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MARKET REPORTS,
AND EDITORIALS.
The Large and rapidly increasing Circulation of the
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Best Mediums for Advertisers.
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J. TOWNSEND
PROPRIETOR.

"THE GUIDE"
Every Thursday,
At the Office, Proton Street, nearly opposite the Railway Passenger Station,
Dundalk, - - Ont.
TERMS:—\$1.25 per year in Advance,
or \$1.50 if not paid within two months.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Professional and business cards, per year, 8 1/2
Quarter column, per year, 25
Half column, 25
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Do. six months, 15
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Casual advertisements charged 8 cts. per line for the first insertion, and 2 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion—brevier measure.
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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 & Insolventy, Notary Public, Office—North Broadway, Orangeville, opposite Parsons Hardware Shop.
J. W. FROST, LL. B.,
Barrister, Attorney-at-law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Pontlett St., Owen Sound.
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, Draftsman, Land Agent, Conveyancer, &c., Dundalk, Feb. 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 cuisine on hand.
SAMUEL McCULLOCH, Prop.
RICHARD CLARE,
Carpenter and Frammer, Repairing done at his shop. Sash and panel doors made to order. Remember the stand—two doors below the Post Office,
MAIN STREET, DUNDALK.

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

Builder's and Contractor's NOTICE.
All kinds of timber for building purposes constantly on hand at the lowest prices.
T. B. GRADY, D. C. W.
Dundalk, March, 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.

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

DUNDALK GUIDE.

Vol. I. No. 52. DUNDALK, JANUARY 24, 1878. \$1.25 per year in Advance.

A. G. HUNTER,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH,
DUNDALK.
Town Lots for Sale
BY—
A. G. HUNTER.
DWELLINGS & SHOPS TO REY.
BY—
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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 acted Auction Sales of Farm Property in Proton, Artemesia, Oprey, Melancthon or any Township in the County of Grey, at very moderate rates and on short notice.
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. y-31

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.
Residence and address—
HOPEVILLE, Co. of Grey, 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.

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
Office opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
Wm. NELSON,
General Agent, Dundalk. y-41

POETRY.
THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.
The gray unresting sea,
Adown the bright and balmy shore,
Drinking in untold melody,
Makes Music evermore.
Centuries of vanished time,
Since the glad earth's primeval morn,
Have heard the grand unending chime,
Mornestly new-born.
Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sounds upwell,
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles
With spirit-transcending spell.
So on the surf-white strand,
Clashes of deep peal the sea waves raise
Like voice from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.
By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times a silver laugh infolds,
By times, a merry madrigal dirge.
Souls more ennobled grow,
Lusting the wordless anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of nature's harmonies.
Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives and outlives them all.
That mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores away have passed,
Lost in eternity.
—Once a week.

Caught in his Own Trap.
"Confound the boy! What does he mean?
Does he think I'm going to be a father to him, and not be obeyed as a father? Does he think I'm going to give him my money to spend in business, and take ingratitude in return? What can the young dog be thinking of? Plague take the youngster! What business has he to fall in love with a poor piece of trash? I'll—I'll fix him! I'll—here comes the rascal! The spurmer of my counsels!"
As Captain Jerry Plenan thus spoke he sank into a great stuffed chair and looked dazed; and twice he stamped his dumpty foot to keep his stern purpose. He was a jolly, red checked bachelor, just five and forty. Most of his life had been spent at sea, and he had lately settled down ashore with an immense fortune, for the purpose of enjoying the rest of his days "after his own heart" as he expressed it. His pete was just laid enough to carry his jolly face high over his brow, but yet he had a goodly quantity of dark curls clustering about his short fat neck. The only near relative he had in the world was Jack Kendall, an only child of his only sister. Jerry Plenan had loved his sister fondly, and when she died—she was a widow then—she left a prayer upon the record that her brother would care for the orphan boy. And Uncle Jerry had done it faithfully. For ten years he had provided for his nephew, keeping him at one of the best schools, for a while, and then paying his way through college. But now that he had settled down for a home he had Jack come and live with him.
"All—here you are," growled the uncle looking up with a dagger like expression. Jack Kendall was twenty-three, somewhat taller than his uncle, but with the same family look. He was handsome, generous and affectionate fellow, and loved his uncle with his whole soul.
"Yes Uncle—I'm here" he replied taking a seat, "and I know you are glad to see me."
"Aye—I'm glad, for I have something to say to you, the bachelor resumed, looking some more dazed,—"have you seen that baggage again?"
"Baggage, uncle?"
"Baggage, sir. I said baggage. Have you seen her?"
"Her uncle? Baggage—Har? Why—what do you mean?"
"You know very well what I mean. I mean that piece of poverty—that hangar on—that baggage—that—that gal?"
"Oh! You mean Lizzie Brown. The girl that—"
"That's to catch you, and so catch my money!" interrupted old Jerry, emphatically.
"It is hardly fair to say that, uncle, seeing that I have made all the advances myself."
"Nonsense! Don't you suppose I know? I say she set a trap for ye! But I won't have it! If I'm to be a father to ye, you must obey me. Now I've got a chance, I want you to marry with Susan Garland."
"But she's a widow, uncle."
"So what's the better. She'll know how to make a home for ye."
"And she's older than I by a dozen years."
"Just five years. She's only twenty-eight, it's all the better for that."
"I don't love her."
"Can't love her!" cried the uncle, pointing an immense number of sharp pointed daggers. "Can't love Susan Garland! Can't love the woman who was the wife of the most faithful friend I ever had! Let me tell you, sir, that when the old Gazette was cast upon the rocks of Barnegat, Bill Garland saved my life and lost his own! He died in these arms, sir. We sat upon the cold, wet rocks, and the last words he ever said to me were: 'be kind to my poor Susan!' And I will be kind to her, the captain added, wiping a big tear from his cheek. 'I'll give her a husband—a—graceless husband, perhaps,—but with money enough to keep her above want. You shall marry her, sir.'"

