

RELATIVES.

BY H. J. HILL.

Miss Dubarle was five-and-forty years of age on the nineteenth of March, 18—, well, no matter what year. And she was stout and short, with ankles like pump handles and no visible waist; and hands that were red and fat, instead of white and slender; and features that belonged to no Grecian type or Roman mould, but seemed to be setting up, sui generis, each on its own special account, with no reference whatever to the others. For the world is not altogether stocked with Venuses and Hebes, whatever the romance writers would like to make us believe, and there is no reason why a plain female cannot be a heroine in spite of her looks.

But we have not mentioned the most important fact of all. Miss Dubarle had forty thousand dollars of her own.

And this was, without doubt, the reason that her relatives sent her pressing invitations to "come and visit them," and dispatched cases of wine and hampers of game and boxes of new books down to Dubarle farm; and little girls worked hideous pin cushions and ladies to accost her rooms; and young men wrote acrostics for her birthday, and everybody listened politely to her speeches, however prolix they might be. For a rich old maid is worth cultivating, and it wasn't at all likely now that Miss Dubarle would ever marry.

It was a bleak October afternoon, the wind whirled around and round in the hall, and the great wood fire upon the hearth sending, every now and then, spiteful little gusts of smoke into the room where Miss Dubarle and her second cousin and companion, Janet Heath, sat together, working crochets over a counterpane.

"Janet," said Miss Dubarle politely, "you're a fool!"

Janet looked up with a flush of color on her pale, pretty cheek. She was not at all unaccustomed to these little complimentary remarks on the part of Miss Dubarle.

"Be a sensible girl," added the elder female. "Give him up, and I'll buy you a blue-silk dress and a black-lace shawl."

"But I love him, Miss Dubarle."

"Oh, papa-a-aw!" grimaced the spinner. "Love, indeed! I never was in love."

"That's just what you're growing more and more," said she, growing more and more mischievous. "You're getting up her ivory neck, 'he says he won't be miserable without me. Don't please, angry, Miss Dubarle; but indeed, indeed, I must marry him."

Miss Dubarle jumped up so suddenly that the dozing blackbird in its cage uttered a shrill note of consternation.

"Very well," she said, "very well, Janet Heath. Pack your trunk as soon as you please. I can dispense with your services at once. And pack mine for me, if you please, Janet Heath."

"You are not going away, Miss Dubarle?" queried poor Janet in consternation.

"I'm going to visit my relatives," said Miss Dubarle, with pursed up lips. And then little Janet knew that her own fate, as far as any worldly advantages to be derived from her kinship to the heiress, was sealed.

"Put in the black silk gown, Janet," said Miss Dubarle, in a tone as lugubrious as if she were giving orders for her own funeral. "Of all sins, I regard ingratitude as the basest—and the China crape scarf—to think that I have nursed a viper to turn and sting me at last! And don't forget my easy slippers—though I don't know either why my corns should be entitled to any more consideration than my poor bruised heart."

And then, as Janet Heath began to cry, Miss Dubarle marched out of the room.

"I never could endure the vapors," said Miss Dubarle. "I'll go to my niece Maria, or maybe I'll make Herbert Smythe a little bit of a visit; he's always saying how delighted he would be to entertain me in his bachelor quarters. They both love me, although I haven't done half for them that I have for this little serpent's tooth of a Janet. I dare say she expected to be my heiress, but she'll find out her mistake, I guess."

And Miss Dubarle, who allowed no suns to go down upon her wrath, took the first train for New York, and slept that night in the fifth story of a marble fronted hotel.

"I didn't think I should miss that child Janet so much," she said, rather dolefully, to herself, the next morning, as she tried to comb out her tangled "black hair," and nearly strangled herself trying to button up her own boots. "But I don't care! I won't give up to her love-sick whims, and I will go to see Maria Brooks and Herbert Smythe. Maria's little girl wrote me a beautiful letter last month, and all out of her own head, her mother said. Let me see—Eudocia her name was. Perhaps I'll adopt Eudocia."

And Miss Dubarle ordered a carriage and drove to the mansion of Mr. Secor Brooks, on an aristocratic side-street.

