Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXX. NO. 21. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1581.

CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S MANTLE AND DRESS MAKING DEPARTMENT.

OUR ATTEMPT to meet the wants of our customers in this department has met with a most gratifying success.

ENCOURAGED by the manifest satisfaction given and the number of orders coming in we have increased our staff of assistants, and are exerting ourselves to execute orders promptly.

EVERY LADY should see our choice and varied stock of Dress Goods.

EVERY LADY should see our large stock of Mourning Goods.

EVERY LADY should see our large assortment of Mantles and Mantle Cloths.

EVERY LADY should see our Millinery and Sun Shades.

EVERY LADY should see our Hosiery and Gloves in all the new shades at very low prices.

LADIES we are showing the largest and most attractive stock of new spring goods in Town.

Crofts & Johnston.

Noted for Cheap Goods.

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada.

Printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

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A. McLEAN, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., office and residence on Bruce Street second door west of Victoria Street. 1522-1-yr.

Dr. Cassady, McGill College PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, and residence corner South and Elgin Streets, Goderich, Ontario. 1550

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

G. ELLIOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, &c. Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND 1373

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

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

Garrow, Meyer & Radenhurst BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, corner Square and Hamilton Street, Wingham and Wingham.

Strong, Winchester & Strong BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office—Over G. Parson's Hardware store, Achison's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1493

S. Malcomson, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Office, Clinton, Ont. w35

MONEY TO LEND.

REV. C. FLETCHER, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich. 1432-1y

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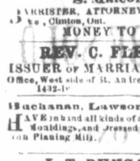

WOULD invite his customers and others to come and examine his stock and be convinced that all is made up by most capable of duration. Work served to none in style and durability of single and double Harness.

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$75,000.00 TO LEND, —ON— REAL ESTATE Terms Favourable. APPLY TO B. L. DOYLE, GODERICH.

$20,000. PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town Property at lowest interest, No large per annum, $1 Com. also charged, conveyancing free of charge. DAVIDSON & JOHNSON, Barristers, &c. Goderich

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.

Available Assets, $27,000,000 Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Claims by CHICAGO FIRE settled at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without question. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.

FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.

Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal. G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary MONTREAL

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LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.

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THE STADACONA FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is one of the strongest home institutions, having a Capital of $5,000,000, and a deposit with the Dominion Government of $150,000

The terms on which this First Class Company does business are of the most liberal nature and the prompt and equitable manner in which it settles all its claims are sufficient reasons to warrant its foremost position with the public in its line of business. The agency has also been appointed Agent for the OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL FIRE Insurance Company, for the County of Huron. This Company has a CAPITAL OF $1,000,000, and a deposit with the Dominion Government of $50,000.

The class of risk taken by this Company is a non-hazardous, only taking that of farm property and private dwellings, thereby offering the public the very best security at the very lowest rates possible to take this class of risk at.

The subscriber would give a cordial invitation to all who need insurance of what ever nature, either to call at his residence, on Nelson street, or by letter, as all applications by letter will receive this most prompt attention.

N. B.—Money to loan on the most liberal terms.

HUGH MacMATH. 1568-6m Insurance Agent.

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ROTARY SUCTION PUMP.

A Purifier of Water,

THE BEST WATER-DRAWER EVER PUT IN A WELL OR CISTERN.

Thousands in Daily Use.

THIS INVENTION is an atmospheric or Suction Pump with three Elastic Rubber Buckets or valves working air-tight and round a fixed bottom of the well to the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to keep one valve up in the tube, and throwing an interrupted stream of water. It uses a crank or Reel for power.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP.

1st. Their ease of work.
2nd. Throws a constant stream.
3rd. Purifies the water.
4th. No expense for repairs.
5th. Warranted not to freeze.
6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order.
7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power.

WM. DICKSON, Agent Box 47 Goderich, Ont.

Poetry.

Some War Poetry on Both Sides.

FOR THE RUSSIAN.

A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of the Western Diocese of New York.

Tramp of the lordless! hear it blow! Forward the Cross! the world shall know Jehovah's arms against the foe. Down shall the cursed Crescent go! To arms—to arms! God will it so.

God help the Ram! God bless the Czar! Shame on the swords that trade can mar Shame on the laggards, faint and far, That rise not to the holy war. To arms—to arms! The Cross our Star.

