DUNDALK GUIDE.

Vol. I. No. 47. DUNDALK, DECEMBER 20, 1877. $1 per year in Advance.

"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, $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 month..... 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 8 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.

MAITLAND McCARTHY.
Barrister, Solicitor in Chancery & Insolvency, Notary Public. Office.—North Broadway, Orangeville, opposite Parsons' Hardware Shop.

J. W. FROST, LL. B.
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Poulett St., Owen Sound. fm 37

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

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

GEORGE RUTHERFORD,
Fire and Life Insurance, Money, Loan and General Agent, Main Street, Dundalk.

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

Notice to the Public.
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.

DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE NO. 410.
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

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.

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

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

Town Lots for Sale
—BY—
A. G. HUNTER.

DWELLINGS & SHOPS TO RENT
—BY—
A. G. HUNTER.

Auction Sales.
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, Melanethon 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

JOS. McARDLE,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,
Conveyancer, &c.
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 Stroet 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.
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Written for the Guide.

Hilton Trewavas.

BY MAY VINCENT.

It was a fair, sunny day in August. They were out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea at play. She a dark-eyed, wondrously beautiful girl of thirteen; he a tall, stalwart boy, a year her senior. There was a wide difference in their stations in life; you had only to note the richness of her silk attire, the threadbare scantiness of his, to feel assured of that.

No rich man's son would have been dressed quite so shabbily as Hilton Trewavas, and yet, in spite of the worn out clothes, the boy, in beauty of form and feature, might have been a fit son for a nobleman.

The children were chatting gaily together and gathering mosses from the rocks, forgetful of life and station.

They had met often thus for the last six years.

Hilton's father was the agent of the estate of Clara Mansfield's high bred mother. Their cottage was but a short distance from the Hall, and the children, in search of amusement, wandered out often to the cliffs, and whiled away sunny afternoons in juvenile sports.

Hilton gathered for his fair playfellow the brightest-tinted shells, and in return she brought him musty old books of chivalry and romance from the great library at the Hall, which he read and re-read until his soul was filled with dreams and aspirations, vague and sweet, and unreal as the visions of an opium eater.

The Trewavas family had not always been dependants. Generations back there were noblemen in the family, but political differences had taken title and wealth from the name.

Early in life Hugh Trewavas, Hilton's father, had become agent to Mr. Mansfield; a post he had retained when Mr. Mansfield died, leaving a widow and an only child, a girl, as heiress to his vast wealth and estate. Hugh Trewavas had married a young wife, beautiful and refined, but after a few years their happy life was broken. Mrs. Trewavas died, and her husband had only his six months boy to toil for.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Hilton Trewavas and Clara Mansfield by the proud lady mother of the young heiress. If she thought of the matter at all, she trusted to the inborn pride of her daughter, and of the cold contempt she had tried so faithfully to imbue her with—contempt for all that was low-born or ill-bred.

Mrs. Mansfield would never have thought of looking for a princely heart beneath the rough jacket of the one she considered too far beneath her to merit even the tribute of a passing thought.

The sea breezes gave a beautiful bloom to the cheeks of Clara, and the sports she shared with Hilton rounded her limbs and gave grace and vigor to her steps. Mrs. Mansfield read her favorite novels, entertained her chosen company, and reigned queen of the Hall, while Clara enjoyed the wild freedom of the cliffs.

The young girl was almost reckless in her daring at times, and this afternoon was in her most dangerous mood.

A cluster of flowers, growing in a cleft of the rock below the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprang toward them, but Hilton moved her back.

"It is perilous, Clara," he said hurriedly. "Look at the black rock beneath. A single mis-step and—"

"I am no coward," she laughed, defiantly. "You are pale; I am not; and I am going to carry these bright things home to mamma."

Before he could prevent her she had swung herself over the precipice, and, resting one foot on a narrow shelf of rock, her left hand clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the coveted blossoms.

Hilton, white and rigid, stood above her looking down.

She shook the flowers above her head.

"See!" she said, "I dare do what a boy trembles at seeing done!"

She stopped hastily in the gay, taunting speech she was making. The treacherous rock under her feet crumbled and fell;—there was only that little swaying shrub to hold her back from eternity.

Hilton threw himself upon his face reaching over, caught her uplifted hands in his, and drew her slowly, laboriously,—for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his strength. He rose to his feet, lifting her up with him.

