

# The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.  
WHOLE NUMBER 1789.

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1881

(McGILLICuddy Bros. Publishers  
\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.)

New Advertisements.  
Wanted—Mrs. Mathews.  
Hymn Book—G. Shepard.  
To Let—Rev. Chas. Fletcher.  
Cook Wanted—Mrs. Capt. Cox.  
To Cow Owners—J. McFarlane.  
New Dress Goods—J. C. Delor & Co.

Travelling Guide.

GRAND TRUNK.

EAST.		EXP.		MIX'D.		MIX'D.	
Goderich.	Lv 7.00am.	12.05pm.	3.15pm.	9.00am			
Seaford.	7.50 ".	11.10 "	4.45 "	10.50 "			
Stratford.	Ar 8.45am.	2.15pm.	6.30pm.	1.00 "			
Pass.	EXP.	MIX'D.	MIX'D.				
Stratford.	Lv 1.20am.	7.50pm.	7.00am.	3.45pm.			
Seaford.	2.17 "	8.55 "	8.00pm.	5.15pm.			
Goderich.	3.15pm.	10.00am.	7.15pm				
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## A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY MISS MULOCK

CHAPTER XXXV.  
HIS STORY.

MY DEAR THEODORA,—I did not write, because I could not. In some states of mind nothing seems possible to a man but silence. Forgive me, my love, my comfort and joy.

I have suffered much, but it is over now, at least the suspense of it; and I can tell you all, with the calmness that I myself now feel. You are right; we love one another; we need not be afraid of any tribulation.

Before entering on my affairs, let me answer your letter—all but the last word, "Come!" My other self my better conscience, will herself answer that.

The substance of what you tell me, I already know. Francis Charteris came to me on Sunday week, and asked for Lydia. They were married two days after—I gave the bride away. Since then I have drunk tea with them at his lodging, which, poor as it is, has already the cheerful comfort of a home with a woman in it, and that woman a wife.

I left them—Mr. Charteris sitting by the fire, with his boy on his knee; he seems passionately fond of the little scapgegrace, who is, as you said, his very picture. But more than once I caught his eyes following Lydia with a wistful, grateful tenderness.

"The most sensible, practical girl imaginable," he said, during her momentary absence from the room; "and she knows all my ways, and is so patient with them. 'A poor wench,' as Shakespeare hath it. 'A poor wench, sir, but mine own!'"

For her, she busied herself about house matters, humble, silent, except when her husband spoke to her, and then her whole face brightened. Poor Lydia! None familiar with her story are likely to see much of her again; Mr. Charteris seems to wish, and for very natural reasons, that they should begin the world entirely afresh; but we may fairly believe one thing concerning her as concerning another poor sinner—"Her sins, which were many, are forgotten, for she loved much."

After I returned from them, I found your letter. It made me cease to feel what I have often felt of late, as if hope were knocking at every door except mine.

I told you once never to be ashamed of showing me that you loved me. Do not be; such love is a woman's glory, and a man's salvation.

Let me now say what is to be said about myself, beginning at the beginning.

I mentioned to you once that I had here a good many enemies, but that I should soon live them down; which, for some time, I hoped and believed, and still believe that it would have been so, under ordinary circumstances. I have ever held that truth is stronger than falsehood—that an honest man has but to sit still, let the storm blow over, and bide his time. It does not shake the doctrine that things have fallen out differently with me.

For some time I had seen the cold gathering; caught evil reports flying about; noticed that, in society or in public meetings, now and then an acquaintance gave me the "cold shoulder." Also, what troubled me more, for it was a hindrance felt daily, my influence and authority in the jail did not seem quite what they used to be. I met no affront, certainly, and all was tolerably smooth sailing till I had to find fault, and then, as you know, a feather will show which way the wind blows.

It was a new experience, for, at the worst of times, in camp or hospital, my poor fellows always loved me—I found it hard.

More scurrilous newspaper paragraphs, the last and least obnoxious of which I sent you, lest you might hear of it in some other way, followed those proceedings of mine concerning reformatories. Two articles—the titles, "Physician, heal thyself," and "Set a thief to catch a thief" will give you an idea of their tenor—and went so far as to be actionable libels. Several persons here, our chaplain especially, urged me to take legal proceedings in defence of my character, but I declined.

One day, arguing the point, the chaplain pressed me for my reasons, which I gave him, and will give you, for I have since had only too much occasion to remember them literally.

I said I had always had an instinctive dislike and dread of the law; that a man was good for little if he could not defend himself by any better weapons than the verdict of an ignorant jury, and a scroscopic, sometimes lying, barrister's tongue.

The old clergyman, alarmed, "hoped I was not a duellist," at which I only smiled. It never occurred to me to take the trouble of denying any such ridiculous purpose. I knew not how when once the ball is set rolling against a man his lightest words are made to gather weight and meaning; his very looks are brought in judgment upon him. It is the way of the world.

You see I can moralize—a sign that I

am recovering myself; I think, with the relief of telling all out to you.

"But," reasoned the chaplain, "when a man is innocent, why should he not declare it? Why sit tamely under calumny? It is unwise, nay, unsafe. You are almost a stranger here, and we in the provinces like to find out everything about everybody. If I might suggest, and he apologized for what he called the friendly impertinence, "why not be a little less modest, a little more free with your personal history, which must have been a remarkable one, and let some friend, in a quiet, delicate way, see that the truth is as widely disseminated as the slander? If you will trust me—"

"I could not choose a better pleader," said I, gratefully: "but it is impossible."

"How so? A man like you can have nothing to dread—nothing to conceal."

I said again, all I could find words to say:

"It is impossible."

He urged no more; but I soon felt painfully certain that some involuntary distrust lurked in the good man's mind, and though he continued the same to me in all our business relations, a cloud came over our private intercourse, which was never removed.

About this time another incident occurred. You know I have a little friend here, the governor's motherless daughter, a bonnie wee child whom I met in the garden sometimes, where we watered her flowers, and have long chats about birds, beasts, and the wonders of foreign parts. I even have given a present or two to this, my child sweetheart. Are you jealous? She has your eyes!

Well one day when I called Lucy, she came to me slowly, with a shy, sad countenance, and I found out after some pain that her nurse had desired her not to play with Dr. Urquhart again, because he was "naughty."

Dr. Urquhart smilingly inquired what he had done?

The child hesitated.

"Nurse does not exactly know, but she says it is something very wicked—as wicked as anything done by the bad people in here. But it isn't true—tell Lucy it isn't true."

It was hard to put aside the little living face, but I saw the nurse coming. Not an ill-meaning body, but one whom I knew for as arrant a gossip as any about this place. Her comments on myself troubled me little; I concluded it was but the result of that newspaper tattle, against which I was gradually growing hardened; nevertheless, I thought it best just to say that I had heard with much surprise what she had been telling Miss Lucy.

"Children and fools speak truth," said the woman saucily.

"Then you ought to be more careful that children always hear the truth." My little lady, with her quick, warm feelings, must learn to forgive, as I have long ago forgiven. It was Mr. Francis Charteris.

