Durham Chronicle.

AND GREY COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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WHOLE NO. 179.] DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, JULY 7TH, 1870. [VOLUME 4, NO. 23.

James Brown,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,

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

Medical Advice Gratis.

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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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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.

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.

George Isaacs,

SADDLER, HARNESS and Trunk Maker, opposite the Crown Land Office, Durham, Ont. Whips, Spurs, &c, always on hand.

Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

HOTEL CARDS.

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,

JAMES ELLIOTT, Proprietor. The subscriber thankful for past favors wishes to inform his old friends and the public generally, that he has again commenced business in the above Hotel and hopes by strict attention to the comfort of his guests to merit a fair share of public patronage.

☞ A good Livery in connection.

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.

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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.

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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 wire-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, it 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.

DENTISTRY.

JAS. BELL, SURGEON-DENTIST.—Office,—One door North of Elliott's Hotel, Upper Village, Durham.

A CHOICE LOT OF

FRESH MEAT

ALWAYS ON HAND,

AT THE

"Durham Meat Market."

CHARLES LIMIN.

POETRY.

"I Love Somebody."

I'd swear for her—
I'd tear for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her,
I'd lie for her—
I'd sigh for her—
I'd drink the Thames dry for her.

I'd "cuss" for her—
Do "wuss" for her—
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her,
I'd weep for her—
I'd leap for her—
I'd go without sleep for her—

I'd fight for her—
I'd bite for her—
I'd walk the streets all night for her—
I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without my "feed" for her;

I'd shoot for her—
I'd boot for her—
A rival who'd come to "suit" for her;
I'd kneel for her—
I'd steal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her;

I'd slide for her—
I'd ride for her—
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd dry for her—
I'd cry for her—
But—*hang me if I'd die for her!*

"Go feel what I have Felt."

(A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia *Ledger* on the subject of Temperance. Her writings evinced such deep emotion that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following stanzas:)

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt,
And the cold world's scorn;
And suffer on from year to year—
The sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel where I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
That brought me on to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
A cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his withering glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone;
Think, if its flavor you will try
When all proclaim, "'tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl;
Hate is but a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With a strong disgust is stirred,
When'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

THE SURF BANK ROBBERY,

A DETECTIVE'S TALE OF THE LONDON SEWERS.

William Harvey, or he was better known as English Bill, had that morning pleaded guilty to a crime which gave him to the State Penitentiary for life, and as I took him back to his cell he told me to come to his cell and see him the next day, and perhaps he could tell me something that would astonish me. We detectives are not easily astonished, however, and the oft-repeated assurance, hopeless criminals, that they could and would astound us with wonderful revelations, too often tell us little or nothing more than we know. A few new dodges, some robbery yet in its infancy and only conceived, and occasionally some really useful clues or information, generally being the substance of the prisoner's confessions, and made in the hopes of its being used to mitigate and shorten the present punishment and confinement. It was not with the expectation of hearing anything of consequence, that I went the next day therefore to English Bill's cell. That he was a celebrated burglar, thief and criminal I had long known, but as I said before, it is seldom that reliable information, which can be made of use to us detectives is furnished by such men.

Bill seemed none the worse for the severity of the sentence which he had so lately received, though, to a less hardened criminal, the bare thought of confinement for life is generally so appalling as to age them in a few hours. But Bill had counted the cost over and over again, and now that the game was up, the race run, and all chance gone, he was prepared to pay the penalty and meet his fate like a man.

It is such men as these that alone make a successful burglar or criminal; the coward when his doom has come will have been a coward before, and the chances are that the very inate cowardice has been the cause of unsteadying his nerve or hand and had led to his detection and capture.

After a few words of ordinary conversation with Bill, he plunged into the matter of his confession at once.

'You see, sir,' he said (and I will give it in nearly his own words), 'I have a something on my mind to tell you that I think you ought to know. You run me down in this 'ere game, and did it well. I ain't agoing to blame you for that; that's your business, not but what its a mean kind of business, too, this running a man down; but somebody has got to do it, I suppose, and after all, it ain't any meaner than a man like me, doing a something which requires officers to run him down. However, that's neither here nor there, and I half forgive you for bagging me—I don't quite forgive you, you see—perhaps that'll come, and it will come if you and me put together in this little piece of business, and you fix the folks as they fixed me, the d——d villains.'

