Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 40. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1496.

The Huron Signal,
(ESTABLISHED 1848,)
One of the Largest Papers published in Canada,
is printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every
WEDNESDAY MORNING,
at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by
ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

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Office and residence, West Street, three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-ly

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SURGEON DENTIST,
CLINTON, ONT.

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Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
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Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c;&c., Goderich, Ont. 1340-ly

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

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DR. CAMPBELL.
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 143

Cameron & McFadden.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON W. H. McFADDEN.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR-in-Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1372

Sinclair Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. Sinclair. C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade.
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

W. R. SQUIER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1353

GARROW & WALKER
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, &c. Office on West St. opposite the Post Office.
J. T. GARROW. P. F. WALKER.

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING Office—Over G. Parsons' Hardware store, Acheson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1493

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

CHAS. J. WILSON,
BAYFIELD, ONT.
COMMISSION AGENT AND ACCOUNTANT. Any commissions promptly attended to. 1443-1y

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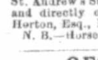
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich
1432-ly

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. Office over F. Jordan's Drug Store, Goderich. 1307-ly.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

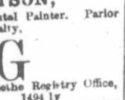
J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE,
St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

GEORGE LEMON,
VETERINARY SURGEON, GODERICH,
Of 19 years practice.

GRADUATE of the Colleges of Lexington, Kentucky, and Toronto, has opened an Office at Elijah Martin's Colborne Hotel, where he can at all times be consulted, night or day, on all diseases of Horses and Cattle. 1444 ly

PATENTS
For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest, Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees reasonable.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON,
Barristers, &c.
1441-1y Goderich

RESTAURANT.


JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUITS, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c.
in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

E. R. WATSON,
HORSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Parlor Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING
GILDING
GLAZING
Shop on North Street opposite the Registry Office, Goderich. 1494 1y

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich. Nov. 23, 1874. 1449-1yr

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Business College.
Re-opens Monday, Jany. 4th, 1875.
Scholarships issued for three, six and twelve months good in Montreal and andthroughout the United States.
Address, ODELL & TROUT, Toronto

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G.R.C., A.F. & A.M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw73-1y

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$25,000
TO Loan on FARM or TOWN property at 7 per cent. Apply to
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Oct. 5th, 1871. 411f Goderich.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS, Agent at Goderich.
Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTSON,
Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies.
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 26th 1870. s36-1y.

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 $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION.
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.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL.
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
Favorite route for Tourists.
Finest approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,
CABINS—$65, $75 & $80—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1469 Goderich

CANADA
Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

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 or City 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,
1317 Market Square, Goderich.

Artificial Stone.
The subscribers 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, opposite Neibergall's Salt Works, 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,
1473-3m Goderich, Ont.

NEW DOMINION BAKERY,
on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door to the
FIREMAN'S HALL,
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS 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

$50 to $10,000
HAS been invested in Stock Privileges and paid
900 per cent. PROFIT.
"HOW TO DO IT!"
A Book on Wall Street. Sent Free.
TUMBRIDGE & CO.,
Bankers and Brokers,
1479 3m 2 Wall St., N. Y.

Shirts Ready Made
OR MADE TO ORDER,
AT retail rates. Fancy and plain machine and hand sewing to order.
MRS. LEFLER,
West street
1451-1yr A few doors west of Wellington

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER-HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer, Whitewashing done on shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street. 1450-1yr

Goderich & Kincardine

MARBLE WORKS.
HEADSTONES,
HOUSE TRIMMINGS,
MONUMENTS.
And work of all kinds in Marble designed and executed in the best style and at most reasonable prices.
MARBLE MANTLES
KEPT IN STOCK.
GRANITE MONUMENTS,
AND
HEADSTONES.
Imported to order.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
SCOTT & VANSTONE.
1482-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Fall & 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, Oct. 13, 1875. 1496

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 work.
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, 1875. 1468-1yr

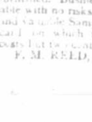
Something New

ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place. McIntosh's Gun-shop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

BELL FOUNDRY.
ESTABLISHED IN 1860.
Bells from 45 lbs. to 700 lbs.
For Farm, School, Town and Church purposes with steel springs in the larger sizes.
5000 BELLS NOW SOLD
Encourage home manufacture. All bells warranted for one year. Send for Catalogue.
L. JONES & Co.,
453-1yr Markham, On

Variety is my Motto!
STOVES, STOVES,
Plain and fancy
TINWARE
Coal Oil, Lamps, Brackets, Chandeliers Hall Lamps, &c.
All kinds of Tin Work executed with neatness and despatch and satisfaction guaranteed. Also on hand a large assortment of
Toys and Fancy Goods
Wall Papers, Window Blinds &c.
Which will be sold out at cost to make room for spring importations. You can procure anything and everything at
SAUNDERS' VARIETY STORE,
Crabb's Block Market Square, Goderich.

