STRETTON.

BY BERRY KINGSLEY.

(Continued.)

It appeared that these youths were under the impression that they could take places. They had come in and sat down in their old Gloucester class form. Young Eddy Evans had in his piece a passage of Addison's or Steele's, in which occur the words, "pray do not deceive yourself on this matter." Young Evans gave it. Whereupon both the Mordaunts rose to their feet, and cried with one voice, "I challenge."

Before the astonished Dean could say one word, the two brothers were at it tooth and nail.

"I challenged first," said old Mordaunt.

"You did nothing of the kind," said the younger. "You read the fourth chapter of Acts, and say what happened to Ananias and Sapphira."

"That's a pretty thing to say to your own brother," said old Mordaunt.

'Not a worse thing than trying to cut your own brother out of a place. Why do you challenge?" said the younger brother.

'Because it's Greek Testament, and wrong in person,' said the elder, scornfully.

'Testament Greek is good enough—better than you could write. I challenge on other grounds. Ask him, sir, what Letter he puts before the signus."

The younger Evans, confused and directed by his evil genius, did hurriedly, "Epsilon." The younger Mordaunt at once sank back in his chair with the air of a man who had done a happy thing, and addressing the Dean, said:

'This, sir, is a specimen of the scholarship of the Doctor's house-boys. If a commonshouse boy had made such a mess, he would have been cobbed by the school.'

At which dreadful words wrath and fury were depicted on the faces of the two Evanses, and of Maynard, who was engaged to their sister. Young Evans rose, perfectly calm, and, addressing the Dean as "Dominus," said that as the rules of English society prevented one boy from personally asking any explanation from any other boy in class, and indeed in any place but the playground, whether he, the Dominus, would be so good as to demand, in his character as Dominus, of Mordaunt minor, when he was caned last, and—what it was for. Whereupon Maynard, who had taken no part as yet, cried out, 'Go it, young Evans!'

'It was your brother who passed the spring and set it going,' said old Mordaunt.

'It was nothing of the kind; and no one knows it better than yourself,' said Roland Evans. 'I never touched it; what did he want with it at chapel?'

'I suppose he could take his musical snuff-box into chapel,' said old Mordaunt, now, after the preliminary skirmish, in close alliance with his brother. 'I suppose he had as good a right to bring his musical box in as you had to bring in your Buttmann's Lexilogus.'

'Well, you need not turn up old things like that,' said Roland Evans.

'Then you leave my brother alone, and I'll leave you alone. As for you, young Evans, you ought to have the Lexilogus banged about your stupid young head, and you would have had three months ago.'

The Dean had by this time partly recovered from a stupor into which he had been plunged by this unexpected and violent storm. He found breath enough to say, 'Gentlemen, I must really request and of necessity insist, that this unseemly altercation cease at once.' After a few growls, and sniffs the lecture proceeded. The Gloucester boys' Greek was all nearly Attic-Ionic, and then the Dean waded away into a slough of utterable stuff, which was furnished to him three times a week by the other men of his college.

A dull fellow-commoner was blundering along through his piece, and the Dean thought that every thing was going right, when the younger Mordaunt, who had been frowning and hissing for some time, finding his recollected wrongs too great to be kept in longer, suddenly broke into articulate speech. To the unutterable terror and confusion of the whole lecture, he said, in a loud voice:

'Those two Evanses and Maynard double-banked young Perkins in the playground one Sunday afternoon, when the fellows were bathing, and took his money from him. And they took nineteen pence half-penny, and all he ever got back was a shilling and a sixpence, and the shilling was bad.'

'It was the same shilling we took from him,' cried Roland, 'and your fellows have double-banked ours a hundred times.'

'What became of the three half-pence then?' said old Mordaunt.

'They spent it in Banbury tarts,' said young Mordaunt.

'There were no coppers at all,' said Maynard. 'And you can't get one Banbury tart under twopence. Now then what do you think of that?'

The Dean again recovered himself.

'In the whole course of my experience, I never saw any thing like this,' he said. 'I insist on perfect silence. You five Gloucester men will remain after lecture. I insist on silence. Mr. Jones, go on.'

'Now we shall all get lines, and liberty stopped,' said young Mordaunt aloud, 'and it was that young Evans began it.'

