



THE TORY LEADER.

Macdonald's Decline—An Old Conservative on the Premier's Recedence.

No journalist in Canada has had better opportunities in recent years of studying the public career of the Tory chief than the present editor of the Winnipeg Sun. He has been behind the scenes at Ottawa and Toronto, and writes with an accurate knowledge of the subject he discusses. In a recent issue he gives this true-to-life sketch: Sir John's sun has been in a large degree destroyed by the factitious statesmanship which has risen almost to the dignity of a creed among his followers. The first sign of weakness was the clumsiness of his dealings with Sir Hugh Allan in 1875 while negotiating for the Pacific railway fund, and the helplessness he displayed when his sin had found him out. For a time he exhibited rare tact as leader of the Opposition; but his triumph in 1878 was mainly due to the fact that Mr. Mackenzie had been discredited by circumstances beyond human control. Since 1879 Sir John, though he carried the country in 1882 when the boom was at its height, has encountered a long series of disasters in a sense personal to himself. He set out to make everybody rich by means of high duties, and that he has egregiously failed is attested by the deplorable condition of Canadian industry today. His grand scheme for establishing direct trade lines of steamships between Montreal and the chief ports of France, Spain and Brazil failed long ago. His efforts to induce foreign capitalists to invest in Canadian enterprises—he declared that numbers of them were waiting at the door for the verdict of 1882—failed utterly. His main policy has been to drive a loyal subservient but practically exhausted within three years of the signing of the contract and the country compelled to advance thirty millions more to save the Syndicate from ruin. Of his administration of Northwest affairs it is hardly necessary to speak. He has driven a loyal people to the verge of revolt and planted in this region a crop of distrust and disaffection that promises a harvest of evil for the Dominion. These things have seriously damaged his prestige. Though his followers still profess faith in him, they no longer believe that he is incarnate prescience; some of them indeed are beginning to wonder how he ever contrived to amass a reputation for statesmanship. In the field of constitutional law, where he was once deemed infallible, he has also met with humiliating reverses. Though he drafted the constitution his interpretation of it to the Strama, Levesque, Insurance and other important cases has been consistently wrong in the opinion of the highest tribunal. In the Boundary matter he has been completely thrown by a man whom he hates and affects to despise. It has become impossible for his admirers to frame excuses for this steady run of failure. The secret of it is that Sir John's reputation with this generation was largely founded on tradition; and that, beyond a profound knowledge of men and a marvellous capacity for intrigue his powers even at their best were neither solid nor brilliant. The weight of years has impaired the energies of mind and body, and his old joke that he had become a laggard on the stage is no longer a fit subject for laughter.

Warning. The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of Bowel Complaints which Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will promptly remedy.

Power of the Waves. Perhaps the influence of the tides on the waves is nowhere more clearly shown than on the coasts of Scotland. In the long narrow bays that indent the coasts the tides have a very rapid current. No boat can live if there is a gale that runs to the tide. There is a theory that tides are the cause of a very striking peculiarity of the waves in a storm. Every one has noticed that after a series of moderately high waves have passed a ship will encounter three in succession which are conspicuously larger. Then there will be a longer or shorter period of comparatively moderate waves, followed by three more monsters, and so on. Some sailors believe that tides or currents tripping up the waves bring them together until they unite in those enormous swells that carry havoc on their crests. In support of this is cited a case at Perthhead harbor, on the Scotch coast. Over 30 years ago there was a gale of wind that drove the waves on the beach one day, watching the swells come in from the severest storm on record at the time. About two hours before high water three tremendous waves rolled in, and, breaking on the beach carried away 315 feet of a great bulwark founded 91 feet above high water of the spring tides. One piece of the wall weighing 13 tons was carried 50 feet. Two hours exactly after high tide three more waves came in of a similar character, but they did less damage. This was the first instance on record in which the formation of the waves was connected with the time of the tide, but similar observations have been frequent since then. The movement of that wall reminds me of two more wonderful instances of the power of the waves than I have mentioned. It is on record that the waves of the German ocean once broke in two a solid column of freestone that was 36 feet high and 17 feet in diameter at the base. The shaft was standing in place at the time. The diameter at the place of fracture was 11 feet. But at the top of the Bound Skerry of Whaley in Zealand the waves have broken out of their beds, which are 85 feet above the level of the sea, blocks of stone weighing from 8 to 10 tons. Is it any wonder that Smeaton in his history of the Eddystone lighthouse should speak of controlling those powers of nature subject to no calculation?

The best medical authorities acknowledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

EARLY DRINKS.

Men who are slaves to the Morning Demon.

A Times reporter waited for a second edition. He wanted to see how many copies the "Inland" competitor had made in his account of a fire which was malignant enough to take place at 2 o'clock in the morning. He usually drifted into a bar-room. The drink was about to break and the rush of the night was over. The bartender stood at the door brushing his coat with a whisk broom. The early mail wags were catching their papers and thundering for their trains.

'Pretty nearly through' suggested the reporter in a congratulatory manner. 'The rush is about to begin,' answered the bartender in tones of conviction. 'The early morning drinkers will now appear.'

