Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 10. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1518.

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.

Terms $1 62 per annum strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within three months; $1.50 if paid within nine months, and over that time $2 00.
No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
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The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.
JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS
Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-1y

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.; &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-1y

Dr. Chesney,
Model College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

A. TAYLOR, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Mrs. McKid's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1316-1yr

Drs. Campbell & Burgess,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHEURS.
Office, Main Street, Seaforth, near the station.
JOHN CAMPBELL, M. D. } Coroner for the County.
JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D. C. M.

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. 1495

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

R. E. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, In Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

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

Sinclair Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. Sinclair. C. Seager 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 Street, Goderich.

P. P. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery and Insolvency, Notary Public, &c. West Street, Goderich. 15 2-1y

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING, Office—Over G. Farrow's Hardware store, Acheson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1493

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

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1492-1y

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 Horace Horton, Esqr. N. F.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
For inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENTS guaranteed or no charge. Send for print ed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
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
1441-1y Goderich

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.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, CIGARS, &c., &c.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

E. R. WATSON,
HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Parlor Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING GILDING AND GLAZING
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 $8 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, 19th Jan. 1876. 1509-1yr

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners, Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Good delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 25, 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 955 Toronto

Meetings.
GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
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, 4th May, 1875. 1478-1y

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf 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. 1343.

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 expenses 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. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

Money to Loan
THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING SHAKIE, ESQ., President.
MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the same system as to municipalities. Send for Circulars.
HUGH HAMILTON,
1495 1y C. L. Agent, Goderich.

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 $3,000000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without deduction.
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

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMSHIPS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
Favorite route for Tourists.
Finest approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,
Cabin—$55, $75 & $80—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1469 Goderic

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.
1468—6m

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 less, to 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 undersigned 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 Neibergall'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, On

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

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, 1876. 1468-1yr

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer, Whitewashing done on short notice, Middleton, Cameron Street.
1469-1yr

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. 13, 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 carding mills.
Weller & Martin.
1476 1yr

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 Granges, 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

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. 22, 1873. 1492-1yr

PSYCHOMANCY,
OR SOUL CHARMING.
How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This art all may possess, free, by mail, for 25 cts together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc. 1,000,000 sold. A queer book. Address,
T. WILLIAM & Co., Publishers,
1467 1yr. Philadelphia.

Poetry.

McGillan's Humorous Description of a Tea-gathering.

Oi do yez feel Peter, the tay time an' yelled?
Yi've niver tasted nothin' like it, I'm betting!
They an' Mim Impressive, an' Poor's Cousin Jemima!
Ah, Sidth I hev seed them in Lobby, Peter McGraw!
He can't hold a candle agin them, and he knows
Oi'm
He's only an hand, but it's as grate as you
Ah yes! Mim Impressive, an' Poor's Cousin Jemima!
An' I tell ye the Mim, Jemima! Peter McGraw!

Bell to us your door by daylight on a Monday,
On Sunday we've favored each of us
Even a Sice kick he gud me at Kirk the last Sunday,
When—and I'm proudly—he passed the Plate
Over.
He shoves at my said door as if he had sandy
He wan through the hole in the door, Peter McGraw!
He'll syne read the said thrum, that talks a' thru
read it,
To "Bless God for a' o'this,"—but Peter McGraw!

His sims' papers mostly 'mazed a' completely,
Think yours, for a wonder, 'a the Sense the same!
There's two jokin' Peter, one mentioned Jemima!
Nan cattle' conjunctions wi' Peter McGraw!
Twas just Kirkby's tatin', Auld Rockie I'd been in,
I'd gotten a shillin'.—I'm the gut tay,
I thought yi'be happy wi' friends come a droppin,
Wean wha and come pap in,— but Peter McGraw!

