Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 12. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1520.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Paper published in Canada, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

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SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1215-1y

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 12-40-1y

Dr. Connery,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Mrs. McKid's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1310-1yr

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PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHEURS.
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DR. CAMPBELL,
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
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B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

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

Sinclair Senger & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. Sinclair, C. Senger jr, E. E. Wade.
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

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

J. T. GARROW,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Office, corner Square and Hamilton Sts et, Goderich.

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G. CAMPAIGNE
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S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c., Clinton, Ont. w38
MONEY TO LEND.

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

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Hector Horton, Esq., M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb, 11th 1871. w-1y—

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees reasonable.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON, Barristers, &c Goderich
1441-1y

Woodcock & Dickson,
Land Brokers,
CONVEYANCERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,
MONEY TO LEND
At Lowest Rates,
OFFICE—Acheson's Block, West Street over the Post Office, Goderich, Ont.
E. WOODCOCK. WALTER DICKSON

RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT to Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUITS, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

E. R. WATSON,
HORSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Parlor Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING GILDING AND SIZING
Shop on North Street opposite the Registry Office, Goderich. 1494 1y

St. Joseph's Convent.
Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included
per quarter $3 00
Instrumental Music, ... 7 00
Vocal, ... 7 00
Painting and Crayon each 7 00
For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876. 1509-1yr

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Wedding and Parties supplied at short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Good delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 26, 1874. 1449-1yr

NEW MEAT MARKET
N. LINDSAY.
BEGS to notify the inhabitants of Goderich that he has opened out a new Meat Market in the store opposite the Colborne Hotel, where he will always have for sale the best of meat, and having received the services of a first-class butcher from Toronto, will warrant satisfaction. Meat delivered to any part of the town.
December 22nd, 1875. 1505-1yr

WANTED.
LADIES and Gentlemen to qualify as Telegraph Operators for offices now opening in the Dominion. Address,
MANAGER,
1492 1yr Box 925 Toronto

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 35
G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday evening of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. 2141 1y

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent.
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 20th, 1871 2141 Goderich.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS, Agent at Goderich.
Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTSON,
Toronto. 1245.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expense will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHOENIX of London, England
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 29th 1870. w36-1y.

Money to Loan
THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING ST. KIR. ESQ. President.
MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals on the easiest terms as to annual repayment of principal.
HUGH HAMILTON,
1475 1y C. L. Agent Goderich.

Money to Lend.
$50,000 00.
Rusting for want of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE, Solicitor, &c., Goderich.
Jan. 18th, 1876. 1509-1yr

Insurance.
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 estimated at nearly $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without reduction.
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
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

CANADA
Live Stock INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
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.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN, Agent,
1317 Market Square, Goderich.

Artificial Stone.
The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Nesbergall's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
1478—3m Goderich, Ont.

Something New
ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place, McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich. Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

NEW DOMINION BAKERY,
on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door to the
FIREMAN'S HALL,
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER-HANGER, MARBLE & Paper Manufacturer, Watertown, desires charitable notice. Residence, Common Street. 1495-1yr

Goderich & Kincardine
MARBLE WORKS.
HEADSTONES,
HOUSE TRIMMINGS,
MONUMENTS.
And work of all kinds in Marble designed and executed in the best style and at most reasonable prices.
MARBLE MANTLES
KEPT IN STOCK.
GRANITE MONUMENTS,
AND
HEADSTONES.
Imported to order.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
SCOTT & VANSTONE.
1462-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Fall & Winter Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
Which he is selling very cheap.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
always on hand,
Gents' Furnishings
A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed.
Hugh Dunlop.
Goderich, Oct. 12, 1875. 1406

SAUNDERS'
HAS THEM!
T Heating Stoves
H Hall Stoves,
E Coal Stoves,
B Cooking Stoves,
E Parlor Cooks,
S Hot Air
T Drums.
Also on hand a large stock of,
Plain and Fancy Tinware.
Toys and Fancy Goods
AT
SAUNDERS' VARIETY STORE,
Crabb's Block Market Square, Goderich.