"They seem to live very nicely," thought the rich relation. "I didn't know Secor's income justified such style as this."

The servant showed Miss Dubarle into a reception room, furnished after the style of Louis Quinze. His mistress was out, but would return presently, he explained.

"I'll wait," said Miss Dubarle.

A wizened little girl, with her hair braided in long Chinese plaits, and red, chill looking elbows, was tinkling away at the piano. She looked round as the guest entered.

"You are Eudocia, I suppose," said Miss Dubarle affably.

"Yes," said the child, "I'm Eudocia. And who are you?"

"I am Miss Dubarle," said the heiress graciously. "You have heard your mamma tell about Miss Dubarle, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Eudocia, her small, fishy eyes lighting up. "You're the old maid that mamma says is so out—"

"Out of health?"

"No; some very big word."

"Outrageous!" suggested Miss Dubarle, somewhat discomfited.

"No—not that—outlandish! And you're going to die and leave me all your money, and then we're to travel in Europe. But papa says he don't see but what you're going to hold on forever. What is it you are holding on to, Miss Dubarle?"

"Hem!" said Miss Dubarle. "So your mamma's kind enough to consider me outlandish, is she?"

"Mamma's going to invite you to visit us," went on the unwisely communicative Eudocia, "when the Fitz-Roy Fortresses are gone. She says she don't want to be shocked with you. Noah's ark, she said she had a Noah's ark once, added she thought it was a dog in it and then Ham and Japhet."

"I dare say," said Miss Dubarle, checking a strong inclination to laugh, although she felt herself growing purple in the face with indignation. "I think I won't wait any longer, Eudocia; good by."

And Miss Dubarle shook the dust of the Secor Brooks mansion off her feet.

"A pretty hypocrisy's nest I should have got into there!" she said, half aloud, as she entered the vehicle she had been wise enough to bid wait. "Janet Heath, with all her faults, was at least frank and truthful enough. Drive to 27 Bachelor square, coachman."

Twenty-seven Bachelor square was a brown stone building, full of studies, and a set of chambers, and Miss Dubarle was well nigh out of breath when she reached a door at the very end, on which a card neatly tacked, bore an inscription, "Herbert Smythe, artist."

She beat a brief tattoo on the panel with the handle of her sun umbrella, and a voice answered:

"Come in."

But her amazement the occupant of the apartment, instead of a young artist in a black velvet painting robe, was a grim female, sitting very upright on a gothic chair, with tattered gloves and a bonnet bent on one side.

"Is Mr. Smythe in?" asked Miss Dubarle.

"No," answered the stony female; "he ain't. But if you're wise you'll sit down, like me, and wait until he does come in. I s'pose you've come after your bill."

"Have you?" asked Miss Dubarle, taking the first part of the hint, by depositing herself on a sofa.

"Yes—for the seventh time. He owes everybody—Smythe does. He has his laundress, but you can ask the laundress and the wine merchant, and the tailor and the hatter, and—"

"Then," curiously observed Miss Dubarle, "I should think you were all great fools for trusting him!"

"So we be," said the woman, grimly; "and I ain't a denyin' of that, but you see he's kept us on the string all along with stories of his rich cousin, Miss Dubarle, as has made her will in his favor, and is going to leave him no end of money."

"Oh!" said Miss Dubarle, rubbing her nose vehemently with the end of the sun umbrella handle.

"He says," added the unconscious traitress, "that she's as old as Methuselah, and can't live but a few days any-how; but I for one don't believe a word of it. But you ain't goin', are you?"

"Yes," said Miss Dubarle, raising. "Please to give him this card when he comes in, and tell him, if you like, the little conversation we have had."

And she was nearly down stairs before the laundress, sitting on a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, had read the two words inscribed upon the card.

"Miss Dubarle."

The heiress was very silent during her drive back to the hotel. Perhaps she was engaged in rendering the funeral rites to her dear departed relation? All that she said to herself was contained in one sentence:

"I don't like being made a fool of, she mentally enunciated, "and I believe I've come very near it."

Janet Heath sat by the fire in the next evening's twilight, musing; per-

chance, half in silence, half in shy pleasure, when the door clicked on its latch, and in walked Miss Dubarle.

