Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 29. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1537.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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MONEY TO LEND. 1378

Seager & Wade
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C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade.
Goderich, April 26th, 1876. 17.

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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, Strawcutters, drainage or salt well piping of any required bore, Cistern hence 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.
1530-1yr

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Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St,
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HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Good delivered in any part of the town.
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TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
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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 yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
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The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies.
PHŒNIX of London, England.
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BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
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Oct. 29th 1870. w36-1y.

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,
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Money to Lend.
$50,000 00.
Rusting for want of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE, Solicitor, &c., Goderich
Jan. 18th, 1876. 1509-1yr

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

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 $12,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
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Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
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HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause. For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
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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 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.
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Artificial Stone
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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 proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
Goderich, Ont.
1473—3m

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

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Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included per quarter $3 00
Instrumental Music 7 00
Vocal 7 00
Painting and Crayon each 7 00
For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876. 1509-1yr

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. 1492—1yr

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 3, 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, 1875. 1466-1yr

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.
Bedroom sets 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. 1515-1y

Wm. M. HILLIARD
Is prepared to receive on comission
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
AUSTRALIAN OATS,
from the farm of Mr. Jas. Letourel.
Pearl and Hominy Grits.
These excellent articles kept on hand, and directions given to purchasers for using. White cornmeal, 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.

Poetry.

The First Tooth.

Poor Baby! for three weeks and over
His gums have been vexing him so!
Whatever we'd give him to handle
Straight up to his mouth it would go.

But now we've the full explanation
Of any such singular acts.
We've reached the whole root of his troubles.
There's no contradicting plain facts.

And oh! what a queer thrill it gave us
To find out this queer little truth,
And see from the rosy gum peeping
That was pretty pearl of a tooth!

It does seem ridiculous, merely,
Because of so tiny a thing,
To behave as if Baby showed symptoms
Of shortly producing a wing!

For Baby himself, beyond question,
Is meagre enough in amount;
And yet, though remarkably little,
He's still of tremendous account!

Poor dear! while he's cutting his first tooth.
How many his friends, true and fast!
I hope he'll prove equally lucky
The day when he loses his last!

—*Edgar Fawcett*, in *August* WIDE AWAKE.

Nebuchadnezzar.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
What is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd bah you for to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You're pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fus' t'ing you know, you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly stubbe'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
A'lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has sah, for a fac'.

Dar, dat's de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folk dey would a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger,
If he was only bigger,
He'd fetch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber t'inks o' kickin—
Whoa dar! *Nebuchadnezzah!*

* * * * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast war spiled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

The New Magdalen.

'Let us understand each other,' he said. 'She has committed an act of deception to the injury of another woman. Was that what you told me?'

'Yes.'

'And she has gained something to her own advantage by the act?'

'Yes.'

'Is she threatened with discovery?'

'She is safe from discovery—for the present, at least.'

'Safe as long as she closes her lips?'

'As long as she closes her lips.'

'There is her opportunity!' cried Julian. 'Her future is before her. She has not done with hope!'

With clasped hands, in breathless suspense, Mercy looked at that inspiriting face, and listened to those golden words.

'Explain yourself,' she said. 'Tell her, through me, what she must do.'

'Let her own the truth,' answered Julian, 'without the base fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice every thing that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that—for conscience sake, and for pity's sake—to her own prejudice, to her own shame, to her own loss—then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved! If I saw the Pharisees and fanatics of this lower earth passing her by in contempt, I would hold out my hand to her before them all. I would say to her in her solitude and her affliction. 'Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!'

In those last sentences he unconsciously repeated the language in which he had spoken, years since, to his congregation in the chapel of the Refuge. With tenfold power and tenfold persuasion they now found their way again to Mercy's heart. Softly, suddenly, mysteriously, a change passed over her. Her troubled face grew beautifully still. The shifting light of terror and suspense vanished from her grand gray eyes, and left in them the steady inner glow of a high and pure resolve. There was a moment of silence between them. They both had need of silence. Julian was the first to speak again.

'Have I satisfied you that her opportunity is still before her?' he asked. 'Do you feel, as I feel, that she has not done with hope?'

'You have satisfied me that the world holds no truer friend to her than you,' Mercy answered, gently and gratefully. 'She shall prove herself worthy of your generous confidence in her. She shall show you yet that you have not spoken in vain.'

Still inevitably failing to understand her, he led the way to the door.

