# Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXX. NO. 16. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1576.



CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S

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Complete.

The Spring Trade

HAS now commenced, and we are in excellent trim for meeting our numerous customers. We have never been so well pleased with our selections, and we venture to say that there is no stock of DRY GOODS in Goderich from which customers can more satisfactorily make purchases, as respects Variety, Styles and Prices. The freshness of our stock is a noticeable feature of it, and is frequently commented upon.

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WE are showing an extensive assortment of fancy Checks, Stripes & Brocades. Also plain goods in coloured Lusters, Persians, Camlets, &c. Our

Stock of Black

GOODS

is very complete. Thirty-seven pieces of Black Lustres just to hand so remarkable for their brilliancy. Persian Cords, Crape Clothes, Paramattas, Cashmeres, Cobourgs, &c.

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AND

MILLINERY

In great variety.

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PRIVATE FUNDS on REAL ESTATE. No delay and reasonable charges. Interest from date of loan to be paid yearly according to security.

J. T. GARROW,
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MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest

THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, on a low Rate of Interest and favourable terms of repayment, principal by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will be very low.

GRACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

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The Subscriber is agent for the subscribed standard Insurance Companies:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
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Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
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Rusting forward of Applicants

Best terms yet offered to the public.

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$20,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. No large commission charged, conveyancing, fees reasonable.

N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if the title is clear.

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## Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.

Available Assets, $27,000,000

Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without discounting.

Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.

FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.

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*Incorporated by Royal Charter*

CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.

Funds for Investment.

LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.

Approved Mortgages purchased.

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THE STADACONA

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

is one of the strongest home institutions, having a

Capital of $5,000,000,

and a deposit with the Dominion Government of

$150,000

The terms on which this First Class Company does business are of the most liberal nature and the prompt and equitable manner in which it settles all its claims are sufficient reasons to win for it a foremost position with the public in its line of business. The undersigned has also been appointed Agent for the

OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL FIRE Insurance Company,

for the County of Huron. This Company has a

CAPITAL OF $1,000,000,

and a deposit with the Dominion Government of

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The class of risk taken by this Company is all non-hazardous, only taking that of farm property and private dwellings, the city offering the public the very best security at the very lowest rates possible to take this class of risk at.

The subscriber would give a cordial invitation to all who need insurance of what we nature, either to call at his residence, on Nelson street, or by letter, at all applications he by letter will receive his most prompt attention.

N. B.—Money to loan on the most liberal terms.

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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 Plastic Rubber Buckets or valves working air-tight and running free in the bottom of the well to the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to keep a clear 24 in the tube, and throwing an uninterrupted stream of water. It uses a crank or Reel 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.

WM. DICKSON, Agent
Box 47
Goderich, Ont.

## Poetry.

### The Bagpipe.

"What! Highlanders bagpipes?" a lady said,
"Why, what dull, melancholy drones!"
Up spoke a man and bowed and smiled
As the lady ceased to speak:
"As young as I am, I remember
Hearing a bagpipe play.
He was gray and bronzed,
But I remember
He played.
In the year that the Snipes came,
When a bagpiper was stationed in Billfort at
Our powder all gone, succor longum far
Hemmed in by one fleet of foes!"

He drew himself up. "Madam, one
after one,
We stopped to the breach to die;
And the smoke of their thousands hid
the sun,
And their wild yells shook the sky.
The planting of shot and the hissing of
shell;
The rattle as cold steel crossed;
The sharp, quick shriek, as the wounded
fell;
The rush and the tumult, and roar as
of hell—
We knew, well we knew, all was lost!

But another, far distant, there rose and
died
A bagpipe's stream over the din.
Again! 'Tis the Highlanders coming!
we cried,
'An hour more, boys, and we win!'
With the strength of ten thousand and
more we stood,
And the billhook, so fair and green,
Ran red with the rivers of traitor's
blood,
For the Highlanders came like a roaring
flood—
And that's what the bagpipes mean!"

## Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR,

## THE STOLEN WILL.

The power of a good musician over human hearts is very strong, and when the fiddle-bow is wielded by a skilful hand the sound of this instrument is calculated more than almost all others to rivert the power so produced. While a bad player on the fiddle is an irritating nuisance, an expert at once arrests the footsteps of the passer-by, and draws many listeners round him.

This was the case with Willie. His mastery of the violin was very obvious. Many thought that he was nearly able to make it speak, and in truth he did cause it to speak very powerfully and pathetically to those who had loved and suffered and joyed and sorrowed in other days.