I believe still, it was less from malice premeditated, than from a mere propensity for talking, and that looseness and incapacity of speech which he always had—that he, when idling away his time, in the debtors' ward of this jail, repeated, probably with extempore additions, what your sister Penelope once mentioned to him concerning me—namely, that I was once about to be married, when the lady's father discovered a crime I had committed in my youth—whether dishonesty, duelling, seduction, or what, could not say—but it was something absolutely unpardonable by an honorable man, and the marriage was forbidden, though I had best relate from the beginning.

You are aware that any complaints respecting the officers of this jail, or questions concerning its internal management, are laid before the visiting justices. Thus, after the governor's hint on every board-day I prepared myself for a summons. At length it came, ostensibly for a very trivial matter—some relaxation of discipline which I had ordered and been counteracted in.

But my conduct had never been called into question before, and I knew what it implied. The very form of it—"The governor's compliments, and he requests Dr. Urquhart's attendance in the board-room." instead of "Doctor, come up to my room and talk the matter over"—was sufficient indication of what was impending.

I found present, besides the governor and chaplain, an unusual number of magistrates. These, who are not always or necessarily gentlemen, stared at me as if I had been some strange beast, all the time I was giving my brief evidence about the breach of regulations complained of. It was soon settled, for I had been careful to keep within the letter of the law, and I made a motion to take leave, when one of the justices requested me to "wait a bit—they hadn't done with me yet."

This Waterlooo shore has always been a favorite haunt of mine. You once said, you should like to live by the sea;

and I have never heard the ripple of the tide without thinking of you—never seen the little children playing about and digging on the sands without thinking—God help me! if one keeps silence, it is not because one does not feel the knife. "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?"

Let me stop. I will not pain you, my love, more than I can help. Besides, as I told you, the worst of my suffering is ended.

I believe I must have sat till nightfall among the sand-hills by the shore. For years to come, if I live so long, I shall see as clear and also as unreal as a painting—that level sea-line, along which moved the small white silent ships and steamers, with their humbling paddle-wheels and their trailing thread of smoke, dropping one after the other into what some one of your favorite poets, my child, calls "the under world."

It was on this point that he and I had our difference.

We met in the east ward, when he pointed out to me in passing that an announcement on the centre slate of "a boy to be whipped."

It seems ridiculous, but the words sickened me. For I knew the boy.

knew also his offence; and that such a punishment, would be the first step toward converting a mere headstrong lad, sent here for street row, into a hardened ruffian. I pleaded for him strongly.

The governor listened—polite, but inflexible.

I went on speaking with unusual warmth; you know my horror of these floggings; you know, too, my opinion on the system of punishment, viewed as a mere punishment, with no ulterior aim at reformation. I believe it is only blinded human interpretation of things spiritual, which transforms the immutable law that evil is its own avenger, and that the wrath of God against sin must be everlasting as his pity for sinners—into the doctrine of eternal torment, the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is never quenched.

The governor heard all that I had to say; then, politely always, regretted that it was impossible either to grant my request, or release me from my duty.

"It is impossible."

He urged no more; but I soon felt painfully certain that some involuntary distrust lurked in the good man's mind, and though he continued the same to me in all our business relations, a cloud came over our private intercourse, which was never removed.

About this time another incident occurred. You know I have a little friend here, the governor's motherless daughter, a bonnie wee child whom I met in the garden sometimes, where we watered her flowers, and have long chats about birds, beasts, and the wonders of foreign parts. I even have given a present or two to this, my child sweetheart. Are you jealous? She has your eyes!

The words were nothing; but as he fixed on me that keen eye, which, he boasts, can without need of judge or jury detect a man's guilt or innocence, I felt convinced that with him too my good name was gone. It was no longer a battle with mere side-winds of slander—the storm had begun.

I might have sunk like a coward, if there were only myself to be crushed under it. As it was, I looked the governor in the face.

"Have you any special motive for this suggestion?"

"I have stated it."

"Then allow me to state that, whatever my opinions may be, so long as my services are useful here, I have not the right or intention of resigning."

He bowed and we parted.

The boy was flogged. I said to him, "Bear it; better confess"—as he had done—"confess and be punished now. It will then be over." And I hope, by the grateful look of the poor young wretch, that with the pain, the punishment was over; that my pity helped him to endure it, so that it did not harden him, but, with a little help, he may become an honest lad yet.

When I left him in his cell, I rather envied him.

It now became necessary to look to my own affairs, and discover, if possible, all that report alleged against me—false or true—as well as the originator of these statements. Him I at last by the merest chance discovered.

My little lady, with her quick, warm feelings, must learn to forgive, as I have long ago forgiven. It was Mr. Francis Charteris.

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premeditated, than from a mere propensity for talking, and that looseness and incapacity of speech which he always had—that he, when idling away his time, in the debtors' ward of this jail, repeated, probably with extempore additions,

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head—weariness all over me. I did not feed anything much, after the first half hour; except a longing to see your little face once again, and then, if it were God's will, to lie down and die, somewhere near you, quietly, giving no trouble to you or to any one any more. You will remember, I was not in my usual health, and had had extra hard work, for some little time.

Well, my dear one, this is enough about myself, that day. I went home and fell into harness as usual; there was nothing to be done but to wait till the storm burst, and I wished for many reasons to retain my situation at the jail as long as possible.

But it was a difficult time: rising to each day's duty, with total uncertainty of what might happen before night; and, duty done, struggling against a depression such as I have not known for these many years. In the midst of it came the storm burst, and I wished for many reasons to retain my situation at the jail as long as possible.

"These difficulties," continued he, after referring to the dismissed complaint of my straining the rules of the jail to their utmost limit, from my "sympathy with criminals," "these unpleasantnesses, Dr. Urquhart, will, I fear, be always occurring. Have you reconsidered the hint I gave to you some little time ago?"

I answered that it was rarely my habit to take hints; I preferred having all thoughts spoken right out.

"Such candor is creditable, though not always possible or advisable. I should have been exceedingly glad if you had saved me from what I feel to be my duty, however painful—namely, to repeat my private suggestion publicly."

"You mean that I should tender my resignation?"

"Excuse my saying—and the board agreed with me—that such a step seems desirable, for many reasons."

I waited, and then asked for those reasons.

"Dr. Urquhart must surely be aware of this."

A man is not bound to rush madly into his ruin. I determined to die fighting, at any rate. I said addressing the board:

"Gentlemen, I am not aware of having conducted myself in any manner that unfit me for being surgeon to this jail. Any slight differences between the governor and myself are mere matters of opinion, which signify little so long as neither trenches on the other's authority, and both are amenable to the regulations of the establishment. If you have any cause of complaint against me, state it, reprove or dismiss me—but no one has a right, without just grounds, to request me to resign."

The governor, even through that handsome, impassive, masked countenance of his, looked annoyed.

For an instant his hard manner dropped into the old friendliness, even as when I first weeks after his wife's death, he and I used to sit playing chess together of evenings, with little Lucy between us.

"Doctor, why will you misapprehend me? It is for your own sake that I wish, before the matter is opened up farther, you should resign your post."

After a moment's consideration I requested him to explain himself more clearly.

One of the magistrates here cried out with a laugh, "Come, come, doctor; no shamming. Your are the town's talk."

And another suggested that "Brown had better mind his P's and Q's, there were such things as actions for libel."

I replied if the gentlemen referred to the scurrilous allegations against me which had appeared in print, that they might speak without fear; I had no intention of prosecuting for libel. This silenced them a moment, and then the first magistrate

FROM My Watch.

