Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXVI. NO. 22. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1374.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, is printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $6.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

The following rates will be charged to merchants and others who advertise by the year,—

One Column	1 year	$60
" "	6 months	35
" "	3 months	25
Half "	1 year	35
" "	6 months	25
" "	3 months	15
Quarter "	1 year	20
" "	6 months	12
" "	3 months	8
Eighth "	1 year	12
" "	6 months	8
" "	3 months	5

This agreement is to be confined to the ordinary business of commercial houses, and for such it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, Houses to let or for Sale, &c.

☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-ly

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal).
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Rose' hotel, Main street, and opposite McMillan's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

Dr. P. A. McDougall
Will be at home for Consultation up to 11 o'clock, a.m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 48

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-ly

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School.

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, and Solicitor in Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w52 J. T. GARROW.

H. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1387

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1372

Sinclair & Seager
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. SINCLAIR. CHAS. SEAGER, Jr.
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

W. R. SQUIER.
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1343

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee.
sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont.
MONEY TO LEND. w36

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., COURTHOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1507-ly.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1396

A. M. CAMPBELL
Veterinary Surgeon,
FORMERLY of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York and Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. RESIDENCE, VIENNA.
Will visit Dayfield every Saturday. 1313 3m.*

J. T. DUNCAN, V.S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
Secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y

NOTICE.
MISS BARNES is returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing. Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, Etc. &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Goderich, 17 April 1872. 1ml

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust and Loan Company of CANADA.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of Improved Farm City or Town Property for periods of Five Years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and repayable at equal yearly or half yearly or at the end of the term. Payments in reduction of loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Agent.
1317 Post Office, Goderich.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1873. sw73-1y

Hotels.

WRIGHT'S HOTEL,
GODERICH, ONT.
SITUATED ON THE HIGH BLUFF overlooking the Harbor, Lake and River.
This house after being thoroughly renovated and furnished is now open for the summer season for the reception of guests.
Parties going to Lake Superior by the *Manitoba* will find this house very convenient.
Large families requiring rooms should engage previously either by mail or telegraph.
J. J. WRIGHT,
Proprietor.
Goderich, 20th May, 1873. 1370

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MARKET SQUARE GODERICH.
CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR
LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL.
A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and Travelling public that was accorded before the firs, respectfully solicited. 1334

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS,
Agent at Goderich.
Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTON,
Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870. w36-1y.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND
AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to
HENRY MATHERS,
St. Helens.
1309-tf.

MONEY TO LEND.
ON IMPROVED FARM PROPERTY, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to
SAMUEL SLOAN,
Colborne Hotel.
Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Available Assets, $27,000,000.
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated in full without reduction.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company.
HEAD OFFICE :: TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$150,000
With liberty to increase to half a million
Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.
INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND SECURITIES.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
President: The Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, M.P., Q. C., Solicitor, Toronto.
Vice President: Lewis Moffat, Esq.
Geo. Duggan, Esq., Judge of the County of York.
W. H. Beatty, Esq., M.D., M.P., Toronto.
Angus Cameron, Esq., Cashier Merchants' Bank.
Wm. J. Macdonell, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto.
Angus Morrison, Esq., M.P.
Secretary and Treasurer: Arthur Harvey, Esq.
Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by
J. J. BELL,
1342 Agent at Goderich.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS.....208,269.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,886.26
HON. J. McMURRICH
President.
B. HALDAN Managing Director.
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates.
SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES, COVERING Insurance for one or three years on Churches, Parsonages, Colleges and Schools with contents, in Towns, Villages and Country places. Prompt and liberal terms of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community.
First class men wanted for a canvassing Agency for the township of Goderich this Year. Apply in writing with reference to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office.
D. WATSON,
Local Agent.
Goderich, 17th Sept. 1871

ANCHOR LINE.

Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday.
TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers.
☞ Passage, as booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply, as by any other Route or Line.
THE NEW DEPARTURES.