As he spoke a wagon came rattling up to the door and the teamster sprang off. 'Good morning, doctor,' said the bartender.

'Good morning,' said the teamster. 'For good morning drink.'

He had it. He filled his glass three-quarters full, gulped and departed.

Said the bartender: 'On that fellow we can sell more rum and make less money than you ever saw. We've a special bottle of rum at \$1.25 per gallon that we keep for him and his class of drinkers. Get onto the slug this one takes,' exclaimed the bartender, as an old gentleman, with a face cleanly shaven, except for his purple mustache, a double chin, a paper collar and an immaculate shirt bosom with two glass studs, walked in.

The old gentleman filled his glass to the brim. He drank it down. He did not take it as Sir George Campbell says all Americans drink, 'with a gulp and a grasp for water.' He thirsted for it. His lips sucked it in as a thirsty horse sucks water. He gave a long sigh of satisfaction, grasped a sandwich and went out.

'That man,' said the oracle behind the bar, 'was once a wealthy lawyer. He had a taste for rum. You see how that taste has grown on him.'

The bartender washed his glasses and went back for the rum again. 'Here's my two pretty boys,' he said returning.

'Watch 'em.' Two dundie young men entered the saloon.

'What'll you have to drink, Harry?' asked one, in an off-hand way.

'Oh, nothing; thanks,' replied Harry, languidly.

'A little whiskey, please,' sighed the first speaker. He was given the bottle. He poured out a glass and drank half. Then he began to splutter.

'What in the devil is the matter with the whiskey? Taste it, Harry.'

Harry tasted, then drank the half glass left.

'I don't see anything the matter with it,' he said. Then the pair went out.

'They just had 10 cents between them,' explained the bartender leisurely. 'They adopted that scheme to get two drinks for the price of one. See? You will understand, continued the bartender, 'that the early morning drinkers are the people on whom we lose money. They are the slaves of rum. They must have big drinks and they can't pay for them, so they steal 'em. I've been trying to get the boss to get some dolly-gallon whiskey for the special benefit. Going, and without a drink? Good morning.'—[Philadelphia Times.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

A Question. How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Advice to Old Men. Don't presume on your age. Don't be vain of your handsome gray hair and whiskers.

Don't think because young men are young they are fools. They probably are, but you were young once yourself.

Don't take the front seat at ballet shows. Your bald head reflects the light unpleasantly.

Don't say vulgar things before ladies and excuse yourselves on the ground that you are old enough to be their fathers.

Don't forget that age must respect itself before it can command it from others.

Don't sour the world on you by souring yourselves on the world.

Don't fool with temptation. Don't be too wise.

Don't try to make love. The old fools are the biggest fools.

Don't let your love of the world make you forget that a man never gets too old to die.

Don't try to be a boy. Your grandsons will attend to that part of the business.

Don't let the evening of life be less joyous than the freshness of the morning gave you vigor to work through time; and the quiet of the evening should give you peace to rest through eternity.

Wheeler's Fix-up Phosphate, Ed. THE CONSUMPTION of Alcohol in the form of "bitters" under the name of medicinal tonics, is a crying evil and a fruitful source of intemperance. Much of the uncontrollable inebriety we see among the comparatively young attributable to hereditary impulses, derived from mothers who have been led to use these pernicious drinks for increasing strength during gestation and nursing, and have contracted a fatal habit, and transmitted it to the offspring. A physiological form of energy, better than stimulants to sustain the vital forces when extra demands are made on the system, is the tissue Phosphate, as combined in WHEELER'S ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATE AND CA...

How to Have a Loving Wife.

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her as tenderly when a mistress as when a miss; don't quite make her the head of all work, and ask her why she looks less shy and more than when "you first knew her"; don't be always tough, and don't be always a "boss"; don't grumble about anything unless if you cannot keep up a "success"; and remember that lady may "take after papa" in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco; when she shows signs of nerves, and spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and complain that your wife declines to kiss you; so home joyous and cheerful to your wife, and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "bridge," and let her afterwards hear that you spend the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whiskey, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true,—if you did not marry a heartless devil, without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

Field Lightning. Fluid Lightning is the only cure for Toothache, Headache, Earache and Neuralgia. It does not take a minute to apply, and in less than a minute all pain is gone. Thousands have tested its merits within the last year. Field Lightning is also a positive cure for Rheumatism. The worst possible cases have been permanently cured in one week. Price 25 cents at G. Rhyms' Drug Store, 224 West 12th St.

Dust in the Eye. When, in travelling, a bit of dust gets in the eye, it is best to remain quiet for a little, as the tears may wash it away; the flow of tears may be prompted from time to time by attempting to open the eye. Blowing the nose violently assists the operation. The head of a pin, covered with the end of a pocket handkerchief, and moistened with saliva, maybe moved about between the eyeball and eyelid, and will detach the intruder if not too firmly fixed. Another plan is to get a fellow traveller to raise the eyelid with his fingers and then gently wipe the red mucous membrane with a moistened pocket-handkerchief, or remove the foreign body if he can see it. A little piece of paper twisted to a point is useful. A drop of olive oil or castor oil introduced into the eye will often allay a pain and tolerance of light produced by a fine irritant, as sand.

