

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.

THE Large Circulation
 OF THE
Dundalk Guide
 makes it an excellent
Medium for Advertisers.

"DUNDALK GUIDE,"
 PRICE \$1.00 PER ANNUM
 IN ADVANCE.
 POSTAGE FREE.

THE Job Department.
 OF THE "GUIDE" PRINTING OFFICE, NEARLY
 Opposite
The STATION,
 DUNDALK,
 is now fitted up in the very best style, and
Possesses Great Facilities
 for doing all kinds of
WORK.
 Parties wishing
JOB WORK
 done in the very
BEST STYLE OF THE ART
 AND WITH THE GREATEST
Promptitude
 Can depend upon being satisfied by leaving
 their orders.

The office is furnished with
NEW PRESSES TYPE, &c.

OF THE LATEST
 and
MOST APPROVED KINDS.
J. TOWNSEND
 Proprietor.

THE "GUIDE"

IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday.

At the Office, Proton Street, nearly op-
 posite the Railway Passenger Station,
Dundalk, - - Ont.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 Professional and business cards, per year, \$ 4
 Quarter column, per year, " 15
 Half column, " " 28
 One column, " " 50
 Do six months, " " 28
 Do three months, " " 15
 Casual advertisements charged 8 cts. per line for the first insertion, and 2 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion—brevier measure.
 Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and all kinds of local news, inserted free of charge.
 STRAY ANIMALS, &c., advertised three weeks for \$1, the advertisement not to exceed 3 lines.
 Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates.
J. TOWNSEND.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAMES LAMON,
 Attorney-at-law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Office and residence—Dundalk.

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, &c., Dundalk.
 February 1, 1877.

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

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

Marriage Certificates and Licenses,
 Constantly on hand at the POST OFFICE, DUNDALK. Price only \$2.00.
J. J. MIDDLETON,
 Issuer.

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, 14th 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 time-keepers,
JOHN NICKLE.
 Dundalk, Jan. 29 1877.

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.
ACALL SOLICITED!
 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 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. 20. DUNDALK, JUNE 14, 1877. \$1 per year in Advance.

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

CLOTHING,
 Make up the same on short notice.

Most Fashionable STYLES.
 Remember the stand, Main Street, DUNDALK.
 January, 29, 1877.

Cash Store!
 MAIN STREET,
 DUNDALK.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, &c.
 A SUPPLY OF GOOD

Family Flour
 ALWAYS ON HAND.

Save Your Health
 KEEPING YOUR FEET DRY!

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.

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POETRY.

THE BEST COW IN PERIL.
 Old farmer B. is a stingy man.
 He keeps all he gets, and gets all he can;
 By all his friends he is said to be
 As tight as the bark on a young birch tree;
 He goes to church, and he rents a pew;
 But the times to the Lord are very few;
 If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
 He will be left at the smallest gate.

Now Farmer B., besides drags and plows,
 Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
 He makes no butter, but sends by express
 The milk to the city's thriftness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?"
 They are better judges of cloth and silk;
 Not a man who buys, I'd vow, can tell
 If I water it not, or water it well—
 If they do not know that trick on me;
 I'll put the sparkling water in,
 When I talk to himself old Farmer B.;
 How mean he is, young and old can see.

One night it was dark, oh, fearfully dark;
 The watch dog never came out to bark;
 Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore,
 When a rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered the door.
 And a voice cried out with a hoarse breath,
 "Your best cow, neighbor, is chocking to death!"

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
 Farmer B. bounded out on the bed-room floor;
 And the midnight voice was heard no more,
 He pulled on his pants, he knew not how.
 For his thoughts were all on the choking cow.

He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
 For his stingy soul was filled with fear;
 Looking around by his lantern's light,
 He found that the cow, there, there all right.

"I will give a dime," cried Farmer B.,
 "To know who played that trick on me;
 May the hand be stiff and the knuckle be sore
 That knocked to-night on my farm-house door."

With a scowl on his face and a slinking hand,
 Farmer B. again sought his nice, warm bed;
 No good thoughts came, they were all overpowered;
 The little good nature he had, had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
 The midnight voice seemed again to say,
 As he pumped away with pouting breath;
 "Your best cow, neighbor, is chocking to death!"

