Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 52. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1560.

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The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1865.)

One of the Largest Papers published in County. Printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Office, Montreal Block, adjoining the Market Square, by THE SIGNAL PRINTING Co.

TERMS: $2 00 per annum strictly in advance; $2.25 if paid within three months; $2.50 if paid within three months, and $3 if not paid within three months, and $1 for every six months after. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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Tremendous Fall in Harness, CHEAPER THAN EVER. NO COMBINATION PRICE. C. F. Straubel WOULD invite his customers and others to come and examine his stock and be convinced that all is made up by men capable of turning out work second to none in style and durability of single and double Harness. Made to Order on Short Notice, and repairing done neatly and promptly. Centennial Trunks Valises and Satchels always kept on hand and sold at prices to suit the times. Also childrens carriages of every description at Cost Price. Parties wishing to be supplied with good hemlock lumber, by giving short notice, can have their orders filled. Remember the CHEAPEST HARNESS SHOP, on Hamilton Street. C. F. STRAUBEL. Goderich, July 12, 1876. 1534tf

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GODERICH AGENCY OF THE Trust & Loan Company of Canada, Incorporated by Royal Charter. CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING. Funds for Investment. LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm and 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. G. M. TRUEMAN, Agent Market Square, Goderich. 1317

E. F. Armstrong & Bros. Manufacturers of Fanning Mills, Land Rollers, Horse-Rakes, Spirit Spring wagon seats, Strawcutters, drainage or salt well piping of any required bore, Kitchen house and barn pumps always on hand and satisfaction guaranteed. Parties will do well to give us a call at the old stand, Nelson street, Goderich. Terms Reasonable. 1510-1yr

Artificial Stone AND MARBLE. The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for WINDOW CAPS, KEYSTONES, WINDOW SILLS, DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, in the Drill Shed, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement. Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada. J. & G. W. THOMSON. Goderich, Ont. 1478-3m

SOMETHING NEW. 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 large Elastic Rubber Buckets or valves working air-tight and round 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 equal quantity of water at every revolution. It uses a crank & 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.

BELLS. Markham Bell Foundry ESTABLISHED IN 1860. We manufacture bells from 45 lbs to 800 lbs and war rant all for one year. Delivered at Markham station. Send for price list. J. & J. JONES & BRO., Markham P. O., Ont. 1506-1

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H. DUNLOP, Merchant Tailor, WEST STREET, HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of Fall and Winter 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. 1489y

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. Parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock. Cash advanced on goods consigned. 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. 1468-1yr

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 setts of all kinds an' 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. 1515-1y

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 $3 00 per quarter, 7 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. 1509-1y

Poetry.

The Chimes of England.

DEDICATED TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON HELLMUTH, GODERICH.

The chimes, the chimes of Mother-land,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and tried tower
A thousand years have tolled;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the holiday,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A million up to pray!

These chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At Vesper and at Prime,
At bridal, and at burial
For cottager and king—
These chimes—these glorious Christian chimes
How blessedly they ring!

These chimes, these chimes of Mother-land,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born;
How merrily they call afar
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly deck'd and mistetoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal,
From tower and Gothic pile
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle!
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads, that falls,
And stain the floral tracery,
And banner-dighted walls!

And then, these Easter bells in spring!
Those glorious Easter chimes;
How loyalty they hail thee round
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Mother land!
With all this soul of mine,
And blessed the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old Saxon line,
And, like a son, I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

A lover of Canadian fame,
Next to my place of birth,
Thee too, I love, sweet forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy Mother's voice shall be,
And HER, WHERE GOD IS KING!
With English chimes from Christian spires
The wilderness shall ring.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, 23d Dec., 1876.

Warming a Serpent;

OR,

GRYLE DASKAM'S TREACHERY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

BLUNDERS.

Gryle Daskam returned to Heath House swiftly and stealthily, after his interview with Captain Bray and its tragic termination, his every sense upon the alert. He crossed the lawn, gliding from tree to tree, and making brief pauses, in which to peer and listen, and then he slipped up the broad, marble steps and into the veranda, the jalousie door being ajar as he had left it.

