Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVII. NO. 22. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1426.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1863.)

One of the Largest Paper published in Huron County, 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 OF ADVERTISING:

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

Business cards not exceeding 4 lines, $1 per annum; from 4 to 10 lines $2.

The usual discount to be allowed by the year to those entitled to it on account of extent of business.

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

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"	6 months	[illegible]
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(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal,)

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Dr. Cassady,

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BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR-in-Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1357

ELLIOTT & WATSON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1373

Sinclair & Seager

BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
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Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

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P. F. WALKER,

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G. CAMPAIGNE,

LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee. Goderich, Ont. sw7-tf

S. Malcomson,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Goderich, Ont. w38
MONEY TO LEND.

HIGH HAMILTON

CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 136

JAMES SMAILL,

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N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

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Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

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January 5th, 1874. 1403

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FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

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Payment quarterly and in advance. Plain and ornamental needle-work do not form extra charges to pupils.
Jan. 6th 1874. 1403-6m

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SEELEY'S HARD RUBber Trusses. Relief, comfort & Cure for Hernia or Rupture. Fine Steel Spring coated with hard rubber, highly polished. Free from all scar, rusty, chafing, strapping or girthing uncleanliness. Cool, cleanly, light, safe and durable. Unaffected by bathing. Always reliable. Sold by all dealers. Retail—No. 1267 Chestnut St., Phila., & 711 Broadway, N. Y. Beware of imitation. Canadian trade supplied by Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Montreal. 1417—3 m

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Goderich, 6th May, 1874. W. DICKSON, Sec. sw52-1y

Hotels.

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 that was accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1354

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$20,000

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The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
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Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates

HORACE HORTON

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Oct. 20th 1870. w26-1y.

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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 REDUCTION. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.

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STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

Passenger Accomodation Unsurpassed.

Rates of passage from Sun. Bridge or Buffalo To GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, LONDONDERRY, QUEENSTOWN or BELFAST,

Cabin $60 to $80 gold, according to st.ateroom and location of berth.

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1415

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STEAM TO

Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow

EVERY SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer.

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PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.

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Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage.

The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April.

For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.
1414-3m

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Trust and Loan Company of CANADA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.

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LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm 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.

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Has opened an office in Blyth, at the late residence of Dr. Hutchinson, next house south of the Registry Office. Deeds, Wills, Mortgages, &c., carefully prepared; Titles and claims to Irish Estates investigated, and Law Business in Ireland transacted in connection with a First-Class Dublin Firm; Genealogies traced and Pedigrees prepared; Forty Years Experience; charges moderate. Money to Loan—private funds, and for Public companies, Debts collected. Notes protested and collected.

☞ Office next house south of Registry Office.
1407

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ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE Subscribe will please pay up at once.

ABRAHAM SMITH.

Goderich, 11th Oct. 1872.

ARE YOU SICK?

IF SUCH IS THE CASE CALL ON

J. RONAH,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 36 Years Practice, where thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.

NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.

SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,

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Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first-class Chemist. Open night and day. A large and well selected stock arriving weekly from European and American markets, viz.:

Drugs, Patent Medicines,
Sponges, Shoulder Brace,
Trusses, Bon Bons for Kids,
Perfumery, Hair Oil,
Fancy assorted, Hair Brushes,
Teeth Brushes, Combs, &c., &c.

A LARGE LOT OF

DYE STUFFS FRESH AND GOOD.

The Medicine prepared by J. Ronah for purifying the blood far surpasses all other preparations.

Bond's Tonic Bitters,

For Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Diseases, &c., &c., still maintains its superior reputation above all others, both in Ontario and the United States.

☞ A Call is respectfully solicited.

Goderich, March 2nd, 1874. 1411

THE

Very Thing Wanted

IS AT THE

NEW HARDWARE STORE

In GODERICH

OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW

THE SUBSCRIBERS BEG TODAY THAT THEY have just completed opening out an Entire New and

COMPLETE STOCK OF

HARDWARE.

of all kinds which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Before purchasing elsewhere. Please give us a call.

