

2

1984

12

street.

At home, we found my sist he had ntioned to papa that I tookmount to day. mday he did not make I I asked Lisabel if si

What for? I don't wish the you

be always tigd to my apron-strings." "But he might naturally want to ace

"Lat him want then. My dear little apleton, it will do him good. The m he ham of me, the more he will value

I of served that that was an odd doc-trine. with which to begin married life, but also haughed at me, and said the cases we are altogether different. Nevertheless, when Tuesday passed, and no word from her redorer, Liesbel looked a little less easy. Not unhappy our Lis was never seen unhappy since who was born, but just a little what we women call "filgety;" a state of mind, the result of which generally affects other people sather than ourselves. In short, thermood for which, as children, we are whipped and sent to bed us "maughty;" as young women, petted, and pitted for "low spirits;" as elderly people, humored on account of "nerves." On Wednesday morning when the post came, and brought no letter, Lissbel de chared ahe would stay indoors no longer, but would go out for a drive

but would go out for a drive "To the camp, as usual?" said Pene

Iope. Lisa laughed, and protested alre should drive wherever ahe liked. "Girls, will you come or not?" Penelope declined, shortly. I said, I would go anywhere except to the camp, which I thought decidedly objectionable

under the circumstances. "Dora, don't be silly. But do just as you like. I can call at the Ceders for

you like. I can call at the Ceders for Miss Emery." "And Colin too, who will be exceed ingly happy to go with you," suggested

Penelope. But the sneer was wasted. Lisabel laughed again, smoothed her collar at the glass, and left the parlor, looking as contented as ever. Ere she went out, radiant in her new but and feathers, her blue cloth jacket,

hat and feathers, her blue cloth jacket, and her dainty little driving-gloves (won in a bet with Captain Treherne) she put her head in at my door, where I was working at German, and trying to forget all these follies and annoyances.

"You'll not go, then?" I shook my head, and asked when she

intended to be back? " "Probably at lunch; or I may stay for dinner at the Cedars. Just as it happens.

Good bye." "Lisabel," I cried, catching her by the shoulders, "what are you going to do?" "I told you. Oh, take care of my feather! I shall drive over to the

Cedars. "Any farther? To the camp?"

"It depends entirely upon circumstan-"Suppose you should meet him?"

"Captain Treherne? I shall bow po litely, and drive on." "And what if he comes here in your

or I-I went out alone, as usual, upon the moor. My moorhands looked dreary; the heather is fading from purple to brown; the autumn days are coming on fast. That afternoon they had that leaden uniformity which always weighs me down. I felt weary, hopeless-longed tor some change in my life; wished I were a boy, a man - anything, so that I might be something-do some-thing. Thus thinking, so deeply that I notic-ed little, someone overtook and passed me. It is so rare to meet anyone above the rank of a laborer hereabout, that I looked around, and saw it was Dr. Ur-quhart. He recognized me, apparently; mechanically I bowed, so did he, and went on.

went on. This broke the chain of my thoughts;

they wandered to my sister, Captain Treherne, and this Dr, Urquhart, with Treherne, and this Dr. Urquhart, with whom, now I came to think of it—I had not done so in the instant of his passing —I felt justly displeased. What right had he to meddle with my sister's affairs —to give his sage advice to his obedient young friend, who was foolish enough to ask it? Would I marry a man who went

consulting his near, dear and particular friends as to whether they were pleased to consider me a suitable wife for him? Never! Let him out of his own will love

me, choose me, and win me, or leave me alone. sione. So, perhaps, the blame lay more at Mr. Treherne's door than his friend's, whom I could not call either a bad man

or a designing man, his countenance for-bade it. Surely I had been unjust to whom to obtain that information. bade it. He might have known this, and wished to give me a chance of penitence, for I shortly saw his figure reappearing over

I shortly saw his figure reappearing over the slope of the road returning toward me. Should Igo back? But that would seem too pointed, and we should only exchange another formal bow. I was not mistaken. He stopped, bade me "good morning," made some remarks about the weather, and then abruptly told me he had taken the liber-ter of weather he more he merided to

turning back because he wanted to ty of speak to me. I thought, whatever will Penelope say?

