RUTHERFORD & HUNTER.
Dundalk, February 8, 1877.

THE
"Dundalk Guide"
IS A
28 COLUMN PAPER
and contains a vast amount of interesting
READING MATTER,
FOREIGN AND
LOCAL NEWS,
MARKET REPORTS,
AND
EDITORIALS.
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OF THE
Dundalk Guide
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FAMILY NEWSPAPER
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The STATION,
DUNDALK,
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Possesses Great Facilities
for doing all kinds of
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Can depend upon being satisfied by leaving us their orders.

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THE "GUIDE"
IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday,
At the Office, Proton Street, nearly opposite the Railway Passenger Station,
Dundalk, - - Ont.

TERMS:—$1 per year in Advance, or $1.50 if not paid within two months.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAMES LAMON,
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DR. McWILLIAM,
University Silver Medalist, Trinity College, Toronto, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office—Dundalk, Ont.

ISAAC TRAYNOR,
Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, Land Agent, Conveyancer, etc., Dundalk.
February 1, 1877.

ANGLO AMERICAN HOTEL,
DUNDALK.
First-class accommodation for the public. The best viands on hand.
SAMUEL McCULLOCH, Prop

QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MAIN ST., DUNDALK.
Good accommodation for the traveling public. The bar supplied with the choicest liquors and the best cigars. An attentive hostler always on hand at the stables.
JAMES COLGAN, proprietor.

RICHARD CLARE,
Carpenter and Framer. Repairing done at his shop. Sash and panel doors made to order. Remember the stand—two doors below the Post Office,
MAIN STREET, ... DUNDALK.

Builder's and Contractor's
NOTICE.
All kinds of timber for building purposes constantly on hand at the lowest prices.
T. B. GRADY, D. C. W.
Dundalk, March, 15th 1877. y-7

ROBERT K. MARSHALL,
OWEN SOUND STREET,
Builder, Contractor, &c., &c.
Contracts taken for carpentering and building of all kinds. My facilities for building enable me to do work promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Sashes and doors made to order.
Dundalk, February 8, 1877.

THE VULCAN WORKS,
NORTH SIDE OF
OWEN SOUND ST., DUNDALK.
JAMES HANNA
Has much pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to do all kinds of General Blacksmithing, at the above works at his usual low rates. Horseshoeing a speciality.

Miss Gokey,
Late of Guelph,
MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER
Opposite the Post Office,
MAIN STREET, - - DUNDALK.
February 8, 1877.

Correct Time!
The undersigned, while thanking his numerous customers and the public generally for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him since commencing business in Dundalk, wishes to intimate to the inhabitants of Dundalk and surrounding country that he has removed from his old stand to his new building on Main Street,
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,
where he has a carefully selected stock of
Watches, Clocks,
AND JEWELRY,
all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
Also, dealer in
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
such as
VIOLINS,
CONCERTINAS,
ACCORDEONS,
&c., &c., &c.,
which will be got when ordered.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO REPAIRING.
All work warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed.
TERMS STRICTLY CASH.
REMEMBER THE STAND:
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,
and call and secure good reliable timekeepers,
JOHN NICKLE.
Dundalk, Jan. 29, 1877.

A. G. HUNTER,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH,
DUNDALK.

TAILORING.
ESTABLISHMENT.
Wm. Chittick,
Wishes to inform all those who require his services, that he is
Prepared to Receive Orders
FOR
CLOTHING,
AND TO
Make up the same on short notice.
AND IN THE
Most Fashionable STYLES.
Remember the stand, Main Street, DUNDALK.
January, 29, 1877.

Cash Store!
MAIN STREET,
DUNDALK.
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
CROCKERY, Etc.
A SUPPLY OF GOOD
Family Flour
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Goods for Cash as Cheap as can be had West of Orangeville.
All those indebted, either by Note or Book Account, are requested to settle up immediately.
S. Haney.
Dundalk, Jan. 29, 1877.

Save Your Health
KEEPING YOUR FEET DRY!
The undersigned, in returning thanks to the inhabitants of Dundalk and surrounding country for the very liberal patronage given in the past, would also call their attention to the fact that he is determine to sell
Boots and Shoes
at greatly reduced prices to suit the times, and as none but first-class workmen are employed, and with his own experience in the business for the past 15 years, he feels confident in saying that entire satisfaction will be given.
A CALL SOLIICITED!
Special attention given to making ladies and gents sewed boots. Terms strictly cash or good mercantile produce taken in exchange for boots and shoes.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
N. B. All accounts unpaid by the 15th of March will be placed in Court for collection without reserve.
J. W. MORROW,
Corner of Main & Queen St.
Dundalk. March 2nd.