'Don't waste the precious time,' he said. 'Don't leave her cruelly to herself. If you can't go to her, let me go as your messenger, in your place.'

She stopped him by a gesture. He took a step back into the room, and paused, observing with surprise that she made no attempt to move from the chair that she occupied.

'Stay here,' she said to him, in suddenly altered tones.

'Pardon me,' he rejoined, 'I don't understand you.'

'You will understand me directly. Give me a little time.'

He still lingered near the door, with his eyes fixed inquiringly on her. A man of a lower nature than his, or a man believing in Mercy less devotedly than he believed, would now have felt his first suspicion of her. Julian was as far as ever from suspecting her, even yet.

'Do you wish to be alone?' he asked, considerately. 'Shall I leave you for a while and return again?'

She looked up with a start of terror. 'Leave me?' she repeated, and suddenly checked herself on the point of saying more. Nearly half the length of the room divided them from each other. The words which she was longing to say were words that would never pass her lips unless she could see some encouragement in his face. 'No!' she cried out to him, on a sudden, in her sore need, 'don't leave me! Come back to me!'

He obeyed her in silence. In silence, on her side, she pointed to the chair near her. He took it. She looked at him, and checked herself again; resolute to make her terrible confession, yet still hesitating how to begin. Her woman's instinct whispered to her, 'Find courage in his touch!' She said to him, simply and artlessly said to him, 'Give me encouragement. Give me strength. Let me take your hand.' He neither answered nor moved. His mind seemed to have become suddenly preoccupied; his eyes rested on her vacantly. He was on the brink of discovering her secret; in another instant he would have found his way to the truth. In that instant, innocently as his sister might have taken it, she took his hand. The soft clasp of her fingers, clinging round him, roused his senses, fired his passion for her, swept out of his mind the pure aspirations which had filled it but the moment before, paralyzed his perception when it was just penetrating the mystery of her disturbed manner and her strange words. All the man in him trembled under the rapture of her touch. But the thought of Horace was still present to him; his hand lay passive in hers; his eyes looked uneasily away from her. She innocently strengthened her clasp of his hand. She innocently said to him, 'Don't look away from me. Your eyes give me courage.'

His hand returned the pressure of hers. He tasted to the full the delicious joy of looking at her. She had broken down his last reserves of self-control. The thought of Horace, the sense of honor, became obscured in him. In a moment more he might have said the words which he would have deplored for the rest of his life, if she had not stopped him by speaking first. 'I have more to say to you,' she resumed, abruptly, feeling the animating resolution to lay her heart bare before him at last; 'more, far more, than I have said yet. Generous, merciful friends, let me say it here!'

She attempted to throw herself on her knees at his feet. He sprang from his seat and checked her, holding her with both his hands, raising her as he rose himself. In the words which had just escaped her, in the startling action which had accompanied them, the truth burst on him. The guilty woman she had spoken of was herself! While she was almost in his arms, while her bosom was just touching his, before a word more had passed his lips or hers, the library door opened. Lady Janet Roy entered the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH IN THE GROUNDS.

Grace Roseberry, still listening in the conservatory, saw the door open, and recognized the mistress of the house. She softly drew back and placed herself in safer hiding, beyond the range of view from the dining-room. Lady Janet advanced no further than the threshold. She stood there and looked at her nephew and her adopted daughter in stern silence. Mercy dropped into the chair at her side. Julian kept his place by her. His mind was still stunned by the discovery that had burst on it; his eyes still rested on her in mute terror of inquiry. He was as completely absorbed in the one act of looking at her as if they had been still alone together in the room. Lady Janet was the first of the three who spoke. She addressed herself to her nephew.

'You were right, Mr. Julian Gray,' she said, with her bitterest emphasis of tone and manner. 'You ought to have found nobody in this room on your return but me. I detain you no longer. You are free to leave my house.'

Julian looked round at his friend. She was pointing to the door. In the excited state of his sensibilities at that moment, the action stung him to the quick. He answered without his customary consideration for his aunt's age and his aunt's position toward him.

'You apparently forget, Lady Janet, that you are not speaking to one of your footmen,' he said. 'There are serious reasons (of which you know nothing) for my remaining in you house a little longer. You may rely upon my trespassing on your hospitality as short a time as possible.'