A STORY BY MARK TWAIN.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it to be infallible in its judgment about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow — regulator wants pushing up."

I tried to stop him — tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no! thin human cabages could see was, that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish and beseeched him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster day by day. Within the week it sickened in a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the time-pieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away in November, enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness, and eagerly pried the watch open; then put a small dice-box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating — come a week.

After being cleaned and oiled and regulated my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner my watch struck out three days' grace to four, and let me go to protest. I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by the comprehension came upon me that, all solitary and alone, I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to the watch-maker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance, and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowly down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again.

So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watch-maker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile, and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket.

I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watch-maker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair trigger. He fixed it and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have it repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and the main-spring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed full-soling.

He made these things all right, and then my time-piece performed unexceptionably, save now and then, after working along quietly for eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straitway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watch-maker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on, I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance — a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watch-makers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said: "She makes too much steam — you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!" I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers and gunsmiths and shoemakers and blacksmiths, but nobody could ever tell him.

## Fun and Fancy.

"My wife," remarked Fitzmoodle, "is fairly crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

Nothing sours more quickly than the milk of human kindness. Has this thought ever a curd to you?

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she is two young to show much reflection.

The postmaster at Redwood is named Whitewood, and he is the only person in the town who reads Blackwood.

Yes, the world's a stage and we are the actors, but did you ever stop to think how few of us ever receive an encore?

"Sing a Song a Sixpence" dates from the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind Mice" is in a music book dated 1609.

It has been discovered that henpecked husbands are invariably men with hairless lips. It takes a mustache to awe a female.

The man who wrote that "nothing was impossible" never tried to find the pockets in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in a clothes-press.

Careful housewife (lifting from the soup tureen): "Lai! who'd thought a baby's shoe would turn up in the soup?" But I knew it wasn't lost, I never lose anything.

There was a young man of Palmyra. Sat down alongside of his Myrra. They had just doused the glim. When her parents came in.

And the young man achieved his Hegira.

With the double runner at work thinning out the small boys and the kerosene can converting servant girls into angels, the world bids fair to be a comfortable place to live in.

"I curse the hour we were married!" exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half. To which she mildly replied: "Don't my dear, for that was the only happy hour we have ever spent."

"Tabacco wan't saved my life," said Paddy Blake, an inveterate smoker.

"How was that?" inquired his companion. "Oh, you see, I was diggin' a well, and came up for a good smoke, and while I was up, the well caved in!"

Valuable information from a batchelor: May is one of the unlucky months for marriages. The other months are January, February, March, April, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December.

"What's in a name?" Ah, William, you don't know everything, that's certain. Salt can be bought for a few cents per quart; but call it chloride of sodium, and the apothecary will mulch you to the tune of half a dollar for one poor scruple.

## Petty Worries.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence that will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says a writer: If you would keep a book, and daily put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a fly to settle on you, and plague you, and you lose your temper, (or rather get it), for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you could see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter. The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuses we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things, and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula and all humors of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and the Bowels at the same time, while it relieves nervous irritation and tones up the debilitated system. It cures all humors from a pimple to the worst form of Scrofula. For sale by all dealers. Sample bottle 10 cents, regular size \$1.00.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the best Blood Purifier, Liver and Kidney Regulator, and Restorative Tonic in the world. It acts upon the Liver, the Kidneys and the Bowels, curing all manner of Bilious complaints, Kidney complaints and diseases of the Blood. Ask your Druggist for Burdock Blood Bitters. Sample bottles 10 cents, regular size \$1.00.

## Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publishers for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

## The Huron Signal.

—FOR—  
THE BALANCE OF THE YEAR  
—FOR—

75 CENTS!

Now is the Time to SUBSCRIBE!

COUNTY NEWS A SPECIALTY,  
THE RACIEST OF LOCALS,  
LIVE EDITORIAL ARTICLES,  
FULL REPORTS OF CURRENT EVENTS,  
CONDENSED ITEMS ON MINOR HAPPENINGS,  
RELIABLE NEWS A PROMINENT FEATURE,  
COMPLETE LATEST MARKET REPORTS.

## NEW STORY.

The Story, "A LIFE FOR A LIFE," which is at present being published in THE SIGNAL, and which has excited such abounding interest among its numerous readers, will be concluded in four issues, and will be followed by another from the pen of one of the very

## ABLEST WRITERS OF THE TIMES.

THRILLING IN INTEREST,  
MORAL IN SENTIMENT,  
ELEVATING IN TONE.

LOOK FOR IT!

DON'T MISS IT!

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## The Huron Signal

THE WIDE-AWAKE NEWSPAPER OF HURON COUNTY.  
A LIVE NEWSPAPER,  
CAREFULLY EDITED, CLEANLY PRINTED, AND OF THE SHARP, INCISIVE, SPICY ORDER.

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## JOB WORK.

THE SIGNAL possesses one of the best JOBBING DEPARTMENTS outside of the cities, and is prepared to do ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF WORK,

AT RATES NOT TO BE BEATEN,

and of a quality which cannot be excelled.

POSTERS,  
DODGERS,  
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TURNED OUT ON SHORT NOTICE and in the BEST STYLE.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.

## McGILLCUDDY BROS.,

THE SIGNAL,

GODERICH, ONT.

May 27th, 1881.

## BLACKSMITHING AT SALTFORD.

## John McIntyre

Florist, South street, wishes to inform the people of Goderich and vicinity, that he has on hand a splendid assortment of

## BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING PLANTS

of almost every variety, and also a choice collection of BEDDING PLANTS, AND SHRUBS,

and all kinds of VEGETABLE PLANTS

in their season. The public are cordially invited to examine the stock. Remember that the earliest purchasers have the best choice.

ALEX. WATSON, South St.

P. S. — Also for sale, heating apparatus, suitable for amateur, consisting of boiler, four-inch pipes, and expansion tank.

1878. *For* Horse-shoeing a specialty.

## THE HURON SIGNAL

Is published every Friday Morning, by MCGILLIGUDDY Bros., at their Office, North St. (off the Square)

## GODERICH, ONTARIO.

And is despatched to all parts of the surrounding country by the earliest mail and train.

By general estimation it is a larger circulation than any other newspaper in this part of the country, and is one of the most popular news-sheets in the Province of Ontario.

Possessing, as it does, the fore-going essentials,

and being in addition to the above, a first-class

family and fireside paper—it is therefore a

most desirable advertising medium.

Terms \$1.00 in advance, postage pre-paid

by publisher; \$9.00 if paid before six months;

\$2.00 if not so paid. This rule will be strictly enforced.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per

one for first insertion; three cents per line for

each subsequent insertion; Yearly—ear-

ly quarterly contracts at reduced rates.

**JOB PRINTING.**—We have a first-class

jobbing department in connection, and possess

the most complete out-of-works facilities

for turning out work to Goderich, are prepared

to do business on a large scale, and that cannot be beaten, or a quality that cannot be surpassed.—*Terms Cash.*

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1881.

