Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 33. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1385.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, is printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1 50 per annum, *in advance*, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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Business Directory.

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John Campbell, M.D., C.M., (Graduate of McGill University,) SEAFORTH. OFFICE and Residence—Second door south of Exchange hotel, Main street, opposite McGillivray's hotel. Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1317

Dr. P. A. McDougall WILL be at Kinloss on the first Wednesday in each month, at Dunlop's hotel, Wingham, on the following days, when not professionally engaged at his residence in Goderich. 1w

G. C. Sutherland M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, Goderich, Ont. 1341-1y

DR. McLEAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and Residence three doors east of Central School.

Dr. Cassady, Office—Kidd's PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. 23w1y2

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

Cameron & Garrow, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich. M. C. CAMERON. w52 J. T. GARROW.

B. L. DOYLE, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1337

ELLIOTT & WATSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Cloddy's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1373

Sinclair & Seager, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. GEO. SINCLAIR, JAS. SEAGER, Jr. Goderich, 1st July, 1873. 1y.

W. R. SQUIER, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office, over Leslie's Drug Store, Market Square, Goderich. 1370

P. E. WALKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—Corner Square & Kitchener Streets, Goderich, Ont. 1370w1m

G. CAMPAIGNE, LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office—Court House Square, Goderich, Ont. w35

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JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpentry, "Mechanics" and Masons' work measured and valued. 1337-1y.

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

A. M. CAMPBELL, Veterinary Surgeon, FORMERLY of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, and Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. RESIDENCE, VARNA. Will visit Hyde's every Saturday. 1313 3m.*

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

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY Secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Feb. 14th 1871. w4-1y—

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

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

NEW RESTAURANT. JAMES VIVIAN HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Confectionery, is prepared to supply everything in his line. FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season. HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Goderich, 19 April 1871. 1349

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33 G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. DICKSON, Sec. Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw73-1y

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$25,000 TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c., Oct. 26th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half yearly. Apply to HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens. 1300-tf.

MONEY TO LEND. ON IMPROVED FARM PROperty, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to SAMUEL SLOAN, Colborne Hotel. Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST. FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto. For particulars apply to A. M. ROSS, Agent at Goderich. Secretary and Treasurer, CHAS. ROBERTON, Toronto. 1343.

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

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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 its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company. FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions. Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL. G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL. A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich.

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company. HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000 With liberty to increase to half a million. *Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.* INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES.

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO. CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000 SURPLUS FUNDS.....208,369.60 RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,858.26 HON. J. McMURRICH, President. B. HALDAN Managing Director. FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates. SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES, COVERING Dwellings in Country or Village, Churches and Schools with contents, in Cities, Towns and Country places. These rates and terms of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community. First Class agents wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office. D. WATSON, Local Agent. Goderich 12th Sept. 1871. 8

Goderich Harness Shop

W. A. MARTIN HAS pleasure in announcing to the public of Town and County that he has purchased the Harness business of Mr. Isaac Hatfield, on Hamilton St. After having served his apprenticeship with Messrs. W. & H. Martin, Goderich, W. A. H. has worked for the last three years in the best Harness Shops in Chicago, and is now prepared to make up LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS, HORSE-CLOTHING AND SCOTCH COLLARS, in first-class style and with despatch. Orders promptly attended to. Trunks, Whips, Curry-Combs, &c., &c. N. B.—Fly Shools constantly on hand throughout the season. Goderich, June 28, 1871.

Hotels.

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

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL, MARKET SQUARE GODERICH. CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR, LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL. A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and travelling public that was accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1334

ANCHOR LINE. Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday. TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASgow, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers. ☞ Passengers booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, at as cheap, speedy, comfortable and Cheaply, as by any other Route or Line. THE NEW DEPARTURES. Promised for 1873. From New York. Sat. Sept. 20th.....IOWA.....Mon., Oct. 16th. Sat. Sept. 27th.....CALIFORNIA.....Sat. Oct. 21st. Sat. Oct. 4th.....ANGLIA.....Sat. Oct. 28th. Sat. Oct. 11th.....COLUMBIA.....Sat. Nov. 4th. And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon. Rate of Passage (steerage) to Queenstown, Liverpool, Glasgow or Derry: First Cabin, $60 to $75, according to location. Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) according to accommodation, $130. Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28. Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friends. Drafts drawn payable on demand. Apply at the Company's offices or to MRS. WARNOCK, West St., Goderich, On. Goderich Oct. 22 1873.