PSYCHOMANCY,
OR SOUL CHARMING.
How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This art all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cts together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc. 1,000,000 sold. A queer book. Address,
T. WILLIAM & Co. Publishers,
Philadelphia.
1467 1yr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Men or women. $34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable with no risks. A 16 page circular and valuable Samples free. ☞ A postal card on which to send your address costs but two cents. Write at once to
F. M. REED, 8TH ST., NEW YORK

Poetry.

Kissing for the Children.

Kisses in the morning
Make the day seem bright,
Filling every corner
With a gleam of light;
And what happiness he misses
Who, affection's impulse scorning,
Departs, and gives no kisses
To the children in the morning.

Many think it folly;
Many say it's bliss;
Very much depending
On whose lips you kiss!
But the truth I am confessing,
And I'd have you all take warning,
If you covet any blessing,
Kiss the children in the morning!

Kisses in the evening,
When the lights are low,
Set two hearts a-dancing
With affection's glow.
And the angels swarm in numbers
Round the pillow they are pressing,
Who are wooed to peaceful slumbers
By a dear one's fond caressing.

Kisses in the morning
Are not out of place;
Kisses in the evening
Have a special grace;
And it seems to me that this is
For indulgence lawful reason;
Sweetest tulips—I mean kisses,
Ye are never out of season!

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A Domestic Story.

(CONTINUED).

The good-natured widow was so genuinely distressed, that Frank scarcely knew how to add to her vexations; but it was absolutely necessary, and laying before her the note he had found, he simply related the circumstances under which it came into his possession.

Mrs. Carroll, whom his gravity had alarmed, did not view the communication in as serious a light as he had expected she would.

"The silly child did not know, till I talked to her last night, that she did wrong in asking favours in this way. She told me that she had been requesting Lord Glanore's aid for some poor family near her aunt's. You need not feel uneasy about this affair, Mr. Dalton, I'll send for Kathleen, and she shall explain it to you herself."

Mrs. Carroll certainly imagined that she was telling Frank the precise truth, and ringing the bell with alacrity, she chatted on other topics, till the servant sent to convey her message returned.

Miss Sidney was lying down; she had a headache, and would feel obliged if Mr. Dalton would call on the morrow, when she hoped to be able to see him.

"I'll not let a pain in her head be a sufficient excuse for keeping you in suspense another twenty-four hours, Mr. Dalton," said the widow, with more determination than she generally exercised. "I'll go to Kathleen myself, and insist upon her seeing you at once."

"Although unwilling to distress her, I shall be eternally grateful if you will prevail upon her to see me," the young man exclaimed. "Remind her that Rosamond's happiness is involved as well as mine in the mystery with which she surrounds her actions."

"You may depend upon me for saying all that is right and necessary." And Mrs. Carroll hastened away.

Frank thought she would never come back, so long were the minutes that intervened before her returning footstep was heard on the stairs. He listened intently. She came alone, and the hopes he had begun to entertain fled. Nor was her countenance a reassuring one. Kathleen had declared herself incapable of the effort of coming down; and when it was urged upon her, had become so hysterical, that Mrs. Carroll, though unwillingly, had been obliged to yield the point. She had, however, insisted that the weeping girl should fix an hour for the interview she had promised to grant her disappointed lover on the morrow.

Frank said something about seeking Lord Glanore, and wresting an explanation from him; but this Mrs. Carroll assured him would be impossible.

"Lord Glanore told me last night that he intended starting for England at an early hour this morning, and my servants saw his carriage, loaded with luggage, pass the windows hours ago."

"I am sorry to hear it," Frank muttered.

"And I rejoice that he is out of your reach. You must not forget, Mr. Dalton, that any quarrel between you and his lordship will compromise Kathleen's reputation. Even if she were guilty of a silly flirtation with a gay, thoughtless, man, you are too right-minded to wish to inflict a serious injury upon her?"

This was true, and Frank consented to wait as patiently as he could for the promised conference, which must either clear away all his doubts, or so confirm them that he would be compelled to bid Kathleen farewell for ever. He went home, to relieve Rosamond's uneasiness a little by his report of what Mrs. Carroll had said; and too restless to settle down to reading or painting, he mounted his horse, and rode away from the gay, bustling city, to which he did not return till the evening closed in.

He had left the tired animal at the stables, and was sauntering slowly towards his own dwelling, when he met Major Colbye; coming upon him so suddenly that, in spite of his unwillingness to enter into conversation, he was unable to avoid a civil greeting.

The lazy exquisite was looking exceedingly bored.

"How do, Dalton? Are you, like myself, trying hard to get rid of the hours between this and bed-time? It's a fatiguing task! I don't know whether I wouldn't sooner groom my own horse or brush my own hair."

