Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 8. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1516.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers 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 $1.60 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.
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The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.
JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

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

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

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

A. TAYLOR, M. B.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Mrs. McKid's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1216-1y

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, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON W. H. MCFADDEN.

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

G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1473

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 Sts, Goderich.

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 G. Parsons' Hardware store, Achison's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1193

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 1432-ly

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. Draws correctly. Plans and Specifications and Masons' work measured and valued. Office over F. Jordan's Drug Store, Goderich. 1307-1y.

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, Esq., M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
For inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENTS arranged on 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, OYSTERS, &c., &c., in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

E. R. WATSON,
HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Parlor Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING GILDING 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	$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. 15|9-1yr

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. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 23, 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 be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1508-1yr

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, MARBLER Paper Manufacturer, Whitewashing done on shortest notice, Residence, Cranston Street. 1410-1yr

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. 1492-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Fall & Winter Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
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. 1496

SAUNDERS'
HAS THEM!
THE Heating Stoves
HAIL Stoves,
COAL Stoves,
BEST Cooking Stoves,
PARLOR Cooks,
HOT Air
TUBS.
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 Last 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 hardware 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 work.
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 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

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 can 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. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.
1467 1yr.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. 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. sw75-1y

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 20th, 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 favorable 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:
PHŒNIX 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 BLAKIE, ESQ., President.
MONEY 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 $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of 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—$65, $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,
1460 Goderich

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

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
1317 Agent,
Market Square, Goderich.

Artificial Stone.
The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Nesbergall's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
1473-3m 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.
erich, April 6th, 1875. 1468-1yr

Poetry.

Celtic Ambition—An Old Ode.

BY WM. BANNATYNE.

Herself was brent a long way off,
Ba cross in 'Lochie county;
Her father's name was Donald Dhu,
'Twas she to way of a duchess!

She's somethings tall, she'll be mighty proud,
And fine she will look in silk;
She's somethings hard to grant man's charge,
And cut in proxy hem bulk.

She'd never want to any school
To learn to blacks to read him;
Ba sense she's bonny on fa'r of school,
She'll be bonny enough, no need him.
The matron she shunt her mother coat,
The baby's her tocken mighty fine;
She'll have's a plenty shoes and rose,
And fuchs and tous to harbor.

When first she'll go ut to make a round
Among ut lallan strangers,
Ba'd ferry's in a boat—times o'er,
But no meet my tanger.
Ba'd lands in a great pir town;
To pingen o'er she'll mee man!
Brose pull on knee—meet reach to ch'an
On every shoe a raw man.

Some hooses tere have each pig lums
For what she'll do wanted to wonder!
She'll thocht teres some f'ar makin' ch'mbla,
And some for makin' sounder.
What crooes on cooked fuit, pe tere!
A cow and l—sye, and mower,
What waggons, carriages and carts!
Tey'll make a mettlesse man's ch'ar her.

She'll go on pot weariet of te mion,
And by night a making hot toddy,
So to te country out she'll went
And hire her wis to farmer,
Ah fifteen chain sare for pers or two,
And sefe good dimes wagon;
Got tecent clothes—she'll no tey pocht,
Tey'll gribe's u, on to bed, ee.

She'll get pro watch—was mak her proud—
And soon she'll rise to favor;
She'll not pay's mornings, nae she'll ought,
But fy tem when sey'll crave her.
But tey'll pe got a rascal lew;
Was ne'l hum rogue and dabor;
Tey'll swore to put te shail on her,
Hutsells swear no would lett her.

So back she'll to te pig toon run's
Woot ne hemselen;
She'll found a ship pound for Quebec,
And is she's an emigrator.
I'll hurrier on to Lett's I could,
Oh fuit and roumas sall to,
And inscit up on Huron's lake,
Quite safe from *sludger* and *sla'* too.

