STRETTON.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(Continued.)

Aunt Eleanor rose. 'Now look here, Mrs. Gray, and have the goodness to attend to me. I am not going to have this, or any thing in the remotest degree approaching to it, for one instant. Go out!'

'You had better hear my errand first.'

'I will not speak to you. Go out!'

'You may get your servants to turn me out if you like,' began Mrs. Gray.

'I shall not get my servants to do it; I shall do it myself in less than half a minute,' said Aunt Eleanor. And as she rose she looked so extremely like doing it, that Mrs. Gray turned round, not one bit abashed, and broke into a loud laugh.

'I'll go,' she said; 'and I'll hold my tongue, too. This woman will tell you what we came about. There is no bad blood between us, Eleanor; I like you the better for your anger.' And she was gone.

'The old *witch*,' said Aunt Eleanor, dropping back in her chair. 'For her to have dared—'

A new sigh, and a dropping, or rather dribbling, of honey-sweet words reminded her that Phillis Myrtle was still seated in the easiest of easy-chairs, rolling her head from one side to the other, and using her pocket-handkerchief.

'You may well say dared, my dear young lady,' began Mrs. Myrtle: 'audacious as dear Mrs. Gray can be, I never thought she'd have burst out on this day of all days in the year. And witch you may well say, Miss Eleanor; witch she would be if she could, for I have watched her. But I ain't biting things in a pipkin as makes a witch—no, my dear, Lord forbid! If she asked me for black spells once, she has asked me a dozen times, and I replied to her, 'Mrs. Gray, I don't use them: I am old, and I think of my soul!' And she said to me, 'But, you fool, you know them, as, Heaven help me, I do. And I have set her off with white spells, for abunions and king's evil. But now she is going for good and all, and how her pious grandson will like it, I can't say.

'As I was saying, my dear young lady, she comes to me, and she says, 'You half-hearted witch,' she says, 'he will have you all the same, if you won't give me a black spell. If you won't let me make acquaintance with your master, at all events give me a white one. And I said I would do any thing neighborly, not against my conscience, only that I should want a new crownpiece. Then she told me what she wanted. She says, in her own words, 'I want a love-spell. That girl Ethel Mordaunt is in love with young Roland Evans, for I have watched them, and he don't care for her. And I want something to put in his wine, or his drink, to make him love her; for there will be mischief afoot if he marries her before they have studied one another's character. They will fight for the mastery, and there will be your master to pay.' And I gave her some dill-water, and she put it in his drink.'

Eleanor groaned. The secret she had found out that day was known to this terrible Mrs. Gray; and how many others?

'Therefore, my dear young lady, it is as well that she goes away. It is indeed.'

'Is she going away?'

'Her grandson has offered her a home in London, my dear young lady, and she goes to him, and a nice mess they will make of it together.'

Did you two come here to tell me of this to-day?' asked Eleanor.

'Yes, my dear lady, partly. And partly to ask if I might have her cottage. There is no one but us two knows any thing, and no one but I and yourself, and your dear mother, now in glory, and the squire as knows a certain part of the truth; and there is no one but my own self knows the whole and entire truth. She thinks she does, but she don't. The Lord help you if she did!

What do you mean by the whole truth, Mrs. Myrtle?' said Eleanor.

'Parcelling all together,' said Mrs. Myrtle. 'Not parts and parcels, but the whole biling.'

'Well,' said Aunt Eleanor, rubbing her nose, 'I suppose you had better have the cottage rent-free. I need not mince matters with you. It is of great importance that my brother's first marriage should not be talked of—'

That silly old trot, Phillis Myrtle, was down on her knees before her in an instant. 'She don't know of that, my lady. Oh! for Heaven's sake keep it from her for ever.'

'Does she believe my brother a villain, then?' said Eleanor indignantly.

'Oh! let believe so, my lady. Oh! for the sake of the mother that bore you, and the brother you love, let her believe so. Listen to me, a foolish old woman. Think of what her claims would be if she knew it; and nobody knows that much but you and I—no one alive. Think, dear Miss Eleanor, what would be the effect of bringing it up now—how Squire Charles had made a shameful marriage in Scotland over the broomstick, but legal. Think of what Madam Evans would say when she found it had been kept from her. Think of the effect on the boys. Think of my darling Roland, whom I nursed, how his head would be bowed; and think of your poor little Eddy. Think of him, miss. Don't let that woman think there was a marriage. You have concealed before. Go on concealing: it is no new sin. Think of Eddy, miss.'

