Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 12. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1468.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1846,)

One of the Largest Papers published in County, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square.

ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms—$1 Per annum, in advance, or $1 50 if not in arrears. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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Office and residence, West Street, Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1313-1y

C. CARTWRIGHT, F. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
GODERICH, ONT.
Office—Market Square. Ward over Mr. [illegible] 25 years standing. [illegible] 1441-1y

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Rose hotel, Main street, and opposite McLellan's hotel.
Seaforth, April 22nd, 1873. 1367

J. C. Thomson M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c &c., Goderich, Ont. 12:30-1y

Dr. Clements,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw1407

HOMŒOPATHY.
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.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1440

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & McFadden,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON W. H. McFADDEN.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1397

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, In Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crable's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1371

Sinclair & Seager
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. SINCLAIR CHAS. SEAGER, Jr
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

W. R. SQUIRE,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, Ashenson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1353

GARROW & WALKER
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, &c. Office on West St. opposite the Post Office.
J. T. GARROW. F. F. WALKER.

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING, Office at Dixie Watson's, Colborne Assignee.
sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

CHAS. J. WILSON,
BAYFIELD, ONT.
COMMISSION AGENT AND ACCOUNTANT. Any commissions promptly attended to. 1465-1y

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER of MARRIAGE LICENSES
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1425-1y

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Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
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Henry Gilkes,
PAINTER, PAPER-HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer. Whitewashing done on shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street. 1449-1yr

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GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE. OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., Goderich.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1318

GEORGE LEMON,
VETERINARY SURGEON, GODERICH,
OF 10 years practice,
GRADUATE of the Colleges of Lexington, Kentucky, and Toronto, has opened an Office at Elijah Martin's C. H. where he will attend to all cases he may be consulted, night or day, on all diseases of Horses and Cattle. 1444 1y

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WILLIAM ALEXANDER. JOHN STARK.
MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange, Stock Brokers and Estate Agents, Stocks, Bonds, and Debentures Bought and Sold.
Money Loaned on Mortgage.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.
Existing Mortgages purchased on reasonable terms. Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention.
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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.
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Ottawa, Canada.
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Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y

$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.
1442-1y Goderich

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

$5 TO $20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1447-1yr

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 6th May, 1873. sw78-1y

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$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
C. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 29th, 1871 317f 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,
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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 equal instalments, so that the expense will defy competition.
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The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
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HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
☞ Fire and Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.
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Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 29th 1870. w36-1y.

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.
Available Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE 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.
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G. & C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY SATURDAY.
Passenger Accommodation Unsurpassed.
Rates of passage from New York To GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, LONDONDERRY, QUEENSTOWN or BELFAST
Cabin $50 to $70 gold, according to accommodation.
Return tickets issued at reduced rates.
Intermediate and Steerage as low as any other line.
For passage or further information apply to Henderson Brothers, 7 Bowling Green, New York, Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
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ALLAN LINE
STEAM TO
Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow
EVERY SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer.
NOTICE TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND FOR THEIR FRIENDS.
PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.
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Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage.
The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.
1414 2m

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,
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BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1405—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 & 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,
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1317 Market Square, Goderich.

St. Joseph's Academy.
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE DIRECTION of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
On Monday, 4th of Jan., 1875.
TERMS.

Tuition per quarter	$3.00
Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each per quarter	5.00
French	2.00
Drawing, Pencil	3.00
" Crayon	3.00

Payment quarterly and in advance. &c. &c.,
For further particulars apply at the Academy.
NORTH STREET, Goderich.
Dec. 30, 1874. 6m

GEORGETOWN ACADEMY.
WINTER SESSION
WILL OPEN ON
THE 4TH OF JANUARY, '75
JOHN TAIT.
1453tf

GLASS
SIZES from 7x9 to 32x46, Star and Diamond Star.
—ALSO—
Coloured Glass for Side Lights For Sale Cheap by
GEO. H. PARSONS
Market Square, Goderich
August 21st, 1874. 1436

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners, Weddings and Parties supplied at short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 23, 1874. 1419-1yr

