The Huron Signal.

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VOL. XXX. NO. 18. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1578.

Business Directory.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., office and residence on Bruce Street second door west of Victoria Street. 1572-1-yr

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McGill College
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Goderich, April 11th; 1877, 1572-1y.

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

Sproat, Wade & Morton
BARRISTERS, &c., &c., Goderich & Wingham.
J. Sproat, Jr. R. Wade, Goderich.

Strong & McCaul
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Goderich and Brussels, Ont.

Galbraith, Meyer & Rudenhurst
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, Bruce Street, Opposite Hamilton Street.
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Have on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

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Plans and specification furnished by sending name of given Lot and aspect, in any part of Canada at moderate rates, for Villas, Stores, Dwellings, Churches, Hotels or public buildings &c.
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For inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
Patent Specification in duplicate prepared by sending sketch and description, or any part of Canada at moderate rates, for Vessels, Stores, Dwellings, Churches, Hotels or public buildings &c.
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Patents, 1871. w-1

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MONEY TO LEND
At Lowest Rates,
OFFICE—Acheson's Block, West Street over the Post Office, Goderich, Ont.

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Builders and Contractors.
MASON WORK AND PLASTERING MADE A specialty. Estimates furnished upon building, &c., on application. Apply at Union Hotel 1.
1573 3 mos.

Tremendous Fall in Harness,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.
NO COMBINATION PRICE.
C. F. Straubel
WOULD with the 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.
A general stock of Trunks, Valises &c. Satchels always kept in hand and at prices to suit the times. A comfortable carriage of every description in readiness. Parties wishing to be supplied with washers and lumbermen giving short notice can have orders filled.
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Goderich, 1st Feb. 1876. 1354tf

NEW DOMINION BAKERY,
on the corner of
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OPPOSITE DELIFF'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

LOVERS Go down to marriage, wealth, and beauty, never fails love letters, &c. Book worth $50 now mailed free by the Union Pub. Co. Newark N. J. 34-1yr

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MONEY TO LEND.
PRIVATE FUNDS on Real Estate. Mode rate and reasonable charges. Apply at lowest rate per cent according to Security.
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Goderich, January 20th, 1876. 1411-tf

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ON FARM property at 8 per cent. Private Funds. No Loan Society's to sell borrowers. No delay if title satisfactory.
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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 favorable terms of repayment, favorable to party borrowing; rate of interest will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Agent for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

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The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
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Fire & Marine business done at the Lowest Rates.
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1876. 1481-1y.

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THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING BLAKIE, ESQ. President.
MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the usual easy terms as to amount of loan and repayment.
HUGH HAMILTON,
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$50,000 00.

Rusting forward of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
D. L. DOYLE,
Solicitor, &c., Goderich
Jan. 18th, 1876. 1509-1yr.

Poetry.

For the Signal.

The Poet or the Poem or Life with out Words!

Christ in he, who sick his singing,
Calms a nation's thundering roar,
Fever'd with the petty struggles
And the cares of daily man.

Great is he—the sailor's hero,
Who, by proud ambition led'd,
Gravely striving that he conquer
Wins the praises of the world.

But there lives a poet noble—
Nobler in the sight of God,
Worker he, in hut or palace,
Lord, or deiver of the sod.

Poet still, if heavily struggling
To be honest in the strife,
God's true-hearted minstrel singing
Poetry of human life.

He who, by the light God given,
Be it light or small or great,
Manfully strives to do his duty,
Heedless of the frowns of fate.

Stumbling—rising—doubting—grieving,
Never wholly overcome,
Ever act-ing living poems,
Though the actor's lips be dumb.

Noble deed, to write a poem,
Written for all men and time,
Nobler far to act a poem,
Actel in faith sublime!

Not a lyric, sudden, flashing
From the frenzy of the strife,
But an epic, swelling gradually
Onward to the close of life.

Epic! but the feeble prelude
Of a nobler song to come
Which shall peal when all the nations
Of the universe are dumb.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, May, 1877.

Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR,

THE STOLEN WILL.

