STRETTON.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

(Continued.)

It would be unwise to commit one's self, with Chatsworth and Buckingham Palace in view, to assert that it could not be asserted that there is a curious taste for gregarious privacy of opinion among the least vulgar, and among the most independent people in the world, has culminated at Camden Town. It is possible to say that, if Aristotle were to see Camden Town, he would remark, "Here is the genius of the English nation in brick and mortar. Stone don't pay. You can't get at best more than four per cent. out of fair Ashlar, and you ought never to build under seven."

Yet there are about one million people of good education, who live in these Philistine rhetorics in London, and never grumble. Is there any reader who does not know some family living in one of these artistically abominable terraces, some family shut up, with not too much money, in a hideous brick box—a family which, in spite of its inartistic surroundings, exhibits every form of gentleness and goodness? Any reader who does not know such a family is exceptionally unfortunate.

Some, whose souls are elsewhere, never think of its being inartistic and so forth. Others, the people who habitually feel that their hearts, beat against such a prison like caged tigers. Until his grandmother came to him, young Gray never thought of finding fault with the decent, quiet little home he had prepared for her. When she came, he wished she had never come, for he saw at once that she disliked him; and now that she had come, she took good care to prove to him, not only that she disliked him, but that she hated Camden Town; and, what was still more unfortunate, utterly hated his work and his works. A glance at him would not be amiss.

I have heard this gentlest, tenderest, and least cruel of men compared to a bloodhound in face, because of a certain solemn and majestic carriage of the head, and a lofty, up-looking, speculative habit of the eyes, which the bloodhound has among dogs, above all other dogs. In mind, Gray certainly resembled the bloodhounds; in this, at least, being nearly the gentlest and kindest of created beings: here the fancied resemblance ceases. The bloodhound is the stupidest of dogs. Allen Gray had a very noble intellect.

I have described that wild, fierce boy, (for he was little else), James Mordaunt, as carrying his head well; Allen Gray carried his as high as ever did James Mordaunt. They both carried them like men ready to strike; and when you consider that, from the utter dissimilarity of their education, their utter divergence in every possible line of thought, these two youths *might* have had to strike one another, one would have prayed that they should be kept asunder. They were strangely brought together.

In stature, he was singularly tall and well made, though very slight. Even at his present age of thirty, he looked like forty—like a made man. In manner he was extremely precise; silent and cautious; in dress excessively neat.

Seeking about, scarcely guided at all, for a rule of life, he had found a certain very eminent clergyman among the Dissenters who had given him one which suited him so well, that he never departed from it. An entire faith in the verbal inspiration of the Bible; a resolute habit of self-examination and prayer; and an intense desire to do his whole duty towards every one in this world: these were his rules of life, and he followed them well, while Anat Eleanor disliked him, and called him prig. Though, while she laughed, she said that the world would get on no worse for a few more of the same stamp.

His temper was naturally very quick indeed, but he soon discovered this and tamed it—you will never see it exhibited. The good and noble man who had done so much for him had an intense dislike of art in all forms, and his teaching in this respect had fallen on congenial soil in the case of Allan Gray. What with being naturally short sighted, and what with having a very intense and practical mind, he was absolutely unable to understand the very word. Religiously, objects of art were strictly forbidden by the second commandment; practically, they were a dead and totally unprofitable loss of money, which might be given to all kinds of good works. He admired his little home in Camden Town as being neat and respectable, and as representing a great deal of sheer hard work and of trust from his employers. In the jewelry which passed under his hands he had taste—but not of his own. As we know, some boys too stupid to learn their Euclid, actually learn it *by heart*, and pass examination in *that* singular way; so Allan Gray had actually learnt by rote what was in good taste and in bad, and was more looked up to as an authority in that matter than any one in the shop.

Such a man brought to such a home his wild old fury of a grandmother; and in his honest, kindly loyalty, laid the whole of his hardly earned home at her feet.

For the first week they got on very well together indeed. He returned promptly from his business, and gave up his whole time to settling her and making her comfortable. It was at the end of the very first week, however, that the first jar occurred.

'As you are now comfortably settled, grandmother,' he said, at breakfast, 'I need not come home so early. Indeed, I shall not be home before eleven.'

