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Constantly on hand at the POST OFFICE, DUNDALK. Price only $2.00.
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*y8 Issuer.

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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

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The subscriber is prepared to offer his services as Stone Mason to any one requiring the same. All Work done in a satisfactory manner.
HENRY SCHENK,
Corner of Queen and Victoria Streets.
Dundalk, May 3, 1877. tf-

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

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The Dundalk Division Sons of Temperance meets every Tuesday evening at half-past seven o'clock, in the Orange Hall. T. Hanbury, W. P; J. Towsend, R. S. y-29

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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.

DUNDALK
Medical Hall!
A constant supply of
Drugs, Chemicals,
Paints, Dyes,
Patent Medicines,
and Proprietory Articles
of the choicest quality, at lowest prices.
Special attention paid to the Dispensing of
Physicians' Prescriptions
AND FAMILY RECIPES.
Dundalk, June 20, 1877. y-12

Flour! Flour!
All Grades of Flour constantly for Sale at the
DUNDALK GRIST MILL.
Also Corn Meal, Shorts, Bran, &c., at low prices, for Sale.
J. J. MIDDLETON.
Dundalk, August 22, 1877 . *y10

DUNDALK GUIDE.

Vol. I. No. 45. DUNDALK, DECEMBER 6, 1877. $1 per year in Advance.

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I have now established in connection with the Farmers and Mechanics' Agency, of Dundalk, an
Auctioneering Department.
I will be at all times, ready to fill all orders in that department entrusted to me, or attend Auction Sales of Farm Property in Proton, Artemesia, Osprey, Melancthon or any Township in the County of Grey, at very moderate rates and on short notice.
A. G. HUNTER.
J. W. MORROW,
Licensed Auctioneer. 37

Farms for Sale.
I have a number of good Farms for sale, on easy terms. Send your address and get my catalogue and prices, or call at the Farmers, and Mechanics' Loan, Land, and General Agency Office, Dundalk.
A. G. HUNTER,
One door South of the Anglo-American Hotel.
Dundalk, Aug. 30, 1877. y31

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Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,
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THE OLDEST FIRE INSURANCE and MONEY LOAN AGENCY in the TOWNSHIP.
The best Companies in the Province represented.
Farm and Village Lots For Sale.
Business done strictly private.
Residence and address
HOPEVILLE, Co. of Grey.
June 21, 1877. y-21

MONEY!
North of Scotland
Canadian Mortgage Co.
MESSRS. PELLATT & OSLER, General Managers, 38 King Street East, Toronto.
$1,500,000 to lend in Canada at 8 per cent Interest.
Expenses reduced to the lowest possible figure, and the loan put through in the shortest possible space of time.
Farmers if you want Money apply to
GEO. RUTHERFORD, Agent, Main Street, Dundalk.
Note the following advantages:
You can fix your own time for repayment.
You can repay the loan by instalment or by one payment.
You can pay off the whole or any portion of the loan at any time by giving notice and interest at once ceases on the portion paid.
If you have arranged to pay by instalment you will not be subject to a heavy fine if you are not prepared to make the payment and will simply be charged the interest on the arrears.
An average yearly payment of $147 for ten years pays off a loan of
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.
GEO. RUTHERFORD.
Dundalk, Sept. 13, 1877. y33

Money to Loan
MORTGAGES WANTED.
The subscriber has a large sum of Money placed in his hands for investment on Improved Farms, and other securities, at the low rate of Eight per cent Interest. Borrowers can depend on getting their money with the least possible delay.
Wanted to Purchase
Any number of Mortgages for which the highest figure will be allowed.
Lands Bought and Sold.
Several good Farms for Sale Cheap.
Agent for several First-Class Loan Companies. Collections made and a General Agency Business transacted.
Conveyancing
a specialty. Office opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
WM. NELSON,
General Agent, Dundalk.
y-41

POETRY.

Ladies' Names.

There is a strange deformity,
Combined with countless graces,
As often in the ladies' names
As in the ladies faces.
Some names are fit for every age,
Some passing sweet and musical,
Some horribly uncouth;
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,
Some only fit for scullery maids.

Ann is too plain and common,
And Nancy sounds but ill,
Yet Anna is endurable,
And Annie better still;
There is a grace in Charlotte,
In Eleanor a state,
An elegance in Isabel,
A haughtiness in Kate;
And Sarah is sedate and neat,
And Ellen innocent and sweet.