CHAPTER VI.

MAYHEW SMILL—BARNEY DOYLE'S ALARM, AND HOW IT WAS DISSIPATED—THE WEAVING ROOM AND ITS INMATES—THE LOVERS.

It was with feelings of considerable alarm that Barney Doyle made his way up the steep and narrow street which led to Mayhew's mill—this being the factory where he was engaged to discharge the important duties of gatekeeper and time announcer. This post he had filled for years—when the factory belonged to Berger & Selvage—and when its present possessor, Varley Mayhew, came to be its owner, he was retained in his place, for the new master was well aware of Barney's faithful character, and judged it to be for his interest to keep the Irishman in his employ. And never before—not once in all his time of service at the factory—had Barney failed to be punctually at his post to open the gates and ring the bell at the proper time. This punctuality was due chiefly to the natural truthfulness of his character, but at the same time he knew well that the slightest irregularity on his part would be visited with the utmost severity by the hard and stern Mayhew, who was never known to make allowance for any breach of duty on the part of the workers, from whatever cause it might arise.

Poor Barney had therefore great reason for the alarm he felt, as in breathless haste he toiled up the steep towards the mill. It was now a quarter after six, all the fact-ory bells in the neighborhood had ceased ring-ing, and the streets which lately echoed to heavy feet, were deserted.

'Och, musha, but it a kill't I'll be entirely,' he gasped, as he anticipated the rage of his irate master at the works being closed for nearly half an hour after opening time. 'The laste av it anyhow will be turnin me off, with devil a far-thin av me wage, and this is Friday. Holy Virgin am I drahmin'!

This latter exclamation burst from Barney's lips when he turned the corner and his eyes met an empty street in front of the factory instead of the waiting crowd of workers which he expected.

He stood still in utter amazement, with the exclamation which we have recorded. The mill was open and the work going on as usual. How could this be? Who could possibly have performed the duty which he had neglected?

With a spasmodic jerk he ran to the gate, the shall portion of which was open as usual, and passing in, he saw his own little sentry-box also illuminated. Still lost in wonder, but also with a step of trepidation, he approached the door, and went panting in—to behold seated on his own seat a bright faced, blue eyed man, who got up with a cheery smile the moment he saw him.

'Ah, Barney, there you are,' he cried, 'I began to think something serious had happened you.'

'Oh, Masther Lawrence!' burst out the breathless Barney, 'who opened the mill?'

'Why, I did Barney. Finding you did not come in time to open the gate and ring the bell.'

'You did it your own self, Masther Lawrence?' gasped the gatekeeper with unmitigated amazement. 'You rose out av your warm bed on such a cold frosty mornin', and wid yer own whole hands op-ned the doors and pulled the ropes?'

'And what is there strange in that?' laughed the youth whom Barney had named 'Masther Lawrence.' 'If I had not done it the work would not have been begun in time, and you might have got into a scrape.'

'True for it, sur. And I am into a scrape. But I'm glad anyhow that the work wasn't kept back, though I'd rather given two of my fingers off my right hand than that you should have done such manial work. I mean I ask you, sur, if Masther Mayhew is angry, for av coorse he is, and he'll pay me off this very day?'

'My father doesn't know anything about it. Why, man, my chief purpose in opening it for you was to prevent him knowing. And I took care that the workers shouldn't know either, for as soon as I rang the bell I slipped in here, and no doubt they thought it was yourself, Barney.'

Barney stood transfixed, utterly struck dumb with gratitude and admiration, and it was almost painful to see the working of his face under his struggling emotions

'Oh Masther Lawrence, and ye did such mighty kindness for poor old Barney,' he at length managed to articulate, in a broken voice, while the tears started in his eyes. 'Sure may-be it's the poblest hearted gintleman ye are in all Dundee, and may ten thousand blessings come upon ye every hour that ye live. It's a happy heart ye've given me, Masther

[illegible]

to all who knew the lady and admired her exceedingly. Lawrence Mayhew was a fine, manly fellow, about 25 years of age, of a fair, open, ingenuous countenance, and with a form and bearing which showed that he was well fitted to be the master of such a place as Mayhew Mill.

