Poetry Corner.

BONNIE LOCHGAIL.

(From the Scottish American Journal.)

BY WILLIAM MACNAITNE.

Oh, I wish I were yonder by bonnie Lochgail,
Where seems every I hear I mean sweet music wild;
Where the heather clad hills and the green bracken dells
And the sylvan delights o' the wild Hielan' glens,
Where the eagle soars high to the welkin an' sun,
And the wee lav'rock pours among the clear dew
O' her theme the shepherd's rock guards the dun in his lair,
Along the mountainous wildwoods by bonnie Lochgail.

But oh, far away o'er the foam burtling tide
O' the dreary Atlantic, we sleep and we wake;
Wild the lone dreary friends that shelter the West
I mun pine wi' this strang love o' hame in my breast;
I mun lie down by night on my pillow o' pain,
And wake to fresh anguish at morning again;
Nae kindred endearments to soften my care,
Nae lassie the hame-hamie o' bonnie Lochgail.

I hear in the sound o' the church at e'en,
An' I see in the gowans that clamed on the green,
I hear in the roar of the steep waterfa',
Nor the moonrunk that waken'd the morn wi' his ee;
But hafers and eerie the grey howlet screams,
And the secret o' a nightmare aye borders my dreams:
Wae no joy on earth can give joy any mair,
Sweet frae the lov'd hamie o' bonnie Lochgail.

Oh, had I the art o' the happy seagull,
By times I wad soar and by times I wad sail,
Wi' pinions as strang as the heros tempest I'd brave,
Wi' perch me to rest on the high rolling wave;
Wi' eye pained y' fixed on the gate o' the dawn,
I'd spin o'er the ocean and strain for the land,
Till soul-draughts o' freedom wi' Nature I'd share
Wadi hae my mountain glorse by bonnie Lochgail.

Ashfield, Amberty P. O., Ont.

STRETTON.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

(Continued)

CHAPTER IV.

It was a long time before Sir Charles married, but at last, when he was five and thirty, he married a Miss Meredith, a very distant connection to him by birth, who, as Eleanor said, had been kept by her parents for him, till, like a brown Beurre pear, she was running a chance of being mildewed. Eleanor came to the wedding and signalized herself by utterly routing and defeating a certain Squier Overley, a most estimable man, of great wealth even in Shropshire, who was supposed to be seeking her hand in marriage. She was very civil to him, but refused to speak of any thing except medical science and the management of nursing sisterhoods. She beat that estimable young man, and saw that she had done so. "Heigh ho!" she said, as she got into bed. "One more goose checked, and another foo married, I'll be back with my pigs tomorrow. Overley is a good fellow though, and I'll find him a good wife. I wonder if Charley will let me have that sixty acres that Pilgrim wants to give up. If he don't I must give up my pigs; for buy meal I won't." And so the great Shropshire beauty went to her bed and slept the sleep of the just.

Charles's marriage was one of the most happy ones which ever took place, either in Novel-land or Earth-land. Within a year Roland, whom I hope you will get to like, was born; and Eleanor was asked to be godmother. She, dating from Palver batch, replied that she hated boys, because they were always wanting their ears boxed. She would undertake this part of a godmother's business with the greatest pleasure, but, as a conscientious woman, she could not, in this case. She had invested, for her, heavily in old Berkshire pigs, which took up the main of her time, and as a boy's ears always required to be boxed on the spot to produce the proper effect, she doubted that she could not be always on the spot to box them, so she declined, and bred pigs, not even coming to the christening.

The next year was born Edward, whom I also hope that you will like. Once more Eleanor was asked to be godmother; once more she refused, but she came to the great christening party, as she did not to the first one. No one, not even her own brother, knew if she was coming or not. A splendid present of plate for the child had arrived from her, but she put in no appearance until just before the second lesson. Then she swept in, splendidly dressed in gray silk, and sat down among the poor folks by the organ.

Old Major Venables said, afterwards, "That woman made a sensation; but don't you think she meant to do it? I tell you that those Evanses mean what they say, and do what they mean, and the deuce can't prevent them. What the deuce Eleanor means, I can't say. But she'll do it."

CHAPTER V

It soon became evident what she meant to do. Although she protested against any religious responsibility towards Edward, she nevertheless undertook any amount of physical responsibility. She even determined to assist at his education to attend as far as she could to his diet and to define and develop his character, which latter part of her programme she accomplished by allowing him to do exactly as he pleased, and giving him every thing he asked for. Mr. Evans told her that she would spoil the child. "I want to spoil him," she said. "He wants spoiling, I intend to gain an influence over him by that means, and use it for good. Our young one is a very sensitive and affectionate young one, and must be treated accordingly."

