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CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile, the boy, maddened, as it seemed, by the sentence, had lost control over himself, and was struggling fiercely with the policeman. "I'll not go to prison for it; I didn't steal. It was that other boy, not me. Let me go, let me

He struck out wildly right and left It took two strong men to bring him into subjection, and to hold him while the Magistrate addressed a few sharp words to him. He did not hear what was said, poor boy; the surging an his ears, the violent beating of his heart. readered him deaf to the worthy Magistrate's exhortation. He only learned from the policeman's rough words after wards that he had, as they expressed it "got another month ' for his refractory conduct. He was dragged, rather than led, out of the police court, still pro testing, and struggling as he went, in sanely eager to make himself heard and understood. It was just at the door that he uttered one cry that went to the old laird's heart. He got the policeman's silencing hand away from his, mouth for a moment and called out - "Grandfather!" And then he was hustled away through the outer door, and a new case came on and the little disturbance was

But Dr. Airlie turned for the first time to the pew-like enclosure where Mr. Lockhart had been sitting. He was just in time to direct a policeman's attention to the old man's state. Mr. Lockhart was on the point of falling to the ground in a swoon or fit. He was carried into the outer room and laid on the floor, Dr. Airlie superintending the arrangements. There was a little foam upon his lips, his face was of a strangely

"It's a fit, I think ?" said an inspector to the doctor. "Fatal, do you think." "Not this time," said the doctor.

He was right. In a few minutes consciousness began to return. The laird gasped, moved, looked round. The place was new indeed to him. The room to which he had been carried was bare of furniture, except for the woaden benches against the walls; it was high and airy, but it had a very desolate look. A group of miserably dressed men and women had gathered about the door, awaiting their turn as witnesses. The outer door stood open and communicated with a flight of stone steps which led to the street. Two or three policemen hovered about, and Dr. Airlie, with a brandy flask in his hand, kept watch and

ward by the old man's side. 'Where am I?" said Mr. Lockhart. feebly struggling into a sitting posture. "Ah. I see-I see."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, " trust that you are feeling better." Mr. Lockhart gave him a bewildered

look, and tried to rise. "Keep quiet, keep quiet ; there is no hurry," said Dr. Airlie, putting his hand lightly on the laird's arm. "You attentively." had better rest for a little time. I shall be happy to see you home."

Mr. Lookhart was by this time collecting his scattered senses. "I am obliged to you," he said, with a haughtiness rather out of keeping with his lowly position on the floor; "but I have no seed of your assistance, sir. Policeman, your hand, if you please. Sa. Will anyone kindly get me a cab?"

He stood leaning on the constable's arm, putting aside the doctor's proffered hand with grim disdain. The doctor amiled a little and rubbed his fingers to-

"Will ye no sit doon, sir, and rest for a wee?" said one of the men, with rough cordiaiity. Mr. Lockhart nodded and thanked him. Then he sat down on one of the benches near the door, crossing his hands upon his stick, and leaning his head upon them. His breathing was still distressed; nobody liked to disturb him from his attitude of repose, and a short silence ensued.

Dr. Airlie at last moved towards the old man and spoke in peculiarly soft and gentle tones.

"I fear," he said, "my dear Mr. Lockhart, that my unfortune position with respect to your most unhappy grandson

Mr. Lockhart raised his head. His eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"Leave me and my grandson to manage our own affairs," he said. There was an founded interference.'

were glad of it. Lord Morven shall hear place in jail?"

of your interference, sir. You will suffer for it suffer for it- yet."

He spoke thus far, with frequent breaks and repetitions in his sentences. which showed the depth and extent of outer door. The inspector offered him street with the same unseeing, helpless welfare in some way." estures and uncertain steps ; at times te muttered to himself, and paused to

gasp for breath.
"It's a wonder he get down those eps safe," remarked the inspector. 'Poor old gentleman! You'd better follow him, Mackie,' he added to one of his subordinates, "See that he comes to no harm, and put him in a cab if you can find out where he wants to go."

