# Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 39. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1547.



## The Huron Signal.

ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

## Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
HOUSE, SIGN AND SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street, Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1811-1y

G. C. SHANNON M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, Accoucheur, Goderich, Ont. 1510-1y

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., office and residence, Victoria Street, West side of Victoria Street. 1521-1y

Dr. Caesar,
Medal College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office, and residence corner South and Elgin streets, Goderich. 1526

A. TAYLOR, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence Mrs. McKay's, next door to the post office, Nelson Street. 1519-1y

Drs. Campbell & Burgess,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHEURS.
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JOHN CAMPBELL, M D
GEORGE BURGESS, M.D.C.M. Coroner for the County.

JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D. C. M. 1513

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112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1489

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

C. SHIPLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer and Crown Land Agent, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1372

Sanger & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
C. Sanger Jr. E. E. Wade.
Goderich, April 24th, 1876. 17y.

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

Garrow & Radenhurst
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, corner Square and Hamilton Street, Goderich.
J. T. GARROW. G. A. RADENHURST

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

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING, Office—Over H. Parsons' Hardware store, Johnson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1494

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c., Clinton, Ont. w3y
MONEY TO LEND.

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
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Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1396

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
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N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1213

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Plans and specifications translated by sending us size of ground and aspect, to any part of Canada at usual rates, for Villas, Stores, Dwellings, Churches, Hotels or public buildings, &c.
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For inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENTS guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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Chemical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb 11th 1871. y

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At Lowest Rates.
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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, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Tremendous Fall in Harness,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.
NO COMBINATION PRICE.
C. F. Straubel
WOULD invite his customers and others to come and examine his stock and be convinced that all is made up by men capable of turning out work second to none in style and durability of single and double Harness.
Made to Order on Short Notice, and repairing done neatly and promptly.
Centennial Trunks, Valises and Satchels always kept on hand and sold at prices to suit the times. Also childrens carriages of every description at Cost Price. Parties wishing to be supplied with wood or hemlock lumber, by giving short notice, can have their orders filled.
Remember the CHEAPEST HARNESS SHOP, on Hamilton Street.
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Goderich, July 12, 1876. 1534tf

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BRUNTON'S Rheumatic absorbent will relieve acute pain in 4 hours, it is certain and sure. Brunton's Digestive Fluid is a perfect remedy for Dyspepsia, Headache, &c. Combined they will cure Rheumatism, Inflammatory Sore Throat and all inflammatory swellings and pains.
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AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
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For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS, Agent at Goderich.
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Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to lend from two to fifteen years, at a low rate, of interest and favorable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; late of expense off daily principal.
HORACE HORTON
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The subscriber is agent for the following reliable companies:
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
FARMERS', of Hartland.
PROVINCIAL, of Toronto.
Fire and Marine business done at the lowest rates.
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Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct., 25th 1876. w38-1y.

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THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING BLAKIE, ESQ., President.
MONEY is lent by this Company to Individuals upon the same system as to municipalities.—Send for Circulars.
HUGH HAMILTON,
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$50,000 00.
Rusting forwant of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE, Solicitor, &c. Goderich
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PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased. No Commission charged, conveyancing fee moderate.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money inone day if title is satisfactory.
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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 $12,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of the losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
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MONTREAL
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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 by 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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Artificial Stone
AND MARBLE.
The subscribers 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, in the Drill Shed, 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.
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ROTARY SUCTION PUMP.
A Purifier of Water.
THE BEST WATER-DRAWER EVER PUT IN A WELL OR CISTERN.
Thousands in Daily Use.
THIS INVENTION is an atmospheric or Suction Pump with three Elastic Rubber Buckets or valves working air-tight and running from the bottom of the well to the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to keep one always in the tube, and throwing an uninterrupted stream of water. It uses a crank or Reel for power.
ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP.
1st. Their ease of work.
2nd. Throws a constant stream.
3rd. Purifies the water.
4th. No expense for repairs.
5th. Warranted not to freeze.
6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order.
7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power.
WM. DICKSON, Agent
Box 47
Goderich, Ont.

