Huron Signal.

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

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The Huron Signal

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, Printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Signal Buildings, Street, adjoining the Market Square, by THE SIGNAL PRINTING COMPANY.

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

Seager, Wade & Morton BARRISTERS, &c., &c., Goderich & Wingham. C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade, Goderich. J. A. Morton, Wingham.

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G. CAMPAIGNE LAW CHAMBERS AND CONVEYANCING Office—Over Mr. Parsons' Hardware Store, Johnson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1192

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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. Childrens carriages of every description at Cost Price. Parties wishing to be supplied with wood or horsehair brushes, by giving short notice, can have their orders filled. Opposite the Revere House, Market Square, Goderich, Ont. C. F. STRAUBEL. Goderich, July 12, 1876. 1534tf

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THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favorable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition. GRACE HORTON Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

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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 vexatious delay. 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

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 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. 1517

Insurance! Insurance! Insurance!

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 $50,000. The class of risk taken by this Company is all non-hazardous, only taking that of farm property and private dwellings, the only 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 whatever nature, either to call at his residence, on Nelson Street, or by letter, as all applications by letter will receive his most prompt attention. N. B.—Money to loan on the most liberal terms. HUGH MacMATH, Insurance Agent. 1568-6m

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 three elastic 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 one always in the tube, and throwing an uninterrupted stream of water. It uses a crank or Reel for power.

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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 Battle of Stirling.

[We have received from London, England, the following patriotic Scottish song composed and set to music by Prof. Marquis Chisholm, the celebrated musician, who is at present a resident of Seaforth. Mr. Chisholm is considered the best pianist in the world and the composition of this poem—which was read by Prof. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, at the dedication of the Wallace monument—reflects credit upon his ability as a poet.—ED.]

To Scotland's ancient realm,
Proud Edward's armies came;
To sap our freedom and o'erwhelm
Our martial force in shame.
"It shall not be," brave Wallace cried.
"It shall not be," his chiefs replied,
"By the name our father's gave her,
Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
We'll all our dearest rights redeem
Our own broad swords shall save her."

With hopes of triumph flushed,
The squadrons hurried o'er
Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving, rushed
Like wild waves to the shore.
They come! They come! was the gallant cry.
They come! They come! was the loud reply.
O strength, thou gracious Giver,
By love and freedom's stainless faith,
We'll dare the darkest night of death,
We'll drive them back forever.

All o'er the waving broom,
In chivalry and grace,
Shone England's spear and plume
By Stirling's rocky base.
And stretching far beneath the view,
Proud Cressingham, thy banners flew,
When like a torrent rushing,
O God! from right and left the flame,
Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
Great Edward's legions crushing.

High praise ye gallant band,
Who in the face of day,
With daring heart and fearless hand,
Have cast your chains away.
The foemen fell on every side,
In crimson hues the Forth was dyed,
Bedewed with blood the heather,
While cries triumphant shook the air,
Thus shall we do, thus shall we dare,
Wherever Scotsmen gather.

Tho' years like shadows fleet
O'er the dial stone of time,
Thy pulse, O, Freedom! still shall beat
To the deeds of manhood's prime;
And still the valour, love and truth,
Which shone o'er Scotland's early youth,
From Scotland ne'er dissever.
The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle stern,
Shall twine around the Wallace cairn,
And bless the brave forever.

Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR,

THE STOLEN WILL,

'Very good. I can't stand out against that, and it is only fair you should see some daylight through me. Why, my name is Sam Willox, though I don't suppose that knowledge will help you anything. But what will give you more relief will be to know that I don't mean harm to you. My object is negotiation. There, that's what I call being frank and communicative, and I hope you'll think the same.

The other drew a long breath and his corded brow relaxed. Secrecy could still be purchased, it was but a question of price, and though that price might be heavy, it was within his power to pay it.

'I am relieved so far,' he replied; 'but I am still in utter ignorance of how you discovered what you know. Others may have the same means of discovery, and therefore all security is gone.'

'Keep yourself easy on that score; nobody knows but myself, at least nobody who will trouble you.'

