

THE "DUNDALK GUIDE" Every Thursday. 8 COLUMN PAPER. Large Circulation. Medium for Advertisers. Job Department. THE STATION, DUNDALK. Correct Time! JOB WORK. ST STYLE OF THE ART. Promptitude. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Family Flour. S. Haney.

THE "GUIDE" PUBLISHED Every Thursday. Dundalk, - - Ont. TERMS:—\$1 per year in Advance. RATES OF ADVERTISING. BUSINESS DIRECTORY. JAMES LAMON, Attorney-at-law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. DR. McWILLIAM, University Silver Medalist, Trinity College, Toronto, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. ISAAC TRAYNOR, Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, Land Agent, Conveyancer, &c. "KINGLO AMERICAN HOTEL, DUNDALK. Marriage Certificates and Licenses. Builder's and Contractor's NOTICE. Notice to the Public. THE VULCAN WORKS, NORTH SIDE OF OWEN SOUND ST., DUNDALK. Miss Gokey, MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER. Correct Time! Watches, Clocks, AND JEWELRY. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. VIOLINS, CONCERTINAS, ACCORDEONS, &c. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO REPAIRING. REMEMBER THE STAND: OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE. JOHN NICKLE.

DUNDALK GUIDE. Vol. I. No. 30. DUNDALK, AUGUST 30, 1877. \$1 per year in Advance.

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

JOS. McARDLE, Commissioner in the Queen's Bench, Conveyancer, &c. THE OLDEST FIRE INSURANCE AND MORTGAGE LOAN AGENCY IN THE TOWNSHIP.

Farm and Village Lots For Sale. Business done strictly private. Residence and address: HOPVILLE, Co. of Grey, June 21, 1877.

Farms for Sale. We have a number of Good FARMS for Sale on easy terms. Call at our Office. RUTHERFORD & HUNTER, General Agents. Dundalk, April 5th, 1877.

FOR SALE. The following Lots in the Township of Proton. Lot 23, in the 10th Concession, Lot 42, " 4th " Lot 40, " 8th " Lot 1, " 16th " Lot 21, " 11th "

Flour! Flour! First-Class Flour constantly for Sale at the DUNDALK GRIST MILL. Warranted as good as any offered in Dundalk, and Cheaper. Also Bran, Chop, and all kinds of Mill Feed. THOS. McCAULEY, Sr. Dundalk, April 5, 1877.

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, &c. 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.

POETRY. BEN'S STRAW HAT. BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

Ben's straw hat is a comical sight; A comical sight indeed! It's ragged and torn, and looks much like A friend who's sadly in need.

'Twas only a week before last it came Bran new from the store in town, But it was wasted "powerful fast"-'Twas not much left but the crown.

You needn't laugh at the grotesque hat; Of its appearance make fun. You do not know how many good deeds That very same hat has done.

It's carried hay each morn to the horse; It brought the eggs from the mow; It's taken the gayer of butterflies; It's taken sail to the cow.

Half a Crown. "Please, sir, will you buy my chest-nuts?" "Chestnuts! No," returned Ralph Moore, looking carefully down on the upturned face whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so piteously to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively. "Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heartbroken way," said Ralph, smoothing down her hair with genuine gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's half a crown for you if that will do you any good."

He did not stop to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: "That out of my supply of cigars for the next week. I don't care, though, the brown-eyed object did cry as though she hadn't really a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street, with quick elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsoiled nuts that still dangled on her arm. Down an obscure lane and then between ruinous looking buildings and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale, neat looking woman with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of fire.

"Mary, look! look! see! Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?" "Oh, mother! mother! see!" ejaculated the almost breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole half crown. Only think mother, a whole half crown!"

If Ralph Moore could have only seen the rapture which his half crown diffused around in the poor widow's poverty stricken home, he would have regarded still less the temporary privation of the cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of his memory as if the pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart; but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver half crown.

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn, to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well filled grate, and the dinner table, in a glitter with cut glass, rare china and polished silver, was only waiting the presence of Mr. Audley. "What can it be that detains you?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enamelled watch. "Six o'clock and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire. "I'll call him again, said Mrs. Audley, stepping to his door. But as she opened it the brilliant gas-light in the hall fell full upon the face of a humble-looking man, in worn and threadbare garments who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

came to see if I would bestow on him the vacant clerkship in the bank. "And will you?" "I don't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation." "Why, my love?" "Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times that you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the noble-hearted husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a note this evening. I believe I've got his address about me somewhere."