Shooting Gallery.
Every day almost a death by people not knowing how to use firearms.
J. C. McINTOSH.
Has fitted up a shooting gallery in connection with his shop where parties will be taught how to shoot and use the rifle.
Open from 7 a. m. till 10 p. m.
Sept. 7, 1876. 1553.

A NEW ENTERPRISE
Tinning Shop and Repairing Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,
In the city formerly occupied by Mr. Cudaby, where the latter will be pleased to wait on all who may favor him with a call.
All work done for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and convince yourselves.
SAM'L CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1876. 1532—1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF
Spring & Summer 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, May 8, 1876. 1534

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

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 his 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 them.
Cash advances 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

John McKenzie.
—OF—
The Hamilton St.,
CABINET SHOP,
Has a large stock of
Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Tables, Bureaus, Matresses
And all the usual Cabinet stock which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
Bedroom sets of all kinds and prices. Bracket ready made or made to order. Looking Glasses of any pattern.
Call and examine before selecting elsewhere. Remember the address
JOHN McKENZIE.
Next door to Trueman's Auction Mart, Hamilton Street.
Goderich, March 1st, 1876. 1515-1y

Wm. M. HILLIARD
Is prepared to receive on commission
FARM PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.
He has on hand, from Thompson & Currie, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Pearl Barley; also Flour and Mill Feed, from Saunby. Have also on hand a choice lot of
Red Scotch Fall Wheat
from the farm of Mr. Fort, Colborne.
Pearl and Hominy Grits.
These excellent articles kept on hand, and directions given in purchasers for using. White cornmeal, from Missouri, on hand.
WM. DICKSON
FRUIT TREE AGENT,
representing
GEORGE LESLIE & SON'S
TORONTO NURSERIES.
Persons wishing to procure reliable stock, will receive perfect satisfaction by dealing with this firm. Orders sent through me will receive prompt and careful attention, and the cost of carriage from Toronto saved to the purchaser. Also, agent for the
BROCKVILLE CHEMICAL AND SUPERPHOSPHATE WORKS,
manufacturers of the best fertilizer in use. Send for catalogues and circulars. Address, box 47, Goderich.
WM. DICKSON.
Orders may be left at SIGNAL Office.

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
NORTH STREET,
OPPOSITE DETLOR'S STORE.
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

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


## Poetry.

### Serenade in E Flat.

My Madeline—my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans,
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline."

Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons, men,
Mecca's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine,
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine,
My mournfulness's magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline.

Match making mas may machinate,
Mancuvring minxes me minxeen,
More money may make many mate,
My magic motto's—"Madeline!"

Melt most mellifluous melody,
Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,
Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia—Madeline!

### Night on the Farm.

Now all clucked home to their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style with the beds above
All under the wings of hovering love,
With a few chinked in, as plump as weters,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens!

With nose on the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long-drawn breaths in the old farm yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And cease the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant bush,
Dew on the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is swinging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh bells nights,
That shapes with the padded feet prowl round,
And the crescent moon has run aground,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle light!
And over where the pillows fair
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair,
Time walks the house with a clock-tick treed.—
Without and within the farm's abed.

## The New Magdalen.

'Of what I have suffered in secret since my own successful deception established me under Lady Janet's care I shall say nothing. Many things which must have surprised you in my conduct are made plain to you by this time. You must have noticed long since that I was not a happy woman. Now you know why.

'My confession is made; my conscience has spoken at last. You are released from your promise to me—you are free. Thank Mr. Julian Gray if I stand here self-accused of the offense that I have committed, before the man whom I have wronged.'

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

SENTENCE IS PRONOUNCED ON HER.

It was done. The last tones of her voice died away in silence. Her eyes still rested on Horace.

Horace slowly looked up. Julian rose and approached him.