He turned again to Mercy as he said those words, and surprised her timidly looking up at him. In the instant when their eyes met, the tumult of emotions struggling in him became suddenly stilled. Sorrow for her—compassionating sorrow—rose in the new calm and filled his heart. Now, and now only, he could read in the wasted and noble face how she had suffered. The pity which he had felt for the unnamed woman grew to a tenfold pity for her. The faith which he professed—honestly professed—in the better nature of the unnamed woman strengthened into a tenfold faith in her. He addressed himself again to his aunt, in a gentler tone. 'This lady,' he resumed, 'has something to say to me in private which she has not said yet. That is my reason and my apology for not immediately leaving the house.'

Still under the impression of what she had seen on entering the room, Lady Janet looked at him in angry amazement. Was Julian actually ignoring Horace Holmcroft's claims, in the presence of Horace Holmcroft's betrothed wife? She appealed to her adopted daughter. 'Grace!' she exclaimed, 'have you heard him? Have you nothing to say? Must I remind you—'

She stopped. For the first time in Lady Janet's experience of her young companion, she found herself speaking to ears that were deaf to her. Mercy was incapable of listening. Julian's eyes had told her that Julian understood her at last! Lady Janet turned to her nephew once more, and addressed him in the hardest words that she had ever spoken to her sister's son.

'If you have any sense of decency,' she said—'I say nothing of a sense of horror—you will leave this house, and your acquaintance with that lady will end here. Spare me your protests and excuses; I can place but one interpretation on what I saw when I opened that door.'

'You entirely misunderstand what you saw when you opened that door,' Julian answered quietly.

'Perhaps I misunderstand the confession which you made to me not an hour ago?' retorted Lady Janet.

Julian cast a look of alarm at Mercy. 'Don't speak of it!' he said, in a whisper. 'She might hear you.'

'Do you mean to say she doesn't know you are in love with her?'

'Thank God, she has not the faintest suspicion of it.'

There was no mistaking the earnestness with which he made that reply. It proved his innocence as nothing else could have proved it. Lady Janet Roy took a step, evidently bewildered; completely at a loss what to say or what to do next. The silence that followed was broken by a knock at the library door. The man-servant—with bows, and bad news, legibly written in his disturbed face and manner—entered the room. In the nervous irritability of the moment, Lady Jane resented the servant's appearance as a positive offence on the part of the harmless man. 'Who sent for you?' she asked, sharply. 'What do you mean by interrupting us?'

The servant made his excuses in an oddly bewildered manner.

'I beg your ladyship's pardon. I wished to take the liberty—I wanted to speak to Mr. Julian Gray.'

'What is it?' asked Julian.

The man looked uneasily at Lady Janet, hesitated, and glanced at the door, as if he wished himself well out of the room again.

'I hardly know if I can tell you, sir, before her ladyship,' he answered.

Lady Janet instantly penetrated the secret of her servant's hesitation. 'I know what has happened,' she said; 'that abominable woman has found her way here again. Am I right?' The man's eyes helplessly consulted Julian. 'Yes or no?' cried Lady Janet, imperatively.

'Yes, my lady.'

Julian at once assumed the duty of asking the necessary questions.

'Where is she?' he began.

'Somewhere in the grounds, as we suppose, sir.'

'Did you see her?'

'No, sir.'

'Who saw her?'

'The lodge-keeper's wife.'

This looked serious. The lodge-keeper's wife had been present while Julian had given his instructions to her husband. She was not likely to have mistaken the identity of the person whom she had discovered.

'How long since?' Julian asked next.

'Not very long sir.'

'Be more particular. How long?'

'I didn't hear, sir.'

'Did the lodge-keeper's wife speak to the person when she saw her?'

'No, sir; she didn't get the chance, as I understand it. She is a stout woman, if you remember. The other was too quick for her—discovered her, sir, and (as the saying is) gave her the slip.'

'In what part of the grounds did this happen?'

The servant pointed in the direction of the side hall. 'In that part, sir. Either in the Dutch garden or the shrubbery. I am not sure which.' It was plain, by this time, that the man's information was too imperfect to be practically of any use. Julian asked if the lodge-keeper's wife was in the house.

'No, sir. Her husband has gone out to search the grounds in her place, and she is minding the gate. They sent their boy with the message. From what I can make out from the lad, they would be thankful if they could get a word more of advice from you, sir.'