Loss and Gain. CHAPTER I. "I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got worse, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move."

"I shrank! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, 1881. How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

To the Ladies. McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate will cure any case of Pimples on the face or Rough Skin on either hands or feet, and leave them soft as silk. It will also heal any wound when all other preparations fail. Thousands have tested it. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life.

New Life for Functions Weakened by Disease, Debility and Distipation. The Great German Invigorator is the only specific for impotency, nervous debility, universal lassitude, forgetfulness, pain in the back or sides, no matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great German Remedy will restore the lost functions and secure health and happiness. \$1.00 per box, six boxes for \$5.00. Sold by all druggists. Sent on receipt of price, postage paid, by E. J. Cheney, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for United States. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Sold by Geo. Rhyms, sole agent for Goderich.

In the history of medicines no preparation has received such universal commendation for the alleviation it affords, and the permanent cure it effects in kidney diseases, as Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Its action in these distressing complaints is simply wonderful. Sold by J. Wilson.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

Wanted to be Known! THAT YOU CAN GET CHOICE CONFECTIONERY, CANNED FRUITS AND FISH, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Oysters of the Best Brands Fresh and Smoked Salt Water Fish in season. A full assortment of all kinds of Nuts. Oysters Served in Every Style Required. ICE CREAMS IN SEASON. Floral Designs, Wreaths, Crosses, Bouquets, etc., made to order. Flowering Plants & Vegetables in Season.

E. BINGHAM'S RESTAURANT. Count House Square, Goderich, Ont. Dec. 20, 1883.

Respect Old Age.

An old favorite is the remedy known as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Thirty years reliable for cholera morbus, diarrhoea and summer complaints.

A Great Discovery. That is daily bringing joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's new Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure. Guaranteed. Trial Bot tles free at J. Wilson's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00. (6)

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 16th, 1880. GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated. MRS. MARY STUART.

Thousands Say So. T. W. Aitkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. 10¢ at 50 cts. a bottle by J. Wilson. [3]

Well Rewarded. A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of Liver, Kidney or Stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along, it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble besides. All Blood diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only fifty cents per bottle. For sale by J. Wilson. [5]

CINGALESE.—A remedy well known in connection with the Hair Renewer, which restores grey hair to its natural color by a few weeks use. Sold at 50 cents per bottle by James Wilson. 2m

These are Solid Facts. The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Wilson. [4]

Fonthill Nurseries. 325 ACRES. THE LARGEST IN THE DOMINION. SALESMEN WANTED To begin work at once on Fall Sales. Steady employment at fixed salaries on all willing to work. W. E. G. and W. H. E. can have.

Pleasant Work the Year Round. Good agents are earning from \$40 to \$75 per month and expenses. Address: STONE & WELLINGTON, 1838-3m, Toronto, Ont.

DANIEL GORDON, CABINETMAKER AND Leading Undertaker, Has on hand now the LARGEST STOCK of First-Class Furniture in the County, and as I now purchase for cash, will not be undersold by any one. I offer Tapestry Carpet Lounges, from \$5.00 upwards. Wicker chairs, from \$2.50 up. Sew Back Chairs, from 50c up, and everything else in the same proportion. AT THE OLD STAND Between the Post Office & Bank of Montreal GODERICH, Ont. Oct. 15th, 1883. 1913.

D. K. STRACHAN, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, Keeps on hand a supply of material for the repairing of Mowers and Reapers Sulky Hay Rakes, Plows and Agricultural Implements and Machinery Generally. ALL WORK THOROUGHLY DONE! D. K. STRACHAN, GODERICH MACHINE SHP Goderich, March 27th, 1884. 1838-2m

For the working class, send 10 cts. postage, and we will mail you FREE a royal, valuable box of sanitary goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. No work all the time or in spare time. You can work in a universally adapted to both the sexes young and old. You can easily earn from \$5.00 to \$5 every evening. That all who want work say so. In business, we make this unparalleled offer to all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success also, lately secured. Don't delay. Start now. Address: BRINSON & CO., Portland, Maine, U.S.A. [192]

FARMERS!

Why use poor OIL on your Reapers and Mowers, when you can get McCOLL'S LARDINE OIL. So Cheap. It has no equal. Try it and you will use no other.

McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO. R. W. MCKENZIE, GODERICH.

HUGH DUNLOP Fashionable Tailor, WEST STREET, Has the Finest Assortment of Summer Goods to Choose From. IF YOU WANT

A Nobby Suit at a Reasonable Price, CALL ON HUGH DUNLOP.

CIGARS. CIGARS. IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN. A full line of all the Leading Patent Medicines always kept on hand. (Physicians Prescriptions a Specialty.)

GEORGE REYNAS, BLAKE'S BLOCK, THE SQUARE.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co. LAND REGULATIONS.