'She has told you to thank me, if her conscience has spoken. Thank the noble woman to whom I answered when I called upon it! Own the priceless value of a woman who can speak the truth. Her heart felt repentance is a joy in heaven. Shall it not plead for her on earth? Honor her, if you are a Christian! Feel for her, if you are a man!'

He waited. Horace never answered him.

Mercy's eyes turned tearfully on Julian. His heart was the heart that felt for her! When she looked back again at Horace it was with an effort. In her inmost mind a thought rose unbidden. 'Can I ever have loved this man?'

She advanced a step toward him; it was not possible, even yet, to completely forget the past. She held out her hand. He rose, on his side—without looking at her.

'Before we part forever,' she said to him, 'will you take my hand as a token that you forgive me?'

He hesitated. He half lifted his hand. The next moment the generous impulse died away in him. In its place came the mean fear of what might happen if he trusted himself to the dangerous fascination of her touch. His hand dropped again at his side; he turned away quickly.

'I can't forgive her!' he said.

With that horrible confession—without even a last look at her—he left the room. At the moment when he opened the door Julian's contempt for him burst its way through all restraints.

'Horace,' he said, 'I pity you!'

As the words escaped him he looked back at Mercy. She had turned aside from both of them—she had retired to a distant part of the library. The first bitter foretaste of what was in store for her when she faced the world again had come to her from Horace! The energy which had sustained her thus far quailed before the dreadful prospect—doubly dreadful to a woman—of obloquy and contempt. She sank on her knees before a little couch in the darkest corner of the room. 'O Christ, have mercy on me!' That was her prayer—no more. Julian followed her. He waited a little. Then his kind hand touched her; his friendly voice fell consolingly on her ear.

'Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!'

He raised her as he spoke. All her heart went out to him. She caught his hand—she pressed it to her bosom; she pressed it to her lips—then dropped it suddenly, and stood before him trembling like a frightened child.

'Forgive me!' was all she could say. 'I was so lost and lonely—and you are so good to me!'

She tried to leave him. It was useless—her strength was gone; she caught at the head of the couch to support herself. He looked at her. The confession of his love was just rising to his lips—he looked again, and checked it.

'Don't think of your future life just yet,' he said, gently. 'I have something to propose when rest and quiet have restored you.' He opened the nearest door of the dining-room—and went out.

Mercy seated herself on the couch.

An interval passed; a brief interval of perfect rest.

Presently she was disturbed by the ringing of a bell in the hall, and a moment later she heard Lady Janet's voice!

Mercy who had risen in alarm at the sound of Lady Janet's approaching footsteps, returned to the couch. She could stand no longer; she had not even resolution enough left to lift her eyes to the door.

Lady Janet came in more rapidly than usual. She advanced to the couch, and tapped Mercy playfully on the cheek with two of her fingers.

'You lazy child! Not dressed for dinner! Oh, fie, fie!'

Her tone was as playfully affectionate as the action which had accompanied her words. In speechless astonishment Mercy looked up at her. Always remarkable for the taste and splendor of her dress, Lady Janet had on this occasion surpassed herself. There she stood revealed in her grandest velvet, her richest jewelry, her finest lace—with no one to entertain at the dinner-table but the ordinary members of the circle at Mablethorpe House. Noticing this as strange to begin with, Mercy further observed, for the first time in her experience, that Lady Janet's eyes avoided meeting hers. The old lady took her place companionably on the couch; she ridiculed her 'lazy child's' plain dress, without an ornament of any sort on it, with her best grace; she affectionately put her arm round Mercy's waist, and rearranged with her own hand the disordered locks of Mercy's hair—but the instant Mercy herself looked at her, Lady Janet's eyes discovered something supremely interesting in the familiar objects that surrounded her on the library walls.

'The winter here is unendurable,' Lady Janet began. 'I have been thinking, Grace, about what we had better do next.'

Mercy started. Lady Janet had called her 'Grace.' Lady Janet was still deliberately assuming to be innocent of the faintest suspicion of the truth.

