Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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NO COMBINATION PRICE.
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Incorporated by Royal Charter.
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LOANS made on the Security of Approved Farm City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted Any time on favorable terms.
Apply at Company's Office, Market Square, Goderich.
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1211. Market Square, Goderich.

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THE subscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS, WINDOW SILLS,
KEYSTONES, DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
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Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
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ROTARY SUCTION PUMP.
A Purifier of Water.
THE BEST WATER-DRAWER EVER PUT IN A WELL OR CISTERN.
Thousands in Daily Use.
THIS INVENTION is an atmospheric or Suction Pump with three Elastic Rubber Buckets or Valves working air-tight and running from the bottom of the well to the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to keep one always in the tube, and throwing an interrupted stream alternately. It uses a crank or Hand for power.
ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP.
1st. Their ease of work.
2nd. Throws a constant stream.
3rd. Purifies the water.
4th. No expense for repairs.
5th. Warranted not to freeze.
6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order.
7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power.
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Every day almost a death by people not knowing how to use firearms.
J. C. McINTOSH.
Has fitted up a shooting gallery in connection with his shop where parties will be taught how to shoot and use the rifle.
Open from 7 a. m. till 10 p. m.
Sept. 7, 1876 1553.

Rheumatism Cured Within 12 Hours.
BRUNSTON'S Rheumatic absorbent will relieve acute pain in 4 hours, it is certain and sure. Brunston's Digestive Pills is a perfect remedy for Dyspepsia, Headache, &c. Combined they will more Resemble, Inflammatory Sore Throat and all Inflamatory swellings and pains.
Sold by Druggists; price 50 cts. Sole wholesale Agents, Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, or W. F. BRUNSTON, London, Ont. 1546-1yr

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Tanning Shop and Belleisle Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,
In the above locality now so well known (formerly the Public Slaughter House) I am now prepared for TANNING, BLAMING, SAWING and generally WORK.
All every cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
SAM'L GURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. 1499-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Spring & Summer Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
Which he is selling very cheap.
READY-MADE CLOTHING always on hand,
Gents' Furnishings
A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed.
Hugh Dunlop.
Goderich, May 3, 1876. 1524

PHILO NOBLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAMILTON STREET,
GODERICH,
Has on hand the best assorted stock of
Cloths, Tweeds, &c. &c
I hope from my long experience in the trade and employing the best of workmen, to receive the support of my friends and the public.
Clothing made to Order
on the shortest notice and guaranteed to fit. Call and inspect the stock.
2 doors East of W. Acheson's harness shop. 1489ly

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1475 1yr

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery, GLASSWARE.
COOKING & PARLOR STOVES, Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, persons wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash and produce taken in exchange.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction.
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and debts collected.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1876. 1469-1yr

John McKenzie.
—OF—
The Hamilton St.,
CABINET SHOP,
Has a large stock of
Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Tables, Bureaus, Matresses
And all the usual Cabinet stock which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
Bedroom suits of all kinds and prices. Bracket ready made or made to order. Looking Glasses of any pattern.
Call and examine before selecting elsewhere. Remember the address
JOHN McKENZIE,
Next door to Trueman's Auction Mart, Hamilton Street.
Goderich, March 1st, 1876. 1415-1y

Wm. M. HILLIARD
is prepared to receive on comission
FARM PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.
He has on hand, from Thompson & Currie, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Pearl Barley, also Flour and Mill Feed, from Saunby. Have also on hand for sale a choice lot of
Red Scotch Fall Wheat
from the farm of Mr. Fort r, Colborne.
Pearl and Hominy Grits.
These excellent articles kept on hand, and directions given to purchasers for using. White cornmeal, from Missouri, on hand.
WM. DICKSON
FRUIT TREE AGENT,
representing
GEORGE LESLIE & SON'S
TORONTO NURSERIES.
Persons wishing to procure reliable stock, will receive perfect satisfaction by dealing with this firm. Orders sent through me will receive prompt and careful attention, and the cost of carriage from Toronto saved to the purchaser. Also, agent for the BROCKVILLE CHEMICAL AND SUPERPHOSPHATE WORKS,
manufacturers of the best fertilizer in use. Send for catalogues and circulars. Address, box 47, Goderich.
WM. DICKSON.
Orders may be left at SIGNAL Office.