From Glasgow.		From New York.
Sat., Sept. 23d	IOWA	Mon., Oct. 16th.
Sat., Sept. 30th	CALEDONIA	Sat., Oct. 21st
Sat., Oct. 7th	ANGLIA	Sat., Oct. 28th
Sat., Oct. 14th	COLUMBIA	Sat., Nov. 4th

And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon.
RATES OF PASSAGE PATABLE IN CURRENCY.
To Liverpool, Glasgow or Derry:
First: Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location
Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accomodation, $130.
Intermediate, $35 Steerage, $28.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friend
Drafts issued payable on presentation.
Apply at the Company's Offices or to
MES WARNOCK,
West St. Goderich, Ont.
Goderich Oct. 23 1871.

Goderich Marble works

Scott, Vanstone & Co.,
BEG TO INTIMATE THAT THEY HAVE opened a branch of their Kincardine
MARBLE-CUTTING WORKS,
in the old stand of Mr. A. M. Johnston Victoria st., Goderich, and will be able to supply
Tombstones, Mantlepieces, Window Sills, &c., &c., &c.,
on the best style of workmanship and on reasonable terms.
GAVIN STUTHERS,
Agent.
Goderich 17th July. sw33-1

IMPORTANT NOTICE
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, Paperhanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN.
Goderich, Apr. 15, 1870 sw1

OPENED OUT AGAIN.

DOUGLAS McKENZIE
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for the generous patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the premises on Kingston Street, formerly occupied as a Saloon by Harry Reed, and directly opposite C. Crabb's store, which he has fitted up in first class style. He will still paid special attention to the
RUSSELL WATCH
for the sale of which he is Sole agent in Goderich. A large stock of Waltham, Merion, Elgin and Swiss Watches in Gold and Silver cases.
He has on hand a large and well selected stock of
JEWELLERY
of all kinds which he will sell cheap.
REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL.
A CALL SOLICITED.
D. McKENZIE.
Goderich, March 25th 1873 1363

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS.

R. J. WHITELY
BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on
CARRIAGE & SLEIGH MAKING
in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite
E. MARTIN'S COLBORNE HOTEL
Carriages, Buggies, Waggons
and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1358

THURBER'S ROYAL ANTI-FRICTION BABBITT METAL.
PARTICULARS.
THURBER METAL No. 1, is for Heavy Bearings and Railway Car Boxes, that run hot.
" No. 2, is for Packing Pinps and Journals running at high velocity.....$60 per lb.
" No. 3, is for Ordinary and General Purposes.....$50 per lb.
CANADIAN METAL, is for Ordinary Bearings and Journals.....$30 per lb.
PHILADELPHIA METAL, is a very fine Metal at the Price.....$40 per lb.
Any quantities of the Thurber Metals have been used during the past year on the Grand Trunk Railway. They have been used and tested and pronounced the best Metals for all the long Locomotive Journals, such as the Great Western Railway, Engineer Valley Saw Mills, Norwich, Lindsay, Port Hope, Trenton, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, and Newcastle Steam Mills, as well as all the Principal Foundries and Manufactories, Railway Shops, Steamers, Propellers, &c., &c.
For Sale everywhere in the Dominion at the above prices.
F. E. G. TAYLOR & CO.,
For sale by H. GARDINER & CO.,
Nov. 13th, 1872 Agents for Goderich.
1349

Poetry.

Let It Pass.

Be not swift to take offence,
Let it pass, let it pass;
Anger is a foe to sense,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass, let it pass.

Strife corrodes the purest mind,
Let it pass, let it pass,
As the unrecorded word,
Let it pass, let it pass.
All the vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve,
'Tis the noble who forgive,
Let it pass, let it pass.

Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass, let it pass;
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrop and the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay,
Let it pass, let it pass

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass, let it pass;
O, be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us nor resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great,
Let it pass, let it pass.

"Olive Varcoe."

—:o:—

'Heaven forgive me!' she murmured, falling on her knees, with both hands pressed against her forehead. 'And this morning I deemed myself unhappy! What am I now?'

Approaching footsteps made her start to her feet, and she stood up trembling. 'What am I to do?' she said. 'Now I must try to be my old self. But my old self is gone—gone for ever! And how shall I bring it back? How act so as to deceive—'

There was a knock at the door, and a voice cried, 'Miss Olive! Miss Olive! are you never going to answer?'

