Huron Signal.

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THE CABUL REVOLT.

The Ameer a Conspirator in the Massacre of British Subjects.

An Incredible Story from Cabul—The Outbreak Means Ultimate War with Russia.

SIMLA, India.—It is now believed that the Ameer's complicity in the massacre at Cabul is unquestionable. According to the latest information, orders have been given at Cabul for the stoppage of all direct communication with the British.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—The Vienna telegraphs that private letters have been received from Cabul stating that the massacre of the British Embassy was premeditated and that the assault was committed by three regiments who were disappointed at not having received their arrears of pay. The letters also state that no serious effort was made by the Ameer to relieve the occupants of the Residency beyond preventing other regiments from participating in the attack. The story is regarded here as incredible and inconsistent with known facts, and the question is asked: If these Afghan regiments were disposed to not getting their pay from the Ameer, what relief could they expect from attacking the English, who owed them nothing? It is believed in inside circles here that the Viceregal advices have been connected for the more market and to quiet public anxiety in England. But the feeling is intensified that the Afghan outbreak means ultimately with Russia, and official assurances that the trouble is of a purely local character are everywhere received with allowance.

LONDON, England.—A despatch from Candahar says an Afghan nobleman coming from the direction of Cabul reported that the Ameer has sent for troops from Herat and Balkh, and has summoned the Ghilzais to Cabul for a joind. A private letter from Cabul asserts that the Ameer's body guard joined in the attack on the British Embassy.

One of the troopers of Major Cavagnari's escort arrived at Lundi Khotal yesterday. He says that the roof of the British Residency at Cabul was commanded by other houses, and was consequently untenable. The besieged made a trench outside. About one in the afternoon on the day of the massacre Cavagnari received a wound from a smothering bullet on his forehead. Jenkyns, Major Cavagnari's assistant, who arrived at the Residency during the attack, wrote to the Ameer for help. The Ameer replied, "God will, I am making arrangements." Previous requests from Major Cavagnari had met with the same reply. Jenkyns spoke when Major Cavagnari was wounded, but the bearer of the letter was cut to pieces by the mutineers. The trooper then started, but he was disarmed and imprisoned. He succeeded in escaping, and on the 4th visited the Residency, where he saw the corpse of Lieutenant Hamilton, commanding the escort of the British Mission, lying across a mountain gun. He says Jenkyns was with a person called Yahyah Khan, and he is therefore presumably alive. The trooper saw no troops on the road from Cabul to Jellalabad and Dakha. His comrade, who was sent from Cabul, informed him that Lieut. Hamilton shot three of the mutineers with a revolver, and killed two with his sabre. Dr. Kelly, connected with the mission, was lying dead inside the Residency. Cavagnari was in the room which was burnt, and which had fallen in. His body has not yet been found. Three native officers of the Guides were burned to death near the Residency.

PORTSMOUTH, England.—The British troopship Malabar, with forty officers, has sailed for Bombay, and will call at Queenstown to embark over 1,100 men. She is under orders to complete the passage with all practicable despatch.

THE ZULU CAMPAIGN.

Capture of Cetewayo.

CAPE TOWN, Africa.—Major J. C. Marter, 1st King's Dragoon Guards, has captured Cetewayo. Major Marter was in pursuit of the King with a squadron of his regiment.

HISSING THE QUEEN.

The Lord-Lieutenant's Enquiry and Report.

LONDON, England.—With respect to the enquiry and report which the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ordered to be made into the circumstances relating to the recent hissing of the Queen in Ireland, the following are understood to be the facts: Mr. Parnell was entertained at a banquet on board a steamer on the river Shannon. Mr. Ellard, town clerk of Limerick, presided, and proposed the first toast. He said: "It is my duty to propose 'The Queen—(here the hisses broke out)—The Lords and Commons of Ireland.' I trust the day is not distant when this toast may be proposed with the Lords and Commons of Ireland sitting in the old House in College Green—(cheers)—acting with Her Majesty—(renewed hisses)—for the welfare of Ireland." The toast was drunk; but most of the gentlemen present refused to rise, as is usual.

Fair Rules.

As many who attend agricultural fairs are ignorant of the rules that govern such exhibitions, a practical agricultural man has made up the following code of rules that are applicable to fairs at all times and in all sections. As the season of fairs are upon us, it is only fair those attending fairs should properly heed them:

Don't crawl in over the fence, but through the gate. The fence is simply for ornament.

Keep to the right as you pass around. If you don't you may get left.

If you observe any animal which strikes your particular fancy, go by it at once.

In passing around among the live stock, remember that the horses and cattle are well heeled.

Beware of pickpockets! In order not to put them to unnecessary trouble, carry your wallet in your hands.

In case you get lost, hire some one to find you. Twelve cheap boys will be stationed on the ground for this purpose.