Meanwhile she had fairly done her duty, and her mother's behests towards young Allen Gray, the soldier's son. She had quietly and and unostentatiously got him well educated at Ludlow, and at his own request had apprenticed him to a jeweller's in Shrewsbury. She nearly considered herself quit of him; and his distant connection with the family was scarcely known by any one except herself, and almost forgotten even by her.

Among the tastes early developed by Master Edward, under his aunt's direction, was a liking for jewelry, for bright and glittering things. One of the greatest pleasures of his life, for some little time, was riding into Shrewsbury to shop with his aunt. Aunt Eleanor had given him a watch and chain, and on this chain he had the fancy to hang breloques; fish, lizards, crosses, lockets, which you will. And this shop, where young Gray—Aunt Eleanor's other *protege*—was located, supplied things of this kind, of Palais Royal manufacture, cheap, soon dimmed in rust, soon cast aside. Young Evans soon got over this fancy of his for glittering things, though he always retained his passion for gaudry; yet his continual going into this shop, to get these twopenny Palais Royal trifles, led to a result with which we have to do. It led to an acquaintance between him and the youth, Gray, who was deputed to sell them to him. And the youth Gray was as fond of glittering and gaudy things as was Childe Evans. And so the youth and the young boy setting their heads together, "we'll no hinder them," as the Scotch say, from getting uncommonly fond of one another. Roland always disliked him, as far as his gentle nature could allow him to dislike any one. But at any time, when Roland denounced young Gray as a sententious young Methodist, Edward would plead so well with his deer-like eyes, that he would cause Roland's objurgations to die away into silence.

Roland and Edward, when old enough, were sent to a school, which I will call Gloucester, to avoid personality; reserving always for myself, in case of action for damages, the right of fixing my own dates.

Our young jeweller's master moved from Shrewsbury to Gloucester a short time before Roland and Edward went to school there together; and so Edward and Allan Gray were once more brought together.—The acquaintance between Gray and Childe Evans got cemented there, not much to Roland's pleasure. Edward bought no jewelry now, but got himself taken to strange places of worship by this imperial-looking young jeweler's apprentice, who could look at the splendid Roland as though he were an Oliver (forgive me).—Roland did not like it, any more than the Doctor. The Doctor said that Roland should speak to Edward on the subject.—Roland, though only fourteen to his brother's thirteen, declined.

"It would bring a cloud between Eddy and myself," said the boy, "and I intend there shall be no cloud between Eddy and me till we die."

Of course, with a fool of fourteen like this, there was nothing to be done. The Doctor pitched into Eddy. "It is not unknown to me, sir, that you have been in the company of an apprentice of this town, not only to a Dissenting place of worship, but also to the Panist chapel. It is the greatest scandal which has occurred at this school since its foundation. Shall write to your father."

"I wouldn't do that, sir," said poor little Eddy; "we were only looking about for ourselves. And we don't like either the one thing or the other."

"You like!" said the Doctor. "You like! Here, I'll sort your nonsense pretty quick. What was last week's memoriter?"

"Non clour neque aurem," began the poor boy, "Mea rendet in—"

"Write it out twenty times, sir, and keep school," said the Doctor. "We will have a finish and end of all this."

Roland did his brother's task for him, and was furious against the Doctor. But as Roland's fury against the Doctor will have to keep six years, by which time it had become changed to love and reverence, I will say little about it. Merely mentioning the fact that there was a third member of the Evans family, a pretty little girl, I will leave the Evans family for what will be to you a few minutes—and describe another Shropshire family.

CHAPTER VI

Old Mordaunt, of Mordaunt Hall, used to say that his wife always had twins.—When this statement was examined, you found that Mrs Mordaunt had but two children—Johnny immediately after her marriage, and Jemmy twelve months afterwards, yet when

The petrified spectator asked, in undisguised alarm,

which was Johnny and which was Jemmy, the problem used to be solved by saying that Johnny was the fatter. But, then, neither of them was fat.

One—the elder—was broader, and less symmetrical than the younger one, James, more commonly called Jummit. During the holidays, part of which young Edward Evans spent with his Aunt Eleanor, these two youths were frequent guests at her house. She pronounced them to be entirely similar, and utterly devoid of character. In which opinion she was not wholly right.

The Evanses and the Mordaunts both went to Gloucester together, and, as neighbours, saw a great deal of one another.—Both families also had a little girl, younger than either of the brothers, with whom, at present, we have to do—they were in the school-room still; and I have been turned out of the school-room by the governess at lesson-time too often to try and enter it again. By-the-by are governesses so dreadfully bullied and ill-treated as it is the custom to represent? For my part, ever since I was six years old until now, I have been almost as afraid of them as I am of a schoolmaster, and have been used to see them have pretty much their own way; but there are families, and families, no doubt.