'What do you want?' said Olive, in a sharp voice.

'Let me in, please, Miss, and I'll tell you,' said the maid.

'How can I let you in when I've been locked up here since lunch time?' asked Olive, in her most passionate voice, shaking the door as she spoke.

'Good gracious, Miss, who locked you in?' said the maid.

'How can I tell?' said Olive. 'But I am not a child to be treated in this manner; and if it was done by Lady Trewavas, I shall let her know that, if I bore ill usage as a child, I am not going to be insulted as a woman. If I am to be made a prisoner of at Trewavas, I will quit this house at once.'

'Oh, don't be in a passion, Miss Olive. I'll go to my lady for the key.'

As the servant went, Olive clasped her hands on her forehead again, and looked upwards wildly. Then, as the girl's retreating footsteps sounded through the corridor, she hastily divested herself of her black dress, which she threw into the closet, and arrayed herself in a long trailing dress of lemon silk. She had time to do this, and even to arrange her hair, and change her wet boots for satin slippers, before the servant again approached the door. Then the key was turned in the lock, and a keen-looking girl with grey eyes entered. 'My lady is very sorry, Miss Olive,' she said; 'but in the commotion here you was quite forgotten.'

'What commotion?' said Olive, turning sharply on the girl. 'How dared they lock me in my room? Who did it?'

'Really, Miss Olive,' said the girl, 'if you give way to such passions, you can't wonder people lock you in for safety sake.'

'Did Lady Trewavas send you here to insult me?' asked Olive, as her eye flashed. 'Who made me a prisoner here?'

'Well, Miss, if you must know,' said the girl, drawing back, it was Mr. John.'

'John!' said Olive; and the blood forsook her face with such swiftness that there seemed to be a sudden white shadow fallen over it.

Lady Trewavas' maid shrugged her shoulders impertinently.

'You and Mr. John are such very good friends, Miss,' said she, 'that I dare say you are surprised; but I am not telling you an untruth. He brought the key to me himself, and I heard him say just now he had locked your door, because you was in that towering passion this morning, that he was afraid to let you come near Miss Maristowe again.'

Olive essayed to speak, but her lips shook so fast, that no sound issued from them.

'There you go again, Miss Olive,' said the girl. 'I wouldn't give way so if I was you, Miss. My lady says she is very sorry she forgot you, only her mind has been that anxious about Miss Maristowe, she couldn't think of nothing else. Dinner is over, and they are all at dessert. Will you have a bit of something in the breakfast parlor, Miss?'

'No, I'll have nothing!' said Olive, fiercely; but as she spoke, a sudden sickness seized her, and she fell forward, almost fainting.

'You are as white as moonlight,' said the girl, catching her in her arms, and as pale as a ghost. That's with going without victuals for so long. I shall bring you a bit of dinner up here, Miss Varcoe.'

Olive seemed to hesitate a moment, and then she said, very faintly,

'When the woman was gone she rallied all her strength, and recalled her shrinking courage.

'I must eat and drink,' she said to herself. 'I have much to do, and I have not been curious enough. I must ask questions. And yet how can I—how dare I?'

'Here's a bit of chicken for you, and a glass of wine,' said the servant, returning with a tray. 'Why didn't you ring your bell, Miss Olive, at dinner time? Some one would have come to you then.'

'I was too angry,' replied Olive. 'I could have stood here forever first. And why did they keep ringing that great bell to-day till I was sick of hearing it?'

'We rung for Sir Hilton and Miss Maristowe, Miss Olive,' said the girl; 'and that's what we are in such a hurry about, for Sir Hilton did not come in till long past seven, and dinner was put off again and again.'

'Well, they are come in now, I presume,' said Olive, carelessly. 'You said they were all at dessert.'

'Only my lady and old Mr. Vigo, and Dr. Burton, Miss,' replied the girl. 'Miss Maristowe isn't found yet, and her ma is dreadful alarmed. She's been off after fit, and Mr. John tore away on horseback for Dr. Digby.'

'Dr. Digby!' said Olive. 'Where can Eleanor be?' Has she lost herself? Did she go out alone?'

