Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 9. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1517.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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ALLAN & DICKSON

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Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 1284p-1y

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw169

A. TAYLOR, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence at Mrs. McKid's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1510-1yr

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

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

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H. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1373

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 Bonsecours, Ont.

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

P. F. WALKER.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery and Insurance, 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 1432-1y

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

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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. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for print ed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
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$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at Lowest Interest, Mortgage 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

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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. Parlor 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. 1505-1y

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of this Lodge will be held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw73-1y

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 417f 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 expense will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

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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. 26th 1870. w26-1y.

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

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
And Globe Insurance Company.
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,
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMSHIPS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
Favorite route for Tourists.
Finest approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,
Cabin—$60, $70 & $80—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1469 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.
Incorpoated 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,
1517 Market Square, Goderich.

Artificial Stone.
The ubscribers 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 Nesbergall'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, Ont

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

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

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, MARBLE & Paper Manufacturer, Whitewashing done on shortest notice. Residence, Victoria Street. 1446-1yr

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. 1482-1yr

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 work.
Weller & Martin.
1475 1yr

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door o 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 very cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
SAM'L CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. 1402—1yr

PSYCHOMANCY,
OR SOUL CHARMING.
HOW either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This art all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cts together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc. 1,000,000 sold. A queer book. Address,
T. WILLIAM & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.
1467 1yr.

Poetry.

Lines by Hugh Miller,

Written on the blank page of a pocket Bible which he presented to his affianced, previous to their marriage:—

Lydia, since ill by cordial gift
Were love like mine expressed,
Take Heaven's best boon, this sacred Book,
From him who loves thee best.
Love strong as that I bear to thee,
Were sure amply told
By dying flowers, or trifling gems,
Or soul-enchanting gold.

I know 'twas He who formed this heart
Who seeks this heart to guide;
For why?—He bids me love thee more
Than all on earth beside.
Yes, Lydia, bids me cleave to thee,
As long this heart has cleaved:
Would, dearest, that his other laws
Were half so well received!

Full many a change, my only love,
On human life attends;
And at the cold sepulchral stone
Th' uncertain vista ends.
How best to bear each various change,
Should weal or woe befall,
To love, live, die, His sacred Book,
Lydia, it tells us all.

Oft, much beloved, our coming day
To us is all unknown;
But sure we stand a broader mark
Than they who stand alone.
One knows it all; not His an eye,
Like ours, obscure and dim;
And knowing this, He gives this Book,
That we may know of Him.

His words, my love, are gracious words,
And gracious thoughts express:
He cares o'en for each little bird
That wings the blue abyss.
Of coming wants and woes He thought,
Ere want or woe began;
And look to Him a human heart,
That He might feel for man.

Then, O, my first, my only love,
The kindliest, dearest, best!
On Him may all our hopes repose,—
On Him our wishes rest.
His be the future's doubtful day,
Let joy or grief befall:
In life or death, in weal or woe,
Our God, our guide, our all.

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

"Well, Jane, how is she?"

'I don't know, sir,' said the girl, slowly. 'She says she is quite well, but—'

'But what?' he asked, impatiently. 'Do you think she is not?'

'I don't think Miss Isobel looks very well, sir; and she said to tell you that she wouldn't be down to day.'

'Not to-day?' he repeated. 'She must be ill."

'No, sir, she says she's not ill, only tired.'

He turned into the empty drawing-room again, the fear in his heart growing stronger.

'Where's Nannie?' he asked, going back to the door when Jane was halfway down stairs.

'She has gone to see a sick friend, sir. She was to be home to-morrow.'

'To-morow?' he said to himself. 'That won't do;' and he went to Mr. Jardine's office.

'Isobel not down yet!' asked that gentleman, lifting his head from his papers.

'No. I wrote her a note asking if she felt ill, and she has sent me word that she is well, but will not be down stairs to-day, I don't like the idea of her being alone.'

Mr. Jardine looked uneasy. 'What a pity that Nannie is not here!'