"How is it that you, who boast of being able to extract amusement from every one's peculiarities, are at such a loss for pastime?" Frank inquired.

The Major did not choose to say that he had just called at Mrs. Carroll's, and after being told that the ladies were not at home, had been tantalized with a vision of Norah's bright face at an upper window openly watching his departure.

"Because I feel too idle just now to go in search of any one to quiz," he answered, with a yawn. "Dublin grows flat, stale and unprofitable. I'm half inclined to go with Glanore to London; that is, if he does not start too early in the morning. It's such a martyrdom swallowing one's breakfast in a hurry, and putting one's boots on before it has digested. Yes, I think I'll go; it will save me my travelling expenses, if I travel with him, and the change will revive me."

"Your resolution comes too late," Frank told him. "The Viscount quitted Ireland this morning."

"Then he left his wraith behind him," was the Major's cool response. "For I saw him not an hour ago."

"Are you sure of this?" queried his hearer, doubtfully.

"Am I sure of my own existence? Yes."

"Did you address him?" was the next question.

"No; for he was not alone. A lady, closely veiled, was on his arm; and as they both of them seemed disposed to shirk me, I made myself agreeable by crossing the street, and getting out of their way."

There was something so odd in this statement, coming upon Mrs. Carroll's assurance that Lord Glanore had left Dublin in the morning, that Frank, whom every little circumstance now rendered suspicious, mused awhile, and then asked, "Where did you encounter Glanore?"

"At the top of Barrel, or Verrall, street. Do you know it? And what makes you so inquisitive about our friend's movements? By Jove, it wasn't that pretty little cousin, or ward, of Mrs. Carroll's, who hung on his arm so confidingly, was it?"

Frank evaded replying, but his veins swelled to bursting as he thought that it might be as the Major had suggested. All the miserable thoughts he had been trying to subdue came back to torture him; and unable to endure any companionship at such a moment, he contrived an excuse for hurrying away.

He could not present himself before Rosamond till he could meet her with a smile, so he walked up one street and down another, till he found himself in the vicinity of the hotel where Lord Glanore had resided. Here he could ascertain which of the tales he had heard was correct; and striding up the steps, he interrogated the civil porter.

"Lord Glanore? His lordship had left for England only that morning. Would he like to have the address in London, to which all letters were to be forwarded? No; he was quite sure that the Viscount went in the morning, for one of their men had gone to assist in putting the luggage on board the steamer."

Then Major Colbye was mistaken, and he had been wronging Kathleen by supposing that at the very time she denied herself to *him*, she was holding a clandestine meeting with a successful rival.

Blaming himself for attaching any importance to the rambling statements of the careless Major, Frank went home, sufficiently relieved in mind to listen with outward composure while Rosamond talked hopefully of what the morrow was to bring forth.

"I am not sorry Miss Delany is coming to Dublin," she said. "Our too timid Kathleen will be obliged to decide between her aunt and her lover, and there is very little doubt as to which way the scale will turn. Then, dear Frank, while you and your bride indulge in a trip to Paris, Ailie and I will go home and make ready for your return. If all goes well, we shall be a happy quartette round the fire this winter."

"*If*," Her voice faltered a little as she uttered the ominous word; but she steadied it again, and contrived to preserve her cheerful demeanour till they parted for the night.

Frank went to his room, but not to rest. Lighting a cigar, he flung open the window, and smoked at it till far into the night. He felt too excited, too anxious for sleep. His connexion with Kathleen had been a romantic one from the commencement, but the love she had inspired was none the less deep and enduring. To be obliged to suspect her of deceit was torture; and his mental sufferings, as he pictured her listening to and believing in the treacherous Viscount, drove him almost to madness.

At last, dressed as he was, he flung himself on his bed, and slept the heavy, unrefreshing sleep of exhaustion, till the light touch of Rosamond's fingers on his forehead aroused him.

"Is it so late?" he exclaimed, glancing at the sun, which was high in the heavens.

"Yes; but I would not have aroused you, if it had not been absolutely necessary. Mrs. Carroll has sent to entreat you to go to her immediately."

He sprang up, and his eyes began to question his sister's pale and troubled face.

"Kathleen—does it concern *her*? Is she ill, or—or—"

"Indeed, dear Frank, I don't know anything. I could not ask the servant his mistress's reasons for wishing to see you, although quite as eager to know them as you are."

That was too true to be gainsaid; so Frank made a hasty toilette, and, swallowing a cup of coffee, to satisfy Ailie Brean, he hurried to Mrs. Carroll's residence.

CHAPTER XXX.

TAUNTED.

The first person Frank encountered on arriving at Mrs. Carroll's abode was Miss Delany. She had arrived on the previous night and came forward as soon as he was shown into the room where she sat, looking as hard, grim, and vindictive as ever.