Thus all the frequenters of the hotel and all who were passing to the boat were collected round him now, as he played with exquisite effect, some of those old and plaintive Scotch airs in which he had such delight, and which never fail to entrance the ear and stir the soul.

Willie's appearance helped to increase the effect of his performance. His fine, mild, loving face—so gentle, so noble, so refined—his long, white silky hair falling on his shoulders, and the cleanness of his coarse and homely dress, created for him great respect.

But most of all were the people charmed by the beautiful child who stood by his side, with one hand holding by the skirt of his coat. The lamp just within the door of the hotel shone full on Ella—on her pure peach-blossom cheeks, her pure sparkling eyes, her waving golden hair, and her pretty sylph like figure, as with unstudied grace and looks of fondest love and pride she glanced up to Willie's face, and then on the smiling countenances of those who stood round.

After one or two airs had been played, she took off her round straw hat and tripped forward, holding it up, as, with a charming smile, she said, in her silvery childish voice—

'Something for Willie, please!'

Who could resist such artless pleading. Scarcely one present but threw pence into the hat, and as with nimble steps she passed from side to side, the tinkle of coin mingled cheerily with the strains of the fiddle.

It was at this juncture that the stranger came into the passage, and as Ella had come to the foot of the steps, she bounded up the latter and ran forward to him with the hat extended.

'Something for Willie, please,' cried the laughing face cherub, as she raised her blue eyes to his.

The strong light fully revealed her face as thus it was lifted to his own, and at the sight of it he gave a great start, an ejaculation of horror escaped his lips, and for some time he stood petrified, gazing with protruded eyeballs.

'Who—who are you?' he gasped

'I'm Willie's little girl. Something for Willie, please.'

'Your change, sir,' said the waiter, appearing at his elbow, and the man's words broke the spell of horror that lay upon him.

'Oh, ah—the fiddler,' he said. 'Well, here are a few coppers for him; he plays exceedingly well.'

So saying he dropped some pence into the little hat, and the child with a sweet smile said, 'Thank you sir,' tripped away and ran back to Willie, bursting with delight at the quantity of money she had received.

The stranger marched out at the same time, and, with a quick impatient step, turned in the direction of the pier.

'What, in the fiend's name,' he muttered, 'has set me thinking of Meg tonight? For years she has not once crossed my mind; yet no sooner was I asleep in the inn than I dreamed of her, and so foolish was I that in the face of that beggar's brat I thought I saw hers. 'Twas a mere imagination, of course; but it shows how the mind would be imposed on if one was weak enough to become the slave of fancy. It must have been the heavy dinner I took—that and the air played by the old man did the trick. I suppose, now, if I saw that child again, and took a cool, steady look at her, there would be nothing whatever about her to bring me in mind of Meg, yet at that moment she looked her very image. Bah! such absurd fancies must be kept away, or they'd play the deuce with this game I have in hand. From henceforth Meg must be forgotten—even as she has been for the last years. Ay, forgotten, I say—entirely forgotten!'

And he stamped his foot violently on the path as if to annihilate and banish forever the unwelcome subject which had so curiously intruded into his thoughts.

Vain hope! Think not, oh, human being, that the past can ever be wholly forgotten. Be it good or be it evil, it will cling to thee forever, either as a source of satisfaction or of pain. If it be something in the former time, on account of which conscience has a sting to give, that of all things cannot be forgotten. You may wander, and try it to the utmost, but you will assuredly fail.—Years may pass during which the successive occupations of a busy life, absorbing heart and brain, may exclude the remembrance, but suppose not that it has ceased to be remembered, and that, when found, the power of an act, the feature of a passing face, the sighing wind, the flight of a flower, may call it from its hiding place, and, in a moment, all the old feelings of it will return to remorse or quail in dismay. At the time cause them be encounted, and from its haunting remorse, for it is there, the very one, and in connection it must claim and establish, become or leave. Yes, oh, guilty man, she part is behind there as a shadow, and cannot be forgotten.

The stranger—or Sam Wilcox, as he had called himself in his soliloquy—did not know, did not believe this, and notwithstanding that night's dream, and the imagination (?) that had followed it, he thought it possible to do what he felt to be so desirable and necessary to banish for ever from his mind that cruel, heartless deed of the past, connected with her whom he called Meg. Ah! he will discover the vanity of that hope some day, and it must fit, he should, so long as a righteous Ruler governs this universe, and takes account of the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on the helpless.