'So I thought. If you give me her address, I'll drive for her and fetch her in.' 'I only know the name of the village—Lemiston it is, about twenty miles from town.'

'I'll find her,' he said, confidently. 'I've often hunted for people with less of a clue than that. Will you go and see Isobel, and tell me how she is before I go.'

Mr. Jardine went. Douglas spent half an hour reading the papers with very divided attention, and in listening for his footfall on the stairs. At last he came back, looking slightly anxious. 'She is pale,' he said, 'and has a sort of startled look that I don't like. I saw it once before when—'

'I think I know what you mean,' said Douglas gently. 'Does she look now as she did then?'

'Not exactly. Not so ill as that, but as if she had been frightened—shaken a good deal.'

Douglas stood silent for a little. 'I think I would send for Dr. Moore,' he said, after thinking for a minute. 'He may give her something to soothe her. Her nerves must have got a shock, you know. I'll go for Nannie in the meantime.'

'Lemiston is the name of the village where her sick friend is. Her own name is Irving, I believe, and that is all I know about her. Do you think you'll be able to trace her?'

'Perfectly,' answered Douglas, smiling slightly, as he recalled some old experiences in hunting for people, and finding them.

He found, on consulting the timetables, that no train passed Lemiston till evening, and he at once determined to take a conveyance and bring Nannie back with him. He felt truly that the nurse, who stood almost in the place of a mother to Isobel, was the fittest person to be with her now. So he drove quickly along the high roads, fringed with hedges in the tender green of spring—past suburban cottages, with gardens in front full of spring flowers, white lilies, polyanthus, and golden daffodils—past solitary homesteads, where the dogs barked at him, and round which the fields were full of the spiky green shoots of the young corn—through straggling villages, where the people came out to their doors and stared after the swift-rolling carriage, and the ducks and hooks and hens, which were paddling and pecking about on the road, flew screaming from before the horses' feet. His thoughts were very anxious during that drive, and more than once he put his head out of the carriage window to tell the man to drive faster, though the horses' hoofs were clattering sharp and quick on the road. He told himself often enough that his anxiety was groundless. Isobel was frightened a little, and no wonder. Yet she might be well enough to morrow or next day. Yet through all his reasoning with himself there flowed one of those subtle presentiments that some even to practical people like Douglas and are stronger than reason—a presentment of evil to Isobel. 'My poor darling,' he thought, 'if you were only mine, I could take you into my arms and soothe your fears away. And you ought to have been mine by this time—if you had loved me enough.'' He sighed, and moved restlessly on his cushioned seat. He had strong faith in the power of his own love to make her love him some time or other, and he was very patient; but nevertheless, he did worry for the time when both herself and her love should be altogether his.

Lemiston was reached at last, as the bright afternoon was waning. A sleepy old place, wakened up to a sort of astonished juvenility by the rushing past of the train several times a day, and its occasional stoppage. There was a little inn that hardly did anything now-a-days since the old coach was off the road, except, indeed, to tempt the workmen from their own firesides in the evenings and wile the money out of their own pockets. A pair of horses to bait was quite a godsend, and the innkeeper was abundantly civil. Did he know if a woman of the name of Irving had come to visit any one in the village yesterday? No, he knew of no new-comer of that name. There was a man called Irving who lived in that little white house on the hill, maybe the gentleman would ask there. The gentleman walked straight to the little white house, and there, by his unfailing good luck, found the very person he wanted. Nannie started when she saw him. 'Eh, Mr. Mothven,' she said, putting up her hands. 'What's happened? Is my bairn ill? Could ye no tak care o' her for twa days?'

'I did my best, Nannie, but I fear she is not very well. I want you to come home with me. Will you come?'

Nannie's sister-in-law was very ill, but she would have left her mother's death-bed, I believe, to go to Isobel. Without waiting for further explanations, she hastily tied up her bundle, kissed the dying woman whom she was never to see again, and in a few minutes was walking down the hill with Douglas. He told her all about their fright when he had her in the carriage, and they were driving full speed back to town.