## ART IN ONTARIO.

Savages paint upon their naked bodies; the barbarians to decorate his person only. The more civilized are supposed to look to comfort mainly in covering their bodies, but take full pleasure in adorning their abodes, decorating the walls of their houses, and beautifying their gardens. The cultivation of the senses—the charming of the eye and the pleasing of the ear—are eminently marks of civilization and "culture."

During the past quarter of a century art has made great progress in Canada. Indeed, before the last decade, our artists were few and raw. Cheap wood cuts, an occasional steel engraving, and a few glaring daubs, chiefly served as ornaments to the Canadian parlor. The sketcher in water color was looked upon as a harmless sort of wandering lunatic, who behaved himself well amongst strangers, and made pictures of trees, and streams and hills that had grown common to the gaze of the prosaic backwoodsman. If the artist ever offered a little sketch by way of a remembrance, perhaps a wood cut of Heenan and Sayers would get a frame before it.

The Ontario Society of artists is not an old institution, but since its organization it has done good work. It has fostered a taste for art not only amongst those who handle the brush, but also amongst the general public. Year after year it has steadily grown; its membership has increased, and the character of the work done by its members has much improved. Our visit to the Art Gallery last week showed us all this. Perhaps in no branch of art has there been greater progress (and it was needed) than in figure painting. Some of the pictures shown by Mrs. Schrieber and Mr. Harris are worth reproducing in the popular and cheap chromo form. We do not intend to make any criticism, nor even make a comparison of the works of the various artists. While, perhaps, a better tone would have been given to the exhibition had the "pruning" process been more rigidly practised, yet sufficient works of merit were shown to prove that in Ontario there is already enough talent amongst those who use the brush and palette to warrant us in predicting a successful future for Canadian art.

Among the pictures shown were two views of Quebec by Mr. Henry O'Brien, painted for Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The onecalled "Quebec" seemsto lack that ruggedness which the towering citadel seems to wear continually, but the view from the King's Bastion brings out the strong, bold, grim aspect which has made those ramparts famous, and stamps Mr. O'Brien as an artist of no mean ability. We are glad to see that our painters generally confine themselves to local scenery; and in doing this they do credit both to themselves and to their country. A beautiful fruit picture, in water color, by Mr. W. Revell, by its richness and faithfulness to nature, is a gem in its class; but we missed his pretty wild flower sketches this season. The faithfulness of the portraits was noticeable, and in this branch of painting Ontario can boast of many successful artists. We regret that space will not allow us to refer more fully to the admirable exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists for 1881.

## THE "NEW BROOM."

Some people who can find no other argument against the straightforward position which we have taken in the rail-way subject, apply to us the epithet of the "new broom," which proverbially sweeps cleanly. This is an old saw, and should be as true as truth itself when applied literally; but when used in the metaphorical sense, which it is generally made to bear, it is no more to be relied on than any other hap-hazard opinion which might be expressed on a subject of which the speaker knew nothing. It is one of those half-truths which are ever the worst of lies, and should at once be sent to join that one which "Lord Dun-dreary" has so beautifully done for.—"The early bird catches the morning worm." "W-well," remarked his lordship, "that w-worm was a — fool, for getting up too early."

But admitting the assertion to be true that we are a "new broom," and accepting (with all due modesty) the delicate compliment conveyed in the statement that we sweep cleanly; and even per-

mitting, for the nonce, the prediction sought to be made by the application of the "new broom" to us,—that we will soon be worn out in the good work of endeavoring to lift Goderich out of the slough of despond,—to go by unchallenged, where is that man so great a fool as to allow his new broom to wear out before he makes use of it? If his house is filthy, and he has a new broom, and is afraid to make use of it, he lends it to his neighbor till it is worn off the butt, and when it is returned he shakes his head solemnly and says, "Ah, how wise I have been, I knew that broom would wear out, and so it has." Splendid logic this! O sage logician!

True, if old brooms were in high commercial demand, if filth-begit and spider-travelled houses were eagerly sought, if ruined and depopulated towns were a pleasant thing to contemplate, then, say we, speak contemptuously of the "new broom"; but, until these things be the *desiderata*, we will beg to differ with the sages who, without understanding the proper application, pin their faith to old saws, for lack of common sense to frame ideas for themselves.

There is a class of people in the community whose prosperity we regard with alarm, and whose field of operations it has been and shall be our particular care to lessen, and if possible entirely remove. And this class of people is that one whose mortgage percentages are increasing just in proportion to the inability of their mortgagors to pay; a class which fattens and grows rosy upon the decay of the town, and whose conscience is bounded in only by the extreme limits of statutory law. Is it to these men that we are to look for that patriotic course of action in municipal matters which will turn the tide of affairs here, and make Goderich not almost a synonym for dulness, apathy and lack of energy, but a very heart of industry, throbbing lustily with commercial and manufacturing activity, as it should be? No; such a course would run counter to their dearest interest, which but feeds on the carious of their neighbor's decline.

But there is a "new broom" at present in course of evolution, which will be produced some time about New Year's Day next, and which—being a "new" one—will do such an amount of clean sweeping as will cause some of these gentlemen to think that an African simoom in all its vigor had been imported here for their special benefit.

The Watford *Advertiser* man says, "It's hard on the butter;"—meaning the heat of course. Well, our impression is that "It's soft on the butter." Send us a little Watford weather.

The first of the revised New-Testaments arrived at Ottawa on Monday of last week. A very hopeful letter from Sir John, on matters and things, appeared in the *Mail* on Tuesday.

"Rise up Sir Hector Langevin." Another full-fledged Canuck knight has been added to the list. The Marquis of Lorne is gaining an enviable reputation as a builder of tinsel titles. The thing is a humbug, pure and simple, and the annual displays of investiture are as absurd as the granting of diplomas by Bogus Buchanan, of Philadelphia. The aristocracy of the old land is troubled with dry-rot, and the attempt to transplant the miserable thing to Canadian soil exhibits poor judgment on the part of the Governor-General.

A ridiculous Bill has been introduced in the Michigan Legislature, imposing a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for a year on any person publishing an account of a murder or hanging. We wonder if the gentleman who is introducing the measure is impelled by purely personal motives. It can be that he mediates committing murder, and accepting the legal consequences, and yet would not like the world outside of his own section to learn that he had done the deed, and been hanged for the offence. Looking at the matter in many lights, that is really the only construction we can put on his action.

Smith and Brown are not uncommon names. We usually find them side by side with Jones and Robinson; and the quartette is often mentioned in one breath. Under these circumstances one would think that amicable relations would exist between them, especially the former two. But such is not the case. Smith and Brown are Canadian *literateurs*, of no mean order, but this does not hinder them from being eternally at loggerheads. Brown recently went to Europe for holidays. Smith purposes going shortly. The Press Association of Ontario has seen fit to tender a banquet to Smith, and Brown's newspaper condemns their act. Said newspaper asserts that Smith is an annexationist, and that any men who would participate in the repast given in his honor must necessarily have a sympathetic vein. Notwithstanding this denunciation on the part of Brown's paper, a goodly number of newspaper men will touch glasses at Smith's banquet, and drink to the health and safe return of one of the best writers in Canada—for it is in token of his services to Canadian journalism that the banquet is tendered.

The Derby was won by Iroquois, a three year old owned by Pierre Lorillard, an American.