I thought, whatever will Penelope say? This escapade will be more "improper" than Lisabel's, though my friend is patriarchal in his age and preternatural in his gravity. But the mischievious spirit, together with a little unconfort-able surprise, went out of me when I looked at Dr. Uuquhart. In spite of himself, his whole manner was so ex-ceedingly nervous that I became quite "You are almost justified in being angry; but I said nothing of the kind. His questions only referred to the per-sonal worth of the lady, and her person-al attachment to his son." "My poor Lisa? That she should have her character asked for like a house-that our connection simily, condescendingly, on sufferance?" "You quite mistake," said Dr. Urqu-hert, carnestly. "You are so angry.

myself, if only out of compassion. "May I presume on your acquaintance

myself, if only out of compassion. "May I presume on your acquaintance enough to ask you a question—simple enough, but of great moment to me. "You quite instake," said Dr. Orque hart, earnestly. "You are so angry, that you will not listen to what I say. Sir William is wealthy enough to be in-listen to upon to be in-transpired that most of the articles were Is Captain Treherne at your house?"

"Yes."

"You are satirical."

pertinent.

from Sir William Trehern", of Treherne Court. Paps said, stiff", —he had not the honor of that gentl" man's acquaintance. "Sir William hopes, nevertheless, to have an honor of making yours." Lisabel pinched me under the table; Penelope gased steadily into the tespot; paps rose and walked solemnly into his study...Dr. Urguhart following. It was an else aleverly expressed it, "all right." All parties concerned had given full consent to the marriage. Captain Treherne came the day follow-ing to Rockmount, in a state of exuber-ant felicity, the overplus of which he requesting us to call him "Augustus." I am afraid I could willingly have dis-pensed with either coremony.

am araid 1 could whingly have dis-pensed with either ceremony. Dr. Urquhart we have not seen again. He was not at church yesterday. Papa intends to invite him to dinner shortly. He says he likes him very much. rannical?" "Of course not. We," I said, with some pride, alas! more pride than truth, "we abould exact the same." "I know Sir William well, and he trusts me. You will, perhaps, under-stand how this trust and the the flexible

TO BE CONTINUED LITERARY BORROWERS.

stand how this trust and the the licitible character of his son, make me feel pain-fully responsible. Also, I know what youth is when thwarted. If that young fellow should go wrong, it would be to me-you cannot conceive how painful it would be to me." The precise point at which borrowing ends and stealing begins in the Code of the Republic of letters has never been satisfactorily defined by any professor of literary jurisprudence. Some have held that there is no theft in literature. When De Quieney said to Wordsworth, "That is what I told you," the reply was "No; that is mine—mine, and not yours." An old theatrical manuscript recently brought to light states, among other curious facts respecting the early career and method of work of Moliere, that the famous dramatist borrowed the principal would be to me." His hands, nervonaly working one over the other, the sorrowful expression of his eyes, iudicated sufficient emotion to make me extremely grieved for this good-hearted man. I am sure he is good-hearted man. I am sure he is good-hearted. I said I could not, of course, feel the same interest that he did in Captain Treherne, but that I wished the young and method of work of Moliere, that the famous dramatist borrowed the principal ideas foe his "Misanthrope" from the subject of an old Italian comedy origin-ally brought out at Naples. This need accasion no surprise, for Moliere himself once avowed: "Je prends non bien, ou je le troure." It was declared by another French author, "I seize on what is mine wherever I find it." "It is all pouring out of one bottle into another" exclaim-Sterne, and he was himself stealing from "Can you tell me one thing; is your sister really attached to him?" This sudden question, which I had so many times asked of myself—ought I to reply to it! Could I? Only by a prevarication. "Mr. Treherne is the best person from And I began to walk quicker, as a hint Sterne, and he was himself stealing from Burton. Pascal transferred pages from that this very odd conversation had lasted quite long enough. "I shall not detain you two minutes," my companion said, hastily. "It is a Montaigne without the credit of. quota-When a critic charged Shakespeare tion. with debts, Walter Savage Landor re-plied, "Yet he is more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." In strange confidence to put in you, and yet I feel I may. Sir William wrote to me privately to-day. On my answer to his inquiries his consent will mainly dewhether there be any book of modern literature so unquestionably original as "What does he want to know? If we are respectable; if we have any money; if we have been decently educated, so that our connection shall not disgrace to belong solely to its author. Unques-tionably there are some minds so deli-cate and receptive that whatever is read is retained and unconsciously reproduced is retained and unconsciously reproduced with no intention of imposture. In Westminster Abbey is a monument to the memory of Lady Grace Gethin. This young lady—who was considered a prodigy in her day — is a conspictous il-lustration of this fatal tendency. After her death her friends collected together various essays which she had written at spare hours. The book, says Mr. D'Isræi, claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow upon it. Congreve prefixed a poem to the volume and wrote