THE STEAMER "BENTON" G. W. McGREGOR, MASTER, Will leave Goderich for SAGINAW and intermediate ports EVERY SUNDAY MORNING; And for SARNIA, PORT HURON, DETROIT and CLEVELAND EVERY WEDNESDAY. For Freight or Passage, Apply to WM. LEE. Goderich, 16th June, 1873. 1374

GODERICH AND NORTH SHORE LINE. In connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Shortest, Cheapest, and most direct route. THE NEW STEAMER WM. SEYMOUR, EDWARD MARLTON, MASTER, will ply in connection with the G. T. Railway as follows: Leave Goderich on arrival of Express Train from the East, weather permitting, for Southampton at 2 p. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning: Leave Southampton at 4 a. m., Port Elgin at 4:30 a. m., Invorhuron at 6 a. m., and Kincardine at 8 a. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Arriving in Goderich each day as above, to connect with the train going East. SARNIA & PORT HURON. The above named Steamer leaves Southampton for Sarnia and Port Huron at 4.00 a. m., Port Elgin, 4.30 a. m., Invorhuron, 6.00 a. m., Kincardine, 8.00 a. m., Goderich, 2.00 p. m., every Friday, weather permitting. Connecting with River Boats for Detroit and G. T. Railway Propellors from Sarnia to Chicago, Milwaukie, &c. Returning: Leaves Sarnia every Saturday at 8 o'clock a. m., weather permitting. For further information, apply to Byron Wilson, Purser, on the Boat, or to Thos Lee, Southampton, J. Eastwood, Port Elgin; P. McIlrao, Invorhuron; R. Robertson, Kincardine; W. B. Clark, Sarnia; A. N. Moffat, Port Huron. J. V. DETLOR & SON, General Agents, Goderich

GODERICH AGENCY OF THE Trust and Loan Company of CANADA. *Incorporated by Royal Charter.* CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING. Funds for Investment. LOANS made on the security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms. ☞ Approved Mortgages purchased. G. M. TRUEMAN, Agent. 1317 Market Square, Goderich

IMPORTANT NOTICE. P. R. MANN, House, Sign & Carriage Painter DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with materials attached where he is prepared to fill all orders promptly and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same. Now is the time to Paint your Cutters Sleighs, and Carriages. ☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to. Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paper hanging, &c., &c. P. R. MANN, Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

Poetry.

Canadian National Song.

The Toronto *Globe* very wisely remarks that it is high time Canada had some patriotic lay of its own, and submits a new version of the song "This Canada of Ours" for the approval of its readers and the public. The song, which we give in entirety below, is certainly well adapted for the purpose, but, perhaps, if a proper representation were made to the poet-laureate, he might do honor to himself and to "that true north" by composing a national hymn worthy the brave hearts whose

"Blood has dyed Canadian soil
For Britain's honor."

In the meantime we submit this to our readers with the following introduction from the *Globe*:—"The words are by Mr. J. D. Edgar, M. P., and the music is adapted and arranged by Miss E. H. Ridout, based upon the beautiful air of the famous Netherlands Students' song. The words carried off the prize offered in Montreal in 1868, for the best Canadian national song, and possess both the vigor and simplicity that are essential to permanent popularity. The air, too, is inspiriting and simple, and in the chorus swells into a strain of heart-stirring music."

Let other tongues, in older lands,
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chant in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story;
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of Ours!
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,
This Canada of Ours!

We love those far off Ocean Isles,
Where Britain's Monarch reigns,
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers
Reflect their manliness lustre on
This Canada of Ours.
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,
This Canada of Ours!