After descending the steep street he turned to the right, and passed along the side of the factory, which extended almost as far as the main street, and presented a great unsightly gable to the view. Passing through a wicket gate, he found himself in a large yard, which was well filled with bales of cotton, and with a few wagons standing about, as they had just delivered their loads. Crossing this yard, he came to a great wooden door, which was open, and passed through it into the factory. Dull and gloomy looking as the place was, he knew the ground well, and could have found his way about it in the dark. Passing along a long and heavy dark passage, he came to a door, which he knew led into the weaving room, and which was fastened only by a latch. Lifting this latch, he found himself in a large room, with a row of windows on each side, through which the light streamed in, and which was lined with a long row of looms, at which a score of weavers were busily plying their shuttles, while behind them, in the aisle, there was a long and heavy dark set of warps, which had just been finished, and which was lighted by a few jets of gas, which were burning in the gloom of the place. The room was filled with a deafening din, which was increased by the rattle of the looms, and the whirr of the shuttles, which, as they were thrown, pieces of small coal, taken from a wooden scuttle, were caught and thrown back with astonishing rapidity by the weavers, who, as they worked, sang or whistled, or spoke to their neighbors, or to the boys who were busy in the aisle, carrying away the woven pieces, and bringing back the bobbins with which to supply the shuttles. The atmosphere of the place was hot and oppressive, and the operatives were almost stripped to their shirts and trousers, and were all more or less begrimed with the dust of the coal, which was thrown from the shuttles. The place was not, yet, a place of drudgery, for the work required no great exertion, and was not of a kind which would tax the energies of any one for a long time together. The operatives were, as a class, a merry, careless, easy-going set, who, if they had little money to spend, had little care to spend it, and who, if they had little to think of beyond their daily work, had little to trouble them in the way of thought. The place was well ventilated, and the air coming in through the gaping doors was fresh and invigorating, and the place, though illuminated by the numerous jets of gas, made it a scene such as a stranger would marvel at, and find interest in contemplating for a long period.

The girls who tended the looms were mostly young, and many of them fresh and blooming, considering the hot and deteriorated atmosphere. Coarse and sensual faces, too, were to be seen—countenances where vice and vulgarity were plainly stamped, telling at once of ignorance, rudeness and bad habits; but these only brought better out, rendered more pleasing, the contrast afforded by the graceful faces and attractive aspects of those who presented other and higher characteristics.

An observer taking a survey of the room at the time we have mentioned would not have failed to remark one young girl in particular, who stood in a far corner. The air, the manner, the whole appearance of the girl struck the beholder as being greatly different from the rest. She was tall, of slender make, and exceedingly graceful form. There was also an obvious refinement in the shape of her face and the expression it wore. It was oval, and thoughtful. The large dark eyes had in them a melancholy calmness indicated strength of feeling and depth of sorrow far beyond anything like the common experience of the class to which she belonged. One could scarcely gaze on her without wondering why she was there.

While the talking and laughing went going briskly forward, the handsome form of the youthful Lawrence Mayhew presented itself in the room, and though his presence did not cause anything like the young girls' confusion, it was noticed that he went on treading lightly towards one of the looms, at which stood a young man like himself, but very different in appearance from the rest, for he was neatly dressed, and had intently your face, but there was something in the look of the young man which showed that he was not working for his daily bread. I guess he was a student, perhaps, intending to be a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or something of that kind.

Leaving Barney to his meditations, let us follow the young Lawrence Mayhew, who was now standing at the loom where the young student was busily at work, and to the girl who tended the loom, who, when the footsteps of the master of the mill were heard approaching, had turned her head, and had given a slight bow to the young man.

