Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 13. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1521.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms $1.50 per annum strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within three months; $1.50 if paid within nine months, and over that time $2.00.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

Local notices, 10 cents per line for each 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.

Special contracts for definite terms are made at low rates.

☞ 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. 1311-1y

G. C. Shannon M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-1y

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

A. TAYLOR, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Mrs. McKid's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1516-1yr

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

HOMŒOPATHY.
DR. CAMPBELL,
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1495

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

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, In-Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1397

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

Sinclair Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. Sinclair. C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade.
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

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

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

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

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

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

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1435-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. Andrew's 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 Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENTS guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

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

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

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

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

St. Joseph's Convent.
Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included

per quarter	$3 00
Instrumental Music	7 00
Vocal	7 00
Painting and Crayon each	7 00

For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876. 15-9-1yr

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

NEW MEAT MARKET
N. LINDSAY.
BEGS to notify the inhabitants of Goderich that he has opened out a new Meat Market in the store opposite the Colborne Hotel, where he will always have for sale the best of meat, and having received the services of a first-class butcher from Toronto, will warrant satisfaction. ☞ Meat delivered to any part of the town.
December 22nd, 1875. 1505-1yr

WANTED.
LADIES and Gentlemen to qualify as Telegraph Operators for offices now opening in the Dominion. Address,
MANAGER,
Box 955 Toronto
1492 1yr

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. sw72-1y

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 20th, 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:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich,
Oct. 29th 1870. w36-1y.

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

Money to Lend.
$50,000 00.
Rustling for want of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE, Solicitor, &c., Goderich.
1509-1yr Jan. 18th, 1876.

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

CANADA
Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

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

Artificial Stone.
The undersigned 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 Nebergall'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,
1473-3m Goderich, On

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

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door to the
FIREMAN'S HALL,
If you want to get 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.

A NEW ENTERPRISE
Turning Shop and Bedstead Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,
In the shop formerly used as an axe factory, where the public can be accommodated with all kinds of TURNING, PLANING, SAWING and general JOB WORK.
All work cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice,
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
SAM'L CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. 1462—1yr

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

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of
Fall & Winter Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
Which he is selling very cheap.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
always on hand,
Gents' Furnishings
A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed.
Hugh Dunlop.
Goderich, Oct. 13, 1875. 1496

SAUNDERS'
HAS THEM!
T Heating Stoves
H Hall Stoves,
E Coal Stoves,
B Cooking Stoves,
E Parlor Cooks,
S Hot Air
T Drums.
Also on hand a large stock of
Plain and Fancy Tinware.
Toys and Fancy Goods
AT
SAUNDERS' VARIETY STORE,
Crabb's Block Market Square, Goderich.

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

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1475 1yr

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery,
GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and debts collected.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1468-1yr

Manhood Restored!
PROFESSOR HUBERT'S
ESSENCE OF LIFE, is a sure cure for Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Prostration, &c. Obstacles to Marriage removed. ☞ All suffering from the errors of youth should send for a Circular, to
HUBERT & CO.,
Sole Agents and Proprietors.
No 22 St. John Street
1500-1yr Montreal P. Q.

Poetry.

The Annuity.

AS RECITED BY MR. KENNEDY.

This piece was written by Mr. John Outram, and at first printed for private circulation only. It contains a good deal of humor, and those who had the pleasure of attending Mr. Kennedy's concert here in December last, will remember that in it his wonderful powers of mimicry were shown to best advantage:—