Cure for 'Pay Up.'
Pay up is a nostrum got up by people to delude their creditors and to injure Dundalk. The words "Pay Up," have spread over the country like the Potatoe Bug. If a distance from home and the people know you are from Dundalk, the children will be crying after you "pay up, pay up!" I am a citizen of Dundalk and tradesman and have no trouble with my customers. It so happens that when they become customers of mine they soon get well-to-do. The experiment is worth trying.
JOHN NORVAL.
Dundalk, March, 9th, 1877. a-6

DUNDALK GUIDE.

Vol. I. No. 16. DUNDALK, MAY 17, 1877. $1 per year in Advance.

POETRY.

LABOR IS NOBLE.

You think your lot is hard because
You have to earn your bread;
Better wear out in labor, man,
Than rust till you are dead;
Better by far the lot of toil
With care, or pain, or both,
Than idleness and listlessness,
Than fortune linked to sloth.

God made you, sir, to do and dare,
To own a steadfast heart,
To win rewards of labor, man,
And act a noble part;
He placed you here to do your best,
To do all good you can,
And show that steady industry
And honor make the man.

Think him not always blest who owns
Broad fields and mansion proud;
His days may know no comfort, man,
His heart may be low bowed.
For wealth, sir, often brings unrest
And cares which will not die,
And gold and lands and treasures vast
May bring one misery.

Labor is noble when it stands
Up for the right and true,
Whene'er it does the best it can
And braves all trouble through;
Its full rewards must some day come
To crown the toiler's head,
Who deems it better far to work
Than rust till he is dead.

Put Yourself in her Place.

The long summer day had crept slowly away, and it was nearly five o'clock. The hours at the railway station were marked as by some gigantic clock that told the laggard minutes by screaming whistle and clanging bell. The 4:40 accommodation had gone east, the western express, due there at 4:45, had thundered through the village, gone on over the great viaduct, and disappeared round the vast curve beyond.

So one counted the hours by the trains, Lydia by name, a girl of the best New England type, quiet, and yet with an immense capacity for doing and daring should love and the occasion demand. The local freight would come next and then—then she would see him again. She laid aside her work, put some split-zephyr vanity upon her head and went out toward the railroad. As she approached the station she saw her brother, the station master, opening the local freight house on the side of the track. By this she knew the local freight would stop this time. Her heart beat the faster and she quickened her step.

On reaching the passenger station where the village street crossed the railway she looked up and down the line and then crossed over and turned to the left and walked beside the track toward the freight house.

To understand all that took place on this occasion, and to fully appreciate her consummate skill in controlling the events so quickly to crowd upon her, we must study the construction of the road at this point. The main line for more than a mile to the right, or toward the east, was perfectly straight and comparitively level. To the left, or west, it crossed a deep valley by a lofty stone viaduct, and beyond the valley it curved toward the north and mounted the hill by a long grade. Just east of the station a branch road entered the main line and there was, as might be supposed, a cross-over switch. Beyond the passenger station, on the west, was a small siding ending in a small freight shed and coal yard. At this point there was also another cross-over switch.

Lydia walked on past the freight house, and crossed the side track found a large flat rock beside the way and there under the shade of an ancient apple tree she sat down to wait till her lover should come.

He comes! she heard the three long whistles far down the line, and a blush mounted to her face. The train would stop. That was the signal for the station master. Her brother came out of the freight house spoke pleasantly to her and then walked on toward the switch at the head of the siding.

Suddenly the main line track before her began to sing in sharp metallic murmurs. The train had entered that section of the road and he was near. Then there came the sound of escaping steam. The engine was slowing down, and the steam no longer employed, was bursting with a loud roar from the safety valve as if impatient of delay.

With a jar that shook the ground the immense freight engine rolled past her, and the engineer, leaning out of his window, nodded to her as he slid past. Then the cars in long procession came into sight and moved past with slowly decreasing speed. Four brakemen busy at the brakes went past, and still he came not. At last, the rear car appeared, and a young man swung himself down from the iron ladder on the car and sprang to the ground at her feet.