[illegible]

After a short while after this a sudden silence came like a great shock upon the noise of the room—not quite so sudden as to cause dislocation, for the engineman had more sense than to stop the engine all at once, but in a moment it began sensibly to slow, and no sooner had it done so than the impatient workers almost in a breath threw their looms, belts out of gear, causing the roar to cease, when nothing was heard but the measured and decreasing beat of the strong and tireless engine as it sank away into its nightly inaction, and the clear tones of Barney Doyle's bell, which had been the original cause of the quick stoppage. Then a rush to the door was made, and ere Barney had done tolling the stream of workers was pouring through the gate, glad and joyous because the day's work was over, and an evening of enjoyment before them. In crowds and smaller groups they issued along the streets with noisy glee; and woe to the clothes of any well-dressed stranger whom they might meet, and who would inwardly allow himself to be brushed against as they passed; for these light-hearted girls of the factory like nothing better than to transfer to the well-brushed garments of pedestrians a portion of the jute coom which has so liberally lodged itself on their own clothes, knowing how difficult it will be for the luckless and unsuspicious walker to remove it, and thinking it grand fun thus to give gentlefolks a taste of their own experience.

[illegible]

Down a steep lane, all by herself, walked the young girl whose superiority of appearance in the weaving room we have referred to. She walked with no air of youthful excitement or exhilaration; there was no mirth in her face, or snatch of song on her lips. Yet, even now, walking in the lamp lit path, in her coarse working dress, the evidence of grace, beauty and refinement were striking.

And as a proof that the superiority which her outward appearance presented was something real and actual, we may add here that she was known and spoken of and addressed in the factory as Miss Annie, and that not in derision, but with all seriousness, respect, and sincerity—this being evidence sufficient

[illegible]

'Well, weel, my dawtie. I was wrang, for I wadna vex you for anything, kennin hoo muckle ye hae to bear. But wull ye no sit doon ann warm yersel?'

'Not to-night, Majory. I am going out for a little, and wish to have my clothes'

The clothes in question lay in one of Majory's drawers, for alas! Annie found it necessary to place them there for safe keeping; and having procured them she returned to her own desolated home, and going into a little closet off the larger apartment, where her own bed stood, she threw off her mill garments, and arrayed herself in neat and simple attire, which transformed at once her outward appearance into an appearance more in harmony with the natural grace and refinement of her person.

Her humble toilette being soon made she prepared to set forth, but on the threshold of the little closet she suddenly paused, and a death-like paleness, accompanied by a spasm of anguish, came over her face. Her step faltered, a convulsive sob rose in her bosom, and turning aside she threw herself on her bed and gave way to a passionate flood of grief.

It was, however, only for a moment. Great as was her anguish she did not for a moment feel the temptation to turn aside from what she believed to be the path of duty, for the violence of her emotion having subsided she breathed a few brief words of prayer, rose from the couch, and resolutely quitted the house.

In the entry to the court a dark form sprang forward at her approach, and a rich manly voice greeted her in accents of warmest affection.

[illegible]

The Water of Life.

BY REV. GEORGE GEDDES.

How far from a privy or barnyard must a well be to be safe from the drainings?

This question was asked me years ago by one of the leading agricultural writers of our time. I could not then, nor can I now, give any definite or exact answer. One high authority had said 'no one knows how far the well and privy, or cess pool, must not be laid from it, or the depth of the well—that is, if the well is 50 feet deep, the sources of contamination must be at least 100 feet. Really there is no such thing as safety in mating the distance.' The character of the soil, the dip of its stratification, and the quantity of fluid emptied into the earth, are such points to be considered.

'As long ago as 1856, it was forbidden to bury within the precincts of cities and towns (in France), and four years afterwards a decree was issued that no one should dig a well within 20 rods of any cemetery, and that the old wells should be filled up; and M. Lecuc thinks 20 rods is not always sufficient to protect the wells.'—Dr. Kedzie cites the case of Grand Rapids, Mich., where many people were sick of typhoid, or typhoid malarial fever, caused by their cellars, or sunk into ground poisoned by the drainage of a graveyard. He says 'the impervious clay (overlain by the gravel that extended to the grave yard) acted as a valve shut to convey the filtrations of the graves directly into the wells, and these poor people were drinking a cold infusion of death.'

