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MARKET REPORTS,

AND

EDITORIALS.

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OF THE

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for doing all kinds of

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JOB WORK

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BEST STYLE OF THE ART

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Promptitude

can depend upon being satisfied by leaving us 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 opposite the Railway Passenger Station,

Dundalk, - - Ont.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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February 1, 1877.

ANGLO AMERICAN HOTEL, DUNDALK.

First-class accommodation for the public. The best viands on hand.

SAMUEL McCULLOCH, Prop

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.

Marriage Certificates and Licenses,

Constantly on hand at the POST OFFICE, DUNDALK. Price only $2.00.

J. J. MIDDLETON, Issuer.

y8

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, Febnay 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.

DUNDALK GUIDE.

Vol. I. No. 27. DUNDALK, AUGUST 2, 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

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 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 Sts.

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

POETRY.

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

"Bless God for rain!" the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear;
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father! thou who dwell'st in Heaven,
We thank Thee for the pearly shower!
The blessed present Thou has given
To man, and beast, and bird, and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come; and lo, it came!
The Indian corn with silken plume,
And tiny pitchers with flowers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green;
The brooklet swells its song again;
Methinks an angels wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempest trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds of fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that gush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base—
Just like the tears of gratitude
That often stains a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless;
The windows of the sky unbar;
Shower down the rain of Righteousness,
And wash away the stain of War;
And let the radiant bow of Love
In beauty mark the moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above,
But not like it to fade and die.

LETTY'S PROMISES.

When Laurence Van Everen was about to sail for the East Indies, he asked Letty to walk half an hour in the orchard with him, which was wreathed and perfumed with fruit blossoms.

"I've a request to make you, my dear Letty," he said, "and I'm half afraid you may think it a selfish thing to ask; indeed, I *know* it is, but yet, with the renowned selfishness of man, I not only ask, I beg it."

"What on earth *can* it be?" said Letty, smiling. "Do you want me to go to a nunnery till you return, or to travel to Calcutta to marry you? Or do you want me to give the cold shoulder to Tom Longworthy, and promise never to say so much as 'How d'ye do?' to him?" For the gossips had said their say in Van Everen's ear, when he returned from his last voyage, to the effect that Longworthy had taken advantage of his absence to be sweet on Letty, and that Letty was no means averse to sweets, supplemented by the assurance, "However, Tom isn't a marrying man, and if Letty hadn't been promised, he would have paid her no heed; Tom always goes in for a safe thing." But this philosophy by no means satisfied Van Evern.

"No, Letty, it is none of these trifles," he answered; "it is something much more important to my happiness."

"You know I will do any thing to please you."

"You will? Then promise me this thing—solemnly promise that if any thing should happen to me, if I should never return, if I should die—promise that you will remain mine forever—shat you will never, never marry another. Can you promise this, darling?"

"Certainly. But you *will* come back—you *must*. Why, I should die myself if you failed. There is no need of such a promise, but I give it all the same. I promise solemnly that if you die I will never marry."

"Thanks," said Van Everen, kissing her cheek with an air of having conferred a favor. "I have exactly five minutes left in which to say good-by. There is a great deal called love in this world which is only propinquity; but one musn't call it loving so the poet tells us.

Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breath of Heaven betwixt us.

And you think you can, Letty?"

"I know it. Perhaps you mean to commit suicide in order to test me."

And then followed a few minutes of tender nonsense, and Van Everen tore himself away, leaving Letty in tears. What a long, long time it was to look forward to! How many storms would beat along the coast, how many suns would shine, mornings dawn, and evenings gather to their close, before they meet again! In the mean time here was her trosseau to finish; and she used to sit at it hour by hour, with her thoughts away on some distant reach of the Indian Seas, except when Tom Longworthy loitered in to help to kill time. One morning he brought her a letter, which a sailor who had spoken the Flying Scud, two months out, had intrusted to him, and he looked out the window while she read it, whistling "The long, long weary day," softly. Tom was really a comfort to her, in spite of Van Everen's unreasonable jealousy. He could tell her all about the long Indian voyage, of cyclones, calms, and trade-winds—all about the great foreign cities to which her lover was bound, with their sun-burned natives, their strange customs, their fantastic stuffs, and curious architecture—till she felt as if she were there herself. It was some months later that Tom Longworthy came in with a cloud on his face.

"You are ill?" said Letty, regarding him.