"You need not waste civil speeches upon me, Mr. Dalton," she said, when the young man politely greeted her. "Those who tell unwelcome truths are generally disliked; and you will not regard me any the more favourably for having proved a true prophetess."

"I do not remember the particular prophecy to which you seem to be referring, madam," the young man coldly replied: "but I will not trouble you to repeat it. If it was an unkind one, it is better forgotten."

Miss Delany bit her lip.

"I'm glad to find you so philosophical. It is not often that a gentleman who has wasted his time and affections on a worthless girl bears the discovery of her ingratitude with such fortitude."

Still Frank maintained his cool, collected manner.

"If you are speaking of Kathleen Sidney, it seems necessary to remind you that she is the daughter of your own sister, and that her youth and orphan condition gives her an additional claim on your affection."

Miss Delany clenched her hands. The tone he had taken rendered her furious, and she burst into a tirade of invectives.

"*Sister*, said you? She was no sister to me, when her childish ways and affectation of gentleness and sweetness won from me the heart of the only man I ever cared for. Was it not enough that she should beguile his affections from me, that she must come back and burden me with her child? If Kathleen had looked like her father, I might have loved her for his sake; but she has her mother's eyes, and they keep wrongs always in my memory."

"This stern, unlovely woman had not been always the cold, emotionless creature she was now. At another time Frank might have felt some sympathy with her; but he was defending the cause of Kathleen, whose only sin against her aunt was her unfortunate resemblance to her maternal parent.

"Miss Delany, you *must* see the uselessness of reverting to the past, and punishing an innocent girl for the faults others have committed against you. Besides, I have no wish to intrude myself into your family affairs. I am here at the request of Mrs. Carroll; in what way can I serve her?"

"In none. She is hysterical, and keeps her room. She merely thought it would be right to let you know that the *innocent girl*, has fled from her house."

Frank was startled, but he did not let the cruel eyes of Miss Delany detect it.

"I understand. Afraid to encounter you, she has sought an asylum elsewhere?"

"Yes, sir, in the arms of another lover," was the malicious retort. "As Kathleen had not been made acquainted with my intended visit, I may be permitted to doubt whether it was my coming that drove her away."

"Why, then, did she go?" gasped Frank, beginning to connect her flight with Major Colbye's story.

"Some time yesterday evening. She retired to her room at a very early hour, alleging great fatigue, and has been seen no more, except by one of the servants, who met her, veiled, with a travelling bag in her hand, stealing out of the house by a side door."

Frank blindly put out his hand for something to sustain him. It was grasped by Norah, who had just opened the door, and flew to his aid as soon as she saw his condition.

"Is this true?" he faintly murmured, as he dropped helplessly into the chair she gave him.

"I am afraid so," she answered, with reluctance; "but I cannot understand it, Kathleen was purity itself. She must be his wife, or else he has bewitched her!"

"What is to be done?" Frank said, presently, after a struggle for composure, which Norah watched with pitying interest, and Miss Delany with something like shame for her abrupt revelation.

"Nothing!" answered the harsh voice of the latter. "She has chosen her path—let her follow it; the thorns that lurk in it will be her punishment."

The young man cast upon her an indignant look.

"So young, so friendless! No, no; she shall be saved, if my prayers, my entreaties can effect it! She shall not be left in the power of a villian without an effort being made for her rescue. Norah, will you go with me to fetch her back?

"I forbid it—I forbid it!" screamed Miss Delany. "No slur shall be cast on my niece's reputation through the conduct of this girl, whom I repudiate. I forbid any further intercourse with her!"

Norah glanced scornfully at her selfish relative, ere she answered Frank.

"I would go with you, Mr. Dalton, but I cannot leave Dublin just at present. Will not Mrs. Brean be your companion? Kathleen loves and respects her, and the good old lady would be more likely to exercise wholesome influence over my poor foolish cousin than I should."

Frank nodded.

"I will think of this. Give me what information you have gleaned, and let me go. There is no time to be lost."

Norah had nothing to tell beyond what he had already heard. Kathleen had left the house prepared for a journey, but which way she went, and who was her companion, no one was able to say. Still, having once ascertained that her companion was Lord Glanore, it would be difficult to trace the route they had taken. London, or its environs, was undoubtedly their destination, and there he determined to seek them.

Mrs. Carroll, learning that Frank was in the house, slipped on her dressing-gown, and came down just in time to intercept him in the hall, on his way to the outer side. A few words from Norah acquainted her with his intentions.

"Heaven for ever bless you, my dear Mr. Dalton!" she sobbed. "You are acting nobly in trying to save this poor, unhappy child from the evils that she is hastening to. Don't let your good intentions be foiled by one refusal, but bring her back to me, even if it is by force. I will not close my doors against her; and, by-and-by, she will learn to thank you for her rescue."