Matilda has a sickly sound
Fit for a nurse's trade,
Sophia is censorious,
And Esther sage and staid;
Elizabeth's a matchless name,
Fit for a queen to bear—
In castle, cottage, hut or hall,
A name beyond compare,
And Bess and Bessie follow well,
But Betsy is detestable.

Mary is too forward,
And Gertrude is too gruff,
Yet coupled with a pretty face,
A pretty name enough;
And Adeline is fanciful,
And Laura is too fine,
And Emily is beautiful,
And Mary is divine;
Maud only suits a high-born dame,
And Fanny is a baby name.

Eliza is not very choice;
And Jane is proud and cold,
Martha is somewhat sorrowful.
And Lucy blunt and bold;
Amelia is too light and gay,
Fit only for a flirt,
And Caroline is vain and shy,
And Flora smart and pert;
Louisa is too soft and sleek,
But Alice gentle, chaste and meek.

And Harriet is confiding,
And Clara grave and mild,
And Emma is affectionate,
And Janet arch and wild;
And Patience is expressive,
And Grace is old and rare;
And Frances warm and dutiful,
And Margaret frank and fair.
And Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Are heavenly names for sisters three.

Rebecca for a Jewess,
Rose for a country belle,
And Agnes for a blushing bride,
Will suit exceeding well;
And Phœbe for a house wife,
Joanna for a prude,
And Rachel for a gipsy.
And Judith for a scold and churl,
And Susan for a sailor's girl.

Mrs. Harmon's Party.

BY FRANCIS E. WADLEIGH.

Mrs. Harmon did not like to have any of pet plans marred; in fact, it was something to which she was quite unused. Hence the frown (of disappointment, not of anger) which disturbed the accustomed serenity of her fair brow when both the Ormsby girls said they feared they must decline an invitation to a large party, which she was to give the following week.

"O, but indeed you must come girls! I positively cannot take any refusal," urged she.

"Thank you, dear Louisa—" began Virgie.

"If you really thank me, you'll say yes," interrupted Mrs. Harmon. "Have you any reason for your no? Surely neither Julius nor I have offended you?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed the sisters, earnestly.

"I hope not!"

"The truth is, neither Virgie nor I have a decent dress to wear," said Clara. "During the warm weather our plain lawns answered very well, but we are positively destitute of party dresses; even our black silks are shabby."

"No, they are not with a white over dress—"

"We should disgrace your guests! We don't care as far as we are concerned, out—"

"Then you must come! If my guests don't like your gowns they can go home. Really, I have a selfish motive in insisting," said Mrs. Harmon (who had not a selfish bone in her body), in a confidential tone. "If you do not come those gossipping Clutterton girls will say I did not ask you because, having hired musicians, I did not need your nimble fingers to play dancing music for us."

Clara and Virgie laughed, their kind friend's ruse was so transparent, and promised to attend if they could make their dresses at all presentable.

"That is right. O, I forgot to tell you why we are giving a large party so early in the season; our cousin, Frank Learoyd, who had just arrived from Europe, and Mrs. Learoyd, my cousin Frank's wife, will be here next week.

We hope they will remain with us all winter, and I know you will like her ever so much," said Mrs. Harmon, moving towards the door.

Although one of the kindest, best women that ever lived, Louisa Harmon had not much tact or penetration; therefore she did not notice that at the mention of Frank Learoyd's name Clara Ormsby turned as white as the handkerchief in her hand, and dropped suddenly into a chair, regardless that her guest was standing, and Virginia started as if shot.

"Learoyd, did you say?" asked Virgie, calmly stepping between her sister and Mrs. Harmon.

"Yes; I wonder if you ever knew Frank? He used to live on Fifth Avenue, near Forty-sixth Street; his father was immensely wealthy, and this Frank was the only son; therefore, and—"

"Yes, I did know the family, I think. You say he is your cousin?" continued Virgie.

"He is my husband's cousin, and—"

To Clara's relief other visitors entered and Mrs. Harmon went away.

Late that evening, while Virgie was wondering what effect the return of Frank Learoyd, Clara's first and only love, would have upon their lives, Clara said:

"Virgie, we must go to Louisa's party. If the Learoyd's remain long with her, we cannot help meeting them, and the sooner our encounter is over the better."