In walking around you will find plenty of chances to get a square meal.

An efficient corps of police are on the ground, ready to club in and make the fair a success.

Any man caught squinting at the weather and predicting rain will be ordered to dry up.

The half-mile track is not a mile around. Bear this in mind, and it may save you much sorrow in after years.

When you get tired of sitting, take a grand stand.

Quarters provided for all the officers of the association, but if you want a quarter you must go down in your pocket.

An important movement is on foot respecting Scotland, about which the world will hear something more definite shortly. The movement relates to the regulation of the liquor traffic in the whiskey-drinking country north of the Tweed, and its object is to make all publicans and beerseller so comfortable that they may retire from business. To make a long story short, Scotland is to be permissive-billed on its own account, though the pill is to be so gilded that even the publicans won't guess they are to be done for.

There is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. A well known doctor, who was called upon by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by enquiring, "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful!" said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription. "I am going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

When the Canadian wife goes travelling a dozen Saratoga trunks will scarce contain her wardrobe, but the wife of the King of Burmah (and there are seven hundred of her) can get all her clothes in an ordinary gripsack. There is a simplicity about the Burmese style we can't help admiring.

A DEAR POUND OF BUTTER.—Donald Ferguson, a Barrie grocer, hit Wm. Macklin, a dry goods clerk in that town, with a pound of butter. Taken before the Magistrate, the following bill had to be footed by the defendant: Butter, first cost, 10c.; fine, $2; Court costs, $5.75; damages taxed at $1.15 In all, $9.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND COOKING.—Addressing the pupils in Lorette Convent, Toronto, the other day H. R. H. Princess Louise advised the pupils to thoroughly study cooking, whereupon the N. Y. *Herald* exclaims: "Long live the Princess Louise! She advises the young ladies of Canada to study the art of cooking. Would that she would cross the line and say as much to our girls, who have never yet learned that health and spirits must first be sought at the hands of the cook."

Shakspeare knew all about pedestrian contests. Didn't he say, "Time and the hour run through the roughest day?" These, by the way, are the most evenly matched pair that were ever seen on the track.]

Times only safety lies in flight; as soon as it hangs around too heavily we try to kil it.

The carpenters of Paris have struck for higher wages and shorter hours.

"We Have Drunk From the Same Canteen."

The following lines were written by the late Sam Malone, better known as "Private Miles O'Reilly:"

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lover's knots, I ween,
But the strongest of all are those formed by a bun,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But whatever the liquid has been,
We shared it together, in honor or sin,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of
this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I prefer in their pocket positions they ship
The wealth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"We have shared our blankets and tent together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean,
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have
died,
We drunk from the same canteen!"

BESET BY BUSHRANGERS.

Surveying and exploring a new district in Queensland is a matter of some hardship and peril. In the evenings, after the day's work is over, when we have finished our "damper," salt beef and tea, and are smoking our pipes round a blazing log fire, many a strange story is told. My men are old bushmen, and up to a thing or two, especially My Chainman.

He is a harum scarum, reckless, handsome, genuine Irishman of very respectable family, induced to emigrate many years ago at a hopeless exasperate. He has knocked about New South Wales and Queensland in all sorts of capacities. I fell in with him by chance. I was fortunate enough to save his life, engaged him, and believe him to be as devoted and fine a fellow as there is in the world.

A few years ago, My Chainman was journeying in the direction of Sydney, from a place in the interior called, I think, Jimbalah. Having stopped at several public houses on the way, he found himself still on his journey with a ten-pound note, half a sovereign, and a half crown in his possession. About a hundred miles from Sydney he found some confusion in a public house which he entered to obtain refreshment. The landlady was crying bitterly, and the servants were in a great fright.

When he entered, the hostess eagerly exclaimed:

"You are not one of them, are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ooh, it's the Bushrangers I mane. You aren't one of them?"

"No. Have they been here, then?"

"Yes, half an hour ago, and cleared my house of all I had. The widdy's curse be upon them!"

"Have they gone down the road, or struck right into the bush?"

"Gone down the road to stick up all they can meet wid."

"How many?"

"Three; sorrow less."

No. My Chainman must go down to Sydney. He could not take the bush for it, as he did not know the country well enough. He might evade the Bushrangers by some lucky chance, either by the aid of night or other means. He was dressed, of course, in the gear of a thorough Bushman, and they might spare him on the old Scotch principle, "Hawks pyke not cot hawks' een." Besides, he might conceal his ten-pound note, and it would not break his heart to lose his half-sovereign and half-crown. On the whole, then, he saw nothing for it but to resume his journey. He chose his short sock as the best place for the bank-note, and thrust the note into it without folding it up.

Forth he went and rode rapidly on for about half an hour without seeing the rangers; however, he distinctly saw the fresh tracks of four horses in advance. At an abrupt turn in the road he was covered by three revolvers and addressed by three voices—

"Dismount!"

