# Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 21. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY. JUNE 11, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1873.



**The Huron Signal,**

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.



RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

The following rates will be charged to merchants and others who advertise by the year,—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| One Column | 1 year | $60 |
| " " | 6 months | 35 |
| " " | 3 months | 25 |
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| " " | 3 months | 15 |
| Quarter " | 1 year | 20 |
| " " | 6 months | 12 |
| " " | 3 months | 8 |
| Eighth " | 1 year | 12 |
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This agreement is to be confined to the ordinary business of commercial houses, and for such it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, Houses to let or for Sale, &c.

☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

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.

M. NICHOLSON, SURGEON DENTIST. Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-ly

John Campbell, M.D., C.M., (Graduate of McGill University, Montreal), SEAFORTH. OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross' hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel. Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

Dr. P. A. McDougall WILL be at home for Consultation up to 11 o'clock, a. m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 4w

G. C. Shannon M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-ly

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

Dr. Cassady, McGill College PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

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

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

B. L. DOYLE, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR-in-Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1357

Giffard Elliott, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, &c. Goderich.

Sinclair & Seager BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich. J. S. SINCLAIR CHAS. SEAGER, Jr. Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. ly.

W. R. SQUIER. BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1353

G. CAMPAIGNE LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING, Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee. sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

Malcomson & Keating, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35 MONEY TO LEND.

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1307-ly.

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

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

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

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY Secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Feb. 11th 1871. w4-ly—

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

NEW RESTAURANT. JAMES VIVIAN HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season. HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Goderich, 15 April 1873. 1365

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

## Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33 G. R. C., A. F. & A. M. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. DICKSON, Sec. Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw12-ly

## Hotels.

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

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

## Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST. FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto. For particulars apply to A. M. ROSS, Agent at Goderich. Secretary and Treasurer, CHAS. 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 PHOENIX 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. 26th 1870. e36-ly.

$25,000 TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c., Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens. 1309-tf.

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

## 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. Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL. G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL. A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company. HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER ........ $100,000 With liberty to increase to half a million. Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up. INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES. BOARD OF DIRECTORS. President: The Hon. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON, M. P., Q. C., &c. &c. Toronto. Vice President: LEWIS MOFFAT, Esq. GEO DUGGAN, Esq. Judge of the County of York. W. H. BROUSE, Esq., M. D., M. P., Prescott. ARCH. CAMERON, Esq., Cashier Merchants' Bank, Toronto. WM. J. MACDONELL, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto. ANGUS MORRISON, Esq., M. P. Secretary and Treasurer: ARTHUR HARVEY, Esq. Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by J. J. BELL, Agent at Goderich. 1342

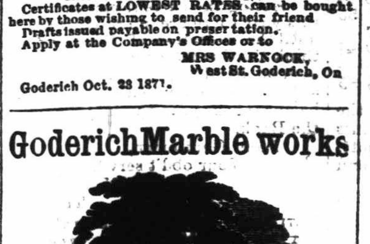
WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO. CAPITAL STOCK........$400,000 SURPLUS FUNDS........208,369.60 RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,858.26 HON. J. McMURRICH President. B. HALDAN Managing Director. FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates. SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES, COVERING insurance for one or three years on dwellings with contents, Dwellings, Churches and Schools with contents, in Cities, Towns and Country places. These rates and terms of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community. First Class man wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office. D. WATSON, Local Agent. Goderich 17th Sept. 187[illegible]

ANCHOR LINE. Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday. TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers. ☞ Passengers booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply, as by any other Route or Line. THE NEW DEPARTURES.

| From Glasgow. | | From New York. |
|---|---|---|
| Sat., Sept. 23d | IOWA | Mon., Oct. 16th, |
| Sat., Sept. 30th | CALEDONIA | Sat., Oct. 21st |
| Sat., Oct. 7th | ANGLIA | Sat., Oct. 28th |
| Sat., Oct. 14th | COLUMBIA | Sat., Nov. 4th |

And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon. RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY, TO LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW OR DERRY: FIRST CABIN, $65 and $75, according to location. Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accomodation, $130. Intermediate, $33. Steerage, $28. Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friend. Drafts issued payable on presentation. Apply at the Company's Offices or to MRS WARNOCK, West St. Goderich, On. Goderich Oct. 23 1871.

Goderich Marble works



Scott, Vanstone & Co., BEG TO INTIMATE THAT THEY HAVE opened a branch of their Kincardine MARBLE-CUTTING WORKS, in the old stand of Mr. A. M. Johnston Victoria st., Goderich, and will be able to supply Tombstones, Mantlepieces, Window Sills, &c., &c., &c., in the best style of workmanship and on reasonable terms. GAVIN STUTHERS, Agent. Goderich 17th July, sw98-t

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, Paper-hanging, &c., &c. F. R. MANN Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

OPENED OUT AGAIN.

DOUGLAS McKENZIE Watchmaker & Jeweller, DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the premises on Kingston Street, formerly occupied as a Saloon by Harry Reed, and directly opposite C. Crabb's store, which he has fitted up in first class style. He would call special attention to the RUSSELL WATCH for the sale of which he is Sole agent in Goderich. A large stock of Waltham, Merion, Elgin and Swiss Watches in Gold and Silver cases. He has on hand a large and well selected stock of JEWELLERY of all kinds which he will sell cheap. REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL. A CALL SOLICITED. D. McKENZIE. Goderich, March 28th, 1873 1365

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS.