I must quit speculation to give a letter, which was written at the time when these four lads were at ages ranging from seventeen to nineteen, and were all going up to matriculate at St Paul's College—at either university you like. It came from the head-master of Gloucester Grammar school, himself a man from Trinity College, Cambridge, and was addressed to the Senior Tutor at St Paul's—his old friend and contemporary.

"DEAR GEORGE,—You have asked me more than once to send you a boy or two, and I have always hesitated because I have always disliked your college, its ways, and its works. Now, however, that P——, E——, and O—— have married off altogether on college livings, and have undertaken cures of souls (their creed seeming to be that gentlemen's sons have no souls, or, like the French marquis, will be saved by rent-roll); now that you are first in command practically, I send you, my dear George, not one boy, but a batch of four. And, take them all in all, they are the finest batch of boys I have ever turned out.

"Let us speak plainly to one another, for we have never fairly done so. The reason of our clinging so strenuously to university work was the disappointment about Miss Evans. Well, we have never spoken of it before. I only ask you to stick to it a little longer, if it is only to see this batch of boys through.

"I don't know whether I am justified in sending them to you. You know, my dear George, that your college has been under the management of your old master and the three men who have retired to the cure of agricultural laborers' souls; very fast, very disreputable, and most extravagantly expensive. Nothing seems to have done well but the boat, which, having less than mile to row, has, by developing a blind, furious ferocity, kept the head of the river. And in the schools you have only had a few first-class men all of your training, with second, third, and fourth blanks.

"You say that you will mend all, and raise your tone. Of course you will. If I don't die, like Arnold, over this teaching, I will send you any number of boys in two years, when your influence has begun to work, and when the influence of the three pastors so lately sent out from high table and common room to catch agricultural sheep by the leg with their crook (Heaven save the mark!) has died out. But at present I am dubious. However, I have *done* it. Mind you the issue, as you will have to appear before God.

"Now, I must tell you about these fellows, and must go through them. In the aggregate, they are an extremely queer lot. They are extremely rude and boisterous, as my boys generally are, though perfect gentlemen if you put them on their mettle. They are absolutely innocent of the ways of the world, and will, no doubt, get thoroughly laughed out of all that by your young dandies, whom I, as a Cambridge man, most entirely detest. To proceed about the aggregate of them, they are all very strong and very rich. The total of their present income is considerably more than you and I shall have the spending of when we have worked ourselves to the gates of death, and they have taken to boat-racing—a thing I hate and detest from the bottom of my soul, as being one of the most stupid and most brutalizing of all our sports. I know, however, that you do not think so. If there was any chance of their losing all their property together we might make something of them. As it is, you must back up my efforts to make something of them. Nothing stands in their way but their wealth.

"Now, I will begin with them individually, and I begin with Roland Evans. Do you retain your old Platonic love for perfect physical beauty, perfect innocence, and high intelligence and ambition? If so, you had better not see too much of my Arcadian, Antinous Evans. The lad wonders why I laugh when I look at him. I laugh with sheer honest pleasure at his beauty. He is like the others, a boy of many prayers, but of few fears. If he could get his influence felt in your deboshed old college, he would do as much as you, old friend. But he is so gentle, and so young, that I fear he will not do much for you at once.

"I pass to the elder Mordaunt. The elder Mordaunt is a wonderfully strong, bull-headed lad, whose course at school has been perfectly blameless, fulfilling every possible duty, but declining to show any *specialite* except wonderful Latin prose. There is something under the thick hide of him somewhere, for I have seen it looking at me from behind that dark brown eye of his a hundred times. Can you fetch it out? I have not been able. I have often been inclined to throw the book at the head of this young man, in return for his quiet contemplative stare; but I have never done so. I flogged him once because Sir Jasper Meredith (a couple) let off a musical box in chapel, and I thought it was the elder Mordaunt. It was arranged between the Mordaunts and Meredith that the elder Mordaunt was to take the thrashing, because little Sir Jasper was not fit to take it. Sir Jasper Meredith came crying to me afterwards, and told the whole business. I never had occasion to flog the elder Mordaunt again. Be careful of this fellow, George. I don't understand him. You may.

"I come now to the younger Mordaunt. And now I find that I have to tell a little story. Young Mordaunt was an unimpressionable lad, quite unnoticed by me, and nearly so by the lower masters, under whose hands he was passing, who only made their reports on him to me for extreme violence and fury. I have often had to flog this boy—you say what a nice employment for an educated gentleman—*cela va sans dire*; and on one occasion, I held him ready for expulsion. It was the most terrible case of bullying which had ever happened; four fifth-form boys, just ready for the sixth, had set on a sixth-form boy, just about to leave us for the army, and beaten him with single-sticks, to that extent that he had to be taken to the hospital, as it appeared, with his own consent, for he made no complaint. The younger Mordaunt was one of the beaters, one of the attacking party, and I was going to expel them all, until Mordaunt, backed by my brother, the master of the lower third explained the circumstances, upon which I did a somewhat different thing. I held my tongue, and gave the beaten boy a chance for a new life.

