Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 35. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1387.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $1 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a column of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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JOB WORK of all kinds, neatly executed, and at reasonable rates.

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Business Directory.

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John Campbell, M.D., C.M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, Canada. SEAFORTH. Office—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Main street, Seaforth. Residence—Mr. Malcolm's house, Goderich street. 1367

DR. P. A. McDougall will be at Wingham on Thursday of each week, and will be at Seaforth at all other times. 1366

G. C. Stephen M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1320-1y

DR. McLEAN, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office and residence, one door west of Central School, Goderich.

Dr. Cassidy, Office and residence, Square, Goderich. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, Hamilton's Block, Square, Goderich. sw102

Ira Lewis BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, &c. Office—Kidd's Block, Square, Goderich. 1367

Cameron & Garrow, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office—Market Square, Goderich. M. C. CAMERON. w52 J. T. GARROW.

R. L. DOYLE, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1367

ELLIOTT & WATSON BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN CHANCERY, Conveyancers, &c. Office—Kidd's Block, Square, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1373

Sinclair & Seager BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich. ALEX. SINCLAIR, Q.C. THOMAS SEAGER, Jr. Goderich, Dec. 18, 1872. 1y.

W. R. SQUIER, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c., Goderich, Ont. Office, over L. C. Dolder & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1323

P. P. WALKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR-IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, over Mr. C. E. Archibald's Store, Goderich, Ont. 1378-6m

G. CAMPAIGNE LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office—Rear Walsh's, Official Assignee. sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

Malcomson & Keating, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, Clinton, Ont. w36

MONEY TO LEND. HUGH HAMILTON CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont. Money to Lend. 13a

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn for Churches, Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work in detail and valued. 1307ly.

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A. M. CAMPBELL Veterinary Surgeon, FORMERLY of Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland, and late of Toronto, Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. RESIDENCE, VARNA. Will visit Bayfield every Saturday. 1313 3m.*

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S. GRADUATE OF THE VETERINARY COLLEGE, EDINBURGH. OFFICE AND STABLES, Victoria Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel. N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY Secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT CONSULTATION free of charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Feb. 14th, 1871. w4-1y—

NOTICE. MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing. Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

Music and Drawing. MISS LOWES wishes to inform her friends and the public that she is prepared to give lessons on the Piano forte, &c. Having been taught by first class masters, and for several years a successful teacher, she feels confident she can give satisfaction. Also, a class in Drawing, Water-colors, &c., on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. For terms, apply at the residence of Mr. G. M. Trueman, Hamilton Street, Goderich. May 19th, 1873. 1370

NEW RESTAURANT. JAMES VIVIAN HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Fruit Store, is now in a position to supply everything in his line. FRESH OYSTERS, FRUITS, OYSTERS, &c., &c., in their season. HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Goderich, 12 April 1873. 1301

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33 G. R. C., A. F. A. 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. 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. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens. 1309-tf.

MONEY TO LEND. ON IMPROVED FARM PROperty, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to SAMUEL SLOAN, Colborne Hotel. Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

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. ROBERTON, Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND, INTEREST LOW.—TERMS OF REPAYMENT EASY. THE CITY OF TORONTO PERMANENT BUILDING AND SAVINGS SOCIETY Advance money at reduced rates for from 2 to 20 years. Loans repayable in instalments to suit the borrower. Full information given on application. R. H. KIRKPATRICK, Agent at Goderich. 1378

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 favorable terms of repayment, invariably by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition. HORACE HORTON Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

Insurance.

INSURANCE CARD. The Subscriber is agent for the following first class Insurance Companies— PHOENIX of London, England. HARTFORD of Hartford. PROVINCIAL of Toronto. BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto. Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates HORACE HORTON Office Market Square, Goderich. Oct. 26th 1870. w50tf.

