Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVII. NO. 34. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1438.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

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
Half "	1 year	....	35
"	6 months	....	25
"	3 months	....	15
Quarter "	1 year	....	20
"	6 months	....	12
"	3 months	....	8
Eighth "	1 year	....	12
"	6 months	....	8
"	3 months	....	5

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

G.C. Shannon M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c &c., Goderich, Ont. 1340-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 & Gormully. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich. M. C. CAMERON. J. J. GORMULLY.

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

ELLIOTT & WATSON. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1373

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, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1352

GARROW & WALKER. BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, &c. Office on West St, opposite the Post Office. J. T. GARROW. P. F. WALKER.

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

S. Malcomson, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35 MONEY TO LEND.

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

HUGH HAMILTON. CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont. Money to Lend. 138

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURTHOUSE 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.

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S. GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE. OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrews Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq. M. P. 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—

MUSIC. MISS SKIMMINGS WILL RESUME her tuition in Music on Monday 24th September. Terms as usual in advance. Stanley Street, Goderich, 19th Aug., 1874.

RESTAURANT.

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

THE ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE direction of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on Monday, August 17th 1874.

TERMS

Tuition per quarter,	$3 00
Music, Instrumental,	7 00
" Vocal	5 00
Guitar,	5 00
French,	2 00
Drawing,	4 00

Payment quarterly and in advance. Plain and ornamental needle-work do not form extra charges to pupils. Aug. 11th, 1874. 1434

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. sw13-ly

Hotels.

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.

$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 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. s36-ly.

Insurance.

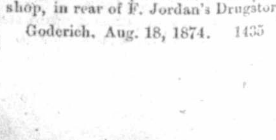
THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. Available Assets, $27,000,000. Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without deduction. Security, Prompt Payment, 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

ANCHOR LINE. STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY. Passenger Accomodation Unsurpassed. Rates of passage from Sus. Bridge or Buffalo To GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, LONDONDERRY, QUEENSTOWN or BELFAST: Cabin $65 to $90 gold, according to steamer and location of berth. Return tickets issued at reduced rates. Intermediate and Steerage as low as any other line. For passage or further information apply to Henderson Brothers, 7 Bowling Green, New York, Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK. 1415 Goderich.

ALLAN LINE. STEAM TO Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow. Every SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer. NOTICE TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND FOR THEIR FRIENDS. PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used. REMEMBER. Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage. The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April. For Tickets and every information apply to P. H. CARTER, 1414-3m Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.

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 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

Something New.



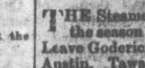
ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place. McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore. Goderich. Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF CLOTHING,

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING PURCHASED THE Bankrupt Stock OF PHILO NOBLE, Consisting of READY MADE CLOTHING. CLOTHS, HATS AND CAPS, AND Gent's Furnishing Goods, Offers them for sale at a GREAT REDUCTION ON FORMER PRICES.

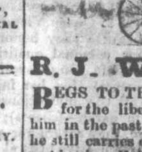
He has also purchased the BOOK DEBTS, and requests all indebted to pay up as soon as possible and save costs. L. WELLS. Goderich, 7th May, 1874. 1421

STEAMER BENTON.



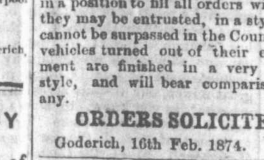
CLEVELAND, DETROIT, AND SAGINAW. G. W. McGREGOR, MASTER. THE Steamer BENTON will run during the season of navigation as follows:—Leave Goderich for Port Hope, Port Austin, Tawas, Bay City, Saginaw, Sauble, Harrisville and Alpena every Thursday at 2 o'clock p.m., commencing on Thursday 21st May. Returning, will leave Goderich for Port Huron, Detroit and Cleveland every Sunday at 2 p.m. N. B.—Passengers going by the BENTON on Sunday will connect with the Steamer St. Joseph of the same Line every Monday for Au Sauble, Harrisville, Alpena, Sheboygan, Duncan City, and Traverse Bay country. Through tickets for all the above points. For particulars as to freight or passage, apply to WM. LEE, Agent. Goderich, June 1st 1874. 1426.

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 and Sleigh 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

HURON CARRIAGE WORKS, HAMILTON STREET, GODERICH.



KNOX & ROTHWELL Beg to inform the public that they are in a position to fill all orders with which they may be entrusted, in a style which cannot be surpassed in the County. The vehicles turned out of their establishment are finished in a very superior style, and will bear comparison with any. ORDERS SOLICITED. Goderich, 16th Feb. 1874. 1709

One Box of Clark's B 41 Pills IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Sold in Boxes, 1 dollar, 50 cents each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND. Sold in England by all Wholesale Patent Medicine Houses. Wholesale Agents for Provinces of Ontario and Quebec:—EVANS, MERCER & Co. MONTREAL.

