Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION

W. T. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.00 PER ANN IN ADVANCE. $2.00 AT END OF YEAR.

GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1870.

VOL. XXIII.—NO 12

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall

WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock, a. m. every day. Will visit tients at any hour afterwards, night or day w40

G. C. Shannon M.D.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. &c., Goderich, C. W. 13:40-1y

DR. McLEAN.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School. 49

G. M. McMICKING, M. D.

LICENTIATE COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, C. E. Residence, the house formerly occupied by Mr. J. P. C. Haidan, Elgin Street.

DR. CASSADY,
(of McGill College)

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, over his Drug store, Goderich, Ontario. sw109

J. F. Dauter, M. D.

SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, Homœopathic Physician, and Medical Electrician. Examining Physician of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Albany, N. Y.

☞ Office and Residence Park st., St. David's Ward, Goderich. 1yw429

Medical.

RICHARD MOORE. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W. February 7th, 1867. w3yr

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.

Rooms over the Post Office, West Street, Goderich. November 27th, 1869. w45-tf

Ira Lewis,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office in Court House. v14n49

M. C Cameron,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston st., Goderich, Ont. w49

Cameron & Garrow.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Kingston street, Goderich. M. C. CAMERON, w52 J. T. GARROW.

D. Shade Cooper,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Goderich, C. W. Office, upstairs Watson's Block, West street entrance first door west of Glasgow House. w49

John S. Gordon,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont., Office, on the south side of West Street, third door from Court-House Square. w49

Isaac F. Toms,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-at-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ontario. Office—Crabb's block, Kingston street sw77

Doyle & Squier,

BARRISTERS AND ATTORNIES, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
B. L. DOYLE. sw5 W. R. SQUIER, B.A.

Hays & Elwood,

BARRISTER & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery & Insolvency, Conveyancers, &c. Money to Lend. OFFICE: Crabb's Block, over Mr. Archibald's Store. sw97.

William R. Bain, B. A.

CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE, Crabb's new buildings, Kingston, Street Goderich. N. B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate assisted. Goderich, Dec. 24 1868. sw34

P. F. WALKER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office of the Clerk of the Peace, Court House, Goderich Ontario sw94

T. B. Stokes,

AGENT FOR STRATFORD AGRICULTURAL Works, (Joseph Sharman, proprietor). Residence, Ayield Road. w11-1y-4p

S. Malcomson,

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

Strong & Squier.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS, NO. 6, Arcade Building, Buffalo, N. Y. James C. Strong, Attorney-at-Law. H. R. Squier. Nov. 13th, 1869. w43

D. McDougall

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BATFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w9-1y78

L. B. Hamlin,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, LAND Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine. 1

JOHN HALDAN, Jr.
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE,

INSURANCE, LAND AND GENERAL AGENT, Money at 8 per cent.
Office—West Street, opposite the post office, Goderich

SMAILL & CROOK
ARCHITECTS.

PLANS and specifications of Buildings, &c. got up in a neat and correct style.
☞ Office over J. C. Detlor Co's store, Goderich. May 10, 1869

HAZLEHURST & COOKE
AUCTIONEERS,
COMMISSION AGENTS, &C., &C.

Crabb's Block, (VanEvory'sold stand)
KINGSTON STREET, GODERICH
ONTARIO.
☞ Sales in town and country punctually attended to
Goderich July 12th 1869. w24

EDWARD SHARMAN,
BRICKLAYER,
PLASTERER AND SLATER.

STILL continues to do any work in the above branches on reasonable terms. Whitewashing and Jobbing attended to promptly. Parties building through the country who desire to put on a Substantial Covering would do well to correspond with the subscriber, and have their Houses covered with Slates, as they will find them cheaper than any other covering in the end.
Goderich, 19th March, 1870. w8-3m

IMPORTANT NOTICE

F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter.

DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached where he is prepared to fill all orders promptly, and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.

Now is the time to Paint your Cutters, Sleighs, and Carriages.

☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paperhanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN.
Goderich. Nov. 8, 1869. w42

NEW PATENT
HAY FORK,

STRACHAN & McKINNON,

BLACKSMITHS, Nelson street, Goderich, would intimate to farmers and others that, having purchased the right for Carter's Hay Lifter, they are now prepared to furnish them at $5.00 each. The are made in a neat and substantial manner, and have given great satisfaction to those who have used them.
An agent will be out for the sale of the lifter in a days.
Goderich, Jan. 25th, 1869.

