Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 25. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1481.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C. A. F. & A. M.

THIS REGULAR COMMUNICATION will hold on Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Goderich, 4th May, 1871. W. BICKNELL, Sec.

Money to Lend.

$25,000

TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to

G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.

Oct. 29th, 1874. 1517 Goderich.

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 one to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favorable terms of repayment, repayable by yearly instalments; rate of interest will only compel you to borrow if you need the money. Parties wishing to borrow will please call and examine my plan. All enquiries personally or by letter will receive prompt attention. Office with E. Ross and Self. Office hours from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. 1341 1y

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, Dominion.

BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.

Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.

HORACE HORTON

Office Market Square, Goderich.

Oct. 29th, 1870. 1308-1y

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, promptly and generously. Unexcelled Security, Upright Management 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

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ANCHOR LINE.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS

Sail every Saturday from NEW YORK AND GLASGOW

Favorite route for Tourists. Finest approach to Great Britain. Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.

RATES OF PASSAGE From NEW YORK to GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,

Cabins—$75, $65 & $80—Currency. Return tickets at reduced rates. Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.

COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.

Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK, Goderich

1459

CANADA

Live Stock

INSURANCE Co'y.

Head Office, Toronto.

HORSES AND CATTLE

Insured against death from any cause.

For rates apply to

R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.

BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.

1466—6m

GODERICH AGENCY OF THE Trust & Loan Company of Canada

Incorporated by Royal Charter

CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.

Funds for Investment.

LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm & City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.

Approved Mortgages purchased.

G. M. TRUEMAN, Agent,

1317 Market Square, Goderich.

St. Joseph's Academy.

FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE DIRECTION of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on

On Monday, 4th of Jan., 1875.

TERMS.

Tuition per quarter $2 00

Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each ..... per quarter 8 00

French 2 00

Drawing, Pencil 5 00

" Crayon 5 00

Payment quarterly and in advance. &c. &c.

For further particulars apply at the Academy.

NORTH STREET, Goderich.

Dec. 30, 1874. 6m

GEORGETOWN ACADEMY.

WINTER SESSION WILL OPEN ON THE 4TH OF JANUARY, '75

JOHN TAIT.

1453tf

Artificial Stone.

The subscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for

WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK

required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Nobergall's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.

Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.

J. & G. W. THOMSON.

1479—3m Goderich, Ont.

NEW DOMINION BAKERY,

on the corner of EAST STREET,

next door to the FIREMAN'S HALL,

If you want bread first class

BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

go to the NEW DOMINION BAKERY.

For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.

WM. DOCHERTY.

HENRY GILKES,

PAINTER, PAPER - HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer, Whitewashing done on the shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street.

1459-1y

J. BOND,

NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.

EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,

SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,

GODERICH.

BEGS TO INFORM THE PEOPLE OF GODERICH THAT HE HAS

JUST RECEIVED

A large consignment of the

Messina Lemonade Powder.

Potato Bug Destroyer.

A certain and effectual Remedy,

ALSO,

Lady's London Supporters,

Lady's Shoulder Braces,

Gents' do do

Bond's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle, Condition Powders &c., a large stock on hand.

A Call is respectfully solicited.

LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS.

1459-1yr

Autumn and Winter GOODS.

H. DUNLOP

Merchant Tailor,

WEST STREET,

GODERICH,

BEGS to direct attention to his very full stock of

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS,

which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and at the lowest rates.

Gents' Furnishings

of all kinds kept on hand as usual.

Goderich, 28th Oct., 1874.

DANIEL GORDON,

CABINET MAKER,

UPHOLSTERER,

AND UNDERTAKER.

HAS now on Hand a large and complete stock of Furniture such as

BEDROOM,
DINING ROOM,
AND PARLOR SETTS.

All of which he will sell cheap for Cash. Picture framing a specialty.

Has always on hand a complete assortment of coffins, shrouds, cups and Hearses to hire.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ARRANGED WITH Wholesale dealers and Manufacturers, so that he can supply Canadian, American and English Cottage Pianos from $225 upwards. Also the new celebrated Canada Organ Co. and American Cabinet organ at lowest price.

Terms to suit purchasers payable monthly, quarterly, or a liberal discount for cash.

Parties purchasing would do well to give me a call.

DANIEL GORDON.

1449

CLOTHING

FOR THE

MILLION.