No help for it. He got off his horse, and took a survey of the "glorious three." One was a very good-natured looking fellow; the other seemed rather backward; the third was an unmistakable ruffian.

"Where have you been? You're a digger?"

"I'm just coming from the Wanooroh Diggins."

"How much money have you got?"

"One half-sovereign and one half-crown."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

It was the good-natured man who spoke in this dialogue.

"I think, Jim, we may let him off. The poor fellow must be hard up, coming from those wretched diggings."

"We'll have something to say to him first," replied Number Three, whose accent was Irish; and this gave My Chainman some hope.

"Well, at all events, he must have a glass of grog." My Chainman accordingly drank a bumper that took his breath away.

"Walk before me into the bush," then said Number Three.

"Not a bit of it, Jim. Let the poor wretch go. Why, he's a countryman of your own. What do you say, Jack?"

"Never mind what Jack says!" replied Number Three. "Don't you make an ass of yourself, Dick! I'll have my way in this!"

He motioned to My Chainman to go on; and on he went until they reached the belt of scrub.

"Halt! Now, listen to me. It's my opinion that you are a schemer. If I find one shilling on you more that you have acknowledged to" (he swore a terrible oath), "I'll blow your brains out on the spot. Strip!"

My Chainman owned to me that for a moment he felt a mortal terror, but he shook it off and proceeded to undress.

"Take off your jumper first—not your boots. Now your flannel shirt. Throw them over to me."

He examined them thoroughly.

"Take off your boots. Throw them here. Now your trousers."

He found in the pockets the two coins. And My Chainman hoped that the search was over. Not yet.

"Take off your socks!"

To hesitate was instant death. The ruffian shook both socks. Let the reader fancy the beating of My Chainman's heart, meanwhile! As he had thrust the note into the sock without folding it up, and as the robber had caught the note with the thick sock between his finger and thumb, it was thus prevented from falling out. To such small things a man my owe dear life itself.

"Now be off."

"What!" said My Chainman, "Would you send a man away stark naked, and in this weather, too?"

"You ought to be thankful for your life." Just then up came Dick.

"Haven't you searched him yet? What's the use of keeping him in the cold?"

"You mind your own business, Dick."

"Jim," retorted Dick, "you know I can stand a great deal, but you're not the man to bide a quarrel with me when I'm roused. I won't allow you to do as you did last time. Give this man his boots and trousers; keep the jumper if you want it."

Thus they split the difference, and My Chainman was left on a bush-road without a horse, and only half clad. He had his ten-pound note, however.

After walking briskly for about twelve miles he came to a sly grog-shop, where he found two men conversing; one, evidently the host; the other (he knew as well as if it had been revealed to him) was the fourth Bushranger.

In the endless wilds of Australia there is not a Bushman whose life does not often depend on "tracking;" and so wonderful do Bushmen become in this respect that they can tell the date of every mark upon the ground. I have heard them debate as to whether a black's track was an hour old or two hours. Now, My Chainman had seen the tracks of four horses in company, and he had carefully tracked the fourth up to this "humpy," close to which it was standing quietly, tied by the bridle.

"If I don't ride that horse away from this to-day," said My Chainman to himself, "may I never have the blessing of St. Patrick!"

The host was a little man. The Bushranger was a tall and muscular villain, with long, black hair falling down his shoulders—a bad sign, as it showed he had been long "on."

They had been talking on a subject that had excited the Bushranger; and that subject, as far as My Chainman could gather from the muttered words he overheard at his entrance, was that the police were on their way up, and not very far off.

My Chainman gave the Masonic sign; it was answered by the host.

"Hollo," said the Bushranger, "where do you hail from?"

"I have come down the road."

"Haven't you got a horse?"

There was no use shamming here, so My Chainman at once replied:

"I was stuck up and robbed twelve miles from this by the Bushrangers."

"The devils! Are they so near? Isn't it fortunate, Casey, that I know this in time?"

"Why?" said Casey. "You're not going that way; you came from that direction yourself a while ago."

The Bushranger at that moment was lighting his pipe with a brand of burning coal, and his back was turned. My Chainman gave a look and made a gesture which were perfectly understood by the shrewd little host.

"I must be going, old man," said the Bushranger, after his pipe had been successfully lighted. "Let's have a glass of grog all round first."

"All right!" said the little man. Three glasses of rum soon stood before the party. My Chainman put his hand forward to take up one of the glasses, but Casey, with an awkward apology about helping the great first, handed the robber that very glass, gave another to My Chainman, and drank off the third himself.

My Chainman understood all this, and hoped that the stupefying potion would soon take effect. But no. The ruffian's constitution was as sound as the foundations of St. Paul's, and the draught only increased his sharpness and penetration.