'Eh, my bairn, my bairn,' she kept repeating, alternately wringing her hands and wiping her eyes. 'And to think she micht hae been burnt there in her bed, and me awa frae her, like an auld fule, as I was, to gang. To think o' the cruel fire hurting her bonny face! Are ye sure she wasna hurt, sir?'

'Quite sure,' said Douglas confidently. 'The fire had only just caught the curtains. I know it could not have touched her.'

He never thought of blaming this woman for what had happened. Faithful soul! she would have gone to the stake, willingly to save her bairn's white skin from been scorched; but yet, had the fire done its work, and bonny bright Isobel been left a charred cinder, Nannie's loving hand would have been that which first struck the match. Alas for human love, that can so harm what it worships. The Divine Love alone is All tender, and All-wise.

CHAPTER XVII

ISOBEL'S DISCOVERY.

It had been long dark before they reached Edenburgh, and the tired horse drew up before Mr. Jardine's door. He had been watching for them, and came out into the hall at the sound of wheels. 'How is she?' asked Douglas. 'Has Moore been here?'

'Unfortunately not. He had been called to the country, and was out of town for the day. I would have sent for some one else, but the suggestion seemed to distress her. I am at a loss what to think. She declares herself to be quite well, yet she certainly does not look so. I wish you could see her.'

Douglas heartily wished so too, as he walked into the dull, big dining-room, very dull and empty without Isobel.—Nannie went softly up stairs, and opened the door of Mr. Jardine's dressing-room. Isobel lay on a low couch, where she had slept the previous night. A fire had been lighted as the evening got chilly, and its light flickered on her face, and shone into her wide-open eyes. They were very wide open, Nannie saw, and had the startled fixed look which she remembered having seen in them once before.

'My ain bairn,' she said, going close to the couch, and kneeling down beside it,

'Nannie! you have come back. How did you know?'

The voice was low, and very sad. 'Mr. Methven brought me, my lamb. He was that anxious about ye he coulna rest.'

'Douglas,' she said. And Nannie felt her shudder.

'Ay. Him that likes ye sae weel,' she said, soothingly.

Isobel turned and hid her face on the pillow. 'Hush, hush,' she whispered, 'don't speak of him to me; I can't bear it.'

Nannie was silent for an instant in utter dismay. 'My bairn! what has come to ye?' she asked, after a frightened pause. 'What's wrang between you and him?'

There was no answer. Isobel kept her face hidden, and the firelight shone on her bright hair. Nannie passed one of her hard hands over the shining ripples. 'Did he no save your life last nicht, darlin'? No that that was sae muckle—nae man could hae done less. But he's a grand, brave gentleman, and ye're the vera apple o' his e'e.'

Isobel sat up on her couch, and put up both her hands to her forehead, pushing back her hair with a wild gesture.—'Do you think so?' she said. 'Do you think he cares for me so very much? He did—I know he did—but now—oh, Nannie, he'll hate and despise me as I do myself. He'll go away, like that other one, and forget. Only, I deserve it this time.'

She spoke so piteously, with great tears running down her cheeks, that Nannie's heart was sore, and she felt at her wit's end. There was something here that she could not understand.—Something must have happened to Isobel besides the escaped danger of burning. She went on, turning her wet eyes on her nurse's face. 'Nannie,' she said, 'you must promise me something. Yes; you must promise. You must tell no one of what you have heard me say just now. No one. And I don't want to see Mr. Methven for a little while—not for some days. You must keep him away from me; make them believe that I am not well. Indeed, I don't feel well. And let me be left alone. I want to think. Will you promise?'

Nannie was puzzled; but she would have promised blindly anything that Isobel asked. And no watchdog could have watched his master's property more faithfully than Nannie guarded her young mistress for the next week. She wished to be alone. It was not for her old servant to inquire the reason.—Yet Nannie saw many things to puzzle her during those days which Isobel spent alone. One thing in particular caused her much speculation. Isobel would let no wine or spirit of any kind pass her lips. She gave Nannie the nearest approach to a scolding that she had ever attempted, when the nurse brought to her bedside, on that first night, a tumbler of warm toddy.