'But how did you learn it, and how did you come to have that will? I hope you do not mean to keep me in the dark on those particulars.'

'Of course not. I expect that we will come to terms, and, if we are able to deal in the same market, there must be clear space between us.'

'Well!'

'About the will. I'll tell you presently how I came to have it. But, first, had you no idea that your uncle had changed his intention towards you so far as to induce him to execute another will? Was there nothing between you to make you suspect it?'

'Well, I must say for a year or two before he died he did not treat me so cordially as he was wont. But he hinted nothing.'

'Ah, but he must have been impressed by the notion that his niece was possibly innocent. She had friends probably who strove to make him believe so; at anyrate, that fact is certain he gave instructions privately to a lawyer in Forfar to draw out a new will.

'A lawyer in Forfar!' exclaimed Mayhew. 'Was that Duncan Campbell?'

'The very same.'

'Why, he died on the very same day as my uncle—died suddenly of heart disease.'

'Exactly; and your present position is owing to that circumstance. Had Campbell not died just then, had he lived just a week longer, the last will would have been pronounced at your uncle's funeral; but as no one but Jim Martin (Campbell's clerk) knew of the existence of such a will, he saw a rare chance of making a good thing out of it, so he abstracted it from his master's desk, and let the first will take effect, meaning to make terms with you at a future time.'

'Jim Martin?' said Mayhew reflectively. 'Was that young man not lately tried for a heavy crime and convicted?'

'Ay, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, for Jim's misfortunes brought luck to me. We were great friends, he and I, and when he found it was all up with him, he gave me the lines about his will, that I might come in for the chance he had lost. The will itself he had hid in a safe place. I went to the spot two or three days after, searched and found it. Now, there you have the history of the whole business.'

'And the provisions of the will, what are they?' asked Mayhey, in an eager, nervous manner. 'Does Rachel Carsbrook, my cousin, share the property?'

'She does.'

'To what extent?'

'The half.'

'The half! he made her equal with me! Curse it, he must have suspected something.'

Sam Willox smiled maliciously.

'Rather, since he didn't make her equal with you, but a devilish deal better.'

'Better! What do you mean? You told me she was given the half.'

'But I didn't say she was to get the other half.'

'Why, me of course,' rejoined Mayhew, with a look of wild alarm.

'No, it's not you. This will'—and he tapped his breast significantly—'this will cuts you out altogether.'

Mayhew leaped impulsively to his feet. 'Cut me out!' he echoed, with a look of petrification.

Sam nodded.

'And who was to share the property with her?'

'Lawrence Mayhew, your son.'

Sam Willox enjoyed immensely the consternation and dismay of the millspinner as pictured on his face at this intimation.

'A lucky thing for you, sin's it,' he continued, 'that Jim Martin took it into his head to play his little game! If this bit of parchment had turned up at the old man's death this would in all likelihood have been at the present time the mill of Berge & Mayhew, and the junior partner would not even have been Mr. Varley Mayhew. Perhaps they would have kept you in as cashier and head clerk.'

'Monstrous,' ejaculated the other. 'He meant me to have nothing. He would have enriched that boy, and left me in poverty.'

'Ah, true!—a tidy thing for Master Lawrence when this document comes to light. He'll be able to turn the tables then, I calculate.'

'But it must never see the light,' cried Mayhew, in fierce frenzy. 'It must be destroyed at once—you hear—destroyed. I will purchase it from you. Name your price, and if within the bounds of reason you shall have it.'

'Ah, now you talk sensibly and practically,' remarked Willox, his sallow face flushing with excitement, and his grey eyes gleaming with triumph. 'My terms are very simple. I have taken a fancy to step into the place in the establishment just vacated by Master Lawrence; my work not to be oppressive or exacting and the salary to be five hundred a year.

'Will nothing else content you but that?' asked Mayhew, after several minutes of deep and moody cogitation.

'Nothing less, and nothing else,' was the prompt response of Sam Willox.

'Then—I agree,' said the other, with a groan.

'Very good; the business is settled.—Oh, by the way I forgot to add that I shall require my salary paid monthly, and in advance. That will be quite convenient, I suppose.'