A sooty man, clad in blue canvas with smoke and dust. Only a brakeman! No; a trifle better—the conductor of the freight train. A year ago he had been glad to take the place of a brakeman, and he had already been promoted. Love did it. He had met and loved Lydia in the day of his foolish idleness, and she had insisted that he do some manly work or she could not—yes, she could and did love him; but he must show himself worthy of her love. Already he had advanced, and she was well pleased with his progress, and they had become engaged.

A grimy, dusty man, in unlovely garments, but, in her eyes, he was a man made for better things. As he stood beside her one could see in his clear eyes and sensible face that he had stuff in him and was worthy of her love.

It becomes us not to linger while they talk together beside the track. The train moved slower and slower till finally the last car stopped just beyond the switch. The iron horse was moved on, the station master signalled with his arms in a curious fashion, and each of the four brakeman repeated the motion in turn. White puffs of steam rose high in the air from the further end of the train. A curious rattling sound spread through the train, and the last car backed down, turned aside, and entered the siding. The station master left the switch and came hastily toward the lovers.

"Good day, Alfred. Light freight today, only one car—by the way, the brake chain is broken, and you had better drop the car at the repair shops. The freight can be thrown out without leaving the car."

So saying, the station master went on into the freight house, followed by the rattling and rumbling cars. They gradually lost their speed and then came to a stop with the end of the train lost in the dark cavern of the freight house.

There was a shout from the building, and then one of the brakemen began to move his arms as a signal to go on. Again the white puffs shot up in the distance, and with a jar and quiver the train started again.

Car after car rolled past them. There were hurried whispers, a warm hand-shake and perhaps a kiss, and then the young man swung forward, grasped the ladder on the last car, climbed quickly to the top and sat down. She stood gazing after him as he was drawn away from her, and smiled and waved a farewell to him with her handkerchief.

"Here Lydia, you must help me."

It was her brother who stood before her a bunch of keys in his hand.

"The passenger train follows this at once, and I must go to the station. Will you please close the switch after them?

She took the keys mechanically, and then turned to gaze after her lover seated on the last car of the retreating train. It had passed out of the switch and was crossing the great viaduct and moving more and more swiftly away.

To close and lock the switch was neither difficult nor dangerous, and she quietly walked on to the end of the siding till she came to the switch post. Here she leaned against the wooden frame for a little space, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, and watching the train. It had run around the valley and was turning into the great curve that crept upward in a long grade over the hill beyond.

It was now a mile away and she could no longer distinguish any one on the cars. She turned slowly away, seized the iron bar of the switch and easily threw it over into place so as to leave the main line open for the next train.

She looked back down the road and saw that the train had entered the line from the branch and was just pulling up at the station to discharge passengers. It may seem surprising that a passenger train should be allowed to follow a freight train so closely.

Bad engineering as this arrangement was, it was not so serious as it seemed, for this passenger train did not follow the freight train except for three miles, when it reached the end of its trip and was turned off into a siding.

She turned once more to look after the retreating freight train. It was in full view, climbing the grade on the great curve.

Suddenly she put up both hands to shade her eyes, and leaned forward on the switch-frame. What had happened. Two tiny puffs of steam rose from the engine. It was a signal to stop.

Ah! the train had parted! Faint and far away came the short, sharp danger whistle. A single car had broken loose from the train, and had been left behind. It was standing alone on the track.

No. It was moving backward. It was beginning to roll down grade. It was moving faster and faster. There was a man upon it—her lover.

Involuntarily she spread out her arms and let them fall to her side three or four times in succession—the signal to put on the brake.

"How foolish! He cannot see me, and —" She leaned against the switch frame and shook with fear and agony.

The brake was broken.

Swift and swifter moved the disabled car. It was coming down the track gaining speed at every rod.

She sprang to the middle of the track and tried to shout to the engineer of the train at the station. She made motions to back down out of danger. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her cry became an inarticulate moan.

Onward came the car. She could see her lover upon it frantically waving his hands from right to left. What did it mean? Her brain seemed to be on fire. She could do nothing but gaze upon the advancing car in dumb horror.

Ah! The passengers! Could she not save them.

With a violent wrench she opened the switch again and stood holding the bar in both hands. Better so—better one life lost than a dozen. Her feet seemed bolted to the ground. She must stay and see him killed, and by her hand. The rails began to murmur with the tread of the advancing car now rushing furiously on to destruction.

"Ah! Why had she not thought of it before?

The cross over switch! Could she reach it in time she might save him. She snatched the key from the switch and ran with frantic speed up the line. She never knew how she opened the switch.