For one moment, breathless, and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leaned against him, then turning away she seated herself on a rock.

"O Hilton!" she cried, pale with the terror of her late danger, "You have saved me! what will mamma say? What can I give for a keepsake to show how grateful I am? and she began to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle.

The boy's face flushed proudly as he put it from him.

"Give me the bunch of heliotrope in your hair," he said. "I want nothing else."

She pulled it out and laid it in his hand.

"You will throw it away to-morrow, when it is withered," she laughed.

"No! I shall never throw it away!"

The day was setting in steel-blue clouds; great banks of them obscured the setting sun. From the troubled sea vast masses of drenching fog swept up the rocky coast, and settled heavily on the land.

That night Mr. Trewavas called Hilton into his bedchamber, where he kept his private desk and his meagre store of books. He took from an ebony casket a ring set with large diamonds.

"There, my son," he said, "this is the only thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in our veins. That ring belonged to my great grandfather, the duke of Somerset. It cost one thousand pounds, and will bring readily more than half that sum. I give it to you. Will you keep it to show the world that your ancestors were nobles?—or—"

He paused and looked into the face of the boy.

"Or what, father?" Hilton's face was eager, hopeful, already he had half divined his father's meaning.

"You love books, Hilton. I had thought you might desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school—maybe help you through college; but you can keep it if you choose. Which shall it be?"

"Father! knowledge before anything else in this world! What care I if my body starve so long as my mind be fed?"

So it was decided. A fortnight after Hilton left Bradley and entered the renowned school at D——.

Six years passed. Hilton had been six months at college, and was home on a brief vacation.

Miss Mansfield had completed her education and come "out," a wonderfully accomplished and beautiful young lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers.

One still July night she stole away from the revelry at the Hall, and went, as of old, to the cliffs; to the very spot where Hilton Trewavas had saved her life.

Chance had taken him that night to the same spot. He was sitting silent in the moonlight, looking out at the sea, thinking of that by-gone day when she had given him the heliotrope for a keepsake.

All these six years the heliotrope had been kept by him as his greatest treasure. Her image had been ever present with him, spurring him on to exertion in his studies, making every fresh victory, every upward step, a triumph for her sake; and yet he never asked himself why this was, or what it would end in. It was so, and he could not help it. But he felt that to aspire eventually to the hand of Clara Mansfield, the richest heiress in the country, the daughter of one of the proudest women in England, was as hopeless an aim as an attempt to grasp an ignus fatuus. He heard her step—perhaps the thrill at his heart told him who was coming. He rose and turned toward her, waiting her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, just as she chose.

She passed him with a haughty glance. He did not flinch, but stood with folded arms, his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young moon. A faint flush rose to her forehead.

"Is it Hilton Trewavas?"

"It is, Miss Mansfield; will you not welcome me home?"

She gave him her hand. After all, old memories still held their sway in her heart.

Some secret audacity moved him to say it. He bent over her head and whispered, "I have the heliotrope yet, Clara."

Her eyes blazed; she snatched her hand from him as if his touch stung her.

"Remember to whom you are speaking!" she said, sharply. "I have other business than listening to the silly talk of a love-sick boy! Good night Mr. Trewavas."

Hilton gazed after her as she hastened away.

"The time may come," he muttered. "Yes, it may happen that she will be glad to unsay those words! I can wait."

Six years passed again. Hilton Trewavas was making a fame in the land. On his graduation he had studied law, been admitted to the bar in due time, and after two years was in successful practice, one of the most rising men in his profession.

Wealth came to him slowly, but fame was not chary. He had turned his attention and his leisure moments to literature, and already ranked high as a poet. His father was dead. There was no tie save memory to bind him to the old place at Bradley. So he travelled, when he could do so with benefit. He frequently met Clara Mansfield in the gay world. Their old familiar footing of early days had given place to a cold and more distant acquaintanceship. He could not forget the hint he had whispered to her respecting the heliotrope that hot July night.

Clara's pride had taken alarm, yet to him she was, and always would be, the one woman the world contained. His heart never for one moment wavered from its passionate allegiance. And she? What ment that frequent absence of mind, that dreamy look in the beautiful eyes, that constant look of sadness on the exquisite face? What ment that sudden flush, that lighting up of the features at the first moment that his name was announced on entering the room? Were pride and love having a battle? It would seem so, for on his approaching her the light and the flush would die away, and a cold, proud word would be his greeting.

