Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 6. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1514.

The Huron Signal,
(ESTABLISHED 1846.)
One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, printed and published every Saturday morning, at its Office, Montgomery Street, adjoining the Market Square, by
ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS: $1 00 per annum strictly in advance; $1.25 if paid within three months; $1.50 if paid within nine months, and over that time $2.00. 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. Local Notices ten cents per line. Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, front 6 to 10 lines $6.
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. Special contracts for definite terms are made at low rates.
☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.
Advertisements intended for insertion to any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.
The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unexcepted 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. NACHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-1y

C. CARTWRIGHT, L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
CLINTON, ONT.
Office,—Opposite the Market and next door to the new Bank.
Teeth with Exposed Nerves, can be treated and filled with Gold, and made as good as sound ones. Teeth Extracted in the most improved style. All operations performed with Ease and Skill. 1444 1y

G. C. Shannon M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 13d40-1y

DR. CASSADY,
McGILL College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

A. TAYLOR, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Mrs. McKel's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1510-1yr

Drs. Campbell & Burgess,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHEURS.
Office, Main Street, Seaforth, near the station.
JOHN CAMPBELL, M. D
Coroner for the County.
JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D.C. M.

HOMŒOPATHY.
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. 1485

Cameron & McFadden.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M C. CAMERON W. H. MCFADDEN.

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. 1372

Sinclair Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. Sinclair. C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade. Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

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

J. T. GARROW,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Office, corner Square and Hamilton Sts. Goderich.

P. E. WALKER.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery and Insolvency, Notary Public, &c. West Street, Goderich. 15-2-1yr

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office—No. 82, Patons' Hardware store, Anchor block, Hensdon's, Goderich. 1493

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1423-1y

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c. Plans and Specifications and drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. Office over F. Jordan's Drug Store, Goderich. 1307-1y.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1209.

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE. OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
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. w4-1y—

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest, Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees moderate.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON, Barristers, &c.
1441-1y Goderich

Woodcock & Dickson,
Land Brokers,
CONVEYANCERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,
MONEY TO LEND
At Lowest Rates,
OFFICE—Acheson's Block, West Street over the Post Office, Goderich, Ont.
B. WOODCOCK. WALTER DICKSON

RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

E. R. WATSON,
HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Parlor Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING GILDING
Shop on North Street opposite the Registry Office, Goderich. 1494 1y

St. Joseph's Convent.
Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included per quarter $3 00
Instrumental Music, ... 7 00
Vocal, ... 7 00
Painting and Crayon work 7 00
For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876. 15 9-1yr

STAR BAKERY
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. 29, 1874. 1445-1yr

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. U. 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

Money to Lend.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 20th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

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. ROBERTSON,
Toronto. 1343.

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:
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. 20th 1870. sw5-1y.

Money to Loan
THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING BLAKIE, ESQ., President.
MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the same system as to municipalities.—Send for Circulars.
HUGH HAMILTON,
1495 1y C. L. Agent, Goderich.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
And Globe Insurance Company.
Available Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT REFERENCE. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of the losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
Favorite route for Tourists.
Finest approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,
Cabins—$65, $75 & $80—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1469 Goderich

CANADA
Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent,
Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City 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.

Artificial Stone.
The sbscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Nesbergall's Bath Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
1473—3m Goderich, Ont.

Something New
ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place. McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery,
GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost. Parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Good auctioneers and clerks attended.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1458-1yr

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER-HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail dealer in Market Street, Kincardine, Ontario Street, Goderich.

Goderich & Kincardine
MARBLE WORKS.
HEADSTONES,
HOUSE TRIMMINGS,
MONUMENTS.
And work of all kinds in Marble designed and executed in the best style and at most reasonable prices.
MARBLE MANTLES
KEPT IN STOCK.
GRANITE MONUMENTS,
AND
HEADSTONES.
Imported to order.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
SCOTT & VANSTONE.
1482-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Fall & Winter 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, Oct. 13, 1875. 1496

SAUNDERS'
HAS THEM!
T Heating Stoves
H Hall Stoves,
E Coal Stoves,
B Cooking Stoves,
E Parlor Cooks,
S Hot Air
T Drums.
Also on hand a large stock of
Plain and Fancy Tinware.
Toys and Fancy Goods
AT
SAUNDERS' VARIETY STORE,
Crabb's Block Market Square, Goderich.