How long, O Lord!—for Thou are just; Vengeance is Thine—in Thee we trust; Wake, arm of God, and dash to dust Those hordes of rapine and of lust. To arms—to arms! Wake swords that rush.

* * * * *

Forward the Cross! Rear clouds of ire! Break with shot, shell and the fire! To meet Crusader-led Faith inspire; Down with the Crescent to the mire! To arms—to arms! To vengeance dire!

* * * * *

AGAINST BOTH.

A Newspaper Heretic (W. A. Croffut) in The Graphic.

Thou man of God, who thus implore The brother's sacred blood to pour In hateful tides of tumbid gore From Dardanelles to Danube's shore, Be still—be still! Blaspheme no more!

God bless the babes! God bless the wives! Shame on the priests that whet the knives! Shame on the church whose altar thrives By wrecking peaceful peasants' lives! Be still—be still! 'Tis Hell that drives!

How long, O Lord, before Thy shrine Shall men pray, "Vengeance, God is thine," Then worship Moloch as divine, And drink the battle's bloody wine? Be still—be still! O, heart of mine!

* * * * *

Come Holy Peace! May Muscovite And Moslem end their wretched fight; Women with songs shall hail the light, And children flock with flags of white; Be still—be still— O, sacred right!

Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR,

THE STOLEN WILL,

It was now Lawrence's turn to stare, and stare he did for fully a minute, till he was jerked out of his statuesque rigidity by his father turning to his books and waving his hand to begone, with an air which seemed to take it for granted that the interview was at an end, and the subject was settled according to the decision just given.

'Why, father, your words are incomprehensible,' ejaculated Lawrence.

'In comprehensible!' repeated the other,' uttering the word very slowly and syllable by syllable, and at the same time gazing at Lawrence in the utmost astonishment. 'When,' he asked, 'did you or any mortal ever hear me speak incomprehensible words, and what is there incomprehensible in what I uttered just now?'

'If taken in their natural sense, I must certainly find them so,' replied Lawrence.

'But it is just possible that I have misunderstood you.'

'Then you are a greater thick head than I took you for. I never thought that you were very shrewd or sharp, but I did imagine you could understand plain English. Pray tell me what meaning my words had to you?'

'They sounded like an intimation that you would by and by choose a lady for me to marry.'

'I was sure I did not speak incoherently. Why, man, that was precisely what I said and what I meant. There, go now, I have no more time to spare.'

'Nevertheless, I fear I must trespass on your time a little further,' said Lawrence, in a firmer tone than he had yet used.

'Marriage is not a commercial transaction to be negotiated in that way. A wife is not subject to consignment like a cargo of jute.'

'Much you know about consignments or cargoes. Stick to business and learn more about them and don't trouble your head with what shall be my care.'

'Father, this is monstrous, and I must speak out!' exclaimed Lawrence indignantly. 'Marriage is too sacred a thing to be delegated to another, even to a father. I claim to act in this matter for myself and by myself.'

'Not—surely not apart from me?' said the merchant, with renewed astonishment.

'Not without your knowledge certainly, but that I had no intention of doing so is evidenced by my presence here. I came to acquaint you with the fact that I intend to marry very early; in fact, immediately.'

'Do you? Then put the idiotic thought out of your head, for I tell you you shan't till my time comes.'

'I am sorry to oppose you in this, father, but——'

'Silence,' thundered the other, with a burst of rage. 'I am master here, and allow no one to oppose me. Go.'

'Very well, I shall go, but you will please to remember when my marriage is over that I did not consult it from you.'

He turned on his heel, and was opening the door to depart, when a tight grasp was laid on his arm, a fierce throat cast him to one side, and clutched a stool between him and the door.

'Stop sir,' said the latter, with consuming fury. 'What fit of madness is this that has seized you? You don't mean to say that you will be insane enough to go and ruin yourself, and destroy my plans?'

'Ruin myself! I assure ye all well,' answered Lawrence. 'As to your plans, I know them not, nor am I responsible for their fulfilment.'

'By heaven, but you are; and are you fool enough not to know it? Your marriage at the right time and in the right way is a part of my life's hopes, my life's efforts. Beware, then, how you do aught to mar them.

'If they are not misplaced or misdirected, my marriage shall; neither, if they are, father, take the blame of their defeat on yourself.'