'Quite. I shall draw out an agreement in these terms and sign it.'

'Oh dear, no; that is not necessary.—All that I shall trouble you for just now is a cheque for one hundred and twenty-five pounds, being my first quarter's salary.'

'As you please; only I fancied you might wish something in the shape of a guarantee.'

'The will is my guarantee. With it in my possession I can easily compel the fulfilment of the conditions.'

'But the will must be destroyed,' said Mayhew, turning abruptly round upon him.

'Oh, indeed, and where would my guarantee be then? Oh, no, Mr. Varley Mayhew, I shall retain the will.'

'Good heavens, sir, that must not be. I am not safe so long as it is in existence. I will rather give you a slump sum to obtain it.'

'A slump sum won't suit me,' answered Sam. 'I have been a bit of a wanderer, and what some people would call a vagabond, for a long, long time, and want to get into a respectable position now. The terms I have named are just the sort of thing I desire, so I mean to stick to them, and keep the will in my own hand.'

'But I tell you, Willox, this will never do.'

'And I tell you, Mr. Mayhew, it must do.'

'The deed may fall into the hands of another.'

'It won't; I'll take care of that. It's my interest as well as yours to hold it safe. And I know a place where it will be as safe for you as if you threw it into the fire.'

Varley Mayhew was strongly against this course being pursued, but the power lay with Sam Willox, and he was forced to submit. But while he tacitly agreed to do so, he registered a resolution in his inmost soul that he would take every secret means possible to obtain possession of the document, and then it would be his time to triumph and to defy the insolence of this vulgar man who caused him now to bend to his will.

'You are, then, inflexible on the point of preserving the will?' he said, after a minute's pause spent in silent reflection.

'Inflexible,' repeated Sam; and the tone and manner in which the word was uttered, even more than the word itself, showed the merchant that it was in vain to try to make him change his resolution.

'Well, I can only protect against it, since I have not the power to do more. As to your position in the work, I hope you will act in such a way as to rouse a suspicion of our peculiar relation to each other. That would prove as dangerous to you as to me.'

'All right! I mean to be steady now, sow no more wild oats, become a respectable member of society, and all that sort of thing. So tip me the cheque, and I'll run myself out for my new and strange character. I don't pretend to have any practical knowledge of millspinning, but suppose you give it out that I am your *Secretary*. That would be pretty near the mark wouldn't it?'

Mayhew's smile, in answer to the broad laugh with which Sam accompanied this sally of wit, was of the grimmest. He could have struck the other to the earth, so great was his passion; but yielding to necessity, he exercised a powerful effort to restrain the impulse, and turning to his desk, wrote the cheque, and in silence threw it across the table.

'Ah,' remarked Sam, as he lifted it, 'what a comfortable feeling the touch of a thing like this gives one. With this in hand, and a similar sum falling in every quarter, I think I shall live at Newport. It seems a nice quiet place, and I mean to go in for quiet now. Good bye, Mr Mayhew, for the present. I shall come on Monday to enter on the duties of my situation.'

A curt nod was all the response the merchant designed to make to his observation, and Sam, with another chuckle over the unconcealed chagrin of his victim, rose from his seat and left the room.

Varley Mayhew sat still as a stone for more than a minute after he had gone. Then, with features still impassible, he touched the spring of the bell, and to the clerk who obeyed the summons he said, in a calm and even voice—

'James, for the rest of the day I am engaged, and this is the answer to whoever may call. On no account whatever am I to be interrupted. You understand?'

'Yes, sir. I shall be sure to attend to the order.'

When again alone the first thing Varley Mayhew did was to rise, still stony, unmoved in feature, step to the door which the clerk had just closed, and noiselessly lock it. Then, when he had obtained by this physical barrier certain assurance against interruption, his whole aspect underwent a rapid change. Now that no human eyes were upon him he allowed the terrible feeling of his soul, which he had so successfully pent up till now, to burst forth without restraint, and the paroxysm was dreadful beyond description. That day, though not half done, had brought to him such calamities as might well have overwhelmed a man whose fabric of life had been reared on a foundation utterly rotten. Though he, its architect, knew its character well enough, its moral instability had never been perceived by him. Awful, therefore, was his dismay as well as furious his passion at finding how his structure was assailed and threatened, and how he had been compelled to prop it with a support which at anytime might give way and bring the whole to ruin.