Janet started to her feet with a slight cry.

"Don't be alarmed," said Miss Dubarle, stroking the soft, brown hair, with a kindly, reassuring touch. "I've come back to you, Janet Heath; for I believe, in spite of everything, you are the truest friend I've got, and that you love me after all!"

"Indeed, indeed, Miss Dubarle, I do!" sobbed Janet, with her old foolish trick of tears.

"And so," said Miss Dubarle, "you can marry that Harry Dart of yours, and he can come here to live, and we'll all be a happy family together. Untie my bonnet strings, Janet—they've got somehow into a knot—and make me a cup of tea. Those railroads are enough to shake one into a jelly!"

So Miss Dubarle settled back into the old groove again, and when the letters from New York came she sent them back unopened. And when Mr. Herbert Smythe and the Secor Brooks family arrived in propria persona she obstinately refused to see them.

"I won't be bothered!" said Miss Dubarle. "Janet's my heiress, and there's an end to the matter."

And the relatives discovered that they might as well attempt to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to alter Miss Dubarle's resolve!

Waiting the Wrong Passenger.

I lately heard a story of that gallant Irish soldier, General Bligh, of Sepoy fame, which is altogether too good to be lost. While holding the commission of Captain in a dragoon marching regiment, he was on a trip of pleasure with his wife in the north of England, and having come one day to a Yorkshire inn, the landlord of which was well-nigh empty, he ordered all the best food on hand in the shape of food to be served up for dinner, after which he joined his wife in an upper room.

While the host was preparing the meal for his guest, a party of sporting gentlemen from the country entered the inn, and called for refreshments. The landlord was sorry to inform them that all the best contained of food had been bespoken by a gentleman who was at that moment waiting up-stairs with his wife to have it served.

"Who was the gentleman?"

The host could only tell them he was an Irishman, and seemed to be a quiet, good natured, harmless body. (The Captain was travelling in Irish citizen's clothes.)

"An Irish gentleman! A potato with pepper and salt will answer him. Go up and bid him so."

But Boniface preferred not to do so. "Janet," cried one of the party—a squawking member of the neighborhood, with more money than sense—"lets us up this watch to the gentleman and ask him if he will send us the time o' day, for we can't tell."

"It was a habit in the section when one would intimate to another that he did not have such faith in his good sense or in his judgment to show him a watch and ask him to tell what's the time o'clock.

The host, himself fond of fun and feeling toward the last callers would get the watch, took the watch—a very valuable gold repeater—and went up stairs and bid the errand. Bligh took the watch and looked at it.

"By my life it's a beauty! Tell the gentlemen I've done up presently, and shall take pleasure in expounding to them the mystery of time-telling by the watch. And I'll take the watch with me to the next time we meet."

The host returned with the answer, and shortly afterwards carried his guest's dinner. The squawking was a little time furious with the landlord for having left his watch behind; but he finally cooled off, and having called for a gallon of beer, he sat down with his friends to wait.

After he had finished his meal, Captain Bligh opened his portmanteau and took two great horse-pistols, and placing them under his arm he took the watch in his hand and went down to the bar-room where the sporting gentry still waited.

"Ah, gentlemen, I give you a good day. And now, who is the man who wants to know the time o' day? I shall be delighted to enlighten you."

They didn't like the looks of the man at all. He carried the soldier in his every look; and, just as there was a good deal of the ringer manifest.

"Come, come, gentlemen, I am Captain Bligh, at your service. A short time since the landlord brought to me this watch, accompanied by a message which I have come to answer as such a message richly deserves." And he significantly tapped his finger upon the pistol.

"Now, whose is the watch? Is it yours, sir?" to the squawking him.

The squawking denied the ownership promptly. All the watches in the world would not have tempted him to expose his life to the terrible Irish captain whose name was known to him.

Bligh then applied to the next, and the next, and so on to the last, and all denied the ownership.

"I am happy to find, gentlemen, that I have made a mistake. You will pardon me, I am sure. I thought the owner of the watch was here."

He then put the watch into his pocket, slipped the pistols in the pockets of his blouse, turned to the bar and settled his bill, and bid the party good evening after which he joined his wife on the porch, at the door of which his carriage was in waiting.