"But suppose I should refuse."
"Refuse! Refuse you uncle! You dare not do it, sir. I'd see you starve before I'd give you another penny. I'd—I'd take away all I ever did give you."
"Ah! you couldn't do that, uncle. The education I have gained under your noble, generous patronage is a mine of wealth of which you cannot rob me, and I would not to-day exchange it for all the wealth you ever possessed. I can live by my own wits."
"Aha. You threaten me, do you? You mean to rebel, do you. You mean to disobey me outright."
"You do not understand me, uncle. You surely would not force me to belie my own heart. If you could know Lizzie Brown—"
"Lizzie Fiddlestick. I don't want to know her. I know Susan Garland, and that's enough! I've had my plan fixed ever since I came home. I promised Bill I'd take care of her—and I must do it—and how can I do it if you don't let me have her for a price?"
"Why not have her for a wife?" asked Jack, quietly.
"Wife! Me! Why you young rascal, what do you mean? Me marry. Zounds. Do you think I'm crazy? I'm old enough to be her father."
"Only seventeen years, uncle. Just enough to give you a character as a husband."
"Silence, villain! Would you have me make a fool of myself just as I am setting down for comfort and quiet? Don't you ever dare to lip such a thing again. I shall go and see Susan to-morrow, and I shall tell Susan that you will have her. That's enough. I won't hear any more. By the big Fish! but I'll keep my promise."
Jack knew it would be useless to say more at present, so he held his peace. William Garland had been his uncle's first love, and he had loved him much, but he also thought much of Susan, having stopped at her home while her husband was living. When Captain Jerry came home with the care of the widow upon his shoulders, he had his own happy expedient of making her his niece, by marriage, and thus having the right to care for her without exciting scandal. Jack knew how his uncle had cherished the plan, and he feared 't would be hard to thwart him. The old fellow was so stubborn as he was kind-hearted, and where he felt that he had authority he would not yield.
Finally Jack retired to ponder upon the subject, and before dark he resolved to see the widow in advance of his uncle, and he went to his evening.
Susan Garland was a pretty woman, with a plump form, and a dimpled cheerful face, over which sweet genial smiles were playing when she was happy. She had been kindly, and after some commonplace remarks, the young man came to the point. He related the conversation which had passed between himself and his uncle that afternoon, and expressed the hope that she would help him.
"Surely you would not take me from the being I love," he said.
"Of course not," the widow replied, with an earnest smile. "I should be decidedly opposed to any such. I know Lizzie well, and know too, that she will make you a good wife. You can depend on my assistance, for I can tell your uncle that I won't, and that will be the end of it."
They chatted awhile longer, and then Jack took his leave.
"He'll be here to-morrow forenoon," the young man said, as he reached the door stone.
"I shall be ready for him," was the reply, and a funny light twinkled in the widow's eyes as she said so.
About eleven o'clock on the following day Uncle Jerry called upon the widow. She had left off her weeds, and now looked as fresh and fair as a maid of sixteen. She welcomed the captain with one of her sweetest smiles, and finally took a seat close by him. By a dexterous turn she got him engaged in relating wonderful stories of his adventures at sea, and thus an hour slipped away. Of course he must now stop for dinner.
"Oh, no, I must go home to dinner," he said, "but before I go I have a little business matter to touch upon."
"Then you must wait, sir, pronounced the widow, decisively. "It is my dinner hour, and I must prepare it. Wait and eat with me, and then I'll listen."
And with this Susan drew out her table, spread the snow white cloth, and soon had the dishes in their places. Then she went away to the kitchen and presently the captain heard the pots and kettles rattling, the meat sputtering, and a brisk culinary racket going on generally.
"John! the old fellow muttered to himself, "John! a splendid craft. What a clean build. If I had come across such a woman years ago, I believe I should have made a fool of myself."
In due time the dinner made its appearance, and the captain was invited to partake.
"Now make yourself at home," the widow said, with a charming smile; "for I look upon you as one of the very best friends I have."
"Jupiter! If she ain't a beauty," Uncle Jerry said to himself, as he shoved up to the table.
The lamb chops were done as Uncle Jerry had never seen them done before. So juicy, so rich, so delicately spiced, and so splendidly cooked. And then the little of