An experience like this to a man like Varley Mayhew was in its effect violent beyond conception, and we do not care to penetrate his solitude to describe it more fully. It would be no edifying spectacle to behold him traversing his private room, every feature convulsed with passion, and the evil of his selfish and unscrupulous nature fully exhibited. So we leave him for the present, confronting and struggling with the first approach of that restribution which is certain to overtake all the workers of iniquity.

Sam Willox, who was now his aider and abetter in fraud and villiany, had not reached this first stage of the evil path. He had not yet got a glimpse of the shadow that was sure to come on his course also. He was as yet but beginning to reap the reward of his cleverness, and, in the prospect of the harvest to come, he was exultant even to outward seeming as he made his way along the street to the bank, where he meant to cash the cheque he had just received.

Ah, but even for Sam Willox the shadow was preparing, though unobserved by him, for no sooner had he issued from the gate of the factory than Luke Briar came from an entry on the opposite side, where he had been watching and waiting for him; and, as he dogged his footsteps and interpreted the elation he so manifestly exhibited, the tinker muttered to himself—

'He has been putting the screw on the millspinner, but my time to put the screw on him will soon come.'

CHAPTER XI.

ANNIE BERGE AND HER FATHER.

Notwithstanding Annie's many and earnest protests, Lawrence insisted on accompanying her along the streets towards her abode in Spinner's Court. They had never appeared thus openly together since her father's reverse of fortune had reduced her to the position of a mill girl. But this had been out of no feeling of pride on the part of Lawrence. He had been as ready and eager to walk by her side in the factory dress and in the light of day as if she had continued to wear the dress which had graced her handsome figure in the days of prosperity; but her own strong sense of propriety would not allow it, and he had yielded to the point. Now, however, he was resolute, and would not leave her. She was his betrothed, she was on the eve of being his wife, and under a proud sense of having her in his protection, he would show himself in his proper place, and scorn the idea that there was either shame or humiliation in the act. What mattered it to them how their appearance thus was spoken about or thought of? Their strong deep love and the elevation of their own souls raised them above the effect of more vulgar remarks, and as he had resolved that in a few days it would be proclaimed to all who knew them that they were united by marriage, the time had fully come for all openness of manifestation. She would not listen to her oft-expressed wish that he would turn; but with a manly devotion, for which, after all, she was secretly glad and grateful, he accompanied her to the very entrance of Spinner's Court.

'Now, my darling, I shall leave you here,' he said, 'for I have much to do to-day, many things to arrange and provide for; but I will be with you in the evening, when I hope to bring you good news.'

He took her hand, pressed it tenderly bestowed on her a fond, loving smile, and walked away, leaving her to ascend alone to her humble and poverty stricken home.

That home she entered in a kind of dream. She was in a partly dazed and bewildered state, unable rightly to realise what had occurred, conscious only that a great and momentous crisis had come, and that solitary reflection was necessary to bring its importance and all that it involved clearly before her.

In the outer room on a pallet of straw lay her father in a deep lethargic sleep. He had been brought home at a late hour on the previous evening in a state of complete drunken insensibility, more helplessly intoxicated than she had ever seen him. When they were closing the public house for the night they had found him lying on the floor of the drinking box where he and Sam Willox had been together, with the empty brandy bottle beside him. Fortunately it had fallen from his hands, and a portion of its contents had been spilt, else, had he imbibed the whole of the fiery liquid, the consequences might have been fatal. Still he had taken a large quantity—a quantity larger than ever he had been in the habit of consuming at once, and he lay there utterly bereft of sense and reason.

The people of the house knew him—ah! they knew him only too well—and they took him to that home in Spinner's Court which his fatal weakness had made miserable and wretched. Annie sat alone when they carried him in, and they had sense enough to make no remark, but in silence lay him dressed on the pallet, and went away.