NOW is your time to prepare for

FALL AND WINTER

my s oe o

Gents' Furnishing Goods

Hats, Caps, Cloths and Clothing

is now complete. Can suit both young and old from head to feet, in regard to prices can't say won't be beat. A large assortment of

DRESS OVER COATS,
PEA JACKETS,
PANTS & VESTS,

all must be sold and will be sold;

CHEAP FOR CASH & CASH ONLY.

Remember the Stand

On the Square next door to A Savage and near A Cook, just pop in and give us a look.

L. WELLS.

N. B.—Clothing made to order on Short Notice. We always send our Customers away in style, either in a good fitting suit, which we prefer, or like it right.

Goderich, Oct. 26, 1874. 1445

Something New

ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES

repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place, McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.

Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1355

BELL FOUNDRY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1850.

Bells from 45 lbs. to 700 lbs.

For Farm, School, Town and Church purposes with cast springs in the frame.

5000 BELLS NOW SOLD

Encourage home manufacture. Address nearest for one year. Send for Catalogue.

L. JONES & Co.,

Mention this Out

Poetry.

ART.

A FEW OF THE WONDERS IT HAS WROUGHT, AND IS STILL WORKING IN THE CIVILIZED KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD.

When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art, sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus, with seraph voice she spoke—
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him thro' the trackless wild,
Where noon-tide sun had never blaz'd,
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smil'd,
And nature gladden'd, as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—he bids it ride
To guard the shores its beauty graced.
He smites the rock—uprear'd in pride
See! towers of strength and skill in taste,
Earth's teeming caves, their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave;
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill,
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commences with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame,
Which quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness, and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, 21st June, '75.

A NEW STORY.

Next week we shall commence the publication of a new serial story, entitled

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK,

BY MRS. CROW.

This is a very interesting tale of love and romance, being the best which has been produced by its famous authoress. The scene is laid in Ireland, and the characters are English and Irish in their nationality. Every one should read it.

Persons wishing to read this story by subscribing for the paper now, will receive it from the 14th inst. to January 1st, 1876, for the nominal figure of FIFTY CENTS. Send in your subscriptions at once

NIVA'S PERIL.

It had been a wet, dreary day, that seventeenth anniversary of my birthday, and Pauline and I had been sitting so long over our embroidery in the old room that we had exhausted every topic of conversation save one—that one which was the subject ever nearest to my heart but which was something too sacred to be bandied on the flippant lips of Paulnie d'Esterre, ex governess.

But silence did not suit my companion. After a pause of a few minutes she laid down her work, making the most of a deep yawn, and then, pointing to the pier-glass opposite, she remarked:

"What a fine contrast you and I make Nina! Look—no man would admire both of us, we are so totally different."

She spoke English with a perfect accent, having been born and educated in England; but she inherited from her parents the French vivacity and marvelous taste in dress. As she sat there, with her dainty laces and bows and furbelows she looked every inch a French woman.

She made a true remark—we were totally different; for, while she was short and round, I was tall and slight; she was dark as night, with handsome black eyes; I was blue-eyed and fair-haired.

If I had one single point of beauty it was my hair—and I was really proud of that. I delighted in the heavy pale yellow waves which fell unconfined below my waist, and persisted in wearing my hair in that fashion, in spite of Pauline's suggestion that I should never get a lover while I looked so "babyish."

'No one could look *distingue*,' was her opinion, 'with hair flying about in all directions;' and she would stroke her own elaborate plaits and coils with complacency.

I had given one look in the glass, at her request, and was turning away with a smile; but she caught my hand, and detained me.

'Now which is Cousin Hugh's taste?' she cried, with a laugh that had a mocking ring in it.

In spite of myself my face flushed, and I wrenched my hand away in annoyance. This was the one subject upon which I could not talk or jest with Pauline. I had never loved or respected her; but the light hand with which she had held the reins of government had reconciled me to her constant companionship. At this moment I felt that I positively disliked her.

With a touch of her own sarcasm, I replied. 'It is absurd to compare a girl of seventeen with a woman of twenty-eight,' and turned away with a scornful lip and burning cheeks.

It was an ugly, spiteful speech, I know, and the next moment I was heartily ashamed of it.