'It was not,' said young Evans, emphatically.

'*Will* you hold your tongue, sir,' said the Dean, in a voice which they knew they must obey. When it was done, the five remained, and young Mordaunt whispered to old Evans, "He won't flog the lot."

The Dean began on them: 'Gentlemen, your Greek is excellent, but your conduct has not been good. My friend warned me that you were boisterous. I have no great objection to juvenile spirits—in fact I like them; but I must most emphatically insist that you will not quarrel in my lecture. You no longer take rank as schoolboys; we give young men of your age lower rank as men. I must request that this does not happen again.'

Old Mordaunt shoved young Mordaunt, who shoved young Evans, who shoved Maynard, who shoved Roland Evans, by which he understood that he was to be spokesman. His speech was so old, so very simple, so very provincial, so full of the argot of a provincial school, that the Dean scarcely understood it. He said:

'Sir, we are very sorry to have offended you; for myself, I have always been dead against bullying in class, for the mere purpose of spinning out the session. I have also tried most confidently to make friends between doctors' boys and common-house boys principally. I will show, for the sake of the boys, that there shall be no ex[illegible] among friends, as we are. I am sure, all true friends. But three jealous hats cannot

for a long time, and are not likely to cease. I will take it on myself to say, sir, that they shall be stopped in class, and not carried into playgrounds, and that we would rather, having begun so unluckily, be punished by task instead of by stoppage of liberty.'

The Dean impatiently passed the room, and scratched his wig. 'What the deuce, he said to himself, 'am I to do with such boys as these?'

'An Etonian or Harrow boy would know more of things at fourteen. Why does K. keep his boys back like this? they are as fancy cat-chilblain, I never saw such a thing in my life; they fancy they are to be punished. Hang it all, let me see how green they are. Mr. Evans, how old are you?'

'Nineteen, sir.'

'You have behaved very badly. Suppose I was to cane one of you.'

'We understood, sir,' said Roland, 'that we could not be caned after we came here. If, however, you decide on that course, the only one you could cane would be my brother. No boy never caned over eighteen, and my brother is only seventeen.'

'And it would be no use caning him!' exclaimed the irrepressible young Mordaunt; 'he has been caned a dozen times for laughing in chapel. And last half, I tried him to see whether he had got over it. I showed him a half-penny in Litany, and he went off, and was taken out and caned.'

'I would gladly, sir,' said Roland, 'take my brother's punishment on myself; but being over eighteen, I can not, and should in fact, resist; it would be almost cowardly, sir, to put the fault of all, of us on my brother.'

'Do go to Bath, and keep me from Bedlam!' exclaimed the irate Dean.

And they fled off, and apparently had a free fight on the stairs; for as the Dean put it, sixteen out of the five seemed to tumble down instead of walking down.

'This is K. all over,' he said to himself, when they were gone; 'this is his system; sending his boys up here babies instead of men. I wish he had sent them to Balliol,—I wish he had sent them to Jericho. I have no sympathy with them. I can't get at them. They are a noble lot; but they are five years too young. And this hot-bed of sin I come in!'

CHAPTER VIII.

There seemed some difficulty about the person who knocked at the door coming in, as indeed there was. There was a curious pegging sound, then a gentle turning at the door-handle, and then a heavy fall. The Dean dashed out, and found a little cripple lying on his back on the landing, laughing.

'I shall do it once too often,' said the cripple. 'My servant puts me into bed, but I direct my energies to tumbling out of it. I live in the gate which is called Beautiful, and am happy there; but St John and St Paul are in heaven, and have never said a word, 'What we have, we give thee.' Will you help us a poor little cripple, and set him on his legs, and give him his crutch, Dean? He St John, to me Dean.'

'Sir Jasper Meredith!' exclaimed the Dean.

'I thought I should creep so nicely up, and I came one stair at a time. And I made fair weather of it until I tried to turn the handle and then I lost my balance, and fell on my back.'

The Dean had never seen any thing like this. He was a man of the cloister, and had heard of human ills, and of baronets with 14,000 acres, and of cripples also. But to find a feeble cripple, with 14,000 acres, flat on his back before his own door, on the landing, was a sensation for the good Dean. 'And he is from Shropshire also,' he considered. 'Shropshire will do for us in time.'