LUMBER! LUMBER! MORRISH & FISHER. Having purchased the Saw Mill of W. M. SAVAGE at Millburn, 3 miles North of Goderich on the Gravel Road, are now prepared to furnish lumber of all kinds to those who require such. Having thoroughly repaired and renovated the mill they are in a position to do first class work. Colborne, 17th Dec, 1873. 140

Poetry.

September.

A whispering silence broods o'er all around,
As in cathedral when the praise and prayer
Are lingering pulses on the waves of sound,
And nought disturbs but muffled heart-throbs there,
Yet all is bright—the sun scarce past the noon;
And stealing out from dusky, darkling wood,
Comes forth a matron shod with mossy shoon;
From off her brows she laps the binding snood—
When lo! her chesnut locks float on the breeze,
Like silken algæ on cerulean seas,
The flowers have hung their heads; but all gay things
That buzzing flit, on busy, gauzy wings,
To chant her beauties, gratefully remember,
And hail our princess, timid, grave September.

The Mist.

The mist crept over the valley
Heavy, and chill, and gray;
The mist crept into the chamber
Where she sitteth alone alway.

The mist crept over the mountain
Which loomed through its shadow dark,
And kissed with its cold embraces
The old oak's gnarled bark.

She cowered close to the fire,
The flames shot clear and fair,
They flashed on her pallid features,
And they saw that the mist was there—

A mist that is born of sorrow,
A cloud that is formed of dread,
Like the faint gray shade that gathers
Over the face of the dead.

On them 'tis the sign that showeth
Life's conqueror hath descended;
On her the mark that telleth
The life of life is ended.

The mist will pass off from the valley
When spring's first pulses stir;
But the mist that rests on her spirit
Will never pass off from her.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

(Concluded.)

In this strain Mr. Wharton rattled on during dinner; and as his humor was as well known as his thorough good-nature, the victim generally laughed as heartily in the end as any one else. Charles Clare alone sat grave and silent, Miss Cecilia wondering the while how her dear Julia ever came to be blessed (or cursed) with so intensely stupid a brother. Not one word beyond the necessary civilities of the table did he address to her during dinner, and she invariably pronounced him a solemn, empty headed dandy; while poor Charles himself was fretting over Lucy's headache and absence, blaming himself for both, and wishing he was with her to heal their little misunderstanding. Not till it was time for the gentlemen to return to the drawing-room did he breathe freely. Perhaps he should find her there. But no, there was no sign of her, and instead he found himself beckoned to the side of his hostess, a kind, motherly-looking old lady, with silver-grey hair and gentle blue eyes, which looked as if they sympathized with his trouble, as, making room for him beside her, she said softly:

"That was an unfortunate mistake in the train to-day, Mr. Clare."

"I hope Miss Wharton doesn't mind it," said Charles, contritely.

"Oh, Lucy, poor child, has been crying her eyes out about it. You must know now that she took you for her brother."

"Yes, I suppose so, but why?"

"Her brother is an officer in the Fifty-third, now quartered at Malta, and she has not seen him for several years. True, he has been at home two or three times, but either when she was at school or in Scotland with us. When Frank was at Malta last summer he made Charles Wharton promise to spend a few days with us; and as he only landed in England yesterday, it was arranged that he should come on here straight, and Lucy should meet him at the station. It was dusk when she got there, and as the guard pointed you out as the gentleman who had been inquiring for Miss Wharton, she naturally took you for Charley, especially as you answered to the name. She never doubted for one moment your identity. Mr. Clare, why did you not undeceive her?"

Mrs. Wharton's gentle tones became gravely remonstrating as she uttered the last words, and Charles reddened to the hair under the implied reproach.

"Upon my word and honor, Mrs. Wharton," he exclaimed, loud enough to draw upon himself a fire of angry glances from a group surrounding the piano where some fair vocalist was performing. "I never had the faintest notion that Cissy—Lucy—confound it! I beg your pardon—I mean that Miss Wharton took me for any one but myself. I was there to meet Cecilia Wharton; whom my sister calls 'Cissy,' and I called her 'Cissy.' She didn't say it wasn't her name."

"My dear Mr. Clare, brothers so often abbreviate sister into 'sissy,' that ——"

"Well, yes, but I didn't know that, and she called me Charley, as I think all my cousins should, and she was very kind and affectionate to me, just as if we were old friends, and I'm sure I thought it very nice and pleasant and jolly."

Mrs. Wharton smiled, she could not help it, at the *naivete* of his conclusion.

"I suppose I must acquit you," she said kindly, "but I'm afraid my poor Lucy will not so easily forgive herself for *her* mistake. She positively refuses to appear down stairs till her brother does arrive."

"I am awfully sorry she should think so much of it," said Charles, dolefully, "Couldn't you tell her so, and ask her not to be so foolish as to mind such a trifle? I'd rather go away again than to keep her up stairs; I really would, and I will if she likes."

"Oh no, nonsense!" replied Mrs. Wharton. "I cannot help wondering, however, how you managed so completely to deceive each other, and why you did not find out the mistake in conversation."