'Forgive me, mademoiselle,' I pleaded, venturing to lay my hand in hers; but I ought to have known that I had committed an unpardonable offence. Pauline would forgive any impertinence, but no mortification of her personal vanity and on the tender subject of her age she was particularly sensitive.

She pushed me angrily from her, and flounced from her seat, and out of the room, with such violence that my unfortunate work basket was caught in the whirl of her silk skirts and dragged to the ground. This, and the catching of the floresaid skirts in the door rather marred the dignity of her exit; but the face she turned on me as she disappeared might have been that of an injured queen.

I stooped to pick up the reels and skeins, and then walking to the window, and fastening my nose against one of the rain-dimmed panes, I began to think humbly and regretfully over my late petulance. What could have indeed me to be so rude and unlaylike! Could a mean, contemptible feeling of jealousy have been the cause—jealousy that poor Pauline d'Esterre should have the smallest share of good looks which might possibly attract the attention of a man who was to be my husband!

Oh, Nina Brandon, I thought, in spite of your ancient name, what a contemptible little being you are for such a noble giant as Hugh Gordon to dream of calling wife!

This same Hugh Gordon was the embodiment of my ideal of the noble and chivalrous. As a child, my love for my soldier-cousin had been intense beyond my years, and the tears I shed at his departure had been amongst the bitterest that my life has known.

I was an orphan. There, on the window-pane before me, had been written eighteen years before, with a diamond, and by the hand of my fair young mother, the words, "Nina Brandon, aged eighteen." A year after she died; her gentle life had ended when mine, amidst sorrow and wailing for her loss, had begun.

The sight of this autograph, and the remembrance of the mourning I then wore for my father who had died only nine months previously, brought the tears into my eyes. How lonely and desolate I should have felt in the world but for one sweet hope.

It had been my poor father's will, uttered upon his death bed to me, and often in his lifetime to Hugh that we should marry each other, Hugh taking the name of Brandon, there being no male heir of the family. But did he love me with anything more than cousinly or brotherly love? That was the question with which I tormented myself from day to day. To be Hugh's wife would be for my happiness supreme—but for him?

After an absence from England of two years, he was to return that very night, and the question upon which my future happiness depended would then be answered.

How slowly the hours dragged on! Twilight came; yet still with beating heart I kept my watch at the window. At last I heard the sound of wheels coming up the long avenue, and, first like a shadow in the dim distance, and then clearer and clearer, I saw my lover once again.

He was driving himself; and, as the dog-cart stopped at the door, he looked eagerly and hurriedly at all the windows. But I had hidden behind the curtains—a sudden fit of shyness had come over me. Though I longed to run down and greet him, yet I determined that I would not go until I was sent for. In a few moments the summons came.

'Miss Nina, the major has arrived, and is asking for you.'

Very demurely I walked down the broad staircase, though my heart was dancing with delight. He should not think me a giddy child, I thought.

I could hear his voice in the library, and supposed him to be talking to my aunt.

The door was a little way open, and I was to enter, when the thought struck me that I would take a peep at him first; I wished to see whether he was much altered.

He was standing by the window, and his tall figure and handsome face stood out clearly against the light; but to my great astonishment, it was not my aunt to whom he was talking in that low, familiar tone.

It was Pauline. She whom I had supposed to be a total stranger to cousin was standing close to him, her hand upon his arm, her face raised to his with an expression of earnest entreaty. I heard her last words—"I have never ceased to love you."

In the bewilderment of the moment the thought rushed into my mind—"It cannot be real! I am dreaming, and shall wake in a moment; it is certainly a dream." But my aunt's hand placed on my shoulder roused me to the reality.

In another moment Pauline came forward smiling, showing all her fine white teeth.

'Nina, *ma belle*, Major Gordon and I have met before, in Paris. Is not this a pleasant coincidence?'

Mechanically I took the hand he held out to me with so much seeming warmth and eagerness; but when he would have drawn me to him, and kissed me, as of old, I drew back coldly, and with as much dignity as my seventeen years could assume.

I could not be content with Hugh's country love; therefore, for the future, he must treat me as a woman, not a child.

He only smiled in an assured manner, and then, turning to my aunt, began to converse with her. Beyond him I could see Pauline's dark eyes with a laughing triumph in them. I could not mistake her expression. No doubt she was thinking how favorably her welcome must have contrasted with mine.