He picked the little cripple up very carefully, and brought him in. 'What can I do for you, Meredith?' he said, gently.

'Give me leave to get my breath, my dear sir,' began the little man. 'Thank ye. Oh! that's better. I can't get on anyhow. The doctors say that it is my spine, and I say it's my legs, and I expect that I know as much about it as they do. My legs have seperate individualities; in fact, I have named them differently—Libs and Auster—and they always want to go in different directions, which brings me to grief—don't you see? I suppose you have never noticed the same thing with regard to *your* legs, for instance, have you?'

'No,' said the Dean, glancing complacently at his well-formed legs. 'I never experienced any thing of that kind—lately.'

'No,' said Meredith; 'your legs do look like a pair. Now mine, you will perceive, if you will do me the goodness to look at them, most distinctly are not.'

'You are certainly afflicted,' said the kind Dean, 'and I am sorry for it.'

'We will speak of that on some future occasion,' said the little man. 'I am not at all sure that I am. Being afflicted in this manner, do you see, brings you so many kind friends, and such sympathy, that I am not sure that I would change it, even to be Roland Evans. Well, that is not what I came to speak about. I came on a matter of business, and I am taking up your valuable time in talking of myself. Cripples *will* talk about themselves, you know.'

'My time is yours, Meredith,' said the Dean, pleased by the kindly little ways of the cripple

'Now that is very kind of you. May I take a liberty? I have been a petted boy, and am used to take liberties. May I have one little spring of that *Wustaria* that is hanging your window with imperial purple? I half live in flowers, Dean. They are the purest forms of mere physical beauty which can be brought to me, and I can not travel in search of beauty, you know.'

The Dean got him one at once, saying, 'There is one form of physical beauty which comes to you very often, I fancy—Roland Evans.'

'Yes,' said Meredith; 'I believe that he is very beautiful. But I, for my part, having known him so long, have lost the power of seeing *that*. If he were a cripple or a leper, it would make no difference to me.'

'You like him, then?' said the Dean.

Meredith looked quietly, and very absently, looking at the curist.

'The brain is always affected in these spine diseases,' said the Dean to himself. 'The poor little fellow is wool-gathering.'

Then he added, emphatically, 'We were speaking of Roland Evans, Sir Jasper Meredith.—You like him, do you not?'

In an instant one of the keenest, shrewdest faces he had ever seen was turned up to his, and he stood astounded.

'Like him!' said the cripple. 'Yes, I like him very much indeed. You know that you yourself would like a noble young man like that (supposing that you were a cripple, which you are not) who left habitually his own amusements, to which he confined, to attend to you; who could put you in the best place to see his things at cricket, and come running to you after a race to tell you about it. You would like such a man as that, would you not?'

The Dean, interested, said 'Yes.'

'Ah! So I like him. And, in similar way, I like his sister, who is Viola to Sebastian. And I like the whole lot of them—the two Mordaunts, Maynard, and Eddy Evans. They are all good. I came here on a point with regard to them. I am afraid they have been behaving very badly?'

'They have been quarrelling so dreadfully,' said the Dean.

'They always do in class,' said Meredith.

'It is an old Gloucester dodge of spinning out the work, if one of the set has not got up enough lines.'

'If that is the case,' said the Dean, angrily, 'I must request you to tell your friends that I will not suffer it again.'

'I will mention it again,' said Meredith.

'They thought—I declare they did—that you would set them impositions. They are on their honor now.'

'They are an extraordinary lot of greenhorns.'

'They are,' said Meredith, 'with the exception of shrewd old Mordaunt. I suppose you know that none of them have ever been to London?'

'I know nothing about them,' said the Dean, 'except that K. sent them here. I never saw such an extraordinary lot of fellows in my life. But you must tell them that I will not stand disturbances in lecture-time. You said that you came here to speak to me about them.'

'True,' said Meredith, 'I ought to have had notice to quit before. I will do my business. The butler tells me that, as a fellow-commoner, I must sit at the high table with you. Do relax your rule, and let me sit at the Freshman's table, with the Evanses and the Mordaunts. They help me in a hundred ways. Do let a poor cripple have his dinner among his kind at the Freshman's table.'