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Held sway from Sea to Sea;
Strong arms shall guard our cherished home,
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of Ours!

"Olive Varcoe."

—o:—

VOLUME III.

CHAPTER I.

Creeping down the underwood, crawling among the shadows, came Sir Anthony Roskelly, and that beaming cherub, Mr. Eslick. The horses and the groom had long ago been left behind, for, with a grim sense of fun, Charles Vigo had traversed the wood to the Lady's Bower by a path well known to himself and Bolster, but impossible for an equestrian, and by no means a paradise for elderly feet to tread.

'Where is this frisky dog taking us, Sir Anthony?' whispered Mr. Eslick, with anxious face.

'He is going to his master Beelzebub,' replied the baronet, in fearful ill-humor. 'But I care not. I mean to follow to the end. Go back, Eslick, if you are a coward.'

'I am no coward, Sir Anthony. I follow you, sir,' said Mr. Eslick, beaming fably on his patron, and turning his head, as was his wont, to give him the full benefit of the smile that gleamed from ear to ear.

'It's dark as a bag,' said Sir Anthony, gruffly, 'and the path is as full of brambles as a blackberry pie. I don't think this hunt is turning out as amusing as I expected. Mind now, Eslick, if we are made fools of by a dog, no splitting on each other.'

'You may rely on me, Sir Anthony,' said Mr. Eslick. 'This little episode is, as you say, but a piece of fun, though of course it may lead to results.'

'Well, if it does,' resumed Sir Anthony, 'brag of it then, Eslick, but still leave me out in the matter; for, except in a fast, it wouldn't tell well to the world.'

Mr. Eslick's reply came in stifled accents, for he had just bumped his nose against a tree, and found the contact painful.

'It's my opinion, Eslick,' continued Sir Anthony, 'that you are an unlucky fellow in this Trewavas affair. I am afraid you'll never get that snug little place I promised you. Ah,' he added, with a bitter oath, 'I should count a thousand to back it as nothing, so I could bring that old woman's pride down. Well, she's lonely and miserable enough at Trewavas now.'

Sir Anthony forgot his own grim solitude, and all the quarrels and hatreds of his sour old age, as he thus rejoiced over the wreck of Lady Trewavas.

'I have done my best, sir,' observed Mr. Eslick, in an injured voice. 'I have been indefatigable in my efforts to get at the root of this affair; but really, since my Lord Vigo mixed himself up with it, I have been completed baffled.'

'All the more reason why you should find him, man,' replied Sir Anthony. 'Why else should I take such an absurd journey as this in hand? On my life, I half repent of it. Where is that devil of a dog now? I don't see him,' he said, turning round, and stopping suddenly. 'The dog is going straight for the Lady's Bower.'

'Not a pleasant place, Sir Anthony, at this time of night, certainly,' said Mr. Eslick; 'but having carried the jest so far, I suppose we may as well go on. I scarcely believe in ghosts—do you?'

'Not I,' replied Sir Anthony.

At this moment Bolster broke into a joyous bark, and the two pursuers, hastening into the open space around the dismal pool, beheld a calm figure seated on a felled tree, round which the dog bounded with frantic demonstrations of delight. This was so unexpected a denouement, that both men stood still in amazement, not unmingled with a slight chill of fear.

'Who is it?' said Sir Anthony, peering into the starlight at the dim, motionless figure.

'Charles Vigo, Sir Anthony. Very much at your service,' said the young man, taking off his hat.

'The deuce!' muttered Mr. Eslick, in an undertone. 'This young fellow baffles us at every turn.'

For a moment Sir Anthony was speechless; then he broke into a gruff laugh.

'Well, Mr. Vigo,' said he, 'I owa we have not gained much by our jest. We can't take you up, you see; so suppose we must wish each other good night.'

'If you thought by finding me to discover the lady, whom I, and I only, have the courage to defend,' remarked Charles Vigo, 'you have certainly greatly deceived yourselves. But you can search the wood and the pond if you like.'