'You plead well,' said Aunt Eleonor. 'I think you are an affectionate woman, though you must own yourself to be a great fool. Will that woman, Gray, speak, think you?'

'No, my lady; she is too proud; and she don't know all. I did not think as you knew as much as you did. I thought you thought as she thought. But I am the only one that knows all. Leave well alone, my lady.'

'Leave ill alone, you mean. Well I suppose I had better. You can have the cottage.'

'Well, aunt,' said Mildred, coming in with her arm round Ethel's waist, 'are the two wretches gone?'

'Don't talk to me for a time, you two. Kiss, play, fall in love, quarrel, do any thing you like, but never give yourselves to a deceit. It will grow out of a little the thin clouds of summer, darkening, till it breaks, in ruin and confusion.'

STRETTON CASTLE lay on the north side of the valley, under Longmynd; Mordaunt Royal lay upon the south side, nearly facing it, with Caradoc at its back.

When the Evanses and the Mordaunts first came into that part of the country, and began quarrelling, is lost in the midst of antiquity. All down through the history of the county, however, you will find that the Evanses and the Mordaunts did nothing but squabble, and now and then intermarry, mainly for the purpose of patching up a worse quarrel than usual. There was, however, generally such a furious hurly-burly about marriage settlements, dower lands, appanages, and so forth, that the remedy had been found to be worse than the disease, and had been tacitly abandoned. These disputes had been settled with lance in the tilting-ground, with rapier in the meadow, and with red tape in Chancery; but at last the old jealousies and disputes had died out, and they were exceedingly good friends. The last case of enmity between the houses was when James Mordaunt so shamefully bullied Eddy Evans at Gloucester. Even that was past and gone now.

In the great civil war, the then Evans had declared for Parliament—and, of course, the then Mordaunt for King. This was a very pretty quarrel indeed, and the great statesman tried to utilize

[illegible] knowing, as the Maynards and [illegible]tha, or any Shropshire folks, could have told him, that the Evanses and Mordaunts only quarrelled between themselves, and that, in case of an Evans or a Mordaunt being assailed in any way by an outsider (even a Maynard or a Meredith), the other family would at once fly to the rescue, and defy creation. Consequently, during the Revolution, the Evans of those times did nothing more than watch his pestilent neighbor, Mordaunt; and during the Restoration, Mordaunt did nothing more than go bail for his traitorous neighbor, Evans. Obligations in this way were mutual; and, what is more to the purpose, they both kept their lands under their feet, their heads on their shoulders, and, what concerns us most, their houses over their heads.

So that now, as of old, Stretton stood a little up the hill—a long mass of dark gray, blazing with roses, with an oak wood behind it, and sheets of moor and rising behind, while before it, the deer-park stooped down, like a cascade of green turf, into the valley, unaltered since the time of Henry VII. For a similar reason, the dark red-brick, James the First house of Mordaunt, buried among its dense elms and oaks, on the other side of the valley, kept its form unaltered through all political changes.

Either house, or either estate, were possessions which, to poor folks, seem almost fabulous. Yet there are thousands as good, or much better, to be seen anywhere. One of my neighbors, a commoner, has £20,000 a year; another, just in sight, has £60,000; another, also a commoner, within four miles, has just died worth £5,000,000. The figures, with regard to the Evans and the Mordaunt properties, drop terribly from these real, every-day sums. Mr. Mordaunt was reputed to have about £7000 a year, and Squire Charles Evans £5000. We have only to do with the last estate, and I only mention figures to show that it was a very desirable one for a moderate men. Though not by any means as good as the "New York Herald," and but little better than Mr. Ward Beecher's church, it was worth fighting for.

There was a pleasant, orderly luxury about the place which was extremely agreeable, and was rather wonderful to contemplate, when one considered the beggarly income. It is perfectly certain that Charles Evans could never have done what he did with his limited means, but for one thing: he never went to London, except to lodgings, and Mrs Evans did not dress.

