

**TIMETABLE.**  
CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY  
ST. CLAIR DIVISION.

WEST.	Stations.	EAST.
MAIL Sunday excepted		MAIL Sunday excepted
3.30 P.M.	Lev. St. Thomas	10.50 A.M.
3.45 "	St. Clair Junction	10.35 "
4.00 "	Air Line Crossing	10.33 "
4.04 "	Southwood	10.25 "
4.15 "	Delaware	10.14 "
4.35 "	Melbourne	9.50 "
4.50 "	G. W. Crossing	9.40 "
5.00 "	Ekfrid	9.30 "
5.14 "	Walker's	9.15 "
5.31 "	Alvinston	8.55 "
5.55 "	Ivewood	8.36 "
6.18 "	Old City	8.10 "
6.30 "	Ar. Petrolia	8.00 "
7.40 "	Lv. Petrolia	6.50 "
8.00 "	Ar. Brigidon	6.30 "
8.30 "	Ar. Courtwright	6.00 "

Trains pass St. Thomas, going East, 7.00 a.m., 8.50 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 4.40 p.m., 3.30 a.m. Going West, 5.15 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 12.35 p.m., 3.35 p.m., 5.00 p.m. Through tickets to all points in United States on sale at St. Thomas. For information apply to J. B. REID, Agent Alvinston, Ticket and Express Office, River Street, next door to Drug Store. Through bills of lading can be procured at this office. Parties moving to Manitoba or West, for rates address, M. C. ROACH, or FRANK E. SNYDER, Passenger agent, 4, P. & T. A. St. Thomas. Buffalo, N. Y.

**RICHARD CODE,**  
CONVEYANCER and Accountant. Insurance and Real Estate Agent. Commissioner for taking affidavits in B. R. Alvinston. October 16th, 1878. 1 yr.

**REVERE HOUSE!**  
ALVINSTON  
**FRED BENNER,**  
MANAGER.  
Alvinston, October 16th, 1878. 6-m

**7 PER CENT.**  
AT  
ALEX. LUCAS, Alvinston.

**JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!**  
Young and Old! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them. For home use!  
Free and Send! Sewing, Turning, Sewing, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting, Price \$5 to \$20. Send 5 cents for 100 copies.  
E. PHARM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.  
October 17th, 1879—1 yr.

**W. M. MANIGAULT,**  
Provincial Land Surveyor & Architect  
BOX 22, STRATHROY, ONT.  
Office, Opposite Queen's Hotel.  
May 9th, 1879.—1 yr.

**WM. H. STEWART,**  
Township Clerk Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R.,  
For taking Affidavits. Money to Loan on Farm property. Office and Residence, Lot 6, Con. 1, S. E. R., Warwick, P. O.  
March 14th, 1879.

**\$66** A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALET & CO., Portland, Maine.  
July 25, 79.—1 yr.

# THE WATFORD GUIDE & ALVINSTON NEWS.

VOL. VI.—NO. 8.—WHOLE NO. 268.

WATFORD, ONT., FRIDAY MARCH 19, 1880.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—NO. 52.

## Money

IN SUMS OF NOT LESS THAN \$500  
is advanced by  
**The Financial Association  
of Ontario,**  
upon desirable Farm Property in the County  
of Middlesex, at

### EIGHT PER CENT.

per annum, payable end of each year. Very favorable terms can also be obtained for choice loans of not less than \$2,000 on farm property in the Counties of Perth, Oxford, Elgin, Kent and Lambton.  
Write immediately or apply at the office of the Company, ODDFELLOWS' BUILDING, LONDON.

**Edward Le Ruey,**  
Managing Director.  
Oct. 10th, 1879.—1 yr.

### Watford Business Directory.

NEVILLE J. LINDSAY, M.B.M.C.P.S.

### PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.  
Office.—3rd door north of the Post Office, Main street, Watford.

Restorations.—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block. Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Monday and Thursday, forenoon of each week.  
Watford, May 5th, 1878. 1 yr.

### DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, ETC.

LEANDER HARVEY, M. D.  
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner for the County of Lambton. Office and residence, Front Street, Watford.

URIAH M. STANLEY, M. D.  
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick, Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m. Office and residence, Front Street Watford. October 16th, 1878. 1-yr

### J. F. ELLIOT.

Licensed Auctioneer for the County  
of Lambton.