Suddenly it was announced that Mrs. and Miss Mansfield were going to America. An illness had attacked the elder lady, and a sea voyage was recommended by her physicians as her only chance of recovery. They had advised Australia, but to this she would not listen; so long a voyage seemed to her like bidding farewell to earth.

She resolved to try the efficacy of a trip to New York.

The news reached Mr. Trewavas among others, and startled him. Could he make use of this opportunity? For some time past a certain matter of business had demanded his presence in America, but he had been unwilling to devote the time to the journey.

It was now the commencement of the long vacation, and so far, circumstances were in his favor. As he thought of the long and close proximity to Clara Mansfield this voyage would give him and of what it might bring about, his heart leaped with hope and his face flushed as the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins; for the Hilton Trewavas of bygone days, and the Hilton Trewavas of today to whom the highest honors of his profession were possible of attainment, were two widely different men.

So it came to pass that one day he found himself on board a steamer bound for New York, and Mrs. and Miss Mansfield were among the passengers.

The second day of the voyage they were all on deck at sunset,—promenading, laughing, chatting, enjoying the fresh breeze. More than ever, as Mr. Trewavas gazed at Clara Mansfield from a distance, he confessed that her youth had not made false prophecies of the glory of her womanhood. Her wealth of dark hair rippled away from her broad white forehead. Her eyes were deep and fathomless as some woodland spring into which the sun never looks; her lips red, ripe, perfect; her whole air and bearing were full of haughty grace.

She was leaning on the arm of a tall, proud-looking man; but, though she smiled at his soft nothings, she was gazing out over and beyond his range of thought, to the sea stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet the twilight glory.

Hilton Trewavas stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion.

"It is the same old ocean which we used to look at from the cliffs, Miss Mansfield," he said quietly.

She was leaning over the side of the vessel, looking down in the water. She lifted her eyes, shuddered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Hilton assisted her.

"It is like going back to my lost boyhood to see you," he continued. "I—"

She stopped him with a haughty gesture. Her late companion approached. He was a stranger to Mr. Trewavas, and she introduced them to each other:—

"Sir George Trevor, Mr. Trewavas."

They bowed coldly; they would never be any better acquainted. There was nothing in their natures that would assimulate.

After this Miss Mansfield and Mr. Trewavas never met alone, whether she was afraid of her own strength if brought too much in contact with his winning presence, or afraid that her pride would give way to the dictates of her heart, cannot be known. Certain it is that she allowed him no opportunity of pleading his cause.

The voyage was drawing near a close. They were nearing the end, when a heavy storm arose, and the vessel was driven far out of her course, and drifted down to the Cape. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks of the lea shore, and parted.

A little moment to realize the dread horror of their situation, only, was left for those on board. Miss Mansfield, pale but calm, was holding the arm of Sir George Trevor; her friends, shrieking and terrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatening destruction before her, but over her shoulder, with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw not. The expression died out as Hilton Trewavas looked toward her; for an instant their eyes met; in that moment he knew he was beloved with a wild fervor even equal to his own.

Then there was a dull plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with struggling human beings. The world had grown dark to Clara, but she felt herself borne up by some power beyond her own—upward and onward through the billows, till her feet touched the firm shore of the Cape. Then into the light and warmth of a fisher's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude settle, she opened her eyes and saw—Hilton Trewavas.

"You saved me?" she asked.

"I had that honor."

"And my mother?"

"She is also saved."

The door opened, and Sir George Trevor appeared. Whatever Clara might have said by way of thanks, was checked by his entrance, and directly afterwards Hilton went away. A few days later a vessel from the Cape conveyed, among other passengers, Mrs. and Miss Mansfield and Sir George Trevor, back to England. Mr. Trewavas proceeded to New York and accomplished his mission.

It was months before he and Miss Mansfield met again, and then it was at the old place on the cliffs at Bradley. Mrs Mansfield was dead; the shock of the shipwreck had proved too much for her, and she returned to England only to die. Clara had been to visit her grave, and on her return sat for a moment on the gray, familiar rock, to look out on the wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet: she had been weeping.

Hilton found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head down on his shoulder.

"Clara," he said, "I love you. I defy you contempt. I dare repeat it to you: I love you!"

For a moment it seemed to him that she clung to him, then she cast him away, and rose to her feet; and when she spoke her voice was cold and unmoved.

