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2010

Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR—
WHOLE NUMBER 2007.

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1885.

McGILLICUDDY BROS. PUBLISHERS
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THE HURON SIGNAL

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expire; if not so paid, this rule will be strictly
enforced.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per
line for first insertion; three cents per line for
each subsequent insertion. Yearly, half-yearly
and quarterly contracts at reduced rates.
SPECIAL FAVOR.—We have also first-class
jobbing department in connection, and possess
ing the most complete out-fit and best facilities
for turning out work in Goderich, are prepared
to do business in that line at prices that cannot
be beaten, and of a quality that cannot be
surpassed.—Terms Cash

FRIDAY, DEC. 25TH, 1885.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

It has been decided to call together
the Ontario Legislature for business on
Thursday, 28th January next.

The temperance people of Huron are
rejoicing at the prospect of deliverance
from the present license board and its
minions.

The Seaforth *Expositor's* article on
"Official Barmecides" has made a sensation
round the court house. Nobody but
officials will quarrel with the Seaforth
editor because of his article.

M. C. CAMERON, M.P., will give an
address at Brucefield on Tuesday. He
is also expected to speak at Wingham
next month. He will pour some hot
shot into the fast breaking ranks of the
Tories. And his shots are going to tell.

The Wingham *Times* very correctly
remarks: "There is a wheel within a
wheel in this revolving barrister business.
The Conservative press pointed with
pride to the fact that the Government
had appointed impartial county judges
to fill the positions, but what of the re-
volving barristers' clerks whom the judges
have appointed to do the work for them?
Can it be claimed that they are free from
bias? It strikes us that it would have
been equally as well, and less hypocrisy
would have been displayed, had the
government carried out their original
intention regarding the appointment of
those who were to prepare the voters'
lists."

The little yarn got up by one of the
school trustees, (who, by the way is now
seeking re-election) that the board of
model school examiners conspired against
the principal of our model school, and
by unjust "plucking" on school law,
lowered the rating of Goderich school,
turns out to have been made out of
whole cloth. We punctured the bubble
last week, and showed the absurdity of it.
This week the trustee is without a new
twister. He says the standard was
higher than in some other counties.
Well, what if it was? The same stand-
ard was observed in the examination
of a Goderich and Clinton schools. In
Clinton only 3 of this year's class were
"plucked." In Goderich 8 failed. The
classes were about equal in number in
each of the schools. It doesn't make a
bit of difference what the examiners'
standard was in Middlesex, Perth or
Bruce. The Huron standard only af-
fected Clinton and Goderich, and in
Goderich an ignominious failure was
made. The trustee has a white elephant
on his hands.

A WASTE OF \$5,000.

The people of Canada are being taxed
to death. The latest tax is that indi-
rectly imposed upon the people to sup-
port the horde of revising barristers and
their clerks in order to make a new
voters' list. The Seaforth *Expositor*
ably says on this matter:—
"It is estimated that the cost of pre-
paring the voters' lists under the new
Franchise Act will amount to thousands
of dollars for this county alone. This
is an entirely new and additional
burden that has been laid upon the
people, and we defy any living man
to show a farthing's worth of benefit
they will derive from the expenditure.
It is true this expense is paid out of
Dominion treasury, and the people
do not have to pay it directly out of
pockets. But, it is equally true
that they do have to pay it all the same.
The Dominion Government do not make
money any more than the municipal
councils do, and every cent they spend
comes from the people just as surely as
they pay their annual municipal tax
bill, and they have, consequently, just
as direct an interest in the expenditure
if they could only be made to think so.
Now, here we have the people of this
country laying and working with brain
and hands, from early morning until late
evening, in order to make ends meet,
while we have the Government of the
country living upon them to support a
few hangers-on in comparative idleness.
Surely it is about time the people were
getting tired of this sort of thing."

According to information received by
the Justice Department the order of the
Judicial Committee of the Privy Council
in the license case, declares the whole
Dominion License Act unconstitutional.
Even those clauses providing for the en-
forcement of the Scott Act are declared
void. The Judicial Committee states
that the parts of the Dominion
License Act relating to the adulteration
of liquors, may be within the legislative
powers of the Federal Parliament, but



GLORIOUS NEWS.

Grand Triumph of Provincial
Rights.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL KILLS
THE MCCARTHY ACT.

THE LIQUOR LICENSES IN HURON
"NOT GOOD."

The Derelict Commissioners and
Inspectors Must Go.

Macdonald's Disgrace and Mowat's Mag-
nanimity.

Macdonaldism has received another
terrible blow. The McCarthy Act, which
has been wanted to the skies by the
Tories, big and little; the legislation that
was going to crush "that little tyrant,
Mowat," the Act that was going to
prove the silly and false charge that
"the Crooks Act was not worth the paper
it was written upon,"—the McCarthy
Act is dead.

The Privy Council has not even per-
mitted the Dominion Government to re-
tain the power to license vessels or grant
wholesale licenses. The whole bill has
collapsed like a soap bubble—but a
costly bubble it has proved to be.

Macdonald is a poor lawyer. His bad
law has cost the country a pretty penny
of late. He and his bad law should be
put in the same boat and sent adrift.

Sir Charles Tupper has sent the fol-
lowing telegram from London:
To G. W. Burdidge, Deputy Minister of
Justice:

"In re the liquor license decision.
"The Queen's order, after the pream-
bles, reads: 'Their Lordships do this day
agree humbly to report to your Majesty
as their opinion, in reply to the two
questions which have been preferred to
them by your Majesty, that the Liquor
License Act, 1885, and the Act of 1884
amending the same, are not within the
legislative authority of the Parliament
of Canada. The provisions relating to
the adulteration, if separated from their
operation from the rest of the Acts,
would be within the authority of the
Parliament, but as, in their Lordships'
opinion, they cannot be so separated,
their Lordships are not prepared to re-
port to your Majesty that any part of
these Acts is within such authority.'"

The effect of this decision is that the
Dominion Government has not even the
power to grant licenses under the Scott
Act. The Ontario Government at the
earliest possible date will appoint new
commissioners and inspectors to enforce
that act. There will be a new aspect of
the Scott Act in this county when ear-
nest and faithful officials are appointed
to enforce the law.

We must congratulate our talented
representative, M. C. Cameron, upon the
all-round success of his motion to suspend
the operations of the McCarthy Act until
the Privy Council settled the question of
jurisdiction. The saving to the country
has been considerable, and Mr. Cam-
eron's claim that the Dominion License
Act was *ultra vires* of the Ottawa Govern-
ment has been endorsed. The electors
will not forget Mr. Cameron.

We have good authority for saying
that today the so-called license holders
in this county have no legal right to sell
liquor, and that they could all be fined
if any one cared to push a case against
them, and had it properly conducted.
It is safe, however, to say that the reign
of the Bulls and Kells—and all that
incompetent set is very, very near the
close.

The whole ground is pretty well cov-
ered in the following extracts from our
exchanges:

Toronto Globe.

According to information received by
the Justice Department the order of the
Judicial Committee of the Privy Council
in the license case, declares the whole
Dominion License Act unconstitutional.
Even those clauses providing for the en-
forcement of the Scott Act are declared
void. The Judicial Committee states
that the parts of the Dominion
License Act relating to the adulteration
of liquors, may be within the legislative
powers of the Federal Parliament, but

that as it is impossible to separate those
from the other provisions of the Act,
they are unable to advise that any por-
tion of the Act is *ultra vires*. So that
Sir John Macdonald will not be able
even to keep up his army of commis-
sioners and inspectors under pretence of
enforcing the Scott Act.