My heart seemed bursting with grief and indignation. I could not remain a moment longer in their presence; so I stole quietly from the library and up in the old oak room, where such a little time before I had been watching for him with so much joy and pride, and there wept long and bitterly.

I did not notice how dark it was growing until a light suddenly streamed into the room, and Pauline entered with a lamp in her hand. She started with genuine astonishment as she saw me sitting by the window.

'Why, Nina—alone and crying! What is the matter, child?'

Praised my eyes, red with weeping, indignantly to her face.

'Pauline, you are a deceitful, bad woman; but I have found out your secret. You could not help knowing Hugh, and loving him, before you knew me; but why have you deceived me all this time? Why did you let me go on hoping?' But here I broke down, for tears choked my utterance.

'*Mon Dieu!*' screamed Pauline, her eyes flashing, and her voice shrill with passion. 'How did you know it? You have broken open my desk! You have read letters!'

'Nothing of the sort,' I replied, 'but I saw the interview between you and the major, and heard you confess that you loved him.'

'Well, and what then?' asked Pauline, with an evident relief which I could not understand. 'Major Gordon is free to love where he chooses, I suppose. Am I to be blamed because he chooses to follow the teaching of his own heart, rather than carry out the arbitrary and mercenary plan of a deceased relative?'

With this cruel taunt she left me.—And so my golden dream had vanished! Oh, if he had only loved some one nobler and worthier than myself, I could then have borne it—but Pauline, whom I knew to be mean, vain, untruthful! In my bitter disappointment I was becoming uncharitable again; yet in my heart, I believed that I did not judge her unjustly.

One thing I determined upon; they should not see that I was unhappy.—Pauline should not think that I was dying of unrequited love. So I sang gayly as I went about the house, became pert and flippant to Hugh, and altogether assumed a character as different from my own as possible.

It was evident that they did not know what to make of the change. Pauline would open her great eyes at each of my wild moods; but Hugh's grave face looked distressed; he did not approve of this new Nina apparently.

I steadily avoided being alone with him, and contrived that Pauline should always sit next to him at the dinner-table; though, to my surprise, he took no advantage of the situation, but; treated her with cold, politeness—nothing more; while to me he was as he had ever been—gentle, kind and tender as a brother.

None the less I steeled my heart against him. "It is a new deception," I thought. "He wishes to hide his love for her, or he may be mean enough wish to marry me for my fortune."

This state of affairs continued for some days, until one morning Hugh found me alone. I had always been an early riser; and, this particular morning being intensely hot, even so early as seven, I took a book and strolled gently toward my favorite arbor, intending to read there until the breakfast bell rang.

This arbor was so hidden by shrubberies that it could be seen only from a thicket exactly facing it.

To my surprise, some one had reached it before me. Major Gordon was a great smoker, and had brought his cigar there, thinking he would be undisturbed. I could not turn back now without being positively rude; so I quietly took the seat he offered me beside himself.

To my great indignation, no sooner was I seated than he placed his arm around me in the coolest manner imaginable, making me rest against him, yet it was so naturally done that it seemed a move than a cousinly action, and mere affectation to resent it.

"There—now we are comfortable," he said, throwing away his cigar. "The early bird is proverbially a fortunate one; but I am rewarded beyond all my expectation. Do you know, Nina, this is the first *tete-a-tete* we have had since I returned? I have scarcely had an opportunity of telling you how much I find you altered."

"For the better, I hope," I remarked, bluntly.

"Well," he returned, holding back his head, and pretending to eye me critically, "from a child you are grown to be almost a woman—and a very charming one, too; but I must confess that to me, personally, you were more charming as the child. Two years ago I felt sure of this little Nina's love. But now—what am I to say, little one?"

"I do not love you anyless, Cousin Hugh and, as a cousin, I shall always love you," I answered, with a dignified air.

He spoke very gently in reply.

"But it is not cousinly love that I want, Nina. Why are you so sadly changed? You will scarcely suffer my arm around you at this moment; you have not once kissed me since I came. Two years ago you would have done so without the asking."

His words so bewildered me that I scarcely knew what I said. Starting to my feet, I exclaimed:

"Major Gordon, you must remember that I am no longer a child. Would it be manlinly in me to make those advances you mention before the woman who loves you and whom you love?"

A light seemed suddenly to break upon his understanding. Holding out his arms to me, he cried—and, oh, that loving tone could not have been assumed.