R. J. WHITELY BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on CARRIAGE & SLEGIH MAKING in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite E. MARTIN'S COLBORNE HOTEL. Carriages, Buggies, Waggons and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner. REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED. Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1358

BOOTS & SHOES. THE subscriber has commenced business in the above line, in the shop opposite CLIFFORD'S BAKERY, where he is prepared to do all work with which he may be favoured. REPAIRING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH. A CALL SOLICITED. WM. SHARMAN. Goderich, May 30th, 1873. 1368-3m


## Poetry.

### Two Wishes.

Two girls sat side by side
Where the brook was flowing;
It was the eventide,
And the stars were glowing.

"Oh let my life," one said,
While her bright eyes shone,
"Be like yon star o'erhead,
Shining alone!
A brilliant life and pure,
Its rays far-going,
A light that shall endure,
A beacon glowing.
Her calm sphere cannot know
Turmoil and stir;
Earth's storms break far below,
They reach not her.
Oh, happy lot, to shine
So bright, so fair!
Yes, let this life of mine
Be like that star!"

Meanwhile the other lay
Low on the grass,
Watching the water play
And rippling pass.
"Nay, let me," answered she,
"Be like this brook,"
That fills with woodland glee
This quiet nook,
Its happy life it hides
Almost unseen,
But where its current glides
Is brighter green,
All living things rejoice
Where'er it flows;
Among sharp rocks its voice
The gladder grows,
Evermore hastening
Down to its rest,
Shineing and glistening,
Blessing and blest."

So the one is striving
In a noble strife,
And the other is living
A peaceful life.

### "Olive Varcoe."

—:o:—

The shapely arm that had barred the way dropped by her side, and taking up the cord again, and pulling it somewhat listlessly through her fingers, Olive Varcoe moved slowly away. Down the soft slope, to the edge of the gleaming lake, she went with measured, resolute step; then, still skirting the brink, with the hem of her robe touching the shining water, she passed out of sight among the tall ferns and leafy branches of the sweeping beach.

To his dying day Charles Vigo will never forget the look that Olive Varcoe wore as she crossed the greensward in the sunshine, her face stern, and set in passionate grief, her white hands playing with the crimson rope, her black dress clinging sombrely to her firm, lithe figure.

The sound of Eleanor's weeping reached him in his ambush; and, ashamed that he had listened, he crept silently away.

For hours young Vige wandered in the wood. Except that he knew his steps were not tending homewards, he was scarcely conscious whither he went. His heart yearned towards Olive. In spite of her faults he loved her, and he longed to fold her in his arms and comfort her.

'She is sorely tried,' he said to himself, softly. 'It is a hard thing to be driven from one's home by a stranger. Trewavas might have spared her such a trial. He has acted without tact and delicacy. I was sure she did not love him—a fellow all family pride and worldliness. Of course she couldn't like him; but then it was satisfactory to hear her say it. 'Friend, playmate;' those were her words. I always told Damerel there was nothing else.'

Thus sometimes do a lover's own ears deceive him.

'I admire her spirit,' he continued. 'She won't accept anything of them. No, why should she? Bosvige shall be her home. Who wants a penny of their money? Not the Vigos, certainly. I shall care nothing now for what Damerel says. It is my duty to protect her at this point in her life. I cannot let her go out into the world to fight her way, as she talks of doing, brave little thing! No, mine must be the roof to shelter her when she quits Trewavas.'

Thus, in solitude, with thoughts coming to him brokenly, mingled with visions of happiness, and doubts as to his father's approval of his love, Charles Vigo turned from one narrow path into another, plunged deeper and deeper into the recesses of the wood.

Once he thought he heard a cry—a wild, solitary cry; and startled by this strange sound among the summer leaves, he stopped to listen, but it was not repeated; and deeming it the cry of hawk or heron, he wandered on again amid the songs of birds, and the hum of innumerable bees.

At length the wood deepened into gloom and the evening shadows fell across his path, but the shrinking from home and from companionship, that had kept him solitary so many hours, held him still in its bonds, and he stood irresolute beneath the leaves, thinking with curious repugnance of the noise, the cheerfulness, and the guests awaiting him at Bosvigo.

As he stood thus in the waning light, the sounds of the wood growing still about him, there broke on his ear the note of the great bell at Trewavas. Floating on the rustling waves of foliage, startling the stillness of the twilight, it came with an inexpressible mournfulness, like the sound of a passing bell, heard at sea, when the hearts of mariners returning home are fevered and anxious. Almost at the same instant there rose clearly on the breeze a low cry—this time unmistakably the cry of a woman—and listening scarce a moment, young Vigo dashed aside the branches, and strode through the underwood, in the direction whence the sound approached him; in a little more than a minute he had reached a tiny, cleared, open glade, and here, lying with her face on the grass, was Olive.

The young man ran towards her, and lifted her in his arms. She seemed scarcely sensible; there was a wild look of horror in her fixed eyes, and there broke every moment from her pale lips, her heaving chest, a rending sob like a groan.

