Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 13. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1365.

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and six cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

The following rates will be charged to merchants and others who advertise by the year:—

One Column	1 year	$60
" "	6 months	35
" "	3 months	25
Half "	1 year	35
" "	6 months	25
" "	3 months	15
Quarter "	1 year	20
" "	6 months	12
" "	3 months	8
Eighth "	1 year	12
" "	6 months	8
" "	3 months	5

This agreement is to be confined to the ordinary business of commercial houses, and for such it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, houses to let or for Sale, &c.

☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

Executed with neatness and dispatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall

WILL be at home for Consultation up to 11 o'clock, a.m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 1w

G. C. Shannon M.D.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1306ly

DR. McLEAN.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School.

Dr. Cassidy.

McGill College

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

J. Campbell, M. D., C. M.

(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal)

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, Coroner for the County. Office and residence over the "Farmer's Store," next post office building) Main Street, Seaforth. 1308-ly

Ira Lewis

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, Commissioner Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Kingston street, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w52 J. T. GARROW.

B. L. DOYLE.

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1327

Toms & Elliott

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c., Goderich.

Sinclair & Seager

BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. SINCLAIR CHAS. SEAGER, Jr
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

W. R. SQUIRE.

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY ATLAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1353

G. CAMPAIGNE

LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee. sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

S. Malcomson,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c. Clinton, Ont. w35

MONEY TO LEND.

JAMES SMAILL,

ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters, Plasterers and Masons' work measured and valued. 1307-ly.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson

HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

M. NICHOLSON,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-ly

A. M. CAMPBELL

Veterinary Surgeon,

FORMERLY of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York and Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. RESIDENCE, VARNA.
Will visit Bayfield every Saturday. 1313 3m.*

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.

GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS

EXPEDITIOUSLY & 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,
Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w1-1y

GODERICH AGENCY

OF THE

Trust and 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,
Agent
1317 rk-1 Sun s, Goderich

Goderich Harness Shop

:o:

W. A. MARTIN

HAS pleasure in announcing to the people of Town and County that he has purchased the interest of Mr. Thomas Holliday, on Hamilton St., after having sold it for the past month worked for the last three years in the best establishment in Chatham, and is now prepared to make up

LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS,

Horse-Clothing and Scotch Collars

in first-class style and with despatch. Orders promptly attended to

Trunks, Whips, Curry-Combs, &c. &c.

N. B. Fly Sheets constantly on hand throughout the summer.

Goderich, June 19th, 1872.

FOR SALE.

AT the SIGNAL Office, a partial scholarship for a course of instruction in the Dominion Telegraph Institute, Toronto. Will be sold at a reduction to any one desirous of spending a portion of the winter in learning telegraphing, and fitting themselves for a useful and responsible position.

Goderich, 23rd Nov. 1872.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. DICKSON, Sec.

Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw72-1y

Hotels.

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL,

MARKET SQUARE GODERICH.

CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR

LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL.

A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and Travelling public that was accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1334

COLBORNE HOTEL,

GODERICH.

E. MARTIN Proprietor.

Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.

☞ This is admitted to be a First class House kept in Good Style.

August 15th, 1870

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 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

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER..... $100,000

With liberty to increase to half a million

Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.

INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

President: The Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, M. P., Q. C., &c. &c. Toronto.

Vice President: Lawis Moffat, Esq.

Geo Duggan, Esq. Judge of the County of York.

W. H. Brouse, Esq., M. D., M. P. Prescott.

Arch. Cameron, Esq., Cashier Merchants' Bank, Toronto.

Wm. J. Macdonell, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto.

Angus Morrison, Esq., M. P. P.

Secretary and Treasurer: Arthur Harvey, Esq.

Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by

J. J. BELL
Agent at Goderich.

1342

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS.....208,369.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 387,858.26

HON. J. McMURRICH
President.

B. HALDAN Managing Director.

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates.

SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES, COVERING Insurance for one or three years on detached Dwellings, Churches and Schools with contents, in Cities, Towns and Country places. These rates and terms of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community.

First Class man wanted for a travelling Agent for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references, to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office.

D. WATSON, Local Agent.

Goderich 12th Sept. 1871

GODERICH PUMP FACTORY

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED TO FILL ALL orders for,

PUMPS

and give satisfaction. Parties sending orders by mail will please give depth of well from platform, naming Township, No. of Concession and Lot. He has also on hand.

REVERSIBLE MOLEBOARD

ROOT SCUFFLERS.

CHURNS AND STRAW CUTTERS.

☞ All sold on liberal terms, and order promptly attended to.

Stand previously occupied by Mr. H. Dodd.

J. D. ARMSTRONG.

Goderich March 4th w sw64-tf

IMPORTANT NOTICE

F. R. MANN,

House Sign & Carriage Painter

BEGS LEAVE TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached, where he is prepared to fill all orders promptly and at reasonable rates. He is thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years, and hopes a continuance of the same.

Now is the time to Paint your Cutters Sleighs, and Carriages.

☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch.

Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, &c. &c.

F. R. MANN

Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 w1

THURBER'S ROYAL ANTI-FRICTION BABBITT METAL.

PARTICULARS.

THURBER METAL, No. 1, is for Heavy Bearings and Journals, where Great Strength is required.

" No. 2, is for Fanning Mills and Machinery generally, where Great Velocity.....300 per lb.

" No. 3, is for Ordinary and General Purposes.....35c per lb

CANADIAN METAL, is for Canadians and better than ordinary Babbitt 30c per lb.

PHILADELPHIA METAL, is a very fine Metal at the Price.....35c per lb.

Large quantities of the Thurber Metals have been used during the past Ten Years. They have been thoroughly tested and pitted against all other Metals, and Really have become almost exclusively used in all the large Factory Machinery, such as the Georgian Bay and Saginaw Valley Saw Mills, Northern Railway and Lake Simcoe Mills, Peterborough, Lindsay, Port Hope, Trenton, Belleville, Napanee, Brockville, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, and Montmorenci Mills, &c., as well as in all the Principal Foundries and Machine Works, Railway Shops, Steamboats, Propellers, &c. &c.

For Sale everywhere in the Dominion at the above Prices.

F. P. G. TAYLOR & CO.,
Toronto
For sale by H. GARDINER & CO.
Agents for Goderich.

Nov. 14th, 1872. 1344

Money to Lend.

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. ROBERTON,
Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND

At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest

THE undersigned has any amount of money to A loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.

HORACE HORTON

Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.

The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
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.

$25,000

TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to

G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,

Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND

AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for five or ten years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to

HENRY MATHERS,
St. Helens.

1309-tf.

MONEY TO LEND.

ON IMPROVED FARM PROPERTY, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to

SAMUEL SLOAN,
Colborne Hotel.

Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

ANCHOR LINE.

Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday.

TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW. Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers.

☞ Passengers booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply, as by any other Route or Line.

THE NEW DEPARTURES.

From Glasgow.	From New York.
Sat., Sept. 28th.....IOWA	Mon., Oct. 16th,
Sat., Oct. 5th.....CALEDONIA	Sat., Oct. 21st
Sat., Oct. 7th.....ANGLIA	Sat., Oct. 26th
Sat., Oct. 14th.....COLUMBIA	Sat., Nov 4th

And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at Jersey City.

RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.

To Liverpool, Glasgow or Derry.

First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location Cabin Excursion, $120 and $140 (not 1 x cabin) securing best accomodation. $130.

Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28.

Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those who may send for their friend

Prepaids issued payable on presentation.

Apply at the Company's Offices or to

MISS WARNOCK,
West St., Goderich, Ont.

Goderich Oct. 22 1871.

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

BOOKING to and from Liverpool, Londonderry, or Glasgow by the above Steamship Coy. apply to

E. H. CARTER,
Agent Grand Trunk Railway

Goderich, Au 15, 1870. w39

NEW Drug Store.

