

Don't Betray Confidence.

Treachery is a detestable fault; therefore let nothing tempt you to betray a secret entrusted to your honor. What if the friend who once trusted you, and told you all the secrets of his heart, has become your enemy? You are still bound to keep your word inviolate, and preserve locked in your heart the secrets confidentially made known to you.

Hints to Unmarried Ladies.

A Single Woman of the world, in Panch's Pocket Book for 1864, gives the following advice to maidens:—"If a man wipes his feet on a doormat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband."

Morning Duties.

Mr. O'Rafferty, an Austin Heberian has frequently had occasion to rebuke his boy, Teddy, for failing to light the kindling wood ready to light the fire in the morning. A few nights ago, O'Rafferty said to Teddy: "What is it, me boy, that you have to do first thing in the morning?"

The Printing Job.

When Rufus Stephenson was asked to inform the Printing Committee how much he paid McLean, Rogers & Co for doing the work he had charged more than double price for, Mr. White told him not to answer and the committee, by a partisan vote of 20 to 7, decided that Stephenson should not answer.

'Why should a man whose blood is warm within Sit like his grandaunt cut in alabaster? Or let his hair grow rusty, soot and thin. When 'CRISPER REGENERATOR' will make it grow the faster. For sale by J. Wilson.

Don't read books and papers which suggest thoughts you would not utter. They stain the soul; they burn the heart. Can you thrust your hand into soot and bring it out white and clean? Can you singe your clothes and not have the smell of fire on your garments? Beware of books which are suggestive of evil though they be clothed in the purple and gold of fine language.

Advice to a Boy.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are; Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of a man people say you are, find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are.

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease. A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

The Country's Rich.

The trip of Sir A. T. Galt to the Northwest coast the country \$1,000. During his tour he purchased fifty townships of North-west lands; therefore the question arises, was this sum given him for the purpose of attending to his own personal interests. [Guelph Mercury.]

"Grunt it Out."

The above is an old saw as savage as it is senseless. You can't "grunt out" dyspepsia nor liver complaint, nor nervousness if they once get a good hold. They don't remove themselves in that way. The taking a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters is better than "grunting it out." What we can cure let's not endure.

St. Catharines Journal, Tory.—The Orangemen agreed that two Irish Catholics, Costigan and Smith, should be taken into the Cabinet, and another, O'Donohue, elevated to the Senate, provided they were granted an Act of Incorporation. This was agreed by Sir John, and he received the united support of the Orange party. They have been basely deceived.

Every Person to be a Real Success. In this life must have a specialty; that is, must concentrate the abilities of body and mind on some one pursuit. Burdock Blood Bitters has its specialty as a complete and radical cure of dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, and all impurities of the blood.

Lady Macdonald created some sensation among the fair occupants of the speaker's gallery this evening by appearing in their midst clad from bonnet to boots in scarlet, without the slightest patch of any other color to relieve the glare.

Seeing is believing. Read the testimonials in the pamphlet on Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure, then buy a bottle and relieve yourself of all those distressing pains. Your Druggist can tell you all about it. Sold by J. Wilson Godefrich.

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure, and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. Rhynas, sole agent for Godefrich.

Thousands upon Thousands Of dollars have been spent in advertising the celebrated Burdock Blood Bitters, but this fact accounts only in part for its enormous sale. Its merit has made it what it is—the best blood medicine ever devised by man.

A Rage about our Necks. A weak stomach or enfeebled circulation is like a rope about our necks. We are strung up and unstrung alternately till existence becomes unbearable. Burdock Blood Bitters will arrest all this misery. Burdock Blood Bitters is a boon to the sick. Let us remember this fact.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured. It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and slowly growing hair. It prevents and cures scalp and dandruff, and keeps nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

Mr. C. F. BUCKLEY writes from Kirby, O., July 3, 1892: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S Hair Vigor which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

MR. J. W. BROWN, proprietor of the McArthur (Ohio) Engraving, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. It has promoted the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not with my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. O. A. PRUSSITT, writing from 19 Elm St., Cleveland, Ohio, April 14, 1892, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. I thought very rapidly, and was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR I stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is as good as before it fell. I regularly used but two bottles of the Vigor, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.