"Do you think I don't see through you?" said he, with a diabolical glance at Casey. "I'm not so sure of you" (this was to My Chainman), "if I was, I know what I should do."

"What have I done, sir?" said Casey.

"What have you done, you villain? Everything. I'll have your life!"

Now, although My Chainman did not think that the ruffian meant the threat literally, yet he made his little preparations. The fellow was armed to the teeth. He had two revolvers in his belt and a double-barreled gun stood close to him. A large sheath-knife hung on his hip. Every second increased the ruffian's fury. His oaths and threats were appalling. Casey, the other side of the fire, sat the picture of dismay.

"Why don't you answer me?" the robber at last shouted.

"Because," gasped Casey, "I have nothing to say."

"Nothing to say?" roared the Bushranger.

"Take that!"

He drew a revolver, half rose from his seat, and with wonderful quickness levelled the weapon at Casey. But My Chainman was quicker than he. He had quietly picked up an American tomahawk which lay on a block beside him, and just as the Bushranger had given the half turn to fire, down came the tomahawk on the back of the neck. The pistol exploded at the same moment. The wretched man gave hardly a quiver. He was dead in a second. The two survivors looked into each other's faces.

"Of course he was a Bushranger?" enquired Casey, after a long pause.

"Of course he was," said My Chainman; and he then told him the whole story. "But even if he were not, I did it in self-defence, for he would have shot me the next minute."

"You saved my life, however," said Casey, "and that is everything to the purpose."

"I thought at first," said My Chainman, "that you were in league with the robbers."

"Probably I might have been forced to be so in time," was the reply; "but I have not been here long, and, rely upon it, I shan' be here long."

"What is the best to be done?" said My Chainman. "Shall we ride on and meet the police, if they are on the way?"

"For the Lord's sake, don't!" exclaimed the other. "Hie mates are sure to be here in no time, and they'll torture me if they find this out."

"Get up behind me, and we'll both ride off," said My Chainman.

"Then I'll leave everything belonging to me to be plundered."

"Well, then, man, what is it you want? What's your advice?"

"Let us throw the body down the rock into the scrub there, and then clean up. You ride off. I'll pretend that their mate was alive when I left. If you do meet the police, don't say a word about it."

"But the horse and saddle may be stolen property?"

"You must chance that. It is the only plan."

My Chainman accepted the only plan, rode down to Sydney, and sold the horse.

"But, now, sir," said he, "comes the strangest part of the story, and, if I didn't feel sure that you would believe me, I would never tell it. Years passed, and I happened to be travelling through a town where the assizes were going on. I heard that a great murderer was to be tried, so I went to hear the trial. I did hear the trial. As I live and must die, one of the officials of that court, and not the lowest either, was Jim, the Bushranger who stripped me!"

"Of course you communicated your discovery to the police?"

My Chainman gave a dry cough, and, I rather think, got red in the face.

"I never much cottoned to the police, sir, at any time—least of all then. Not so much for my own sake as for others."

"I see, I see," said I; "but I hope that was the only human blood you ever shed?"

"The only drop," said My Chainman, in some confusion, "saving and excepting one other case. That's a longer yarn than this."

Salaries of Municipal Clerks.

(Dundas Banner.)

We have on more than one occasion directed public attention to the inadequate salaries paid by Township Councils to their Clerks, whose duties are being continually increased by the Ontario Legislature, and who in most cases are expected to carry all the increased burdens heaped upon their shoulders, and perform all the manifold duties required at their hands, for the same small pittance which they received years ago when the services required of them were nothing like as great as they are now. We believe in the principle that public servants should be well paid for the discharge of their duties, and we have no hesitation in declaring that there is not one single Township Clerk in the County of Wentworth well paid for the services he renders. The services required at the hands of Township Clerks are very much greater than those performed by the County Clerk, and we believe we are correct in the statement that there is not a Township Clerk in Wentworth who receives one-third of the salary paid by the County Council to the County Clerk. Why this is so, we confess we are at a loss to understand. The very same men who fix the salary of the County Clerk (and we do not wish to be understood as indicating that he is paid too large a salary) also fix the salaries of the Township Clerks, and they must know that the duties of the latter are more numerous and more trying in all respects than those of the former, and yet they make no move to do justice to these faithful and long-suffering servants of the public.

A queer case is reported in the *Hospital Gazette* of Paris. A doctor was called to see a patient dying from cholera. In order not to discourage the man, the doctor prescribed three doses of ipecac powder, to be given every half hour. The nurse misunderstood the directions, and instead of giving the drug by the mouth gave it as a snuff; this produced a violent sneezing, which was followed by a favorable reaction. The circulation was quickened, the skin was warmed, and the patient was on the way to recovery. When the doctor called, next day, he was amazed to find how he had taken his medicine, and that he was out of danger.