"The elder Mordaunt and the elder Evans, Roland, lately grandfathers of the school, have always respected and honored one another. But between the young Mordaunt and the elder Evans there was for a long time a great dislike. I have it from a former monitor, now Balliol scholar that they actually fought on three occasions. Of course they were no match; the elder Evans easily beat the younger Mordaunt, while the elder Mordaunt, although an affectionate brother, positively declined to give his younger brother even the use of his knee during these encounters.

"The reason of the reconciliation between these two was odd. The cause of these encounters was the persistent bullying of the younger Evans, who was the fag of the younger Mordaunt. I have always forbidden bathing before the tenth of May, and have seldom been disobeyed. On one occasion, however, the younger Mordaunt disobeyed me, and, before the winter's water was run off, determined to bathe in the weir, and having told his intention to a few, started, taking his fag, little Eddy Evans, to mind his clothes.

"It came to the ears of Roland Evans and old Mordaunt, who followed quickly with some other sixth-form boys, and were happily in time. You, as an Oxford man, know what lashers are; you know the Gaisford and Phillimore monument, set up to warn boys, if they could be warned, of the deadly suck under the apron.

"Well, the younger Mordaunt stripped and headed into the furious boil. He was in difficulties directly. Instead of being carried down in the shallow below, he was taken under, and disappeared. He rose again, and with infinite courage and coolness, swam into the slack water, and tried to hold on by the Camp's heating. But it was slippery, and he was carried again into the race, and turned over and over.

"When old Evans and old Mordaunt came, angrily, on the scene, all they saw was young Evans tearing the last of his clothes off. He knew his brother's voice, and he cried out, 'Shut down the paddles; he has come up again.' And then, forgetting cruelties which he had suffered, and insults which he had wept over in secret, he cast his innocent little body into the foaming dangerous lasher, and had his bitter enemy round the waist in one moment, trying to keep his head above the drowning rush of the water. Of course, Roland was in after them in a few seconds.

"Good old Mordaunt, who should be a general, I think, had, while rapidly undressing, let down the paddles. The pool was still now too terribly full, they tell me. The two elder lads, swimming high and looking for their brothers, saw neither, until the handsome little head of Eddy Evans rose from the water, and said, 'I had him here; this instant, and he will be carried back by the wash.' Roland Evans, a splendid shoulder-swimmer, was with his brother in a moment, and saw your Mordaunt drowning on the gravel beneath him, spreading out his fine limbs like a Christopher's cross, with each of his ten fingers spread out, taking leave of the world. Never seen it? Better not; it is ugly; I have seen it several times, and don't like it. Well, the two Evanses had him out on the shallow before his brother, a slow breast-swimmer, could come up, and saved him. That is all my story.

"But it has changed this younger Mordaunt's life in some way. The great temptation of our English boys is brutality and violence, and this bathing accident has tamed him. The boy prayed more, as I gained from his brother, and desired that thanks should be given in chapel for his preservation, coupled (fancy that!) to me; with the condition that the names of the two Evanses should be mentioned with his. I refused to do so; heaven knows why! Whereupon the boy turned on me, and, face to face, refused to have any thanks given at all. He said he would give his own thanks

"He is entirely tamed, if you can keep him *en rapport* with these two Evanses. He will follow them anywhere, and do just as they tell him, whether that be right or wrong. I never liked him, and I still think him boyish in many ways, though innocent almost to childishness in the way you wot of. He has brains, more brains than his brother. But he is a disagreeable boy. He has a nasty way of sitting straight up and frowning, and there is a petulant preciseness about him which I can not bear. Try being civil and kind to him—I have never been. You have more power in that way as a Don then I have as a schoolmaster.

"Now I come to my last boy, young Evans. I won't say anything at all about this boy: I leave him to you. If you can stand his pretty ways, I can't.

"These boys will be a terrible plague to you. They make so much noise: don't stop them in that if you can help it. My best boys are noisy and outspoken. Coming from me you need not doubt their scholarship: keep it up. They are, to conclude, an innocent lot of lads, dreadfully rich, and have taken up, I fear, with this most abominable boat-racing, which, however, is not so bad as steeple-chasing.

"Now good-bye. I have sent you a team fit for Balliol in scholarship, for Christchurch in breeding, and, I very much fear, for Brazenose in boating. Why Providence should have placed so many of our public schools near great rivers, where the stock gets steadily brutalized by that insane amusement, I can not conceive. Old religious foundations, you say, always near rivers, then highways, and in the neighborhood of fish for fast-days. Fiddle-de-dee! It all arises from the preservation (misrepresentation) of the edicts of the first original council, in the year 1, when it was agreed that every thing was to be where it was wanted. The only dissentient, you well remember, was the devil, who moved as an amendment, that there should be full liberty of conscience, that every one should say the first thing which came into his head, and every body was to do as he pleased. The great first council rejected, if you remember, this amendment with scorn; but we are acting on it now. Let us take the benefit of the new opinions. Come over and talk Swivellerism to me, and I will back myself to talk as much balderdash as you. But don't talk any of it to my boys. I insult you, my dear George, by the supposition.