Composed largely of powdered mica or talc, is the BEST and CHEAPEST lubricator in the world—the BEST because it does not gum, but forms a highly polished surface over the axle, reducing friction and saving the draft; the BEST because it costs NO MORE than inferior brands, and one box will do the work of two of any other make. Answers as well for Harness, Mill Gearing, Thrashing Machines, Corn-Planters, Carriages, Buggies, etc., as for Wagons. GUARANTEED TO EXHAUSTIVE PROOF. Sold by all dealers. For our Patent Certificate of Things World (patented) mailed free. WAGON WHEEL GREASE MANUFACTURING CO., 223 Hudson St., New York, Cleveland, O., and Chicago, Ill. SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., Toronto, Ont. Sole Agents for the Dominion.

THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE

CHICAGO BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R. PRINCIPAL LINE AND OLD FAVORITE FROM CHICAGO

The shortest, quickest and best line to St. Joseph, Mo., Atchison, Topeka, Denver, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Dallas, Galveston, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Idaho, Utah and Texas. The route has an experienced Albert J. Porter, General Agent, and is operated by the best equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of travel.

KANSAS CITY All connections made in Union Depot. Through Tickets via this route to all points in the U.S. and Canada. All rates of fare reduced during the winter season.

OMAHA DENVER LINCOLN CALIFORNIA J. I. POTTER, GENERAL AGENT, 107 Broadway, New York, N.Y. J. SIMPSON, Canadian Pass. Agt., Toronto, Ont. Geo. B. JOHNSON, Ticket Agent, Godefrich.

For sale by JAS. WILSON

BOOTS AND SHOES

At the Oldest Established Shoe Store in Town.

In Endless Variety.

to suit the most fastidious and the most economic buyer

MY SPRING STOCK

is now complete, and I take pleasure in informing my customers that at no previous time have I had such a

Large & Varied Stock

As at present. I have raised the Standard of Quality and Lowered the Price until it is a positive fact that no such value in foot-wear can be got elsewhere.

CUSTOM WORK

of every grade still receives my prompt and careful attention, and will be made up in the most approved styles by first-class workmen, and of the very best material obtainable.

E. DOWNING.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

You will Save Money by Buying Your

Groceries AND Provisions

D. FERGUSON'S

HAMILTON STREET.

We are Now Selling This Season's

NEW TEAS

From 50cts per lb to 75cts

New Currants, New Raisins, Coffee, Sugar, &c.

Will be Sold Proportionally Cheap.

Extra Family Flour

AT \$2.25 per 100 lbs

A Full Supply of

Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Bran, Shorts, etc.

Always on Hand.

The Best Quality of Coal Oil at the Very Lowest Prices.

BOOTS & SHOES

Downing & Weddup

Best announce to the Public that they have opened business in the above Store in the store lately occupied by Horace Newton. Having purchased a large and well assorted stock of Spring and Summer Goods at close figures, we are determined to give the Public the benefit.

QUICK SALES & SMALL PROFITS WILL BE OUR MOTTO.

- Please call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, next door to J. Wilson's Drug Store. Custom work will receive our special attention. None but the best of material used and first-class workmen employed. Repairing neatly done on the shortest notice.

Godefrich, March 9, 1892. DOWNING & WEDDUP

Extensive Premises and Splendid New Stock.

GEO. BARRY,

CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER

Hamilton Street, Godefrich.

A good assortment of Kitchen, Bed-room, Dining Room and Parlor Furniture, such as Tables, Chairs (hair, cane and wood seated), Cupboards, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Wash-stands, Lounges, Sofas, Wigs, No. 1, Looking Glasses.

N. B.—A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand also Hearse for hire at reasonable rate.

Picture Framing a specialty.—A call solicited. 1751

H. I. S. Hart & Co.

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Godefrich Mills

(LATE PIPER'S.)

Begin to return their thanks to the public for the liberal patronage received during the past year, and to state they are prepared to do the best for the future.

GRINDING

on the shortest notice, or for the convenience of parties living at a distance will exchange grists at their town store.

Lot W. M. Hilliard's, Godefrich block, East St. Godefrich.

Highest price paid for wheat.

EGYPTIAN OIL.

The Great Pain Conqueror

rapidly dispels pain, is spoonful in water will cure a distressing head ache in five minutes. If applied to any affected surface of the body, it gives the sufferer comfort and instant relief. It is a charming remedy. Only 25c, and money refunded if not as represented.

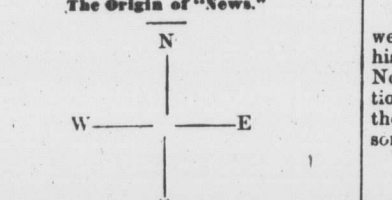
S. TAPSCOTT & Co., Sole Proprietors, Brantford, Ontario.

