## THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14. 1881.

## A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY MISS MULOOR

To return to my poor fellows; my country bumpkins and starving mechanics, caught by the thirteenpence a day, and after all the expensive drilling that is to make them proper food for powder, herded together like beasts in a stall, till, except under strong coercion, the beast nature is apt to get uppermost, and no wonder. J must not think of rest till I have left no stone unturned for the furtherance of this scheme concerning

my poor fellows. And yet, the older one grows, the more keenly one feels how little power an individual man has for good, what-ever he may have for evil. At least, this is the suggestion of a morbid spirit, after

People are so slow to join in any re-formatory schemes. They will talk enough of the need for it, but they will not act; it is too much trouble. Most had in hunting up some who were the most active agents of good in the Crimea; and of these, how few could be convinced At last, an idea struck him. that there was anything needed to be done at home ?

At the House Guards, where my face must be as familiar as that of the clock on the quadrangle to those gentlemanly young clerks, no attention was wanting but that of furthering my business. However, the time was not altogether wasted, as in various talks with former 

is a good lad, too—as lads do—holds up his head among all the young fellows of the club, and keeps the very best of com-pany." So went on the worthy old father—

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up, and a twirl.

pany." So went on the worthy old father-with more, which I forget. I had been on my feet all day, and was what women call 'tired,' when they delight to wheel out arm-chairs and push warm alippers under wet feet-at least so I have seen done

of which my head as been full all the of which my head as been full all the week, till a seventh day's rest and change of ideas become almest priceless. Un-professional men can not understand this; young Granton could not when coming down from town with me last night; he was lamenting that he should not get at his cottage building, which he keeps up, in defiance of winter weather, till Mon-day morning. Mr. Granton indulged me with much conversation abeut some friends of his, which inclines me to believe an incur-able blow, and is already proceeding to seek consolation elsewhere. It may be so. The young are pleasant to the young; the happy delight in the happy. To return to my poor fellows; my country bumpkins and starving mechan-

old fogie ?"

We dined well, and a good dinner not a bad thing. As a man gets old he may be allowed some cheer—in fact, he needs it. Whether at twenty-four, he requires to dine on five courses and a half a dozen kinds of wine, is another question. But Master Tom was my host, so silence ! • Perhaps I am becoming "an old fogie." After dinner the colonel opened out

warmly upon my business, which his son evidently considered a bore. "He really did not understand the matter; it was not in his department of public business; the governor always aiming at everything and doing almost nothing, which seemed the brief cata-logue of my week's labor last night. People are so slow to join in any re-People are so slow to join in any re-

could do for Dr. Urquhart." Dr. Urquhart labored to make the young gentleman understand that he really did not want him to do anything, not act; it is too much trouble. Most men are engrosseed in their own private concerns, business amusements, or ambi-tions. It is incredible, the difficulty I sophical laissec-faire, but just within the bounds of politeness, that we of an elder generation are prone to find fault with.

his wine and newspaper.

That morning, as I stood talking in an ante-room, at the Horse Guards, this gentleman had caught my notice, leaning

Likewise—and this forms the bright spot in a season not particularly pleasant —during my brief stay in London, the first for many years, more than one far miliar face has came across me out of far back times, with a welcome and remem. back times, with a welcome and remem-brance, the warmth and heartiness of which both surprised and cheered me. Among those I met on Thursday was an old colonal under winer I were and the second to the second tothe second to the second to the second to the second to t

shall be after dark, when, without the

small creature, in curls, and a red mantle, about the age of the poor wounded Russ, who might have been my own little adopted girl, by this time, if she had not died. I wish, sometimes, she had not died. My life would have been less lonely could I have adopted that child. There may be more beauty-I have heard there is-in the upper class of

English women than in any race of women on the globe. But a step lower "Why, father, there's Charteris— knows everything and everybody—would be just the man for for. There he is." And he pointed eagerly to a gentle-man, who, six tables off, lounged over his wine and newspaper." heart. The man who dare open his eyes, fearlessly, to the beauties of such a one -seek her in her virtuous middle-class home, ask her of a proud father and mother, and then win her, and take her



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an old colonel, under whom I went out on my first voyage as assistant-surgeon, twenty years ago. He stopped me in the Mall, addressing me he want I had al on my first voyage as assistant-surgeon, twenty years ago. He stopped me in the Mall, addressing me by name; I had al-most forgotten his, till his cordial greet-ing brought it to my mind. Then we ing brought it to my mind. Then we me, Doctor, fell to upon many mutual questions and church-mou

reminiscences. • He said that he should have known me anywhere, though I was altered a good deal in some remeater

anywhere, though I was altered a good deal in some respects. "All for the better, though, my boy— beg pardon, Doctor—but you were such a slip of a boy then. Though we should have had to throw you overboard before the voyage was half over, but you cheated us all, you see; and, 'pon my life, hard as yon must have been at it since then, you look as if you had many years more of work in you yet." I told him I hoped so, which I do, for some things; and then, in answer to his friendly questions, I entered into the business which had brought me to Lon-don. The good colonel was brimful of inter-

"But can't I help you at all ? can't my son neither ? you remember Tommy, who used to dance the sailor's hornpipe on the deck. Such a dandy young follow; other effeminacy. Talent, too, not used to dance the sailor's horipipe on the deck. Such a dandy young fellow; of him a place under government; capi-tal berth, easy hours—eleven till four, and regular work; the whole *Times* to read through daily. Ha ' ha ' you un-derstand, eh " I laughed too, for it was a pretty ac-curate description of what I had this week seen in government offices; indeed, in public offices of all kinds, where the labor is so largely subdivided as to be in

in public offices of all kinds, where the labor is so largely subdivided as to be in the responsible hands of very few, and the work and the pay generally follow in an opposite ratio of progression. In the present instance, from what I remember of him po doubt such a situation would of him, no doubt such a situation would

annum over and above his pay

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be delighted. He's extremely proud of "Oh," cried Tom, ""Thou shalt not her safe back to her own gate. She in-his club; the young regue costs me-rit's steal from the French; and Thou shalt not annum over and above his pay. Yet he are the only commandments indispens.

was paid by them for board and lodging, | Fir.

marriage.

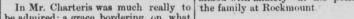
I believe I made some remark about his absence being much regretted that "Hamilton Street,

day. Yes-yes. Shall you be there soon? The question was put with an anxiety which my answer in the negative evidently relieved.

"Oh, then, I need send no message. I thought you were very intimate. A charming family-a very charming family.

His eyes were wandering to some ladies of fashion who had recognized him whom he put into their carriage with that polite assiduity which seems an in-stinct with him, and in the crowd we lost sight of Mr. Charteris.

Twice afterward I saw him: don. The good colonel was brimful of inter-est. He has a warm heart, plenty of money, and thinks that money can do everything. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that his check-book would not avail me with the commander-in check book when I hoped to stir up to some little sympathy with the men they command-ed. creases my surprise-nay, even not un-mixed with anxiety-at his position in



renergy in any direction—this completed my impression of Mr. Francis Charteris. Though he gave me no information; indeed he seemed like my young friend Tom to make a point of knowing as little and taking as slight interest as possible and taking as slight interest as possible in the state machinery of which he forms the poor old mother mournfully ex-

exactly suit Master Tommy Turton. His father and I strolled up and down the shiny half-dried pavement till the street lamps were lighted, and the club windows begen to brighten and glow.