The meaning of this he soon found out,
 For a stone was driven in the old pump's spout.
 Old Farmer B., when he drives to town,
 Now meets his neighbors with a savage frown;
 They smile, and ask, as they kindly bow,
 "How getteth along the best cow now?"

An Irish Mistake.
 "See now, here I am, drivin' the master's own gig to town just by the way of a bin, you see, while he's got to sit down the street in Jimmy Sheridan's lot of a beat. Ah, then, politics, t'm politics!"

"Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?"
 "Three for ye, your honor, three for ye," replied the man dolefully. "There niver was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the divils of man. Two lawyers-a-fightin' like demurs to see who's to be mimber."
 "Then I'm just in time to see the fun."
 "F'm your honor?" echoed the man.
 "It's not mesself that 'd object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' again. But it's murder your honor'll see before it's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye not hear nothin' behind that hedge there?"

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high, thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

"I—ah—yes, surely there is something movin' there," I replied. "It's some animal most likely."
 "Down in the sate I down, for your life!" cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. "I—"
 His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one of my two bullets whizzed by my ear.

As I sprang to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there groaning. "Are you hurt?" I asked as I strove to get the reins out of the palsied hands.

"I'm kilt, I'm kilt, intirely!" he moaned.
 "Aisy, now, aisy, there, your honor!" cried a voice from behind the hedge, just as I had gained the reins. "It's all a mistake, your honor, all a mistake!"

"Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!" cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; "we'll all be murthered!"
 Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. "Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?"
 "I'm raele downright sorry, your honor," replied the man in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; "but ye were in Wolf O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him. Where is that fellow Michael?"

As he said this the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed outright at the strangeness of the affair.
 "Go away with ye, go away!" moaned

the driver. "Murther! thieves! murther!"
 "Get up with ye an' take the reins, you goneril you," said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. "Ye're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up an' take the reins or I'll—"
 "Oh, don't there, don't say nothin' for the love of heaven!" cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins in his shaking hands. "I'll do anythin' ye tell me, on'y put that gun away!"

"There," replied the man, as he lowered the gun till its mouth pointed to the ground; "will that please ye? Now, tell me where's Squire O'Neil?"
 "He's in the town he is," replied the driver. "Oh, thin politics, thin politics!"

"Hum; so he's managed to get past us, after all. Well, tell him from me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sargeant to-morrow it's an ounce of lead out of this hell he'll be after trying to digest. Now mind!"

"I'll tell him, Captain, dear! I'll tell him," replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whup nervously. "But mayn't we go on now? Mayn't we go on?"

"Yes, whiniver the gentleman please," replied the man. "An' I'm raele sorry, as I told your honor, I'm raele sorry, as the mistake."
 "Well, I'm pleased, not sorry," I replied, laughing, "for if you'd hit me, it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time before firing. Good-night."

"Good-night, your honor, good-night," cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-fading lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets, and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival, I asked to be shown to my room; but it was a clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I left rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was raele shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as if a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that wakened me. Dragging on my clothes, I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just expelled Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place, where he had been the first to vote for "the sargeant." Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamoring that he should be sent out to them, "to fear him limb from limb." Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the Squire entered the room—a tall military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone; nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

"They don't seem over fond of me, I see," he said with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly quiet.

"Now, don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," he said in a clear voice that must have been distinctly heard by every one. "You shall have the honor of my company as soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you."
 "Eh, what! what does he mean?" I asked of a person next me. Surely he could not venture out among these howling fiends?"

"That is just what he is going to do," replied my companion. "There is no more talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolf by name, and wolf by nature; he's enraged at having to stand down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!"

As my companion spoke, he gripped me by the arm and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then, at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with lead metal and broken glass. Presently there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the lull I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

"It's the entry doors being opened to let the Wolf out," he said in reply. "Ah, there he is."
 I glanced out of the window and saw the Squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unalarmed as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. And then I heard the great doors clang to, and they heard so, the crowd gave vent to a howl of delirious rage.