'She went out alone about three o'clock, Miss,' was the reply; 'but it seems she promised to meet Sir Hilton at five, at the Lover's Seat on the cliff. And he got there first, and waited for her till he heard the bell going; then he came home expecting to find her here. And when he heard she wasn't come in, he was in a fine way. He wou'd have gone out again directly, only my lady made him take a bit of dinner first. Now, he and Mr. John are gone together, with the gamekeeper and two more.'

'What a fuss!' said Olive, laying down her knife and fork. 'I don't wonder that poor Mrs. Maristowe frightens herself so much.'

'Well, I don't know,' said the girl; 'my lady is rather frightened too. Miss Eleanor is usually such a timid young lady. She isn't one to stop out late like this by herself. I'm afraid she's took ill somewhere, and I shall feel awful upset till she come in. That's how we all come to forget you, Miss Olive, being in such a flurry. It was Mr. John who thought of you at last. 'Where's Miss Varcoe?' he says to the butler, when they was all eating a hurried dinner. 'Is she out too?' Then Mr. Crave comes out of the dining-room, and tells me to call you down; and I came to your door, Miss Olive, twice before you answered me.'

'I did not hear you the first time,' said Olive—I suppose I fell asleep over my book; and the next time I was too angry to answer. How do I look? Can I go down in the drawing-room?'

'You are looking beautiful, Miss,' replied the girl. 'Your color has come back again new that you've had a bit of dinner.'

Olive went to the glass and certainly she saw on her face something more than the servant's gaze could discern, for her cheeks gradually grew paled as she regarded herself, and the pupils of her eyes dilated.

'I am looking horrible,' she said; 'I don't know what is the matter with me to-day. Who is in the drawing-room, Tamson?'

'Only my lady and old Mr. Vigo, and the Doctor,' replied Tamson.

'Then I'll go down,' said Olive, drawing a long breath. 'But I don't feel fit to see anyone. When I fell into a passion I am always ill the whole day afterwards. I dare say that I shall say some wild, mad things.'

Tamson seemed perfectly well acquainted with Olive's fitful humor. She held her now a moment by the dress.

'If you please, Miss,' she pleaded, 'don't make no bother to-night; don't go off into one of them outlandish fits of rage—leastways, not till Miss Eleanor is come in. I know it is very trying to be locked up a whole afternoon, but you see, Mr. John didn't mean that—'

'Will, well, don't let him come near me, that's all,' interrupted Olive. 'If he does, I shall go mad.'

The strange gleam in Olive's eyes, and the tight clenching of her small hands, convinced Tamson she was in earnest.

'I'll keep him out of your way, Miss,' she said, eagerly; 'I will indeed.'

'Mind, that's a promise, Tamson,' said Olive, in a clear, rapid whisper.

As Olive's small figure passed down the corridor, with the glimmer of the pale moon gleaming on the yellow satin of her dress, and shining with faint flickerings on the thick coils of her black hair, Tamson watched her with a shudder.

'She makes my blood run cold this evening somehow,' said the girl; 'she's so little and so unearthly, and there's something in her ways that gives me the horrors.'

Through the park and gardens; through the bosky glades and glens where the trees grew thickest; out beyond, among the narrow lanes, where honeysuckles trailed from edge to edge; and all along by the yellow borders of the sea, Sir Hilton Trewavas searched for his missing bride. And ever through the feverish hours of the night, as the searchers met at stated points, in park, or wood, or on the glistening shore, where the waves sprinkled silvery light, as they fell softly on the sands with a murmur rush and ripple, the cry was still the same—No tidings! In the wood, no sound but their own footfall, and the rustle of the leaf, and the flutter of the startled bird; on the hill side, mournful echoes, like unseen spirits coming on them fitfully, bringing back the hurried steps, the murmured voices, the sharp cry, the despairing call, 'Eleanor! Eleanor!' then fleeing mockingly, even as the strained ear seized a hope. On the sands, long dark shadows of rock and cloud, and little glistening pools, holding the moon, and waves, silver furrowed, rolling on the shore in a soft rush of melancholy music—nought but this, and solitude, and the night silence, star-lighted.