'Take it away,' she cried passionately. 'How dare you bring that poison to me?'

Nannie was first astonished, then offended. 'Poison!' she said, indignantly.—'Miss Isobel, I wonder to hear you speak! What sort o' notion is that to tak' into your head? Poison, indeed! Tak' it up, like a gude bairn. It's just the thing ye need.'

Isobel's momentary passion was gone, and she spoke quietly and firmly.—'Nannie, I command you never to bring any of that into my presence again.—Never let me see it or smell it. I hate it. Oh, how I hate it!' she repeated, shuddering.

She lay down, with her face turned away. Nannie tried a few faint persuasions, but finally had to remove the toddy, untasted. What could have come over her mistress she could not imagine.

Isobel had said that she wished to think; and *think* she apparently did to some purpose. She would lie for hours together, without moving, on a couch in the bed-room which had been temporarily fitted up for her. Nannie saw the tears stealing silently down her pale cheeks sometimes, as she lay with her hands clasped idly together. Once or twice she heard low bitter sobs, such as can come only from a heart wrung with deep anguish. She doubted if she had done wisely in promising to preserve her bairn's solitude unbroken; perhaps it would have been better for her to rouse herself, and go down stairs as usual. Once she hinted as much to Isobel. 'Just be patient for a few days, Nannie,' she said; 'it will all be over soon.' And Nannie asked no questions.

Isobel always kept a bright smile for her father when he came in to see her—so bright that his anxiety was allayed. And he did not send a second time for Dr. Moore. 'It was no use,' Isobel said; 'she was quite well, only she wanted to be quiet for a few days.'

'Douglas is very anxious, my dear,' said Mr. Jardine.

There was no answer for a minute or two. Then she said very gently—'Poor Douglas. You must tell him to be patient for a little while.' But, after her father left her, Nannie noticed that she cried silently for a long time.

One day, about a week after the fire, she rose from the couch and made Nannie dress her. Her nurse rejoiced at the change, and began to hope that Isobel's fancy for keeping quiet was over, and that she would return to her usual habits. But Isobel did not go down stairs, the hour was one, at which she knew her father was busy in his office. Douglas had already called, and sent up his message of inquiry, and she had sent him word that she felt better, but was not yet able to see him. She opened the door of the room in which she had kept herself prisoner during the last week, and went straight up stairs to her old room. It was not quite in such a dilapidated condition as when Douglas had seen it on the morning after the fire, but it still looked very desolate.—The curtains and toilet-cover had been removed, so that no trace of burning remained except some marks of scorching on the wood. At these marks Isobel looked long, and her face became very pale. Nannie, who had silently come up stairs after her, grew anxious.—'Come away, my dear bairn,' she said. 'Come, Miss Isobel, dinna stand in this cauld-rife room.'

'Nannie,' she answered quietly, 'it is right that I should come here. It is right for me to think of what happened that night, and how much worse it might have been. All my life I must never forget it.'

'Nae fear o' your forgettin' it, my dear. You've thocht aboot it over muckle already. It was the Lord's will that you should be saved, and He sent a brave gentleman to do it. Come doon noo, Miss Isobel. He'll maybe be here again the nicht, and ye'll surely see him noo. It's a puir reward for pu'in' ye out o' a burnin' bed to keep him hauntin' the hoose like a ghaist, an' no to speak a word o' thanks till him. An', Miss Isobel,' Nannie continued, waxing warm 'if it's the thocht o' anither that's still in your heart, and makin' ye keep awa frae Mr. Methven, I can tell ye that him ye think sae muckle o' wasna fit to tie Mr. Douglas's shoon—that he wasna!'

Isobel smiled—a very faint, feeble smile. 'Oh, Nannie, if you knew! But you are mistaken if you think I still care for any one else. I think,' she said, half to herself, 'there is no one in the world like Douglas. But sh—if you knew."——She broke off abruptly, and went out of the dreary room, sighing a great heavy sigh—that Nannie knew could come only from a sore heart.