"I'll do my best," said Frank, hoarsely, with his hand on the door. He was suffocating, and longed to be alone. But still Mrs. Carroll detained him.

"As for that bad, bad man, leave him to his Maker. Poor, pretty Rosamond! I wish I'd never persuaded her to listen to him. You'll want money, Mr. Dalton; here's a cheque."

But Frank, unable to hear more, had dashed away; and the kind-hearted widow, with the help of Norah's arm, went back to her chamber. She could not endure the presence of Miss Delany, whose malicious triumph in her friend's discomfiture made her positively hateful.

Inquiries among the carmen and on the quay elicited the fact that Lord Glanore's valet and luggage left for England by the first packet, and some declared that his lordship certainly went too. But others were equally positive that he did not depart till the evening, when a lady, young and beautiful, accompanied him. From these discrepant statements, Frank came to the conclusion that the Viscount had remained hidden at Verrall street till Kathleen was able to join him; and in this idea he was confirmed by the discovery that the lady had been heard to call her male companion by the name of Tresilian.

When Frank went home to acquaint Rosamond with his determination to follow the fugitives, he found her and Ailie making preparations for a journey.

"Norah has been here," his sister explained. "She came to bring you a pocket-book from Mrs. Carroll, and from her I have learned all that has happened. Don't look so troubled for me," she added, proudly. "I shall not find it difficult to forget one who has never really loved me. Let us speak and think only of Kathleen. Ailie is willing to be your companion, and I, Frank, I will not be left behind."

He began to expostulate. "It is not a fit errand for you to engage in; besides, I must travel fast, if I would overtake them."

"I will not be any incumbrance to you; and stay here quietly while you are risking health and strength—perhaps endangering your life—I cannot?"

"It is unkind to trammel me with such a caprice just now," Frank angrily remonstrated.

"It is no caprice," was the earnest reply, "and my woman's caprice may serve you more effectually than you seem to think. Dearest Frank, don't oppose my wish; I must accompany you?"

He guessed the motive which actuated her determination not to be left behind. She dreaded a hostile meeting would follow if he encountered Lord Glanore, and was ready to move heaven and earth to prevent a recontre, which, let it result how it might, would overwhelm her with misery.

Kissing her with even more than his customary tenderness, Frank put her aside, and went into his own room to write some letters. Satisfied that he would yield, Rosamond returned to her packing; but in a few minutes was startled by hearing her brother run down stairs and unclose the outer door. She flew to the window.

"He is gone, Ailie, gone! The thirst for vengeance is in his heart, and so he flies me! Oh, Glanore, heartless Glanore, what misery have you not wrought us all!"

(*To be Continued*).

Salt Mining at Goderich;

BEING, IN PART, THE RESULTS OF INVESTIGATION AND REPORTS BY SEVERAL AUTHORITIES, HAVING REGARD TO THE PRESENCE OF BEDS OF ROCK SALT AT GODERICH.

BY JOHN HY. HARDEN, M. E., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Chandron system was first applied at Peronne, in Belgium, and with the greatest success. Two wells were then sunk in Westphalia and two in the Moselle district with the same success. Subsequently deep pits were sunk at L'Hospital in pursuit of coal in a district previously almost closed to the shaft sinker by the enormous quantity of water encountered. The Kind-Chaudron system was used with perfect success to a depth of 160 metres. A sum of £240,000 had been expended in trying to sink two shafts close by on the old system. Those sunk by Mr. Chaudron cost £35,000, their diameters being 8 and 13½ feet, time occupied in sinking 2½ years.

THE OPERATION.

Nearly all the operations by this process are performed from the surface. A boring is first made through the strata by one or more tools provided with chisels, which act on the Chinese system before alluded to. The tool, after being lifted up by suitable apparatus for a height of one or two feet falls down and crushes the rock. These tools are of a width corresponding with the diameter of the boring to be made, and when the boring is of a large diameter a small central boring is first made, after which the boring is enlarged by means of tools having a larger diameter, with a number of chisels at each end and a projecting guide in the middle, passing into the central boring previously formed by the smaller tool, and which serves as a guide. The boring with the smaller tool is always kept in advance of the larger boring, that the debris from the latter shall always fall into the former, and for this purpose the cutters of the enlarging tools are arranged on the slope in the form of an inverted cone. In the smaller boring may be suspended a metal receptacle, into which the debris falls, and which is withdrawn when full, or, as the work proceeds, the clearing of the debris may be effected as usual by means of an open cylinder, closed at the bottom by valves opening inwards, so that by working such cylinder up and down at the bottom of the boring the debris is made to enter and is then raised to the surface.

Of the advantages of the system we shall leave Engineers to judge for themselves, simply reminding them that this invention has been well tested with great success.

