Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 19. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1527.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms $1 00 per annum, strictly in advance; $1 25 if paid within three months; $1.50 if paid within nine months, and over that time $2 00.

No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

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SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-1y

G. C. Shannon M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 12:40-1y

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., office and residence on Bruce Street second door west of Victoria Street. 1522 1-yr.

Dr. Connery,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, and residence, Church St., Goderich, Ontario. ow102

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

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

HOMŒOPATHY.
DR. CARMICHELL
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1496

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

R. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1372

Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade.
Goderich, April 26th, 1876. 1y.

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

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

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

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office—Over G. Parsons' Hardware store, Acheson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1493

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w78
MONEY TO LEND.

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1432-1y

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

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

PATENTS
For Inventors expeditiously and 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. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

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

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

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

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

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

MANHOOD.
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!
Just published, a new edition of
DR. CULVERWELL'S
CELEBRATED ESSAY
on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.
☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the publishers,
F. BRUGMAN & SON,
41 ANN ST., New York.
Post Office Box 4586. 1472-1yr

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO LOAN ON FARM or Town property at Low Rate. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 20th, 1871. 411 Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND.
PRIVATE FUNDS ON REAL ESTATE: Moderate and reasonable charges. Interest from eight to ten per cent according to security.
J. T. GARROW,
Solicitor &c.
January 27th, 1876. 1511-tf

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

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870. w36-1y.

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

Money to Lend.
$50,000 00.
Rusting for want of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE,
Solicitor, &c.,
Goderich.
Jan. 19th, 1876. 1509-1yr

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 REDUCTION.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIVE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich
CANADA
Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

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

Artificial Stone.
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, opposite Neiberg all's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
1479- 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 Gun-shop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners, Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Good delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 23, 1874. 1449-1yr

NEW MEAT MARKET
N. LINDSAY.
BEGS to notify the inhabitants of Goderich that he has opened out a new Meat Market in the store opposite the Colborne Hotel, where he will always have for sale the best of meat, and having received the services of a first-class butcher from Toronto, will warrant satisfaction. ☞ Meat delivered to any part of the town.
December 22nd, 1875. 1506-1yr

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 subscriber is now prepared with all kinds of WORKING, PLANING, SAWING and general JOB WORK.
All very Cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. SAM'L CURRAN. 1492—1yr

Goderich & Kincardine

MARBLE WORKS.
HEADSTONES,
HOUSE TRIMMINGS,
MONUMENTS,
And work of all kinds in Marble designed and executed in the best style and at most reasonable prices.
MARBLE MANTLES
KEPT IN STOCK.
GRANITE MONUMENTS,
AND
HEADSTONES.
Imported to order.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
SCOTT & VANSTONE.
1462-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Spring & Summer Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
Which he is selling very cheap.
READY-MADE CLOTHING always on hand,
Gents' Furnishings
A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed.
Hugh Dunlop.
Goderich, May 3, 1876. 1524

PHILO NOBLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

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

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1478 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. 1468-1yr

THE SUPERIOR SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
LONDON, ONT.
Incorporated by act of Parliament.
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
Shares $50 each, payable in full or by instalments of $1 per month or in ten quarterly payments of $5 each.
Money Advanced on Real Estate.
CHAS. HUTCHINSON, Esq., Clerk of the Peace, President.
A. KEENLYSIDE, Esq., Vice-President.
DIRECTORS.
Geo. Philips, Esq., Alderman, City of London; John Ross Esq., Alderman City of London; C. D. Tufford Esq., M. D.; E. Plummer Esq., Wholesale Druggist; Hugh Stevenson Esq.; J. J. Lancaster, M. D.; J. D. Saunby Esq., North Branch Mills; John Wheaton Esq., London Township; R. S. Murray Esq., Merchant; Saml. Crawford Esq., Globe Agricultural Works; Thos. Peel Esq., J. P.
BANKERS.
Bank of Montreal.
BARTRUM & LOVE, Solicitors.
JAS. MILNE, Manager.
Office, Dundas St., North Side between Talbot and Ridout St.
Applicants for stock or to borrow money can be made to Alex. McD. Allan, Sheriff's office, Goderich. 1508-1y

BELLS.
Markham Bell Foundry
ESTABLISHED IN 1860.
We manufacture bells from 45 lbs. to 800 lbs and warrant all for one year. Delivered at Markham station. Send for price list.
J. S. JONES & BRO.,
1509-1y Markham P. O., Ont.