"P. S.—A tall, handsome-looking young body, from Eton, comes with them from Shropshire. His father, coming here with the fathers of the other boys, asked me to say a good word to you on his behalf. I would if I could, but I don't know any thing at all about him, except that he is to be married to Miss Evans, by a family arrangement, before he is capable of knowing his own mind. He has been brought up with the Evanses and the Mordaunts, and therefore can not be very bad. But you know my opinion of Eton, and indeed of all public schools except my own."

CHAPTER VII.

Furnished with this important epistle, the Dean of Paul's (college) felt a natural curiosity to see the young men who had attracted so much of the attention of undoubtedly the very best schoolmaster of the day, since the *dies infaustus* when Arnold's old pupil came down to breakfast with fresh questions, and heard that *the* master had called for *his* master, and that he had arisen and followed him speedily.

The Dean was a dry man, and a man of humor. Saint Paul's was, in those times, a queer, wild place; it was partly manned by county gentlemen's sons and county parson's sons, from the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Shropshire, and generally from the Welsh borders; and partly from two grammar schools in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. The two sets of lads never spoke to one another. The former set were always perfect gentlemen in their manners, though not always in their morals; the latter were mainly gentlemen in their morals, but never in their manners. It was vinegar upon nitre with them, and the dry, shrewd, caustic Dean looked with great anticipation of amusement for the curious 'team' which the head master of Gloucester had sent him up.

He had undertaken the Latin prose lecture of that somewhat scholarless college and had repeatedly said that it would bring him to an untimely grave, but after a fellow-commoner translating 'The Art of Mingling in Society' in English of Addison into Latin of his own, the Dean had dropped the Latin prose lecture, and had taken to the Greek. 'You are safer in Greek, he said. 'I am not good in Greek, and so I may live the longer. But I couldn't stand the Latin any more.'

So it was in the Greek prose lecture that the Dean expected his young friends, with great curiosity. They were the first who came, very early, and they came sidling and whispering into the room one after another, and sat down in a row, each one saying as he went by, 'Good-morning, sir, while the Dean stood and looked at them. Can one not see him now with his broad shoulders, and his keen eyes looking out from under his wig?

They sat down in the chair opposite to him, and he had a good look at them. The first who came in was Roland Evans evidently leader among them, a splendid upstanding young fellow, with short curling hair, who carried his head like a stag. 'A fine face and a good head,' thought the Dean 'I wonder what is inside it?' Next to him came his brother—a small, slight, bright-looking lad, rather too pretty to please the Dean's taste, but pleasant to see, with a wistful look in his clear eyes, which the Dean did not disapprove of. Next came the elder of the two Mordaunts, gigantic, somewhat stolid in appearance, looking, as the Dean thought with Falstaff, 'land and beeves.' Then came the younger Mordaunt, gigantic also, and rather cross-looking, but with a good square head; as he passed on, he gave one look at the Dean, and let him know unmistakably that he considered him in the light of his natural enemy. Last of all came the 'booby' who was to marry Miss Evans, and when the Dean looked on him, he thought at once: "The rest are a puzzling lot, but there is no doubt about you; you carry your turnpike ticket in your hat; you are a good fellow, and so I think is that Roland Evans."

But he was puzzlingly amused by them on one account: four out of the five seemed strangely cast in the same mould.—Here were two pairs of brothers, and a fifth young man, and they were all cast in the same mould, with the exception of the younger Evans, who seemed poetical.—Had this batch of lads come under his notice with any other recommendation than that of the shrewd Doctor, he would have set them down for four young louts of the landholding persuasion from the western counties, and have thought no more about them; but his friend had sent them to him as four of his picked boys, and Balliol would have opened her gates to them; yet there they sat in a row before him, silent and apparently stupid, occasionally sneaking their eyes up at his as though to see what he was like, but dropping them again directly. "Is there character here?" the Dean asked himself. "K. should know; he said they were boisterous and troublesome. They are quiet enough now."

The odd contrast between the apparently stupid *insouciance* of the Englishman at one time, and his violent fury at another, seemed to be hardly known to the Dean as yet: he got an illustration of it.

The other men, to the number of some thirty, dropped in, and the lecture proceeded. Anything more saint-like than the behavior of the Shropshire five was never seen. The lecture consisted in turning "Spectator" into Greek prose, and after half an hour, every one being ready, the Dean called on Roland Evans, who stood up, and on being told that he might sit down, was very much confused. He read out his few sentences of Greek prose, and the Dean leaned back in his chair.