Incapable of enduring the position now forced upon her, Mercy put her hand into the pocket of her apron, and drew from it Lady Janet's letter.

'Will your ladyship forgive me,' she began, in faint, faltering tones, 'if I venture on a painful subject? I hardly dare acknowledge—' In spite of her resolution to speak out plainly, the memory of past love and past kindness prevailed with her; the next words died away on her lips. She could only hold up the letter.

Lady Janet declined to see the letter. Lady Janet suddenly became absorbed in the arrangement of her bracelets.

'I know what you daren't acknowledge you foolish child!' she exclaimed. 'You daren't acknowledge that you are tired of this dull house. My dear! I am entirely of your opinion—I am weary of my own magnificence; I long to be living in one snug little room, with one servant to wait on me. I'll tell you what we will do. We will go to Paris in the first place. We will rough it, Grace (to use the slang phrase), merely for a change. We will lead what they call a 'Bohemian life.' We will dine at the restaurant, and go to the play, and drive about in shabby little hired carriages. And when it begins to get monotonous we will spread our wings and fly to Italy, and cheat the winter in that way. There is a plan for you! we will start to-morrow.' Mercy made another effort.

'I entreat your ladyship to pardon me,' she resumed. 'I have something serious to say. I am afraid—'

'I understand! You are afraid of crossing the channel, and you don't like to acknowledge it. Pooh! The passage barely lasts two hours; we will shut ourselves up in a private cabin. I will send at once—the courier may be engaged. Ring the bell.'

'Lady Janet, I must submit to my hard lot. I can not hope to associate myself again with any future plans of yours—'

'What! you are afraid of our 'Bohemian life' in Paris? Observe this, Grace! If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is 'an old head on young shoulders.' I say no more. Ring the bell.'

'This can not go on, Lady Janet! No words can say how unworthy I feel of your kindness. Your honor—your—'

'Upon my honor, my dear, I agree with you. You ought to be ashamed, at your age, of making me get up to ring the bell.'

Her obstinacy was immovable; she attempted to rise from the couch. But one choice was left to Mercy. She anticipated Lady Janet, and rang the bell. The man servant came in. He had his little letter-tray in his hand, with a card on it, and a sheet of paper beside the card, which looked like an open letter.

'You know where my courier lives when he is in London?' asked Lady Janet.

'Yes, my lady.'

'Send one of the grooms to him on horseback; I am in a hurry. The courier is to come here without fail to-morrow morning—in time for the tidal train to Paris. You understand?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'What have you got there? Any thing for me?'

'For Miss Roseberry, my lady.'

As he answered, the man handed the card and the open letter to Mercy.

'The lady is waiting in the morning-room, miss. She wished me to say she has time to spare, and she will wait for you if you are not ready yet.'

Having delivered his message in those terms, he withdrew. Mercy read the name on the card. The matron had arrived!

'A friend of yours, my dear?'

'Yes, Lady Janet.'

'You appear to be agitated. Does your visitor bring bad news? Is there any thing that I can do for you?'

'You can add—immeasurably add, madam—to all your past kindness, if you will only bear with me and forgive me.'

'Bear with you and forgive you? I don't understand.'

'I will try to explain. Whatever else you may think of me, Lady Janet, for God's sake don't think me ungrateful!'

Lady Janet held up her hand for silence.

'I dislike explanations,' she said, sharply. 'Nobody ought to know that better than you. Perhaps the lady's letter will explain for you. Why have you not looked at it yet?'

'I am in great trouble, madam, as you noticed just now—'

'Have you any objections to my knowing who your visitor is?'

'No, Lady Janet.'

'Let me look at her card, then.'

Lady Janet read the name on the card—considered—decided that it was a name quite unknown to her—and looked next at the address: "Western District Refuge, Milburn Road."

'A lady connected with a Refuge?' she said, speaking to herself; and calling here by appointment—if I remember the servant's message? A strange time to choose, if she has come for a subscription!'

