Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 4. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1512.

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.

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Coroner for the County.
JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D. C. M.

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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.
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D. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1375

Sinclair Senger & 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, Acheson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1493

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont.
MONEY TO LEND. w95

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1432-1y

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ARCHITECT, &c., &c. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' 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

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For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
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Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
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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.
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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
LAZING
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. 1519-1yr

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. 23, 1874. 1449-1yr

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GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich 4th May, 1871. sw79-1y

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$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
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AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
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For particulars apply to
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CHAS. ROBERTSON,
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MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

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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. w26-1y.

Money to Loan
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,
1496 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 $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT REDUCTION.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
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,
Cabins—$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,
1469 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.
Incorpoated 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 upwards, 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,
Agent,
1317 Market Square, Goderich.

Artificial Stone.
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, opposite Neilbergall'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, Ont.

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, 1875. 1468-1yr

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER - HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer, Whitewashing done on shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street. 1459-1yr

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.
1452-1yr

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

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 marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1475 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

Manhood Restored!
PROFESSOR HUBERT'S
ESSENCE OF LIFE, is a sure cure for Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Prostration, &c. Obstacles to Marriage removed. ☞ All suffering from the errors or youth should send for a Circular, to
HUBERT & CO.,
Sole Agents and Proprietors.
No. 22 St. John Street
1506-1yr Montreal P. Q.

CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM
Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF MANHOOD, etc., giving his rules of SELF-CURE, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 135, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poetry.

Forwarned.

By the late T. D. M'Gee.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling
That I was to die in the noon of my day;
And that, when my youth had departed, stealing
But tent, like a hunted deer, away.

That, even in the hour when my spirit was brightest
My young cheek grown pale and my step grown slow
That I was to lie in the noon-tide night of the grave
In a bed where the worm and the dreamer shall come.

It might be a fancy—it might be the yearning
Of dark visions of the unknown of truth,
And might be the chaos of the mind that is dreaming
Can then be no more than the sunshine of youth.

But be it a dream or mystic revealing,
The bodement has haunted me year after year;
And whenever my pulses with rapture are thrilling,
I paused for the footfall of fate as mine ear.

With feeling upon me all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the ringing and painting to Fame;
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were blooming,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name.

My triumphs I viewed from the land to the brightest,
As my fortunes plucked from the Serpent of Wealth,
And whenever joy's goblet I quaffed it was tinged
Blighted,
I felt the skeleton lurking beneath.

O, friends of my youth! if that doom should fall on me,
And should I live on to remember my love,—
Come out to the tomb when the turf lies upon me,
And lift to the green wind mourning to rove.

Lie down on the bank where the river is creeping
As if fearfully under the still autumn tree,
When your head is in shadow, the moon-light is weeping,
And sigh for departed days—think of me.

By the smiles ye have lighted, by the words ye have spoken,
Affection's sweet music, that lead as they fall;
By the ban ye have poured on the spirit half broken,
And oh! by the pain ye give sweeter than all

Remember me, Myles, when I am departed,
Breed over those moments when they, too, are gone;
Be kind to your Minister, the soft and kind hearted
And strew yonder the marble where he lies alone.

But oh! in that moment, when over them sighing,
Forgive if his failings should flash on thy brain,
Remember the heart that beneath thee is lying,
Can never awake to offend thee again.

Remember how freely that heart that to others
Was dark as the tomb past dawn—frowning above,
Burst open to shine with the zeal of a brother,
And showed all its hues in the light of thy love.

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

CHAPTER X.

"DOUGLAS."

On the same New Year's Day sat Isobel alone in her pretty Edinburgh drawing room. She had changed during the past year, with one of those subtle changes which it is so easy to feel but so difficult to describe. She was still beautiful; she was which men call a "splendid" woman, but she was no longer a lovely girl,—the unspeakable "tender grace" of girlhood had vanished. The old elasticity, the gladness that had made an atmosphere of sunshine about her were gone, and in their place had come an air of languor and depression. But this was early in the forenoon; by-and-by luncheon would come with its accompanying glass or glasses of sherry, and then she would feel bright again for a little while.