She merely shrugged her shoulders; but he saw that she did not like it. 'I shall go to bed early,' she said. 'I don't care for looking out on the gas-lamps.'

'Can you not read, grandmother?'

'I have not got any thing to read. I have read the newspaper, and I have nothing to read besides.'

'Have you read the book I gave you?'

'No. It is a religious book which ought to be read by a religious woman, which I most decidedly am not, and don't intend to be. I'll go to bed and think of the fine old times.'

I think all women can be kind when they have given deep pain, even to a man they dislike. She saw such a look of hopeless pain in Allan Gray's face as he left the room to go to his business that she called him back.

'There, you silly lad,' she said, 'don't mind what I say. You meant kindly by bringing me here, and we shall do very well. I came because I thought it would be a change, and, and I love change; and, Heaven help me, I have got it; it is dull as the other place. Let us bear with one another, boy. I have money, and in a few years it will be yours.'

'You do not think I want your money, grandmother? I had not the wildest idea you had any.'

'Go to your work,' she said, imperiously; and he went.

When he was gone, she said, 'I know that he did not know that I had any. He is quite honest. I wish I had not come. Brick walls for Caradoc; a Methodist, or a pretended one, for my garden of beauties. Allan's Puritan crop and mutton-chop whiskers for Roland's curly head and Eddy's pretty eyes. Well, I am freer here.'

Roland's surroundings were as graceful and as beautiful as those of a Greek. Allan Gray could dispense with them, and was even glad to do so, for he called them in his quaint language, 'a snare.' A man who is perfectly assured that in thirty years he will be walking in the City of the New Jerusalem, as described in the 21st of the Revelation, is not likely to see much about the inartistic squalor of Camden Town, even if he could appreciate it, which Allan Gray could not. The costermonger, against whose barrow the two young gentlemen walked at times, and to whom this solemn 'young swell' apologized, did not know that the tall young gentlemen was thinking with his whole soul over the beatific vision. The Romish priest for whom he was sent when he found that a soul was passing, on the verge of death, for the old offices which had given comfort before, little thought that the young man with the face like a bloodhound, who had so courteously handed over the dying man to him, went home to pray that the Scarlet Abomination might cease out of the land.

A most perfect fanatic—a man who was unable to appreciate any form of artistic beauty—a man given up to a business which he hated and despised: and yet who had a flower-garden too; a garden also in which he could see his flowers grow. They were apt to wither and die, certainly; but he had heard that of all flower-gardens.

On this day, when he had first left his grandmother alone, he went first to his place of business, the jeweller's, and dashed at once into the books. The partners came to him once or twice on business, and he gave back their kindly smiles of courtesy and trust as frankly and as honestly as any man could. So he worked away at the dull figures, which were not dull to him, for he had his purpose, until nearly three o'clock in the day, and then uneasily began to hear the carriages pass. 'I must go into Vanity Fair soon, I doubt,' he said to himself.

He was quite right. A youth came in, and said, 'If you please, Mr. Gray, Mr. Henry wants you.' And Allan, with a sigh, arose and followed.

Mr. Henry was the youngest partner, Allan's old friend: he managed to brush past him. 'Allan, my dear,' he said, 'to be rescued! Father and uncle are both engaged, and here is the Duchess of Cheshire wanting loose opals and sapphires for setting.'

'C. 16 and Q. 19,' said Allen, in a whisper, and passed on, with his head in the air, for his interview with the Duchess, looking uncommonly like an ideal duke himself. What were principalites and powers to *him!*

'The stones will be here at once, your grace,' he said, calmly. 'One of the house has gone for them. May I take the liberty of inquiring whether it is your grace's intention to set the stones together?'

The Duchess said, 'I had no design of doing so. I wanted to give my daughter, Lady Alice Barty, a necklace for her wedding. I thought they would look pure and innocent,' said the natural woman. 'I mean, I thought it would be in taste,' said the artificial one.

Allan bowed, and said, 'They will be here directly, your grace.' He was back for one instant among the sapphires, the sardonyx, the jasper, and the chalcedony of the New Jerusalem; but he had two existences: he was quite ready for her when she said:

'Do you think it will do?'