THE AFGHAN MASSACRE.

Anxiety of the Death of Major Cavagnari.

LONDON, England.—The Secretary of the Indian Government has issued a notice that no correspondents will be allowed to accompany the troops into Afghanistan, but that regimental officers may communicate with newspapers.

Two regiments at Chatham and eight batteries of artillery have been ordered to be in readiness to proceed to India. Several battalions, if necessary, are to be ordered from the Cape of Good Hope to India.

A despatch from Simla says Major Cavagnari and others were killed while leaving a sortie upon the enemy from the burning residence. The building being entirely of wood, the besieged could make no defence against the fire. Cavagnari's forces made a gallant attack upon twelve Afghan regiments, but were overpowered by numbers after having slain, not less than 250 of the enemy. The defenders of the Embassy fought bravely until exterminated by the Afghans. Another despatch from Simla says, concerning the assault upon the Embassy, that the gateway leading into the Residency Courtyard was first burst open, but, owing to the resolute stand made by the occupants with rifle, sword and bayonet, the assailants were temporarily checked. Then Major Cavagnari charged, and everybody was slaughtered and the Residency wrecked. It is now believed the number of the populace of Cabul killed will reach four hundred and ten. The guard of the Guides escaped, but where is not known.

Special despatches from India say that two regiments of Highlanders and two regiments of native troops are moving up the Khurram Valley, and two regiments of native cavalry and one British and two native regiments of infantry are now on their way to the Valley.

General Roberts upon first hearing of the massacre of the Envoy pushed forward a regiment of pioneers to Shutargardan Pass and formed an entrenched camp there. Previous accounts from Gen. Massey show that he had not sufficient force for any further advance.

PARIS, India.—A confidential agent from Yakoob Khan is waiting at Ali Kohyl to ask the British to advance. Gen. Roberts is expected at Ali Kohyl. The inhabitants of Candahar are well disposed. The reports relative to the movement of the mutineers are conflicting. Special despatches received in Simla say they are approaching the frontier.

LONDON, England.—The Viceroy's despatches to-day mention nothing of the death of the Ameer. The report of his murder or suicide is considered unfounded. A despatch from Bombay says Mohammed Ali, chief of Herat, Badakshan and Balkh have all revolted against the Ameer. Holy war is being preached in Afghanistan.

LONDON, England.—A Rangoon special says that the Government steamer has left Mandalay, bringing down the staff of the British residency at that place. Peace had been entertained that King Theebaw would follow the example set at Cabul by massacring the Embassy.

A Lahore special says that a Hindoo attached to Cavagnari's mission, who concealed himself during the attack by the mob, and who escaped at night, has arrived at Kiraizi. He reports that the Embassy was attacked in the morning and fired at noon, but held out until evening. He believes that all others connected with the Mission have been killed.

The Ghilzais, near Shutargardan have promised to assist the British with transportation.

Telegrams to the Government confirm the apprehension of an organized opposition by the population. The Viceroy, however, is sanguine of speedy success. It is believed preparations are making for an advance in sufficient force to pursue the Heratee regiments. It is stated that Gen. Stewart will be supreme command of operations in Afghanistan.

LONDON, England.—The feeling at Herat, exerted and promoted by Russian influence, is strongly hostile to the English.

Yakoob Khan has informed the Governor of Candahar that in all matters of official action he must follow the advice of the English commandant.

The British are determined to occupy Cabul with or without the Ameer's consent, although he has not as yet manifested any hostile sentiment. The report of the Ameer's death has not been confirmed by the latest despatches.

RUSSIAN INTRIGUE.

The Bear's Paw Suspected in the Afghan Affair—The Merv Expedition Resumed.

LONDON, England.—This morning's news, taken in connection with that transmitted in former despatches, so strengthens the belief that Russian intrigues are at the bottom of the Afghanistan affair, that it is believed Earl Beaconsfield will demand of the Russian Ambassador in London explanations of these explanations. Much excitement was caused in high political circles here to-day by the reception of news that the Russian expedition to Merv had resumed its progress, and was approaching the Afghanistan frontier. It is recalled here that when the English Government asked an explanation from the Russian Administration of this movement some months ago, positive assurances were given that the expedition was simply one undertaken in the interests of geographical science. Now, however, that expedition has again moved forward, with, it is believed, strong reinforcements. The belief in the insincerity of Russia increases, and the sentiment that the deplorable outbreak at Cabul was instigated by Russia grows stronger. The *Times* urges the Government to persist in having a resident force at Cabul.

A St. Petersburg despatch says the Russian Merv expedition has resumed marching.

THE KIDNAPPING CASE.

Arrest of Two Men on Suspicion in Montreal.

