Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 27. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1535.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1849.)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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DR. CAMPBELL,
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
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G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1379

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

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OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M. P.
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PATENT guarantee or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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FAMILY GROCERIES
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East street.
Opposite Knox Church,
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JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

E. F. Armstrong & Bros.
Manufacturers of
Fanning Mills, Land Rollers, Horse-Rakes, Spiral Spring wagon seats, Shawcutters, drainage or salt well piping of any required bore, Cistern, house and barn pumps always on hand and satisfaction guaranteed. Parties will do well to give us a call at the old stand, Nelson street, Goderich.
Terms Reasonable.
1530-1yr

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Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied at short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 25, 1874. 1449-1yr

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at Four cent. Apply to
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For particulars apply to
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CHAS. ROBERTSON,
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At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expense will defy competition.
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The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870. 838-1y.

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.
Rustling for want of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE,
Solicitor &c.,
Jan. 18th, 1876. Goderich 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.
1414-1y Goderich.

Insurance.
THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.
Available Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, 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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G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
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Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause. For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City 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 subscribers 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,
1478-3m Goderich, Ont.

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

St. Joseph's Convent.
Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included per quarter $3 00
Instrumental Music, ... 7 00
Vocal, ... 7 00
Painting and Crayon each 7 00
For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876, 1519-1yr

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, PLAINING, SAWING and general JOB WORK.
All very cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
GEO. CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 29, 1875. 1402-1yr

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,
Had 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.
1474-1yr

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. 1469-1yr

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 commission
FARM PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.
He has on hand, from Thompson & Currie, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Pearl Barley; also Flour and Mill Feed, from Sansby. Have also for sale a choice lot of
AUSTRALIAN OATS,
from the farm of Mr. Jas. Letouzel.
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.

For the SIGNAL.

The Worship of Nature.

"It hath been, as it were, made plain and legible to my understanding, that a great worship is going on amongst the things of God."—GRALY.

Omnia opera te laudant.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The *priesthood* of the sea.

They pour the glittering treasures out,
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The *watching* hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup,
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wings of prayer,
They lean above the ancient hills
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature, as on men.

The trees weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the *spirits-march*
Of messengers of prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
With thousand stars, are given
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar-fires of Heaven.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, July 1, 1876.

The New Magdalen.

'I will keep her company,' added Horace.

Lady Janet hesitated. She had promised to see her nephew in the dining-room on his return to the house—and to see him alone. Would there be time enough to get rid of the visitors and to establish her adopted daughter in the empty drawing-room before Julian appeared? It was ten minutes' walk to the lodge, and he had to make the gate-keeper understand his instructions. Lady Janet decided that she had time enough at her disposal. She nodded kindly to Mercy, and left her alone with her lover.

Horace seated himself in the vacant place on the sofa. So far as it was in his nature to devote himself to any one he was devoted to Mercy. 'I am grieved to see how you have suffered,' he said, with honest distress in his face as he looked at her. 'Try to forget what has happened.'

'I am trying to forget. Do you think of it much?'

'My darling, it is too contemptible to be thought of.'

She placed her work-basket on her lap. Her wasted fingers began absently sorting the wools inside. 'Have you seen Mr. Julian Gray?' she said, suddenly.

'Yes.'

'What does he say about it?' She looked at Horace for the first time steadily scrutinizing his face. Horace took refuge in prevarication.

'I really haven't asked for Julian's opinion,' he said.

She looked down again, with a sigh, at the basket on her lap—considered a little—and tried him once more.

'Why has Mr. Julian Gray not been here for a whole week?' she went on. 'The servants say he has been abroad. Is that true?' It was useless to deny it. Horace admitted that the servants were right. Her fingers suddenly stopped at their restless work among the wools; her breath quickened perceptibly. 'What had Julian Gray been doing abroad?' Had he been making inquiries? Did he alone, of all the people who saw that terrible meeting, suspect her? Yes! His was the finer intelligence; his was a clergyman's (a London clergyman's) experience of frauds and deceptions, and of the women who were guilty of them. Not a doubt of it now! Julian suspected her.

'When does he come back?' she asked, in tones so low that Horace could barely hear her.

'He has come back already. He returned last night.'

A faint shade of color stole slowly over the pallor of her face. She suddenly put her basket away, and clasped her hands together to quiet the trembling of them, before she asked her next question.

'Where is—' she paused to steady her voice. 'Where is the person,' she resumed, 'who came here and frightened me?'

Horace hastened to reassure her. The person will not come again, he said. 'Don't talk of her! Don't think of her!'