He rose, and lighted another cigar, as he spoke, and by the glow of the match, the dark eyes of the ill-made dress, and the cheerful face of the Dorset farmer.

'Why, hang it!' he exclaimed, starting back, 'what is the meaning of this?' 'It means, Sir Anthony,' said Charles, 'that I have rather turned the tables on you, and enjoyed this jest even more than you have. It means also that 'I know what I am about, and you don't. I did not think a red wig and a Dorset twist of the tongue would have taken you in so easily.'

Sir Anthony was speechless from rage and defeat; Mr. Eslick from admiration. Meanwhile Charles Vigo stooped and untied the cord that had shackled Bolster's speed. As he rose he confronted the two men face to face, and there was something in his honest and frank countenance that startled them both.

'I am sorry, for your father's sake, to see you hiding like a disguised vagabond,' murmured Sir Anthony. 'And I fear it is Mr. Eslick's duty now to arrest you as an aider and abettor——'

'Stop!' said Charles Vigo, holding up his hand; 'I have never aided or comforted any criminal. When I handed Miss Varcoe into a carriage, on the night she quitted this neighborhood, there was no warrant out against her to my knowledge. I cannot, therefore, be justly accused of the misdemeanor you name. But grant a warrant for my apprehension, Sir Anthony, and I am brought up before you as a culprit, I shall answer your accusation satisfactorily. Until then, farewell.'

He lifted his hat, whistled to Bolster, and walked slowly away.

'Eslick! Eslick!' sputtered Sir Anthony; 'had not you better seize him?'

Charles Vigo heard the words, turned, and once more confronted the two men.

'You will find me at Bosvigo, to-morrow, until noon,' he said calmly. 'If you have any charge to bring against me, make it, and I will answer it before the nearest magistrate. You are so fond of playing amateur policeman, Sir Anthony, that I trust you will do me the honor of arresting me yourself.'

This last cut stung the wily baronet into fury.

'Take care what you say, Mr. Vigo,' he retorted. 'I can fling worse in your teeth than that. A policeman stands on the side of law and order; but on whose side have you stood while you haunted this country, a disguised vagabond? A black wig and a pedlar's pack deceived me no more than a red wig now. What is the meaning of such a rotten farce?'

Charles Vigo's laugh was irritating as he answered him.

'It means,' said he, 'that you are not the only one who can play amateur policeman, Sir Anthony. And perhaps I can perform the part more effectively than you, since hated and revenge do not enter into my motives.'

'What do you mean by that, sir?' roared the baronet, striding towards the young man with uplifted hand.

'Pray, Sir Anthony, do not quarrel. Be calm, I entreat you,' said the beaming Mr. Eslick, rushing between the belligerents, and turning his seraphic smile first on one, then on the other. 'What Mr. Vigo has just said requires our earnest attention. It seems to intimate that he has made himself acquainted with facts unknown to us. Mr. Vigo—sir, if we have made a mistake in supposing you a friend of that unhappy person who committed a murder on this very spot—'

'I am neither friend nor foe to that person,' interrupted Charles Vigo.

'And if,' continued Mr. Eslick, 'through the advantage of a disguise, you have ascertained new facts, and gathered fresh evidence against that person, allow me to say, Mr. Vigo, that however singular and unprecedented your conduct may have been, you are certainly bound to give information of those facts at the nearest police station.'

'Thank you, Mr. Eslick, for your uncalled-for advice,' said Charles Vigo. 'The course you recommend is precisely the one I intend to pursue. I believe it is scarcely necessary that we should continue this conversation. Do not, however, forget I shall be at Bosvigo till to-morrow noon, to answer all charges. But, if I may be permitted to give advice in my turn, I should say your own reputations, and perhaps the ends of justice also, will be better kept by your allowing this singular jest to remain a secret. Permit me now to bid you both good morning.'

He walked calmly away, and disappeared among the trees, leaving Sir Anthony galled, and Mr. Eslick smiling in amazement.

'Curse his impudence!' said Sir Anthony, fiercely, as he turned to retrace his steps.