PHILO NOBLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
HAMILTON STREET,
GODERICH,
Has on hand the best assorted stock of
Cloths, Tweeds, &c. &c
I hope from my long experience in the trade and employing the best of workmen, to receive the support of my friends and the public.
Clothing made to Order
on the shortest notice and guaranteed to fit. Call and inspect the stock.
2 doors East of W. Acheson's harness shop. 1489ly

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1475 1yr

A NEW ENTERPRISE
Turning Shop and Bedstead Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,
In the shop formerly used as an axe factory, where the public can be accommodated with all kinds of TURNING, PLANING, SAWING and general JOB WORK.
All very cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
SAM'L CURRAN.
Goderich Sept, 23, 1875. 1492—1yr

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery,
GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and debts collected.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1468-1yr

Poetry.

On the Door-Step.

We were sitting on the door-step—
I remember it so well;
She was half in shadow hidden,
Save where the moonlight fell,
And on the dear head resting,
With its wavy, soft brown hair,
Made more then ever lovely
The face I thought so fair.

I know we talked but little,
And at last, beneath the stone,
We heard the cricket chirping
So clearly all alone,
Till my heart had mustered courage
To tell her, then and there,
How for her sweet sake truly,
I would all things do and dare.

Then came the soft, shy answer,
As her shining eyes drooped low,
"My heart is mine no longer,
'Twas yielded long ago!"
And even as she doomed me
To misery and pain,
The soft cheeks filled with dimples,
Gathering o'er and o'er again.

How well I now remember
That, turning fast away,
I would not hand the whisper
That softly bade me stay,
Till, at the low gate turning,
Her face once more to see,
I saw the tear drops shining
In the eyes that followed me.

Ah! then, with heart fast beating,
To her side I turned again,—
"Oh! tell me, Madge, my darling,
Has my love been all in vain?
You do not love another?
Your words were only play?
Look up, and answer truly,—
Madge, must I go away?"

Again the dimples gathered,
E'en while the moon's pale light
Betrayed the tears still shining
Like dew-drops soft and bright.
"My heart is mine no longer;
I have given it, 'tis true;
Why could you not have waited?
Because—ah! I meant you!"

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

It was one of his dogmas: Louise was one to place unbounded confidence in. A nurse when one was sick, a comforter when one was sorrowful, one *must* get well when taken care of by her. It would have been a sort of treason to remain sick.

I think that in most perfect love there is nearly always one who serves and one who is served. Sometimes it is the woman, sometimes the man who serves, but in almost all cases either the one or the other does so. In the case of Louise and her husband, she was the one who served; with Douglas and Isobel, he did so. And I believe it is the greatest, deepest nature which is content to serve—the nature which is least self-absorbed, most self-sacrificing. In nine cases out of ten it is the woman who does so; but in those rare cases where the man is content to take up the service of love, he has always one of those noble natures in which self is subordinate to chivalrous devotion. Only a large nature is capable of rendering this service to a woman—a nature strong in itself, and feeling great tenderness for weakness. Little natures can never be content to serve; they are too perpetually asserting their own dignity. Moreover, this service of which I speak is one which almost invariably brings with it its own reward. It is, to apply without irreverence words which are used in speaking of higher things, "a service which maketh free."

Something like this was vaguely present to the mind of Louise as she and Isobel stood at the parlour window of the manse, a few days after the arrival of the latter, and watched Douglas Methven mount his horse and ride away slowly down the village street. He had been with them all the morning, and when called away by a business engagement, had gone reluctantly, promising to come again in the afternoon. They looked after him till a turn in the road hid him from sight, and then Louise turned to Isobel, smiling. 'God is very good to us, my child. A while ago I was very pitiful for you; now I am glad that the sorrow came to you. I feared it would spoil your life, but it has only made it far more beautiful.'

'You would think so if—you knew all about me; if you knew what he has been to me.'

'Can I not see?' asked Louise, with her pretty energetic gesture. 'Ah! I see that he is a lover the most devoted, a protector the most tender. All that a man can be to a woman, he is to you.'