She shook her head. 'There is something I want to know,' she persisted. 'How did Mr. Julian Gray become acquainted with her?'

This was easily answered. Horace mentioned the consul at Mannheim, and the letter of introduction. She listened eagerly, and said her next words in a tender, firmer tone.

'She was quite a stranger, then, to Mr. Julian Gray—before that?'

'Quite a stranger,' Horace replied. 'No more questions—not another word about her, Grace! I forbid the subject. Come, my own love!' he said, taking her hand and bending over her tenderly, 'rally your spirits. We are young—we love each other—now is our time to be happy!'

Her hand turned suddenly cold, and trembled in his. Her head sank with a helpless weariness on her breast. Horace rose in alarm.

'You are cold—you are faint,' he said. 'Let me get you a glass of wine!—let me mend the fire!'

The decanters were still on the luncheon-table. Horace insisted on her drinking some port-wine. She barely took half the contents of the wineglass. Even that little told on her sensitive organization; it roused her sinking energies of body and mind. After watching her anxiously, without attracting her notice, Horace left her again to attend to the fire at the other end of the room. Her eyes followed him slowly with a hard and fearless despair. 'Rally your spirits,' she repeated to herself in a whisper. 'My spirits! O God!' She looked round her at the luxury and beauty of the room, as those look who take their leave of familiar scenes. The moment after, her eyes sank, and rested on the rich dress that she wore—a gift from Lady Janet. She thought of the past; she thought of the future. Was the time near when she would be back again in the Refuge, or back again in the streets!—she who had been Lady Janet's adopted daughter, and Horace Holroyd's betrothed wife! A sudden frenzy of recklessness seized on her as the thought of the coming end. Horace was right! Why not rally her spirits! Why not make the most of her time! The last hours of her life in that house were at hand. Why not enjoy her stolen position while she could? 'Adventuress!' whispered the mocking spirit within her, 'return to your character. Away with your remorse! Remorse is the luxury of an honest woman.' She caught up her basket of wools, inspired by a new idea. 'Ring the bell!' she cried out to Horace at the fire-place.

He looked round in wonder. The sound of her voice was so completely altered that he almost fancied there must have been another woman in the room.

'Ring the bell!' she repeated. 'I have left my work up stairs. If you want me to be in good spirits, I must have my work.'

Still looking at her, Horace put his hand mechanically to the bell and rang. One of the men servants came in.

'Go up stairs and ask my maid for my work,' she said, sharply. Even the man was taken by surprise: it was her habit to speak to the servants with a gentleness and consideration which had long since won all their hearts. 'Do you hear me?' she asked, impatiently. The servant bowed, and went out on his errand. She turned to Horace with flashing eyes and feverish cheeks.

'What a comfort it is,' she said, 'to belong to the upper classes! A poor woman has no maid to dress her, and no footman to send upstairs. Is life worth having, Horace, on less than five thousand a year?'

The servant returned with a strip of embroidery. She took it with an insolent grace, and told him to bring her a footstool. The man obeyed. She tossed the embroidery away from her on the sofa. 'On second thoughts, I don't care about my work,' she said. 'Take it up stairs again.' The perfectly trained servant, marvelling quietly, obeyed once more. Horace, in silent astonishment, advanced to the sofa to observe her more nearly. 'How grave you look!' she exclaimed, with an air of flippant unconcern. 'You don't approve of my sitting idle, perhaps? Any thing to please you! I haven't got to go up and down stairs. Ring the bell again.'

'My dear Grace,' Horace remonstrated, gravely, 'you are quite mistaken. I never even thought of your work.'

'Never mind; it's inconsistent to send for my work, and then send it away again. Ring the bell.'

Horace looked at her without moving. 'Grace!' he said, 'what has come to you?'

'How should I know?' she retorted, carelessly. 'Didn't you tell me to rally my spirits? Will you ring the bell, or must I?'

Horace submitted. He frowned as he walked back to the bell. He was one of the many people who instinctively resent any thing that is new to them. This strange outbreak was quite new to him. For the first time in his life he felt sympathy for a servant, when the much-enduring man appeared once more.

'Bring my work back; I have changed my mind.' With that brief explanation she reclined luxuriously on the soft sofa-cushions, swinging one of her balls of wool to and fro above her head, and looking at it lazily as she lay back. 'I have a remark to make, Horace,' she went on, when the door had closed on her messenger. 'It is only people in our rank of life who get good servants. Did you notice? Nothing upsets that man's temper. A servant in a poor family would have been impudent; a maid-of-all-work would have wondered when I was going to know my own mind.' The man returned with the embroidery. This time she received him graciously; she dismissed him with her thanks. 'Have you seen your mother lately, Horace?' she asked, suddenly sitting up and busying herself with her work.

