Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 38. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY. OCT. 8, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1390.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, is 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 two 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	6

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 despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

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

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross' hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich. Ont. 1340-1y

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

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

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w92 J. T. GARROW.

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

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabbe Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1372

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

W. R. SQUIER.
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1353

P. P. WALKER.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, over Mr. C. E. Archibald's Store, Goderich, Ont. 1278-6m

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

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 136

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURTHOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1307-1y.

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

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.e

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. PATENTS 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. w-1y—

NOTICE.
MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing.
Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

Music and Drawing.
MISS LOWES wishes to inform her friends and the public that she is prepared to give lessons on the Piano forte, &c. Having been taught by first class masters, and for several years a successful teacher, she feels confident she can give satisfaction. Also, a class in Drawing, Water-colors, &c., on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. For terms, apply at the residence of Mr. G. M. Trueman, Hamilton Street, Goderich.
May 19th, 1873. 1370

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo streets and fitted it up as a restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c., in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Goderich, 12 April 1872. 1323

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, 1871. sw73-1y

Money to Lend.

$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 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to
HENRY MATHERS,
1309-tf. St. Helens.

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

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.
INTEREST LOW.—TERMS OF REPAYMENT EASY.
THE CITY OF TORONTO PERMANENT BUILDING AND SAVINGS SOCIETY
Advances money at reduced rates for from 2 to 20 years. Loans repayable in instalments to suit the borrower.
Full information given on application.
R. H. KIRKPATRICK,
1378 Agent at Goderich.

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.

INSURANCE CARD.
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. w36-1y.

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 REFERENCE.
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

TorontoLife Assurance and Tontine Company.
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000
With liberty to increase to half a million
A mount 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: LEWIS MOFFAT, Esq.
GEO DUGGAN, Esq. Judge of the County of York.
W. H. BROOSE, 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.
Secretary and Treasurer: ARTHUR HARVEY, Esq.
Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by
J. J. BELL
1342 Agent at Goderich.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS.....208,369.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,858.26
HON. J. McMURRICH President.
B. HALDAN Managing Director.
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates.
SPECIAL LOW TARIFF 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 Agency for the townships outlying the Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office.
D. WATSON.
Local Agent.
Goderich 12th Sept. 1871 8

Goderich Harness Shop
W. A. MARTIN
HAS pleasure in announcing to the public of Huron and County that he has purchased the Harness business of Mr. Isaac Halliday, on Hamilton St. After having served his apprenticeship with Messrs W. & H. Martin, Goderich, W. A. R. has worked for the last three years in the best Harness Shops in Chicago, 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 26, 1871.

Hotels.

WRIGHT'S HOTEL,
GODERICH, ONT.
SITUATED ON THE HIGH BLUFF overlooking the Harbor, Lake and River.
This house after being thoroughly renovated and furnished is now open for the summer season for the reception of guests.
Parties going to Lake Superior by the *Manitoba* will find this house very convenient.
Large families requiring rooms should engage previously either by mail or telegraph.
J. J. WRIGHT,
Proprietor.
Goderich, 20th May, 1873. 1370

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

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. 23d.....IOWA.....	Mon., Oct. 16th.
Sat., Sept. 30th.....CALEDONIA..	Sat., Oct. 21st
Sat., Oct. 7th.....ANGLIA.....	Sat., Oct. 28th
Sat., Oct. 14th.....COLUMBIA..	Sat., Nov 4th

And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon.
RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.
To Liverpool, Glasgow or Derry:
First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accomodation, $130.
Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friend
Drafts issued payable on presentation.
Apply at the Company's Offices or to
MRS WARNOCK,
West St. Goderich, On
Goderich Oct. 23 1871.