For the present, however, let Sam Wilcox hug his delusion, and prosecute the fraudulent enterprise on which he has entered.

The sight o'clock boat from Dundee was now approaching the landing place, and she was somewhat behind time, those who meant to embark were assembled at the pier waiting for her coming. The night was now dark, bitterly cold, and stormy, for heavy rain drops were gone coming with the wind, and the river was rough and roaring. Among those standing under the shelter of the wall were Luke Briar, with his bundle of umbrellas under his arm, and the black greasy box strapped on his back. Beckey, his wife, was by his side, and little Phil covered in a corner near. In the most sheltered spot that could be found stood Willie, the violin again restored to its green baize bag, and Ella closely enveloped in the ample skirts of his coat, where not a drop of rain or breath of wind could reach her. Poor Phil, shivering in his general state of uncomfortness, could not help envying the better treatment of his playmate of the afternoon—not that he felt the cold of the rain much, for he had long been used to these things, but the lonely heart of the boy yearned for care and tenderness.—He had somehow a notion that he should be loved and cared for, and when he saw with what anxious solicitude Willie watched ever Ella, and what pains he took to shield her and make her comfortable, a sad and bitter feeling came into his bosom, a lump rose in his throat, and a half stifled sob escaped his lips. He had never been sheltered like that; no kind words had ever been spoken to him; no fondling hand had ever toyed with his matted hair; he was left to himself in dirt, wretchedness and neglect, and his most common experience were cuffs and kicks, at the hands of the brutal and and drunken pair in whose custody he was.

At length the bell rang and the lights of the ferry-boat shot past the end of the pier. In a few moments more she was brought to her mooring, and the passengers she had brought came pouring out. At the same time the voice of the bluff Captain was heard calling on those who were waiting to make haste, when a general scramble was made to get on board. Then the gangway was raised, the captain's bell rang, the ropes were loosened, and away she went again, hissing through the foam into the gloom of the river.

The short passage was rough and disagreeable. At frequent intervals the spray dashed over the bows, causing those who had not gone into the saloon to retreat from the windward side of the deck. Among these were Luke Briar and his wife, who absently took the lee side of the engine house and near them little Phil, who was as usual left to his own resources, and did his best to keep himself warm by creeping close to the iron plate which surrounded the furnace. As for Willie and Ella, they were snugly seated in one corner of the saloon, their cold was feeling justified in going to the extravagance of the additional penny, by the success which had attended his playing at the Newport Hotel. It was not for his own sake he had gone in there, but for Ella's. He could have borne the cold outside well enough, but his little charge must be shielded from the inclemency of the weather; and there he sat with her in the darkest and most out of the way place, but perfectly protected from the fierce wind and the lashing spray outside. Close beside them sat the stranger, with his hat well drawn over his brow, and casting keen, furtive glances at the little girl, who all unconscious of the strange, wild interest she had excited, was nestling close in to Willie's side, her bright eyes following the motions of the lamps swinging from the roof, which jingled merrily as the vessel rocked on the waves

But if Ella did not notice the stranger Willie did, for in him he recognized the man whose strange procedure at the ruin they had witnessed, and now that he had an opportunity of having a nearer and more deliberate view of him, the impression he thereby received was unfavorable. To Willie's shrewd eye he had the unmistakable look of a dissipated and unprincipled adventurer, and again and again he wondered what could be the meaning of his singular goings at the churchyard, and what sort of a paper it could be which he had dug up there.

But Willie's wonder and curiosity on this point were not of a very strong character. Though entertaining the idea that there was probably something sinister in the proceeding, he concluded that he had no concern with it, that he was not called on to inquire into it, and did not suppose it likely that he would ever know anything more about it. So, when the river was crossed and they got out of the boat, he never so much as looked which way the stranger went, but taking his fiddle under his arm, and holding Ella carefully with the other hand, with his coat thrown over her to keep her from the rain, he turned into Dock Street to find the nearest way to their humble lodgings, and so bring the day's wanderings to a close.

Not so indifferent, however, was Luke Briar. His curiosity regarding the stranger was of a much keener character. Familiar himself with questionable actions, the scene they had witnessed in the ruin was of a kind highly fitted to raise conjectures in his mind, and he was inclined to know something more about it. He, therefore, kept a close eye on the stranger during the passage; had more than once watched him attentively through the window of the saloon forming by the process his own conclusions as to his character; and now that they had landed he and Beckey followed him up Union street and saw him turn into the High Street, till he reached the Town Hall, where he looked about him for some moments as if uncertain which way to go. Eventually, however, he crossed into Reform St., and there they lost sight of him.