"Not at all, thank you; only ill at ease."

"Then you have some bad news."

"Yes, I have some bad news."

"Nothing about Laurence?" she gasped.

"I hope not."

"You *hope* not! For Heaven's sake, don't you *know!* What is it? Don't think you are sparing my feelings. You are only cruelly—"

"The flying Scud—"

"Is lost?"

"Has foundered. But there's no certainty with regard to Laurence; he may be among the saved. Letty! Letty! don't look at me as if I had brought it about. I would exchange places with him gladly for your sake; I would indeed!" he cried.

She left the needle where the ill news found it, and folded away all the wedding garments. And month followed month of anxious foreboding; and one or two old seamen straggled home to their families, battered and destitute, after many hardships, but they new nothing of Van Everen he was not in the same boat; some had been swept away by a wave before the ship was abandoned; and so by sad degrees hope and Laurence Van Everen were given up. But though the object made existence precious has been rudely torn from us, yet we go forward with the drama perforce; we must dine, read letters, receive condolences, discuss crape and bombazine, as if the world had not suddenly grown empty and forlorn. And so it was with Letty. Daily life was two exacting; she could not sit down and hug her grief, and look at it in every light, and discuss it in all its bearings; she was obliged to dry her tears and earn her bread. The railroad stock in which her small fortune was invested had suddenly declared against dividends. She could not permit herself to share the crumbs that fell from her uncle's table, and which they could ill afford to spare, even had dependence been sweet—a quality it was never known to possess. Thus in her dreary routine of drudgery Tom Longworthy's kindness and occasional visits constituted her only variety. If she found a bunch of the earliest May-flowers on her desk, she knew who left them there; if Christmas brought her an anonymous gift, she was none the less certain of the giver. If her birthdays and anniversaries were remembered, whose thoughtfulness could it be but Tom's? It was, perhaps, three years and better after the Flying Scud had sailed that Letty, weary of declining invitations and of being asked if she meant to sacrifice herself like a Hindoo widow, joined a party of friends going to take their tea in the sunset at the beach, two hours steaming down the river. She had understood that there were to be but a handful of people, but she found a crowd; and sitting on the sand, looking at delicate seashell pink of the eastern sky above the tossing breakers, or watching the groups of girls making their table of a sand heap and spreading it with dainties from their baskets, while others gathered drift-wood and lighted a picturesque blaze beneath the coffee and clam pots, was a pleasant change from the monotony of her days. Presently, while she gazed, a little boat, with the sunset reddening its sails, "quenched its speed in the slushy sand," and Tom Longworthy threw his anchor ashore.

"Letty!"

"Tom!"

"I wish you would allow me to bring you down."

"I wish I had;" and then they fell to speaking of the moon-led tides, about great storms and wrecks.

"Do you know," she confessed "their driftwood fire chills me. How do I know but it is a bit of the spar poor Laurence clung to?"

"They are having supper," said Longworthy, turning away. "Let me bring you something. We have been too gloomy."

"No; when I am gloomy, I am in no danger of foreboding. Don't you remember Anderson's story of the poor old maid who used the broken half of a bottle picked up on the beach for her canary's drinking-vessel, when it was a bit of the very bottle to which her lost lover had intrusted a tender farewell?"

"*You* don't mean to be an old maid, Letty?"

"I? The day of my destiny's over. How ghostly the light-house looks! I used to think I should like to live in one, once—especially in stormy weather."

"They will be lighting up presently; we will pay them a visit, if you please." And while they climbed the lighthouse tower, and watched the keeper light his lamps, while he told them of the sea-birds that beat their lives out against the windows, of ships he had seen go to pieces in the storm, of the times he had put out in his boat to the rescue, and his wife keeping the lamps bright alone amidst the gale, their friends were gathering up the fragments and steaming homeward, each thinking that Letty was with the other. When Tom and Letty came out under the stars, the beach had a wild and lonely aspect; some night bird was screaming overhead, the gypsy fire smoldered amidst some stranded timbers, but the sands were deserted. Tom's little craft was the only one in sight, and with the wind dead against them and the tide falling, it would be useless to start for some hours to come.

"We may as well make ourselves comfortable," said Tom, bringing fresh feul for the fire. "I am to blame for this disaster."

"I don,t call it a disaster exactly," said Letty. "Do you see how much our blacklog resembles a crouching camel? In this weird light I can half believe that we are belated in a desert, and are bivouacking till day. Its rather romantic than disastrous."