But he did every thing else. To begin with, he sat in Parliament, for one thing three elections, which somewhat took the gloss off his income; and then he sat a fourth at a greater expense than before—an expense which made even him open his eyes, and brought in a furious remonstrance from Eleanor. He sat, I say, a fourth time, for three weeks, after which time he was unseated in a scandalous manner. There was no doubt at all about it. Outraged Britannia held up her hands in sheer horror; and six thousands odd of good money gone to the bad for nothing! After this Charles Evans retired into private life, cursing his attorney, consoling himself with the fact that "the other fellow" had spent more money than he had, and so let public offairs go to the deuce as they liked.

Consequently, although he kept the hounds at his own expense, his estate was not injured in any way. Hounds can be kept very well for £2000 a year, and he kept them till he made the brilliant discovery that you could get as much sport out of them if you let some one else keep them, and only galloped after them yourself. So he gave up his hounds.

Then he bred race-horses, and, indeed, he won the Oaks, to Eleanor's intense exasperation. "Now we *are* done for," she said: 'this is the finish and end of us at last.' But she was deceived Charles bred a colt, such a colt as was never seen, and he, a consummate horseman, taught one of his stable-boys to ride it, and he won the Two Thousand, and Eleanor gave the horse up for lost; but no, He came back to her the next day, very quietly, and told her that he sold his horse, with its engagements, for £5000 and had netted £14,000 in bets. "You, are not going on then," she said. 'No,' he answered; 'it is so slow.'

Sailing-yachts eat nothing, and so his yachting cost him little. And now that his Parliamentary career was done with and finished, his sole dissipation was his yacht at Aberystwyth. His was a most desirable property, perfectly unencumbered, all ready for Roland, who seemed to be worthy of it.

Most worthy. The good Doctor's estimate of his character was being confirmed day by day. The Dean had gone out of his way to write to Squire Evans about his two sons: they were both of them patterns (in spite of a slight tendency to boisterousness), but Roland was a paragon. The schools, and consequently the world, were at his feet—he might do any thing—there was never any thing like him. Old Mordaunt wrote to his father: 'Roly Evans has won the University sculls, and has made a blazes fine speech at the Union. *I* heard it. There ain't a man to hold a candle to him here. It is getting pretty and tattered; but I don't think they will spoil him.'

Jim Mordaunt also wrote to his sister. I hardly know why, but I feel as if I was violating confidence in writing down what he wrote. It ran thus:—

'*He* has done a thing five hundred times greater than winning the University sculls—for my part I hate to see him rowing. The question before the house was, the Eastern war, and the ultra radicals were against it; and Roland got on his legs on the liberal side, and did so cast about his beautiful, furious words about national death and national dishonor, that he carried the house with him. You should have seen the way he raised his head and sent the well-throught-out syllogisms rattling through his white teeth: it was a sight! Johnny says that his logic was all fishy in the major term, and that his whole argument was bosh; but you know Johnny. As for me, I would sooner here Roland's buncombe than any one else's common sense. So would you, my sister. They are all flattering him, but they will never spoil him. I got up a fight with him and his brother to-night. Pretending to cut Eddy's hair, while I was flourishing the scissors I got the inclosed off his head. He is in an awful wax with me, for he has missed his curl: he little dreams where it has gone. Mind you never, under *any circumstances*, let him see it; he would never forgive me.'

So after their successful first terms they all came back, full of hope, health, and high spirits, to their two beautiful homes. I suspect that of the men in the world, a young English country gentleman, of good name, of good repute, of tolerable intelligence, with good health, and of innocent life, has more chance of happiness than any other. Most human cares are impossible for him; he has plenty to do, plenty to think about, and his work is laid ready to his hand. I cannot conceive of any man of finer chances than a rich young squire—the world and its temptations seem put out of the way in his case; yet he frequently makes a fearful fiasco of it too.

There was no blot on the prospects of the young Mordaunts or the young Evanses on the morning after their arrival home, any more than there was a cloud in the June sky, which stretched overhead a fleet of glorious, cloudless blue. All possibilities of any disturbing causes seemed absolute nonsense. The chances were so infinitely in their favor. Money was to be had for the picking up; they had talents, prospects, health, high spirits; the world was theirs, in a way, if they cared to go into it and succeed; or if they failed, here were two homes of ancient peace ready for them to come back to. Misfortune, thanks to settled old order, seemed in their cases to have become impossible.

