Huron Signal.

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

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1st. Their ease of work.
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Poetry.

For the Signal.

An Evening Song for the Young Folks.

How many days with mute adieu
Have gone down you unpredden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder crashing deep and loud
Have left no foot mark there.

The village bell with silver chime
Comes softer's by the distant shore,
Though I have heard them oftentime,
They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air,
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth and air and sky and sea,
A still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone great God of thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the building rook,
All these their Maker own.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew stands noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod;
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

HIBERNICUS. Chicago, 14 April, 77.

Mayhew, the Millspinner,

or,

THE STOLEN WILL,

'Nonsense. He is too far away for that. I say, Luke, I'm glad you have thought of this, for I'm sure the boy has been nothing but a plague to both of us, and all we got for taking him wasn't much. The money is spent long ago, and since we have no children of our own, why should we be burdened by other people's? Yes, Luke, I'd do it, and quickly too, for if we wait till he is older it will be too difficult.'

'Wait till he's older,' repeated Dick. 'Why, I mean to do it this very night. We'll put off the time somehow so as not to get to Newport till after it's dark. This is why I took the back road and didn't go by the waterside, as you wanted, for I mean a few people to see us as possible. When we go over in the boat and get into Dundee the night will be well on; no body will twig us, and it will be easy enough to make off from Phil on the streets. There's my plan, Beck; ain't it a good 'un?'

'A rare good 'un,' responded his wife. 'It's next to impossible for Phil, once strayed in such a big place as Dundee, to find us out again; but if he should, we can easily—'

'Stop it,' said Luke, in a hurried whisper, as, glancing back, he saw the boy almost close behind them. Beckey observing likewise the cause of the caution, said no more, and the two looked somewhat sharply at Phil to see if he had overheard any part of the conversation. To their extreme satisfaction they saw that he had not, his attention being wholly occupied in plaiting some dry grass which he had gathered by the wayside, so they went on in silence.

There was, however, no need for further conference.

They walked slowly, and this on purpose, for, as Luke had explained, he intended not to reach Newport till after dark and there was still two or three hours of daylight remaining. But slowly as they moved, the human figures which had been perceivable for some time on the road before them, were walking at a pace still slower, for gradually the distance between them was shortened, and the two figures which at first appeared like specks grew into outline and distinctness, and turned out to be an old man and a little girl walking hand in hand in amicable intimate and happy manner.

The old man had, as age had quite venerable. He was rather under the middle height, and stooped slightly beneath the weight of years, whose number was evidenced by the whiteness of his hair, which flowed in long, soft silken ringlets down upon his shoulders. The upper part of his head was covered by a round blue bonnet, and his person was enveloped in a coat of coarse blue cloth, which, darned and mended in many places, descended to his knees. Under his arm he carried a bag of green baize, which evidently contained a fiddle, and strung on his back was a well-filled canvass wallet.

Such was the old man's appearance from behind. That he was a poor travelling musician—a wandering fiddler—could be seen at a glance, but there was an air of cleanness and refinement about him which made him different from the generality of his class.

The little girl, whose hand he held, and who tripped lovingly by his side, was a perfect vision of childish grace and beauty. She was perhaps a little younger than Phil, was neatly though plainly dressed, and had a dainty little figure of exquisite symmetry, which the consciousness of her apparel could not disguise. On her head was a little brown straw hat of sailor's shape, beneath which fell a profusion of bright golden curls, like a very radiance. To complete the picture of harmonious loveliness was a fair round laughing face of clear transparent complexion, cheeks red as roses, and sparkling blue eyes, full of happiness and joy. She was a pure, fragile looking little creature, whom no one could see without wishing to kiss and caress. Between her and the old man a deep affection evidently existed, for, as they walked on hand in hand, she prattled up to him in rich and silvery tones, and ever and anon he gazed down upon her with looks of fondest pride and tenderness.

They did not become aware of the presence of Luke Briar and Beckey till the latter were upon them, when the child, chancing to look round, beheld them and communicated her discovery to her companion. Then he turned his head, and, as they were only a few paces back, he waited till they came up.