Captain, afterwards General Bligh, kept the watch to the day of his death, often telling the story of its capture, when he left it by will to his brother, the well-known Dean of Elphinstone.

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NEW FRACTIONAL TABLE.

An Old Man's New Fractional Table for Solving Problems Without a Pencil.

From the New York Mail.

A little wrinkled man, with an eager air, sat in a plumber's shop over on the west side of the great city of New York, solving problems in mental arithmetic. The plumbers regard him as a wonderful mathematician, and he can cipher out the most involved combinations of figures in a very short time. He is Moses T. Williams, of No. 16, King st., and he claims to have invented a new fractional table, and which he calls the "Missing Arithmetical Link," and which he holds to be a long advance in the science of numbers. He rarely finds a pencil necessary to work, and either has a prodigious memory or arrives at his results by intuition. His system is based on the mechanics of the vulgar fractions of 10 or any denomination commencing with one and ending with eighths. He holds that a man who has learned by heart all the single vulgar fractions of this class has an instrument at his finger ends that will enable him to master almost any arithmetical problem which is properly applied. For example: A tailor has 150 yards of cloth and he knows how many pairs of trousers of 24 yards each, he can get out of the piece. The ordinary way of finding the result of this simple problem would be to reduce the $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{2}{5}$ and with it divide 150, giving 60. But Mr. Williams argues: If each pair of trousers needed 10 yards the 150 yards would allow 15 pairs. Instead each pair needs but $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, which is one-fourth of 10 yards. Therefore the number of trousers to be got out of the piece at $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards to the pair will be four times the number possible at 10 yards to the pair—or 60 pairs. Again: How many gallons of water will be held in a tank 18 feet long, 10 feet wide, 5 feet deep? Remembering that $37\frac{1}{2}$ is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 75 and reducing to equal denominations the answer, 6,732 $\frac{36}{100}$ gallons, is reached very expeditiously. The following table Mr. Williams would have the rising generation cut out and paste in its hat:

10	is	10	times	1
10	is	6.3	times	1.2
10	is	5	times	2
10	is	3.3	times	2.2
10	is	3.13	times	3
10	is	2.12	times	4
10	is	2	times	5
10	is	1.2	times	6
10	is	1.37	times	7
10	is	1.13	times	7.12
10	is	1.14	times	8
10	is	1.15	times	8.13
10	is	1.19	times	9
10	is	1	times	10
10	is	10.11	times	11
10	is	5.6	times	12
10	is	0.7	times	14
10	is	2.5	times	15
10	is	5.3	times	16
10	is	5.16	times	32

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It Was a Coincidence.

It was in an Ohio town where a soldier's reunion was being held. Two strangers looked long and fixedly across the dinner table at each other. One had an empty sleeve and the other a wooden leg.

"Say, haven't we met before?" queried one of them.

"I reckon."

"Wan't it during the war?"

"You bet."

"Wan't it at Second Bull Run?"

"Wan't you are!"

"Ah! If all comes to me now. The Union lines made a desperate charge, but were forced back. A bullet smashed my arm and left me lying on the field."

"Yes, so, to a certainty," cheerily answered the other. "I was helping to drive you Yankee back when a bullet entered this here leg, and I was ker-dropped."

"Yes, you! You were calling for water and wood sented, Cupboards, bed-boards, mattresses, wash-stand lounges, sofas, wash-tubs, looking glasses."

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And there was not a dry eye in the dining-room. This would have been according to Hope and as proper as peanuts, but somebody had to get up and inquire what regiment they belonged to, and dead silence followed. Then somebody else remembered that the one had lost his leg at a barn raising and the other his arm in a guano factory, and the sad tears were wiped from every eye, and a dozen remarked that they could best any such coincidence any morning before breakfast.

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A Hamilton saloon keeper being prosecuted for having his barroom open during prohibited hours, pleaded that he had taken some friends into the room to see his pet alligator, and as he could not see in the dark a light was necessary, but the magistrate, probably deeming that "seeing the alligator" frequently led to familiarity with snakes, to the detriment of the community, fined the defendant \$5.

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