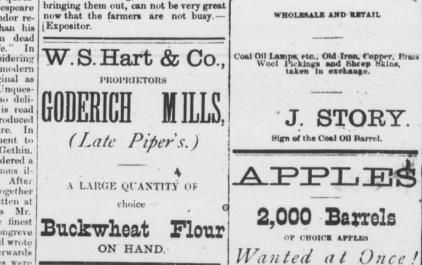
the to a nervous person! A few common-place remarks passed, and then our visitor asked if he might peak with paps alone. He v as the besize of a message a letter. In short-from Sir William Trehern, of Treherne Court. Paps said, stift, he had not the honor of that gention and sequaintance. "Sir William hopes, nevertheless, to have a homor of making yours." Lisabel pinched me under the table; Paps rose and walked solemnly into his study-Dr. Urguhart following. It was as Lisa cleverly expressed it, "all right." All parties concerned had given full concent to the marriage.

on-smoker "THEY ALL DO IT."-To beautify the he teeth and give fragmance to the breath nd use "Teaberry' the new toilet gem. Get I a 5 cent sample. 1763

Seaforth.

WILL BE FORCED TO CLOSE-We re WILL BE FORCED TO CLORE—We re-gret to learn that Mesra. Wilson & Co. are likely to be forced to close their fruit evaporating establishment on ac-count of their inability to get fruit er.ough to keep it running. They have thus far been paying about 20 cents per bushel for the best kinds of fruit. This,

Stoves I of course, is not a very high figure, but when we consider that their product has American, while the Americans can pro-cure all the green fruit they can use for about ten cents per bushel, it is surpris-ing that the home firm can afford to give even this much. We need scarcely say that the suspension of this enterprise will be a matter for regret, as it will occasion considerable loss both to the EAVE TROUGHS and town and the country, while if successful it could not fail to be of immense benefit to the farming community in the way of providing for them a market for fruit which is useless for shipping, and cannot be consumed at home. We are informed that there are thousands of bushels of apples in this vicinity which are going to waste, and still, strange to say, Messrs. Wilson & Co. find difficulty in getting sufficient to keep their works in opera-tion. One would think that even fifteen or twenty cents per bushel would be better than nothing, and the trouble of bringing them out, can not be very great now that the farmers are not busy.— COAL OIL



The P

A Plev You placed this flor This pure, pale rose Methinks could she They would meet

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1760-3m.

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Stoves |

surprise. 01. She has been your when clouds hung i

clear At your foot she lai Her whole heart we

If its warm love was If it chilled in the g hat was the reas You gannot? I can, My shal must speak, If she was not all the

Hers was the sorrow Whose was the fault Like a rose in the sur Does a lily grow whe Does it bloom when i

For a little while, w Your love was like su Then a something or You led where she or With a man's firm to You lived for power, Shut into her woman She h.a.d the nation

But, ah! You had dro What time had you for You two, with the sam

Were as far apart as You in your manhood She-worn and faded Tis a common story. Y laid in her pallid

When did you give h Ah, well! What matt Yet stay a moment; y I mean no reproach;

But I pray you think Shines like a star from That love will starve

Fun an

A boil in the kett A girl is known b A barber ought to Bees are avariciou

thair honey. Tis easier to rush A hollow mocke

office

stove-pipe. 'Tis easier to set a speckled hen. A strain of mus strings of a violin. Flowing locks-th they're opened.

Every man who ru iot expect to catch Wild oats are said that grows by gasligh Much as he loves Bull is continually

stew A wise writer says dustry.' Perhaps he skirt is not business. A Philadelphia m piece of bark in his a butcher shop to k iow of the rest of the do

TW) WAYS OF

To boys went to 1

was happy because the other was unhapp

Two men being con

ed how they were. better to-day.". The worse yesterday."

When it rains one will make mud." An

lay the dust." Two children lookin

glasses; one said: "th

And the other said: "

Two boys eating is said: "I would rathe

other than this." The is better than nothing. A servant thinks

rincipally kitchen.

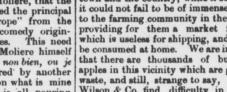
principally parlor. "I am sorry that I

man. "I am sorry that I says another."

had seeds in them.

1758

THIN



"My compliments and regrets, unavoidable engagements deprived me of the pleasure of seeing him." "Lisabel, I don't believe you have a

bit of heart in you." "Oh, yes I have; quite as much as is convenient." Mine was full, and she saw it. She

swer any more questions concerning my family or acquaintance." patted me on the shoulder good-natured-

"'If there ever was a dear little dolt, its name is Théodora Johnston. Why, child, at the worst, what harm am I doing? Merely showing a young fellow, who, I must say, is behaving rather badly, that I am not breaking my heart

about him, nor mean to do it." "But I thought you liked him?"