ARE YOU SICK?
If such is the case call on
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 27 years' Practice, where thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
GODERICH.
Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first class Chemist Only proprietor of
Bond's Renowned Pulmonic Syrup
that cures Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, &c., &c., never fails a certain and effectual remedy. It has cured thousands when all other remedies has failed, also
BONDS CELEBRATED TONIC BITTERS
which is superior to any ever introduced to the public for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Indigestion Palpitation of the Heart, Billious Diseases and General Debility one of the best remedies in connection with Bond's Pulmonic Syrup for Chest and Lung Diseases known. Try it, it has no rival; marvelous in its effects to restoration.
Just received a large and assorted stock of English, French and American Perfumes, Hair Oil, &c. &c. Also one gross of the best Hair Brushes, Tooth and Nail do. in any quantity. All the most popular Patent Medicines constantly on hand.
Bond's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle, Condition Powders &c. a large stock on hand.
A Call is respectfully solicited.
LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS.
1450-1yr

Autumn and Winter
GOODS.
H. DUNLOP
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH,
BEGS to direct attention to his very full stock of
AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS,
which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and at the lowest rates.
Gents' Furnishings
of all kinds kept on hand as usual.
Goderich, 28th Oct., 1874.

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER,
UPHOLSTERER,
AND UNDERTAKER.
HAS now on Hand a large and complete stock of Furniture such as
BEDROOM,
DINING ROOM,
AND PARLOR SETTS.
All of which he will sell cheap for Cash. Picture framing a specialty.
Has always on hand a complete assortment of coffins, shrouds, caps and Hearses to hire.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ARRANGED WITH Wholesale dealers and Manufacturers, so that he can supply Canadian, American and English Cottage Pianos from $225 upwards. Also the new celebrated Canada Organ Co. and American Cabinet organs at lowest price.
Terms to suit purchasers payable monthly, quarterly, or a liberal discount for cash.
Parties purchasing would do well to give me a call.
1440 DANIEL GORDON.

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

Extensive New Premises
AND
Splendid New Stock.
G. Barry & Bro.
Cabinet Makers, Undertakers & Wood Turners,
HAMILTON ST
Have removed across the street to the store next door to W. Acheson's Harness Shop, where will be found
A GOOD ASSORTMENT
of Kitchen, Bedroom, Diningroom, and Parlor Furniture, such as
TABLES,
CHAIRS hair, cane and wood seated)
CUPBOARDS
BEDSTEADS,
WASH STANDS!
MATTRESSES,
LOUNGES,
SOFAS.
WHATNOTS, LOOKING GLASSES
GILT FRAMING.
G. B & B are prepared to sell everything in their line
Cheap for Cash.
N. B A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand and a Hearse to hire; at on reasonable terms.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Goderich, 15 Aug 1870

PUMPS, PUMPS,
PUMPS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING commenced the manufacture of Pumps are prepared to furnish any kind, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Having had 9 years experience with Mr. Dodd they can promise satisfaction. Give us a call.
Place of business—Corner of Cedar and Maple streets, near the Huron Road.
JAMES MARTIN & CO.
Goderich, June 19th, 1874. 1427

WHY
DON'T you use "GLINE'S" Slate Roofing Paint and keep your roof from leaking? It is acknowledged to be durable and fire proof. Testimonials free. Local agents wanted. Huron and Bruce Counties
S. A. RUSSELL & CO.,
Agents for Ontario,
1444 6m 60 King street East, Toronto.

WORK At home, male, and female; $5 per week, day or evening. No Capital. We send valuable packages of goods by mail free. Address with ten cent return stamp, M. YOUNG, 172 Greenwich St. N. Y. 1447-6m

Daily Matched;

OR

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

CHAPTER XX.

As Miss Chandos came so abruptly and unexpectedly back in the schoolroom, surprising her tutor without his wig or glasses, St. Just saw her as soon as she did him, and leaped to his feet, muttering some exclamation.

'I could have sworn I bolted that door,' he said.

'You did,' said Vida haughtily, 'but not being latched, the bolting did not keep out you.'

He passed her swiftly, and this time securely fastened the door, Miss Chandos watching him in contemptuous amazement. Then he faced her, a strangely mingled defiance and relief in his grand and lofty face.

'The murder is out,' he said between his teeth. 'Let us see if you will be as true to me as you were just now to that she-devil, Mrs Bazel.'