The Company offer lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in Southern Manitoba, at prices ranging from \$2.50 PER ACRE upwards, with conditions requiring cultivation. A rebate for cultivation of from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre, according to price paid for the land, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offer Lands without conditions settlement or cultivation.

THE RESERVED SECTIONS. Along the Main Line, i.e., the odd numbered Sections within one mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale on advantageous terms, to parties prepared to undertake their immediate cultivation.

TERMS OF PAYMENT:-- Purchasers may pay one-sixth in cash, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at SIX PER CENT. per annum, payable in advance. Parties purchasing without conditions of cultivation, will receive a Deed of Conveyance time of purchase, if payment is made in full. Payments may be made in LAND GRANT BONDS, which will be accepted at ten per cent. premium on their par value and accrued interest. These bonds can be obtained on application at the Bank of Montreal, Montreal; or at any of its agencies. FOR PRICES and CONDITIONS OF SALE and all information with respect to the purchase of Lands, apply to JOHN H. McTAVISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg. By order of the Board, CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary. 1877-2m

STONE & WELLINGTON, 1838-3m, Toronto, Ont.

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DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS, GODERICH, ONT. ALEX. MORTON, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES. Repairing in All Its Branches. FACTORY: OPPOSITE COLBORNE HOTEL. 1895.

Art Designs in Wall Paper. Now is the time, if you wish one or two nice rooms at home, to see Butler's room paper. He has over 20,000 Rolls of the Latest Designs. Beautiful colors, and at prices less than very much inferior goods. Call and see them at the best value in town, and must see!

The Latest Spring Bazaar Patterns and Fashions, AT BUTLER'S

As Ralph spoke sounded on the floor round to find Mr. heap, with his head l his breast. The C rushed towards him, but he lay in their arms. His eyes were color of his face was 'Merciful heaven, olmsed Dunsmore. 'Tis a stroke of ap 'Devilish fortunate himself, as a thrill hope his selfish hope lodged there mortal. Great was the com stied. The servant and Mr. Grahame w room still insensible,

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Eustace

THE HORROR TAGS—A MESS OF THE WOOD AN IMPORTANT

At the sign the guilty Ban by a flash of lig of utter horror with a violent eyes with his h taste.

The rest were gazing first on t! in the corne bowed form of l in the fond enjy the producer of in no hurry to b and glorified si spectators under doph's extraordi but he had snapi committed.

The spell was : sie herself, who c ingly from the c Randolph.

'Do not fear doph,' she said, i ness and sorrow, again. It would but for this talker not allow that cri for your sake and no ceremony cou came hither to pi an gone. I repe have nothing mo have nothing mor gards the past, m shall be sealed by Her words recoo quick soul perceiv that the faithful g so strongly had n dead he had dou therefore removed, gather his energi gony.

As for Jessie, sh on the words she r ghed across the r the door—no o of mind to prevent

'Oh, Randolph, 'moaned Mrs. Grah indeed your wife!

'Yes, I guess th yours, Nell,' chucd aint all! The gi wife, but the child of Bengarry, if the change his will. So of it when he cut maybe he'll give his when he knows who

'Alas, Ralph, do tace is dead?' said 'No he ain't,' ans 'Eustace alive!' e grasping him velt while the others through with differ intelligence. Mr. Gr but started forwar back of a chair for st lessly on Ralph.

'Yes, alive,' replie you, Captain, he an not go down with the lost fiter cars and French ship, so the, on till Providence, ssert island where, starve, and next da, picked us all off, and back to Scotland.'

'And where is B Dunsmore, in breath Ralph looked int thence glanced to B that he, too, was B the answer, he gave 'I rather think I'll a now. I know where wanted.'

'Ha! it is a fabr doph. 'You wish it was,' the gamekeeper. 'E lief if you choose. ' what has taken place it suits him he w proof enough that l what's the matter w man!

As Ralph spoke sounded on the floor round to find Mr. heap, with his head l his breast. The C rushed towards him, but he lay in their arms. His eyes were color of his face was 'Merciful heaven, olmsed Dunsmore. 'Tis a stroke of ap 'Devilish fortunate himself, as a thrill hope his selfish hope lodged there mortal. Great was the com stied. The servant and Mr. Grahame w room still insensible,

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Eustace, the Outcast.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HORROR OF SUICIDE—SIDING OF EUSTACE—A MORTAL STROKE—THE HIDDEN OF THE WILL—RALPH FINDS AND READS AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

At the sight of Jessie and her child the guilty Randolph seemed blinded as by a flash of lightning. One brief look of utter horror he cast upon her, then with a violent shudder, he covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the spectacle.

The rest were struck dumb, and stood gazing first on the pale trembling figure in the corner, and then on the bowed form of Randolph. Ralph stood in the fond enjoyment of his triumph as the producer of the situation, and was in no hurry to break the spell of amazed and horrified silence.

The spell was at length broken by Jessie herself, who came timidly and tottering from the corner and approached Randolph.

