken village—the time-worn church to which none but some three or four of the Byrons seem ever to have been brought for burial, are the very poor—the Byron paw, with its green hair lying faded and torn, now fallen into the hands of some decent sort of folk in the village, and above the plain white tablet, without ornament, or outline, or inscription, created in memory of the author of "Child Harold" by Mrs. Leigh. She, after all, it seems, of all his admirers so loud voiced in their praise, was and is the only one who, out of her scanty means, had more than words to offer as a tribute to his deathless name. Like his own "Haufrid," "the spirits" he has "raised abandon him," and he rests as he lived, alone.—London Times.

A Haunted House.

On the Bloomfield road, some two or three miles west of the city, is a rickety old frame dwelling house, in which even the most sentimental lover of the venerable will see very little to admire. But years and years ago the building stood on North Main street, near the site of Rider's Hotel, recently removed, and was the comfortable home of a wealthy citizen. To make room for larger and better buildings it was removed to the place where it now is, and was at once rented to a respectable family. But there was a mystery about it, and soon there was a change of tenants, and in a short time another change. And it continued for a few years, a family moved in and shortly afterwards moving out, until at last no tenant could be found, and from that day to this it has remained empty and desolate. Dame Rumor has it that the house is haunted, not by white spirits, or black spirits, or spirits in grey, but by a mysterious something which only manifests itself with the advent of a tenant. It is said that soon after a tenant moved into it windows would be broken, doors opened and shut, blinds removed, and all apparently without human agency. This would be continued as long as the house was occupied, when empty the offending mystery would cease smacking things. The old house now remains as it did when the last family departed, and if the incredulous will visit the spot they can see the holes where doors and windows would have been had they not been removed by the agency mentioned, which is more proof than is usually furnished in relation to spiritualistic affairs.—Hartford Post.

SAULT STE. MARIE.

THE CANAL DECLARED OPEN.

ALL BRITISH VESSELS NOT CARRYING MUNITIONS OF WAR MAY PASS.

THE FIRST SHOT.

Dangers in Front Cropping up.

(From the Daily Telegraph.) SAULT STE. MARIE, May 20, via Marquette, May 21.

Mr. Canlon, Superintendent of the Canal, has received instructions from the State Government to open the Canal to all British vessels, except those carrying troops and munitions of war. The Canal is, therefore, virtually open.

LATER.

A confirmation of the news of the opening of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal to Canadian vessels has been officially received here.

Colonel Orley, the American Commandant, came across, and warned Col. Bolton with reference to a number of suspicious persons who passed through the Canal yesterday, on steamboats for Marquette and Duluth. They are confidently surmised to be Fenian agents.

In consequence of this event a guard of 40 men was placed on the steamer Algoma, still lying in the canal, and all the guards in the encampment have been doubled.

There was intense excitement last night a Fenian attack being seriously anticipated. So great indeed was the fear that a collision was imminent, that the local volunteer forces were warned to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

During the night a boat was rowed under the gunwales of the Algoma, the sentry on board which observing challenged the occupants, but receiving no answer he fired, with what result is not known. The boat was rowed quickly away and disappeared in the darkness. This episode added fresh fuel to the excitement previously inaugurated by the passage through the canal of the supposed Fenians. Now everybody is on the qui vive for something decided to occur, and the suspense is something awful. A scene of unparalleled confusion and excitement prevailed when the shot of the sentry was heard in the camp, all the men had been in a sleepless state, owing to the anticipated attack by the Fenians, and when the shot was heard it was supposed to be the commencement of a battle or skirmish, and thereupon supervened a scene which is indescribable in the narrow limits of a telegraphic despatch. The events of last night have completely changed the aspect of affairs here which were previously rather dull and monotonous, but now we may expect lively times. The grounds for the belief that the Fenians contemplate an assault upon the expeditionary force are daily being strengthened, and those Canadians in authority here are beginning to realize the fact that the proposed force will be much too weak in numbers to cope with the barriers and difficulties which are hourly cropping up in front of them.—The probability is that the force will have to fight its way up from Fort William. Many of the men are already somewhat despondent at the unpropitious prospective.

The propeller Brooklyn, of the Northern Transportation Company's Line, is understood to be chartered by the Government. The propeller Shickluna and several schooners from Garden River, have passed through the canal. The Shickluna is laden with pork and lumber for the use of the troops. She went on to Fort William.

The proprietor of a Chattanooga hotel expelled a couple of young ladies from his parlor because they didn't take supper while waiting for a train.