"He comes from Glenbervie, and I think he is now staying in Buchanan Street," said Dr. Airlie quietly.

He had to submit to be asked two or bree questions, to which he answered with his customary unctuous blandness. Then he also left the police court, and betook himself to his own hotel in George Square, where he was at once ushered into a private room. And here a curious little scene took

place. A buy of twelve years old rushed forward to meet him, and then stopped short. The doctor stood and looked at him with a smilingly contemptuous gaze. The boy's face was white, his eyeiids were reddered; his fair hair was dishevelled, as if he had thrown himself down on the floor or the sofa in an agony of grief or rage. He wanted to ask a question, and he did not dare to ask it. As the doctor continued keep silence,

"Done?" said the doctor, coolly.
"Why, sent the thief to prison for a souple of months. Do you suppose they could do less ?"

"You said-you said-you could get him off!" I con't let him go to prison, when I-when I--"

"When you took the half crown yoursolf," said the doctor cheerfully "It is a very odd thing that you should have done it, Gerald ; you are not generally want of money. It seems to me rath. the consequences of your own actions, and I trust that you will not put yourbe ruined."

to prison-

as anything."

Gerald Ruthven solbed aloud. He face in his hands. The doctor drew a chair opposite him, and looked at him

"You ought to thank me for saving you," he said, at last "instead of crying like a schoolgirl or a baby." "I did not want any one else to bear

the punishment," gasped the lad. Possibly not, but you did not want either to go to prison, to have your name in the newspapers as a thief, to hear Lord Morven's opinion of your conduct. You say you would not mind. Then, my dear Gerald-don't let me hurt your feelings-but you are a fool. You would mind very much indeed. Now this boy probably does not mind. He will be far

likes. Anything is better than this !"

Dr. Airlie's smooth brow contracted. Gerald Ruthven was more difficult te manago than the doctor had expected him to be. It was necessary that he should give the boy a strong dose of the truth.

more suavity of manner than was eyen you scarcely realise your position-or mine. If you confess this little matter the Radical papers ! Your brother would never forgive you : the story would be ominous growl in his tene. "He would in a still more difficult position. Out of Gerald would ayow the truth. Then have been free now but for your conwelf. I have committed what is, no doubt Dr. Airlie drew back, with the appear- in the eyes of the law, a criminal offence. ance of a man both grieved and shocked. Are you coing to nullify the efforts that care," thought that gentleman, with a "My dear sir," he began, "I am I have made to keep your name and your grimace at his own inadvertence; "but sorry brother's name stainless in the eyes of how was I to guess that the ragged boy the world by a childish desire to make a at the bookstall was old Lockharr's grand-glad, said Glenbervie excitedly. "I useless confession of wrong doing, and son. If I had known I would never have and the care whether you have received by. "I useless confession of wrong doing, and the you have ruined the boy—ruin—to receive a punishment which will neuthrown the biame on him—at least, I but it must be beautiful hair to have think not; I'm not sure. And now let was, too. You knew who he witten of the boy whe has taken your me see how the laird is to be gravened by the use of Candalras Hair. Runnwis. Sold at 50 cts. by J. Wilson received the converse that I know the Gey.

peroration were not lost upon the timid I can devise a way." listener. Gerald was impressed, stag- He devised a way with some success.

his agitation; then, without listening to relief to think that his dishonest act need AUTHOR OF "JACOBI'S WIFE," "UNDER the doctor's apologetic phrases, he grop- never be known by the brother of whom ed his way with outstretched hands, he was mortally afraid. He was silent; boy's - a relation on the mother's sideblind eyes, and shaking hands, to the and the doctor pursued his advantage. "You need not fear," he said smoothhis arm, but the old man thrust it aside; ly, "that you have done any injury to he saw nobody in his brainsick haste to the lad. I will ascertain the date of his that the Governor, who knew him slight-

> "Has he no friends? no father nor mother ?" asked the boy.