Mr. Jardine was delighted to find his daughter sitting at the head of the table that evening when he went in to his dinner. She was looking pale, but otherwise was just like her old self.

"Let me send round for Methven," he said, laying his hand on the bell. "He'll be relieved to see you looking so well."

"No, no, papa," said Isobel. He looked surprised, while she, looking up in his face with a smile, added, "I want to have you all to myself this evening, papa. I'm going to make myself agreeable for your benefit, and you are to spend the whole evening with me."

Mr. Jardine took his hand from the bell, "Well, I suppose that is a sign I'm not to have you very long 'all to myself,' is it?"

"Are you tired of me?" she asked earnestly. "Do you want to get rid of me soon?"

He put his arm round her, and kissed her brow. "No, no, my child. I want to have you as long as you can stay happily with me. Heaven knows I'll be lonely enough without you. But Isobel, there is no one to whom I could give you with greater confidence than to Douglas Methven."

They were standing before the drawing room fire after dinner was over, and as he looked down on her face he saw by the fire light which shone up into it, that her lips were trembling, and that two large tears stood in her eyes. But she said nothing, only slipped away from his embracing arm and went to her piano.

He sat down in a big easy chair, and stretched out his feet on the fender. "Can it be," he thought as he listened to her playing, "that she can't love poor Methven? Surely she can't be hankering still after that miserable Sam. Love is a queer thing! One can't tell."

But he felt that Isobel was never sweeter than she was that evening. There was an exceeding gentleness about her that touched his heart. She was not such a bright Isobel perhaps as he remembered her long ago, but a gentle, loving woman—such a woman, he thought, as might creep into a man's heart of hearts, and nestle so surely there that no thought of another could ever enter in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ISOBEL'S REVELATION.

It had been a week of much anxious uncertainty to Douglas. True, he had seen both Mr. Jardine and Nannie repeatedly, and they had both told him the same thing, that Isobel was certainly not ill, but wanted rest and quiet for a few days. It puzzled him to think that seeing him could disturb her. "If I were ill," he thought, "ah, is there anything in this world would cure me half so quickly as the touch of her dear little hands? But then—to be sure—I love her." And during those days of separation from her, a fear which he struggled against manfully, but which would throw its gloomy influence over him, began to take possession of him, this, in spite of all his faithfulness and love, she would never care for him.

It was just a week since the night he had carried her down stairs, when he was told he might see her again. Almost hopelessly he had rung the door bell, and enquired for her; he had so often received the same message, that he had hardly expected to be told to walk up stairs. Isobel was in a small room near the drawing-room which she had fitted up for herself. It was a pretty green nest; there were a few choice pictures, two or three graceful Parian statuettes, a stand of flowers and some books. Douglas was not often admitted to this sanctum, and to-day, with the habit of observation which was to him a second nature, it occurred to him as something new that he should be shown straight there.

Isobel had been sitting on a low chair near the window, and she arose as he entered. He advanced towards her with a quick, glad step, natural to a lover after an unusually long absence from his betrothed. She held out her hand to him without speaking, and looking *into* her face he saw that it was perfectly colorless.

'Isobel! my darling, how pale you look!' He would have drawn her to him, but she shrank away, and motioned to him to take a seat a little way off from her. In a moment, before she spoke, he knew that some crisis had come in her feelings toward him, but he tried to speak to her in his usual tone.

'I am so glad to see you again, Isobel. This week has seemed to me very long.'

'Has it? I know it must have seemed strange—ungrateful, that I have not seen you before to thank you for——'

'My dearest, I needed no thanks.—Was I not taking care of my own?'

She spoke in a low, hurried voice, as if she had something to say which must be said, and she wished to have it over. 'Indeed, I could not see you. I needed to be quiet a little that I might think, and make up my mind what to do.'

It was coming then, he thought. She had found that she could not love him, and was going to tell him so, and request her release from their engagement. It was strange that this discovery should come just when she owed her life to him. Not that he thought much of that,—his life was too deep, and his nature too generous.