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 litigation, security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the promised 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

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company. HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER ..... $100,000. With liberty to increase to half a million. Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up. INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: The Hon. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON, M. P., Q. C., &c. &c. Toronto. Vice-President: LEWIS MOFFATT, Esq. Treasurer: GEORGE MICKLEWRIGHT, Esq., Cashier Merchants Bank, Toronto. Wm. J. MACDONELL, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto. ANGUS MORRISON, Esq., M. P. Secretary and Treasurer: ARTHUR HARVEY, Esq. Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by J. J. BELL, Agent at Goderich. 1342

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO. CAPITAL STOCK ..... $400,000 SURPLUS FUNDS ..... 208,369.60 RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,853.26 HON. J. McMURRICH, President. B. HALDAN Managing Director. FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates. SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES, COVERING Insurance for one or three years on detached Dwellings, Churches and Schools with centres in Cities, Towns and Country places. Time rates and terms of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community. First Class man wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for training mission to the Head Office. D. WATSON, Local Agent. Goderich 12th Sept. 1871 8

Goderich Harness Shop

—:o:— **W. A. MARTIN** HAS pleasure in announcing to the public of Goderich and County that he has purchased the Harness business of Mr. Isaac Halliday, on Main Street. After having served his apprenticeship with Messrs W. & H. Martin, Goderich, W. A. R. has worked for the last three years in the best Harness Shops in Chicago; and is now prepared to make up LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS, Horse-Clothing and Scotch Collars, in the first-class style and with despatch. Orders promptly attended to. Trunks, Whips, Curry-Combs, &c., &c. N. B.—Fly Sheets constantly on hand through out the summer. Goderich, June 26, 1871. 1324

Hotels.

WRIGHT'S HOTEL, GODERICH, ONT. SITUATED ON THE HIGH BLUFF overlooking the Harbor, Lake and River. This house after being thoroughly renovated and furnished is now open for the summer season for the reception of guests. Parties going to Lake Superior by the *Manitoba* will find this house very convenient. Large families requiring rooms should engage previously either by mail or telegraph. J. J. WRIGHT, Proprietor. Goderich, 20th May, 1873. 1370

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL, MARKET SQUARE GODERICH. CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL. A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and travelling public is respectfully solicited. 1334

ANCHOR LINE. Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday. TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, calling at Londonderry, Ireland. Mails and Passengers Forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and America, by safe, speedy, comfortable and Cheap Steamers. Rates of Passage Reduced. THE NEW DEPARTURES. From Glasgow. From New York. Sat. Sept. 6th ..... IOWA ..... Wed. Oct. 15th. Sat. Sept. 20th ..... CALIFORNIA ..... Sat. Oct. 25th. Sat. Oct. 4th ..... ANGLIA ..... Sat. Oct. 28th. Sat. Oct. 18th ..... ALGERIA ..... Sat. Nov. 4th. Anchor Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, foot of Hudson St. RATES OF PASSAGE IN CURRENCY. First Cabin, $60 and $70, according to location. Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) $120 and $130. Steerage, $28. Steerage Excursion, $55. Special rates of FREIGHT RATES can be bought here to all points in the United Kingdom. For Freight or Passage, apply to MESS. WARNOCK, West Street, Goderich, Ont. Goderich Oct. 2, 1872.

THE STEAMER "BENTON" G. W. McGREGOR, MASTER, Will leave Goderich for SAGINAW and intermediate ports EVERY SUNDAY MORNING, And for SARNIA, PORT HURON, DETROIT and CLEVELAND EVERY WEDNESDAY. For Freight or Passage, Apply to WM. LEE. Goderich, 16th June, 1873. 1374

GODERICH AND NORTH SHORE LINE. In connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Shortest, Cheapest, and most direct route. THE NEW STEAMER WM. SEYMOUR, EDWARD MARLTON, MASTER, will ply in connection with the G. T. Railway as follows: Leave Goderich on arrival of Express Train from the East, weather permitting, for Southampton at 3 p. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning: Leave Southampton at 4 a. m., Port Elgin at 4:30 a.m., Inverhuron at 6 a. m., Kincardine at 8 a. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Arriving in Goderich each day as above, to connect with the train going East. **SARNIA & PORT HURON.** The above named Steamer leaves Southampton for Sarnia and Port Huron at 4.00 a. m., Port Elgin, 4.30 a. m., Inverhuron, 6.00 a. m., Kincardine, 8.00 a. m., Goderich, 2.00 p. m., every Friday, weather permitting. Connecting with River Boats for Detroit and G. T. Railway Propellors from Sarnia to Chicago, Milwaukie, &c. Returning: Leaves Sarnia every Saturday at 8 o'clock, a. m., weather permitting. For further information, apply to Byron Wilson, Purser, on the Boat, or to Thos Lee, Southampton; J. Eastwood, Port Elgin; P. McIlne, Inverhuron; R. Robertson, Kincardine; W. B. Clark, Sarnia; A. N. Moffat, Port Huron. J. V. DETLOR & SON, General Agents, Goderich

GODERICH AGENCY OF THE Trust and Loan Company of CANADA. *Incorporated by Royal Charter.* CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING. **Funds for Investment.** LOANS made on the security of approved Farm 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 Office Square, Goderich.