Business Directory.

HURON HOTEL,
ZURICH, CO. HURON.

JOHN PRANG, - - Proprietor.

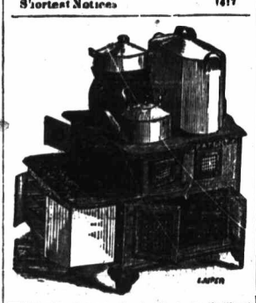
This house is fitted up with every convenience for the travelling public.
☞ Good Stabling and prompt attendance.
February 1st, 1870. w3-tf

MRS. DAYS' HOTEL
WROXETER.

ON the direct road from Seaforth to Walkerton. Every necessary accommodation for the travelling public.
HANNAH DAYS.
Wroxeter, Nov. 5, 1867. w4

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell, C. W

JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on Shortest Notice. 14:1y



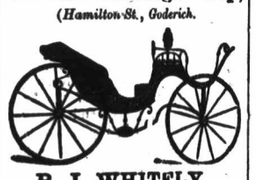
THE subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage so long bestowed upon him, begs to inform his numerous customers and the public generally that in consequence of the late fire, he has removed his business to the store formerly occupied by Mr. Booth, West street, next Bank of Montreal, where everything in his line will be found and

All Kinds of Job Work will be Done
the same as usual.
G. N DAVIS.
Goderich, 29th March 1

G. BARRY & BRO.,
CABINET MAKERS
WOOD-TURNERS!
AND UNDERTAKERS,
Hamilton St., Goderich,

KEEP constantly on hand for sale all articles in their line, such as
Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, &c.,
☞ All kinds of wood-turning done, such as Newel posts, stair bannisters, neckyokes, &c
Always on hand, a complete
ASSORTMENT OF COFFINS
and a HEARSE to hire on reasonable term
Goderich, May 3rd, 1866 15w6m*

Ontario Carriage Shop,
(Hamilton St., Goderich.



R. J. WHITELY,

IS still in full operation, and is turning out superior
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons
of all kinds, SLEIGHS, CUTTERS, &c.
A number of first class Buggies on hand, and for sale cheap for cash. Prices of all articles in the line that will compare favorably with any in the County
☞ All work warranted
Particular attention paid to Wagon and Carriage Repairing
R. J WHITELY.
Goderich. Nov 9th. 1869 w42

TO
Farmers, Livery Stable
KEEPERS AND OTHERS.

Bring on all Your Lame Horses.

J. TAYLOR, at COLBORNE HOTEL, Goderich, after twenty-one year experience is prepared to Doctor Horses for all diseases
N B.—Horses examined as to Soundness
Goderich, 10th Aug. 1869.

Feed! Feed!!

JUST RECEIVED
AT
Shephard & Strachan's,
20 TONS OF BRAN, SHORTS & Midlings,
WHICH THEY WILL
Sell Cheap for Cash.
Goderich, June 7th 1869. w19-tf

WASHING MACHINE!

A PERFECT GEM.

Price only $2.00 each

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE "A little wonder in the Washing Machine line" patented and manufactured by Israel Kinney, of Woodstock. It is the cheapest machine ever invented; can be attached to any ordinary wash-tub; can be adjusted by springs to suit either light or heavy goods; washes as rapidly and efficiently as more cumbersome and costly machines; and does less injury to the clothes; and leaves them nearly as dry, if desired, as a regular Wringer. The low price of $2.00 brings it within the reach of any family. With it any housekeeper can do her own washing without either getting sore hands or an aching back.

Call and See the Machine
AT ROBINSON & YATES'
Market Grocery
Goderich, 28th Dec., 1869. w49

Business Directory.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE

CRABB'S BLOCK, KINGSTON STREET

Prices to Suit the Times!

Photographs reduced to $1.00 per Doz., OR 75cts. PER HALF DOZEN.

Large Photograph Reduced in Proportion.

Also will make the largest Photographs made in Goderich, very cheap. Porcelain pictures from one dollar upwards at
D. CAMPBELL'S
Photograph Gallery.
Goderich, Oct. 19th, 1869. w27

REMOVAL.

ALEX. WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER
AND JEWELER,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH.