E.—Sign of Goddess Gold, next door

G. H. PARSONS & CO

Opposite The Market House

Goderich June 23rd 1873.

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS.

R. J. WHITELY

BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on Carriage and Sleigh making in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite E. Martin's Colborne Hotel. Carriages Buggies, Waggons, and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1358

HURON CARRIAGE WORKS,

HAMILTON STREET, GODERICH.

KNOX & ROTHWELL

Beg to inform the public that they are in a position to fill all orders with which they may be entrusted, in a style which cannot be surpassed in the County. The vehicles turned out of their establishment are finished in a very superior style, and will bear comparison with any.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Goderich, 16th Feb. 1874. 1799

OPENED OUT AGAIN

DOUGLAS McKENZIE

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the new premises in Acheson's Block, West Street. He would call special attention to the

RUSSELL WATCH

for the sale of which he is Sole agent in Goderich. A large stock of Waltham, Merion, Elgin and Swiss Watches in Gold and Silver cases.

He has on hand a large and well selected stock o

JEWELLERY

of al kinds which he will sell cheap.

REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL.

A CALL SOLICITED.

D. McKENZIE.

Goderich November 11th 1873 1349

Poetry.

The Fly.

These lines, written by Oldys, are remarkable for their melancholy tenderness. It affords us peculiar pleasure to give credit to an author from which so much has been stolen.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may:
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

Bachelor's Hall.

"One, two, three—rather; one, two, three, four—thirteen!" said Miss Penniman, counting the stitches on her embroidery pattern.

"Oh, Miss Penniman, guess what's happened!" cried Suky Ann, the kitchen-maid, putting her head in at the parlor door.

"What is it?" asked Miss Penniman, dropping her work; "has the pig broken through that floor again? Well, I knew how t'would be; I told Mr. What's-his-name, that he didn't half do the job, but he was so bent on having his own way that he gave no more heed to what I said than to the wind that blows. Now, put on your hat, and go right down, and tell him it's all got to be done over again. Next time, maybe he'll heed my advice."

"But the pig *hasn't* broke through the floor, mum," said Suky Ann.

"For goodness sake, what has happened, then? Has the cow got into the corn? It's that stupid Malone; I never yet saw an Irishman that knew which end his head was on. I asked Malone, only three days ago, about that place, and he said: 'It's all right, mum;' he always does my 'it's all right.' I suppose he'd say, 'it's all right,' if the house were afire."

"But it ain't the cow, mum."

"Not the cow? Why didn't you tell me so before, then? It's the chickens, I suppose; have they got salt, or—"

"Tain't the chickens; tain't anything that's happened to us."

"Why should *I* care, if it doesn't concern us? Let other persons take care of their own affairs."

"But it does kind o' concern us; there's spike moyin' into the next house!"

"My stars! there's news! A family with a dozen children, I'll warrant. I'll have the garden gate nailed up, to begin with, or they'll be trampling over my flower beds."

"I guess there ain't no children, Miss Penniman,"

"What makes you think so?"

"Cause I heard um say he was an old bachelor."

"Mercy on us! Worse and worse. Of course he keeps a dog—they always do. I'd rather have a dozen children round than a dog."

"Yes'm there *is* a dog; I see him myself—a nasty, snappin' little critter; I heard um say it was a skerrior."

"A what?"

"A skerrior, mum."

"Oh, a Skye terrier, I suppose, you mean. Well, it's what I've long expected; an old bachelor, you say? Of course, he brings a housekeeper with him; a great, brazen-faced widow, I'll be bound."

"His housekeeper's a man, mum."

"A man! of all things?"

"I heard um say his name was Popgun, or something."