PHILO NOBLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAMILTON STREET,
GODERICH,
Has on hand the best assorted stock of
Cloths, Tweeds, &c. &c
I hope from my long experience in the trade and employing the best of workmen, to receive the support of my friends and the public.
Clothing made to Order
on the shortest notice and guaranteed to fit. Call and inspect the stock.
2 doors East of W. Acheson's harness shop. 1489ly

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1475 1yr

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door to the
FIREMAN'S HALL,
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS
AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY

A NEW ENTERPRISE
Turning Shop and Bedstead Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,
In the shop formerly used as an axe factory, where 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.
SAM'L CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. 1422—1yr

NEW MEAT MARKET
N. LINDSAY.
BEGS to notify the inhabitants of Goderich that he has opened out a new Meat Market in the store opposite the Colborne Hotel, where he will always have for sale the best of meat, and having received the services of a first-class butcher from Toronto, will warrant satisfaction. Meat delivered to any part of the town.
December 22nd, 1875. 1466-1yr

Poetry.

A Dreamy Reader.

(From Scribner's Monthly.)

The overwrought editor of the Monthly Gossip
Had written much more than he should of the dates,
He had mixed up the Nile with the Ganges and Tiber,
Given the front part of a dromedary to the state,
And a dromedary's back to a Bengal tiger,
Which, with a "what's-the-matter-with-you" air,
Stands with one foot in the Nile and one in the Tiber.

"Here are you!" The editor turned with a smile,
And gently plucked his chair
From the visitor's ready-to-depart sole
(Whose hat was already on the back of his head)
Or the top of the table, and sat down on it
(A shocking old thing, by the way,
And, what is more, he's perfectly aware
Of the fact, but he's perfectly shameless),
"Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"Oh—I just called to see yo"—the visitor said;
"I'm a regular reader of your paper,
Here he has a red handkerchief over his head,
And stopped the editor's fun—
"I never read all the paper, you understand,
But I've looked it over
And they've stuck to the text, I confess,
That 'or slap you the Keyser was certainly best;
You've no overpower, sir, to the press!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said the writer, "indeed;
But you praise me too highly, by far—
Just as much as you blame, when you're unaware to send,
And while coming it, you don't mean to send,
By the way, I've a notion I did up for a treat—
I've been keeping it nestled in cotton,
It's a wonderful—sir, it is going to set—
Now, perhaps, you will relish it then?"

Then the stranger rolled up half a dozen or more
Of the editor's choicest effusions of all—
Helped himself to the fruit, threw the rind on the floor,
Or flung them at flies on the wall.
He assured his new friend that his "dears were
wrote
In a manner uncommonly nice"—
As he wiped his red hands on the editor's coat
That hung at the side of the table.

"By the way, I've neglected to ask you your name,"
Said the curio as the company came;
"That's a fact," he added, "I'm absent-minded.
You have heard of that name, I suppose?
I'm a-livin' out here on the Fiddlework creek,
Where I have a good honest old farm;
The Gazette gets around to me twice every week—
I'm the consistent reader you've got!"

"Antimulch Bane," mused the editor, "D-a-n-e—
(Here his guest hooped a chew of his 'twist')—
I'm sorry to say your mellifluous name
Doesn't happen to honor my list!"
"Spose not," was the answer, "no reason it should,
For yo see I jest loss with Bill Prim—
He's a reg'lar subscriber and pays in wood,
And I borry your paper o' him!"