W. J. C. Naftel, Brantford, Ont. Agent for Godefrich.

How to make the Garden Pay.

The garden pays well, even with hand labor. It would pay much better if the main burden of the cultivation were put upon the muscles of the horse. But the saving of cost in cultivation is only a small part of the benefit of the long rowed arrangement. It would lead to a much more frequent and thorough cultivation of our garden crops. Most farmers neglect the garden for their field crops. The advantage of a frequent stirring of the surface soil to growing crops is greatly underestimated. It is said that it pays to hoe cabbage every morning before breakfast during the early part of the season. We can testify to the great advantage of cultivation every week. This frequent breaking of the crust admits of a freer circulation of the air among the roots below, and makes the most of the dew and rain that fall. The manufacture of plant food goes on more rapidly, and to a certain extent, cultivation is a substitute for manure. Another benefit of the long-row system would be the almost certain enlargement of the fruit and vegetable garden, and a better supply of these fruits for the table. This, we believe, would have an important sanitary influence in every household.

The Origin of "News."



It is commonly supposed that the word "news" is derived from the adjective "new," but this proposition is wrong. In former times it was a prevalent custom to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass, as above, this importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. From this practice is derived the word "newspaper."

"I had been for eight months unable to work, and felt as though I would as lief die as live, through Dyspepsia and Indigestion. I weighed at the time of getting a bottle of McGregor's Spedy Cure 150 lbs.; used 3 bottles, and now weigh 165 lbs., and never was better in my life. It was McGregor's Spedy Cure that brought me around." So says Wm. Fell, Hamilton. Go to Geo. Rhynas' drug store and get a free trial bottle or the regular size for 50 cents and \$1.

The Boston sheriff who made the aneared remark is level-headed: "Many women come to me at the jail and want to read and talk to the criminals, but I tell them to go and read and talk to the same class that are not as yet criminals, and keep them from being such."

Kram's Fluid Lightening

Cures Toothache and Neuralgia quick as flash, relieves any pain instantly, the cheapest and quickest application known. Why suffer with Toothache, Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat or Acute Pains of any kind when you can go to Geo. Rhynas' drug store and get a perfect and instantaneous cure for 25 cents. Ask for Kram's Fluid Lightening.

All who use tobacco know that it injures them, but lack the moral courage to quit its use. Fountain of Health will brace you up, 25 cents a package.

SMOKE V.T.C. TWIN-NAVY THE BIG 10CT. PLUG

R. W. MCKENZIE H. W. BRETHOUR & CO., BRANTFORD.

Has on hand a carefully selected stock of Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, &c. SHOPPING BY MAIL!

PAINTS & OILS. Barb Wire---First Prize

Farm Bells and Scales. A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF CUTLERY.

Special Offer: To all Parties Desiring to make Personal Selections and Purchasing to the amount of \$30.00, we will pay one return fare.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! I take this opportunity to announce to the public that having purchased the DRY GOODS STOCK

W. H. RIDLEY. CIGARS. IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC. THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN

GEORGE RHYNAS, BLAKE'S BLOCK, THE SQUARE. NEW MILLINERY.

Miss Jessie Wilson. The Chicago House, IS THE HEAD QUARTERS OF FASHION FOR

A. J. WILKINSON. NEW MILLINERY STORE. MISS GRAHAM.

MISS STEWART'S OLD STAND. SATURDAY, APRIL 21st inst.

SEEDS! SEEDS. AT THE MEDICAL HALL. JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

FRESH GARDEN, FIELD, AND FLOWER SEEDS, from one of the most Reliable Seed Warehouses in the Dominion.

FOR SALE BOTH IN BULK & IN PACKAGES. F. JORDAN, Chemist and Druggist, MEDICAL HALL, GODERICH.

Farmers & Gardeners! SEE HERE! THE NEW FERTILIZER.

Cotton Seed Compound is Cheaper and as good or better, than most of the Commercial Fertilizers of the present day.

John A. Naftel, Sole Agent for Goderich, took Diploma at Provincial Show last fall, March 22, 1883.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

SCROFULA and all scrofulous diseases, Sore, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworms, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the skin.

A recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores. "Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned begs to call the attention of the public to his present enterprise. Being called to the Bench, he conveys himself to be the best Judge of the human understandings.