The Mordaunts had come over to breakfast with the Evanses, and Maynard was spending the first part of his vacation with his beloved Mildred Evans. Aunt Eleanor had come from Pulverbatch to see her darling Eddy: and so they were all assembled in the morning-room at Stretton.

Aunt Eleanor was the first person who sauntered out through the open window into the bright, blazing sun. The boys staid behind, eating more, and yet more, of marmalade and honey, and the others sat because they were contented, until at last Eddy cried out, "There is Aunt Eleanor having a row with Deacon Macdingaway;" and indeed, Aunt Eleanor's usual expletive, "Fiddle-de-dee," was plainly borne to the ears of the assembled company.

"Let's go and hear the fun, you fellows," said the younger Mordaunt—a proposition which, as it stood, was innocent enough, but might have been carried out with less boisterousness. They need not all of them have rushed to the window at once. Likewise, there was no necessity of a free fight between Eddy Evans and young Mordaunt, which ended in Eddy being cast on his back in the middle of a bed of geraniums, with young Mordaunt atop of him. However, they soon were beside Aunt Eleanor, determined to back her through thick and thin against Deacon Macdingaway. With which heed the younger Mordaunt, on arriving at the scene of action, by way of taking a formidable position said to Macdingaway, "She did nothing of the kind."

Macdingaway was the head Scotch gardener, who, in an evil moment for him, had confessed to one of these madcaps that he had held an office in his church, after which they had christened him "Deacon." He turned on young Mordaunt and said, "Her ladyship threepit—"

"That I emphatically deny," struck in Eddy, who had got his breath.

"Her ladyship threepit that the roses should no have been budded till the first week in July," said the inexorable Macdingaway; "and I took the liberty to disagree with her."

"That alters the case altogether, of course," said Eddy. "You are quite right, Deacon. Aunt, you have not got a leg to stand on, you know. You had better leave him alone: he has much the best of the argument. Here are the others: let us come to them."

As they went away from him, old Macdingaway shook his clever old head. "A folly together," he said. "If your father had na lived before ye, where would ye be?"

All the others were now standing on the terrace. Squire Charles Evans, a handsome man of fifty in a short velvet coat, perfectly cut trowsers and well-made lace-up boots; very gay; with slight gray whiskers and mustache. Squire Mordaunt, a full-necked, brown-faced, thick-set man, without a hair on his face, in gray breeches and gaiters, with a gray shooting-coat. He was a very bucolic-looking man, this Squire Mordaunt, but he had a shrewd, deep-set eye under his heavy eyebrows too. He stood looking at the group as they approached, with his head thrust forward, and his hands holding a whip (for he had ridden over) behind his back, and he was the first who spoke.

"What new trouble has my friend Miss Evans been getting into?" he asked, in a rather grating voice. "She seems to be borne back in triumph from some new victory by these four foolish boys."

"Nothing but a dispute with my dear friend and admirer, Macdingaway, George Mordaunt," she replied, with her head in the air; "nothing worse than that *this* time."

"I am glad of that," said Squire Mordaunt. "Edward, you can come out of your aunt's pocket. My dear Miss Evans, once more, will you *let me* have that right of way through your two orchards for watering my horses at Gwelrie Farm?'

"No, I won't," said Aunt Eleanor, with a dangerous look in her face. Stroking Edward's bare curls, who, although he was not in her pocket, was certainly leaning idly against her. "No, I won't."

"But why not, my dear Miss Evans?" said Squire Mordaunt.

'Because *you* ask me, and because you ask me with that look in your face. I would sooner let every gipsy on the country-side camp there than let one of your dogs through, if you look at me like that, and ask me like that, now then! What do you think of that, for instance?'

The other boys had heard nothing of this; but Mrs Evans, who was *present* a pretty woman, and Mrs. Mordaunt, who was not pretty, but clever, interposed.

'Surely,' said Mrs. Mordaunt, 'I shall have to quote Dame Quickly on you two some day. You can not serve Heaven well, that you never come together without quarrelling. Do be quiet.'

'A wilful woman must have her way,' said Squire Mordaunt.

'And indeed she must,' said Aunt Eleanor; 'you never said a truer word than that. I am going after the boys.'