'Your request is granted, certainly,' said the Dean, laughing. 'But you must tell your friends not to be so turbulent. We were told last night that the younger Mordaunt and the younger Evans fought for a plate of meat, which both claimed, and were fined by the senior man at the table.'

'My groom told me this morning,' said Meredith, quietly, 'that the Bible sterk had sneaked. Young Evans certainly ordered the chicken, but then young Mordaunt, as senior boy, considered that he had a right to change dinners, not liking his mutton when he saw it. I am sorry they fought over it, but boys will fight over their victuals, you know. I dare say you have done it yourself.'

There rose suddenly on the mind of the Dean the ghost of a certain Bath bun which he had struggled for at a certain school nearly twenty years before, and which had ended in a great fight in the play ground with a certain great general, who was just now engaged in the reduction of Sebastopol. The Dean had the best of it, as did not the general.

'But,' said he, 'they behave like schoolboys. They are ranked as men here.'

'They were schoolboys yesterday, and are schoolboys still,' said Meredith. 'It rests with you to make them men. What sort of men you are going to make of them is more in your line of business than mine. Lord help you through it! for they are a rough lot. It rests with you to take up Dr. K.'s work where he left off. He has sent them here in trust to you.'

CHAPTER IX.

Pulverbatch, one would think, was (at least in the old coaching days) as far, intellectually speaking, from anywhere as any place could be. It was even out of the then road from Shrewsbury to Ludlow—one would have thought a very quiet road—and was intensely sleepy.

The Grange, Miss Eleanor Evans's inalienable property, was a heavy old grange with an actual moat, in which Miss Eleanor lived as a Mariana, though with a difference. There were eight hundred acres of fat meadow and corn land around it, washed down from Caradoc, Lawley and Longmynd; every acre of which this strenuous lady held in her own hands.

When she took possession of it, after the lapse of a bad tenant's lease, and announced her intention of farming it, her brother gave her a little good advice.

'It is worth two pounds an acre, Nell, now that the Dower Farm has fallen in, even after Dell has scourged it so, sixteen hundred a year—I'll find you a good tenant.'

'Thank you,' she said, 'but I am going to find a good tenant in myself.'

'You will make a mess of it.'

'Why?'

'Because you can't farm.'

'Fiddle-de-dee,' said Eleanor, 'I have been bored to death with it all my life; I ought to know something about it by this time. And, besides, women are much sharper than men. Any one can farm; don't tell me. I will take my four thousand a year off that land, or I will know the reason why.'

'My dear Eleanor,' said her brother, 'I know you to be shrewd and determined; I will allow that you have quite sufficient intellect to manage the property.'

'Then what is to say, as much intellect as Dell, who has seven hundred and eighty acres of yours. Thank you, for I am very much obliged to you for comparing me with a tipsy, muddled, uneducated old man like him. Go on,' said Eleanor.

'You are angry, my dear,' said her brother, 'but you must remember that farming is a second nature to him.'

'What was his first?' she asked.

This was one of those pieces of pure nonsense which scatter men's nonsense. Squire Charles picked himself up as well as he could, and said, somewhat heavily:

'Supposing that you could actually get this farm in order, and get money's worth of it, you would be beaten at marketing.'

"Why?" said Elenor.

"Because, not being able to go to market yourself, you would have to send your bailiff, who would cheat you."

"But I am not going to have any bailiff. And I am going to market my own self."

"The farmers will be too much for you," said Charles.

"Will they?" she said; "they must have had a sudden accession of brains then."

"Do you mean to tell me, Eleanor, that you are actually going into Shrewsbury market with samples of oats?"

"Certainly."

"It will be thought very odd, and some will say improper."

"I know knothing about your last epithet. With regard to oddity, now look round among the county families around us, and say whether or no there is not a queer story among every one of them,—There is an odd story in one of our own family, Charles."

"You mean about me."

"I mean about you. But I want to finish about this farming business. I am going to do it. I pay rent to myself; I have as much knowledge of farming as Dell, and ten times his intellect; why should I not do well?"

"You will be beaten in market," said Charles.

"We will see about that," said Eleanor.