"So do I," admitted Charles; but after all, we talked very generally, and she did most of it; talked of my adventure abroad—I *have* just come back from the Continent, you know—called me Charley all the time, never once 'brother,' I'll swear. How did I know it was his name too? And how could I tell she was taking me for him?"

"Still, young ladies hardly treat their male cousins exactly the same as brothers," observed Mrs. Wharton, with a half smile, as she recollected Lucy's sobbing confession: "I kissed him, Aunt Fanny, I did. I kissed him twice. Oh, I can't ever see him again."

Charley, however, did not seem to see that part of the affair in so terrible a light. Perhaps some of the recent lady novelists had imbued him with the idea that kissing gentlemen and receiving kisses from them was the natural and daily occupation of the "girls of the period." After a moment's pause Mrs. Wharton added cheerfully:

"Well, never mind. Don't think any more of it. Captain Wharton will be here to-morrow, and then you and Lucy can make friends again. Now go. It's too bad for an old woman like me to be keeping you beside her when there are so many pretty girls in the room."

Before breakfast on the following morning Captain Wharton arrived, and explained his late appearance by saying that he had gone on to Stonnington rectory to see his parents and fetch his sister, instead of meeting her at the station as agreed upon. He was a young man of about Charles's height and age, but gifted with a round, red, good-tempered face, quite destitute of hair, whether beard or whiskers, and curly crop of light hair, the shade verging on sandy. Charles glanced at his own tall, slight figure, close-cut chestnut locks, and dark, thick moustache, in a neighboring pier-glass, and thought Lucy's sight must indeed have been defective if she could fancy any resemblance between them. She appeared at breakfast, seated beside her brother at the further end of the long table; but she hardly spoke or lifted her eyes once from the cloth, and her cheeks wore such a bright, painful glow, that Charles caught himself staring at her abstractedly, and thinking how much prettier she was with those crimson cheeks and drooping eyelashes than any other girl in the room. He firmly resolved to talk to her after breakfast; but, as the old saying is, "*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" Before the meal was quite concluded his cousin, Fanny Wharton, engaged his attention on some trifling matter of dispute, and when he could look round Lucy had disappeared with some of the juveniles. Her brother, however, came up to our hero making friendly overtures, and laughing heartily over the previous day's mistake.

"It's very fortunate you were there to take care of the giddy little goose," he said in conclusion, "and still more fortunate, by George! that you were a relation. Ha! ha! ha!" Had Lucy made a full confession to her brother, Charles wondered. He could not of course ask the question; but he had this consolation, that if the young lady was really angry with him, her brother would not show himself in so cordial and friendly a light. Cheered by this reflection, he responded warmly, and not only began to like the pug-nosed captain, but actually to detect a pleasant likeness between his jovial, rattling voice, and Lucy's bird-like treble.

Church was the thing to think of at present; and the party at Greymount Hall was so large that when three carriages were filled there was still half a dozen fur-cloaked, trim-booted young people bent on walking to service. Fain would Charles Clare have joined these light-hearted pedestrians; but in virtue of the reputation for a "great swell" and traveler which he had recently acquired, he found himself directed to a seat in the open carriage between Miss Wharton and Miss Cecilia, a dignified position, whence, with a pang of ungrateful mortification, he saw Lucy, leaning on her brother's arm, join the walking party and set off down the snow-covered path across the park. With a gloomy brow, which under the circumstances was really ridiculous, he gazed at the small, trim figure, the tunic of bronze velveteen looped up over an elaborately braided scarlet petticoat, the tiny foot in their high-heeled boots, the small black hat with its sweeping feather perched on the pretty flaxen curls, and revealing rather than shading the still prettier face beneath.

"I am beginning to make a fool of myself about that girl," said Charles to himself; and then a bright idea came into his mind; he smiled under his heavy moustache, and, as a turn in the road shut out the fairy vision from view, resolutely turned to his fair companions, and applied himself so well to the task of entertaining them, that Miss Cecilia retracted her opinion of the previous day, and began to reflect over certain freely expressed wishes of her friend Julia as to her brother's future marriage.

Church over, and the salutations exchanged with many a neighbor in the church porch, Lucy and the rest of the walking party started of again on their homeward walk, and Charles, dexterously lifting a tired child into his place in the carriage, announced to Fanny Wharton, who was one of the pedestrians, his intention of accompanying them. She nothing loth, assented cheerfully, and they were just starting when Charles heard himself hailed by the squire's hearty and powerful voice.

"Look here, Clare," cried he; "if you can leave those young ladies awhile, what d'you say to walking home by way of the farm? I'd like to show you the beasts I'm fattening for the prize show on Wednesday. Your father had a great taste that way—the best turkey-fancier in the country; and if you'll come, I flatter myself I've a pig over there which will surprise you—obliged to have crutches to support her upright. You never saw such fat! Come along!"