JOHN BOND,

CHEMIST & DRUGGIST

OF 25 YEARS PRACTICE.

NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.

ARE YOU SICK

with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Head Ache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Billious Diseases and General Debility? If so call at J. Bond's, East Market Square, and get his Renowned Vegetable Tonic Bitters which has completely cured thousands throughout Canada as well as 300 in Goderich and vicinity.

CERTIFICATES.

Aurora, January 1864.

This is to testify that I have derived a beneficial effect from Bond's Tonic Bitters and found it to be by far the best article in use for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, &c., &c.

JOSEPH SHIPLEY,
Wesleyan Minister.

Goderich, Aug. 27 1872.

Mr. John Bond,
Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in recommending your Tonic Bitters as an excellent thing for giving tone to the stomach and strengthening the system generally. I have found it a very beneficial thing in my own personal case, and have known others to use it with like satisfaction.

Yours &c.
A. H. KAY.
M. N. C. Minister

Aurora, May 20th, 1864.

I feel perfectly free to testify to the benefit I have derived from the use of Mr. Bond's Tonic Bitters. They have relieved me of the worst attacks of Dyspepsia in my case from their Tonic and aperient properties.

DAVID SAVAGE,
New Connexion Minister.

And 30 others.

Bond Street is infested with Pulmonic Syrup for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis &c., &c., the Best Cough Medicine ever introduced in Goderich. It has saved thousands from an early grave

Goderich, 2nd Sept, 1872.

Goderich Marble works

Scott, Vanstone & Co.,

BEG TO INTIMATE THAT THEY HAVE opened a branch of their Kincardine

MARBLE CUTTING WORKS,

in the old stand of Mr. A. M. Johnston Victoria st., Goderich, and will be able to supply

Tombstones,
Mantlepieces,
Window Sills,
&c., &c., &c.,

in the best style of workmanship and on reasonable terms.

GAVIN STUTHERS,
Agent.

Goderich 17th July. sw54-1

Poetry.

Go Feel What I Have Felt.

[A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing on the subject of temperance. Her writings were full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of intemperance, whereupon she wrote the following touching lines.]

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your prayers defied.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his witheringglance, and see,
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer—
Thine own deep anguish hide,—
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,—
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him—
Who plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cup,
That led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child!

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know
All that my soul has felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone,
Think if its flavor you can try,
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die!

Tell me I HATE the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word.
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
When I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

HARRY'S PINT;

OR

THREEPENCE A DAY.

CHAPTER I.

Harry was hostler at the "Green Man" Inn.

It was a quiet, drinking place, where two or three blear-eyed tipers Monday-ed over their beer and their politics in the morning, and from which some half-dozen tipplers rambled home each evening. In the yard, the fowls strutted and pecked at the straws; the old dog snoozed himself and snapped at the flies; and two days in the week the clothes were stretched full-sail, from the old beam of the cow shed, across to the iron ring by the stable door. Once a week the "Green Man," and all belonging to it, woke up. "It was market day that was the making of the place," all the landlords declared in succession. The assertion was generally believed, and there were two or three who doubted it. Poor old Kilham shook his pauper head, and his blue, pauper nose, and wiped his eye with his grey pauper sleeve, when he remembered what he had been, for the beadle called him "Squire" still, and thought that he had drunk enough there, to be the "making of the place." But that on that day the "Green Man" woke up was plain enough. Carts and gigs crowded all the yard. Horses were tied up in closest relationship, and fastened under any bit of cover. Big farmers with great mufflers and red faces, stout, husky big-jobbers, tight legged "horsey men"—all went in to the bar to take something "*for the good of the house*," as they called it, and sometimes their self-denying charity was excessive.

Such was Harry's place. Through all the seven days of the week it was much the same, only Sunday was rather a sleepier species of the same class. "Sunday School" had been heard of, but no one had attempted to explain the name in Harry's place. Neither "Minister" nor "Missus" could find time for "service," much less could those who were in *their* service. How ever they got to church to be married, or to have the baby christened, had been a mystery to them ever since.