Sales attended at reasonable rates. Notes and accounts collected on the shortest notice. Watford P. O.  
September 19th 79.—1 yr.

### HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. To the Ladies of Watford.—Miss Annie O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair-dressing line. I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.  
Watford, Oct. 27 1876. 1 yr.

### EDWARD BOWLBY,

Licensed Auctioneer for the County  
of Lambton.

Sales attended at reasonable rates. Notes and accounts collected on the shortest notice. Napier P. O.  
May 10th, 1879.—1 yr.

### WATFORD FLOURING MILL

J. PATTENDEN, PROPRIETOR.

### TO THE FARMERS.

Having had my mill thoroughly re-fitted and the latest Improved Machinery added to it, I am in a position to do

### First-Class Gristing

Which I will warrant in quality second to none in the County.

### FLOUR

Kept constantly on hand and delivered free to any part of the Village. Price, \$3.25 per hundred for white wheat flour.

JOHN PATTENDEN,  
July 25th, 1879.—1 yr.

### \$300

A MONTH guaranteed \$12 a day at home made by the inductions. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will start you. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALET & CO., Portland, Maine.  
July 25th, 1879.—1 yr.

**THIS PAPER** may be found  
P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising  
Bureau, 100 Spruce Street, where advertising  
contracts may be made for it in  
**NEW YORK.**

## LITERATURE.

### FAMINE'S VICTIMS.

BY E. T. TAGGARD.

At the close of a bleak and stormy day in the month of January, 1880, Pat Farrell sat in his cabin in the county Donegal, Ireland. His legs were crossed, one of which swung restlessly to and fro; his arms were folded across his breast, and his pale and haggard face rested upon his bosom.

In one corner, upon a pallet of straw, lay his children, asleep. Their faces were whiter than his own. Their features were pinched, and the deep, dark shadows that encircled their little eyes told too plainly that they were the victims of the famine.

Standing with dishevelled hair and with her hands clasped as if to control the agony of her soul, his wife Molly Farrell, appeared at the foot of their humble bed. She had the same pale face, the same drawn features, the same dark shadows about the eye. She shed no tears, for the fount of sorrow had run dry. She uttered no word of complaint, for despair had possessed her heart.

For three long days nothing but water had passed their lips, and as the children lay with upturned faces, they looked so corpse-like that even their almost imperceptible respirations could hardly remove the terror of death which their ghastly appearance inspired in the minds of their suffering parents.

As he gazed upon them, the children stirred restlessly, and Pat Farrell jumped to his feet and hastened to the little window that opened out upon the road. He could not bear to look upon these pinched little faces, but, alas! he could not shut out their heartrending appeals. He heard his wife bend down over them. He could hear her kind, soothing words, as she endeavored to quiet them, and he trembled when he heard her sing, in a weak, piping voice, the words of a lullaby, in her efforts to check their wakefulness.

Her efforts were unavailing. The children were awake. They had left the happy land of dreams—the land of flowers, and fruits, and happy fancies, and had returned to the home of famine and fever. They gazed about them and around them with a wild, meaningless expression for a time, but their little eyes eventually centred upon their mother, who knelt by their side. Then went forth that wail, that cry, that prayer.

We are hungry. Give us something to eat.

Pat Farrell heard the words. They entered the portals of his ears like any summer zephyr, but fell upon his heart like the swords of gladiators. He gazed along the road as far as his eye could reach, but there was nothing to be seen. And must he listen to that appeal, and know that he cannot respond? Must he stand there gazing upon vacancy, and watch his children hour by hour sinking slowly into their graves? It was the voice of his wife he now heard.

There, my little darlings, go to sleep again. It is better for yeas all to do so. Please God, by mornin' we may have the bit and sup in the lusc for yeas all. Shure you must remember there are little ones around who are hungry also. Think of that my little angels. I'll just say a little prayer for yeas.

Our Father, who art in heaven, halloved be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.

Mary Farrell was upon her knees. Her hands were clasped in supplication, and her eyes were turned toward heaven. When she had reached this part of her prayer there arose from the children a piteous wail that paralyzed her tongue so that she could not proceed.

Bread! bread! bread! Oh give us bread!