And, unable to refuse, poor Charles followed, mentally consigning his host and the "disgusting pig" to a warm region as he walked. Fanny Wharton, too, looked crossly at her papa for a moment. Why should he call away such a handsome beau from her side? But then the handsome beau looked so miserable that she could not help laughing, and hastened on to tell Lucy what "poor Cousin Clare had been let in for, by that dear, stupid old papa;" whereat Lucy smiled and sighed, and blushed so rosy red that it was really a pity "poor Cousin Clare" could not see her.

Much later in the day—in fact, about half an hour before dinner which on this day was announced punctually at seven—Mr. Charles Clare might have been seen descending the grand staircase to the library. He was in full evening dress, irreproachably got up from top to toe; and when, five minutes before, he had abruptly deserted the merry party in the drawing room, more than one pretty face had clouded perceptibly,—which object, by the way, may be gathered from a short conversation into which he had seduced the innocent captain ten minutes previously.

"Wharton!" said he severely, "where is your sister, that I don't see her with my other cousins?"

"Why, the fact is, she's got a headache. Fancy a headache for a whole day! Ha! ha! ha! I told her it was very improper; but she laid it on that long sermon the old parson gave us, and she's stopping in the library, where it's quieter than here; till dinner is announced. I've promised to send Frank then to take her down."

"Never mind Frank; he's busy flirting with that black-eyed Mrs. Latham; I'll go," said Charles.

"But Frank wished—"

"My dear fellow, he *must* take a matron by right. Oh! by the way, where do you get those magnetic brushes I saw you using to day? They are far superior to anything I have."

"My brushes!" said the pleased young officer; 'Oh, I got them made at Wiggles & Baggles's, in Oxford street, you know; but they are a dodge of my own; I gave them the directions for making them."

"Indeed! Well, I fancied there was something quite novel about them. What a clever fellow you are! I must get you to order me a pair. And oh! didn't you say you couldn't enjoy the mildest cigar in your room, because you were so near some of the girls? Why not come and enjoy your weed with me, when you want it? I'm right away at other end of the house, and there's some prime Havanas at your service."

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure. Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Isn't that the first gong? Perhaps Miss Lucy's head is better. I'll go and fetch her." And with that the wily diplomatist whisked round, and abruptly quitted the room. The library door stood a little ajar. And pausing outside Charles saw there was no light in the room beyond that diffused by the glowing masses of coal in the old-fashioned grate; in front of which, with one slender foot on the mantlepiece, her pretty head bending forward as if in meditation, stood Lucy Wharton. The red glow of the fire shone full on her pretty rounded figure, clad in white robes of some thin, transparent material; on the small rosy-fingered hand hanging listlessly at her side, on the wealth of sunny hair, partly drawn high off the slender white throat, partly falling in two or three heavy curls over the glistening shoulders. It flickered on the green ivy wreath, it just kissed the little white gloves and jeweled fan lying on the nearest seat, and then it played round the girlish form, leaving the rest of the quaint old room in a dim, red twilight; as if nothing but she was worthy to be enlightened by the ruddy blaze. Charles stood for a moment drinking in the scene with quiet delight, wondering too, for one second, with anything but delight, whether perchance she knew of that arrangement with Frank Wharton—whether she was thinking of him; and then he pushed the door open and entered. So lost was she in thought that the quiet footfall never roused her, and she started voilently when Charles spoke.

"Miss Wharton, your brother has sent me to see if your head is well enough to permit your coming up stairs." He spoke coolly and easily so as not to confuse her; but Lucy's cheeks were suffused in an instant with the very deepest crimson. She actually looked round for a moment as if for some chance of escape, and then, recollecting herself, picked up her gloves and said nervously:

"Oh! thank you. It was very wrong of Charley to trouble you. I am quite well—much better. I mean—I'll go directly—I—I think I hear him coming for me—please don't wait."

She was stretching out her hand for her hand, when Charles frustrated her by taking it himself, and offering her his other hand instead.

"Cousin Lucy," said he, dropping his formal tone, "are you really so awfully angry that you won't shake hands or speak to me—even to say a 'merry ———,' or bid me 'good-by?"

"Good-by!" repeated Lucy. Was she only echoing his words, bidding him a cool farewell? Charles would not deign to fancy the latter for a moment.

"Yes, good-by," he repeated pathetically, since you cannot forgive me, and I am so terrible to you that you are obliged to sit alone to escape me. I have told Mrs. Wharton so, and she quite agrees with me that it is the first thing I can do. So good by, Cousin Lucy." Saying which last words in a deep, melancholy tone, Charles held out his hand again, with an air which spoke volumes of magnanimous self-sacrifice. Lucy, if not quite fool enough to believe that he was about to leave immediately, felt nevertheless that she had behaved rudely, and changed from a rose into a peony.

"Oh, Mr. Clare, I am not angry," she said, instinctively putting out her fingers to meet those still outstretched; 'at least, not with *you*."