Harry himself was a good, steady man; quiet, obliging, industrious; nobody had a word to say against him. His wife and children at home had all that he could get for them by rising early and working late, except threepence every day that he spent "for good of Inn." Threepence—a pint—neither more nor less a day"—this was Harry's allowance all the year round.

Things had gone on thus for some years, till one day Harry sat at home, for a few minutes after dinner. His chin rested on his hands, his elbows were propped up by his knees, and he looked hard into the fire. His tidy wife was busy clearing away the dinner things, his boy and girl were getting ready for school; and in a corner puppy was crunching bones. He was evidently thinking hard. The children's "Good-bye, father," did not rouse him up in reply. The dinner things were all put away, Puppy returned to snooze before the fire. The husky clock whirred as if it were a pulmonary character, and then struck seven.

"Well, I'll do it," cried Harry, jumping up, and taking down his hat from the peg.

"What's that you're going to do?" asked the wife, from the back-kitchen, as she clattered the dishes.

"Sign the temperance pledge," said Harry.

The wife laughed good-humouredly.

"Why, what's that for? I wish nobody took more than you do," and her cordially led her into the kitchen to finish the operation of wiping the dishes. "Besides, who ever heard of a total abstainer at a public house? You can't be one in your place."

Harry was of few words, and when he spoke, spoke slowly, and in a way that did not much impress what he said; so his wife took notice that, as he kept at it, he mattered.

"Well, he is a poor critter that can't keep his own promise to his own self." Besides, in the middle of the sentence, he had opened the door, and had got four paces from it before he had finished the last word.

Yet it was a sentence worth hearing. The drunkard who has paused in the way of destruction, and then is hurried like a slave, through his broken resolutions, to serve more abjectly, more accursedly, his tyrant, drink!—the wretched man or woman who turns again from pure promises and fair dreams, lured back to the foul ways of life, nay of death—the penitent who turns hopefully, earnestly determined for better things, might have given worlds for the resolute way, the iron strength, with which Harry's soul felt and said:—"*He is a poor critter that cannot keep his own promise to his own self.*"

CHAPTER II.

Six months had gone by.

Harry had said nothing more about his giving up the drink, and his wife had thought nothing more of it; indeed, it was five months and three weeks, at least, since she had forgotten all about it.

She was not very likely to think of it to-day, for she had too much to think of already, she thought. The poor woman never felt so bothered in her life. There was a new lodger, it was supposed, and she had had only sleep enough for the last two nights to leave her irritable and cross in the morning. Everything was going wrong. The weather was damp and heavy, so that the clothes had hung for two days without drying. Besides, she wanted to bake, and there was scarcely coal enough to keep the fire in: she had heard the coal-man every day, as long as she could remember, but this morning he had kept far away. And the baker's stupid boy had only brought half as much flour as she ordered, so that she would have her trouble over again before the week was done. Wearied, worried, vexed, she had nearly reached that womanly climax—"sitting down and having a good cry"—as if troubles, like gloomy clouds, must pass away in showers.

"'Tis always the way," she declared to herself; "if you don't want a thing, you'll have plenty of it, but sure as you want it, you may as well whistle for it."

The climax was almost reached; but just as the baby began to doze, and there was a chance of laying him down she bequeathed him in the cradle, and having rocked him into an infantile snore, she got up and expressed her determination to use the opportunity and "get her hands in the dough."

The cloud was passing away. The nimble fingers and fair arms of Harry's wife were well at it, when there came a knock at the door—a quick, loud, impatient knock, that didn't care if the baby woke, and the bread were spoiled.

This, like a change of mind, brought the clouds blustering back again. Leaving behind as she could, she thrust out one hand under her apron, and another behind her back, and opened the door. It was only one day Harry sat at home, thinking hard. The children's "Good-bye, father," did not rouse him up in reply. The dinner things were all put away, Puppy returned to snooze before the fire. The husky clock whirred as if it were a pulmonary character, and then struck seven.