Poetry.

For the Huron.

"Let there be Light."

Night, stars, eternal and alone,
Guided with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound;
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which veils the tomb,
While circling ages wheel'd away,
Unpeopled midst the voiceless gloom.

Then mov'd upon the wavless deep
The quickening spirit of the Lord,
And broken was its pulseless sleep,
Before the Everlasting Word!
"Let there be light"—then listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
In the beginning sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

Then in his burning tract, the sun
Trod onward to his joyous noon,
And in the heavens, one by one,
Cluster'd the stars around the moon.
In glory bathed, the radiant day
Wore, like a ring, the crown of light;
And, girdled by the Milky Way
Now queenly look'd the star-gem'd night.

Bursting from choir celestial, rang
Triumphantly the notes of song;
The morning stars together sang
In concert with the heavenly throng.
And earth enraptur'd caught the strain,
That thrill'd along the fields of air,
Till every mountain-top and plain
Flung back an answering echo there.

Creator! let thy spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us by thy grace Divine
From the forbidden paths of sin;
And may that voice, which call'd the earth
From chaos and the realms of night,
From doubt and darkness *call* us forth
To God's own liberty and light.

Thus, made partakers of thy love,
The baptism of the spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renew'd in purposes and powers;
And songs of joy again shall ring,
Triumphant thro' the ark of heaven;
The glorious songs which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, May 8, 1876.

The New Magdalen.

But who knows the handsome young woman sitting on her right hand, playing with her luncheon instead of eating it? Nobody really knows her. She is prettily dressed in gray poplin, trimmed with gray velvet, and set off by a ribbon of deep red tied in a bow at the throat. She is nearly as tall as Lady Janet herself, and possesses a grace and beauty of figure not always seen in women who rise above the medium height. Judging by a certain innate grandeur in the carriage of her head and in the expression of her large melancholy gray eyes, believers in blood and breeding will be apt to guess that this is another noble lady. Alas! she is nothing but Lady Janet's companion and reader. Her head, crowned with its lovely light brown hair, bends with a gentle respect when Lady Janet speaks. Her fine firm hand is easily and incessantly watchful to supply Lady Janet's slightest wants. The old lady—affectionately familiar with her—speaks to her as she might speak to an adopted child. But the gratitude of the beautiful companion has always the same restraint in its acknowledgement of kindness; the smile of the beautiful companion has always the same underlying sadness when it responds to Lady Janet's hearty laugh. Is there something wrong here, under the surface? Is she suffering in mind, or suffering in body? What is the matter with her?

The matter with her is secret remorse. This delicate and beautiful creature pines under the slow torment of constant self-reproach. To the mistress of the house, and to all who inhabit it or enter it, she is known as Grace Roseberry, the orphan relative by marriage of Lady Janet Roy. To herself alone she is known as the outcast of the London streets; the inmate of the London Refuge; the lost woman who has stolen her way back—after vainly trying to fight her way back—to Home and Name. There she sits in the grim shadow of her own terrible secret, disguised in another person's identity, and established in another person's place. Mercy Merrick had only to dare, and to become Grace Roseberry if she pleased. She has dared, and she has been Grace Roseberry for nearly four months past.

At this moment, while Lady Janet is talking to Horace Holmcroft, something that has passed between them has set her talking of the day when she took the first fatal step which committed her to the fraud.

How marvelously easy of accomplishment the act of personation had been! At first sight Lady Janet had yielded to the fascination of the noble and interesting face. No need to present the stolen letter; no need to repeat the ready-made story. The old lady had put the letter aside unopened, and had stopped the story at the first words. 'Your face is your introduction, my dear; your father can say nothing for you which you have not already said for yourself.' There was the welcome which established her firmly in her false identity at the outset. Thanks to her own experience, and thanks to the 'Journal' of events at Rome, questions about her life in Canada and questions about Colonel Roseberry's illness found her ready with answers which (even if suspicion had existed) would have disarmed suspicion on the spot. While the true Grace was slowly and painfully winning her way back to life on her bed in a German hospital, the false Grace was presented to Lady Janet's friends as the relative by marriage of the mistress of Mablethorpe House. From that time forward nothing had happened to rouse in her the faintest suspicion that Grace Roseberry was other than a dead and buried woman. So far as she now knew—she might live out her life in perfect security (if her conscience would let her), respected, distinguished, and beloved, in the position which she had usurped.