'I've a notion that I ain't done with you, my queer cove,' muttered Luke, as the figure of the stranger vanished in the distance. 'Luke Briar has a bit of inquisitiveness in him, and doesn't readily forget anything that has the meaning of mystery about it. Mind, I don't say that there is any good to be got up in this case, but, anyhow, it's no harm to try, and I don't mean to let slip any chance I may have of finding out.'

'Phil, lad, there was something to be found in the churchyard. What Luke Briar put his hand was to carry into effect the cruel deed which he and Beckey had resolved on during the day. The suitable moment had now come for getting rid of Phil, and with the most callous heartlessness they set about accomplishing it.

They were now standing within the Pillars of the Town Hall, and Phil was gazing with childish wonder at the pictures displayed in a well lighted window of a newsagent.

'Here, my Phil. Ain't you hungry?' said Luke, calling on him.

Phil could only turn round and gaze in astonishment at such an unwonted question.

'Can't you speak, you rascal? Ain't you hungry a bit?'

'Father,' ejaculated Phil still lost in amazement at such unprecedented consideration as the question implied.

'Well, catch that.'

Luke made a gesture as if to throw something. Phil instinctively held up his hands and caught the thing thrown. It was a penny.

'Go along the street there till you come to a baker's shop, and buy a roll to yourself. We'll wait here till you come back.'

Off posted Phil in a speechless amaze. He thought he must be dreaming, but no, the penny was in his hand, and by the glance he gave it in passing the light he saw that it was a real one.

Such a piece of generosity was utterly new to him, but inasmuch as he was hungry, and very hungry too, he hastened with joyful alacrity to procure the roll, which Luke's unparalleled generosity had given him the means of purchasing.

He did not come to a baker's shop till he had entered the Murraygate; but there he spied one; and boldly entered swelling with importance at being able to make a purchase.

'A penny roll—one of the largest kind you have got,' he called out.

There were several people in the shop and he was kept waiting a moment or two; but at length he was served, and, with his prize in his hand, glided quickly out.

'Shall I begin to eat it here?' he said to himself, raising the roll to within an inch of his lips.

'No, I won't,' he added, letting his hand drop. 'He might wallop me if I began before he told me.'

So, exercising a self denial born of fear, Phil left the roll intact, and ran back the way he had come, to the Pillars.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE DESERTED BOY.

Little Phil ran round all the Pillars seeking Luke and Beckey, and when he had made the circuit of every one and found they were not there he wondered what had become of them.

'They've gone into a public house,' he said to himself, and entirely content with this conjecture as to their disappearance he began to eat his roll, fully persuaded that in a minute or two they would be sure to return.

Though the roll was the largest that the little fellow could procure for the money, his hunger was great, and its consumption was speedily effected. While each mouthful was being masticated he did not allow the luxurious operation to interfere with his watching but continued to keep a sharp eye on either side for the return of his guardians.

At length the roll was done, and they had not made their appearance. As many minutes had now elapsed he began to think that this was rather a strange circumstance, and thoughs he would take a run along the street and look in at the open doors of the public houses. Acting on this idea, he set out at a nimble run towards Castle Street, and had not proceeded far when he came within the strong light of a spirit shop, which streamed forth on the pavement. A large group of people stood at the counter drinking liquor of various kinds, but the forms of Luke and Becky were not to be seen amongst them. Turning, he struck along towards the Nethergate, and gazed into other public houses with the same result. Those he sought were not to be seen.

The boy was now much astonished, and returned to his post by the Pillars, thinking that every moment they would issue from one of the dark lanes or bye-streets which led towards the harbor. But minutes and minutes went by, and still they came not, and the great clock on the tower above tolled a late hour in deep tones.

Little Phil was now shivering with cold, for the night had grown very stormy, and big flakes of half-melted snow came hissing with the wind, and, being swirled between the pillars, fell on the pavement, where, melting immediately, the stones became wet and muddy, while pools of water grew in the hollows, and the hoarse wind around glistened in the flickering gas-light.

By this time the traffic of the streets had greatly diminished. Owing to the inclemency of the night few people were abroad, the omnibuses had stopped running, and only a carriage now and then rattled furiously past. One by one the shops under the Pillars were closed, and as their windows were darkened, the increasing gloom made the scene still more dreary and desolate.