If the advice of Mr. Blake and his sup-
porters had been taken the question of
where the authority to issue licenses rest-
ed would have been authoritatively set-
tled before any attempt to pass a Domi-
nion License Act was made. The money
wasted in attempting to enforce the Act
would thus have been saved to the coun-
try.

Had not Mr. Meredith consented to be
dragged after Sir John Macdonald like a
dumb idol, Ontario's victories in the
Streams Bill, the Boundary Award, and
License Question would have been to
him matter of rejoicing instead of gall
and wormwood.

The people who were gulled into tak-
ing Dominion licenses may possibly re-
cover their money, but the money paid
by the taxpayers to support the officials
appointed under it has gone into pockets
from which it cannot be extracted.

Sir John Macdonald has been an au-
thority on constitutional law ever since
1873. On November 3rd of that year he
said:—"I have never made a constitu-
tional or legal proposition in which I
have not had the support of the legal
advisers of the Crown in England." The
Privy Council on six different occasions
has pronounced this all nonsense.

Toronto World (Ind.)

Mr. Mowat is the one statesman who
has been in repeatedly frustrating the
schemes of the wily leader of the
Canadian Tories. The latter's defeat on
every point in the river and streams and
the boundary disputes are matters of
history. Yesterday word was received
that the Ontario government had scored
a crowning victory by the decision of
the privy council invalidating the do-
minion license act. This decision will
be received with popular satisfaction,
and we trust that it will put an end to
the aggressive upon provincial rights
and privileges which have so long been
a source of irritation in our public life.
Our provincial laws are as a rule good
laws, and even if they were not it is our
business to amend or repeal them, and
not the business of the other provinces.

Toronto News (Ind.)

It is announced that the final decision
of the imperial privy council on the long
disputed question as to whether the Do-
minion or provincial government has the
right to issue liquor licenses, is in favor
of the province. This was only to be
expected—in fact, any other decision,
after the previous rulings of that body
on issues very closely approaching the
direct question, would have created con-
siderable surprise. Sir John himself can-
not have hoped for success after the
repeated defeats he has sustained in con-
tacts with Premier Mowat before the
privy council. It is none the less a
satisfactory, however, to every one else
concerned to have the matter so set-
tled decisively, and all possible doubts
at rest.

Sarnia Observer.

This is a great victory for the Ontario
Government and shows once more how
thoroughly Mr. Mowat and his colleagues
have mastered the true intent and spirit
of the Confederation Act, on all matters
affecting the rights of the Province, and
how utterly unreliable Sir John Mac-
donald has shown himself to be on
questions of constitutional law.

London Advertiser.

In view of the decision of the Privy
Council giving the provinces sole control
over the liquor question, it might be in-
teresting to know what the next point
on which Sir John threatens to teach
"that little tyrant, Mowat."

The Privy Council were not even will-
ing that the Dominion Government
should have as much control over the
liquor traffic as the courts of Canada were
willing to allow. Sir John seems to be
a very fair specimen of the man who did
not know when he was well off.

During a discussion in this city on the
right of the respective governments to
control the liquor traffic, a well-known
hotelkeeper, who is both a Tory and an
Orangeman, and perhaps we should say a
Tory, declared that if Sir John proved to be
in the wrong "he need never show his long
nose in London again." Sir John has
proved to be in the wrong. Still, if he
desires to come here and tell us that
squaw story, the *Advertiser* ventures to
predict that he can do so without fear of
personal violence.

Toronto Mail, Feb. 10, 1885.

The Grit party are at present contend-
ing for a series of illegalities. The
Boundary Award is illegal. The Streams
Bill is illegal. The Crooks Act is illegal.
Yet Mr. Mowat asks a sane people to
sustain him that he may maintain "these
illegal acts."

When Sir John A. Macdonald made
his foolish statement that "the Crooks
Act was not worth the paper it was
written on," and uttered the silly threat
that he would smash "that little tyrant
Mowat," he had just been dining at
Chester Park, Senator Macpherson's
residence. Today Macpherson is a
political outcast—the scapegoat of the
Tory party for its sins in the North-
west; Sir John's government is tottering
to its fall; and Mowat and the Crooks
Act are staunch and so on.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening
Around Us.

Municipal News.—Trustee Matters.—A Reg-
ular Gobbler.—John Butler's Big Boom
—Why Fred Johnston Wants to Run
for Reeve Again.—Chit-Chat.

Nobody knows what to make out of
the present municipal situation in town.
A week or two ago there was a rumor
that Mayor Horton was going to retire,
and that F. W. Johnston was aspiring
to the big chair; that John Butler was
wanting to occupy the reeve's seat at the
council, and that Gromme Cameron was
also aspiring to the reeve'ship, having
served as deputy for the past couple of
years. I have inquired into the matter,
and find that Fred is not itching for the
mayorality, and at present has no idea of
giving up the reeve'ship, if by any means
he can prevail upon the ratepayers to
continue him in office. This will throw
John Butler back on St. George's ward,
and will also keep Cameron in the junior
reeve'ship. The latter doesn't think
that F. W. J. is acting straight in the
matter, as he claims that that gentleman
last year tacitly decided to retire from
the reeve'ship at the end of the present
term. I intend to let the boys fight
this little battle out between themselves,
as it isn't my funeral.

By-the-way, I hear it would not take
a great deal to make C. Crabbe put on
his war paint, and fight for the mayoralty.
If Mayor Horton decides to step down
and out, Christopher would make any
other candidate I know hump to get in
the mayor's chair ahead of him. The
way he rushed things at his last trustee
election was a caution to men, women
and small boys. If the present incum-
bent of the mayor's chair should retire,
as some say he will, there are lots of
voters in town who would yell, "Rah
for Crab!"

Trustees Butler, Ball, Nicholson,
Malcomson and Dettlor will vacate at
New Years. I presume all except Dettlor
will stand for re-election. I have heard
the names of county treasurer Holmes
and R. W. McKenzie mentioned in con-
nection with the vacancies in St. George's
and St. Patrick's ward. I have also
heard that S. Malcomson will not run
again in St. Patrick's but will be a can-
didate in room of Dettlor resigned for St.
George's. If Malcomson runs in St.
George's I don't think he will be opposed,
and in that event R. W. McKenzie would
have a walk over in St. Patrick's. In
St. Andrew's, George Parsons is out in
opposition to H. W. Ball, and things
will likely be hot down there. Ball has
never stood a contest, and it will give
the friends a chance to show how they
appreciate his services. If George H.
makes up his mind to run the canvass
for all it is worth, he will make it sultry
for the Boanerges of the Board. I have
not heard whether Butler will retire or
face the music, or whether or not he will
be opposed. There are lots of men in
the ward who have better claims upon
the ratepayers so far as education is con-
cerned than that they train young men
to play billiards. Besides, the Brown
Brothers chalk deal on the board last
year is likely to come up in judgment
against him at the next election.

Speaking about deals, county treasurer
Holmes is a dandy on deals. He is a
long-armed chap, and tries his level
best to grab everything within reach.
His latest grab is the position of revising
barrister's clerk. It's a piousness po-
sition, but there are a few dollars in it,
and it might have been a god-send to
some of our local Tories who have been
bawling themselves hoarse for years in
this section; but the treasurer, although
a Johnny-come-lately, has influence at
court, and gobbles up the little billet.