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

Sam went round the end of the house, and through a little rustic gate, which opened to a woodland path. The gate was fastened by a latch, and his fingers fumbled a good deal before he succeeded in opening it. The path was a steep one, ascending sometimes by a few rough steps, and leading along the face of a wooded hill. It was a very beautiful walk, and the view of the valley beneath, seen by glimpses through the trees, was one of the finest in the country side. Sam was neither in the humour nor in a fit condition for admiring it. He was too stupid and sullen to care for the beauty of sunshine and shadow on the green hill sides, for the fields faintly tinged with their autumn colouring, or for the flashing beauty of the river, which just below was made foamy by interrupting rocks. He was brooding over his father's words, "Isobel would have stayed here, and been content.' He knew them to be true, and he knew also in his heart that he too would have been content to stay there with Isobel. For to Sam had come the repentance life-long, deep, and bitter, that must come to any one, man or woman, who sacrifices the nobler part of his nature for the sake of the baser. He had sold himself; he knew it; and he was now paying part of the price, in his restlessness, his moodiness, his longings for congenial companionship, drowned so often, alas! by semi-intoxication. He had a dim consciousness of these things now, floating through his dulled brain, and it served to make his head droop more moodily on his breast. He felt them keenly enough at other times—so keenly as to make him ashamed to go among his fellowmen in the light of day. 'I ought to go about ticketed 'sold,'" he sometimes thought. But just now his senses were so blunted, that he had only a perception of them, such as one has of things when half asleep.

He stopped to take a cigar from his case; and after some trouble—for though the evening was perfectly calm, his hand was unsteady—he succeeded in lighting it, and walked on smoking. The path continued to wind along that wooded hill side for miles; it was about four feet wide, and the hill rose from it steeply on the inner side, and descended as steeply, at some points even precipitously, on the other. There was a luxuriant undergrowth of tall ferns and bushes of many kinds beneath the trees, which added to the picturesqueness of the place. Occasionally a rocky ravine cleft the hill transversely, down which there leapt in winter considerable streams, in summer reduced to mere trickling threads, and across these ravines the path was continued by narrow bridges consisting merely of a couple of planks, without any sort of parapet.

Sam crossed two of those bridges rather unsteadily, but in safety. He was approaching a third, which led across a ravine deeper than those he had passed. It was a beautiful place to look down upon; the sides were clothed with drooping ferns, exquisite in their delicate grace, and with moss of the most brilliant and emerald green. A place always damp and cool, such as botanists love to hunt in, sure to find some rare species of fern or lichen nestling in the crevices. Sam had explored every nook and cranny of this ravine in his boyish days; he had climbed a hundred times up and down it steep sides, and knew precisely the places where foothold was possible. Had any one told him that he should ever fall from that wooden bridge, across which he had so often jumped, leapt, crawled in every way a boy's ingenuity could devise, he would have laughed at the thing as simply impossible; and nearly impossible it would have been had his head been clear and his foot steady, but we know they were not so.

He had just reached the middle of the bridge when something startled him. His own little terrier had followed him from the house without his noticing that she did so. She had crept after him, concealed among the long grass and ferns, for with doggish wisdom she had learned to know her master's sullen moods; and now she suddenly bounded before him, barking at some living thing she saw, or fancied she saw, among the rocks. Sam's nerves were not in the best order; he started violently, turned suddenly round, and in doing so lost his balance, and fell sheer down thirty or forty feet into the ravine below. The little terrier stood on the bridge whining piteously, and then scrambled down the rocks to where her master lay, and began licking his still white face.

When he opened his eyes the moon had risen, the dews had fallen heavily, and his light summer clothes were wet; his first sensation was that of being chilled through and through, his next was of burning thirst and intolerable pain. He groaned, and the little dog whined and licked his face in answer. It was some comfort to feel any living thing near him. 'Good lass, good Bell,' he murmured, half unconsciously. As his brain became clearer, he tried to remember how he had got there, and gradually he dimly recalled having left the house and taken the hill path. He knew perfectly where he was. The green glinting over the ravine showed him every familiar crevice and projection, in the high black outline; and far above his head he could see the bridge from which he had fallen. He knew that the place was a lonely one, and that certainly no one would pass by that night; he tried to move, and the effort only produced a cry of agony. He knew, too, that he must have lain there for some hours, for the moon had had time to rise above the ravine, and he felt with a sort of calm despair that he must lie there alone all night.