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An uncu week it proved to be—
For there I met a wauseme wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brack out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell
And—I was sae left to myse'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
She just was turn'd o' sixty-three—
I couldna guess d she'd prove sae tough
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane,
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin;
But that, it seems, is nought to me;
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free;
I led her out 'mang snow and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's sough o' chelera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccall superfluity!
She doesna need—she's a fever proof—
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be—
Nae leech tae cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—She handles't like a flail,
It does as weel in bits as hale—
But I'm a broken man myse'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her brooziled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be.
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air,
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere—
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
Ca't murder, or ca't homicide—
I'd justify't—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'll try a shot. But whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me.
Her back-bane wanders through her sark
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified, an' shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't—
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd:—but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;—
Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope—
'Twad tak' a dreafu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will poison do't? It has been tried.
But, be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it ha'e.
It's needless to assail her doubts—
She gangs by instinct—like the brutes;
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
Herse' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Three score and ten perchance may be.
She's ninety-four. Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should ha'e lived afore the flood—
She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
She's some auld Pagan mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out—
She's sauted to the last degree—
There's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They've Kyanized the useless knir.
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me,
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity.

The Husband Market.

A strong-minded woman married a man not noted for activity of body or energy of character, and before the honeymoon was over, upon awakening one morning he found his spouse in tears.

"My love," said he, "what is the matter!"

"Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream."

"Why, what was it?"

"I thought I was going up Broadway, shopping, when I saw a sign 'Husbands for sale.' So many women were rushing in that I followed, and just then they sold a splendid specimen for fifteen hundred dollars."

"But did they all bring as much as that?"

"Oh, no! They went at a thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and so on down."

"Well, did you see any that looked like me?"

"Yes, indeed. But they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

Tableau.

The newest floral sentiment. "If you wish for heart's ease, don't look to marigold."

A NEW STORY.

ON THE 23rd day of May next, we shall publish the commencement of a new story, of absorbing interest which none should fail to read. It is entitled

"THE NEW MAGDALEN,"

and is considered one of the strongest productions of the famous English novelist, Wilkie Collins. The characters are exceedingly well portrayed, the plot interesting and the thread of the narrative introduces the reader to many thrilling scenes and keeps him in suspense to the last. Those who are not subscribers to the paper, should order it at once. Subscription price

Only $1 a year in Advance.

Any person sending Five subscribers will receive one copy of the paper for a year Free.

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

Isobel felt a chill creeping over her. 'Oh, Douglas,' she said, 'it is all so changed. It used to be beautiful, and now it looks as if no one cared.'

They dismounted and rang the bell, which they heard vibrating through the empty house. The old butler came to the door, looking scared when he saw Isobel whom he knew well. 'How are you, Sellars?' she said kindly. 'I have come to see Mr. Elliott.'

'He sees no one now, Miss Isobel,' said the old servant; 'no one, that is, but the doctor, and Mr. Graeme sometimes.'

'Do you think my seeing him would do him harm?' she said, disappointed.

Sellars shook his head: 'I don't think anything could do him either good or harm now, Miss. But you'd find him sorely changed. And it would just be grieving her heart,' he added, turning to Douglas.

'Perhaps you had better not try to see him,' said Mr. Methven, in a low voice, to her.

'If you would please to let me. I would like it,' she said, entreatingly turning from him to Sellars. 'I'm not like a stranger, you know, Sellars. He used to be so kind to me; and it may be the last time.'

Sellars could not say 'No' to her beseeching face. He let them pass in, and showed them to the door of Mr. Elliott's room. It was the same westward-looking room in which Sam had died. His father clung to it even now, seeming restless and unsatisfied in any other part of the house. Isobel paused on the threshold, looking timidly in. The room was just as she remembered it in old days, when Mr. Elliott had called it his study, and she had gone to play there with him and Sam on wet days. The guns, and whips, and fishing-baskets stood in one corner, and a book on angling lay on the broad window-sill, untouched for many months. But by the fire, and close to it, though the day was sultry, sat an old, old man, prepped up with pillows in an armchair, his grey head bent on his breast, his eyes fixed on the floor. There was something so utterly pathetic in the helpless figure, in the worn face, that Isobel could not restrain herself. She went quickly forward and knelt beside him, the tears running down her cheeks.

'Dad,' she said, using the name by which both she and Sam called him long ago, and taking one of the trembling hands in hers. 'Do you not remember me? Don't you know Isobel?'