He's a gobbler every time, is the grasp-
ing county treasurer. I know him from
away back, and he was always the same.
He wants all the grist to come to his
mill.

I see John Butler is trying to make a
boom with his "Waterworks-Electric
Light-Agricultural Park" scheme. The
thing is big and little wool so far as
solid common sense is concerned.
The level-headed ratepayers will punch
holes in the chimerical scheme on the
first occasion offered. The amount of
water drunk by some of the promoters
of the waterworks scheme will never
poultice them: an electric light system is
too great a glare for a coal oil town; and
the present agricultural grounds have
never proved too small for the number of

visitors to our fall shows. I believe in
legitimate progress, but trying to buy
the town rich by adding it with a debt
for useless objects is like jumping into
the gutter and then trying to lift your-
self out by the backstraps. I say
"Come off!" to Butler's Big Boom.

I notice some of our local swells have
taken to wearing Tam-o'-Shanter caps.
It is not by any means an unbecom-
ing style, and, when compared with the
cost of fur caps, the Tam is by far the
cheaper. The difference in the price of
headgear would keep an ordinary young
swell in tobacco for the winter months,
and "Do yeow know" economy is wealth
when the salary isn't high?

Town clerk Campbell is raising his
tuneful voice in deprecation of the non-
registration of births, marriages and
deaths—especially with regard to births.
He says there will be a wall of sorrow
run through this corner of the vineyard
if the new arrivals are not entered on
the list. If you are wise and have a
baby in the house, you will register the
fact at the clerk's office right away,
quick.

I am told that F. W. Johnston purposed
retiring from the reeve'ship this year,
and would have done so, only that THE
SIGNAL referred to his anti-Scott antics
in its last issue. If THE SIGNAL told the
truth about the matter, (and as yet no
one has said it didn't) what reason has
Johnston for breaking the compact he
entered into last year? Years ago when
F. W. Johnston was deputy, J. T.
Garrow occupied the position of reeve.
His associates in the council thought so
well of J. T. G. that they placed him in
the warden's chair. The following year
he resigned the position of reeve, and
nominated the deputy to be his successor.
That's what a man did. Now there's
another side to the shield. F. W.
Johnston has been reeve for a number of
years. Three years ago he was warden.
At the expiration of his term in that
office he still hung on to the reeve'ship
like a barnacle. Last year, he gave
everyone to understand, that he was
satisfied with the pleasures of office, and
would retire this year. He was elected
by acclamation. This year he is likely
to swallow his last year's promise, with-
out any visible sign of a gulp. That's
the way a clam acts. Fred, don't be a
clam! If Gromme Cameron makes up his
mind to have the position of reeve it
would be better for F. W. J. to drop
voluntarily.

The lack of snow during the past few
days has made business as flat as a pan-
cake, and the lower jaw of many in trade
has dropped correspondingly.

H. I. Strang let something drop on a
would be controversialist in the columns
of a local paper last week. There was a
dull thud.

Be sure and be on deck at the public
meeting in the town hall on Tuesday
evening next. There will likely be heaps
of fun piled up on the occasion.

TAX Huron county liquor licenses
"are not worth the paper they are writ-
ten upon." The groggeries must go.

It won't be necessary to go before the
Dominion license commissioners now to
ask for the better enforcement of the
Scott Act. The careless commissioners,
the incompetent inspectors, and the
licensed harpies are all out of a job,
owing to the decision of the Privy
Council.

St. George's Church.

There will be a special Christmas ser-
vice at St. George's church on Christmas
morning, commencing at 10:30. The
following music has been prepared for
the occasion:—
Hymn, "Adeste Fideles" (T. Venite, Hine in G.
Psalm xix. Bayce in D.
Psalm xiv. Burton in G.
Psalm lxxxv. Turle in F.
Te Deum. W. F. Foot.
Fugate. Humphreys in C.
Antiphon, "Gloria to God in the Highest."
Hymn, "Mendelssohn's" "Swiss."
Kyrie. Bridgewater in A.
Oleria. Garret in D.
Offertorium. Swain.
"Let Your Light so Shine." Swain.
"If we Have Sown Seed." Swain.
"While We Have Time." Baraby.
"Thou art Worthy O Lord." Gilbert.
"Holy Offerings Rich and Rare." Rothwell.
Postlude, "Agnus Dei." Naumann.

The Regatta ne.

Just or unjust, the death of Riel can
never be made the sole issue in a contest
in this Province. Reformers will never
perpetuate Sir John and his organs to choose
the battle ground. The Government
must stand or fall on its record—its
gerrymandering, its franchise inquiry, its
extravagance, its incapacity, its cor-
ruption, its duplicity, its venality.—
London Advertiser.

OUR TOWN FATHERS.

What Transpired at the Council Meeting
Last Tuesday Night.

A social meeting of the council for
the transaction of general business was
held on Tuesday evening.
All the members present except Mr.
Acheson.

Minutes of last meeting were read and
approved.
From W. L. Horton, asking for re-
mission of tax, he having been assessed
for a liquor stock which he had to sac-
rifice on the 1st of last May. Referred
to court of revision.

The following accounts were recom-
mended to be paid:—J. W. Smith, \$2;
John F. Bates, \$14.55; George Grant,
\$13.25; George N. Davis, \$86.50; Alex.
Kirkbride, \$21.25; W. T. Welsh, \$2.
Buchanan, Lawson & Co., \$59.71; E.
Graham, \$3.15; Wm. Kirkbride, \$4.
A petition was read from J. & T. Stor-
ey, requesting a rebate of three months
rent for the town property formerly oc-
cupied by them as a blacksmith shop.
Granted.

A number of accounts were presented
and referred to finance committee.
The supply committee recommended
that a suit of clothes, not to cost over
\$25, be furnished the chief constable.
Also that the clerk be empowered to pur-
chase 25 cords of wood.

REPORT OF COURT OF REVISION.

That in reference to Mrs. Sinclair and
Mrs. R. Hawley, that no action be tak-
en. That the prayer of Mrs. Sayers be
not granted. That the dog tax of Hy.
Clucas be remitted.

Horace Horton.
Moved by Humber, seconded by Mur-
ney, that the Mayor and clerk be and
are hereby authorized to pay such ac-
counts as may be required from time to
time until next meeting of council.

Moved by Humber, seconded by
Bingham, that a public meeting be cal-
led for Tuesday evening, and that a no-
tice be put in the papers.
On motion council adjourned.

Danlos.

On the afternoon of the 16th inst., a
bevy of ladies were seated round a quil-
ting board at our architect's residence,
handing their needles with great pre-
cision under the keen watchfulness of
two of our dames. Later in the even-
ing some bachelors put in an appearance
to inspect the work, and help them give
the recipient a roll in it, but a violin,
mouth organ and Jew's harp made them
forget this in a social hour, which was
enjoyed by everybody, J. Bogie being
floor manager.

S. P. Williams is authorized to take
subscriptions for THE SIGNAL and Globe
at \$2.25.

Colborne.

The trustees of school section No. 3
have engaged the services of Miss Mary
Robertson for 1886.

Mrs. Robert Buchanan and her daugh-
ter Kate, of Q'Appelle, are visiting re-
latives in this township.

Wm. F. Clarke has returned for the
holidays from the Ontario Veterinary
College. He looks as if life in the Queen
city agreed with him.