"Come back to me, Nina! Come little one—oh, how you have been deceived!"

I hesitated one moment, and in that moment the chance was lost. A rustling in the syringa bushes behind the arbor first startled me, and immediately afterwards Pauline's figure appeared in the doorway.

She was flushed and panting; and a smile which she vainly endeavored to make agreeable, parted her lips.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but there is a parcel come for you, Major Gordon, which the bearer is waiting to deliver into your own hands."

My cousin hesitated, looking from her to me, and then quietly placed my arm in his.

"No, no," said Pauline, quickly taking my hand, as if to draw me away, "it is so hot, Nina and I will follow slowly."

Her look towards me was so malicious that I involuntarily clung closer to Hugh's arm. He answered by a slight pressure of the hand he held.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle d'Esterre," he said, "but I am anxious to resume the conversation you were compelled to interrupt. My cousin and I will come after you in a few minutes. The messenger may wait."

Pauline looked baffled.

"In turn, excuse me, Major Gordon. Nina, one word in your ear."

As I bent towards her, she whispered, quickly, "Little stupid, it is your money, not you, he wants." With this parting sting she hurried out of sight.

The long winding path between the sweet scented syringas seemed to me the road to Paradise that morning. As I walked slowly and thoughtfully up to the house, Hugh's strong arm around me, while his beloved voice, in low, earnest tones, was telling me the tale of his love—how he had known Pauline in Paris some years ago, while I was yet a child, and he too young to know what real true love was; how he had been fascinated by her for a time, till he had found how unworthy she was—till he had felt that his love for his child-cousin had grown to be the hope and aim of his life.

And when, hidden by the laburnums and lilacs, we halted in the path, and, at his request, I reached on tip-toe to take his dear brown head in my hands and kiss him, as I had done two years ago, how proud I was at that moment—proud of my noble, handsome lover.

My joy was a little clouded by the remembrance that he was compelled to seclude us all that day; with such sweet things to hear my company, how could I be dull? Even Pauline's spiteful speeches and insinuations fell harmless; if she had truly loved Hugh, I could only have felt pity for her.

We had always slept in the same room with me. I felt little inclined for her company that night, though at the same time I could not easily invent an excuse for departing from the usual custom. Having undressed in silence, I had my happy head upon the pillow, and fell into some sweet dreams, in which Hugh and I were walking through endless gardens of roses, and endless palaces of diamonds.

Suddenly, in the midst of my dreams, a great gong sounded, and I raised itself in a great fright, to see Pauline rushing from another room, with a scream, to the bedside.

The room was full of a singular rosy light, making everything as clear as by day light.

I could not hear what she was saying, but her lips and lips were ashy white, and her eyeballs seemed ready to start from their sockets.

In another instant I had caught my ear in words that prolonged shriek:

"Nina, awake—awake—the house is on fire!"

I raised myself upon my elbow, still half stunned by the noise, and my eyes fell upon the figure of Pauline. I had never seen her to advantage before, and I have never forgotten it. I can recall it now as plainly and with a horrible distinctness as upon that dreadful night. At first it was a wavering, irresolute apparition—one moment half-way towards me, as if with the intention of running me from my lethargy, then halted, and a fixed determination and alarm seemed upon her features.—Once more she paused her transom, then walked hurriedly from the room, and I heard the door close behind her. This seemed to break the spell that was upon me. I jumped from the bed and flew to the window. It was a frightful scene. To the right of my bedroom all was in flames. A balcony which ran along in front of five windows, of which mine was the centre, had already caught—such ravages had the fire made before it was discovered.

Taking all this in at one wild glance, I sprang to the door. Oh, heaven, it was locked on the outside.

I shrieked, I raved. I battered at the door with my feeble strength till my hands bled; but I felt no pain.

Oh, Pauline, Pauline, you must have been mad with terror—you could not have doomed me to such an awful death!

Once more I flew to the window. The scene was changed. Nearer and nearer were creeping those awful tongues of fire, while below looked upon me rows of horror-stricken faces, ghastly in the lurid light.

One figure alone I could distinguish—that of my lover carrying in his arms a senseless figure. It was Pauline. Then her words were true—she was the love of his heart, and he had flown to her in the first moment of danger! He is safe, but still life was so sweet—so sweet—and I was young to die!