The most extraordinary case of all is that of the village of Lausen, Switzerland, where all the people except three living in six houses procured their water from one spring. There was an outbreak of typhoid fever in nearly every house except the six that did not use water from the spring—130 people, 11 per cent of the whole population, buried 14 children who received the infection while at home from school during the holidays, and who sickened away from their homes at their schools, had the disease. The spring was naturally suspected as the source of the disease, and the cause was found a mile away at an isolated farm house on the opposite side of a ridge of land, where an imported case of typhoid fever, followed by two others, had occurred shortly before the outbreak. But how could the waters of this valley, a mile away, high land intervening, and a way under that high land to the spring in Lausen?

Geological formation of the land answers the question. In the valley where the house was situated, in which the disease commenced, there extended to the valley of Lausen, a stratum of porous earth, based on some impervious floor, dipping towards Lausen, and the water of a small brook ran down the house, and into which the dejections of the three typhoid patients was thrown, and in which their linen was washed, being used to irrigate some meadows, sank into the gravel, and passed through that gravel, under the highlands, fed the Lausen spring and poisoned it. But for the very careful experiments made, which demonstrated that substances placed in the waters of the brook did appear in the spring, a mile away, one might doubt the reality of this alleged transfer of typhoid poison for so great a distance. Salt to the amount of 18 cwt. was dissolved at the meadows, which was followed by its appearance in the spring. Fifty cwt. of flour was intermixed with the water, but none of it appeared in the spring, "thus showing that the water was filtered through the intervening earth, and did not pass by an underground channel." (Kedzie.) The earth would filter out the fecal matter suspended in the water, but could not take out the salt that was dissolved. Dr. Kedzie pertinently asks the question—"If a mile of porous earth is not an adequate sanitary filter, can we safely rely on a few feet, or even rods, of it, as a sanitary filter to arrest disease germs or infectious poison?"

Certainly the foundation has been laid for the assertion that the soil of a city or closely populated village, sooner or later, becomes poisoned by the privies and waste waters of the inhabitants, and that all wells sunk in such soils are only attempts to use the same water over and over again, taking the risk of all diseases whose germs may, at any time, have found their way into those waters. To show how little thought is given to this matter, even by persons who should understand the whole subject, I will state that I have heard a physician of large practice congratulating himself on the excellent quality of the water in the well at his residence in the midst of a dense population of a city, and having privies and stables in its immediate vicinity.

While the facts I have given address their lessons to people living on farms as well as to those living in towns, I wish still farther to warn all classes, by other facts and modern instances—many of them derived from the reports of the Michigan Board of Health.

At Okemas, Mich., a girl 14 years old suffering with continued fever, brain symptoms—other members of the family threatened with fever—medicine doing them no good—growing worse. Cause—a spring yielding but little water, dammed up below; above, the marshy ground wet and partially covered with water—no free surface draining being given. Spring situated in a ravine; six or eight rods above and at one side of the spring, a barn, and barnyard covered with manure. The water of the spring being analyzed, was found to contain poisonous substances, such as ammonia, nitrates and positive evidences of decaying organic matter.

Dr. Park, who makes this report, says: "I advised the family, before leaving the house, to stop using this water for domestic purposes, unless they first boiled it, which process would nearly if not quite destroy for the time being its poisonous properties."

Result—The 14-year-old girl died, "The other members of the family commenced improving as soon as they discontinued the use of the water."

The same physician reports three cases of typhoid fever caused by using water from a well situated about two rods from a barnyard covered with large quantities of rotten manure.