Now the Duchess of Cheshire was, in her old age, a very religious woman of a certain sect; and a very open-handed woman also, as more than one prophetical expounder of the Revelations well knew. Allan Gray knew it, but would have died sooner that trade on it: nevertheless, he gave this singularly odd answer, which, coming from a shop-manager to a Duchess, must have rather astounded her grace.

'It would scarcely do, your grace, as the taste of the world goes. And, as a general rule, you present to a young lady, on her real entrance into the world, something symbolical.'

'Yes,' said the old lady; 'but sapphire represents the blue of heaven, and the cloud of onyx the troubles on earth.' For she had got rambling, too, and was thinking of the time when her son Charlie was killed in the duel, and of other disasters since, and forgot that the solemn, imperial gentlemanbefore her was only a show 'manager.'

'In the New Jerusalem, your grace,' sadd the shopman, quietly, 'which we will pray that the Lady Alice may enter, the gates were twelve pearls: why should not her ladyship have a twelve-fold *collier* of large pearls, with the other jewels interspersed? *That* would be reelly symbolical, I should fancy, under your grace's approbation, and at least Christian.'

The astonished old lady could only say, '*Faut de mieux*—would the colors be in good taste?'

"They would be in St John's taste," said Allan, with that curious confidence and audacity which few other sects possess now, and remained silent.

"It is really a beautiful idea," said the old lady. "Your house is famous for its good taste. I think I will say; I like your idea very much; you are evidently a good young man. Plan out the necklace for me." And she retired to her carriage, and talked all evening, and for many evenings, of the wonderful man at Morton's. And Lady Alice Barty wore that necklace on her wedding-day

Meanwhile, Henry had been waiting with the sapphires and the opals, and seeing the Duchess depart, thought that they had missed an order. "Why, the old lady is gone," he said.

"Have you any exceptionally large pearls?" asked Allan. "What a pity it is that we should have let the Googerat necklace go! I would give any thing for those pearls now."

"Hang it! you can have them, if you want them. There was no cash produced. She is burst up, and they are in the safe now."

"That is well. Keep the twelve best.—I suppose you never heard of Chrysoprase?"

"Never," said the partner.

"We must try Giallo Antico," said Allan. "Get me these other stones, and don't disturb me, if you can help it. I will go and design this necklace; it is a large order for our house. Send the artist to me. 'And the street of the city was of pure gold, as it were transparent glass,'—that is, white enamel over gold. Send me the artist."

So the ultra-Protestant actually set to work to symbolize in his trade, in a gold necklace, the very thing which puzzles and awes the most advanced Christians. He was disturbed, if aught could disturb him.

Just before the shop's closing he was called out again. This time he had to attend to a different kind of people. An evil man was buying jewels for a young girl, and the girl had had jewels bought for her before, and knew their value, and was so particular that Gray had to be called in again. He stood before them two quite quietly, and served them well, and gave them his advice, knowing that he was serving his employers. There were plenty of precedents in the Old Testament which he read most, but fewer in the one which he read least. Those two were nothing to him. A hog comes to the gate, and you, and they were less than nothing to him.

"Now," he said to the three partners, as soon as the shop was shut, "I am going to walk in my garden."

"Does your garden take much to keep up, Gray?" said the senior partner.

"Well, it would cost more than I could afford, sir, if it were properly kept up."

"Now how much, for instance," said the senior partner—"to keep it going properly, you know—do you think it would cost to keep your garden in order?"

"The whole garden?" asked Allan; "I have only a share of it."

"Say the whole garden, then," said the senior partner.

"Well," said Allan, "I could do something with £400,000 a year, if I had the management of it. As it is, I do what I can."

"We were going to increase your salary," said the senior partner, laughing, "by £100 a year, but I suppose that would not be much for your garden?"

"Very little," said Allan; and then, remembering himself, added, "you are very kind to me. I thank you deeply. I will make good use of the money which you intrust to me from God."

CHAPTER XIII.

Allan Gray was walking swiftly away, with his face towards his flower-garden, when he heard himself hailed, and pausing, was overtaken by the junior partner.

'Here is a young gentleman wants you,' he said; 'he has been waiting at the shop-door ever so long, and having given you up, came into the shop. I ran after you.'