Talmage's Tabernacle.

THE TAPS OF A BELL, THE MUSIC OF A CORNET, AND THE OPENING PANELS OF AN ORGAN.

A clear-toned little bell, out of sight somewhere in the Rev. Dr. Talmage's pulpit, in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was tapped once at half-past ten o'clock yesterday morning. This was the usual signal for the appearance of the organist, and he at once entered through an opening in the immense organ. The broad, high front of this organ forms the back of the pulpit, and faces the people as they sit in the rising tiers of pews.—There are seats for 3,700 persons, without crowding or filling the aisles, and none were vacant, although it was raining. The organist took his seat at the keyboard under the front of the pulpit. After a brief pause the bell struck twice, and then he began to play a solo. A little later the bell rang three times, and another panel in the organ opened quickly, and Mr. Talmage stepped out on the platform. The panel shut behind him, and, as it could not be distinguished from the others, the effect of the pastor's entrance was that of a trick in a pantomime. He seated himself and bowed his head in silent prayer, the music of the organ continuing. Next Arbuckle, the cornet player, stood on a pedestal close in front of the pulpit, put his bright silver horn to his mouth, and waved his right hand after the manner of an orchestra leader. The congregation arose at the signal, and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The Tabernacle has no choir. The blare of the cornet leads the congregational singing, and the powerful notes of the organ accompany it. The effect upon a stranger is repellant at first. The exhibition is theatrical, and unlike anything that he has previously seen in a house of prayer. The sound of the cornet rises loud, clear, and melodious above the thousands of voices, keeping them together as perhaps they could be kept in no other way; and the great organ's roar blends and expands the volume. The aggregate of sound is enormous, and the weakest voiced worshipper, who would not attempt to hum "Yankee Doodle" by himself, opens his mouth as wide as anybody and fancies he is rendering the Doxology in deep, accordant bass. It is only when his squeak inadvertently runs beyond the rear at the end of a line, that he becomes conscious of his mistake

Mr. Talmage recited the Lord's Prayer and read a passage of Scripture; and then a hymn was sung, with Mr. Arbuckle again on the pedestal. Among the minister's ensuing announcements was an appeal for support for his newspaper, the *Christian at Work*, and for the *Daily Witness*, which, he said, had nearly come to a stand still.

"This world," he said, "will be chiefly saved through a purified public press. So many of the newspapers are baneful in their influence that we cannot afford to let the *Witness* stop. I hope you will not only take the *Christian at Work* yourselves, but will buy copies and distribute them. The mission of the *Witness* is to spread religion daily, and I hope some of our wealthy men will go over to New York to-morrow and aid it substantially."

Mr. Arbuckle played again—a solo of plaintive sweetness and coaxing smoothness—while a collection was being made.

Mr. Talmage's sermon was next delivered. He had advertised Moody and Sankey as a topic. He said that a great reformation was needed in this country; that sixty thousand preachers and forty thousand churches were waiting, while sin was going on and souls were passing unprepared into eternity. "And for whom are we waiting?" he asked. "For Moody and Sankey."—At that there was applause. "I hail them to America," with animation "to the hearts and homes of a Christian people. Hail, thrice honored apostles! Oh, may the first city they strike be Brooklyn!"—*Exchange*

A Mouse Catching Baby.

A letter from Erie, Penn., to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* contains the following curious story: A singular phenomenon is just now creating a sensation a few miles south of this city, in the shape of a mouse-catching infant, surpassing in expertness the agility of the best canine or feline mouser in the country. The report of this singular freak of nature reached me so well authenticated that I concluded to gratify my curiosity. The little girl in question is a trifle over a year old, and can just begin to run about the house and yard. The moment she wakes and gets out of her crib she goes to the old kitchen fireplace, which is infested with a species of small house mice, and sits down by a hole in the corner very much like a cat, with her eyes intently fixed on the burrow. She sometimes occupies this position for an hour without moving, till a mouse makes its appearance, when, by a sudden start, apparently without any effort, she seizes her victim by the neck. As soon as her prize is secured she seems to be electrified with joy, and trembles from head to foot uttering a kind of wild murmur or growl, resembling the half-suppressed snarl of a wild cat. On arriving at the house and making known the object of my visit, the mother expressed her willingness to give me an exhibition of the strange peculiarity of the baby providing I would promise not to make their names public, as she seemed to dread the notoriety already given to the affair. The babe was asleep when I arrived, and on awaking she started at once on her strange mission. She is a beautiful little blonde, of delicate features and bright, blue eyes, and her hair lies all lies over her head in golden curls. There is nothing unusual about the countenance of the child, or different from that of any pretty-featured baby, except while stalking her game. Then her eyes become glistening and fixed, sparkling like gems, and her face and hands turn pale as wax, while she appears to hear or notice nothing going on around her, but keep her eyes steadily centred on the burrow whence she expects her game to sally forth. The mother, an older sister of the child, and myself sat in a semi circle around her. During that half hour we neither moved nor spoke above a whisper, when suddenly, like the springing of a trap, the little thing's hand went down on the hearth, followed by the fine squeak of the mouse, and that strange, low growl and singular tremor of the body of the child. As usual, she held the mouse by the neck in her right hand, while it squirmed desperately to get away. She then pressed it up against her bosom and felt of it gently and softly with her other hand; then would dexterously change hands, carefully keeping her grip on the neck to avoid its bite, though her mother told me she had been frequently bitten, and while sensitive to pain, and crying at the least ordinary hurt, she never was seen to wince or show the least pain from the bite of a mouse. I examined her fingers, and found them scarred in many places where she had been bitten. I tried to realize how the feat had been accomplished, but it was done so suddenly that there was no time to analyze it. Yet I was assured by the family, who had taken frequent observation, that the mouse when once out its hole seems to become charmed or magnetized, and has no power, or at least shows no disposition to escape till caught, when it is too late. If any one approaches the child to take the mouse away from her, she will utter a shrill scream, and then try to conceal her prize by putting it into her mouth.