Again, he says he was called to treat a sick person in a boarding house in which there was a well in the cellar nearly full of water, and another 12 feet deep in an alley [illegible] of the house, a large underground drain running within six feet of the house, showed no trace of the water, which stood some time in the cellar, after the family had left the house, and had been used only a short time, the house having recently changed proprietors, the new landlord promptly attributed the sickness, having the cellar cleaned out, and the water drawn off, and the sickness ceased. Dr. Kedzie, who said: "The water from the well in the cellar is valid for domestic use, notwithstanding its relatively large amount of organic matter, and the presumption of its occasional pollution by sewage, or other putrescible matter," says: "I observed one well about six feet from the barn in which water was more pure than that of the well of the farmer, and the farmer's family." Still another case of a family of parents and two children used water from a well which was full of stable manure, she one have the children was from house much of the time and was taken sick. The mother and two children died, consistent fever of a typhoid grade. Remedies seemed of no avail, till the use of this well water was discontinued, when they gradually recovered." Three cases of typhoid fever occurred in the family of a farmer. The premises, the well was found to be about 12 feet deep, planked up instead of being lined with stone or bricks. These planks were decayed and covered with fungi, many of which had fallen into the water. At the same time, there was an overflowing privy on the west side of the lot.

A cows grazed of a family stock of cows from which they drew their supply, seemed to be the safest of any kind) 30 feet deep—the barn and privy being 30 feet away. The well was drained through sand, and gravel, all the way, and the cows in the vicinity was not allowed to approach the barn and privy towards the well, so that in the year before the fever came out, there was a scant of water colored by the manure of the barnyard, and which soaked into the ground on the front, west side. But why give more proofs from books, when we can cite an experience? But for a feeling of delicacy to individuals, I could give cases that have come under my own observation touching the same lesson. Instead of so doing, I quote from Dr. Lee, M. Remsen: "I'm phrase, I may say a crack of wounding the feelings of some of his own neighbors by letting on that his cellar needs draining, that his privy or barnyard needs cleaning, or that his well needs correcting, their premises may be disgreeably dirty, and therefore unhealthy, but to tell them of it awakens in them a feeling not complimentary to the doctor's politeness. Perhaps they point with pride to the clear, sparkling water of their well, and assert its purity, because they can not see in it the lurking germs of death that may destroy them and those they love, and they may quote the couplet of John Trumbull:

"But optics sharp it needs, I ween.
To see what is not to be seen."

"The clearness and apparent purity of the water may be owing to the carbonic acid that is generated in it by the decomposition of organic matter, and is only a subtle index to a deadly poison; for when the proper re-agents are applied to this apparently 'pure water,' it is no longer pure drinking, but the elements have a habitation and a name, and in the physician or chemist recognizes the germs of sickness and death."

How admonitions are lost on the ignorant, as well as on the so-called educated! I know know of such a family, four of their number suffering from disease, against which their family physician has in vain tried to save them, by plainly pointing out their own household nuisances. When some of the number died, will the death be charged to the mysterious ways of Providence?

Two Specimens of American Humor.

A Massachusetts gentleman, just returned from over the Canadian border, tells us these stories. He was in the hotel general accommodation room when two veterans of the (hotel) bar, laying schemes for a drink began to tell stories to each other for his benefit.

"These are awful hard times," said one. "I never saw such times before, except when I was in Ohio, an' then I was hard put to get along. Nothing to do. I had a yoke of steers, but they wan't earnin' nothin'. But I lived right on the road the western emigrants went over every day. So I dug a hole in the road at the foot o' the hill, near my house, turned a livin' spring o' water into it, and made a good mud-hole. Well, when the emigrants came along, every day there would be one or more teams got stuck in my mud-hole, an' they would see my steers standin' out doin' nothin' and they would send up an' get me to come an' help 'em out; and I alws charged as much as $5 a lift. Well, I kept that mud-hole right up in good repair till I made $25,000 out on t', an' then I sold it for $3,000 an' moved up here."

Story number two was the other Merchantown's companion-piece for the yoke of steers.

"When I was a-choppin'—I could chop some you know—an' folks used to ask me how much I could do in a day. 'Have you ever tried it?' says they. 'No, never,' says I; never but once. an' that wan't really a try.' You see, jest to show 'em what I could do I got up one winter mornin' afore light and ground my axe sharp, oh, jest as sharp, an' went into the woods. An' I chopped like sixty till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I thought it was as much as I could pile afore sundown, an' I went to pilin'. Well, when I had it all piled up it measured 27 cord. An' then I knew somethin' was wrong, for I knew at the rate I had been choppin' it oughter be more. So I went back an' began lookin' 'round to see what the trouble was. An' there, right at the fust tree I cut in the mornin' was my axe-head. You see, the thing was loose, an' slipped off, an' I had been choppin' all day with the bare helve."