With moans and cries she threw herself across the line and began to run down the other side. Could she reach that switch before the car! Its roaring ran in her ears. Panting, with almost bursting bosom, she reached the switch, opened it, and stood clinging to it as the car came thundering over the viaduct.

She looked up at her lover upon the car. He had seen and understood the change in the switches. His car, helpless though it was, would cross over to the down track and roll harmlessly along the level line till its force was spent. He was saved, and by her ready wit and skill. The passengers in the train were also saved.

Great Heavens! what's that! The express! The down express was coming.

All was in vain. He was lost. She saw him throw up his arms in despair. The very plan she had devised to save him would be his destruction. Better far to have thrown him off upon the siding as she had intended. Now he would meet a more dreadful death, and the destruction would include scores of lives instead of a dozen.

All this flashed through her mind like lightning. She felt her knees give way beneath her, and she clung to the switch in despair.

Hark! The whistle on the express. They have seen the imminent collision and were doing their best to avert it.

She, too, must do something. With a bound she sprang to the next switch, tore it open and stood panting and moaning beside it with the bar in her hand. She must save the train even if she buried her lover under the splintered wreck of the car.

Onward came the car, thundering over the viaduct and just ahead of the train. It turned quickly at the switch, rushed past her and crossed over into the siding. He had one look at her upturned face. It was full of love and helpless misery. She was sending him to certain destruction—to save the express train.

The instant the car passed she closed the switch and sprang back again to the other switch and crosed it, just in time to see the express train sweep past in safety.

In an instant the helpless car ran into the freight house with an awful splintering crash. The express pulled up opposite the station. And in a moment a crowd of people ran shouting and frantic up the line. Some of them had seen the whole performance and knew what it meant, but for the majority of them it was a tragic mystery.

They found Lydia upon the ground by the switch, and still with the keyclutched in her hand. What had she done? What had happened to her?

She could not answer. Nature had mercifully taken away her senses. They took her up tenderly and carried her to the station, and laid her upon a seat in the waiting room. The passengers of the two trains crowded the room and offered every aid, for in some vague manner they began to understand that she was the creditor to the value of all their lives. She had paid for their safety with costly sacrifice.

The freight train backed down to the cross-over switch, and the engineers of the three trains met and began to examine the positions of the switches. A number of men also came from the express train, and among them was one who seemed in authority. He, too, examined the line carefully, and the engineers explained the matter to him, and listened to his remarks with becoming deference.

The little room in the station was packed with people, idlers and others, and they could with difficulty bring him in.

"No," said one of the ladies who was trying to restore the girl. "It may be too great a shock for her. She must not see him yet."

"Make way there, gentlemen. The superintendent of the road is here."

The crowd moved slightly, and the superintendent advanced into the room. He took off his hat and spoke quietly to the people near, and then he stooped quietly over the unconscious girl and softly kissed her like a father.

"She saved all our lives, and I am afraid she thinks she paid dearly for them."

Suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up bewildered.

"Where is he? Is he much hurt? Oh! perhaps he is"—

"Let me alone, I tell you," cried a big, bold voice in the crowd, "I must go to her."

He escaped from those who would detain him, and in a moment was beside her.

Some of the people laughed in foolish joy, others cried. The more delicate and sensible were silent, for the meeting was not for words or description.

After a slight pause the superintendent said to the young man.

"I congratulate you, sir. You were on the car?"

"Yes, sir. I was on the car and saved myself at the last moment by jumping off. I landed on a pile of fine coal and got a rough tumble—and that was all. The car is a heap of splinters."

Then the superintendent called the young man nearer to him and spoke to him privately, and presently they both shook hands as if greatly pleased over something. The young man sat down beside the girl, and whispered in her ear.

"I've got the place Lydia. We're all right now."

Then the bells rang, and the people began to disperse toward their trains. As they departed, a small creature—probably a stock holder—objected to the proceedings and remarked to the superintendent, that it was not best to give fat offices to brakemen for doing nothing."

"Precisely," said the superintendent. "But the woman did something, and if you wish to know the full measure of her splendid deed, go put yourself in her place."

The Danube.

THE GREAT RIVER WHICH FLOWS THROUGH THE SCENE OF THE EASTERN WAR.

The Danube, from its source to its mouth, in an air line, is 1,020 miles, but the stream is so tortuous that its actual length is 1,820 miles, and it traverses nearly 22 degrees of latitude and 5¼ of longitude. The Danube and its tributaries drain an area of 300,000 square miles.