How describe a night like this, how tell, as the hurried hours ran by, how hope rose, fell, sickened, and died? As the searchers met, they ran towards each other, calling aloud; but, as the sad answer came back upon the wind, feet slackened, hands dropped, and the cheerliest face grew pale. A thousand conjectures floated from men's lips, and seemed to fill the air.

The day being warm, had the young girl bathed, and been carried away by the tide? If so, it was vain to search till morning; then they would get boats and drags, and find her. Had she walked along the cliffs, venturing too near the edge, and slipped upon the short dry herbage, then fallen? If so, the coming waves had washed her dead into some lonely cavern, or between some ledge of narrowed rock, and, when the day rose, she would flash upon them suddenly, white and awful from such a death. Or had she, in the wood, stepped upon the Cornish viper, which lies among the fallen leaves, brown like them; and unsuccored, terror-stricken, and in anguish, had she died alone? Then, when the sunlight crept in upon her and the deadly snake, they might come upon her as they stalked; but now, beneath the moon, 'twas useless amid the dark foliage to seek for such a sight. As the men talked and whispered thus, the sun for which they longed rose upon them, and the lingering hope which the night had kept alive fled with the darkness.

Some had thought, when the day came, they should find her sleeping—perchance in some soft glade, or beneath a giant tree,—having lost her way, and grown weary and sad, with waiting for the help that came not. But when the sun rose, the promise and the hope that the night had whispered of vanished with his first beams, and the men, in the chill morning air, looked in each other's faces, and saw them doubtful, uncertain, and gray with fear.

Dispirited and weary in every limb, Sir Hilton returned to the house, and met in silence the women who pressed around him, eager for tidings.

After one glance upon his haggard face, Lady Trewavas took him by the arm, and led him away. She put wine and food before him, and forced him to eat and drink; then, refreshed and strengthened, he rose up to go forth again on his search. She had let him eat in silence; but now, as he took his hat in his hand, she held him.

'Do you think that she is dead? she asked.

'Heaven forbid!' he replied. 'I think she must have met with an accident—have fallen—sprained a limb, or broken it; and perhaps she lies somewhere, fainting, weak unable to rise or cry.'

'But you have searched—you have called aloud through all the night? said Lady Trewavas.

'You,' said Sir Hilton; 'but still there is hope, unless she has fallen from the cliff, and the tide——. But we will not believe the worst just yet. Now the day is come, we shall find her.'

At home here we have passed a fearful night,' said Lady Trewavas. 'But for John, Mrs. Maristowe would have gone mad, or died.'

'How is she?' he asked.

Sir Hilton and Mrs. Maristowe had never loved each other much, but now his voice shook as he asked for the mother of Eleanor.

'She sleeps—worn out with grief and tears,' replied Lady Trewavas. 'I have not waked her to tell her you are here, since it would be useless pain.'

'You have done well,' said Sir Hilton. 'When I come again I will bring her daughter dead or living.'

Lady Trowavas looked into his face, so woe-worn and changed in a night, and her heart trembled for him.

'You are very weary,' she said. 'Take a few hours' rest, and let John search the while.'

All through the night, John, at Sir Hilton's urgent request, had remained to comfort and guard the wretched mother, who clung to him in querulous, exacting, helpless grief. His had been a bitter task, but he had fulfilled it gently, with wondrous patience, intermingled with fits of tears like a woman, and now and then a burst of wilder grief than even the bereaved mother's, whose hand he held.

'Let John go,' continued Lady Trewavas. 'He has passed a weary night; the excitement of the morning will be better for him than this heavy inactive grief, and rest will do you good.'

'No, no,' said Sir Hilton, resolutely. 'I will not rest, or cease my efforts, till I have found her; and I will give to no one a task that is my own. I know to remain here inactive is a more trying part than the one I take, but at such a time John will oblige me. Tell him that I thank him for his care of that poor woman this night; and say, I cannot bear to think of her and you unguarded, else I would not ask him to do so hard a thing for my sake. Where is Olive? Has she not watched with you?'