He raised his eyes and looked at her, smiling faintly. 'Ah yes, Isobel,' he said, dreamily. 'Sam is to marry Isobel.'

What could she say? She could only cry, and stroke that poor old hand. Douglas, who stood in the door-way, wished he had never brought her, and longed to get her away.

'Don't cry,' said the old man, feebly. 'Sam is to stay here now, you know. He said he would turn over a new leaf.'

He looked down at the floor again, as if trying to recollect something.

Isobel rose. 'Is he always like this?' she asked Sellars, who stood behind his master's chair.

'Always, since he had that stroke. But he seldom talks so much.'

She looked at him again—the last of the Elliotts of Burnside, sitting there alone, in his second childhood.

Then Douglas came forward, and drew her gently from the room.

She never saw him again. Before his wide corn fields were reaped, the old man was gently gathered into God's garner.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SAVED AND THE LOST.

The leaves were becoming tinged with their autumn reds and yellows; the new temperance hotel was rising in its fair proportions; and the old mansion of Methven was doing its best to put on a glad face for the bride to see. At last Douglas Methven's truth and patience were to be rewarded, for Isobel was going home. She and her father were staying at Holme Lee now. She had been in Edinburgh for a few weeks completing the purchase of her trousseau, which had been only half-finished in spring; and she was spending the last of the bright September days with her father in their old home. On the very last of those September days, she was to leave it. Douglas was to show her Paris and Rome, and they hoped to be settled at Methven before the following spring.

There was a curiously unreal sensation about those last days of her maiden life. She wandered about the old rooms, and out into the garden, and through the woods, every nook of which was familiar to her. All the trees and hills looked at her with well-known faces, like old friends; the burn rippled out to her the same old story that it had told her long ago when she was a child. And what wonderful songs a burn can sing to one who is in the mood for listening: songs of love and hope, of mystery and beauty—songs glad or pathetic, just as the listener chooses to translate them. To Isobel, on the threshold of her new life, the burn that gurgled through her own Holme woods sang all these songs by turns. One day as she sat on the green bank, while stray yellow leaves came silently floating down, and the burn rippled out its song at her feet, her thoughts went back out of the present peace to the sorrowful time that was past. Our sorrows need to be past, I think, before we begin to sing about them; when we are in the middle of them they are too terribly real. So it was rather of her past than her present experience that Isobel was thinking, when the burn's song seemed to her to shape itself into something like this:—

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

Sorely tempted, tempest tost,
Almost hopeless, almost lost,
Blessed Lord, to Thee I come;
Take, oh take the Wanderer home.

Far upon the hills I wander,
Storm and darkness gather fast;
Leave me not alone to perish,
Guide me safely home at last.
In the darkness I am groping;
Thy dear face I can not see,
On the blind Thou once hadst mercy:
Stretch Thy loving hand to me!

Oh Thou Blessed, great Physician!
Can the force and balm come
Of Thy hand, Thy touch, Thy glory
Great Thou hast left Thy throne?
Cast Thou hear Thy Wanderer weeping?
Strongly tempted, tempest tost,
Almost hopeless, almost lost,
Blessed Christ, O Thou I come;
Take, oh take the Wanderer home.

Douglas found her sitting here, with the September sunlight flickering warmly down through the leaves on her uncovered head. He had been dining with them, and she had left her father and him still at table—her father with his decanter of port before him, to which he still inveterately clung, in spite of the combined arguments of Douglas and Mr. Graeme. In truth, they had often enough driven him into a corner, but he contrived somehow to slip through their fingers. Moreover, when he found their arguments unanswerable, it was always easy for him to put a stop to them by becoming, or pretending to become, angry, and declaring that he was too old to take up with their newfangled nonsense. And I suspect that Mr. Jardine is one of those who will cling to their glass of port and their tumbler of toddy until the very last, in spite of all that can be said against these indulgences. In a perfectly marvellous manner, they continue to shut their eyes and ears to much that goes on around them. 'Having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not; neither understand they with their hearts.'