"That is really splendid, Mr Evans. I could not write such Greek myself. Read it again, please, and attend to it, you others."—Roland did so.

"Do you all write Greek like this at Gloucester? This is refreshing. Good heavens! when I think of the trash my ears are dinned with. Here, Mr Mordaunt the elder, read your piece next: let me see if it runs in families, or is common to the school."

Old Mordaunt—sitting, as we used to say at school, one place below young Evans—did so, and his piece was very good.—"Now, young Mr Evans, read yours."

To be Continued.

For the Signal.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

BY MYRA MELDYN.

The Patch-work quilt, how many a thought
Does its motley squares beget,
And how many a by-gone scene is brought
In the chain of busy memory wrought,
To the mental vision yet.

This was a dress which my Mother wore;
When I first could feel that she
Who all my childish failings bore,
And only seemed to love me more;
Was all the world to me.

And this was a dress which my sister had
On her birth-day morning new,
And she looked so proud and felt so glad
And little dreamed of the feelings and
Which our river ages now.

And this is a part of a favorite dress,
Which my aunt was wont to wear,
And oft' 'gainst its folds did my bosom press,
As she circled my form in a fond caress,
And parted my tangled hair.

And this was a gown which my good old nurse
Received on a Newyear day,
And oftimes drained my little purse;
But I knew not then what a bitter curse,
In an empty pocket lay.

These all bring thoughts of child-hoods years,
With never a shade of guilt;
When the mind was free from pains or fears,
And here I pause lest memory's tears,
Should fall, on my Patch-work Quilt.

Whitby Oct 1 70

Dominion Doings.

Robert Wagstaff, who was tried at the Toronto Assizes, for the murder of Margaret Chapman, an unfortunate, has been acquitted.

Indians are dying by the thousand, of small pox in Manitoba.

It is understood that the Ontario Parliament will meet on 7th Dec. for the despatch of business.

The Orangemen of Toronto have issued a circular strongly reprobating the recent attacks on that body by the Toronto *Telegraph*; one of the proprietors of which Mr. Ross Robertson occupies the high rank of Grand Lecturer of the order.

Negotiations are proceeding between the Canadian and American authorities on the subject of the St Clair Flats Canal.

Lieut. Col. Jarvis is on his way back to Fort Garry to take command there.

Last week Kingston exported $44,000 of produce to the U. S.

Lieut. Gov. Doyle and staff have arrived at Montreal.

William Shepherd who shot his wife at Upper Dummills on 14th July last was found guilty of manslaughter at the Toronto Assizes,

The fireman at Gibbon's Steam Saw Mill Kincardine was killed on Tuesday by the explosion of the boiler.

Mr. Rankin who sold his seat to Sir Francis Hincks is to get his mess of pottage by being appointed collector of customs at Port Darlington.

It is reported at Ottawa that Mr. Chamberlin is to be appointed Deputy Minister of Agriculture and that Dr. Tache will take Mr Parents' place as Deputy Secretary of state.

The *Montreal Witness* records the failure at Montreal of T. Hobson & Son, largely engaged in the produce trade. The principal partner, Thomas Hobson, has cleared for Yankeetown with some $20,000; $15,000 of which he obtained the previous day from the Bank of Montreal under false pretences.

PLUMMER'S SNOW FLAKE BAKING POWDER

IS UNRIVALLED for Purity and Cheapness. It saves Eggs, Butter, Milk, etc., and is warrante to contain nothing injurious. For sale by the Grocers.
ROBINSON & HOWELL.
Agents for Goderich.
E. PLUMMER & CO.,
Chemists, Lowlon. Ont
w6y

PIANO FORTE

A FIRST CLASS SEVEN OCTAVE FOUR round corner Rosewood Piano, by Weber & Co., for sale by Mr Mark E. Wade, Piano Forte and Organ Tuner, to be seen at British Exchange Hotel
Goderich, 5th August, 1870 w29

WANTED, AT THE BRITISH EXCHANGE Hotel a first-class cook and a good dining room girl
Goderich, June 24th, 1870. w23-tf

1860.] HENRY GRIT, 1868.]
PATENT SOLICITOR & DRAUGHTSMAN,
Ottawa, Canada,
TRANSACTS BUSINESS WITH THE PATENT Office and other Departments of the Government.
☞ COPYRIGHTS AND THE REGISTRATION OF TRADE MARKS AND DESIGNS PROCURED.
Drawings, specifications, and other Documents necessary to secure Patents or Inventions prepared on receipt of Model of the Invention.
Ottawa, December 1868

REMOVAL.