THE Subscriber having removed to the Store lately occupied by A. Naysmith, West Street, opposite the Post Office, wishes to thank his friends and the public, for the liberal support with which they have favored him for the last 25 years, and begs to assure them that no effort will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage, his anxious study will be to supply

Watches Clocks and Jewelery

which will give satisfaction to the purchaser, and as all work has been done by myself, customers may depend on having it well executed.
☞ A good assortment of Gold and Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks &c., always on hand.
ALEX WALLACE.
Goderich Oct. 26th 1868. w40

GODERICH
CABINET FURNISHING
WAREHOUSE.
DANIEL GORDON,
CABINETMAKER
UPHOLSTERER,
AND
Undertaker, &c., &c.,

HAS now on hand a large stock of
FURNITURE
in every variety, which cannot fail to command the favor of all in want of furniture who may favor him with a visit, whether in style or price, such as

Bureaus,	Wood Chairs,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	S-fas,	Lounges,
Tables,	Bookcases,	Cupboards,
Extension Tables,	Easy Chairs,	Rocking Chairs
Wardroes,	Side boards,	Chiffoneers,
Wash Stands,	Kitchen Tables,	Stands.
Sea Grass Mattresses, Wool do,		Moss do

Hair do, and 4 or 5 different kinds Spring Mattresses
N. B.—Keeps always on hand a large assortment of Washable gilt and Rosewood Moulding-frames, square or oval, made on the shortest notice.
Having made arrangements with JACQUES & HAY, Toronto, can furnish anything here or at their Warerooms in Toronto.
☞ Has always a complete assortment of Coffins & Shrouds in the Latest Style
Also, HEARSES to hire.
Cheap FOR Cash
Goderich, February 1st, 1870 w2

ROOM PAPERS
ROOM PAPERS.

A VERY LARGE VARIETY OF
Three Different Kinds of Papers
REQUIRED
For Halls, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Drawing Rooms,
ALL NEW PATTERNS,
Good Stock and declared by Painters and Paper Hangers to be the most beautiful designs,
The Best and Cheapest
PAPERS EVER INTRODUCED
IN GODERICH.
FOR SALE AT
BUTLER'S.
Goderich, April 15th, 1869. w11.

Auction & Commission.
GODERICH & CLINTON
Established 1852.

SALES of Miscellaneous Property in Goderich every Saturday, and in Clinton every Wednesday.
Money advanced on Property for immediate sale and prompt returns made.
Farm Stock and other Sales punctually attended to throughout the County,
G. M. TRUEMAN'S Auction Mart,
w61 Market Square, Goderich

GODERICH
WAGON & CARRIAGE

Manufactory

THE Subscriber would announce to the public of Huron and Bruce, that he is now manufacturing first-class
Carriages, Waggons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c.,
which will be sold CHEAP FOR CASH.
☞ Wanted a wood-worker, and two apprentices—one to learn wood-work and the other blacksmithing.
JOHN PASMORE,
Victoria Street, Goderich
Goderich, May 16th, 1868. w49

Maitland Salt Well

PLATT'S PATENT EVAPORATOR,

The undersigned is prepared to
FURNISH No. 1 SALT,
IN ANY QUANTITY AT THE
Lowest Price,
FROM THE ABOVE WELL.
S. H. DETLOR.
Goderich, August 3rd, 1869. w27

PHOTOGRAPHS
$1.00 Per Dozen.

HALF DOZEN FROM BACK NEGATIVE 51 cents, postage free. One dozen from back negative 87 cents, postage free, to any address.
☞ Particular Attention paid to Copying old Ambrotypes.
For either large or small photographs. The subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, would just say that he has made such improvements in his gallery as will merit a continuance of the same.
☞ A Great Reduction on Large Photographs.
E. L. JOHNSON.
Goderich, Oct. 26, 1869. w44tf.

THE
Oldest Establishment in Town.

MARTIN AMANN

BEGS TO INFORM HIS OLD CUSTOMERS that he is still able to sell for cash, at the lowest rates,
ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE,
At his shop on Kingston Street, opposite the Huron Hotel, Goderich. Give him a call.
Goderich, Oct. 3, 1868. sw11w37.

Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S
IMPROVED
HAIR RESTORER
FAVORITE
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle
BY ITS USE
Gray or Faded Hair is quickly restored to its youthful color and beauty, and with the first application a beautiful gloss and delightful fragrance is given to the Hair.
It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
It will promote luxuriant growth.
FALLING HAIR is immediately checked.
Sold by all Druggists. Price One Dollar.
Manufactured by
S. R. VAN DUZER & CO.
Wholesale Druggists,
35 Barclay Street and 40 Park Place, New-York, and
266 High Holborn, London, Eng.