"A very singular name, truly. I knew a family once, named Gunn, and one named Shute, but Popgun, never; I should think master'd be afeard he'd go *off*. By the way, what's *his* name—the old bachelor's? It ought to be Cannon, to match the rest of the servant."

"Oh, mistress, you're so funny," said Suky Ann, tittering. "I heard um say the old un's name was Merridew.

"Um! Who's *Um?* Whoever he is, he's told you a good deal of news."

"T'was Tom told me," said Suky Ann, the rose on her cheek deepening to peony.

"Oh, the butcher's moon-faced boy: I surmised as much; but, Suky Ann, don't you know it's very improper to gossip with young men in this way? I never did, when *I* was a girl."

"I won't, again," said Suky.

"That right; always take my advice, and you'll never regret it. You may go now—and Suky Ann, if you hear any more about our new neighbors, let me know it."

"Yes'm."

Miss Penniman was an independent spinster; she not only owned the house she lived in, with several acres of land attached, but she had money in the bank.

Her age might have been thirty-five and I will not undertake to say that it was not forty-five; there was nothing in her appearance to afford any certain indication on this point. Her complexion had neither the bloom of youth, nor the faded hue to which that bloom too often gives place; her strong white teeth bade defiance to the dentist, and her black hair, somewhat coarse of fibre, showed not a silver thread. She wore it coiled at the back of her head—a style which is never in fashion, and never out of fashion—and her dress, though destitute of flowers, ruffles and pannier, was always of fine material, and fitted well her not ungraceful figure.

For the rest, she lived alone with her serving-maid, Suky Ann, content to fill up her time in looking after her house and farm, weeding her flower garden, and plying her needle.

The work now in hand was one of a set of chair coverings, intended, she said, as "an heirloom for future generations," which, under the circumstances, was certainly very disinterested on her part.

"I might have known how it would be," said she to herself, when Suky Ann left the room; "'twaan't reasonable to expect that house would remain vacant forever; the more fool I was for buying this one; nothing but a fence between me and that old bachelor! I've the greatest mind to sell out and move away; but 'twould be a pity, too, when I've just got everything to my mind; besides, I guess I can make it as uncomfortable for him as he can for me," and she thrust her needle through and through the canvas, as if the parrot she was embroidering had been Mr. Merridew himself.

The next morning, as Miss Penniman, with a handkerchief over her head, and a feather duster in her hand, was putting the parlor to rights, she thought she perceived a strange and indefinable odor stealing in through the open window.

"Suky Ann," called she.

"Here mum!"

"Don't you perceive a queer smell? There isn't anything burning, is there?"

"Nothing but old Merridew's pipe," said Suky, laughing.

"A pipe! Phew!" cried Miss Penniman, shutting the window with an energy which made the glass rattle in the frame. "Well, I give it up now; if there's anything I hate, it's tobacco."

"He must be a lazy loon," said Suky, "there, he's got a great kind of a net, —th stands to it, hitched up in the plasm. I've heard um say it was a hammock."

"A hammock," corrected her mistress.

"Hammock; there ain't much odds, though, and there he's sprawled out in it, full length, swingin' himself to and fro, and readin' the newspaper, or pretendin' to; I don't believe anybody can read much, with their head bobbin' about from one side to t'other."

"There was a trellis at the end of the piazza, which had prevented Miss Penniman from seeing all this.

"Did you notice what kind of furniture they brought?" asked she.

"No'm; 'twas all done up in tow-cloth when they carried it in. 'cept a block box; that looked like a baby's cradle."

"But it couldn't be," said Miss Penniman; "bachelors don't have any."

"Then, mum, they must send 'em a little to order, I reckon! So one room and no children, with curious smells, and late hours, will turn up next!"

"Hush, Suky Ann, they may be within earshot," said Suky, pleased to be the bearer of so much interesting intelligence.

"That servant man, Popgun, cooks them, doesn't he?"

"They has 'em all brought from the tavern—every identical thing," said Suky.