'Olive! Olive!' exclaimed her lover eagerly, 'who has hurt you? What has happened? Oh, she will die—she will die!'

'No, no,' said Olive, in a strange unnatural voice, 'I am not dying—I am not ill. Let me go, Mr. Vigo, to-morrow you will be sorry you have shewn me kindness.'

She struggled from his protecting arm, and sank down again on the grass.

Greatly distressed, the young man bent over her full of love and pity.

'You do me injustice, Olive,' he said. 'I am always proud to be your friend.'

'Are you?' she said, in a desolate tone. 'It is not safe to be my friend. Leave me Mr. Vigo, I entreat you.'

'Not before I know why I find you in this state,' he replied; 'not before I know what has happened.'

'Happened! what can have happened. Nothing has happened,' said Olive wildly. 'Where have you been walking? how long have you been in this wood, Mr. Vigo?'

'I have been here some hours,' he replied; 'all the afternoon I think.'

Olive started to her knees, and clasping her hands, she gazed at him with a haggard look.

'Here!' said she, 'on this side of the wood—all the afternoon! Have you seen anyone? Sir Hilton or—or his brother—or.'

'I have seen no one but you,' replied Charles Vigo, a little evasively. 'Will you not trust me, Olive?—will you not tell me what has happened?'

'Nothing has happened!' exclaimed Olive, passionately. 'Why will you persist in saying so?'

'Then why are you so distressed?' he said. 'Even now you can scarcely steady your sobbing voice to speak.'

His words seemed to wring Olive's very heart; she clenched her hands together, and bowed her head upon them, while her frame shook with a convulsive sob. Mingled always with the sound of her anguish came the quick, impatient clash of the bell at Trewavas.

'Oh, why will they ring?' she cried. 'I cannot go in to dinner.'

'Is it for you they are ringing the great bell to-day?' he asked. 'Let me assist you home. Surely you are better in the house than here.'

She rose unassisted, for she did not touch the hand he held forth.

'Yes,' she said, 'you are right. I had better go home. They will wait dinner for me, and Lady Trewavas will be angry.'

'Don't annoy yourself for that, Olive,' said he. 'Let them wait; and perhaps they are not ringing for you; some other member of the family may be missing.'

Olive glanced at him hurriedly.

'Oh, no,' she cried—'they are ringing for me, only me, I am certain. Let us make haste.'

'Take my arm, Olive,' said Charles Vigo.

She took it, but only for a moment, for her hand dropped suddenly by her side, and she stood still.

'Hark! Do you hear anything?' she said.

'No, I hear nothing,' he replied.

'I hear it,' she said—'a voice calling me, Olive—Olive!' I have heard it all these hours.'

'My dear Olive, you are ill—you are excited,' said Vigo. 'There is not a sound in the wood. Even the bell has stopped now?'

'Has it stopped?' she asked. 'Why has it stopped? Good heavens! why has the bell stopped?'

'My poor Olive,' said Charles Vigo; 'how nervous you are! I dare say Sir Hilton or his brother, for whom they are ringing is come in, and I suppose——'

He hesitated, and then went on with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

'I will say it out, Olive—I suppose they consider you too insignificant a person in the household to ring for. Do you know, Olive, that for your sake I often hate them.'

'Do not hate the only friends I have—the only people who love me,' she said. 'I am a wild, wicked ungrateful girl! Oh, how I have repaid them! I have always been the cause of hatred, bitterness, and sin. And now I am going away. I shall never see dear Trewavas again!'.

'Is it for this you gave way to such keen distress, Olive?' he said. 'Do you indeed loved Trewavas so deeply?'

'It is my home, my only home,' she replied; 'and I am driven out of it, Mr. Vigo—driven out like Cain, to wander miserably on the earth!'

'No, Olive, never!' he returned. 'My house awaits you; my home shall be yours. I love you better than I love my life! Give me your hand. Tell me that I may hope——'

Olive gazed at him with sad eyes. The fevered excitement of her manner seemed suddenly chastened into calmness.

'You know not what you do,' she said in a sweet, low voice.

'I know right well, Olive,' he replied; 'I am asking you to be my wife.'

'With all my faults and sins black on me, as they are this day!' she said in a tone of constrained quiet.

'Yes,' said he; 'for I am not ignorant, Olive, that you have faults, but they arise from your position. You have been galled, and, like a proud steed, you have winced and shown temper. In another position you will be another woman. Honored, respected, beloved, my life on it, Olive, you will show yourself outwardly as noble as I know you to be inwardly at heart.'

Olive fixed her gaze on his face, till her eyes filled with tears.

'I shall never forget those words as long as I live,' she said. 'A moment ago, Mr. Vigo, and I was hesitating whether I would snatch at hope, safety, and honor, in your home, and give you in return my cold hand and my forced gratitude. No, I will never do you that great, that lasting wrong. I will never be to you that basest of the world's deceits, an unloving wife. But, Mr. Vigo, you shall be my friend; and may Heaven keep you from dishonor and disgrace in the name!'

Her mournful eyes, fixed on his, thrilled Charles Vigo's heart with a strange agony; they spoke of a despair, a pain, a grief, which he could not measure.

'Is there no hope, Olive?' he asked. 'Do not refuse me so resolutely. Let me wait; and, meanwhile, I will be your friend, your brother. Oh, Olive, Olive!'