His Upper Thoughts Being Connected with the Sole. Though his awl is staked on his present undertaking, his ends are formed for the

PUBLIC ADVANTAGE. He presides at James Watson's old stand, where, besides the repairing of soles, he has a stock of material, which for

The Quality Cannot be Surpassed Which he intends to manufacture into

BOOTS AND SHOES With which to accommodate a discerning public. All Workmanship Guaranteed.

PRICES MODERATE. HENRY H. RINES, Next to Smith's Bakery, Kingston street, Goderich.

Seeds, Seeds, Seeds. JAMES MCNAIR, THE SEEDSMAN.

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS!

JUST RECEIVED FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S.

SEVERAL BALES OF TAPESTRY, WOVE AND UNION CARPETS, AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S.

A CHOICE LOT OF NEW PATTERN LACE CURTAINS AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S.

NEW AND NOBBY SPRING HATS, AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF DRESS GOODS, AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S.

FIRST PRIZE AWARDED THE ONTARIO STEEL BARB FENCE COMPANY, (LIMITED).

For Barb Wire Fencing AT TORONTO EXHIBITION, 1882. THE ONLY FIRST PRIZE awarded for Barb Wire which there was Competition for.

IN FRONT AGAIN ABRAHAM SMITH CALLS ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING

CLOTHING, A LARGE ASSORTMENT AND THE LATEST DESIGNS, A FINE ASSORTMENT AND THE LATEST STYLES, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, AND EVERY SIZE.

NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES, CHEAP FOR CASE.

Zurich. On Monday morning, about 3 o'clock the Fountain House, kept by Joseph E. Brenner, at Grand Bend, was totally destroyed by fire.

Carlow. School Report.—The following pupils obtained the highest marks in the classes of S.S. No. 1 Colborne for April. Sixth Class.—Etta Potter 55%; Mary Robertson 50. Fourth Class.—Maggie Timm 69; Ida Sallows 68; Matilda Stirling 67; Augusta Potter 65; Willie B. Edward 63; George Potter 57; Eliza Smith 55.

Joderich Township. Mr. Thomas Cottle, one day last week while pulling out stumps with the horses, had the misfortune to get kicked by one of the animals. He was thought at first to be dangerously hurt, but is now recovering very fast.

It is reported that Mr. Thomas Gordon formerly of this township, who took his departure for Michigan last autumn, is dead. A telegram was received by Mr. Swallow, of Clinton, on Saturday last to that effect.

Arthur Sullivan, the well known music composer; George Grove, editor and writer, and George A. MacFarren, Mus. Doc., have been created knights.

Mr. Justice Torrance on Monday, gave formal judgment at Montreal, annulling the Jacques Cartier (local) election with costs against Mr. Mousseau. The writ has already been issued for a new election.

Travelling Guide. GRAND TRUNK. Pass. Exp. M.S.M. M.S.M. Goderich, Lv. 2.40pm. 12.40pm. 3.00pm. 7.00pm. Stratford, Ar. 7.20. 2.40. 6.00. 11.00.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS. COUNTY OF HURON. By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of Her Majesty's County Court of the County of Huron, and to me directed and delivered against the lands and tenements of Andrew McCallum, at the suit of Andrew McCallum, I have seized and taken in Execution the following lands.

W. KNIGHT, PRACTICAL BARBER and Hair Dresser, has removed to the public for past patronage and solicits a continuance of custom. He can always be found at his Shaving Parlor near Post Office, Goderich.

W. KNIGHT, PRACTICAL BARBER and Hair Dresser, has removed to the public for past patronage and solicits a continuance of custom. He can always be found at his Shaving Parlor near Post Office, Goderich.

FIRE AND SWORD:

A STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAIN ON THE ROAD.