'She has been to and fro,' replied Lady Trewavas, hesitating at her words; 'but for some strange reason, Mrs. Maristowe would not bear her presence. Once or twice she assailed her cruelly; she even said that had she not been locked in her room, she might have thought——'

She stopped, and locking up, met Sir Hilton's eyes anxiously. His fell, and a rush of colour flew over his changed face.

'Did Olive bear such words patiently?' he asked.

'I never saw her so patient, so pitiful, so silent,' replied Lady Trewavas.

Sir Hilton sighed deeply, and bowing his head in sad silence to the aged lady, whose furrowed face seemed newly lined with care, he stepped out of the window upon the lawn. The dew was fresh beneath his feet; the lark sang high above him; the perfume of a thousand flowers met him on the morning's breath, and the ceaseless roll and dash of the unwearying sleepless sea, woke the peopled earth to life. But he, like one dead in grief, neither heard, nor saw, nor listened. The sun had risen that he might find Eleanor; the day was come for this, nought else. So with eyes on the ground he walked swiftly towards a group of men awaiting him, who held in their hands drags and oars; and one had a large white sheet, loosely folded over his arm, to wrap the dead in.

From the western window of her room, behind the trellis of leaves and flowers, Olive watched them go down to the sea, and falling on her knees she wept bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the sun rose flashing on the eastern windows of Bosvigo, the news fell on the careless household, waking all to wonder and sad thoughts. It seemed to young Vigo that the light brought the dreadful words to him, and with them a fear, a surmise, that curdled his blood as it came.

'Searched all night, and have not found her, dead or living.'

It was the fop, Mr. Damerel, who spoke. All his languor gone, and his face set to lines of suspicion and cruel thought; he sat by young Vigo's pillow, and met the earnest, deprecating gaze of his blue eyes with a stern shake of the head.

'It is useless, Vigo,' he said, 'duty must be done. I am bound by every law, human and divine, to divulge now what you told me last night in confidence.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed young Vigo. 'You cannot think——'

'No matter what my thoughts are,' said Damerel. 'Every fact must be related that may help to elucidate this mystery.'

Young Vigo sprang from his bed, and dressed himself hastily.

'You are unjust—cruel,' he said as he hurried on his clothes. 'You shall not make use of my confidence to fasten a suspicion on the innocent.'

'The innocent clear themselves easily,' returned Damerel. 'And I pledge myself to this: I will not mention that meeting between you and her, which you promised not to name. I will speak only of the interview between her and her unfortunate victim, which you witnessed secretly.'

'You cannot be so mean! You will not make me such a coward!' cried young Vigo, flashing into rage, 'If you do, you and I are enemies for ever.'

Mr. Damerel walked up and down the room silently; the nerves in his temples stood out like cords; his face grew pale; suddenly he stopped, and seized his friend by the hand.

'Vigo,' said he, 'will you let a woman part us?—and such a woman! I must do my duty, even if you hate me. Heaven knows it is bitter to me, and bitterer still if it is to lose my esteem. We have been friends from boyhood; will you desert me for such a cause as this?'

With clasped hands they looked in each other's faces, both with earnest eyes, both pale, both steady and firm.

'Damerel, said young Vigo, 'I tell you this, shall part us for ever, unless you listen to me. You have no right to betray my confidence.'

'Not when I suspect a murder has been committed?' said Damerel.

The low earnestness in which he spoke, made his words thrill through young Vigo's ears with a keener pang, than if he had uttered them in passion. His very softness seemed to show such settled certainty of purpose, such firm belief of crime.

'There is no murder,' said Vigo. 'If she is dead, she has fallen over the cliff. But she is not dead—she will be found.'

Mr. Damerel, in deep thought, grasped his friend's hand tighter.

'Listen, said he. 'Let us make a compact. If she is dead, murdered, will you speak? If so, I leave all to you—I will not utter a word.'

'If she is murdered, and I can name to suspect——'

The unhappy young man stopped, overcome by the horror of his thoughts.

'Enough,' said Damerel. 'In that case you will speak.'

'I will, replied young Vigo. 'So may Heaven help me to do the right! I promise in all security, for she is innocent. It was a childish quarrel, a silly quarrel, merely sounds. Women fight with their tongues a hundred times a day, and never harm each other.'