She rose abruptly from the table. The effort of her life was to shake herself free of the remembrances which haunted her perpetually as they were haunting her now. Her memory was her worst enemy; her one refuge from it was in change of occupation and change of scene.

'May I go into the conservatory, Lady Janet?' she asked.

'Certainly, my dear.'

She bent her head to her protectress, looked for a moment with a steady, compassionate attention at Horace Holmcroft, and, slowly crossing the room, entered the winter-garden. The eyes of Horace followed her, as long as she was in view, with a curious contradictory expression of admiration and disapproval. When she had passed out of sight the admiration vanished, but the disapproval remained. The face of the young man contracted into a frown; he sat silent, with his fork in his hand, playing absently with the fragments on his plate.

'Take some French pie, Horace,' said Lady Janet.

'No, thank you.'

'Some more chicken, then?'

'No more chicken.'

'Will nothing tempt you?'

'I will take some more wine, if you will allow me.'

He filled his glass (for the fifth or sixth time) with sherry, and emptied it sullenly at a draught. Lady Janet's bright eyes watched him with sardonic attention; Lady Janet's ready tongue spoke out as freely as usual what was passing in her mind at the time.

'The air of Kensington doesn't seem to suit you, my young friend,' she said. 'The longer you have been my guest, the oftener you fill your glass and empty your cigar-case. Those are bad signs in a young man. When you first came here you arrived installed by a wound. In your place, I should not have exposed myself to be shot, with no other object in view than describing a battle in a newspaper. I suppose tastes differ. Are you ill? Does your wound still plague you?'

'Not in the least.'

'Are you out of spirits?'

Horace Holmcroft dropped his fork, rested his elbows on the table, and answered, 'Awfully.'

Even Lady Janet's large toleration had its limits. It embraced every human offence except a breach of good manners. She snatched up the nearest weapon of correction at hand—a tablespoon—and rapped her young friend smartly with it on the arm that was nearest to her.

'My table is not the club table,' said the old lady. 'Hold up you head. Don't look at your fork—look at me. I allow nobody to be out of spirits in my house. I consider it to be a reflection on me. If your quiet life here doesn't suit you, say so plainly, and find something else to do. There is employment to be had, I suppose—if you choose to apply for it! You needn't smile. I don't want to see your teeth—I want an answer.'

Horace admitted, with all needful gravity, that there was employment to be had. The war between France and Germany, he remarked, was still going on; the newspaper had offered to employ him again in the capacity of correspondent.

'Don't speak of the newspapers and the war!' cried Lady Janet, with a sudden explosion of anger, which was genuine anger this time. 'I detest the newspapers! I won't allow the newspapers to enter this house. I lay the whole blame of the blood shed between France and Germany at the editors' door.'

Horace's eyes opened wide in amazement. The old lady was evidently in earnest. 'What can you possibly mean?' he asked. 'Are the newspapers responsible for the war?'

'Entirely responsible,' answered Lady Janet. 'Why, you don't understand the age you live in! Does any body do any thing nowadays (fighting included) without wishing to see it in the newspapers? I subscribe to a charity; thou art presented with a testimonial; he preaches a sermon; we suffer for a grievance; you make a discovery; *they* go to church and get married. And I, thou, he; we, you, they, all want one and the same thing—we want to see it in the papers. Are kings, soldiers, and diplomatists exceptions to the general rule of humanity? Not they! I tell you seriously, if the newspapers of Europe had one and all decided not to take the smallest notice in print of the war between France and Germany, it is my firm conviction the war would have come to an end for want of encouragement long since. Let the pen cease to advertise the sword, and I, for one, can see the result. No report—no fighting.'

'Your views have the merit of perfect novelty, ma'am,' said Horace. 'Would you object to see them in the newspapers?'

Lady Janet worsted her young friend with his own weapons.

'Don't I live in the latter part of the nineteenth century?' she asked. 'In the newspapers, did you say? In large type, Horace, if you love me?'

Horace changed the subject.

'You blame me for being out of spirits,' he said; 'and you seem to think it is because I am tired of my pleasant life at Mablethorpe House. I am not in the least tired, Lady Janet.' He looked toward the conservatory: the frown showed itself on his face once more. 'The truth is,' he resumed, 'I am not satisfied with Grace Roseberry.'

