Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR

THE STOLEN WILL.

Joy came upon her like a swoon. She flung herself towards him with arms raised upward, and shrieked, in accents of unutterable transport—

"Arnold, my husband! Oh, my husband, my husband!"

He caught her in his arms as she reached side by side, beside him. One glance of doubt, fear hesitation he cast upon her; then meeting her smile of ineffable love, he read it in the assurance of that forgiveness for which he craved, and, with another cry of ecstacy, clasped her yielding form to his breast.

For many minutes further words could not be uttered. Heart, soul, mind—all were included in that tightly locked embrace. Sighs and sobs burst from their heaving bosoms, and though their tongues were silent their whole being was steeped in the essence of bliss.

Everything was for the moment swallowed up in one absorbing, satisfying sense of feeling. They were content to let wonder, surprise, curiosity, stand aside, and enjoy to the full the rapturous realization of being together—reunited not only in person, but in love and faith. That Arnold had found Rachel, and that she had forgiven him, that was all he could hear, all he cared to know—that Rachel had received Arnold back to her, with her innocence established in his eyes, that also was enough for her. The how, the why, the wherefore which concerned both sides had to retire before the supreme power of that ecstatic realization.

But these interrogations only waited till the first sweep of the wave of joy had passed across their souls; then they rushed in as a natural sequence, and wondering questions rose to each others lips. The ignorance of each regarding the other bewildered them both, and it was obvious that they had that to tell and listen to which would fill up most of the hours of that summer day.

They had barely managed to obtain a partial glimpse of each other's history during the seven years of their separation when footsteps on the stair announced the coming of Ogilvy, Willie, and the children. It was no time as yet for the presence of any one beside them, even of those which next to themselves they best loved and esteemed. Arnold, therefore, with a few rapid words, let Rachel understand who were coming, and so far prepared her for their entrance.

In they came, glad and excited, and one more in number than was looked for, the addition being made up by the person of Barney Doyle, whom they encountered on the street, and who, after learning from them what had been discovered concerning little Phil, leaped and danced with such exuberant joy that people thought he had gone mad, and swore that he would turn back with them to the court, if he should never enter Mayhew's mill more. So in he came, he and Phil hand in hand in front of the rest, and both of them about equally excited and happy.

But the sight that met their eyes brought the whole group in a heap, and caused them to stand still just within the door, and stare like persons paralysed. Even Phil was astonished, and could advance no farther.

This sight was Arnold and Marah sitting close together, their arms around each other, and Marah's head reclining on his breast, her face smiling through tears, yet radiantly happy.

Amazement was painted on every face, and Barney unconsciously exclaimed—

"Fare and auns!"

"One word will explain it," said Arnold, rising to his feet. "Ogilvy, Willie, this is my wife; now understand all."

"Gracious posers! is it possible," ejaculated Willie.

"Your wife, Carsbrook!" cried Ogilvy, darting forward in his excitement.

"Fancy," added Arnold," how this recognition has affected us both."

"My good friends," exclaimed Ogilvy "the first hours of their bliss is to sacred to be intruded on. We shall but give them our heart felt congratulations, and then you will all come with me for the rest of the day."

"Thanks, Ogilvy, a thousand thanks," cried Arnold. "In the evening we shall be calmer and able to see you all."

One by one they came forward and, with tears of joy, spoke such words as their wonder gave them power to utter. As for Phil, he sprang with rapturous joy into Marah's arms.

"Then you are my mother still, he shouted, my real—real mother."

"My own precious darling, yes. I knew it from the first, but I could not tell you or any one. There is your father; you know and love him already."

Another bound took Phil into Arnold's outstretched arms.

* * * * *

They went away, and husband and wife were again alone, free now to talk of all that was in their breasts, and to impart to each other those strange, wonderful, things of which they were yet mutually ignorant, but which so deeply concerned them to know. Rachel's story being least eventful, and therefore briefest, was related first. She dwelt as lightly as possible on her sorrows, refusings, and privations, but Arnold clearly understood all that she would conceal or reduce, and again and again groans of self-reproach and words of self-reclamination escapsed his lips, to be instantly kissed away by her's in return.

Then came the longer, but to Rachel the intensely interesting tale of Arnold's seven years' wanderings spent in following the track of Ralph Blaydon, the author of all their misery and pain, and the tragic manner in which that pursuit ended.