She certainly was right, for she "gave her mind to it," and became one of the best farmers and keenest marketers about. Her scourged land recovered, as if by magic. She had good years and bad years, but she made money, and a good deal of it; as a very diligent and clever person, with no rent to pay, and over seven hundred acres of fine land, may do. As time went on, her brother saw that he was wrong, and he told her so; and added, "And you seem to be very happy, Eleanor."

"I am as happy as the day is long," she said. "I have no time to be otherwise.—I am interested and amused all day long, in all weathers, and I have perfect health, and no cares. Women are frequently very great fools to marry."

"Yet it would be odd to have another to care and work for," said Charles.

"I have no bailiff to be my son, and I know he will be extravagant, and bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I have spoilt him," she added, laughing; "therefore I must work and slave to meet his extravagance. As I have brewed, so must I bake; I have made my bed, and I must lie on it; I am regard him. I have him a new watch last week.'

"So I saw. I hope he did not ask for it?"

"Oh no; he never asks for any thing, only he looks so pretty when he is 'saved,' and he likes bright and glittering things. I must work and save for him."

"You will not save much with those new cottages," said her brother; "you ought never to lay one brick on another, till you see your way to a clear seven per cent, exclusive of bad debts; and you will never see three there."

"Say two and a half, said Eleanor, "but it pays me indirectly on my own estate.—I have my laborers on my own ground, close to their work. What would you say of the wisdom of a slave-owner who made her niggers walk three miles to the cotton grounds?"

"You will raise the rates."

"I don't care. Oh! by-the-by, your headkeeper has been asking me whether he may rear some pheasants in my large spinney, and I have told him that I should like to catch him at it. Your privileges I will protect for you, but I won't have pheasants, rabbits, or hares; you have plenty of ground of your own without bothering me."

Squire Charles laughed, and left her admiringly.

So she went on, busy, quiet, contented, until I regret that it becomes necessary to pick her up at the age of forty-four years, just at the time when that extraordinary set of boys, which I have previously described, had begun their most eccentric career at St. Paul's College.

The Grange at Pulverbatch was like so many Shropshire houses, a place worthy a long summer-day's visit. It was a low stone house, shrouded in and darkened by great dense groves of elms. Sooner than touch one bough of which, Eleanor would have sold her watch; though she had very much spoiled the scenery of the valley, by slashing into her hedge-row timber elsewhere most unmercifully, and cutting down her hedges to the famishing point. I am not antiquarian enough to say who it was built, but Eleanor had chosen to get it into her head that it was built by a small country gentleman, at the time, as she put it, "when the greatest of all Englishmen for all time, Oliver Cromwell, ruled the land, and had one Milton for his Poetalureate.' A mild antiquarian, on one occasion, by way of making himself agreeable, told her in a mild voice that her house was formerly a religious house, a cell of the larger house of St. Lawrence at Stretton.

'It was nothing of the kind, sir,' she answered, indignantly,

'I think you will find that I am right,' said the mild man.

'I don't believe a word of it,' said Eleanor. And the mild antiquarian said no more.

'It was moated around on all sides, for defence,' she said; 'our ponds,' said the antiquarian; and this most was part of her belief in the place.

There were carp in this moat, and although she was shrewd enough to prefer the splendid trout which came out of the stream running through her estate for her own eating, yet on state occasions she always, as agreat treat, gave her guests these abominable masses of dry bones out of the moat. They were to her as a haggis or a sheep's head is to a Scotchman. She used to send them to her neighbors, as rare compliments and presents. Well, she had few prejudices, and those were very innocent

We shall see more of her kind, innocent, wise life as we go on; a little more about her house, and herself, and she will be sufficiently fully introduced.

I should think, from what I have observed, that almost the first ambition of every clever woman was to have room of *her own*, a place where she was mistress and could do as she pleased (surely some clever woman has said this before, though I can not recollect where, but it is true.) I have seen such rooms; I know at least two; and I guess that in these maiden bowers, women, whether poor or rich, symbolise their own souls, or the phases of them. I know a bower, hung with crude oil-sketches and photographs of great pictures; again, I know another, full of saints, angels, and crucifixes. I suppose that every woman would have such a nest—alas! how few are able. Eleanor, however, had her nest, which most decidedly symbolised her pursuits.