MUNICIPAL.—Municipal matters in
this township have begun to boom during
the past week. The old reeve, William
Young, will not stand for re-election, and
it is likely that a lively fight for the place
will be had between John Kerrigan
and Anthony Allen, the present deputy-
reeve. For the deputy-reeve'ship Charlie
McHardy and Jos. Beck will enter into
contest. Colborne ought to elect John
Kerrigan reeve and Charlie McHardy
deputy. They are the equal of any
other two men in the township for intel-
ligence and ability.

St. Helena.

Mr. Thomas Radcliffe is home from
Dakota on a visit to friends and rela-
tives.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. D.
Todd is recovered from her recent ill-
ness.

Mrs. Pritchard, of Manchester, is
spending a few days this week under the
parental roof.

Mr. Alex. McDonald is visiting friends
and old acquaintances after an eighteen
years' sojourn in British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, of God-
erich, spent a few days in our village last
week the guests of Mr. Richard Miller.

Our respected teacher Mr. J. W. Mor-
gan returned on Thursday last from
Hamilton where he has been prosecuting
his studies during the past three months.
Mr. E. A. MacKenzie filled his place in
school during his absence.

On Monday evening last there was
held in the Presbyterian church an ex-
cellent entertainment, commemorating
the twentieth anniversary of the settle-
ment of the pastor, Rev. Robt. Leach.
The large church was crowded with an
appreciative audience, and excellent ad-
dresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Cam-
eron, of Danganon, and Rev. Dr. Ure,
of Goderich, and the pastor. A recita-
tion entitled "The Gleaner's Wife" was
admirably rendered by Miss McDonald.
The musical part of the programme was
furnished by the St. Helen's choir, led
by Mr. R. Miller with Miss McDonald
presiding at the organ. During the en-
tertainment the pastor, Mr. Leach, was
presented with a handsome suit of
address from the members of the con-
gregation which brought forth a
warm and suitable reply from the pastor.

MACDONALD--RIEL.

Some Stubborn Facts About the Premier's Double-dealing.

How the Lord When he said "I wish to God I could catch him." The Division in the Tory Cabinet over the Metis Question.

The Tory newspapers represent Riel as being a mercenary, as having crossed the border for the purpose of "raising the wind." He had obtained a few thousand dollars from Sir John Macdonald on a former occasion, and the generous donation made at that time by the Prime Minister had whetted his appetite for more, and that he returned solely for the purpose of obtaining from the Government a still larger sum. We have no interest in ascertaining whether this is so or not. It may or may not be true. It is true, however, that Riel did not return to Canada until he was invited; that he would not have been invited if the half breeds had been able to secure a redress of those grievances of which they complained; that after he had returned many months elapsed before the first step was taken to do what ought to have been done four or five years ago. The public seem to have forgotten some of the incidents connected with that earlier monetary transaction. On the 27th October, 1871, Sir John Macdonald sent to Archbishop Tache a check for \$1,000 for Riel. The letter which accompanied the check read as follows:

"Private and strictly confidential."

"Ottawa, Dec. 27, 1871.
"My Dear Lord Archbishop,--I have been able to make the arrangement for the individual that we have talked about."

"I now send you a slight draft on the Bank of Montreal for \$1,000. I need not press upon your Grace the importance of the money being paid to him periodically (say monthly or quarterly), and not in a lump, otherwise the money would be wasted, and our embarrassment begin again. The payment should spread over a year. Believe me, Your Grace's very obedient servant,
(Signed) JOHN A. MACDONALD.
"His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Montreal."

In January, 1872, at the solicitation of Lieut.-Governor Archibald, the Hon. D. E. Smith advanced \$500, which was placed in the hands of Archbishop Tache, and part of which was to be paid to Riel and part to Lepine to induce them to leave the country. In reference to this transaction the Archbishop gave the following testimony:

"I left Montreal on the 2nd January, and at a station between Prescott and Sarnia I received a letter from Sir George, which I have not with me, and I do not know whether it is in existence. In this Sir George alluded to the draft which had been sent me by Sir John, and stated that it would be advisable that Lepine should leave also, and that the money should be divided between the two."

Further on he stated:
"It was then that I saw Lieutenant-Governor Archibald of the subject of money. There were conversations between the Lieutenant-Governor and Manitoba and myself on the subject. The Lieutenant-Governor called on Mr. Smith, and in my presence, asked if he could furnish the funds, which of course, he said would be reimbursed by the Canadian Government. I named at first \$800 sterling to the Governor as the sum required by Riel and Lepine for themselves and their families. The Governor asked Mr. Smith to lend \$800 sterling. I mentioned that I had \$1,000 at my disposal, without mentioning the source, and thus the sum to be furnished by Mr. Smith was reduced to \$200 sterling. I understand that the advance was asked of and made by Mr. Smith in his capacity of agent for the company who were the bankers for the Territory. Mr. Smith said he could, and did, in fact, furnish \$200 sterling. It was handed to me, and I added to the \$1,000 sterling of the \$1,200 mentioned, a little over \$200, to make up \$1,600 a piece for Riel and Lepine, which I gave them in accordance with their demand, to enable them to go and live outside the Territory. The remainder of the \$1,600 I kept in the bank of the Company, to be used as required for the support of their families, and it was so used. I wrote the letter which they had asked of me, and I produced a copy, dated 16th February, 1872. I am certain that the Lieutenant-Governor and the Ottawa Government would repay the money. That money was furnished under the directions of Governor Archibald."

Riel was being rushed out of the country because he had ordered Thomas Scott to be shot. Sir John Macdonald and his supporters knew what Riel's offense was, and Mr. Masson and Mr. Moussaux both declared that he was not an ordinary criminal; that his offense was a political offense; that he was possessed of the line of sovereign power, and he had used it, and that what he did was not a crime, but an error in judgment. Now, when Riel headed a rebellion and failed, he was put upon his trial as a political offender, was condemned, and was executed. A large number of the French population profess to regard him as a Jungist, and are angry with the Administration because the sentence of death was carried out regardless of the recommendation of the jury, and regardless of the testimony of some physicians who believed him to be insane. Now, Reformers of this Province are warned against having anything to do with the Blues. To have two prominent members of Sir John Macdonald's party defend the conduct of Riel on the occasion of Scott's death is to give the public as much as a line of policy. If these men who have so long acted with Sir John Macdonald were to drop into line tomorrow, we should hear nothing more of French separatism. The old war against the Reform party in this province would be carried on upon the old lines, and the Blues would be pictured to the public as men of great moderation and fairness. London Advertiser.

A Disinterested Opinion.

The Toronto Mail now pretends that the Liberal party violate all the proprieties, by charging the responsibility for the rebellion upon the government. But that was not always the opinion. Here is evidence to the contrary from that leading government organ made on July 8, last, sentences from which were given in yesterday's issue.

"It has never been denied by the Mail that the Metis had good ground for grievances. By the passage of the Manitoba Act of 1870, Canada had formally and finally recognized the right of the half breeds of that province to share in the Indian title, and it follows as a matter of course that if they had rights in the soil of Manitoba, those of them dwelling in the regions beyond had rights in the soil there. This admitted of no dispute. It must have been quite well understood by parliament in 1870: at all events the records show that the government of the day recognized the point, though a settlement was not then asked for. In spite of this recognition, however, and of the manifest and unanswerable logic of the Halfbreed case, the department for years and years steadily refused to move in the matter. It was a tangled question; it would involve the appointment of a commission and no end of trouble; St. Albert and St. Laurent were far distant dependencies without political influence; it was a claim that would be none the worse for blue-moulding in the pigeon-hole. This was the way in which the officials treated the just demands of the Metis, and we agree with Mr. Blake, that their negligence was gross and incurable, and contributed to bring about the insurrection."