Pat Farrell pulled his hat down over his eyes and started for the door. There was a wild expression about his eyes that his wife had never observed before, and his lips were pressed so tightly together that they were actually hidden beneath his flowing mustache.

His wife tried to intercept him. She left her prayer unfinished and ran to wards the door, but he was too quick in his movements for her and reached it first. Then she called to him.

Oh Pat, my dear own Pat, don't leave this house to-night. Think of me, think of your poor childer there. I'm thinkin' of them, Mary, and I'm gone.

thinkin' of you, and it's because that I'm thinkin' of yeas all that I'm going forth to-night.

But, Pat, my husband, stay wid us. There is a fire in your eye that I do not like. It blazes like a burning star. There's a look about your face that bades no good, and there's a sound to your voice that makes me shiver. Oh, Pat, stay wid us to-night. Perhaps by mornin' all will be well.

Pat Farrell hesitated. He stood outside his cabin door and listened to the burning words that fell from his wife's lips. Her appeal was not made in vain. He retraced his steps, but as he was about re-entering the cabin door these terrible words fell again upon his ear.

Bread! bread! bread! Oh give us bread!

He turned and rushed from the cabin. His wife seized him; but he tore himself from her grasp. She called him by name, but no voice responded; she listened; she could hear his departing footsteps, but the sound died away in the distance, and all became still except the faint cry that came to her through the open door of her cabin like the wail of despair.

Bread! bread! bread! Oh give us bread!

With a sad heart she re-entered the cabin, knelt by the side of her children and with the words of a lullaby endeavored again to woo sleep to the little sufferers. After a time their cries became fainter, then ceased, and they were still. She bent over and carefully scrutinized them. Their breathing was scarcely perceptible. She arose to her feet.

Perhaps it is for the best that Pat went forth to-night. They will not live to see the sun rise unless they get food. Perhaps it is for the best that Pat is not here to see the end.

Her face was perhaps a shade paler than before. Yet she was calm. She went to the cupboard and took therefrom a book, returned to the pallet of straw whereon her children lay, and threw herself upon her knees. By the faint glimmer of the flickering turf fire she began to read aloud. Hark! she was reading the prayers for the dying.

When Pat Farrell quitted the cabin he ran toward the road. With a bound he cleared the hedge and then hurried onward. He had no objective point and but one purpose in view—to save his wife and family from a certain and inevitable death. He wandered along he knew not whither. When his limbs trembled under him from weakness, or his heart grew faint from prolonged suffering, the last appealing words of his famishing children rang in his ears and gave him new strength.

He had proceeded some distance when the sound of approaching wheels was heard. Night had now covered the earth with a pall. There was no stars to be seen. Even in the humble cabins which he had passed in his wandering, there was no light save the sickly flickering of a turf fire. Darkness reigned everywhere. It seemed to be a darkness akin to that of the grave.

When the sound of approaching wheels fell upon his ear Pat Farrell halted where he stood. What should he do? Should he stop him and beg for help? It would be useless. Those who could assist had exhausted their surplus before this. He crawled in behind the hedge and hid himself. There were conflicting elements at war within his bosom. What should he do? One voice whispered in his ear, "No man could ever point to Pat Farrell and say he ever injured his neighbor."

Then he heard another voice. It was weak and childish. It came from bloodless lips, and was hardly audible. Bread, bread Oh give us bread!

Pat Farrell ground his teeth together clenched his fists, and listened for the sound of the approaching vehicle. It came closer and closer; it was now opposite to him, and with a bound he cleared the hedge, grasped the horse's head, and ordered the driver to get out. He did so.

Your money—all yeas have about you. Be quick about it, too, said Farrell, as he seized the fellow by the throat, and in the frenzy of the moment was actually choking him.

Thoroughly alarmed for his life the man surrendered all he had. It was not much only the sum of one pound, but in the eye of Pat Farrell it seemed like a fortune, at that moment. He released the man, jumped over the hedge and ran rapidly across the meadow and was gone.

The man when he was set at liberty jumped into his wagon and resumed his journey. He whipped up his horse and did not stop until he had reached his point of destination. Here he tied his horse and entered a lowly cabin that stood close by the roadside.

There was a faint fire burning in the fireplace, by its light he discovered the inmates. One was kneeling in prayer, the others, who were children, lay on a pallet of straw with upturned faces looking so pale and corpse like that the visitor shuddered. Had he come too late? Were they dead?