"I think not." rather falteringly, "it may be, after all, a good thing for him?"

"Exactly so. That is the sensible view to take of it. Now give me your word, my dear boy, that you will say nothing more about the matter.' And Gerald promised, humbly enough,

to hold his tongue. Dr. Airlie took him back to the Towers in a day or two. He had brought his pupil to Glasgow for a little change and recreations, as well as to see some of the boy's relations resident in that town. and he was secretly a good deal disturb ed in mind by the result of his visit. It was true that Gerald had already more

than once betrayed that odd moral weakness, that curious want of distinguishing power between good and evil, which sometimes makes its appearance in members of families that have been virtuously brought up, but he had never hitherto done anything likely to him within danger of the law. The doctor earnestly hoped that he would be more careful for the future, but was not sorry to which might be useful to him in after

however, he spoke at last, in broken thoughts, and control their motives. He | be quick about it.' tal processes their secret griefs, joys, and

er like a case of kleptomania. Well, at had no more rancour against the human again-and fell. any rate, I have saved you for once from being than against the dumb animals that he tortured; but the suffering of either was nothing to him compared with self again into circumstances of such his increase a knowledge of quivering danger. If it happened again you would nerves and rent heart strings, Khow ledge, in his opinion, was power; and "But the boy-the boy who has gone power was the only good thing in life which he desired. He congratuted him-"A young jail bird," replied his pre. self, therefore, on the chance which had "A young jail bird," replied his present, therefore, on the chance which had
ceptor," who has probably been in priceptor," who has probably been in priceptor, who has probably been in price

bligation to him, which had given him again. It will do him no harm. For- the secret of Mr. Lockhart's wishes, and tunate for you that I seized the situation | had moreover enabled him to inflict some at a glance, and took the chance of put- mortifications upon the proud old laird ting a half crows from my own pooket of Glenbervie. He was not quite cominto his. That convicted him as much fortable in his mind respecting Anthoas if he had force of will and tenacity of had sunk into a chair and buried his purpose enough to be revenged upon and although the doctor soothed Gerald's mind by saying that he would recompense the prisoner for all that he had

auffered, he really meant to let Anthony drift out of sight as soon as possible, and would not have objected to give him a which he was, only too probably, inclined. Old Mr. Lockhart's fierce anger trou-

bled Dr. Airlie very little. The old man subject that cost him so much grief and shame. Besides, what could he say?

No reasonable person could find fault tions Exhibition .- Pall Mall Gazette. with him

But he had no cause for alarm. Mr. Lockhart came quietly back to Glenbervie, said nothing of his expedition or of his grandson's fate to anybody, and seemed to settle calmly down to his old "My dear young friend," he said, with | life with his daughter Janet and her little son. But the doctor mistrusted this apnatural to him; "it appears to me that parent calm. He believed that the laird meant to see his grandson at the expiration of his imprisonment; possibly to to Lord Morven, you tring diagrace not bring him home. It would never do for only on yourself but on your family. Anthony and Gerald to meet. Gerald's What a pleasing story it would make for nature was weak, but it was also gener ous, and if Anthony manifully told his tale and accused Doctor Airlie of having thrown the blame on him in order to acreen another, it was quite possible that Gerald would ayow the truth. Then nothing would remain for Stephen Airlie but disgrace and dismissal. "I may get myself into a fine mess if I den't take care." thought that centleman, with a 1m ous, and if Anthony manfully told his brought up against you for the remain- thrown the blame on him in order to der of your life. You would place me screen another, it was quite possible that