GODERICH
AND
NORTH SHORE LINE.
In connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Shortest, Cheapest, and most direct route.
THE NEW STEAMER
WM. SEYMOUR,
EDWARD MARLTON, MASTER.
will ply in connection with the G. T. Railway as follows: Leave Goderich on arrival of Express Train from the East, weather permitting, for Southampton at 3 p. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning: Leave Southampton at 4 a. m., Port Elgin at 4:30 a. m., Inverhuron at 5 a. m., and Kincardine at 8 a. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Arriving in Goderich each day as above, to connect with the train going East.
SARNIA & PORT HURON.
The above named Steamer leaves Southampton for Sarnia and Port Huron at 4.00 a. m., Port Elgin, 4.30 a. m., Inverhuron, 6.00 a. m., Kincardine, 8.00 a. m., Goderich, 2.00 p. m., every Friday, weather permitting. Connecting with River Boats for Detroit and G. T. Railway Propellors from Sarnia to Chicago, Milwaukie, &c. Returning: Leaves Sarnia every Saturday at 8 o'clock, a. m., weather permitting. For further information, apply to Byron Wilson, Purser, on the Boat, or to Thos Lee, Southampton; J. Eastwood, Port Elgin; P. McIlae, Inverhuron; R. Robertson, Kincardine; W. B. Clark, Sarnia; A. N. Hoffa, Port Huron.
J. V. DETLOR & SON,
General Agents, Goderich

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,
1317 Agent
Market Square, Goderich

IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter
DESIRES 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 prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.
Now is the time to Paint your Cutters Sleighs, and Carriages.
☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with despatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paper hanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN.
Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

SOMETHING NEW!
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ESTABLISHED a branch of his Toronto Sewing Machine Repairing Works,
IN CLINTON,
where all kinds of
Sewing Machines
will be repaired, altered and put in first class running order.
Having had 16 years experience in some of the largest machine manufactories in the world he can guarantee satisfaction.
Workshop—Next door to *New Era* office, Clinton.
MR. L. S. WILLSON, next to SIGNAL office, Goderich, will receive machines and take orders.
THOMAS GOBERT.
Clinton, 10th March, 1873. 1360

Poetry.

Written for the Signal.

Song.

AIR—*The Wanderer.*

BY WM. BANNATYNE.

Far away o'er land and sea, wheresoe'er thy wanderings be,
In quest of fame or fortune, prone apart from me to roam;
Dost thou o'er thou ramblest! fancy, that the spirit of thy Nancy
Is with weary watchings, worn and woe 'Lorn pining here at home?

While ambitious dazzling star o'er the gory field of war
Inspires thy breast to prowess bold thro' danger's wild career
Whilst battles bolts are gleaming and glory's pennon streaming,
Can soft sad thoughts of home and love Recal thy spirit here?

In the dewy twilight shade, of the leafy woodland glade—
While the ring dove's plantive murmuring floats sweetly on the wind:—
Where the tinkling streamlet gushes 'mongst the fragrant flow'rs and bushes,
Wilt thou e'er thou wanderer meet again
With her you've left behind?

Oh that weary bauble gold! What hearts are bought and sold
By the bright enamaring witcheries that sparkle round its shrine!
What false false words are spoken! what fond ties rudely broken!
What chilling anguish preys on breasts As prone to trust as mine!

Sweet hope! thy smiles impart to my sadly heating heart;
Give visions dear to truth sincere and joy for years to come!
When free from bloody danger, from the land of foe and stranger,
Kind peace and honest-hearted Love Shall call my wanderer home.

Have Courage To Say No.

You're starting to-day on your life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life:
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement;
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The syren's sweet song may allure you,
Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guided and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show,
You may be invited to enter—
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy have courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you;
The lights blow the dance to and fro!
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a heavenly Father,
Who will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

"Olive Varcoe."

CHAPTER VII.

On the second floor of Mrs. Langley's apartment was a little sitting-room, called Florian's own, and here she and Olive sat together. Mrs. Langley never mounted these stairs; her blindness kept her to her own chamber and the drawing-room. Florian therefore had little to fear of paining her mother, by her coming in contact with Olive for a day or two, till the sorrow had fallen on Trewavas, and the secret was a secret no more. Locking at Olive's white face, Florian dreaded this day. It seemed hard she should have suffered so much in vain, and that shame, disgrace, and infamy should fall upon the house which she had almost died to save. What would she feel when the bolt fell? What would she say, when she knew Charles Vigo's hand had drawn it, and, step by step, and inch by inch, he had hunted down the guilty?

Weak and worn, Olive sat, with listless hands upon her lap, and her head reclining on the cushion of her chair. In contrast against the crimson silk, there shone out the glossy blackness of her hair, and the deathly paleness of the small face once so flashing, once so radiant with the colour of the damask rose; but, changed as she was, here still were those wondrous dark eyes, filled with a holier and far softer light than in the days of her pride and passion, and the long black lashes seemed longer now, when they rested on a cheek of marble.