Is that you, Pat? inquired Mary Farrell without removing her gaze from the sleeping children.

No, Mrs. Farrell. Don't you know me? It's Tom Doolan. How are the children.

Going fast, Mr. Doolan—going fast. Another hour or two and they will be with God.

Dying Mrs. Farrell exclaimed Doolan dying! I came here with a pound note for you received a remittance from America this afternoon for our starv'ing poor, and knowin' you were in sor' straits, I just run down here to give you a share for immediate use. When coming down the road I was waylaid and robbed. Merciful God! how could you permit it? And they are dying you think.

Ah Mr. Doolan the hand of death is on them now.

Curses light on the knave who did it exclaimed Doolan bitterly. But for him these children could have been saved curses on him.

The door of the cabin opened and Pat Farrell entered. He had a small bag of meal under his arm.

His wife jumped to her feet, and rushed toward him.

Where did you get it? Pat! the children are saved? Oh tell me, Pat, where did you get it.

The childer, Mary! the childer! They are dyin'! Don't let them die. Feed them first and then I'll tell you all. Why Doolan you hear. Its sorry welcome we can give any one to night Tom.

Doolan started. He had recognized the voice. The man who had robbed him stood in his presence.

Pat Farrell while your wife is cook in the meal, we'll just step out and have a talk. The air is close in the cabin, and the wind will do us both good.

Farrell turned pale, but followed Doolan as he led the way from the cabin.

When they had gone a sufficient distance from the house to render it impossible for their voices to be heard Doolan stopped abruptly, and addressed his companion.

Pat Farrell, a deed was done to-night that is known to no other except ourselves and God. I know what you have suffered, and I know what prompted you to do the act. I was on my way to your house with the money that you took from me. It was intended for you; you only got your own. What you did to me, I freely forgive, before God; although you did give me a sore grip of the throat. Remember that this subject dies right here. Go into your house, Pat Farrell, and hereafter, if you feel the pangs of hunger or the fire of fever, remember there is a land beyond the sea where people not only hearken to the appeal of the distressed, but always extend willing hands to aid them.

When Pat Farrell returned into the house, his eyes were wet with tears.

You've been cryin', darlin', said his wife.

No, Mary dear, it's only the dew.

### Hoped to See 'em Again.

Mr. C.—was pastor of a Baptist Church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the State Prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words: I go to prepare a place for you—that where I am, there ye may be also.—Harper's Magazine.

## Not His Darling.

After a down-town young man had been keeping company with a girl at the north end of Third street for several months, her father suddenly got the idea that a salary of \$7 per week would not support his daughter in proper style, and he forbade the young man to come to the house. Letters were exchanged and stolen interviews followed, but nothing of the sort will occur again.

The other night the old man observed his daughter acting nervous and queer, and he scented cologne in the air. Whispering in the old woman's ear, he dodged out doors, and took a position favorable for one determined on evil, pretty soon soft steps were heard. The old man coughed. The gate opened, the steps came nearer, and a voice whispered:

"Is that you darling?"

"Not hardly," replied the old gentleman, as he rose up and reached out for a coat collar, and the next moment a pair of polished boot-heels revolved in the air, swept off the top of a rosebush, came down and demolished a flower pot, and then shot out of the gate at the rate of a mile a minute, bearing away a young man whose hair had pushed his hat off. Detroit Free Press.

## An Owl at Sea.

The White Star steamship Celtic, which arrived at New York from Liverpool on Wednesday brought a strange passenger who had boarded that vessel in mid ocean. A large white owl dropped on one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition one evening, when the vessel was about 800 miles from the coast of Newfoundland. When brought to the deck by a sailor, the owl was found to be nearly dead from cold and hunger, and almost too weak to eat.

It had become greatly emaciated, and trembled violently in endeavouring to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed in his beak. The owl slowly recovered, and is now perfectly well. It is a land bird and is supposed to have been blown off the coast of New foundland by the westerly gales which had for some days previous prevailed there. Finding itself once out at sea it had probably ceased making efforts to reach the land, and had drifted before the gale, its only efforts being to keep above water. The bird must have possessed remarkable endurance, the officers say, to have kept up so long. The Celtic's owl, which is now quite tame, measures nearly five feet from wing to wing, and is white with the exception of a few small specks of dark color. It will probably live for some time to come on board the vessel which it selected as its home while in mid ocean. Land birds have rarely been seen so far out at sea.