the thing was over, as he approached his nephew and handed him a paper: "There is something to make up for the loss you have sustained in letting me rob you of the best woman in the world."
Jack opened the missive, and read it with tears in his eyes for it was a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars, with a note attached, saying, that if he believed himself, he might some time have more.

Egremont Agricultural Society.
The annual meeting of the above society was held in Holstein on Friday last week. The minutes of previous annual meeting and subsequent meetings of Directors were read and approved.
The Auditor report was read and on motion of Wm. Reid, seconded by A. Swanson, adopted.
Moved by W. Reid, seconded by N. D. McKenzie, that James Murdoch be re-elected President.—Carried.
Moved by Andrew Swanson, seconded by Wm. Reid, that James Paul be Vice-President.—Carried.
Resolved that the following be Directors—Samuel Fleming, W. Reid, Sr., W. H. Wallace, Jas. Geddes, Alex. Ray, Nelson Mann, John Dowler, David Peckover, Peter Dickson, and W. T. Peble, Secretary-Treasurer.
Moved by Thos. Keith, seconded by Wm. Reid, Sr., that the show this year be held in Holstein.—Carried.
Members also requested the Directors to have a ploughing match this year if practicable.
The finances of the society were a glad to learn are very good, there being a large balance on hand this year than last, although a large amount of prize money was withdrawn. It is expected each Director will thoroughly canvass his section and increase the membership of last year.—Confederate.

Victor Emanuel's Funeral.
The funeral of King Victor Emmanuel on Thursday was very impressive. The procession was an hour and a half in passing a given point. In addition to the official portion of the procession, which was a mile long, there were 2,700 deputations from all parts of the kingdom. The costumes in the official portion were magnificent. The Crown Prince of Germany, with the representatives of Austria, Portugal, and Baden walked abreast, and the seventy tattered lanterns heightened the display. The Pantheon, which was splendidly decorated with a chapel ardente, was reached about four o'clock. The car on which the remains were borne was the same as was used at the funeral of King Charles Albert, and was surmounted by the Iron Crown. The entire procession was on foot. The ecclesiastical service was confined to the simple absolution and benediction by Monsiengneur Gorie, arch-priest of the Chapter of the Church.
LAMENTABLE DEATH.—A most melancholy death occurred in the Township of North Dumfries, on Monday night last. The Galt Reporter says that it appears that during Monday, the deceased, Mr. Daniel O'Neil, had been in Galt, leaving for home a little after six in the evening. He had been drinking somewhat, but was not intoxicated by those who saw him to be seriously intoxicated. He drove away from the town in his buggy, drawn by a very spirited horse, and that was the last seen of him until the next morning, when he was found lying at the entrance of the lane which leads to Mr. George Dickie's house. When found he was quite unconscious, and lived for only a very short time. The alarm was raised by the fact that his horse and buggy were found standing at the entrance to Mr. James Scott's property, and when Mr. Scott went to examine it, he was horrified to find that the vehicle was covered with blood, and from other signs it became evident that its occupant had met with very serious injury. The direct cause of his death was a tremendous wound on the head some five inches in length, penetrating down to the skull and loosening the scalp almost completely from the head on the one side. This wound, combined with the exposure of lying on the road, and fearful loss of blood could have no other end but death. Making further search after doing what could be done for the poor fellow, it was found that the injury had occurred about three quarters of a mile up the road from Mr. Dickie's, as at a spot there large quantities of blood were found, and lying on the road was deceased's cap and buffalo robe. How he met with the injury is a mystery. If he got it by being thrown out of the buggy, it seems impossible that he could have regained his seat in it again, and yet except by being thrown out it can hardly be seen how he got his awful wound. An inquest was held on the body of deceased, and a verdict of "accidental death" was found.
STARVED.—Saturday evening, just before closing up time, Wm. Patterson, aged 25, of Guelph township, and Rory Melias, an old fellow who hawks axe handles, etc., about town, were in the bar of Lillie's hotel, Elora road. Both had been drinking. Patterson put his hand on Melias's shoulder, and asked him if he was coming home. Whereupon Melias without saying a word, plunged a knife into Patterson's abdomen, at the groin, and inflicted a cut extending up to the lower ribs. The wound was a severe one, and the bowels of the unfortunate man protruded. Surgical assistance was procured as soon as possible, and the wound was sewed up. The doctor feared inflammation, in which event Patterson would lose his life.
A Bill has been introduced in the Legislative Council of Quebec to authorize St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, to borrow a sum not exceeding \$12,000 on mortgage on church property in order to meet the costs in the new chase.
It is understood that the Arctic yacht Pandora, which has been purchased by James Gordon Bennett, will be used for another Polar voyage. The purchase is suggestive of another Stanley expedition.

