Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX, NO. 36. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1544.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Paper published in Canada, printed and published (Unbroken) every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS: $1.50 per annum strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within nine months, and over that time $2.50.

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

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executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Dr. McNab's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1510-1yr

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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.

112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1488

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M. C. CAMERON, Q.C. W. H. MCFADDEN. F. HOLT.

B. 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. 1379

Seager & Wade

BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.

C. Seager Jr. E. L. Wade.

Goderich, April 26th, 1876. 1yr.

Squier & McColl

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Goderich and Brussels, Ont.

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MONEY TO LEND.

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HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1369.

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N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1312

J. W. GAMBLE.

AGENT for Canada Fire and Marine Insurance Co.; Beaver and Toronto Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and for Canada Life Stock Insurance Company. Valuator for Western Canada Permanent Building and Saving Society. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer, Amherstby, May 17, 1876. 1526-1y.

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For inventors expeditiously and 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. w1

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Land Broker,

CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL AGENT,

MONEY TO LEND

At Lowest Rates.

OFFICE—Acheson's Block, West Street over the Post Office, Goderich, Ont.

E. R. WATSON,

HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Paper Decorating made a specialty.

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Shop on North Street opposite the Registry Office, Goderich. 1494 1y

R. PROUDFOOT,

DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES

Flour, Feed and Provisions,

East street.

Opposite Knox Church,

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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. F. Armstrong & Bros.

Manufacturers of

Fanning Mills, Land Rollers, Horse-Rakes, Spiral Spring wagon seats, Shawnithans, drainage or salt well piping of any required bore, Cistern, house and barn pumps always on hand and satisfaction guaranteed. Parties will do well to give us a call at the old stand, Nelson street, Goderich.

Terms Reasonable.

1536-1yr

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Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St,

GODERICH, Ont.

HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.

BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied a 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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MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS on REAL ESTATE: No delay and reasonable charges. Interest from eight to ten per cent according to security.

J. T. GARROW,

Barrister, &c.

January 27th, 1876. 1341-tf

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AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.

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Secretary and Treasurer,

CHAS. ROBERTSON,

Toronto. 1343.

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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 equal instalments; note of expenses will defy competition.

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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:

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Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.

HORACE HORTON

Office Market Square, Goderich.

Oct. 20th 1870. 884-1y.

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.—Enquire of Directors.

HUGH HAMILTON,

1495 1y G. L. Agent, Goderich.

Money to Lend.

$50,000 00.

Rusting for want of Applicants

Best terms yet offered to the public.

B. L. DOYLE,

Solicitor, &c.

Goderich

1509-1yr

$20,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing free of charge.

N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.

DAVIDSON & JOHNSON,

Barristers, &c.

1443-1y 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 $13,000,000, are being paid in full as fast as adjusted without abatement.

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.

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A. M. ROSS, Agent for 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.

1464—6m0

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OF THE

Trust & Loan Company of Canada.

Incorporated by Royal Charter

CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.

Funds for Investment.

LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm & City and 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.

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Artificial Stone

AND MARBLE.

The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for

WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK

required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, in the Drill Shed, 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 their proper encouragement.

Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.

J. & G. W. THOMSON,

1473-3m Goderich, Ont

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VARIETY STORE

IMPORTATIONS FOR 1876.

WALL PAPERS,
BORDERS,
WINDOW BLINDS,
BASKETS.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF NOVELTIES,

Always on Hand.

CRABB'S BLOCK,

Market Square, Goderich

Post Free 50 Cents.

LITERARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIVING CHARACTERS.

DEDICATED TO

THE WEAK, THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED,

Suffering from folly, indiscretion, or excess, with available means of self-aid to

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

MEDICAL REVIEW.

"Persons feeling ill and out of sorts, and others "the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, "with all its attendant evils, will find comfort and "consolation by a perusal of Literary Photographs."—RECORD.

W. SINCLAIR Medical Publisher

Road, Barnes, London, S. W.

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Turning Shop and Bedstead Factory,

On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,

In the shop formerly used as an axe factory, the public can be accommodated with all kinds of TURNING, PLANING, SAWING and GENERAL JOB WORK.

All very cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.

Give me a call, and support home manufacture.

SAMUEL CURRIE.

Goderich, Sept. 22, 1875. 1420—1y

H. DUNLOP,

Merchant Tailor,

WEST STREET,

HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of

Spring & Summer Cloths, Tweeds, &c.

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, May 2, 1876. 1524

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

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, 1876. 1468-1yr

John McKenzie.