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CHAPTER III.

"I told you I would though," said Harry, looking yet queerer, "and I did."

The wife looked up, bewildered into silence. So Harry went on in his slow style. "You see, I did from that day, six months a-gone-to-day. I ha'n't touched a drop of liquor since."

Light began to dawn on Harry's wife. And with the dawn her clouds were spent in dew, not showers, for gentle tears filled her eyes as Harry finished.

"You see, old dear, I've saved my threepence every day since that, and I knew you were getting short, so I thought I'd send you a sack o' flour and a ton o' coal, to show ye that I'd kept my promise."

Then Harry's "old dear" as he called her, gave him a kiss that woke the baby, and she blessed him in her heart as the best husband in all the world. All about the house was so happy that the baby forgot its teeth; the sunshine from within crept into the yard and miraculously dried the clothes; and Harry's wife reached the womanly climax again, only this time it was by quite a different route.

MABEL'S DRY GARDEN.

BY SARA CONANT.

'What are you going to do with those tiresome old leaves?'

'Oh, wait and you will see,' was the smiling response.

'Bothered be waiting,' muttered Ned, but stayed and watched Mabel's delt fingers arranging autumn leaves and ferns, carefully between open newspapers.

'Will you help me to lift these stones?' she asked, having laid the newspapers with their fragrant, and tinted burden on the floor and placed two boards over them.

'If you will answer a chap's question,' replied Ned, balancing a stone in one hand with an effort.

'Yes, reasonable ones.'

'Why do you gather such a lot of rubbish?'

'To use—I would rather not tell you just now.'

'Why do you fuss over it so?'

'Because the paper gots damp from the moisture of the leaves, and if I don't dry them my specimens lose their color; the ferns turn brown, the leaves fade. I ought really to have blotting paper to press them, but newspapers do very well.'

'Why do you have all those old stones in your room?'

'To press the ferns. What a funny boy to ask such a question!'

Ned shook his head but gave up the matter, and resignedly fine the subject of discussion could the next day among Mabel's neat belongings. The brother and sister had not turned homeward until the latest possible moment, and the day after their arrival at the cheerful house in Berry street, Ned returned to a boarding-school.

The minutes were lost with the hours, melted into the days, the days flowed into the weeks, the weeks rolled after the months, and Mabel was home for Christmas, when Ned came home for a week. When half an hour of rapid talking had passed, Mabel went into Ned's room with him, and again flitted to see if dinner was ready. Ned began his toilet with expedition. When before the dressing-table he stopped into change, the prolonged whistle. His pin cushion was a delicate cover with white sprays of fern and trailing vines. Over his glass drooped a bunch of graceful grass, and suspended at the bottom by a cluster of scarlet leaves.

'That is pretty!' he ejaculated, and remained so long in contemplation that his coat was not on when the dinner bell rang.

'But who ordered it?' asked Harry's wife, convinced that she was wrong.

'Dunno! Master sent it, and I brought it.'

'I'm sure its wrong, and you'll only have to come bothering back after it.'

But the miller's man was off—the smack of his whip and the rumbling wheels half drowned his cheery—'Good-morning, missis, 'tis all right.'

Harry's wife turned in again to work at the bread. Here was a new subject for her troubled spirit to brood over. She thought of people who could afford to buy a whole sack at once like this, and not be worried by baker's boys only bringing half what you order.

She reckoned how long it would last, and wondered how much it cost, and then interrupted her own thoughts with a harsh interjection:

'That isn't for me, nor for the likes of me, so I needn't go thinking about it.' At once with female perversity, she set to work thinking of it more than ever.

Her whole thoughts were swallowed up in this sack as completely as the flour itself, when there came the slow rumbling of wheels that stopped at her door.