She paused. Her brow contracted; her face hardened. A word from her would now have brought the interview to a speedy end. Mercy had strength to speak the word. To the last moment she persisted, in honoring the truth. Placing the card on the couch at her side, she perused with her keen yellow eyes, for the second time, the letter lying side by side with her own letter on Mercy's lap.

'Do you mean to read it, or not?' she asked.

Mercy lifted her eyes, fast filling with tears, to Lady Janet's face.

'May I beg that your ladyship will read it for me?' she said—and placed the matron's letter in Lady Janet's hand.

It was a printed circular announcing a new development in the charitable work of the Refuge. The lines traced in pencil (in the matron's handwriting) followed on the blank page.

'Your letter tells me, my dear, that you would like—remembering your own childhood—to be employed when you return among us, in assisting other poor children. I have been thinking. The circular will inform you that I am able to meet your wishes. My first errand this evening in your neighborhood was to take charge of a poor child—a little girl—who stands sadly in need of our care. I have ventured to bring her with me, thinking she might help to reconcile you to the coming change in your life. You will find her both waiting to go back with you to the old home. I write this instead of saying it, hearing from the servant that you are not alone, and being unwilling to intrude myself, as a stranger, on the lady of the house.'

Lady Janet read the pencilled lines, as she had read the printed sentences, aloud. Without a word of comment she laid the letter where she had laid the card; and, rising from her seat, stood for a moment in stern silence, looking at Mercy. The sudden change in her which the letter had produced—quietly as it had taken place—was terrible to see. On the frowning brow, in the flashing eyes, on the hardened lips, outraged love and outraged pride looked down on the lost woman, and said, as if in words, You have roused us at last.

'If that letter means any thing,' she said, 'it means you are about to leave my house. There can be but one reason for your taking such a step as that.'

'It is the only atonement I can make, madam—'

'Is there another letter on your lap. Is it my letter?'

'Yes.'

'Have you read it?'

'I have read it.'

'Have you seen Horace Holmcroft?'

'Yes.'

'Have you told Horace Holmcroft—'

'Oh, Lady Janet—'

'Don't interrupt me. Answer me instantly, and answer in one word—Yes, or No.'

Not even that haughty language, not even those pitiless tones, could extinguish in Mercy's heart the sacred memories of the past kindness and past love. She fell on her knees—her outstretched hands touched Lady Janet's dress. Lady Janet sharply drew her dress away, and sternly repeated her last words.

'Yes? or No?'

'Yes.'

She had owned it at last! To this end Lady Janet had submitted to Grace Roseberry; had offended Horace Holmcroft; had stooped for the first time in her life to concealments and compromises that degraded her. After all that she had sacrificed and suffered, there Mercy knelt at her feet, self-convicted of violating her commands, trampling on her feelings, deserting her house! And who was the woman who had done this? The same woman who had perpetrated the fraud, and who had persisted in the fraud until her beneficentress had descended to become her accomplice. Then and then only, she had suddenly discovered that it was her sacred duty to tell the truth. In proud silence the great lady met the blow that had fallen on her. In proud silence she turned her back on her adopted daughter and walked to the door. Mercy made her last appeal to the kind friend whom she had offended—to the second mother whom she had loved.

'Lady Janet! Lady Janet! Don't leave me without a word. Oh, madam, try to feel for me a little! I am returning to a life of humiliation—the shadow of my old disgrace is falling on me once more. We shall never meet again. Even though I have not deserved it let my repentance plead with you! Say you forgive me!'

Lady Janet turned round on the threshold of the door.

'I never forgive ingratitude,' she said. 'Go back to the Refuge.'

The door opened, and closed on her. Mercy was alone again in the room. Unforgiven by Horace, unforgiven by Lady Janet! She put her hands to her burning head, and tried to think. Oh, for the cool air of the night! Oh, for the friendly shelter of the Refuge! She could feel those sad longings in her: it was impossible to think. She rang the bell—and shrank back the instant she done so. Had she any right to take that liberty? She ought to have thought of it before she rang. Habit—all habit. How many hundreds of times she had rung the bell at Mablethorpe House! The servant came in. She amazed the man—she spoke to him so timidly: she even apologized for troubling him!