There's hoop o' a ship tho' she's sale proof wi' decorum,
An' roun' her frail timmers the sea'y winds blow;
Pro often gut hand on unlock lid for frem wimmen
But wan need hop kissing from Poor's Cousin!
I've hoot a mouse pardoned when just at the gi kiss—
I've been a chit bessed when frends made me sin!
I've hent torture's smile even fa' on gud sailors;
But I ne'er hent exceptions wi' Peter McGraw!

Our town place an' chaw, in, in doubt an' ov'r;
Our shippes hae left us, our trade leaves!
There's not fair maids, stay in' nae wi' taimies
playin';
Yo've muckle to answer for, Peter McGraw!
Wan wha gets o' priests', an hen's ye are bein',
My bonny I'd soon lay within you Kirk-yard we';
There noe o' re shall pass me, nae taxes sickness me,
For there I'll be free than,—Peter McGraw!

"A devout legend, common in the 17th century, above the front door of inn sc,

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

'No, Isobel. You are taking from me the happiness of my life, and I need to know why.'

She was silent, and he continued, his strong voice trembling a little. 'I know I am a great deal older and graver than you are, and I thought that I would be all the more able to cherish and care for you. Perhaps it was foolish, but I thought the faithful tenderness of years might win you to love me. Am I to understand now that the hope was altogether vain?'

'No. Oh, Douglas, it was not that—nothing like that.'

He rose and stood beside her, stooping tenderly over her. 'What then, my child? If you have any sorrow, tell it to me, and I will share it, and so lighten it.'

She shook her head sorrowfully. 'When I tell you this sorrow—for it is a bitter sorrow—you will not wish to share it. You will feel that you must go away from me, and never see me any more, Douglas. The discovery I made that night was this—for I must tell you—*I am a drunkard.*'

He had been bending over her to catch the low tones of her voice; now he drew himself upright, as if he had been suddenly struck. She clasped her hands together, and went on, with the hot tears streaming down her cheeks—'Yes. Go away from me. I knew you would. I knew you would hate and despise me—for it is true, Douglas. And as I have told you so much, I must tell you all. You have heard of that other man whom I loved, and who went away from me. When I heard of his faithlessness, I was so miserable I thought I could not live, and then I began to take—what I should never, never have tasted. But I was so weak and wretched, and I thought it did me good; and gradually I took more and more, till I could not do without it, though I never knew till that night that I had become—that horrible thing. Oh! if you *knew* how I have suffered through this past week, you would pity me—indeed you would. I have longed for it so, though I hate myself for doing it. I long for it still, whenever I think of it. But it shall never pass my lips again, so help me, O God! And then the misery of knowing that I must part from you. If it had been for any other reason, I think it would have been easier; but it is so terrible to feel despised by the person one loves.'

'Loves?' he said, almost in a whisper.

'Yes. Oh, it was hard that it should come just then when I needed to give you up for ever. But during this dreadful week I've thought so much of you. And when I thought of all your nobleness and tenderness, of all that you have been to me, then I found out how I loved you—better, far better, than I ever loved any one else. That must have been sent for a temptation, I think, for I felt so tempted to let you go on loving me, and conquer this in silence—to be your wife, and never let you know. But I'm not quite so lost as that, Douglas. And you will pity me a little, won't you, though you go away?'

He had stood quite still, looking down at her; now he stooped again, and, with a sudden gesture, drew her to his breast. 'Pity you! Oh my little child, how you have mistaken me!'

Something rose in his throat that he had to overcome before he could go on. 'Isobel, do you think that, loving you as I do, I could leave you to carry on this struggle alone? No, no. You must come to me. You must be my wife, and let me help you, for I can help you; and I have no fear, Isobel.'

She struggled to get away from him, but he held her fast. 'You must not,' she sobbed out. 'I can't let you sacrifice yourself to me. Your wife must be pure and good, not a weak, sinful girl like me. You must go away.'

'I will not.'

They were only three words, but they subdued her. In them she felt the strength of a strong man who was determined to conquer, and she was powerless to resist. She clung to him now humbly, as she had never done before. 'But, Douglas, think what it would be to have a drunkard for your wife.'