"Suky Ann, you may go!" said Miss Penniman, in a deep, sepulchral voice, as if endurance had been tried to its utmost limit.

"A pipe—it's a nuisance," mused she; "but I don't suppose I could have it abated by law: men make the laws!"

After some moments of profound reflection she summoned Suky again.

"We're to have corned beef for dinner to-day, aren't we?"

"So you said, mum."

"And cabbage, of course; we always have boiled cabbage with corned beef. Well, mind you leave open the kitchen window, towards Mr. Merridew's; the wind's that way, I believe."

"I'll be sure to give the kitchen a good sirin'," said Suky, demurely, and with only a sly twinkle in her eye; but when she reached her own dominions she broke into a series of giggles, and gave utterance to the remarkable exclamation—

"Cabbage is trumps!"

If Miss Penniman expected to drive her neighbor from his stronghold by a weapon so intangible, she was disappointed; for he not only continued to swing in his hammock and smoke his pipe every pleasant day after dinner, but on moonlight nights he brought thither his violin, and played till the very cats on the surrounding fences joined in from sympathy. Indeed, Miss Penniman declared that she could not tell which was which; and that, more than once, when she had risen from her bed to drive away new feline intruders, she found, too late, that she had been flinging her brush and slippers at Mr. Merridew.

For several weeks the only intercourse between the two households was of this distant kind; but at last, one bright morning, the serving-man was seen coming through the garden, to Miss Penniman's back door.

"What can he want?" said Suky Ann.

"To borrow something, you may be sure," answered her mistress; "but I'll soon put a stop to all that!"

A tall and not ill-looking youth was the man-servant, whose most prominent points, as he now presented himself, were, a pair of plaid pantaloons, a short saucy nose (which, like the tadpole, seemed yet undecided whether or not to develop a tail), a red necktie, and a cap set jauntily on one side. Beneath the cap was a growth of short, dark curls, and a pair of shrewd, brown eyes.

As the kitchen door stood open he crossed the threshold without the ceremony of knocking; and, glancing from Suky Ann to the mistress, said:

"Miss Penniman, I presume?"

"That is my name; and you, I suppose, are Popgun?"

"Popkins," said he smiling. "My master, Mr. Merridew, sends his compliments, and requests you'll be kind enough to shut up your fowls for a few weeks."

"Shut up my fowls!" gasped Miss Penniman.

"Only till planting is past, madam; they're so exceedingly troublesome about scratching up the seeds."

"Tell your master I'll accommodate him with pleasure if he'll have the goodness to shut up that dog of his."

"What, Waggie, ma'am?"

"He may be Waggie, for anything I know. I mean an ill-favored little cur, that comes nosing about my back door, frightening the cat out of her seven senses?"

"I'll deliver your message, ma'am," said Popkins, bowing a good morning.

"Shut up my fowls!" cried Miss Penniman, watching his retreating figure. "Was there ever such impudence? However, I guess I've given the old gentleman his quietus. Look there, Suky Ann! That Popkins has left a track on the floor; get the mop and wipe it up. I wonder what men were made for, anyhow, unless it was to track round and make work for women! I'm sure they never did me any good!"

"That long lout's at the door again, sakin' for you," announced Suky, a few days afterwards.

"What long lout?"

"Popkins, mum."

"Show him in," said Miss Penniman, grimly.

"Well, sir?" as he appeared at the parlor door.

"Mr. Merridew is sorry to trouble you again, madam; but he says if you don't shut up those fowls, he really shall be obliged to take measures—"

"Ask your master if it's any worse for my hens to scratch up a few seeds, than for the dog to steal the meat from my pantry, and the griddle-cakes from my table? However, he's welcome to take measures, if he wants to. I've no sort of objection. I can take measures, too?"

"Yes, ma'am."