Tramps of all kinds never fail to fraternize when they meet, whether they are known to each other or not; and though the fiddler was quite unknown to Luke Briar and his wife, and they to him, they saluted each other quite as a matter of course and walked on in company, the tinker kindly accommodating his locomotion to the slower pace of the old man. The two children drew together in the same natural manner.—First of all they looked at each other in silent curiosity. Phil's large hazel eyes fixed themselves on the girl with ignorant though by no means unintelligent admiration. Young and innocent though he was, he felt strongly instinct of what was perfect beauty, and the little creature before him was so different from and so much prettier than any little girl he had seen before that he could only wonder and gaze in profound yet pleasant surprise. Some feeling was so manifestly reciprocated on his dirty face that the object of his admiration smiled, and, quitting the old man's side, tripped towards him with the frank and artless simplicity of her age.

What a contrast did the two little things present as they came together on the hard road!—she so neat and clean, so radiantly beautiful, so brightly happy! and he so ragged and neglected, so pinched in features, so dirt encrusted and untidy. It was like the meeting of morning and night, of light and darkness—or, to vary the figure, of two lambs, the one folded and tended, the other wandering an outcast.

'What's yer name?' inquired the little maiden, in her clear, silvery tones.

'Phil,' replied the boy, as he looked at her all over. 'What is yours?'

'They call me Ella, and I'm going to stay with Willie—dear good Willie. It's very nice to be in the country in summer time, but it is very cold now, and Willie and I are going to Dundee till spring.—Are you?'

'Don't know,' answered Phil.

'What! haven't they told you—your father and mother, I mean?'

'No, they never tell me anything.'

'Oh my! we they not good to you, like Willie's to me? I and dem'y you love them very much?'

'Tote Luke and Beckey!' returned Phil, in a tone of genuine amazement. 'Not likely! How can I love them when they kick and beat me, and hardly ever give me any food?'

'Dear me, how very unhappy you must be,' said Ella, very pitifully. 'If Willie was to beat me I should die.' But he would not do that, not for all the world. Do you know I sleep in his bosom every night? Where do you sleep?'

'Anywhere—among straw, or anything I can get.'

'And all by yourself?'

'Yes, of course. Luke and Beckey would hit me if I went beside them.'

'Oh dear, I am so sorry for you,' said Ella, the tears standing in her bright blue eyes. 'How you must cry at being treated so.'

'No, I don't; I'm used to it,' rejoined Phil, quite composedly. 'I don't care a bit.'

'You don't cry?' repeated Ella, in great amazement. 'But wouldn't you like much better if they loved you and were kind to you, as Willie is to me?'

'Perhaps I would—I know I should like to get food when I am hungry. I have to get so many kigs and bans and turnips. Don't you?'

'Oh, never,' replied Ella, earnestly. 'Willie always gives me plenty to eat, and clothes too. See what a warm frock I have and shoes and stockings.'

'Yes, I see,' said Phil, 'and your hands and face are so white, and your hair so beautiful, not like mine.'

'Oh, you are very dirty,' said the little maiden with charming frankness.—'Why don't you wash yourself every day and comb your hair?'

'Why, what would be the use? It would make me cold, and I'm cold enough without that.'

'Oh, you are sure you must,' said Ella, looking compassionately at the many rents which his brown skin peeped. 'Why don't they give you better clothes and shoes and stockings?' she quietly asked. 'Do they never get any money?'

'Some times, but most of it goes for drink. They are drunk nearly every night.'

'That's it,' exclaimed Ella with the air of one to whom the whole mystery had been made clear. 'That's why they don't love you, and beat you, and don't give you food and clothes. Willie never gets drunk—never, never; and that's why he's so good.'

'Here, you youngsters,' roared a gruff voice, which suddenly brought their conversation to a close. They had been so earnestly engrossed in their talk that insensibly they had fallen considerably behind the others, but being startled by the summons, which we need scarcely say came from the lips of Luke Briar, they now hurried forward to where they stood at a gate leading to a field, within which, and near the road, was a clump of dark yew trees and the lofty massive walls of a ruined castle thickly covered with ivy.

Before the children had got quite forward, Luke had opened the gate and he and Beckey passed through; but the old man waited their coming, holding out his hand to his little charge.

'What is it, Willie?' asked Ella, as breathlessly she bounded towards him.

'We are going to here tae rest a while, my pet,' was the answer given in the most affectionate tone, and with a fine broad Doric accent. 'We hae walked far the day, and hae still mair than twa miles tae travel. See we'll e'en hae a seat within the shelter o' this ruin, where the wind is lowered, and we'll see what I hae gotten in the wallet in the way o' eatable.'

'Oh, yes,' cried Ella, eagerly, 'And will you give some to Phil, dear Willie, for he is very hungry?'