'It is true,' said Isobel, bending her head. Louise wondered why her eyes filled with tears. No one on earth but Isobel herself could ever fully know what Douglas had been to her.

It was a lovely spring day, and they took their work and sauntered out into the garden. They went down to an arbour, which was all covered with great purple stars of passion-flower, and beside which an old hawthorn tree was drooping its fragrant snow of blossoms silently on the grass. They could see the green hills, with lovely shadowy nooks, and the white sheep feeding on them. Everything was in a mood of jubilant gladness: the river that shone and rippled, the birds who had built their nest in the old hawthorn, and baby Tom, who had only lately taken to his feet, and was rolling about on the grass beside them, plucking daisies.

They sat on the rustic seats of the arbour, and looked and listened for a while in silence, except for a merry word now and then to baby Tom.

'Yes, Isobel,' said Louise at length, 'your lover is a true knight, a *preux chevalier*, such as one seldom sees. You need some one strong: he suits you.'

'Yes,' said Isobel, dreamily, gazing away at the hills. 'Do you ever think of that verse, "He leadeth the blind by a way that they know not." I often do. I was so blind. I wanted so much to be happy in my own way, and when I found I could not I was so wicked. I even blamed God in my heart for taking the joy out of my life. I said that I did not care to live any longer in the world, since I was not to have all I wanted in it. And now I see that what happened to me then was the best thing that could have happened.'

'I know that it was. I never thought that he—the other one, I mean—was strong enough for you.'

'Poor Sam,' sighed Isobel. 'I am glad that I forgave him in my heart before he died. Have you heard anything of his father?'

'Poor old man! He lives alone with no one but a servant to wait on him. The young widow could not stay here. She returned very soon to London and to her former friends, and is already, I believe, fluttering again in society. My husband goes to see him sometimes, but not often, for it is not much use. Mr. Elliott does not seem to know any one. He is quite broken down—his memory quite gone.'

'It is very sad. He used to be such a hale, strong old man. He was always very kind to me. I will go and see him some day, if Douglas will take me.'

'He is one of the ruins made by that curse of strong drink,' said Louise. 'You know that poor Sam was not himself when he fell. Ah! how many has wine murdered! how many broken hearts and desolate homes has it made?'

Isobel became pale, and shuddered. 'Don't, Louise,' she said sharply; 'I cannot bear it.'

Louise looked up from her work, and laid her hand on Isobel's. 'Pardon, my child,' she said, gently. 'I ought not to have spoken of it. I know one can never forget what has been.'

'It is not that,' Isobel was on the point of saying; but she thought it better that Louise should think so, and was silent.

She had made no confession of her fault to Louise. Perhaps, and she belonged altogether to herself, she would have done so; but she looked on herself as belonging to Douglas, and no one must think his wife unworthy. Since coming to the manse, she had found it an unspeakable comfort that no wine, or intoxicating drink of any kind, had ever been put before her. At first, Louise had apologized for the want of such things on the table; but Isobel told her that both Mr. Methven and she had become total abstainers, and the absence of wine at dinner, and at other times, was looked on by all as a matter of course. Mr. Graeme and his wife never dreamt how much their friends rejoiced at that absence.

And would it not be well if we should consider some such cases as Isobel's, or perhaps cases more dangerous than hers, as not absolutely unlikely to come in our way? We know so little of one another's secret history. It is so impossible to guess what struggles may be going on under the quiet exterior of our next neighbour. And perhaps, in offering him the wine which we consider harmless, we may be putting terrible temptation in his way; we may be holding to his lips the cup which he longs to taste, yet which to him is death.

'Louise,' said Isobel, after a pause, during which baby Tom made several attempts to catch the great brown bees which were buzzing about, and, luckily for himself, did not succeed, 'Louise, do you remember once telling me, long ago, that you feared for me, because I wanted the strength which is of God?'

'I remember. But you have changed since then.'