I told Bill I could make no treaty or bargain with him, that all our dealings must consist of his confession to me, but if he was able to give me such information as would result in my getting on the track of any rogues, he might rest assured I would follow up the trail and arrest them, and see due punishment meted out to them if it lay in my power.

'Well,' said Bill, 'that'll have to do, I suppose; all I asked is to get them fixed so here goes for what the parson used to call open confession. You'll remember,' said Bill, 'that robbery of the Surf Bank, down on Tide street, near the river. How the bank got pretty well stripped, and how no one ever got a trace of the fellows who broke in.'

I remembered it too well, for the non-success of the detective force in not being able to get even the remotest clue, had been a constant gall to us, and the papers had taken care that we should have a rub up on the old score every two or three days.

'Well,' said Bill, 'me and my pals fixed up that thing, and if the other fellers had worked square, I wouldn't be here now. I'd be a virtuous farmer in Australia or a respectable citizen out West, living on my money and taking good care of myself. That's what I laid out to do, but I didn't get the rocks, to do it on, thanks to them villian pals of mine, and I thought I'd have another try to make a raise, and that's what settled me to what I am now.

'Well, you see,' he continued, 'we had our eye on that bank a long time, and I'll tell you how it came about.

One night me and some fellers were out in a boat on the river a looking for something that might be handy, and coming around a pier what should we run into but the police boat. Well, we pulled for shore, and struck the butment hard and stove in the boat.

The other fellers grabbed the wharf and run up it like cats and off they went but I was kinder stunned and couldn't follow. I put into that like a streak and went up the pipe on a run. Sometimes I'd trip up and go down on all fours in the slush which flowed about six inches deep in the bottom of the sewer. After a little I stopped to listen and found there was no one after me. I had passed two or three glimmers of light as I ran and right ahead of me was another. Going up to it, I found the light to come down an opening from the street. Getting a foothold against the wall of the sewer, I clambered up and stuck my head through the opening. It was one of those long and narrow surface openings which enter the sewers under the sidewalks at the street corners. The hole was big enough for me to get my head and shoulders through, but no more. The gas above was burning brightly, and as I looked round the first thing I saw was the Surf Bank right close to me, the width of the sidewalk only separating. Just then I heard the slow, steady walk of a policeman, and tucked in my head. He passed within three feet, and the first thing that struck me was, now if I'd a grudge against that feller, how easily I could out with my revolver and shoot him, and then I thought who'd ever look down in the sewer for the man who shot him—and how easily I could go down to the river and get off. It flashed then over my mind—if a feller was to rob a place and had a friend down in the sewer, how nicely he could hand him the swag, and then walk home with his hands in his pockets, and if caught, nothing could be proved.

These things set me thinking, and I concluded I had dropped on a first rate thing. You know yourself there ain't any difficulty worth mentioning in the way of us fellers getting into any bank in the city, but the police catch us as we go home with the stuff. It ain't the getting it that bothers, but it's the way to fetch it home through the streets.

Well, to make a long story short, I laid out to break into that very bank which was so handy to the sewers. I had the choice of pals, and I picked out those I thought I could trust. I was mistaken in that, but I'll fool 'em yet. I got a feller to hire the basement under the bank, and then for a month or so I let the matter lay still, only I was maturing my plans all the while. At last all was ready, and six of us had sworn to stand by each other through thick and thin, and to share equally the danger and the stuff, only I was to have ten per cent, on the share of the five others for finding out and planning the lay.

Scotch Rob and me and Gentlemen Tim and Jerry Mudge was to be inside the basement, Gentleman Tim was the man that hired it for a broker's office, and Charley Ferres was to be in the sewer, and cute Jack was to be in the street.