It was terribly still; there was not a breath of wind to stir the trees or rustle the fern leaves; they all stood black and silent, watching over him like ghostly sentinels. Along with his pain he lay there, hour after hour, till the moon set and the early dawn flushed the east. Who can tell all his thoughts as he lay still and helpless? Forced at last to think as he had never thought before, with no companion to talk to, no stupefying draught to drown the thoughts that came crowding in upon him—the thoughts of his wasted youth, of his stained honour, of his father left alone in his old age, of his betrothed deserted for another—all came rushing back on him now as it had never done before. Once he remembered how he had brought Isobel to that very spot, long ago, when they were children. There was a lower path than the one by which he had come, leading to the foot of the ravine, and they had wandered there together one summer day, and spent hours scrambling about among the rocks, gathering ferns and mosses. He remembered just how she had looked then, and how her clear childish laughter had rung out on the very place where he now lay groaning in his anguish. Then his mind must have wandered, for he fancied he saw her with her golden hair and white dress sitting perched on the rocks far above him, and he tried to stretch his arms toward her, but could not.

The birds moved in their nests, chirping to one another in their sweet, tremulous, morning notes, and the blessed sunlight began to fall in long slanting rays over the fields. He knew that the men would be going to their work in an hour or two, and he hoped that some of them might pass that way and so find him.

That night had changed him, he knew, as nothing else had ever had power to do. For once he had been brought face to face with God and with his own past life; and there is no man who can be alone with God and remain unmoved. He saw things clearly now that he had never seen before, and he resolved that, God helping him, from thenceforth he would be a changed man. Of the bodily change that might be in him, he did not dare to think; he felt that some grievous injury had been done, but what it was he did not know.

Meanwhile, at Burnside his absence had created some alarm, though every one thought and said that he must have gone into some neighbouring house, and staying till it was too late to come home had there passed the night. He was, well known to all his father's tenantes and was popular among them. Nothin, could be more likely than that he had stepped into some farm house to smoke and talk with the farmer and his sons, and that, perhaps forgetting the hour, he had stayed on till late, and then preferred remaining where he was to disturbing the household at Burnside. It was an unusual thing, but it did not seem unlikely. His father remembered that he had done so once or twice during his boyhood, and, telling this to Mrs. Elliott, they succeeded in making themselves comfortable enough to go to bed. Mrs. Elliott slept quite as soundly as usual, and being in good health, her slumbers were generally undisturbed. The old man's sleep was more broken, and he started up repeatedly, thinking he heard his son's step in the hall.

The old servant, Sellars, was the most uneasy person in the house. He could not help remembering the state in which he had seen his young master go out, and uncomfortable thoughts presented themselves to him of what might possibly have befallen. He did not impart his fears to any one; he did not care to speak of them to his fellow-servants; and it was not a pleasant thing to say to his master, that his son had left the house half drunk. Sellars kept his own counsel, therefore, but resolved that at daylight he would take a walk along the hill path. 'Not that it was likely that anything had happened,' he said to him self; 'but it might be just as well to go and see.'