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
NORTH STREET,
OPPOSITE DETLOR'S STORE.
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY

St. Joseph's Convent.
Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included
per quarter $3 00
Instrumental Music 7 00
Vocal 7 00
Painting and Crayon each 7 00
For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876. 1509-1yr

Poetry.

For the Signal.

There is no Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewel crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
The golden grain or mellow'd fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the rivulets air.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best lov'd friends away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad their scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we should their exit greet,
But for their cardiac pain.

And near us, though they be unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—There's nothing dead.

HIBERNICUS.
Chicago, Oct. 1876.

Warming a Serpent;
or,
GRYLE DASKAM'S TREACHERY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.
THE COUSINS.

A hurricane was raging upon the Caribbean Sea. The hour was past midnight. The thick darkness was relieved only by the phosphorescent gleams that sparkled from the raging waters, or by the sudden and swift, lurid flashes of lightning that tore like meteors through the black sky.

In the unearthly glare produced by these occasional glows of lightning, a ship might have been seen between the two blacknesses of sky and sea, driving madly before the blast.

She was dismasted. Every scrap of rigging had been stripped from her by the first blow of the hurricane which had come upon her at nightfall with appalling fury and suddenness. Her deck was littered with broken masts and cordage. The hull had been for hours the sport of the winds and waters.

She was an English ship, bark-rigged, the Messenger, Bray, master, bound from Liverpool to Port Royal. She was laden with merchandise and carried two passengers.

The captain and crew were all on deck, hard at work clearing away the debris. The passengers had rendered assistance until they had become exhausted. One of them was now temporarily absent below. The other was crouching under the bulwarks, clinging with both hands to the side of the vessel.

A forked and lurid streak of unearthly light shot through the heavens, and in its brief glare the face of Gryle Daskam, white and reckless, with gleaming eyes and compressed lips, shone forth for one brief moment and then was hid again in the gloom.

The voice of the captain, thundering commands through his trumpet, now and then came to Daskam's ears above the roar of the gale.

'Poor devils!' thought Daskam. 'The ship won't hold together longer than morning. She's strained in every joint.'

The captain approached the spot where Daskam crouched, several men following him. He directed their labors, now and then assisting them. His position was revealed in the occasional flashes of light. Daskam reached forth from his resting, plucked at his coat, as a signal to attract his attention.

'What is it?' he demanded.

'Your work is all thrown away,' shouted Gryle Daskam, in response. 'It's no use, captain. The ship will go to pieces in the morning. Better save your strength.'

'You take it coolly,' yelled captain Bray. 'If the ship goes to pieces, what is likely to become of us?'

'Of you? I don't know. As for myself, I was not born to be drowned.'

And Daskam uttered the words with a hoarse laugh that penetrated to the captain's ears, and caused him to turn away, with a keen dislike of the speaker, muttering audibly:

'Not born to be drowned, eh! it must be because he was born to be hanged!'

The hurricane continued to rage with unabated fierceness. The dismantled ship was tossed from billow to billow, straining, creaking, and groaning like some sentient creature in extremity of terror.

As a longer and more vivid flash of lightning lit up the wild sky and the wilder sea, a man was seen coming up the gangway-stairs with a jug of steaming liquid in his hands.

This was the second passenger, Saul Heath. He had prepared a supply of hot grog for the tired crew, and now hurried forward, keeping an upright position with difficulty, owing to the pitching of the vessel.

In the brief gleam he was seen to be tall and well formed, with something of resemblance to Gryle Daskam, who was watching him intently, and with eyes gleaming with hatred that had been long and well concealed, and which was unsuspected by its object.

The two men were cousins, but were as unlike to each other as day is unlike night.

As Saul Heath went from the captain to the subordinate officers and thence to crew, each in turn, with the cheering and invigorating beverage he had thoughtfully prepared, Gryle Daskam caught now and then a glimpse of his face in some brief glare, and when he did so he scowled darkly.