There had been little that we can dwell on with pleasure in the history of the past twelve months. After that first shock, the weary days had dragged on in listlessness, from which she felt as if it would be impossible to rouse herself; nights of forced gaiety had been succeeded by the reaction of intense depression, and sleeplessness, that seemed to be overcome only by Nannie's ever ready remedy. Alas! that it was so easy of access; so pleasant to the taste which had been accustomed from childhood to consider it a harmless luxury; so soothing or stimulating, just as required, in its immediate effects. Was she pale and languid when she came down to luncheon? Her father poured her out a second glass of sherry, and pressed her to drink it, saying, she needed strengthening. After dinner came more wine; that was an old established custom which no one ever thought of dispensing with. Did she feel faint and tired while dressing for the evening's amusement? A little hot negus brought the colour to her cheeks and brightness to her eyes, and gave her spirits the required buoyance. And at night when she came home tired, yet restless, unable to sleep, or only falling into troubled slumbers to be awakened by wild dreams, a tumbler of hot toddy soothed her nerves and brought sleep to her weary eyes.

Do not judge too hastily this poor motherless girl. The downward path was so easy, and descended by such slow and imperceptible degrees, that her unhappy feet had gone far without her even thinking whither the path led. It was as if she had been gliding down a slowly flowing stream, the current of which was so smooth in its strength, that she never once dreamed that she was drifting out to sea.

Is it not often so? No one chooses strong drink openly and of set purpose for his master. You regard it as your servant, a pleasant thing enough, which, for your own good or enjoyment, you can take or leave as you will. And so the subtle influence creeps slowly over you, and some day you rise up and say, 'I will have no more of it;' and lo! the thing is no longer a slave, but a tyrant, and laughs mockingly at your futile endeavour to break its chain.

And was there no one to save this beautiful young creature who was drifting so unconsciously with the tide? No one in that house, certainly; for there, strong drink was looked on as a safe friend, a thing to warm and cheer and brighten, which, it would be folly to suppose, could ever lead them in the way of death. Outcasts might abuse it. They used it lawfully as one of God's gifts. But perhaps, in the providence of God, some one might be led to save her; perhaps it was not to be that Isobel should become one of the lost.

She was feeling rather more languid and oppressed than usual on this New Year's morning. She had been out late the night before, and perhaps that had some thing to do with it. Very likely the season, so joyous to others, had a depressing influence on her, for it was just a year since she had read that newspaper paragraph. One thing certainly much increased Isobel's chronic depression, and consequent danger—she had nothing to do. How many girls of her age, having finished what is called their education, and not yet having entered on the cares and employments of married life, suffer from the same grievous complaint! Isobel had many fine tastes, now very much neglected; but she had not that strong bent in any one direction, which forms a special talent, and furnishes its possessor, man or woman, with a life-work. All her life, ever since she had began to think of the future at all, she had thought of herself as Sam Elliott's wife; and that future closed to her, life seemed a blank. So it often happens with us. We busy ourselves building up our own future; and when God takes our dreams from us, we keep sorrowing over it, instead of humbly seeking to know what He has all along meant us to do and to be.

Isobel was sitting by the window, looking listlessly out upon the pleasant broad street, with its trim iron-enclosed garden opposite, and snow-laden trees. The room was comparatively clean on the evening way—tidied for city show, that is—for few wheels had gone over it that morning. Within the garden it was pure enough, piled in white dazzling drifts against tree-roots and banks. On the pavement it had been converted into that peculiarly uncomfortable slush which is the chief characteristic of a snow storm in town. Isobel watched the passers-by as they plashed their way through this slush—people with red noses and cheerful faces, for most of them did look cheerful in spite of cold and slush. The face inside the window was not cheerful; its owner's thoughts were brooding too sadly over past and future. 'Why do the people all look so happy? I suppose because it is New Year's Day. I don't think that any cause for happiness. One tiresome, miserable, empty year past, and another begun, and no be dragged through somehow. I wonder if my life is always to go on like this, one year after another dropping past, and never any difference, except that I grow older, and all my freshness fades away. There's the baker's boy giving Sarah the leaves over the area railing. He looks happy too. What are they laughing at? Stupid creatures! I wish something would happen—a revolution or something; it is so tiresome for everything always to go on the same.'