Vida was a little staggered at the fearlessness and audacity of his speech, by the lightning-like truth and spirit that darted from those great, lustrous, black eyes; but her frank and fearless nature revolted from these evidences of deceit and disguise which were before her. The blood rose not in her clear cheek.

'I owe no apologies to M. St. Just, for a wrong I fancied I might have done him,' she said, in a voice trembling with excitement, 'I find in his place a spy—'

'Miss Chandos.'

'Who are you, then? Why did you disguise yourself? for it was you who wore that grey hair and those are your glasses!'

'I wore that wig and those glasses, I had myself under those things. I am at your mercy Miss Chandos.'

'What did you do it for?' she demanded.

'Perhaps I did it for love of you,' he said audaciously, transfixing her with an impassioned and eloquent glance.

Vida gave him an odd look that thrilled him.

'I hope he isn't very bad,' she said to herself. 'He looks the prince of honor and truth.'

'Have you not felt all along that I loved you?'

'I? How should I?'

But the flush that shot from her startled eyes thrilled St. Just again. He drew nearer.

'Vida,' he said in a low and passionate voice, 'I can make all that seems mysterious or strange in my conduct clear to you. If I do that will you let me try to win your love?'

Vida did not answer. Her ingenious and frank nature was pained by the appearance of deceit and hypocrisy, and yet her heart which had always warmed strangely towards her tutor beat wildly now under his fervid glances.

'You are afraid of me?' he asked.—'Vida, I must tell you before you think another thought of me what I am. You shall hear, and then if you bid me I will go out from your presence forever, or till I can come into it in the light of day, with as much right as other men to woo what I worship.'

He paused, and his handsome lofty face darkened, as it always did when he thought of the horrors he had suffered, of the frightful fate that might yet be in store for him.

Vida looked up and caught that expression. Gloomy and tinged with dread as it was, it touched her generous and noble heart.

'I don't like to think ill of you monsieur,' she said in her musical voice.

He looked at her strangely. An accent of unmistakable anguish rang in his voice as he spoke.

'You are good, you are true, you are innocent. Will you know the truth when you hear it, or will you despise me, and defy me and call me a liar when I have told you all?'

'Monsieur, try me,' Vida said, in an agitated voice.

'I am not monsieur, I am all English; I have been in Van Dieman's Land.'

A low cry broke from Vida's lips. She grew very white, and her lips trembled.

'Vida—Miss Chandos!'

She looked up at him, extending both her hands.

'Why do you try me so? Do you want to make me think to think—to——'

She stopped and burst into tears.

St. Just darted forward, caught her hands in his, and pressed them passionately to his lips. He had never seen her cry before.

'I am the most wretched, the most unfortunate of men,' he cried. 'I don't want to make you think anything but the truth, and I swear to you there is nothing in that of which I have cause to be ashamed. Do you believe me?'

Vida lifted her head again. There was truth in his eyes, and her heart leaped.

'Yes,' she said, in a shaking voice; 'I believe you.'

'I have been in Van Dieman's Land, St. Just went on, sternly. 'I was three years in the convict prison at Laurenceston, but it was through no fault of my own. Do you believe me now?'

Vida's dark eyes widened with horror, but she answered still:

'I believe you.'

'Riding through the woods in that part of the country, I was waylaid by an escaped convict, knocked down, and while in an insensible condition, was branded by the wretch with the same iron which had just done that office on his own person. He had seized it from his tormentors in the very act, knocked several of them senseless with it, and made his escape. But the pursuers were close upon his track, and but for the devilish cunning which prompted him to fall upon me, would have captured him. After branding me he so beat and bruised my face that my own mother would not have known me. He doubtless thought he had killed me, and that, having exchanged clothes with me and disfigured me as he had, I would be taken for himself, as I was, and he would be able to get away out of the country. He took my horse, my clothes, my papers, and did get away to England. I was found in my battered condition and carried to Laurenceston. Everybody supposed me to be him. I knew nothing for six months. When I did come to myself there had been in that six months such changes in the prison that there was no one left who positively knew the face of the villain, Vershon, and when I told who I was, no one would believe me.'