Then she'll be turn's a fishing boat,
And soon have tollars plenty;
Eh—I no teuk brochan at y more,
But hoard dis ether sh'nty.
She'll got pig credits in te stores,
And market a consignation—
Ke pala te month's herself,
'S a good grand speculation,

Next up into te bush she'll went,
A farm she'll seek's to buy her;
She'll not pe care it sheap or deep,
She not was meant ty pay her.
She'll rocken tere till m an she hit;
Ee worse tan slavery's ni ger,
For tho her mean wat to be pig,
Sae ne'er was getting pigger.

And oi h! te work was very sore,
'Twas awful hard to clear her;
Far better do dis Hielan laird,
Stuan sheep and cattles rear her.
Besides she must have foods to eat,
And tax for cash to pay tem,
And close for *Sabo* go to *Kirch*,
To tend te preach and pray too.

She'll next teuk courage on the road,
And turn pig boss he-sel man,
She'll pailt te river o'er te bridge
So strong she'll never fail man.
Scus times ye she noo will have;
Gin Rear on he Dhiaig,
Have apan of wargons and a horse,
And be so good—her better.

Want the she'll not could wrote nae real,
Ty'l make he scale *rrakker* now,
And soon she'll make tis *monitter school*,
Her 'bedient slave to be now.
Want need have ee makker tehol?
Could do good well wisoot her;
But mere te law must be fuill,
I'a better no dispute her.

Now soon she'll be te great pig man,
My neighbors all tegain me;
And for a reconcile short shots
Tey're very sure to 'lect me.
Toon soon she'll be te township reeve,
And mower ee she'l cease to pay;
Sae'll make te law to shoot herselfs,
And be a shussice peace man.

In Memoriam.

The following lines were written upon the death of Sarah Sallows, eldest daughter of Mr. Jas. Green, Goderich:

Little Sarah slumbers sweetly
In her lonely, narrow bed,
Pelting storms and howling tempests
Cannot reach her little head.

Slumbers with us a treat unbroken
Now by pain or suffering here;
Slumbers till the last and trumpet
Calls her from the grave so drear.

Oh to follow her bright spirit,
As it leaves its house of clay;
See it wing its way to Heaven,
That bright realm of perfect day.

Dust to dust the body wasteth,
But the soul that God hath given,
Back from whence it came it hasteth,
To its rest with those in Heaven.

Jesus calleth little children,
Takes them in his arms of Love;
Takes them home from pain and sorrow
To the angel land above.

Jewels rich His crown to brighten,
Flowers to bloom in Heaven's own light,
Angels lent us for a season,
Straying from their home so bright.
MRS. S. SALLOWS.

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

'The loss of self-respect must be very terrible,' she answered. 'But I never can understand the being under subjection to such a thing as drink. It seems to me that it would be so easy to give it up altogether if one found oneself becoming too fond of it.'

He shook his head. 'So it seems to us. I believe that to those who have become slaves to it the giving it up is agony.'

'Yes, once the slavery is begun. But how can any one in his senses begin to be a slave to such a thing? I wouldn't be a slave to anything, however noble,' she said, lifting her head proudly. 'I wouldn't put my own will utterly into subjection to anything earthly—that's what slavery means. And to such a low, base thing as the love of drink! It would seem impossible, if we did not see it brought before us occasionally, as we have seen it just now.'

'It must seem impossible to you, of course,' he said.

They had passed out of the Canongate by this time, and the rest of their way was easy. 'You will come into dinner, won't you?' asked Isobel, as they stood on the door step.

'Not to-day,' he answered. 'I have an engagement at present, but I'll come in about eight o'clock, if you are disengaged this evening.'

'I have no engagement for to-night. I'm sorry you can't come to dinner. Papa will be disappointed.'