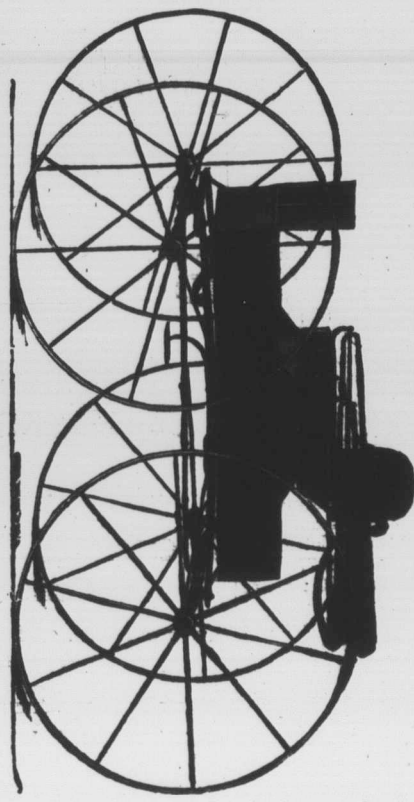
"betrayed, lads, I fear," exclaimed on jumping to his feet with the sudden resolve of a night journey. Inverarywards snow-capped hills. "The Earl, and we have been betrayed," said Barcaldine and Captain Drummond, a sacrifice of well nigh twenty years of precious time. Let us be gone. While we remain here all conspire to work together for our ruin. We are at the mercy of the traitors, whose humanity is as thin as the snows we are thus forced to tread." "It is indeed extreme, and the worst," said John, the Chief's son. "But, sire, you forget your own difficulty and length of the journey of the year, and the fact of a night journey among the hills with to-morrow's dawn." "Nay, my son," hotly interrupted the old Chief, "I will not listen to counsel. You speak in the name of your own, but of my people, I truly know; but my people's property and lives depend on the success of the journey, and I am not disposed to expiate, if need be, my fatal mistake in the matter of my son's life with my life's blood. If I were concerned in the issue, I would not care for the consequences as becomes a descendant of a race of Chiefs who have never fled from death; but for my people, lads! my people! my people!" and overcome with strong emotions the brave and high minded old Chief wept copious tears. "Courage, M'Ian, courage!" said John, in a firm tone of voice. "All is yet lost. Come the worst that can befall us, we will face it. There are two hundred claymores in the store, every one of which will reek with the blood of M'Ian's head in its scabbard. I have given fair play to every man who has dared to hope for, and little to fear, danger, or come death, every man who stands or falls by the side of his noble Chief!" "By Malcolm's passion, to and with the words, M'Ian threw back his long, thick flowing locks of white hair, which had fallen over his face in the collapse wrought by his grief, and gazed with admiration and pride on the glowing countenance and animated form of the brave young Highlander. "My noble son, for I love to think you such," he said; "your words have stung my sinking heart with energy. All is, indeed, not lost, but with little of real hope remains must be tested at once by a speedy resumption of our journey to the Sheriff's chambers at Inverary. For his suspense is maddening. To our feet, lads, and let us boldly face the worst," and acting on his own suggestion, the heroic old Chief began arranging the folds of his shoulder plaid, and, seizing up his bonnet and staff, stood presently ready to go. "To what length shall we time our journey for the night?" asked Malcolm, as he and John, the Chief's son, prepared themselves for the road. "To Kilchurn, and beyond it," answered M'Ian. "If there is truth in Barcaldine's words—though I gravely doubt it—the Earl may be snowbound there for the night; if not, we can push on to Cladich, and refreshing there, post on to our journey's end." "A long, hard walk," suggested John, the Chief's son. "I shall not close my eyes till it is accomplished," added M'Ian, "let us go, lads, let us go; but where's Glenbucket?—call Glenbucket to show us out." "Glenbucket is a-bed," said a voice, "but I am here," and the door was promptly pushed up by Barcaldine, who stared at sight of his guests—thus attracted for the road—with unfeigned surprise. "Why, my dear Glencoe," he began, "you don't surely tempt death by venturing the road to-night? It's madness, consider the risks and discomfort; no, no, my good friends, I could not allow myself to aid and abet such foolhardiness. Pray uncover yourselves, supper will be on the table in half an hour; sit down, good friends, sit down." The countenance of the Glencoe men darkened into hate as they looked on the hard face of their host. His friendship concealed a drawn dagger, they very well knew, and the irony of fate in their case lay in the fact that their helpless circumstances forbade them resenting it. To openly doubt and quarrel with Barcaldine was to incur the resentment and malice of the Earl, whose mental slave he was. The Glencoe men, therefore, could only venture on silence and suggestive lowerings of the brows. "You will sit to supper, M'Ian, and bed with us to-night," the Earl may yet be here," added Barcaldine, affecting real interest in his guest's distress. "Only the clouds of heaven will,

