BY MISS MULOCK

CHAPTER XV. -CONTINUED.

Mrs. Treherne was silenced. An here Mr. Charteris—breaking the un comfortable pause—good-naturelly oegan a disquisition on the play in question. He bore, for some time, the chief part in a literary and critical couversation, of literary and critical conversation, of which I did not hear or follow much. Then the ladies took up the story in its moral and personal phase, and talked it

The youngest sister was voluble against.
S'ae hated doleful books; she liked a pleasant ending, where the people were all married cheerfully and comfortably At was suggested from my side of the table, that this play had not an uncomfortable ending, though the lovers both

What an odd notion of comfort Dora

"What an odd motion of comfert Dorahas," said Mr. Charteris.
"Yes, indeed," added Mrs. Treherne;
"for if they hadn't died, were they not supposed never to meet again? My dear child, how do you intend to make your lover happy? By bidding him an eternal farewell, allowing him to get killed, and then dying on his tomb?"

Everybedy laughed. Treherne said he was trankful his Lisa was not of her sister's mind.

sister's mind. "Ay, Gus, dear, well you may! Sup-pose I had come and said to you, like Dora's heroine, "My dear boy, we are very fond of one another, but we can't. ever be married. It's of no consequence. Never mind. Give me a kiss, and good-by-what would you have done, eh,

Augustus ?"
"Hanged myself," replied Augustus,

"If you d d not think better of it while searching for a cord," dryly observed Mr. Charteris. (I have for various rea-sons noticed this gentleman rather close-ly of late.) "Dora's theories about love are pretty enough; but too much on the gossamer style. Poor human natures requires a little warmer clothing than 'sky robes of iris woof,' which are

not 'warranted to wear.' "
As he spoke, I saw Miss Johnston's black eves dart over to his face in keen observation, but he did not see them. Immediately afterward she said:

"Francis is quite right. Fora's heroics do her no good—nor anybody; because such characters do not exist, and never did. Max and Thekia, for instance, are a pair of lovers utterly im-

possible in this world."
"True," said Mr. Charteris, "even as
Romeo and Juliet are impossible, Shak-

speare himself owns,
'These violent delights have a violent ends. Had Juliet lived, she wo: 11 robably not by force, but in the most legal, genteel, and satisfactory way, have been 'married to the County; or, supposing she had got off safe to Mantua, obtained parential forgiveness, and returned to s t up house-keeping as Mrs. R. Montaeus, depend upon it she and Romes would have wearied of one another in a year, quarreled, parted, and she might, after all, have consoled herself with Paris who seems a sweet-spoken, pretty behaved young gentleman throughcut.
Do you not think so, D.: Urouhart? that
is, if you are a reader of ? kake peare."
Which he apparently thought I was

not. I answered, what has often struck me about this play, "that Shakspeare only meant it as a tale of boy and girl ion. Whether it would have lasted, need not speculate, any more than the poet does. Enough, that, while it lasts, it is a true and beautiful picture of youthful love—that is, youth's ideal of love: though the love of maturer life is o'ten a far deeper, higher, and better

Here Mrs. Treherne, bursting into one of her hearty laughs, accused her sister of having "turned Dr. Urquhart

It is painful to appear a fool, even when a lively young woman is trying to make you do so. I sat, cruelly conscious how little I have to say—how like an awkward, dull clod I often feel—in the I her speaking from the other end of the table—I mean Miss Theodora. "Lisabel, you are talking of what you

do not understand. You never did, and never will understand my Max and Thekla, any more than Francis there, though he once thought it so fine, when he was teaching Penelope German, a

few years ago." "Dora, your excitement is unlady

"I do not care," she answered turning upon her elder sister with flashing eyes.
"To sit by quietly and hear such doctrines, is worse than unlady-like—unwoman-like! You two girls may think what you please on the matter; but I know what I have alway thought—and think still.

"Pray, will you indulge us with your creed?" cried Mr. Charteris."