And so that summer day went on spreading light and glory, and giving joy and life to all creation; but the hours which marked its passage were unheeded by the two occupants of that humble room in Spinner's Court. A more glorious sunshine—a sunshine of the soul—a light which never was on sea or shore—irradiated their beings, and gave them as vivid a foretaste as perhaps mortals can enjoy of that celestial bliss they shall follow out the struggles and trials of earth, when the weeping of the night shall give place to the joy of the morning; when all griefs and sorrows shall merge in gladness unalloyed, and earth's shadows and darkness shall be exchanged for the undimmed regions of the better land.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LAST SCENE—CONCLUSION.

Great and delicious as was the joy of Arnold and Rachel in their restoration to each other, the moment came when practical thoughts intruded, and the question pressed on them what was to be done. The situation was an extremely peculiar one, and required prompt action to be taken.

Twenty-four hours ago it was Arnold Carsbrook's fiercely-cherished intention to crush Varley Mayhew with the full use of the tremendous force he possessed.

Under the influence of his great happiness however, his fierce anger against Mayhew abated, not because he was seen to be less hateful in his sight, but because his bosom was filled to overflowing by his feelings of joy, and these had taken the room of the former wrathful sensations.

Still, of course, it was necessary to act both promptly and decidedly in the circumstances. With Jonathan Huntly's last will in his possession, and considering the manner in which it had been concealed and suppressed, Mayhew could no longer be allowed to retain the wealth which should never have been his. He must be dispossessed thereof, not for the sake of vengance but for the sake of justice; and again at Rachel's suggestion Arnold resolved to seek an interview with Lawrence, lay the whole facts before him, and be guided by his opinion and his wish.

We shall not endeavor to picture the amazement, the shame and distress of Lawrence when the dark history of his father's sin was laid before him. From his own experience he had discovered his father to be a proud and inflexible; he had even suspected him of something unfair and dishonorable towards Stephen Berge; but of anything so horrible as this he never had the faintest conception. The first effect of the revelation was overwhelming, and Arnold, full of sympathy, did all in his power to cheer and comfort him. He brought Rachel across to Newport, and she and Annie joined him in pouring oil on the youth's sensibilities. Even Stephen Berge spoke words of kind forbearance with a view to modify the grief which Lawrence manifested; and well he might, for if the father had brought much evil upon him, the son had the means of restoring him to moral strength and freedom. Stephen Berge was a very different man from what we saw him a few months ago. No longer weak, prostrated, and self-abandoned, his system had regained tone and power; that one consuming passion for strong drink was in the way of being conquered; a fresh, vigorous, enjoyable life had given him new pleasure and hope; the ruddy glow of health had supplanted the sallow paleness of his cheeks; his limbs no longer shook and trembled; his eye had lost its flimy glare—in that Stephen Berge was a new man. The change was mainly due to the judicious treatment and assiduous care of Lawrence, in gratitude to whom he was ready to forgive all that Varley Mayhew had done to him.

Lawrence, with a sad, grave smile, thanked them all for their kind efforts to lessen the pain which the discovery of his father's delinquencies and crimes had occasioned; but while he too expressed his earnest desire that the truth should not become exposed to the world, yet he added that this would depend much on his father himself. If he resisted and defied them, if he disputed the genuineness of the will or refused to relinquish the property he had so unrighteously retained — in that case there seemed nothing for it but open prosecution, and Lawrence sternly added that this he was resolved not to shrink from.

"Let us hope your father will not be so infatuated as to render this necessary," observed Arnold. "He must know and feel that resistance is hopeless, and will only make his ruin more complete."

This was a belief and a hope in which the others shared, and it was agreed that it should be put to the test as quickly as possible by Lawrence and Arnold seeking an interview with the millspinner, and informing him of the discovery they had made.

It was evening when in pursuance of this resolution Lawrence and Arnold approached the door of the millspinner's residence to seek the desired interview.

The elderly domestic who opened the door to them stared in no little wonder when she saw and recognized Lawrence, but she recovered so far as to be able to reply, in answer to his question, that Mr. Mayhew was at home and within.

"That will do, Jessie," he returned, "You need not announce us."

Thus it happened that they entered the dining-room without any warning being given to its inmate, who sat in a large chair drawn near to the window, which commanded a view of the harbour and the river.

He glanced listlessly around on hearing the door opened, but drew himself up with sudden energy when he caught sight of the intruders, and sat gazing from one to the other in dumb dubious astonishment. Their appearance, he knew, betokened some important purpose, and his guilty soul was quick to apprehend some dire danger to himself.