Bursting with sobs, the poor girl loosened his neck-cloth, and, throwing over him almost the only covering which the house contained, went to her own closet and cried herself to sleep.

In the morning when she left to go to the factory he was lying in the same state, never evidently having moved during the night, and all she could do was to leave the tea by the side of the fire and a slice of bread and butter for his breakfast when he awoke.

It was noon when she returned so unexpectedly, and still he lay fast asleep. The fire was out, and his breakfast untouched—evidences that he had awaked. He had stirred a little, for the covering was partially thrown off, and his arms were resting on either side of his head; but sleep had still retained power over his senses, and now he lay in a slumber apparently as profound as ever.

Annie closed the door, came silently and anxiously forward, and bent over him—her pale face full of anguish, and her hands clasped in piteous grief.

His poor, pinched, besotted, and unconscious face was upturned full in her view, bearing sure evidence of the intemperance to which he had given himself up, yet not without traces of its former pleasantness and good nature; and these, brought to Annie reminiscences of a happy time, when he had been to her the most loving and indulgent of fathers—when he had been characterised by kindness, benevolence, and many strongly attractive features; when his nature had been generous, hopeful, and free from care. Alas, alas! what a change had come since then. The gold had not merely become dim, but seemed to have changed to the basest of metal; the crown of manhood had fallen from his head; and he had sunk into the lowest state of debasement, from which there seemed no hope of recovery.

The sight of him lying thus, degraded and self abandoned, and of the squalid abode which his fatal course had entailed on both of them, caused her to crouch in agony by the fireless grate and give away to a bitter regret for the position into which Lawrence was being drawn for her sake. What right had she to bring him into the shadow of her own woe, to share in the ignominy, to come under the burden of shame which connection with her father must entail? Oh, she felt more than ever how utterly her lover was ruining his worldly prospects, his comfort, his respectability, and moaned and wailed under the agony of this thought more heavily than she had ever mourned for herself.

As she sat thus absorbed in woe her father moved himself, muttered some unintelligible words, and awoke—awoke to the feverish thirst, and all the horrible sensations which follow a state of drunkenness.

He opened his blood-shot eyes, and looked round the room as if gathering recollection, saw her bowed form crouching on the hearth, and a remembrance rushed upon his soul which never failed to come there when on similar occasions consciousness returned to him. That was always a moment when the full enormity of his conduct rushed on his view—when the consequences of his folly filled him with poignant remorse—when the cruel evil he had done to Annie caused him to hate and loathe himself and wish that he was dead.

Hearing that he was awake, she rose, poured out some tea into a jug, and brought it to him. It was cold, but she knew it would on that account be all the more welcome to his parched and burning tongue. He managed to raise himself to his elbow, but his trembling hands could not carry the jug to his lips. She, however, silently held it there till he greedily drank the contents; then, with a long sigh, he fell back again on the pallet, and she turned away to rekindle the fire and make preparations for their frugal dinner.

He lay silently watching her, a prey to more than the usual remorse and misery of those awakening hours, for her face—so pale, so tear-stained, so sad and joyless—was a more powerful witness against his conscience-stricken heart than a thousand reproaches and upbraidings.

In the anguish of his remorse he uttered a long, hollow groan which at once brought her to his side, and as she knelt on the edge of the pallet she laid her cool hand on his throbbing brow. The very tenderness of her touch went to his heart like a knife, and another deep groan escaped him.

'What is it, father?' she asked. 'Can I do anything to give you relief?'

To which question came the despairing response—

'No, Annie; there is no relief for me. I wish I was dead.'

'Oh, father, do not say that,' she said.

'But I will say it, Annie; for it is true. I am the worst wretch that lives. I am the bitter curse of your life. You, too, infant, wish me in the grave.'

'Oh no, no, dear father, no,' she said, twining her arms around him, and kissing his cheek.

'You must—you must,' he reiterated, 'for I have brought you to misery; and so long as I live I keep you in misery. Death would rid you of this burden, and you would be happy again.'