'A young gentleman?'

'A regular young swell. He says that he knows you would speak to him if you saw him.'

Allan Gray coming into the shop, saw a slight, deer-eyed youth before him, who held out his hand and said, 'Allan, you have not forgotten me?'

It was Eddy Evans. The few demonstrations of kindly feeling which Englishmen allow themselves were over in a moment. Their eyes did the rest, and then Eddy and Allan were alone in the street together.

'You had not forgotten me?' said Eddy.

'Was it likely that I could forget you? Did I not think you had forgotten me?' said Allan Gray.

'See, then,' said Eddy, with both his hands clasped over Allan's arm, and his face turned up into the solemn face of the other, 'how unfair you can be. Have I not deserted all pleasure, as they call it, to come here for the higher and more real pleasure of seeing you?'

Allan said nothing, but he somehow noticed Eddy's hands, which were clasped over his left arm. Eddy's hands were very small, and he had on the most beautiful made lemon-colored kid gloves.

These attracted Allan's attention so much that he took one of Eddy's hands in his, and held it there, and passed his brown fingers up and down the seam, and said, 'What pretty gloves!' For he loved the lad as much as he could love any one, and he permitted his love to demonstrate itself so far.

'I doubt you are an old brute' said Edward. 'You are not a bit glad to see me.'

'I am very happy,' said Allan.

'Yes, but you don't show it,' said Eddy. 'I am happy to see you again, but I don't look like a—Memnon. I want to spend the evening with you. Where are you going?'

'I will go anywhere with you,' said Allan. 'Where are you going?'

'I was going to dine at the Bedford with the others, and then we were going to the play, and then we were going to Cremorne. But I gave it all up to come to you, and you don't care for me.'

'I care for you more than for any living being, Edward,' said Allan.

'Hush, man, I know you do,' said Edward. 'Have I not come to you? Have I not proved that I, also, care for you—after Roland?'

'Friendships will settle in a few years,' said Allan. 'We will see how this sentimental fondness for one another will settle itself. Which is a great problem.'

'Not such a great problem as this,' said Edward. 'Where are you going to take me?'

'I was going to my flower-garden. Will you come? Dare you come?'

'I dare any thing. I am an Evans, and I would sooner go to Newgate with you than to Vauxhall with another. I will come.'

'Then we will go. How did you come to London?'

'Our fathers gave us money to come and see the town, and we have come to see it. I Roland, and Johnny and Jimmy Mordaunt, and I. And we have been to St. Paul's, which is 340 feet in height; and to the Monument, which is 202; and to the Tower, which was built by Augustus the Stark, King of Saxony; and I found it very slow, for tastes vary. Indeed, Jim Mordaunt quarrelled violently with his brother on the basis object on the very summit and top of the dome of St. Paul's. Jimmy declared that any one could have built it if he had had the money, and Johnny accused his brother of trying to be fine. I took of all this giddy dissipation, and asked Roland for liberty. So he took away the money, and let me come to you.'

'Why did he take away your money?' asked Allan.

'He always does. I give it away when people ask me for it, and so does Jim Mordaunt. John Mordaunt used to take his brother's money away until he got too big. Johnny won't stand it now, and fights.'

'You fight Roland, then?'

'We had does as he likes. Nobody ever resists Roland, you know. Besides, he gives me some. I have five shillings more now.'

'How are you, Edward Evans?'

'Seven.'

'You are very childish and simple. I doubt he had better go where we are going, and we will go. Are you too great a child for my pleasure? Why should I not? Let us come?'

The night evening summer's daylight fell cold strong upon the squalor of the streets through which they passed; the houses became more squalid, mean, and dirty, as they passed along. In the middle of the winter's evening, their wretchedness is hidden; under the sun they stand it is patent. Eddy chatted at first less and less as the streets got poorer and more dirty, and at the top of Seven Hill he was quite silent. The people were so wild, so strange, and so very fierce. They scolded one another so much, and when they were talking to one another, their language was loud and wild; and to Eddy, listening with his keen little ears, it seemed that their conversation turned on two things only, money and drink.

'I don's like this place,' said Eddy, very emphatically; 'it is a bad place. I like pretty places and pretty things. What are those bells?'