from meeting this lad. I know the Gev-

The ponderous words, the elaborate ernor of the prison fortunately; I think

gered, over awed. Surely Dr. Airiie On the day when Anthony Lockhart was must know best! And it was a great to be set free, Dr. Airlie presented himself at the prison with a very long face. He had found out that a relation of the was dying, and wished to see her young cousin immediately. He made such strong representations about this cousin get away from the accursed place. He release, and will take pains to put him ly, authorized the release of the hoy-s made his way down stairs and into the into a good situation or provide for his mighty concession -full fifteen minuter before the rightful hour. But fifteen minutes were enough for Dr. Airlie's

piece of work. He was just in time. He got the boy into a cab with him "Then," Gerald hazarded the remark endured, smilingly, the few bitter sentences with which Anthony assailed him, and then sat him down at the railway station, and offered to pay his fare to any

part of the United Kingdom. The boy laughed in his face. "Do you think I would take a penn from you?" he said.

"What will you do, then ?" asked the doctor, considering him gravely. "I'll go to London." "Without a penny ?"

"Yes." The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Why will you take nothing from

ne?" he asked. "Because," said Amhony Lockhart. with a fierce light in his dark eyes, "I owe you too much already. I always pay

my debts." Then he turned away and plunged into

the by-ways of the city.

Stephen Airlie looked after him with a "The young cock crows loud," he said to himself. "Ah, well! I am not sorry to be rid of him. He is a young ruffian and scamp, I am sure of it. Go establish a hold over the boy's mind to London, will he? Not he! He'll go' -and the doctor pressed his white fingeryears. Stephen Airlie hungered and tips together with an air of sauve enjoy thirsted for power over the minds of the ment-"he'll go to the devil. And] men and women with whom he came in trust," added Doctor Airlie, smiling more contact. He liked to influence their sweetly than ever, "I trust that he will

had the same curiosity about their men. It was at that moment that old Mr. Lockhart received the news of his grandambitions, as he had with regard to the son's departure with Doctor Airlie. The sciences of which he was a devoted stu- chaplain, who saw the old man, observed dent. Just as he would willingly tor- that his face changed oddly as he heard ture a living dog or cat in order to de. where the boy had gone. But he made monstrate some scientific truth, so he no remark. He bowed and took his would lay bare the wounded spirit and leave. Only when he reached the outer probe the shrinking heart of man or gate did his strength forsake him. He woman who came within his power. He tottered, recovered himself, stumbled

This time there was no doubt as to the gravity of the attack. Mr. Lockhart was carried back to Glenbervie a dying

TO BE CONTINUED.

This prevalent maindy is the parent of most of our bodily ills. One of the best

Clothing Which Prevents Sinking.

The Lord Mayor of London and a fortable in his mind respecting Antho-ny's view of the matter: the lad looked officials and others witnessed some as if he had force of will and tenacity of experiments in the Thames at Westminster on Saturday afternoon, September 26th, from the decks of the river steam the man who had screened his own pupil at the expense of a vagabond; but, after coatumes of ordinary appearance, and all, Anthony Lockhart was only a boy, in a small boat. Then the tall figure of a woman rose suddenly in the boat, and with a frantic wave of her sunshade tumbled overboard. Two of her fellow passengers, who seemed to be naval and military officers, threw themselves into the water to rescue her, which, had she would not have objected to give him a been sinking, they might easily have sly push towards those evil courses to done, although they knew no more of swimming than herself, for, clothed as they were, they found it impossible to sink. All the others, one by one, followed until all were floating comfortably about with their heads above was not likely to advert in public to a water. It was explained that the clothing worn by the adventurers was made of a fabric in which fine threads of cork were interwoven with wool, silk, or probably does not mind. He will be far better off in prison than out of it. Why disturb the present balance of affairs."

"But it's a lie, and I can't bear it. I must tell Morven and let him do what he must tell Morven and let him do what he was creaming to the prisoner's guilt.

"But it's a lie, and I can't bear it. I must tell Morven and let him do what he was creaming to the prisoner's guilt. The inventor, Mr. J. W. Jackson, is an exhibitor at the Inventor.

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