"The humming-bird is around"—Watford *Advocate*. And so is the woman with the print dress, and the organ grinder, and the hot weather, and the small boy who resides in the water about eight hours out of ten, and the mosquito, and the girl that wants you to feed her on ice-cream, and a hundred other evidences of summer.

—While we pay but little heed to omens, we do not wonder that the Queen, who is said to be rather superstitious, feels much moved at the loss of the *Victoria*. It seems but a short time ago since the Princess Alice, laden with excursionists, was sunk in the Thames, and not long after Her Majesty's second daughter, in whose honor the ill-fated steamer had been named, died of an illness caught by attending her sick child. Does Her Majesty feel in the loss of the *Victoria*, named after herself, a presentiment that her time, too, is at hand? The coincidence is a strange one, but we trust the analogy will not be completed.

—The strike among the cotton-spinners of Cornwall is at an end. All hands have returned to work, and we learn that the utmost cordiality prevails. In this case things are made cordial after the strike, but if our recollection serves us, and we think it does, when we were engaged on the big "strike" of 1872, we had the "cordial" business during the strike, for want of something better to do, and when the trouble was over, had the extreme felicity—and it was extreme in every sense of the word—of settling the score. They do things different down at Cornwall. Aunty Scott must have a summer resort somewhere in the locality.

—They have a haunted house in Montreal, we are told, and the spirits, have been having a high old time lately. The report does not give a full description of the house, but as we don't believe in the old-fashioned ghosts, as described to us in our nursery days, and as we are also loth to discredit the authenticity of the story from Montreal, we will meet the matter half-way, by taking it for granted that the haunted place is a saloon, that the "spirits" are there with the knowledge and consent of the License Inspector, and that said "spirits" are haunted by doughty mortals—who thus invert the time-honored theory of our fathers, that the spirits which but feeds on the carious of their neighbor's decline.

But there is a "new broom" at present

in course of evolution, which will be produced some time about New Year's Day next, and which—being a "new" one—will do such an amount of clean sweeping as will cause some of these gentlemen to think that an African simoom in all its vigor had been imported here for their special benefit.

Rumor in high English circles hath

it that Lord Rowton, erstwhile Mr. Montague Corry, formerly confidential secretary of Earl Beaconsfield, will shortly wed the Princess Beatrice. The Princess might go farther and fare worse. Lord Rowton is a clever man, and having had the advantage of being trained by one of the greatest political strategists, may yet make his mark as a statesman. He is incomparably superior to a petty German Prince with a lengthy pedigree, a long name and an empty purse. And when they are wed, it is to be hoped Beatrice will faithfully perform her marital vow to "love, honor and obey" her liege lord, and not be galavanting over creation when she ought to be at home attending to her wifely duties.

The Marquis of Lorne, it is now said, will, after his Manitoba tour, close his career as Governor-General of Canada. If this be so, we have doubtless seen the last of the Princess Louise. Princesses of the blood royal were not to be found in this colony, and the daughter of the British Queen doubtless must have felt lonesome hedged about as she was by barriers of court etiquette from the more social enjoyments of Canadian life. Even a princess does not care to be an involuntary hermitess, and if royal dignity and court etiquette have to keep the woman's heart from the exercise of its natural feelings it is little wonder that the Princess Louise feels happy only in her island home. We have many Canadian women who would make successful princesses; but few princesses, unless granted grater social freedom, would care to live in Canada for five years.

The Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway.

Toronto, May 31.—The fight over the Toronto, Grey and Bruce railway grows warmer every day. Mr. Hendrie, of Hamilton, was in town yesterday working his very best to prevent the Grand Trunk getting possession of the road. His friends in England are bringing up the bonds of the T. G. & B., and they are even now confident that they have the control. The meeting to be held today in England will settle the matter. Mr. Beatty, president of the road, who will attend the meeting, is in favor of the Grand Trunk. If Mr. Hendrie's friends—the Northern railway as a matter of fact—capture the board, the Grand Trunk will be shut out, no matter how much the people along the line may desire the benefit of Grand Trunk competition. Thomas Gibson, M. P. P., and other prominent men along the line were in town yesterday. The object of their visit has not yet been made public, but it is suspected that they had a conference with the Government. The *Hamilton Times* says that Hon. Mr. Crooks was interviewed in that city yesterday, and denied that the Government had determined not to consent to the Toronto, Grey and Bruce passing into the hands of the Northern. —[Globe.]

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## Customs Examination of Baggage.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken this communication from the *Toronto Mail*. It is from Consul Howells, and its notes agree with my views entirely; and, as I am placed in the same position from almost all parties taking baggage to the United States, I would ask of you to publish the article in your paper, endorsed by me fully. Respectfully,

JOHN HIBBARD,

U. S. Commercial Agent.

Goderich, June 1st, 1881.

To the Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—With your permission I would call attention to a common mistake, which often gives others as well as myself unnecessary trouble. It is supposed by many that, as consul of the United States, I have authority to direct United States collectors of customs to omit the examination of the baggage of persons crossing our frontier, or that they will do so at my request. Therefore I am frequently called upon to furnish travellers with letters to collectors, requesting them to favor the bearers of such letters. Persons making this request of me ought to reflect that collectors are presumed to be fair men, competent to discharge their duties. Correct and well-mannered people will usually find our custom house officers accommodating and obliging to the limit of their duties. It would only be impertinent on my part to ask them to favor any one, since I ought to presume that they understand their duties and are sufficiently well bred to treat people courteously. If they are not so, it would be useless for me to ask them to be. I hope, therefore, that I shall be spared the embarrassment of refusing such letters, or writing them so that they will be meaningless, or an affront to those who ask for them. Yours, &c.,

W. C. HOWELLS,

U. S. Consul, Toronto.

U. S. Consulate, May 31.

Cheese Making.

Mr. Thos. Ballantyne M. P. P. for Perth, a man of great experience in cheese making, writes a letter to the *Stratford Beacon*, giving much valuable information regarding the making of early cheese.

He says the great objection to our early cheese is its being too hard and dry and often the following hints to overcome that and produce a better quality:—(1) Use plenty of rennet, sufficient to procure perfect coagulation from the time the rennet is added at longest thirty minutes; that the curd be sufficiently firm to cut in that time. (2) Draw the whey on the slight appearance of acid; stir and pile up the curd and keep it warm until sufficient acid has been developed. (3) Use 1½ to 2 lbs. salt, not more, per 1,000 lbs. of milk, and get to press warm. (4) Be sure and keep up a sufficient temperature in the curing room; 75° will not be too much for early cheese. These directions have been tested to by dairymen assembled at Stratford a few months ago, and as the season for cheese making is just coming on a note of these may be of much value.

Helping the Poor.

It was stated in the *Advertiser* some weeks ago that one could not accurately tell all the privileges given to the Syndicate, or guess what the approximate value would prove to be. This referred to the exemption and freedom from duty clauses in the Syndicate. It seems that there are further privileges given to the Syndicate which have not received the sanction of Parliament, and which have as yet been concealed. Several thousands of horses are now being sent to the North-west to work in the construction of the road. Each horse requires a set of harness. That harness is all being manufactured in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, United States, and is allowed to enter Canadian territory without the usual process of paying duty at the customs house. The manufacturers of the Dominion will see from this statement how carefully Canada has been preserved for the Canadians in their particular trade. —[London Advertiser.]