'That could not make me happy, father. There is only one thing that would make me happy, and that is to see you restored to your former self.—Oh, father, that indeed would make me happy beyond expression.'

'There is no doubt of that, Annie. I have wished it. God knows I have wished it, and more for your sake than my own, but I cannot. The recollection of the past, the wrongs I have suffered from Varley Mayhew, crushed me down, and to escape the remembrance I fled to drink, till it has got a demon's power over me. I am a ruined man, Annie—hopelessly ruined for time and eternity, and the best thing for you would be—'

'Father, father,' she wildly exclaimed, 'do not cherish this terrible despair; for my sake, for the sake of my dead mother do not—'

'Your mother, Annie. Oh, I shall never see her more. She is an angel in heaven; and you will join her there; but I—I shall be—'

'By God's grace and help, you shall be in Heaven too,' said Annie, in a tone of earnest fervour.

'Impossible impossible!'

'Nothing is too hard for the Lord. He is able and willing to raise you up, if you will only go to Him, and cling to Him, and resolutely strive to resist the temptation. Oh, think, father, what a blessed thing it would be for you to commence. Health, honor, self-respect, peace of mind, would be yours again, and we should all be so happy—oh, so happy.'

Varley Mayhew would not be happy,' returned her father bitterly. 'He at least would rejoice to know that I was dead.'

'Then why not disappoint him? Why gratify him and grieve all who love you—all who are your friends?'

'I have no friends; nobody loves me but you, and I have blighted your life. Don't I know that but for my wicked folly you would have been the wife of Lawrence Mayhew, and him I always liked, though his father did ruin me.'

'Oh, I am so glad that you do not hate Lawrence, that you like him still.'

'What matters it whether I hate or like him? He wished to marry you at one time, but he won't now; or if he would, his father—curse him—would not let him, and I am the cause of it all.—Oh, let me die, let me die.'

'Perhaps matters are not so bad as you suppose,' returned Annie, gently.

'So bad,' he vehemently burst forth. 'How could they be worse? Look at this empty house, in a filthy court, and you, who were once a lady, made to become a millworker—all through me, all through me. And yet you say things are not so bad as they seem.'

'Suppose Lawrence has not given me up—suppose he wants to marry me still?' whispered Annie.

Her father shook his head. 'He was always a generous, noble-hearted lad, and I would have willingly seen you his wife, for all the evil his father did me. But beggared as you are it cannot be expected, and even if he was inclined his father would prevent it.'

'But suppose he braved his father's opposition, and submitted to be renounced by him rather than give me up?'

'In that case I would say he was a generous fellow. But he won't do that, Annie, and don't cherish such a hope, for you'll only be disappointed.'

'But were he to do so, father—just suppose he should do it—would you not think it noble of Lawrence?'

'Of course I would, but don't—'

'And would you not do everything in your power to make this sacrifice less for him?'

'If you mean would I give you up, I say yes. Let him take you away from me, Annie, and—I could soon be dead and no burden, no disgrace to him or you.'

'But suppose, father, that he did not take me from you, that he wished you to stay with us, would you not make every effort to overcome your weakness?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Last Man.

HOW SCIENCE DISAGREES AS TO HIS FATE.

From the New-York Sun.

What will become of the last man? Various theories that have been seriously maintained by scientific men are described in the *Scientific American*, and we summarize them:

1. The surface of the earth is steadily diminishing, cleavages and ravines are being lowered, and the seas are filling up. The land will at last be all submerged, and the last man will be starved to drowned.

2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the North Pole and melting away at the South Pole, the consequence of which will be an astronomical catastrophe when the earth's centre of gravity suddenly changes. The last man will then be drowned by the rush of waters.

3. The earth cannot always escape a collision with a comet, and when the disaster comes there will be a mingling of air and cometary gas, causing an explosion. If the man is not suffocated he will be blown up.

4. There is a retarding medium in space, causing a gradual loss of velocity in the planets, and the earth, obeying the law of gravitation, will get closer and closer to the sun. The last man will be sunstruck.

5. The amount of water on the earth is slowly diminishing, and simultaneously the air is losing in quantity and quality. Finally the earth will be an arid waste, like the moon. The last man will be suffocated.