Young Maynard and Mildred Evans had marched off, and were courting somewhere or another; there remained only the four boys and Ethel Mordaunt, who were standing together, and apparently all talking at once. The Mordaunts, with the exception of Mrs. Mordaunt, had ridden over, and so Ethel Mordaunt was in her riding habit, though bareheaded. Aunt Eleanor, as she approached them, heard that the four boys were discussing what they would do with themselves on this happy summer's day, and that the Evans lining to them; she, also in her riding habit and bareheaded, stooped, and retreated to weed one of Macdingaway's ill-weeded flower-beds.

'I vote,' said young Eddy, 'that we ride into Shrewsbury, hawkes, and see the boats go. And we must buy a piece of salmon, and Jimmy Mordaunt might bring it home in his pocket.

'I wouldn't be a fool if I was in your place,' said the young Mordaunt. 'You have had plenty of opportunities of eating yourself blind at the University; and I am sure we have had eating enough.'

'Let us go fishing,' said the elder Mordaunt. 'What do you say, Roland?'

It is too bright for fishing, Johnny,' said Roland; 'I'll tell you what I should be inclined to propose. Let us take Rory, our old Irish pointer, and ride away over the Longmynd and see what grouse there are. What do you think, Ethel?'

'I think that would be very pleasant,' said Ethel.

'It is certainly an improvement on Eddy's proposal of eating ices in Shrewsbury, and also an improvement on Johnny's equally idiotic idea of going fishing. I am for it,' said young Mordaunt.

'Do you think, Johnny,' said Ethel to her elder brother—'do you think that I might come?'

'No,' shouted young Mordaunt; 'we don't want a parcel of girls with us.'

Young Mordaunt had said this in sheer recklessness, expecting that his sister, as her wont was, would have given it to him. He was rather astonished, and very much ashamed, when his imperial sister turned gently to him and said:

'I won't be much in your way, Jimmy. I can ride as far and as fast as any of you. And you too have been a weary while away; let me see something of you now. Let me come, Jimmy.'

'I believe,' said young Mordaunt, impetuously, 'that I am the greatest brute on earth; of course you are to come. I shouldn't go if you didn't. Come on, you fellows, and let us get the horses.' And away they all went towards the stables.

And Ethel following, passed Aunt Eleanor, pretending to weed a flower-bed, and Aunt Eleanor said:

'So you are bent on going with him then?'

And Ethel said, 'I can't help it. One long summer's day beside him is not much to ask out of eternity.'

Aunt Eleanor said, 'You are binding a burden for your back which you will find hard to carry before you have done with it. I know, and your father knows too: though he might have kept his tongue between his teeth this blessed day. Are you bent on going?'

'Oh yes, Miss Evans. Let me go?'

'I am not stopping you. Which way are you going to ride?'

'Over Longmynd, to look at the grouse.'

'And so on to Maynard Barton to lunch,' rejoined Aunt Eleanor. 'Go, by all means.'

'They said nothing of Maynard Barton,' said Ethel. 'We shall hardly get so far.'

'You foolish child,' said Aunt Eleanor. 'Why, if you had set out this day to ride over Caradoc or Lawley, if you had set out to ride to the top of the Wrekin, your destination would have been the same. Roland can make these boys go where he chooses, and some time in the day you would have found yourselves by some excuse at Maynard Barton, and would have found Roland talking to Mary Maynard. Will you go now, you fool?'

'Yes! yes! It is twelve miles to Maynard Barton, and twelve miles is something. It would have been something to you once, Miss Evans.'

'Heaven knows it would!' said Aunt Eleanor. 'Well, my dear, when it is all over, and you want to eat your own heart in peace and quietness, come to the old woman at Pulverbatch, and begin a new life with her. You won't die over it, you know—you have too much chest, and are too active in your habits; but if you think you are going to get out of this without deep pain and misery, you are mistaken. See, they are calling for you. Run, my dear—and put the knife in delicately under your fifth rib.'

She did not hear the last sentance; but running up to the door, found her mother with her hat ready for her, and immediately afterwards, having received a tremendous kiss of reconciliation from her brother Jim, was pitched on her horse by him, and they all went away through the lanes towards the mountain.