'But your friends?' gasped Vida, 'surely, you had friends to identify you!'

'Not one there. I had lived the most of my life in India, and had been in Van Dieman's Land but a few weeks. I had only the most casual acquaintances in Hobart Town, and in six months sickness and suffering had altered me so that these when summoned refused to acknowledge me. Besides there was the brand upon my arm, and my general peculiarities of hair, eyes and complexion were the same as Vershon's.'

'But could not some one be found who knew Vershon well enough to be able to swear that you were not he?'

St. Just ground his teeth together as he answered:

'No such person was found; at all events I doubt if they tried. No one believed my story you see—it was too incredible. The surgeon in whose charge I was had never seen Vershon, and besides the man was a ruffian himself, a perfect brute, and he took a dislike to me—struck me once as I lay in my bed for what he called my impudence to him, the beast. Sick as I was I couldn't stand that. I grappled with him and I help, had not come I believe I should have strangled him to death. As it was he will carry the marks of my hands in his throat to his grave. I felt the strength of a maniac descends in my hands at the touch. But the moment they got me loose from him I fainted away. When I came to myself I was in a straight jacket and had been transferred to the insane ward. The worst of it was that my outburst had more than ever convinced people I was Vershon, he having been remarkable for possessing the blackest temper of any convict on the records.

Vida drew a long, quivering breath. 'But you got free from them at last?'

'I escaped. I tried it over and over again only to be retaken and subjected to new ignominy and torture. But I got away at last. A rich drover whom life I was so fortunate as to save from an attack on robbers who had attacked him befriended me. He procured me clothes different from the convict dress in which I had escaped, lent me money and secured my passage on an England bound ship as a brother of himself. I came to England full of hope of being able at last to establish my identity, but the villain Vershon had been before me.—He had sold my private papers to the only man whose interest it was beaten himself to destroy me. I found myself denied, defied, taunted and threatened as a felon by my own blood. This moment, as I stand before you undisguised, I am in danger of being seized as the escaped convict Vershon and dragged back to all I have so barely escaped. This, Miss Chandos, is all the apology I have to offer for having assumed that disguise which has displeased you so.'

As the young girl stood, her beautiful face, still white and transfigured with generous emotion, she extended both her hands at once.

'You shall not be angry with me,' she said, impulsively. 'How should I know? You hadn't anything mean or untrue as much as I do, M. St. Just; you know you do.'

'Even my name is a lie,' he said, taking the slim, pretty fingers between his again, and kissing them more fervidly than before. 'Do you hate me, Miss Chandos?'

'I think you had better put on your wig and your glasses, sir.'

'Not until you have answered my question.'

'But some one may come.'

'Do you hate me, Miss Chandos?'

'You know, sir, that I do not. You know that I have always liked you quite as well as you did me.'

'As your ugly and lame old tutor—yes. You had a sort of daughterly affection for me, I know.'

His voice and his looks were of the gloomiest.

Vida looked annoyed, then she laughed out.

'How ridiculous!' she said. 'You were not ugly, in spite of that horrid wig and those abominable glasses. You were—I mean——'

Suddenly she pulled her hands away from him and turned her back upon him. Her face was hot with blushes.

St. Just's face flashed too. A sudden, joyful light broke over it, as he took a step forward and drew Vida into his arms.

'Do you love me, my darling?' he asked, bending his handsome face close to hers.

'Yes, I do,' the girl answered, with characteristic frankness and impulsiveness, and she tried to hide her face on his shoulder.

St Just clasped her close, showering kisses on her bright hair and wondering that such happiness should have come to him after such long misfortune and suffering.

The silence which followed was eloquent. It was Vida who broke it, looking bashfully up from her lover's arms.

'I wish you would put on your wig and glasses again, M St Just, she said, 'Some one may come.'

'It is not likely,' he answered, smiling at her anxiously, and tenderly thrilled by it.

He resumed his wig, however, and held his glasses ready to put on. Then he went and unlocked the door. Returning, he placed Vida in her usual chair for recitation, while he took another near, feasting his eyes on the bright lovelinessof the girl with a new joy, now it was his own.

'You have not asked me for my true name, Vida.'

She looked up shyly.

'I should like to know it.'