At Belgrade, the capital of Servia, it receives the water of the Save, and then pursues an easterly course, constituting the boundary between Austria and Servia, until it reaches the Transylvania or Eastern Carpathians, at the extreme western end of Roumania.

Its course through this range is eighty miles, and the pass offers a great obstacle to navigation. The river is narrowed to less than half its breadth above, and in seven different places there are rapids and whirlpools, of which those in the so-called Iron Gate, below Old Orsova, are the most violent. At this point, opposite the small village of Tichievizthe the stream is narrowed from the width of a mile to about 189 yards, and with a depth, as far as can be ascertained from the violence of the current, of from 800 to 1,000 fathoms. The mountains on either side are very lofty, nearly 5,000 feet high, those on the Austrian side being 1,000 feet higher than those on the opposite bank. The mountains rise nearly sheer for about 3,000 feet above the stream, and where not perpendicular, rather overhang the water. When the river is low the sharp craggy points of subaqueous rocks begin to show themselves above the stream, and between these the passage is most narrow, winding, and shallow, and in fact can only be passed by steamers especially built for the purpose, of light draught of water, four paddle-wheels, and immense power, and even these steamers make use of a channel cut through the ledge. At the breaking up of the ice in the spring of 1876, the floating ice became jammed among the crags in the Iron Gate, which caused the stream to back up until vast tracts in Hungary were under water. Such a deluge was unprecedented, and it suggested at the time the feasibility of producing a similar effect by artificial means as a measure of war. The blowing up of the precipice of Mount Shirebar, on the Austrian side of the pass, would bring down many millions of tons of rock across the Iron Gate, and long before the obstructions could be removed, a vast part of Eastern Europe would be turned into an inland lake.

Having passed the Carpathians, the Danube takes a southerly course, forming the boundary between Roumania and Servia for a short distance, and then becoming throughout the rest of its course the boundary between Roumania and the Turkish province of Bulgaria. Below Widdin it takes a turn to the east, which it pursues until it reaches a point only thirty-two miles from the Black Sea. Then it takes a sudden turn to the north, flowing in that direction for 100 miles, to the junction with the Sereth, near Galatz. Then it turns again to the east, reciving the waters of the Pruth, which marks a part of the Russian frontier. After flowing east about forty miles in the vicinity of Ismail and Tultcha, it is divided into several branches. These wind sluggishly through the low and dreary alluvial country known as the Delta of the Danube, and empty the waters of the great rivers into the Black Sea by three principal channels—the Kilia, Sulina and St. George—and four lesser ones. The most northerly of these—the Kilia—is the boundary at this point between Bulgaria and Roumania, and is only about twenty-five miles distant from the Russian boundary line.

The rapidity of its current in its upper course, its tortuous windings, the shallowness of the water in the portion which flows through Hungary, and in the outlets into the Black Sea, and the reefs, rapids, and whirlpools which mark its course at many points, have rendered the navigation of the Danube so difficult that its commercial use has not yet been fully developed. The introduction of steam in 1830 inaugurated a new era in its history. By the convention of November 7, 1857, between the States through which the river flows, vessels of all nations were allowed to ascend the Danube from its mouth to any point above, but navigation between the different points was reserved to the subjects of the countries along its banks. The treaty of March 13, 1871, authorized the levying of a provisional tax on all commercial vessels for paying for the removal of the remaining obstructions at the Iron Gate, in case that work should be undertaken. An Austrian company, which almost monopolizes the through traffic of the river, has a very large fleet of steamers and transports. Its vessels make the voyage from Vienna to Constantinople in seven days. This company employs 150 vessels on the Lower Danube, and these are now all laid up by the hostilities.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—On Friday night week the members of the Evangelical Alliance and friends interested with them in the spread of the Gospel and the propagation of Evangelical views assembled in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, to hold their annual reunion, hear addresses from prominent workers in the Christian world, receive the annual report, and to hold with each other converse concerning spiritual things. The chair was occupied by the Hon. Oliver Mowat, Attorney; able addresses were given by the chairman, Rev. Dr. Allen, of Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Rainsford, and others.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—A few days ago Mrs. Jas. Dryden living in the neighborhood of Galt, drove into that town and procured a bottle of linseed oil, which she put into her buggy. In driving off the bottle upset and the cork coming out a quantity of the oil was spilled on a woollen shawl. The bottle was then secured and the shawl rolled tightly up. Before going home Mrs. Dryden drove some distance and although she noticed a smell of something burning paid no attention to it. On reaching home the shawal was unrolled, and the centre of it, which had been saturated with oil, was smouldering. On being exposed to the air it quickly burst into a flame and was consumed.