Mr. Jardine was very fond of his son-in-law-elect. He spoke truly when he told him that he felt for him as if he were his own son. He was a man for whom he had a thorough respect, and he could trust his daughter to his care with far more confidence than he had ever felt towards Sam. This love of her father's for Douglas was the thing above all others which reconciled Isobel to the thought of becoming his wife. For her own part, she would have been satisfied to continue always on the same footing as they were now. She liked him enough to be glad to be with him; he was the most pleasant companion, and, she felt sure, the truest friend that she had ever known; pleasanter even than Sam Elliott, for his field of experience was much wider, and she knew him to be far truer than poor Sam had ever been. But she had gone of that passionate love, none of that willingness to be his entirely, and for ever, which some women feel toward the man who is to be their husband. She knew him to be a good, true man, and she trusted him, but she felt for him less as a lover than as a friend.

She thought of these things as she stood before the glass that evening, changing her walking dress for the pretty blue evening dress which she put on to go down to dine with her father. Blue was Isobel's favourite colour; it heightened the effect of her singularly fair complexion, and of her beautiful hair. She brushed out the long waving tresses (no one else in the household has ever seen them down since she put them up, a little more than a year ago), and she smiled to herself as she recalled a rather poetical speech of Mr. Methven's about the colour of her hair. He had told her it was brown, but that she caught some fresh sunbeams every morning to twist up with it; it was unusual for him to make any lovely speeches, so that one had fixed itself in her memory. 'He loves me very much,' she mused, as she looked at herself in the glass, 'far more than I love him. I think, on the whole, it is better to be so. It must be rather an unhappy thing to love the most. I should feel as if my heart were always hungry. I don't think he feels so. He is too quiet.' Her hair was twisted up and fastened in its proper place. Her dress was put on, and the train of musing went on as she arranged its ribbons and fastened a gold bracelet on her arm. 'How queer it feels to be without Nannie.—Yes—he loves me most. But I will make him a good wife. I would not marry him unless I felt sure that I could be a good wife. He will be an indulgent husband, I think; but there is a living up to his standard that he will expect, and I mean to do it. I believe it will be good for me to have any standard at all to live up to. Before he came I was left too much to live just as I pleased.'

Perhaps it was this idea, still in her head, which made her say to him, soon after he came that evening, 'Mr. Methven, you set on me like a tonic.' She spoke quite gravely, meeting his laughing enquiring look with one of, sober earnest. 'Before you came, I was getting into a state of morbid self-indulgence. I don't know what I would have been by this time. I might have grown into a hypochondriac invalid, with a chronic bad temper to worry myself and everybody else. I have often wanted to thank you,' she continued, blushing, but looking up at him steadily, 'for all the good you have done me. I feel a different person now. I can hardly believe I am the same Isobel that I was then.'

She had spoken this out of a desire to do him justice, by telling him what she knew to be the exact truth; but she was hardly prepared for the sudden flushing of his eyes, for his flushed face, for the eagerness with which he took her hand as he said, 'Do you really feel as if I had been of use to you? I am so glad, so thankful.' He took her hand, looking at her almost timidly, the strong man who had braved so much in life. 'Isobel, I don't tease you much about it,—but—if you could love me—just a little.'

She looked down and away from him, the light dying out of her face as he remembered it had done that day under the beeches at the Holme. 'I like you very much. I am grateful to you, and I'll try to make a good wife. But,' she went on, turning to him again, 'I sometimes think that part of my nature must be dead.'

'No, no,' he said vehemently. 'The capacity for love could not die in any one at nineteen. It will live again. I don't fear, Isobel. Only it seems hard sometimes to be patient.'

He looked at her so wistfully that her heart was moved for him, and she felt for an instant almost as if she loved him. Under the influence of that feeling, she raised her hand and pushed the dark hair from his brow—a slight caress, but it was almost the only one she had ever given him, and it thrilled him with a strange intensity of happiness. Then Mr. Jardine came in, and she went to the piano, and poured out all the restlessness of her heart into one of Beethoven's sonatas.