TAILORING

D. ADAMS

RETURNS HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS for the very flattering encouragement he has received since he commenced business in Goderich, not being able to execute over one-half the orders brought to him last season; having now secured a continuance of

Carrying on Business Extensively

and employing none but first-class tradesmen Mr. D. A. believes his experience as Cutter is second to none in the Province, having carried on business extensively and successfully in Hamilton, principally first-class customers, and having been Cutter in one of the Principal Establishments in Edinburgh, Scotland, he earnestly states to a discerning public that
CLOTHING CAN BE MADE
at his establishment equal to the best Establishments in Toronto or Montreal.
Goderich, October 3rd, 1868. sw17

CHEESE, CHEESE.

Shephard & Strachan,
GROCERS, GODERICH.

HAVE been re-appointed sole agents at Goderich for the sale of the celebrated Exeter Factory Cheese.
Local dealers supplied at the Factory Prices.
SHEPHARD & STRACHAN.
Goderich, May 27, 1867. w13tf

A National Tariff.

Our Clinton contemporary, hard-pressed for arguments to bolster up his unpatriotic position on the Tariff question, has adopted James G. Worts' declamation against a national Commercial policy for the Dominion, by publishing *in extenso* that worthy maltster's speech, at a so-called Free Trade meeting in Toronto.

Why does Mr. Worts talk so glibly against an attempt to prevent certain of our native industries from being extinguished by American monopolists? The reasons are simple and readily intelligible.

1st. Mr. Worts manufactures Whiskey under a protection of 50 per cent! This leverage ought to satisfy any man and Mr. Worts 'asks for nothing more,' except that farmers shall not be allowed to protect themselves from him. It would be curious to hear how he would change his tune if the agitation was for Free Trade in 'forty-rod.'

2nd. Mr. Worts can at present import Corn, for distilling purposes, from the States free of duty; while our producers are shut out, by a tariff, from the American market, and must sell to Mr. Worts at his own prices.

Clearly any arrangement which would secure, to Canadian farmers, the market of the Dominion for their products, by preventing handicapped imports from competing illegitimately with them, would be to the disadvantage of all distillers, and specially to the disadvantage of Mr. Worts who is a prince in Whiskeydom.

Therefore, as Mr. Worts bulks in the eyes of Mr. Worts as consideration No 1, he naturally advocates the one-sided policy which replenishes the Worts Exchequer.

As we have at heart, only and altogether the interests of the great body of Canadian producers, we advocate a national commercial policy for Canada and reprobate the selfish casuistry of a selfish distiller!

We are quite willing that the Clinton *New Era* should be the champion of such men as Mr Worts, who make most money and fatten quickest, when our honest yeomen are getting the lowest prices for their produce, have least money to pay their indebtedness to, or make fresh purchases from Storekeepers and others, and can spare nothing to invest in the improvement of their farms.

When we have a 'fairfield' then we shall be ready to join in the much-abused cry of 'no favor.' Until we have a 'fair field' our watchword must be, CANADA FOR CANADIANS!

NILE.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—On Friday the 1st inst, we were invited with others to be present, and take part in the examination of the pupils of Union S. S. No 1, West Wawanosh. This School is taught by Mr. W Symington who is deservedly ranked among the first class of our Common School Teachers. The classes were examined in the following branches, viz. Reading in which all the classes did well and several of the pupils excelled—Spelling, in this every class acquitted itself nobly—Arithmetic, in this branch some of the pupils were very expert—Georgraphy, so far as examined well understood—Grammar, in this the examination was thorough, and highly satisfactory. Considerable interest was manifested in the examination as was evident from the presence of trustees, parents and a good sprinkling of young ladies. After the examination, some of the children sang several beautiful pieces interspersed with recitations and dialogues. The School was addressed by the following visitors, viz Mr. Forbes, teacher of Dungannon, who highly complimented the School. Rev. Mr Barr L. S. Ashfield, delivered an address on the subject of correct reading Rev. L O Rice adverted to the duty of parents in making home attractive, and next to that the duty devolving upon Trustees in making the School-room attractive, also. Short addresses were also delivered by Mr. Varcoe Teacher. No 3, Colborne. Mr Dunfield No 2, West Wawanosh and William Young, Reeve of Colborne. Thus ended one of the pleasantest School examinations we have attended for years. A. VISITOR.