—OF—

The Hamilton St.,

CABINET SHOP,

Has a large stock of

Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Tables, Bureaus, Matresses

And all the usual Cabinet stock which will be sold Cheap for Cash.

Between setts of all kinds and prices. Bracket ready made or made to order. Looking Glasses of any pattern.

Call and examine before selecting elsewhere. Remember the address

JOHN McKENZIE,

Next door to Trueman's Auction Mart, Hamilton Street.

Goderich, March 1st, 1876. 1315-1y

Wm. M. HILLIARD

Is prepared to receive on commission

FARM PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.

He has on hand, from Thompson & Currie, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Pearl Barley; also Flour and Mill Feed, from Saunby. Have also for sale a choice lot of

Red Scotch Fall Wheat

from the farm of Mr. Port r, Colborne.

Pearl and Hominy Grits.

These excellent articles kept on hand, and directions given to purchasers for using. White oatmeal, from Missouri, on hand.

WM. DICKSON

FRUIT TREE AGENT,

representing

GEORGE LESLIE & SON'S

TORONTO NURSERIES.

Persons wishing to procure reliable stock, will receive perfect satisfaction by dealing with this firm. Orders sent through me will receive prompt and careful attention, and the cost of carriage from Toronto saved to the purchaser. Also, agent for the

BROCKVILLE CHEMICAL AND SUPERPHOSPHATE WORKS,

manufacturers of the best fertilizer in use. Send for catalogues and circulars. Address, box 47, Goderich.

WM. DICKSON.

☞ Orders may be left at SIGNAL Office.

NEW DOMINION BAKERY,

on the corner of

NORTH STREET,

OPPOSITE DETLOR'S STORE.

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

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 $2 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, 13th Jan, 1876. 1459-1yr

Poetry.

Lines

Addressed to a celebrated aurist, who had completely cured a deaf and dumb boy. The little fellow was a great favorite of mine, and I had taught him chirology, so that he could freely communicate to me his ideas, on his fingers. Shortly after the Doctor told me the result of his treatment, I sent him the lines, which he gave to the boy's father, who immediately sent me a grateful letter, and five guineas.

Thou hast set free a glorious world,
Within his wondering brain—
The world of thought, that once was hurl'd,
And bound as with a chain.

Along the wondrous labyrinth,
That yields to thy control,
Thou hast let light and music in
Upon a sorrowing soul.

Thou hast made clear a precious path
Into his beating heart,
For the sweet, thrilling voice of love
To enter and depart.

Thou hast unseal'd his silent lips;
Then teach them to express
To Heaven and thee his spirit's wealth
Of praise and thankfulness.

For, ah! so deep th'o'erwhelming trance
Of rapture in the boy,
The lips, once dumb from ignorance,
Are *wordless* now from joy.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, August, 1876.

For the SIGNAL.

The Sabbath Evening.

A FEW REFLECTIONS ON VIEWING THE COMMOTIONS OF THE CELESTIAL ATMOSPHERE.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still,
And beautiful as dreams of heaven,
It slumbers on the hill;
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings
And rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder seeming rocks, the trees
In shadowy grouping recline,
Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer,
Around their holy shrine;
And through their leaves the night-winds blow
So calm and still, their music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow
They seem to fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a higher sphere,
Come down at noon, to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating by,
The flowers, gaze upon the heavens
The bright streams leaping high
Are living with religion—deep
On earth and sea their glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of other days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes thro' the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there!
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild;
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled!
And holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels from the heart,
And find—(for earth's dark ties—are riven)
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, 4th Sept., 1876.

The New Magdalen.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONFESSION.

He stopped just inside the door. His first look was for Mercy; his second look was for Julian.

'I knew it!' he said, with an assumption of sardonic composure. 'If I could only have persuaded Lady Janet to bet, I should have won a hundred pounds.' He advanced to Julian, with a sudden change from irony to anger. 'Would you like to hear what the bet was?' he asked.

'I should prefer seeing you able to control yourself, in the presence of this lady,' Julian answered, quietly.

'I offered to lay Lady Janet two hundred pounds to one,' Horace proceeded, 'that I should find you here, making love to Miss Roseberry behind my back.'

Mercy interfered before Julian could reply.

'If you can not speak without insulting one of us,' she said, 'permit me to request that you will not address yourself to Mr. Julian Gray.' Horace bowed to her with a mockery of respect. 'Pray don't alarm yourself—I am pledged to be scrupulously civil to both of you,' he said. 'Lady Janet only allowed me to leave her on condition of my promising to behave with perfect politeness. I beg to apologize if I have forgotten the clergyman's profession and the lady's sex.'