He had been full of bitterness against his cousin for years. Of late that bitterness had increased to a monomania. And upon this night, when nature was in her frightful throes, and it seemed as if death was following in the wake of the vessel like some hungry shark, all the bad passions in Gryle Daskam's soul were aroused to action. He stalked in the sunshine, and he dared to think the thoughts that a year before would have startled him.

'Curse him!' he muttered, watching his cousin in the gleam of light with a fascinated stare. 'How they fall like him, from the captain down to the cowardly black cook! And it was always so! He always had all the love, as he had everything else. He is handsome—I am plain, although we bear strong resemblance to each other. He is clever—I am poor. He is heir to great wealth—I must work for a living. Oh, curse him!'

He ground his teeth together savagely.

He felt the contrast between the cousin's lot and his own with galling keenness.

Saul Heath was the son and heir of a wealthy country gentleman.

Gryle Daskam was the son of that planter's sister, who had married against the wishes of her relatives, a man utterly unworthy of her, whose antecedents were unknown, and whose personal character was unprincipled and dissolute. Mrs. Daskam had early exhausted her indulgence and worthlessness, and had died soon after the birth of her son.

Her husband, Warner Daskam, had soon after departed from the Island, abandoning his infant son to the tender mercies of his late wife's relatives, and he had never since been heard from.

Mr. Heath had taken the child to his own home, and Mrs. Heath had bestowed upon her husband's nephew a care and tenderness scarcely second to that she had given her own son. But he had ill-requited the kindness thus lavished upon him. He had been from his youth sullen, morose, untruthful, envious, and revengeful, having inherited many of the worst characteristics of his worthless father.

Mrs. Heath had died when her son was about twelve years of age, and Gryle Daskam was about thirteen.

Mr. Heath had sent the two boys to England, his native land, to be educated, and they remained in the mother country over ten years, having passed through preparatory schools and a university course.

During these ten years Mr. Heath had found himself unable, through illness and other causes, to visit England, and he had not allowed the boys to break in upon their studies by a visit to Jamaica. Therefore, he had not seen them for ten years.

Saul Heath, endowed with a handsome face and figure, noble and grand of soul, brave and fearless, pure and honest and truthful, winning the love of all with whom he came in contact, the heir of great wealth, idolized by the father, seemed indeed a favorite of fortune. It was he who had carried off the honors of his year at the old university, while his cousin, Gryle Daskam, had barely passed the examinations, and had gained no distinction whatever.

This had been very bitter for young Daskam. But the bitterest drop of all in his cup was the fact that Saul was going home to a life of ease, and wealth and honors, while he was to be his uncle's secretary, or overseer, or to occupy some similar salaried position, in which he would be expected to work.

Gryle Daskam reviewed all these things in his mind as he moodily watched his favored cousin, in the occasional gleams, going about with his jug and dispensing its contents with cheering words, even to the trembling black cook, who expected every minute to be his last.

'Why was not he the poor dependent!' he thought bitterly. 'He is far better able to make his way in the world than I am.'

Having discharged his self-imposed task, Saul Heath approached the captain, who was standing apart, moody and troubled, as could be seen in a sudden flash that seemed to divide the heavens.

'The wind doesn't abate, captain,' said young Heath, speaking at the top of his voice. 'Do you think the vessel will stand it till morning?'

'There are five and a half feet of water in the hold,' the captain answered, 'and the water is gaining on the pumps. We may last till morning.'

He spoke as if he considered the matter doubtful.

'If we can keep together till daylight, we may stand a chance to be picked up,' said young Heath, cheerily. 'We are in the track of vessels.'

'We were at nightfall, but the Lord only knows where we are now,' returned Capt. Bray. 'We have not been able to keep our course in this hurricane. That would have been impossible. We have been driven to the eastward, and if I am not mistaken we are driving straight upon Tarantula Island, a spider-shaped rock which I noticed on the chart, and which must be somewhere near. If we strike on her, it's all up with us.'

'You think she is in our course?'

'Very near to it, at any rate, Mr. Heath—too near for my peace of mind,' said Capt. Bray. 'I have fancied I heard breakers this past hour.

They both listened. The hurricane raged, but there was no sound of breakers.