MR, DAWBARN.

BY T. W. ROBERTSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Wou'd you have have the kindness to step this way, sir, into Mr Dawbarn's room?"

These words were addressed by a banker's clerk to a young man whose dress and manners were a vulgar compound of groom, betting man, and pugilist. The sporting man swaggered by the desks and the clerks, looking infinite disparagement at the whole concern, and was ushered through the double doors into the presence of Mr Dawbarn.

Mr Dawbarn was the principal banker in Bramlington, and Bramlington was the county town of the little county of Mufford. It consisted of one long, straggling street, beautified by five old churches, each a splendid specimen of architecture, which contrasted strongly with the town hall, the corn exchange and the market place, which were modern buildings, and unpleasant to look at.

"Mr Studden," said Mr Dawbarn to the young gentleman of sporting appearance, "I have to talk to you, sir, very seriously; sit down if you please."

Mr Studden sat down in a chair, as if it were a saddle, shut one eye knowingly, and examined the thong of his whip with the other.

"Mr Studden," continued the banker, solemnly, "I have been informed that you have overdrawn your account to the amount of—"

"Yes, I known all about that, governor," broke in Mr. Studden. "I've been told so twice."

"I therefore gave directions that the next time you presented a check you should be shown in here to me," said the banker.

"That is—a check of my own drawing."

"Quite so."

"Well, now I am here," said Mr. Studden, goading the side of his imaginary horse with his left heel; "respectful comps and should like to know your little game. What's to be done?"

"Mr. Studden, I have known you from a boy."

"Well, I know that."

"And I now see you a ruined man."

"Hold hard, Matilda," interrupted Studden, "not ruined—pushed for the moment on my knees, but not staked. I've been unlucky on the races this last year—unlucky at play. Why, last night I lost a pot at loo, and then that gal behayed to me in—"

"Mr. Studden," said the banker, closing his eyes, "I cannot listen to a catalogue of your cir-cir-impruden. I am the father of a family, and—"

"Cut that, governor!" broke in the amiable Mr. Studden. "What I want is money and not preaching—no preachee and floggee too. This is the state of the odds. I've overdrawn my account—good; will you let me have some more? If you will, I'm sure to retrieve myself. I've some splendid things on, but I must have the ready—ti-eddity-rhino."

"Mr Studden," said Mr Dawbarn, "I do not understand your jargon, nor is such language the sort of thing I am accustomed to hear. Your have lost the fortune left you by your father, in gambling; horse-racing, and—and the like. For the last seven years I have seen you going to irretrievable ruin. As you had a long minority, and no friends to advise you, I have tried to help you, but, I regret to say your complete ruin is inevitable—inevitable."

"Bet you fifteen to one it isn't," said Mr Studden.

"What you owe me," continued the banker, not noticing the interruption—"what you owe me I shall never trouble you for."

"Bless you!" said the irreverent Studden.

Mr Dawbarn's face reddened.

"Mr Studden," he choked out, "I am not accustomed to be treated with rudeness, and I don't mean to begin now. I would have given you some advice, sir."

"Don't want it, thank you."

"Good advice, parental advice; but it will be of no use that I can see."

"Not a bit."

"I shall leave you, therefore to the pursuit of your career of profligacy, and may it—may it—" Mr Dawbarn stammered, for he felt that he was proposing a toast at a public meeting—"may it prove to you that—that—that—"

"Out with it governor," said the insolent young sporting man.

"No, sir, I will not out with it," said the banker, majestically. "I will not say what I was going to say."

"Are you quite clear as to what you were going to say?" inquired the young man, who respected neither age nor wealth.

Mr Dawbarn covered his defeat grandly. "I will not detain you any longer, Mr Studden;" he rang the bell; "I wish you good-day, sir; my servant will show you out."

"Very good, governor," said Mr Studden, dismounting from his chair or saddle. "You throw me over—very good; and just at the moment when I could make a colossal fortune. If I had your capital—or you had my talent and speculated—ka-boomium!—what might not be made with the tips I have!—I know the way out, Chawles"—this Mr Studden addressed to the servant—"you need'nt show me. Mr Dawbarn, I have the honor to be, sir, yours truly, ever to command, etcetera—cetera—cetera."