The horses were of course good, and they all rode well (according to the English standard—a ridiculously low one compared with that of South America). They could, however, ride better than French people, and their horses were well trained and quiet: so they enjoyed themselves.

They were soon through the lanes, and out on the heather. Roland Evans and John Mordaunt rode in front, and the old pointer was sent out before them. Behind them rode abreast Eddy, Jim Mordaunt, and his sister Ethel, who were more than once cautioned by the two elders in front about making so much noise; for Eddy and Jim were furious and fantastic in their horse-play, and Ethel laughed loud and long at them.

'They seem jolly behind there, those three,' said John Mordaunt.

'Very jolly. Keep quiet there; we shall have the birds up,' said Roland.

'Quiet there, Ethel,' said the elder Mordaunt, calling back to them.

The old dog had pointed five times on the south slope of the Longmynd, and had been whistled away. 'There are at least four packs here,' said Roland.

'And we are not half over the south side,' said stolid old John Mordaunt. 'We shall spot at least four or packs more on this south side: send the dog on.'

'I should like to try the north side,' said Roland. 'Have you any objection?'

'Not in the least,' said the elder Mordaunt. 'You mean towards Maynard Barton? I have not the slightest objection to going there or anywhere, as long as one understands where one *is* going. Northward, ho! you three jawers. We are going to beat among the tilberry slopes towards Maynard Barton, Ethel, you mind the blind nuts. We will lunch with old Mother Maynard, d'ye hear?'

'Are you going to Maynard Barton to lunch?' asked Roland.

'We had better, I think,' said the elder Mordaunt. 'We shall know how things stand.'

'I don't understand you,' said Roland.

'I don't think you do,' said John Mordaunt.

'Twelve miles out of all eternity,' she said, and here was her reward. Not one single word from him during the whole ride; nothing but the tomfoolerics of her brother and Eddy Evans. And at the last, when they found themselves dismounting in front of the low dark-red facade of nearly the oldest and perhaps the most prosperous of Shropshire houses, only this for twelve miles' ride. Mary Maynard, wonderfully pretty, and silly almost to idiotcy; and Roland bending over this doll, this fool, with his really fine genius flashing from his eyes.

To be continued.

Late advices from South-America show that a revolutionary crisis was impending at Montevideo.

During the past few days no fewer than 700 Frenchmen, fleeing from their country, arrived at Jersey.

There are about 200,000 Jews in the U. States.

There is an extensive pork establishment out West carried on by the firm of Gray & Lunt. More than half the letters received by this firm bear the significent address, "Lay & Grunt."

Two Irishmen were travelling, when they stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," said one. "Just six miles apiece," said the other. And they trudged on apparently satisfied at the small distance.

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F. R. MANN,

House Sign & Carriage Painter

DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached where he is prepared to fill all orders promptly, and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.

Now is the time to Paint your Cutters, Sleighs, and Carriages.

☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch.

Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, & Glazing. Paper-hanging, &c., &c

F. R. MANN.

Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

THE NEW GROCERY STORE.

WHITELY & ELLIOTT

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

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Corner Kingston Street & Market Square

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Goderich June 20th 1870. sw27-tf

Ontario Carriage Shop,

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R. J. WHITELY,

IS still in full operation, and is turning out superior

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons

of all kinds. SLEIGHS CUTTERS. &c.

A number of first class Buggies on hand, and for sale cheap for cash. Prices of all articles in the line that will compare favorably with any in the County

☞ All work warranted

Particular attention paid to Wagon and Carriage Repairing

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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,
CHAIRS (hair, cane and wood seated.)
CUPBOARDS,
BEDSTEADS,
WASH STANDS,
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

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

THE undersigned having purchased the Planing Mill and Sash Factory owned, and occupied by Donald Cumming, are now prepared to carry on the business of manufacturing

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Flooring, Siding,

and all kinds of

CIRCLE WORK,

such as Circle and Gothic Sash and Frames

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

N.B.—A liberal discount to the trade.

20,000 feet of Dry inch and a quarter Flooring on hand.

JAS BUCHANAN,
DAVID LAWSON,
WM ROBINSON.

Goderich, Aug 15, 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 30-tf

NEW BOOKS, WALL PAPER &c., &c.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

AT BUTLER'S.

A Beautiful Assortment

OF

JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS

JUST RECEIVED,

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CHEAP AT BUTLER'S.