cupial chamber but Bill Garland, pale and cold, with sea weed for hair, and dark green ocean moss for raiment. And the cadaverous presence exclaimed:—"Give me my wife!"
The dreamer awoke with a sharp cry of fear, and found the sunlight streaming into his room. He arose and sat down by the window; and finally he said in a deep, fervent tone:—"Thank God, Bill Garland hasn't come back!"
For three whole days Uncle Jerry was like a newly converted sinner. He could not sleep, and the burden of his remarks to Lizzie were:—"Clear out, you rascal!"
On the evening of the third day the Captain made an extraordinary toilet and then went up to see Susan Garland. She welcomed him with a warm greeting, and finally, at his particular request sat down by his side upon the sofa, just as she sat before.
"Susan," said he—she spoke bluntly, for his courage and determination had been duly brought up to the sticking point before he started, "you said the other day that you should be very, very happy to come and live with me. Did you mean that you would become my own wife?"
There were a dozen tresses upon this white shoulders now, and they shook like aspen.
"That's a curious question, sir," she replied.
"But tell me plainly. Did you mean that?"
"If I mistook your meaning, sir, you have no right to question mine."
"But—Lord bless me! Suppose I should ask you to be my wife? Answer me that."
"You never did ask me."
"Then, by the ear of old Neptune! I ask you now. Susan Garland—will you be my wife?"
"Jerry Plenan—I will."
"What!" cried the Captain starting back, and gazing into the blushing, tear wet face. "Do you mean that you can love an old man like me? that you can love me always?"
"You are not old; and as for loving you, I have loved you for a long while; and if you take me for a wife, I'll love and bless you to my dying hour!"
"Then come here. Come here! Susan! Come right here—and if ever I cease to love you, and cherish you—may that seaweed ghost come back!"
About ten minutes after this, Uncle Jerry made the following very sensible remark:—"Why—bless my soul! We are acting like two fools!"
The widow only smiled and said:—"Two very happy ones—ain't we?"
And Jerry said:—"Bless my soul—we are."
On the following day, Jack happened to pass near the widow's house and he dropped in.
In a few moments he was the happiest fellow imaginable.
"But," said Susan earnestly, "don't misunderstand me. I have loved you—don't misunderstand me, but truly—and I believe I loved me, well and not say so. Had it not been thus, I could not have done this. I would have helped you all the same by simply and flatly refusing you; but I would not have toyed or trifled with him. He is a good man, Jack—a good man."
"So he is," replied Jack, and then he went home.
The youth found his Uncle in the library with a book in his hand, said book being bottom-end up. He sat down and peeped wickedly out of the mouth.
"What are you winning at and looking so squinting and grinning at, you young dog?" asked the old Captain with tremendous ferocity.
"I was thinking of a story I once read," returned Jack quietly.
"A story, eh, what is it, you scapegrace?"
"I'll tell you, Uncle," said the nephew, with the smile and twinkle—was wicked than ever.
"It was a very funny thing—in fact it is the funniest thing, I ever heard of. A man went to set a trap in which to catch a very respectable and honorable young friend of his. He got the trap all nicely set as he supposed, when—what do you think?"
"When what, you graceless rascal?"
"Why Uncle, when the thing was all fixed there was the funniest thing happened you ever heard of. Instead of catching his respectable, high-minded friend, the old fellow got nabbed himself. In fact, he got nabbed in his own trap! Wasn't it—"
"Get out of my house, you young scamp. Out with you!"
"But Uncle—when I come back may I bring Lizzie with me to see, and participate in your new and deep felicity?"
"If you are decent, you daring young villain, you may bring the queen of slatterns herself. But beware how you offend me! I can't bear everything—and I won't put up with it! I'll kick you out of doors, you ungrateful traitor!"
After this effervescence, Uncle Jerry's soul settled down to a clear, placid calm, and when Lizzie Brown finally appeared before him, he actually kissed her, and said she was just the girl for his rascally nephew.
In a few weeks thereafter, Uncle Jerry had a wedding party. He was married first, and then he set down and saw Jack married.
"There," said the happy old fellow, after