The following despatch describes the arrest of the brothers Deal at Montreal for the attempt to kidnap Mr. Jaffray, of Toronto. Detective Reid, of the Toronto Police Force, left on Saturday to take the prisoners to that city:

MONTREAL, Quebec.—The kidnapping case was put into the hands of Detectives Cullen and Murphy, and this morning they found the supposed kidnappers at the Bonaventure Depot. After being conducted to the station the prisoners admitted that they were the men named in the telegram which had been received from Toronto, but that they had nothing to do with any kidnapping case. Detectives Murphy and Cullen were, however, indefatigably engaged in the case, and after various enquiries discovered that the prisoners had arrived in town about a week ago, and stopped at a hotel. Afterwards they engaged a room at No. 65 St. Joseph street, simply for the purpose of lodging, at the rate of $1.25 per week. Here the detectives found on investigation a half a loaf of bread, some honey, shirts, collars, socks, underclothing, etc. It is surmised that the prisoners lived poorly, and fared but badly upon their adventure. While searching their persons this morning Detective Cullen found a book which gives some clues to the existence of a kidnapper's association called the "Canadian League." The book also contained a number of names whose owners will be looked after in time. A secret alphabet was found in the back of the book. They seem to have arrangements for operating in Hamilton, St. Catharines, Guelph, London, Brantford and Toronto. The following is selected from the constitution:

THE CANADIAN LEAGUE.

1. You will not reveal the proceedings of this Society, or repeat the same to any member outside of the place of meeting? Ans.—I will not, so help me God.

2. You will obey the chief and officers in everything pertaining to the League or its interests? Ans.—I will, so help me God.

3. You will do all in your power to further the interests of this League? Ans.—I will, so help me God.

NOTE.—Members can only be sworn in by the chief or one of his officers.

4. You swear that you will assist in punishing any member who breaks the oath, not excepting your own brother? Ans.—I will, so help me God.

NOTE.—A member breaking the oath will be punished with death by his brother members.

5. You swear to assist in anything that will benefit the Society?

6. You swear to do all in your power to get members for this Society, and to work for it in every possible manner?

7. You swear to do everything you have promised?

You are now a member of the Canadian League. It is your duty to protect your brothers, and assist them in trouble against your best friends.

A certain young lady who was a little behindhand in her summer outfit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up she told them—because she had no little hat yet.

Condensed Telegraphic News

LONDON, England.—A despatch from Dublin says that a considerable portion of the Irish harvest is irreparably lost, but if fine weather should continue two or three weeks there will be a very large amount saved.

The new iron-clad turret ram Agamemnon, carrying four thirty-eight ton guns, and of 8,492 tons burthen, with engines 6,000 horse power, was successfully launched to-day at Chatham.

An election took place to day in Enniskillen and Nakenshire to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons, caused by the elevation to the peerage of Viscount Wolseley, on the death of his father, the Earl of Fife. Sir George Macpherson Grant, Liberal, was elected by 959 votes.

Mr. Cross, Home Secretary, in answer to a request from the Mayor of Middlesborough asking Government assistance on account of the distress occasioned by the depression of trade, states that he has no funds for the purpose, but will lay the matter before the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

GRATZ, Styria.—Austrian State Engineers have completed plans for the proposed Aribers Railway. The mountain will be pierced 536 feet above the level of the sea. The tunnel will be 10,270 metres long. The Minister of Commerce favors making it a purely State railway.

Numerous sensational reports of an attempt on the life of the Sultan are current. On Wednesday a man, believed to be insane, tried to force his way into the garden of the palace, and wounded three soldiers, and was seriously wounded himself in the struggle.

HARTFORD, Connecticut.—It is estimated that nearly a hundred thousand people, not residents of this city, are here to-day to participate in the ceremonies of conveying the old battle flags from the State arsenal to the new capitol. Ten thousand veterans are in the procession. General Hawley was given the colors to Governor Andrews, and in so doing made an eloquent speech, to which Governor Andrews responded in touching terms.

STAMFORD, Connecticut.—George Sumner Chipman, a student in Middlebury University, aged twenty-four, died this afternoon, poisoned by eating toadstools for mushrooms.

SARATOGA, N Y.—Mrs. Spurgeon, granddaughter of General Burgoyne, visited Saratoga battlefield to day.

FALL RIVER, Massachusetts.—Without some change for the better in the print cloth market, the reduction of the wages of all classes of operatives is inevitable.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From 1873 to 1879 inclusive the United States mints coined 376,641,840 pieces of money, aggregating a value of $419,071,513 90. The Treasury Department to-day published the coinages of silver for the Philadelphia mint. Other offers for Philadelphia and San Francisco were above the market rate, and were declined. The indications at the Treasury are that the number of silver dollars which go into circulation this month will for the first time equal the monthly coinage. In Washington the standard dollars are already much more plentiful than bank notes.

