The Late Strike Riots in England. Severe Fighting with Rioters in Durham and Cumberland-Effect on the Iron

A London paper says; Serious rioting took place in several colliery villages in the neighbourhood of Durham on Tuesday, April 8. At Hamstiels colliery, the property of Messes, under Superintendent Oliver and Inspector Liddell, had an encounter with about one thousand pitmen, stones being thrown by the majority of 144 to 29, to strike, and the gear was brought out of the pit on Saturday. On Monday morning three men, name Mesbit, Stokoe and Patterson, who had venturel into the mine, were roughly handled by the bar of the pit on Saturday. On Monday more, were oughly handled by the strike hands. In the afternoon a large number of men and women proceeded to Stokoe's wife dow, and this having exasperated the moby about the house was vecked, the men on strike hands. In the afternoon a large number of men and women proceeded to Stokoe's wife dow, and this having exasperated the moby about the house was wereked. The men on strike hands at the bark, close on one thousand men from the adjacent collice is the protection of the constables. They had not generated the moby about half-gast 7, and as soon as they did to be placed, thouse the or stables of the pits of the stress of the stres

harbone, and collery officials are either leav-ing their homes or barricading their rest-dences. The colliers' strike has now spread to Cumberland, where a serious outrage by mi-ners hat occurred. The pittenen at Broughton Moor, Roben Hood and Watergate collieries and the second second and watergate collieries of wages. Mostings have been held and a disturbane has taken place. While a dep-uitation of mea was waiting upon Mr. Wat-son, manager for Mr. Wilson, Brougham grange, at his office, a large crowd assem-bled. The conference was un atisfactory, and atterwards the mob mastered in front of Mr. Watson's residence and broke the door, windows and furniture. Systemal bricks were found on bells from which Mr. Wat-son's childen had fortunately been removed to safe places. The police were apprised of the outrage, but when they arrived, the crowd had dispersed. Afterwards another disturbance to k place, an effay of Watson being carried about. A number of the ring-baders were identified and will be sum-moned. The executive committee of the Durham Miers' union strongly condemus the disturbance at Hamstiels and elsewhere, being the ensure on the erg vollery lodge the men were enjoined to be very lodge the men were enjoined to be very lodge to the pulley day breach of the law. It says: "Let nothing induce you to purzue a conress which at all times is to be depleted, but which at all times is to be depleted, but which int now would be ag-gravated into the mast heinous of erines." Some of the collery managers are said to threaten withis hing the wages date. The executive annet were say they have taken comes ls opinion and such a course would be ill gal

Some Habits in Madeira.

(From Temple Bar.) The Portaguese are not a clean people, which may be one of the causes of English repugnance to them. Some of their castoms are very masty. They expectorate continu-ally, and, bolter doing so, make a horrible, long-drawn, whirling noise up the threat which is very annoying. They seem to do this once in every two or three minutes, and doing it well. There is also a great deal of hat, fifting to one another among the men, and from observation 1 should say that the art of expectoration, with the proper noise, and the art of hiting the hat, were the two things that the nutye male youth of Max From Temple Bar.) and the art of fifting the hat, were the two things that the nitive male youth of Ma-diera first learned. The presence of a hady does not deter the men from the former mas-ty habit, and the Portugnese ladies have been known to indulge in it also, as they hang over the balconics, so that it is well to keep the middle of the street in walking. There is a small public promundo called the Praca, laid out with trees and seate, where a band occasionally plays. The Eag-lish seldom frequent it, but the Portuguese gather there, the men in groups together, and the women in groups. The horrible roises and expectoration going on all around one there are sickening. The band might be termed a perform more on drums and eym-ha's with an accompaniment of wind instra-ments, for the Portuguese love a noise.

Standard. Listowel

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The Printing-Press.

boyhood's days we read with keen delight How long Ahadin robbei his lamp and raise T he towering Djin whose form his sout amazed, et who was ple sged to sarre him day and nigat, th Gutshengr cycled a giant spritte Gf vaster power, when Europe stood and gazed To see him rob his types with tak. Then blazed cross the lands a glorious shape of hight he stripped the cosif from prices, the croon from

Who stripped the cost from pricets, the crown foro kings. And hand in hand with Pails and Science wrought for fee the struggling spirite line i wings. And guard the ancestral throne of sovereiz Thought. The world was dumb. Then first it found it tongue.

tongue, and spake,-and heaven and earth in answer run; The Ocean Steamer.