She hesitated—her cheeks burned like

"I believe, spite all you say, that there is, not only in books, but in the world, such a thing as love: unselfish, faithful, and true, like that of my Thekla and my

sometimes, used to have just a light in his eyes—just such a glory streaming from all his features; but then he was a boy, and this was a woman. Ay, one felt her womanhood, the passion and power of it, with all its capabilities, for either blessing or maddening, in the very

from Mr. Charteris, to which she refused to reply.

"No; you put me in a passion, and forced me to speak; but I have done now. I shall not argue the point any more."

Her voice trembled, and her little I hauds nerveusly clutched and plaited the table-cloth but she sat in her place, never moving features or eyes. Gradutally the burning in her cheeks faded, and she grew excessively pale; but no one seemed to notice her. They were too full of themselves.

I had no time to learn the picture by i heart, every line; this little figure sitting

heart, every line; this little figure sitting by the table, bent head, drooping shoul-ders, and loose white sleeves shading the two hands, which were crushed so tightly together, that when she stirred I saw the the finger-marks of one imprinted on the other. What could she have been

the other. What could s thinking of? "Mass Dora, please." It was only a servant, saying her ather wished to speak to her before he

Let me gather up my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire—no one ever thinks of lighting a fire for me, of course, unless I specially order it. The room is chill, warning me that winter is nigh at hand: disorderly—no one ever touches my goods and chattels, and I have been too much from home lately to institute any arrange—illustration of what I am here mention—in the subject is, he will always listen, and swer, explain—either laughing away my follies, or talking to me-seriously and pery grass; where, if we had slipped, it was abc ninety perpendicular feet to fall.

I shudder to think of that feat even now; and telling it to Dr. Urquhart in home lately to institute any arrange—illustration of what I am here mention—wish him to think that in any religious matter I was guided by no higher motive—the curiosity; or, rather—for I would not wish him to think that in any religious matter I was guided by no higher motive—the curiosity; or, rather—for I would not wish him to think that in any religious matter I was guided by no higher motive—the curiosity; or, rather—for I would not wish him to think that in any religious matter I was guided by no higher motive—the curiosity is the subject is, he will always listen, and swer, explain—either laughing away my follies, or talking to me-seriously and kindly.

This time, he was not so patient, asked me, abruptly, "Why I wanted to know?"

"About the sermon? From harmless curiosity; or, rather—for I would not wish him to think that in any religious matter I was guided by no higher motive—the curiosity is the subject is, he will always listen, and the top of a circular rock, on a ledge two swer, explain—either laughing away my follies, or talking to me-seriously and kindly.

This time, he was not so patient, asked me, abruptly, "Why I wanted to know?" to lay her head upon my knee, even my cat, weary of my long absence, has disappeared to my next-door neighbor. I can he be really strong? Those

the end of his days.

I rode home from Rockmount two hours ago, leaving a still lively group sitting around the fire in the parlor—Miss Johnston on her sofa, with Mr. Charteris beside her; Treherne sitting opposite, with his arms around his wife's

ing Psalms; or else she will, by this time, it should be, upon every cre one night happened to see, going up stairs, candle in hand, softly step by step, as saintly souls slip away into paradise, and we below, though we would cling to the hem of their garment, crush our line in the volume of their garment, sould be chance of his being ordered off on for ign service; though in that I happen to be alone.