You perceive Isobel was still low-spirited and morbid—ungrateful for the blessings that were still within her reach. As I said before, she would brighten after luncheon.

A solitary passenger came along the pavement quickly, regardless of slush, and looking up at some truant snow-flakes, as if they were quite welcome to fall on his shoulders. Isobel caught a glimpse of the passing face, and saw that it was somewhat bronzed. Then the old gentleman who owned it raff quickly up Mr. Jardine's steps, and rung the bell. 'A client of papa's,' she thought. 'He must be curious, to want law on New Year's Day,' and she speedily forgot all about him. She left the window, and warmed her cold fingers at the fire; then wandered to the piano, and began to turn over her music listlessly. She came on a sonata of Beethoven's, an old favourite, and touching the first few notes, was led on to play through its long dreamy mazes. Once fairly wrapt in that mysterious, wonderful music—which seems somehow to give expression to the otherwise unutterable feelings of the soul, which rises and falls, now pathetic, now glad, now willing, now breaking into jubilee—Isobel forgot herself and her troubles. 'It makes me feel that I'm really home again, and my heart bows down in thankfulness to God for all His mercy.'

He looked and spoke so differently from what he had done just before, that it changed Isobel's estimate of his character. She had been thinking that he was very brave and clever, but somewhat hard; now she thought that what she had esteemed hardness, might be only the crust over him, that is formed by knocking about in the world, and exercising continual self-restraint. 'You were playing Beethoven when I interrupted you this morning,' he said, after a short silence. 'I used to delight in him. Will you let me try if I have lost any of my old appreciation?'

She played piece after piece, while he begged another, and yet another, declaring that he was enjoying a feast after years of starvation. At last he asked for one more song. She had lately fallen in with those wonderfully sweet and pathetic words, set to music almost as sweet, 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.' She did not remember at the time that her listener's name was Douglas; in truth she was not thinking of him, but of another who had been tender enough, but alas! not true. Perhaps that past experience lent some of the strange pathos to her voice, as ever in that refrain she seemed calling on one who was lost to her. But the Douglas listening knew nothing of that. He only knew that the rich, sad voice moved him strangely; and as he walked back to his hotel that refrain kept ringing in his ears.

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

CHAPTER XI.

A WINTER WALK.

It was early February, and some precocious spring days had been followed by an unexpectedly long and hard frost. Isobel had not courage to venture out of doors. She detested cold, and preferred sitting with her feet on the fender to being under the open sky, clear blue, and shining, but intensely cold. She sat in a low, lounging chair, drawn close to the fire, her fingers occupying themselves languidly with some worsted work. The door opened, and Mr. Methven walked into the room unannounced.

'They told me you were here,' he said, in his cool, self-possessed way. 'How can you stay in doors on such a day?'

'It seems to me the most comfortable place,' she answered smiling, as she gave him her hand. 'I did not know you had come back.'

'I only came this morning. I was fairly driven out of the house by painters and plasterers. Once let enemies of that sort get a footing, and they become tyrants for the time being. So I concluded it was better to return to my comfortable quarters in town, and leave them to finish their operations in peace. I hope to see the last of them in another month.'