Douglas felt very tender of her that night, even more than usually so; he could hardly have told why, unless it was that the unwonted touch of her fingers still seemed to linger on his brow. He went away about eleven; his last look of her was as she turned to go up stairs after bidding him good night, her radiant face and hair making a brilliant picture in the gaslight. He went to his hotel; but the solitary parlour seemed to him more than usually cheerless. He was restless, and after trying to read, and pahawing to himself for not being able, he thought of trying a cigar in the cool night air. He soon found himself leisurely strolling in the direction of the terrace where she lived, thinking all the while with a kind of fond satisfaction of the evening just passed. He knew the window of the room in which Isobel slept, and almost involuntarily his eye was caught by the light as he approached the house. And he affected a laugh at himself when he found that he was slowing his already slow pace, and finding a strange pleasure in looking towards that particular light. Just as he passed the light slowly disappeared, and he continued his stroll, and his cigar, and his ruminations.

Isobel had been sitting before her bright fire, toasting her feet, and—if he had known it, would he have felt alarmed or merely amused?—sipping a tumbler of hot toddy. Nannie had left the materials all ready for her, and given the housemaid special charge to bring a little kettle to Miss Isobel's room the last thing at night. She knew that she would probably not sleep without her usual nightly dose, and so she mixed it for herself; and, after brushing her hair, sat dawn in her dressing gown before the fire to drink it. 'Not so comfortable as Nannie's giving it to me in bed,' she thought, but no idea of guilt in connection with it ever crossed her mind. It had never even occurred to her that there could be anything dangerous in forming such a habit. She felt the pleasant drowsy influence creep over her as she sat—the combined effects of the hot fire and the toddy—and she thought how troublesome it would be to get up and finish undressing, and so waken herself up again. Perhaps she had, without knowing it, made the mixture stronger than Nannie's usually was; perhaps sitting so before the fire, the effects were more perceptible. However it was, she certainly felt more stupid and drowsy than she had ever done before. She put down the tumbler when she had finished, and sleepily completed her preparations for bed; then she went towards the gas to turn it low, for she always kept a blink of it burning. Stupid, and half asleep, she did not observe that, in turning it down, she had moved the tube dangerously near the muslin draperies of the window, the bracket being, for greater convenience in dressing, placed beside the toilet-table. Then she turned away, and crept into bed, where she fell into a deep sleep immediately. The little blue flame burned steadily enough for a short while; the room was very still, the sleeper's breathing regular, the fire burnt low down with red heat. There was hardly a quarter of an inch between the blue flame and the window curtain. If the night had been perfectly calm it might have burned on till morning and no harm come of it; but sudden gusts of wind began to rise, and were whirling about last year's dead leaves in the terrace gardens. One of these almost imperceptible draughts, which penetrate on such nights into even the most substantially built houses, caught the tiny blue flame—it flickered, and the curtain was on fire. Inflammable as tinder, the fire consumed it quickly, running up to, the draperies above, spreading to the coverings of the dressing table, beginning to fasten its greedy tongues on the woodwork of the window. The sleeper never moved, though the room rapidly filled with smoke. Her sleep was so deep that she would have perished where she lay; and next morning nothing but a charred cinder might have remained of beautiful Isobel.

The cool night air began to feel chill, and Douglas turned to retrace his steps. In his heart he was praying that his darling's sleep might be sweet, and as he did so, he once more raised his eyes to bid a far-off good night towards the dim light in her window. Surely it had become brighter again! Could she be ill? Or was she only restless? and had she risen to get a book to read herself to sleep with, as he sometimes did himself? Surely the light was becoming very brilliant! A wild fear struck into his heart; and almost at the same moment a tongue of flame caught the window blind, and a lurid glare shot out into the street. In another instant he had sprung up the steps, and was ringing frantically at the bell, beating with hands and feet against the door, calling 'Fire, fire!' at the pitch of his voice. His Isobel, his darling, was up there, in that burning room! Would they never hear?—never come to open the door? The frightened, half-dressed servant came at last; and he sprung past him, only repeating 'Fire!' and bounded up the long stairs. He knew her room, and burst in without any ceremony. The curtains were all in a blaze by that time, and the room full of smoke; but he saw where the bed was, and that she lay there asleep and safe. He raised her tenderly in his arms. 'Don't be frightened, my darling,' he said, as her eyes opened wide and wild. 'It is I—you are quite safe.'