'Did you think as they do—your sisters, I mean—that the Mosaic law is still our law—an eye for an eye—a tooth should all go for a walk. Penelope excusping the proposed that we still our law—an eye for a tooth—a life for a life—and so on?"

to myself, to more than myself, not to yield to weak lamentations or unmanly oursts of phrensy against an inevitable

Is it inevitable? Before beginning to write to-night, for two hours I sat arguing with myself, this question: viewing the circumstances of both parties, for such a question necessarily includes both, with a calmness which I believe even I can attain, when the matter involves not myself alone. I have come to the conclusion that it is

When you reach these my years, when you have experienced all those changes which you dream over and theorize upon in your innocent, unnconscious heart, you will also see that my judgment was

To seek and sue a woman's vet unwo love implies the telling her, when won, the whole previous history of her lover; concealing nothing, fair or foul, which does not compromise any other than my self. This confidence she has a right to

There is another reason: whether it comes second or first, in my arguments ed their union.
with myself, I do not know. When a Penelope nor

did I marry, must be broken. core of one's beingThe others chatted a little more, and then I heard her speaking again.
They are more friendly than they the commonest feelings of justice and the lockmount. We feel, every one of us, I trust, that our obligations to him are of a kind of which we never children to inherit it, and then bring the commonest feelings of justice and the lockmount. We feel, every one of us, I trust, that our obligations to him are of a kind of which we never children to inherit it, and then bring the commonest feelings of justice and the lockmount. We feel, every one of us, I trust, that our obligations to him are of a kind of which we never can acquit ourselves while we live.

This great grief has been in many

out a way—perhaps by sending me some good woman to love me, as men are loved sometimes, but not such men as I. There is no fear—or hope, which shall I say?—of any one ever leving me.

Stop, child! You are fast asleep by this hour, I am sure; you once said you always fall asleep the instant your head touches the pillow; precious, tender, lovely head!

"Good-night." Sleep well, happy, innocent child.

CHAPTER XVI.

HER STORY.

"Say I am coming." She rose quick-

"Say I am coming." She rose quickly, but turned before she reached the door. "I may not see you again before you go. Good-night Dr. Urquhart."
We have said good-night and shaken hands, every night for three weeks. I know I have done my duty; no lingering, tender clasping what I had no right to clasp; a mere good-night, and shake of the hand. But, to-night!

I did not say a word—I did not look at her. Yet the touch of that little end, passive hand has never left mines ince. If I lay my hand down here, on this able, it seems to creep into it and nestle there if I let it go, it comes back again, if I crush my fingers down upon it, though there is nothing, I feel it still—feel it/through every nerve and pulse, in heart, soul, body, and brain.

This is the merest hallucination, like some of the spectral illusions I have been subject to at times; the same which made Coleridge say "he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them."

Let me gather up my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a more sever highs of lighting a first class in the condition of the pulpit."—for it seems he had alluded to recall it; though at the time I live, and yet, even now am afraid of nothing—strong enough ghosts to believe in them."

Let me gather up my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a my my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a my my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a my my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no fire a my faculties.

I am sitting in my hut. There is no feet with the Old treatment and the at my tong at an threat which he old the say at my more. Never weeks the land week. I think it will never she quite she wisdom.

I be all the time.

I think it will never be quite so heavy and beau way that a good of the sament, and it amy tongent to the my find a dawn the my side of the hand when hear that my to first a my for the wisdom.

It

home lately to institute any arrangement myself. All solitary, too: even my cat, who used to be the one living thing lingering about me, marching daintily over my books, or stealing up, purring, the content of the co

am quite alone.

Well, such is the natural position of a his health, which is so valuable; doubly Well, such is the natural position of a man without near kindred, who has reached my years and has not married. He has no right to expect aught else to the end of his days.

I rode home from Rockmount two atill lively group atill lively group given us much opportunity, having only given us much opportunity, having only and his due medical visit once a day, and

ing Psalms; or else she will, by this time, have said "Good-night, papa," and gone longing to her, make it impossible not to longing to her, make it impossible not to which I know nothing, and never saw. Therefore I can only fancy her, as I can be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered there will no be chance of his being ordered the will not be chance of his being ord

Still, I trust there may be no occa-sion. War, viewed in the abstract, is crush our lips in the very print of their feet, can neither hold them, nor dare sufficiently terrible; but when it comes

the mothers, sisters, wives, have bolde them all through this war is—

My head turned dizzy here, and I was obliged to leave off writing and lie down. I have not felt very strong lately—that is not bodily strong. In my heart I have — thoroughly calm, happy, and thankful—as God knows we have all thankful—as God knows we have all to him, and hear him talk; because, thankful—as God knows we have all need to be, since he has spared our dear father, never loved so dearly as now. But physically I am rather tired and weak, as if I would fain rest my head somewhere and be taken care of, if there were anybody to do it, which there is not. Since I can remember, nobody ever took care of me.