'What has Grace done?'

'She persists in prolonging our engagement. Nothing will persuade her to fix the day for our marriage.'

It was true! Mercy had been mad enough to listen to him, and to love him. But Mercy was not vile enough to marry him under her false character, and in her false name. Between three and four months had elapsed since Horace had been sent home from the war, wounded, and had found the beautiful Englishwoman whom he had befriended in France established at Mablethorpe House. Invited to become Lady Janet's guest (he had passed his holidays as a school-boy under Lady Janet's roof)—free to spend the idle time of his convalescence from morning till night in Mercy's society—the impression originally produced on him in the French cottage soon strengthened into love. Before the month was out Horace had declared himself, and had discovered that he spoke to willing ears. From that moment it was only a question of persisting long enough in the resolution to gain his point. The marriage engagement was ratified—most reluctantly on the lady's side—and there the further progress of Horace Holmcroft's suit came to an end. Try as he might, he failed to persuade his betrothed wife to fix the day for the marriage. There were no obstacles in her way. She had no near relations of her own to consult. As a connection of Lady Janet's by marriage, Horace's mother and sisters were ready to receive her with all the honors due to a new member of the family. No pecuniary considerations made it necessary, in this case, to wait for a favorable time. Horace was an only son; and he had succeeded to his father's estate with an ample income to support it. On both sides alike there was absolutely nothing to prevent the two young people from being married as soon as the settlements could be drawn. And yet, to all appearance, here was a long engagement in prospect, with no better reason than the lady's incomprehensible perversity to explain the delay.

'Can you account for Grace's conduct?' asked Lady Janet. Her manner changed as she put the question. She looked and spoke like a person who was perplexed and annoyed.

'I hardly like to own it,' Horace answered, 'but I am afraid she has some motive for deferring our marriage which she cannot confide either to you or to me.'

Lady Janet started.

'What makes you think that?' she asked.

'I have once or twice caught her in tears. Every now and then—sometimes when she is talking quite gayly—she suddenly changes color and becomes silent and depressed. Just now, when she left the table, didn't you notice it by the glass?'

'I noticed it in the strangest way, almost as if she was sorry for me. What do these things mean?'

Horace's reply, instead of increasing Lady Janet's anxiety, caused her to laugh. He had observed nothing of the kind, he said, he was merely speaking for his part, 'Grace is not well, my boy,' she said, 'the morning is plain enough. Grace has been out of health for some time past. The doctor recommends change of air. I shall take her away with me.'

'It would be more to the purpose,' Horace rejoined, 'if I took her away with me. She might consent, if you would only use your influence. I is asking too much to ask you to persuade her?' My mother and my sisters have written to her, and have produced no effect. Do me the greatest of all kindnesses—speak to her today!' He paused, and, assuming command of Lady Janet's hand, repeated the entreaty. 'You have always been so good to me,' he said, softly, and pressed it again.

The old lady looked at him. It was impossible to dispute that there were attractions in Horace Holmcroft's face which made it well worth looking at. Many a woman might have envied him his clear complexion, his bright blue eyes, and the warm amber tint in his light Saxon hair. Men—especially men skilled in observing physiognomy—might have noticed in the shape of his forehead and in the line of his upper lip the signs indicative of a moral nature deficient in largeness and breadth—of a mind easily accessible to strong prejudices, and obstinate in maintaining those prejudices in the face of conviction itself. To the observation of women these remote defects were too far below the surface to be visible. He charmed the sex in general by his rare personal advantages, and by the graceful deference of his manner. To Lady Janet he was endeared, not by his own merits only, but by old associations that were connected with him. His father had been one of her many admirers in her young days. Circumstances had parted them. Her marriage to another man had been a childless marriage. In past times, when the boy Horace had come to her from school, she had cherished a secret fancy (too absurd to be communicated to any living creature) that he ought to have been her son, and might have been her son, if she had married his father! She smiled charmingly, old as she was—she yielded as his mother might have yielded—when the young man took her hand and entreated her to interest herself in his marriage. 'Must I really speak to Grace?' she asked, with a gentleness of tone and manner far from characteristic, on ordinary occasions, of the lady of Mablethorpe House. Horace saw that he had gained his point. He sprang to his feet; his eyes turned eagerly in the direction of the conservatory; his handsome face was radiant with hope. 'Lady Janet (with her mind full of his father) stole a last look at him, sighed as she thought of the vanished days, and recovered herself.