"You are certainly not angry with any one else. You don't run away from any one else," replied Charles, retaining his hold of the soft little hand, but still speaking in the same tragic tones.

"I can't run away from myself, and I am angry with no one else," pleaded Lucy. "It was all my fault; but indeed I thought you were Charley."

"So I am 'Charley,' and you were not in fault at all."

"Oh! but I mean my brother," she said quickly. "You must—oh! surely you must have seen I was under a mistake, or I should never have—have treated you as a brother."

"And pray why shouldn't you?" spoke Mr. Charles boldly. "I heartily wish I was your brother if it would afford you a moment's pleasure. At any rate I am your cousin, and if you will only call me 'Charley' again (as cousins should), I'll tell you all you wanted to know about my travels and Malta—though by the way I was only a few hours in that island of bliss. I'll even flatten my nose into pug and——"

"Oh! please don't, please!" cried Lucy, trying hard to pull away her hands to cover her face.

"And buy a flaxen wig," continued the unpitying Charles. "That was what you liked, wasn't it? Oh, yes, and I'll dye my whiskers. Look here, Lucy, the beard is all gone, every hair shaved off at your command. Does not that sacrifice merit a smile?" The piteous tone, the air with which he took hold of one brown whisker and pulled it, provoked a sudden dimpling in Lucy's cheek—a weakness of which Charles immediately took advantage to back her gently into a large arm chair which stood behind her.

"Look here, Cousin Lucy," said he, standing in front of her, "don't you think you may be satisfied with making me miserable for a whole day and night just because you made me happy for half an hour? Did I do anything very dreadful during that time?"

"What did you call me 'Sissy' for?" demanded Lucy abruptly.

"Because I took you for a female relative of mine, whom I won't name, as she isn't worthy to untie your shoe. There, that is the whole 'head and front of my offending.' Are you going to cut me for it?" Lucy made no reply. "Well, well, as you like; but you need not take the trouble to run away from me any more, I shall save you any further pain by leaving Greymount at once."

"I am very s rry——" began Lucy timidly.

"Pray don't distress yourself about such a trifle," interrupted Charles with a majestic air. "Frank Wharton is waiting to take you down to dinner, and, as I shall not wait to feast you with my presence, allow me to apologize now for having forced myself into your society, and to wish you a very good evening."

"No," said Lucy, blushing very much, but with a mirthful twinkle in her blue eyes, "I shall not allow you to talk any more nonsense, Mr. Clare, why are you so ridiculous? You know you are not going away at all."

"After the way in which you have treated me, Miss Wharton," said Charles dryly, "I don't wonder at your even affecting to doubt my word. Pray believe me, that it is not pleasant to be snubbed and shunned by young ladies, for the amusement of their other male acquaintances, that I can't afford you any further diversion of the sort. To tell you the plain truth, as I never played with a woman, or wilfully offended one, so I am not used to being played with and held up as an object of aversion by even the prettiest girl in Somersetshire. On the whole, rude and boorish as it may seem to you, I prefer eating my dinner at the village inn, and leaving you to practice your pretty little feminine cruelties on some meeker spirit. Good evening, Miss Wharton."

Mr. Charles had tried pathos and failed, had tried majesty, and failed again, but brusque sarcasm hit the mark. As he drove his hands down into his pockets, and turned on his heel with an emphatic shrug of his broad shoulders, a shy little hand touched his arm, and a shy little voice said coaxingly, 'Don't go away, Mr. Clare; I did not mean to offend you. Please stay and—forgive me.'

'Really, I have nothing in the world to forgive, Miss Wharton,' said Charles, halting and looking over his shoulder, "Everyone has seen the way in which you have treated me; but of course you have a perfect right to act as you like, and doubtless you have, or our friends suppose you have good cause for your conduct. Being, however, ignorant of my offence, I must decline to bear any longer a punishment which is not as pleasant to me as to your other admirers."

"I have no admirers," broke in Lucy, sharply—"none at all."

"Frank Wharton is generally supposed to differ from you in that opinion. He openly——"

"Frank is a goose!" cried Lucy pettishly. "I don't care a pin for him; no more does he for me, more than any other cousin. Mr. Clare, I beg your pardon if I have offended you. I did not mean to do so."

"Did you really think I was invulnerable to your coldness, your avoidance? Are your smiles quite valueless in your own eyes, Miss Lucy?" said Charles, relaxing sufficiently to turn round.

"Of course they are," replied Lucy. smiling. "I never thought you would notice my absence at all."

"Oh, Lucy! you could never think that, else why absent yourself?"

"Because I was foolish, ashamed; I could not bear to see you after my—my blunders," she answered frankly.

"Then, Lucy, you shall not be ashamed—you shall not see me any more; I have told you so already. But now that I know you bear me no ill-will, we shall part friends, shall we not?"

"No, please don't talk so. I was very silly, but I don't want you to go. Can't you forget all this, and stay?"

"I certainly cannot forget it, nor can I stay if you will run away from me."