"Just as you say, dear Clara. I think myself, that it is better for us to go; otherwise Mrs. Learoyd might say—"

"That I had not strength to meet F— her husband. They shall see of what stuff I am made! And poor as we are to-day, I, a daily governess, you a telegraph operator, they shall find us neither shabby nor awkward!"

"Awkward! No. Five years of toil and absence from all fashionable gatherings could hardly make us that. Shabby! Well —" said Virgie laughing.

"The trunks that I locked on what was to be my wedding day contained finery enough, I think. My pale blue silk can be made over for you—"

"O, Clara, I cannot take it!"

"Yes, you can, dear, and you must, I shall wear my white silk."

"Your wedding dress?"

"Yes; I shall never need it in that capacity. He is nothing to me, why should I treasure that dress any longer? Come, let's go now and examine the dresses."

What emotions filled Clara's heart as she lifted out the dresses that had lain away so long, or how much courage it required to gaze upon the unused veil, wreath, gloves, slippers, etc., Virgie could only guess. Her sister's face was calm and impassive.

Six years had elapsed since those garments had seen the light of day. Clara Ormsby, the youngest daughter of doting parents, able and willing to make their children's life one long festal day, was sitting in her father's library writing one or two notes, one sweet June morning when a servant ushered in a stranger. Clara looked up, as much annoyed as any one of her sweet temper could be, and was about to reprove the man for bringing a guest in there, when the latter said:

"Don't blame the man, Miss Ormsby. I was determined to see you, and I followed him. You expect to be married to Frank Learoyd, to-morrow, I hear?"

"Yes," Clara replied briefly.

"I regret to be a spoil-sport, but must interfere."

"You? What right—"

"The best right in the world. I am his wife."

"O, you are mistaken—"

"Am I! I think not. You are engaged to Frank Learoyd, son of Gustave Learoyd, of Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. That is the young man whom I claim as husband. See, here is his photograph—here is my marriage certificate—here are letters where he calls me 'wife.' Are you convinced?"

"I must show these to my father—"

"No, they do not leave my hands. I hate the fellow now as I once loved him; he woed and won me, a poor farmer's daughter, and then cast me off because he was ashamed of my humble origin and of my ignorance. Ask him if he remembers Letitia Rundell."

"But no one will believe it unless they see your letters and the certificate. I must have them."

"What care I who believes it! You believe it; he knows it. Marry him, and in less than twenty-four hours he will be arrested for bigamy. It rests with you to keep this matter quiet, for I am too much disgusted with him to proclaim myself his deserted wife unless necessity compels. I see you hardly credit my tale. Here, copy the address of the officiating minister and the witnesses; now see them and decide for yourself whether you will aid him in committing bigamy."

Clara took no one but Virgie into her confidence; her father was a proud hot-tempered man, and she feared for Frank's life if he heard even a whisper of a strange tale. The two girls went to Brooklyn, where the minister and witness referred to resided, and were convinced that the woman had spoken the truth. Then Clara wrote to Frank.

"I have just learned the shameful secret of your life. Can you wonder that I feel too bitter towards you to wish to see you? Of course our marriage can never take place. A thousand divorces would never excuse the fact that Letitia Rundell could to-day call herself Mrs. Learoyd. We—you, Virgie and I—can keep our own counsel. I shall simply tell my parents that I have decided not to marry you. You need never write to or call upon me; from henceforth we are strangers."

Mr. Ormsby flew into a terrible rage when Clara refused to tell him her reasons for so suddenly, at the eleventh hour, breaking off her marriage with Frank Learoyd, of whom she had been so fond. In the midst of his wrath he was stricken with apoplexy, superinduced, (the physician said) by the warm weather and his ungovernable temper, and the wedding morn saw Clara bereft of both father and lover.

Mr. Ormsby had lived close up to his large income, and his sudden death left his wife and daughters penniless. The two girls struggled for a living in New York until their mother died, three years later, then they moved to the town of Sandy Hill where our tale now finds them.

In all these years the name of Learoyd had not fallen on their ears until Mrs. Harmon uttered it.