Mr. Heath was not visible anywhere in the cool, dim gallery. Daskam entered the hall, leaving the door open behind him, and crept up stairs. Fancying that he heard a noise, he crouched in one of the niches beside a bronze figure, and waited, his heart beating violently. The noise was not repeated, and presently he emerged from his concealment, finished his ascent, and crept along the upper hall to the door of his room.

He unlocked his door as silently as possible, and entered his apartment.

Not until his door of slate was again locked, and he was safe within his great, dark chamber did he breath freely.

He dared not turn up his light. He undressed in the dark, hiding his clothes in the depths of his wardrobe. His linen slippers were damp. If he had had a fire he would have burned them. As he had no fire, he laid them upon a table where he would be sure to see them in the morning, when he could examine them.

He sat down again by the window and listened intently.

No sound of life came from the broad verandas, or the rooms opening upon them.

His soul swelled with his wicked exultation. A great and evil contentment filled his being.

'There is nothing like taking the bull by the horns,' he thought. 'An hour ago I was in all the horror and agony of a threatened exposure. Now I am safe. All is changed. The obstacle that stood in my way is removed. So much for readiness of wit, coolness and courage. I had a narrow escape, but I have saved myself.'

No remorse disturbed him. He rejoiced in his new security, crime won though it was. He forgot that 'Justice never sleeps,' and that sooner or later, in this world or in the beyond, he would receive the reward he merited.

For hours he sat thus, thinking often of the body of the unfortunate sailor, picturing it in his mind, bumping against rocks, crashing through rapids, and borne onward by the resistless mountain torrent as it aped upon its swift descent to the sea. He could not sleep; still he went to bed at an early hour of the morning, that his couch might not give evidence of his night's unrest.

At the usual hour he arose, summoned Jock, who was his special private attendant, took his bath, and dressed himself in faultlessly white garments, with a half-blown rose at his buttonhole, and descended to the dining-saloon.

Mr. Heath was there in waiting. He greeted his supposed son somewhat coldly and gravely. A Kingston morning newspaper lay on his knees, but he had evidently not been reading.

Daskam made his apologies for not coming down upon the previous evening to meet Captain Bray, alleging illness as his excuse, and professing a great desire to see him.

'He will be down soon,' said the planter, somewhat softened by this explanation. 'I must tell you, Saul, that the captain was greatly hurt by your seeming indifference to his return, and to his escape from death by drowning,—He had told me a great deal about you during the evening. He thinks you the noblest man living.'

'I am much obliged to him for his good opinion,' responded Daskam.—'I always liked him, I'm sure. Did he speak of my poor cousin?'

The planter's face hardened a little. 'He did,' he answered, 'but, like every one else, he had little good to say of him. Gryle was peculiarly hard upon those he deemed his inferior, and such, I dare say, he considered Captain Bray.'

'Very likely,' said Daskam, his lips curling. 'Poor Gryle! He had no one in the world to speak a good word for him but me.'

'I wish you estimated him more according to his deserts, Saul,' said Mr. Heath, with a troubled look. 'I do not like to see this confidingness in one of your years. You ought to estimate men more according to their real value.'

'Possibly it is you and Bray and the rest who are wrong,' said Daskam, nettled in spite of himself at this unpleasant mention of him. 'Poor Gryle was good as I am, and it pains me to hear an ill word spoken of him. You do not blame him for my fault of his own, but on account of his father—'

'That would be unjust, my son, and I hope I am not that.' Aa a boy, Gryle was untruthful, dishonest, addicted to all petty, boyish vices. He was secret, and envious, and hateful, and I have often seen his eyes fixed upon you, Saul, in a look I did not like. Yet when you begged that he should accompany you to England and share your advantages, I could not refuse. For your sake, and for the sake of my dead sister, I did all I could for the lad. But his father was bad, and the son would have been bad also, if he had lived.'