'But when I tell you that a wrong marriage on your part will ruin all, you will abandon any wild notion you have allowed yourself to entertain to me of it though you had never been my son.' 'But you shall not balk me of the purpose to which the labor of years has been devoted.' 'I will marry again, and my own children shall still inherit me.' 'For you—cowardly viper, ingrate—quit my sight, or by my eyes you have become loathsome, and in ten minutes hence, unless you are at your still child's side to witness the Will I am about to make, I'll make it in favor of the Home for Idiots.'

'Do I believe the charge I have often heard Stephen Berge bring against you?' he slowly uttered. 'If that question had been asked me yesterday, I should have said 'no,' for hitherto I looked upon the words of the man as the natural but mistaken utterances of a ruined man, whom misfortunes, aided by his own sad weaknesses, had reduced from affluence to poverty, and whose mind had thereby been rendered unduly suspicious and erroneously unjust. But now, father—now I am forced to suspect something different, and you, not he, have forced the suspicion on me.'

'Oh, then I cheated and robbed?—That is what you say?'

'I say nothing. But you well know you still have the means in your own hand of proving that his charge and my suspicion are false. Yonder safe, in which you keep carefully under lock and key the books of the old firm, will show if the insolvency of Stephen Berge was as real as you said. Produce them and——'

'Never!' shouted his father, pale with fury. 'I'll burn them rather. No one has a right to say him or me, and least of all you—you ungrateful, unnatural wretch. Quit my sight, and do not come again into my presence till you are ready to beg my pardon for this day's insolence.'

'Then, father, that time will never come,' said Lawrence, sadly, but in a calm tone of resolution. 'As I am not conscious of having cherished an unfilial spirit, or of having spoken an unfilial word, I can never see cause either to feel contrition or sue for forgiveness. Farewell then, and may you come ere long to think and feel differently.'

'What do you mean? what is your purpose?' hoarsely asked his father, stopping him again as he made a motion to leave. 'Rash, headstrong, as you are, you will not be mad enough to marry that girl?'

'Yes, wife,' Misther Lawrence, yes-wife! Och, murder, but it makes ould Barney Doyle a happy man. Sure ye were made for one another, let Misther Mayhew say as he loikes; and it's meself as will pray every day for yer happiness and prosperity. Here she comes, the purty darlint.'

Annie had at this moment emerged from the door which led to the weaving room, and was crossing the court, with a pale, anxious face and faltering step. Barney, with true delicacy of feeling, retired into his box, and Lawrence waited her coming. She approached with a questioning look, but had no power to speak.

Lawrence greeted her with a loving and assuring smile, drew her arm very tenderly within his own, and led her out through the factory gate.

'Oh, Lawrence,' she whispered, with a great sob. 'I knew this would be the result. Why, oh why would you not abide by my proposal last night?'

'Because I should then have lost all that makes life worth possessing,' he whispered. 'Now we are free. Youth, health, love are ours, and what can weigh in the balance against these.'—Come, tell me what?'

'Nothing,' she faltered, 'but——'

'Hush. There are no 'buts.' We go forth in hope and confidence, for we know and feel that we are in the right.'

Soothed and strengthened by his manly words, Annie wiped away her tears; but her heart was still troubled and distressed.

And thus the two lovers went forth to meet the battle of life. As they moved away from the factory gate they did not observe the figure of the man who passed them, and bestowed on them a keen look of curious interest as he went in by the door from which they had just issued.

That man was Sam Willox.

CHAPTER X.

SAM WILLOX PUTS "THE SCREW" ON VARLEY MAYHEW.

'Let him go,' hissed Varley Mayhew, as at the end of several minutes he sprang from his seat and traversed the private room with hasty step. From the moment of his son's departure he had sat motionless, yet fiercely struggling with his inward passion. This was such a sudden, such an unexpected and aggravating overturn of all his plans—plans which he had laid years ago, and had carried forward nearly to consummation—that at first rage and fury were pent up by the very force of the shock, and kept surging in a blind, indefinite way down in the depths of his sordid soul. As a relief from that groundswell of his nature, he started up with the exclamation we have chronicled—'Let him go.'