'Go to the smoking-room,' she said, giving him a push toward the door. 'Away with you, and cultivate the favorite vice of the nineteenth century.' Horace attempted to express his gratitude. 'Go and smoke!' Left by herself, Lady Janet took a turn in the room, and considered a little.

Horace's discontent was not unreasonable. There was really no excuse for the delay of which he complained. Whether the young lady had a special motive for hanging back, or whether she was merely fretting because she did not know her own mind, it was, in either case, necessary to come to a distinct understanding, sooner or later, on the serious question of the marriage. The difficulty was, how to approach the subject without giving offence. 'I don't understand the young women of the present generation,' thought Lady Janet. 'In my time, when we were fond of a man, we were ready to marry him at a moment's notice. And this is an age of progress! They ought to be readier still.'

Arriving, by her own process of induction, at this inevitable conclusion, she decided to try what her influence could accomplish, and to trust to the inspiration of the moment for exerting it in the right way. 'Grace!' she called out, approaching the conservatory door. The tall lithe figure in its gray dress glided into view, and stood relieved against the green background of the winter-garden.

'Did your ladyship call me?'

'Yes; I want to speak to you. Come and sit down by me.'

With these words Lady Janet led the way to a sofa, and placed her companion by her side.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN IS COMING.

'You look very pale this morning, my child.'

Mercy sighed wearily. 'I am not well,' she answered. 'The slightest noises startle me. I feel tired if I only walk across the room.'

Lady Janet patted her kindly on the shoulder. 'We must try what a change will do for you. Which shall it be? the Continent or the sea-side?'

'Your ladyship is too kind to me.'

'It is impossible to be too kind to you.'

Mercy started. The color flowed charmingly over her pale face. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, impulsively. 'Say that again!'

'Say it again?' repeated Lady Janet, with a look of surprise.

'Yes! Don't think me presuming; only think me vain, I can't hear you say too often that you have learned to like me. Is it really a pleasure to you to have me in the house? Have I always behaved well since I have been with you?'

(The one excuse for the act of personation—if excuse there could be—lay in the affirmative answer to those questions. It would be something, surely, to say of the false Grace that the true Grace could not have been worthier of her welcome, if the true Grace had been received at Mablethorpe House!)

Lady Janet was partly touched, partly amused, by the extraordinary earnestness of the appeal that had been made to her.

'Have you behaved well?' she repeated. 'My dear, you talk as if you were a child!' She laid her hand caressingly on Mercy's arm, and continued, in a graver tone: 'It is hardly too much to say, Grace, that I bless the day when you first came to me. I do believe I could be hardly fonder of you if you were my own daughter.' Mercy suddenly turned her head aside, so as to hide her face. Lady Janet, still touching her arm, felt it tremble. 'What is the matter with you?' she asked, in her abrupt, downright manner. 'I am only very grateful to your ladyship—that is all.'

The words were spoken faintly, in broken tones. The face was still averted from Lady Janet's view. 'What have I said to provoke this?' wondered the old lady. 'Is she in the melting mood to-day? If she is, now is the time to say a word for Horace!' Keeping that excellent object in view, Lady Janet approached the delicate topic with all needful caution at starting.

'We have not spoken well together,' she resumed, 'that it will not be easy for either of us to feel reconciled to a change in our lives. At my age, it will fall heaviest on me. What shall I do, Grace, when the day comes for parting with my adopted daughter?'

Mercy started, and showed her face again. The traces of tears were in her eyes. 'Why should I leave you?' she asked, in a tone of alarm.

'Surely you know?' exclaimed Lady Janet.

'Indeed I don't. Tell me why.'

'Ask Horace to tell you.'

The last allusion was too plain to be misunderstood. Mercy's head dropped, she began to tremble again. Lady Janet looked at her in blank amazement.

'Is there any thing wrong between Horace and you?' she asked. 'No.'

'You know your own heart, my dear child! You have surely not encouraged Horace without loving him?' 'Oh no!'

'And yet—' For the first time in their experience of each other Mercy ventured to interrupt her benefactress. 'Dear Lady Janet,' she interposed, gently, 'I am in no hurry to be married. There will be plenty of time in the future to talk of that. You had something you wished to say to me. What is it?'