"He has found Rachel," was his mental conjecture; "but what of it? She knows and can prove nothing. I must be cool and firm."

After the first moment of surprise, and anxious expression which came involuntarily into his face, the latter grew hard and stern, as, breaking the silence, he said.

"To what am I indebted for this unlooked for visit?"

Lawrence gazed at him steadily, and with infinite sadness on his face.

Then he spoke in a voice so altered in tone that neither himself nor those who listened could recognize it, so sternly mournful was its sound, as he said,

"*Father, Sam Willox is dead. He confessed all. Mr. Carsbrook and I have* THE WILL."

Few words, but every syllable of them came like a forged thunderbolt to the soul of Varley Mayhew. At first they produced no effect outwardly, except a sudden paling of the flushed face, but that was because they had completely stunned and terrified him. They went straight to the centre, and accomplished their mission there, though Lawrence and his companion, who stood watching the result, deemed that the shock had been met with an iron resistance, and turned aside without so much as causing a dent. But they were not allowed to remain under this impression long. Over that impassive face there crept a rigidness, whose coming was not seen till it had settled itself in every feature; then came twitchings and contortions, and a look of horror which frightened them both. These continued for several moments; then came a hollow groan, the lower jaw fell, the corded muscles relaxed, the limbs grew placed, the head fell away to one side, and the body slid back into the chair in helpless prostration.

"He has taken a fit," whispered Arnold.

Lawrence rushed from the room, and called on Jessie to run for a doctor.—She flew to the street, and the first person she stumbled against was their own doctor, who was passing at the moment, he obeyed her summons, and in a minute more stood in the dining-room beside the other two in front of Mayhew's chair.

"Ah," was his involuntary ejaculation the moment his eye fell on the still and motionless form.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Lawrence, quickly.

The doctor did not immediately answer. He felt the pulse, listened to the breathing, which was becoming more plethoric, and finally raised an eye-lid and gazed at the pupil beneath.

"Has he had any cause for strong excitement?" he asked.

"Yes, doctor; I must tell you that he has."

"I thought so."

"Is it a fit he has taken?"

"I am sorry to tell you it is apoplexy."

"Good heaven; then what is to be done?"

"Nothing; he is beyond all earthly aid."

Lawrence was inexpressibly shocked. This was a result more terrible than anything they had anticipated.

"Are you certain what you say, doctor? can nothing really be done?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. He neither knows nor feels, and will not recover consciousness. He may live in that state for one, two, or perhaps three hours; but in a short time death must inevitably ensue."

It was as the docter said. In less than three hours Varley Mayhew was dead. Lawrence had great difficulty in freeing himself from the thought that he had killed him; but Arnold, who was calmer, reasoned with him very judiciously, and that the result was really due to a cause which had better now be unnamed. Lawrence heaved a long sigh, and silently assented to what his reason could not gainsay.

"But to die thus," he whispered.—"Oh, Arnold, it is a dreadful thought."

What reply could the other make to this? None that could take the heaviness away from the spirit; he could only press the youth's hand and murmur,

"To our own master we stand or fall."

* * * * *

The death of Varley Mayhew, if it gave a shock to them all at the time, had the effect of greatly simplifying the elements of the singular situation which had arisen. It claimed the relations of every thing, and permitted an adjustment of affairs so natural as to avoid exposure and remark. The stolen will was after all not produced, but its provisions were faithfully carried out, for when Lawrence, as his father's heir, entered into possession of the will, and the business, the capital invested in it, he assigned the exact half of everything to Arnold as Rachel's husband, and thus the property of Jonathan Huntly was divided according as he had finally designed.

An examination of the books in the iron safe only confirmed the painfully the suspicion which Lawrence had entertained that Stephen Berge had been unfairly dealt with. That was one injury for which atonement—so far as atonement was possible—had already begun, and at Stephen's own request the matter was consigned to oblivion.

The business went on as before, and prospered greatly under the management of Lawrence, whose character for generosity, honor, and integrity, had gained him the confidence and esteem of the commercial community. He purchased a large house commanding an extensive view of the Tay, in the western suburb of the town, and took as his abode there—he and Annie enjoying great happiness, and having children born unto them to crown their lives with still choicer blessings. Stephen Berge lived with them for several years to share in these joys; and, surrounded by the peaceful influence of that sun-lit home, he passed a calm and pleasant evening of existence, and sank at last to rest with loved faces around him, and the smile of faith upon his dying lips.