He utterly broke down, and hid his face from her, that she might not be pained by his grief.

'Yes, be my friend, my brother,' she said, taking his hand in hers, 'and who can tell how soon I may put your affection to the test.'

'Command me in all things, Olive,' said he. 'You shall find me better than a brother.'

Olive regarded him earnestly with her deep, passionate eyes. The workings of her face, the trembling of her lips, told of some fearful agitation within; but she calmed herself so as to speak quietly.

'I believe you Charles Vigo,' she said, 'and I will trust you.'

'Trust me altogether, Olive,' said he; 'trust me with your life's happiness, and you shall never repent it.'

Olive shook her head sadly.

'Why do you refuse?' pleaded her lover. 'If Sir Hilton were not engaged to Miss Maristowe, if he were not on the eve of marriage, I would never ask you. I should think an attachment between you inevitable, and I would stand aside and see him win you without a murmur. But now, when he not only chooses another lady, but, to please her, refuses you any longer a home beneath his roof, how can I bear to suspect that, for love of him, you reject me?'

Olive was deadly pale, and leant against a tree for support.

'Do not speak to me of Hilton,' she said faintly, with white lips. 'He can never be anything to me more than he is. What do I say—more? No, he will soon be far less. In a little while I shall be an outcast and a stranger, and the very name of Trewavas will be a curse in my ears.'

'Oh, Olive, you will not steal away from Trewavas and not let me be your friend?' said Charles Vigo. 'You will come to me for help, for counsel? Remember you have made me a Knight Defender of the Friendless. Here is my order. I am going to have it framed in gold.'

He drew from his pocket the tiny end of crimson cord which Olive had given him in the billiard-room; and as it flashed before her eyes a ghastly change came over her face, her knees shook, and her hands involuntarily clutched his arm for support.

'I feel ill—I am faint,' she said.

As young Vigo put his arm around her to support her, he saw that the cord, which she had worn as a girdle, was no longer round her waist. It was not a time to make a remark on so trivial a circumstance, so he held his peace.

'Will you rest here on the grass,' he said, and let me run to Trewavas for a carriage?'

'No, I will trouble no one at Trewavas,' she replied. 'I am better. I can walk now. Do leave me, Mr. Vigo. See, we are close to the house, and I would rather go in alone. Promise me that you will tell no one that we have met.'

Thinking their meeting an affair that concerned only themselves, Charles Vigo readily gave this promise, wondering not a little at the fear she showed lest he should break his word.

'Thanks!' said Olive. 'Good-bye, Mr. Vigo.'

She held out her hand, and again her earnest look, her pale lips, her strange manner, affected the young man singularly. His fingers clasped hers, and as they stood there with joined hands, the echo of furious galloping reached their ears.

'That's a horse from Trewavas!' exclaimed young Vigo. 'Whoever rides him is going at a tremendous pace. I trust there is no one ill.'

He long remembered the look of Olive's face, and the clasp of her small fingers burning his hand.

'You forget we are on Echo Hill,' she said, with a sickly smile. 'A canter echoed here sounds like a gallop of Death on the pale horse. Do not be alarmed; no ill will reach Trewavas.'

'Nevertheless, I have a presentiment that something is wrong,' said Charles Vigo. 'Let me go on with you.'

'No, no; you will see that I am a witch,' said Olive, making a ghastly effort to be playful. 'No sorrow, no sickness, no shame, can come nigh Trewavas. Farewell! Adieu, good Bolster! Take care of your kind master.'

She ran down the slope of the hill towards Trewavas, and as she went, the great bell suddenly clanged out again, sending the boom of its heavy tongue far over the wood. The curious echo on this spot repeated the sounds and scattered them flying—flying down the leafy hill after Olive's swift steps, like messengers of doom.

There was a chill feeling laying heavy at the heart of the lover, who watched her, which like a sympathetic chord vibrated to the note of the bell; and as the gloomy echoes floated out, dying—dying over Olive's head, he shuddered, and strained his eyes, longing to see her face again. He had his wish. At the park gates she turned, and as the last ray of sunset, shone redly on her brow, and streaked her ebon hair with fire, she smiled, waved her hand to him, and vanished.

In the fever of his love he thanked her silently for that kindly smile, and with a great load lifted off his heart, he went homewards through the dew. And yet ere another sun had set he cried bitterly to himself, 'Oh, to think that she could smile!'

CHAPTER VII.

The Lovers' Seat stood on the cliff, overlooking a tiny sheltered cove in the bay, on the silvery, glistening sands of which the waves broke very gently. The cliffs here were a mass of foliage. Arbutus, almond, laurel, rhododendron, hawthorn, clung to the rocks, and flung their flowers in luxurious profusion, over the water's edge.

Availing herself of the natural beauty of the place, Lady Trewavas had turned the face of the cliff into a garden. Winding walks climbed from the beach to the park above; and midway up, overhanging the sea, was the ledge of rock which tradition called the Lovers' Seat. An arbour had been formed there, and trailing plants hung all around it, while the platform on which it stood was, by gardening skill, covered with a mass of flowers.