"On New Years eve I am to be married to Sir George Trevor."

Hilton started up—seemed about to make some impetuous speech, checked himself, and left her.

And she threw herself down where he had stood, moaning out:—

"Oh, pride! pride! it will be my death!"

* * * * * * * * *

It was the last day of the old year.

Hilton Trewavas, a stern and gloomy man, was about to bid adieu to his native land for a long season.

He did not wish to breathe the air of the same country with Clara, and she the wife of another.

People are different, you know. Some keep their disappointment ever at heart; others put them eternally out of their reach in the past.

Hilton wished to free himself from memory. He had destroyed everything but the heliotrope, and even that should be sacrificed, he said, when the ocean rolled between it and the soil which had nourished it.

It was a dark, moonless night, with prophecies of snow in the air.

He shut the door of the cottage where his father had died, and went out for a walk. He avoided the path to the cliffs; he had closed his heart to all dreams of tenderness.

Almost unconsciously he turned his steps toward Mansfield Hall. It rose up, a gloomy, massive pile, lighted only by the red firelight at a single window. To-morrow it would blaze with the lamps lit to shine upon her bridal.

He paused to turn back, but something led him on—through the deserted gardens, up to the broad door, which stood ajar All was quiet. The guests had retired for the night. Only a few tardy servants were up,—it would do no harm to glance within.

He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen the light, and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great armchair, before a warm blaze. For a moment, he said to himself, he would sit in the chair she had recently occupied, gaze into the embers she too had gazed into.

Some one rose from a sofa at the other end of the room; he started up, an apology on his lips, for his audacious intrusion.

She—it was Clara—clad, not in bridal robes, but in sable vestments, and destitute of ornament, came toward him, looked up into his eyes, and let her white hands rest on his shoulders.

"Hilton," she said at last, her eyelids drooping, her cheeks crimson, "have I offended past forgiveness?"

He did not answer; only looked at her.

"I will let the truth speak, Hilton. I love you! I have loved you all along, but pride came nigh to being my ruin! Thank God, at last I have clean hands and a pure heart! I have dismissed Sir George Trevor, and, true to you, true to myself, I cast aside all womanly modesty and shame, and tell you that I love you."

"Clara," he said, "is this thing true? Is all that at an end between you and that man?"

"All—all," she whispered softly, "forever."

Hilton Trewavas pressed her more closely to him, and left his first warm kiss upon her lips.

She had found her haven at last. Love, as it ever should, had conquered pride

He gathered her into his arms.

"And whose are you now?"

"Yours if you will take me."

And Hilton Trewavas forgot his animosity to England, and did not go abroad.

Abortion Case at Tilsonburg.

On Saturday morning, Dec. 8th, Dr. Ault, coroner, decided to hold an inquest on the remains of Theresa Collins, who dropped dead on Friday afternoon in her bedroom, as was then supposed of heart disease. A jury of twenty-two was sworn, and, after viewing the body, adjourned till 8 p.m., so as to allow of a *post-mortem* examination by Dr. Joy, assisted by Dr. Moore. On the inquest being resumed Drs. Joy and Moore deposed that the deceased came to her death from the effects of an abortion, there being evidence of both medicine and instruments having been used to produce the same. Mrs. J. B. Collins and Mrs. Edward Lutz gave evidence to the effect that Miss Collins had passed from the kitchen into her bedroom, and a short time after, hearing a slight noise, and going to ascertain the cause, they found deceased on the floor dead. It appeared that Miss Collins had been boarding at Lutz's during the greater part of the summer and fall, and was supposed to be receiving the attentions of Mr. John Lutz. Mrs. Collins, formerly a resident of that vicinity, but now living in Ohio, had returned to Canada about a week previously for the purpose of taking her daughter home with her, but in this she was opposed by the daughter, who wished to remain at Tilsonburg. At a late hour the inquest was adjourned till ten on Monday morning, when upon its resumption, John Lutz, being sworn, admitted that improper intercourse had taken place between him and deceased, also that an engagement of marriage had existed, which he intended to fulfil. Other witnesses were called, among the n a Miss Harris, a neighbour, who deposed that when called after the death she found a syringe on the bedroom floor, and was particularly desired by Mrs. Lutz not to mention the fact. It was then decided to arrest certain parties on suspicion. Accordingly warrants were issued against John Lutz, Mrs. Lutz, and Mrs. Collins. The inquest was resumed on Tuesday at 10 a.m., the jury returned a verdict of death by abortion, incriminating the mother of the deceased and Mrs. Lutz as aiders and abettors both before and after the fact. The two women have been committed for trial at the next Assizes. On Sunday the remains were removed for interment to Mount Elgin, and buried in the family burying ground, the funeral being largely attended by friends and neighbours, the family being respectably connected there.