Mrs. Harmon was very anxious that her guests should know and appreciate the Ormsby girls; so, at her request, the latter were almost the first to enter her parlors the night of the party. Mrs. Learoyd was very cordial and chatty; Frank was distant and silent, but her cousin was smilingly unconscious of the barrier of ice between him and the two sisters. So utterly unconscious, indeed, that in Clara's presence she requested Frank to dance the first set with her who had come so near being his wife! But then Louisa Harmon could never see anything that was not forced upon her. Having never heard of his engagement to Clara, how was she to know what an awkward position she had put them in, all out of good will?

"Louisa," said Virgie Ormsby, when the two were alone together for a moment, "did you not call your cousin Sophie?"

"Yes. Why?" said Mrs. Harmon.

"I thought she was a tall, coarsefeatured brunette, with a deep voice and tragic manner, and I am sure that her name was Letitia."

"Hush?" exclaimed Mrs. Harmon, cautiously, "you are thinking of my cousin Frank's first wife, a dreadful creature! I can't imagine how you ever heard of her. He married her when he was a mere boy and in a fit of intoxication; she was a low, vile woman and married him for money. His relatives came to his rescue, and not only bought her off, but so thoroughly opened his eyes to her character that he never saw her after his unlucky wedding-day. Why do you know she was so wicked, so desparate that she not only vowed vengeance on the uncle and cousin who were foremost in Frank's defense, but actually tried to kill them?"

"No; that would have made the scandal too public. Fortunately for him, the creature died (of delirium tremens) about five years ago."

"And then he married again."

"Yes; but not immediately. He and Sophie have been man and wife scarcely two years."

"And in those three years of freedom Frank never once thought of poor, dear Clara! Inconsistant creature!" said Virgie to herself after her hostess moved away.

Virgie found a moment in which to relate Frank's history to Clara before the dancing commenced, and the thought that he might have claimed her and did not, nerved Clara to such a degree that she moved through the lancers without one particle of the self-consciousness, the embarrassment she had expected to feel.

After a little such desultory chat as might have taken place between the veriest strangers, Clara said:

"I think your wife has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw. Surely, she is German—she is such a perfect blonde."

"My—O, you mean Sophie! Yes, her father was a German. But you have made a slight error; she is not my wife, but my cousin's," said Frank. "Her husband, who is in the navy, is now in the Mediterranean."

"I certainly understood Mrs. Harmon to speak of her as Mrs. Frank Learoyd," answered Clara, in surprise.

"So she is. You surely have heard of Frank—you forget," persisted he, seeing that she looked puzzled, "it was his cursed folly in marrying that Letitia Rundell, that—"

"Was it he! But she showed me your picture!"

"So, so! She took her vengeance that way, did she? She told that I was her husband? When?"

"The day before—" and Clara hesitated.

"Before the one that was to have made me the happiest man in America but which did make me the most miserable, our wedding day," said Frank, utterly ignoring the last figure of the moonlit verandah, where, according to all rules, she ought to have taken a severe cold, but she did not.

"How could you have believed such a tale, Clara?"

Clara explained all the circumstances which caused her to credit it, adding:

"Why, did you not explain matters then? You might as easily have done so—If you wished to."

"If I wished to! Clara, unless you loved me as I loved you, you can never know how I suffered! Remember, too, that your note was vague; you did not say that you supposed me to have married her, I thought you felt the family disgraced by Frank's action, as we did, and scorned to ally yourself with it."

"O, Frank, how could you think so?"

"Frank! Clara! are you here?" and Louisa Harmon, with her usual unintentional maladriotness, interrupted their conversation.

"How delightfully cool you look! I declare, Clara, you and Virgie, are frauds of the first magnitude. You said you had nothing to wear to my party, and here you are in the loveliest cream-white silk I ever saw."

"Dear Louisa, this dress was made six years ago for my wedding-dress but was locked up ever since."

"O, I beg pardon? I didn't know—I had no intention. How brilliant the moon is! stammerpd Louisa.

Clara and Frank both laughed; the latter said:

"No harm done, Louisa. No ghost of a romance disinterred. Clara and I were on the eve of matrimony once, and—well, we are on the eve of it again, I hope."

Then ensued an explanation in which Louisa was almost as much interested as the parties most concerned.

"O, what a pity to waste such a lovely dress! You couldn't utilize dear? Bishop Episcopus, who has just come in to look at our merriment, and be married now, could you?" suggested she, half in jest.