"I will not do it any more," said poor Lucy, quite subdued and penitent,

"And we shall be good friends as cousins should be?"

"Yes."

"And you will let me call you Lucy? Frank does."

"Yes."

"And call me Charley?"

"Oh! Mr. Clare?"

"Why not? I am Charley, even if I have not a pug nose and flax——"

"Oh! don't, please; how unkind you are!"

"I won't if you will call me Charley."

"Very well; I will. You are very *exigeant.*"

"I think I am extremely moderate. Don't you call Frank by his Christian name? but perhaps he is a special favorite."

"He is *not*; so be quiet."

"I will obey you implicitly. There are one or two other things I should like to mention; but you have promised them already, so I need only remind you of them while I am taking you down to dinner."

"No, you mustn't take me down. Every one knows what a goose I have been and they will all laugh at me."

"I should like to see any one laugh at you when I am present," cried Charles, half fiercely, half tenderly. "Don't you think I am big enough to take care of you, Lucy? But we need not be in a hurry. The dinner-bell has not rung yet. Stop a moment."

"No 'buts,'" said Charles, laughing and taking her hand. "Do as I tell you, like a good, obliging little girl, and sit down in that arm chair again, while I remind you of those little debts you owe me."

"What debts?"

"I will tell you; but first please settle who is going to take you in to dinner. Your brother told me he was going to send Frank Wharton for you. Was it by your wish? for if you really prefer his escort——"

"I don't prefer it; and after what you have said I would not go with him, though I don't believe you."

"It is true nevertheless, and his father was chaffing him awfully about it at table yesterday."

"I wish yesterday were blotted out of the calendar."

"I wish no such thing. Yesterday will shine like a bright star through all my life, and those two promises of yours like fixed planets in my memory."

"What do you mean? I made no promises."

"Oh, Lucy, how true it is,

'Woman's vows are writ on water,
Woman's faith is built on sand.'

Did you not promise me a lock of hair, a whole curl, to be cut off wherever I liked?"

"Nonsense, Charles! you know that I was ———"

"Hush one moment. Did you not also promise to travel with me in foreign countries?"

"Cousin Charles, you forget yourself!" cried Lucy, her eyes flashing, her face crimson as she rose from her chair.

"Dear Lucy," said Charles soothingly, "don't look at me in that way. Indeed you did say so."

"You know, sir, that I thought you were my brother,"

"But I did not know that then, and I did not take you for my sister when I answered you. Nay, I would not have you for a sister now, not to win back all your winning smiles and words. I want you to be something else, Lucy, something nearer and dearer."

"Charles, don't! You ought not—"

"I know what you are going to say, Lucy love—that I have no right to speak such words after such a brief acquaintance; that you have only known me for two days, and that instead of employing even that time in making friends, we have quarrelled like small boys. But if I were to know you for twenty years I could not love you better than I do now, than I did yesterday. Remember how cruel you have been to me, and that all I ask of you is to keep those freely-given promises of yours."

"All!" repeated Lucy, looking up for one moment into the dark eyes so greedily devouring her blushing face.

"Yes, all, dearest Lucy. If giving me these entails something else, remember it will not be gratis, not entirely so at least. You will have a life's love and devotion in return; but perhaps you disdain both, Lucy?"

"Disdain! oh no: but this so sudden I cannot——"

"I know it is sudden, but it is not the less true for that. I could not conceal my feelings and accept your friendship on false pretences; but I will not torment you, Lucy, darling. If you really feel that you never can like me, that you prefer Frank Wharton, or——"

"Why do you name him? I never cared for him. Charley, cannot you believe me? Oh, there is the dinner bell. We shall be missed. Do let us go."

"Will you go with me, Lucy? May I take you now and keep you forever? Answer me one word at least. Tell me if I may stay for you or go (for if you reject me I can't stop here)—go now and forever."

But Lucy did not speak. Her eyes were bent to the ground, and she nervously twisted one long, fair curl round and round her finger. Up stairs the drawing room door was heard to open, and the gay voices of the party floated out in the lobby.

"Lucy, darling," said Charles more earnestly still, "I am not pressing you for anything now but to try to love me, to let me gain your parents' leave to do my best to win you. I do not want to bind you to anything. This is all I ask; and if you can, if you will agree, just put your dear little hand on my arm and let us go. I shall not even ask a word."

The roses came and went on Lucy's downcast cheek; her lips moved, but before she could utter a word the door was pushed open and—

"I say Lucy! Cousin Lucy!" cried Frank, bursting into the room, "they're all going down to dinner. Let me take you? What, Clare, you here too!"

"I have come to make Miss Wharton the same offer," said Charles, quietly, "May I, Lucy?" and, without looking at him or speaking, Lucy Wharton laid her tiny fingers on her tall lover's arm and turned to the door. Frank Wharton's brow clouded, and with a face expressive of mingled anger and mortification, he stalked out of the room before them. I think he would have been still more disgusted if he had not known or suspected that a life's fate hung on Lucy's choice of an escort.