Julian reflected for a moment. So far as he could estimate them, the probabilities were that the stranger from Mannheim had already made her way into the house; that she had been listening in the billiard room; that she had found time enough to escape him on his approaching to open the door; and that she was now (in the servant's phrase) 'somewhere in the grounds,' after eluding the pursuit of the lodge-keeper's wife. The matter was serious. Any mistake in dealing with it might lead to very painful results.

If Julian had correctly anticipated the nature of the confession which Mercy had been on the point of addressing to him, the person whom he had been the means of introducing into the house was—what she had vainly asserted herself to be—no other than the true Grace Roseberry.

Taking this for granted, it was of the utmost importance that he should speak to Grace privately, before she committed herself to any rashly renewed assertion of her claims, and before she could gain access to Lady Janet's adopted daughter. The landlady at her lodgings had already warned him that the object which she held steadily in view was to find her way to 'Miss Roseberry' when Lady Janet was not present to take her part, and when no gentlemen were at hand to protect her. 'Only let me meet her face to face' (she had said) 'and I will make her confess herself the impostor that she is!' As matters now stood, it was impossible to estimate too seriously the mischief which might ensue from such a meeting as this. Everything now depended on Julian's skillful management of an exasperated woman; and nobody, at that moment, knew where the woman was.

In this position of affairs, as Julian understood it, there seemed to be no other alternative than to make his inquiries instantly at the lodge, and then to direct the search in person. He looked toward Mercy's chair as he arrived at this resolution. It was at cruel sacrifice of his own anxieties and his own wishes that he deferred continuing the conversation with her from the critical point at which Lady Janet's appearance had interrupted it. Mercy had risen while he had been questioning the servant. The attention which she had failed to accord to what had passed between his aunt and himself she had given to the imperfect statement which he had extracted from the man. Her face plainly showed that she had listened as eagerly at Lady Janet had listened; with this remarkable difference between them, that Lady Janet looked frightened, and that Lady Janet's companion showed no signs of alarm. She appeared to be interested; perhaps anxious—nothing more. Julian spoke a parting word to his aunt. 'Pray compose yourself,' he said. 'I have little doubt, when I can learn the particulars, that we shall easily find this person in the grounds. There is no reason to be uneasy. I am going to superintend the search myself. I will return to you as soon as possible.'

Lady Janet listened absently. There was a certain expression in her eyes which suggested to Julian that her mind was busy with some project of its own. He stopped as he passed Mercy, on his way out by the billiard-room door. It cost him a hard effort to control the contending emotions which the mere act of looking at her now awakened in him.

His heart beat fast, his voice sank low, as he spoke to her.

'You shall see me again,' he said. 'I never was more in earnest in promising you my truest help and sympathy than I am now.'

She understood him. Her bosom heaved painfully; her eyes fell to the ground—she made no reply. The tears rose in Julian's eyes as he looked at her. He hurriedly left the room. When he turned to close the billiard-room door he heard Lady Janet say, 'I will be with you again in a moment, Grace; don't go away. Interpreting these words as meaning that his aunt had some business of her own to attend to in the library, he shut the door. He had just advanced into the smoking-room beyond, when he thought he heard the door open again. He turned round. Lady Janet had followed him.

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

'I want something of you,' Lady Janet answered, 'before you go.'

'What is it?'

'Your card.'

'My card?'

'You have just told me not to be uneasy,' said the old lady. 'I am uneasy, for all that. I don't feel as sure as you do that this woman really is in the grounds. She may be lurking somewhere in the house, and she may appear when your back is turned. Remember what you told me.' Julian understood the allusion. He made no reply. 'The people at the police station close by,' pursued Lady Janet, 'have instructions to send an experienced man, in plain clothes, to any address indicated on your card the moment they receive it. That is what you told me. For Grace's protection, I want your card before you leave us.'

It was impossible for Julian to mention the reason which now forbade him to make use of his own precautions—in the very face of the emergency which they had been especially intended to meet. How could he declare the true Grace Roseberry to be mad? How could he give the true Grace Roseberry into custody? On the other hand, he had personally pledged himself (when the circumstances appeared to require it) to place the means of legal protection from insult and annoyance at his aunt's disposal. And now there stood Lady Janet, unacquainted to have her wishes disregarded by any body, with her hand extended, waiting for the card! What was to be done? The one way out of the difficulty appeared to be to submit for the moment. If he succeeded in discovering the missing woman, he could easily take care that she should be subjected to no needless indignity. If she contrived to slip into the house in his absence, he could provide against that contingency by sending a second card privately to the police station, forbidding the officer to stir in the affair until he had received further orders. Julian made one stipulation only before he handed his card to his aunt.