'I might have suspected this,' he went on. 'I felt all along that the boy was imbued with his mother's soft, milk sop nature, and had not spirit to enter into my plans. It was this instinct that warned me not to trust him with these plans, and still less with the means I have taken to accomplish them. He would have thwarted me at every point—nay, I verily believe he would have brought his white-livered scruples to prevent me from carrying out my measures. 'Tis well, then, that I have kept him in the dark, and 'tis well that I have broken with him now. Let him go, I say again. My purpose shall be wrought out all the surer that he is excluded. I'll not be balked. I'll do as I threatened—I'll marry again—marry where my family hope will be renewed; and I shall take precious good care that my next son shall receive a different training. Pshaw, I am done with him forever, and this being so, I shall banish him from my memory. I shall never think of him again, and never allow him to be spoken of in my hearing. This is my will, and when it becomes known all shall learn to obey it.'

A knock at the door of his private room made him spring to his seat.

'Come in,'

'A person wishes to see you, sir,' said the clerk who opened the door.

'Who is it, James?

'Don't know, sir. He is a stranger.'

'I can't be seen just now, James. I am busy; say I am engaged.—Oh! he is here.'

'Yes, Mr. Mayhew,' said the voice of Sam Willox, as at the moment, he with an air of cool assurance pushed himself past the astonished clerk, and advanced into the centre of the room. 'You may be engaged as you say, but my business is particular, and on the strength of it I have presumed to make my way to your private room.

'I—I really, sir, I have not time to see you at present,' said the merchant, eyeing the shabbily-dressed and unin viting exterior of the personage before him with angry impatience. 'Mention your business to Mr. Ford, in the counting-room. He will be able to transact your business.'

'Not so, Mr. Mayhew,' said Sam with a quiet smile; 'my business is with you alone, and in private. So, young man, you can go, and don't allow us to be interrupted.'

At another time Mr. Mayhew would have treated this as impertinence, and ordered the fellow from his presence; but he had been so severely shaken by his interview with Lawrence as to be unable to manifest his natial sternness of demeanour and promptitude of action. Somehow, therefore, the clerk had retired and the door was shut on himself and his visitor ere he had power to make further remonstrance.

Seeing that the interview was now forced upon him, his manner grew gruff and surly, and the more so as further inspection of the man before him gave him a still more unfavorable impression as to his respectibility.

'You say your business is particular, and especially with myself. What is it?'

'Well, Mr. Mayhew, that isn't a question to be answered just at once. And as our talk may be somewhat long, I'll just take a seat.'

And to Varley Mayhew's intense astonishment, irritation and disgust, the visitor, with an air of the utmost *sang froid* drew a chair from under the writing table, and placed himself in it, directly opposite the merchant, whom he favored with a stare of unblushing effrontery.

The wrath of the latter could no longer be bottled up, his face flushed scarlet, and leaning forward, and striking his hand sharply, he said, in angry tones—

'This won't do, sir; I have no time to spare for strangers, and least of all, in business hour. If, therefore, you really have anything of importance to say to me, say it in a word.'

Sam Willox's quiet smile only deepened at this ebullition on Mayhew's part, and his aspect of pleased self-possession increased as he remarked—

'I have already told you that I have something important to say to you, and that I cannot say it to you in a word; and as for time you must spare it, since you have got no better use for it than in the discussion of the matter which has brought me here. But we may as well begin at once. If I mistake not, you have just had a rupture with your son.'

'Zounds, sir, this is intolerable,' roared Mayhew, starting up and stretching his arm towards an alarm bell which stood between them. But before his finger could touch the spring his arm was seized in a strong yet undemonstrative grasp.

'Don't do that if you are wise,' said Sam, with a significant nod. 'Just wait a bit till you get an inkling of my business, and you will be extremely thankful that I prevented you from ringing that bell.'

Mayhew sank back again into his seat. 'I see how it is,' he said; 'you are sent here by Lawrence in the hope of influencing or conciliating me. It is useless. Nothing you can say will have any effect.'

'Wrong again, Mr. Mayhew. I ain't no friend of your son's, though I must say I am not a little interested in him and his affairs. And the reason I came to guess you two had a rupture was my seeing a young gent, which I took to be him, going out at the gate just now with a pretty but red faced girl, which I took to be Berge's daughter, and from a word or two I overheard in passing I twigged the state of the case. You see I have been posting myself up in all that concerns you for some days past, and this is how I understand the thing so easily.'