Not less pleasant, peaceful, and happy was the after lot of those other personages of our story whose trials and sufferings we have taken it upon us to record. Arnold, Rachel, and little Phil retired to their former home at Kinleven, and Martha's joy at welcoming them back knew no bounds. The house, which for seven years had been so silent and desolate, was renovated, the ground and large garden were put in order and Barney Doyle was translated from the porter's box at the gate of Mayhew's mill to the more congenial work of hoeing, and digging, and triming, and dressing the environments of the home of those who had gained the devotion and affection of his warm heart, and who, for the inestimable services he had rendered to little Phil, wished to sunder the rest of his life from worldly care.

Adjoining Hawthorn Villa, where the Carsbrooks dwelt, was Primrose Cottage, a roomy, pleasant residence, also surrounded by a large fruit and flower garden; and this property being in the market was purchased by William Ogilvy, who took possession of it at the same time that the Carsbrooks settled in their old abode, and thither of course came with him Ella and Willie, to be made as happy and comfortable as the exigencies of our human earthly lot will permit. A door of communication was erected between the two gardens, and thus the two households were made virtually one, even as they were one in friendship, in affection, and in enjoyment.

The stream of their life now became singularly clear and calm, flowing on with an undisturbed serenity, which was all the more appreciated after the dark and troubled past.

Occasionally, though very seldom, they heard of Luke Briar, who, once a year or so, would in his wanderings pay them a visit. He never was very strong after the wound he received from Sam Willox, and each year they noticed that he had grown feebler and gaunter looking. At last, after a long absence, he appeared one day alone, looking worse than ever. He told them that Beckey was dead, and though they had spent but a cat-and-dog life together, the loss of her companionship had rendered him very dejected. Arnold asked him to stay a few days, but he would not consent, and when he left they had a presentiment that they should not see him again.—This presentiment was verified in about six months; for about that time Arnold received a letter from an inspector of poor in a distant part of the country intimating his death in the poorhouse there, and adding that he carried out Luke's last request in sending the information.

Ah, there was another link to be broken ere long of a far more binding character, whose snapping asunder would leave a wider gap and a more impressive blank.

It was so now. In the midst of their quiet and abundant joy the summons came to one of their number, bearing its lesson for all, "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." And straightway the good and gentle Willie—old now and full of years—was taken from them to join a better society still, and enter a home of still greater rest and peace.

The grief of Ella was excessive. The love subsisting between her and Willie was peculiarly deep and tender, as became its nature and source. He had been to her through infancy and childhood both father and mother in the full sense of those endearing terms, and there were ties uniting them which themselves alone could feel and know. Their parting therefore was intensely affecting, and fervent and earnest beyond expression was the blessing which the old man bestowed on her as she lay sobbing on his breast, with her arms flung round his neck and her golden curls mingling with his white locks.

"The God of Jacob bless ye, my darlin'," he murmured, "may yer life be long and virtuous, and bright and happy. Keep aye a firm hand o' the Rock o' Ages; it's there I have my trust now, and nae ither trust is there for puir sinfu' mortals; but it's a' they need, and far mair than they deserve. Farewell, my pet, farewell, for my voice is failin'. I'll see yer mither sune; for ye ken she's waitin' for me *yonder*. Kiss me, my bairn; kiss me for the last time."

With a bursting sob she pressed her lips to his, on which the death chill had had already come, and clung there till Rachel gently removed her.

To the others Willie whispered an appropriate parting word, and then lay still. The bright sunshine of the mellow autumn evening streamed into the room, and surrounded the beautiful head of the dying one with a golden halo. In the hushed silence the birds were heard twittering in the garden, and suddenly from a branch near the window a robin poured forth a rich flood of song.

The melodious sounds reached the ear of the dying one, and served to wake up once more his sinking strength. His lips parted, and to the surprise of all he was heard to ask for his violin.

It was brought, and he motioned to them to raise him up, and place it in his hand as he was wont to hold it when playing. His request was complied with, and the bow being placed in his right hand he began to play with feeble touch, but perfect accuracy, that touching Scottish air so mournfully appropriate to his own condition, "The Land o' the Leal."