Can't Be Done.

By pretending that the recent demonstration was not intended so much as a tribute to the personal popularity of Sir John Macdonald as it was an evidence of the country's anxiety for the return of the Tory party to power, the Conservatives are robbing Sir John of the homage the people paid him. The time has not yet come when the hero of a score of scandals can stand a rehabilitated man, and if he contemplates running the forthcoming race with the whole army of Tory cormorants and office-seekers clinging to his coat-tails, he will find that he has reckoned without his host. Personally popular, he is—none more so. But that his personal popularity will be sufficient passport for the passage of the whole Tory army across the mattling on the floor of the House is quite another thing.—Toronto *Telegram* (Independent.)

St. Mary's population is 5,012, an increase of 223, and its total assessment, $1,001,740, an increase of $84,740.

Late News.

WEDNESDAY'S DESPATCHES.

A Bucharest telegram says the Turks have caused surrounding Kalafat, on account of the vigorous reply of the Roumanians.

Notwithstanding the Russian promise that Turkish ships should have eight days to leave Russian waters, ten Turkish ships were seized at Kertch the day after the declaration of war.

Lieut. Gen. Sir John Lintorne Simmons is to be Commander-in-Chief of the English Army in the East in case of war.

A Vienna despatch says the news of the unsuccessful attempt of the Russians to carry Kars by a *coup de main* is confirmed by a Russian bulletin, which speaks even of two attempts to storm the citadel. The supposition is that the Russians will not sit down before Kars, but will invest it, and proceed with the bulk of their forces toward Erzeroum and by occupying the Turkish rear cause the evacuation of Kars.

THURSDAY.

There are rumors from various sources of further Russian successes in Asia Minor. It is stated that the Turks were encountered between Kars and Erzeroum and after a severe battle were routed with a loss of 15,000 prisoners. They are said to be in full retreat on Erzeroum. Another dispatch states that the Russian columns are concentrating to attack Mouktar Pasha's army at Bardiz, on the road to Erzeroum.

The Sultan has resolved to call all the faithful to a holy war against infidel Russia, and promises to go on a pilgrimage himself if the war proves successful to his arms. In a few days the annual holy pilgrim caravan will leave Constantinople for Mecca, laden with costly presents for the Mohammedan shrines.

It is reported from Vienna that a meeting of Polish agitators was held at Lemburg on May 4th, to determine the policy of the Poles in the present crisis, and that the organization of a Polish legion was decided upon.

Chip Basket.

A Buffalo man has been held in $500 bail for opening his wife's letters.

More than two-thirds of the population of the Austrian empire are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The first steel ship ever constructed for the British Navy was successfully launched recently from Pembroke Dockyard.

The demand for postal-cards in the United States continues to increase monthly. During April 20,729,000 cards were issued.

The soot from the chimneys should be saved. A pint of soot to a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of great value for flower beds and plants of all kinds.

When charcoal is powdered, and a little dropped into a potato hill when planted, it would double the crop, and will improve the quality beyond expectation.

In England, it is estimated, there are 50,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, one-fourth of which is manured annually with 15 tons of manure per acre.

William Johnson, colored, a life convict in Sing Sing, died Thursday night over a hundred years old. He had been sentenced for life twice, pardoned once and escaped once.

Mr. Valentine Baker, whose imprisonment on a charge of indecently assaulting a young woman in a railway carriage created so much excitement last year in England, has been attached to the staff of the Generalissimo of the Turkish forces, Abdul Kerim Pasha, with the rank of General of Brigade.

The journey of the Prince of Wales from London to Paris the other day was the fastest on record It occupied only seven hours and three-quarters, including stoppages at Folkstone and Amiens, but exclusive of a rest of an hour and a half at Boulogne.

