



position of the > shapea INWARD and UPWARD Druggist,



House.



such hints, that I am sure he hopes Mil-FROM MY DIARY. dred will preside over it. Why else do her favorite colors reign in one entire suite of rooms ?

Why was the library fitted up exactly Mildred has gone down the shady like one that took my fancy in a book 1 lane for a walk and left me alone. The read, and of which I spoke ? great pile of sewing we have been doing Sometimes I fancy my brother-in-law for Mr. Somerson is all completed, and I to be, will offer me a home also in his heardhave written out the bill.

heart unanswered

The bill ! Why did my cheek burn when they are married. and my hand tremble over the task, as if it were a disgrace to ask for the money we have honestly earned ? what was to be the end.

Perhaps it is because it is something new of Mildred and I to work for our daily bread. Only two years ago we could pay othother ers for the stitches put into our own

dainty clothing. Ah, me ! Two years ago.!

Then fever took our father, and brought me to the confines of the grave. truth, promise love and honor, when you again." When the funeral was over, and love has died. friends examined our father's effairs, I had written so far, when a shadow

they found every shilling was claimed by fell upon my paper, and looking up, I creditors, and we were left poor as well saw Herbert Somerson standing between as orphans. Some of the friends, who me and the window: pitied us, saved enough to buy a wee

cottage, and when I could take up the sonification of strength and manliness, burden of life again, I was allowed to cut off the light from my page ; but his good, noble face was full of kindness as select furniture from our old house fo the new one. his eyes smiled upon me.

All through this dreadful time Mil-I thought what a good brother he dred was living with Aunt Janet, and we were glad she was spared. then I was sorry for his wasted love. My beauty was never very marvellous

"Are you very busy ?" he asked. and when the illness scarred it and left "No, sir, our great pile of sewing in my skin a deep, unsightly red, I could not grieve as I should have done if Milquite ready for your servant to come for it," I said pointing to the heap of neatlydred's exquisite loveliness had been so folded linen on the table.

swept away. "Never mind the work just now," he She came home, after all danger of answered, very gently, yet I fancied I contagion was over, to our little cottage. saw a shadow of annovance in his eves. Aunt had given her a complete outfit "Can you walk out with me for a little of mourning, made in the latest fashion while ? I have something I wish very

-for aunt would consult a fashion plate much to say to you." It was coming. o-for her shroud, if she knew she was dy. He wanted the grave elder sister to ing-and she looked fairer than ever in influence Mildred, to tell him if he might the sombre garments. hope to win her. My heart seened to suffocate me with

Poor Mildred ! She is only twenty now, and she never knew what work ts heavy pulsations. meant till father died. Suppose he were to ask me if Mildred How can I blame her when she smiles could be won to love him ?

upon Mr. Somerson, and lets his great, How could I be true to my sister and noble heart trust in a love she only not do a bitter wrong to him ? feigns for him ? I put on my hat and shawl, and we

He does love her. went out. What else on his constant visits to The cool September winds were . . ur cottage mean ? already whirling about the early falling True, he is nearly fifty, and Mildred seems only a petted, careless child yet, crimson and gold foliage. though she is only five years younger

To my surprise Mr. Somerson did not turn into the shady lane that leads to than I am. 🤿 When I spoke of Mr. Somerson toall the pleasant walks hereabouts, but day, in spite of her careless voice and the

pretty toss of her head, I could see a opened his own garden gate. silent pain in her soft violet eyes. She will marry him, while I am sure

-oh, so bitterly sure-she will never was complete. "I want you to see my forget Rodney. Rodney, who sailed over the seas when

said, as he led me up the broad steps, she could afford to be gracious. Midred was supposed to be a rich man's So we sold our little cottage and went and tell me if your taste can suggest child, carried her heart with thim, only to visit our aunt, who gave us a splendid any further improvements. to crush it under his long silence when trousseau apiece, for our grand double "Mildred's taste he means," I thought, BOTTOW CAME. only he did not like to ask her direct- wedding. I never understood it. I would have "Though," she told us frankly, "] been so sure of Rodney's loyalty. He led me from room to room, through never imagined that Herbert Somerso He seemed to me the very personifi the great, lofty drawing-rooms, cosy would fall in love with that little, ugly cation of frank truth, of tender love, yet sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, pointing Helen, while my beautiful Mildred was for two years he has never written to out where my taste or suggestion had unmarried."

It was hard to realize the truth, even yet though the sweet woring words came so tenderly to my ears.

THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 8 1886

I dared look up at last, to meet the pleading gaze of the deep brown eyes and then my long-guarded secret must have been betrayed in my face, for I was folded in a close embrace, and

"God bless you, my own, my darl splendid house, but I cannot live there. ing !"

So we came back again in the glow of My hand trembles over these words. when I have known for many long weeks the autumn sunset, talking of our future -his and mine.

It is because I am sorry for both, I forgot Mildred till I saw her standing at the gate of our garden. where all the love is on one side, only a

Is it the daze of my own happiness, I weary, heart-sick submission on the under, or is Mildred's face lighted as I have never seen it since our father died ? Oh, the pity of it, the true, tender Ever thoughtful, Herbert-my Herbert -when we entered the house, said :

Better, far better, to toil on alone, "You will want to be alone with your bearing the burdens of poverty and sor row, than to buy rest at the price of sister. I will come this evening to see

> Then, bowing to Mildred, he left me. I looked into the face of my sister with a new pain at my heart.

Would she grieve over my happiness as the death blow to her own hope of

His tall, erect figure, the very per- ease and wealth ? Would she resent my offer of a as an insult ?