Adelina Patti's passage has been already taken. She starts for New York October 22nd.

Prince Leopold now bears the title of Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence, and Baron Arklow.

Trickett, the Australian oarsman, and Kelly, ex-champion of England, sailed for New York on Saturday.

It is stated that the resignation of First Assistant Postmaster Gen. Tyner is in the hands of the President, but will not be acted upon until the conclusion of the Star route investigation.

As two newly-arrived Irishmen were

walking up street in San Francisco, a pavement trap-door opened suddenly, and a Chinese store porter emerged.

"Begorra!" said one of them, "if the

heathens haven't got a tunnel clean

through from China, bad luck to them!"

Blaine and Thornton, British Minister

have concluded the prolonged negotiations

relative to the outrages upon

American fishermen aggregated

\$103,000. The agreement between

Blaine and Thornton is that the British

Government shall pay £15,000 sterling,

**SMORE,  
er of  
artriages,  
er of Trafalgar.**

**LED PLOUGH  
implements.**

**Life Ins. Co.  
Companies in exist-  
ing  
application.**

**JOHN FASMORE.**

**R 1881.**

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I have on hand a  
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ck and White Oats;  
also Pea Vine and  
Lawn Grass**

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FLOWER SEEDS,**

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Call and see we  
reunine seed we can  
see.**

**PRISE CORN,  
introduced. Ground  
only on hand.**

**MCNAIR.  
Hamilton St.  
at home. Samples  
\$5 free. Address  
Maine.**

**SEEDS**

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**VILSON  
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**SALT WELL MEN**

**ILT PANS manufac-  
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**executed under the  
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**Workmen.  
1787.**

**Seeds!**

**to draw the atten-  
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**RDEN SEEDS,  
ing of**

**TIMOTHY,  
MILLET,  
OATS,  
oice WHEAT;**

**OLD, CARROT,  
other**

**ETABLE SEEDS,  
not be beaten.**

**OANE.  
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Street,  
itoria street.**

**nd House**

**BATHS  
public for the season.**

**OLD BATHES**

**ny hour from  
on week days and  
on Sundays.**

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**STEAMSHIPS**

**ONDERRY, GLAS-  
V.**

**en Canada and Great  
ain**

**EA ROUTE.**

**Steage Tickets at  
ates.**

**M QUEBEC:**

**... 23rd May.**

**... 4th June.**

**... 11th "**

**... 23rd "**

**... 2nd July.**

**... 18th "**

**... 23rd "**

**... 30th "**

**... 23rd "**

</div

## The Poet's Corner.

## In the Last Few.

She sits, bent o'er with wrinkled face,  
Poor and forlornly old; no grace  
Smoothes the sharp angles of her form,  
Long buffeted by life's slow storm.  
All else around is fine and fair;  
The stained light falls, a golden glare,  
In seeming mockery on her loose, grey hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed,  
Tells how our hearts afar have strayed,  
And how all souls should be content  
With these good blessings God has sent,  
And one, of all that self-poised throng,  
Hangs on his words, nor deems them long,  
And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn,  
Her eyes with age and tear-drop dim,  
What can the gay world hold for her—  
This worn and weary worshipper?  
Now rustling down the aisles in pride,  
They toss bright smiles on every side,  
Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks hide.

And still she sits with tear-wet face,  
As loth to leave that sacred place;  
The organ, with quick thunders riven,  
Lifts her sad, trembling soul to heaven.  
She finds a sense of blissful rest;  
Her bony hands across her breast  
She clasps, and lowly sighs, "God knoweth best!"

One day, within some grander gate,  
Where kings and ministers must wait,  
While she humbly bows for low place,  
Far from the dear Lord's shining face,  
Above the chant of heavenly choir  
These words may sound with gracious fire:  
"Well done, good faithful servant, come up higher!"

## The Poet and the Editor.

While Col. Bangs, editor of the *Argus*, was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.  
"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"  
"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—" said the Colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B, it's an S," said the man.

"S? Oh, yes, I see. Well the words look a little like 'Salit for Dinner,'" said the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the kind. That's my name—Sam'l H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the Colonel.  
"Of course you don't; because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that is what I want to see for you. The way that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the Colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this manner:

"Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope."

That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is. Look at that!

Made it read in this way:

"Lying to a weeping widow, to induce her to crie."

Weeping widow, mind you! a widow!

This is too much! It's enough to drive a man crazy."

"I'm sorry," said the Colonel, "but—"

"But look a' here, at the fourth verse," said the poet; that's worse yet. What I said was:

"Cast thy pearls before the swine, and lose them in the dirt."

I wrote that out clearly and distinctly, in a plain, round hand. Now, what does your compositor do? Does he catch the sense of that beautiful sentiment? Does it sink into his soul? No, sir! He sets it up in this fashion:

"Cart thy pearls before the sunrises, and love them in the hurn."

Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you, if it isn't!"

"It's hard, that's a fact," said the Colonel.

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight:

"Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross."

A man with only one eye, and a catacra over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate upstairs there—do you know what he did?

He made it read:

"Take away the jeering monkeys on a sorely glander'd boss."

By George! I feel like braining him with a shovel. I was never so cut up in my life."

"It was natural, too," said the Colonel.

"There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

"I am weary with the tossing of the ocean as it heaves."

It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper, and saw the line transformed into:

"I am wearing out my trousers, till they're open at the knees."

That is a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor. Don't you?

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote:

"I swell the flying echoes as they roar along And I feel my soul awaken to the ecstasy that thrills."

Now, what do you suppose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why, into this:

"I smell the frying shoes as they roast along the buns. And I peel my sole mistaken in the ectasy that whirls."

Gibberish, sir, awful gibberish. I must slay that man. Where is he?

"He's out just now," said the Colonel.

"Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet. "And I will come armed."

Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted off down stairs.

—[Max Adler.]

## Novels and Novel-Writing.

The author of "John Halifax" thus tells her experience and practice:—"How do you write a novel?" has been asked me hundreds of times; and as half the world now write novels, expecting the other half to read them, my answer, given in plain print, may not be quite useless. What other novelists do I know not, but this has been my way—ab avo. For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. Therefore, the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being, or the trunk of a tree. From it, this one principal idea, proceed all after-growth; the kind of plot which shall best develop it, the characters which must act it out, the incidents which will express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents—all are sequence following one another in natural order. Every part should be made subservient to the whole. You must have a foreground and background and a middle distance. If you persist in working up the character, or finishing minutely one incident or series of incidents, your perspective will be destroyed and your novel become a mere collection of fragments, not a work of art at all. The true artist will always be ready to sacrifice any pet detail to the perfection of the whole. This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art; that though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole, still, in another, the novel is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topsy, "I grew." Not even as to the mere writing of it. Style or composition, though to some it comes naturally, to others it does not come at all. When I was young, an older and more experienced writer once said to me, "Never use two adjectives where one will do; never use an adjective at all where a noun will do. Avoid italics, notes of exclamation, foreign words and quotations. Put full stops instead of colons; make your sentences as short and clear as you possibly can, and whenever you think you have written a particularly fine sentence, cut it out." We novelists cannot help but smile when asked if such and such a character is taken from life, and especially when ingenious critics persist in identifying—usually falsely—certain persons, places or incidents. For me, I can only say that during all the years I have studied humanity I never met with one human being who could have been put into a book, as a whole, without injuring it. The only time I ever attempted (by request) to make a study from nature—absolutely literal—all reviewers cried out to my extreme amusement, "That character is altogether unnatural."