LOUISVILLES, Kentucky.—Frank H Lenzing, aged 50, formerly a well known grocer, committed suicide this morning while alone at his house by pouring coal oil over his clothes and setting himself on fire. He had taken the precaution to bolt his door, and people who rushed to his assistance were unable to gain admission until the body was burned to a crisp. Lenzing had been sick during the past year.

BALTIMORE, Maryland.—A Spanish steamer from Puerto Rico last night ran down an unknown schooner, cutting her in two, her bow floating off on one side of the steamer and the stern on the other. The captain of the steamer immediately threw over buoys and life-preservers and got boats out. He lay by the pieces of the wreck all night, but saw no sign of life.

NEW YORK.—This morning patrolman Charles Dooley, on leave of absence, reached his home about three o'clock, found Ira Warren standing by his (Dooley's) wife's bedside. He drew his revolver and shot Warren probably fatally. Dooley was arrested.

BELLEVILLE, Ontario.—Mr. Asabel Ketcheson, of Sidney, got one of his hands caught in the gearing of a threshing machine yesterday, tearing off his thumb and three fingers.

An inquest was held last night on the body of Mrs. Hunter, who died on Sunday after taking medicine procured from an Indian doctor, she having been previously in a precarious state of health. A verdict of death from natural causes was returned.

Preparations for the reception of the Governor General and the Princess Louise are being pushed forward at Brantford. Brantford, Ontario.—Last evening Matthew Whiting, Warden, and R. Henry, Mayor, entertained the members of the County and City Council and some invited friends at dinner in the American House. Mr. Whiting occupied the chair and Mr. Henry the vice-chair. After all had partaken of the good things provided, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were the order of the evening.

A meeting of merchants, manufacturers, and others is called at the Kirby House parlor this evening, with a view to establish a Board of Trade in our city.

This morning some thirty men who were engaged in one of the Allan Steamship Line's sheds unloading potatoes from carts which had arrived from the country, were considerably startled to see the building suddenly rise from the ground and come down with a crash. The fall was instantaneous and had it not been that the men threw themselves quickly on the ground, and that the timbers fell on the carts and barrels, there is little doubt that several deaths would have occurred. Two men were injured.

¶¶Last week as a suburban train was returning from St. Lambert, and when it was near the centre of Victoria Bridge, a young motive and accompanying car came in contact with a plank which had been carelessly laid across the track by some workmen. Fortunately the whole of the wheels passed over the obstacle and on to the rails again without swerving to either side. The shock to those on board was very considerable.

TORONTO, Ontario.—While two of Mr. James Finelion's little girls were playing on some timbers in the canal above the guard lock here this afternoon, one aged six fell into the water and was drowned before her little sister could give the alarm. The body was recovered about forty-five minutes afterwards.

LUCAN, Ontario.—Sixteen parties have been summoned for alleged trespass on the Donnelly farm in search of a stray animal. The hearing of the cases is set down for Saturday next in London, when a lively time is anticipated. The animal in question was presumed to have been stolen, and a search was made on the Donnelly premises, the occupants of which were the suspected partier, and hence the action.

ABYSSINIA.

Troubles of the Reigning Monarch.

LONDON, England.—King John of Abyssinia writes to a mercantile firm representing him in London, stating he has written to Queen Victoria complaining that outlets of his territory are closed by Egyptians. He says General Kirkham, an English General in his service, was poisoned at Massowah while on his way to England with letters to the Queen.

RIOT AT FALL RIVER.

Brutal Attack on French Canadian Importations.

FALL RIVER, Massachusetts.—Seven families of French Canadians, brought here by the manufacturers, arrived to day. They comprise seventy-three men, women and children. A portion of the party, consisting of two men and the agent who brought the party, four women and several boys and girls while on the street this afternoon was attacked by a crowd of 150, mostly men. Rocks were hurled at them in perfect showers and most all of the party were more or less injured. One woman with a babe in her arms was knocked down and kicked. A little boy about seven years old was struck on the face and all the little children were badly hurt.

A despatch from Geneva announces that the harvest in western Switzerland and Ain in France has been successfully garnered. It is abundant and excellent, and it is calculated that Switzerland will require 500,000 double centners of foreign corn less than last year.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

Bishop Bishop Gregg or Bishop Toke, of the British Reformed Episcopal Church, will shortly visit America.

The Holy Synod of Russia is said to have in contemplation a reform of the monasteries and nunneries under its jurisdiction.

Among the colored refugees in Kansas is an ancient Baptist Church of 900 persons, from Delta, La., led by the pastor and deacons.

The new Bishop of Jerusalem, the Rev. Joseph Barclay, D.D., is an Irishman and a graduate of the Dublin University, where he took the B.A. degree in 1854, and LL.D. in 1865.

According to the London *Figaro*, Pere Hyacinthe has been preaching more of the flowery sermons his name suggests. The Parisians say that they may be fruitful in their results as well.