IMPORTANT NOTICE F. R. MANN, House Sign & Carriage Painter DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached where he is prepared to do all orders promptly and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same. Now is the time to Paint your Cutters Sleighs, and Carriages. ☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch. Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, &c., &c. F. R. MANN. Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 swl

Poetry.

The Daisy.

My heart is like that daisy, she said,
Silver white with a flush of red,
That steadfast stands in the meadow grass,
While the golden sunny hours pass:
Soft and slow
The long hours go,
And the brook is murmuring low.

In the tangled hedge of the meadow grows,
Flushed and fragrant, a brier rose,
Flinging like incense on the air
The wealth of its perfume rich and rare,
Floating sweet
Through sunny heat,
Far afield to the daisy's feet.

Over the daisy's patient head
Flit the butterflies, brown and red,
Bearing the loves of flower and tree—
"Have you never a love for me?"
Half afraid,
The daisy said,
While the bright wings over her played.

The bright wings flash and are gone again;
Naught have they brought but a little pain
To throb and ache in the daisy's heart—
Sitting alone and for ever apart,
Ah! so far
From the rosy star
That scarce is conscious that daisies are!

But courage! little daisy, she said;
Fear not to love though hope be dead;
The heart that loves, though it love alone,
Something better than peace doth own;
Hearts are strong,
Though life be long,
And the blind birds sing the sweetest song!

"Olive Varcoe."

CHAPTER IV.

'A lady wishes to see you, Mademoiselle Olympe.'

'But I am too ill to see any one, Madame Lemoine: I am, indeed,' replied a startled voice. 'Say for me that I am too ill.'

'The lady says she will not detain you a minute, mademoiselle. A friend of hers wishes to take lessons in English. She is very sick,' whispered Madame Lemoine, thrusting her round face within the door. 'Think, my dear, how much you need money, and don't send her away.'

The sick English girl leant back wearily in her poor arm-chair, and sighed.

'I will call on the lady,' she said. 'Do, my good Madame Lemoine, ask her for her address. My poor garret is not a place to receive ladies in.'

But Madame Lemoine, propitiated by the five-franc piece betowed on the little Gustave by Alec Graham, was not to be driven from her resolve.

'What matters it how shabby the room is,' said she, 'if the lady has a fancy to see it? She won't expect to find a palace in a garret. Here she is!—she is coming up stairs! Now you must see her, Mademoiselle Olympe!'

The round Breton visage of Madame Lemoine disappeared hastily, as she set the door wide open, and Mrs. Gunning, in a state of trepidation, found herself obliged to come forward.

'Olive Varcoe,' she said, 'as truly as I have a woman's heart within me, so truly do I believe that you are an innocent girl, and that you are taking the blame of this deed upon yourself, from some over-wrought notion of love and gratitude.'

One wan hand fell down from the pale face—one indistant the large dark eyes, swimming in tears, gazed on her in doubt and terror; then both weak arms drooped forward, and sobbing piteously, Olive fell upon Mrs. Gunning's neck.

'Do not betray me!' she cried. 'I am too weak to bear it. I have taken upon myself a task (see to take care of her-they) am dying under it; oh, Mrs. Gunning, I am dying under it!'

'My poor girl,' whispered Mrs. Gunning, soothingly, 'you are not dying. We will soon get you well again.'

Olive did not heed this, but, clinging passionately to the homely figure of her comforter, she reiterated, 'You will not betray me?'

'Betray you?' said Mrs. Gunning. 'No! but being innocent, what have you to fear?'

'I am so weak,' said Olive, holding out her thin hands. 'I fear, were they to take me now, I should not have courage to be silent, and then I should have suffered all this in vain. Oh, I cannot bear that thought! I must save him all the anguish, the shame, that I have borne for him. I must bear it to the end. I must have my reward.'

She wrung her hands together, while over her thin, pale face there spread a burning flush of crimson. With tears upon her cheeks, Mrs. Gunning stooped and kissed her.