So the fowls were allowed to roam in freedom, as before; and several times each day they might have been seen skurrying over the fence from Mr. Merridew's garden, followed by a shower of stones and brickbats, while just as often a small dog might have been seen leaping the fence in an opposite direction, pursued by an incensed female with a broom or a pan of hot dishwater.

"Go tell that infernal woman," said Mr. Merridew, one day, when this had happened an unusual number of times, "go tell that infernal woman that if she does n't shut up those fowls, I'll wring their cursed necks! Heavens! if I'd known that house was occupied by a cantankerous old maid, I never would have taken this one!"

It is not probable the polite Popkins would have delivered this message verbatim, or that his master intended he should; but he was saved the trouble of modifying it, for when he opened the gate, he was confronted by Miss Penniman herself, with a sun-bonnet on her head, and a trowel in her hand. She stood before him, an embodiment of indignant virtue; and before he could open his mouth, said, waving her trowel with a gesture of defiance:

"Tell your master I've lived on these premises ten years, and am satisfied to remain here. Those that don't like, can leave! But no; wait a minute," said she, impelled by an after thought; "tell him that *I will* shut up my fowls; I'll have a carpenter to-morrow."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Popkins, and to himself—"I wonder what's in the wind now? for though the words were conciliatory, there was no relenting in the eye.

The next day the mystery was made plain; the carpenter came, and put up a hen-house of rough, pine boards, close by the fence which separated the two estates, almost directly beneath the window of Mr. Merridew's sleeping apartment.

"Now he'll know when it's time to get up in the morning," said Miss Penniman.

If the amiableness of the structure, and the sounds of crowing and cackling which proceeded from it, sometimes prevent sleeping to his own eyes and ears, it failed to the first to an equal degree of the still more obnoxious odor of a pipe.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Popkins, and to himself—"I wonder what's in the wind now? for though the words were conciliatory, there was no relenting in the eye.

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Matters went on in this manner for some time, neither party felt called upon to report the cause to their superiors.

As for Waggie, he so resented the treatment he had received, that he stayed at home of his own accord, as might have been expected of a dog of any spirit.

A November storm was raging; the fierce blast howled round the corners of the house, roared in the chimneys, and drove the sleet against the widow panes.

"It's an awful night," said Miss Penniman, shuddering, and drawing her worsted shawl more closely about her. "An awful night."

"That it is," said Suky Ann, who had come to the parlor for the sake of companionship, and was crouching on the rug before the fire. "My granny used to say there was witches abroad on such a night as this."

"Witches, child! I hope you're not so silly as to believe in witches? Good Lord! What was that?" And Miss Penniman started to her feet, for a heavy blow on the front door had sent it flying back on its hinges; while a blast swept through the hall and up the staircase with a sound as of a thousand windbags, bassoons, and drums, all mingled in one mighty chorus. It was a relief to distinguish, amid the din, the stamping of boots, suggestive as it was of human agency; then the parlor door was flung open, and a man stood before them.

"Popkins!" exclaimed both women in one breath, as he threw back the cloak in which he was enveloped.

"Excuse my unceremonious entrance," he said, addressing Miss Penniman; "the case is an urgent one. I've come to ask your help."

"In what way?"

"By going with me on an errand of mercy."

"To whom?"

"My master.

"And why should I leave my comfortable home on this stormy night to oblige one who has never shown any kindness to me?"

"Because, ma'am, he's dying."

"Dying!"

There was something in the simplicity of the answer, as contrasted with Popkin's usual grandiloquence, that touched Miss Penniman in spite of herself.

"Suky Ann, bring my Polish boots and waterproof," said she.

Suky obeyed without a word, having helped to put them on, threw a shawl over her own head.

"What! are you going too?"

"I can't be left here alone," said Suky.

"Stuff! Girl! Well, come; we may need your help."

A few moments of buffeting the storm, and the trio gained the shelter of Mr. Merridew's roof. As they entered the parlor, Waggie, recognizing his former enemies, sprang toward them, gnashing his teeth with rage; but quickly discerning by some subtle instinct that they had come to help, not harm, he quietly retreated to his old position by the fireside.