## What he Was.

I heard a good story the other day of a yeomany regiment in the eastern counties. After the annual review the inspecting officer ordered the regiment to do some outpost duty. The day was cold and wet, and some time had elapsed before the dispositions were made and the inspecting officer could make his tour of the outposts. Riding up a hill, he and his staff came upon a solitary vedette shivering in the cold. Now my man, said the inspecting officer, what are you? What am I? said the man; why I'm a—fool. I've been here three hours in the rain, and have had enough of it.—London World.

## On the Circuit.

A citizen in the northern suburbs whose telephone is on a circuit with several others independent of the Central Office was about two weeks learning that all loud conversation anywhere near the instrument could be heard by anyone listening at the tube, but he did learn it, and it developed his bump of caution. The other night after parties on the line had caught the words, I'm boss of this house—don't sass me—I won't do it—who cares—I say you did! a bland voice came over the line saying:

If any of you have been listening, let me explain that my dear wife and myself are practicing our parts in a play by amateurs!

## A Shiner's Ralse.

A stranger loaded down with a big satchel halted at the post office corner yesterday to have his boots shined, and when the job had been completed he felt for a nickle with the remark: I suppose that 5-cents pays the bill!

Not much! replied the shiner. That used to be the figure, but it is seven cents now.

Don't try to cheat me, boy! Five cents is the regular price here, and I know it!

See here, mister, said shiner as he packed his brushes away, do you read the papers?

Of course I do.

And don't you know that white paper has gone up 50 per cent.

Yes, I've read that it had.

Well, how d'ye s'pose we kin black butes at five cents any more? The figger is seven, and if we can't bust the monopoly we'll have to raise on that.

The man came down with seven cents, but very slowly and thoughtfully, as if he couldn't exactly understand all about it.

## Going to Celebrate.

No cat could have walked into the Central Station more softly than did a long-waisted, low-voiced stranger about 40 years old, whose hands were encased in badly-worn cotton gloves, hat brushed clear down below the nap, boots wanting new heels, and dress coat showing a cotton edge all around. He was neither a great general, statesman or orator. He simply desired to make a few inquiries, and he softly said:

My arrangements are such that I shall be in Detroit until after Washington's birthday. I am a great admirer of the lamented gentleman, and I always make it a point to celebrate his birthday.

Which is patriotic and all right replied the captain of the police.

I wanted to ask what latitude the police would allow me on such an occasion? continued the man. I shall certainly get drunk; but will I be permitted to tear down stores, smash up bars, break windows and kick in doors?

Certainly not. The first move you make in that direction will result in your being run in.

Would, eh? Well, I simply inquired for information. I suppose it would be doing the lamented gentleman full honor if I simply got drunk?

I think so.

Very well, I don't want to seem cap-tious in the matter, nor do I care to get into any trouble. I think I will get drunk early in the morning.

Yes.

"And wave the American flag from the window of my boarding house—wave it gently."

"Yes."

And make a speech to my landlady on the goodness and greatness of the lamented gentleman—make it very gently and quietly, without any cheers or applause."

"Yes, that would do."

"And then go down into the back yard and hurrah about three times—not yell like a Pawnee Indian, but softly and quietly hurrah for George Washington, the father of our country."

"Well don't disturb anyone."

"No, of course not. After hurrahing I will return to my room, take another drink, read the Declaration of Independence, and make a speech to myself—not a ranting, blatant oratorical effort, but a soft and mile sort of peroration, ending up with the song entitled, 'My Country 'tis of Thee and so forth.'"

"Yes, that's good."

"Then I'll take another drink and go to bed and lie there during the remainder of day, unless the landlady insists on another speech, and I don't think she will. Now, then, are my terms perfectly satisfactory?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then—adieu. A mild, gentle drink—subdues oratory—gentle waving—repressed hurrahing—harp-like peroration, and you are satisfied. I am satisfied, and the lamented gentleman has got to be satisfied or provide his own brass bands. Perfectly k'rect—farewell!"

## Remedy for Hard Times.

Stop spending so much on fine clothes rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost and you will see better times and good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column. For sale by C.F. Ewer Bookseller &c, Watford. Jan. 1.—1 yr.