Eleanor's nest was what her brother called 'the dining-room,' but what she would insist on calling, out of contradiction mainly, I think, 'the best parlor.' It was a dark wainscoted room, with a large stone jambed bay-window at the end farthest from the door, in front of which her great library table, with innumerable drawers, was placed, and by which the only available light was let into this wonderfully uncomfortable room. At this table she could look over her beloved moat, and write her letters. Here she received her men, and her poor folks; and here she sat one afternoon, soon after the boys had gone to St Paul's, reading her letters and answering them.

She was in her usual riding habit, and had been on foot or on horseback since six o'clock in the morning. As the light from the only window fell upon her face, you could see that, although her complexion might have suffered (or been improved) by wind, weather, and hard work, there was no doubt that she was still a singularly beautiful woman.

She had had all kinds of letters by that post; and she had read them, and laid them aside for answer. Mr Sutton, of Reading, informed Miss Evans that he did not approve of such a large admixture of triticum in the grass-seed intended for soil washed for limestone hills, but had executed the order under Miss Evans's direction, and begged to inform her that the 'Student' parsnip, from Cirencester, was well worth a trial. Barr and Sugden informed her that they would, if possible, execute her small order for 5000 snowdrops, but that a regular customer had come down on them for 14,000, and they were at present uncertain. A neighboring miller wrote to say that if she would thresh out at once, he would chance the big risks at 54 (to which she said, 'I dare say,') under all of which there was a letter from her lawyer, telling her that the dispute about the old arrears, hanging on since Dell's time, was settled against her; and several begging letters.

These were put aside for answering; the two she had just read which made her sit with her handsome head in the light and really think. Let us look over her shoulder. The first was from young Allan Gray, the young man who was the son of the soldier Gray, and who, by natural law, was nephew of Charles and Eleanor Evans and cousin to Roland and Edward.

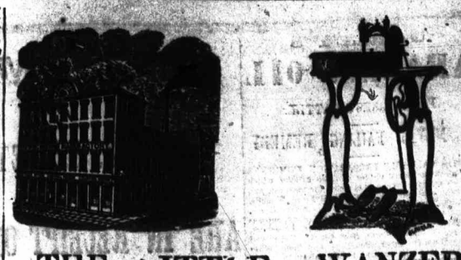
It ran thus:—

'MY DEAR MADAM—I inclose you Mr. Secretary Crowell's receipt for the very noble donation to our poor little work. I know that the pleasure you had in giving it is even higher than is ours in receiving it; I am requested to thank you for it, madam, and I thank you accordingly. Mr Tennison, one of our best helpers, offered prayer for you tonight, madam, in the general prayer, and by name. This I know will be gratifying to you.

'(Well, and so it is, said Eleanor. 'I am sure we all want it.')

'I wish, madam, that you could come and pay us a visit here, say when you come to the Cattle Show, at Christmas. I think that such a shrewd and yet kind heart as yours could see what actual good we are doing among the misery and guilt around us.

(To be Continued.)



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&c., &c., &c.

LAW BLANKS, Printed to Order.

DIVISION COURT BLANKS, Orders promptly filled, and Prices moderate.

AT THE SIGNAL OFFICE.

HURON FOUNDRY!

East Street. Goderich.

R. RUNCIMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF

GRIST & FLOURING MILLS,

Muley and Sash Saw-Mills, Steam Engines and Boilers,

Thrashing Machines, Seperators,

Horse Powers, Drag Saws,

IRON AND WOODEN PLOUGHS!

With Cast or Steel Boards, Drill Ploughs, Gang Ploughs,

Cultivators, Land Rollers, Straw Cutters,

Agricultural Furnaces, Potash Kettles, Sugar Kettles, Salt Kettles, Wagon and Pipe Boxes,

COOKING, PARLOUR AND BOX STOVES,

of the most improved kinds. Brass Castings made, and Blacksmiths' Work and Repairing done on short notice. Call and see the STEEL MOULD-BOARD PLOUGHS, as you can get one very cheap for C[illegible]

Goderich, Aug. 15th, 1.. w30

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, 32 by 42 feet, cellar full size of the house. Frame barn 45 by 61 ft. This is a rare opportunity to secure a good farm on the Lake Shore, where fruit raising is much more successful than further inland. Apply to

WM. HALL, Bayfield,

or G M. TRUMAN, Land Agent, Goderich

August 15, 1870 w30

FARM FOR SALE

ON THE

BAYFIELD GRAVEL ROAD,

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

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

Farm for Sale.