6. Other suns have disappeared, and ours must, sooner or later, blaze up and then disappear. The intense heat of the conflagration will kill every living thing on earth. The last man will be burned up.

7. The sun's fire will gradually burn out, and the temperature will cool. The earth's glacial zones will enlarge, driving our race toward the equator, until the habitable space will lessen to nothing. The last man will be frozen to death.

8. A gradual cooling of the earth will produce enormous fissures, like those seen in the moon. The surface will become extremely unstable until the remnant of humanity will take refuge in caves. The last man will be crushed in his subterranean retreat.

9. The earth will at last separate into small fragments, leaving the people without any foothold. The last man will have a dreadful fall through space.

10. The tenth theory, proving that there will be no last man at all, is thus expressed: "Evolution does not necessarily imply progress, and possibly the race may have retrograded until the human being possesses the nature of the plant louse; such being the case, this single inhabitant will spontaneously produce posterity of both sexes."

March On!

They are getting enthusiastic over Sir. John's picnic tour, and call on the rank and file to gaze on their leaders gallantly marching to the battle field, and fall in behind and follow the standard:

"Press where they see the white plume shine
Amidst the ranks of war."

Just so! Already the mighty host sweeps over the unresisting country, and its devastating march can be tracked by a long line of broken bottles and the dry bones of demolished hams. The air resounds with the delighing of the war-horse, formerly of Cumberland, as he "paweth in the valley" and prances up the hill-side. The peaceful groves of Canada re-echo with the shouts of the great Conservative army as it advances against the foe, and shouts all the louder when it finds the foe quietly going about his business and paying no attention to the great chieftain with his "white plume." Already the commissariat scours the country to secure the necessary edibles and drinkables for the sustenance of the army. Great is the slaughter—of chickens, pigs and beeves; profuse the flow of the vital fluid, otherwise called beer and sometimes denominated whisky. Many a gallant Tory will fall on the field of battle; though we trust most of them will rise again after a few hours' sleep. But let the army fear not; its leader watches over it from the dizzy heights of some forest stump; and when he is not on the stump, you can see his "white plume shine" in the distance. March on! Strive hard for office and pay! The day of victory is coming—possible!—*London Advertiser.*

A Petrified Corpse!

A sensation has just occurred at the village of Holly, a few miles south of Flint, which is quite interesting. Not long since a new cemetery was established near the town, the old one being some distance away. A few have been buried in the new cemetery, and the remains of some have been removed from the old. A short time since an old resident died and requested to be buried in the new cemetery and have the remains of his wife, who had been dead for fifteen years, placed by his side. A few days since the removal was commenced, and after digging a few feet, the laborers struck a hard substance, supposed to be stone. Upon further examination the body was found in a petrified condition, the substance being harder than the hardest stone. Nothing pertaining to the coffin was found. Six men with considerable effort, succeeded in raising the body to the surface, when it was removed. Those present at the time of her death report that every lineament of her form was as perfect as at the time of her decease.

Applications for space at the Paris Exhibition are being received every day by the Hon. Minister of Agriculture from every part of the Dominion. The Canadian space is filling up rapidly, and the prospects are that it will prove too small for the immense collections which are being offered for exhibition.

The Halifax *Citizen* says the first case under the law passed two years ago for the prevention of drunkenness, which provides that any person who is charged by his nearest relative with being an habitual drunkard, may be restricted from doing any business or handling any money in any way, came up in the Supreme Court on the 29th ult. A person residing in Dartmouth was charged by his wife with being an habitual drunkard, and an interdiction was applied for and granted, and a guardian appointed.

We are told that "when bid, the Berlin gorilla will wipe its nose as daintily as a child of four or five." And we all know how daintily a child of four of five wipes its nose—on its sleeves; and how, pretty often, it doesn't wipe its nose at all.

War News.

THURSDAY'S BRIEF NEWS.

The army of the Danube appears to be waiting for lower water in the river before attempting to cross.

From Belgrade comes a rumor that Turkey proposes to make peace with her too formidable adversary, ceding all that portion