'In what way was his father bad?'

'You know that he was a shrewd, dishonorable adventurer—a scoundrel. He won my young sister from us in a clandestine marriage. He hated me with a deadly hatred because I opposed the marriage, and, after it had taken place, refused to see him or give her any marriage portion. She had nothing in her own right, and I would not give my substance to enrich him, a pretty rascal. He hated me, as I said, and if he had lived, I am persuaded that he would have tried to do me an injury.'

'Do you think he is dead?'

'Yes, because he has never tried to work me harm, and because, also, he has never sent to inquire after his son, to my knowledge, or sought to regain possession of him. Hating me as he did, it is not likely that he would leave his son with me all these years a pensioner upon my bounty.'

Daskam finished and paced to and fro the room with a gloomy visage.

'Yes, he's dead!' he muttered. 'If he had been living, he would have been heard from!'

'It is strange that the captain does not come down,' said Mr. Heath. 'He is usually a very early riser. Can he have gone for a walk in the grounds?'

'It will be easy to inquire,' responded Daskam. 'He can't expect to keep us waiting his motions. I'll send a servant up to his room.'

He rang the bell, and dispatched a servant to Captain Bray's room, with the message that breakfast was ready: He acted his part well. Not a feature betrayed his knowledge that Captain Bray would not be found.

The servant returned with the tidings that the captain was not in his chamber, and that his bed had not been slept in.

The planter received this information in a genuine amazement. Daskam counterfeited a great surprise, and exclaimed:

'That's Captain Bray all over! He was angry because I did not come down to see him, and with his peculiar pride and obstinacy determined to take himself off to Kingston, rather than spend the night under the same roof that covered me.'

The black butler, who had now come in, stated that he had found the doors open that morning at dawn, and he had closed and locked them upon the previous evening.

'He's gone to Kingston!' reasserted Daskam, with a laugh. 'Dear old fellow! I'll get my breakfast, and ride down and find him. I'll bring him back to dinner.'

He took his seat at the table and helped himself to the viands.

Mr. Heath wglited to dispatch a mounted messenger to Kingston in search of Captain Bray, and then also took his place at the table.

The meal was eaten in silence. After breakfast the planter invited his supposed son to accompany him to the front veranda, which at that hour was especially quiet, the servants being occupied in other portions of the mansion.

'We shall see our friend the captain in the course of a couple of hours,' said Daskam, 'so I may as well forego my intended ride to Kingston. It's rather dull, isn't it?

'I wonder we don't hear from Miss Palm. A little flirtation and love-making would relieve the monotony wonderfully.'

'I don't admire your way of alluding to Miss Palm,' said the planter, gravely. 'In my day, gentlemen spoke of ladies in a somewhat different manner.'

'Times have changed since then,' said Daskam. 'As the lady is to be my wife, it can't matter how I speak of her—'

'She may not become your wife, Saul,' said Mr. Heath, with a rising sense of disgust, which he tried in vain to stifle. 'You forget that the lady is perfectly free to marry whom she will. Her father, who liked and admired you, said that he would be pleased if you and Miss Palm should learn to love each other, but he placed no restriction upon his daughter, rightly believing that her life is her own and that she must dispose of it to please herself.'

'Well, I wish she'd hurry up,' said Daskam. 'I am impatient to see her. If she's pretty and rich and good style, and all that sort of thing, a man might do worse than to marry her. I've seen some pretty girls at Kingston, heiresses, too, and if Miss Palm doesn't hasten I may console myself with a West Indian beauty.'

'Speaking of Kingston,' said Mr. Heath, with an effort, 'where were you last evening, Saul? You were out late!'

'I hope I'm not in leading strings,' declared Daskam, laughing. 'I was in town, and at the barracks. We had a capital time I can assure you.'

'Were you anywhere else than at the barracks?'

Daskam startled slightly, and regarded the grave yet kindly face of the planter with considerable keenness.