The seventy-second General Conference of the New Jerusalem Church of Great Britain has been held in London. The President's eightieth birthday was celebrated, and he received a purse of $1,000.

Father Cordes, of Rhode, Germany, fell dead in the confessional the other day, after hearing the confession of the last person in the church, from a thunderbolt. He was found after the shock sitting upright, with blanched face, quite dead.

The total of contributions of the Church of Scotland for benevolent purposes was, last year, $1,911,670. The Northern Presbyterian Church in the United States, with but a few more communicants, raised nearly $2,000,000.

Last year fifty Christian Brothers (Catholic religious) were compelled to leave Germany. They went to Verviers, in Belgium. Now the Belgian Government has ordered them off, and they have gone to France, whither they ask their pupils to come.

Three Old Catholic leaders, Bishop Reinkens, of Germany; Bishop Herzog, of Switzerland, and Father Hyacinthe, of Paris, have met in Geneva in conference with a Scottish and an English Bishop. They visited in a service in the Old Catholic Cathedral.

The London Missionary Society have received a telegram from Aden announcing the death of the Rev. Dr. Mullins, at Mpwapwa, in Central Africa, on July 10. Dr. Mullins was the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, and left England a few months ago to aid in establishing a mission on Lake Tanganyika. He was for many years a missionary in India.

Said the Rev. John Brown to his theological students—"Young gentlemen, ye need three things to make you good ministers—learning, grace and common sense. As for learning, I will try to set you in the way of it; as for grace, ye must always pray for it, but if ye have not brought the common sense with ye, ye may go about your business."

At a meeting of the Free Church of Scotland Commission it was resolved, on account of continued depression of trade and gloomy prospects of the next, to call on Government to set apart a special day for suitable exercises and invite all classes to make a confession of sin and implore God's mercy. It was also agreed to bring under the notice of the Commission on Agriculture the state of agricultural laborers' dwellings and feeing markets.

The Belgian Bishops have, at conference held at Malines, resolved with regard to the new Education law that absolution is to be refused to all teachers and pupils of the public normal schools; that teaching in public schools being schismatical, all teachers employed in them are excommunicated; that absolution is to be refused to the teachers of all public schools, without any exception; and that the children attending the public schools, being considered as acting without discernment, may be admitted provisionally to first communion.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council of 1880 will soon come round, and the arrangements for it seem to be already well advanced. It is now announced that the Free Church of Scotland intends sending an influential deputation to Philadelphia, including Principal Rainy, Sir Henry Moncrieff, Dr. Begg, Dr. Blaikie, Dr. Adam, Lord Kintore and others. America will probably be visited next year by an unusually large number of Scottish ministers, many of them will cross the Atlantic for the first time.

The Congregational Church in Marysville, Ohio, hit upon a novel, as well as very successful, plan for raising money when it authorized a few of its ladies to prepare and publish a cook book. They have already received a profit of more than $500, and with the money have furnished an attractive brick church and still have several hundred dollars left for a parsonage fund.

The chapel of St. John Manningham, at Bradford, England, a Wesleyan chapel with Ritualistic services, is one of the recent ecclesiastical novelties of Great Britain. The edifice is provided with a transept and chancel; the pulpit and font are of Caen stone, beautifully cut, with shafts of Mexican onyx; the reredos is in seven panels, with canopied heads. In the chancel are stalls for thirty-six choristers, who are attired in black cassocks.

POISON IN THE KITCHEN.

We are all being poisoned by inches! If you do not believe it, read the following from the *Journal of Chemistry*:

Dr. Emil Quercer, of Philadelphia, writes us that since we called attention to the subject he has tested a great number of tin vessels from different sources with nitric acid and a solution of iodide of potassium *and found] lead in every case.* He adds: "All my vessels for cooking, etc., are now made of sheet iron and give entire satisfaction." And the *Journal of Chemistry* advises the use of sheet iron instead of the tinware which has been found to be subject to poisonous manipulation. This evidence of scientific men, published in a "scientific journal," only substantiated other evidence which I have carefully gathered from widely different sources, showing that in the competitions of trade cheap tinware, composed largely of soluble lead, is now coming into daily use in our kitchens, our dairies, our milk pails, our tin cans, in which all varieties of canned meats, fish, vegetables and fruits are kept, in the pots used to prepare our tea and coffee, and the vessels used for cooking almost every variety of food. And it is said that the beautiful mottled ware called "marbleized iron ware," which has been largely manufactured in the form of coffee-pots, tea-pots, milk-cans, sauce pans, and various other cooking dishes, is now pronounced by the "Harvard University" chemist, who analyzed it, to be "*alive with poison,*" is still sold and used to some extent. If it would not make this paper too long for extensive publication I should be glad to go on with a hundred pages of evidence I have gath