From this point stretched one of the loveliest views in the West. Spread out below was the silvery sheet of sands, and the tiny cove, shut in by two sharp headlands, which, like a gateway, opened on the bay of Trewavas. The amphitheatre of hills and woods, the blue sky, the passing birds, the changing shadows of the day, all lay mirrored in the liquid sheet of blue-green waters.

It was a lovely afternoon of the loveliest of summer days, when Sir Hilton parted with his friend at Trewavas Cliffs, and sailed across the bay towards the Lovers' Seat. The sea was azure glass, the sky a sapphire, the breeze came from the south, filling the sails with a soft rushing sound, while the ripple of the waves laved the sides of the little skiff in loving music, like the whisperings of mermaids floating upwards from the cool waves below. Life with the young baronet was calm and fair and smooth as the sea on which he sailed; and the murmur of coming sorrow, like the beatings of the surf on the shore, only reached him at intervals, faintly. Thus dimly did he feel the danger of the circumstances he had created. On the whole he was tranquil and self-satisfied. He had resisted the temptation to commit a gigantic folly—the folly of an imprudent marriage; Eleanor had saved him from this; and if he was safe the whole house of Trewavas was safe, and the entire family owed him gratitude.

And so in smooth sailing the prettily painted boat glided on, and the soft wind whistled and sung in the sails, and the waves kissed the keel in musical murmurings, whispering of cool depths, and sweet delights in the summer sea.

Nearer and yet nearer the shore drew towards them. Then, while the rays fell hot upon him, Sir Hilton shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked upward over the steep green slope of that garden cliff, overhanging the sea.

'Eleanor is certainly waiting for me,' he said.

As the thought spoke within him, he saw her. She sat on the rocky seat among the boughs and fresh green leaves with her face turned seawards. She was pale, and her hair hung loose upon her shoulders in a fashion he had never seen her wear it. The folds of her lilac dress gleamed in dainty contrast against the shaded varied tints of greens, and her small hands were crossed meekly on her bosom.

Sir Hilton waved his hand to her, and smiled; but as the boat shot swiftly to shore, and the sun's rays that had shone hotly on him glanced past him to the east, the vision vanished.

'She is hiding behind the trees,' he said to himself, softly. But his heart beat faster, and there was a vague fear upon him, which made the summer breeze feel chill.

The keel of the boat grated on the sands, and the old boatman sprang ashore, and held it while Sir Hilton, with a shiver on him, stepped upon the land.

'Do not wait for me, Trogellas,' said he; 'I shall walk home through the park. Go back to the boat-house quietly, you are tired.'

'It's so uncommon hot, your honor,' said the old man.

'Is it?' said Sir Hilton; and, as he spoke, a cold shadow crept over him, and the vague fear that had touched him on the sea grew to a deadly horror that seemed to clutch his very heart. Battling with it, he went up the sands, his figure appearing and disappearing behind green trees and jutting rocks, as he climbed the winding paths upward to the Lovers' Seat. When he reached it, the place was bare and empty.

He waited, he lingered, he watched, he walked to and fro, sometimes chafing, sometimes with that cold, dull fear hanging heavy on him; but Eleanor never came. And all the time he lingered, awaiting her step, he fought against an instinct that told him she would never come; he fought against a hot longing at his heart to rush away, and seek her in some wild, doomed place. And at last, as the old church, ivy-covered and embowered in trees, within the park, rang out from its grey steeple seven strokes, Sir Hilton turned away and strode homewards.

As he quitted the sound of the sea, and came upon the tall shadows lying silent round about the mansion, the sharp ring of a bell met him. With it came cheerful thoughts of daily life, with all its round of cares and comforts; all the smiling stream of home love and happiness, set in luxury and ease of riches, tempered by order and kindly rule; all the bright play, the music, and the dance of his youth, crowned with wealth, and honor; all this passed before him, and made him glad.

'They wait dinner for me,' he said, and his step grew quick and light. 'That was a strange illusion the sun's rays made on the cliff. I will tell Eleanor I have seen her ghost.'

In the hall Lady Trewavas met him.

'How late you are, Hilton!' said she. 'And where is Eleanor? Is she gone up to dress? Her mother has been anxious; do not keep her out so late again, Hilton."

'I have not seen Eleanor,' he replid.

'Not seen her?' said Lady Trewavas. 'She left the house hours ago to walk to the Lovers' Seat to meet you.'

'I was there a little after five, and waited until seven, and saw nothing of her,' replied Sir Hilton.

Lady Trewavas and her grandson looked in each other's face. Both were pale; both felt in their hearts the shadow of that fear that had tortured Sir Hilton on the sea.

'Have you enquired of the servant?' he asked; 'or has John seen her?'

'John has been in nearly all the afternoon,' she replied. 'He has not seen her since she quitted the house.'

'Good heavens! she has lost herself in the wood, or a viper has stung her!' he exclaimed; 'or can she have approached too near the cliff, and fallen over!'

'Do not frighten yourself so easily,' said Lady Trewavas, with assumed calmness. 'She took a book with her, and doubtless she became absorbed in reading, and has forgotten the time. She will be here soon. I will have the great bell rung; she will hear that, even if she has strolled a great way from the house.'