> She put her arm about my waist and led me to the couch.

Then she made me sit upon the sofa meant to be to his ugly little sister, and and knelt so that her face was very near mine, to whisper :

"Rodney has come home !"

The very joyousness of her tone told me the rest, even before she spoke again. I kissed her as our mother might have done, too glad, too grateful to speak.

"He has written again and again, Mildred said, "but his mother held the letters back. She did not want a por.r girl for her son's wife."

"But she is dead. We saw her death in the papers," I said.

"And Rodney came home because of her death. All his letters were in her desk, and as soon as he could, he went to aunt for news of me. She sent him here, and I met him on his way to our cottage. He loves me. Oh, tell you are glad, for my heart seems to be breaking

with happiness.' I said all she wished, and when we had talked a little longer, I told her my

news. She burst into ringing, merry laughter. "You dear old goose," she cried, "and

leaves; and the trees were putting on you loved him all the time. I wondered why you defended him so savagely when I would call him old or stupid." "He is neither," I cried.

"Of course not ; only," and the rosy

crossed the road, and after a short walk blush came to the fair, round cheek, "he is not Rodney. ' He had not yet gone to live in his new Aun home, but I had heard that every detail week. Aunt Janet wrote to us the next

Now that we were to make good house," he matches, from her worldly point of view,

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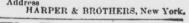
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Mildred, who loved him-who loves him been followed in furnishing or decorastill tion

It is seven months since Mr. Somerson came here, bringing a letter from Aunt Janet; who claims him as an old ed for my inspection, saying :friend of her own, and our mother's, "Do you think this fills Mildred's recently returned from California and idea. very rich.

"Perfectly." I answered. I wonder why I fancy he laved our mother 1 No one ever told me so. But he looks at me with such tender wish of my heart."

yearning eyes sometimes, as if I remind-ed him of some one loved and lest, and 1 could not answer. I had known that it was coming, I am like my mother. She was dark and small, unt like Mil-dred, who is a blonde, tall and slender. ming soon, and yet my tongue seemed

o cling to the roof of my mouth, and my yes were suddenly dim. In spite of my scarred face, I am like the Very gently Mr. Somerson led me portrait of our mother, who died when downstairs to the conservatory, where a Mildred was a baby.

tiny fountain tinkled in a marble basin. I have her large, dark eyes, and heavy Black hair, and I am small too. fragrance.

Mr. Somerson purchased a splendid "Do you like my home ?" Mr. Somercountry seat not far from our tiny cotson asked. tage, and put in workmen to modernize "It is perfect," I forced myself to say,

hough my lips trembled. and improve it. When he had finished it to his liking. "Will you come, then, and share he sent for upholsterers and gardeners with me ?" he asked, taking my hands. to make it perfect inside and out. I knew he would ask me.

And all the time he kept Mildred and Mildred's sister would be his sister me busy over the sewing, and paid us

I must refuse, though, and yet it Such piles of table liuen and bedseemed so ungracious. linen, most daintily made, as we have completed, would delight any house-"Mildred !" I said, and then I choked, and could not finish my speech.

"Of course Mildred will be welcome Finding Mildred liked embroidery here," he said : "have you not seen her

better than plain sewing, Mr. Somerson rooms? When you tell me you love me, ordered embroidered initials on every when you say you will be my wife, prepiece of the linen side over my house, I will invite Mild-But in all these seven months, Mr. red to come too. But I am waiting to

Somerson has come often to our little hear if you can love me, I know I am cottage, when no necessity of work callold enough to be your father, that I am ed him. a grave silent man, but little fitted to

He is very careful not to come in the Rening, or give any occasion for unkind win the pure young heart I covet. But I love you, and I have dared to think I gossip, yet how much he has brightened had won a place in your esteem, if not our lives. in your love !"

How many books he has brought for In my esteem, I had battled it down. our leisure time, how much new music I had never dared whisper the truth lies on the piano, our one luxury, how to my own heart, but I knew long, long often rare fruit has been on our simple ago, that I loved him.

How could I dream it was my plain

And when he talks of his home, he face, not Mildred's bright young beauty consults our tastes in such works, with that drew him to our cottage ?

But I cannot think, in my deep happi ness, looking at the perfect content i One full suite of rooms, finished in my husband's noble face, that Mildred blue satin, and cool, grey reps, he open- would have made him any happier than he is.

We hear from my sister, travelling abroad, very often, and we call the blue suite of rooms, Mildred's rooms; but "Her pure blende beauty will shine when she returns, it will be to her own here," he said, "If I can win the dearest home, with the husband she loves.

Quinsy. At this season of the year Quinsy and

various forms of Throat Complaints pre-vail. • Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is an excellent throat and lung medicine, that cures Quinsy, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. 2

The oath as Queen Regent will be ad-ministered to Christina on December and rare flowers made the air heavy with dist in the presence of all the members of the Spanish Cortes.

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Captain O'Shea has contradicted the statement that he had been arranging an. understanding between the Parnelites and Mr. Gladstone.

The Forth Bridge Company, Scotland, are going to apply for an extension of tune for completing the bridge.

Travelling Guide.

GRAND TRUNK

KAST. Express. Mixed. Mixed. Goderich | Lv. 700 a.m | 12:20 p.m | 3:45 p.m Stratford Ar. 8:40 a.m | 3:30 p.m | 7:30 p.m WEST. Mixed. Mixed. Express. Stratford Lv. 6509 s.m 1:15'p.m 836 p.m Goderich Ar. 10:30 s.m 3:45 p.m 9:45 p.m



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