Had the wood been less dark, or the place less dismal with ghastly recollections, he would not have endured the irritating companionship of the smiling and puzzled Eslick. As it was he suffered him as he traversed the tangled paths, and rode away from him discourteously as soon as he reached and mounted his horse. But the cherub overtook him in anxious haste.

'What can young Mr. Vigo mean?' he said, in a low voice.

'Nothing,' replied Sir Anthony. 'Lies—all lies! He meant to humbug us—nothing more. He is in league with her, confound him! Is it likely he has found out anything more than you and I know, or is going to tell it if he has?'

There is no salve like self-conceit, and it has the double power of both blinding and soothing. Under its application, Mr. Eslick's smile beamed out brightly, and he felt an increased respect for his patron.

'You are quite right, Sir Anthony,' said he. 'But of course this young fellow will find he can't humbug you, nor me either, I hope. Shall I go down to Bosvigo in the morning?'

'No,' said the baronet, snappishly. 'Let the simpleton go his own way for a while; we will catch him tripping one day; there is nothing against him now that we can substantiate.'

Mr. Eslick justly interpreted this to mean, that Sir Anthony would rather hear nothing more of Charles Vigo and his dog. Accordingly, he departed without another word.

Meanwhile Charles Vigo went on to Trewavas Church-town, and had an interview with that quiet and observant inspector, who had once made an unnoticed remark to his chief, Mr. Eslick, respecting jealousy. These two between them wrote a letter to the Home Secretary, and Charles Vigo took it up with him the next day to London.

Sir Anthony Roskelly was glad to hear that he was gone. But riding to Menheniot farm in a day or two to worry Farmer Skewa, he was not so well pleased to ascertain that that individual had also departed. On a visit to a friend, so said Dame Skewa, in a shrill voice, as the baronet rode away with a sour visage.

* * *

'It is the oddest thing,' said Vivian Damerel to himself, 'and this is not the first time either that it has happened. Shall I tell Sir Hilton of it, or not?'

The scene of this soliloquy was a place of public amusement in Paris, where the company was the reverse of silent, the fun fast and furious, the notes hideous, and the whole scene half mad, half grotesque, and terrible. To this place Lieutenant Chadwick, in his laudable wish to see life, had come, and brought with him, nothing loath, his friend Vivian.

'What is the matter, old fellow?' said Chadwick; 'you don't enjoy yourself. Has anybody wrapped a wet blanket round your brains?'

'No,' replied Damerel; and yet I have been taking a mental shower-bath for the last ten minutes. You saw those two dancers rush down that alley just now? Well, among them, maddest of all, was John Trewavas.

'Is there anything very surprising in that?' asked Chadwick. 'Why shouldn't he see life, and enjoy himself as well as another?'

'John Trewavas see such life as this!' said Damerel. 'You don't know the man. I should be less surprised to see an archbishop here taking his pleasure, than to see him.'

'Ah! these quiet ones always take people in,' answered Chadwick. 'When they do break out, they go it, and no mistake. Now for a waltz.'

'Here, Chadwick, stop!' said his friend. 'You forgot that Sir Hilton Trewavas is searching for his brother everywhere; and although I am not on very good terms with him, I think I ought to tell him this.'

'Of course you ought,' cried Chadwick. 'And yet I don't know; if John Trewavas wants to escape from apron-strings and have his swing, why should we set his elder brother on him to lead him home again like a snubbed boy?'

'There is something deeper behind Sir Hilton's anxiety than the mere wish to save his brother from a little dissipation,' replied Vivian. 'I had better be frank with him at once. I need not speak to him myself; I can ask young Langley to tell him.'

'Oh, I'll tell him that we saw Saint John here, if you like,' laughed Chadwick. 'I see nothing so alarming in it myself.'

'You don't know the quiet character of the man,' retured Damerel. 'And, to confess the truth, Chadwick, this is not the first time I have seen him at some of the mad orgies of Paris. Each time, too, he was the maddest of the mad; and each time he either avoided me, or passed me by—as he did just now—as if I were an utter stranger.'