## The Art of Composition.

Even Gladstone has bemoaned the trouble his graceful periods cost him. "Every one," he once said bitterly, "wrote better, because he writes faster than I." The account given by Rousseau of the labor his smooth and lively style cost him is so curious that shall let him tell his own tale. "My manuscripts blotted, scratched, interlined, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me. There is not one of them which I have not been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to press. I could never do anything when placed at a table pen in hand; it must be walking among the rocks or in the woods; it is at night in my bed, during my wakeful hours, that I compose—it may be, judging how slowly, particularly for a man who has not the advantage of verbal memory. Some of my periods I have turned or returned in my head five or six nights before they were fit to be put to paper."

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## IRISH TROUBLES.

Alarming State of Public Feeling.

A Large Body of Peasant Collecting at Clogher and a Sanguinary Fight Expected.

LONDON, May 28.—Accounts from Ireland indicate that notwithstanding the strong forces at the disposal of the sheriffs, the service of writs and the collection of rents is practically ended, owing to the determined resistance of the people. It is reported that the Land League is resolved if the policemen who use the census papers to get at the handwriting of the senders of threatening letters are not dismissed, to call upon the farmers not to fill up the agricultural returns annually called for by the Registar-General.

Herdeman Moore, recently arrested on suspicion of the murder of Wheeler and discharged for lack of evidence, has been re-arrested under the Coercion Act, on a steamer about to sail for America.

LONDON, May 28.—The Times' Dublin special says the Gazette contains no proclamations directly relating to the Land League.

NEW YORK, May 28.—The World's cable says if the Land League orders a general strike it will not be obeyed except in the districts where no rent has been paid for a year past and where evictions are keeping alive the agitation. The better class of tenants everywhere say they prefer the new Land Bill to Parnell and no Land Bill; and though the Leaguers are making desperate efforts to keep up the agitation, they are not meeting with much success. Of late the League executive circulated appeals purporting to have been written by leading prisoners in Kilmainham; but Father Garrison, of Mullingar, himself an agitator, knocked that trick on the head the other day, by saying that Kilmainham was no dungeon or bastile, since the only hard labor inflicted on the imprisoned leaguers was "eating roast beef." The League funds are running dry. Subscriptions from Ireland and from branches in England are falling off every week, and the only hope of the treasurer is the sympathy of the Irish in America.

LONDON, May 29.—The opinion is almost universal throughout the kingdom that the condition of affairs in Ireland was never worse than now. The delay in Parliament on the Land Bill and the daily enforcement of evictions and arrests under the Coercion Act have exasperated the people to an almost unprecedented extent. Incendiary fires are numerous. Conflicts with the authorities, frequently resulting in serious injuries and lamentable destruction of property, are increasing. There is violent excitement in Clogher, caused by preparations for eviction in that neighborhood. The process-servers and the police and military are now confronted by a body of peasants, whose numbers are increasing hourly. A sanguinary fight is expected between emissaries of the law and the people. The House of Commons remained in session until 5 o'clock this morning, there being conflict between the Secretary of State for War and the Irish members, who obstructed the army estimates.

It is reported that the Government have resolved to meet the possible rejection of the Land Bill by the House of Lords, not by dissolution of Parliament, but by an autumn session. There are strong influences at work among the moderate peers to induce a majority to accept the measure.

A Dublin correspondent states that it is a notorious fact that all the recent disturbances occurred in the richest agricultural districts, where the farmers are well off. To speak of these people as objects of compassion and down-trodden rank-rented victims of landlord cruelty is untrue.

DUBLIN, May 29.—Dempsey, a farmer, who took land from which a tenant had been evicted, was fired at from behind a hedge in county Galway and killed.

LIMERICK, May 29.—The Magistrate in charge of the military and police expedition sent to execute evictions on people who have taken refuge in the castle has been suspended for neglect of duty.

There will be no formal appointment to the secretaryship of the Land League. Quinn will discharge Brennan's duties.

A bailiff went to serve writs on the property of Hutchins, near Mallow, county Cork, on Saturday. Some women seized him, destroyed the writs, stripped him naked and threw him into the river. They caught him as he came out and thrashed him with furze. The man was more dead than alive, and then tarred, feathered and hunted him through the country. A large party of police went from Mallow to rescue him but were unable to find him.

Dempsey, who was fatally shot, in the county of Galway, was walking quietly to chapel, accompanied by his two children. He fell almost within a stone's throw of the chapel. Dempsey compromised a quarrel with the Land League, after he surrendered his farm. The crime was committed in broad daylight, when the roads were crowded with people hastening to mass.

It is reported that the British Government have resolved to meet the possible rejection of the Land Bill by the House of Lords, not by dissolution of Parliament, but by an autumn session. Strong influences are at work among the more moderate peers to induce the majority to assent to the measure.

C. R. M. Talbot, a lord-lieutenant of Glamorganshire, has represented that county in the British House of Commons continually for upwards of half a century.

## THE LONDON DISASTER.

A few facts of interest gleaned from the Papers.

The following is from the *Advertiser*:

In conversation with the Commander of the Victoria, he said that he felt very thankful for the sympathy extended him by the citizens. On all sides, he was glad to see the after consideration of the matter resulted in him being acquitted of any criminal negligence in the matter. Had he been made aware of the state of things below, he would have known better what to do. The messengers from the engineer never reached him, with one exception. That was a young lad of fourteen, whom he himself had sent to the engineer to ask if there was any danger. The reply came back, "There is great danger unless the boat is stopped." Immediately on knowing this he asked several persons see if they couldn't move the people. Some one or two undertook to see after it, but very soon afterwards the disaster occurred.

A RESCUER LOST.

T. E. O'Callaghan, who was on board the Victoria with his sister, says that among those who worked hardest was one young boy about ten years of age, who was entirely naked, and a young man with only a checked shirt on. They seemed to save a great number. But what was his horror to learn, on enquiry a while after, that the brave little boy was himself pulled out adrift! Mr. O'Callaghan could not wait to learn his name, being himself an active worker, but he says he felt worse about this one brave little fellow than any one can tell. It is impossible to learn how many other such cases there were, but it is probable there were quite a few who sacrificed their own lives to save others.

NOT EVEN WET.

H. Finch was on the lower deck at the time of the accident, standing beside Mr. McBride. When the boat turned over he found himself on the side which was out of the water, thereby escaping without even getting wet. Afterwards he assisted in saving a large number.

THE FOREST CITY CREW.

Among those who are deserving of especial notice for gallant conduct must be mentioned the crew of the Forest City Rowing Club, who, at the time of the accident, were "spurting" to make up the few lengths which separated them from the steamer. Immediately on seeing the accident, H. Nicholes and M. Reid sprang overboard, and each took a "lady" passenger to the shore. Hastily undressing they continued to exert themselves as long as there was any chance of saving life. Guy Parks and John Cousins remained in the shell, and were the first to carry a boat load of women to the shore. They say that they had a hard time to prevent good swimmers from jumping into the boat. However their shell escaped from tipping over they cannot tell, as in one spot from a passing engine.