The last shop to be closed was the news agency, opposite which Phil had stood most of the time, interested by the pictures in the window and the piles of newspapers and periodicals from which customers were served at the counter. The weariness of his waiting was beguiled not a little by the sight of these pictures, and the figures and scenes they represented, and he thought it must be a fine thing to be able to read all these fine books.

But at length the shutters were put on the window of this shop likewise, and as its two inmates—a young girl, and a little, elderly, pleasant-faced lady with spectacles—came out to go home, the eye of the latter fell on Phil as he stood solitarily by the pillar.

'Dear me, laddie, what are ye doin' there,' she asked in a kindly tone.

'I'm waiting for Luke and Beckey,' was Phil's simple response, but do as he could he was unable to hide the fact that his little, half-naked frame was shivering with cold.

She gazed down on him with a look of pity.

'Puir little chap, ye should gang awa' hame,' she compassionately advised.

'Bare-fitted, bare-leggit, and badly clad—this is no a night for yoff tae be out in. Rin awa' hame like a man.'

'I havn't no home,' answered Phil.

'Preserve us a'—nae hame cae ye ony?'

'No; I belong to Luke and Beckey and we travel. I'm waiting on them coming to go to our lodgings.'

'Puir wee thing, I'm wae for ye,' said the kind-hearted lady, putting a penny into his blue-hand, and patting him on the head in a tender and motherly way. She got under the umbrella which her companion held ready for her, and the two walked away together.

The space under the Pillars was entirely deserted now, and as the only light shed upon the scene came from the street lamps, which were swayed by the gusts of wind, a gloomy dreariness was spread around, and as no human being was to be seen moving about, a sense of loneliness came to Phil's heart, greater than he would have experienced in the open country, or on a desert moor.—The long rows of houses had to him a ghastly look, and the flickering shadows exerted on him a weird power of awe.

But the poor little fellow could endure the cold of that exposed place no longer, and as he had long since abandoned all hopes of the return of Luke and Beckey he resolved to creep away into a sheltered nook, where he would at least be shielded from the bitter wind and the piercing sleet.

He had not gone far along the west side of this broad thoroughfare when he reached the opening of a narrower street to the left, and here his attention was directed to a lofty building, many windows of which were brilliantly lighted up, which was such an attractive sight amid the surrounding darkness that he was drawn towards it, and as he came nearer he heard the deep rolling sound of machinery in motion.

Coming at length opposite one of the lower windows, he beheld a spectacle that at once rooted him to the ground. He looked down upon a large, lofty room, one side of which was occupied by an immense iron machine of complicated construction, made up of bars and wheels and cylinders, with stairs and platforms by which the work men ascended to their various positions. This was in full motion, and it was from it that the whirring, roaring sound proceeded which he had heard at a distance.

The scene was a very animated one, and, to Phil's astonished eyes, full of wonder and mystery. Human figures were moving actively about in all directions, some ascending to the platforms with loads of white paper on their shoulders; others squatted on flat boards, tier above tier, at either end, pushing sheet by sheet forward to the cylinders; and others carrying them away in piles as they fell printed after their passage through, while one tall, thin-faced man was moving to and fro and anxiously superintending all the proceeding. The poor little forsaken waif had not the most distant idea of what the scene indicated, but its material aspects dazzled him, and that to such a degree that for many minutes the cold and wet were disregarded.

But nothing, however wonderful, could withdraw his attention from the painful bodily sensations to which he was being subjected, and presently as a violent shiver ran through his little frame he was recalled to the reality of his forlorn position. With one long wistful look he heaved a sigh which amounted to a half suppressed sob, and moved away dragging with an effort his bare, benumed feet over the slushy pavement.

Ere he had not got quite to the end of the large building, he came to a door a little ajar, and from it there issued such a stream of warm air that Phil felt it utterly impossible to go past. It was just far enough open to enable him to insert his head, and by so doing he perceived that the interior was occupied by another, but a smaller iron machine, in rapid motion, and a little from it large fires burning in a furnace.

He looked eagerly yet timidly around. No one was near at the moment.

'Suppose I creep into a dark corner where I won't be seen,' thought Phil to himself, and no sooner did the idea occur to him than he retreated to the compartment containing the furnaces, and there crawling over a heap of coals he got into a corner where he was well hidden, and laid himself flat out upon the black floor.