We all four were in the basement one Saturday, and as time for locking up came three of us got into a big press supposed to be full of papers. Gentleman Tim then walked out of the office and gave the Janitor the key of it. He then came back and opened the door which he had not locked, and came into the office.

He then locked the door from the inside with a false key, and joined us in the press. We locked the door of that inside, and there we four fellows stood, packed together into sardines. Soon we heard the Janitor open the office door and come in to clean it out. He swept around the office and arranged things a little, as we could tell by the noise he made, and then he cleared out and left us. I wanted to sneeze real bad when he was in the office, but I managed to stop it. We had abundance of time before us, only we had to keep still for a time as the janitor was most likely sweeping out the bank up stairs. So we had a good snooze, and got to work about midnight. The first thing was to get down the plaster overhead without noise, which we did by holding a blanket under it and picking it off gently and in small pieces. We then got to the laths, and Jerry Mudge, the carpenter among us, cut them off with a fine saw. I forgot to say we had hung blankets before the windows, and as there were iron shutters too, both noise and light were kept from the street.—For a month previous Gentleman Tim had been bringing to the office, in small quantities, such things as we needed, and we had a good stock of everything on hand.

We then struck the floor of the bank and Gentleman Tim, standing on the press, soon sawed out a piece some three feet square. Luckily there was some loose matting on the floor overhead, and not a tacked-down carpet, and it lay exactly over where we had cut. You see I had often been in the bank and had taken the bearings of things.

Well, we clambered up through the hole and surveyed things. Scotch Bob was a safe-lock maker, and he thought he could open any combination lock if he only had time. So to work we went. We fellows went below and left him to himself, as he could work better that way. You see, we had not intended to remove anything that night. The time would be too short. We were only to get ready to go through the vault safe and get away with the stuff on Sunday night. All night Rob worked, and I watched and listened while the others slept. We knew the janitor visited the bank on Sunday about noon, so Rob came down through the hole about eleven the next day, and carefully drew the matting over the opening.

Jerry then rigged up a prop or two with the piece of floor on top, and made it quite steady, and no one could see from above any change. About noon the janitor came in. The bank folks thought he did not do his duty, or he'd have caught us; but bless you he couldn't see anything wrong—we fixed all that. Well, Bob went back to his work and worked all the afternoon but with no luck, and so when nine o'clock came that night, Charley and me took hold of the things. We got our jimmies and our plug-uglies, and fixed up a prop to work the opener against. I was bound to open any safe, once I get a purchase with my opener. They can't stand long against it.

Before we got to work Gentleman Tim went to the bank door and with a fine brace and bit he made a small hole through the panel of the door, then he tied a bit of cord to a wire and stuck it through the door; he felt it pulled on the other side and knew Cute Jack was at his post.

Leaving the wire through the door we rigged a spring hammer so that it would strike like a dinner gong, only it would strike on a book and make a dull thud instead of a clear noise like a bell. Jack was to pull the wire and keep us posted by it of outside matters and dangers. Then we got to work, and I got the opener to bear, we made little or no noise, still we stopped work whenever Jack's bell gave one thud, which meant danger, two meant go ahead again, while three thuds meant that some one was either coming into the bank or that some policeman was searching along under the stoops, and would, when he got to the bank stoop, most likely discover Jack as he lay curled up. Should this happen he was to feign sleep, and all the worst, could only be made to move on. However, everything was propitious, and the bell only sounded the one rap whenever the policeman drew near to the bank. We had worked an hour, and I felt sure a couple more would let me through the door, when Bob, who had not discontinued his attempts to unfold the combination of the lock, uttered a joyful exclamation, and the ponderous door swung open. He had hit upon the combination partly by luck and partly from his knowledge of locks. The inner door was but of little hindrance to us, and we were soon in the vault itself. Gentleman Tim produced some large india-rubber bags which he had provided, and into them we hurriedly placed the wealth of notes, stocks and bills which we found. A lot of depositors' tin cash boxes were ranged around, and these we broke open and added the contents to our pile. The bags now became full, and yet still more was to be had for the taking. It would not do for one of us to load himself with even a single dollar, for if arrested in the street on suspicion, we must have nothing traceable to the bank about our persons. A low, long trunk was in the vault, and by measuring its thickness we found it would just enter the sewer at the corner.