'We must have passed the island,' said the captain, with an air of relief 'No doubt I was mistaken. We may last till morning and then be picked up. We'll hope for the best.'

Talking in that gale was difficult. The captain moved away to the pumps. Saul Heath stood still, yielding to the motion of the vessel, upon which a gleam of lightning revealed to him, the crouching figure of his cousin. He approached him and stood clinging to the bulwarks.

'Are you tired, Gryle?' he asked, in the kindly tone in which he always spoke to his cousin. 'I have a little grog yet in the jug. Will you have it?'

Gryle Daskam gave a surly negative.

Young Heath was of a frank and unsuspicious nature. He had been intimate with his cousin for years, and never suspected Daskam secretly hated him and was jealous of him. He believed him sensitive when he was sullen and envious, and was careful never to wrong his feelings. He had heaped benefits upon him, and had treated him as a brother. So now he took his sullenness for physical exhaustion.

He hurried away, at the risk of falling, and found his jug, which he brought to Daskam with apologies for neglecting him. Daskam poured a huge draught down his throat.

'It's an awful night!' said Saul, shouting, and trying to peer into the phosphorescent water. 'An awful night, Gryle. We may not last till morning'.

Gryle Daskam rose up and clung to the bulwarks beside his cousin.

'If anything happens,' said Saul his voice having a strange pathos, and in spite of its loudness seeming a mere whisper, 'tell my father that I longed to see his face once more. My good father! I want to live for his sake!'

The two clung side by side to the railing. A fitful gleam lit up the scene. Gryle Daskam glared at his companion. Noble and grand of shape, handsome and winning of face with fearless eyes looking straight out into the storm and the blackness, Saul Heath looked every inch a hero.

Gryle Daskam's heart swelled with bitter hatred as he gazed on the form he knew, the face he hated. Jealousy, envy, revenge, all the evil passions of his nature, were lashed into fury by the sight of the young man who was his cousin, who was his all, who was everything to him, who was the idol of his father, who was the heir of wealth, and that his eyes glowed like those of a fiend.

'What is it?' asked Saul, laying his hand gently on his cousin's arm. 'Are you ill, Gryle?'

Daskam flung off the hand and shrunk from his touch.

He could not speak. He stood there with his passions, which even now nothing could tame, like a fierce savage in readiness for the spring. Again Saul kindly voice struck upon his ear. He drew still further away and bent upon the railing, looked moodily into the blackness beneath.

And it was well that the young man could not see his face, for he feared!

He knew his hatred, treachery and his eyes betray him, if he looks at his cousin.

Saul chanced to see their bloodshot orbs, a jagged streak of light giving a bluish cloud and giving a fiery glow to the scene. He started back.

'What is the matter, Gryle?' he asked. 'Why do you look like that?'

'Matter?' replied Daskam in his sullenness. 'Nothing more than usual! My the same old story. Saul I'm sure the petted heir. I am the poor relation, destined to work for my living. You have been pampered and indulged. You are the son of an honorable gentleman. I am the son of a scoundrel, who abandoned me, curse him! If we get out of this you will be a man of note in Jamaica, will marry a rich woman, will attain a high position, while I shall plod on—oh, curse it all and you to!' I hate you Saul Heath! I have hated you always, but till now I never dared to tell you!'

'Gryle, are you mad?'

Daskam laughed like a hyena. He sent a swift glance over the dark deck. The voice of the captain could be heard in the vicinity of one of the pumps. No one could be seen in the darkness.

'I am not mad!' shouted Daskam 'I have chosen to throw aside the mask—that is all! We are very near to death, and I choose you to know the truth at last. You have had all that fortune could give you. I have been all my life a dependent. Now, go, and take my curse with you!'

The vessel gave a lurch. In the same moment Daskam seized Saul Heath in an infuriate grip, and sent him whirling over board into the black depths of waters.

CHAPTER II.
A SAIL.

The shriek which Saul Heath uttered, as he was hurled to his doom in that seething sea, was lost in the roar of the sweeping hurricane.

The vessel drove on like some maddened creature fleeing in wild desperation from pursuing demons.