I stretched out my hands imploringly towards him.

"Hugh, Hugh, save me, too! Oh, save me—do not let me die!"

My voice, though I could scarcely hear it myself, it was so hoarse and unnatural, reached his ears. He turned toward me with a great cry, and rushed into the house.

In that one look I read that he would save me or die.

A strange calm came over me; I no longer shrieked, but, standing erect before the window, and in the face of the helpless crowd, kept my eyes fixed upon the door from which was to come my salvation.

It must have been but a few moments, though to me it seemed an age, before it came. I felt Hugh's beloved arms carrying me over the hot floor and down the stifling stairs, I heard his voice murmuring, "Thank heaven that I have saved you, my precious Nina!" Then all became dark.

I was insensible for many days; when I came to, it was to find myself in a strange room and in a strange house—for my dear old home had been burnt to the ground.

Pauline had disappeared on the night of the fire, but some weeks later a note reached me through the post. It contained these brief words:

"You will never see me again, but I write to tell you that—though I hear you no love—I am glad that you were saved. It was the madness of a moment that prompted me to lock your door.—I had not fainted in the smoke. I should have returned to set you free at the risk of my own life.

"PAULINE."

I was glad to receive this letter, and I hope that Pauline is now a better and happier woman.

Scarcely a hair of my head was singed in the fire. But, alas, my poor Hugh! Even now there are scars on his dear face and arms, which I lament over, but which he glories in as the price of his wife's life.

A Mad Dog Sensation.

A NASSAGAWEYA MAN GALOPS HIS HORSE TEN MILES BEFORE A SUPPOSED MAD DOG.

A sensation of rather an unpleasant kind disturbed the country north of Dundas on Wednesday morning. A gentleman named Newton, residing somewhere in the township of Nassagaweya, left his home about three o'clock in a light waggon or democrat, to pay a visit to some of his friends in Ancaster, bringing his wife and child, a little girl of about 4 years, along with him. They travelled swiftly along in the cool of the morning without meeting with any accident until they came to a corduroy road in the side-road in the township of East Flamborough, when the horse being stung by a wasp, made a sudden spring forward, and the off hind wheel coming into a rut with great force, the axle broke, besides wrecking other parts of the waggon. Mr. Newton found himself in a dilemma. He was in a strange part of the country, where he knew no one, with a broken rig; besides, the almost vertical beams of June sun pouring down on his wife and child. While endeavoring to fix his waggon by binding a rail to the axle, a kind-hearted farmer, whose name, we are informed, is McLaren, crossed the fields to him, and on learning the facts of the case, placed his family carriage at the disposal of Mr. Newton, who gladly accepted it. The carriage being rather a heavy one, a horse of Mr. McLaren's was put in with Mr Newton's and they resumed their journey. It appears that this fresh horse was a favorite with a great hulking dog belonging to Mr McLaren, in fact every time the horse was taken off the farm the dog had to be tied up. The dog was not tied on this occasion, however, and hence the confusion that followed. The Newtons resumed their journey gaily for some time, when Mrs. Newton accidently looked over the side of the carriage and observed a large black dog galloping along by the side of the rig; the foam dripping from his heavy jaws and his large red eyes fixed angrily upon her husband as the animal instinct told him that Mr. Newton had no right to the horse. Mrs. Newton, being of an imaginative temperament, no sooner observed the brute than the supposition that he was mad flashed over her, and with a shriek of terror she fell fainting into her husband's arms. The same suspicion flashed over Mr Newton on observing the dog, and standing up in the carriage he whipped his horses into a gallop. No sooner did the dog see Newton whip McLaren's horse than he sprang at the carriage with a howl of mingled rage and hate, and endeavored to get into the carriage to seize Newton. This confirmed Newton's suspicion, and horses to the top of their speed. The became. In vain did Mr. Newton fling first his horse over then his wife's shawl then his hat, then his coat, and finally the carriage cushion to the dog, which never noticed them in the least, but with his red eyes fixed alternately on the horse and Mr Newton galloped on "with the long tail rattling which can't tire." The people at work in the surrounding fields left their work and fled to their homes in dismay, where they locked the doors and fastened their windows, and pointed shot guns and stitch forks out of every available crevice. All the way in the country turnout out in horse of the wrath until there were over twenty mounts following the carriage in a bunch, uttering all manner of cries from the deep bay of the hound to the magnificent chirp of a pocket spaniel. The scene produced a wild sensation Teams coming along the road towards Newton no sooner observed the "flying column" than they wheeled about and galloped on before until there were over a dozen teams tearing along for very life at the other end several men had mounted horses and were dashing along at full speed behind, firing shot guns and yelling like Comanches. It is impossible to tell how the affair would have ended had Mr. Newton's carriage not broken down throwing the inmates into the ditch. Instead of worrying anybody the dog sprang forward and threw himself on the horse in an ecstacy of delight licking his face and howling with pleasure. The mystery was soon cleared up the crowd dispersed—dogs and all—and Mr. Newton was furnished with a fresh carriage and went on his way rejoicing. —*Spectator.*

