THE WATFORD GUIDE & ALVINSTON NEWS.

VOL. VI.—NO. 11.—WHOLE NO. 270. WATFORD, ONT., FRIDAY APRIL 9, 1880. NEW SERIES, VOL. II.—NO. 3.

GUIDE & NEWS
PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
AT
WATFORD, ONTARIO
At the very low price of
$1 00 Per Annum,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; POSTAGE FREE
JAMES C. TYE
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TIME TABLE.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY

ST. CLAIR DIVISION.

WEST. MAIL. Sunday excepted	Stations.	EAST. MAIL. Sunday excepted
3.33 p.m.	Lev....St. Thomas...Arr.	10.30 a.m.
3.48 "	..St. Clair Junction..	10.45 "
3.55 "	..Air Line Crossing..	10.38 "
4.04 "	.....Southwold.....	10.25 "
4.15 "	.....Delaware.....	10.14 "
4.33 "	.....Melbourne.....	9.56 "
4.38 "	....G. W. Crossing....	9.40 "
5.00 "	.....Ekfrid.....	9.30 "
5.14 "	.....Walker's.....	9.15 "
5.24 "	.....Alvinston.....	8.55 "
5.35 "	.....Tupwel.....	8.36 "
6.18 "	.....Oil City.....	8.10 "
6.30 "	Ar....Petrolia....Lv.	8.00 "
7.40 "	Lv....Petrolia....Ar.	6.50 "
8.00 "	.....Brigden.....	6.30 "
[illegible]	Ar....Courtright....Lv.	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, 8.15 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 12.55 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 A. M. C. ROACH, or FRANK E. SNOW, Passenger agent, G. T. R., 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. 1yr

REVERE HOUSE!

ALVINSTON

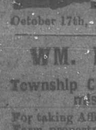
FRED BENNER,

MANAGER.

Alvinston, October 16th, 1878. 6-m

MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGES AT 7 PER CENT.

ALEX. LUCAS, Alvinston.



JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use! True and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Foot, Mail, Screw Cutting. Price $5 to $20. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. BENJAMIN BENNY, Lowell, Mass.

October 17th, 1879—1yr.

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. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. July 25, 79.—1yr.

W. M. MANIGAULT,

Provincial Land Surveyor & Architect

BOX 22, STRATHROY, ONT.

Office, Opposite Queen's Hotel.

May 9th, 1879.—1yr.

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 Rugy,
Managing Director.

Oct. 10th, 1879.—1yr.

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.

WARWICK—3rd door north of the Post Office, Main street, Watford.

ALVINSTON—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.

☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Monday and Thursday forenoons of each week.

Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, &c.

LEANDER HARVEY, M. D.

Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member of the College of Pyhysicians 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 H. 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 tf

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 16th, 1879.—1yr.

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

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, $2.25 per hundred for white wheat flour.

JOHN PATTENDEN.

July 25th, 1879.—1yr.

$300 A MONTH Guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. 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 send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. July 25th, 1879.—1yr.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

LITERATURE.

A HEAVY BURDEN.

Rather a heavy burden isn't it my boy?—Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked toward the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than 25—and he was book keeper for Solomon Wardle, a pleasant faced, keen eyed man of 50, who had spoken.

A heavy burden isn't it, he repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones was evident enough from the gloom of his handsome face.

My dear boy the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it.

Mr Wardle. I do not comprehend you.

Ah, Clarence!

I certainly do not.

Didn't I call for you at your house this morning.

Clarence nodded assent.

And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy, and I have no doubt, that Sahra's heart is as heavily laden as your own.

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home.

On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occured at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown a cause of anger. The first had been a look and tone; then a flash of impetience; then a rising of the voice then another look; the voice grew higher the reason was unhinged; passion gained sway and the twain lost sight of the warm enduring love that lay smitten and aching down deep in their hearts, and felt for the time only they parsing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sight of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserable he had been all the morning, and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?

The bookkeeper knew that his employer was his freind and that he was a true-hearted christian man; and, after a pause, he answered:

Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden.

My boy I'm going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend.

Not at all said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him a new pain.

In the first place, pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice.

You love your wife.

Love her! Yes, passionately.

And do you think she loves you in return.

I dont think anything about it—I know.

You know she loves you.

Yes.

Then you must admit that the trouble of this came from no ill-felling at heart.

Of course not.

It was but a surface so small, for which you at least are heartily sorry.

A moments hesitation, and then—Yes I am heartily sorry.

Now mark me, Clarence and answer me honestly dont you think your wife is as sorry as your self.

I cannot doubt it.

And dont you think she is suffering all this time.

Yes.

Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing part of the burden.

Yes I know that.

And now my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of the burden is.

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

If the storm had blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy.

Clarence assented.

But continued Mr. Wardle, you fear that there will be gloom in your house when you return.