'Puir laddie, he looks like it,' remarked the old man, casting a sad look on the ragged boy. 'Come awa', my mannie, and yese get a share o' what's gaun.'

Phil gazed with wistful eagerness at the benevolent face which was turned towards him, and a kind of bewildered feeling came over him on being spoken to so tenderly. The promise of food made his hungry heart bound with joy, and when he saw how confidingly Ella put her hand within that of Willie, and how lovingly he led her along, a sad and envious feeling came into his bosom for the first time, and a yearning of soul for the same kind treatment which contrasted so painfully with his hapless lot.

The group passed under an archway of the ruin, and so reached the interior of the enclosure, where the fragment of the castle wall rose on two sides, the other sides being formed by the wall of the churchyard. In the centre grew the enormous yews formerly referred to, shutting out the light to a great extent, and casting a deep dense gloom over the place. It was, however, warm and sheltered compared with the open road, and when the group entered the doorway of what seemed to have been a cell built in the thickness of the wall, and squatted down upon its dry earthen floor, they felt themselves quite snug and comfortable, a feeling which was further increased when Willie opened his wallet and generously shared its entire contents with them.

'That pretty lass will be your grandchild, I reckon?' said Beckey, as she looked at Ella, who with Phil had gone out to have a swing on one of the lower limbs of a yew tree.

'Ah, no,' replied Willie, with a sigh; 'I hae neither kith nor kin. Ella is the wean o' a puir unfortunate lassie that de'd in a lodging-house twa years syne, and I promised the puir thing tae be a protector tae the puir orphan.'

'More fool you are to take such a burden,' growled Luke.

'Oh, but the wean is no burden—quite the opposite, rejoined Willie warmly. 'She's the very happiness and joy o' my life. She's the greatest blessin' ever Providence bestowed on me.'

'Well, the blessing that people differ,' said the tinker, with a laugh that jarred upon Willie's ears, and he was glad when Luke ordered his wife to rise, and he was about to drop him.

'Fair laddie, has he nae freends?' asked the old man earnestly. 'Has he nae kin anything?'

'Perhaps he has, for anything I can tell; but as they are gone for good, Beck and I don't mean to be bothered with the brat any longer. Hillo, what's the matter with the chicks? They look as if they had seen a ghost come from the churchyard.'

These two words of Luke were elicited by seeing Phil and Ella enter the cell in silent consternation, casting frightened looks towards the opposite corner of the enclosure, and as they pressed in, Luke, who was nearest the doorway, raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eye in that direction, saw at once the cause of the little one's perturbation.—A tall, muffled-up man had leaped over the wall of the churchyard, and was examining, in a strange inquiring way, the trunk of a yew which grew opposite him, for the spot was visible from the cell in which they were congregated. The travellers lay silently watching his strange motions, and their curiosity was doubly increased when they saw him move from the tree to the bottom of the wall and begin to dig away the leaves and the soil, in perfect silence, but with great astonishment, they closely watched his proceedings, and after he had dug down to a certain depth they beheld him lift a flat stone and take from beneath it a white parchment. Then, having evidently got what he came to find, the stranger hastily threw back the earth into the hole he had dug, trampled it firmly down, threw a covering of leaves over the spot, and, with the parchment in his hand, rushed back to the churchyard wall, leaped over and disappeared.

The curiosity and interest of all the witnesses to that extraordinary transaction had been excited, but its effect on Luke Briar was much stronger than on the others. In his eagerness to see the stranger and his doings he had cautiously crept forth on his hands and knees, and stared with intense keenness at everything that went forward, never moving, but keeping a death like silence, till the stranger's form vanished over the wall.

'Now, I should like to know the meaning of that,' he muttered. 'It's a game of some kind, I haven't a doubt, and if there are winning stakes going, I should like to share in them. I'll know that chap again when I see him, and I'll make it my business to find out what he's up to.'

Saying which, Luke crept back and rejoined his companions, expressing his wonder along with them at what they had seen, but never hinting at the resolution he had come to regarding it.

In a little while the tramp likewise left the enclosure and resumed their journey to Newport.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTENTS OF THE PARCHMENT—CROSSING THE FERRY—THE STRANGER WATCHED BY LUKE BRIAR—LITTLE PHIL ALONE.

We shall now follow the movements of the stranger after he had left the churchyard.