'I saw her yesterday,' Horace answered.

'She understands, I hope, that I am not well enough to call on her? She is not offended with me?'

Horace recovered his serenity. The deference to his mother implied in Mercy's questions gently flattered his self-esteem. He resumed his place on the sofa.

'Offended with you?' he answered, smiling. 'My dear Grace, she sends you her love. And, more than that, she has a wedding present for you.'

Mercy became absorbed in her work; she stooped close over the embroidery—so close that Horace could not see her face. 'Do you know what the present is?' she asked, in lowered tones, speaking absently.

'No. I only know it is waiting for you. Shall I go and get it to-day?' She neither accepted nor refused the proposal—she went on with her work more industriously than ever. 'There is plenty of time,' Horace persisted. 'I can go before dinner. Still—she took no notice: still she never looked up. 'Your mother is very kind to me,' she said, abruptly. 'I was afraid, at one time, that she would think me hardly good enough to be your wife.'

Horace laughed indulgently: his self-esteem was more gently flattered than ever. 'Absurd!' he exclaimed. 'My darling, you are connected with Lady Janet Roy. Your family is almost as good as ours.'

'Almost?' she repeated. 'Only almost?'

The momentary levity of expression vanished from Horace's face. The family question was far too serious a question to be lightly treated. A becoming shadow of solemnity stole over his manner. He looked as if it was Sunday, and he was just stepping into church.

'In our family,' he said, 'we trace back—by my father, to the Saxons; by my mother, to the Normans. Lady Janet's family is an old family—on her side only.'

Mercy dropped her embroidery, and looked Horace full in the face. She, too, attached no common importance to what she had next to say.

'If I had not been connected with Lady Janet,' she began, 'would you ever thought of marrying me?'

'My love! what is the use of asking? You are connected with Lady Janet.'

She refused to let him escape answering her in that way.

'Suppose I had not been connected with Lady Janet,' she persisted. 'Suppose I had only been a good girl, with nothing but my own merits to speak for me. What would your mother have said then?'

Horace still parried the question—only to find the point of it pressed home on him once more.

'Why do you ask?' he said.

'I ask to be answered,' she rejoined. 'Would your mother have liked you to marry a poor girl, of no family—with nothing but her own virtues to speak for her?'

Horace was fairly pressed back to the wall. 'If you must know,' he replied, 'my mother would have refused to sanction such a marriage as that.'

'No matter how good the girl might have been?' There was something defiant—almost threatening—in her tone. Horace was annoyed—and he showed it when he spoke.

'My mother would have respected the girl, without ceasing to respect herself,' he said. 'My mother would have remembered what was due to the family name.'

'And she would have said, no?'

'She would have said, no.'

'Ah!' There was an under-tone of angry contempt in the exclamation which made Horace start. 'What is the matter?' he asked.

'Nothing,' she answered, and took up her embroidery again. There he sat at her side, anxiously looking at her—his hope in the future centred in his marriage! In a weak more, if she chose, she might enter that ancient family, of which he had spoken so proudly, as his wife. 'Oh!' she thought, if I didn't love him! if I had only his mercilless mother to think of!'

Uneasily conscious of some estrangement between them, Horace spoke again. 'Surely I have not offended you?' he said. She turned toward him once more. The work dropped unheeded on her lap. Her grand eyes softened into tenderness. A smile trembled nearly on her delicate lips. She laid one hand caressingly on his shoulder. All the beauty of her voice lent its charm to the next words that she said to him. The woman's heart hungered in its misery for the comfort that could only come from his lips.

'You would have loved me, Horace—without stopping to think of the family name?'

The family name again! How strangely she persisted in coming back to that! Horace looked at her without answering, trying vainly to fathom what was passing in her mind. She took his hand, and wrung it hard—as if she would wring the answer out of him in that way. 'You would have loved me?' she repeated.

The double spell of her voice and her touch was on him. He answered, warmly, 'Under any circumstances! under any name!' She put one arm round his neck, and fixed her eyes on his. 'Is that true?' she asked.

'True as the heavens above us!'

She drank in these few commonplace words with a greedy delight. She forced him to repeat them in a new form.

'No matter who I might have been? For myself alone?'

'For yourself alone.'

She threw both arms around him, and laid her head passionately on his breast. 'I love you! I love you!! I love you!!' Her voice rose with hysterical vehemence at each repetition of the words—then suddenly sank to a low hoarse cry of rage and despair. The sense of her true position toward him revealed itself in all its horror as the confession of her love escaped her lips. Her arms dropped from him; she flung herself back on the sofa-cushions, hiding her face in her hands. 'Oh, leave me!' she moaned, faintly. 'Go! go!'