It was a large and dimly lighted room in which Miss Penniman now found herself, chiefly redolent, as she did not even then fail to observe, of stale tobacco smoke. On a sofa, in a remote corner of the room, lay a middle-aged gentleman, wrapped in a crimson dressing-gown. His iron-gray hair fell loosely over the pillow, his face was ghastly pale, his eyes closed, and his hands folded on his breast. White, shapely hands they were, with a large seal ring on the little finger of one of them.

"Dead!" whispered Popkins, with a look of horror.

"Fainted," said Miss Penniman, her fingers on his wrist. "Brandy. A teaspoon. Camphor; bathe his forehead."

With a brevity and conciseness which would have delighted the heart of Dr. Abernethy, Miss Penniman issued these orders, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her patient restored to consciousness.

"How long has he been sick?" she asked.

"Well, he's been kind of ailing a number of weeks, ma'am—a low fever, like; he consulted the doctor once, and he told him he wanted nursing more than medicine; but master wouldn't hear to having a woman in the house."

"Had to come to it, though," observed Miss Penniman. "What have you given him to eat?"

"His appetite seems to have failed him pretty much. I've made gruel for him; but I couldn't get him to touch it."

"Let me see some of your gruel."

Popkins handed her a dipper containing a thick, soggy substance.

"You call that gruel, do you? No wonder you couldn't get him to eat it; it's my belief you've starved the poor gentleman to death. Suky Ann, you sit here while I go and make him some gruel. You've a kitchen, I suppose?"

"Certainly; I do all my own cooking there, now," said Popkins, leading the way thither.

"A clean porringer, said Miss Penniman.

"This has had gruel in it, and this I used about my dinner," said Popkins, taking up one porringer after another; but here's one that's had nothing in it but shaving water."

"And soap," said Miss Penniman; sniffing at it with an expression of ineffable disgust. "I can wash it, however; a towel, please. That a towel?" surveying the article Popkins held out to her. "It looks to me like the half of a torn pillow case—or worse. But never mind—it's almost daybreak; I'll go home and make the gruel."

And as Miss Penniman walked across the yard to her own house, there flitted through her mind the words of a certain old ballad, beginning.

"Bachelor's hall, what a queer looking place it is."

The invalid not only drained Miss Penniman's gruel to the last drop, but his eyes seemed to linger lovingly on the delicate napkin, the transparent china, and the brightly burnished spoon, with which it was served.

"Poor man! I suppose he hasn't seen anything clean before for a good while," said Miss Penniman aside to Suky Ann.

"Just see that pair of—of—*mustn't mention 'ems*, hanging up over old Merridew's likeness," said Suky Ann.

"And the boots on the centre table," responded her mistress.

"And the chimbly of the lamp; they's better keep it to look at the next eclipse with," said Suky Ann.

That Mr. Merridew needed care rather than medicine, was evident, for under Miss Penniman's excellent nursing he became rapidly better, and as he noted the firmness and the gentleness, the judgment with which the management of his house, he more than once found himself repeating Scott's lines—he had always thought them rather a bore, by the—wrinkling "woman in our house is worth a dozen in the house as long as I had my senses—"

"And you didn't," observed Miss Penniman.

"True," said he smiling; but one came to me in the extremity, and now I cannot bear to let her go again. Through her I've learned the folly of setting myself against God's ordinances. In Eden he placed the first married pair, and in marriage he has man ever since found his Eden."

For one moment Miss Penniman faltered under the gaze of those fine gray eyes; but quickly recovering herself, she said:

"If you have despised my sex, I have detested yours; and if I've detested one class of man more than another, it's the old bachelors. Why, Mr. Merridew, when I heard that you had moved into this house, I was well nigh tempted to move out of mine; only I concluded it would be wiser to stay and drive you out instead. I believed it would be the happiest day of my life when I should see you quit these premises, never to return; but, Mr. Merridew—"

"Go on, Miss Penniman."