'And how dare you, sir—a stranger, and to all appearance not a respectable person—have the impudence to pry into my concerns?'

'Oh, I don't look respectable, don't I?' returned Sam, with an open sneer. 'My clothes are shabbier than yours, and I don't show such a fair face to the world. That only proves, Mr. Mayhew, that I am not so much disguised as you, for if the truth were known it may be found that I am not a whit less respectable than yourself.'

'Confound you!—fellow, you must be drunk!' roared Mayhew and was about to start up again, when Sam, by a warning glance, reduced him to silence.

'Hark!—less noise if you please. I consel this more in your interest than mine. You ask me why I have concerned myself particularly with your affairs? Because I had a special interest in doing so, seeing that I have in my possession that which would make you a beggar.'

Having fired, point blank, this telling shot, Sam lay back in his seat to mark the effect. It was astounding, and by the expression of Mayhew's face he saw that the latter had only received the notion that he was a madman.

'Oh, I am sure enough,' he went on, making reply to the unmistakable look. 'What I refer to is something the existence of which you have never suspected. Now, what do you think it is?'

Mayhew kept silent, but for the first time a vague uneasiness crept over his flaming face.

'You can guess, can you not?'

'No.'

'Then I'll tell you. It is the last will and testament of Jonathan Huntley. Ha! that shot is effectual at any rate.'

It was the violent start with which his last words were received, and the sudden paleness which followed them, which induced Sam's interjection, and the pleasure he did not seek to conceal. The shot had told most unmistakably, and for some moments Varley Mayhew sat paralyzed, but with a spasmodic effort he shook off the stunning effect and said scornfully—

'Man, you are dreaming. Mr. Huntley's will was produced at his death.'

'I know that a will was produced at his death, by which you succeeded to all his property. But that was not *the* will, for it was cancelled by one executed at a later date.'

'That's a lie—an unmitigated lie,' said Mayhew, in the tone of one who firmly believed what he said.

'You believe so, and of course you wish so, but it is the truth for all that. See here.'

And Sam, with eyes glittering with triumph, drew from his bosom a folded parchment, and held it with the endorsement full in view.

Mayhew lout forward and glared on it with distended orbs, and read 'Last will and Testament of Jonathan Huntly, in favor of——'

That which followed, and which was to him of transcendant importance, he could not read, for Sam carefully kept his finger upon it, though in such a way that the date of the execution of the document was perceivable, and this Mayhew saw was later than that of the will under which he was successor.

'It's a forgery, he said, with hissing emphasis.

For reply Sam opened up the parchment and pointed to the signature.

'You know your uncle's handwriting,' he observed; 'is that a forgery?'

Mayhew's heart seemed suddenly to stand still, his lips grew dry and parched his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth He saw at once that it was his uncle's hand writing, and though he wished, rehemently wished to deny it, he had not the physical power.

'You are convinced, I perceive,' was Sam's next remark, as he refolded the deed.

'Stay—let me read it,' gasped Mayhew, making a sudden snatch towards it.

'Not just yet,' returned Sam, with great coolness, as he returned it again to his bosom. 'I have gained my purpose for the present. You know that this is a later will and that it is genuine.'

'But I want to know more,' urged to see its provisions.'

'I don't doubt it one day, and then you shall know in due time. But first for us to revert to the former will—the will produced at your uncle's death, and which was entirely in your favor. I say, Mr. Mayhew, what planning and scheming you had to get the old man to make you his sole heir!'

The merchant sat silent, aghast, pale and trembling. Who was this terrible man that knew his every secret, and how had he discovered them? His total ignorance of these things made him terror-stricken, and Sam, knowing this, was determined to retain his advantage for some time longer.

'Your cousin, Mr. Lawrence,' he went on. 'How you wrought the oracle against her—how you managed to get the old man against her, deceiving not only him but her own husband, who believed that she was unfaithful and had disgraced him. Of course you paid Ralph Blayden a heavy sum to help you as he did?'

'Ah, I see it now,' burst out Mayhew in his writhing desperation. 'He is the traitor who has betrayed me.'

'So my guess is right,' cried Sam with a triumphant chuckle. 'I don't know, I wasn't sure, but I pretty well suspected it. Don't blame Ralph unjustly, though. He hasn't blabbed—at least as I know, and this last job he has done after in England has sent him to the halter.'