"Do not fear anything for me, Randolph," she said, in a tone of intense sadness and sorrow. "I will not trouble you again. It would not have troubled you but for this talk-of-marriage. I could not allow that crime to be committed. For your sake and the sake of her whom no ceremony could make your wife I came hither to prevent it. And now I am gone. I repeat that from me you have nothing more to fear, for as regards the past, my mouth has been and shall be sealed by silence."

Her words recovered him at once. His quick soul perceived from what she said that the faithful girl who had loved him so strongly had not divulged the horrible deed he had done. His worst fear was therefore removed, and he gathered together his energies to meet the emergency.

As for Jessie, she had no sooner spoken the words she had uttered than she glided across the room and passed out by the door—no one having the presence of mind to prevent her.

"Oh, Randolph, what does this mean?" moaned Mrs. Grahame. "Is that woman indeed your wife?"

"Yes, I guess that's a bit worse than yours, Nell," chuckled Ralph. "But that ain't all. The girl isn't only my wife, but the child is his son—the heir of Bengarry, if the governor there don't change his will. So he didn't make much of it when he cut out Mr. Eustace, and maybe he'll give him the estate yet, now when he knows what's what."

"Alas, Ralph, do you know that Eustace is dead?" said Captain Dunsmore.

"No he isn't," answered Ralph, briskly. "He's as much in life as you are."

"Eustace alive!" exclaimed Dunsmore, grasping him vehemently by the arm, while the others are equally moved, though with different feelings, by the intelligence. Mr. Grahame did not speak, but started forward, and, grasping the back of a chair for support, gazed breathlessly on Ralph.

"Yes, alive," replied the latter. "Bless you, Captain, he and Willy and Joe did not go down with the Cornets, but they lost their ears and couldn't make the French ship, so they were drifted right on till Providence, sent them to the desert island where I had been left to starve, and next day a ship came and picked us all off, and in the end we got back to Scotland."

"And where is Eustace now?" asked Dunsmore, in breathless eagerness.

Ralph looked into his excited face, thence glanced to Randolph, and seeing that he, too, was breathlessly waiting for the answer, he gave a significant nod. "I rather think I'll not tell you that just now. I know where to get him if he is wanted."

"Ha! it is a fabrication," cried Randolph.

"You wish it was, I dare say," rejoined the gamekeeper. "But keep in that belief if you choose. 'I'll tell Mr. Eustace what has taken place here today, and if it suits him he will soon give you all proof enough that he is alive. Hillo! what's the matter with the old gentleman?"

As Ralph spoke a dull, heavy thud sounded on the floor, and they looked round to find Mr. Grahame lying in a heap, with his head hanging forward on his breast. The Captain and Ralph rushed towards him, and lifted him up, but he lay in their arms heavy and helpless. His eyes were closed, and the color of his face was a deep purple.

"Merciful heaven, he is in a fit!" exclaimed Dunsmore.

"It's a stroke of apoplexy," said Ralph. "Devilish fortunate," said Randolph to himself, as a thrill of selfish joy struck through his selfish heart, and the keen hope lodged there that the stroke was mortal.

Great was the commotion that now ensued. The servants were summoned, and Mr. Grahame was carried up to his room still insensible, and a message im-

mediately despatched for a doctor. Within the hour the doctor came, and, after a short examination shook his head.

"Very bad case," he muttered, and advised that more medical skill should be called in. The same messenger was therefore despatched on another horse to Newburgh, and meanwhile Mr. Grahame was freely bled. This operation took away, so far, the purple color from his face, and his breathing became somewhat less labored, but he did not gain either sight or consciousness.

"Is there much danger?" asked Dunsmore, following the doctor into an adjoining room.

The doctor replied by putting another question—"Has Mr. Grahame had anything to excite him?"

"He has," was the answer. "He was excited very much—indeed, most violently."

"I thought so."

"His illness, then, is a severe one?"

"The doctor looked at him. "It must candidly inform you," he said, "that there is no likelihood of Mr. Grahame's recovery. It was this conviction that made me chiefly anxious for the presence of Dr. Scott."

The captain was greatly shocked.

"He may linger for some time," added the doctor, "for days, for weeks even, but recover he cannot."

"Will his consciousness not even return?"

"Most likely it will, but he will not recover in any great degree the power of motion or speech." When Dr. Scott arrived he fully corroborated this opinion, and, suppressing by an effort the intense satisfaction he felt, he left the library to seek his mother's apartment.

In the hall he met a servant coming to him with a letter which had just been delivered by an express messenger. Turning back, Randolph opened the epistle, and became at once intensely interested in its contents.

"Ha, that is important," he said, as he refolded the letter put it in his breast. "I must depart without an hour's delay. For this is a chance that must not be neglected. By heaven! my triumphs are increasing when all seemed lost. Now, to see my mother and make all sure here."

He ran quickly up the stairs, and entered his mother's apartment. Mrs. Grahame lay upon a couch and the housemaid knelt beside her, both uttering wild lamentations. The girl was dismissed, and Randolph closed and fastened the door. Then his mother rose up, and regarded him reproachfully.

"Randolph," she exclaimed, "you have deceived me dreadfully. You have acted foolishly and ruined all."