"I've changed my mind."

When Miss Penniman announced her approaching marriage to her serving maid, that young woman exclaimed:

"Well, now, if that ain't curious!"

"You may well say so, Suky Ann; but if you had heard what beautiful things he said about the first pair in the garden of Eden, and all that—"

"O, I always knew 'twas beautiful," interupted Suky Ann; "but ain't it our'ous that I should have made up my mind to be married, just at this time, too?"

"You, Suky Ann?"

"Yes, I, Miss Penniman."

"To whom, pray? O, the butcher's moon-faced boy, I suppose. Not but that he is pretty fair-spoken."

"Lordy, t'aint that greenhorn."

"Who then?"

"Popkins mum."—*Lakeside Monthly.*

The Union and the Dominion.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

The New York Produce Exchange and the Boston and Oswego Boards of Trade have powerfully urged the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Canada, and with arguments that it is hard to answer. We are apt to fancy that the rigors of our climate make the Yankees an enterprising race. But the sharper rigors of Canada make our northern neighbors not less so. When, in 1864, stung by the St. Albans raid and by Canadian sympathy with the rebellion, we abrogated the treaty, we forced the Canadians to seek a trade elsewhere. They sought it and have found it—and we have not yet replaced the loss that we have inflicted upon ourselves. Here is an enormous country, the Dominion of Canada, as large in area as the United States, our immediate neighbour, of the same language and civilization, with five thousand miles of common border, full of what we want, and ready to consume what we can supply. All that is wanted is to make trade between us mutually profitable, not to pursue the chimera of the balance of trade, for as Mr. Atkinson well said in the Boston Board of Trade, there can be no permanent trade unless both sides gain. No treaties or tariffs will compel a trade which is not mutually profitable. That it was so between Canada and the United States under the old treaty nobody denies. But the figures since the abrogation of the treaty will not satisfy the most ardent friend of the balance of trade, for they will seem to him to be all on the wrong side. From 1854 to 1863, during the treaty, the Provinces bought of us $255,000,000 worth, while we bought of them $193,000,000 worth; but since the treaty expired we have bought $250,000,000 worth, and sold but $200,000,000 worth, and we have not only forced them to seek new and remote markets, but to unite themselves in a confederation, establish manufactures, and compete with us instead of buying of us.

The Dominion is covered with boundless forests, and it contains the finest iron and copper, needing only easy contact with our coal fields to issue in immense commercial benefits. The best grazing country is also there, and it appears that while once supplying Canada with cheese, she now supplies herself and sends to England an eighth part of our own exports to that country. It is a question also, as Mr. Atkinson says, whether Canada is not to be the future granary of wheat even for this country, for as the prairie lands become exhausted for wheat, like parts of New York, the soil that has grown forest trees, as it in Canada, will be found to replace permanently. The Canadians say that while under the treaty their trade with the United States was fifty-two per cent. of the whole, it is now, although it has greatly increased, only thirty-five per cent.; and a careful article in the *Tribune* says that we are gradually importing at greatly enhanced prices, and notwithstanding the duties that we impose, more and more of the articles that we received free of duty under the treaty. Thus we bought under the treaty an average of $3,600,000 value of lumber every year; we now buy an annual average of more than $8,000,000 and the cash price of lumber at Toronto is double that of ten years ago, and its price in Portland is double that at Toronto.

The re-opening of a trade under conditions by which we each so largely profited is the demand of common sense. Had we been one country, each part would have helped the other. But because we are not one country, shall we refuse the benefits which we can so readily secure? As for the policy of maintaining the present system to compel Canada to ask for annexation, it is merely contemptible. There was no disposition for annexation under the treaty, and there certainly will be none under a hostile policy. Moreover, we do not wish ann