But the bell sounded out over the green woods in vain; and Mrs. Maristowe, overcome by terror and anxiety, became so alarmingly ill, that John flung himself on horseback, and galloped away for a doctor. It was the echo of his furious riding which reached Olive and young Vigo as they stood together on the hill among the leaves and shadows.

Olive crept towards the house cautiously, by the garden. It was evident she wished to avoid meeting any member of the household. At any slight sound she turned, with a strange dread on her face, and hurried away in another direction.

The library window opened on a secluded part of the grounds, and towards this she bent her steps. Choosing the loneliest paths, she succeeded in reaching it without being seen; but even now she stood behind a tall hedge of laurustinus, and scanned the house earnestly before she approached nearer. Just at this part there was but one window, a large bay one, which had been added to the library; no other window looked over this portion of the garden. Olive glanced within the room with eager eyes; it was empty. The window, opening to the ground, swung gently in the evening air, and a branch of trailing passion-flower, stirred by the wind, tapped against the glass. Setting this aside with trembling fingers, she entered with a soft, swift step, and gazed round with frightened eyes. All was silence and solitude. Apparently gaining courage by the stillness, she opened the door gently, and passed through it.

There were cranky corners and strange surprises in the old house of Trewavas, and one of these was a little dark, spiral staircase, just without the library door, which ran up through an ancient tower. This staircase was never used now, and the small arched door at the foot was kept locked. Nevertheless, as the place was curious, it was shown to visitors, and the key was usually to be found in the drawer of the library table. This time, however, it was in Olive's pocket; and withdrawing it, she placed it in the lock softly, and turned it with a strong hand. As the stout, nail-studded oak door opened outwards unwillingly, she slipped within, and closed it after her. This staircase went up direct to the leads, passing only two rooms on its way. One of these was Olive's bed-chamber; the other, the higher one, was John's painting-room. Both these apartments were reached by the ordinary staircase, and no one ever went to and fro to them by the one Olive was now using.

She passed her own room without stopping, and went on to the upper one. At the door of this she paused, and listened. Not a sound met her ear. Then she tapped gently, and, in a breathless voice, whispered, 'John—John!' There was no answer; then, drawing her breath like one in deep fear, she tried the door with a silent, cautious touch, and found it yield readily to her hand. As it opened, she clung to the massive oak for support, saying to herself, in a low voice of anguish, 'I thought so! Merciful Heaven! did he see me?'

On the table lay a pair of pistols, some boxing-gloves, and fishing-tackle; on the easel was a painting, still wet, and by it were the palette and brushes, and John's easy chair. Olive gazed curiously at the drawing, as if to note how much work had been done since last she saw it. Then she took up the pistols and gloves, and searched on the table as if looking for something. Papers, letters, brushes, she turned over with a careful hand, apparently without finding the object of her search, and as she replaced article after article on the table, the aspect of her face grew stranger, and the burning color on her cheeks seemed a very fire. When she had examined everything on the table, she stood a moment bewildered, then she turned to the chimneypiece, and bestowed on that the same minute search that she had given to the table.

It was noticeable that in John's room no drawers or cupboards were locked; all was open to Olive's inspection. The place was so solitary, and so seldom visited by anyone but himself, that perhaps he never deemed it necessary to use lock and key. Hence Olive was able to glance rapidly at his diary and letters. It was wonderful with what quickness she did this, with what a swift hand she tore out whole pages, and after crushing them in her palm, placed them in her dress, which she held up in one hand.

In ten minutes Olive had examined the whole room, and still her face wore the expectant and painful look which had characterised it on entering, gathering up the crushed leaves of the journal in her dress, she seemed about to quit the chamber, when her restless glances fell again on the table. Once more she approached it, and, as the unnatural lustre of her eyes grew fixed and feverish, as some dreadful fear within her rustled in her very hair, and shook in every fold of her dress, she seized, doubtingly, a small packet labelled 'Carmine.' With hurried fingers, she tore off the outer covering, disclosing a little parcel wrapped in white paper. She did not undo this. She had found the object of her search, and, holding it tightly clenched in her left hand, she drew a long breath of relief. There was no need for her to open this little package, for on the white paper in large letters was written a word which told her what it was. On the inside of the wrapper labelled 'Carmine' she wrote her name—'Olive;' then she placed it on a conspicuous part of the table, and slowly moved away. Slowly, too, her eyes travelled round the room as though bidding it farewell; and her glance falling on a picture unhung and standing against the wall, she went towards it, and turned it. It was the face of Eleanor Maristowe.

Uttering a low shriek, she covered her eyes with her hand, and put the portrait back without glancing at it again; but the color had fled from her cheeks, and even her lips were white, as sustaining her trembling limbs by leaning against the wall for support, she ejaculated, in a low tone, 'Great Heavens, she haunts me! There are too many of these portraits here,' she added, suddenly.

Swift as thought, she seized from his portfolio many of John's sketches, and crushing them with the other papers gathered in her dress, she quitted the room with a faltering step, closing the door softly behind her.

Olive's room in the tower of Trewavas had two windows. Both were Gothic, both opened with a casement; but the one looking west on the sea was so covered with trailing plants and flowers, that even when set wide open, it admitted only a pleasant trellis-work of leaves, intermingled with blossoms of magnolia, myrtle, and fuchsia. The room also had two doors, one opening on a corridor communicating with the rest of the house; the other opened on the old spiral stone stairs. But this door, apparently never used, was masked within the room by a closet. Thus, when you entered by the spiral stairs, you came at first into this closet, and from that you entered the room. The former was hung with shelves and pegs for dresses; and as the chamber was sparingly furnished, Olive had placed here not only her wardrobe, but her store of books.