'He did that!' exclaimed Chadwick. 'Then, my fine fellow, you have left your brains in your hat-box again. It is not John Trewavas at all, it is a mere chance likeness. Now, I remember, you are always seeing people whom you take for somebody else. It was some such thing as this that happened when you were going to Killarney, and you left your head in the railway train. Oh, it is a clear case! I shall have to hire a keeper for you soon.'

Unmoved by his friend's chaff, Damerel continued to watch the noisy group, who were having a vociferous and mad dance to themselves among the trees.

'Let us go down and look at them,' said he; 'and I'll show you John Trewavas.'

'"Very like a whale,"' returned Chadwick, in high glee, 'only their figure-heads are not the same. I wonder if they sell strait-waistcoats at the bar.'

Truly his chaff seemed quite justifiable, for on reaching the party Damerel had designated, there was no person to be seen among them at all resembling John Trewavas.

'Are there "two kings in the field?"' cried Chadwick, thumping him on the back. 'Behold the stately Sir Hilton, walking by himself, melancholy and grim as a court-martial.'

Vivian Damerel's face flushed slightly as he remembered their late meeting; nevertheless, he did not hesitate. He hastened after Sir Hilton's retreating figure, and accosted him hurriedly.

'Pardon me, Sir Hilton,' he began, 'you are looking for your brother? I saw him here a few minutes ago.'

It was a pale and changed face that Sir Hilton showed to Vivian Damerel, as he turned and thanked him; and in his manner there was a suppressed excitement and deep sorrow that moved the young man visibly.

'Can I be of any assistance to you, Sir Hilton?' he continued, in a less formal voice.

'Thanks; every friend can help me if he will,' replied Sir Hilton, sadly. 'It seems my brother eludes all acquaintances; if only the next time you see him, you would seize him.'

'Seize him!' echoed Damerel, in amazement.

'Yes,' said Sir Hilton; 'for I have reason to fear that my poor brother is scarcely in a fit state to be at large.'

'Then I do not wonder at your anxiety,' said Damerel, in a tone both of surprise and sorrow.

'Do not mistake me,' resumed Sir Hilton. 'I only mean that poor John is in a sadly nervous state. His mind was not strong enough to bear the shock of that horrible event, that has so sorely tried us all. His mental health has gradually sunk since then, till he has become morbid and melancholy.'

'Melancholy!' broke in Chadwick. 'Why, he was dancing like a mad dervish just now; so Damerel says.'

'This led to accounts of where, and with whom John Trewavas had been seen; and the three young men, first together, then singly, traversed the garden again and again in search of him, but vainly. John Trewavas was not seen again.

'He is gone,' said Sir Hilton, flinging himself wearily into a seat. 'I heard yesterday of his having been seen here a few nights ago; hence I came hither myself to-night. I heard, too, that he was at one of the masked balls at the opera.'

'Well,' said Chadwick, in a patronizing and pitying way, 'you had better make yourself easy about him. I'll look out for you. I am very earnestly endeavouring to fulfil my duty in seeing Paris to the utmost, making a laudable use of my leave, you see; and so I shall be sure to come across him either at the Mabille, or some of those late supper places, and then I'll just tuck him neatly under my arm, and bring him safe home. Have done it often. I assure you, for other fellows—saved 'em many a time from no end of rows.'

'Nevertheless, in all his future and laudable endeavors to fulfil his duty, though they led him to every quarter of Paris where noise and revelry, and misery mingled in wildest motley, Lieutenant Chadwick never again met John Trewavas. His brother and Vivian Damerel were equally unsuccessful in their search. It would seem that John had glided away from the scene of Parisian life with the same silence and secrecy with which he had entered them; and Sir Hilton, vaguely conscious of some great sorrow, pursued his shadow as one would a phantom, pondering, the while, on all the instances in history or in memory, of men of John's quiet, undemonstrative, subdued nature, who had, after a great grief, or a sudden shock, broken out into wildest dissipation, or gloomy insanity.