Mr. Methven had managed to see a good deal of Isobel during the month of January. He had established himself at once on a footing of friendliness in the house, with the ease of a man who had seen a great many people and made many acquaintances. His old friendship with Mr. Jardine partly accounted for the ease with which he dropped into brotherly familiarity with Isobel; but his own frank, fearless nature, which was not ignorant of, but had shaken off, what seemed to him useless conventionalities, had more to do with it than anying else. He had been very busy; he was the sort of man who would always find plenty to do, and would do it thoroughly. He had started off on numerous journeys, eager to follow up traces of old friends, and had generally succeeded in finding them, and met an enthusiastic welcome. He had run down to Methven every few days to inspect his property, set needed repairs onfoot, and, in short, attended to everything that required attention. He seemed to get through a wonderful amount of reading, 'making up for lost time,' he told Isobel. And he would come walking into her drawing room very frequently, ask for music, or sit and chat with her for an hour or two, as if business were to him a thing unheard of, and he had nothing in the world to do but to make himself agreeable. In truth, Isobel interested him, and at the same puzzled him. He was charmed by her beauty; the languid grace of her manner, which at times could be roused into earnestness, fascinated him. He quickly discovered that she possessed a noble heart and a fine intellect; yet there was something about her which he could not account for—Fits of depression, succeeded by an almost unnatural brilliancy; and to that seeming flightness of character, he wanted the key. With a quiet persistency he asked her questions, often making disagreeable that pleased him, and occasionally some that puzzled him still further.

We can be at no loss to account for those sudden changes in him as unaccountable. We know the dangerous habit which, unknown to herself, was becoming a necessity of her life, and long, might lead her to depths of degradation, at which she herself would have shuddered, could any prophetic hand have drawn back the veil that shrouded the possible future.

On this bright February morning Mr. Methven had evidently taken Isobel's nerves needed bracing, and acceordingly he determined that they should be.

"Ah! what a stifling hot atmosphere," he said, drawing a long breath. "Do let me open the window."

'Open the window! Horrible! How can you talk of doing such an inhuman thing? Why, I'm shivering.'

'Of course you are, unless you persist in sitting so close to the fire. Do—'

'Is not the fire supposed to warm one?'

'To a certain extent—yes; but not half so effectually as a sharp walk in the delightfully fresh air, over the roads, which to-day are as hard as iron.'

Isobel shivered, and drew closer to the fire.

'Do you know that Duddingston is frozen, and that half Edinburgh has gone out skating?'

'Is it? I prefer to belong to the half who stay home.'

'That is because you know nothing of the delight of sharp exercise in cold weather. At present you are coming with me to see the skating, and I will bring you home again with a magnificent appetite for dinner.'

'Am I?' asked Isobel, looking up with exceeding amusement.

'Certainly,' he answered with perfect gravity. 'The first idea that occurred to me this morning was, I will go and take Miss Isobel to Duddingston. You see I am here. Will you oblige me by putting on your bonnet?'

Isobel laughed, hesitated, made a pretence of shivering, and finally, rather to her own astonishment, yielded. It was a charming day for those who can enjoy frosty weather. The sky was brilliantly blue, the roads and hedges sparkling as if covered with frosted silver. All things, however common-place, had thrown over them a fairy veil of beauty. 'It is very beautiful,' Isobel was obliged to confess, after some minutes of quick exercise had brought a warm glow over her frame.

'I knew you would think so,' said Mr. Methven, 'after you had conquered your laziness enough to come out.'—Isobel looked a little piqued.

'Laziness! Do you think me lazy?'

He hesitated. 'Excuse me. The word slipped out before I was aware.'

'Then you do think so. If you did not, you would say so.'

'I am not quite sure. I don't know how much may be force of habit. I rather think you would not be lazy if you had anything particular to do.'

'That is just it,' said Isobel, speaking with sudden earnestness. 'I daresay you will laugh at me, but, do you know, I often wish that I were poor, and needed to work for my bread? Sometimes I think I would rather be a servant than go on living as I do, without being of use to any one. I get so tired of it.'

Mr. Methven smiled. 'I am glad to hear you say so. It confirms what I felt all but sure of, that you have in you capabilities of work. If I were your father——'

Isobel laughed.

'It's not such a very absurd supposition. I must be twice your age.'

'I am nineteen.'