'You will not use this, I am sure, without positive and pressing necessity,' he said. 'But I must make one condition. Promise me to keep my plan for communicating with the police a strict secret—'

'A strict secret from Grace?' interposed Lady Janet. (Julian bowed.) 'Do you suppose I want to frighten her? Do you think I have not had anxiety enough about her already? Of course I shall keep it a secret from Grace!'

(CONTINUED.)

The Approach to Canton.

As you approach Canton, the river, which is nearly half a mile in width, becomes so crowded with boats of all sizes and classes, crossing and re-crossing each other, that a novice might be in despair of forcing a passage or making his way through them. On either side of the river are moored boats, in which whole families are domiciled, and the fronts of some of these aquatic dwellings are very arabesque; whilst on the decks, or flat roofs, are constructed gardens, where they sit and smoke amidst flowering shrubs, planted in painted porcelain flowerpots, fantastically grouped around. The most gaily decorated of all boats, which have carved frontspainted in arabesque, and silken lanterns suspended from their roofs, whilst looking glasses, pictures, and verses of an amatory character, inscribed on parti-colored paper, decorate their sides, are those sinks of iniquity called "flower-boats." The wretched female inmates, bedizened in tawdry finery, tottering on their deformed feet, appear at the doors and on the decks, beckoning the passers by, trying to entice them by their allurements to enter. Of all the extraordinary scenes which can be witnessed, nothing can be more surprising or astounding to a European than the appearance of the Canton river; for let him have traveled "far and wide;" naught can give him him an idea of the scene but ocular demonstration. Myriads of boats float on the waters, some devoted to handicraftsmen of all descriptions; others to retailers of edibles, cooked and uncooked; boats laden with chests of tea, piled one upon the other, tier above tier, until the side of the boat is level with the water's edge; mandarin boats forcing their way authoritatively through the crowd; war-junks at anchor; whilst here and there a European boat, manned by our sailors, who give vent to their excited feelings by uttering sundry and divers ejaculations, not particularly complimentary to the good seamanship of the natives, or expressive of kindly feelings toward them. Flower-boats, and others belonging to artisans, venders of food, pedlars, merchants, poultry, and sampans, are wedged together, as far as the eye can reach, in one solid mass, apparently impenetrable; whilst the air is filled and your ears stunned with the deafening sounds of gongs and wind instruments, discoursing most unearthly music, accompanied by the yelling, screeching, gabbling and clamor of hundreds of thousands of human tongues, producing a *hodge-podge* of sounds unrivalled and unequalled since the building of the Tower of Babel. As there is no part of the world so densely populated as China, so there is no part of China so thickly populated as Canton, the population of the city of Canton and its suburbs being estimated at about one million, and the denizens of the river, who habitually reside in their boats, are said to exceed two hundred thousand.—*China and the Chinese.*

Indian Jugglers.

Dr. Russell, writing from Madras to the London *Times* about the extraordinary tricks of conjuring exhibited by the Indian jugglers before the Prince of Wales, says:

First Madhar Sahib squatted down before the Prince of Wales, and put down a small basket on the carpet about the size of those in which a lady carries Berlin wool. It was empty, of course. Madhar Sahib was almost undressed—his arms were quite bare. He turned his basket down and chatted at it, then turned it over, and, lo! there was an egg on the carpet, which was handed round to be looked at.

Then he put the basket over the egg and chatted at it again, turned it over, and, lo! out walked a pretty pigeon, so tame that it allowed itself to be caught by the hand. Next, Madhar produced another egg from beneath the basket, and then placed it underneath the basket; any one could see that the latter was a thin, frail composition, without cover or false bottom. Then, after incantations, he raised the basket, and out strutted the first pigeon and another exactly like it, and went pouting over to the spectators.

Poolee, who came next, converted himself into a magazine of horrors; took live scorpions, which he handled with impunity, out of his mouth; spat out stones as large as plums, one after the other, or showed them between his lips and swallowed them; then evolved from depths unknown a carpenter's shop, full of nails, large and small, and coils of string, till there was a pile of his products before the Prince.

Moving for a new trial—Courting a second wife.

THE YOUNGS RECAPTURED.

Sergeant McMenemy's Underground