Varley Mayhew bit his lips in rage and vexation till the blood came. He found he was no match for this man, and by the admission he had made he was hopelessly in his power. His fruitful position, and the uncertainty which surrounded him were agonizing beyond description, and he must make a frantic effort to escape, at whatever risk.

'Look ye here, sir,' he fiercely rejoined, 'I am no fool or simpleton. Whoever you are, it is clear you are plotting me for some purpose, and you choose to keep me in the dark, while the tactics you have adopted give you every advantage. I won't submit to that a moment longer. Tell me plainly and at once who you are, and what is exactly your object and purpose, or I will ring that bell and have you expelled.'

'You will?'

'I will. If you are my enemy it will be for my advantage to do so. If you have an eye to profit of your own, it will be for your advantage to be frank and communicative.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Practical Questions for Tories to Answer.

St. Thomas Home Journal.

Suppose it was announced to the public tea-meeting, and unquestionable evidence of the fact submitted, that Mr. Mackenzie had given the contract for the Welland canal improvements—the same for which he is now inviting tenders—to a company of American and Canadian capitalists on the condition that they contributed $300,000 to the Reform election fund,—how many Reformers or "Clear Grits" among all his followers in Parliament and in the country would stand by him one day?

Or suppose it was shown that his Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, had consented to accept from the Grand Trunk Railway—now indebted to the Government for the sum of $15,142,633.33—a sum of $15,000 by way of contributing to a Blake testimonial, while the railway paid not one farthing of principal or interest on its debt, what would the people say of Mr. Blake?

Or suppose it was shown that Mr. Mackenzie had, just previous to the recent elections in Ottawa and Lincoln, drawn upon the Grand Trunk Railway treasury for $25,000, and checked out the full amount for the benefit of Messrs. Norris and Featherstone, what would the Reformers and Tories of Canada say?

Or suppose it was shown that Mr. Blake as Minister of Justice had employed the law firm of Blake, Kerr & Boyd in a number of very important suits before the Supreme and Exchequer Courts, paying for their services out of the public treasury at the rate of $5,000 a year, what would a discerning public think of the transaction?

Or suppose it was shown that the Grand Trunk Railway, after contributing $15,000 to a Blake testimonial, $25,000 to the election expenses of Messrs. Norris and Featherstone, and say $200,000 more to the Beverley Robinsons and Col. Cumberlands for the Reform party—suppose it was shown that after making those contributions, without paying a farthing of principal or interest on its large indebtedness to the Dominion, the Government introduced a in Bill Parliament authorizing the acceptance of twenty-five cents on the dollar in full and final liquidation of the $15,142,633.33, what would the people say about it?

Or suppose it was shown that Mr. Blake had in his capacity of Minister of Justice addressed a circular to the poor occupants on Ordnance Lands, calling upon them forthwith to pay up all sums in arrears and remit to him a fee of $2 50 for expenses, contrary to all law,—and suppose Mr. Blake pocketed from this source $345 while in receipt of his stated salary as Minister of Justice, what would honorable men without distinction of party think of his conduct?

Or suppose it was shown that upon Mr. Mackenzie's resignation of the office of Treasurer of Ontario he withdrew from the public treasury the sum of $32,000 and placed it to the credit of his private account in bank; and suppose that two years afterwards, without the consent or knowledge of Mr. Crooks, he paid out $6.000 of this sum to a personal and political friend, secretively restoring the balance to the treasury but refusing to account for the $6,000,—what would the people say, and how much confidence could they place in Mr. Mackenzie as an honest man?

May we ask those Tory journals who are day by day spanking the mind of "theelctors of the Dominion" to give the above questions a plain answer.

A man named James Kennedy, who has been working at the Royal Hotel stables, Woodstock, attempted suicide Saturday evening. He cut his throat and stabbed himself in three places, but will probably recover.

Last week, in Barrie, Mary Jane Munro, twenty years old, was arrested charged with the crime of murdering her illigetimate child by drowning it. She is now in jail. Her seducer was a hotel-keeper with whom she had been employed.

The silver medals for presentation to the Chiefs of the Indian tribes in the Northwest have been received from the makers by the Department of the Interior. On one side is a medallion head of the Queen, and on the other the representation of a British officer in full regimentals, with cocked hat, shaking hands with an Indian in native costume.

War News.