Now came the most dangerous part of the work. By pulling the string, the wire end of which in Jack's hands, we communicated him through arranged signals that we were ready to come out. In answer he informed us through the same channel, that the policeman was still near. After waiting fifteen minutes Jack telegraphed that the coast was clear, and one we slipped out of the bank by the front door, and handing the bag of stuff, which we carried down the sluiceway to Charley, passed on in different ways, to meet at the mouth of the sewer. I came out of the bank, carrying the trunk, which I gave to Charley and then passed down towards the market.

I waited an hour and then went to the sewer mouth and waited in the shade of the pier an hour or more, but none of the fellers came. At last I slipped up the sewer and found no Charley.

I then saw how I had been fooled.

The villians had come together and made off with the spoils before I got there.

I never set eyes on one of those fellows since. If I had one would have died, be it him or me.

The bank offered a big reward, and I had my doubts as to whether it wouldn't be better to peach and claim it, and so get something. But as I had no bonds to return to them, and poor clues to give them, I feared they wouldn't act square with me. Now I'm fast and may as well make the best of it. If you can do anything to catch 'em I'll be right glad—if you can't, it can't be helped; only if you do your best, why, as I said before, I forgive you all clean for hunting me down.

Little more remains to be told. The clues given me by English Bill were sufficient to enable me to trace the villians; but safe, on unextraditionable soil, they live in wealth, and no doubt daily rejoice in the fruits of their safety. He didn't enjoy the news at all, but with many curses compared their fate to his, and damned them for their treachery. As I left he said, 'I don't know as I'll forgive you quite, but if I ever get out of here, and have a chance to shoot you from a sewer—why I won't that's all.'

Life is robbed of its sweetness by a burst of angry passion, as milk sours in a thunder-storm.

NEWS OF THE CROPS.—Hurrah for Artemisia! At a picking bee a few days ago in Artemisia, were thirteen women, eleven of whom had young infants with them, the other two being very old ladies. Of the eleven infants, all born in the same neighborhood, (the houses of the parents being nearly in sight of each other) nine of them were males, the names of four of them Campbell and the other five being Waldie. Hurrah for Artemisia! which was at one time known as the "heart of misery" but now as a most fruitful country.—*Com.*

A most disastrous oil fire occurred near Sharpsburgh Bridge, Pittsburg, on Tuesday, 28th ult. A twenty thousand barrel tank, belonging to the Eclipse Refinery, was struck by lightning. Another tank, belonging to the Citizen Refinery, was struck at the same time, and instantly exploded, the burning oil running towards the river, burning all the buildings and setting fire to the Sharpsburgh Bridge, which was totally destroyed. The total loss amounts to half a million dollars. Henry B. Foster, the clerk at the Eclipse Refinery, was burned to death.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It is reported that General Garibaldi is ill.

The Governor-General has donated $50 to the Saugenay sufferers.

Brockville entertained Dr. Shultz and the British Columbian delegates on the 28th ult.

John Bright's restoration to health is thought to be permanent.

It is stated that Prince Pieire Bonaparte is in San Francisco, *en route* for Tahiti.

A lad 15, named Hendershot, was killed by lightning on Tuesday 28th ult., while hoeing in a garden in Fingal.

Vessels are daily arriving in Quarantine at New Rork from ports infected with yellow fever.

The Hon. Mr. Tilley is spoken of as the first Governor of British Columbia under Confederation.

It is stated that none who went to the Northwest with Macdougall will accompany Gov. Archibald.

The new Foo Chow Foo tea lately imported into England proves to be of an inferior quality.

The Madrid press protest against the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in the person of the son of Isabella.

The law authorizing civil marriages in Spain comes into force on the first of September.

Vice Chancellor Sir Wm. Jamas has been appointed Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal, England.

The lightning struck the Great Western car shop, adjoining the Tecumseh House, London on the 29th ult., causing considerable damage.