The Ocenit Steams, it and or, with streaming perions, accurate state of the stream and sain treations, which and even pulse from throbbing heirt of sicel, he pies het arrows course from shore to shore, a value the sizen cause her steps allare; If or grant the billions thund or on her keel. If any state the billions thund or on her keel evel the grant form must be and true rear; the entire and storms asile here pride may spurn rue as a clock site keeps her appointed time, cong longue of ocean variah at her stern j there crowed incurions here the signal guit, areless as idlers creet the rising auto.

Arreless as idlease greats the riding sun. The Locomotive. Note that the second seco

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

BY MRS. C. W. GODFREY, AUTHOR OF " DOLLY -A PASTORAL," PART II. -- CONCLUDED.

PART IL -CONCLUDED. "Do you think ?' he dies, passionately appealing to me, "that Itam a man likely to pry into un wife's letters? Cold knows that, but a week ago, I would as soon law doubted flis goodness as her truth ! But can a man doubt his own eyes and cars? . Even now, "he goes on, turning on her a look of such unspeakable yearning and to dedremes, that it almost breaks my heart to see it. . . "Even now I am willing to believe that you have deceived me only in the past; that you are not, cannot be de-coiving me now, that though Jack Melliah way your lover once, you are not so forget-ful of yourself and me as to receive letters from him now; letters that you dare not show to me or to the gift he is to marry, if you will give me but on a proof, the very least I have the right to ask. Jennie, show we that letter." This tome is half-entreaty, half-command if we to show it, went hanked in a show the me of a ut, stadiy, usufit hangly : and then her ut, stadiy, usufit hangly : and then her pade

itte, steadity, untimoningly; and then he itres away. "Bray!" she cies, mostening her pale lips as though speech were difficult. "I cannot! I—I have burnt it." He turns then and looks at her again : but no longer tendely or lovingly. His grey eyes burn with a great anger, a bitter scorn.

grey eyes burn with a great anger, a bitter scorn. "Because you dired not show it?" Her head droops, but there comes no word of answer-none. What can she asy, unless indeed she tell him the whole truth? And so he turns away, and without ano-ther worl or look, either gentle or harsh, leaves the room. For a moment she stands as he left her, head drooped, hands clarped, and then with a long cry-a very bitter cry-she throws herself prone on the ground, and hides her miserable face in her outsirethed arms.

hides her miserable face in her outstretchel, "Do you remember what I said?" she says, by-and by, lifting her tear-swol-len eyes to man. "Do you remember I told you it anything should happen to make him despise me, to make him cold to me, I could not bear it 7 I should wish that I were dead? I do? I do? Nith all my heart I wish that I were dead ?" Through my memory ring the words of the dd sad song:

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die ' "I wish that I were dead, but Fur as like to die " How often have I heard Jennie singing them; how little I thought that poor Jeanie's words would be her words ! " Do not wish that, dear child," I say as bravely as I can, though I am crying too. "That is wicked and ungrateful. God might take you at your word. And it will all come right, some day. Indeed, indeed, it will all come right." I know that I am very far from seeing how it can come right. I only know that sometimes a wiser Hand than ours un-tangles the skeins our unsk Iful hands have knotted.