A paris newspaper gives the following as the ages of some of the leading public men of Europe: Prince Gortschakoff, 79; Lord Beaconsfield, 72; Mr. Gladstone, 68; Prince Bismark, 63; Lord Granville, 61; Marshal de MacMahon, 69; M. Thiers, 80; Emperor William 80; Victor Hugo 75; Thos. Carlyle, 81; Alfred Tennyson, 67; Bishop Dunanlup, 75; Pius IX., 84; Garabaldi, 70; Earl Russell, 84; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, 89; M. Jules Simon, 62.

A curious experiment with the magnet was recently tried in London. A boy had broken a needle in the calf of his leg, and before resorting to surgical instruments it was decided to try the effect of a powerful magnet in withdrawing the steel. After a number of experiments in different positions the needle was drawn near the surface on the opposite side of the leg from which it entered and was easily withdrawn.

Active preparations are going on for the immediate commencement of the long-projected work of draining the Zuyder Zee. Taking the average depth of water at eight feet, it is estimated that the work of pumping will be completed in about sixteen years from its commencement. The total cost of reclamation is set down at $67,000,000, but, huge as this sum is, the undertaking is confidently looked upon as likely to prove a most remunerative speculation. The success of the scheme will add to the kingdom a new province, nearly 500,000 acres in extent, of rich agricultural land.

Beethoven, like some other great artistes, was eccentric. When engaged on his magnificent "Sonata Appassionata" he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home he seated himself at the piano, without taking off his hat, and dashing into the splendid finale of that noble work. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running up stairs to know the cause of the deluge.

Mr. Sims Reeve, the English tenor, is getting well on in years, and grows more capricious as he grows older. It is said that he now often refuses to sing at concerts where he has been announced, from no reason but the merest whim, and he is inflexible in his determination to respond to no encores. He sings just exactly the number of pieces that he is paid to sing, neither more or less. Of course he is rich, or he never could indulge his whims as he does. He refuses to go outside of England, and declined lately for this reason a very lucrative engagement offered him in Australia and New South Wales. He preserves the beauty of his voice in a marvellous degree. It is said that his son, Bertie Reeves, who is now studying in Italy, inherits his father's beautiful voice.

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Canadian News.

A foot of snow fell on Tuesday of last week between Sussex and Sackville, N. B.

At the annual spring sale of furs at Fort Rowan on Tuesday, over 15,000 catskins changed hands at 19½ cents.

The French Canadian pilgrims arrived at Paris on the 25th ult., and started for Rome on the 1st inst.

Telegraphic rates from Manitoba to Ontario have been reduced from $2.50 to $1.50.

Mr. Smith, of Strathroy, has the $100 first prize at the New York Dog Show for his kennel of setters.

Three hundred soldiers are on their way from England to raise the 20th and 97th Regiments at Halifax to their full strength.

A Presbyterian minister has been suspended by the Presbytery of Toronto for various reasons—one of which was non-payment of his debts.

The Whitby *Gazette* says that when the Great Chief stopped at Whitby on his way to Toronto; "A true disciple of Lord Cecil presented the man of clean hands with a tract entitled 'The Penitent Thief'."

Mr. West distiller, of Prescott, on Wednesday shipped to Montreal, *en route* to the English markets, six hundred head of grat-eias stall fed cattle, their weights averaging seventeen hundred pounds each.

Mr. Wilmot's effort at stocking the Saugeen River with salmon eva would appear to have been successful. That gentleman has received from Mount Forest a young salmon about eight inches long which was taken a few days ago in a branch of the Saugeen.

The pleasant suit of rooms of the London Young Canadian Liberal Club, situated on the corner of Dundas and Talbot streets, were last week formally thrown open to its members. The rooms occupy to flats and consist of auditorium, gymnasium, billiard, reading and smoking rooms.

The preparations for the festivities in connexion with the inauguration of the city of Brantford, on the 21st inst., are progressing favorably. Answers of acceptance have been received from a number of fire companies, comprising in all about one thousand men. Large subscriptions are being made to defray expenses.

The Northern Railway Co's annual meeting was held in Toronto, on Wednesday. The report was satisfactory. Receipts have increased and