Communications.

We wish it to be strictly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the expressions of our correspondents.

BAYFIELD.

What of Bayfield? We answer that it is a seat of learning. It contains the Boys Star Literary Club and other certain clubs; it has a very large letter correspondence with the Goderich *Star*; and we therefore infer that this of itself ought to constitute it learned, in a sense at least. There is little else to be seen in its columns, week after week, but Bayfield correspondence, which may perhaps charm its Bayfield readers for a time, but assuredly it has little or no other effect. Why? Because these letters are barren of intellect. No cultivated mind would descend to read such trash. Black Bub has styled it inflammable gas, we suppose because he believed it too light to be weighed or measured. However, we believe that gas can be weighed and measured. We say it requires 100,000 cubic feet of gas to inflate a baloon of a certain magnitude to suspend it in mid air—consequently it has capacity, and if capacity, it must have weight—Black Bub must have been mistaken in his views of Bayfield gas. The *Star* man says that Black Bub is alive and well, but the *Star* man knows little or nothing. We believe Black Bub to be as dead as Cock Robin.

Now, Mr. Editor, seeing that Bayfield has obtained some notoriety in the way above described and is about to have a harbour of its own, it is only reasonable to infer that Bayfield is in a position to manage its own municipal matters; and if so, we say let Bayfield at once seek a divorce from its unlettered partner, the Township. There are many requirements that Bayfield stands much in need of, which the Township Fathers cannot see nor understand—such as drainage, public commons, streets, side walks to be looked after, &c., all of which the township will not see; and hence we say that Bayfield ought to bestir itself to obtain a separation from the township. We believe it to contain sufficient element to constitute it a separate municipality. It contains 4 churches, 5 factories, 7 hotels, 3 blacksmith and waggon shops and a host of private dwellings. We therefore again say Bayfield, incorporate if you can Mr. Editor, perhaps inasmuch as we are rejoicing over the prospect of a good harbour, it may not be out of place here to state that our harbour improvement works are going ahead admirably, and that they are employing the very best quality of timber. We learn however that the dredging has turned out more difficult than has been anticipated. JASON.

P. S.—Perhaps, Sir some curious inquisitive reader may ask who Jason is. Well, for the benefit of such, we will inform them as best we can: Jason was the son of Æson, and leader of the celebrated Argonutic expedition for the recovery of the lost Golden Fleece. Jason and his companions sailed in the ship Argo, constructed for the purpose by Argus, the hundred eyed monster. Jason recovered the golden fleece, and consequently the crown his uncle Palias usurped.

Bayfield, 26th June, 1875.

[This communication was held over last week on account of the press upon our columns.]

Substitutes for the Spelling Mania.

American papers are on the look-out for some kind of useful mania to succeed the spelling match. The idea has been thrown out and it is not a bad one, that the girls "spell" their mothers at the wash-tub and house-work in general. Several journals have been suggesting tree-planting, and recommended "bees" and picnic parties. The latter suggestion has actually been carried out in at least a solitary instance. At Topeka, Kansas, the other day, the Mayor invited the people to spend an afternoon in this way. All business was suspended, the citizens gathered in large numbers, and to the enlivening strains of three bands of music about 1,000 shade trees of every variety were set out in the State House grounds. It is rather late in the season for much to be done in this way the present spring, but fall is a good time for tree-planting, and we think some enjoyable festivals of this kind might be got up for the pleasant days of next October. Another spring will come round very quickly, and many a rising village and growing town might have a very happy time with these "tree-planting bees" after the example set by the Topeka people. As the result, the streets would be permanently beautified.