'Nowhere else, except at Mr. Darell's. I dined with him and his pretty daughter,' said Daskam. 'Miss Clemence was unusually gay. They spoke of you and wished you were there.'

'You dined with the Darrrells last evening?' ejaculated Mr. Heath, enunciating each word slowly and at intervals.

'Certainly. What of it?'

'At what hour?'

'Seven, of course. You seem surprised.'

'Very naturally,' said Mr. Heath, dryly 'Saul, do you declare to me on your word of honor that you dined with the Darrells yesterday evening?'

'I do; upon my word and honor, I dined with the Darrells. But why do you look so serious?'

'I may well look serious when my only son proves himself a liar!' cried the planter, sternly. 'To think that my son would be guilty of so low and despicable a crime as a lie!'

'A lie! This to me! What do you mean sir?'

'I mean that the Darrells dined with me at seven. Ask the footman, Mr. Heath.'

Daskam turned pale. He had not considered the possibility of such a thing.

'Mr. Darrell was paying a return of the ship Messenger as I was also. He was in the carriage with Captain Gray instead; and he brought the captain out to his house to dine. Clemence coming also. They remained until past nine o'clock.'

Daskam had not a word to say. His ready inventiveness failed him for once.

'It was not necessary that you should degrade yourself by a lie,' said Mr. Heath, still very gravely, and very sorrowfully. 'I know where you spent your evening, Saul. It was in the society of dissolute men, a clique of profligates who are a curse to the community, leading astray the sons of honorable men. You were with the Gaylers, the Carlings, and Reeds, at Mark's gambling house—'

'Who says so?' cried Daskam, fiercely (Jock!)

'Yes, Jock, poor Jock, who had no thought of injuring you, but who believed you, as a stranger in Kingston, led away by men of whose real character you had no idea.'

'It was Jock, then! That black rascal will think it a sorry day he learned to spy upon me!'

'Jock was not to blame, and you must not rebuke him for an act done, in all good heartedness, for your good,' said Mr. Heath, somewhat coldly.

'Well! I'm almost that,' said Daskam, angrily. 'I won't be spied upon by a servant!'

'We are straying from the point. My son, you are warned of the real characters of these new friends of yours. As your father and your friend, I tell you that you must not see them again.'

Daskam was about to reply when a great outcry was heard on the lawn. His heart almost stood still with sudden dread. Mr. Heath sprang up and turned the jalousie, looking out.

'It was Jock, who came rushing up to the veranda, shouting:

'Cap'n Bray is found, massa! Cap'n Bray is found!'

CHAPTER XVII.

MAKING AN ENEMY.

The announcement that Captain Bray had been found sent Daskam reeling back into the seat whence he had half arisen. He supposed naturally that Captain Bray's dead body had been discovered miles below Heath House, and that tidings of his discovery had been brought by some laborer on the estate or by the servant who had been sent to Kingston an hour before to find the captain.

But Mr. Heath, knowing nothing of the sinister events of the night, supposed that Captain Bray had been found alive, wandering in the grounds, or returning from Kingston. He greeted the news with a sigh of relief, and commanded Jock to come up into the veranda.

The black obeyed. He was all excitement, his eyes and teeth gleaming.

'Cap'n Bray is found, massa, he cried, breathlessly. 'He's down at Mort's.—He's done killed!'

'Killed!' ejaculated Mr. Heath, in incredulous horror.

'Done killed!' said Jock, his eyes rolling. 'Can't speak a word, on'y his heart jes beat dat's all. His eyes done shet, and his head and face dey look awful!'

'His heart beats!' cried the planter, utterly amazed at Jock's news. 'Why you said he was killed. What has happened? How came the captain at Mort's?'

'The cap'n mus' a gone out to walk by the ribber,' said Jock, giving the very explanation Daskam had hoped for and designed, 'and fell in, bumping his head on the rocks. His face and head all bruised awful. Mort he seed him in de early mornin' on de sho' of de Hurry by de cabin, and he took him in. He's laid ensensible ever since.'