The Buffalo Commercial expects the Fenians to invade Canada in a few days.

THE FENIANS.

SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENTS.

BEAUFORT, May 22. "Attention is called to the significant fact that several officers of the Fenian force resident in this city are reported to-day and it is argued therefrom that they have left for the place selected for the grand gathering of the Fenian invasion; for notwithstanding the pains taken to convince outsiders that the Fenian force is the point aimed at by the brotherhood, there is good reason to believe that Canada is really the spot towards which they are going if anywhere. If we do not hear something exciting from the Fenians in a few days we shall be disappointed. We are assured that no body of men have left this city as yet.

AN EXPECTED INVASION.

OTTAWA, May 22nd. I have just heard from what I consider good authority that the Fenians intend making a raid along the frontier to-morrow. Some people think that it is only a feint to draw attention from the Red River expedition, but he that says it may have reason to think that an attempt will be made; also one on the Algoma to secure the munitions of war and provisions on board of her. The expeditionary force should have guns on to protect her. If she is taken it will be a serious business.

THE DOINGS IN BEAUFORT.

BEAUFORT, May 23. The city is fully of Fenians, quartered upon their friends all over the city.—Everything is quiet and there is no indication of any movement of troops to-night.

Fenians on the Move.

ROCHESTER, May 23. Five cars attached to an eastward bound train passed through the city this evening filled with men supposed to be Fenians. They came from Beaufort, and declined to state where they were bound. Rumor gives Troy as their place of destination, to go from that point northward.

AUBURN, May 23.

Forty-five Fenians left here this evening in two detachments. The first left at 5:20; the second at 11 o'clock. Though they went east, their destination is supposed to be Minnesota. The officers preserved the utmost secrecy as to their destination and the men professed to be in total ignorance. Most of the company were in the volunteer service during the late war. The arms and equipments of the company were forwarded to some point west some days since.

PORT COLBORNE, May 23.

It is learned from a reliable source that great numbers of Fenians have gone east from Buffalo to-night, supposed to be bound for Malone or some point near there. Some have gone west to Cleveland and they are still moving about Buffalo.

Money to Loan.—Two hundred and fifty dollars can be had for a term of years, on good security. Apply at this office.

The Queen's Birthday was observed in Durham as a holiday. The chief attraction in the form of amusement was a Chathamian procession and a cricket match.

Reifenshien started from Ottawa on Monday for Kingston penitentiary where he will be employed as clerk and book-keeper.

Married.

At the International Hotel, Durham, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Park, Mr. R. E. Traux, to Miss Jessie Porteous, both from Waltham.

DEED.—At Fisherton, on the 9th inst., Mary Ann Hoppes, daughter of Mr. John Hoppes, aged 3 years and 8 months.

Guelph Markets.

Daily Advertiser of Tuesday reports: Fall Wheat..... 1 00 @ 1 10 Spring Wheat..... 0 45 @ 0 50 Pork..... 7 00 @ 8 10

Durham Markets.

Fall Wheat..... \$0 65 @ 0 70 Spring Wheat..... 0 60 @ 0 65 Oats..... 0 00 @ 0 25 Peas..... 0 45 @ 0 50 Flour..... 3 50 @ 4 00 Butter..... 0 12 @ 0 00 Lard, per lb..... 0 10 @ 0 00 Eggs..... 0 08 @ 0 00 Hay..... 5 00 @ 7 00 Potatoes..... 0 25 @ 0 35 Wool..... 0 25 @ 0 00

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Durham District Lodge L.O.L. THE REGULAR SEMI-ANNUAL Meeting of the above Lodge, will be held on Friday, 17th of June next, at 7 o'clock P.M. The Royal Scarlet Chapter will be opened on the 14th, but the business will be transacted at the close of the District Meeting on the 17th.

JOSHUA WOODLAND, District Master. May 26th, 1870.

FOR SALE!

FARM in the Township of Glenclyde, Lots 41 and 42, in the 2nd Concession N. D. R. 100 acres, 8 miles from Durham, 1 1/2 miles from Gravel Road, 30 acres cleared. Log House and Log Barn. Title indisputable. Terms, \$200 down, balance in yearly instalments, at 7 per cent. Apply to W. H. Turner, P. L. S., or John Moodie, Durham; Cresser & Morrison, Owen Sound; or to OSLER & MOSS, Barristers, Exchange Buildings, Toronto. April, 1870. 167-60.