"Hush, not a word of this," he hurriedly whispered. "All is not ruined. We are safe yet—safer than ever. In fact our triumph is certain if one thing can be accomplished."

"Foolish boy, it is idle to speak thus," she bluntly rejoined. "Your father will never give you the estate now. He will never—"

"He will never speak more," interrupted Randolph, "at least he will not recover."

"I know it. I heard what the doctors said, but—"

"But what, mother? How dull you are. He may now wish Eustace to get the estate, but all his wishes will be of no avail, so long as the will remains."

"But he will order the will to be destroyed."

"Very likely, and that is just what we must prevent."

"Ah," exclaimed his mother, catching at his meaning. "But how?"

"By securing it—by concealing it. He is not in a state to execute another, and will die in a few days at most. Then I shall out Eustace out in spite of every one."

"Oh," she eagerly cried, "you have given me new hope. I looked upon our scheme as irretrievably ruined, but we may triumph still."

"We must, we shall," rejoined Randolph, vehemently. "Do you know where the will lies?"

"Yes—in the library. In the private drawer of your father's writing table."

"And the key?"

"I have a duplicate. Here it is."

"Oh, most rare luck," exclaimed Randolph, in unmitigated triumph. "Let us at once secure it."

She gave him the key, and with it instructions for finding and opening the secret drawer, as it might excite suspicion if also went down to the library with him. Paying careful heed to all her directions, he stealthily made his way thither alone and found that which he sought. In the second drawer lay the will, and snatching it up he placed it in his bosom, relocking the repository, and returning to the bedchamber unseen. Mrs. Grahame manifested her undisguised satisfaction at the success of his undertaking.

"Now mother," he whispered, "let them do as they will, Bengarry is by this secured to me. Where shall we conceal it?"

"Better keep it in your possession," she said. "No; I must depart tonight with the cutter. I have just received information that the smuggler, Donaldson, whom I have sworn to capture, is to

arrive on the coast tomorrow night. The Superior informs me that he has effected arrangements with a man connected with the smugglers in the district, who is to reveal all their hiding places, and enable the officers to seize an immense quantity of stuff. Now, this will be too precious a document to have in the cutter, and it must be deposited in some safe place here."

"In the house?" said his mother, inquiringly. "I don't know of any sufficient concealment there," he returned. "I know what their game will be now. Donaldson will send for Eustace, and their first object will be to have the will found and destroyed. To this effect they will search every nook of the house from cellar to roof. We must hide it, therefore, in some place out of doors which will never be thought of."

"Bury it," suggested Mrs. Grahame.

"Hum," reflected Randolph. "Accident might reveal its grave, and yet if no better idea can be thought of it might—Stay, I have it. When a boy, I used to know an old chestnut tree at one corner of the park with a cavity far up in one of the clefts. Not a soul hereabouts knows of it but myself. That is the spot for the certain concealment of the will."

"Won't the rains injure it," suggested Mrs. Grahame.

"No. I will wear up my waterproof coat, and wrap it in a piece of it. Besides it will require to lie in the tree for a few days only. By Jove, mother, but we have had a lucky deliverance out of a most deuced situation. That fellow, Ralph, curse him, thought to ruin me on all hands, and egad, he had nearly done it. How he came across Jessie I cannot guess."

"Ah, true, that girl—what is to be done with her?" exclaimed Mrs. Grahame, with sudden anxiety.

"I don't know yet. The fact is, I have a liking for Jessie, and wouldn't have—ahem—acted as I did, if this other marriage had not been forced upon me. She is a good girl, and is, I see, still faithful to me, but she has also a spirit of her own and may not forgive the past. But that matter can rest in the meantime. I wish to heaven it were dark, that I might get the will concealed and be off."

While this interview was taking place between Randolph and his mother, Captain Dunsmore remained in close attendance on Mr. Grahame. He saw that an important crisis in the fortunes of his friend Eustace had come, and resolved to devote his whole time and attention to the interests of the latter. Late in the afternoon the patient's heavy breathing changed a little, and he opened his eyes. Dunsmore and the doctor were both by his bedside at the moment, and the latter intimated that he was conscious, though utterly unable to speak or move his limbs. The captain bent forward, and when Mr. Grahame saw him a glance of intelligence appeared in his eye.

"Mr. Grahame, do you know me?" he asked.

The old man made an abortive effort to speak, but his eyes gleamed again.

"You do—I see you do. If you have any particular wishes I shall be eager to give effect to them. Again did Mr. Grahame essay to speak, and, eagerly painful was the effort he made, but without success, and it was evident the inability gave him great anxiety.

"There is something he particularly wishes, yet cannot express it," observed the doctor.

"I think I know what it is," said Dunsmore, and again bending over Mr. Grahame, he whispered: "Do you wish the presence of Eustace?" The question was immediately followed by such a glance of acquiescence in the eye as to give an unmistakable token that this was the wish he was so eager to express.

Whereupon Captain Dunsmore, quitting the chamber, went in search of Ralph Bloxam. He knew where to find him, for by his direction Ralph remained in the vicinity, and soon entered the lower room into which Dunsmore went after sending a message for his attendance.