How Messages are Sent by the Ocean Cable.

He (the ocean telegraph operator) taps the "key" as in a land telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet used is substantially like the Morse alphabet; that is, the different letters are represented by a combination of dashes and dots. For instance, suppose you want to write the word "boy."—It would read like this: "— . . . — — — — . — —" B is one dash and three dots; O, three dashes; and Y, one dash, one dot, and three dashes. Now, in the land telegraph, the dashes and the dots would appear on the strip of paper at the other end of the line, which is unwound from a cylinder, and perforated by a pin at the end of the bar or armature. If the operator could read by sound, we would dispense with the strip of paper, and read the message by the "click" of the armature as it is pulled down and let go by the electro-magnet.

The cable operator, however, has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no "click" of the armature, no armature to "click." The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished scale produced by the "deflection" of a very small mirror, which is placed within a "mirror galvanometer," which is a small brass cylinder two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, composed of several hundred turns of small wire wound with silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a bundle of new rope, a small hole being left in the middle about the size of a common wooden pencil. In the centre of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror about as large as a kernel of corn, with a correspondingly small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but a little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk, much smaller than a human hair and almost invisible. A narrow horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box two or three feet in front of the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the centre of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind said scale, the little mirror in turn reflecting the light back upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is the index by which all messages are read.—The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself; and it is, therefore, really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length without weight.

To the casual observer there is nothing but a thin ray of light, darting to the right and left with irregular rapidity; but to the trained eye of the operator every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus, the word "boy," already alluded to, would be read in this way:—One flash to the right, and three to the left, is B. Three flashes to the right is O. One to the right, one to the left, and two more to the right is Y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators wonderfully expert in their profession, and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and as accurately as from a newspaper.—*Boston Herald.*

A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, Sir." "Well what is it?" "I know him very well by sight, Sir—but rat me if I can remember his name."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there?" said the boy; "'tain't nowhere else."

CANADIAN NEWS.

A hired girl of Mrs. Cossens', of Thornton, committed suicide on the 11th, by hanging herself in an outbuilding.

Lieut. Governor McDonald visited the Government institutions at Brantford and Guelph last week.

Three of the Toronto pilgrimage rioters were committed for trial on the 12th, and one was fined $40 and costs for carrying a revolver.

Geo. Stinson was instantly killed in Widder, on Friday, by the collapsing of his grain warehouse. Three other persons were badly injured.

Mr. Shelton Fuller's mare Golddust jumped clean over a buggy, which came suddenly on in her rounding a corner of one of the streets of Toronto, a few days ago.

K. Macaulay was brought before the Police Magistrate of Hamilton, on Friday morning on the charge of ravishing his daughter, aged fifteen. The prisoner was committed for trial.

The County Council of Lanark, on Friday, by a vote of twelve to six, threw out Mr. Fowler's by-law to grant a bonus of $200,000 to the Huron and Quebec Railway, by way of Lanark village. The bonus could not be carried unless the road goes by Perth.

A procession of the Father Matthew Temperance Society, numbering about 150, took place at Ireland, on the 12th. They entered the village about two p.m., in full regalia, headed by a temperance band from London, with flags and banners, and presented a creditable appearance.

A sad accident happened at Fetmosa, Ont., on the 13th. A farmer in the neighborhood, named Sebastian Lehman and his son John, 19 years old, were out in the field with their team. The horses took fright and ran away, throwing the son off the waggon and killing him instantly.