'It is Beauchamp.' He dropped his voice for fear of other listeners. 'I am rightfully Earl of Coradon.'

Vida's lovely eyes widened with surprise.

'Vershon sold his knowledge of me, as I have told you, to my enemy and kinsman, the next heir after me. Without proofs, and fettered as I am by that horrible past in the convict prison, I am powerless till I can find Vershon himself.'

'Are you sure you would know him? He must have altered much.'

'I only saw him an instant, as he felled me with a blow from a club that might have killed an ox; but that one glimpse printed his horrible, wicked face on my brain in colours that will never be effaced while life lasts.'

'Perhaps he is dead.'

'He is not dead,' said Beauchamp, a dark flush mounting to his forehead. 'I have something here'—smiting his breast—'which tells me that curse of my life has not quitted this world. If I live, I will find him yet. I have got detectives on his track. I am only hiding myself in this disguise until he is found.'

Sterne Beauchamp and Vida sat some time longer discussing these strange events of his life; then Vida, glancing at her watch, started up, guiltily.

'It is eleven o'clock, and I must say good-night.'

'Wait a moment,' said her lover. 'You will let me say what I think of Mrs Bazel now, won't you?'

'Ye-es, certainly,' said Vida; 'but don't be prejudiced.'

'Not in the least. The question is just this: Could a woman so vain and selfish as this handsome widow is, lavish so much kindness on a young and beautiful girl like you without having a selfish motive at the bottom?'

'But what could that motive be?'

'That, I am not prepared to say. Where does this fortune of yours come from, Vida; and how much is it—a large sum?'

Vida laughed.

'I have no idea. Mrs Bazel always puts me off when I ask her where it comes from. She says I shall know all in good time, and she intimates—indeed, I am sure that it is not very much—not nearly so much as she is lavishing upon me. I think she feels a delicacy in telling me how much it is, lest I should feel under obligations to her.'

Beauchamp could not repress a smile at Vida's simplicity.

'I doubt it being any small matter. She is your guardian, is she not?'

'Yes—no,' hesitatingly.

'You chose her, I dare say?'

'Yes, I did. She evidently suggested it, and there was no one else to choose except a stiff old lawyer, whom, Mrs Bazel said, would make me live with him if he was my guardian.'

'When did you see this lawyer?'

'When I went before the Chancellor.'

'What was his name?'

'Wymouth.—Wymouth. I will remember the name.'

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'It is certainly very odd,' Delaney said to Mrs Bazel, about that time, 'that Lord Beauchamp has not found that fellow yet. He must be very sharp to keep out of the way so long, and some of the best detectives in England have had all the time. I wonder he never heard if he was at all yet.'

'Nor I,' retorted Mrs Bazel, contemptuously. 'I suppose, by your mock way of talking, you had rather he beaten than not.'

Delaney frowned darkly, but he made no answer.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Lord Arnault stood in Lady Clara's strange 'boudoir' at Cypress Cottage, suddenly his glance fell on the face which guarded the window. He started and grew pale.

'My lady!' he cried, in a sort of horror, 'what are those?'

'My lord, you are examine and see,' she answered, casting down her scared and shamed eyes.

Lord Arnault darted to the window. He saw that the mortar in which those iron bars were bedded was new, and a thrill of disgust and anger crossed him.

'The scoundrel,' he thought, 'she's no more insane than I am. Can Delaney be such a villain as to wish to get rid of his wife that he may marry that handsome widow?'

He turned about abruptly.

'My lady,' he said, 'If you ever need a friend—outside of your own family—will you let me be that friend?'

A sort of shudder ran through Lady Clara, and pale as she was before, that was nothing to the ashy, whiteness that swept from brow to lip now. Twisting her little hands together spasmodically, she managed at last to stammer:

'I—I don't understand you, my lord.'

'I did not mean to frighten you I only asked to be your friend should you need one.'

Lady Clara's poor little white lips were trembling piteously.

'I had plenty of friends once,' she said catching her breath as if she was going to cry again.

'You have plenty now,' he answered, quickly. 'Cruel indeed must be the heart that could be at enmity with you.'

She shook her head excitedly.

'You don't know. Not one of the people I used to know has been near me since I married—Mr. Delaney.'