She clung to him without speaking, and he carried her through the smoke, and put her into Mr. Jardine's arms, whom he met coming up stairs in his dressing gown.

'Good heavens, Methven, what's all this?' said that gentleman.

'Only a fire,' answered Douglas, quite cool now that Isobel was safe. 'A few pails of water will put it out. Take care of her—she's frightened. I'll see to getting it out.'

And with a last fond look at Isobel, he went back again into the smoke. A cool head like his was the one needed to see instantly what ought to be done, to make the servants form themselves into a line between Isobel's room and the bath-room, so as to keep up a constant succession of pails of water, which he dashed over every burning article, and in a wonderfully short time the fire was subdued; but the pretty maidenly chamber, with all its white draperies burnt, and its carpet deluged with water, was standing black and charred. Douglas shivered as he looked round it, and thought of what might have been if he had not taken that foolish, loverly stroll. Isobel came out of her father's dressing room as he went down. She had wrapped a shawl round her, and her little naked feet gleamed white on the floor. He longed to kneel down and kiss them, but he contented himself with drawing her to his breast. She clung to him as she had never done before, letting him kiss her pale face over and over again. 'Oh, Douglas,' she whispered, 'I needn't try to thank you. You have saved my life.'

'God bless you, my darling,' was all the answer he was able to give. It seemed to him as he stood holding that slender form to him that he had never known before how precious it was. 'You must go to bed now,' he said after a little, 'and try to sleep. This mustn't make you nervous. Can any one stay with you? What a pity Nannie is away.'

'They will make me up a bed in papa's dressing-room,' she answered. 'I'll be quite near him. Good night, Douglas,' and of her own free will she kissed him before she glided away.

'Douglas,' he murmured to himself, as he went along the dark streets. 'How sweet it is to hear her say that: she never called me so before. Oh, my darling, God be thanked you are safe.'

floor and carpet, and all the pretty appendages of the toilet table, were still soaking wet, the drenching he had given them having been a very thorough one. Douglas had been exposed to many dangers during his life, and all his escape from them, had not failed to thank the Great Deliverer; but he had never uttered a more hearty thanksgiving than when he stood in the middle of that smoke-blackened room, and bowed his face on his hands for a minute. Then he turned and went down stairs. He paused at the door of Mr. Jardine's dressing-room, into which he had seen Isobel go the night before. The house was very quiet; none of the servants seemed to be astir except the early Jane, who was safely disposed of at his horse's head. He looked up and down the passages; he listened for any movement inside the room, and hearing none, he fancied his darling lying peacefully asleep, and he uttered a fervent 'God bless her,' before he went away. Jane glanced into his face as he took the reins from her and mounted; it was very grave, and she fancied that his eyes were wet; but the *douceur* he left in her hand was enough to recompense her both for her early rising, and for the fear and trembling with which she had stood at his horse's head.

He rode quickly away towards the east, where the waters of the Frith were gleaming blue in the sunlight. Saracen, the brown horse, and his master had both abundant exercise that morning, cantering over the wide, smooth Portobello sands. If he had been troubled in nerves, he would have fancied they had been shaken so curiously more did he feel whenever he allowed his thoughts to dwell on the occurrences of the preceding night; at it was, he cantered backwards and forwards without thinking much of himself at all, and went back to town braced into his usual calmness, and hoping to see Isobel at breakfast.

That hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Jardine was alone in the breakfast room, and came forward with both hands outstretched to meet him.

'My dear fellow,' he said, 'I can only tell you that I have always been pleased at the prospect of having you for my son; and now I'm more than pleased—I'm devoutly thankful.'

Douglas smiled. 'Is she not coming down?' he asked.

'No. I haven't seen her, but she sent word not to wait. She must be shaken a good deal, poor child; I daresay it is better that she should rest.'

'Yes,' said Douglas; but he was more disappointed than he cared to own. He could hardly satisfy himself that she was wholly unhurt until he had seen her again. The two gentlemen sat down to breakfast; but neither of them talked much: they were both feeling too deeply.