Mr Studden departed with a flourish, leaving the banker in a state of the most wrathful indignation. Mr Dawbarn was a great men in Bramlington, and accustomed to be treated with respect and deference and servility; and, though so excellent a person, Mr Dawbarn was something of a humbug, and the young man's manners had convinced him that he knew it. It is very annoying to men of fifty years of age to be found out by their juniors. Mr Robt Studden, or Mr Rip Studden, swaggered past the cashier and clerks with the ease of a jockey and the grace of a groom. A dozen steps from the door of the bank he met a clerk whom he stopped.

"Hallos," he cried with graceful badinage. "Munro, how goes it?"

"How do you do, Mr Studden?" inquired the clerk.

"Don't be in such a hurry—well, how is she—eh?"

"Mr Stud—I—"

"Don't be afraid my boy. I'm not the man to spoil sport. Why not bolt with her? bolt? I'd lend you my last fiver to help you. I saw you the other morning. Ri-tol-de rol, lol li day."

Mr Studden closed one eye, thrust his tongue into his cheek, and stroll d down the long, straggling street of Bramlington, the pink, of sporting self-conscious vulgarity.

CHPPTER II.

In a small country town it is impossible that anything can be kept secret—except murder and then rumor points to somany probable criminals that justice and detective policemen become lost in surmise, and embarrass the innocent that the guilty may go free. Slow to detect murder, the provincial intellect is swift at the discovery of love.—Had Romeo met Juliet at a fancy ball in Peddlingham, instead of at a masquerade in Verona, and afterwards prowled about the garden of his mistress's father's house, the Signori Capulet and Montague would have been informed of the occurrences early on the following morning by several competent and credible eye-witnesses, all of the gentler sex, and the majority on the other side of five and thirty years of age.

It was Christmas day, cold, clear and frosty. Mr. Dawbarn was dressed in his brightest black, and his cravat was a monument of the most irreproachable of bank-dresses. But Mr. Dawbarn was pale and agitated, his head shook and his hands trembled till the papers he held in them rattled and crumbled, when a servant opened the dining room door and announced 'Mr. Munro.'

Mr. Dawbarn turned paler; and when the young clerk whom Mr. Robert Studden had so playfully rallied a fortnight before in the street, entered, the banker trembled more violently.

'Mr. Munro,' said the banker, when the door was closed, 'you—you—you doubtless know why I have sent for you—on this festive occa-sion-sion, to-day?'

The young clerk, who was as pale as Mr. Dawbarn, faltered out, 'No Sir,' with so transparent an effort that the bankers was that the young man perfectly understood the reason of the interview.

'Your conduct, sir, has been such that I—I—I do not know how to address you,' stammered Mr. Dawbarn. 'That you, sir, my servant, my paid and salaried servant, should have so abused my confidence; should have so dared to try to so injure me, m—is—what I did not expect from you. I know all sir, all. You are discharged from the bank this moment.'

A pang shot over the young man's face.

'You will not be allowed to enter there again. This quarter's salary is there, sir.' The banker put upon the table a small paper packet. 'As I shall not suffer you to take your desk again, there is a half year's salary.' The banker placed another small packet on the table, and the clerk made a deprecatory motion with one hand. 'I insist on it, sir, and shall take no denial. I also insist on your leaving Bramlington to night, or to-morrow morning, at the very latest. Should you have any debts here, leave a list of them, and, to-day being Christmas day, I will see that one of the clerks pays them the day after to-morrow. There can be no excuse for your remaining, and your absence, sir, is a matter of much more importance to me than a few paltry pounds; so I will hear of no objection.'

Mr. Dawbarn paused and drew breath, and the young clerk looked at him and then at the window, as if out into a far distance beyond.

'My accounts sir,'—he began, when the banker interrupted him—

'Will be found quite right, I dare say. Had you only robbed me of money, sir, I should have been better pleased. I have treated you only too well, and, in return, see what you have done.' Mr. Dawbarn struck his clenched hand upon the table. 'But no matter. Do I understand that you will leave Bramlington to-night?'

Munro took his eyes from the window, and looking full in the banker's face, said: 'Lucy.'

Mr. Dawbarn's face turned scarlet, and he again struck the table. 'Don't mention my daughter's name to me, sir, if you please. I won't hear it! How dare you? There, sir, are the rubishing letters you have sent to her, and, if you have any sense of decency or honesty left, you will return those you have of her's—of—my daughter's.'