'Yes, I know. I needed it all. I believe that a good deal of the sorrow I have had was sent to teach me that I needed that strength. I don't think there ever was any one weaker than I, and at the same time so ignorant of weakness. I know it now.'

'So I have guessed, Isobel. Ah! one can easily tell, though you speak not a word, when you feel that all weakness is in you, all strength in God. I have read that in your face, and I have rejoiced. I see that you have passed through the struggle, the sorrow; but you have come out of it humble, pure, strong in God's strength.'

Isobel bent her head. 'I hope so. And I hope,' she added, humbly, 'that all my life after this will be different. Ah! life is very difficult. I dare not try it again without a Higher Strength to cling to.'

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST OF THE ELLIOTTS OF BURNSIDE.

Douglas came back in the evening, as he had promised, and brought with him a bundle of papers interesting both to Mr. and Mrs. Graeme and to Isobel. They were plans for a great temperance hotel, which Mr. Methven intended to build in a central situation in the village. Mr. Graeme had told him how much such an establishment was needed—how constantly the small farmers round, who came in on market-days, were led into temptation, by being obliged to put up their conveyances at the whisky-selling public house of the place. Now there was to be a public house which sold no whisky, but where any one could get a plentiful dinner at a moderate charge, or a cup of hot coffee on a cold day, and which was also to contain a spacious reading-room for working men, where, if they chose, they might spend their evenings in warmth and comfort. Isobel took an intense interest in this plan. 'Douglas,' she had said to him one day, 'I would like, during all my future life, to show my thankfulness to God for having rescued me, by trying to rescue as many others as possible from that terrible sin of drunkenness.'

'We shall both try to do so,' he had answered; and so the building of the temperance hotel was determined on.

They deliberated long that evening on various plans, and a plain, spacious structure was fixed on, to be built of the beautiful grey granite so plentifully found in that neighbourhood. Douglas had risen to go away, when Isobel said to him, 'I wish you would let me ride over to Burnside with you to-morrow. I want to see poor old Mr. Elliott. He used to be very kind to me long ago, and now he is all alone.'

Douglas hesitated. 'I fear,' he said, 'that it may give you pain to see him. He is so much changed.'

'I don't mind the pain,' said Isobel, looking up into his face. They were standing by the manse drawing-room fire, pleasant even in early summer, in the chill of the evening. Louise had gone up stairs to look at her boy, and Mr. Graeme was in his study. 'I should so like to see him again, for the sake of old times.'

He put his arm round her, and drew her to him. 'Isobel,' he said, 'are you sure you do not look back with regret on these old times now?'

'Quite sure,' she answered. 'When I think of them, it is only to feel thankful that I did not get my own way then. Douglas,' she continued earnestly, 'I often think that if I had married Sam Elliott I would have been miserable. He must have been weak to act as he did; and I am so weak myself, I need some one strong to trust in. And you are so strong. I can trust in you so thoroughly.'

He shook his head. 'Child, that is all you know,' he said, kissing her. But he went off content.

They rode together next day to Burnside, which was nearly five miles from the village. Isobel began to tell Mr. Methven, by the way, about the time when she and Sam were children together, and how she used to spend whole days at Burnside, playing with him about the long, rambling passages, or in the oak-stained dining-room; how they used to go down to the fields, and ride in the hay-carts, or ramble about the autumn woods, gathering hazel nuts.

'How bright all that childish time seems,' she said. 'I believe there really is 'a glory on the grass' then, that fades away as one grows older, and never comes back again. As I look back, everything seems to have a shining, yellow light over it. Even the memory of old Mr. Elliott's room, where he kept his whips, and fishing-rods, and guns, and account books, seems beautiful to me. And now, I daresay, I would think it a very bare, commonplace room.'

'I have to confess,' said Douglas, 'a great jealousy of those old memories of yours. I would not take them from you,' he continued, smiling kindly, seeing her turn a rather sorrowful face towards him. 'Only I do wish we could have been children together. Just think, while you were running about the woods I was far away, doing a man's work, and very hard work it was too. To be sure, I was old before my time, but the thought that you were still a child when I was a full-grown man, makes me feel how much older I am than you are.'