The young man bowed his head as he replied in the affirmative.

Because the merchant added with a touch of partial sterness in his tone, you are resolved to carry it there.

Clarence looked up in surprise.

I—I carry it.

Aye, you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy I have been there and know all about it. I have been very foolish in my life time, and I have suffered, until I have discovered my folly, and then I resolved I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens that had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off.

Now you have resolved you will go to dinner with a heavy heart and dark.

You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile, and why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that she is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And furthermore, you dont know when that gloom will depart and when the blessed sunshine of love will shine in again. And why don't you know Because it is not your heart to sweep the cold away. You say to yourself, I can bear it as long as you can! Am I not right?

Clarence did not answer in words.

I know I am right, pursued the merchant; and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So Clarence you see it does not rest upon the willingess to forgive, but on the inability to bear the burden. Bye-and bye it will hapen, as it happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife falls first before the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband in such a case acts the part of a coward. When he might with a breath blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers until the wife is forced to let the sunlight through her breaking heart.

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected on the past, and he called to his mind many scenes just as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought to him the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for her error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think on the way, only of the love and blessing that might be; with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face, and you should put your arm around your wife's neck and kiss her, and as softly say to her, my darling, I have come home home to throw down the burden I took away this morning. It is greater than I can bear. Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you!

Repulse me!

Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement that shows you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment! Dare you be so much of a man! Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her! Do you fear she will respect you less for the deed! Tell me, do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished! Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it.

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen and the bed-chamber, and sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes, her husband entered, and a smile upon his face. She saw through her gathering tears, and heavy heart leapen up. He came and put his arm around her neck, and kissed her; and then he said in tender accents.

Darling I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.

And she trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and wept like a little child. Oh, could he forgive her His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. She must share that.

We will share it evenly, said he, that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy.

Always.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle by accident referred to the events of the gloomy morning.

Ah, said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me.

And it serves you yet my boy.

Aye, and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgement with us. The flash and jar may come so in other days—for we are human, we know—but the heart which was firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off; we do not nurse it until it becomes a burden.

A Very Startling Case.

A dreadful case in England has at once illustrated horrible inhumanity and given judicial sanction to the opinion already scientifically established in medical circles, that alcohol is a poison James Lewis Paine was convicted, after a trial of 8 days, of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment for life for killing a woman who lived with him as his wife by slow poisoning by administering whiskey, brandy and gin. This extraordinary murderer seems to have acquired a peculiar power over his victim, and though at times she was reluctant to drink, she was unable to resist his urgency; in some cases he actually poured the drink down her throat in spite of her protestations. Partly by persuasion and partly by the authority he had over her, he kept her almost constantly drunk for two months and a half, doubtless supposing that accompassing her death by continuous intoxication simply would not be accounted as murder. He reckoned without his host; the medical testimony, which was long and exhaustive, showed that death resulted from alcoholism. The court charged the jury that the prisoner was bound to protect the woman as his wife, and that if he even simply allowed her to pursue such a course as resulted in her death, without intending it and yet without performing his duty in guarding her against it, he would be guilty of manslaughter. If he deliberately compassed her death by alcohol, he would be guilty of murder. The jury gave him the benefit of the doubt in a verdict of manslaughter. The precedent thus established is one some importance, and possibly may prove available in wider applications in the protection of men and women from alcoholic poisoning.

Wilson's Wild Cherry.

One of the most thoroughly reliable medicines now in use by the canadian public is Wilsons compound syrup of Wild Cherry. The success which attends its use in cases of colds, Coughs Croup, whooping cough, loss of voice weak lungs, is most remarkable.

Originally prepared to meet the demand for a good medicine of the kind in the retail store of the proprietors, its sale increased so rapidly and became so greatly extended that the manufacturers felt it was only necessary to introduce it through the newspapers of the country to ensure its adoption as the national cure for diseases of the respiratory organs. Every leading druggist in Western Ontario now sells it.

Be wise in time; get a bottle and have it on hand when required. The large bottles are the cheapest.

SUBSCRIBE for the Watford Guide and Alvinston News.

Don't Believe in Advertising.

The man who says he doesn't believe in advertising is doing just what he deprecates.

He hangs coats outside of his door or puts dry goods in his windows,—that's advertising.

He has printed cards lying on his counter—that's advertising.

He sends out travellers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising.

He labels his articles or his manufactures—that's advertising.

If he has lost his cow, he puts a written notice in the post office, or tells his sister-in-law—that's advertising too.

He has his name put up in gilt letters over the door—what is that but advertising?

He paints his shop green or red; or if a tailor he wears the latest style; if a doctor, he has his boy call him out of church in haste; if an auctioneer he bellows to attract the attention of passers by; if a heavy merchant, he keeps a huge pile of boxes on his sidewalk in front of his store—and all for advertising.

The Counterfeiter's Wedding.