At the first appearance of the Squire in his gig the people had swayed back and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man, in the front, stopped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning the hand of the Squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild

shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me overhight.

"A near nick that for our friend," said the Squire, in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. "But the next will be nearer still, and I've nearly half-a-dozen all left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone?"

He paused and glanced around, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.
 "No? you won't oblige me," he said presently, with a sneer. Then, fierce as if in charging in some world-famous battle: "Out of my way, you scoundrels! Fugh-a-lallah!"

At the word, he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot with head erect, and bearing as proud as if she knew a conqueror sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to the right and left, leaving a wide alley, down which the Squire drove as gaily as if the whole thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared, the crowd closed to again, utterly crest-fallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another like the humming of bundle bees; and presently, without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown, the great mass melted away.

Next morning at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that the next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.—London Magazine.

The Grangers.
 The assemblage of Grangers in this Town, on Saturday, afforded an excellent opportunity for the members of the organization to enjoy a pleasant time together, and to let the public know something of the principles of the order. The Secretary of the Dominion Grange explained the objects of the society very fully, and certainly no one could find any fault with the principles expounded by him. When people unite together for social enjoyment and intellectual improvement they deserve the encouragement and approval of every one who desires the welfare of his country. It was truly stated by Mr. Page that farmers do not exercise that influence in our public affairs, which by their numbers, wealth, and intelligence, they are entitled to occupy. Every one must acknowledge that the agriculturists are not represented in our Parliament and other public bodies as they should be, and this is entirely the fault of the farmers themselves. Why should agricultural constituencies be represented in Parliament by lawyers and doctors, when there are plenty of intelligent farmers who are far more capable of understanding the wants of the people? And yet, strange to say, at this picnic, got up by the grangers, they invite three doctors and a merchant to talk to them about agriculture. No doubt these gentlemen did the best they could, but it was quite apparent to every one that they found themselves entirely out of place. Surely there are intelligent members of the patrons of husbandry, who, on such an occasion as this, could have said something respecting the great interests of the society, which would have been both interesting and instructive. As it was there was nothing to be learned as to the farming interests except from the Secretary of the society. If the grange organization is expected to carry out the principles explained by Mr. Page, the members must show more self reliance. Instead of sending for doctors, lawyers, and others, to talk to them about matters of which they are entirely ignorant, let the members show their ability to do their own talking as well as to transact their own business. If we are to take the explanations of the principles of the Grangers, given by Mr. Page, as correct, then we must say that there has been great misconception as to the objects of the organization. It has been the popular belief that the chief object of the patrons of husbandry was to enter into trade, to buy all their goods by wholesale, and to devote their whole attention to doing their business on the co-operative plan. Mr. Page tries to remove this false impression and to convince the public that the object of the Grangers is to promote the social and intellectual improvement of the members. This is a worthy undertaking, and we trust that the patrons of husbandry may soon show themselves capable of not only raising the best crops but also of taking a leading part in public business, so that lawyers and doctors shall not be called upon to leave their clients and patients for the purpose of going to Parliament as the representatives of Agricultural constituencies.—Orangeville Advertiser.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday last week a ten-year old daughter of W. B. Watters, of Westfield, noticed the railway sleepers near her father's house on fire. Fearing serious damage might result, she went to put mud on the flames. Her clothes caught fire, and every particle of clothing was burned from her body, only her face, head, and one arm escaping serious burning. When found where she had thrown herself or some wet mud, her body was almost baked. A doctor was telegraphed for, but when he reached the house all hope of saving the child's life had ceased.