"I'm glad you see it in that light. You would make the desert blossom like a rose."

"How you flatter me!"

"I? We never flatter those we love."

"You needn't take pains to tell me that you don't love me," she laughed.

"I take pleasure in saying that I *do*."

"That you do!—that you do!"

"Yes. I do love you, Letty," stretching his arms toward her, for she had risen and half moved away. "Letty! Letty! don't be angry with me for loving you. How could I help it?"

"You must," she cried; "you musn't love me. You don't. It's all a fancy. You deceive yourself. I can't allow you to love me."

"You might as well say that you wouldn't allow the frost to pinch you, or the rain to drench you. Can't you love me a little, Letty?"

"Oh, don't ask me! don't! I can't; it is quite impossible. Forgive me for saying so. You have always been a friend to me."

"And always shall be; Letty."

"Then don't let us talk about love, nor think of it. I shall never marry."

"But if you should change your mind—"

"I can never change it."

"Yet if such a thing should happen—women have that privilige, you know—you will always find me the same."

"But you must be sure that it never can happen.

"Since you deny me so much, humor this whim of mine, Letty, and promise me that if any change should occur, you will let me know."

"I can safely promise that," she replied.

"Thank you."

It is not often that a lover is obliged to impose his society upon the sweetheart who has refused him. One might easily conceive of it as an embarrassing situation, but it did not prove so in the case of Tom and Letty; they spoke or were silent, as the spirit moved. He trimmed his boat with a hand as steady as if all his wishes had been granted. They counted the constellations and the harbor lights, watched the stars set, and the gray dawn shine upon the water, and sunrise was just beginning to glow in tender lines of color as they reached the town, made the boat fast, and stepped ashore. Only a few loungers were smoking on the wharf, and waiting for a job or sensation. The widow Girdle was pulling up her blinds as they passed, while the house-maid at Dr. Squills's, sweeping off the front steps, leaned on her broom, for all the world like an interrogation point.

"That don't look right," said Widow Girdle—"a teacher of youth gallivanting about the country. Where has she been at this hour? That's what I would like to know."

"I dare say you would," said her brother. "Supposing you ask."

But Mrs. Girdle did better. She asked her next neighbor, who passed question on; and the result was that in the course of a month Letty was notified that her resignation of her grammar school would be accepted. Mrs. Girdle, shopping in Boston one day, met Tom Longworthy at Parker's.

"What's the news at Carbondale?" he asked.

"News is as scarce as money, Mr. Longworthy," said she. "I suppose you know that Letty Andrews has lost her school. But that's an old story."

"Lost her school! Why?"

"Oh, you must ask the school committee. Young ladies who have the care of children should be circumspect, and not allow fascinating young men to keep them out late on the river, you know."

"You don't mean to say that luckless affair of mine was the cause? It was all an accident, Mrs. Girdle, and entirely my fault."

"I wonder you don't make amends by marrying her, Don Quixote."

"She has already refused me."

"Refused you! You're joking," said the widow, opening her eyes with astonishment.

"It may be fun for you, but its ghastly truth to me."

Mr. Longworthy went directly to his office and wrote, "Dear Letty, don't forget that I love you, and that it is hard for me to live without you."

"Thanks," came the reply. "You will find it impossible."

It was early in December when Letty went into Boston to answer an advertisement for a companion. It had proved unsatisfactory, and she was on her way to the cars, when she was overtaken by Captain Crane, a neighbor, just home from a three years' cruise.

"Ship ahoy!" said he. "How are the folks at Carbondale? Don't know me, Miss Letty? Any thing happened since I sailed?"

"You'll find plenty of change. Captain Crane. Even Carbondale doesn't stand still while you go around the world."

"By-the-way, I fell foul of an old sweetheart of yours in Californy."

"An old sweetheart of mine?"

"Yes. Even sweethearts get old if you give them time enough. P'raps you don't remember Van Everen!"

"Don't remember Van. Everen!"

"Laurence. Wasn't he sweet on you, Miss Letty? I run against him, just by chance, a week before I sailed; he's given up the sea, he tells me—taken to trading Guess he's married money, by the looks of things."

"Married money! Laurence Van Everen! What do you mean, Captain Crane? Don't you know that he was lost at sea in the Flying Scud?"