Fishing Tackles,

OF ALL KINDS, CONSISTING OF REELS, BASKETS, BAITS, HOOKS, and LINES for a superior kind

AND

SELLING AT COST

AT BUTLER'S.

Goderich, 19th Aug., 1870. sw104

FRESH OYSTERS BY EXPRESS

E. BINGHAM'S

Waterside of Market Square,

Goderich, Aug. 30th 1870.

MONEY TO LEND.

EASY TERMS.

J. B. GORDON

Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

PLUMMER'S SNOW FLAKE BAKING POWDER

IS UNRIVALLED for Purity and Cheapness. It saves Eggs, Butter Milk, etc., and is warrante to contain nothing injurious. For sale by the Grocers.

ROBINSON & HOWELL,

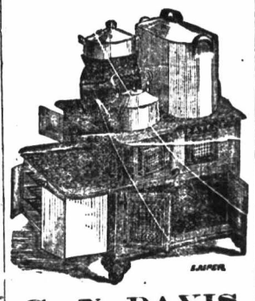
Agents for Goderich.

E. PLUMMER & CO.,

Chemists, London, Ont

w8y

EXTENSIVE NEW PREMISES



G. N. DAVIS

HAS

THIS DAY REMOVED

TO HIS

COMMODIOUS

NEW BRICK BUILDING

(NEARLY OPPOSITE F. JORDAN'S

DRUGSTORE)

Convenient to the Market.

His stock of stoves &c. IS LARGE AND COMPLETE

☞ PARTIES IN WANT OF ANYTHING IN this line will save money by inspecting his stock before purchasing elsewhere

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK WILL BE DONE THE SAME AS USUAL.

Goderich, 1st July, 1870. w26-tf

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED GUN SHOP WEST OF TORONTO,

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO MANUfacture

RIFLES,
SHOT GUNS,
PISTOLS, of all kinds,

and every thing in his line, on the shortest notice. Repairing of all kinds done on the shortest notice, and warranted.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

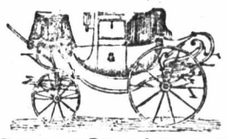
(in rear of F. Jordan's, Drug Store.)

J. C. McINTOSH.

Goderich August 8th, 1870. w29-6m*

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

1868.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY

has been in existence Thirty-two years, and during that period has paid Losses exceeding **Five and a half million pounds sterling.**

The disbursement of this enormous sum over a wide area, has without doubt contributed to the establishment of this Institution, in the confidence of Public Corporations, Merchants, Householders, and business men generally, wherever it is represented.

In its 1st year, 1836, the Fire Premiums alone amounted to £9,976
" its 10th year, 1846, " " " £47,763
" 20th year, 1856, " " " £222,479
" 30th year, 1866, " " " £389,332
One year later, 1867, " " " £316,055

The Fire Reserve Fund is now $4,727,464
The Life Reserve Fund is now $2,322,468
The company is represented throughout Ontario and Quebec, by influential Agents, to whom application for insurance may be made.

G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL.

A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich; B. V. Sillett, for Exeter; W. N. Watson, for Seaforth.

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

FOR SALE.

THOSE building Lots No's 468, 466, 469 & 470 Arthur street and St. George's Crescent, Town of Goderich. Apply to J. A Callender, Esq., India Buildings, Edinburgh Scotland.

Goderich 30th Aug. 1870. w31-3in

TWO FARMS for SALE

FOR sale two very valuable FARMS in the Township of Goderich. For particulars apply to JOSEPH PEAY, Huron Road.

Goderich Township

August 15, 1870 w30

FARM FOR SALE,

LOT 24. CON 4.

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

2 STORY CONCRETE HOUSE, ON THE GROUN floor, Dining Room, Parlor, Kitchen, Hall and Bedroom; 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 80x32 feet. 7 miles from Clinton and 7 from Goderich. Good large orchard of over 300 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

FARM FOR SALE,

LOT 10, CON. 10, W. D. COLBORNE, 100 ACRES, 90 cleared, good dwelling house, frame 22x36, 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.

C STEWART.

August 15, 1870 w30

LANDS FOR SALE AT BAYFIELD.