"Now, Ralph," began the captain, "I need not ask you if you wish well to Mr. Eustace Grahame?"

"I wish uncommon well to him," responded Ralph with a nod.

"And you should do so all the more that your appearance here today caused the excitement which produced his father's illness?"

"Well the old man wishes Eustace here immediately. You know where he is to be found. Will you go at once and bring him?"

"I'll go and tell him at any rate," answered Ralph. "As to bringing him, that just depends on himself."

"Return in half an hour, and I will meet you with a letter for him," said Dunsmore.

They separated on this understanding, and half-an-hour later they met again in the same room, when Ralph received the letter from the captain's hands, along with a sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey.

"I don't need this," said the gamekeeper as he accepted the gold, "but I know another that does, and I'll give it to her."

"Her?" echoed Dunsmore, enquiringly.

"Aye—Mrs. Randolph Grahame?"

"Ah! that poor girl with the child? A dreadful business for her, poor thing! Something must be done for her. But to have Eustace here is the first business, so adieu, my lad; and heaven speed you!"

Ralph touched his cap and departed. It was now dusk, and as the gamekeeper took his way through the park the shadows of night were beginning to deepen over the landscape. The scene was very familiar to him, and as he walked along the circumstances connected with his former residence came full into his mind. Particularly did he remember the last time he walked across that park in company with Randolph on the night when the latter betrayed him to the press gang.

"Hang him for a cunning fox," muttered Ralph, as he thought how he had been allured along towards the river. "How preciously gullied I was that time. A pretty lot 'o' scenes I've passed through since then, and one 'o' them was to have my back fayed with the lash. It makes me mad whenever I think of it, but my revenge is coming. In fact, I have had some of it today. My eye, what a treat it was to see him when I knocked away the screen and discovered Jessie. How his cruel crafty soul collapsed. Pity it wasn't him instead of the old man that dropped. Never mind, I'll do for him yet. If Mr. Eustace is wanted it can only be to make him right, and give him the property. Nell, too, how confounded she looked when I popped in. Ah, I guess she wishes now that she hadn't used me as she did. Hillo, what's that?"

He stopped short at a noise he heard in a tree not far off, and peering forward, he saw the branches of a chestnut shaking, and heard a rustle as if some one was climbing among them.

"A poacher," he said to himself. "Well I ain't the gamekeeper now, and it don't matter a curse to me if a dozen poachers were in the park."

He was about to move forward again, when the rustling among the branches was resumed, and looking more narrowly, he saw the form of a man descending from the tree. He stood still and watched him till he reached the undermost branch, when he flung himself from it with both arms, dropped lightly upon the ground and walked rapidly away in a direction which brought him not far from where Ralph stood. The latter instinctively crept behind a garbled oak, and watched the man as he moved past and disappeared.

"Randolph Grahame, by all that's curious," he ejaculated, as he recognized the form that glided by.

Ralph stood in motionless astonishment gazing in the direction he had taken long after he had vanished from sight. At last he muttered to himself—

"Well, now, what the deuce could he be up to that for? But it's no use guessing, for nobody on earth could fathom his doings. It would take a fiend from below to make him out."

He walked on and as his road took him past the old chestnut, he looked curiously up among the branches. Of course he could see nothing there, and was about to move on when his eye fell on something white lying on the grass, just under the branch from which Randolph had dropped. He stooped down and picked it up—it was a letter.

"That must have dropped out of his pocket," muttered Ralph. "I can't see to read it here, but I'll take it on with me. I wonder what on earth he was up to that for?"

Saying this Ralph pocketed the letter he had found, and passed on his way towards the gate of the park, having passed which he did not walk very far till he reached the village, and entered the only inn which it seemed to possess, and which was situated about the centre of the main street.

Ralph went up stairs and entered a small room, where sat the disconsolate Jessie with her child on her knee. She had been longing for hours for Ralph's appearance, and received him in a state of wildly excited grief. The scene at the mansion had shaken her nervous system to its centre, and but for the playful prattle of her boy she would have broken down altogether. She received another shock in the intelligence of Mr. Grahame's sudden and hopeless illness; and, in the simplicity of her nature, blamed herself for being the cause of it.

"Oh! I wish I was away from here," she moaned. "Now that I have done enough to prevent the marriage, I will not disturb Randolph by my presence any more. When shall we return to our kind friends at Lowden?"

"I am going there immediately," answered Ralph, "but you must stay here a little longer. The old gentleman wants Mr. Eustace, and I am going post-haste to tell him."

"Oh, dear! and must I stay here?"

"Only for a day or two," said Ralph, cheerily. "You can keep yourself as close in this here room as you like. I've got money for you to pay your way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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He therefore gave a kick to the proscenium King, and muttered to him angrily to "Die further back." Of this his enemy took no notice, and the unhappy Hamlet was compelled again to interrupt his ante-mortem statement (if so it may be called) by again admonishing his uncle to die a little further from the footlights. To this the king paid no attention, and at last, in desperation, and by the knowledge of the fact that his lines would permit him of no further delay, Hamlet administered his admonition, "Die further back," accompanied by a kick of great strength and vigor. To the astonishment of the doleful Dana, but to the delight of the audience (more especially of that portion commonly known as the gods), the defunct King rose to a sitting posture, and with a stentorian voice said:—

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June 12th, 1884.