Munro took up the letters his former master had tossed to him.

'Did you hear me, sir?' asked the banker.

'I beg your pardon.'

'I say will you give me back her letters, and will you leave Bramlington to-night?'

'I can make no promise, sir,' replied the young clerk, very clearly. 'I have a duty to your daughter as well as to you. If she desires that I should—'

'You set me at defiance, do you, sir?' burst in the banker. 'Very good, very good; but don't suppose, if you stay here forever, that you will see my daughter, or be enabled to write to her. If you stop in Bramlington, she goes. Next week she travels with her mother to London, abroad everywhere, away from her father's presumptuous clerk, who, because his master asked him a few times to his house, to sit at his table and treated him as an equal, so far forgot himself as to lift his eyes up to his daughter, his only child.'

It had been a terrible Christmas morning in the banker's house. Mr. and Mrs Dawbarn had been informed that their only daughter, Lucy, rose every morning early, and had an interview with the young clerk Munro, in the kitchen garden, the door of which opened into the lane and of which door either Lucy or the young clerk or both, possessed a key. Lucy had been forced into a confession, and had gone on her knees to her papa, and wept and implored him not to hurt her George. She had given up all her letters, which she was in the habit of placing under her pillow every night, which letters Munro had written stealthily in banking hours, and placed in a certain portion of the wall near the tool-house in the kitchen-garden. Mr. Dawbarn went on wildly, and frightened Mrs. Dawbarn—a good motherly woman—into a fit. When Mrs. Dawbarn recovered, Miss Lucy went off into a swoon, and Mr. Dawbarn was in agonies lest the servants of the household should be cognisant of the disturbance, which was entirely unnecessary excitement on his part, as they, the servants, had known all about it for the last eight months. Poor Lucy was told that Munro was to be immediately sent away, but that she and mamma were to go to church that day, as their absence might be remarked by a devout but curious congregation, and that she was to bathe her eyes and look unconcerned, easy, comfortable, and composed.

As Lucy and her mamma passed the door of the dining-room, Lucy heard the young clerk's voice. She knew that she should never see him again, and she could not resist the impulse. She ran to the door, seized the handle, and would have opened it but her mamma pulled her away, and on the other side Mr. Dawbarn rushed to the door and put his back against it. Munro strode to the window, that he might take a last look at his mistress as she left the house.

'Good by, George, dear, good-by,' cried poor Lucy, in the passage; 'we shall never see each other again; but, good by, and God by again!'

CHAPTER III.

A year had elapsed since Lucy Dawbarn had bidden farewell to her father's clerk through the dining room door. He had left Barmlington, and gone no one knew whither. Neither letter nor message came to Lucy; she was too strictly watched. She often walked in the garden, and looked at that portion of the wall where they had concealed their letters. The good old brick that they used to take out and put back again was a thing of the past. In its place there was a bran new brick, cemented by bran-new white mortar, that you could see a mile off. Lucy had been to London, and had been visiting, not only her father's and mother's relatives, but the magnates of the country, and had seen all sorts of pleasure and fashion and distraction, and, at the end of six months, had returned, very thin and pale.

She had been home but a few weeks when the news came that young Munro had sailed from Liverpool for New York. It reached Lucy's ear through a sympathetic servant-maid. The next morning, she sent word that she would like to have a cup of tea sent to her up-stairs in her room as she had a headache, and begged to be excused from the breakfast table. Mrs. Dawbarn knew that she had heard of Munro's departure for America but she did not dare to mention even the name of the objectionable clerk to her husband, who was entirely ignorant of the young man's movements. Two or three days after, the doctor was sent for. The medical man hummed and hawed, and said that his patient was low. Lucy grew worse and worse. A consultation was held. The young lady's disorder was pronounced to be nervous fever; and one white headed old gentleman from London suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn that if the young lady were engaged he should not advise the postponement of the ceremony.

'You see, my dear Mr. Dawbarn,' said the old gentleman, 'your dear daughter's malady is partly mental. She has here no employment, that is, no fresh employment for her mind. If you could substitute new duties, fresh impressions, she would recover quickly. Her energy is wearing her to pieces; she wants, so to speak, to begin her life over again. If—if her partner has not yet been chosen—here the eyes of the father and mother met—'let her travel, let her choose an occupation, give her something to do. I know a young lady—much the same kind of case—who took to painting, and found considerable benefit from the study and the practice. Italy, now, might create a desire to cultivate some art—say music, eh? Your dear daughter is not strong; her mind is too much for her body.'