The morning sun was shining on the dewy grass and fern leaves as he went along, walking slowly, for he was not so able to climb hills as he had once been. He had proceeded several hundred yards along the upper path, by which he had seen Sam go the evening before, when a thought suddenly struck him, and he turned back and took the lower one. It wound in and out among the trees, and was much overgrown by luxuriant vegetation, having been little used of late years. A light breeze had sprung up, making every leaf dance, and throwing down flickering lights and shadows on Sellars' bent head. He stopped every now and then to look about him, peering into the underwood, glancing doubtfully up to the higher path, and sometimes listening intently for two or three minutes. Nothing but the rustle of leaves and the morning chirpings of birds fell on his ear, but he walked on till he came to the foot of the third and deepest ravine. Here he came to a final stop, and knelt down with a terrified face and a beating heart beside something that lay still and silent among the long grass. The terrier, Bell, crept to him whining, but the still figure never stirred. With trembling fingers, the old man opened Sam's vest, and laid his hand upon his heart. 'Thank God!' he said fervently, when he felt that it beat, though faintly. As fast as he could, he ran home and roused the farm servants. They brought a mattress, and tenderly laid Sam upon it. The motion brought back a kind of half consciousness, and he moaned as they lifted him. Slowly the sad procession wound among the trees, the sunlight and shadows falling on that white face. Once he opened his eyes, and Sellars, bending close to him, caught some words about "a long time." "That he should have lain there alone in the cold!" said the old man, wringing his hands. "Oh, if I had but come along last night!" They hoped to get him into the house without suddenly rousing his father; but the trampling of feet in the hall wakened him out of his troubled sleep, and he came from his room. He did not need to ask what the matter was; he saw too quickly the figure on the mattress, and knew what must have happened. One bitter cry he gave, then motioned them to carry their burden into a large light room on the ground floor. Strangely enough, it had been Sam's nursery years before, and was now used by his father as a sort of parlour where he liked to sit when alone. The bed rooms were all on the upper flat, and it seemed impossible to carry that helpless weight up stairs.—So heavy and helpless now—so strong only yesterday!

They could do nothing with him but lay him gently on the couch, and send a man and horse galloping off to Holme Lea for the doctor.

Mr. Elliott sat down beside the couch, and, never stirred, nor moved his eyes from his son's face. Sam, whom one paragraph to whom Mr. Elliott, he looked up impatiently and said, "No, no, she'd be of no use here." As was indeed true, for when she did awake and come down, the sight of him violent hysterics whenever she saw Sam's death-like face, and had to be carried, screaming, from the room. Mr. Elliott hardly looked at her; he had taken one of his son's cold, clammy hands in his, and was stroking it softly.

The bright morning hours crept on, and the doctor came. "You must go out of the room," he said gently but firmly; and he led Mr. Elliott to the door and closed it behind him. For a long time the old man sat on the stairs, clasping his withered hands over his face, and straining his ears to catch a sound. He looked far older and more broken down as he sat there than he had done a few hours before; and when the doctor came out, the face he lifted to him was grey and haggard.

"There's no hope, Doctor," he said hoarsely; "I see it in your face."

The doctor answered very gravely, "I don't say that—quite. But I must telegraph to Edinburgh for assistance."

"And I may go in now?"

"Yes. Go in. No one can do any harm."

The long weary day dragged on, but the old man never left his post till late in the afternoon, when the great doctor from Edinburgh came, and he had once again to leave the room. Not for so long this time; the two came out together, and looked compassionately at the grey haggard face lifted to them.

There was hardly any need to speak. Sam's doom was plainly enough written in those pitying faces. "I think," said the Holme Lee doctor, gently, "that Mr. Graeme should be sent for."

He was there already; he had come while the doctors were shut in Sam's room, and had waited. The Edinburgh doctor went away. His time was precious, and there were others waiting for him when his night came. "How long?" Mr. Elliott's trembling lips managed to form, before he went.

"Before morning probably," was the grave answer.

The others went into the room together to wait; and the old man sat down in his former place, and took his son's hand again. Mr. Graeme knelt down prayed, asking mercy for the soul in that dumb body that could no longer ask mercy for itself. He could not tell whether the father listened or not; he seemed absorbed in watching for some gleam of consciousness in his son's face.

Once he looked up at the doctor and spoke. "Will he know me—before—before—?"

"Yes. I think he may become conscious for a little while," answered the doctor.

And the old man watched more intently than ever after that.

At last the gleam came for which he had waited so long. The room in which they were faced the west, and the setting sun shining in, throwing a red light on Sam's face. By that light his father saw his eyelids quiver, and bent down to him breathlessly. His eyes opened, and wandered first to his father's face, then out to the red light quivering through the trees, then back again to his father's face, where they rested. "Father." His voice was very faint, but the old man heard it.

"Yes, my boy."