'I am sorry to disturb you. Will you be so kind as to say to the lady that I am ready for her?'

'Wait to give that message,' said a voice behind them, 'until you hear the bell rung again.'

Mercy looked round in amazement. Julian had returned to the library by the dining-room door.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST TRIAL.

The servant left them together. Mercy spoke first.

'Mr. Gray!' she exclaimed, 'why have you delayed my message? If you know all, you would know that it is far from being a kindness to me to keep me in this house.'

He advanced closer to her—surprised by her words, alarmed by her looks.

'Has any one been here in my absence?' he asked.

'Lady Janet has been here in your absence. I can't speak of it—my heart feels crushed—I can bear no more. Let me go!'

Briefly as she had replied, she had said enough. Julian's knowledge of Lady Janet's character told him what had happened. His face showed plainly that he was disappointed as well as distressed.

'I had hoped to have been with you when you and my aunt met, and to have prevented this,' he said. 'Believe me, she will alone for all that she may have harshly and hastily done when she has had time to think. Try not to regret it, if she has made your hard sacrifice harder still. She has only raised you the higher—she has additionally ennobled you and endeared you in my estimation. Forgive me if I own this in plain words. I can not control myself—I feel too strongly.'

At other times Mercy might have heard the coming avowal in his tones, might have read the meaning in his eyes. As matters stood, the manner was chilled, the eyes were averted. She had but one wish—to be left alone. She had but one object—to escape from the place. Rising from her seat, she said to him, feeling a vague conviction that he was kinder to her than ever—still feeling no more.

'I must thank you for the last time,' she said.

'As long as life is left, my gratitude will be a part of my life. Let me go. While I can still control myself, let me go!'

She tried to leave him, and ring the bell. He held her hand firmly, and drew her closer to him.

'To the Refuge!' he asked.

'Yes,' she said. 'Home again!'

'Don't say that!' he exclaimed. 'I can't bear to hear it. Don't call the Refuge your home!'

'What else is it? Where else can I go?'

(CONTINUED.)

## Hostilities on the Niger River.

The correspondent of the Manchester Guardian on the Gold Coast, writing on the 17th ult., says:

'The importance of the intelligence received by the Victoria from the Niger of the continued and serious hostilities directed by the native against the trading steamers communicating with the upper waters of that river, and the actual suspension of the trade of that important district have quite drawn away attention from the blockade of the seaboard of Dahomey. By rare good fortune Captain Croft, agent for Messrs. Miller and Co., had heard of the arrival of Commodore Sir William Hewett on this part of the station, and immediately proceeded to meet him in the Sultan of Sokotoo, accompanied by other agents of English firms trading in the oil river. The commodore was met off Lagos, and having had represented to him the injuries they had sustained—how that their vessels had been fired on, killing and wounding the crew, how that barracks had been stretched across the river, impeding the passage, and that the natives were well armed, and the towns commanding the banks of the Niger were surrounded by well-built stockades and rifle pits—Sir William Hewett, in company with her Majesty's Consul, proceeded to the river Brass, and held a long palaver with the King of that river, inasmuch as he is suspected of more than complicity of the affair in the Niger. Creeks communicate with both rivers close to where the opposition exists. The palaver was attended by no satisfactory result. On the 20th July the commodore assembled her Majesty's ships Active, Cygnet, and Ariel off the Nun entrance to the Niger; and having embarked 100 officers, seamen, and marines from his peninsat ship on board the Sultan of Stockoto, entered the river, with a view of convoying the trading steamers beyond the towns where opposition was offered. There were awaiting convoy the Victoria, Snowdon, and King Ouwu. The steamer King of Masaba was kept up the river disabled, having had 16 shots in the hull and her crew killed and wounded. During the passage the commodore made every overture for a peaceful conference with the chiefs of the various villages, and on arriving off Akebo he found the remains of the hawsers which obstructed the passage made fast to trees. On the evening of 31st July the vessels arrived off Sobogueo. Here the natives evinced for the first time a determination to prevent the vessels proceeding. The steam launch of her Majesty's ship Active was sent to communicate; but they were informed through interpreters that if they came on shore they would be shot. The natives also fired soon afterwards on the vessels. During the night the commodore gave orders to fire occasionally over the town, with the hope the natives would yield. On the morning of the 1st August stockades and rifle pits were observed to be fully manned, and determined to return shot for shot. The guns of the gun-vessels now opened fire with shell and shot, and subsequently the marines and sailors were landed under a heavy fire from the enemy. The natives showed great pluck, and disputed every foot of ground the whole length of the town—about six furlongs—finally arriving in a body at the end, under cover of bush and long grass, from which they could only be dislodged by rockets and musketry. The town was then destroyed, the earthworks broken down, and all the arms and ammunition removed. The natives were unusually bold, often exposed themselves at quite close quarters. Our loss was one man killed, and five officers and nine men wounded, some very severely. On the 2nd August the vessels arrived off Agteria. Here again a more determined opposition presented itself. The stockades were in perfect order, and the natives, in war paint and feathers, came boldly to the front and called out defiantly to the troops to come on. The commodore again opened fire with shot and shell, and then landed marines and sailors. The natives nevertheless still remained, and maintained a steady resistance by firing on the marines as they formed on the town. However, they were dispersed with great loss. Many of the killed were seen. The town was destroyed and all the earthworks. The guns were removed. During the engagement one man was taken prisoner and three men, slaves, were released, who were to have been sacrificed in a few hours. The expedition reached Omitsha 170 miles from the sea, on the 5th of August. Here the commodore and the consul had a long palaver with the King and finding no other opposition existing the gun vessels returned to the outer anchorage; but on passing the town of Akebo men were landed, and destroyed it, together with barrels of gunpowder found in it. The village was deserted, as the natives knew too well their guilt. It was here the hawser was stretched across the river."

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN DECEIVED by the incompetent empirics that have attempted to enlighten the world upon the delicate matters relating to the generative organs should resort to works published by the "Peabody Medical Institute," Boston, as the source of true information. Those who are suffering as though without hope from the errors of youth—those whose vitality has been impaired by exposures or by intense application to business, should not fail to peruse "The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation." The female portion of the community should make themselves familiar with the "Sexual Physiology of Woman and Her Diseases." Those afflicted with nervous debility in any form should read the work on "Diseases of the Nerves and Nervous Maladies." These works, written by the Chief Consulting Physician of the "Peabody Institute," Boston, have attained an enormous circulation, and done incalculable good, in appreciation of which the National Association have just presented the author with one of the largest, most costly and elaborate Gold Medals ever made. See advertisement in another column.

Provisions are reported scarce in the Fiji Islands, and there is much suffering in consequence. We must send those benighted people more bibles and missionaries—especially missionaries.

## Chip Basket.

A tomb of mummies has been discovered in Peru.

New Zealand employs Chinamen in the harvest fields.

England will receive from Newfoundland this season 1,250,000 gallons of cod liver oil. It is valued at about $600,000.

The assertion is made that there are 9,000 deserted farms in New Hampshire, or seven per cent. of the whole number. Many have been acquired by monied institutions through foreclosure.

A licensed drover at Brantford, Eng., who, while driving a bull along the road several weeks ago, struck a cat with a thick stick, was ordered to be sent to prison, with hard labor, for a month, without option of a fine.

Mrs. Leonowens, speaking of the customs of Siam, says that when a girl falls in love she goes to the man's house and if he declines to marry her, the old women of the neighborhood turn out and pelts him with inferior orgs until he changes his mind.

The supply of India rubber is said to be inexhaustible. Each tree can be tapped for twenty successive years, and y