'You have forgotten more than that,' said Julian. 'You have forgotten that you were born a gentleman and bred a man of honor. So far as I am concerned, I don't ask you to remember that I am a clergyman—I obtrude my profession on nobody—I only ask you to remember your birth and your breeding. He stopped. The two eyed each other for a moment in silence.

It was impossible for Mercy to look at them, as she was looking now, without drawing the inevitable comparison between the manly force and dignity of Julian and the womanish malice and irritability of Horace. A last faithful impulse of loyalty toward the man to whom she had been betrothed impelled her to part them, before Horace had hopelessly degraded himself in her estimation by contrast with Julian.

'You had better wait to speak to me,' she said to him, 'until we are alone.'

'Certainly,' Horace answered, with a sneer, 'if Mr. Julian Gray will permit it.'

Mercy turned to Julian, with a look which said plainly, 'Pity us both, and leave us!'

'Do you wish me to go?' he asked.

'Yes, yes!' She followed him as he withdrew, and added, rapidly, in a whisper, 'Leave the door ajar!'

He made no answer. As she returned to Horace he entered the dining-room. Mercy spoke to Horace, without waiting to let him speak first.

'I have promised you an explanation of my conduct,' she said, in accents that trembled a little in spite of herself. 'I am ready to perform my promise.'

'I have a question to ask you before you do that,' he rejoined. 'Can you speak the truth?'

'I am waiting to speak the truth.'

'I will give you an opportunity. Are you or are you not in love with Julian Gray?'

'You ought to be ashamed to ask the question!'

'Is that your only answer?'

'I have never been unfaithful to you, Horace, even in thought. If I had, not been true to you, should I feel my position as you see I feel it now?'

He smiled bitterly. 'I have my own opinion of your fidelity and of his honor,' he said. 'You couldn't even send him into the next room without whispering to him first. Never mind that now. At least you know that Julian Gray is in love with you.'

'Mr. Julian Gray has never breathed a word of it to me.'

'A man can show a woman that he loves her, without saying it in words.'

Mercy's power of endurance began to fail her. Not even Grace Roseberry had spoken more insultingly to her of Julian than Horace was speaking now. 'Whoever says that of Mr. Julian Gray, liars!' she answered, warmly.

'Then Lady Janet lies,' Horace retorted.

'Lady Janet never said it! Lady Janet is incapable of saying it!'

'She may not have said it in so many words; but she never denied it when I said it. Lady Janet is bent on breaking off our engagement—and Julian Gray is at the bottom of it.'

He advanced a step, and fixed his angry eyes on her searchingly.

'Do you know why Lady Janet sent for me?' he asked.

'No.'

'Then I will tell you. Lady Janet is a stanch friend of yours, there is no denying that. She wished to inform me that she had altered her mind about your promised explanation of your conduct. She said, 'Reflection has convinced me that no explanation is required; I have laid my positive commands on my adopted daughter that no explanation shall take place.' Has she done that?'

'Yes.'

'Now observe! I waited till she had finished, and then I said, 'What have I to do with this?' Lady Janet has one merit—she speaks out. 'You are to do as I do,' she answered. 'You are to consider that no explanation is required, and you are to consign the whole matter to oblivion from this time forth.' 'Are you serious?' I asked. 'Quite serious.' 'In that case I have to inform your ladyship that you insist on more than you may suppose; you insist on my breaking my engagement to Miss Roseberry. Either I am to have the explanation that she has promised me, or I refuse to marry her.' How do you think Lady Janet took that? She shut up her lips, and she spread out her hands, and she looked at me as much as to say, 'Just as you please! Refuse if you like; its nothing to me!'

He paused for a moment.

'I will not trouble you much longer,' he resumed. 'I said to Lady Janet, 'Be so good as to answer me in plain words. Do you still insist on closing Miss Roseberry's lips?' 'I still insist,' she answered. 'No explanation is required. If you are base enough to suspect your betrothed wife, I am just enough to believe in my adopted daughter.' I replied—and I beg you will give your best attention to what I am now going to say—I replied to that, 'It is not fair to charge me with suspecting her. I don't understand her confidential relations with Julian Gray, and I don't understand her language and conduct in the presence of the police officer. I claim it as my right to be satisfied on both those points—in the character of the man who is to marry her.' There was my answer. I spare you all that followed. I only repeat what I said to Lady Janet. She has commanded you to be silent. If you obey her commands, I owe it to myself and I owe it to my family to release you from your engagement. Choose between your duty to Lady Janet and your duty to me.'