"I've not been a very good son to you, dear Dad, but I'm going to do better now. I'll try to do better when I get well. I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

His voice was stronger now, and his eyes were wonderfully bright and clear; but Mr. Graeme, who had drawn back behind the couch, saw the doctor lift his hand warningly. The old man did not notice it, and he bent forward eagerly.

"Yes. You'll get well again, my boy. You'll stay beside me, won't you, on the old place, though I am a stupid old fellow? Yes; you'll get well, my dear little lad."

He was thinking of the little son whom he had carried in his arms so often in that very room, rather than of the man who had so often disappointed him.

"Yes. I'll stay. I'll turn—over—a new—leaf." Even as he spoke his eyes closed.

"What—what?" gasped his father.

The doctor stepped forward, and, without speaking, reverently covered the face.

Sam Elliott had turned over a new leaf.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE RED SHOES.

It was late autumn, and Mrs. Graeme sat alone in a cosy little room, called by courtesy 'the study.' The day was chilly, and a bright fire threw a pleasant glow on crimson window curtains, and on the warm crimson cover of the table beside which she was sitting. This was her favourite room. The minister said that her presence did not interrupt his studies, though I feel rather disposed to question the truth of that assertion. At least I feel tolerably sure that the frequent invasions of a certain very young gentleman would have interrupted any mortal man, however studiously inclined. The said young gentleman was sprawling at his mother's feet on the carpet, hugging a toy horse, and dividing Mrs. Graeme's attention between himself and a big account-book over which she was knitting her brows.

Louise had been married just about two years. Her smooth cheek still showed the healthy red through its brownness; her dark eyes had their old, quiet, steady light; her dark hair was as glossily braided as ever. Her dress, from her neat white collar to her trim feet, had still that exquisite finish to which it seems possible for only French women to attain. The same perfection of neatness was observable in the dress of the child, though the clothes he wore were very simple, and by no means costly. He was a round, fat, dimpled thing, with a Saxon red and white complexion, and fair silky hair, and with his mother's large southern dark eyes. Of course he was idolised by both father and mother as only a first child can be.

Louise pored over her big account-book, consulting from time to time some smaller ones, making occasional entries, drawing long sighs, and biting the end of her pen. Her baby son tugged at her gown, and she spoke to him in that peculiar jargon supposed by mothers to be intelligible to children of tender age; but she kept her eyes steadily on the columns of figures. Just then the door opened, and Mr. Graeme came in, fresh from a walk in the frosty air.

'Aha, sir!' he said, snatching up his boy, and tossing him up triumphantly, while the child screamed with delight.

Louise watched them perform a centre round the table, and the lines on her brow smoothed themselves for a minute, but appeared again when she returned to her figures.

'Tom, I can't understand it.'

'Now, wee man! steady, sir! Here we go!' was the minister's rather irrelevant reply. But he came from a second centre, and set the child on his son on the floor to stand.

'Is it that you can't understand?'

'I cannot understand, Tom, how you can afford to be always so generous to your dear. We live very comfortably, but when the account comes to be paid, it gave him one of the smaller books to look at, putting with her finger the column, to call his attention to the total.

'Is it a great deal?' he asked.

'A great deal! ah, you know nothing. Before you had a wife, I wonder much how you ever lived.'

'Well, I didn't take so much trouble as you do,' he said penitently; 'but, on account came in, I just took the amount and paid it, without troubling about the items. But I did always enough to do that with.'

'Ah, but you rose, Monsieur Tom; you were then by yourself alone. Now you have a wife and a son, and very expensive thing.'

'Eh? Yes—well—I don't see how you can cost much,' he said musingly; 'you don't eat a great deal, Louise.'

She laughed a cheery, musical laugh, which, when Tom, junior, heard, he laughed too, and had to be taken up on his mother's lap and hugged. She turned away from the table, and drawing her chair to the fire, proceeded to toast his wee pink feet, her clear eyes looking up the while into her husband's face. He stooped and put his arms round them both. 'I know you are very precious, both of you, and worth all you cost, and a great deal more.'