canopy my head to-night," replied the old Chief. "We cannot even wait for supper. Every passing half hour is precious—deeply so. Pray send a domestic to discover to us the way out." "You will allow me then to share with you a deoch-an-dorris?" said Barcaldine, summoning a domestic the next moment. "Nay, I forbid it, sir," answered M'Ian. "We have no further time to waste on social pasty; pray, sir, show us the way out." "You will not stay—will not await the Earl's coming?" retorted Barcaldine in a sneering tone. "Then I can only say that I very much admire your great devotion to our common King, as shown in your urgency to formally 'submit' yourself to him," and moving towards the door, he proceeded to show his guests the way out, without awaiting the arrival of the domestic he had just summoned. "God save the King!" shouted the braggart Captain over their heads as they descended the steps fronting the outer door, he having by accident arrived on the scene—"God save the King!" "Over the water," added M'Ian, sub voce to Malcolm, whose eyes gleamed sudden fire at the words. "God, I could claymore the red-coated scoundrel!" he ejaculated, turning half round on the throat. "Caution, Malcolm, caution," said M'Ian putting a gently restraining hand on his shoulder. "Our heads are in the lions' mouths; discretion is here the trusty part of courage; let us be pushing yont," and emerging on the main road they wrapped their shoulders and strode vigorously forward. "The wily old fox is ill to trap, Captain," remarked Barcaldine, as the outer door closed on the Glencoe party. "Jacobites at heart—white-feathered Jacobites at heart," replied the Captain. "I am certain I heard the old rebel Over-the-water my toast of the King's health in an under breath as he stepped down the stairs. The devil go with them and send them as much snow and wind by the way as will pepper their rebel blood into perdition!" "Ay, sooth, Captain, you speak rightly," rejoined Barcaldine; "rebel Jacobites at heart they are truly. The old fox has only come out of his hole among the hills at the last moment. His proffered 'submission' manifested expediency rather than loyalty, and comes so late that it has not the merit of grace and sincerity. Besides the date of mercy is past, he proffered the oath beyond acceptance. To-day the Earl left Glencoe on a journey to Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, now in London, carrying with him news of the Glencoe party's non-submission, which will gladden Sir John's heart much. He will at once proceed to put the fact of M'Ian's rebellious attitude before the King, who will then formally sign a warrant of execution against the men of the Glen. Captain, the old fox, his cubs and his family of thieves are trapped at last." "God save the King!" again shouted the braggart Captain, with whom all kinds of diplomacy were held as fair in war, "and may the rebel rascal and family and adherents be forced to live on white cockades, thistle tops and boiled heather until such times as the just wrath of the King overtakes them!" "And that reckoning will come soon, Captain," answered Barcaldine, "meanwhile we have done the Earl a service by delaying Glencoe's audience of Sir Colin, the Sheriff. They will flounder all night among the hill snows, and at last seek the shelter of some shepherd's cot till the day break, and in this way we have stolen a twenty-four hours' march on the enemy." "Outflanked him," said the Captain. "Outflanked him," accented Barcaldine. "But come, Captain, supper awaits us 'but the house,' as the facetious Glenbucket would phrase it. You and I shall have our curiosity satisfied in tasting a supper served up at Barcaldine's house which has not been prepared under the fussy surveyorship of the indispensable Glenbucket. He still sleeps. *Requiescat in pace!*" "Pop the knave, Barcaldine; pop the mad knave!" laughingly rejoined the Captain, as the pair adjourned to the supper table. The night had set in on the hills when the Glencoe party left Barcaldine House. The journey they had set themselves to face was a formidable one, considering the state of the weather and the season of the year. The giant ranges of hills which lay stretched before them were covered from top to base with the recently fallen snows, which also lay deeply drifted along the uneven hill paths, and down in the hollows of the numerous ravines and intersecting gullies. The different ranges of hills through and across which they had to pass, comprised, perhaps, as wild and desolate districts within their radius as were to be found in the whole Argyllshire Highlands; to attempt to traverse them would have been futile, if not, indeed, fatal, to any but thoroughbred mountaineers accustomed to exertion, exposure and hill-climbing daily. "A bad night for walking," said John,