It was no easy matter to disconcert Lady Janet Roy. But that last question fairly reduced her to silence. After all that had passed, there sat her young companion, innocent of the faintest suspicion of the subject that was to be discussed between them! 'What are the young women of the present time made of?' thought the old lady utterly at a loss to know what to say next. Mercy waited, on her side, with an impenetrable patience which only aggravated the difficulties of the position. The silence was fast threatening to bring the interview to a sudden and untimely end, when the door from the library opened, and a man-servant, bearing a little salver, entered the room.

(CONTINUED.)

The Centennial Exhibition.

(*From the New York Herald.*)

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.—After the great crush of yesterday the Centennial grounds appeared to have few visitors to-day. The vast halls, main building and machinery department, as well as the grounds and the pavilions, looked comparatively deserted. But such an impression conveyed to the observer was created more by the contrast with yesterday than by the fact of any unexpected falling off in the number of applicants for admission. The attendance of visitors to-day furnishes a fair standard of what it will be during the three months' existence of the Exhibition.

Wandering through a labyrinth of exhibits of packing boxes, and fragments of machinery, I observed but few that called for special mention at this early stage of the Exhibition. Among them, however, is an extremely interesting collection of marine objects connected with the building and management of ships of all kinds and of all nations. The American manufactures and the machinery excel any on exhibition. Brazil presents some workmanship, but extremely rude, and I doubt if it is genuine native work. Sweden sends specimens of machinery for working wood and a small locomotive which has intricate and badly protected machinery, but otherwise well put together; also a good but roughly finished pumping apparatus. Belgium has a fair exhibit of first class machinery, but this section is not ready for critical inspection. England makes a fine presentation and maintains her engineering rank. France is scarcely far enough advanced in her exhibition of machinery to warrant passing an opinion, but, judging from what is seen, she holds her own. A vast and mysterious looking grouping of pipes, cylinders and columns are arranged along a tank in a section devoted to the pumping apparatus, and which will shortly pour a great Niagara-like stream of water that will form a necessary part of the exhibition. Fire engines, elaborately plated in silver, are also on view, which attract the attention of rural firemen as the nearest thing on wheels in the building. A magnificent forged engine shaft, weighing over 50,000 pounds, lies along the floor, near a complicated little machine stamping the maker's name on cotton spools.

If anything could prove that the soldier is but a mere machine it would be the inspection of the Brazilian arsenal, from whence the great field pieces gain over the silken and woollen cords that bar a close approach by visitors, and of the infantry and cavalry uniforms arranged over skeleton forms like sentries on guard over the imperial park of artillery.

Great trophies of railroad iron show to what extent and how readily we can "make track" for our home or foreign lands, and there is a grand, if not handsome display of cog wheels, bolts, nuts, washers, fish plates, angle irons, hooks and rods of all kinds.

Carpet looms rise up before the visitor's eyes and work as if by magic with warp and woof in his presence.

Nervous individuals can suffer excruciating torture for a reasonable length of time watching a machine cut nails out of sheets of iron with a bark and a bite that set the teeth on edge.

Wherever the visitor turns in this hall of wonders he sees something to interest him; fatigue is wholly forgotten, and he walks on and on until he has seen everything.

STRAY NOTES.

Arrests for all causes on the opening day on the grounds were only 38; pickpockets, 8.

Cattle said to be the heaviest and best in the world have arrived at Philadelphia for exhibition—among them an ox weighing 4,000 pounds and a heifer weighing 3,300 pounds.

Complaint in Philadelphia has begun of extortionate prices. An indignant breakfaster avers that he was charged $2.05 for one little beefsteak, bread and tea; and another asks the sympathy of the public inasmuch as he has been bled to the tune of $1.25 for "a very plain lunch."

The Krupp cannon from Germany, the heaviest siege gun in the world, still remains in the Essen in the Schuylkill. No derrick is strong enough to land it, and it is to be jacked up and rolled overboard.

There is a Centennial Medical Department to which those suddenly taken ill may be carried. Thirty or forty cases of exhaustion have occurred on the grounds, with others of laceration, fracture and bruise.

The Turkish Commissioners have been inspecting the Canadian leather and nails in the Exhibition, and from the information given them have expressed their intention of visiting some of our manufacturers in that line, as the prices given have fairly impressed them with the advantages of the Canadian trade. The representatives of Pillow, Hersey & Co., of Montreal, eff