'I wonder how it happened,' said Mr. Jardine, recurring to what both had been thinking of, after several attempts at mere surface talk had failed.

'I suppose no one will ever be able to tell,' Douglas answered. 'She slept so soundly, wonderfully sound, till I lifted her. Probably the curtain was blown into the gas by some draught; it was a windy night, you know.'

There was another silence. 'You have never told me how you got there,' said Mr. Jardine, suddenly.

Douglas coloured a little. 'I was smoking after I left you, and—I passed this way and noticed the light.'

Mr. Jardine probably understood the hesitation; he had been in love himself once upon a time. 'It was a merciful providence that you did pass that way.'

'You'll see her at dinner,' he added, as he rose from table. 'Have you anything particular to do to-day?'

'I believe not. I intended to run down to Methven to-day; but I think I'll stay here—I may be in Edinburgh. Perhaps Isobel may be visible in the afternoon; I'll come and try.'

'Good bye, then, my boy,' said Mr. Jardine, putting his hand almost caressingly on the other's shoulder, Douglas turned, and they both smiled as they looked into one another's eyes for an instant. They were two honest men, and they trusted one another. Mr. Jardine went to his office, and Douglas sauntered out into the terrace gardens. He felt more unsettled that day than he ever remembered that he had done before in his life. He longed to see Isobel, and to get rid of an undefined fear that she had been hurt somehow. He told himself that his fears were groundless—that she was only tired, and had probably not slept much; he was sure the flames had not touched her; but the restless fear tormented him still. He wandered in and out of the house, trying to read, but unable to fix his attention on anything. At last he bethought himself of writing her a note; and finding paper and pens, he wrote a few words of inquiry, and sent them up to her by Jane. He half hoped for a little pencilled note in answer, but none came. The servant came down stairs looking a little puzzled.

To be continued.

'Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper,' said Uncle Jab x, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica.

'Why so?' inquired William Henry.

'Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to be tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement.'

'Yes,' said William Henry, bracing up, 'and after we are married we will issue an extra—'

'Sh—h!' said Angelica, and then they went out for a stroll.

Weather Report.

Meteorological Observatory
Goderich, Feb. 1, 1876.

Rain fell on 5 days during February—amount 29.5 cubic inches. Greatest amount of rain fall during 24 hours, from 7.30 p. m. on the 10th to 6 a. m. on the 11th, 10 cubic inches.

Snow fell on 10 days, amount 12 inches. Greatest amount of snow fall on 2d, three inches.

Thunder and lightning on the 10th. On the night of the 28th, very brilliant *aurora borealis*.

Coldest day during month, 24th, temperature 5 below zero at 9 a. m.

Greatest velocity of wind during 24 hours on the 7th, 422 5 miles, or 17.1 miles per hour. Least velocity on the 8th, during 24 hours, 24 miles. Prevailing winds S. W. to N. W.

During the month of Feb. 1875, rain fell on three days—amount 8 cubic inches. Snowed on 10 days—amount 18 inches.

G. N. MACDONALD, Observer.

Colds produce catarrh, catarrh produces laryngitis, bronchitis, and consumption. The slightest cold therefore tends toward consumption, and especially is this the case where there is a scrofulous constitution or tendency. Hence, how important that the cold or catarrh, either acute or chronic, should be arrested and subdued at once. For this purpose take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It is unnecessary to add testimonials, as all who once tried it recommend it. It is sold by druggists and dealers in medicine.

Report of Competitive Examinations.

Held in the Townships of Ashfield, Colborne, Goderich, Hay, Stephen and Usborne in June, 1875.

SUBJECTS.

Fifth Class—Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, history, composition, arithmetic, (nat. phil., algebra and euclid), and (botany, chemistry and physiology). Whole number of marks 605.

Fourth Class—Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, history, composition, arithmetic and botany, nat. history and chemistry. Whole number of marks 470.

Third Class—Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, composition and arithmetic. Whole