The place was very dark; yet Olive, on entering, carefully abstained from opening the door leading to her room, which would have admitted light. On the contrary, she tried this door, to ascertain if it was still bolted, as she had in fact left it in the morning. Finding it firmly fastened, she placed slightly ajar the old Gothic door on the stairs, and this brought her a dim light from the narrow loophole cut in the ancient wall of the tower. By this thin ray of fading twilight she tied the papers she had taken from John's room in a handkerchief, and hung it on one of the pegs behind two or three old dresses.

'The more careless the place,' she said to herself, 'the less likely is anyone to find them, supposing they are looked for before——'

She paused and faltered, seeming afraid to pursue her own thoughts. Then she shut the door on the stairs, inclosing herself in blank darkness, and it was not till she had waited many moments listening in intense silence, that she drew back the bolts on the other door, and emerged into her room.

The western window was open; and through the shining magnolia leaves, through the starry myrtle and jasmine blossoms, through the pendent fuchsias, came a glimpse of the sea. At the first glance it seemed streaked with blood, for the red bars of sunset shone on it, intermingled with dark lines of heavy clouds, blackening the waves, while near inshore the water gleamed silvery, trembling beneath the faint ray of the summer moon. There was a wonderful look on Olive's face as she gazed on it; a look deepening in grief as she slowly turned her eyes round the pleasant chamber on all the old familiar things. It would seem as if before she had only seen them with an outward vision, and now was looking on them with the awakened eyes of the soul.

*(To be continued.)*

### Hay.

COUNCIL MEETING.—The Council met pursuant to adjournment, in the Town Hall, on Tuesday, May 20. All the members present. The Reeve in the chair. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Moved by Wm. Carrick, seconded by P. S. Geigher, that the statute labor annually performed on side line between lots 20 and 21, be done this year on the 21 concession line, between lots 20 and 15, and that Wm. Moir still act as pathmaster—Carried. Moved by Wm. Carrick, seconded by P. S. Geigher, that by-law No. 58 to enable the Council of Hay, or persons acting under or for them, to take material for making or repairing roads be read a first time—Carried. Moved by Wm. Carrick, seconded by P. S. Geigher, that the sum of $15 each be granted to the following pathmasters, to assist in graveling viz. Wm. Lammie, Sr., Wm. Case, R. Murray; and Wm. Whittock to get $20—Carried. Moved by Wm. Carrick, second by P. S. Geigher, that the sum of $60 be granted to improve the roads in division No. 2, viz.: the sum of $20 to open and drain the gravel pit on lot No. 26, Con. 2; the sum of $10 to make a culvert on lot No. 23, Con. 4; and that Robert McAllister and John Frazer get $15 each to assist in graveling—Carried. Moved by S. Rannie, seconded by P. S. Geigher, that the sum of $113 be granted to assist in graveling in division No. 3, to be expended by the following pathmasters, viz.: Joseph Smith, $13; Isaac Surerus, $10; Jacob Reader, $10; Peter Rothermill, $10; A. Geigher, $10; C. Shradder, $10; S. Cober, $15; N. Foster, $20; and Thos. Kelly, $20—Carried. Moved by J. B. Geigher, seconded by S. Rannie, that the sum of $132 be granted to assist in graveling in division No. 4, to be expended under the following pathmaster, viz.: Isaac Bean, $30; J. Kalbfleisch, $15; Louis Millar, $7; Jacob Counts, $10; side line lots 5 and 6, Con. No. 15 $30; and side line lots 15 and 16, Con. 15, $25—Carried. Moved by S. Rannie seconded by Wm. Carrick, that the sum of $80, to assist in improving roads in division No. 5, under care of the following pathmasters, viz. P. L. Oster, $15; David Duscharmes, $15; John Shedd, $10; and Wm. Mattice, $10—Carried. Moved by S. Rannie, seconded by J. B. Geigher, that by-law No. 58, as now read a third time, be passed, and that the Reeve and Clerk sign the same, and affix the seal of the corporation thereto—Carried. Moved by P. S. Geigher, seconded by Wm. Carrick, that this Council do now adjourn to meet again on the first Tuesday in August next—Carried.

A New Jerseyman, having heard that Columbus was in Ohio, immediately started West to interview the 'old gentleman' about the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

An Iowa Falls woman put a couple of dozen eggs into her bed so they wouldn't freeze while she was absent four or five days, and on her return late at night bounced into bed and bounced out again.

### Stanley

COUNCIL MEETING.—The Council met pursuant to adjournment at the Temperance Hall, Varna, on Monday, the 26th inst. All the members present. The Reeve in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. No appeals from the Assessment Roll. After a few slight alterations, it was moved by Thomas Keys, seconded by George Castle, that the Assessment Roll as now revised and amended be passed as satisfactory—Carried.