Night had fairly settled down by the time he had turned into the broad highway leading to Newport. And in addition to the natural darkness of the hour the sky was covered by clouds which hid the stars, keeping their feeble light from being shed upon the gloom. A cold, keen wind blew from the north, and it wanted but rain or sleet to accompany it to make the night one of winter severity. As it was, the cold was great enough to cause the traveller to draw his overcoat closely about him as, with bent head, he pressed on his way.

Ere long the light of Newport shone in the distance, and with all the stronger light because of the surrounding darkness. At sight of them the stranger seemed to increase his speed, and, passing through the toll-bar, came upon the height overlooking the river, when a spectacle burst upon his vision which arrested even his attention, and made him pause.

This was the lighted town of Dundee skirting for miles the opposite side of the river, and presenting a scene of grandeur at once striking and thrilling. The nature of the night caused the scene to show to the very best advantage. In moonlight, or when a hazy atmosphere rests on the river, the view is flatted [illegible] or lost, but to night the air was at once dark and clear, and the thousand, thousand lamps of the great town shone across the water with undimmed lustre, forming a splendid galaxy of ruddy light which the most callous heart cannot behold unmoved, while the man of ardent soul and poetic imagination is filled with rapture, even to ecstacy, and as his delighted vision travels over the scene, thoughts and emotions fill his mind which words are inadequate to express. It is a sight worth journeying many miles to behold, and once seen, it remains a thing of beauty and radiance in the memory forever.

'Ha, one doesn't see a thing like that every day,' muttered the man, as for several moments he stood upon the height. 'Blessed if ever I beheld the like of it, and I've been at a great many rare places in my time. And yet after all, what is it?—a multiplication of lamps, making the sight a beautiful one only because of their numbers. That's the whole of it. One is nothing by itself, but a million closely act like that, and looked at two miles away, takes the eye. Bah—I'm a fool to waste time on it, when I have such an important game in prospect.

Turning hastily away with a gruff grunt, the man went down the slope and entering the hotel, asked for a private room, and ordered dinner to be served to him there.

The moment he was alone in this private apartment he drew forth the parchment he had dug up under the yew tree, and examined it with greedy eyes. On the back of the parchment was written in a bold clerky hand—

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JONATHAN HUNTLY, EXECUTED BY HIM, MARCH 18—

The document thus endorsed was not a long one. It began by declaring that hereby was revoked a previous will of the testator by which the latter had devised his whole property, heritable and movable, to his nephew, Varley Mayhew. Such a disposition of his effects was no longer his desire, for now he excluded Varley Mayhew altogether, and divided his property equally between his niece, Rachel Huntly, wife of Arnold Carsbrook, and Lawrence Mayhew, the son of his said nephew Varley.

This was the substance of the paper, and as it was drawn in legal form by Duncan Campbell, solicitor, Forfar, and duly witnessed by Jas. Martin and Wm. Harper, there seemed to be no reason to doubt that it was in all respects a perfectly valid document, and unless the said Jonathan Huntly had made it void by a subsequent deed, the law would give its provisions full effect.

In that case it was a very important document to possess, and was clearly of very great value to the Rachel Huntly Carsbrook whose name was mentioned in it, and in whose behalf it really had been executed, seeing that by the former will Varley Mayhew—who was utterly excluded—was given the whole.

The importance of the parchment seemed fully understood by the man in whose hands it now was, for his eyes absolutely gleamed as they ran over its contents, and the triumph on his ill-favored countenance was almost loathsome to behold.

He read it to the end, and, having seen that at its execution all the necessary formalities had been duly observed, he laid it on the table, rubbed his hands together with great satisfaction and chuckled audibly.

'Jim Maffit, you're a trump,' he said, bringing his open hand down with a smack on the parchment. 'You've given me as nice a pudding to slice as my heart could desire, and Sam Wilcox wont be worth his salt if he doesn't slice it with rare advantage to himself. Let me see, now. There are two ways to get to work, and I must consider which will secure me the largest slice for my share. Whether will it be by squeezing this man, Varley Mayhew, or by working on the side of Rachel Carsbrook? Martin gave me a good idea of what sort of a man Mayhew is, and I should fancy he'll pay me a good round sum for the document rather than allow it to strip him of Old Huntly's property, which he has taken possession of. The question is, though—Will I make more out of him than out of a woman? Martin thinks so, but then he may be wrong. She may be of the virtuous sort as he says, and yet ready to come to good terms for a fortune. There is poverty, it seems, and poverty is a strong tool to cut my way. The best stroke for me of course would be for me to marry her. Gad, that would give me the one-half of the pudding at once. Only there are difficulties; Meg might turn up, and that would spoil the game for me with a vengeance. To be sure, that is an old, old story now, and the chances are that she is not alive. Yet I have never heard of her death, and in a case of this kind we can never be sure. No, curse it, I must not run that risk; besides, this Rachel Carsbrook has not, according to Martin's account, fared well in matrimony, and might be shy to tackle with a second husband. Yet the temptation is strong, and I won't be too hard before settling it. Fortunately I have a few shiners in my pocket, and can afford a little time to gain the needed information. Then when I have got a clear view of the situation, I'll know how to go to work. Any way, I must win—that is a comfort; and on the head of it I'll have a jollification. I wish the waiter would bring my dinner, for I feel devilish hungry.—Ha! here he is.'