'My wife will not be that. She will be as pure and good as any lady in Scotland, and only more humble because she has sinned. For I know you have sinned, Isobel. You would not wish me say otherwise. But, my poor darling, how you must have suffered!'

'Suffered! Ah, yes!' she said, shuddering.

'Thank God, you have told me. I can help you now. You must be my wife soon, Isobel.'

She shook her head. 'No, I can be firm in that. If I ever am your wife, it must be after I have quite conquered—after that longing is quite gone. I suppose it will go?' she asked, eagerly.

'Certainly,' he replied, decidedly. 'You must be patient and brave, and I have no fear.'

'I think I can be very brave,' she said, 'now—when—'

'What, my darling?'

'When you still care for me,' she whispered, leaning her cheek on his breast.

They sat together so for a long time in silence, broken only by an occasional low murmured word of tenderness from Douglas. How sweet that rest was to Isobel, after the struggle and despair of the past week, she alone knew.

'And now,' he said, smiling down on her, as they heard the luncheon bell ring, 'you must consider yourself my patient for a while, and obey my directions implicitly.'

She looked up at him, with bright eyes full of trust. 'Ah, yes. Indeed I shall.'

'Then go and put on your habit, and after luncheon we'll have a ride. There is such a pleasant wind to-day.'

She went, gladly, and Douglas went down to Mr. Jardine, who was waiting for him with rather an anxious face.

'Well,' he said, as he shook hands.

'Well,' answered Douglas, smiling. 'I'm happy to say it is well.'

'Then it's all right between you,' said Mr. Jardine, his face clearing up.

'Perfectly right.'

'I'm glad to hear it. Do you know, Methven, I've had some uncomfortable doubts on the subject for the last day or two. Her refusing to see you was so queer, and—women are unaccountable sort of beings sometimes. I didn't know what fancy she might have taken into her head.'

'I think her nerves are a little out of order,' said Douglas, quietly. 'Probably a thorough change of scene would do her good. I wish I could prevail on her to come to me now. I would take her abroad for a few months.'

'And will she not go?'

'She begs for some further delay. I don't want to hurry her. I want her to do what she likes best.'

Mr. Jardine poured out a glass of port for himself, and thoughtfully sipped it. 'You are a good fellow, Methven. I daresay she's a spoilt bairn. You see she was all I had——'

'Yes. I know,' said Douglas, quickly.

Isobel came into the room, her face looking a little pale and thin under her black hat with drooping feathers. She sat down to table opposite her father.

'My dear child,' he said, 'you must have some wine. You look quite pale.' And he filled a glass and pushed it towards her.

She flushed, painfully, and glanced at Douglas. 'No, thank you, papa,' she said, stammering. 'I—I—really don't want any.'

'Nonsense, Isobel. You must take it. It is necessary for your health. Any doctor would say so, except, perhaps, Moore, whom I wouldn't trust on this subject.'

'I don't want it, papa.'

'Make her take it, Methven,' said Mr. Jardine, turning to him with a look of vexation. 'She's under your orders now. You see I've spoilt her, till she thinks she needn't obey me.'

Douglas looked at her drooping face, and saw that tears were trembling under her eyelashes. 'I think she must be indulged just now,' he said, gently. 'Suppose you let me ring for some coffee. That is a good substitute.'

He rose to ring the bell, and as he passed her chair she raised her eyes to him and whispered, 'Thank you,' with a look which meant far more.

Mr. Jardine grumbled as he carved the cold chicken. 'Coffee! that's what Moore dabbles in. Coffee is all very well in its place, but what Isobel wants is strengthening just now—two or three glasses of good wine in the day. I'll call in some sensible doctor to see her, and get him to order it.'

'You must let me be her doctor just now,' said Douglas, quickly, seeing her look of alarm. 'And I prescribe this wing to be eaten immediately, and this cup of coffee,' he added, taking it from the servant, 'to be taken while it is hot.'