The Council went into the general business of the township. Moved by George Castle, seconded by Thomas Keys, that Geo. Anderson and the Reeve be authorized to get all the information possible in regard to a road allowance across lot 15 and others in the 4th concession, and report at next meeting of the Council—Carried. Moved by George Anderson, seconded by George Castle, that the By-Law now read be submitted to the ratepayers of the township of Stanley, for a Bonus of $10,000 to assist in building the London, Huron and Bruce railway from the city of London to the village of Clinton, and be published according to law—Carried. Moved by George Castle, seconded by Thos. Keys, that the accounts of the *Expositor* and *Star* offices for printing be paid—Carried. Moved by Geo. Castle, seconded by Dr. Woods, that the funeral expenses of the late Peter McPherson, an indigent person, be paid, $17.33—Carried. Moved by Geo. Anderson, seconded by Dr. Woods, that a special grant of $79 be granted to build a bridge over the river Bayfield opposite lot 4, south boundary—Carried. Moved by Geo. Anderson, seconded by Thos. Keys, that the Clerk notify Mr. John McDiermot to remove his fence off the assumed road allowance at the rear of lot 6, con. 4, immediately—Carried. Moved by Dr. Woods, seconded by Geo. Anderson, that this Council do now adjourn to meet at Mr. King's Hotel, Bayfield, on the first Monday in July next at 2 o'clock, P. M.—Carried.

WM. PLUNKETT, Clerk.

Bayfield, 29th May, 1873.

### The uses of Paper.

The numerous uses to which paper and paper-pulp are applied in the various departments of industry, form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of recent mechanical and chemical progress. We have paper doors and window blinds, paper billiard balls, boats, and wash basins, paper clothes and curtains, and, not the least important as recent experiments have demonstrated, paper car wheels. From an exchange we learn that a Connecticut railroad is about to make a trial of these new wheels, which have been known to car builders for some time, though their general introduction has been hindered by the expense. These wheels are made by the following process: Sheets of common straw paper are forced into a compact mass by a pressure of three hundred and fifty tons. The solid mass of paper thus formed is placed in a lathe and turned perfectly round. After which a hub is forced into a hole in the centre, under a pressure of twenty-five tons. This paper wheel, or disk, is now forced, under a pressure of two hundred and fifty tons, into a steel tire, with a one-half inch bevel upon its inner circumference. Two circular iron plates are then bolted on to the tire to keep the paper filling in place. By this arrangement the steel tire rests upon the paper only, and is thus rendered more elastic, a quality of great importance, as regards both the safety and comfort of travelers.—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

### A Hangman Retiring from Business.

Calcraft, the London hangman, is about to suspend his suspension of criminals, and pass the rest of his life in seclusion, sweetened by the cultivation of roses, dahlias, and tulips. When he hanged Mrs. Cotton, at Durham, he remarked that she was the last on whom he should "put a night cap," though he would like to have ended his official life by applying his "noble art" to a newspaper reporter. His successor is to be Robert Packard Evans, a well-to-do Welsh farmer, who, out of pure love for the "art" of hanging, has assisted Calcraft for fourteen years.

M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "How could Madame de S—— make such a match? a person of her birth to marry a *valet-de-chambre,*" said one of the players. "Ah," replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game; at nine we don't reckon honors."

CLERICAL SALARIES.—The average salary of the sixty-one thousand Protestant clergymen in the United States is computed at $700 annually. Probably more than $500. According to Commissioner Wells's report, a trained artisan receives for three hundred and thirteen working days an average of $4 per day or $1,250 annually, almost double the payment of the clergy.


BE WISE.—Too often a cold or slight cough is considered a very ordinary, trifling affair, just as well left to go as it came, and hence systematically neglected until a simple curable affection is converted into a serious pulmonary disease. The more prudent, aware that a cough or cold should never be trifled with, promptly use 'Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers,' which have sustained their reputation for over 30 years.—They are always efficacious, and exert a most beneficial influence on all the bronchial and pulmonary organs. Sold by all Druggists and country merchants. Price 25 cents per box.

GENIUS AND LABOUR.—Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: 'Men give me some credit for genius—but all the genius I have lies just in this—when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly, and day and night it is before me—I explore it in all its bearings, and my mind becomes pervaded with it.' Now a great deal of study has been bestowed upon the 'Canadian Pain Destroyer' to make it as it is—the first of pain removing agents, and the best medicine for the cure of colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, summer complaints, &c. Sold by all Druggists and medicine dealers. Price 25 cents per bottle.

VERY SENSIBLE.—Horse dealers who are supposed to know what effects their interest, purchase 'Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy' by the dozen and feed it to their horses for the purpose of improving their condition, which it always does—others should profit by their example.—Remember the name, and see the signature of Hurd & Co. is on each package. Northrop & Lyman, Newcastle, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers.

IT IS NO WONDER, that invalids lose faith in all specifics, when so many worthless medicines are advertised for the cure of various diseases; but which, when tried are "found wanting." We have yet to learn, however, of the first failure of "Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," to cure coughs, colds, and pulmonary disease.

NO RISK.

[illegible]

Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest Medicine ever made. [illegible] Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil [illegible]

Prepared by S. N. THOMAS, PHELPS, N. Y., AND NORTHROP & LYMAN, NEWCASTLE, Ont. Sole Agents for the Dominion.

NOTE.—Eclectric—Selected and Electrized.—[illegible]

[illegible]