'Ah! he's come again,' she cried; 'I knew he would;' and not waiting for the knock, she opened the door, with a triumphant "didn't I tell you?"

Before the 'entrance was half finished, she saw it was neither the miller's man, nor the miller's cart.

'Brought you a fon of coal, mum,' said the dusty driver.

'I want to buy a bushel,' she said, for thinking about the miller's man, she had not noticed the coalhearer's message. 'I've been looking for you all the morning.'

'Bushel! why, mum, the whole lot is bought and paid for.' Where'll ye have it put?'

'That lot for me?' cried Harry's wife impatiently. 'Bless me, here's another mistake. Never was truer word than that, troubles never come single. I tell you its all wrong; they are for somebody of the same name, perhaps, but not for me; there's no such luck.'

'Way now, mum, you wouldn't go for to make out as any other woman was your Harry's wife,' and the white teeth and white eyes grinned out from the smutty face.

'Well, but I know there is a mistake somewhere,' she persisted, rather more good-humouredly.

'Any how I'll leave them here, missus, till Harry comes,' said the boy, heaver quietly and, emptying them under the shed, he left such a pile of black diamonds as Harry's wife had never seen the like of.

Half amused at the absurdity of the mistake, yet half vexed at the interruption, she muttered to herself as she finished her bread.

'Well, now, it is really aggravating. Here am I awaiting a bit of flour, and the first agent 'ould for weed of it, but of coal, not one comes. I'm great for a comedy when's an it's purpose to make me think that I haven't got any! I wish the rubbish, the poor stuff in all my born days.'

Such was her state of mind when Harry's familiar step was at the door. His happy face was soon inside. He knew when 'the missis' was cross, but he was a very good-hearted fellow, did what he could to help instead of finding fault.

'Oh, Harry, here's a pretty go. The miller's man has left a whole sack of flour, and wanted to make out that that there were two or three who doubted it. Poor old Kilham shook his pauper head, and his blue, pauper nose, and wiped his eye with his grey pauper sleeve, when he remembered what he had been, for the beadle called him "Squire" still, and thought that he had drunk enough there, to be the "making of the place." But that on that day the "Green Man" woke up was plain enough. Carts and gigs crowded all the yard. Horses were tied up in closest relationship, and fastened under any bit of cover. Big farmers with great mufflers and red faces, stout, husky big-jobbers, tight legged 'horsey men'—all went in to the bar to take something "*for the good of the house*," as they called it, and sometimes their self-denying charity was excessive.

'Such was Harry's place. Through all the seven days of the week it was much the same, only Sunday was rather a sleepier species of the same class. "Sunday School" had been heard of, but no one had attempted to explain the name in Harry's place. Neither "Minister" nor "Missus" could find time for "service," much less could those who were in *their* service. How ever they got to church to be married, or to have the baby christened, had been a mystery to them ever since.

'Harry himself was a good, steady man; quiet, obliging, industrious; nobody had a word to say against him. His wife and children at home had all that he could get for them by rising early and working late, except threepence every day that he spent "for good of Inn." Threepence—a pint—neither more nor less a day"—this was Harry's allowance all the year round.

'Things had gone on thus for some years, till one day Harry sat at home, for a few minutes after dinner. His chin rested on his hands, his elbows were propped up by his knees, and he looked hard into the fire. His tidy wife was busy clearing away the dinner things, his boy and girl were getting ready for school; and in a corner puppy was crunching bones. He was evidently thinking hard. The children's "Good-bye, father," did not rouse him up in reply. The dinner things were all put away, Puppy returned to snooze before the fire. The husky clock whirred as if it were a pulmonary character, and then struck seven.

'"Well, I'll do it," cried Harry, jumping up, and taking down his hat from the peg.

'"What's that you're going to do?" asked the wife, from the back-kitchen, as she clattered the dishes.

'"Sign the temperance pledge," said Harry.

'The wife laughed good-humouredly.