As she sat she fell asleep, as Florian read to her, and her sleep was feverish, for soon a burning spot of crimson glowed upon each cheek, bringing upon her face an unearthly, painful beauty. Florian softly wrapped a shawl about her, and watched till her rest grew peaceful; then she crept away, and closing the door gently, went to her mother's room.

Olive's sorrows had been many, and in the visions of her sleep old griefs rose up around her. She was a wilful child again at Trewavas, passionately and or passionately gay, now gathering flowers or playing with sea-shells, now bewailing the bitter lonliness of her orphanage, and the slights that set her hot Eastern blood on fire. In these sorrows how often John had comforted her; and in sleep Olive heard his voice, and saw his face, with that strange meek look upon it, which she, and she only, had seen sometimes change to fierceness. The dream troubled thought; and, half waking, she started, as there rose up before her dreaming eyes the long green vistas of the wood, with summer shadows lying still over the limpid pool by the Lady's Bower. Then, laying down her head again, sleep grew more serene, and she dreamed that all the past was but a dream—this terrible vision of death, of exile, of crime and anguish, a dream—and she back again at Trewavas. Was marvelling why so dreadful a grief had visited her slumber.

The joy of this grief was intense. Heaviness was gone; bright sunshine and a balmy air seemed to lift her spirit above the earth as on an angel's wing. Then it seemed to her that she was down upon the sands, with the soft murmuring flow of the waves rippling at her feet, and here she was telling Sir Hilton this dreadful dream of murder; and he smiled as he listened, and said her dream was a folly, for circumstances black as ebony would never make him deem her guilty. He had never loved but her; and as for John she did not know he would soon be Eleanor's bridegroom! Then she fell upon his neck, and cried, 'It is only a dream—only a dream. Oh, Hilton, Hilton!'

Now Florian had desired her maid to admit Sir Hilton Trewavas to her presence the instant he arrived; so, while Olive slept, the door was softly opened, and the girl, in whispering accents announced his name.

'I beg pardon, sir,' said the maid, 'Miss Vansittart has been very ill. She is sleeping. I will go and tell Miss Langley you are here.'

She closed the door, and Sir Hilton was left alone with the sleeper. Almost hidden in the fold of the scarlet shawl, he had not noticed the tiny form till the servant named her; then he turned, and, with all his blood rushing to his heart, he gazed on Olive's face. Her dream made it happy as an angel's, and she smiled as he looked on her.

'How can she look so peaceful! he said to himself bitterly.

Then, as his troubled eye took in more accurately the aspect of her face, he saw the change, the fever-spot upon the faultless features, the emaciation of the once rounded form, the pitiful whiteness of the small clasped hands. She had been ill—she had suffered—perhaps she was dying. He made one step towards her, and at that instant she stretched out her hand in sleep, and murmered, 'Hilton! Hilton!'

'Olive!' he cried; 'Olive, I am here.'

For a moment, at the sight of her suffering, at the sound of her voice, he forgot all, except the love that had so long deemed ignoble. But as she started up, and her large dark eyes in wild affright met his, he drew back, and mastered his emotion.

'I am sorry, Miss Vansittart, if I have disturbed you,' he said.

Olive knew what his words meant: 'Save yourself if you can; I will not betray your disguise.'

She across trembling, and letting the scarlet Cashmere fall from her tiny figure, she said mournfully, 'There is no disguise here, Sir Hilton. I am Olive Varcoe.'

His voice faltered, and his eyes rested on her face, as they had done in the old days, before he had deemed it a wise deed to quench his love, and trample ruthlessly on hers.

'Yes, I am Olive,' she said simply.

Then, because of her trembling weakness, Olive sat down again, and with a slight shiver she drew the shawl around her. The hectic colour on her cheeks had faded, and her face looked like marble, as she leaned back on the red cushion. Sir Hilton could not see without emotion the sorrowful change in her, that told of pain and sickness.

'You have suffered much,' he said softly.

Olive made him no answer, she knew he could not measure her sufferings but she could not help the tears that started to her closed eyes, and welled from their long lashes over her pale cheeks.

'Olive,' he continued—and his face was scarcely less white than hers as he spoke—'Olive, in all human probability this is the last, and only time, we shall ever speak face to face, and alone. For like a great gulf, a crime stands between you and me for all time, and we part now for ever; but if it will comfort you to know that I repent my hardness of heart and worldliness—above all, that I repent the blindness and cowardice, that made me fling away my love for you as a toy, that had amused my boyhood—then know, Olive, that I acknowledge it as the great mistake and sin of my life. And remember, I take my full share of the sin of Eleanor's death, and therefore I think of it mercifully and pitifully.'