An hour later, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed, in the spacious nursery upstairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," said her husband, folding her fondly to his breast when the simple tale was concluded. "Never forget one who was kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodgings beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich banker, Mr. Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed as he read the brief words. "We shall not starve," Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the letter, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stopped to recover the paper which was a fifty pound note, nicely folded in a piece of paper, on which was written, in grateful remembrance of a half crown piece that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty years ago.

Ralph Moore had thrown his bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to him.

The Nez Perces. Who are these Nez Perces, whose band of rebels under young Joseph, the U. S. Government is fighting? Not savages, as the word is usually understood. They are half civilized Indians, who have been deceived and defrauded until a revolt has resulted. They number about 3,000 people, 400 of whom are warriors. They are brave and intelligent. One or two hundred can read English, and many can write. They own 14,000 horses, 70 mules, 9,000 cattle, 500 head of hogs. Last year they raised 80,000 bushels of grain and vegetables. They have a saw-mill, and a grist mill. Last year they saved 50,000 feet of lumber for houses. Some of them are carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, tin-smiths, and other useful occupations. And now they have broken out in rebellion because the Government has cheated them, has lied to them, has diverted their annuities, has stolen their goods. There is but one solution of this question: The people must be given 100 acres of land each and subjected to law. Then let every agent be dismissed, and compelled to work for a living, instead of stealing.—New York Graphic.

A FRIEND AT WORK.—It appears that a man named John Hogg, lately in the employ of Joseph Relinger, farmer and drover, at little Kelving, lately fell in love with a maid-servant who formerly lived at Relinger's. He was not successfully in his wooing, and lacking courage to press it farther enlisted the farmer's wife on his side to plead his cause with the young lady. This it appears, had no effect, for a short ago Anthony Relinger, brother of Joseph, married the girl and settled quietly down to domestic life in the Township of Wilmot.

The hired man Hogg brooded over the affair a good deal and finally must have come to the conclusion that he had been duped by his advocate Mrs. Relinger. He vowed vengeance and bided his time and when Saturday, the 4th inst., came round, a grand opportunity presented itself, as his employer had gone to New York and Mrs. Relinger was out in the woods picking berries. He entered in the woods with an axe smashed everything in it, ripped up all the clothing he could find, and battered a gold watch to pieces, besides battering some twenty dollar gold pieces out of all shape. After this he killed a couple of cows, and was proceeding to fire the barn when some parties appeared on the scene and took him into custody. The value of the property destroyed is about \$1,000. The time occupied in performing the work of destruction was about 3 hours. Hogg was afterwards brought before a Magistrate who committed him to stand his trial for destroying property.

On Thursday a large waterspout was observed on the lake off Niagara. A couple of Picket sheep thieves have been sent to the penitentiary for five years each. Over thirty persons have been arrested in Madrid in connection, with a recently discovered Republican conspiracy.

A child about five years of age was buried to death on Thursday on lot 5, concession 6 Mitchell-road, Fullerton. It appears that Mr. George Foster, the father of the child, arrived first in the morning and went to the harvest field. Mrs. Foster lit a fire and went to milk the cows, and returning found the bedroom on fire. She extinguished it, and sought her child, which she found in the barn-yard burnt to a crisp.

The Premier on the Dunkin Act.