Deceased was just sixteen years of age, and of rather an attractive appearance. Great excitement prevails in the town and vicinity over her untimely death.

Canadian Items.

A lady in Gravenhurst is the happy mother of seven pair of twins.

It is proposed to establish an hospital in Stratford for the accommodation of the sick poor.

The Grand Trunk directors announces that the revenue for the past half-year has exceeded that of the same period last year by £31,000.

There are nearly 200 miles of gravel roads in the County of Wellington, and no tolls are imposed. Wellington is noted the Province over for its excellent leading roads.

Wentworth County Council has been discussing the advisability of abolishing toll gates. The counties of Bruce, Grey, Wellington, Huron, Hastings as well as several others, have abolished their toll gates and set a good example to other more prosperous and populated municipalities.

On Friday James Cullerton, employed at the Manhattan salt mines, Goderich, while bringing a boat across the Maitland River accidentally fell overboard and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. The body was recovered shortly afterwards. Deceased leaves a wife and family.

It is stated that Vanderbilt contemplates building a road from Montreal to Norwood, N.Y., connecting at the latter place with the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg road, thus making a route from the west to Montreal shorter than *via* the Grand Trunk.

On Saturday evening about half-past six o'clock a teamster named Joseph Clark fell from from his waggon in the township of Oro, about five miles from Barrie, the wheel passing over him and inflicting injuries from which he died shortly afterwards. At the inquest a verdict was given in accordance with the facts. He leaves a wife and six children wholly unprovided for.

A savage boar, owned by Mr. Wm. Lehan lot, 9, con. 9, Emily, near Downey, broke out of its pen, and entering an adjoining field, attacked two horses belonging to a neighbor named Flynn. The infurinted brute drove his tusks into the belly of one of the horses, completely disembowelling it, from the effects of which it died shortly after. The other horse escaped with a grazed skin. The owner of the boar had to pay Mr. Flynn somewhere in the neighborhood of $100 for the loss of his horse.

Crops have been abundant in the Magnetawan this year: average yield of potatoes from one bushel planted, 24 to 30 bu. 12 acres of oats, 700 bushels. There are several farmers here who have from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels of grain this year, besides from ten to twenty tons of hay. As to our markets; Flour, from $8, and $9 to $10 per barrel (it depends on which of our merchants is lucky enough to get a few hundred bags(; hay, $10; potatoes, 50c.

INSTANTLY KILLED.—Mrs. Ledor, wife of Abraham Ledor, who resides on the eighth concession of Kinloss, was on her way home from Lucknow in the waggon of Thos. Donovan. The night being very dark, Donovan trusted to his horses to keep the road, when about three miles north of the village the horses went over an embankment with the waggon. It is thought that Mrs. Ledor in falling must have struck her head against the embankment. Her death was almost instantaneous. She leaves a large family. Her husband is at present in the Muskoka district looking for land and is entirely ignorant of her death. Mr. Donovan was with considerable difficulty extracted from under the waggon by Mr. Wm. Valiens, a farmer residing near the scene of the accident. He was not seriously injured.

ACCIDENT IN PEEL TOWNSHIP.—A young man named John Baillie, had his left arm taken off a few days ago by coming in contact with the gearing while attending a threshing machine while attending a threshing at the farm of Mr. McGrogan, on the 12 con. of Peel. Dr. Wallace was sent for after the accident occurred, and amputated the limb above the elbow. At last accounts the patient was doing well. Much sympathy is felt for the family as he was their main support. It is supposed that the accident happened by his attempting to oil the gearing while the machine was running, and that he slipped, and in attempting to save himself fell on the machinery.

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use I was cut out for a loafer." "Well" declared the professor surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

One test of a great mind is its instantaneous availability in an emergency. The boy who can drop a paper bag of eggs on the side-walk without changing his gait, interrupting his whistle, or looking at what he has dropped, has a future before him, and perhaps something unpleasant behind him.

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