'Oh, thank Heaven you say that!' cried Olive, clasping her hands. Thank Heaven!'

'And I can freely forgive her murderer,' continued Sir Hilton in a low voice.

'Remember your words,' exclaimed Olive, suddenly falling on her knees, and holding her hands up towards him. 'Oh remember your words when you are called upon to forgive! Do not harden your heart against me, and deny both your share in the sin and the pardon of it.'

'I will deny neither,' replied Sir Hilton, much agitated by her vehemence. 'Olive, let me think I have made you happier by saying this.'

'Happier!' said she, as she wiped the streaming tears from her eyes, and a smile broke over her face; 'yes, you have indeed made me happier. I think now, I can bear the worst pain of all.'

'What worst pain?' asked Sir Hilton, glancing around, half in terror. He thought she meant a prison and death.

'The pain of knowing I have suffered all this in vain,' replied Olive, pressing her hand upon her quivering lips to still their trembling, and looking at him in such strange grief, that he could scarcely restrain his own tears.

'Not in vain, Olive,' he said eagerly. 'Surely all suffering cleanses the heart. I have confessed to you that I am sorry, that I have repented; give me the same consolation; tell me that this change, this gentleness I see in you, are fruits of deep repentance for the past. And though the world never forgives, though human justice punishes and degrades, I will forgive. This hasty sin, this mad crime shall not——'

'Yes, yes, this mad crime,' repeated Olive eagerly.

'Shall not separate the sinner from my pity, my mercy and my love,' he continued. 'No, it shall not drive that sick, sorrowing, repentant sufferer from my heart.'

Olive covered her face with her hands, and her sobs burst forth in an agony pitiful to hear.

'Thank God you say such words as these!' she cried. 'Oh, how shall I thank Him for all the goodness, and the love, that have worked this miracle in your once proud spirit! Remember, it is a solemn promise you have made. You will forgive, though the world never forgives; you shall show mercy, though the hand of justice deals a degrading death.'

Sir Hilton Trewavas felt his flesh shudder at her words, and for a moment he covered his eyes, to shut out the sight of her pale, imploring face, tear-stained which looked up at his in an agony of prayer.

'If that awful and dreadful time should come,' he said in a whisper, 'I will still keep my promise; but I pray that God may spare us, and avert that day. Cease—cease—do not speak of this; tell me rather of the change I see in yourself.

'Change!' said Olive, stretching out her small, wasted hands, with a feverish action of impatience; then she let them fall on her lap, saying more gently, 'You mean a change in spirit. You ask if I am sorry for the past. No one has such a right to ask me that as a Trewavas. Yes, I am sorry—sorry with a great, an exceeding sorrow. I have gone in bitterness, and mourned as one without hope. In days of desolation, in hours of sickness, loneliness, and pain, all my sins have come, and cried against me, with voices that would be heard. My anger, and jealousy, my impatience and passion, my hasty, vindictive words, all have risen up against me. The longest one, Aunt Margaret, too, for the cruelty of my angry thoughts, when I found all the desires of my untamed heart were thwarted. But deepest of all is my remorse for wild words said to John—words uttered rashly, with unthinking lips, when I taunted him with his meek endurance, or urged him to speak bravely to Eleanor of his love. Oh, how could I be so mad—I, who knew him—how could I?'

Olive's anguish overcame her here, and bowing her head on her hands, she wept silently.

'Do not reproach yourself on John's account,' said Sir Hilton, pitifully; 'I trust I shall yet find him, and take him back in peace to Trewavas.'

Olive looked up, and her glance shook Sir Hilton Trewavas to his soul. What did it say? What did it mean? Why was it full of a pity so much greater than his own for John? Why, too, was her grief so unlike the grief guilt should wear? These questions did not come to him in shape of words; they came like a flash, which vanished in the excitement of the time, for Olive, with somewhat of her old fire, broke out suddenly into bitter self-reproach.

'I meant only to rouse him into a manlier, brayer course,' she cried, wringing her hands tightly. 'I thought, if he spoke to you—if he told you how he loved that poor girl, you would see how pale was your own affection for her compared to his, and——'

'Olive, every word you say is a stab to me,' interrupted Sir Hilton, hurriedly. 'Surely you have nothing to reproach yourself with respecting John; it is I who have been selfish and blind with regard to him.'