Battleford
 The Orilla Packet says—Mr. Carns has received two letters from L. C. Jones, of this town, dated Battleford, 15th and 20th April. We give a summary of what the writer says of the country:—The weather is lovely; I never saw anything like it in spring. The snow all went without one drop of rain; and we had no mud. Ploughing commenced on the 9th of this month. The buildings for the use of the Mounted Police are on a point of land two miles wide, between the Saskatchewan and Battle rivers, and about one mile from the mouth of Battle River. This river flows from Pigeon Lake, three hundred miles from its mouth, and the lake is fed by streams from the Rocky Mountains. The Saskatchewan takes its rise six hundred miles from here, in the mountains. Both rivers, being fed by the melting snow in the Rocky Mountains, are highest in summer, when the weather is hottest. Battle River is about one hundred yards wide at its mouth; the Saskatchewan three-quarters of a mile. Twenty-one miles up the two streams are twenty miles apart; sixty miles farther it is a hundred miles from one to the other. The point of land on which Battleford is situated is about 60 feet above the level of the rivers, and is a level prairie as far as the eye can reach. The opposite bank of either river is higher, so that one standing there can look down on the Police Buildings and the beautiful prairie stretching away in the distance. The Governor's residence is on the opposite side of Battle River, and stands on a hill sloping down to the river, and thickly timbered with poplar and white birch. This strip of timber extends up the river as far as the eye can reach. There is a tract of spruce timber about 20 miles up Battle River, and some 60 miles north of this an immense tract which I think is part of the range that extends all the way from Fort Pelley to the Rocky Mountains. Our mill would have been set in that timber only that there was no way of getting the lumber out; so the mill went to Edmonton, and the lumber is rafted down the Saskatchewan 400 miles. We have got out timber and put up the frames of fourteen buildings, some of them large. The sills and plates are framed together, and the posts are grooved on the sides for a two inch tenon; then the spaces between the posts are filled with timber, so that the house is quite substantial. I have used timber enough to cover an acre near the depth of 20 feet. On April 20th, both rain and snow fell—the first rain since October. The ice began to run in Battle River on the 16th, and in the Saskatchewan on the 18th. On the 20th it was all out of Battle River, and the ferry ready to begin running next morning. The mail reaches Battleford at intervals of three weeks, carried by dog-train in winter and pony and buckboard in summer. One can stand a great deal of hardship in this climate. I was sent with three teams and five men to bring up a boiler from Carlton, 110 miles away. We slept six nights on the ice of the river, with the thermometer from 24 to 30 degrees below zero and enjoyed it all except getting up mornings. If well provided with the boots and robes, one can be down any where and sleep as comfortably as the wolves, which, though they won't come near the fire, make a horrid noise a short distance away. J. M. Sutherland, in charge of the works here, travelled 2,000 miles with dogs and lay out 28 nights the past winter. On his trip from Edmonton he made the last 200 miles in 23 days. He is hearty, weighs 186 pounds, and can run with any half-breed or Indians in this part—20 or 25 families in all. They are Cree. Most of the Indians live out on the plains, near the buffalo. Geese and ducks are here in thousands. Yesterday we had geese, duck, partridge, and beaver, even to penmanic. We have received orders from the superintendent, Mr. H. M. Sutherland, to put up three more large dwelling-houses. We have a kiln up to dry the lumber as soon as it comes. There are about 100 men employed here, at the mill, and on the river. We expect a big fire in a few weeks; he came as far as Prince Albert. Mission, last fall, and owing to water being low, was laid up there.

Bush fires are reported in the Saguenay district, thirty houses having been destroyed in two parishes.
 The Pope's cash receipts on the occasion of his jubilee amount to \$1,300,000, exclusive of valuable presents.
 Five hundred and ten Sioux lodges have been surprised and 450 horses, mules, and ponies captured in a recent battle.
 Two unruly boys pupils of a London South school, were recently fined each \$5 and costs for throwing stones and using bad language.
 The boys of the Whitley High School have for some time past been instructed in military drill, and the Chronicle is highly pleased with the result.
 It is understood that the case against Peter B. Sweeney will be dropped in consideration of the sum of \$400,000 paid out of the estate of Sweeney's deceased brother.
 The number of new pupils seeking admission into the Guelph schools is so great that the Board has been compelled to engage extra teachers. The Central School which many one thought would be too large, will soon, in the opinion of the Mercury, be found limited enough in capacity.
 It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it is firmly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.
 Parents may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently it is vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest—it may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example set before their sons and daughters in childhood, spring up and bear fruit.

Ontario Archives
 Toronto