A for the last time to the liftle room where I, shut out for ever from the stir and bustle of iife, spend the greater part of my days. Many days, many wéeks have passed since Jack's death. We no longor, speak or think of it with shuddering horror, with unter tealizable awe. The thought of Jack dead has become as familiar as was ones the thought of Jack leving. We speak of him, it is true, in low tones and guide word; ideath has otherealize him, given him a majest he nover had in life, but to none of as we have felt so which death, and death in a terrible form, which death, and death in a terrible form, which death and painted ceiling, on pittures and the structures and painted ceiling, on pittures and tratenets and mark attenets and warm dark velvet curtains. Outside the should for some of the should of meriman's the hold trees stretch ghostly the branches into a duit, grey, ice-bound sky. "Regular Christmas weather " say the old some of the meriman's the hik what root of meriman's the hold trees wheat a difference where a year ago, sat the little child with golden head and roy checks, laughing gleefully at Christmas treats? or to the father who, looking at the little child with golden head and roy checks, laughing gleefully at Christmas treats? or to the father who, looking at the little hingry heilther gathered for the stark and forget the poor people cowering over their scrap of irre, the scale year ago is a stark the thing whiles helped the plum ruding: "No! let us heap our plates; fill full our relases." The world be could not be comfort." They Christmas brings no meriment to the stark or out and the stark or sould be be comfort." The year shows and could not be comfort." The year shows and could not be comfort. The world be could not be comfort. The world be could not be comfort. The world be could not be comfort. The year day the curtains, and forget the poor heap is the scrap out it would be could not be comfort. The stark of the scrap of the year she stark heap at the scrap out it would be could not

⁽⁴⁾ It is not for Jack's death. I was sorry enough—God knows I was sorry enough in the constant of the sorry of the "Poor Jack ! Poor Jack !" I repeated me-chanically. "Yes, poor Jack ! poor fellow !' he says, "It is a haggard face ? "God knows I min back to life, for a while ago I think I hated him-and now-----"Tesently he fifts his scattence, I know words ready. "Presently he fifts his head. "Min back to all benne, I cannot." To the scanot finish his scattence, I know yourds ready. "Presently he fifts his head. "Mini, you mast tell Jennie, I cannot." To the scanot finish head. "Mini, you mast tell Jennie, I cannot." To the scanot finish head. "Mini, you mast tell Jennie, I cannot." To the scanot finish head i the scand will do or say, when a little scand, and yet something of all three-makes me turn sharply and look behind me. "There in the doorway leading to my bed-room, pusting tack the heavy portiers with the scaned dark eyes, and face white as the face of one long dead. "Geonie !' I evy, trying vainly, miserably in forward, slowly, tottciningly, as one who walks in her sleep. "I at *true?*" (turning the ray et to here. "Yes, I have heard," she says, coming the forward, is lowly, tottciningly, as one who walks in her sleep. "I at *true?*" (turning the horo-stricken eyes on Sir Robert.) "I do not think it ears be true. Dead-Jack dead ; it scems impossible." But Sir Robert turns his eyes away, and will not meet here. "Of oourse," she says, turning her poor disced eyes from him to me, and then back gain to him - "people do die.-some-times they die quite suddenly, but Jack! m whoever thought of Jack dying- and I--Mini-do you remember -that I-toid -him "" She gives a gays and a struggle, she "Poor Jack ! Poor Jack !" I repeated me

waith press back the tears of which abe is a new joint of the same that come of all my attempts to brin.
The is the end of 1 my attempts to brin.
The ones up and stands lea in gagning the box on the other side opens at Nit Robort come is the same that come too easily now, the dop on the other side opens at Nit Robort come is the same that come too easily now, the dop on the other side opens at Nit Robort come is the side open at Nit Robort come is Nit Robort come is the side open at Nit Robort come is Nit Robort come is the side open at Nit Robort come is Nit Robort come She gives a gasp and a struggle, she stretches out her arms will ly into the air, she seems fighting desprately against the deadly sickness that is creeping over her, and then she totter's helplessly forward and lies huddled up at my fest. For the first time in her life Jennie has fainted ! She whe always laughed at hysteries and fainting abe who was so hearty and well and strong. Les as prone and senseless as any nervou woman. Sir Robert lifts her on to the couch whic Sir Robert lifts her on to the couch which elose to me. "Poor child! poor child!" I hear him rhisper. But he does not careas her or ever ouch her hand, and I know that he think he is lying there white and senseless be-ause the man she loves is dead. It is not trange that he should think so. "Do not ring unless you are obliged," e says, turning to me. "She will re-over bost by herself. I will leave her with ou."