Poor and unenviable as the accommodation might have seemed to most, it was nothing short of a veritable heaven to Phil, so great and blessed was its contrast to the wind and sleet of the open air.

So he lay quite still in the most blissful repose he had ever enjoyed. His frozen limbs thawed and became warm, and instead of shivering as before, his thinly clad frame grew comfortable in its sensations, while gradually a drowsiness came on before which his senses succumbed, and he fell into a sleep so round that the noise of the engine and the machine could not disturb it.

Out of his deep slumber Phil was at the end of several hours rudely awakened by some one rudely shaking him, and opening his bewildered eyes, they fell on a group of men, consisting of men and boys, who were regarding him with excited curiosity, while one of their number, who held him by the arm, continued for a few moments longer the rough treatment which had so abruptly restored him to consciousness.

One of the firemen, when shoveling up the heap of coals, had discovered the inanimate form of little Phil lying in the corner, had forthwith, with a loud outcry, pounced upon him, and dragged him forth still asleep, while the noise drew the others to the spot.

'What are ye dacin' here, ye little rascal?' demanded, in an angry tone, the man who held him.

Phil could not answer just at the moment, for, in truth, he did not know where he was or in what circumstances, being still confused with sleep.

There was another shake, and the question repeated in a tone even more angry and peremptory.

The boy had reached to a comprehension of matters now, and answered more huskily and in a frightened manner—

'I—I did not mean any harm. I was cold and wet, and had no place to go, and I came in to be warm.'

'Nae lees noo, ye little thief,' said his stern interrogator. 'Ye just cam' in tae see what ye could pick up.'

'Indeed—indeed, I didn't. I am not a thief, and I wouldn't steal,' cried Phil, earnestly.

'What's that in yer hand, then?' was the next question, as the man caught sight of the boy's clenched fist, and instantly forcing it open he discovered that the folded fingers had guarded a penny.

'Aha! yer nae thief, are ye no? Where did ye steel that?'

'I did not steal it. I got it last night from a lady—last night.'

'Gey likely. What wull we dae wi' him?'

This query was addressed to a man who had all the time been quietly seated on a pile of paper, and refreshing himself with bread and hot coffee, after the labor of the night.

Phil looked at him, and recognized him as the tall thin faced man whom he had seen through the street window superintending operations in the machine room.

On being appealed to, he rose, and, coming forward, gazed for some moments very steadfastly into Phil's face. The latter not only bore the gaze unflinchingly, but returned it with his fearless honest eye, in which innocence unmistakably appeared.

'I am convinced the laddie is telling the truth,' said the astute gazer in a quiet but decisive tone. 'There's honesty looking out from the dirt on his face, so we'll just let him awa'. Here, my man, drink up the rest o' that coffee and fin awa' hame.'

Saying which the speaker handed the pitcher to Phil. It was still far from empty, and the little fellow, now released, eagerly applied himself to the contents, watching as he did so, with some curiosity, a band of boys, some of them no larger than himself, who were clamorously demanding papers at a broad wooden board, near the door. Each, as fast as he received a handful, laid down his money and dashed away at full speed.

The coffee being finished, Phil laid down the pitcher and made his way into the street.

He gained the street just as a boy much about his own size came running out with a bundle of papers which he had received within.

'What do you do with these?' asked Phil, as the other was making past him.

The boy pulled up, in sudden amazement.

'Dae wi' thae? he repeated. 'I sell them. Goodsir, dae ye no ken that?'

'Why do you sell them to?'

'Ye cauldy that, wauto them. Eh, crifty fellow, but ye're green.'

'But what do you do it for? Is it for fun?' asked Phil, who did not mind owning the impeachment in his desire for information.

'For fun,' roared the newsboy, with an explosion of laughter. 'Oh, my eye! where hae ye lived a yer days? Min, we dae it for siller; tae buy grub and claes and shaes.'

'Oh, you get money for doing it,' said Phil, beginning now to be enlightened.

'Tae be sure. We hae threepence a dizen on them. But I canna stand here, or I'll lose my chance. Hi, Bill, here's a cove shouldn'we sell papers for him.'

This last he called out to a boy who rushed out as if scenting gain, the two sped along the street emitting shouts of laughter at the supreme ignorance of little Phil.