'The big one?'

'Yes; the one like Tom.'

'That is the bell of the Roman Catholics; they have established themselves here.'

'Do they do good?'

'Every one who works for Christ does good,' said Allan Gray, the extreme Protestant. 'Of course they do good. They work among these Irish, whom they have, for their own purposes, kept sitting in outer darkness, and they do good. And they'd need.'

'What is the little sharp bell' said Eddy, getting interested.

'That is the Puseyite church,' said Allan, with a smile. 'We tried that together, you know, at Shrewsbury.'

'I liked it,' said Eddy; 'you did not. Do they do good?'

'No end,' answered Allan. 'I got into trouble for saying so, though.'

'Do you Low Church and Dissenters do good, Allan?'

'We think so; you must come and see. Stay here a moment; there is a row. Keep quiet.'

The narrow steep lane before them was crowded with people of the very lowest order, all talking in that dreadful, hoarse, London voice, which, I confess, I have never heard elsewhere. As Allan and Eddy had been looking down that lane, they had seen it swarming with 'roughs,' male and female, intermingling, and swearing; but now there was an incident. Ask the next policeman, or read your newspaper, before you say that I exaggerate here.

From the door of one of the houses came stumbling, impelled by some blow from behind, a woman, bareheaded and mad, who recovered her balance in the middle of the street, and confronted the door from which she had come. Her fierce, bruised face, her demoniac fury, and her horrible wild words, made Eddy tremble and cling to Allan. In another moment a man had dashed out of the door and confronted the woman, who was as fury, and the cowardly crowd parted. It was an Irish row, and they were man and wife. No one had a right to interfere.

Then began once more the fierce, wild objurgation, rising to a scream on the part of the woman and a roar on the part of the man, until there was an instant's silence, as he went at her. Then inarticulate curses, worse than the worst roar of any wild beast, as he seized her by the hair, cast her heavily down and began kicking her on the head.

Not a soul of all the soulless crowd around interfered. They were Irish; the man was a dangerous character; and, moreover, they were man and wife. Not one soul interfered. Allan Gray uttered an oath which was strange to his vocabulary, and made a dash forward against the crowd; but there was one more nimble than he.

While he was stopped disputing by three or four heavy costermongers—who had the strongest objection to any interference, on any grounds, between a man and his "misis" Eddy, with that rapid dexterity which is gained at foot ball and cricket, had parted the crowd—nay, had done more, He had delivered his two little fists straight into the eyes of the Irish gentleman, and was apparently prepared to do so once more.

(To be Continued)

A Brave Girl.

There are not many brave girls about in these days, let the girls say what they please to the contrary. We have been watching to see how they manœuvre, and this is the conclusion to which we have come. Many of them are real cowards—they are afraid to keep on the right side of truth. They may not be afraid of the dark, nor of dogs, and spiders, but they are afraid to do what they think is right.

There was Hattie Stone, a bright-eyed, intelligent, sprightly, lovable creature, sitting by her mother who was trimming her winter bonnet with gay ribbons and beautiful feathers, when Nellie Larkin, one of her playmates, called.

'Is that your bonnet?' inquired Nellie.

'Yes,' replied Hattie. 'Isn't it very pretty?'

'It is very pretty indeed, I think,' answered Nellie. 'Mine is a poor looking thing beside that.'

'Are you not going to have a new one, Nellie?'

'No; mother says my old one must answer this winter, with a little repairing, and I think it will myself.'

'You will be the only girl in the meeting house with an old bonnet on,' continued Hattie, 'and that will make you feel very badly.'

'No, it will not make me feel badly at all,' said Nellie. 'I like my new bonnet very much and at the same time I am contented with my old one.'

'Well, I should be afraid that people would laugh at me when everybody else had new bonnets,' said Hattie. 'I want to look as well as the rest.'

'Mother says it is cowardly to be afraid of what people will say about us, if we are doing what we think is right.'

'Then there are a good many cowards in the world,' said Hattie, 'and I suppose I am one. But you mean to be brave and wear your old bonnet,' and Hattie smiled as she said it, for she evidently meant to ridicule Nellie's idea of bravery.