Hastily he re-folded the parchment and thrust it into his bosom, as the door opened and one of the servants of the inn entered, bearing a tray containing the substantial repast he had spoken of. He now supplemented his order by instructing the waiter to bring a pint of wine and a glass of brandy, and thus abundantly supplied with liquids and solids he set himself with great energy and no little satisfaction to their consumption.

Having partaken nothing since noon, when he had refreshments at Perth, the intervening hours of travel and exercise had given him a keen appetite, and eating and drinking being to a man of his stamp productive of keen enjoyment, he gave himself up to it in the present instance with great gusto, the more so that the prospect before him was emitting the glow of a warm relaxation of his vagabond, reckless and unprincipled life had been many, and he was often in straits than otherwise; but the possession of the document which he had that afternoon obtained promised such permanent future advantage that it seemed to him that all anxiety on this score was over, that henceforth his financial position was secure, and that he had only to play aright the grand trump card he held to make him independent of the disagreeable necessity of working for his bread.

That he would play the card aright he had no manner of doubt whatever—the word 'aright' meaning in his vocabulary in such a way as to bring him large money profits—its true moral meaning being the farthest from his thoughts. He had full confidence in his ability to manage matters to his profit in the line of his practice and experience, and was on the whole a simpler matter than others in which he had already been in with success. Thus, failure being to him a impossible, his self satisfaction was great, and in the fullness of it he was ready to tax his digestive powers to a large extent by eating and drinking in abundance.

At length his extensive animal capacity was satisfied, and having finished off by a deep draught of raw brandy, he drew his chair close to the blazing fire, and spread himself out to receive the full benefit of the heat. This, of course, soon produced the natural effect—he grew gradually drowsy, nodded once or twice, and fell fast asleep.

So profound was his slumber that he heard not the waiter when he came to remove the dishes, and the latter seeing how completely he was under the influence of Morpheus, could not forbear pausing for a few moments to look at him. This was natural, for the stranger's appearance was peculiar enough to be note-worthy. There was an air about him which indicated a man whose life was irregular, undisciplined and unsatisfactory. His clothes were shabby and ill-fitting, his boots were clouted, his linen yellow and limp, and his face had a hard and dissipated expression such as is seldom shown on the features of a man who has a regular calling to attend to and has stuck to it. Yet the face had likewise cleverness and intelligence in it—a knowledge of conformation and certain signs of former handsomeness which showed that when a younger man he must have been rather dashing and attractive, therefore a man of dangerous power to susceptible minds.

Now, however, as he lay calmly asleep his face had softened considerably, and expressed more the look of its former innocence. It could not, alas! escape from those marks which vice and sin had stamped on it; but taking advantage of the absyence of evil thoughts and unlawful desires, it came nearer to that natural expression which it wore ere the bad courses of its owner had changed it into a different aspect, compelling it to bear witness to the evil which was cherished within. Thus, the face which met the eyes of the waiter during the few moments he gazed upon it was not wholly repulsive or forbidding; and after the latter had noiselessly withdrew, leaving the stranger undisturbed in his repose, it became still more softened and subdued, as perchance shrouded soul, with a vision of a happier and more innocent time when the heart still retained youth's freshness and tenderness, and ere the life had become contaminated by after doings. In a little, however, it seemed as if that pleasant dream of the past—the irrevocable and forever lost past—gave place to a darker and more disagreeable recollection, for the brow knitted as if in pain, and something like a remonstrating exclamation escaped the sleeper. The subject of his dream made him restless, the muscles of his features were broken, and presently he sat up, stared round in bewildered way, and not able for a little to recall wherefore was.