Six months afterward they were married, and Charles Clare took his pretty wife to the Continent. It is six years now since then, and Charley's whiskers are scrubbier and his figure less graceful. Lucy, too, is a buxom, smiling mother instead of a slender little girl; but even now, if you ask her from what occurrence she dates her happy life, she will say, looking archly at her husband's proud eyes, and nestling her fair head against his shoulder; "All, every bit, from a trifling mistake in a railway carriage, one snowy day, six years ago."

CANADA.

Bush fires are again reported from various sections.

Incendiaries are at work in Halifax and the woods adjoining Ottawa.

Andrew King, of Dover East, was gored to death by a neighbor's bull on Thursday.

Norman Dodd, 14 years of age, was drowned at Port Dalhousie the other day.

A boy named Dorin was drowned in St. Catharines, on Sunday, while bathing.

The millers are going to hold a convention in Toronto during the Provincial Exhibition.

Wm. Mott, who lived near Lyn, went out shooting, and when next seen was found lying shot dead.

A number of men were overcome, and one named Hasket is not expected to recover, by foul air from a Brockville well.

The Rev. Antoine Racine, curate of St. John's Church, Quebec, has been appointed by the Pope to the See of Sherbrooke.

Counterfeiters have been altering $4 Dominion Bank notes to $10 ones, by altering the figures in the corner. The vignettes are untampered.

The County Council of Peterboro' refused by a vote of 8 to 6 pass a by-law taking $150,000 stock in the Quebec and Ontario Railway.

A stable, hotel and outbuildings, two dwelling houses, a grocery, blacksmith shop and railway water tank were burnt in Packenham, on Monday night. Loss $7,000; insured for $1,800.

Hon. Mr. Royal is on a visit to Ottawa, and it is stated by *Le Metis*, of Winnipeg, to be in connection with the prosecution of Ambrose Lepine and Andre Nault, shortly to be tried for participation in the Scott murder.

Mr John Craig, of the *News Record*, was before a bench of nine magistrates at Elora on Monday afternoon on a charge of libel preferred by Mr. Chas. Acton Burrows. The hearing of the case occupied six hours and was finally dismissed.

A deplorable accident occurred at Brampton on Monday evening. Dr. Crombie swallowed a quantity of nitric acid by mistake, burning him so fearfully that his physicians have not the slightest hope of his recovery.

The congregation of the Rev. Metcalfe Campbell, who have recently built a memorial church on the site of the battle of Ridgeway, had a mourning tablet erected recording the names of the members of the Queen's Own Rifles who fell by the bullets of their ruffianly foe.

A boy about eight years of age, son of John McLean, Township of Bruce, while taking horses to water on Monday, endeavored to get on one, and got caught in the reins, when the horse took fright and dragged him sixty rods, smashing his head fearfully. He died a few minutes after.

A shocking calamity occurred on Tuesday, near Georgetown. Miss Tweedie, a young lady residing at Stewarttown, was yesterday walking on the railway when her dress ignited from a spark dropped by a passing engine and she was so severely burnt that her life is despaired of.

John Golden was brought before the Police Magistrate, in Toronto, on Saturday, for cruel treatment of a horse, in smearing turpentine over the animal's coat and setting light to it as a substitute for singeing. The animal was severely burned owing to its kicking, while in agony, the man who was to have smothered the flames at the proper time. The case was remanded.

The Oil Combination, which has been struggling for the monopoly of the trade during the past two months, has completed its contract, whereby all existing refineries come under its control at a fixed rental. As an immediate consequence, the price of refined oil goes up from fifteen to twenty two cents a gallon for home consumption. This is said to be the highest price at which it can be sold to avoid active competition with American oil, which can be had at Buffalo at ten cents per gallon (greenbacks). We shall soon therefore see the refineries there in full blast again.

Market Fees or no Market Fees.

Owing to an unfortunate oversight in preparing last week's edition for the press, the following article was overlooked in the correcting. Some of the mistakes it contained were such as to be likely to lead to a misapprehension of the correct meaning, and we therefore publish it as it should have appeared. We regret that it should have been thus, but "Rome was not built in a day," and we cannot expect to be infallible:—

By reference to the report of the Council proceedings last Friday evening, our readers will be informed of the intention to re-impose the market fees which were suspended last year. The Clerk was instructed to prepare a by-law for that purpose.