The latter was now free to look about him, and to realize again the perplexing situation in which he was placed. The light of a new day was fast stealing over the sky and the streets. The storm of the previous night had given place to a clear keen frost, which had laid hold of the wet pavement, and covering it with a coat of ice, had rendered it extremely dangerous for walking. Phil made his way down to his former stand at the Pillars, under the vague idea that perhaps Luke or Beckey would be there looking for him. But of course this hope proved vain, and seeing nothing of them he turned eastward, and proceeding in his aimless way along the Murraygate and the narrow streets which branch from it.

He had no notion of the direction in which he was going. He just went on and on, doing his best to resist the cold that was so cruelly mastering him. It was, alas! an unequal and a hopeless contest. His brave little heart strove manfully to repel the benumbing power which was stealing over him, but a strength much greater than his must have ultimately succumbed to such an adversary. His step grew feebler and his pace slower, a giddiness came upon him, and with a despairing cry he staggered into an entry, and fell down insensible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## What Toronto Fox Hunts are Like.

(Toronto Cor. Stratford Herald.)

The hunting season of the Toronto Hunt Club is now in full swing. A pack of fox-hounds in countries where there is scarlet-coated aristocracy consists, I believe, of fifty-two dogs, but our pack consists of about twenty, reinforced when there is a very grand meet by as many retrievers and hybrids. The fox on all occasions, the perennial reynard is short, is Mr. John Halligan, a gentleman every inch of him, from the County Limerick. On hunting morns, usually on Wednesdays and Saturdays, Mr. Halligan repairs to the nearest druggist and buys a quantity of assafœtida. This is for scent. He puts it in a bag, and proceeds to cover. Arrived at cover, John waits for the club to gather. Mr. Worts, the distiller, and Mr. Copeland, the brewer, are the foremost horsemen, and there comes a motley gathering of tavern-keepers, bank clerks and livery-stable men, all more or less mounted. John then breaks cover, starting at a swing gait over such portions of the country side as are owned by cranky farmers who won't enter into the spirit of the thing. Then the horsemen begin to grow excited. John doubles, even trebles; climbs the snake fences like a chip monk; skips the water brooks like a young hart; and gaining the open territory of the Dundas road, is soon lost to view, *en route* for Wilson's hostelry where he shelters for a moment, and, issuing with foam on his lips, prances moodily in a round about direction for the place of meeting, where he drops the assafœtida and awaits results. Heavens! look at the daring horsemen. They are in full tally-ho, especially the dogs, for the scent is good, not to say vivid! Hark!

The horn, the horn, O the hunter's horn,
Hear ye not its notes this hunting morn?
Away, away, sail the bold chivalry,
Short shrift for thee, O Fox, this hunting morn.

At Wilson's aforesaid, there is a check, and the canines are puzzled, but not so the hunters. A drink all round, and away they dash again like a noble Six Hundred forward, the pace beginning to tell on some of the livery horses, oats being now quoted at 45c. to 60c. per bushel. At length reynard is run to earth, but they don't kill him. John has buried the assafœtida, and over its grave the horsemen congratulate one another on their noble devotion to what has been described as the "pastime of princes." Thus our sportsmen enjoy a sublimer degree of sport than that which falls to the share of old country squires. The latter brutally maltreat a dumb animal and finally tear it in pieces, but in this case the hunters like it, but the horses doh't like it, and Mr. Halligan likes it.

Mrs. William Scott, of Greenville, N. J., gave birth to four infants on Thursday. Three are living.


Is your throat sore, or are you annoyed by a constant cough? If so, use promptly "Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers." They relieve the air passages of phlegm for mucous, and allay inflammation, and no safer remedy can be had for coughs colds, or any complaint of the throat or lungs, and if taken in time their efficacy will soon be proved. Sold by all Druggists and country dealers. Price 25 cts. per box.


VERY SENSIBLE.—Horse dealers who are supposed to know what effects their interest, purchase "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy" by the dozen, and feed it to their horses for the purpose of improving their condition, which it always does; others should profit by their example—Remember the name, and see that the signature of Hurd & Co., is on each package—Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers

## Mr. Farrow's Failure.

From the Montreal Star, (Conservative).

Ottawa, April 17.

The whole afternoon to-day was taken up with a discussion about the contract to construct certain harbor improvements at Goderich, which Mr. Farrow declared had been given to a Government supporter, who had not put in the lowest tender, and Sir John Macdonald insisted that $29,000 had been lost to the country by this favoritism. Mr. Mackenzie met the charge with the statement that the contract had been awarded on the recommendation of the Chief Engineer, and he declared that the party who put in the lowest tender was unknown, and the engineers were of opinion that he could not possibly have performed the work at the price at which he had tendered. Moreover, he had given trouble when he had undertaken another contract of a similar description. These are the main incidents of the drama, as put on the stage by Sir John Macdonald, but a little spicy episode was interwoven with this, the ground plot.