She obeyed, smiling. 'Ah, you see,' said her father, 'she does what you tell her. Well, I hear the decalogue is considered old-fashioned now-a-days, so what can we poor fathers expect. You'll take some wine, Methven, at any rate. This is capital port.'

'I think not, thank you.'

Mr. Jardine put down the decanter, and stared at him. 'Have you two entered into a conspiracy to aggravate me? If there's one thing I can't abide, it's teetotal humbug. I have a respect for you, Methven, but if you turn teetotaler, I warn you it won't increase.'

'I'm sorry for it,' said Douglas, steadily, but with the slightest possible comical twitch at the corners of his mouth. 'I fear I must forfeit the measure of respect which you refuse to accord to teetotalers.'

'You don't mean it!' said Mr. Jardine, aghast.

'I rather think I do.'

'But why, in the name of all that's absurd?' Of all the men that I know you have the least need of any pledge to keep you from intemperance.'

'I may help others who do need it. There are many such in the world.'

'It's the absurdest scheme that ever was found. Because the women down the Cowgate make beasts of themselves, is my daughter to refrain from taking the wine she needs.'

Douglas saw that Isobel winced terribly. 'How often those careless words of ours, spoken in ignorance, touch some sore place that causes another infinite pain.

'We won't discuss the subject now, I think,' he said, rising. 'I want Isobel to catch the brightest part of the day.'

He gave her his arm, and led her to the door, to which the horses had been brought, and glancing over his shoulder at Mr. Jardine, he said, with a smile, 'Try, if you can, to keep up a little respect for a teetotaler. I can't spare it all, you know.'

CHAPTER XIX.

"DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE."

They turned their horses heads towards the Firth, for there was nothing that Douglas liked better in the way of exercise than a canter on the broad firm sand, with the sea breeze blowing salt and keen in his face. The tide was far out, and the sand lay glistening in the sunlight like a field of gold, with a border of deep blue, and the hills of Fife stood out in clear relief against the sky. Isobel's face had looked pale and careworn when they left the house; but the red came to her cheeks, and the brightness to her eyes, before she had been long riding against that pleasant sea-smelling wind. Douglas noted the change with delight. She looked as fair and fresh as a June rose, with her bright eyes and wind-tossed hair—very different from the pale, drooping girl he had met that morning. She looked smilingly into his face. 'Douglas, I have not been so happy as I am to-day for—oh, it seems such a long time.'

'I think you look happier—you certainly look stronger than you did this morning.'

'I've not been so happy,' she went on, 'since—since long ago, when I used to ride with Sam Elliott.'

She had never spoken that name to Douglas before, and now it startled him. She smiled again as she noticed it. 'Yes, I can talk of him to you now, because I don't feel any longer as if I were a traitor to you.'

'A traitor?'

'Yes. I don't mean that I have been caring for him all this time. I told you truly that my love for him ceased when I could no longer respect him. But I have felt that I had acted for him once, and that his place was empty.'

'And now?'

'Ah, now—it is filled again. No—not his place; a higher one.' She sunk low, but he could hear every word. The groom was far behind, and they were walking their horses abreast. Isobel's being almost within reach of the waves that were chasing each other over the sands.

'Do you mean,' he asked eagerly, 'that you love me better than you ever loved him?'

'I think so. For one thing, one's heart grows bigger as one grows older, and a woman's love must be deeper than a girl's; and you have given me more cause to love you,' she added, humbly. 'I wish—oh, I wish I could find some way of thanking you enough!'

'Come to me soon.'

'No, no,' she said, shaking her head; 'you know that must not be.'

'I know that it ought to be; and I know that I long and pray for it every day of my life.'