'Indeed! Were they so opposed to your marriage, then?'

'Yes, they were,' Lady Clara answered, with a sob. 'They said nobody knew who he was, or where he came from. But what did I care for that, as long as I loved him? though, to be sure, if I had known as much as I do now——'

She stopped suddenly, and grew white again. Lord Arnault bit his lip.

'I admire your independence, my lady. You followed the dictates of your heart and married the man you loved, and he will not be likely to let you regret it. I dare say you have never regretted it,'

No—o,' said Lady Clara, in a scared voice.

Lord Arnault watched her fluttering, downcast, frightened face a moment, then he said, sternly:

'I want to ask you something, and I hope you will not think me impertinent if I do.'

'You. Oh, no!' exclaimed Lady Clara.

'Thanks. That day when your horse ran with you, had you ever rode before?'

'Never.'

'I thought so. How, then, came your husband to permit you to ride for the first time an animal with such a record as the one you rode that day?'

'Record?'

'He had been a race horse. He had caused the death of a lady who considered herself a good horsewoman, and he had thrown others with more or less injury to them.'

Lady Clara's eyes flashed suddenly.

'It was all that wicked Mrs Bazel's doings. She gave me the horse and kept at me till she got me on him. I don't believe Mr. Delaney would have let me ride him if it had not been for her. I don't believe he had anything to do with that day's wickedness.'

'Nor any other?' Percy Arnault asked solemnly.

Lady Clara stared at him. Her lips quivered, and a cloudy horror filled her sweet eyes.

'Oh, oh!' she shrieked, 'don't ask me.'

'My lady, I must. I tell you now that he says you are insane.'

'Insane? I?'

Lady Clara had visited an insane asylum once, and the remembrance of the frightful sights she had seen came over her now like a horrible nightmare. A low moan escaped her lips.

'Does he mean to put me in a madhouse, Lord Arnault? Did he send you here to tell me that? I won't go—I won't!'

The young earl leaped to his feet excitedly.

'He send me here?' he exclaimed. 'He did his best to keep me from coming. I believe he feared to have me see you. You are terribly changed, Lady Clara. Are you sure your husband loves you as you do him?'

'He does not love me at all. He hates me, since he knows I gave up a fortune to marry him. It was my money he loved, not me.'

She spoke in a hard, angry voice, very strange to her usual gentleness and amiability.

'And you love him still? Pardon me, my lady, that I ask you so seemingly rude a question.'

'It is not rude. I do not love him any longer—I only fear him.'

'You only fear him?' said Lord Arnault, looking at her strangely. 'Why should you fear him?'

'I have reason.'

'You think you have.'

'I have reason—the most terrible reason.'

Lord Arnault paled to his lips, and his deep eyes flashed.

'And you do not wish to tell me this reason?'

'Ah, if I only dared.'

She looked about her as if she dreaded lest some listener to what she had already said might have been near.

He came closer to her.

'You may dare, Lady Clara, I swear that I will never betray that you have told me. Your life may depend upon it.'

'I believe you it does depend upon it.' Lord Arnault drew a long breath.

'Do you mean to say that you fear for your life?'

'I mean to say that my husband would kill me if he knew that I had so much as hinted to you what I have.

'And yet you have told me nothing. You have not hinted to me why you fear him so. He would not surely dare to harm you, an earl's daughter, a peer's wife?'

'He would dare anything sooner than you by betraying him.'

'Rather than betray grave Lord Arnault, he looked at her a moment, some half-formed vague suspicion that had troubled him before, sunken back now almost with the force of conviction. 'I thought the man looked as if he had some sort of a terrible past behind him,' he muttered to himself, as he strode across the room to conceal his agitation.

Lady Clara watched him, he was very handsome, with that feminine sort of beauty, which, when it is united with real manliness and a spirited bearing, makes a man so irresistible both to men and women.

Lady Clara's eyes followed him in a sort of fascination.

'How could I ever have thought Bruce handsome,' she murmured. 'He has a face like a demon, and yet I fell in love with it.' If I had waited, Percy Arnault and I might have met, and who knows what might have happened!'

'My lady,' he said, 'would it not be wise to tell me why you fear your husband?'