"So I do; but not in your sentimental sort of way. I am a practical person. I told him, exactly as papa told him, that if he came with his father's consent, I would be engaged to him at once, and marry him as soon as he liked. Other-Dr. Urquhart." "No, but it will account for my asking questions about Captain Treherne. He left me this morning in a state of the greatest excitement. And at his age, wise, let him go! That's all. Don't fret child; I am quite able to take care of myself.

Truly she was! But I thought, if I were a man, I certainly should not trouble myself to go crazy after a woman if men ever do such a thing. with his temperament, there is no know-ing to what a young man may not be driven. "At present, I believe, to nothing worse than the Cedars, with my sister as his cheatered.

Scarcely was my sister gone, than I had the opportunity of considering that latter possibility, I was called down stairs to Captain Treherne. Never did I see an unfortunate youth in such a state of mid "I am exceedingly obliged to you." Dr. Urquhart regarded me with a sort of mind.

of benignant smile, as if I were a naugh-ty child, whose naughtiness partly griev What passed between us I cannot set down clearly; it was on his side so inco-herent, and on mine so awkward and uned and partly amused him. "If, in warrant of my age and my profession, you will allow me a few words of serious conversation with you, I, in my turn, shall be exceedingly obliged." "You are welcome." comfortable. I gathered that he had just had a letter from his father, refusing consent, or, at least, inaisting on the de-lay of the marriage, which his friend, Dr. Urquhart, also advised. Exceed-ing obliged to that gentleman for his polite interference in our family affairs, "Even if 1 speak about your sister and Captain Treherne?" There he roused me.

polite interference in our family analus, thought I. The poor lover seemed so much in Missing thought I. The poor lover seemed so much in carnest that I pitied him. Missing Lisabel, he had asked to see me, in order to know where she was gone. I told him to the Cedare. He turned as white as a sheet. "Br. Urquhart, I do not see that you have the slightest right to interfere about my sister and Captain Treherne. He may chose to make you his confidant --I shall not; and I think very meanly of a man who brings a third person, either as an umpire or a go-between, be-twixt himself and the woman he profess-

folly and cowardice. I never will take anybody's advice again. What did she think of my keeping away so long? Did

twist himself and the woman he profess-es to love." Dr. Urquhart looked at me again fix-edly, with that curious, half-melancholy smile, before he spoke. "At least, let me beg of you to believe one thing—I am not that go-between." she despise—hate me?" I said my sister had not confided to meany such opinion of him. "She shall not meet Granton, that

He was so very gentle with me in my fool, that knave, that — Could I overinformed him of a short cut across

wrath, that, perforce, I could not be angry. I turned homeward, and he turned with me; but I was determined not to give him another syllable. the me or, and he was dit of the house in two minu. 498, before Penelope came into Nevertheless, he spoke.

the drawing woon. Penelope sai. I had done exceedingly wrong—that to se d him after our Liss. Nevertheless, he spoke. "Since we have said thus be allowed one word more?" "Since we have said thus much, may I

"Has he been there to-day?" "I see, you think me extremely im-

he might desire, and his son has already satisfied him upon yours; that your father is a clergyman, and that you come of an old English family." "We do not; we come of nothing and nobody. My grandfather was a farmer; he wrote his name Johnsou, plain, ple-beian Johnson. We are, by right, no Johnstons at all." The awful announcement had not the "Not impertinent, but more inquisitive than I consider justifiable in a stranger. I really cannot engage to an-

sister.

man well.

his family?"

The awful announcement had not the stone and Dryden had already cut the family or acquaintance." "Certainly not. I beg your pardon. I will wish you good-morning." "Good-morning." "Good-morning." "Good-morning." "Good-morning." "Good-morning." "Good-morning." "You are too candid yourself not to permit candor in me. May I, in excuse state my reasons for thus interrupting you?" I assented. "You are aware that I know, and have known all along, the present relations of my friend Treherne with your family?" "I had rather not discuss that subject, Dr. Urquhart." The awful announcement had not the effect I anticipated. True, Dr. Urqu-hart started a little, and walked on allently for some minutes, but when he turned his face round it was quite beam-"If I did tell this to Sir William, he is too honorable a man not to value honor and honesty in any family, whether plebeian, as you call it, or not. Dr. Urquhart." The awful announcement had not the effect I anticipated. True, Dr. Urqu-hart started a little, and walked on allently for some minutes, but when he turned his face round it was quite beam-"I I did tell this to Sir William, he is too honorable a man not to value honor and honesty in any family, whether plebeian, as you call it, or not. Dr. Urquhart." The awful announcement had not the for antice in mitter and metading alr. But Sheft-stone and Dryden had already cut the ground from under him when he toom-mitted it to paper. When Lord Broug-hart started a little, and walked on allently for some minutes, but when he turned his face round it was quite beam-"I I did tell this to Sir William, he is too honorable a man not to value honor and honesty in any family, We did so—quite friendly, and parted. I found Lisabel at home. By some