ALEX. WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH
THE Subscriber having removed to the Store lately occupied by A. Naysmith, West Street, opposite the Post Office, wishes to thank his friends and the public, for the liberal support with which they have favored him for the past 16 years, and begs to assure them that no effort will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage, his anxious study will be to supply
Watches Clocks and Jewelery!
which will give satisfaction to the purchaser, and as all work has been done by myself, customers may depend on having it well executed.
☞ A good assortment of Gold and Plated Jewelry, Watches, Clocks &c., always on hand.
ALEX WALLACE.
Goderich, Aug 15th 1870. w30

AGENTS WANTED.
To Sell the Revised Edition of
Chambers's Encyclopædia
A re-issue of 1870 with
MaPS, PLATES, AND ENGRAVINGS.
TO BE COMPLETED IN TEN VOLUMES OF 832 pages each. Illustrated with about four thousand Engravings and forty Maps, together with a series of from eighty to one hundred elegantly engraved Plates, illustrative of the subjects of Natural History, now for the first time appearing in the work,
ALSO LIPPINCOTT'S
Pronouncing Dictionary
of Biography and Mythology, Containing memoirs of eminent persons of all ages and countries, and accounts of the various subjects of the Norse, Hindo and Classic Mythologies, with the pronunciation of their names in the different languages in which they occur, with a number of other new and highly popular works. These works are sold only by agents. Largest commission allowed to Agents.
For particulars enclose stamp and address
REV. J. BROWN,
London, Ont.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

PIANOS,
MELODEONS,
HOUSE ORGANS,
CHURCH ORGANS,
Piano Stools, &c., &c.,
Manufactured by the celebrated Firm of
R. S. WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO.
The most extensive makers in the Dominion.
THE undersigned begs to intimate that he has been appointed agent for Goderich and the surrounding country of the above justly celebrated Firm, and is prepared to sell all articles made by them, at
MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.
Samples may be seen and terms ascertained at sub-Ware-Rooms, West Street.]
DANIEL GORDON.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER
IS a coating of pure silver over the best NICKEL plated by the patent process of Messrs Elkington & Co., and is beyond all comparison, the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.
"SIGNAL" OFFICE Goderich
A complete set, guaranteed of first quality for finial and durability, as follows:—

	Fiddle or old silver pattern	Bead pattern	King's pattern	Thread pattern
	$ cts.	$ cts.	$ cts.	$ cts.
2 Table Forks	9 00	9 50	10 00	12 00
12 Table Spoons	9 00	9 50	10 00	12 00
12 Desert Forks	6 00	6 50	7 50	8 50
12 Desert Spoons	6 00	6 50	7 50	8 50
12 Tea Spoons	4 00	4 50	5 00	5 50
2 Egg gilt bowls	2 40	2 50	2 80	2 80
1 Sauce Ladles	2 00	2 20	2 40	2 40
2 Gravy Spoons	2 00	2 20	2 40	2 40
Salt gilt bowls	80	90	1 00	1 00
1 Mustard " "	40	45	50	50
1 Soup ladle	2 50	2 75	3 00	3 00
6 Sugar Spoon	50	55	60	65
	$4 60	48 05	52 55	59 25

Any of the above articles to be had singly at same prices.
N. B.—THE BEST QUALITY ONLY of above kept in stock. Inferior goods entirely excluded. Profits based on the ready money principle—not credit.
ONE PRICE ONLY
TERMS CASH.
T. J. MOORHOUSE.
Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 w30

Lazarus, Morris & Co.
Opticians and Oculists,
MONTREAL,
HAVE, WITH A VIEW TO MEET THE INCREASED demand for the celebrated Diferent Spectacles, appointed F. JORDON, clerk and Druggist, Goderich, Ont., as their Sole Agent for that place. They have taken care to present careful instructions, and have confidence in the skill of their Agents to the requirements of all customers. An opportunity will be thus afforded to procure, at all times, Spectacles unequalled by any for their strengthening and preserving qualities.
Too much cannot be said as to their superiority over the ordinary glasses worn. There is no glimmering, wavering of the sight, dizziness, or other unpleasant sensation, but, on the contrary, from the peculiar construction of the Lenses, they are soothing and pleasant, causing a feeling of relief to the wearer, and producing a clear and distinct vision, as in the natural healthy sight. They are the only Spectacles that
PRESERVE AS WELL AS ASSIST THE SIGHT.
they are the cheapest because the best, always lasting many years without change being necessary.
☞ We employ no Peddlers.
F. JORDAN,
Sole Agent for Goderich
Goderich Aug 15 1870 w13

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR TICKETS to and from Liverpool London derry or Glasgow by the above Steamship Co'y, apply to
P. H. CARTER,
Agent, Grand Trunk Railway.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

FRESH OYSTERS BY EXPRESS
E. BINGHAM'S
Westside of Market Square,
Goderich, Aug. 30th 1870.