She laughed merrily. 'And if we had been children together, just think what an unformed sort of hobbledehoy you would have been now. Why, I couldn't have trusted you a bit. I like better,' she went on, glancing at him brightly with her soft eyes, 'to have you just as you are now, as steady as a rock. I would not give one day of my life now for all those old days put together.'

'God bless you, darling,' he said. 'Then you are happy again.'

'Quite happy,' she answered. 'I feel since I came here as if I had recovered a sort of *spring* that I had lost. I lost it first when Sam went away, and I tried to make up for it—you know how. Now it seems to be coming back of itself; and I don't think,' she added, laughing, 'that the glory on the grass' is all gone yet. Look!'

They were riding slowly along a beautiful shady road, bordered on each side by sloping wooded banks; the branches of the trees met above their heads, and as far into the woods as they could see there were luxuriant depths of greenness, plumes of ferns, patches of intensely green moss, trunks of old trees wrapped in ivy, which had clambered up and twined itself among the branches. Isobel pointed with her whip to a stream of brilliant, yellow sunshine pouring down through an opening in the branches, burnishing every tree, stump, and gnarled root, and making every fern leaf stand out with pre-Raffaelite distinctness. They both looked, and into their hearts came a feeling of that intense gladness which beauty gives in all its purity, only to those who have in themselves something which answers to it.

The entrance to Burnside was by a wide iron gate, opening off the high road into a long avenue of fine beech trees. In old days this avenue and all the other parts of the grounds had been well kept; for Mr. Elliott was, with good reason, proud of his ancestral acres. Now Isobel saw with regret the air of neglect which pervaded everything about the place. The broad road, once so smooth and trim, was now cut up by cart wheels, and in part overgrown with weeds. In old times, carts and all other things pertaining to farm work had been obliged to go round by another road, and their marks here were a sure sign of the absence of the master's eye. About the house the look of desolation was even more painful. It was surrounded by shrubberies of evergreens, and its walls were covered with ivy and other climbing plants which had once been exceedingly beautiful. Now their unchecked growth gave a damp, wholesome feeling of rank vegetation; last year's leaves had been suffered to rot where they fell, and the air was laden with their exhalations. The ivy, instead of being pruned close to the walls, was hanging in wild, dark masses, so heavy as to have torn themselves away in some places, where they swayed forlornly.

To be continued.

A Wonderful Boy.

California is a land of remarkable productions, but the most wonderful, if we are to believe the newspapers of that State, which is a doubtful point, is a small boy in San Francisco named Johnny Palmer. Johnny was supposed to be blind, or very near it, and had long been kept in a dark room while efforts were being made to correct the defect in his vision, but an accident revealed the fact that instead of being blind he had a marvellous power of seeing. By some carelessness the shade had been removed from his window while he slept, and when he awoke he saw the moon for the first time, and to use his own expressive language it was as "big as all out-doors," and so beautiful that he proposed to go there next morning early. The California College of Sciences hearing of the lad at once took him in hand and made a scientific examination of his eyes. The savans of that learned institution found that his optics were very peculiarly constructed. They were very flat and thin, with large iris, flat lens, immense retina, and wonderfully dilated pupil. The consequences was that he could not see near objects with any distinctness, but had a marvellous vision for things thousands of miles away. The Committee of the College of Sciences at once brought the telescopic eyes of the wonderful youth to bear upon the moon and the planetary system, and obtained revelations such as Herschel never dreamed of. As a result of their observations upon the moon they announce that the shrubbery and vegetation on that orb are all metallic. "Vegetable life nowhere exists, but the forms of some of the shrubs and trees are exceedingly beautiful. The highest trees do not exceed twenty-five feet, and they appear to have all acquired their full growth. The ground is strewn with flowers, but they are all formed of metals—gold, silver, copper, and tin predominating. But there is a new kind of metal, seen everywhere on tree, shrub, and flower, nowhere known on earth. It is of a bright vermillion colour, and is semi transparent. The mountains are all of bare and burnt granite, and appear to have been melted with fire. The committee called the attention of the boy to the bright 'sea of glass' lately observed near the northern rim of the moon, and inquired of what it is composed. He examined it carefully, and gave such a minute description of it that it became apparent at once to the committe that it was pure mercury of quicksilver." The boy is to be educated by the trustees of the Lick estates, and his remarkable power utilized to the utmost. It is confidently expected that he will make enormous additions to the knowledge we have of other worlds than ours. We trust that the hopes raised by the discovery of Johnny Palmer are to be fulfilled, but we feel a terrible dread that the next mail that comes across the continent will announce that the boy with the telescopic eye is a fraud or a myth.