'Tell him so if he you find at Trewavas,' said Olive in a very earnest tone, 'and say I asked him to forgive me. Is Lady Trewavas well?' she asked hurriedly.

'I think so,' he replied.

'I am glad of that,' said Olive. 'Tell her from me that I have spared her all I can; and say the child, the little Olive Varcoe she was kind to, is sorry that, in her willfulness, she often seemed ungrateful; but she was never really so; it was a wicked world—I know now the meaning of which was never in her heart.'

'I will give her your message, Olive,' returned Sir Hilton.

He looked at her wistfully, with words on his lips that he dared not utter. She had fallen back exhausted, and, but for the tears on her cheeks, he might have deemed her dead, so marble white was the once radiant, flashing face.

'Olive!' he said, gently.

She started, and opening her eyes, looked at him a little wildly.

'I am weak and tired,' she said, putting her hand on her head. 'You had better leave me, Sir Hilton. You will find Florian in the drawing-room.'

This was the first time in all his life that Olive Varcoe had asked him to leave her, and the request came upon him with a strange shock. But it was right he should go; it was time, indeed, this painful and final parting was over. He rose, and gazing at her with sad eyes, wished that she would hold out her hand. 'I would not refuse to take it,' he said to himself. 'No, I could not.'

But Olive made no sign of asking from him such a mark of kindness, and, save in her sleep, she had not once called him Hilton.

'Farewell, Olive,' he said, sorrowfully. 'Farewell, Sir Hilton,' she returned. Her voice was faint, tender, though low and sad. But still he lingered, and, with face half averted, he spoke in a trembling tone.

'Olive,' said he, 'you left yourself without resources, when you so contemptuously refused my aid, and "repaid" me—as you called it—the cost of your education. It was a cruel thing to do—cruel to yourself, more cruel to me. I trust—I hope you have had aid from others——'

'You mean from Mr. Vigo,' interrupted Olive. 'No, I could not permit even him to maintain me. I have worked for myself.'

'Worked!' said Sir Hilton, and his lips shook, as he looked at the little frail creature, who talked thus.

'Yes,' she replied, 'I taught English, till I fell ill.'

'But you have wanted for nothing, I trust? Surely you had money during your illness, Olive!' continued Sir Hilton, and his voice trembled painfully, now, as he spoke.

'No, I had no money,' replied Olive simply; 'but the poor woman who lodged with me was so attentive, and kind to me. I should have wanted all things but for her. And then a lady came to me, who was very good.'

'Wanted all things!' exclaimed Sir Hilton bitterly; for her words wrung his proud heart to the core. 'And you accepted charity from strangers! Olive, is this just? Surely you will let Lady Trewavas know of this.'

'No, no!' said Olive, interrupting him wildly, and spreading her hands before her face in a kind of terror, 'I cannot accept Trewavas bounty. No money from a Trewavas shall ever touch my hands; I will die first.'

The proud man to whom she had owed all things all her life—a home, comforts, education, position, all the world holds dear—heard her, and bowed his head in humbled sorrow. Hence that all the substance of his house would be to her now as nothing.

'You—you fear to vex Mr. Vigo, perhaps,' he said bitterly, 'in accepting from me what you would not take from him. But it is not I who venture to ask you this favour, it is your aunt, Lady Trewavas.'

'I shall never vex Charles Vigo by what I do,' said Olive. 'I can take nothing from any one whose name is Trewavas, whether that person be aunt or cousin.'

'Then what will you do?' cried Sir Hilton, vehemently.

'I can work when I am well,' she replied.

Sir Milton looked at the white face, the fragile figure of the little creature who said this, and strove in vain to quench the smart of tears in his eyes.

'It will be long before you are well, Olive,' he expostulated.

The anxiety and gentleness of his tone seemed only to irritate Olive, and she said coldly,—'Do not fear for me; fear for others—think of others who need your thoughts more than I do.'

Then the fire and fervour of her nature burst through her calmness, and she cried out, with all her old vehemence, 'Go back to Trewavas, Sir Hilton, and plead by your grandfather's side. The aged have native power of consolation than the young. I ask nothing at your hands; the time for that is past. This visiting must be considered by me. It is Miss Vansittart who wishes to see you. I am weak and weary. Leave me, I entreat you.'