Mrs. Mack's
Refreshment Rooms.
WEST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
Now Re-opened in the New Building.
FRESH OYSTERS
FRUIT of all kinds in season, Pastry, &c. Mrs. Mack will be glad to see her old customers at the New Building on the old stand.
Goderich, Sept. 8th, 1870 w-tf

TO
Farmers, Livery Stable
KEEPERS AND OTHERS.
Bring on all Your Lame Horses.
J. TAYLOR at COLBORNE HOTEL, Goderich, after twenty-one year experience is prepared to Doctor Horses for all diseases
N. B.—Horses examined as to Soundness.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

MASONIC APRONS
FOR SALE AT
H. GARDINER, & Co's.
Goderich 25 July, 1870. w27 tf

TAILORING
D. ADAMS
RETURNS HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS for the very flattering encouragement he has received since he commenced business in Goderich, not being able to execute over one-half the orders brought to him last season having now secured additional help to
Carrying on Business Extensively
and employing none but first-class tradesmen. And as D. A. believes his experience as Cutter is second to none in the Province, having carried on business extensively and successfully in Hamilton, principally first-class customers, and having been Cutter in one of the Principal Establishments in Edinburgh, Scotland, he earnestly state to a discerning public that
CLOTHING CAN BE MADE
his establishment equal to the best Establishment in Toronto or Montreal.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870. w3

Glenburnie Farm for Sale
TOWNSHIP OF GODERICH.
10 MILES from Goderich and 9 miles from Clinton, situated on the Gravel Road Running from Goderich to Bayfield, from which it is separated by the Bayfield River. It contains 213 acres, 110 acres under fence, 10 acres clear of stumps and in a high state of cultivation, soil rich clay loam; bush good hardwood, it is well watered by two living streams. An orchard of 140 apple trees in bearing—fruit very choice; also, a few pears, plums, peaches and cherries, and a few grape vines. Two story concrete house, 32 by 42 feet, cellar full size of the house. Frame barn 46 by 81 ft. This is a rare opportunity to secure a good farm on the Lake Shore, where fruit raising is much more successful than farther inland. Apply to
WM. HALL, Bytield,
or G. M. TRUEMAN, Land Agent, Goderich
August 15, 1870 w30

FARM FOR SALE
ON THE
BAYFIELD GRAVEL ROAD.
BEING lot 22, first concession Goderich Township 116 acres, 50 of which are cleared, a never failing creek runs through the land. The lot is situated on the Gravel road about 5 miles from the town of Goderich. The land is a rich clay loam, being very suitable for wheat or fruit growing. The lot will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Possession can be given 1st October, for particulars and terms, apply to G. H. PARSONS or to J. DAVISON, Esq. Goderich.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

Farm for Sale.
LOTS 53 and 54, Bayfield Concession, in the Township of Goderich Containing 68 acres, of these over 50 acres cleared with good Frame Barn, and Log House, about 2½ miles from Clinton. For Terms of sale apply at the Division Court office at Goderich, or to Mr. WIGGINGTON on the premises.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

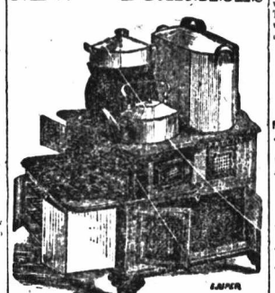
A BARGAIN.
50 ACRES, East ½ of Lot 29, 10th con. Culross, Co. Bruce. 7 acres cleared and good log house. Clear title for $500 cash or for $600 one third down and the remainder in 4 annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent per annum.
Apply to
ABRAHAM SMITH
Lumley 5th Sept, 1870 w35-10t Merchant Tailor.

VILLAGE LOTS FOR SALE IN BAYFIELD.
THE subscriber offers for sale four eligible lots in the Village of Bayfield. On the premises are a good frame dwelling, barn and vinegar factory. For particulars apply to
JOHN CROOK.
Goderich, July 12th 1870. ww26 t

THE RIDGE TO LET
APPLY TO,
D. S. GOODING,
BARRISTER, Goderich,
August 22nd, 1870. sw1-tf

JAMES STEWART
WHOLESALE AGENT
OF
The far-famed and reliable St Catherine's Nursery
D. W. BEAPLE, ESQ.
FOR ALL KINDS OF
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, GREEN-house Plants Grape Vines, &c., &c.
☞ Any stock not on hand, ordered on the shortest notice. House—Maitlandville, Goderich P. O
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

EXTENSIVE NEW PREMISES



G. N. DAVIS
HAS
THIS DAY REMOVED
TO HIS
COMMODIOUS
NEW BRICK BUILDING
(NEARLY OPPOSITE F. JORDAN'S
DRUGSTORE)
Convenient to the Market.
His stock of stoves &c.
IS LARGE AND COMPLETE
☞ PARTIES IN