A Kansas woman weekly flagelates her husband, and then locks herself in the parlor and sings, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The French small-pox shows the usual French gallantry—the victims are three females to one male.

A child about three months old was accidentally suffocated at Bosham, England. The child had not been christened, and the vicar of the parish, the Rev. H. Mitchell, declined to read the burial service over it. The body was, therefore interred after sunset without the customary rites.

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.

A despatch from St. Paul says there is little doubt but that the Manitoba Bill will be passed. The crop prospects are good. Adjt.-General Lepine has a *cordon* of guards round Fort Garry, and declares Riel shall stay and see the end of the rebellion he has created. Thos. Spence, a gentleman well known to the Ottawa police court, edits the *New Nation* under the direction of O'Donohue.

CHOKED BY A PIECE OF HAM.—We learn that a Mrs. Lappin, who resided on Nottingham street, Guelph, was choked to death, one day lately, in attempting to swallow a piece of ham.

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

THE INTENSE HEAT of the present month, although broken for a day or two, is likely to return, and to be prolonged into August. During such hot weather as we have been lately experiencing too much precaution cannot be observed by individuals and by the public officers to preserve health. Decomposition and fermentation take place with almost as great rapidity as in India, whilst we have not the scavenger birds and beasts to remove decomposing animal and vegetable substances. It is necessary in this country for people to provide scavengers, and to remove decomposing animal and vegetable refuse, to prevent the engendering or spreading of disease. It is not so generally understood as it ought to be that there is nothing more injurious to health than fermenting and decaying vegetable matter. It may not be so offensive to the senses but it is more deadly. Whilst referring to this subject it may not be amiss to notice that in hot weather it is generally imprudent, and often dangerous, to keep dead bodies two or three days before burial. In Southern countries it has been customary from time immemorial to bury the dead on the day they die or the day following.

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

Good Sound Advice.

Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one.

Never fix your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality" of the gentleman, as the chances are you will get a good deal more by it.

Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only talks and does not care for eating.

Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble and no profit.

Never quarrel with your wife, or your sweet-heart, as you will have to pay for making it up in the shape of a season ticket at the Opera, a trip to the sea-side, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner.

Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

Wise Sayings.

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose there is another path of safety besides that of duty.

He that would not have more than he could do to-morrow must do all he can to day.

He that puts a Bible into the hands of a child gives him more than a kingdom; for it gives him a key to the kingdom of heaven.

Little things should not be despised—many threads will bind an elephant.

An idle person is like an empty house with a board up—"This house to let."

A Real Gentleman.

He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

Is affable to his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his superiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill tempered, or insulting remarks.

Does never, under any circumstances speak ill of a woman.

Never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune.

He always pays the postage of his letters of business, and in advance for his newspaper.

KILLED AT A "RAISING."—A correspondent informs us of a sad and fatal accident which occurred at the "raising" of Mr. Michael Scanlon's frame barn, in the township of Peel, on the 24th ult., at which a young man named Owen Finnegan lost his life, by being crushed between a post and the sill.—Drs. Henderson and Allan, of Arthur were immediately sent for, but life was extinct even before the messengers had time to start. Our correspondent informs us that the men at work at the "raising" indulged too freely in whisky, and that one more untimely death has been added to the tens of thousands of bygone years from the excessive use of 'distilled damnation."—*Advertiser.*

A Dominion gunboat will shortly be commissioned to cruise on the upper lakes.

It is expected Mr. R. G. Haliburton will be appointed judge in Manitoba.

A new line of steamers has been started between Southampton and the West Indies.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have extended their wires to Newburgh and Baltimore, Ont.

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, 'What's your height?' to which Pat replied, 'Five feet ten or ten feet five—I am not exactly sure which.'

Another enemy to the tomato vine has made its appearance in the county of Norfolk. It consists of a grub, which evidently is hatched from an egg deposited at the top of the vine. It enters the heart of the plant, and eats its way down to the root, leaving the stem hollow, and causing the plant to wilt and die.

A humble brewer of beer is better than an aristocratic brewer of mischief.

Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the rains.

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

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.