Why do you question me?"

I might have said, Because I liked to take the sundry and manifold thanges of this world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen." Now, as if newly understanding it, I also repeat, "Amen."

[To be continued.]

While writing this last line old Mrs. Cartwright came up to bring me some arrow-root with wine in it for my supper, entreating me to go to bed "like a good child." She said "the doctor" told her to look after 'me; but she should have done it herself, anyhow. She is a good old body; I wish we could find out anything about her poor lost daughter.

While writing this last line old Mrs. "Do you think with the minister of this morning, that except in very rare cases, we—we, Christians, have no right to exact a life for a life? Or do you believe, on religious as well as rational grounds, that every manslayer ought in evitably to be hanged?

I have often puzzled over that question, which Dr. Flraubert with the minister of this morning, that except in very rare cases, we—we, Christians, have no right the good beautiful time.

As they went along, throngs crowded about the cart to see the fallen tyrant, and the gendarmes pointed him out grounds, that every manslayer ought in evitably to be hanged?

I have often puzzled over that question, which Dr. Flraubert with the minister of this morning, that except in very rare cases, we—we, Christians, have no right the cart to see the fallen tyrant, and the gendarmes pointed him out with their swords. He was pursued by the howling mob, who had formerly yelled as fiercely at life.

with myself, I do not know. When a man has vowed a vow, dare he break it? There is a certain vow of mine, which, fault—would have suited him a deal better. They are more friendly than they used to be; indeed, he is on good terms

ways, like most afflictions, "a blessing disguse." It has drawn as all together, as nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can a nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can a nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can a nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can a nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can a nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can anything ever would, so caeer a family are we. But we are improving. We do not now shut ourselves up in our rooms, hiding each in her hole like a selfish bear until feeding time—we assemble in the parlor-we down and tolove me, as men are loved sometimes, but not such men as I. There is no fear—or hope, which shall I say?—of any one ever loving me.

ways, like most afflictions, "a blessing disguise." It has drawn as all together, as nothing but treable ever does, as I did not can be not now shut ourselves up in our rooms, hiding each in her hole like a selfish bear until feeding time—we assemble in the parlor—we assemble in the parlor—we assemble in the parlor—in the parlor—we is not fear—or hope, which shall I say?—of any one ever loving me.

HER STORY.

"Finished to-morrow." What a lifetime seems to have elapsed since I wrote that line!

A month and four days ago, I sat here waiting for papa and Penelope to come home from their dinner-party. Trying to be cheerful—wondering why I was not so; yet with my heart as heavy as lead all the time.

I think it will never be quite so heavy any more. Never weighed down by imaginary wrongs and ideal woes. It has known real anguish and been taught wisdom.

We have been very nearly losing our beloved father. Humanly speaking, we should have lost him but for Dr. Urqu
time. I asked what it was about, and was answered, "the cities of refuge."

I fear I do not know my Bible—the historic portion of it—so well as I might; for I scandalized Penelope exceedingly by inquiring—what were "the cities of refuge."

She declared any child in her school would have been better acquaint-ed with the Old Testament, and I had it at my tongue's end to say that a good many of her children seemed far too glibly and irreverently acquainted with the Old Testament; for I once overheard a knot of them doing the little drama of Elijah, the mocking children, and the bears in the wood, to the confusion of our coursel me from the natural way sermons as the one than the sanswered, "the cities of refuge."

I fear I do not know my Bible—the historic portion of it—so well as I might; for I scandalized Penelope exceedingly by investing what were "the cities of refuge."