LOTS NO'S. 71 & 72 BAYFIELD CONCESSION in the 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 23 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 39 acres of well reserved timber land, which would produce a large quantity of firewood to the acre. The lot runs to the River Bayfield with a considerable water fall 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

LOTS FOR SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE PROPERTY CORNER OF Kingston and St. David's St. adjoining Crabb's Block with the

Large Frame Tavern

Known as the Western Hotel, and other buildings thereon. For terms and particulars apply to

ABRAHAM SMITH,

Merchant Tailor.

Goderich 12 September 1870. sw7-tf.

FOR SALE

STORE AND DWELLING HOUSE WITH LOT IN the village of Maitlandville one mile from Goderich in the centre of the Goderich Salt Works. House and Store entirely new, and commodious with good Stone Cellar and Lot in Excellent condition. Terms easy.

Apply to H. SPENCE, Goderich P. O.

or W STANBURY, Burgessville, P. O.

FARM FOR SALE.

OF 147 ACRES, MORE OR LESS, ABOUT 110 acres cleared and the balance good hardwood timber, a comfortable house and first-class frame barns, a good orchard, and well watered. Most of the land is excellent clay. The farm is lot 30, 5th con., Goderich Township 5 miles from Goderich and 7 from Clinton. On payment of part cash, good terms will be given for the balance. For particulars apply on the premises to

JOHN McKENZIE.

or to G. M. TRUEMAN,

Land Office, Goderich,

Aug 15, 1870 w30tf Porter's Hills P.O

TO SELL.

THE EAST HALF OF LOT NUMBER 8, FOURTEENTH concession of Hullett, on the boundary line between Blyth and Walton, post office each way. Good hardwood; watered with a never failing creek and never failing spring. Also well close by the house. Forty acres cleared, well fenced, 77 acres in all. Log house and barn, a thriving orchard, 8 kinds of plums, black, white and red currants, pears, red and yellow gooseberries. For further particulars apply on the premises TO RANKIN LAWSON and his Mother.

Aug 15th, 1870. w30-tf

FOR SALE.

THAT PROPERTY KNOWN AS SHARPS FARM being Lot 3, concession 5, Eastern Division, Township of Colborne containing 100 acres more or less, of which 65 acres are cleared. These premises are situated in the midst of a flourishing farming community and are about 5 miles from the Town of Goderich. For terms of sale apply to

JAMES H FINLAY, Bank of Montreal

Sept. 29th, 1870. w36-tf Goderich.

FOR SALE.

THE SOUTH HALF OF LOT NO. 18, IN THE 6th con., Wawanosh, 90 acres, only two miles from Newville. Apply there to S. Pollock, Esq. or to

M. C. CAMERON

Goderich

w 4t

FARM FOR SALE,

THE subscriber being determined to sell, invites any man in quest of a good farm to examine the E½ Lot 29, con 8, East Wawanosh, 100 acres which is one of the best, and one of the most beautiful farms in the Township. It is 18 miles from Goderich and 10 miles from Wingham, a proposed station of the T. G. & B. R. R. There are on the place, good building, a good orchard bearing, a never failing spring and about 55 acres cleared.

TERMS—from ¼ to ½ cash, the balance to suit purchasers.

JAS. TISDALE,

Fordyce, P. O.

Sept. 5th, 1870, w33-3m

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 assiduous 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

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR TICKETS to and from Liverpool London derry or Glasgow by the above Steamship Co'y, apply to

P. H. CARTER,

Agent, Grand Trunk Railway

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

PIANO FORTE

A FIRST CLASS SEVEN OCTAVE, FOUR round corner Rosewood Piano, by Weber & Co., for sale by Mr Mark E. Wade, Piano Forte and Organ Tuner; to be seen at British Exchange Hotel

Goderich, 5th August, 1870

Glenburnie Farm for Sale

TOWNSHIP OF GODERICH.

10 MILES from Goderich and 9 miles from Clinton, situated on the Gravel Road running from Goderich to Bayfield, from which it is separated by the Bayfield River. It contains 212 acres, 110 acres under fence, 70 acres clear of stumps and in a high state of cultivation, soil rich clay loam; bush good hardwood. It is well watered by two living streams. An orchard of 140 apple trees in bearing—fruit very choice; also, a few pears, plums, peaches and cherries, and a few grape vines. Two story concrete house,