It had been one of his favorite tunes, and often had he melted them all to tears by the plaintiveness with which he rendered it. But never had they heard him play it as he played it now—with such a pathos and such sweetness, till in the end it died away with a trembling cadence that seemed to carry the sound into the distance, till, imperceptibly, it merged in silence through successive gradations, which the ears of the breathless listeners failed at last to catch.—Then, after the latent vibration touched the air, the violin fell from the old man's hands, his eyes closed, and his head dropped forward on his breast.

* * * * *

Years have passed since then. Little Phil is little no longer. He and Ella had grown up, and the simple artless love of their childhood has developed into a deeper and more enduring love still, which it is hoped will ere long find its fruition in the regions of wedded bliss. When the happy day comes Barney Doyle is to erect flowery garlands between Hawthorn Villa and Primrose Cottage, and these will not only give token of the rejoicings within, but will be symbolic of the bonds of love in which the hearts of all the inmates are united.

THE END.

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Goderich Foundry and Manufacturing Co.,

Goderich, Jan. 26th, 1877.

Watches and Clocks.

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Watches, Clocks,

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Made a speciality at

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And know that your property is safe.

Capital One Million

All policies for the County of Huron are written at the Goderich office where all losses within the County are also settled.

Rates Low and Security Ample.

ALEX. McD. ALLAN,
Agent for Co., Huron.

Goderich, Jan. 8, 1876.

Boots and Shoes.

BOOTS & SHOES

LARGEST STOCK,

Best Quality

LATEST STYLES,

LOWEST PRICES.

At E. & J. DOWNINGS.

Market Square, Goderich.

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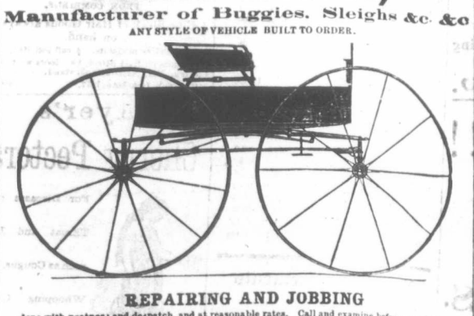
Manufacturer of Buggies, Sleighs &c. &c

ANY STYLE OF VEHICLE BUILT TO ORDER.



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done with neatness and despatch, and at reasonable rates. Call and examine before purchasing.

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HAMILTON STREET, GODERICH

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Liquor Stores.

ALES,

WINES and LIQUORS

of the

BEST BRANDS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

FURNOUS Ale in wood and bottles at $1.00 per doz. or 10 cents per bottle, when sold in quantities less than half doz. at.

GROCERY REMOVED

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H. COOKE.

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Awarded ONLY GOLD MEDAL at World's Fair, Vienna. Also, highest Gold Centennial. Lowest prices in Canada. Send for list of Pianos and Organs.

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NORRIS & SOPER.

NOTICE.

THE PUBLIC are hereby cautioned that Nicholson and R. W. Hopkins late of the village of Kempville, are not authorized to act as my agents in any capacity.—J. H. ATTWOOD General Insurance Agent. 1464

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Toronto Globe & Mail

BUFFALO COURIER,

and other papers

At Regular Prices.

Call and see our rates.

SIGNAL PRINTING CO.

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H. DUNLOP,

Next door to Bank of Montreal,

Has received a large and full assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods,

OVERCOATINGS,

Trowserings,

TWEEDS FOR SUITS,

LATEST STYLES.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Gents' Furnishings &c., always on hands. Cheap for cash.

Tinware.

SAUNDERS'

Variety Store.

COOKING, HALL, DINING ROOM, PARLOR AND BOX

STOVES.

Sole agent for

THE CROWN JEWEL

BASE BURNER,

The best in the market every stove guaranteed.

Tinware a speciality.

Crabb's Block, Market Square.

Stoves, Stoves!

HAVE TROUGHS AND CONDUCTING PIPE CISTERN PUMPS, LEAD PIPES, &c.

PLAIN AND FANCY

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COAL OIL

Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Coal Oil Lamps, etc., 20ld Iron, Copper, Brass, Wool Pickings and Sheep Skins taken in exchange.

J. STORY.

☞ Sign of the Large Coal Oil Barrel

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APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

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PASTILLES DE DEVINS CONTRE LES VERS.