'My choice was made,' Mercy answered, 'when I gave you my promise up stairs.'

She waited a little, struggling to control herself on the brink of the terrible revelation that was coming. Her eyes dropped before his; her heart beat faster; but she struggled bravely. With a desperate courage she faced the position.

'If you are ready to listen,' she went on, 'I am ready to tell you why I insisted on having the police officer sent out of the house.' Horace held up his hand warningly.

'Let us not misunderstand one another,' he said. 'The explanation of your conduct in the other room is only one of the explanations which you owe me. You have something else to account for. Let us begin with that if you please.' She looked at him in unaffected surprise.

'What else have I to account for?' she asked.

He again repeated his reply to Lady Janet.

'I have told you already,' he said. 'I don't understand your confidential relations with Julian Gray.'

Mercy's color rose; Mercy's eyes began to brighten.

'Don't return to that!' she cried, with an impressible outbreak of disgust. 'Don't, for God's sake, make me despise you at such a moment as this!'

His obstinacy only gathered fresh encouragement from that appeal to his better sense.

'I insist on returning to it.'

She rose from her seat and met his eye firmly.

'I refuse to degrade myself, and to degrade Mr. Julian Gray, by answering you,' she said.

'Consider what you are doing,' he rejoined. 'Change your mind, before it is too late!'

'You have had my reply.'

Those resolute words, that steady resistance, seemed to infuriate him. He caught her roughly by the arm.

'You are as false as hell!' he cried. 'It's all over between you and me!'

The loud threatening tone in which he had spoken penetrated through the closed door of the dining-room. The door instantly opened. Julian returned to the library.

He had just set foot in the room, when there was a knock at the door—the door that opened on the hall. One of the men-servants appeared, with a telegraphic message in his hand. Mercy was the first to see it. It was the matron's answer to the letter which she had sent to the Refuge.

'For Mr. Julian Gray?' she asked.

'Yes, miss.'

'Give it to me.'

She signed to the man to withdraw, and herself gave the telegram to Julian. 'It is addressed to you, at my request,' she said. 'You will recognize the name of the person who sends it, and you will find a message in it for me.' Horace interfered before Julian could open the telegram.

'Another private understanding between you!' he said. 'Give me that telegram.'

Julian looked at him with quiet contempt.

'It is directed to me,' he answered, and opened the envelope.

The message inside was expressed in these terms: 'I am in deeply indebted to you sir. Say that I have her back in the Refuge with all my heart. I have business this evening in the neighborhood. I will call for her myself at Habbithorpe House.'

The message explained itself. Of her own free will she had made the expiation complete! Of her own free will she was going back to the martyrdom of her old life! Bound as he knew himself to be to let no compromising word or action escape him in the presence of Horace, the irrepressible expression of Julian's admiration glowed in his eyes as they rested on Mercy. Horace detected the look. He sprang forward and tried to snatch the telegram out of Julian's hand.

'Give it to me!' he said. 'I will have it!'

Julian silently put him back at arm's length. Maddened with rage, he lifted his hand threateningly. 'Give it to me!' he repeated between his set teeth, 'or it will be the worse for you!'

'Give it to me!' said Mercy, suddenly placing herself between them.

Julian gave it. She turned, and offered it to Horace, looking at him with a steady eye, holding it out to him with a steady hand.

'Read it,' she said.

Julian's generous nature pitied the man who had insulted him. Julian's great heart only remembered the friend of former times.

'Spare him!' he said to Mercy. 'Remember he is unprepared.'

She neither answered nor moved. Nothing stirred the horrible torpor of her resignation to her fate. She knew that the time had come. Julian appealed to Horace.

'Don't read it!' he cried. 'Hear what she has to say first!'

Horace's hand answered him with a contemptuous gesture. Horace's eyes devoured, word by word, the Matron's message. He looked up when he had read it through. There was a ghastly change in his face as he turned it on Mercy. She stood between the two men like a statue. The life in her seemed to have died out, except in her eyes. Her eyes rested on Horace with a steady glittering calmness. The silence was only broken by the low murmuring of Julian's voice. His face was hidden in his hands—he was praying for them. Horace spoke, laying his finger on the telegram. His voice had changed with the change in his face. The tone was low and trembling: no one would have recognized it as the tone of Horace's voice.

'What does this mean?' he said to Mercy. 'It can't be for you?'