It is not for us to judge harshly those men who, being Christians, yet refuse to take the higher path of Christian duty; that path which involves so much self-denial, so much giving up of one's own pleasure—which necessitates so often that hard duty, the bearing the burdens of the weak. Not for us to judge them, we say, believing them in this respect to be weak also. Yet, must there not come a time when, distinguishing more clearly than they can do now the great principles of right and wrong, they will grieve that, when the higher path was open to them, they chose the lower? Purchance some weak brother, toiling along the path so difficult to all, sorely burdened with sin and infirmity, fainted and fell because they, proud of their own security, refused to help him.

Douglas threw himself down on the grass beside Isobel.

'What does the burn sing?' he asked, smiling. She smiled, but did not just then tell him the exact form in which the song, suggested partly by the burn, was cast. She only said, 'I believe it was keeping up a kind of piano accompaniment to my own thoughts just now.'

'And what were they, my child?'

'I was thinking of the past, the present, and the future.'

'Rather a comprehensive subject. Then your thoughts have been taking a sort of tour over your whole life?'

'Yes; something like that. I was thinking, partly, how weak I have been and am, and how strong God is.'

He bent his head reverently. 'That is a lesson we all need to learn, sooner or later. But, Isobel, tell me if that consciousness of yours makes you only afraid, or if it helps you to walk on fearlessly?'

'It makes me afraid to walk alone,' she said, 'but not afraid as long as He keeps hold of me. And oh! Douglas, is it not good that it is He who holds us? I am sure that often we have no strength to hold Him.'

It was very seldom that Isobel spoke of those things. She had one of those naturally reserved natures, of which the most precious things are the deepest hidden, and she rarely showed how deeply she felt on these subjects. And she had been feeling very deeply about them ever since she had been wakened to her danger of falling into real, terrible sin. Up till that time she had always felt a reverence for sacred things; but they had never come close to her. She had never till then felt her own utter weakness, and Christ's great love. But during those weeks of struggle, when she was feeling all the misery of a proud heart debased before itself, God had spoken to her words of such tenderness and truth, that she could not but listen. And out of the sorrow Isobel had come forth purified and humbled, strong in the consciousness of her own weakness.

'Suppose we stroll through the wood to that stile leading to the road,' said Douglas, after a pause, during which the burn had had all the talking to itself. 'I don't feel sure about your sitting longer on the grass. The sun is getting low, and the air will soon be becoming chill.'

They rose, and Isobel picked up her hat, which had been lying beside her on the grass, and they strolled away through the wood to where a sort of stile, very old and moss-grown, descended by a few rough stone steps into the deep country road. They walked slowly homewards between the high hedge-banks. It was one of the bye-roads that led into the high road, and was all the prettier because of the unrestrained luxuriance, and the wild growth of ferns and flowers beneath them. The foxgloves were not yet over, and their tall purple spikes gave added warmth of colouring to the banks, themselves warm in their greenness, while the yellow sunlight shone on them. Isobel was looking away towards a vista of hills which lay basking in light, when Douglas broke her reverie by asking—

'Are your fears for yourself all gone now? You know I never had any; but I want to know if your mind is quite at rest regarding yourself.'

'You mean regarding one particular thing?'

'Yes.'

'My mind is quite at rest regarding that now. I knew that I was in great danger, but the danger to me lay chiefly in my perfect unconsciousness of it. I might have gone on blindly, letting the craving for stimulants grow upon me until I should wake up to find myself—an habitual drunkard. You see, I can speak calmly of it now, because I feel that the danger has passed. I was warned in time, thank God, and now I feel a loathing for these things. I don't think I would taste wine or spirits to save my life. I dislike even the smell of them. That is partly the effect of association, I suppose.'