Thus, it will be seen that an organ, no less unbiased than the Toronto Mail, admits Mr. Blake that the official "negligence was gross and incurable, and contributed to bring about the insurrection." Our contemporary may argue that it only intended to censure the officials; but it must know that under responsible government the cabinet ministers cannot thus shelter themselves. In truth if they could do so, the country might as well dispense with the cabinet, and leave the permanent departmental officials to run the administration. There, however, can be no question that the cabinet ministers are responsible for the actions of their subordinate officials, and therefore are chargeable with the gross and incurable negligence, which the Mail properly says contributed to bring about the rebellion. But our contemporary did not halt there. It went so far as to assign a motive for the Government's indifference to the prayers of the half breeds; and that motive was the fact that the Metis had no votes!

Metis had no votes! It may be easily depended upon, it would consciously do no injury; and, therefore, when it intimates that the lack of votes by the Metis prejudiced their claims in the eyes of the administration, it must be accepted as a spring by the book. Here are its own words:

"Had they had votes, like white men or like Indians they had been numerous enough to command respect and reverence; and, without doubt, the wheels of the office would have revolved for them; but being only half breeds, they were put off with an eternal promise until patience ceased to be a virtue. We repeat again that the departmental system under which such callous and cruel neglect of the rights of a portion of the community was possible, was wrong and should be censured."

The Mail of July 8, last, stated that this gross injustice should be censured; and it is certain that in January or February next, parliament will take our contemporary at its word. A vote of censure will be moved and probably carried. But strange to say that our contemporary is not pleased at the prospect of its excellent advice being carried into effect. It threatens civil war and the break up of Confederation as a consequence. As a consequence of what? Why, merely, of its own advice being responsible for the rebellion being censured by parliament. A Tory is naturally a discontented animal and one impossible of being pleased; and after this inconsistent exhibition by the Toronto organ of the ministry that opinion is confirmed. (Ottawa Free Press.)

The Best Cough Cure.

The best remedy for Cough and all Throat and Lung troubles, is one that loosens and dissolves the tough mucus, clears the bronchial tubes, and allays irritation. This is what Hagar's Balsam does in every case.

Get your auction sale bills printed at TAYLOR'S office. They are always done promptly and at low rates. Notice is drawn to sales through THE SIGNAL free of charge, which is read by thousands.

BOYS AND GIRLS who are growing rapidly, should, to ensure strong and healthy constitutions, be given regularly Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion, to keep up the waste, that is continually going on in the system during the growing period.

The Secret of Success.

The reason why Hagar's Yellow Oil is so popular with the people as a household remedy for pain, is in the fact that while many liniments only relieve, Yellow Oil both relieves and cures Rheumatism and all aches, pains, soreness and lameness.

A line in one of Moore's songs runs thus: "Our cheeks shall be rosy, be spangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied: "It would give me the rheumatism and so it would you."

All the owners of homes in our village are delighted with the effects of Gile's Liniment Iodine Ammonia; it never disappoints. I know of some wonderful cures that have been made by it, other remedies having failed to accomplish the result. Gile's Liniment was successfully used by L. M. HORT, druggist, South Norwalk Conn. Sold by F. Jordan.

The aggregate annual cost of the armies of Europe is nearly \$750,000,000, and the average number of men with-drawn from industrial employments for military service is about 3,000,000.

A Happy Christmas!

By the Author of "Black Bramwell," "The Mistletoe Mystery," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

"Of all the flirts I ever knew that girl is the worst!"

"Which girl?"

"That one!" and as he spoke Mr. Scrope bowed to the flirt, and his companion did the same. She was walking with an elderly lady, and smiled in recognition of both gentlemen. Flirt or not, she was wonderfully pretty, with great brown eyes, soft sunny hair, and the daintiest rose-tint in her cheek.

"Look, here, Scrope! if you make a remark like that again about Miss Ashton I'll punch your head--by Jove I will!"

And Dr. Gerald Murche, standing five feet ten in his stockings, looked quite capable of doing it, as his dark blue eyes gazed from under their straight stern brows into the colorless orbs of his companion--colorless or nondescript, like the hair, and the moustache not quite hiding a vindictive mouth.

"What's Miss Ashton to you, may I ask?"

"That is my business, not yours. But if you are particularly anxious to know, I hope to call that lady my wife, and I object to your tone in speaking of her. Do you understand?"

"Oh! yes, I learnt English at school!" returned Scrope, into whose eyes had crept the green evil of jealousy. "But a good many may have that hope, my dear fellow--"

"I am going on!" said Murche, curtly; and he moved away as he spoke, leaving Philip Scrope to choose his own way, which was straight after the young lady he had called "flirt."

Dr. Murche went onward, not musing on the words, but on the subject of them--Miss Hilary Ashton, sole daughter of Sir Arthur Ashton, a kindly old Baronet with a craze for geology. Like Mrs. Bayham Badger's "dear second," he went about chipping bits of stone from public buildings; and at present he was chipping an old palace on the Mediterranean, leaving his daughter to the care of his deceased wife's sister in the small and scandal-loving town of Fairweather.

When Dr. Murche had bought the practice from old Dr. Jamieson's executors he had resolved, being young and ardent, to devote himself heart and soul to his profession. He had no thought of love or marriage--in fact was something of a misogynist; nevertheless, he soon made himself liked in the town, though people wished he wasn't quite so dreadfully in earnest. He was true as steel and as unbending, and he had a large share of that quality without which no man is manly--decision. And yet he, with all his strength of mind, with his sense of life's reality and earnestness, felt overhauled and ears in love with that frivolous little mortal, Hilary Ashton, a spoilt child--who knew nothing of life's seamy side, and cried if she couldn't go to a dance.

Dr. Gerald knew Hilary's aunt well enough; he was a favorite with the lady, who was a martyr to neuralgia in the head and temper. He had known her--with her grumbles and crochets, her queer gowns with great cords, and buttons and tabs, suggesting that she was upholstered rather than dressed--for a long time, and liked her fairly; but that was no reason why he should lose his heart to her niece.

He had tried very hard not to like her; he had drawn those black brows of his very sternly together when he had seen her amid a throng of gilded youth, her eyes dancing with pleased vanity. She loved admiration, and was a vain, frivolous butterfly to Dr. Murche, empty-headed and empty hearted.

"I hate doctors, they always remind me of codliver oil!" Hilary once claimed to aunt Augusta, "and I detect Dr. Murche. I know he meant his discourse on high heels for me. I wonder if he thinks I am tight-laced?"

"I don't suppose he thinks about you at all," replied aunt Augusta with a sniff.

When was it that she had consented to inspire Gerald with contempt? Was it not on that day when he had lifted from among the wheels of an overturned cab a child, bruised, and bleeding, and somehow, carrying it, tenderly as a woman, to the first house--the house of aunt Augusta? Was it not Hilary who took the little one from his strong arms so tenderly, so kindly, with great tears in her eyes, and her long hair drooping like an angel's wings over the little white face?