A special meeting of the County Council of Middlesex has been called to take into consideration the letter some time ago announced as having been received from the Provincial Secretary's office, which stated that unless the Council took immediate action in regard to the erection of a new jail, steps would be adopted to compel them to do so.

A novel shooting match took place at Burlington Heights, last week, between Mr. C. Cook, of Hamilton, and another gentleman. The arrangement was that both parties should throw twenty potatoes in the air, one at a time, and then shoot at them with an ordinary fowling-piece. Mr. Cook was defeated, his opponent hitting 19 potatoes out of 20.—This is more human than shooting at harmless pigeons, and when potatoes are so cheap as at present, is decidedly economical.

The canal which the Canal Company has been constructing for the past two and a half years through Lake Burwell and what is known as the drowned lands in the vicinity of Widder, was completed last week and the water of the Aux Sable turned into its new channel. The cutting is two and a half miles long, that, with Lake Burwell, making four miles of canal, whereas the river from the same point makes a detour of 25 miles. It claimed that this work reclaims 19,000 acres of land.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th, a woman named Simms, wife of a farmer, resident near McKim's saw mill, Township of Peel, committed suicide by hanging herself in the barn. The poor woman had been in a desponding state of mind, for nearly a year, and when her husband returned home from a threshing bee he found the body of his wife suspended by the neck as above described. The deceased was aged 46 years

The sharpers who infest the country, preying upon the unsuspecting farmers, have concocted another new scheme for victimizing the people. They pretend to be looking for stray animals. One gets a description of an estray horse taken up by a farmer, and claims the horse, giving the description of it as a proof that he owned and lost it. Usually he states that he is a long distance from home, and proposes to sell the animal for much less than its value, rather than be troubled to take it home. The farmer, unless unusually sharp, accepts the proposition and pays the money, when the scoundrel decamps.—*Home Journal*, St. Thomas.

A serious accident occurred last week on the works of the River Du Loup Railway Company at Tobique, N. B. The temporary railway bridge over the Tobique river broke down while four cars loaded with rails were being pushed over by a locomotive. The cars and locomotive fell to the river bed, 25 feet; the hands on the locomotive saved themselves by jumping off, but the men on the cars went down with the wreck. John McDonald was killed at once, and Conductor Weston, Daniel Babbitt, John Yerexa, Wm. Lawrence, and a man named Rushbrook received injuries. Babbitt has a thigh broken, and received injuries to the knee pan, and his face is much cut. Weston received severe injuries to the back. Yerexa lost two fingers, and is much bruised. Rushwood was severely bruised, and Lawrence had his collar bone broken. McDonald's body was found last night. This is the first train that has been driven across the structure by a locomotive, the construction cars having heretofore being pushed over singly by men.

The other day, Mr. George Welsh, of Dunwich, on behalf of his daughter aged eight years, brought a charge of rape against one Solomon Huntley, a young man of irreproachable character, and he was apprehended. Nothing was wanting to give effect to the accusation. The mother praying for vengeance on the injurer of her daughter, and the latter apparently at the point of death, both constituting a powerful appeal to magisterial tenderness. A number of witnesses were examined, in order to establish the charge, but the extreme illness of the child caused an adjournment of the Court to a succeeding day. The child's evidence was taken, but was of so contradictory a nature that but little weight could be attached to it. Dr. McGeachy was ordered to examine the girl, and in doing so, swore positively that the crime was not committed by the prisoner or any one else. The Bench, therefore, acquitted the accused. He was ably defended throughout by Colin Macdougall, Esq., of St. Thomas. It is generally looked upon as similar to the Konkle case, or in other words, one of conspiracy.

Toronto has already gained an unenviable notoriety for brutal assaults, and now it is actually becoming unsafe for any one to walk on the streets at so early an hour as 10 p. m. On the evening of the 11th inst., about that time, no less than four robberies and assaults were committed. In the first, Henry O'Brien was walking along Windsor street, when two men came stealthily up behind him, and seized hold of him, and secured his wrists. On his calling out they each drew a revolver and threatened to shoot him if he did not "hold his row." They then calmly rifled his pockets and made off. The second was on Yonge street. One Robert Stephens was returning home, when a man calling himself James Hutchinson stepped from the doorway of a building, and presenting a pistol, demanded his money. A policeman was near by, and seeing the performance, stepped up and arrested the man The third was at the corner of Richmond and Simcoe streets. A young man named John Walters was returning home from the theatre, when two ruffians attacked him from behind, and brutally kicked and maltreated him, just for the fun of the thing, as they said. He does not know his assailants, and never spoke to them or they to him, and they made no attempt to rob him. In the last case a lady was walking along Carleton street, when a respectably dressed man caught hold of her, and talking in the most indecent manner, proceeded to assault her. She, however, swung herself loose and hit him a blow in the face with a basket she had, and ran with all her might, the rowdy making off in an opposite direction.