'It is for me.'

'What have you to do with the Refuge?'

Without a change in her face, without a movement in her limbs, she spoke the fatal words:

'I have come from a Refuge, and I am going back to a Refuge. Mr. Horace Holmcroft, I am Mercy Merrick.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

GREAT HEART AND LITTLE HEART.

There was a pause.

The moments passed—and not one of the three moved. The moments passed—and not one of the three spoke. Insensibly the words of supplication died away on Julian's lips. Even his energy failed to sustain him, tried as it now was by the crushing oppression of suspense. The first trifling movement which suggested the idea of change, and which so brought with it the first vague sense of relief, came from Mercy. Incapable of sustaining the prolonged effort of standing, she drew back a little and took a chair. No outward manifestation of emotion escaped her. There she sat—with the death-like torpor of resignation in her face—waiting her sentence in silence from the man at whom she had hurled the whole terrible confession of the truth in one sentence! Julian lifted his head as she moved. He looked at Horace, and advancing a few steps looked again. There was fear in his face, as he suddenly turned it toward Mercy.

'Speak to him!' he said in a whisper. 'Rouse him, before it's too late!'

She moved mechanically in her chair; she looked mechanically at Julian.

'What more have I to say to him?' she asked, in faint, weary tones. 'Did I not tell him every thing when I told him my name?'

The natural sound of her voice might have failed to affect Horace. The altered sound of it roused him. He approached Mercy's chair, with a dull surprise in his face, and put his hand in a weak, wavering way on her shoulder. In that position he stood for a while, looking down at her in silence. The one idea in him that found its way outward to expression was the idea of Julian. Without moving his hand, without looking up from Mercy, he spoke for the first time since the shock had fallen on him.

'Where is Julian?' he asked, very quietly.

'I am here, Horace—close by you.'

'Will you do me a service?'

'Certainly. How can I help you?'

He considered a little before he replied. His hand left Mercy's shoulder, and went up to his head—then dropped at his side. His next words were spoken in a sadly helpless, bewildered way.

'I have an idea, Julian, that I have been somehow to blame. I said some hard words to you. It was a little while since. I don't clearly remember what it was all about. My temper has been a good deal tried in this house; I have never been used to the sort of thing that goes on here—secrets and mysteries, and hateful long-lived quarrels. We have no secrets and mysteries at home. And as for quarrels—ridiculous! My mother and my sisters are highly bred women (you know them); gentlewomen, in the best sense of the word. When I am with them I have no anxieties. I am harassed at home by doubts of who people are, and confusion about names, and so on. I suspect the contrast weighs a little on my mind, and upsets it. They make me over-suspicious among them here, and it ends in my feeling doubts and fears that I can't get over: doubts about you and fears about myself. I have got a fear about myself now. I want you to help me. Shall I make an apology first?'

'Don't say a word. Tell me what I can do.' He turned his face toward Julian for the first time.

'Just look at me,' he said. 'Does it strike you that I am all wrong in my mind? Tell me the truth, old fellow.'

'Your nerves are a little shaken, Horace. Nothing more.'

He considered again after that reply, his eyes remaining anxiously fixed on Julian's face.

'My nerves are a little shaken,' he repeated. 'That is true; I feel they are shaken. I should like, if you don't mind, to make sure that it's no worse. Will you help me to try if my memory is all right?'

'I will do any thing you like.'

'Ah! you are a good fellow, Julian—and a clear-headed fellow too, which is very important just now. Look here! I say it's about a week since the troubles began in this house. Do you agree?'

[illegible]

(CONTINUED.)

The Post Office Printing.