'My poor child,' said she, 'you are wrong, altogether wrong. This is Quixotic madness.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Olive, 'it is life or death to me: it is no madness. Oh, Mrs. Gunning, you have discovered me! You will not be heartless and cruel! You will not tell any one that you have found me?'

The trembling of her small hands as she held them forth, the wild look in her eyes, showed Mrs. Gunning that she was too ill to bear arguments, or to endure any new terrors.

'I will do all you wish,' said. Mrs. Gunning, soothingly. 'Now, tell me, what have you been doing to get so ill?'

'I don't know,' replied Olive, feebly, 'I have been very poor, and sometimes——'

She stopped, and, being weak, her tears fell fast in spite of her efforts to restrain them.

'My poor child! my poor child!' said Mrs. Gunning, 'don't cry so bitterly. Good heavens! what a set of fools we have all been!—a poor little thing like you. My dear, I'll take care of you, and we'll set everything to rights now; we will, indeed.'

But Olive was too ill to listen. The low fever, that had been wearing away her strength for many days, overcame her completely now, and she lay pale, speechless, and exhausted, with her hunted head, like a broken flower, resting on the kind bosom that held her.

Mrs. Gunning laid her on the little bed that stood close by, and sitting down by her side, remained a minute in deep thought. And the result of her meditation was that she must find Charles Vigo.

'Ah! love is a grand thing,' said Mrs. Gunning to herself, as she wiped her eyes. 'Love gave that young man sense and clearsightedness to see the truth. (I'll help me to take care of her-they) tell me what to do. I'm a baby myself without Tobias, and I must not tell him all this just yet. I have not the least idea where I ought to go first—to the police, and tell 'em what I think, or whether it would be wiser to hold my tongue. Upon my word, this is awful responsibility!'

Mrs. Gunning felt herself grow hot and then cold, as she reflected on the difficult position in which she had placed herself by coming to see Olive. But looking down on the slight figure, and the wan face, that lay so weak and helpless before her, she did not repent. Then, as the poor, hunted girl, growing more composed, opened her large feverish eyes, and strove to thank her for her kindness, Mrs. Gunning took her little hand between both hers, and leant over her.

'Listen, my dear,' she said; 'don't agitate yourself in answering me, but tell me, if you can, where I shall find Chas. Vigo—that good, noble fellow, who had the heart and courage to stand your friend when all the world fell from you.'

Olive grasped Mrs. Gunning's hand feverishly, and her eyes grew wild and bright.

'Yes, yes,' said she, 'he was a friend—a noble friend; but I could not let him be slandered any more for my sake. When I quitted Ireland, I resolved never again to let him know where I wandered. Is he not at home? Where is he? What is he doing?'

Her wild eagerness startled Mrs. Gunning.

'He is not at home, my dear,' she replied; 'but I cannot tell you where he is.'

'Oh, I guess what he is doing,' said Olive, a look of deadly fear passing over her face. 'I know what his resolve was. Mrs. Gunning, it will kill me if he searches out all the dreadful truth—it will kill me. Find him—bring him to me, that I may entreat him to have mercy.'

She fixed her eyes on Mrs. Gunning's face in an agony of fevered prayer, and clasped her arm with her small burning hands.

'I will bring him, my dear, rely on that,' said Mrs. Gunning. 'Now tell me quietly, where was he when you heard from him last?'

'At home,' replied Olive—'in Cornwall.'

'And why did you not answer his letter?' continued Mrs. Gunning. 'Why deprive yourself of his help?'

'I would not trouble him any more,' replied Olive, in a broken voice. 'Why should I put any of my burden upon him? I loved to cause him pain enough now. By his help I had found a home among kind people; but I was driven away—driven away!'

Here the tone changed to a wild whisper of fear, and leaning forward in terror, like a poor hunted creature, she hid her face on the pillow.

'Poor child,' said Mrs. Gunning, 'don't tell me any more.'

'Yes, yes,' continued Olive, lifting her white face suddenly, 'the rest is not much. I fled in the night. I walked a long, long way among the lonely mountains—that first made me ill; then I got on a canal boat, and so reached Bandon and Cork. Then I went to London.'

She closed her eyes in weariness, and lay down again, as though the thoughts of her dreary, lonely journey were too much for her strength. But no, it was not of herself she was thinking.