A ludicrous scene occurred in the Market Square, Galashiels, last week. "Rolland's collection of Waxworks" was on exhibition in the square, as well as shows of performing dogs and monkeys. A series of special services are being nightly held in the Corn Exchange which opens on the square, and about eight o'clock a party of "evangelists" and their friends began holding an open air meeting in front of the Exchange and of the waxwork caravans. The beating of drums, the shouting of the showmen, the no less energetic harranguing and singing of the preachers, and the noise of the crowd that had collected, combined to form an extraordinary babel of sound. The showmen, and revivalists entered into active competition, and for a time it was uncertain who would prevail, when a showman hit upon the device of bringing out a monkey on a pole, and parading the animal through the ranks of the enemy, accompanied with cymbals and a brass band. After the monkey had made a few circuits, the preachers gave in and adjourned to the hall.

DRAWING BLANKS.

A young man named Edward Gordon, aged seventeen, was drowned at Port Credit last Wednesday, while bathing in the river above Mr. Jas. Geddie's farm.

The earnings of the Great Western of Canada for the two weeks ending May 28th, 1875, were $163,205, for a like period in 1874 they were $200,300.

While assisting at a raising recently in Blanchard, at Mr. Wiles' one of the workmen fell from off one of the top plates to the ground beneath. When picked up he was insensible.

Frank Hayes, of London, went bathing on Thursday morning, and being unable to swim and getting beyond his depth was drowned. The deceased was in his eighteenth year, and the sole support of his widowed mother and four little children.

A woman named Mary Ann Beck died suddenly last week in a house on Garth street, Hamilton. She had just been released from gaol in the morning from a charge of vagrancy. The appearance of the poor creature in the dead house was frightful, her hands and hands resembled bird's claws.

A person by the name of J. R. Gardiner was arrested and tried in Mt. Forest, last week, before Robinson, McMillin and Swain, Justices of the Peace, for illegally practicing medicine without being registered. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge, but maintained that he had a diploma from the Edinburgh University. Fined $60 and costs.

Mr. J. Baptiste Beaudry, the original founder of the Jacques Cartier Bank, and a director from its establishment, is deeply involved by its failure. He is a holder of stock to the amount of $300,000, besides having endorsed a great deal of the paper in the bank, for which he is personally responsible, as well as his liability as a director, he has overdrawn about $40,000.

In the excitement of raising the main plate of a barn in Blanchard a few days ago, Mr James Murray, a young married man, got his leg beneath it, the men continuing to push it along until the poor man's cries told them something was wrong, when the workmen stopped, and released him from his dangerous position. He was at once taken to his home, and medical aid summoned, when it was found that one of the bones was broken.

Robert Hamilton, produce dealer, of London, has absconded, after defrauding Montreal commission merchants to a large amount. His effects are now in the possession of the Sheriff, having been seized to satisfy a judgment from the Waterloo County Court. In order to prevent misapprehension it should be noted that the swindler is *Robert* Hamilton, not Mr. A. M. Hamilton, who carries on a produce business on Talbot street.

Mr. Donald Shaw, of lot No. 3, 6th con, of Moor, a short time ago took shelter in a barn as a storm was approaching. When the storm struck the building, he was sitting smoking his pipe beside the horses, but he noticed the building giving away, unfortunately made an effort to escape, and was struck to the ground by the heavy logs of the building, which remained on him till the neighbors noticed the barn down after the storm had somewhat abated. Knowing he had taken shelter in it, they hastened to the scene and found him crushed under the *debris*, but still alive, though with his shoulder and leg broken, and injured internally so seriously that he died soon after he was extricated. The horses were uninjured.

At the last sitting of the Division Court in Orangeville, before Judge Chadwick, rather a novel case came up. A Mr. Watson and a Mr. Graham had a quarrel some time ago, during which the latter bit a piece out of the former's ear. Watson had Graham brought before the Mayor for assault and battery, and had him fined. The action in the division Court was brought for disfigurement of the person, the claim being $40. It was argued for the prosecution that the fine imposed by the Mayor being for assault and battery, did not prejudice an action for damages and disfigurement, and for the defense that the fine covered the whole case, and left no room for an action for damages. The Judge gave written judgment on the matter in which he awarded the plaintiff his claim for damages on the ground that a fine imposed for assault or battery does not, in reality, prejudice an action