FATAL EXPLOSION AT SEA.—The steamship "China" arrived from Liverpool in Boston, reports signalled the steamer "Sidonian" of Glasgow, from New York for Bristol, disabled, requiring a surgeon; sent ship's surgeon on board, who reported that, on the 29th ult., the boilers exploded, killing the captain, three engineers, two firemen and one trimmer, and injuring the cook; rest of the crew all well. When the surgeon of the "China" went on board the men were all dead but one fireman. When asked the cause of the explosion, he answered, "I will tell you in the morning," but he died in a few minutes, and it was impossible to learn the cause. The "Sidonian" proceeded under sail, and will not arrive at her destination under two weeks.

FIRE IN ELORA.—The brush factory, principally owned by Mr. Robert Dalby, was burned down on Monday morning May 7th. The fire broke out about five o'clock, and the building was soon all in a blaze. The engine and firemen were soon on the spot, but though the fire was close to the river they were unable to stay the flames. Had a wind prevailed at the time all the houses on the same side would have gone. Bain's Hotel, directly opposite, had a good scorching but was saved. The stuff in the factory being of a combustible nature burned with great fury. The building was valued at $1,800, and the machinery at $3,300. The insurance on the building and machinery was $2,500 in the Wellington Mutual, and on the stock $2,000 in the Western. The loss, after deducting the insurance, will not be less than $4,000, besides thirty hands being thrown out of employment.

LIGHTNING ROD SUITS.—It will be remembered that Messrs. Wm. McDermott, Wm. Alexander, Hen. Duckworth, Richd. Stacy and Richard McLellan, of Garafraxa, Mr. James Rea, of Eramosa, and Mr. Duncan McArthur, of Erin, last summer entered separate suits in Chancery to recover into their own possession certain promissory notes that were obtained from them by agents of the Ontario Copper Lightning Rod Company. Mr. McDougall, of Galt, was at Fergus last week to try and effect an arrangement with the farmers, who are willing to settle if the lightning rod men give them back their notes and pay all the law costs that have been incurred up to the present time. The *News Record* understands Mr. McDougall first offered to give up the notes if all parties would pay their own costs. But this proposition was declined. He next offered to give up the notes and pay all his own costs and one half of the farmers' costs. This proposition was declined. He then suggested that only one action be brought to trial, the decision of which would be accepted as final to all. But here again the farmers refused to accede to his request. They apparently feel that they are in a measure acting in behalf of the public in pressing these suits; and they are determined to carry the matter to the very end.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—After the 30th of June next, all those who neglect to have their measures and weights stamped, will be proceeded against by law. The following is taken from the Act relating to this matter:—"Every trader, manufacturer carrier, public weigher, gauger, measurer, surveyor, or other person, who, after the expiration of the time appointed under this Act for the first inspection in the Inspection Division in which he carries on his business, offers for sale, or uses, for any purpose of buying, selling, or charging, for the carriage of any goods, wares, merchandise, or thing, or of measuring any work, land, goods, materials, or other thing, for the purpose of charging for, or ascertaining the price to be paid, or the charge to be made therefor, any weight or measure, or weighing machine which has not been duly inspected and stamped according to this Act, or which may be found light, deficient, or otherwise unjust, shall be guilty of an offense against the Act, and shall, on conviction, incur a penalty of not more than fifty or less than five dollars for each such offence; and every such unstamped, light, deficient, or unjust weight, weighing machine or measure so used, offered for sale, or found in his possession, shall, on being discovered by the Deputy Inspector, be forfeited and forthwith seized and broken by him, without suit or other authority than this Act."

All a tramp has to do when he reaches Guelph is to dorp in and tell the editor of the *Herald* that Brantford is a fine town, and that a man over there gave him fifty cents. Then the *Herald* man gets on his semi-sentennial car, gives the tramp fifty-five cents, and writes three columns of editorial to show that Guelph is a greater, smarter and richer place than Chicago, and that all who say to the contrary are liars thieves and traitors.—*Stratford Herald.*

Counterfeit four dollar bills on the Dominion Bank are in circulation.

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