"Of course not—how absurd! laughed Clara.

"The very thing! Louisa, you're a trump!" exclaimed Frank. "I haven't parted with what was to be the wedding-ring; here it is on my watch-chain, ready for use."

"I'll warrant Clara's saved her veil," said Louisa.

Frank pleaded so ably, and Virgie and Louisa, not to say Clara's own heart aided him so nobly, that about two hours later Mrs. Harmon's guests had a surprise. Just before supper a whisper ran around that something, no one could say what, was going to happen.

Suddenly the band struck up the familiar wedding-march; the bishop, in full canonicals, entered the parlors, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, Mrs. Learoyd and Virgie Ormsby, and Frank with Clara in Bridal attire, leaning on his arm.

The few solemn words were uttered, the ring that had been in readiness six long years, was slipped on Clara's finger, and when the twain was made one, Frank pushed aside the flimsy veil, creased and yellow with six year's waiting, and pressed a husband's kiss upon her lips.

This pleasant episode did not spoil Mrs. Harmon's party, you may be sure. Everybody exclaimed:

"Dear Mrs. Harmon, you are always so successful with your entertainments. Mrs. Harmon's party is with us a synonym for all that is delightful."

So Frank and Clara Learoyd thanks.

Manufacture of "Crooked Whiskey" in Mono.

EXTENSIVE AND IMPORTANT SEIZURE BY INLAND REVENUE OFFICERS.

(From the Globe of Friday.)

One of the most extensive seizures which has been made by the officers of the Inland Revenue Department for some years back took place on Tuesday night last, at a saw-mill occupied by John Still, jr., on a farm owned by his father, John Still, sr., part of Lot 15, 1st concession of Mono, about a mile east from the village of Camilla, on the Prince of Wales' Road, and distant about seven miles from Orangeville. The seizure was made by Chief Inspector Godson, and Collector Morrow, of the Department in Toronto, assisted by officers Redden and McPherson. The district where this last seizure was made, is somewhat notorious in connection with the illicit distilling of whiskey, as seizures of distillery apparatus have been made before in the neighborhood, and particularly some three years ago in the township of Adjala, which lies to the east of Mono. At one time also a still or some other piece of machinery used for the purpose of manufacturing whiskey, was found in the barn of the elder Still. For having this in his possession he was brought before a Magistrates' Court in the district but was discharged. Because of the notoriety attaching to this district, the Revenue officers in Toronto, when it was hinted that an illicit still was in full blast somewhere thereabout, at once pricked up their ears and proceeded to make enquiries. Suspicion attached to the saw-mill above referred to more especially as it had been stated that two barrels of "crooked" whiskey had been conveyed from that neighborhood last Friday. How correct these suspicion were will be seen in what follows:—