"Was he? Then the sea's given him up too; its a mutual affair, eh? He's the substantial shadow I ever sighted. The Flying Scud was lost while I was off whaling, but I didn't know he was aboard. But you see, he wasn't born to be drowned, Van Everen wasn't! His wife can't hold a candle to you, Miss Letty—begging pardon—but I reckon she had solid charms."

Letty was in a half-stunned condition all the way to Carbondale, while Captain Crane, spun his yarns. Was it any thing to her that Laurence was alive—and married? Did she feel any bitterness that he had given her so much trouble for naught that he had forsaken her? She had promised never to marry if he died; but he was not dead. And Tom loved her—and she? Yes, she was grateful to Laurence after all; she felt as if she would like to thank him for having jilted her so cruelly. So she wrote:

DEAR MR. LONGWORTHY: When I told you I should never marry, it was because I had given a solemn promise to Laurence Van Everen that if he died I would remain single, But he is alive, and I hope you will forgive.

LETTY ANDREWS.

"So the dream departs!" sighed Tom. "The lost hero returns; she is going to marry him after years of constancy. She need not apologize for loving him instead of me. It ends like a novel, only I am left out in the cold, like a villian of the piece. I wonder where Laurence has been all this while. He always had a plausible tongue; but if she loves him—Well I had better go West and change the scene."

But before going West it was neccessary for him to run down to Carbondale, settle some family affairs, and apprise his grandfather of his plans. It was a month since Letty had written her note before he could make up his mind to see her and Carbondale. Then, "I have come, Miss Letty," he blundered, "to offer my congratulations and good-byes at once."

"Congratulations?" questioned Letty, with a perplexed frown.

"Yes. You are looking worn and pale; I'm afraid happiness doesn't agree with you."

"Happiness doesn't agree with me? I don't think I ever tried the experiment." It was Tom's turn to look surprised.

"I received your note—"

The color trembled across Letty's face, her lip quivered, her eyes dilated.

"You received it!" she gasped—"you received it!"

"Wasn't it just a little unnecessary, Letty? I should have heard of it soon enough."

"How could you have heard it if I had not told you?"

"Wouldn't it have been in everybody's mouth? Can a dead man come to life and nobody speak of it? But I daresay you meant it kindly, Letty!"

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, don't you *see* what I meant?" cried Letty, all of a rose color.

"Certainly; you meant to break it to me gently that you were going to marry Van Everen."

"But Van Everen is already married."

"Married! What a dunce I am! Letty! Letty! can you forgive me? Can you love such a stupid fellow? Jove! a whole month of happiness forfeited by a blunder! Kiss me, Letty."—*Harper's Bazar*,

Civil Rights in Montreal.

Recent events in Montreal have shown the people of this country the sort of liberty we should enjoy if the Roman Catholics were in the ascendent and had control of our civil affairs. Although every effort was made by the friends of law and order to induce the Mayor of Montreal to take proper precautions to prevent trouble in that City on the twelfth, yet he remained deaf to every entreaty, and refused to protect peaceable citizens from the attacks of a lawless mob. Even when the rioting commenced he made no effort to quiet the disturbance but permitted defenceless women to be insulted and those who defended them to be shot down and kicked by the brutal mob. The Orangemen of Montreal deserve great credit for the manner in which they acted. Although they had fully decided to walk in procession on on the twelfth, yet when representations were made by the other societies in favor of peace, the Orangemen consented to abandon the procession and to go quietly to Church. The result shows that although the Orangemen faithfully carried out their agreement, yet the spirit of intolerance is so strong amongst the Irish Catholics that they were determined to show their hatred of Protestantism, even when there was no provocation whatever. And if anything further were required to prove what we have said as to the intolerance of papists, it is to be seen in the fact, that in all the utterances of their clergy and newspapers on this occasion there is not a word said in condemnation of those who threatened violence in the event of an Orange procession. On the contrary they all speak of such processions as illegal, and a practice which should be put down. This shows the views of Romanists on the question of civil and religious liberty. Wherever they have control, Protestants have no rights which they are bound to respect. Roman Catholic processions are encouraged by the priests, although they are sometimes very offensive to people of other denominations, but when Orangemen exercise the right which the law gives them of celebrating their anniversary with a procession, then we are told that it is offensive to Catholics and if not put down by law, the papists are justified in attacking them and murdering members of the Orange Society in such a brutal and cowardly way as they did in Montreal. The *True-Witness*, a Catholic paper published in Montreal, actually approves of the murder of poor Hackett, and attemps to throw all the blame on the Orangemen, and this too, after the proofs given by the Orangemen of their desire to avoide giving the least offence. The Mayor of Montreal is praised by this organ of Rome for his inactivity on the occasion, and the volunteers, who turned out to preserve order at Hacketts funeral, are subjected to the vilest calumny and abuse. This should open the eyes of our statesmen to the dangers that beset us in consequence of the impudent pretensions of the adherents of the Romish Church in Canada. Both political parties show too great a desire to pander to the Priests and to gain the support of the "Catholic vote." Mr. Bowell, Orange Grand Master, could so far forget his principles as to join the ultramontane party, in the House of Commons, in denouncing the Hon. Mr. Huntingdon for his manly defence of civil rights in opposition to the undue interference of the Priests in elections. What does Mr. Bowell now think of the union of Orange and Green? How does he like the taste he has now got of the liberty allowed by his Quebec friends? Allow the ultramontanes to have full sway, and we shall soon see a nice state of affairs in the Dominion. Not only will they dictate to the people in election matters, but also in everything else, so that we shall be deprived of every privilege, civil and religious, and made to submit to the despotic Government for a foreign power. We believe that the late events in Montreal will have a powerful influence for good, and that the people of this country will be aroused to a sense of their duty. The rights of the subject must be maintained at any cost in every Province of the Dominion. If the authorities of Montreal or the Provinces of Quebec refuse to do their duty in this respect, the Dominion Government must exercise its authority, and if necessary the whole force at its command must be put forth to punish the law breaker and to protect every citizen in the exercise of that liberty which is guaranteed him by our free institutions.—*Orangeville Advertiser*.