She declared any child in her school would have been better acquaint-ed with the Old Testament; for I once overheard a knot of them doing the little drama of Elijah, the mocking children, and the bears in the wood, to the confusion of our poor bald-headed organist, and their will be a should have lost him but for Dr. Urqu
The standalized Penelope exceedingly by inverse what were "the cities of refuge."

I the Hardly could speak; I have in lifting up my own or ed with the Old Testament, and I had it at my tongue's end to say that a good many of her children, and the bear in the wo

me, abruptly, "Why I wanted to know?" ly on any subject; with whom one's deep"About the sermon? From harmless curiosity; or, rather"—for I would not wish him to think that in any religious comfort—the inexpressible comfort of

out of my pocket my little Bible, which I had been reading in the garden—
"about the cities of refuge?—that is, unless you dislike to talk."

Somebody was faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away. I had less you dislike to talk on the subject."
"Who—I—what made you suppose

I replied, candidly, his own manner,

while they were arguing it.

"You must not mind my manners—it

waist.

And up stairs, I know how things will little white china lamp on the table, and one curtain half-looped back, so that the old man may just catch a glimpse of the bending figure, reading to him the Even-line Dealms to clearly and interpretable to write down his windly cheering ways, and his unaffected, if rather obstreperous bending figure, reading to him the Even-line Dealms to clearly which is reflected, as it should be upon every creature bending figure, reading to him the Even-line Dealms to clearly when to be wise. She believes in her have so many causes of anxiety and irritation, which escape by expression. I wish he would express them a little more indeed. One could bear to be really scoled if it did him any good; but, of course, I should have let the theological grows into a sunshine that warms every question slip by, had he not, some min-

for a tooth—a life for a life—and so on?"
I said I did not quite understand him. crush our lips in the very print of the feet, can neither hold them, nor dare beseech them to stay.

Oh, if I were only dead, that you might have this letter—might know, feel, changed. Some misfortunes contemplated as personal possibilities seem more plated as personal possibilities seem more comprehend all these things.

I we it sufficiently terriors, home bound up in the changes of it, the case is altogether changed. Some misfortunes contemplated as personal possibilities seem more plated as personal possibilities seem more than human nature could bear. How bounds of the three cities of refuge.

The avenger of blood 'finding him'

done it herself, anyhow. She is a good evitably to be hanged?
old body; I wish we could find out anything about her poor lost daughter.
What was I writing about? Oh, the history of to-day, where I take up the host of the hangings which have I turned sick at the hangings which have a sent to the accordance of the hangings which have I turned sick at the hangings which had formerly yelled as fiercely at his victims, and now charged him with the blood of them all.

death upon the scaffold."
"You are right; I have seen such cases.

"You are right; I have seen such cases."

No doubt he has, since, as an officer once told me, the army still holds dueling to be the necessary defence of a gen
[Illustrated History of England

ful? That is not use?

"I hope not."

After a few minutes' silence, he continued:—"This is a question I have thought over deeply. I have my own opinion concerning it, and I know that of most men, but I should like to hear of most men, but I should like to hear to fine the continue of most men. before pape came down.

And, strange to say—almost the first time such a thing ever happened in ours, though a clergyman's family—we talked about the church and the sermon.

It was preached by the young man whom pans has been obliged to take as tribution: that for blood-shedding, as though a clergyman's family—we talked about the church and the sermon.

It was preached by the young man whom papa has been obliged to take as curate, and who, Penelope said, she feared would never suit, if he took such eccentric texts and preached such out-of-the-way sermons as the one this morning. I asked what it was about, and was answered, "the cities of refuge."

"I know that the avenger of blood walks through the Christian world as through the land of Israel, requiring returning that for blood-shedding, as for all other crimes, there is in this world, whatever, there may be in another, expiation, but no pardon? Think well, answer slowly, for it is a momentum question."