And when he went away she gave her hand to him with a smile, and he thought that those dainty fingers touched his as they had never touched man's before--that not even Phil Scrope had received a smile so sweet. He asked himself why he should find fault with her for her mirth and brightness; or a might as well call the sea shallow, because its surface sparkled, as call her frivolous because she loved gaiety. He visited aunt Augusta more frequently than the neuralgia required, and soon

he and Hilary began to understand each other, though they had not yet attained that state of perfect love which casteth out fear and doubt. Of late there were certainly fewer "idiots dancing about" Hilary. Gerald had scared them away, according to aunt Augusta, but Phil Scrope had not deserted the shrub. He had an advantage over Murche too; he knew Hilary's idolized papa very well, and could talk by the hour about him to the daughter who loved him and was proud of him.

Dr. Murche tramped over the snow with an occasional glance at the stationers' shops, adorned as they were with cards and gifts.

"Ah! if I could only get Hilary to say yes," he thought, "it would indeed be for me a happy Christmas!"

Meanwhile Mr. Scrope had overtaken the ladies, and aunt Augusta invited him indoors--an invitation he accepted "just to warm himself."

Aunt Augusta was a fire-worshipper, and the room was all aglow with warmth and light. In a porcelain basket was a beautiful bouquet of hothouse flowers, having for centre one lovely white blossom with a cream heart.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you, Miss Hilary," said Scrope when aunt Augusta had gone upstairs with her headgear.

"What about?" asked Miss Ashton. "Your engagement to Dr. Murche." "I am not engaged to Dr. Murche."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you were. From his way of speaking, you know, he certainly seemed as if he had the right to choose your friends for you, and so objects to my coming here."

"Why in the world should he object to you?" said Hilary, without interest.

"Jealousy! Ha, ha! By Jove, I feel flattered! But he evidently isn't a believer in the Tennysonian ideal."

"Trust me in all or not at all!" Hilary reddened a little; she and Gerald had had one or two disputes in re Scrope, and she had promised to be jealous of that young man no more.

Philip watched that rising color tranquilly; the proud, sensitive, impulsive nature of the girl was an open book to him.

"Murche is a fine fellow, though!" he went on meditatively; "believes that one should sacrifice everything to duty, don't you know! His duty is his profession."

"And that is noble enough!" "Oh, yes, very; and he means to succeed in it--get to the top of the tree. And, you see, a married doctor, always gets on better than a single one, so I can understand his eagerness to marry. There's no nonsense about Murche. By the way, have you heard from Sir Arthur lately?"

Hilary answered something--she was not quite sure what. A poisoned arrow was ranking in her heart, and her pride was in arms. Did Dr. Murche simply seek her as his wife--from a professional point of view? and yet would dare object to the visits of an old friend?

"What lovely flowers!" said Scrope, when he was going. "Do you mind giving me one, Miss Hilary? May I take one?"

"Oh, certainly," said she, smiling, and he drew from the centre the white blossom, the very gem of the bouquet, airily fastening it in his coat.

As he left the house he encountered Dr. Murche, and the eyes of Dr. Murche went straight to that floral decoration. He was very tired and a little annoyed; a fractious patient had disobeyed his orders, and reproached him with the consequences, and various other small things had cited him. The small things are the worst. Thackeray avers that if a man could have all the wealth, and fame, and rank possible, on condition of wearing two sharp pebbles in his shoes, he would forget all his splendors and give them up to get rid of those small trials.

Some of the wags of life had been stinging Dr. Murche all day, and the smart was not healed when he saw that flower, selected by himself and presented to Hilary, adorning the coat of Philip Scrope.

"So Scrope has been here?" he said to Hilary, entering the cheerful room where she was still smiling.

"Well! Does that break any of the laws?" she asked pettishly.

"Oh dear, no! Only, if you must give him flowers--and mind you, I'd rather you did not--you might take others besides those of my giving, Hilary."

"You are making a great fuss about nothing!" "Am I? I know that I would not give away even a leaf of a flower you gave me."

"And may I ask, Dr. Murche, what right have you to dictate to me on any subject, even the most trifling?"

Gerald looked at her in astonishment. "I have not tried certainly--as yet."

"As yet? My dear sir, do you suppose you ever will have?" He stared at the scornful lips and disdainful eyes with an air of consternation.

"Hilary, what do you mean? It is not possible that you have only been trifling with me?"

"Why not possible? Am I not a coquette--a flirt, a butterfly--and doesn't it add to my triumph to have so wise a man?"

"Now, look here, Hilary," said Dr. Murche in his brusque fashion. "I admit that at first I misjudged you; you forgive me that long ago--and since the day you said you loved me I have had perfect faith in you. If you are only trying me, you may as well stop now, because this is the sort of thing I can't stand!"

"You assume great authority, sir! But suppose I decline to sacrifice myself on the altar of your duty?"

"I do not understand one word you are saying, Hilary. What do you mean?"

"Is not your wife to be only the stepping stone to your ambition?" "A blue ray shot lightning like from Gerald's eye."

"I know where that comes from," he said very quietly. "There is ambition in me, certainly; but I think there is also self-respect. And if you listen to the malicious lies of Philip Scrope, I have only one thing to say, and that is 'good-evening!' I shall not need a second reminder that you are an heiress!"

"Gerald! Gerald! I didn't mean that!" cried the girl in swift penitence.

But Dr. Murche had gone, and Hilary was left to cry alone. She resolved to send her lover a penitent, humble note, and never again tease one so true and many; but her penitence, like many other things in life, came too late. His carriage rolled past the window later on, and aunt Augusta volunteered the information that Dr. Gerald had been summoned away to a consultation to be held some miles distant, and probably would not return for two or three days.

Even in that short space of time a good deal may happen.

CHAPTER II.

ALL PAIR IN LOVE OR WAR.

Never had Hilary been so wretched as she was on the day after her quarrel with Murche, for then she realized how dear he was, and what his loss would mean.

And she had sent him away so cruelly, reminding him of her miserable money. As though any wealth could buy a good man's heart. Everything reminded her of him; there was music he had given her; there books, his favorite Ruskin, his prized "Sartor Resartus," with all the magnificent passages marked for her edification. Close at hand was the Christmas season, when papa would return, and she had been plotting and planning his introduction to Gerald--Gerald who had gone away so hurt, so justly angry, and was not the man to be won back by a few tears.

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When aunt Augusta, an hour and half after Hilary's departure, returned home, she was amazed and alarmed to hear from the servants that Miss Ashton could not be found. Upstairs and downstairs, in every hole and corner, did the unhappy lady search, under the impression that her willful niece was somewhere in hiding. All in vain; and, half distracted, Miss Gresham rushed out just as she was, scarcely knowing what she did; and almost at her own gate she ran against a gentleman hurrying homewards through the snow.

"Good heaven, Miss Gresham! what is the matter?" "Is it Gerald Murche? I thought you had gone."

"I got a telegram informing me that my services were not needed. But, my dear Miss Gresham, what are you doing out on such a night in this state?"

"Hilary has gone!" gasped aunt Augusta. "Oh, Gerald! won't you help me to find her?"

Dr. Murche stared; then he led Miss Gresham back to the house, and gave more coherent statement from her. A sudden suspicion made his black brows meet in one straight, angry line across his dark blue eyes.

"I will come back as soon as possible," he said, quietly; and leaving Miss Gresham to resume her vain search, he made his way to the station.

A week ago he had written to Sir Arthur Ashton, explaining the state of his feelings towards that daughter; and only last night after quarrel with Hilary, had he written following letter:

"HOTEL DE BALAIS.
"DEAR DR. MURCHE,--Do you know for your very frank wish which I shall answer in the affirmative. In the meantime, that from what I know of my sister, my feelings are very favorable."