'Is there any special subject on which you have required to make up your mind?' he asked gently.

'Yes. I ought not to have needed so much time to think about it, for I knew at once, even that night, what I must do. But it was very hard.'

She looked at him pleadingly for a moment, then turned her head away.

'What was hard?'

'The thought that I must give you up.' The words were very low, but perfectly distinct, and were followed by a deep silence. A little gilt clock on the mantel-piece chimed out the quarter in a silver, tinkling tone, and a gold-finch that hung in the window hopped from spar to spar of its cage, and twittered softly. Neither Isobel nor Douglas moved. The announcement was not made in exactly the form he had expected. She spoke of giving him up as if it were something hard to do. Perhaps her pain was only the sort of sorrow that a kind heart must feel in inflicting pain on another. He had covered his eyes with one of his large brown hands, and he spoke without removing it. 'Will you tell me why—things can be no longer between us as they have been?'

'Because, that night when you saved my life, I made a discovery.'

'You discovered that it was impossible for you to love me enough to become my wife?'

'No, not that.'

'What then?'

She sat clasping her hands close together before she answered him, and a spot of colour rose in her white cheeks. 'I owe it to you to tell you. You have a right to know. Yet—it is very difficult for me tell you. If I ask you to give me up without further question, will you do it?'

To be continued.

Fire and Panic in a Charity Institution.

SEVENTEEN PERSONS BURNED.

NEW YORK, March 7.

About four o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the House of the Aged, in Brooklyn. A perfect panic was caused among the inmates, who rushed hither and thither through the building until they became exhausted or suffocated from smoke and sank down. There were 135 old people in the building at the time, and in one part of it their egress had been cut off by the flames and smoke, so they went up to the roof. Their shrieks and cries might have been heard for blocks. The firemen and police, it is said, succeeded in rescuing all who were on the roof, but there were a number suffocated and buried in the ruins. Michael Cummings, one of the inmates, 75 years of age, threw himself from the third story window and was instantly killed. Jeremiah Sullivan, another inmate, 65 years old, was fatally injured by jumping from a window at the same height. The police and firemen at eight o'clock this morning had taken five bodies from the ruins. The police think that not many more lives were lost. The loss on the building and furniture is about $23,000; insurance $30,000. The House is maintained by the aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor of Brooklyn, and was established several years ago.

Later reports from the burning of the Home for the Aged in Williamsburg make the disaster much greater than at first supposed. When the fire had been got under sufficient control to permit the firemen to examine the upper stories of the burned wing, they found seventeen men burned in their beds in the upper story. The bodies being unrecognizable it was impossible to obtain the names of the unfortunates, as they cannot be learned until the roll of the living is called. It is said that thirty are missing, and it is feared that the buried bodies of some may yet be found among the *debris* of the fire in the basement.

BLESSINGS BRIGHTEN AS THEY TAKE THEIR FLIGHT,—If you have a good head of hair, take care of it; once gone and we realize its loss far more than we appreciate its presence. The BEARINE is taking the place of all other hair dressings, because it is healthful to the hair and delightful to use. 1502

A doctor was discovered holding a young lady in his lap the other evening, but he stated that he was examining her for an affection of the heart, and she remarked that there was nothing wrong in laying her head on her pillow.

Report of Competitive Examinations.

Held in the Townships of Ashfield, Colborne, Goderich, Hay, Stephen and Usborne in June, 1875.

SUMMARY.

Fifth Class—Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, history, composition, arithmetic, nat. phil., algebra and euclid, and Botany, chemistry and physiology. Whole number of marks 605.

Fourth Class—Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, history, composition arithmetic and botany, nat. history and chemistry. Whole number of marks 470.

Third Class—Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, composition and arithmetic. Whole number of marks 330.

Second Class—Reading, spelling, writing geography, grammar and arithmetic. Whole number of marks 270.

First Class—Reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography and tables. Whole number of marks 150.

TOWNSHIP