'A strange accident,' said Mr. Heath. 'I must go to him immediately, and if he should be moved he must be brought here.'

In great excitement the planter ordered his favorite horse to be saddled for his own use, and dispatched a mounted messenger to Kingston for a surgeon, and then turned to his supposed son, exclaiming:

'I am going down to Mort's, Saul. If the captain can possibly be moved, I shall bring him back with me. You had better order the barouche to be sent down to me, as that will be easier for him than a litter.'

Mr. Heath hurried into the hall, not noticing the ghastly pallor of Daskam, or the baffled rage that glowed and burned in the villain's eyes.

The planter's horse was brought around, and the planter, in white linen garments and broad-brimmed Panama hat, came forth and mounted, riding away, followed by a mounted groom, his usual attendant.

For some minutes Daskam sat silent, all his evil emotions in full play. He could not believe that his two crimes were to avail him nothing. He was very sure that Captain Bray would never awake to consciousness. He had planted his blows with such care and precision as to have no doubt of their effect. But the fact that the captain's body had been found, and that his heart still beat, was sufficient to cause him serious uneasiness.

'Strange that the vital spark should linger until now,' he thought. 'He must be very tenacious of life. But he'll never open his eyes in consciousness again. He'll never speak. I'm perfectly safe!'

Yet the conviction that he was safe did not tend to quell the evil passions raging within him. Under his bland exterior dwelt a dark and savage soul, a fierce and brutal nature, a spirit that was wicked, petty and revengeful. His thoughts drifted from Captain Bray to Jock, and his face darkened. Springing up, he turned the jalousie and called out to the black, who was hovering about.

Jock came swiftly, his black face beaming. He had feared lest his young master should be angry with him for having informed Mr. Heath of Daskam's evil associations in Kingston, and he was not reassured now as the imposter fixed his flaming eyes upon him.

'Order the barouche,' said Daskam, harshly. 'And come with it to the door.'

He dismissed the servant by a gesture and gave himself up to brooding thoughts, from which he was aroused by the crash of wheels upon the drive.

The barouche was coming around from the stables. Daskam hurried up to his own rooms and presently re-appeared, decending the veranda steps, his face shaded by his panama hat. A black coachman sat upon the box, his long whip in hand. Jock and several other blacks were in waiting to see the young master depart, Jock half-expecting to be summoned to attend him.

Daskam's eyes gleamed with a cruel light. He reached up to the coachman, disarming the whip. It was given to him.

'Jock!' said he, sharply.

'Yes, sir,' answered Jock, hurrying to him.

The face Daskam turned upon the black was absolutely ferocious.

'I'll teach you to play the spy on me, you black hound!' he ejaculated. 'You won't tell lies about me any more, I think. Take that, and that, and that.'

He rained blows with the whip upon the astonished black, upon his face and neck, and his thinly covered body, raising welts with every blow. Jock endeavored to escape but in vain. Daskam was too quick and fierce for him.—The victim tried to protest, but the hissing of the lash, as it whirled through the air and gashed his body, continued mercilessly. Daskam flogged the poor fellow until his arm ached, and great stains of blood appeared on Jock's garment. Then the young villain 'kicked his victim, so that he fell prostrate, handed up the whip to the astonished coachman and climbed into his seat in the barouche.

There was a mocking, savage smile on his face, as he looked upon poor Jock and the group of amazed and gaping servants.

'Let that be a warning to you all!'—he said, coolly. 'I'll serve any and all of you the same way, if you spy on me, or lie about me. Driver, go on. To Mort's you know.'

The whip cracked and the spirited team started down the drive.

Jock picked himself up and glared after the departed carriage, shaking his fist in menace after his persecutor.

'Treats me as if I was a slave! Flog me! Flog me! If he ten times Mass' Saul I'll be even with him for dis. Spy? I will be spy. I dog him like hound. I watch him. Some day he be sorry for dis floggin.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chip Basket.

In England there is one soldier to every 229 inhabitants; in Russia, to 77; in Holland, to 142; in Austria, to 118.