'It was such a sad journey,' she resumed, after a moment's rest had given her power to speak. 'I was so sorry for them—my friends—fearing they would be grieved and shamed through me. I was so sorry for Charles Vigo, thinking he would be blamed for helping me. And so, then——'

'And so, then?' said Mrs. Gunning, as the girl's white, parted lips ceased to speak and there stole forth from her closed eyes large, silent tears.

'Then, said Olive, 'as I sat alone in that little room in that great desert, London, I saw I had no right to make any other share the pain I had taken on myself; and I resolved I would never again vex another's roof with my presence. I would live alone, and earn my bread as I could.'

'Oh, you poor little, mad, loving child!' said Mrs. Gunning, and down upon Olive's white face rained the good lady's kindly tears. Olive took her hand, and kissed it.

'I stayed a long while in London,' said the sweet, low voice, again; 'I stayed till nearly all my money was gone. And I was driven away from those lodgings—through vain fears, perhaps—to another and another, till at last I thought I should be safer here; and I came over by the night boat, a deck passenger.'

'Now, Heaven help me!' exclaimed Mrs. Gunning, 'why have you borne all this?'

'I had been so wicked,' said Olive, as passionate sobs burst from her very heart. 'I had been so full of pride, of temper, of ingratitude, revenge; I had never thought of how they had borne with me, and cared for me, all my life long. Oh! what other way could I repay them, than by doing this?—what other way to make amends for all my wilfulness? And I am so glad to prove that I have some love in me—some gratitude.'

Nature could do no more; it had fought long against the fever in her veins, but now it was powerless, and as her clinging hands dropped helpless from Mrs. Gunning's arm, so did Olive fall upon her pillow, white, faint, and weary.

In very pity, kindly Mrs. Gunning resolved she should not speak another word. There was one question she had been careful not to ask. Olive's weakness would not have borne that, and tenderness for her would have sealed the lips of clever Mrs. Gunning, even if shrewdness and consideration for Tobias had not kept them closed.

'No, my responsibility is heavy enough as it is,' she said to herself, dolefully. 'I must be careful not to add to it by hearing any kind of confession which it might be my instant duty to divulge. I may be a soft-hearted simpleton, but I have no right to compromise Tobias. Ah! I wish I had a tithe of his talent. At all events, I have sense enough, for his sake, to steer clear of that one dangerous topic. Not that the little thing would tell me,' she continued, looking down on the closed eyes, and small resolute, ivory face, that, all shrunken and shivering in its fitful fever, lay before her. 'No, it is my belief, wild horses would not tear it from her. And now that she has suffered so much, it would be a pity indeed if——'

Mrs. Gunning stopped, then went on again resolutely.

'Yes,' said she, 'it would be a pity. I'll say it again. Justice! stuff! Nobody knows what justice is in this world. Will that brave, enduring little creature get it? No, of course not; I must confess she never gave it either. What a fiery, passionate little mortal it was! Ah, well, there is not much fire, much passion left in her now; her bitter trials have softened away all the hard, sharp edges of her strange character.'

Thus Mrs. Gunning soliloquised, busying herself the while in many kind offices. Prompt, quiet, yet energetic, she had soon made arrangements for the sick girl's comfort. In doing this, money streamed quickly through her generous fingers, and even the thought of Tobias's anger could not check the flow. At last, when the doctor had come and gone, when the table was heaped with dainties, and a placid Sister of Mercy took her seat by the bedside, Mrs. Gunning thrust herself into her bonnet and shawl, and with a troubled conscience for the ill-treatment she was showing Tobias, in keeping all this a secret from him, she betook herself to the nearest abode.

For eight days the doctor considered Mademoiselle Olympe Vatney in danger of death, and during this time Mrs. Gunning mystified her husband, and angered his eloquent nose into snappishness, by going, day by-day, to that poor garret in that quarter of Paris. Here she sat by Olive's bed, and heard the wild, murmured ravings of fever; and, as she listened, Mrs. Gunning felt immensely grateful to the builders of the Tower of Babel.

'If it was not for that blessed difference of speech,' said she, 'and that happy conceit which won't let French people learn English, what would become of me?'

She bathed Olive's temples, she kissed her face, and soon the large dark eyes learned to smile when she came, the parched lips ceased to murmur incoherently, the little, restless hands lay still.

'She'll do,' said the doctor. And Mrs. Gunning felt as grateful as if her husband had forgiven her, and his nose had said all manner of kind things, instead of turning her heart upside down all day long, through continued snappishness.