the Chief's son, as the party floundered knee-deep through the drifts of snow which the wind had whirled into the hollows of the road. "If the snow only holds we may be thankful," replied Malcolm. "There will be more snow to-night, lads," added M'Ian; "the moon will be through in half an hour, and the snow-dusted path be as clear as daylight. Heaven favors our exertions—God be praised!" It was M'Ian's intention, if his strength held out, to pass southwards to Ardchattan, taking the short hills paths were practicable; cross Soch Etive by the ferry emerging on the Muckairn district; then hold south-eastwards along the wild and lonely pass of Brander, under the impending shadow of Ben Craschan; and descend thus on Loch Awe and Kilchurn. If the Earl was there, as Barcaldine had led them to believe he was, he would receive the confession of their "submission" and rest them for the night. If Barcaldine's statement was proven to have been false—the Earl not having been there—then they would push on to the little hamlet of Cladich, where a shepherd cousin of Malcolm's would provide them with rest and refreshment for a brief space before descending on Inverary. The journey was a long and weary one. The open road, when they held it by, was rough and rocky, and when they left it, amid the snow-covered banks of furtz and heather were numerous rubby morasses and wet boggy patches of ground, across which they dragged their sinking steps wearily, but with uncomplaining effort. As M'Ian had predicted, they had now advantage of a clear moonlit way, and the manifold intersections of the endless chains of hills, and dales, and glens, which surrounded them, heap upon heap, were everywhere visible for miles of country, as often as their feet surmounted some natural elevation of the road. In little more than an hour they had come within view of Loch Etive, and rousing up the old boatman of the Loch, whom they had found asleep in his turf-habit but before a smouldering fire of peat, they expressed, in brief words, their wish to be straightway ferried across. "A cauld night, gentlemen—a cauld night," said the old boatman, speaking in a homely Gaelic; "and may your honors be?" and, shaking the chill out of his body by a violent shrug of his massive shoulders, he approached close on M'Ian, and peered inquisitively into his plaid-muffled face—for there was no light in the hut other than what resided in the red glow of the peat fire, or was reflected from the moonlit snows outside through the open door. "Ask no questions, Goodman, but bring your boat ashore," said M'Ian, thrusting a gratuity into the old boatman's ready hand. "Och, yea, to be surely, sirs; I'll be ready with her in twa winks," promptly replied the old boatman. "Here, my good lad, tak' ye don the oars" (handing Malcolm a pair of long poles, with spread ends, which the lagging fancy reluctantly construed into oars). "Now, come awa, lads, come awa." In a few minutes the party were seated in a flat bottomed coble, and John and Malcolm taking each an oar, the boat by a sheer exercise of muscle, was heavily driven through the dark waters of the Loch, which was better than a mile broad. "She's touch a wee to pu'," remarked the old boatman, "but haud at her lads, she'll put the shiver out o' your blood. Whew! but that's a cauld blast that's sweeping doon the Loch, and there's a bit white cap on the water, too, but deil a fear o' us, lads, the boat's as steady as a safe's the Ben." In this wise the garrulous old boatman of the Loch ran on, alternately praising the "lads'" strength and skill in handling the "oars" and in repeated assurances that she (the coble) was as "safe" as the shore, lads, and twice as comfortable, moreover, and the faintest twinkle of humor twitched the old boatman's puckered lips as he spoke. If the comfort of the coble could be successfully disputed, there could be no rational doubt of its prevailing safety. The coble it is true, might possibly sink under a sheer dead weight, but it's deep-draughted "claucht" of the Loch water, as the old ferryman phrased it, put the capsizing of it at any time out of all rational consideration. "She's sair to lift, lads, sair to lift," he added, as they neared the opposite shore; "but she's naething to what I've seen her, wi' half a score of antlered stags lying in the stow end o' her, along wi' her dozen o' the Earl's gillies and there yowlin' collie dogs along wi' them, forbye as many bags an' guns as would serve a hail parish. Had ye the rowin' o' Nancy across the Loch wi' sic a load as that, lads, the devil himself wadna escape the angry ban o' your netted tongue. But here's the shore, lads; pu' saft, an' dinna grant her on the chuckies; there's, that's it clean; took the bank like a weel whappit trout." Leaping ashore, the Glencoe party found themselves at the innermost end