'Douglas,' she said, almost checking her horse in her earnestness, 'you must not ask me that. If I want to you now, I would lose all the self-respect I have left, and I would never regain what I've lost. You must let me conquer this by myself, and go to you free—not a slave. Ah, to think that I should ever be a slave to anything!' She pressed her horse into a canter, as if she would escape from some binding oppressing influence. Presently she reined him in, and spoke again. 'If you love me, promise that you will not ask me any more till I tell you of my own free will that I am fit to be your wife.'

She had never asked him so beseechingly for anything before, but he turned his face away from the blue eyes that were raised to it.

'How can I make such a promise?' he said. 'It is against my better judgment. I think it would be better for you, as well as for me, that you should come now.'

'How better for me?'

'You would have thorough change of scene. I would take you abroad. We would travel through fine scenery, which I know you love. And we have all the summer before us,' he said, entreatingly. She shook her head, and he continued—'And you would have me to watch over you, and shield you from all temptation. In your father's house that must be constant.'

She was silent for a long time, with her head bent low. At last she raised it, and looked steadily at him, her sweet mouth set into determined lines. 'No, Douglas. Is it a temptation; I cannot deny that. I know that what you want would be the easiest thing for me; but I'm not sure that such a repentance as mine must be, ought to be made easy. I have sinned, and I must suffer. I alone have fallen, and I alone must conquer. No, not alone,' she added, seeing a quick pang cross his face. 'You can help me a great deal; but the suffering must be mine.'

'Do you suppose it will? Shall I not suffer in wanting you?'

'I daresay you will,' she said, honestly, 'and that grieves me still more. But, Douglas, I feel that to conquer alone, before I come to you, is the nobler part for me to choose—if there can by any nobleness for such as I am.'

'You are the noblest woman in the world,' he said, fervently.

She shook her head. 'I know better; but I am glad you think so, in spite of all.'

They turned homewards, and came very silently up the Portobello road, that grand approach to Edinburgh, where one passes between the Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat, standing like a couple of sentinels on either side the entrance to the city. Douglas was silent, from a feeling of disappointment. He knew that Isobel had chosen the nobler part, yet he would fain have taken her home to him then, trusting to his great love to help her to fight her battle. She was thinking of the struggle before her—for a struggle she knew it must be. She felt that her only safety lay in perfect abstinence from all strong drink; and to abstain from it as long as she remained in her father's house was by no means easy. It would involve a constant resistance to his entreaties, even, it might be, a disregarding of his commands.

'What shall I do?' she asked, turning to Douglas with a sigh. 'Shall I tell my father?'

'I think not. It would pain him if he believed it, and I don't see that the telling or not telling him involves a point of conscience.'

'It does not with me. The telling you would be altogether different. I had to do it, or feel myself a liar for ever after.'

'You are truth itself, Isobel. You have never deceived me by one hair's breadth. You told me your fault as soon as you knew it yourself.'

'Ah! It is such a comfort to feel that you know. But you know, Douglas, it will be more difficult to refrain from taking wine, if papa does not understand the reason I have for refusing it. You heard how he pressed me to-day at lunch. The same thing will be repeated scores of times; anti-teetotalism is one of his hobbies.'

Douglas hesitated before he spoke. 'There is one thing you might do to make it easier.'

'What?'

'You might take the pledge. Once you had fairly done so, I don't think he would insist on your breaking it.'

'He would be angry at first. Besides—oh! Douglas, it seems a terrible thing to do.'

'Why?'

'I would feel as if everybody knew—that I had need. I would be ashamed to take it.'

'You need not be ashamed, and no one would know. I will take it along with you, and for anything that others can tell, you might be taking it for my sake.'

Her eyes filled with tears. Fortunately her horse was sure footed, for the road was all dim and blurred to her. 'Oh Douglas you are too generous. I cannot let you do that.'

'You cannot prevent me, darling.'

'But it would be unfair, unjust. Why should you, who can enjoy wine temperately, abstain from it because it is dangerous to me?'