"I know that the one question of our interest of the control of the co

beloved father. Humanly speaking, we should have lost him but for Dr. Urquhart, to whose great skill and unremitting care, Dr. Black himself confessed yesterday, papa has, under God, owed his life.

It is impossible for me to write down here the particulars of dear papa's accident, and the illness which followed, every day of which seems at once so viand done away. God bless you."

For the second time he said to me those words—said them twice over, and left me. Rather abruptly; but he is sometimes abrupt when thinking deeply of anything.
Thus ended our little talk; yet it left

a pleasant impression. True, the subject was strange enough; my sisters might have been shocked at it; and at my freedom in asking and giving opinions. But oh! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearless inexpressible comfort of matter I was guided by no higher motive than curiosity—"because I doubt Penelope's judgment of the curate. She is rather harsh sometimes."

"Is she?"

"Will you find for me."

and I take

of the winuowing business this after-noon; for in the course of it I gave him could stand-even such an ultra-reason his night-waterings given us much opportunity, having only paid his due medical visit once a day, and scarcely staid ten minutes afterward; until to-day, when, by papa's express desire, Augustus drove over and fetched sire, Augustus drove over and fetched lines than to any one else.

If he does it harms me not. He must when to be wise. She believes in her have so many causes of anxiety and irrigidate that there are some people to whom the day of t grows into a sunshine that warms every one else all through. Oh, if he had had

walk out on a Sunday; but Lisabel and Augustus were very glad to go. So was

I, having never been beyond the garden since papa's illness. If I try to remember all the trivial in eidents of to-day, at full length, it is be canse it has been such an exceedingly happy day; to preserve which from the chances of this mortal life, "the sundry and manifold changes of this world," as the prayer says, I here write down the account of it.

How vague, how incompatible with

the hundrum tenor of our quict days at Rockmount that collect used to sound.

such a thing as love: unselfish, faithful, and true, like that of my Thekla and my Max. I believe that such a love—a sight love—teaches people to think of the right first, and themselves afterward, and, therefore, if necessary, they could bear to part for any number of years—or even forever."

"Bless us all; I wouldn't give two farthings for a man who would not do anything—do wrong even—for my sake."

"And I, Lisabel, should esteem a man as selfish coward, whom I might pity, but I don't think I could ever love him again, if in any way he did wrong for mine."

From my corner, whither I had gone and selfish coward, whom I might pity, but I as white lower love him as a length to the search of the selfish coward with make there, for r. r.y sake."

From my corner, whither I had gone and selfish coward, whom I might pity, but I as white lower love him again, if in any way he did wrong for mine."

From my corner, whither I had gone and selfish coward, whom I might pity, but I could oven a little cout of the circle, I saw this young face—flashing, full of an ew expression. Dallas, when he has a right to, and the man who would not be capable. Our Lisabel and Dr. Urquhart.

Our Lisabel and my Max. I believe that the whole which as the had sent to the have I turned sick at the hangings which theread of my journal, leaving the whole interval between a blank. I could not wait to there a blank. I could not wait to write a bout it if I would. I did not go to church with them this some wrothed convict's last hour, till not expend the excusion seemed more of a furder than th wished he might have chosen his own son-in-law: Lisabel had far better have married Dr. Urquhart.

Our Lisabel and Dr. Urquhart! I could not help laughing. Dayand night—fire and water would have best described their union.

Penelope now, though she has abused him se much—but that was Francis's fault—would have suited him a deal bet-fault—would have suited him a deal bet-fault—suited him a deal bet-fault—would have suited him a deal bet-fault—suited him a deal bet-fault—would have suited him a deal bet-fault—suited him a deal bet-fault—would have suited him a deal bet-fault—would have suited him a deal bet-fault—suited him a deal bet-fault—s victed in his own conscience—a duelist, was put under the axe. Samson held for instance—far more terrible than up the hideous head to the people, who shouted with delight, and then went

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