WEDNESDAY'S PREPARATIONS.

A St. Petersburg telegram says the warlike feeling in Servia is general and urgent, but Russia discourages Servia's participation. Prince Milan, however on Tuesday attended the public prayers for the success of Russian arms, amid popular acclamation.

The English fleet lying in Plymouth Sound has been ordered, presumably to Gibraltar, on rather short notice.

Affairs in Constantinople are apparently approaching a crisis. A conspiracy against the Sultan has been discovered, a number of leading men have been banished, the foreign residents are afraid, the Softas still call for the attention of the administration, and the promised Egyptian contingent is withheld for some unknown reason. Foreigners are to be admitted into the Turkish service, and a number of Englishmen are taking advantage of the opening. The treasuries of the Shrine at Mecca, which contain two hundred million piastres, have been placed at the disposal of the Sultan.

THURSDAY.

The report that the Turks have retaken Ardahan is confirmed.

Several reports of the arrangements for a speedy settlement of the war emanate from Berlin. The presence of Bismarck in that city possibly gives rise to these reports, which are considered doubtful.

Over 500,000 roubles have been raised in Russia for war purposes by voluntary contributions.

Thirteen trains filled with Circassian cavalry in the Russian service passed over the Moldavian railways in one day, on their way back to Russia. Three squadrons will be disarmed. The Shiek ul Islam found means to let those troops know that a holy war had been declared. They since have shown great discontent, and many declared they would not fire on their co-religionists. The regiment will be sent to a Siberian garrison.

The Russians yesterday attacked the Turkish position at Batoum. Notwithstanding the large force which the Russians brought to the attack, and their persistency against the galling fire of the Ottoman artillery and infantry, they were finally repulsed leaving great numbers of dead and wounded. The engagement lasted ten hours, during which time several close combats took place.

Foreign News.

Gen. Grant is at present in England, and is received with the utmost hospitality by the Royal Family.

Sitting Bull is again engaged in hostilities with United States troops. The latter on the 7th ult., surprised and destroyed an Indian village, and ran off 450 ponies.

John Lothrop Motley, the great historian, died in London, Eng., on Wednesday. He was born in 1814 at Dorchester, Massachusetts. His most popular work was the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic."

The steamship *City of Brussels* whose safety created so much anxiety arrived in Liverpool, on the 29th. Crowds assembled at the landing and on the pier to see her coming up the river in charge of four tugs.

The contest for the Derby on Wednesday was very exciting. The race resulted in a victory for *Silvio*, the last betting against which was 12 to 1. *Glen Arthur*, with 20 to 1 against him, came in second, and *Rob Roy*, one of the favorites at 9 to 2, third. There were seventeen starters.

A tidal wave visited the entire coast of South America from Callao to Chili about midnight of the 9th, ult., causing great destruction of property at various points. The towns of Antofagosta, Iquique, Arica, Tambode Moro, Pabellon de Pica, and Ho were almost completely destroyed. The destruction of life and property was owing entirely to the frightful upheaval and ingress of the sea. Iquique, the principal port for nitrate shipments, is left as completely a ruin now as it was after the frightful earthquake and innundation 1868. At Arica the sea washed over the town to the hill back of the church and destroyed much valuable property.

A shocking crime was committed one night last week in Newark, N. J. Three ruffians forced their way into the house of John Ballenger, outraged his wife, and attempted the same on his daughter aged 14 years, who escaped. Towards morning the gang, reinforced by four more, reappeared, and some of them again outraged Mrs. Ballenger while the others dragged the girl off to the woods near Waverley, and all outraged her. Mr. Ballenger was home at their last visit, but was subdued by threats and the sights of knives and pistols. After the departure of the villain's, he notified the police, and two of them were arrested and identified.

The Length of Days.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a-half hours.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a-half hours.

At Hamburg, Germany, and Dantzig, Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours, and shortest five hours.

At St. Peterasburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Torneo, Finland, the longest day has twenty-one and a-half hours, and the shortest two and a-half hours.

At Wardnuys, Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 2, without interruption, and at Spitzenbergen the longest day is three and a half hours.

OURSELVES AND THE WEATHER.—We all know how, more or less, we are physically affected by the weather, and, if in any way affected by rheumatism, the pains become more acute when a change occurs. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a Philadelphia physician, has been studying