"Favorably yours,
"ARTHUR HILARY ASHTON."

Armed with this letter, Gerald had intended to seek reconciliation with Hilary on the morrow; but now--when hope was at the highest--where was she?

"Perhaps I am unjust to her," he said, "only--"

A bribe, and a question of two addressed to a porter, and he learnt that Miss Ashton and Mr. Scrope had left together rather more than two hours ago--

"He had left Naples for England, Hilary, coming home to give us all a surprise, and as--at Dover he met with a serious accident, and he is lying there now."

"Is it serious?" "Very," replied Scrope, gravely. "They telegraphed this to me by your father's wish; he knew that I would do my best for you, Hilary."

"Philip, I must go to my father," said Hilary, putting her hand on her lips to steady them.

"Yes, he asks for you. I will take you, Hilary. There is a train in fifteen minutes, and if you will hurry I will take you to the station."

"But I must see aunt Augusta, Philip; she is at Mrs. Morison's."

"There is no time to go there," said Scrope; "your father's message is 'Come at once.' If you wish to see him in life, Hilary--"

"Don't!" cried the girl, putting both hands to her ears for a moment, and she turned so white that he feared she was going to faint.

After a moment's silence, she spoke again:

"Give me the telegram; I will write to aunt, and leave it for her."

She sat down and wrote, as rapidly as the trembling of her fingers would allow, a note to her aunt, telling her whether she had gone and why, and begging that lady to follow; then enclosing the flimsy slip of pink paper Scrope handed to her, she put letter and all on the table where Miss Gresham would at once see it.

Hastening up stairs, she put on hat and mantle, her eyes blinded by tears as she thought of that good and loving father who had spoiled and petted her all his life. The Christmas she had believed would be so happy was, it seemed, to be most miserable.

She came downstairs speedily, and Scrope went to the front door with her, then all at once turned back.

"I have forgotten something," he said, returning to the drawing-room, to snatch up Hilary's note and thrust it into the very heart of the fire; then he went back to the girl patiently waiting in the hall, and they left the house together.

It was snowing fast, and there were few people about. When they arrived at the station Scrope had just time to rush to the booking-office, and then he assisted Hilary into a compartment, and sprang in himself.

"I did not know you were coming!" he said.

"Do you think I would allow you to go alone? What could you, with your inexperience, do? Besides, I too wish to see poor Sir Arthur!" was Scrope's answer.

Hilary was silent. She was too sorrowful for speech; and he, apparently respecting her grief, was mute and motionless also.

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a piece of information station-master.

"And that is the I'd have given my life himself, with even he turned away, heart."

CHAPTER

VICTOR AND

When the train assisted Miss Ashton was in a state of distress. The you through his, and through the busy hotel.

A great lump rose as so sick with distress could scarcely a short man in live companion, who was in an undertone, led the way up, threw open the sitting-room, which loved by Scrope, behind them.

"In papa here, raising her heavy 'No; he is not to him? Or is he wants tell--"

"Don't get into father is all right 'My father is: you mean?"

"What I say, love, and I support Naples. Then why here? How dare such a cruel, me 'I dare do a concerned. The long and she is that we have 'I don't unda from me? Why 'You refused no chance of about, so I real you. Believing I had recourse married to go to your father's."

There was a then all at once the bell, but she and caught 'Are you me 'Let me go, me 'And she also with white anger in her expected.

"You mean passionately, ashamed, rose child, Philip: 'You must your own ask I will. I love 'Heaven: Give me rather 'And you we Murche. A 'I would marry a wife me to put it 'Listen good name came here person in 5 time the 5 over the pl putting the and no: you

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came downstairs speedily, and went to the front door with her, at once turned back.

"I have forgotten something," he returning to the drawing-room, to up Hilario's note and thrust it he very heart of the girl; then he

ack to the girl patiently waiting hall, and they left the house to- ras snowing fast, and there were

ople about. When they arrived station Scrope had just time to to the booking-office, and then he d Hilario into a compartment, prang in himself.

did not know you were coming!" id. id you think I would allow you to

one? What could you, with your rence, do? Besides, I too wish a poor Sir Arthur!" was Scrope's

er. Hilario was silent. She was too sor- of speech; and he, apparently

eting her grief, was mute and mo- less also.

hen aunt Augusta, an hour and half Hilario's departure, returned home, was amazed and alarmed to hear

the servants that Miss Ashton d not be found. Upstairs and down- in, in every hole and corner, did the

appy lady search, under the impres- sion that her willful niece was somewhere

iding. All in vain; and, half dis- tressed, Miss Gresham rushed out just she was, scarcely knowing what she

and almost at her own gate she ran just a gentleman hurrying homewards ough the snow.

"Good heaven, Miss Gresham! What he matter?" "Is it Gerald Murchie? I thought you

I got a telegram informing me the services were needed. But, my r Miss Gresham, what are you doing on such a night in this state?"

"Hilario has gone!" gasped aunt gents. "Oh, Gerald! won't you help to find her?"

Dr. Murchie stared; then he led M- ham back to the house, and go- re coherent statement from her. A

dden suspicion made his black brows set in one straight, angry line across a dark blue eyes.

"I will come back as soon as possible," said, quietly; and leaving Miss Gresham to resume her vain search, he made way to the station.

A week ago he had written to G- rthur Ashton, explaining the state's feelings towards that

ughter; and only last after arrel with Hilario, had he d- ellowing letter:

"Hotel de Hilario,—" "DEAR DR. MURCHIE,—I have been ou for your very frank and which I shall answer in a

a piece of information confirmed by the station-master. "And that is the woman for whom I'd have given my life!" said Gerald to himself, with exceeding bitterness, as he turned away, out to the care of the heart.

CHAPTER III.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

When the train stopped, and Scrope assisted Miss Ashton on the platform, she was in a state of truly pitiable nervousness. The young man drew her arm through his, and piloted her cleverly through the busy streets up to a large hotel.

A great lump rose in her throat; she was going with dread and sorrow that she could scarcely see. A tall waiter and a short man in livery eyed her and her companion, who presently addressed them in an undertone. Then the short man led the way up a wide staircase, and threw open the door of a small private sitting-room, which Hilario entered, followed by Scrope, who closed the door behind them.

"In papa here, Philip?" she asked, raising her heavy brown eyes to his. "No; he is not here."

"Where is he? Had we not better go to him? Or is he worse? Did those servants tell—"

"Don't get into a state, Hilario; your father is all right; he is not ill at all. My father is not ill at all! What do you mean?"

"What I say. He is very well, I believe, and I suppose enjoying himself at Naples."

"Then why have you brought me here? How dare you pay such a trick—such a cruel, wicked trick?"

"I dare do anything where you are concerned. All is fair in love or war. The long and short of it, my dear Hilario, is that we have eloped."

"I don't understand you; keep away from me!—What do you mean?"

"You refused me often, and I had no chance when Gerald Murchie was about, so I resolved to run away with you. Believing you would not consent, I had recourse to stratagem. We can be married tomorrow, and then we will go to your father and ask his forgiveness."

There was dead silence in the room; then all at once Hilario sprang towards the bell, but Scrope was too quick for her and caught her arm.

"Are you mad?" he asked, fiercely. "Let me go, you villain! Don't touch me!"

And she shook herself free, facing him with white scorn in her face and fiery anger in her eyes—not fear, as he had expected.