The following is an extract from Mr. McKenzie's speech at Colbourne: I have observed that some measure are still asked for by the public. One of these has reference to a question which relates very much to our social system, to the advancement of the morals of our people, and to the restriction and prevention of a system of degradation which has spread to a vast extent an innumerable train of evils through the country. In a land of peace and plenty like ours there must be some governing cause for the degradation, the demoralization in others, and for the insanity which appears to be increasing to such an extent in others. All our asylums are full of our prisons and penitentiaries are overflowing, and there has been for many years a growing sentiment in the country that the cure for all these evils to a great extent must rest in limiting, if not in destroying, the sale of alcoholic liquors. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) So far as I am concerned, I recollect very well, exactly thirty years ago that I published my first address to the people in my own locality in the shape of a report from a temperance society in favor of the principle of prohibition, as one which is justified by all the claims that the people have on legislation by their rulers; and from that day to this I have never ceased to believe in the absolute right of the people to enter on a course of legislation which would have that effect. (Loud cheers.) At the same time I have always taken the ground that until public sentiment of maturity that we would be quite certain of a very large majority in favor of such a measure, it would be unwise and impolitic to attempt to enforce a total prohibition of the traffic. Whether with the electorate of the country to say. Some years before Confederation, a bill such as is called in English a Permissive Liquor Bill, was passed by the late Parliament of Canada, which put in the hands of the people to determine in their respective localities whether they would prevent the licensing of houses for the sale of liquors. A vote has been taken on that measure in many counties in Canada during the last twelve months. In some cases it has been defeated; in others it has been carried, sometimes by small and sometimes by large majorities, but in every instance it is quite apparent that the agitation in the direction of prohibition has acquired considerable strength. I was greatly amused last session to find that some prominent gentlemen on the Opposition side of the house were willing to vote that the Government of the Dominion should legislate on this subject. Sir John Macdonald voted for it, and I have no doubt he delivered a speech when he was here strongly in favor of it. (Loud laughter.) I must assume that he did, because he declared by his vote last session that we should have some legislation on the subject, and I knew that he is too honorable a man to ask us to do what he would not be prepared to do himself. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I have not the least doubt that if you ever have a contest on the temperance question pending in this country, the cause of prohibition or restriction will derive additional strength from Sir John's having so ably advocated it here last year. (Renewed laughter.) There was one amusing incident occurred in the house last session with regard to this question. Mr. Appleby, member for Carlton, N. B., a clever young lawyer and a strong temperance man, got up immediately after Sir John Macdonald had made his speech, and said, "Will the hon. member for Kingston bind himself in Parliament out of it, to advocate the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law? If he will get up in his place at this moment and say he will, I pledge him my support, notwithstanding our political differences." Up to the present moment Sir John has not, I believe, made any response to that question. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) If he has, I have not heard of it; but you may ask him the next time he comes here to deliver a speech. (Hear, hear.) The motion in the house at which I have referred was set aside by an amendment moved by Mr. G. W. Ross, one of my supporters in the house, the representative of West Middlesex, constituency adjoining my own, and one of the ablest and most effective advocates of temperance in Canada. (Hear, hear and cheers.) His amendment was to the effect that until the courts had decided where the jurisdiction lay in such matters it was inexpedient to pass such a vote. Every one in the House knew that the question was then before the Supreme Court to decide whether it was the Local Legislatures or the House of Commons which had the right to legislate on the subject of the trade in alcoholic liquors. If the Premier of Ontario finds that the decision of the Court is that of the jurisdiction lies within his Province to deal with the matter he will doubtless deal with it in accordance with the expressed wishes of the people. If it comes within the Province of myself and my colleagues we shall be equally bound and equally glad to give effect to the popular will in the matter. My impression at present is that in whichever of the two Legislatures the jurisdiction may ultimately be found to lie, legislation in the first place should be in the direction of making your Permissive Bill better adapted for its purpose than it seems to be at present (hear, hear, and loud cheers) and whenever the country seems to be

ready for further advances in that matter no doubt the Legislature of the time, and the Ministry of the time, will prove themselves equal to the occasion. (Cheers.) It is serious thing for a Minister to pronounce dogmatically at this stage of the temperance question what shape legislation may take in the course of a few years; but I can say this much, that my colleagues and I take the deepest interest in the matter, and shall endeavor to do in this, as in other matters that come under our review, what is best in the interests of the people. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