A great deal has been said about the printing for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which, having been done in those Provinces, has been alleged to have been more expensive than if done by Government contract. We believe that this is true, and the Postmaster General seems to have taken the same view of the case, as he stated in his place in Parliament last session, the inconvenience of the method then pursued, and his intention of changing it. It was so changed, and is now performed by the Government contractor at Ottawa, which is much more convenient for the Department, and much more economical for the country. The Government is ready to accept the responsibility of the new system, but can hardly be held responsible for the old, which was in vogue when it came in power, and under which, ever since Confederation, the printing for the Maritime Provinces was ordered by the Local Inspectors, without, in any case, ever calling for tenders; and the work done at some office in the Provinces for which it was required. The incoming Government gave the method of its predecessors a fair trial, saw its inconvenience and extravagance, changed it for the present one, and thereby effected one among the many salutary reforms that have marked its term of power. We fail to see what ground there is here for the bitter attacks of the Conservative Opposition. Again, the amount paid for the recent printing of the Postal Department has been assailed as enormous and extravagant, but if the writers who find it so easy by a mixture of *Mail* editorials and garbled blue books to formulate serious charges against the Ministry, were really to give all the facts in each case, their readers would discover the manner in which all this righteous indignation has been wasted. As regards the increase in the payment for printing the facts are simply these: that the Way Office system, hitherto existing in the Lower Provinces, having been found unsatisfactory the Department determined to change the Way Offices into Post Offices, and that to do this an increase of books, blanks, etc., was required, which, though paid for at the ordinary rates, of course increased the aggregate printing payments while the work was going on. As we have said, since Confederation the printing in the Maritime Provinces was always done by certain offices to order, and that, although that plan is now abandoned, there was never any variation in its working from 1867 to 1876, save that orders were sometimes withheld from one office and given to another. A consideration of these facts will show how groundless are the charges of Government favoritism and extravagance in this connection. The Conservative scandal-mill is kept in such constant operation that it is impossible to answer all its charges *seriatim*; but from the character of such of them as we find time to treat, our readers may easily discover the character of all.—*Montreal Herald.*

Tattooing Extraordinary.

There is not a greater curiosity in the whole of Barnum's show than the tattooed man, Captain Costentenus. This man has been tattooed from head to foot in the most elaborate patterns, the result being a miracle of art that the work should be done so well, and the existence of a man himself a miracle in nature that a man should live through it. Captain Costentenus is tall, dark complexioned, of superb physique and about 45 years of age. He does not read English, but converses fluently in his own tongue, and in the Italian, Arab, Turkish and Persian languages, and speaks a little French and German, and a few words of English. The climate here affects him in winter so that he keeps muffled in a coarse suit lined with fur, with a soft round cap pulled down over, his forehead and a thick pair of gloves on his hands. His heavy beard only partially conceals the tattooing on his weather beaten face. Costentenus' early history is that of many Albanians. He had always been a soldier of fortune. In 1867 he and eleven others penetrated Chinese Tartary and sided with the rebels. The party were captured and two or three were killed, and the rest were submitted to an ordeal of tattooing which only two survived—Capt. Costentenus and a Spaniard, who has since died. The operation lasted three months and was performed daily. Six men held him down while a seventh wielded the tattooing apparatus. At the conclusion of the operation he regained his health, and was freed by the Tartars, instead of making his escape as was reported. This tattooing was done to warn outside barbarians of the danger of penetrating the Tartars' domains. Nothing like the captain's person has ever been seen in civilized countries. By the side of his gorgeously embellished cuticle the tattooing of South Sea Islanders fades into insignificance. The material used was indigo and cinnabar, the former producing a black and the latter a red. At a first glance the captain's body seems to be covered with a Turkish shawl, but a closer examination shows that the pictures in two colors are produced by unnumbered points. On his forehead are animals and inscriptions and on the face star-like figures. On the hands are numerous red points, and fingers resembling sculptures, as well as long-tailed, panther-like shapes. The ears are absolutely the only part of the body free from tattooing, even the scalp being embellished. On the neck, chest, abdomen, back and extremities the skin is a mass of symmetrically arranged and admirably-executed figures of monkeys tigers, lions, elephants, peacocks, storks, swans, snakes, crocodiles, lizards, mingled with bows, arrows, leaves, flowers and fruits. Between the figures are words in Berminian in blue and red letters and simple points or stars and circles. The original skin is invisible. On the palms of the hands are indescribable figures, and little figures are on the inside of the fingers. On the back sides of both feet to the toes are blue points, and from the toes to the nails are red lines. Altogether there are 388 tattooed pictures on the entire body—on the forehead 2, neck 8, chest 59, back 37, abdomen 52, upper extremities 101, lower extremities 137; yet the captain is in perfect health.

Gleanings.

Topsham, Me., has a handsome young lady with her seven feet six inches long.

There are 108 Protestant evangelistic societies in Italy, with about 3,000 communicants.

It was only a few years ago that Christianity obtained a foothold in Madagascar. Now there are in that island 1,208 churches and 200,000 worshippers.

The *Globe* says that the Russian land army can now be brought up to 2,500,000 men, without counting the Opolchenie, or national militia.

The Jory Centennial, which arrived at Abercrombie, Pembrokeshire, England, the other day, was fifty-seven days in crossing from continent to continent.

A traveler stopped into the cottage of an English farm-hand at supper-time, and saw on the table