'"Why, what's that for? I wish nobody took more than you do," and her cordially led her into the kitchen to finish the operation of wiping the dishes. "Besides, who ever heard of a total abstainer at a public house? You can't be one in your place.

'Harry was of few words, and when he spoke, spoke slowly, and in a way that did not much impress what he said; so his wife took notice that, as he kept at it, he mattered.

'"Well, he is a poor critter that can't keep his own promise to his own self." Besides, in the middle of the sentence, he had opened the door, and had got four paces from it before he had finished the last word.

'Yet it was a sentence worth hearing. The drunkard who has paused in the way of destruction, and then is hurried like a slave, through his broken resolutions, to serve more abjectly, more accursedly, his tyrant, drink!—the wretched man or woman who turns again from pure promises and fair dreams, lured back to the foul ways of life, nay of death—the penitent who turns hopefully, earnestly determined for better things, might have given worlds for the resolute way, the iron strength, with which Harry's soul felt and said:—"*He is a poor critter that cannot keep his own promise to his own self.*"

Ontario Crown Lands.

The Hon. W. R. Scott, Commissioner of Crown Lands, has made his report for the year 1872, and in submitting it to the Lieut-Governor enters into a full and complete explanation and defence of the Government policy in carrying out the late extensive sales of timber licenses. The facts he brings forward and his arguments based upon them have been stated and re-stated in this and other journals, but still the Opposition press persist in characterizing the ministerial scheme as a "reckless sale of public property," "squandering the heritage of the people," &c. Facts are proverbially stubborn things, and the Hon. Commissioner's facts prove that the public lands have not been sold at all, that the timber is still under official control if wanted for local purposes, and that the sale of limits was on such terms as to render the transaction not only fair, but profitable to the Province.

The actual *sales* of Crown Lands during the year only amounted to 113,623 acres, of the value of $188,436; while of Timber limits 5,031 square miles were *placed under license*, realizing a bonus of $592,601. Thus it appears the huge territory north of Lake Huron was not sold; not an acre of it has passed out of the possession of the Government, and of 3,303 square miles licensed on previous occasions, even the licenses have lapsed from non-payment of ground rent except about 300 square miles. These new licenses had become almost a necessity, for the saw mills on the shore of Lake Huron had grown clamorous for a supply of lumber, which they could not have obtained without license unless an expensive staff of inspectors had been appointed to prevent infringement of the public rights.

Instead of preventing or checking the settlement of the country thus disposed of, this seems to be the only practicable method of opening it up for settlement, since even experimental roads laid out 10 years ago and offered for sale at 20½ cents per acre, have been patented at the rate of only 222 acres per annum, and thus says the Commissioner, "it became evident that the only means of opening up the country for settlement was through lumbering enterprise." He also adverts to the flourishing condition of the lumber market as showing the present to be the best time for carrying out such a scheme, his anticipations in this respect having been fully borne out in the high prices realized at the late sale. He admits that the holders of timber licenses have vested interests which should be respected, and which were "never disturbed by any government, *except for cause*, or in the interest of settlement." He gives an instance of what such causes may be by instancing a difficulty which occurred last year in several districts in which there was some trouble in obtaining timber for local purposes owing to the adjacent lands being under license. In this case the interests of the settlers were considered to outweigh those of the lumbermen, and certain districts were withdrawn from license, and appropriated to the supply of saw mills operating exclusively on lumber for local purposes.—*Advertiser.*

How they Locate a Break in an Ocean Cable.

Some readers have doubtless been at a loss to know how the shore operators, in the event of fracture of an ocean cable, are enabled to ascertain at what point the break lies, so that a repairing vessel can be sent directly to the broken or damaged portion. With the aid of the Philadelphia Ledger, we offer the following explanation:—

Every part of the long distance of wire, and every fathom of the sea and of water, are within the reach of the electrician's instrumental hands, and within the ken of his scientific eye. It is quite practicable for him to "locate the fault" or the break within a half mile of its actual position, no matter where it be. Although these far reaching powers are among the great marvels of modern