A trial which is causing much excitement was in progress in Paris. A woman called Mrs. Gras, an adventuress, has for many years lived in influence by systematically duping young men. Her last victim, whom she has caused to become a mutilated and scarred being for life, was a young Frenchman of good family called De la Roche. Making use of another tool, a widower and a man of mature age, she had sulphuric acid thrown into the face of De la Roche, either hoping by nursing him to regain her ascendancy or to disgrace him so that he could not marry. Unfortunately for her designs the doctors discovered that some means was at work by which their medicines were counteracted, and at once connected this circumstance with the nurse. Detectives were soon at work, Beaudry, the criminal, was arrested, and made a full confession.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We regret to be called upon to record a sad accident which occurred at Alton on Friday, 10th inst., by which Mr. Ephraim Frank, millwright, lost his life. Deceased was working in the McKinnon mills, Alton, when the plank used as a scaffold broke and he fell a distance of about 14 feet, striking on some timbers which projected from the building. Drs. McKinnon and McNaughton were at once summoned, and everything possible was done to aid the sufferer, but it was found that he had sustained internal injuries which rendered all efforts fruitless. He lived about sixteen hours after the accident. The remains were removed to his brother's residence in Caledon, from whence they were conveyed to the family burying ground at Boston on Sabbath last. Deceased was aged 33 years and unmarried. He was a brother of Dr. Frank, Dentist of this Town, was a member of Maple Leaf Lodge, I. O. F., and was highly respected by all who knew him.—Orangeville Advertiser.

SERIOUS SMASH UP IN GALT.—On Saturday morning a commercial traveller named Tee engaged a horse and buggy at Sipes & Stauffer's livery stable. In driving along Main street his hat blew off, and after getting out to recover it the animal ran away, causing a big commotion for a few minutes. The runaway first collided with a Mr. McLachlan's buggy, smashing a wheel of it. The horse, to which it was attached, was firmly tied to a hitching post, and was unable to break loose. The new hotel bus, owned by Mr. Caldwell, which was standing in front of the hotel door, the horses being untied, appeared to be the next object the runaway made for. As soon as the collision took place the bus horses started off and before proceeding far upset, making the bus almost a complete wreck. Before the original runaway had stopped, a milkman's wagon was run into and smashed, and by this time there was very little of the buggy, to which it was attached, left. The traveller Tee had the buggy he hired to pay for, and besides gave a handsome contribution towards the cost of the bus repairs.—Guelph Mercury.

The Church of England Established.

A pamphlet recently published in England on "The Prosperity and Revenues of the English Church Establishment" gives a mass of interesting information in relation thereto. At the present time the fixed yearly income of the Archbishop of Canterbury is \$75,000; those of the Archbishop of York and the bishop of London 50,000 each; Durham 40,000; Winchester 35,000 and all the rest are from \$25,000 down to \$21,000. The revenues now enjoyed by the Episcopal bench amount to aggregate of \$804,500 a year. This sum, however we are told, does not represent the annual revenues of the Bishops of the Church of England, as it does not include the over-endowments in lands nor the value of the Episcopal residences. There are 29 deans and 134 canons. The former get an average of \$1,750 to \$3,508. It is estimated that the total revenue enjoyed by the Church of England, apart from the parochial endowments, is about \$5,000,000 a year.

According to analysis made in 1875 there were 173 church dignitaries, 13,000 incumbents holding benefices, 5,765, curates 3,893 unattached clergy and 1,708 doing work as schoolmasters, chaplains, missionaries, inspectors, &c. The revenues of the 13,000 beneficed clergy, including the annual value of 10,000 glebe houses, is \$25,185,000, an average of \$1,750 each. The church has altogether 16,000 religious edifices, with 20 cathedrals among them; 10,000 glebe houses and 31 palatial residences for the bishops 1,000,000 acres of land, and a total yearly return, amounting, on the lowest estimate, to \$86,100,000.

The Great Western Railway Company are endeavoring to establish a sick and benefit society among their employees. It is reported that Germany is remonstrating against France for erecting a fortification on the Swiss frontier, thereby causing an uneasy feeling.

The Mean Small Boy.

Detroit Free Press. The mean small boy is different from the mean big boy, because all of his tricks are calculated to make other boys sad. He now takes a silver quarter and makes it fast to a string, and to see him hanging about the post office one would set him down as a boy who never had an evil thought. He selects a victim and drops the quarter where it will do the most good. The ring of the metal commands attention at once, and the programme is carried out as in a case yesterday. The victim was a short man, with a very red neck, and when he heard the quarter drop he clapped his hand on his pocket and looked around. "Did you drop a quarter?" mildly asked the mean small boy, pointing to one on the stone floor. "Ah! must be a hole in my pocket," replied the fat man, as he pulled up the knees of his pants and bent over to pick it up. He had his fingers on the money when it slid away, and as he strained up he was greeted with fiendish chuckles from half a dozen mean big and mean small boys, one of whom inquired: "Which pocket has a hole in it?" The man didn't say. For some inexplicable reason he refused to enter into any explanations, but hastened away.