This action of course is merely preliminary, and we judge was put forth as a feeler to find out the public sentiment, although certain circumstances in connection with the condition of the Council indicate a strong possibility of the adoption of the by-law. The matter will not be decided without a thorough study of its every feature; and the final settlement will be arrived at after due consideration. Much can be said for and against the proposed change, reasoning from the evidence of experience and the existing nature of affairs in and about the town. Mr. Savage, in speaking upon the subject before the Council—and he is in a position to understand the situation,—remarked that without the fees the trade became very much scattered, and grain buyers and wholesale dealers were put to a great deal of inconvenience in searching up the farmers, whereas, if the fees were imposed, the trade would all be brought to the centre of the town—an arrangement much more beneficial to the inhabitants and convenient for all; besides the town finances did not warrant the granting of so great a benefit to the farmer. This is very true, for it is a great dissatisfaction in the busiest grain buying season to see the market place deserted by the usual bustle common to bargaining, the occasion for a load of grain coming to the market square being merely to get weighed. This is a disadvantage to the farmer, notwithstanding that he is saved the expense of purchasing his ticket. Every avenue of approach to the town is watched by the grain merchants, and each one endeavors to get beyond the other; and the consequence is that the competition is confined to two or three. The farmer knows the situation of affairs in the town; he knows that if he does not close with the advance offer he receives, he may not find a chance of selling by going on. Therefore, it would be much more to his benefit to have the traffic confined within a prescribed limit, when he could be confident of disposing of his produce and knowing exactly what he should get for it. Of course a farmer knows what his grain is worth, but he works at a disadvantage; for he would rather sell his grain at a paying figure than carry it home again. And this difficulty of "finding a market," is as much of an inducement to go elsewhere as the few cents spent in fees.

It is reasonable, too, that the town, which provides the market place and pays a certain official for attending thereto, should be compensated for their expense. And the law and custom of municipal government have made it a right. There can be very few places enumerated, in which this right is not lived up to and utilized in its fullest extent. Without the imposition of those fees, the matter of market arrangements would become a dead letter—merely a town institution, and gradually grow to be not even that. The object of the market statute is to centralize trade—to bring together buyer and seller in such a manner that competition may work out its fullest benefits. The benefits are numerous to the townsman as well as to the farmer; but more especially the farmer, who is the "person of the first part," and it is reasonable enough that he, for the small amount he is assessed, should support the institution. In its present condition, too, the town can ill afford to lose such a revenue. The many expenses of the past few years have cramped its means, and the loss it would thus incur would be severely felt.

On the other hand, after speaking of the rights and privileges which the town possesses in this matter, it is only just to speak of what the farmer should receive in return. To refer to this is to handle a thankless subject; but we will endeavour to hurt no one's feelings. Our market house, the only redeeming features of which is its name and antiquity, does not afford the accommodation which is demanded of a place of its character. In selling grain it is true, no especial accomodation is required; but for hucksters it is different. During the warm weather, when vegetables, butter, etc., first are brought upon the market, it is far from being convenient or comfortable to stand in the sweltering sun, or confine yourself to a dark and unwholesome shed. Farmers know what conveniences are as well as any one, and they respect them as much. Not that we consider the town is careless in that respect;—their efforts in late years is sufficient evidence to the contrary—but the farmers have so long been sustained upon expectation that they look upon the condition of affairs as unalterable. What is expected of the town is to give some tangible evidence of their intentions in this respect of market accomodations, and farmers will be satisfied.

The effect of Clinton's market fee exemption upon our trade should be deeply considered; for a farmer is a man whose motto is "a penny saved is a penny gained," and a good one it is. But we await to see the action of Clinton upon seeing the steps which Goderich have taken. They have suffered evidently, for their market house is almost empty, and the consequences we spoke of above as resulting from the absence of market fees are quite evident. That the matter will be thoroughly ventilated we have no doubt, and whatever the result will be, we feel sure it will be for the public good.

A proclamation has just been made of a treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation between the United States and Peru.

Agitators are at work in Jamaica trying to foster disaffection towards the Government among the ignorant classes of the population.

AMERICAN manufacturers of firearms and locomotive machinery are just now receiving some very heavy orders from abroad. A Paterson manufactory has been for some time filling an order of forty-five locomotives for the Russian Government, of which ten engines and tenders are completed and will be forwarded per steamship Tagus next week. Orders for arms have also been made on Manchester and Providence companies to the amount of nine hundred tons of arms and shells ordered by the Turkish Government and to be forwarded to Constantinople. The Serrano Government has also ordered by cable 130,000 Remington rifles.

DR. S. JACOBS, ON APHONIA, OR LOSS OF VOICE.

ORANGE STREET, ST. JOHN N. B. 1869.

MR. FELLOWS—SIR; I am bound to award the palm of merit to the preparation of Hypophosphites discovered by you. I had occasion to use it myself in a case of Aphonia, which would not yield to regular treatment, and am happy to say it proved to be all that you claimed for it, having acted with expedition and entire satisfaction.

I feel called upon to publish the fact that the profession may avail themselves of a remedy in your "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites."

Yours, very truly, S. JACOBS.

THE PAIN-KILLER.—We have known the high character of this medicine, and that it is used with great success and satisfaction in our very best families. It is the favorite medicine of our missionaries in heathen lands, where they use it more than all else together for the diseases that abound in those warm climates. It should be kept in every house, and be in readiness for sudden attacks of sickness.