On Tuesday last, Chief Inspector Godson, Collector Morrow, and officers Redden and McPherson took the train from Toronto for Mono, where they arrived at sunset. At dusk they approached the mill, which stands near the bank of the river Nottawa. At the mill the officers found John Still, jr., and his brother James, engaged piling lumber. On being questioned regarding the suspected whiskey distilling, the brothers stoutly denied all knowledge of anything of the kind. Seeing that there was nothing to be got out of these men, the officers at once proceeded to make a search. Between the mill and the edge of the river is a large mound, composed, to all outward appearance, of sawdust. On jumping on this mound, however, the officers thought it gave out a sort of hollow sound. Proceeding on this supposition a search was instituted in the mill to see whether an entrance could be found leading to this mound. Such a passage way could not be found at first, but the officers made a discovery that convinced them that there was a distillery in the mound. While engaged digging among the sawdust they found eight jars of yeast hid close to the engine, which occupies a position about the centre. Feeling confident that they were on the right scent, the officers sounded the walls of the mill, the floors, and every other place where they thought a passage might be located, but they were completely baffled. They then changed their tactics. Procuring some spades, they proceeded to the mound, and selecting a spot near the centre of it, dug down through the saw dust. At the depth of about two and a half feet the diggers encountered hard logs. Procuring an axe, one of the officers attacked the logs and soon had a hole through them, when an underground chamber was found. Procuring a long pole the searchers struck it through the hole when it struck against something which gave forth a metallic sound. At that time, Still, jr., seeing that the game was up, came and showed the officers a secret passage leading from a panelled door at the south end of the mill, underground, for about fifty feet into the named chamber. The door leading into this passage was so ingeniously concealed that although the officers in their search had sounded the wall at this spot, they were unable to discover it. Still, jr., said he did not know the exact spot where the entrance was, and took an axe to break the secret pannels. The officers have no doubt, however, that this ignorance was all assumed. With considerable difficulty they managed to crawl through the narrow passage into the cave under the mound. Here, in a chamber 30 by 36 feet, they found all the apparatus necessary for distilling purposes, and the process of distilling going on. There were found eight large fermenting tuns; one Dutch, or wooden still, with doubler complete; a large mash tub, with rectifiers; and at the worm a whiskey cask in the course of being filled. There were also found a copper still, with copper worm (large size), and copper doubler. These latter, with the barrel of whiskey, the officers carried to Orangeville, from where they were shipped to Toronto. At the south-west corner of the chamber they discovered a three inch pipe used for carrying of the swill, which it was on examination found to deposit in the centre of the river. At the north-west corner of the chamber is a large underground passage ten feet wide by four feet in height, used evidently for removing the barrels to and from the place, and for receiving supplies of grain, &c. The passage leads out to the river and is boarded over at the entrance, and also covered by sawdust. Having completed these investigations in the mound, the officers proceeded into the mill, where they made the discovery that the distilling apparatus is driven by a shaft running from the engine in the saw-mill. They also found a grain crusher, with a lot of crushed grain in bags. Judging from the apparatus found the place is said by Mr. Morrow to be capable of turning out five barrels of whiskey *per diem*. Mr. Morrow also thinks that the place has been running three or four years, but Still jr. says it has been running for one and a half years only. He has leased the place from his father the past two years, paying the latter a rent or royalty of $1 per 1,000 feet of lumber put through. Still, Sr., says that he knew nothing of what was going on at the mill. The value of the property seized by the officers including the engine and boiler, which, being the motive power used for driving the distilling apparatus, is also forfeit, cannot be less than $3,500.

The mill is now in charge of Mr. McPherson, one of the officers who assisted at the seizure. Chief Inspector Godson, Mr. Morrow, and the other officer returned to Toronto in charge of the spoil.

The Investigation About the Central Committee.

The investigation as to the doings of the Central Committee in connection with the Educational Department closed last week in Toronto, and we may say that the inquiry was conducted in the fairest spirit by Mr. Justice Patterson. The charges which were brought under the notice of the Commission were (1) that there is within the Central Committee a "ring," the members of which have improper relations with the publishing house of Adam Miller & Co, of Toronto; and (2) that there has been collusion between the members of the Committee and certain parties interested in the work or results of examinations they are appointed to conduct.

The Central Committee is composed of several of the leading educationalists of the Province, such as Professor Young, Mr. McLellan, Inspector of High Schools, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Glashan, Inspector of Public Schools, &c. The duties of the Committee are to advise the Minister of Education respecting the conduct of the educational system of the Province. Among other things the Committee recommended text books for authorization and its members prepare the examination papers for candidates for public school teachers certificates.

An immense volumn of evidence was taken, and although the decision of the Commissioner has not been made public, any person who has read the evidence may safely perdict what the decision will be. After careful perusal of the evidence, from beginning to end, we have no hesitation in saying that there was not the slightest shadow of a foundation for the charges to rest on. On the contrary it was clearly and conclusively proven that the members of the Committee had acted with thorough independence and honesty so far as the transactions complained off are concerned, and that the charges had for their basis only malevolence, jealousy, and disappointed ambition. In fact the inquiry places the accused in a more favorable and enviable light before the public. The result is that the reputations of these men have been made to shine all the more brightly by the searching ordeal through which they have passed, and without forestalling the decision of the Judge, we would say, that the charges are unfounded; that the men who have been accused are innocent of the charges made, and that the action of the Central Committee will be sustained in evrything that they have done.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Notice of application to the Ontario Legislature at its next session is given by the Credit Valley Railwry Company, to legalize by-laws granting municiple aid to the Company, and for consolidating the Acts relating to the Company.

Several hundred women whose familes are suffering in consequence of the stoppage of the iron works in the Forest of Dean, which belongs to the crown, have petitioned the Queen for assistance.