The Illicit Whiskey Business

The Galt Reformer gives the following particulars in regard to a sell perpetrated on Inland Revenue officers in the Guelph District: Mr. James Brown is a well-to-do farmer, residing in the township of North Dumfries, several miles from Galt. One day last week Mr. Brown was engaged on his farm as usual when two gentlemen, whom he recognizes as Collector McLean, of Guelph, and officer R. B. Dickson, of Galt, drove up with the evident intention of making a short stay. Mr. Brown received them hospitably, and when they signified to him that they would be greatly pleased to see his premises and especially his root-house, he unhesitatingly complied and took them around. In the root house the visitor acted rather strangely, looking about for something which did not appear to be present, and ended by bursting out into a loud laugh. Mr. Brown was astounded to hear the explanation of their conduct which they gave. They had received a private note from a certain party informing them that thirty barrels of newly distilled whiskey could be found in this same root-house, and further, that in a neighboring swamp the still and necessary appliances for manufacture lay ready for seizure—all, of course, a huge sell. Mr. Brown, amid bursts of laughter over the good joke, told his visitors that there was no telling what was going on these strange times, and they had better search well and also visit the swamp for the plant, "twas a little hundred acre swamp and a tramp in it would be delightful. The officers thought this wholly unnecessary, and after enjoying a hearty dinner to which Mr. Brown invited them, and having their horses also well fed, they departed with many apologies. And now the scoundrel who sent the letter to the officers is to receive attention.

DUCKSHOOTING.—The season for shooting wild ducks commenced on Wednesday last.

CONVALESCENT.—Mr. W. J. Dillon of Egremont, is recovering nicely from the effects of the accident which befell him on Dominion Day. The leg which was broken is mending rapidly.

HOBBOBS OF THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—A Bellary correspondent describes the awful effects of the famine in Southern India. He says a few months ago the working gangs contained a fair proportion of stalwart men and women; but this is no longer the case. The great bulk of the people are emaciated; their ribs stick out, their skins are covered with dirty looking desquamation, described in the Irish famine as a peculiar famine eruption. These famine marks are almost universal. The Superintendent of relief operations in Adoni reports that a journey over one of his roads resemble a path through a great battlefield, in the number of dead and dying. If the people had been smitten by local outbreaks of cholera in ordinary times, they would have fled from the works and never returned; but so severe is the pressure for food that none could afford to leave the works and lose the pay even for a single day.

The order recently issued by the British Government, prohibiting the importation of cattle, does not apply to Canadian livestock.

Two freight trains collided on the Grand Trunk near Brantford on Friday, wrecking the engines and four cars. The trainmen saved themselves by jumping.

The incendiary mania seems to have broken out in Fitzroy. On Saturday night, 4th inst., four barns, with their contents, were destroyed by fire, under circumstances which leave no doubt that the burning was the work of an incendiary. Two of the barns belonged to Mr. Featherston, between Kinburn and Fitzroy Harbour, the others belonging to his neighbours, Messrs. Findlay and McBride.

The county of Hastings is now the only one between Toronto and Kingston in which a prohibitory by-law has not approved of by the people by a good majority. The Canada Casket intimates that action will be taken there at once to secure a Dunkin by-law also. At the last meeting of Hastings County Lodge of Good Templars, it was arranged to secure the services of Mrs. Youmans for a large meeting to be held about the end of the month, we believe, when definite action will be taken.

Mrs. Ellen Bennett, of Pickering, whose person was brutally outraged by two ruffians, died from the effects of the injuries inflicted on her on Friday. An inquest was held on the body at the residence of deceased, lot 21, 6th con. Pickering, by David Tucker, M. D., county coroner, on Saturday. A respectable jury was empaneled, with Frederick Meen as foreman, before whom, after viewing the body, the evidence was taken. Mr. J. E. Farwell, county attorney, watched the case for the coroner.