'The more I think of it,' said Douglas, the more I rejoice in the step we have taken. I think,' he continued, looking at her with a smile, 'that a pledge is hardly necessary for you now. I believe your own feelings are a sufficient guarantee for your total abstinence. But, since I have begun to think seriously on the subject, I have realised as I never did before what an accursed thing drunkenness, is, how much vice and misery it is accountable for; and I feel it to be my duty as a Christian man steadily to set my face against it, even at the cost of some self-denial.'

They were walking very slowly, and as Douglas stopped speaking they came to a sharp turn in the road, and were rather startled to see a woman quite close to them, sitting by the road-side. She was a miserable looking creature, her dress was dirty and ragged, and her hair uncombed; an old plaid shawl was wrapped round her, and beneath it there was sleeping a puny child. She had been looking down the road with a vacant, hopeless stare. When they came up she turned a haggard face towards them, and as she did so Douglas noticed that one of her eyes was bruised and blackened. Isobel stood still and looked at her; she knew she had seen the face before, but where or when she could not for an instant remember. Suddenly the recognition flashed on her, and she said, 'Mary!' A spot of colour came into each of the pale cheeks, and the woman bent her head so as to hide her face.

'Mary! is it really you?' said Isobel, going a step nearer.

'Going awa', Miss Isobel,' said the woman in a hoarse, cracked voice; 'I'm no fit for you to touch.'

Alas! it was indeed Mary. Once so bright, so trim, so full of innocent happiness; now, all that remained of her was this degraded creature. Isobel stood looking at her in silence, the tears gathering in her eyes. Never had she appeared more beautiful to her lover than now, when, with an expression of yearning pity, she stooped down and laid her hand gently on the poor lost woman's shoulder.

She shrank away. 'For Gude's sake, dinna do that. Leave me alane, Miss Isobel.'

'No, I won't leave you alone, Mary. Tell me why you are sitting here alone, and what is the matter with you.'

To be continued.

Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect the infliction was couched in the following language:—

"We was all boys then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolf I was talking about was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him, plastering hoss bills on his back and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long and lank and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So, that night you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the comp'ny could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked out onto the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rarin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off, and e yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they was a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yaller cat's ham and spin him around like the button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge and bite and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim got disgusted with the row and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we perlastingly dogged him and bullyragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till bimeby he histed the winder, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but a shirt, and it was short. You ought to a seen him! You ought to a seen him creepin' over that ice and diggin' his tee-nails and finger-nails in for to keep him from slippin'; and, 'bove all, you ought to seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight.

"Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of dead Wash ton Bower vines—all set'n round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they sot in the snow to cool. And they were laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim, he went a sneakin' on unbeknowns to them tom cats—they was a swishin' their tails and yowvowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not paying any attention—he went a sneakin, and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped his holt, and his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back and a shot off in that roof like a dart! went a smashin' down thro' them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead centre of all them comp'ny people! sot down like a yearth-quake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! Them girls—well, they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war-whoop, and a whish! of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere!

"Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with the bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs just a wheopin' and a cussin,' and every jump he give he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy!

"And blistered! Why bless your soul, that pore cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."
—MARK TWAIN.

THE KEY TO A MOTHER'S HEART.—The key to a mother's heart is the Baby, and anything which in any way ministers to the comfort of the little pet, is hailed as a blessing; for the last 80 years, the mothers of Europe, have looked upon WINGATE'S INFANTS' PRESERVATIVE, as their household friend. For children teething, it cannot be excelled. 1521b

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

Chip Basket.

A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho.

The annual income of Oxford and Cambridge Universities is nearly $4,000,000.

The Grangers of the United States have over $18,000,000 invested in their various enterprises.

The first number of an Arabic newspaper has just been issued in Paris, edited by M. Florian Pharaon. It is intended for the instruction of the Arabs in Algeria.

It appears that Captain Webb's swim across the English Channel will turn out a very profitable job. The testimonial being raised for him has already reached $20,000.

France makes 640,000 dolls every year, many of them wonderful pieces of mechanism. England furnishes the rag dolls, and Germany the wax and china heads.

A "rancherie" near Santa Fe owns 80,000 head of cattle, which has pastures on