'Not such a woman as this,' said Damerel. 'But I will be silent. We are friends—fast friends. This matter shall rest part us—let us swear to that; and to show you that I will not breathe a word, or act in any way except in concert with you, I will not leave your side to-day. I propose that we both go together to that place, where you saw them, and search it well, telling no one of our intention. It will be time enough to speak if we find cause.'

'Agreed,' said young Vigo, in a low voice. His lips were so pale they scarcely formed the words, but his eyes were fearless, and his whole face wore a resolute air of unbelief.

The young men took a hurried meal together; but before he quitted the house, Charles Vigo went to his father's room. The old gentleman, suddenly aroused, stared blankly at his son.

'Father,' said the young man, 'the news you brought home last night of Miss Maristowe's being missing was more serious than you thought. She cannot have lost her way, or have met with some slight accident, as was supposed, for the Trewavas people have searched for her without finding her.'

'God bless my soul!' cried the kind-hearted squire. 'What can have happened to the poor young lady?'

'No harm, I trust,' said Charles Vigo in a trembling tone. 'There is some mystery, which we cannot understand; let us hope it will be cleared up to-day. Perhaps she has some other lover besides Sir Hilton.'

'Young ladies don't elope now-a-days, Charles,' said the old gentleman. 'And besides, she seemed to me to love Sir Hilton very much.'

'Never mind, father,' observed Charles. 'I still think something very commonplace will account for the young lady's absence. I am not a miracle or murder monger.'

'Heaven forbid, my dear boy, Heaven forbid!' said the squire.

'Father, I am going out for some hours,' continued Charles. 'Just shake hands, and wish me well before I go, will you?'

Something in the tone of the lad's voice—for he was but a lad—made Mr. Vigo raise himself to look on his son's face. The frank blue eyes were filled with tears, and the young ruddy cheeks were white as ashes.

'Why, my boy—my dear boy—what's the matter?' said his father.

'Nothing particular, father,' he replied. 'I'm a little out of sorts this morning—a little anxious, that's all.'

'Take care of yourself, my dear lad. Don't go far,' said Mr. Vigo. 'And as to anxiety, sure you need not be pale with grief, even if Miss Maristowe—poor girl!—be dead.'

'No, father. There is no need to grieve,' returned his son.

There was a gray shadow of care on his face as he turned away.

'Good-bye, governor,' said he. 'What a jolly dear old fellow you are!'

'God bless you, Charlie,' returned his father. 'Don't stay long—don't go far. You look ill.'

(To be continued.)

COUNTY COUNCIL.

(Concluded.)

7 O'CLOCK P. M.

Council resumed.

The Gaol and Court House Committee reported that they had visited the former and found it clean and orderly as usual. There were four prisoners, one woman and three men, all insane. Regret is expressed that this class of prisoners cannot be removed at once to the Lunatic Asylum for proper treatment. Referring to letter of P. F. Walker, they state that if the safe reported on at January meeting was repaired the papers would be perfectly safe, and Mr. Macdermott promises to have it repaired within three days. A part of the Judge's room might be used as a waiting room for witnesses.

The report was adopted.

The Finance Committee presented their report recommending as follows,—That the request of School Inspector's letter with reference to S. S. No. 10, Usborne, be granted; that the request of Canada Co. to have certain lands in Stephen exempted from taxation be granted; that $100 be granted to Teachers' Association for a Library on condition that the Association report to June meeting of Council each year; that the Auditors' report and recommendation be printed in the minutes; that telegram from County Council of Perth respecting Registry Offices be replied to in accordance with action of this Council; that no action be taken towards building a Registry Office for the North Riding as they consider a separate office not necessary, and a serious loss to the County; that the Treasurer be instructed to enforce payment of arrears due for rent of toll gates except $132.09 due from gate 17 the lessee of which absconded some years ago and that said amount be written off his books; that the request of Chairman High School Board Goderich be granted; that $400 each be granted to Goderich and Clinton High Schools; that as the taxes are likely to be high the Engineer's estimates of required