VERY SENSIBLE.—Horse dealers who are supposed to know what effects their interest, purchase "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy" by the dozen, and feed it to their horses for the purpose of improving their condition, which it always does; others should profit by their example—Remember the name, and see that the signature of Hurd & Co., is on each package. Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Opinions of the Press.

THE TYRANNY OF PARTY.

The case of Mr. Greenway, M. P. for South Huron, illustrates very clearly the tyranny of the Tory party. That gentleman felt it his duty to vote with the Government on the "protection all round" resolution which Sir John Macdonald submitted to the House of Commons. For doing so the *Mail* attacked him with its customary coarseness, called him a chattel of the Government, and read him out of the ranks of the Opposition as a traitor and a knave. Other Tory newspapers went further and charged him with selling himself to the Government for a consideration,—to wit, the promise of an office. Mr. Greenway brought the matter before the House the other evening as a question of privilege, and gave the charge an emphatic denial. * * * Notwithstanding these statements, the Opposition newspapers repeat their charge against Mr. Greenway, and the "Liberal-Conservative" Association in Exeter have pronounced him to be deserving the condemnation not only of that Association, "but of all right thinking and honorable men, irrespective of politics." For giving one vote against his leader Mr. Greenway is driven out of the Tory party, and every mean and bitter epithet is flung at him that language can furnish to Tory indignation. And yet the Tories profess to be a moderate party, and to vote for good measures irrespective of party. If the treatment accorded to Mr. Greenway is a fair instance of their moderation we trust that the time may be far removed when the control of this country are again in their keeping.—*Home Journal, St. Thomas.*

RASH TREATMENT.

Our readers have often heard about the "cast iron pledge," which all Reform candidates are said to take in order that they may secure the support of the *Globe* at elections. They have also heard about "Grit tyranny," and all the world knows that the Hon. George Brown, among many other unsavory names, is called the "Grit Dictator."—The idea sought to be conveyed by such terms is that Reform members are not allowed to exercise their own judgment, while Conservatives are high-toned, independent thinkers who always judge themselves and do what is right apart from all party considerations. A case has just occurred which illustrates in a most striking manner the utter falsity of such statements. Mr. Thomas Greenway, M. P. for South Huron, was elected as an independent member, as we explained last week. The other day he voted against Sir John's motion in favor of Protection, and increased taxation, and ever since his name has flourished at the head of Tory newspaper articles as "The Traitor Greenway." The whole pack are after him like so many sleuth-hounds, and if he is not driven from public life it will be because Tory newspaper abuse is as harmless as it is malignant. Look now at the other side of the picture. At least half a dozen Reform members voted in favor of Protection, and so far as we knew not one line has been written in condemnation of any of them for so voting. Who has seen in any Reform paper an article headed, "The Traitor Blain," or "The Traitor Wood," or "The Traitor Irving," or "The Traitor Workman!" Has any such article appeared? There has not. And yet we are told that members of the Reform party have not the same liberty of action as Conservatives.—*Stratford Beacon.*