'I don't think it is necessary to be very brave to wear a last year's bonnet,' replied Nellie. 'I am sure that it is not a great cross to me, although I don't like to be laughed at any better than you do. Mother says she can't afford a better one, and that is enough for me to know, to be satisfied with what I have.'

Now, Nellie really did not know that she was a brave girl in deciding to wear the bonnet that she had worn for a year. But she was the bravest girl in the neighborhood. Hattie—poor little mincing coward—was afraid somebody would laugh at her if she did not have a bonnet as gay as a peacock's tail, and be in the height of fashion. She had not courage to say, 'Let others think as they please, I shall do what mother thinks best.' Poor weak thing! Suppose everybody else should take it into their heads to go without bonnets, she of course would not dare to do otherwise, and so the world go bareheaded. How much better is Nellie, who dares to follow her mother's counsels, though she may not appear quite so fashionable! Yes, she is the genuine brave girl, unlike thousands who always stop and ask, What will be thought of this or that? what will Mrs. A. or Jemima B. say about me if I do this and so? not having courage to do right, ever, lest some one laugh or sneer.—*Home Monthly.*

It must bring home to our readers the murderous extent and horrors of war, when it is announced that the Prussian government has ordered a supply of 200,000 wooden legs.

Owners of horses ought to get leather bits for their horses during the winter. It is cruel and dangerous to keep to the iron, which produces cracks and ulceration, bad health, bleeding mouths and general mischief.

Salt Intelligence—The building for the second boiling block at the Coleman & Gouin lock well is up, and the brick work ready for the pans.—Drilling, at the Merchants' well, was progressing very rapidly, up to a few weeks ago, when an extremely hard stratum of rock was struck which some what retarded the hitherto speedy rate. However, a depth of some 490 feet has been attained. The frame of the building for the boiling block is up and the enclosing is being proceeded with.—*Exposito*

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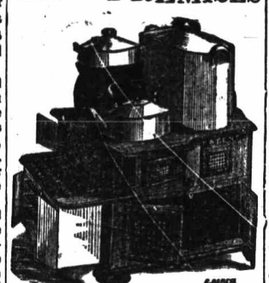

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Convenient to the Market.

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and all kinds of

CIRCLE WORK,

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They think from their experience in Factory Work, that they can give satisfaction to all who may favor them with a call.

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R. M. WANZER & CO,

FACTORY—CORNER KING AND CATHARINE STREETS, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

SHOW ROOMS—64 KING STREET EAST.

AGENT AT GODERICH

ABRAHAM SMITH, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Hamilton, Aug. 30th, 1870. w4-3mos

WOOL, WOOL, WOOL.

THE undersigned would beg to inform his numerous customers and the public that his

New Woolen Machinery is now in Full Operation and in First Class Working Order

AND THAT HE IS MUCH BETTER

PREPARED TO EXECUTE FARMER'S WORK EXPEDITIOUSLY

than last season while starting his machinery all new.

Custom Roll Carding, Fulling & Cloth Dressing Spinning and Manufacturing,

will receive prompt attention. Having now on hand the largest, best and cheapest stock of of home made

FULL CLOTH, TWEEDS, FLANNELS, & WINCEYS,

ever before offered to the public in this part of the Province, he would respectfully request those wishing to exchange their wool to call and judge for themselves before appointing themselves elsewhere.

P. S.—He would likewise call the special attention of farmers to beware of wool teamsters and agents seeking their wool for carding, as he has proved it from the experience of former years to be a perfect source of annoyance to them in various ways, that they cannot see until perhaps too late to guard against it.

☞ The highest Market Price paid for any quantity of good Clean Wool.

THOMAS LUGAN.

East Street, Goderich.

Goderich Woolen Works, 15th Aug, 1870 w30

GODERICH WOOLEN FACTORY,

(KNOWN AS PIPER'S MILLS)

J. INGLIS & SONS,

RESPECTFULLY intimates to farmers and others that they are prepared to fill all orders in

ROLL CARDING- MANUFACTURING,

Cloth Dressing, Custom Spinning, Dyeing, Satinetts,

Fulled Cloths, Winceys, Flannels, Blankets,

On the shortest notice. Parties wishing to exchange their wool for good home made goods, will find it to their interest to give us a call, as we are satisfied we have the goods you require. Parties coming from a distance with wool to get carded may in nearly every instance rely on getting their wool home with them the same day.

☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Goderich Woolen Factory,
Aug. 15th, 1870. w11

REMOVAL.

ALEX. WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER
AND JEWELER,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH.

THE Subscriber having removed to the Store lately occupied by A. Naysmith, West Street, opposite the Post Office, wishes to thank his friends and the public, for the liberal support with which they have favored him for the last 25 years, and begs to assure them that no effort will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage, his anxious study will be to supply

Watches Clocks and Jewelery

which will give satisfaction to the purchaser, and as all work has been done by myself, customers may depend on having it well executed.

☞ A good assortment of Gold and Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks &c., always on hand.

ALEX WALLACE.

Goderich Aug. 15th 1870. w30

NEW CABINET AND UPHOLSTERING SHOP.

WEST STREET

OPPOSITE BANK OF MONTREAL,

GODERICH.

ERIC McKAY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANnounce that he has opened a new shop in the above line, on West Street, opposite the Bank of Montreal, where he will keep constantly on hand or make to order

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS.

Having on hand an assortment of Upholstering material, he will be prepared to fill promptly all orders in that line.

☞ A quantity of Gilt and Rosewood Mouldings on hand.

Picture Framing to Order.

☞ He trusts by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 w30

GUINNES'S CELEBRATED DUBLIN PORTER.

IMPORTED DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER, and sold extremely low by

GEORGE GRANT, GROCER,
WEST SIDE SQUARE, GODERICH.

PRICE ONLY $1.75 PER DOZ. BOTTLES.

AN EARLY CALL SOLICITED.

To be Had in Wood or Bottle

HOTELS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED.

Goderich Sept. 23, 1870. sw10-tf

GODERICH

WAGON & CARRIAGE

Manufactory

THE Subscriber would announce to the public of Huron and Bruce, that he is now manufacturing first-class

Carriages, Waggons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c.,

which will be sold CHEAP FOR CASH.

JOHN PASMORE,
Victoria Street, Goderich

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

Extensive New Premises AND SPLENDID NEW STOCK

C. Barry & Bro.,

Cabinet Makers, Undertakers & Wood Turners,

HAMILTON ST.

Have removed across the street to the store next door to Wm. Acheson's Harness Shop, where will be found

A GOOD ASSORTMENT!

of Kitchen, Bedroom, Diningroom, and Parlor Furniture, such as

TABLES, (with their cane and wood seated,) CUPBOARDS, BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, LOUNGES, SOFAS

WHATNOTS, LOOKING GLASSES,

GILT FRAMING.

☞ C. B & B. are prepared to sell everything in their line

Cheap for Cash.

N. B. A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand and a Hearse to hire; all on reasonable terms.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Goderich, 15th Aug. 1870 w30-tf

MONEY TO LEND.

EASY TERMS.

J. B. GORDON.

Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership heretofore existing between THE PARKER & CATTLE as Chemists and Druggists in Owen Sound, Durham and Goderich, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts owing to the said Partnership in Goderich are to be paid to GEORGE CATTLE (who will continue the Business in the old stand), and all claims against said Partnership in Goderich are to be presented to said George Cattle, by whom the same will be settled

Dated in Goderich the 10th July, 1870 sw95

LANDS FOR SALE AT BAYFIELD.

LOTS NOS. 71 & 72 BAYFIELD CONCESSION Township of Goderich, comprising 146 acres of the best quality of land, within about 2 miles of the Market place of the Town of Bayfield. There is a clearance of 35 acres which could readily be prepared for crop. The remainder of the land is closely covered with the best of beech and maple timber of splendid growth, an excellent road passes on two sides of the property, which is situated in an old and well settled neighbourhood.

ALSO—Lot 14, Range A Township Stanley, containing 50 acres of well reserved timber land, which would produce a large quantity of stewood to the acre. The lot runs to the River Bayfield with a considerable waterfall which could be made available for milling or manufacturing purposes.

For terms apply to, JAMES D. ALLEN, Guelph.

or W. W. CONNOR, Esq. Bayfield.