Horace tried to wind his arm round her, and raise her. She started to her feet, and waved him back from her with a wild action of her hands, as if she was frightened of him. 'The wedding present!' she cried, seizing the first pretext that occurred to her. 'You offered to bring me your mother's present. I am dying to see what it is. Go and get it!' Horace tried to compose her. He might as well have tried to compose the winds and the sea.

'Go!' she repeated, pressing one clinched hand on her bosom. 'I am not well. Talking excites me—I am hysterical; I shall be better alone. Get me the present. Go!'

'Shall I send Lady Janet? Shall I ring for your maid?'

'Send for nobody. Bring for nobody! If you love me—leave me here by myself! leave me instantly!'

'I shall see you when I come back?'

'Yes! yes!'

There was no alternative but to obey her. Unwillingly and forebodingly, Horace left the room. She drew a deep breath of relief, and dropped into the nearest chair. If Horace had staid a moment longer—she felt it, she knew it—her head would have given way; she would have burst out before him with the terrible truth. 'Oh!' she thought, pressing her cold hands on her burning eyes, 'if I could only cry, now there is nobody to see me!'

The room was empty: she had every reason for concluding that she was alone. And yet at that very moment there were ears that listened—there were eyes waiting to see her. Little by little the door behind her which faced the library and led into the billiard-room was opened noiselessly from without, by an inch at a time. As the opening was enlarged a hand in a black glove, an arm in a black sleeve, appeared, guiding the movement of the door. An interval of a moment passed, and the worn white face of Grace Roseberry showed itself stealthily, looking into the dining-room.

Her eyes brightened with vindictive pleasure as they discovered Mercy sitting alone at the farther end of the room. Inch by inch she opened the door more widely, took one step forward, and checked herself. A sound, just audible at the far end of the conservatory, had caught her ear.

She listened—satisfied herself that she was not mistaken—and drawing back with a frown of displeasure, softly closed the door again, so as to hide herself from view. The sound that had disturbed her was the distant murmur of men's voices (apparently two in number) talking together in lowered tones, at the garden entrance to the conservatory. Who were the men? and what would they do next? They might do one of two things: they might enter the drawing-room, or they might withdraw again by way of the garden. Kneeling behind the door, with her ear at the key-hole, Grace Roseberry waited the event.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY MEET AGAIN.

Absorbed in herself, Mercy failed to notice the opening door or to hear the murmur of voices in the conservtory.

The one terrible necessity which had been present to her mind at intervals for a week past was confronting her at that moment. She owed to Grace Roseberry the tardy justice of owning the truth. The longer her confession was delayed, the more cruelly she was injuring the woman whom she had robbed of her identity—the friendless woman who had neither witnesses nor papers to produce, who was powerless to right her own wrong. Keenly as she felt this, Mercy failed, nevertheless, to conquer the horror that shook her when she thought of the impending avowal. Day followed day, and still she shrank from the unendurable ordeal of confession—as she was shrinking from it now! Was it fear for herself that closed her lips? She trembled—as any human being in her place must have trembled—at the bare idea of finding herself thrown back again on the world, which had no place in it and no hope in it for her. But she could have overcome that terror—she could have resigned herself to that doom.

No! it was not the fear of the confession itself, or the fear of the consequences which must follow it, that still held her silent. The horror that daunted her was the horror of owing to Horace and to Lady Janet that she had cheated them out of their love. Every day Lady Janet was kinder and kinder. Every day Horace was fonder and fonder of her. How could she confess to Lady Janet? how could she own to Horace that she had imposed upon him? 'I can't do it. They are so good to me—I can't do it!' In that hopeless way it had ended during the seven days that had gone by. In that hopeless way it ended again now.

The murmur of the two voices at the further end of the conservatory ceased. The billiard-room door opened again slowly, by an inch at a time. Mercy still kept her place, unconscious of the events that were passing around her. Sinking under the hard stress laid on it, her mind had drifted little by little into a new train of thought. For the first time she found the courage to question the future in a new way. Supposing her confession to have been made, or supposing the wound whom she had personated to have discovered the means of exposing the fraud, what advantage, she now asked herself, would Miss Roseberry derive from Mercy Merrick's disgrace?