GRAFTING HINTS.—About this time, as the old almanacs have it, look out for hints on grafting; but with all the good advice and plain directions given by the various papers, there are yet many people who declare they never have any luck in performing this operation. I once knew an old grafter who declared "a cion must be hungry before it will grow," which in plain language simply means that a cion laid away for a short time is surer to grow than one cut fresh from the tree. This theory is not confined to the old grafter alluded to above, but has received credence among many skilled horticulturists of the present time. Certain it is that a cion like a cutting is not injured by being cut from the tree prematurely, and laid away with proper care until needed. Some prefer grafting very early; I do not. Just previous to actual growth is the time I select for performing the operation, but I take my cions cut early and preserved in damp soil or moss—the latter preferred. Be careful to have the bark on the cion and stock to fit accurately, tie tightly, wax thoroughly, and there is very little risk about the work.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION is very strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty and is largely prescribed among their Female Patients. It is worthy of all confidence, as may be seen from the following testimonials:

Dr. G. R. CHAPMAN, Plattsmouth, Neb., writes: I have under treatment a lady, who, for the past seven years has been afflicted, and, after trying several physicians without receiving benefit, is *gaining rapidly on your Favorite Prescription.*

ATLANTA, Ill.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I have not words to express my gratitude to you for your advice and assistance in my case. There is not one who has used your medicines since they have been brought here, but that can say with me they have been greatly benefitted. Since I have been so helped by its use, six or seven around me left off all doctors and other medicines, and now use it in their families, after being cured of the same disease as mine.—You do not know what a wonder it created in our city, by its restoring my sister I wrote you about, for she had been under the care of three of our best doctors, but could not sit up but for a few minutes at one time. I begged of her to try your medicines, and before she had used half the bottles she could go all around the yard, and has now just come home from a visit five miles away.

MRS. THOS. McFARLAND.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

About five weeks since there came to London from Buffalo a young girl who gave her name as Lillie Feardelle. She took up her abode in a house of ill-fame in one of the suburbs, and there continued till a few days ago, when a telegram was addressed to the authorities of a city church, giving the circumstances, describing the girl, and asking that efforts be made to restore her to her friends. The proper steps were taken, and on Saturday she departed for Buffalo. It is stated that she is subject to fits of mental aberration, and that during one of these she left her home.

A TRAVELLER.—Should always carry on a journey, to use in case of sudden indisposition, caused by taking cold by change of water, bilious attacks, &c., a bottle of STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF, which can always be relied upon, to give immediate relief. 1520

City Budget.

It is stated that when Sir John A. Macdonald retires from the representation of the "Ancient City" Mr. Hugh Macdonald, his eldest son, will be a candidate in the Conservative interests. He is a lawyer, and described as clever. It is thought Sir John's highest wish is to see his son in Parliament.

The late Bishop Thirlwall, of England, is said to have been a perfect prodigy of precocity. At three years of age he read English so well that he was taught Latin, and at four he read Greek with an ease and fluency that astonished all who heard him.

It is twenty years since an Englishman proposed that should gutta percha be used for submarine telegraphic purposes, an animal would be either found or created with a peculiar liking for it. Now the *Popular Science Monthly* says that the insect about a quarter of an inch long, which bids fair to make a great deal of trouble, owing to its love for gutta percha.

The Russian Government proposes to build a railway from their country, across central Asia, through China and to the Pacific coast. At the southern end of the route the famous great wall will be crossed; it already lies in ruins in many places. The distance from Nijni Novgorod, where the road is to start from, to Pekin will be 4,500 miles, of which 2,600 run through Russian territory.

The London *Daily Telegraph* has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world. Its average issue is about 150,000 daily, and a copy sells at an English penny. In politics it is liberal. It is remarkable for its enterprise in collecting news, and for its correspondence. The mechanical difficulties to be overcome in printing this vast edition are immense. The paper makes up some fifteen continuous rolls, measuring in all forty-five miles; but by the use of eight of Hoe's wonderful perfecting presses, each of which prints, cuts, counts, and folds thirty thousand complete copies in an hour, the edition need not go to press till near daybreak.

A very extraordinary career has been that of a man hailing from Taunton, Mass. His age is only forty six, and yet he has been shipwrecked once and was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, fell over board from a whaler, and before being picked up, lost two fingers in the mouth of a shark