Guelph, Aug 15, 1870 w30

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 10, CON. 10, W. D. COLBORNE, 100 ACRES, 60 cleared, good dwelling house, frme 22x30, with a commodious kitchen attached, also good barn and shed accommodation, good bearing orchard, well watered by two creeks running through the farm, and good wells. One mile from gravel road, 5 miles from Goderich. For particulars apply on the premises to undersigned, or to Mr. D Ferguson, grocer, Goderich.

August 15, 1870 C. STEWART. w30

FARM FOR SALE,

LOT 24, CON 4.

Township of Goderich, containing 80 acres about 55 acres cleared,

A STORY CONCRETE HOUSE, ON THE GROUN floor, Dining Room, Parlor, Kitchen, Hall and Bed, room; on the second floor, Sitting Room, Large Family Bedroom, and four other bedrooms; on the Basement, Dairy Room, Fruit room, Store room, Meat room Frame Barn 52x32 feet. 7 miles from Clinton and 7 from Goderich. Good large orchard of over 200 superior fruit trees. Soil, deep clay loam, well-watered by spring creek and flowing well. The property is situated 1½ miles from Lake Huron, of which a good view can be had from the door. Apply to James Wilkinson, Esq., on the premises or to

G. M. TRUEMAN

Land Office Goderich

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

FARMS FOR SALE.

THE SOUTH HALF OF THE NORTH HALF OF Lot 9 in the 11th Con. Western Division, Ashfield Township, 50 acres. The land is partly cleared and fenced. Also the South half of Lot No 1, 6th concession, Western Division, Ashfield 100 acres bush.

For further particulars &c.,

Apply to DAVISON & JOHNSTON, West Street Goderich.

Goderich Oct 12th, 1870. sw16-3m

FOR SALE.

THOSE building Lots No's 485, 486, 569 & 570 Arthur street and St. George's Crescent, Town of Goderich. Apply to J. A Callender, Esq., Insln Buildings, Edinburgh Scotland.

Goderich 25th Aug. 1870. w31-3in

FARM FOR SALE.

FARM for sale, 100 acres being West half lot 17, con. 4th, W Wawanosh 40 acres cleared, 8 acres Fall Wheat, 15 acres ploughed ready for crop, free from thistles or other rubbish. 100 choice fruit trees, a well of excellent water with pump in it. Frame dwelling house, frame barn 60x36 with stone stabling underneath for 20 head of cattle, with root house. Frame driving house and horse stable and other out buildings The lot is 1½ miles from Dungannon. A Steam Saw Mill at one corner of it, there is a quantity of pine on it. Title indisputable and immediate possession given. For further particulars apply to J. G. TRUAX on the premises, if by letter prepaid.

Dungannon, Nov. 15th, 1870. w43-tf

FARM FOR SALE ON THE BAYFIELD GRAVEL ROAD,

BEING lot 22, first concession Goderich Township 116 acres, 50 of which are cleared, a never failing creek runs through the land. The lot is situated on the Gravel road about 5 miles from the town of Goderich. The land is a rich clay loam, being very suitable for wheat or fruit growing. The lot will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Possession can be given 1st October, for particulars and terms, apply to G. H. PARSONS or to J. DAVISON, Esq. Goderich.

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

Farm for Sale.

LOTS 53 and 54, Bayfield Concession, in the Township of Goderich Containing 68 acres, of these over 50 acres cleared with good Frame Barn, and Log House, about 2½ miles from Clinton. For Terms of sale apply at the Division Court office at Goderich, or to Mr. WIGGINGTON on the premises.

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

A BARGAIN.

50 ACRES, East ½ of Lot 29, 10th con. Culross, Co. Bruce 7 acres cleared and good log house. Clear title for $500 cash or for $600 one third down and the remainder in 4 annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Apply to

ABRAHAM SMITH

Lumley 5th Sept, 1870 w35-10t Merchant Tailor.

VILLAGE LOTS FOR SALE IN BAYFIELD.

THE subscriber offers for sale four eligible lots in in the Village of Bayfield. On the premises are a good frame dwelling, barn and vinegar factory. For particulars apply to

JOHN CROOK.

Goderich, July 18th 1870 sw26

**THE RIDGE TO