There are in Europe and America about 50,000 women who belong to the Order of the Sisters of Charity.

On June 25th, there were owned in England 1,374,576 horses, 5,847,802 cattle, 28,172,951 sheep, and 2,293,630 pigs.

One of the discoveries made by the latest Arctic explorers is that the length of the polar night is one hundred and forty-two days.

During the seventy-two years' existence of the British Bible Society it has issued 76,489,723 books, at the cost of £7,943,914, 16s, 3d.

The Afreeders, one of the East Indian tribes, are becoming troublesome, and it is probable that an expedition will be despatched to reduce them to submission.

The Paris police have just been armed with a small but powerful little lamp, which they conceal under the overcoat but by whose aid they can instantly throw a blinding light on objects and identify offenders.

The $25,000 of unexpended surplus of the vote of $100,000 for the Philadelphia Exhibition has been devoted to the purposes of Canadian representation at the New South Wales Exhibition.

The Minnesota law of 1873, requiring each liquor dealer to pay annually $10 for the establishment and maintenance of an inebriate asylum, has been decided to be constitutional, being in the nature of a regulation of the traffic, and not levying a tax for revenue.

Eleven women and twenty one men students at the School of Medinel and Technical Institute in St. Petersburg, have been arrested for shouting "Liberty," and unfurling a red flag bearing the inscription "Union and Liberty," at a service in the Kazan Church.

The city of Tokio, in Japan, was visited on the 29th ult, by a disastrous fire, which destroyed sixty-five streets, containing twelve five thousand houses. Fifty persons are believed to have perished in the flames.

Vermont's new liquor law provides that every place where liquor is sold as a beverage shall be declared a common nuisance, and the keeper shall be fined $200 or less, besides being forbidden to re-occupy the premises until he gives bonds not to offend again.

A proposition has been made by wealthy capitalists of Europe to the Italian Government to cover the entire excavated town of Pompeii with a roof of iron and glass. The buildings are now crumbling, and the frescoes are becoming ruined by exposure to the weather.

English papers tell of a sea captain, recently arrived from Bombay, who saved his vessel during a hurricane of two day's duration by filling two canvas bags with oil, puncturing each slightly, and towing them astern. The oil spread slowly over the water. The huge waves spent their force at some distance, and around the ship was a large space of calm water.

Moses Magruder, son of the reputed original of *Uncle Tom* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and himself a negro of some note, chiefly on account of his age, 106 years, died at Indianapolis on the 29th ult. He was formerly a servant of Gov. Noah Noble, and, before purchasing his freedom, was bought and sold on the block thirty times.

The report of the United States Secretary of the Navy shows that the navy consists of 146 vessels with a tonnage of 150,157 tons, carrying 1,142 guns; of this number 123 have steam power, and 40 are built of iron. Of this number 75 are in active service, 4 preparing for sea, and 16 are entirely unfit for service.

A conference of South London clergy was held in Lambeth Palace Library recently, for the purpose of taking steps to organize a Special South London Temperance movement in April next. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, supported by the Lord Bishop of Guildford, and the rural deans of Rotherhithe, Clapham, &c. About sixty clergy attended the conference, and the dates of the South London Temperance movement were fixed to extend from April 14th to 21st, both days inclusive. An influential committee has been appointed, and both the Bishops of London and Winchester have given their sanction to the movement.

The direction of the Bureau Verista has just published the following statistics of maritime disasters reported during the month of October, 1876, concerning all flags: Sailing vessels reported lost—55 English, 20 American, 15 French, 13 German, 12 Norwegian, 5 Danish, 5 Spanish, 5 Swedish, 4 Italian, 2 Austrian, 2 Dutch, 2 Portugues, 2 Russian, 1 Brazilian, 1 Greek, and 11 of which the nationality is unknown; total, 155. In this number are included 6 vessels reported missing. Steamers reported lost—9 English, 2 American, 1 German, 1 French, and 1 of which the