'That is one of the great principles of the whole movement. I always respected it; but I don't think I ever clearly understood it till now. There is nothing like those things coming home to one. It is just the strong abstaining for the sake of the weak. If none should abstain excepting those who need to do so, then the merely doing so would become a mark from which all would shrink. But if strong and weak go hand in hand in the matter, the brand ceases.'

She was silent for a little while, and when she spoke her voice was low and reverent. 'After all, it is only the old, sublime doctrine of self-sacrifice taught long ago by Christ. One might almost call it the back bone of the whole system of Christianity; for did not He practise it, and show it in its vastest measure when He died for us? And all His followers must copy him in this if they are to be His true servants. I've heard people argue that total abstinence has nothing to do with Christianity, but I think it is based on one of Christ's first principles.'

They had reached the terrace, and as Douglas lifted her down from her horse she whispered, 'I'll take the pledge.'

'And I,' he answered, smiling.

He left her at the door, but promised to return and spend the evening with her. She begged him to come to dinner, but he was engaged, and she could not press him so much as she really felt inclined to do. The truth was, she wanted him as a protection from her father's insisting that she should take wine after dinner, as she was sure he would do. Has any one who reads this experienced ever so faintly the feelings of Tantalus, with this addition—the full permission to take what he wanted, the withholding power being only moral, and in no wise physical? Such was in some measure Isobel's position. The wine for which she was craving, without which she felt faint and depressed, was before her; her father was urging her to take it, and yet she was obliged to refuse.

'You have caught this absurd notion from Methven,' said Mr. Jardine pettishly. 'Where he has picked it up, or how he can reconcile it to his common sense, Heaven knows! I don't.'

'I'm sure he would rather I didn't take wine, papa,' she said evasively.

'There is no end to the absurdity of teetotalism. Why you should be deprived of the wine you need is a mystery to me. It seems that Mr. Methven is disposed to assert his authority early. He'll keep a tighter rein than ever your old father did.'

'Oh papa—he never told me not to take it.

'But it is to please him you *don't* take it. You acknowledge that.'

'Partly to please him. Partly also to please myself. I don't want to take it.'

'Come now, tell me why.'

Poor Isobel was not well informed in the common teetotal arguments. She only knew that strong drink was poison to her, and that she dare not take it. So she sat silently pressing her fingers together in her lap, and wishing Douglas could have been present to take up the cudgels for her.

'There now,' said Mr. Jardine triumphantly, 'you can't give a sensible reason. This movement may be all very well for the lower classes, who are too apt to exceed. We can't deny that. But for such as you there is no temptation to excess. Where is the use of abstaining?'

'There might be a fear——' said Isobel in a low voice.

'Nonsense!' said her father almost angrily. Isobel was silent. She passed her hands wearily across her eyes. Should she have to encounter this opposition, making her battle doubly hard to fight, as long as she remained in her father's house? Or would it die out when he found that she remained firm? She wished she could go away somewhere for a while till she had got over the longing for some stimulant which she was feeling there. She never for a moment thought of yielding to that longing. She would as soon have put her hand into the fire, as have tasted the wine before her. But she longed to get away from the very sight of it. She could forget her want sooner if it were no longer constantly presented to her.

To be continued.

DID HE PROPOSE?—The following is entirely out of season, seeing that this is leap year, but we give it as an incident of the past, or future if you like:—It was midnight. The young man had farewelled himself out, and Emeline had locked the door and was untying her shoes, when her mother came down stairs with a bedquilt around her, and said:—"Wanted to creep upstairs without my hearing you eh? Didn't think I knew it was an hour after midnight, did you?" The girl had no reply, and the mother continued: "Did he propose this time?" Why—mother!" exclaimed the daughter. "You can 'why, mother' all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up least four tons of coal courting around here?" The girl got her shoes off, and the mother stood in the chair door and asked: "Emeline, have you got any grit?" "I guess so." "I guess you haven't. I just wish that a feller with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen, Emeline?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days or he'd get out out of this mansion like a goat jumping for sunflower seeds." Emeline went to bed to reflect over it.

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