We did so-quite friendly, and parted. I found Lisabel at home. By some chance, she had missed the Grantons,

and Captain Treherne had missed her; I know not of which accident I was the most glad.

Ine printers say, omit writing on both sides of the paper, as it is often a great inconvenience to them. Omit continuous weather reports. Never, or "hardly ever" touch the weather except in case of storms or most glad. Frankly and plainly, as it seemed to me best, I told her of my meeting Dr. Urguhart, and of all that had passed be-tween us; saving only the fact of Sir William's letter to him, which, as he said it was in "confidence," I felt I was not

drought. Omit the use of many words ond com ustified in communicating even to ente

Omit puffs for certain parties, and sister. She took everything very easily— laughed at Mr. Treherne's woes, called him "poor fellow," was sure all would come right in time, and went up stairs beep the editor's scissors sharp. Omit replies to unpleasant personali-ties from other correspondents. Silence on your part will silence them in less time and more effectually than all the

to dress for dinner. On Thursday she got a letter from him which she gave me to read—very passion-ate and full of nonsense. I wonder any man can write such rubbish, or any wordy warfare you could wage. Omit unpleasant personalities and never send items the force of which are

woman can write such rabbish, or any woman care to read it—still more to show it. It gave no information on facts which to throw shells.

Omit articles liable to stir up strife -only implored her to see him; which in a neat little note, also given for my

in a neat little note, also given for my perusal, Lisabel declined. On Friday evening, just after the lamp was lit and we were all sitting round the tea-table, who abould send in his card with a message begging a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Johnston but Dr. Urquhart? "Max Urquhart, M. D." as his card said How odd he D.," as his card said. How odd he should be called "Max."

me again fix alf-melancholy
you to believe to be shown in, and with some difficulty I made him understand that ton, intend building in that city an iron trame steamer. With wood casing, have de ill-naturedly, "the particular friend of Captain Treherne."
a much, may I
much, may I
me anatter
a should be called "Max."
Papa roused from his nap, desired the visitor to be shown in, and with some difficulty I made him understand that ton, intend building in that city an iron frame steamer, with wood casing, have de ill-naturedly, "the particular friend of Captain Treherne."
a much, may I
much, may I
much, may I

different to money. Birth and position he might desire, and his son has already proving that Bacon could have been hur

What to Omit in Local Reporting

The printers say, omit writing on both

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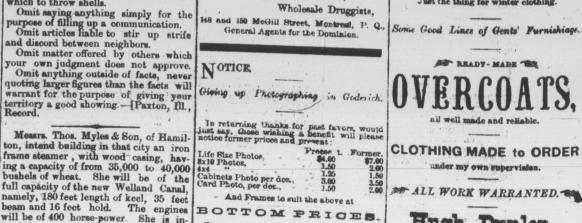
"I am glad," says o worse." "I am sorr "that it is no better." worse. One man counts ev as a gain. Another lse than he receives a One man spoils a goo other enjoys a poor rep it with none at all. One man is than iful

Another is morose for h One man thinks he better world, and is di he hasn't got it. Anot not justly entitled to an with this.

One man makes up h his wants. Another fr

THINK OF IT.-Henn said: "If I ever see a l ed to Jesus Christ I sha nore nearly approachin tion of a dead body t have over yet seen." I bout 300,000 native Ch The rate of growth has 128,000; 1862, 213,000; 1878, 500,000. The en conversions in 1878, 60,

ZOPESA, from Brazi scting as a wonder u acting as a wonder of spherical sectors of the human recting and increasing the strongly anti-bilious and surplus bile, tones up sound digestion and spee Dyspeptic and the Bi Jordan for a ten cent and the bile, to be the bill ordan for a ten cent and test, Zornsa the new could be the set



Come one, come all | and have your heart

1755 .