She did not answer for some moments. He could see that she was greatly agitated.

'I will tell you part,' she said, without looking up, 'I suspected that my husband had a secret from me which Mrs. Bazel knew. It vexed me that she should know and I not. And then Mrs. Bazel kept saying things to excite my curiosity. My husband suspected me of spying on him, as he called it, and he threatened me—threatened me horribly. I was so afraid of him then, that I should never have tried to find it out any more if Mrs Bazel hadn't come and told me one night how I could find out everything, and he never know. I did as she told me, and—and he saw me—I believe that she meant he should—and then he brought me down here that night.'

'Did you—don't think me impertinent, Lady Clara—did you discover his secret.'

Lady Clara shuddered violently.

'Yes,' she said, in a low voice. 'I did discover it. He is afraid now I will tell it, for he pretends I am insane. And oh! I had rather a million times he should kill me than put me in a madhouse.'

'He shall never do either!' Lord Arnault said, scarcely above his breath, but she heard him, and a piteous smile broke over the lovely lips.

'Who will hinder him?'

'I will, if there is no one else.'

'You will not have the opportunity when he learns you have been here. I am surprised at Mrs. Neely letting you in at all. She will write him that you have been here, and he will order her not to admit you any more.'

'Let him—now,' Lord Arnault said, with an odd look of determination on his handsome young face. 'You shall find, Lady Clara, that you have not trusted me in vain. I have one proposition to make before I leave you. Hear me, before you refuse. Go out of this room, and write on paper this secret of your husband's. Seal it tightly and give it to me. I swear to you, by everything I honour or hold dear, that I will never break that seal without your consent, unless I know first that you are dead. Then if your husband means you no wrong no harm is done. If, as you fear, he has designs upon your life or your liberty, you have only to tell him that I hold this paper which contains his secret, and upon what terms I hold it to protect you effectually.'

There was a pause of dismay and manifest terror, and then Lady Clara shook her small head.

'I cannot,' she said. 'I dare not.'

Lord Arnault's eager countenance fell. 'You are not afraid of me?' he questioned, gently, 'You don't doubt me?'

'Oh no, no! But I am such a coward, Lord Arnault. I could not sleep nights. I could never breathe days, if I risked my husband's frightful secret with anyone else.'

'Oh, it is something frightful, is it?' thought Lord Arnault. 'But do you not see,' he answered, 'that by doing as I propose, you hold such a threat over Mr. Delaney that he will not dare harm you?'

'I should never dare even tell him that I had put his secret in the power of another, and if I could master courage enough to do that, I believe he would strike me dead before I was through speaking. Don't urge me, my lord. I dare not. I should die of fear alone.'

'Poor little, pretty coward,' said Lord Arnault to himself, as after promising to come again the following day, if Mrs. Neely would admit him, he took his leave. He sighed unconsciously, as he mounted his horse and rode slowly away. 'If I had seen Lady Clara before she married that villain,' he mused, 'she might have been my worshipped wife to-day instead of that heartless scoundrel. I hope no harm will come of my calling upon her, as I mean to every day, till I am prohibited. Heaven knows I would die sooner than see her wronged by a thought.'

(To be continued.)

WHO SHALL BE TRADERS. By the new act respecting Insolvency, the following persons and partnerships or companies, shall be held to be traders within the meaning of the Act: Alum makers, apothecaries, auctioneers, bankers, bleachers, brokers, brickmakers, builders, butchers, calenderers, carpenters, carriers, cattle or sheep salesmen, coach proprietors, cow-keepers, dyers, fullers, keepers of inns, taverns, hotels, or coffee houses, lime burners, livery stable keepers, market gardeners, millers, packers, printers, sharebrokers, shipowners, shipwrights, stock-brokers, stock-jobbers, victuallers, warehousemen, wharfingers, persons using the trade or profession of scrivener, or receiving other men's moneys or estates into their trust or custody, persons insuring ships or their freight or other matters against perils of the sea; persons using merchandise by way of bargaining, exchange, bartering, commission, consignment, or otherwise, in gross or by retail, and persons who, either for themselves or as agents or factors for others, seek their living by buying and selling or buying and letting for hire goods or comm