The places water and brandy within my He places water and brandy within my reach and then he goes. When he has gone 1 drag myself painfully to Jennic's aido; 1 kiss her hands and her pretty ruffled hair. "Darling: Jennie! Speak to me." Slowly and painfully she comes back to consciousness—consciousness of the strange and awful blow which has fallen up-on us.

wished that he was dead," she say "I wished that he was dead," she say over and over again, "I told him that I hop ed Is might never see him again, and Go has done it. He has heard my horrible wis and granted it. I am as bad as a murder

Laissez-Faire.

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PERSONAL.

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Quite Embarrassing.

(From the Toronto New Dom

a word."
"Why did she not toll me ?" he cries wild.
"Why did she not toll me ?" he cries wild.
"Because sho thought you would not be lieve her," I answer.
"Have I been so harsh, so oruel?" he former and turning back, is creeping out again.
"Jannie ?" he cries aloud, "Jennie !"
Th is the old voice, so long unheard—lov."
"Jennie ?" he cries aloud, "Jennie !"
Th is the old voice, so long unheard—lov.
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Th is the old voice, so long unheard—lov.
"Jennie ?" he cries aloud, "Jennie !"
Th is the old voice, so long unheard—lov.
"Jennie ?" he cries aloud, through so always kept in bed nearly the whole of prosent ence, sand then —his arm rare round her once again, and she is weeping on his aloudelt.
An los she creeps back to his hart—no od dark shalow at her heart = the looks np, dized, unable to be are yot can the ence here the Keeleys were a laways a socret, hy and the arg yours, lite as light heartodly, cardless light heartodly cardles the observe in the channel." Clease there the channel." Clease the section from it, saying a none.
[THE END.]
Acquaintance, "I was a little taken abaet the other alay thearing a sharp reply of a kind not so common in these days an in these days an in the provinces. It trembled as if he tree, were the stage without the manueript on the words in her posch, sa charm tokeep mere the and. Mere manueript on the so seen by the new in the words in her posch, sa charm to keep mere the se

and granted it. I am as bad as a murder-er !" Over and over again, such almost I begin to think like she does, that her wish had some strange and fatal connection with this terrible tragely. And through it all comes the thought of Jack-gay, inspite-loving, careless Jack, with the strong, stalwart form and bronzed face-Jack who never gave a thought to the morrow, who never denied himself one plea-ant sin, who never denied himself one plea-sant sin, who never denied himself one plea-who thought that God and religion were for the old and senseless-lying cold and quiet with his bright blue eyes closed for ever on the pleasant sunlight, the happy world that he never remembered to thank God for, Poor Jack !

. Come with me once more, my friends, in the last time to the little room where shut out for ever from the stir and astle of life, spend the greater part of my ays.

Three days later I am half sitting, half lying in my own little room, in a long, low my comfort, drawn closes to a brazing, cracking fire of heaped-up logs. Winter has come upon us, suddenly, prematurely. Outside, the grass is still white with the morning's frost, the first real frost we have had.

acquiaitance," I was a little taken aback the other day at hearing a sharp reply of a find not so common in these days as in those of the Lady Hollands and Wortley Mon-tagua. A certain gentleman had for some time admired a certain lady without know, ing her. She had been informed that he day sirel to know her, and it chanced one day inct to know her, and it chanced one day inct days at the rencorree, he darted esgerly forward, and with his hand were introduced. Exhibiting his sudden extended, exclaimed: "Happy to meet you, Miss F—_____ idlighted to make your acquaintance." The lady, with ourded lip, suffered the pendant hand to is before hor; is, "giving him to understand that the as it it were a Chinese puzzle. Ladeed, there are some men who have a fashion of differing the hand that would lead not so as "What shall I do with it?" When will safe learn when not to shake? Gorge hand and preserve one's electricity, not giv-hand and preserve one's electricity, not giv-ting it out to every chance comer. "Bayannese, is the best-to shake one's own hand and preserve one's electricity, not giv-ting it out to every chance comer. "Bayannese, is the best-to shake one's own hand and preserve one's electricity, not giv-ting it out to every chance comer. "Bayannese, is the best-to shake one's own hand and preserve one's electricity, not giv-ting it out to every chance comer. "Bayannese, is the best-to shake one's own hand and preserve one's electricity, not giv-tet."

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