The murderer leaned over the railing, and stared with fiery eyes into the black depths below him. For one long minute he stood, hanging he beheld a white despairing face in the midst of those phosphorescent gleams and then the ship passed on, and the vision faded from his view.

Yet long he stood, peering into the black waters, insensible to the shouts of the captain, at the further end of the deck, wrapped in a dull sense of horror at his own wickedness, yet feeling withal a savage exultation at his cousin's awful fate.

'He's dead!' he muttered. 'I shall never again be galled by the sight of his beauty, his gaiety, his wealth, his superior intellect—never, never! He's dead! The hatred of long years has risen at last in a great wave and swept him from my path. The old man's pested heir is gone!'

He tried to laugh but the color did not return to his face, nor his eyes lose their wild glare.

'How the storm rages!' he thought, presently, recalled to a sense of his surroundings by a louder blast and a fiercer lurch of the vessel. 'Well, well, Saul has only met his doom in advance. We shall all perish before day-break.'

He heard a step near at hand, and looked around. He saw no one in the gloom, but he dropped to the deck and crouched again under the bulwarks with the murderer's instinct to hide himself. The step passed on. He was still alone—alone with his guilt and devilish joy.

And the mad whirl of the storm continued. The hours passed, minute by minute, like ages. The captain and crew were all absorbed in their tasks. No one noticed the absence of Saul Heath, who had heretofore been the cheriest and most hopeful of all on board, or if they missed him they supposed him to be with his cousin.

The water in the hold increased continually. The pumps were plied unremittingly, but one of them became disabled, and with that accident the sailors lost heart and moved about spiritless and despairing.

Then the captain thought of young Heath and his noble unselfishness and courage, and wished that he might appear, to revive the drooping spirits of the crew, as he had done before.

While he was wishing for him and looking over the deck in quest of him, in a sudden weird and brief illumination of the scene he beheld Gryle Daskam making his way towards him yielding to the motion of the lurching vessel.

'Where is Mr. Heath?' inquired the captain, at the top of his voice.

'Gone below,' replied Daskam.

'Tired out, eh? He has worked hard to night. Yet we seem to need him now,' said the skipper.

'What's the prospect?' shouted Daskam.

'The very worst. Nine to ten feet of water in the hold, one pump useless, water gaining every moment. By morning we shall be water-logged.'

'I suppose we can't lower the boats?' suggested Daskam.

'In this hurricane? I should think not' cried the captain.

'Then what are we to do?'

'Take it as it comes,' replied captain Bray, philosophically, yet in a manner that showed he was not insensible to his peril. 'We must take our chances, sir. We may some of us escape.'

The chances of escape were few and exceedingly dubious, but such as they were, Gryle Daskam was determined to make the most of them. He clung to his guilty, blood-stained life with passionate tenacity.

To die—to find a grave in this black sea into which he had hurled his cousin—he felt a shuddering horror at the thought. And yet not an hour ago, he had thought of death and its near prospect calmly.

'I'll go below and see if my cousin wants anything,' he said, and turned away, descending the companion-way.

He went to his state-room, which he had shared with his cousin.

A lighted candle hung in its sconce upon the wall. Saul's garments and books were strewed about. Gryle Daskam's features underwent a momentary convulsion as he surveyed the little room.

Saul had occupied the upper berth. His gay travelling-rug trailed from it half-dressed state, his shoes in the middle of the floor, his face turned to the wall, his long, curling, golden hair, the hair that his mother was so proud of, lying in rich profusion on the pillow, his hand resting on his forehead, and that hand, even in the dim light, showing the blue veins upon the white skin. Gryle Daskam's eyes glowed like those of a fiend.

'What is it?' asked Saul, laying his hand gently on his cousin's arm. 'Are you ill, Gryle?'

Daskam flung off the hand and shrunk from his touch.

He could not speak. He stood there with his passions, which even now nothing could tame, like a fierce savage in readiness for the spring. Again Saul's kindly voice struck upon his ear. He drew still further away and bent upon the railing, looked moodily into the blackness beneath.

And it was well that the young man could not see his face, for he feared!

He knew his hatred, treachery and his eyes betray him, if he looks at his cousin.

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