LOTS 53 and 54, Bayfield Concession, in the Township of Goderich Containing 66 acres, of these over 50 acres cleared with good Frame Barn, and Log House, about 2½ miles from Clinton. For Terms of sale apply at the Dominion Court office at Goderich, or to Mr. WIGGINGTON on the premises.

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

A BARGAIN.

50 ACRES, East ½ of Lot 29, 10th con. Culross, Co. Bruce. 7 acres cleared and good log house. Clear title for $350 cash or for $400 one third down and the remainder in annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Apply to ABRAHAM SMITH

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

VILLAGE LOTS FOR SALE IN BAYFIELD.

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

JOHN CROOK.

Goderich, July 19th 1870. ww28 t

THE RIDGE TO LET

APPLY TO,

D. S. GOODING,

BARRISTER, Goderich,

August 22nd, 1870. sw1-tf

JAMES STEWART

WHOLESALE AGENT

OF

The far-famed and reliable St Catherine's Nursery

D. W. BEADLE, ESQ.

FOR ALL KINDS OF

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, GREEN-house Plants Grape Vines, &c., &c.

☞ Any stock not on hand, ordered on the shortest notice. House—Maitlandville. Goderich P. O

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

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 his 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. w29-3m

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned as General Merchants in the Town of Goderich, under the style or firm of Martin and Robertson, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the said firm are to be paid to A. Martin who will settle the liabilities of the same.

Witness, D. McMARTIN. AMOS MARTIN

Goderich Aug 7th. JOHN ROBERTSON

With reference to the above I beg to say that he will hereafter carry on the business, on his own account, in all its departments and would respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

A. MARTIN.

Goderich August 16th, 1870. w30-4f

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

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

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

Dated in Goderich the 19th July, 1870 sw26tf

1860.] HENRY GRIT, 1868.]

PATENT SOLICITOR & DRAUGHTSMAN,

Ottawa, Canada,

TRANSACTS BUSINESS WITH THE PATENT Office and other Departments of the Government.

☞ COPYRIGHTS AND THE REGISTRATION OF TRADE MARKS AND TRADE PROCURED.

Drawings, specifications, and other Documents necessary to secure PATENTS of INVENTION prepared on receipt of Model of the Invention.

Ottawa, December 1869.

WANTED, AT THE BRITISH EXCHANGE Hotel a first-class cook and a good dining room girl.

Goderich, June 26th, 1870. w23-tf

FOR SALE.

THE SOUTH HALF OF LOT NO. 18, IN THE 1st con., Wawanosh, 50 acres, only two miles from village. Apply there to M. Fallon, Esq., or

M. C. CAMERON

Goderich w 46

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 9, 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 ⅓ to ½ cash, the balance to suit purchasers.

JAS. TISDALE,

Fordyce, P. O.

Sept. 5th, 1870. w33-3m

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 9 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. TRUMAN,

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 16th, 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 R FINLAY, Bank of Montreal

Sept. 20th, 1870. w36-4t Goderich.

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.

LANDS FOR SALE

AT BAYFIELD.

LOTS NO'S. 71 & 72 BAYFIELD CONCESSION, Township of Goderich, comprising 146 acres of the best quality of land, within about 2 miles of the Market place of the Town of Bayfield. There is a clearance of 25 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 neighborhood.

ALSO—Lot 14, Range A Township Stanley, containing 30 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

TWO FARMS for SALE

FOR sale two very valuable FARMS in the Township of Goderich. For particulars apply to

JOSEPH SHAW, 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 GROUND floor, Dining Room, Parlor, Kitchen, Hall and Bed, room; on the second floor, Sitting Room, Large Family Bedroom, and four other bedrooms; on the Basement, Dairy Room, Fruit room, Store room, Meat room: Frame Barn 52x32 feet. 2 miles from Clinton and 7 from Goderich. Good large orchard of over 200 as porter 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