Lucy was taken to Harrogate, to Cheltenham, to Leamington and Scarborough, then to the South of France and Italy. When she returned to Bramlington, she had to be lifted from the carriage. Her father, who had not seen her for two months, was struck with the visible alteration in her face and figure. He himself carried her to her room, and was hardly conscious of his burden. She said she was tired with her journey, and would go to bed. Mr. Dawbarn descended to dine with his wife, and meeting on the stairs with the sympathetic housemaid who had informed Lucy of Munro's departure for America, and asking the girl why she was crying, and receiving for an answer that it was for Miss Lucy, he discharged her on the spot.

It was a dismal dinner. Husband and wife spoke but little, and, when one caught the other's eye, there was a great show of appetite. Mr Dawbarn drank considerable sherry. When the cloth was removed, the conversation flagged. Neither dared begin the consultation they felt was inevitable. Before they went to Lucy's room, to look at her as she lay sleeping, Mr Dawbarn put his arm around his wife's waist and kissed her on the forehead, a proceeding which made the good old lady tremble very much, and her mouth quiver.

Side by side in the dark lay the couple awake in their luxurious chamber, staring at the reflection of the window-frame upon the blinds. The father began:

"Jemima."

"Philip," said mother.

"What do you think of Lucy?"

The mother heaved a deep sigh.

"Good God!" said the banker, "when I took her up in my arms, I could hardly feel her weight. She was like a feather—like a feather. Jemima, you're crying my love. Tell me honestly now, honestly, candidly, what you think. Tell me, tell me."

The wife throw her arms around her husband's neck, and sobbed; "I fear that we shall lose her!"

It was spoken, and death was recognized as a presence in the house.

"Do you think there's no hope?"

"Only one, and that a very poor one."

Mr Dawbarn felt a mental qualm, for he knew what was coming

"What's that?" he asked.

"You'll be angry with me, Philip, if I tell you."

"Angry, my dear? No, no, not a bit," said the father.

"You know what I mean."

The banker sighed.

"Do you mean I," he began.

"Yes, I do," replied the mother. "If Lucy could see or hear of that young man, I believe she would recover. I'm sure it would do her good."

There was a long pause. Mr Dawbarn groaned in spirit, but he felt that his wife was right.

"I had such better views for her," groaned the banker.

"Yes, my dear, I know you had," said the wife pressing his hand.

"Lord Landrings was most particular in his attentions, and Sir Theophilus Howdon absolutely spoke to me about her."

"I know he did," said the acquiescent wife.

"Think of Lucy being Lady Landrings, or Lady Howdon! County people—and then of her being Mrs ———, oh!"

"It's a sad thing, dear, but what can we do now that she's so ill—poor thing! And if we could save her life—"

Mr Dawbarn turned in the bed. "I'll ask Topham about it to-morrow.' (Topham was the doctor.) "I'll hear his opinion."

"I asked him," said the mother, "and he agrees with me."

"But how can it be done?" asked the banker, turning again restlessly. "I can't ask the fellow to marry my daughter."

"No, but you can offer him a situation in the bank."

"Suppose he refuses?"

"He won't refuse."

"But how can I find him? Where is he?"

"In America," answered Mrs Dawbarn.

"America," repeated the banker, sitting up in bed. "Then how the deuce is he to be got at?"

"Advertise for him. If he will apply to so-and-so, he will hear something to his advantage. I asked Dr Topham's advice about all that."

"Advertise is not respectable," said the banker; to which his wife made no reply but the word "Lucy."

"Besides," continued Mrs Dawbarn, after a short pause, "if you don't like advertising, send somebody after him, to find out where he is."

"Send somebody! Send who?"

"Oh, that Mr Studden: he's doing nothing, and will be glad to get a job."

"I suppose that Topham advised that, too?"

"Yes, he did."

"I thought I recognized Topham's interest in that young vagabond. I suppose you and he have talked this matter over now some time."

"I and Mr Studden?"

"No, you and Topham."

"Yes."

"Why did'nt you tell me this before, Jemima?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

"Of you."

"Of me, Jemima? Don't you think I love my child as much as you?"

"I'm sure you do; but you men don't understand some things."

"But Topham's a man," remarked the puzzled banker.

"But, then, he's a doctor,"