of a creek a little south of Bonaw. So bidding the garrulous old ferryman a kindly good-even, they presently resumed their journey by the road. They were now in the parish of Muckairn, and the top of Ben Craschan—the lord of the surrounding hills—was already described in the clear night air, though still distant from them several miles. The lonely and desolate pass of Brander—its natural loneliness and desolation intensified into awe-inspiring solemnity by the time of night and season of the year—now lay stretched snake-like before them for the length of several miles. For the greater part of the way their path lay parallel with and ran close by the course of the river Awe, whose hoarse flood was heard filling the deep silence of the night, as it hurried southwards to fling itself into the waters of the Loch. It was now nine o'clock by the stroke of a neighboring parish kirk bell, and many miles still intervened between them and Kilchurn, with the little hamlet of Cladich, beyond it. But resolutely they held on; and M'Ian footsore and weary, uttered no weak complaint, but, feeling that life or death awaited the success of his self-imposed mission, he pushed heroically on till at length the mighty shadow of the Ben lay behind them, and they once more stood within view of the district where, under different circumstances, they had the previous midsummer attended Broadalbane's conference at Glencoe. They did not, however, turn up the road leading round by the head of Loch Awe, which now lay spread before them, but sought to be ferried across the Loch water, as before they had crossed Loch Etive. Lights were seen gleaming about the arched roadway which gave access to the massive insular Castle, and the Glencoe men "hillo'd" lustily from the shore. In quick response a boat put off from the Castle, and in a few minutes had approached to within hail of them. Three men were aboard, two of whom wrought the oars, while the third man, who seemed from his dress and manner to be their superior, sat at the tiller. "What's your commands?" asked the man at the tiller, having previously ordered the gillies to cease rowing. "If the Earl of Broadalbane's within the Castle wall," spoke M'Ian "tell him Macdonald of Glencoe urgently wishes to see him." "The Earl is not within the walls of Kilchurn," promptly replied the other, "nor has he been with us for a month. He left Glencoe this morning for London on court business. Will you rest and refresh for the night?" M'Ian waved his hand forbiddingly, and turned sharp away from the spot. Smitting to the heart at the discovery of Barcaldine's treachery, he staggered forward a few paces, and would have fallen but for the support lent him by his sons. Then, suddenly recovering possession of his mind, he firmly shook himself free of the supporting arms which were round his hips, and turning once more his gaze towards the boat on the loch, he signalled its approach, and asked for a conveyance across the lake. The request was promptly acceded to, and within a quarter of an hour the party found themselves on the east shore of Loch Awe, and were presently struggling once more forward on their journey in the direction of Cladich. They had still half-a-score of weary miles to cover ere seeking their much needed rest for the night, and the shepherd of Cladich was roused from a deep sleep by the barking of his dogs, and a loud knocking at the door of his hut between one and two o'clock on the following morning, to admit strangers whose importunity was unceasing and demonstrative; and on opening his door he fervently ejaculated: "God be wi' us, friends, belated on the roads or what?" expressed in true terms the depth and sincerity of his astonishment. Still greater was his amazement to find after a moment's suspension of his senses, that his cousin Malcolm and the Chief of Glencoe were his self-invited guests. There was no time for parley, however. The party very obviously all wanted immediate rest, and within the shortest space of time a couple of rude beds had been hastily extemporized; and throwing their exhausted bodies on them, the Glencoe men were presently sunk in a brief but heavy sleep. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Are ye physician, please?" the patient I feel." "Did I puppy, sir puppy?" suit is too called me a have I know! A lawyer if he could so and like Quaker, "I talents are You are a I Nothing who has taken in his and who has to be preac vice and he that "as ma not present will now be The follo gushed Edi to go to chu a cab. On tendered a cabby, and hear the cab The profes tortioner, de shillings, up answered, "ling on the 8 air." It is dif how a woma skin jacket sewing on a that her jac knows that everybody l everybody l everybody l knows that s knows that s Sloth com weas. He not ove tomer. By continu achieved. The truth i its possession To be a phi ence something Avoid ex are sure to pr Nothing i Time thus en To-morrow business; alw He who wr as well rob hi Honesty is misrepresenta The lesson able, and ser takes. Owe no ma and avoid the need. Every indi the secret of to use them. If you try c work hard, y Saturday nig If you ear must live on ultimately su "Be sure y head." With ways in good Fine work drawing room day care of l A man ne honorable em of pride to ia It is not ne ions in order fidence of sen Keep your people have n you force the Beware of i a dozen to fill you are liable Seek thro fort to gain session every cure. Reason sho undertakings, do always in ner. Show respe of others. T ant but who i Nothing o lying and che so closely joi separable. Deceit and who expect th currency, and good coin. Extravagan out of place, income, not y would lay b day." The month the wise ma You cannot g cine than Dr. stipation Brit tle. Ask you No house complete wit Buren's Kid It is the only permanently of kidney dis Perfect, P the cure off Kidney Cure ny Disease i See that you Van Buren's Wilson Gode