It appears that the successful contractor, who was one of Mr. Blake's constituents, had got a letter of recommendation from that gentleman, and Mr. Farrow attempted to show that "thereby hung a tale," but he failed to make out his case.

Mr. Farrow is by no means an agreeable speaker; he is one of those orators who rarely succeed with a good case, and who are at a loss to manage a doubtful one. His voice is tuned to a high pitch—a soprano, in fact—and he has a rural Upper Canada jerk style of intonation which gives a peculiarity without any appreciable advantage. When he warms to his work, he becomes much animated, and his exceedingly tall, thin figure seems to quiver with life and animation from head to foot. At such times his quick expressive eyes sparkle with the fire of natural genius, and his rosy goatee shakes menacingly in the uncertain light as he speaks; he waves his hands with a studied motion, which is not ungraceful, and occasionally brings his closed fist down noiselessly on the dark blue cloth of his desk.

Another giant has just died. William Stevens, known as the Buckingham giant, weighed 35 stone, and was about 6 feet 8 in. high. Formerly he was a farmer, but for the last four years he spent his time more congenially in doing nothing but eating and drinking, and was lodged and fed by a village publican near Aylesbury, who found in him no slight attraction to the neighbors to visit his house.

## Canadian News.

Bread is $2 per dozen in Kingston.

Brantford will be inaugurated as a city about the first of June.

It has been decided to have Canada represented at the Paris Exhibition.

Mr. Whitehead has received intelligence from section 15 that blasting operations are progressing much more favorably than anticipated.

Several immigrants have already arrived at Ottawa. They are principally agriculturists, and experience little trouble in finding employment.

A son of Mr. Thos. Lawson, shoemaker, Stratford, aged four years, was horned by a vicious cow on 24th ult. and died from the effect of his injuries.

Warren Bros., general store at Brooklin was robbed on 24th ult., of goods consisting mainly of ready-made clothing and boots and shoes, to the value of over $200.

Mr. W. J. Graham, Inland Revenue Collector at Owen Sound, last week made a raid upon the premises of John Hickey, in Brooke, and captured an illicit still in complete working order.

Mr. David Gill was drowned on 21st ult., while crossing the bay in a skiff near Coldwater. His body was recovered on the 23rd ult. He leaves a wife and five children.

A party of young men attempted to charivari a newly married couple at Chapeau, on the Upper Ottawa on the 23rd ult., when one of the number, named C. P. Gray, was shot in the breast and died almost instantly.

A sawyer named Alex. Bearman, working in Britton's saw-mill, Gananoque fell across the large circular saw which severed one arm, and one leg at the thigh. He never rallied from the shock, but died in fifteen minutes. He leaves a wife and a large family.

The report to the Canadian Inland Revenue Department, on the adulteration of food, shows that five and a half per cent. of the food is adulterated. The article most adulterated is milk, then pepper and coffee. One hundred and eighty articles were analysed and ninety-five were adulterated.

The trial of William Dewart, of Fenelon Falls on a charge of arson, came off at the Assizes at Lindsay, and resulted in his acquittal. It was apparent that Dewart was the victim of a conspiracy to ruin a good character of twenty years' standing. The judge charged strongly in his favor, and the jury brought in a verdict in a few minutes.

Etienne Boyoux, a very intemperate man, went to Madame Beauvars' house, in rear of St. Charles Borromee-street Montreal, on the night of April 23d where he lay down upon a matress on the floor and was found dead at 9 p. m. In the morning an inquest was held and a verdict returned of "Death from apoplexy consequent upon the excessive use of intoxicating liquors."

A Mr. R. G. Scott writes to the newspapers calling attention to the fact that on the 20th June, Queen Victoria will have completed the fortieth year of her reign, and proposing that Canadians should manifest their national attachment by requesting her Majesty to take the title of Empress of Canada. He has addressed letters on the subject to Hon. Alex. Mackenzie and Sir John Macdonald.

In view of the action of the hotel keepers in closing their houses, a few of the leading temperance men of Napanee have rented for three years one of the largest, and Mr. Potter, a thorough temperance man, at once entered into possession, and will run the place on strictly temperance principles. It is