An interesting little story floated up from Reno on this mornings train. Last evening, shortly after 8 o'clock, a stylishly dressed young man, with a young woman of good appearance hanging on his arm, called at the residence of one of the ministers of the place and said he wanted the services of the clergyman to unite him to the young lady. He did not volunteer any information as to where himself or companion came from. He produced his license and requested the clergyman to perform the sermon as simply and quickly as possible. Both evidently were of legal age, and the parson at once tied the knot, calling in the members of his family as witnesses. When the pair had been made husband and wife, groom drew a $50 green back from a fat looking pocket book and directed the minister to "take $10 from that." His reverence, with many thanks took the bill, and after dilligent search, hunted up $40 in coin, which he passed to the bridegroom, who politely wished the minister and his family good night and walked off with his blushing and timid bride.

This morning the parson was making a tour of the hotels and using somewhat wordly language. He could find the happy pair nowhere, and is convinced that the marrige was a mere trick to pass a $50 counterfeit greenback on him. The bill is bogus and as both bridegroom and bride have gone none know wheather, it does look as if some genius has discovered this new method of "shoving the queer." The awful sinfulness of the device does not forbid the reflection that an enterprising young man and woman could grow rich by travelling and marrying every hundred miles or so.—*Virginia City (Nev) Chronicle.*

I avail myself of the opportunity of recording my gratitude for the great and wonderful results produced by Giles Liniment Iodide Ammonia in removing a ringbone from a valuable horse without blemishing or removing the hair.

George F. Payne.
North Brantford, Conn.

Giles' pills cures Constipation. Sold by C. F. Ewer, send for pamphlet.
DR. GILES'
120 West Broadway, N. Y.

Bold Counterfeiting Detected.

Parties have been detected in making and counterfeiting Hop Bitters, and illegally using the name Hop Bitters a registered trade mark, which subjects every person who makes or sells anything with the name Hop Bitters or pretending to be like it to a fine of $100 for each sale, however small the sale is. The Hop Bitters Manufacturing company of Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto Ontario., the sole owners of the trade mark, and prosecuting all violators of the law and inforcing heavy penalties, but also dealing very liberally with those who stop violating the law and settle without suit and compensate dealing in the genuine article which is a valuable medicine and not a drink, as some of the counterfeits are. The genuine is sold by all druggists.

GUIDE & NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business cards, per line for first insertion and one dollar for each subsequent insertion will be charged for transient advertisements.

Business cards, not exceeding six lines, $5 per year.

Local Notices, ten cents per line.

Advertisements measured by a scale of solid brevier.

Special contracts for longtime or blocks. Rates made known on application.

How a Kansas Man got a Wife.

A thrifty German farmer in Kansas wanted a second wife. The ladies of Kansas were unsatisfactory, so he says the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Commercial* at the 6th of March, to a friend in Pittsburg and asked him in a brief, business like letter to hunt up a wife in the smoky city. His friend happened to be acquainted with a comely German maiden who was anxious to be married, and pressed the suit of the applicant in that quarter. He sent a photograph of the lady to the Kansas man, who wrote back that he was entirely satisfied with it appearance and to send her on by next train. He enclosed fare for her. The lady boarded the first train, and arrived in Kansas several weeks ago. She was met by the expectant farmer, and in a few hours they were joined in wedlock. The sequel of the story is that a day or two since the Pittsburg friend, who was a driver for a gentleman in this city, received a letter from the Kansas man, stating that he was so pleased with his wife that he desired to reward his friend for securing the prize for him. Enclosed was a deed for a fine tract of land in Kansas, and the driver has gone out there to settle down. —*N. Y. Post.*

How a Boy Saves His First Dollar.

The following story is true, and must please as well as counsel our young readers.

Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Malden, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Metheun that he could recommend to work in his store. At first he could think of none, he knew that only a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant; at last, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but feared he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boys fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if on a personal interview, he should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was to pay his fare to Boston, and depasted.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said, now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in the stage. Oh, there will be so much to see, and it will be such a long ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare! Not so with this boy.

Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself, this is the first dollar I ever had. How I wish I could save it! It is only twenty-five miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it and save my dollar.

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his father and mother at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He found the merchant who sternly asked:

Where have you been all day the stage came in hours ago.

The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast eyes and tremulous tone he answered:

I did not come in on the stage sir.

Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send you the money to pay your fare.

The boy thought it was all up with him, still, through the gathering tears he managed to reply. I am very sorry sir. I did not mean to spend your money. I thought I would walk and save a dollar. I never had one of my own.

Placing his hand gently upon the boys head, the merchant replied, my little man you're exactly right. Come with me and get some supper. Then turning to a bystander he remarked. I would not take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day.

The boy has grown up to manhood, and has since become widely known in business circles; he is now the owner of the extensive mills at Lawrence a banking house in Boston and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.