Could Lady Janet transfer to the woman who was really her relative by marriage the affection which she had given to the woman who had pretended to be her relative? No! All the right in the world would not put the true Grace into the false Grace's vacant place. The qualities by which Mercy had won Lady Janet's love were the qualities which were Mercy's own. Lady Janet could do rigid justice—but hers was not the heart to give itself to a stranger (and to give itself unreservedly) a second time. Grace Roseberry would be formally acknowledged, and there it would end. Was there hope in this new view? Yes! Yes! There was the false hope of making the inevitable atonement by some other means than by the confession of the fraud.

What had Grace Roseberry actually lost by the wrong done to her? She had lost the salary of Lady Janet's companion and reader. Say that she wanted money, Mercy had her savings from the generous allowance made to her by Lady Janet; Mercy could offer money. Or say that she wanted employment, Mercy's interest with Lady Janet could offer employment, could offer anything Grace might ask for, if she would only come to terms.

Invigorated by the new hope, Mercy rose excitedly, weary of inaction in the empty room. She who but a few minutes since had shuddered at the thought of their meeting again, was now eager to devise a means of finding her way privately to an interview with Grace. It should be done without loss of time—on that very day, if possible; by the next day at latest. She looked round her mechanically, pondering how to reach the end in view. Her eyes rested by chance on the door of the billiard-room. Was it fancy? or did she really see the door first open a little, then suddenly and softly closed again?

Was it fancy? or did she really hear, at the same moment, a sound behind her, as of persons speaking in the conservatory? She paused, and, looking back in that direction, listened intently. The sound—if she had really heard it—was no longer audible. She advanced toward the billiard-room, to set her first doubt at rest. She stretched out her hand to open the door, when the voices (recognizable now as the voices of two men) caught her ear once more. This time she was able to distinguish the words that were spoken.

'Any further orders, sir?' inquired one of the men.

'Nothing more,' replied the other.

CONTINUED.)

Chip Basket.

An Austrian officer, Capt. Ahlstrom, swam from Vienna to Pesth, in the Danube, 160 miles, in 39 hours.

Castle Garden, the famous landing place for emigrants at New York, was totally destroyed by fire a few nights ago.

The United States Commission has decided by a vote of 29 to 10 to keep the Centennial Exhibition closed on Sunday.

A monument to Luther will be erected at Eisleben, his birthplace. The Emperor of Germany has given 3,000 marks to help defray the cost.

The copper mines of Newfoundland are developed with great success, and some large deposits of lead have been discovered.

L. D. Sine, the lottery man whose memory is green in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of simpletons in the United States and Canada, died in Cincinnati on Saturday.

The finest gift brought home from India by the Prince of Wales is a golden boot, more than a foot long and wonderfully enamelled. The stern represents the head, wings, and tail of a peacock, the lustrous breast of the bird being carved into the body of the boat with great skill.

Americus, Georgia, has placed on exhibition at the Centennial the first barrel of new flour exhibited anywhere during the present year. The wheat was harvested May 11th, the flour ground the 15th, shipped from Americus the 16th, and received at Philadelphia on the 24th.

The Liverpool *Mercury* says that a borough magistrate has made a rough calculation of the amount of money spent upon drink in Liverpool. He shows that there are 1,240 public houses where drink only is sold, and 500 where food is sold in addition to drink. The money expended in them weekly is £54,450.

Talking at table is one of the very best digesters; there is no tonic known to equal it, as it is of the kind known to promote hilarity and good feeling generally. Most parents are prone to prohibit their children from laughing and talking at the table; it is unphysiological; it is cruelty. Let the conversation be agreeable, not tending to controversy but instruction and amusement.

In speaking of gold a carat signifies a name given to the fraction 1-24, thus: Gold of 22 carats fine is a gold of which 22 parts out of 24 are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper, or other metals. The carat, in speaking of diamonds or other precious stones, is a weight of fraction less than 4 grains troy, or 74 1-16 carats, being equal to 72 grains troy. The term or weight carat derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree called kura. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been from a very remote period used as a weight for gold in Africa, In India, also, the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

$10,000 fine and six months in goal were awarded to Jacob Rehm, the Chicago whisky defrauder. No wonder most of them come to Canada.

Lightning Machinery.

"THE TIMES" EXHIBIT AT THE CENTENNIAL.—EIGHT PAPERS A SECOND.

Three times every day, at 10, 2 and 4 o'clock, a rush and a whirr near the centre of Machinery Hall, call together a crowd about the railing that surrounds the new lightning press on which the Centennial edition of the *Times* is printed. The beauty of the machine, the novelty of its operation, and the terrific speed with which its cylinders revolve, are a sight that is unusual even in Machinery Hall. In all essential parts, the press is the counterpart of the one that