Through what pangs of conscience, remorse, and tears, the poor little woman came daily, on her errand of mercy, none knew but herself.

* * * * *

Lieutenant Chadwick possessed an inquiring disposition, hence it is not surprising that he gazed with benign curiosity on the altered countenance of his friend Damerel; a countenance so sour and dolorous that the freshest chaff—the very latest thing out in chaff—failed to enliven it. Sitting in a brown study, with no company but himself and his cigar, Lieutenant Chadwick brought the powers of his brain to bear upon the mystery, and discovered it.

'He's jealous,' said he, 'jealous of me! By Jove that's it. Poor Vivy! he shouldn't have introduced me to his friends,—a fellow like me, with some life and conversation in him. He is rather a dead-weight himself, is poor Vivy. Nevertheless, he'll carry the day. I can't marry, you know, continued Mr. Chadwick, apostrophising his boots with great earnestness. 'I've got no money; he has. What chance have I against a fellow with a place in Devonshire, and six horses in the stable doing nothing!—a fellow who orders in the most expensive cigars by the box, and never wears his gloves twice. And then he goes and makes a guy of himself, forsooth! By his help I had found a home among kind people; but I was driven away—driven away!'

'You know,' said Chadwick, 'I have called there so often in the last five days, that I have made myself a nuisance; but nothing came of that. In pursuance of my plan, I have the impudence to call at all hours. By that means I discovered she was always out at three o'clock. You know the stand of cabs at the corner? Well, I get into one. "Where to?" says the man. "Nowhere," I answer; "just stop in your rank till I tell you to move." Man thinks me mad, but lets me get into his shaky old vehicle, and keeps his eye on me from the box. "No pistols, nor poison, nor any of that nonsense," says he, "in my cab, if you please. If you want to kill yourself, go to the river." "What's the odds to you whether I blow my brains out or no?" I ask. "A deal of odds; you'd make such a mess," says the old fellow. That amused me, and I tried a bit of chaff in return, but could not get on—broke down in my French, you know. All at once I see her—comes out of the house by herself. I shrink into nothing. She passes by with her eye upon the cabs, and chooses one with a good horse—those Irish girls know a horse. In she gets; then I pull at the coat-tails of the old cabby. "You saw that lady?" "Yes." "Then follow, and don't lose sight of her." Cabby grins, and off we go. And a precious long way, too, we go. At last her cab pulls up, and then I see coming towards it a tall fellow—quite a swell, I assure you—who gets through the crowd like a prize-fighter, opens the door, gives her his hand, and leads her off.'

Lieutenant Chadwick paused to take breath, and gazed at his friend, who, with head bent forward on his hands, seemed lost in painful thought. But at the sullen silence he looked up, saying savagely between his teeth, 'The miserable scoundrel! Go on, Chadwick! What are you stopping for?'

'I didn't stop—I went on,' said Chadwick. 'I slipped out of the cab, and followed them. Keeping at a good distance, I saw them walk up and down the Boulevards, then take a seat beneath one of the big trees. It was raining, but they didn't heed the rain, though it scattered the nurse-maids right and left. I was glad of it, as it gave me an opportunity for pulling up the collar of my coat, slouching my hat over my ears, and otherwise making a guy of myself. The rain also excused my standing under a tree pretty near to them, and I wasn't afraid to do this, as she was so absorbed and so agitated that she never looked up. My dear fellow, I felt pretty considerably mean, I can tell you, as I found myself playing the spy in this beastly, ungentlemanly way. And the girl's mother wasn't blind, and if you weren't spoony on her, I vow I would not move a finger to stop her from running away with this swell of a pickpocket. No, on my word now, I would not.'

'Chadwick, will you drive me mad?' exclaimed Damerel. 'Go on—go straight through.'

'There isn't much more to tell,' said Chadwick, 'and that——Look here now, you won't think me a downright cad, will you?'

Damerel's answer is not on record; it was very short, and rather strong.

'You won't?' said Chadwick. 'All right, old fellow. Well, then, it was, in fact, the fault of the wind; the wind blew a scrap of their conversation towards me, and my ear caught it.'

'Yes—well?' exclaimed Vivian.

'And I heard him say, "This suspense is terrible! What can we do?"'

'Good heavens! then he speaks English. He is an Englishman!' cried Damerel.