About 6 p.m. on Saturday, a man named John Moir, employed as yardman in the Grand Trunk yard, Stratford, was accidentally killed. He had just uncoupled the engine from a train, and when stepping away he tripped on the rail, falling across it, and was completely cut in two. He was 37 years of age, and leaves a wife and four small children.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning a grain store at Clandeboye station, occupied by S. C. Hersey, grain dealer of Lucan, was burnt down. Mr. Hersey had 3000 bushels of wheat stored in the building. The fire, it is supposed, was caused by a spark from a passing engine.

No sensation is caused in Lucan by the proceedings now going on before the law officers in Detroit for the extradition of the Feehely brothers. The majority of people here hesitate not to say that the whole matter will end in a farce. Some two or three witnesses left Lucan this evening for Detroit, to give evidence.

Pettigrew of Campbellford, on returning home Saturday, learned from his little daughter that Richard Bonnycastle, a wealthy farmer living near the village, and of whom he was jealous, had been at his house during the greater part of the preceding night. He proceeded to Bonnycastle's house and fired two shots at him from a revolver. The first missed its mark and the second grazed Bonnycastle's head, ploughing up the skin. Dr. Pettigrew was then dismissed and taken to Cobourg gaol.

THE WORLD OVER.

Queen Victoria is going to Italy next month, where she will occupy a villa by the Lake of Como.

Disraeli's religious creed was once described as "the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments."

Sir Wilfred Lawson's local option resolution was first placed on the notice paper in the English House of Commons for June 14th.

Judge Mackenzie, of Montreal, has decided that a ball-dress is not an ordinary article of dress and, therefore, not exempt from seizure for debt.

Midhat Pasha declares that the story of the murder of Abdul Aziz is a tissue of falsehood. He says he committed suicide.

The Kilnablock land league has started a movement for presenting Sheeley, the imprisoned priest, with a national testimonial.

During the past fortnight there has been an increase of 313 cases of smallpox in London. There are now 1600 cases in the hospitals.

In an English court a lady has obtained a verdict of £700 against a railway company, as compensation for injury received by her owing to a train stopping too suddenly.

When Beaconsfield's wife died he said to Lord Malmesbury, "I hope some of my friends will take notice of me now. I feel as if I had now no home. When I tell my coachman to drive home I feel it mockery."

To the ordinary scourges of the army worm and the potato bug, the year 1881 seems to be adding a new insect pest in the shape of a black asparagus bug, which easily digests Paris and the destructive locusts in some regions are preparing to take field.

A man the worse of liquor, attempted to obtain entrance to Cardno's Hall, Seaforth, on Sunday morning, for the purpose of stoning ex-Monk Widdows, who was preaching there. The stones were taken away and exhibited by Mr. Widdows at the evening service.

Catherine Marshall, aged 14 years, the Scotch fasting girl, lately completed her eighteenth week without food. Medical men acknowledge themselves puzzled by her. When offered milk she burst out crying, and it was hours before she recovered from the excitement.

O'Connor Power has written a letter taunting Egan with skulking to Paris, and warning his countrymen, if they will allow themselves to be goaded into unarmed insurrection by screaming, hired demagogues who have already shown the white feather, that they will be abandoned and betrayed in the hour of trial.

## CANADIAN NEWS.

Tinware is being shipped from Oshawa to Nova Scotia.

The Scarforth Sun has enlarged its premises.

Last week some 200 head of cattle were sold at Duffin's Creek market.

Bowenville is to have a new curling and skating rink at a cost of \$3,000.

Ten miles of steel rails have been laid by the Whitby and Port Perry railway.

Mr. Samuel Merner, M. P., of New Hamburg is taking a party of settlers up to Manitobo.

A middle aged man named Adam Telford committed suicide at Sarnia Saturday night by hanging. Dissipation.

The assessment of Winnipeg has been completed and shows an increase of over five million in one year.

Writs have been issued for the elections in Picton and Colchester counties for the House of Commons. The nominations take place on Saturday.

Joseph Bigelow of Port Perry was Saturday morning nominated by the Reformers of North Ontario to fill the vacancy in the local legislature in that constituency. Frank Madill of Beaverfoot was nominated by the Conservatives.

Hugh Mackay, crown lands agent and collector of customs Parry Sound, died Saturday afternoon from the bursting of a blood-vessel. The deceased was well known and highly respected throughout the district.

John Reilly, aged fourteen years, son of a lock tender at Merriton, has been arrested for being one of the six who assaulted the girl Potter some time ago. He has made a confession giving the names of all the parties. Merriton, on all accounts, appears to be terribly demoralized.

The site of an Indian village close to the mound opened near Mackenzie the other day by Dr. Wilson, has been discovered. Mr. Gohn, who owns the property, has presented the university with a quantity of pottery, wampum, spear heads, etc., ploughed up by him since he owned the place.

Minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

A communication was received from Mr. R. S. Williams, resigning the position of treasurer, owing to pressure of business.

On motion, the resignation of Mr. Williams was accepted.

Moved by Mr. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Jas. Mitchell, that Mr. W. R. Miller be treasurer.—Carried.

Mr. W. R. Miller then resigned his position as 2nd vice-president, and

On motion of Mr. Miller, seconded by Mr. Mitchell, Mr. W. R. Robertson was appointed to that position.

On motion of Mr. Robertson, seconded by Mr. Weatherald, Mr. D. McGillicuddy was appointed a director of the Institute.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES.

Lecture Committee.—Robertson, Mitchell and McGillicuddy.

Book Committee.—Miller, Weatherald and Rice.

Room Committee.—Johnston, Rice and Weatherald.

Finance Committee.—Johnston, Mitchell and the president.

The invoice of new books was presented, and on motion was referred to the Book and Finance Committees.

The meeting then adjourned.

Departure of Provost Whitaker.

The departure of Provost Whitaker from Toronto for Europe took place Monday afternoon by the train leaving the Great Western depot at 3:30 o'clock.

There was an immense gathering to see the last of the Venerable Archdeacon, who with his family was extremely popular.

The waiting-room and the platform were crowded with a numerous body of ladies and gentlemen, nearly all the clergy of the city and many from the country, without respect to their religious opinion being in attendance. At their head was Rural Dean Boddy, who was accompanied by Canon Tremayne and the Rev. W. Crompton an representative of the diocese of Algoma, who with Provost Whitaker was one of the principal supporters in every way.

Amongst the laity present were Hon. Mr. Allan, Messrs. S. B. Harman, C. J. Campbell, F. D. Barwick, W. H. M. Murray, John Catto, Lewis Moffatt, Frank Wooten, John Hague, James Henderson, John Young, Elmes Henderson, S. G. Wood, and nearly all the students of Trinity College.

The Provost shook hands with each individually, adding a few kindly words in return to their good wishes.

As the train steamed out of the depot he appeared on the rear platform of the car, and was greeted with three hearty cheers as a send off.

Ex-Grand Sovereign Bowell and the Orange Order.

W. KNIGHT, PRACTICAL BARBER and Hair-dresser, begs to inform the public for past patronage and solicits a continuance of custom. He can always be found at his Shaving Parlor, near the Post Office, Goderich.

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