Jas. Saunders & Son GODERICH.

Vertical text: WALL PAPER, CARPET FELT, BABY CARRIAGES, CHEAP.

REDUCED RATES.

Steerage and Intermediate... Rates. Steerage, \$21.40. GODERICH.

EVERY SATURDAY FROM QUEBEC.

Cabin Rate from Quebec to... Liverpool, \$60. From Quebec to Liverpool...

Sailings from Quebec.

Table with columns for destination (PERUVIAN, SARDENIAN, etc.) and date.

The Millionaire Manufacturers.

The millionaire manufacturers who... according to Tory orators during last...

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

COLBORNE BROS.

are going to have the largest and most varied stock of General Dry Goods for the coming fall...

DRESS GOODS, TWEEDS AND SHIRTINGS... Black and Colored VELVETTES are to be largely worn this fall...

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS

A LARGE ASSORTMENT, AT

J. C. DETLOR & CO'S.

NEW MEDALION DRESS TRIMMINGS, NEW CORSETS, NEW EVENING WOOL SHAWLS, 4-BUTTON KID GLOVES, AT \$1.00.

New Fall Tweeds and Coatings

J. C. DETLOR & CO.

MR. C. H. GIRVIN, GODERICH, ONT.

DEAR SIR,—

We have received the KITCHEN CABINET you shipped to us some time ago, but have delayed writing until now in order to find out how we would like it...

Yours very respectfully, GEO. LAING, Guelph, Ont.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Having retired from the Liquor business, I now devote my attention to

GROCERIES, SUGAR

Which I will offer lower than any house in the county. My facilities for handling

Duty Competition. I purchase direct from the Refinery in car load lots. I also make a specialty of curing

Sugar-Cured Hams and Breakfast Bacon.

LARD SOLD BY THE PAUL.

Read the following quotations: STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, 12 lbs for \$1.00. COFFEE SUGAR, 12 1/2 lbs for 1.00. BRIGHT YELLOW, 14 lbs for 1.00.

West Side Court House Square, Goderich.

GEO. GRANT.

Wilson's Prescription Drug Store.

Fountain of Health. Sulphur & Iron Bitters. Fluid Lightning. Electric Bitters. Burdock Bitters. London Purple.

PURE PARIS GREEN

AND HELEBOR'S. JAS. WILSON.

Eye, Ear and Throat. DR. RYERSON, M.D., F.R.C.P.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.O.

Office, Crabb's Block, Kingston St., Goderich. Plans and specifications drawn correct by Carpenter's, plasterer and mason's work measured and va

Get your Printing at this Office.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

GEORGE ACHESON

The Premier Dry Goods Merchant of Goderich, is now

SLAUGHTERING GOODS

Come at Once and Share the Bargains

5 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Allowed for Cash on all purchases over \$1.00.

Goderich, July 2d, 1884.

R. W. MCKENZIE

IS NOT GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

but has been so long in it and formed such good trade connections that he is able and will

GIVE BETTER BARGAINS

GENERAL HARDWARE

Than others professing to sell at cost. He is bound that his house in the future, as in the past, shall be noted as the

CHEAP HARDWARE EMPORIUM.

Five (5) Per Cent. Off Cash Sales

R. W. MCKENZIE'S

Goderich Foundry

The undersigned, having purchased the Goderich Foundry and Machine Shops, and having put the same in good repair, will take contracts for

Flouring Mills, Steam Engines, Boilers, and other Machinery wanted.

All Kinds of Castings Made to Order

Flouring Mills Changed to the Gradual Reduction or Roller System.

Will keep Agricultural Implements on hand, and do all REPAIRS on short notice.

J. B. RUNGIMAN, R. W. RUNGIMAN.

Goderich, April 24, 1884.

The Chicago House

Spring Millinery. Summer Millinery

One of the Most Complete Stocks in Goderich

LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES.

Miss Wilkinson's, - Chicago House

Goderich, April 16, 1884.

AT THE MEDICAL HALL

BEST VARIETIES OF SWEDISH TURNIP SEEDS

Pure Paris Green and London Purple for Potato Bugs

Pure Hellebore for Insects on Currant, Gooseberry and Rose Bushes.

BEST INSECT POWDERS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL KINDS OF VERMIN.

INSECT POWDER GUNS, FLY-PAPER, ETC., ETC.

F. JORDAN, Chemist and Druggist

2nd Court House Square, Goderich.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

For Cash I will sell all kinds of Goods at Lowest Prices.

See Those 10, 12 1/2, 17, & 20c. Dress Goods

NOTICE THOSE GINGHAMS—11, 12 1/2 and 15c

EXAMINE THOSE PRINTS:

5c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 12 1/2

No trouble to show Goods. Don't purchase if above are not satisfactory.

W. H. RIDLEY

The People's Store