'And I thirty-five. So you see I am nearly qualified to stand in that relation to you. And think how I have been tossed about the world.'

'Well, I don't feel as if you could be my father,' said Isobel naively; and as Mr. Methven glanced at her he did not feel displeased. She looked very pretty in her velvet and fur wrappings. Her dress, looped up over the scarlet petticoat, showed her dainty feet; and her little black hat, with its graceful plume of feathers, discovered her luxuriant golden brown hair and sweet fair face. She was flushed by exercise too, and her eyes were very bright. Altogether, the reflection that he was not considered by her in the least from a filial point of view was decidedly a pleasant one.

'But, supposing you were my father, what would you do with me?' asked Isobel, glancing brightly up at him.

He recalled his ideas from a new train with which they were busy. 'I think I would find something for you to do.'

'What?'

'Ah—that is just it. I believe there are many women of your class who would give much for some definite work; but that question is a difficult one to answer. Yet most of them find that if they are ready and willing, circumstances provide work for them. Do you know,' he went on, suddenly changing the subject, and going back to his interrupted train of thought, 'that it is rather a melancholy thing to have no near relatives?'

'Is that your condition?'

'Yes, unfortunately for me. I have some far away cousins, but none whom I know very intimately. I didn't mind it so much while I was in a strange country, and my whole life was one strain to push on; but now, when I see other men with so many ties, I feel it hard to be solitary. Do you ever make pictures for yourself of what your future life is to be?'

The bright colour suddenly left Isobel's face. She was silent for some minutes, and when she spoke, her voice was so low as to be nearly inaudible.—'I used to. Not now.'

Mr. Methven was startled by her sudden paleness, and the intense depression manifest in her whole bearing. She had been brilliant, animated, walking as if she enjoyed it, and ready smiles had played about her mouth; now, her frame drooped, her footsteps dragged heavily, and she shivered as if chilled.

'Have I said anything to pain you?' and his voice involuntarily became tender.

She walked on without speaking. 'If I have, will you forgive me? I may have touched some wound through ignorance—we know so little about those with whom we have intercourse.'

'Yes,' said Isobel, looking up again, 'nobody knows anything about anybody else, I think.'

They were both silent for a while, and then Mr. Methven began to talk as he sometimes did, amusing and interesting her, drawing her thoughts completely away from herself—discussing books that he had read, and gliding into graphic descriptions of places he had seen. Before they reached the loch he had the satisfaction of seeing that the sudden pang of recollection, whatever had been its cause, was forgotten, and she was once more happy and animated.

Nobody who has ever seen Duddingston Loch in a hard frost, is likely to forget the sight. Mr. Methven and Isobel stood on the rising ground above the loch, and looked down admiringly on the scene. The bright sunshine added much to its beauty, making the great sheet of ice glitter like silver, and showing to advantage the figures darting hither and thither on its surface. Half Edinburgh did seem to have come out skating, and a considerable portion of the other half were looking on. The grand old lion-like hill, in his frosty garment, looked down serenely on them, as he had looked on so many other gatherings in years long gone by. Mr. Methven would not allow Isobel to stand still long enough to become chilled; he made her keep walking about, and insisted on taking her home long before the dusk of the short winter afternoon began to fall.

He mused of many things as he sat by his fire that night, alone in his comfortable hotel parlour. He acknowledged to himself that a certain ideal wife, who had been but a vague dream for many years, had taken definite shape. A graceful figure, a sweet face, with blue eyes, and crowned by golden brown hair, had taken the ideal's place. 'But is it any use?' he meditated; 'is not the place in her heart that I want already occupied? I have no ground to go upon. I cannot tell. I know one thing. I know there is something in her past life which it gives her pain to look back upon. There is some wound which is still sore to the touch. What is it? I don't know. I must find out. I can't make progress till I have cured that wound—if it is curable. If it is not—' But that was a possibility which Mr. Methven did not care to contemplate. It was not his nature to make much of difficulties; he was used to surmounting them. When he once said of anything, 'I will have it,' he could be very patient; he could work very hard, and wait very long, but he determined that his it should be. And most of the things in his life, which he had determined on, had come to pass. Now, he said to himself, calmly, as he sat looking into the fire, 'God willing, Isobel Jardine shall be my wife.'