APPROUVÉES PAR LA FACULTÉ MÉDICALE

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers F. Jordan, John Bond & Son, George Cattle, Goderich, Ont., Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

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NO MORE GRAY HAIRS

LUBY'S PARISIAN

HAIR RENEWER.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL Color, Beauty and Softness; Keeps the Head Cool, Cool and free from Dandruff; Cures Irritation and Itching of the Scalp; gives a beautiful Gloss and Perfume to the Hair; will stay in falling out in a few days; Will not soil the skin or most delicate head dress. It gives entire satisfaction to those who use it, and is much cheaper than all other preparations for when using it you require neither Oil nor Pomatum.

In large sized bottles only 50 cents.

For sale by all Druggists, Perfumers and Grocers.

DEVINS & BOLTON, Montreal, Agents.

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IS STILL treating all diseases of a private nature with unparalleled success, exciting not only the admiration and astonishment of leading citizens, but of the medical faculty. Consultation free. Cures guaranteed. No mercury or nauseous drugs used. Pamphlet (30 pp) sent sealed giving symptoms of the above diseases.

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Happy relief for young men from the effects of errors and abuses in early life. Manhood restored. Impediments to marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and circulars sent free, in sealed envelopes. Address Dr. DON, 177 East Swan st., Buffalo, N.Y.

Office hours—9 A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays from 1 to 3 P. M. 1565-1yr.

CONSUMPTION,

Etc., and all diseases of the

Head, Throat, & Chest

Successfully Treated at the Detroit

THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE,

251 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT, MICH.

M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M. D.,

PROPRIETOR.

Permanently established since 1870, for the treatment of all diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The only institute of the kind in Michigan. Over 1,500 persons permanently cured during the past year, and over 6,700 since the establishment of our Institute in Detroit.

Consultation free, and prices within the reach of all.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Inhalation.

Persons now suffering from Catarrh, Throat Disease, Asthma, or any other afflictions of the breathing organs, will find it to their interest to commence treatment immediately, for a few weeks' proper attention at this season will suffice to cure radically and permanently many cases of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or Throat Affections.

These grand results are not accomplished by dosing the already worn out and enfeebled stomach, but the remedies are conveyed directly to the organs diseased and improvement is apparent from the first day of treatment.

Now is the favorable time for applying the remedies, which by the way can be effectually used by the patient wherever he may be. If possible call personally for an examination; otherwise write for a "list of questions." Address,

M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D.,
251 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.

P. S.—Branch Office at the Huron House Port Huron, Michigan. 1565 1 yr

TO PRACTICAL FARMERS.

—THE—

PROCKVILLE CHEMICAL

AND

Superphosphate Co.

(LIMITED.)

Manufacture Sulphuric, Nitric and Muriatic Acids, Sulphate of Soda, and Superphosphates of Lime. Send for circulars, and particulars to,

Alex. Cowan,
MANAGER.

P. O. Drawer 28. Brockville, Ont.

For Sale.

FARM FOR SALE.

FARM FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

Farm for Sale.

Lands for Sale

—BY—

E. WOODCOCK,

CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT.

OFFICE—Corner West St. Goderich.

A Desirable Farm,

SITUATE on the 8th con., Western Division of the

Township of Colborne.

On the Northern Gravel Road, about 5 miles from Goderich, containing 50 acres of excellent land in a high state of cultivation. For particulars apply to

E. WOODCOCK,
Conveyancer and land agent,
Goderich.

THAT valuable building site suitable for a first-class Villa Residence, being composed of Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 28, 29, 30, and 31, in the Wilson Survey of the town of Goderich, containing in one block, two acres of land. The above eligible property has a frontage of about 330 feet on the Huron Road, and is well stocked with choice fruits. To be sold on reasonable terms.

E. WOODCOCK,
Office, cor. of West St., Goderich.

Valuable Town Lots.

Lot No. 902, situate on the North side of West Street in the Town of Goderich. A splendid situation either for business or private residence.

Lot No. 285, corner of Sligo and Wellington Streets in the Town of Goderich, one quarter of an acre.

Lot Letter "C" in the Village of Maitlandville, (or Bridgend place) with a good house thereon erected and garden well stocked with bearing fruit trees.

E. WOODCOCK,
Land Agent and Conveyancer.
Office—Corner of West St., Goderich.
1377

Savings Societies.

THE SUPERIOR SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Dividend No. 3,

A dividend at the rate of Eight per Cent. per annum

has been declared for the half year ending June 30th on the paid up Capital of the Society and the same will be payable on and after

THE 3rd OF JULY

at the office of the Society.

The transfer books will be closed from the 21st June till the 3rd day of July 1877, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JAS. MILNE,
MANAGER.

London, Ont.,