Nor was the dream through which he had passed wholly without a cause, for the music which had mingled with it, and which had lured and delighted him, was still in his ear, and he awakened was still in the belief that it came from a violin, on which a skilled hand was playing with great power and sweetness outside, and close to the door of the inn. It was an old, old, heart-thrilling Scotch tune, which the player was executing with the feeling and expression, and the stranger not listening to it as it under a spell, his face, as he had handed and his eyes fixed on the fire in quite a dreamy way, gave vent to a long sigh.

'Poor Meg,' he murmured, 'that was her favourite air. We used to sing together, and to hear it now brings back the old time—when—when—Oh, curse it, why should I think of that,' he suddenly broke off, starting to his feet and fiercely shaking from him as it were a nightmare, which could not be brooked. 'I was a fool then,' he went on—'a soft, spoony simpleton; all is changed, and Meg and all that concerns her must be forgotten.'

He pulled the bell with vigor, and the waiter appeared.

'When does the next boat leave?' he sharply asked.

'In a quarter of an hour, sir.'

'Ah, its well, I shall go by it. There is half a sovereign—deduct your charge. I shall get the change as I pass out.'

'He knew down the gold coin, with which the waiter vanished, and lifting his hat and black leather bag he followed him forth into the passage, standing there near the open door waiting till the change should be brought him.

Here a crowd had gathered listening to the musician playing on the violin, and who was no other than the old man named Willie, who had foregathered with Luke Briar near the churchyard.

Having now reached Newport he had drawn his violin from its green bag in front of the inn, in the hope of earning a few coppers ere crossing in the boat, and no sooner had he begun to send forth his sweet strain than all within hearing were drawn to listen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Official Pickings.

SIR JOHN SQUEEZING FREE OUT OF POOR DEBTORS TO THE CROWN.

Ottawa, April 18.

In April, 1872, a return moved for by Mr. Snider, M. P. for North Grey, and seconded by Mr. Metcalfe M. P. for East York, was ordered by the House of Commons of all sums received as costs or fees by the Minister of Justice or any officer of his Department in connection with claims on the occupiers of ordnance lands. The return was never brought down, and the reason for withholding it was only too apparent. The present Minister of Justice has, however, supplied the omission of his predecessor, and the revelation is a most unsavory one. It is a well understood rule that no lawyer can charge costs unless proceedings are initiated. Everybody who has ever received a lawyer's letter demanding payment knows this. Nevertheless, although in no single instance were any proceedings taken, every one of these people, many of them very poor, was made, in answer to a circular from the Department of Justice, signed by the Deputy Minister, to pay $2.50, which went into the Minister's pocket, the total amount thus improperly exacted from debtors to the Crown amounting in the aggregate to $5,450 in the five years from 1868 to 1872. The proceeding involved a double impropriety. First, the one already mentioned, of receiving costs, to which, as a lawyer, Sir John had no claim, and, secondly, the reception by a Minister of fees from departmental business. The work was done by the clerks of the Department. Sir John had no trouble in the matter, and his official salary was paid him to cover the whole of his official duties. Does anybody wonder after this why the return was not sent down?

Our Norther Members.

The Hamilton *Times* Ottawa correspondent, speaking of the debate on the Goderich Harbor contract, on the 17th, says of our member from Nort Huron:

Mr. Farrow made an intolerable exhibition of himself yesterday, when moving his want of confidence amendment. He assayed the role of a humorist, as was evident from his endeavours to apply the writings of his standard authors to the subjects in hand—these evidently were Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte—from which he had evidently been recently drinking copious draffs. There was occasionally a Scriptural turn given his sentences, but these quotations were so entangled and so bunglingly introduced that Mr. Farrow could scarcely be said to be quite certain as to their meaning or the authority from which he took them. His crudities provoked much amusement, and after the division was taken, he was rather roughly quizzed about them, as well as about his new suit of clothes, new white rowdy hat and a glaring blue necktie he sported for the occasion, for which he has for weeks been preparing. His language, his appearance and his squeaky voice, utterly ruined his speech, which in abler hands might have been made with some point.

Pretty Toronto Girls.

(From the Philadelphia Times)

Toronto girls are very pretty. There are two distinct types—the petite in figure, with American feet and complexions, and the tall, stalwart, fresh-looking girls, that remind me of the Kentucky women. Some of them have the most beautiful red hair, Titianesque is, I believe, the polite thing to call it, and it is really very soft, glossy and luxuriant. The Toronto girls dress more like Americans than any other Canadian women, and though