To be continued.

Chip Basket.

Miss Ella Martin has been admitted to the Illinois bar, passing a very creditable examination before the supreme court.

The number of Canadian post offices has increased one-fourth in the past 5 years, but the number of letters and post cards used in the same period have increased sixty per cent.

A telegraphic station in mid-ocean is talked of, whereby vessels in distress could send information as to their exact position and damage. Other information could also be obtained through such a medium.

A large business is being carried on in the export of frozen fish from the north shores of New Brunswick to Boston and Portland. In one week 124,212 lbs. passed over the Intercolonial Railway to St. John, whence they were shipped to the New England States.

A. L. O. E. (Miss Charlotte Maria Tacher,) well known in England and America as a writer of entertaining Sunday-school books, has gone to India as a missionary. She is a grand niece of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson.

The volume of "Æschylus," which the poet Shelley was reading when he was drowned, is preserved by his family. The book was still held in his hand when the body was recovered, but the action of the water had stripped off the leather binding and warped the pages round the finger inserted to keep the place.

While travelling from London the other day in a carriage of the Chatham and Dover Railway, Mr. G. Churchward, ex-Mayor of Dover, pulled off his boots. This rather annoyed the other passengers, and the result was that Lieut. John Powers, of the sixteenth Regiment punched the ex-Mayor's head, for which sensible act he was arrested, but admitted to bail.

Talmage lingers on the threshold of the insane asylum. If you don't believe it, read this Talmagean splurge: "Our country is under the protection of the Almighty; it belongs to Him. Italy for pictures, France for manners, Germany for scholarship, England for aristocracy, the United States for God."

It is now stated that Lady Louisa Stuart, who died recently in Peebles, Scotland, was not "the last of the Stuarts." Dr. James L. C. Griffin, of Gloucester County, Va., claims to be the heir to the title and estates as ninth Earl of Traquair. He says his grandmother married John, sixth Earl of Traquair.

Turkey has fifteen immense ships of war, which cost nearly $2,000,000 apiece. They lie idle on the Bosphorus all summer, their only use being to fire salutes every Friday when the Sultan goes to mosque. They never go to sea and if they did they would be likely to founder in the first gale, for they are very unwieldy, and the Turks are miserable sailors. The only voyages they make are when taken out of the Golden Horn in the spring and anchored in the Bosphorus, a distance of about two miles; and when in the fall they are taken back to their winter quarters in the Golden Horn.

Leap-Year Items.

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.—They have some queer girls in Colorado. One of them who resides in the Cache la Poudre valley had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear, led him to a seat and said: "Nobby, you're bin foolin' 'round this claim fur mighty near a year, an' her never shot off yer mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to yer on the square clean through, an' her stood off every other galloot that has tried to chip in; an' now I want yer to come down to bizness or leave the ranche. If yer on the marry an' want a pard that'll stick rite to ye till ye pass in yer checks an' the good Lord calls ye over the ranche, just squeal an' we'll hitch; but of that ain't yer game, draw out and give some other feller a show fur his pile. Now sing yer song or skip out." He sang.

MISTAKEN.—A timid young man was visiting a beautiful and accomplished young woman in town the other night, when, after a pause, she said, looking at him closely: "Now I want to propose to you—" "You are very kind," said the timid young man, between gasps and blushes, "but I am not worthy of so much happiness—and in fact, none of my family are marrying people—besides my income is limited, and I have to meet Mr. Moody, and I'm afraid I'll be late." Then, without waiting to put on his overcoat, he tried to make his exit through the door of a cupboard. 'Why said the young woman, lifting her eyebrows in surprise, "I wanted you to ask papa!" "Oh!" said the young man, turning back, "why didn