'Or Irish,' said Chadwick. 'There was a slight ring in his voice—a brogue, I thought. I could not hear a word Miss Langley said, but I heard him implore her to meet him again, and I know by her face she said, "Yes." She was so pale and frightened—I saw that; and after her lover had put her in the *fiacre*—she is her lover, my dear fellow, don't deceive yourself about that—she leant back on the seat, and shed tears. The gentleman went off from the Boulevards at a rapid pace, and I discharged my cabby and plunged after him. He led me such a chase! He dived into quarters of Paris that I had never seen; and, lastly, he gave me the slip, but where I cannot say. I deemed about for another hour looking for him, then, quite exhausted, I retraced my steps to a civilised part of the town, dined, smoked a cigar, and came home. Now you must decide what we had better do.'

'I cannot see that I have any right to interfere further,' said Vivian Damerel, gloomily. 'Miss Langley will listen to no advice of mine. Do what you will yourself, Chadwick.'

'Confound the whole thing!' exclaimed that bewildered marine. 'It's a dose of a fix altogether; only I know I should be awfully obliged to any fellow—supposing it was my sister—for any hint that might be the means of saving her perhaps a miserable marriage. So if you leave it to me, Damerel, I shall give young Langley a hint, that he had better get his sister out of Paris.

'Wait a week before you do that,' broke in Vivian, gloomily. 'Meanwhile, I will try to get a sight of this fellow. What is he like?'

'Like a gentleman—undeniably like a gentleman,' replied Chadwick; 'and good-looking as—as the dose.'

'See here, Chadwick!' exclaimed Vivian, in a more cheerful voice: 'it has just struck me that your aunt, Mrs. Gunning, is a sensible woman.'

'Come now, no chaff about my aunt,' returned Chadwick; 'I am fond of her. I don't deny she is clever; she is a first rate interpreter.'

'I am serious,' said Damerel; 'it is you that is chaffing. I think, Chadwick, if you were to speak to her in confidence, telling her you had been an accidental witness to a clandestine meeting between Miss Langley and a stranger, she would take the matter into her hands and manage it better than we should. At all events, a word of counsel from her would go further with Florian than anything you or I could say.'

'That isn't a bad idea,' said Chadwick. 'I'll do it. I'll speak to her to-morrow. But she mustn't tell that domestic elephant of hers anything about it, though. He'd trumpet the story all over the town.'

'Swear her to secrecy, Chadwick,' said Damerel; 'I suppose you can manage her. A clever fellow like you can certainly wheedle an aunt.'

'Good night, old fellow,' said Chadwick. 'I see you are better. The vital spark is not quite put out; there's a rise in the funds—of spirit. As to the other funds they are hopelessly low—at least in my case. Adieu! try to-morrow to look a little less like a gloomy bandit, discovered in a cave, drinking.'

With this parting effusion of chaff, Mr. Chadwick wished his friend an affectionate good night, and retired to his slumbers.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTALMENT OF SUCCESS.—We must work if we would make: Few people live by their wits, and labour is the natural inheritance of our race, necessary to health as well as prosperity; but as none can expect perfect immunity from sickness, it is right that the best means of cure should always be ready. Now for colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, cholic, &c., there is nothing like the "Canadian Pain Destroyer." For sale by all Druggists and country dealers. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

LOCAL NEWS

Seaforth.

A HANDSOME GRAVE STONE.—Calder Bros., of this town have a handsome stone on exhibition which we understand they intend to exhibit at the Seaforth show. It has been purchased for Mr. Lawrie of Hullett, to be placed over his son Robert.

MR. RICH'D CLUFF.—This gentleman is very ill with an incurable disease. His days are few and evil.

MRS. H. CLUFF.—This lady who it will be remembered fractured her thigh some 4 weeks ago is out of bed and doing as well as could be expected.

Exeter.

ENTRAPPED.—On Sunday last, Mr. Spackman, Canada Company's agent here, followed a Hay farmer going to Seaforth with a load of hoops, which he had taken off the company's lands for the purpose of disposing of them. He was taken before a magistrate, the hoops taken from him, and he fined $10. Another man paid $10 to get clear of a like scrape.—*Times.*

ICE CREAM SOCIAL.—An ice cream social, under the auspices of the W. M. Church was held on Tuesday evening last, at the residence of Mr. Richard Manning. A large number were present, and a good time was had. Rev. Mr. Scott, of Listowel,