'Vivian Damerel was in love, and to a man of his temperament to be in love was to be jealous. He was jealous even of his friend, Lieutenant Chadwick; but above all, he was jealous of Sir Hilton Trewavas. And before this feeling, the slight return of kindness, which had touched him on the night when John's haggard face flushed and with flashed by him, faded away, and gave place to a feeling of disgust and resentment.

One day he entered Mrs. Langley's drawing-room, to find it empty; and while he waited, hoping Florian would return shortly, he turned over a portfolio of drawings, lying on the table. Listlessness at sketches of Irish scenery, sketches taken in the park and grounds at Langley, hasty profiles of her brothers, her mother and herself, flowing these there passed through his hand a small packet folded in silver paper. For a moment he hesitated whether he should open this; but it was not sealed, and there appeared, therefore, no reason for reticence. He opened it, and was rewarded with a quiver of anger and sneer as his eyes fell on a portrait of Sir Hilton Trewavas.

With his head leaning on his hand, he was still gazing at it moodily, when Florian entered. She saw it instantly, and her face flushed crimson to the brow; then her eyes fell on the folded packet, and she laid her hand on it hurriedly.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Damerel,' said she, 'but I do not generally allow my portfolio to be inspected; my poor drawings are not worth looking at.'

'This one, at all events, is wonderfully well done,' replied Damerel, in a husky voice; 'the likeness is perfect.'

Again Florian blushed vividly, and taking the drawing from his hand, she put it hastily with the others, and closed the portfolio.

'I do not agree with you,' she said, with returning self-possession. 'I think the face is far too gloomy for Sir Hilton's.'

'Rather say it is not gloomy enough, Miss Langley,' he replied. His history has a greater shadow on it than the one you have placed in the picture.'

As Vivian said this, Florian smiled, and her expression cleared, as though she were relieved of some fear that had beset her.

'I knew that some strange tragedy occurred in his family last year,' she replied; and perhaps it was right to place the whole mansion and the figure in gloom; but I think this has greatly detracted from the likeness.'

Her manner bewildered Vivian; he had expected some denial that the drawing was her property, instead of which, she not only acknowledged it, but coolly discussed with him its merits as a portrait.

'Miss Langley,' he said, abruptly, 'my first interview with you was a painful one; I fear you have disliked me ever since.'

'I assure you I have not,' returned Florian, frankly. 'Pray dismiss that idea from your mind, Mr. Damerel.'

For one moment his heart beat with a faint hope, then it chilled again, as he looked on her calm face, so unconscious and untroubled in its placid beauty.

'And if,' he thought, 'I were to tell you that I am still certain of the identity of Opal Vansittart with a person, whose guilt——'

'Stop!' cried Florian, hurriedly, 'I have promised my mother not to converse with any one on the subject.'

Her face was not untroubled now; it was very pale, and her lip trembled.

'I was only about to ask,' continued Vivian, gloomily, 'whether my conviction respecting that unhappy person would prejudice you against me?'

'I can be sorry for your convictions without hating you for them,' replied Florian, smiling.

'But,' resumed Vivian, who seemed bent on tormenting himself, 'suppose I were seeking Miss Vansittart—still resolved to find her?'

'Are you?' exclaimed Florian, eagerly. 'How I wish you may succeed! If you find her, come and tell me instantly, will you?'

Damerel gazed at her in amazement, at a loss for a moment how to reply.

'It will be melancholy news, I fear, when I tell you,' he said.

'On the contrary,' said Florian, 'it will be joyful news—delightful news! Oh, Mr. Damerel, do you know I have been searching for poor Opal these many weeks past in great anxiety? I fear she is in distress and sorrow, and no one knows where she is, not even her dearest friends.'

'I am not surprised at that,' observed Vivian, gravely. 'I am only surprised that she has no friends who look for her, except, indeed, one infatuated madman.'

Florian's eyes filled suddenly with tears as she looked at him reproachfully, and Vivian, stung to jealousy too quickly, felt an instant conviction that her sorrow was more for Sir