'But, Tom,' she went on, 'I do not think it is what we cost that makes the account of the grocer so large. I do not as you did. I read carefully all we have, and I find that we pay most for that which is of no use—for wine for brandy, for whisky. They are the dearest of all things.'

'Eh! Is that the case? You must be mistaken, Louise, we use so little of these things.'

'So I also thought. We seem to use little, but that little costs much; and we use more than you thought. You see, so many people come, and when we offer dinner there is sherry wine and toddy, and it becomes finished so quickly.'

'Why, you little niggard, you must turn a screw on my hand. Of course, we give our guests wine as others do. After all, the bill is not more than we can pay, I'm thankful to say.'

To be continued.

Family Matters.

A Chinese doctor says that Americans bolt tea, and thereby lose the flavor, while the Chinese make it by infusion. They place a small quantity of tea leaves in a bowl, pour boiling water upon it and then cover the bowl. The strength of the tea depends on the time the tea is allowed to draw. "And," said the speaker, "when making an infusion do not boil the water hastily at first. Milk or sugar should never be used with tea."

PICKLES.—A delicious pickle can be made after the following manner: One large white cabbage chopped fine in a chopping tray, two quarts of cider vinegar; take one teaspoonful of ground cloves, the same of cinnamon, allspice and mace; tie these into a piece of cloth, and put them into the vinegar, with one tablespoonful of salt and one half-ounce of whole cloves; place the vinegar in a kettle or pan with the spice and cabbage, and boil five minutes; put away in a jar to cool.

MILK SOUP.—With cinnamon boil one quart of milk, two bay leaves, and moist sugar; put some sippets in a dish, pour the milk over them, and set the whole over a charcoal fire to simmer till the bread is soft; take the yolks of two eggs, beat them up, and mix them with a little of the milk, and throw it in; mix it altogether, and serve it up.

SHORT CAKE.—Take half-a-pound of flour, rub it into three ounces of butter and two ounces of powdered loaf sugar; beat up the yolks of three eggs with a pinch of salt add enough milk or water to make the flour into a paste; work the paste lightly, and roll it out thin. If not wanted sweet, the sugar can be left out.

FLANNEL CAKE.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour with one pint of cream add two eggs and beat the whole well till quite smooth; then add slowly half a pint of new milk, into which has been put a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat all well together and fry with lard, a little of which should be made hot for each cake. Eat with powdered sugar, mixed with cinnamon or grated nutmeg.

Fashion Notes.

All kinds of wash goods will be used this summer for street suits.

Checks of bold size will be worn again especially navy blue with white, or else black and white or brown and white. The natte or basket-woven woollens are even more largely imported than when first introduced.

Wholesale milliners are advised from Paris that coarse straw and chip braids will be used for summer bonnets in the ivory and cream tints. These tints will also prevail in the silk laces, and flowers used for garniture.

Tulle bonnets are about to be revived in the cream shades used for dresses, and will be trimmed with black or darkly tinted velvet and flowers.

Old fashioned organdies and the cool clear lawns in favor a generation ago are revived for this year, and come in bordered patterns, with flounces, to be made up with self-trimming.

For handsome suits for the early spring the choicest materials are the damask woollens of a single color, with damask figures wrought by the Jacquard loom as rich and heavy-looking as the brocaded lampas used by upholsterers. These will be used for habits, polonaises, and other over dresses with skirts of silk or velvet.

The earliest hints of spring styles for dress found in French fashion plates point toward long Juive over dresses, habits and Marguerite polonaises. One model is a plain black velvet dress, of which only the sleeves, sides, and the edge of the skirt are visible, as the remainder is covered with a Juive over dress of damask figured foulard of a delicate shade, edged with a braid, and worn with a *moyen-age* girdle low around the hips; this girdle is of golden links, through which black velvet ribbon is passed. Another costume has a myrtle green velvet skirt, almost concealed by a Marguerite pelisse of lighter green bichonne, edged with braid and fringe.

The "leap year necktie" for gentlemen is out. We have not seen it, but suspect