Railway Strike in the States.

The Railway strike may well fill with alarm the citizens of the neighboring Republic, and of which we are happily ignorant. It is seldom indeed that we hear of similar atrocities occurring in any country calling itself civilized. The strike has culminated in the destruction of property to the extent of millions of dollars and in acts of atrocity which would be characterized as savage even in warfare. The free use of petroleum and coal oil as a means of fighting and the burning by these instruments of much valuable property, added to the endeavour to burn therewith the military called out to preserve the peace, are methods of fighting and of destruction so savage that we wonder they should occur in that land which boasts itself as being "the land of the brave and the home of the free." The strike seems to have its seat, or rather seats in and around Baltimore in Maryland and Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and along the lines of Railway in these two States. But it is not confined to them, Ohio and New York are also afflicted with this evil. Fire arms were used to an unlimited extent, and the loss of life, and the number of wounded is great. Added to all this is the fact that in some cases the military called out sympathized with the rioters and refused to act against them. When those who should be the guardians of the peace and safety of the State turn round and forsake their duty, there is nothing left but to give in. Whether the rioters were right or not in their demands, certainly the way they took to enforce them put them in the wrong, and but for the desertion of the military summary punishment would have been inflicted on them. It surely betokens some great want in the ability of the Government, as well as some unusual degree of ferocity on the part of the strikers, and small reverence for law and order, and, we may add, humanity, when a car load of coal is first saturated with petroleum, then set fire to and the blazing car driven up to the round-house where some faithful soldiers find a shelter, with the avowed purpose of burning them to death. And all this happens because the strikers do not get their demands, whether right or wrong we know not, granted to them. Society in the United States is not in a very satisfactory condition when this is the outcome of over a century of so called freedom. The law of the mob seems to be the ultimate resource. It is not the first time that the action of the people in such cases has been declared to be above all law. It is true the officials have endeavoured to do their duty but they have been wofully deficient in many cases in their subordinates, with the result of an immense destruction of life and property, and at the last the resolution of the Railway Companies to comply with the demands of the strikers. What the result will be remains to be seen; but it will be bad for the States if at any time their railway communication is in the hands of the strikers. Their demands may have been just, but the means taken to enforce compliance with them were most unjustifiable. After all, we are a more law-abiding people in this Dominion. Our Railway strike, though unnecessarily harsh, was not characterized by such brutality as the strike in the States.—*Owen Sound Advertiser*.

The Canadian demands for space at the Paris Exposition already reach nearly forty thousand feet. A large display of maps of the country and plans and models of the public buildings of the Dominion will be exhibited. Several honorary commissioners, of whom Sir John Rose will be one, will, it is said, represent the Government at the Exposition.

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