She pointed to the door, and then, without another look, she closed her eyes, as though their interview was over, and the world shut out for ever.

'I have had too much of this,' she said to herself, bitterly. 'Some day I shall be may be for the peace, she must sink beneath him in all things, even in the wilderness, all this crushed upon my head; and he thinks himself merciful, because I am only driven forth into the desert to die.'

She did not weep as she thought of this, but there grew over her white face a shade of disdainful pity for his pride, and Sir Hilton saw her wonderment. It seemed to him they had changed places, and she was conqueror, while he stood before her, she was no longer the willful, weak child, or the passionate girl, whose humble caressing tenderness he had first encouraged, then rejected. No, she was a woman now, chastened and subdued—by a sense of guilt, he thought—and prouder and colder in her repentance than he would have deemed it possible that the fiery and loving Olive Varcoe could ever be. Then it was so strange that she should be cold to him—to him who had insulted and forsaken her, and deemed her guilty; yes, strange, indeed, that the love that from boyhood, in all its wild devotion, had ever been his, could at last grow weary, and fade away. Was this pale icicle Olive—the Olive who had loved him so dangerously and deeply, and whom he had dreamed of so often as she sat weeping at his feet? He had thought of her as loving Charles Vigo, but his first glimpse of her face had made him forget that; now it came back to him bitterly, and he turned in anger to the door.

'Farewell, Miss Varcoe,' said he. 'You desire me to leave you, and I go. I have no right to ask you why you are here, or under what circumstances I presume your conscience exonerates you from wishing to bring trouble on this house, and that is enough. You know best whether you ought to seek an asylum here, Mrs. Langley being a widow and blind.'

'Blind!' repeated Olive, mournfully; 'ah, blind, blind, blind! Go, Sir Hilton; go, before I say something that will kill you as you stand.'

In the school of adversity Olive had learned to discipline her soul; so this was the only bitterness to which her heart gave vent, in return for his cruel words. If he wondered at her speech, he had no time to answer it, for the door opened, and Herbert Langley entered, followed by Chadwick and Damerel.

'Miss Vansittart,' said Herbert Langley approaching her with deep respect, 'I trust you will forgive me for intruding on you, but I am anxious to introduce to you a friend of mine, who is bent on believing that you are not yourself.

'Allow me to make known to you Mr. Vivian Damerel.'

Olive half rose and bowed, with her large eyes fixed on the cold face of the man who had always looked on her with suspicion. He was pale as death, and his firm-set lips looked cruel in their contempt and scorn. He had fancied she would not dare to meet his glances, but she did so firmly, sadly, calmly, and his eyes were the first that fell. Neither of them spoke a word.

Not noticing this, Herbert Langley eagerly introduced Chadwick, who rattled on in his usual way.

'You are scarcely strong enough to bear our presence, Miss Vansittart,' said Herbert Langley, apologetically, 'but my anxiety to introduce Mr. Damerel to you must be my excuse. Trewavas, how came you here?'

'I came to see Miss Langley,' replied Sir Hilton, in embarrassment.

'And here she is!' exclaimed Chadwick.

Florian seemed much agitated; she was flushed, and trembling. She held a letter in her hand.

'Herbert,' she said, eagerly, as she bowed to the three gentlemen who greeted her, 'I want to speak to you.'

'One thing at a time, Flo, if you please,' said her brother, putting her aside. 'Let me finish this affair with Mr. Damerel first.'

'Damerel,' he continued, 'here is my hand—take it, if you can say you are sorry for the mistake that has caused so much trouble.'

Vivian Damerel looked at Florian—he wanted to make her confess that what he did, he did for her sake; but she kept her head turned away as she bent over Olive anxiously.

'If I have given you or Miss Langley trouble, I am sorry for it,' said Vivian, evasively.

'But now you have seen Miss Vansittart,' persisted Herbert, 'you are of course willing to acknowledge that your act in Ireland was prompted by a mistake?'

Olive would have spoken here, but Florian pressed her hand earnestly, and she kept silent.

'Miss Langley,' said Vivian, turning to her suddenly, 'if I saw you cherishing some dangerous creature, would it be right or wrong to warn your friends of it?'

Sir Hilton, very pale, took a step nearer to Olive, as it to protect her; but Herbert Langley, at Vivian's question, broke into fury.

'What!' he cried. 'Do you dare still to question my honor and truth? Florian—Miss Vansitt