"You mean, cruel coward!" she said, passionately. "Did you think by your shameful ruse to frighten me? I am no child, Philip Scrope! Let me pass!"

"You must hear me first, Hilario, for your own sake. I swore to win you, and I will. I love you—"

"Heaven save me from such love! Give me rather your hate!"

"I love you," went on Scrope, calmly; "and you would have loved me but for Murchie. And you will marry me."

"I would rather die, now—this moment. I'd rather starve to death than marry a wretch like you. Do you wish me to put it stronger?"

"Listen to reason, Hilario. Your good name is in my hands. You have come here with me, as more than one person in fairweather knows. By this time the story of your flight will be all over the place. I took the precaution of putting the little note of yours in the fire, and no one will know anything about you; except that you were last seen hurrying to the station with me."

"I can put that right at once, sir."

"You can tell the truth, I know; but who will credit it? The world believes anything rather than innocence. I repeat—that for the sake of your own good name you must marry me."

"The price is too high. No, I will bear the most cruel slanders, the very worst that can be said of me. I will bear scorn and slight, and hold them dearer, and higher, and better things, than the honor and the respect I might have as the wife of Philip Scrope."

"Remember your proud father, Miss Ashton."

"You do well to remind me of him. I would never degrade his name."

"And remember Gerald Murchie. Do you think he will come back to you after this? That you will ever have his affection again? You are in my power; completely. Hilario. Consider what I have said, and listen to reason. If you refuse—"

"Well, sir?"

"You can't blame me," he went on, with a cruel smile, "if I speak of this little adventure. And granting that the scandal dies out, and that you marry—not Gerald Murchie, but some other—you cannot blame me if I remind your husband that his wife once eloped with me."

"Have you any more threats to utter?" she asked, fixing her dauntless eyes on him.

He had counted on terrifying her; he had thought her a weak, timid girl; but instead she braved him.

"Full well Sir Guy knew how to play Wolf, rabbit, deer, or bear? But to see a rabbit turn to bear?"

was altogether out of his ken. "What is the use of being nonsensical, Hilario?" he said, changing his threatening tone. "Let us drop heroics and come to common-sense. You like me well enough, and I love you very dearly—"

"Spare me that insult!" she said, moving as she spoke to the door; but Scrope placed himself before her.

"You had better not stop me! I will alarm the house if you dare touch me!"

"By Heaven! you shall not go!" cried Scrope, with passion. "I'm not a boy to be outdone like this! I have dared a good deal to win you, and you are not going to slip through my fingers so!"

But Hilario had set the door open and was in the corridor; her cry roused others, and heads were poked out here and there, and from the next room stopped a brown-faced man, very tall, very big, very fierce-looking, against whom Hilario stumbled.

"Sir, if you are a gentleman you will protect me!" she said. "Save me from that man! I am Sir Arthur Ashton's daughter—"

"Donnerzetter!" shouted the big gentleman; and the next thing that Philip Scrope was conscious of was flying through the air and down the stairs into the marble hall of the hotel; and as he picked himself up he beheld staring at him, in the utmost amazement, Sir Arthur Ashton.

There was no mistaking that pale, fine face, with its crown of silvery hair and military moustache. "Philip Scrope!" cried the baronet, in the extremity of amazement. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing," said Scrope, who felt very sore, and more than anxious to get away now that Hilario's father was on the scene. "I—I am going abroad, Sir Arthur, that's all."

"And do you usually throw yourself downstairs before going abroad, Philip?"

"Not a bit—not a bit; it was an accident."

"Well, I don't suppose you did it purposely or for fun," said Sir Arthur, rather dryly; "but surely you are not going away from England, and Christmas so near?"

"Oh, yes, I shall go; I shall spend my Christmas there," said Scrope, innocently; and thinking he heard the German gentleman's descending step, he muttered an adieu, and literally ran out.

Here he it recounted that he spent a good many Christmases abroad.

Sir Arthur stared after him in surprise, and could not help wondering if his young friend had been dining; then he went upstairs to behold the sole daughter of his house and heart, whom he trusted safe and sound at Fairweather, his companion de voyage.

"Why, what in the world is all this?" he not surreptitiously demanded.

"What is all this? A man who is terrifying your daughter, and who is kicking down the stairs by me, donnerzetter! I hear the voices; I rush out; a lady appeals to me with the name of my friend; and I take hold of the collar of his coat and shake him! He is good for a coward, the shake, me-o-o-oo-oo-oo-oo; but even better is the kick. But I wish—oh! I wish that I had on the boot in place of the slipper!"

"This is all very loud," said Sir Arthur, angrily. "You have made everything as clear as mud, Otto. If you would ring for some wine or something, and help me to restore Hilario to her senses, she may be able to explain how or why she is here."

And when Sir Arthur did get the explanation amid sobs and tears, he was furious.

"I never in all my life heard of such a thing!" he exclaimed. "And Philip Scrope, too! By George, a fellow I saw in his cradle, and had on my knee many a time; by Jove! And there the villain met me; but he couldn't look me in the face! Otto, I wish you had kicked a little harder!"

"If I had had on the boot!" said Otto, with a glance apologetic at his pointed slipper.

"Your aunt Augusta will be out of her wits. And a nice tale indeed for Dr. Murchie to hear!"

Hilario's pale face turned crimson. "However, if he's the man he seems to be from his letters," went on Sir Arthur, "that will soon be put right. And if ever I get hold of Philip Scrope again—"

"You will make him," said Otto, gravely.

Then Sir Arthur seized his hat, and rushed out to send a consoling telegram to aunt Augusta, which he worked thus: "Hilario with me all right. Don't believe a word of it till you see me. Home tomorrow. Ritten kicked him."

Which was about as lucid as had been Otto's explanation; but Sir Arthur was too excited to choose phrases. If he had encountered Scrope, that gentleman would have faced him; but the gentle youth, believing with Falstaff that discretion is the better part of valor, had "made tracks" for Bologna.

What Hilario received her brother-in-law's message she could make neither fish, flesh, nor fowl of it; the

only clear part of it was that Sir Arthur was in England, and homeward bound. She sent the message and a note to Dr. Murchie, wondering if he could explain.

"Her father found them, and nipped the elopement in the bud," was the interpretation Dr. Gerald put upon it, shaking himself miserably.

"He worked hard all day, and came home at evening duty, wondering if the Ashton had returned. Next day Sir Arthur himself came, introducing himself to Dr. Murchie, and thanking him for his attention to Miss Gresham."

"How is Miss Ashton?" asked Gerald.

"She is not well. Of course she was sure to suffer after such a soundly trick."

And then Sir Arthur told the story to the astonished and later indignant Gerald. All his anger against Hilario was converted into pity and compassion, and very willingly did he promise to dine with Sir Arthur that evening if possible.

But Hilario did not appear, and he felt very much depressed, despite the smiles of the big German, and the civilities of his "English" as she is spoken.

Dr. Murchie called again without seeing Miss Ashton; she still kept her room, and he came to the conclusion that she "didn't want him."

So the days went on to Christmas eve. Sir Arthur, encountering Gerald, brought him home with him, *malgre bonnet*, and in the drawing-room he found his fair lady in a power of evergreens.

"She was rather pale and wan, but at sight of his flushed celestial rosy red. "Why have you been hiding yourself?" asked Dr. Murchie, in his old brusque way.

"I was afraid," said Hilario, "of that second? Surely not!"

"No; of you," said Dr. Murchie, comprehensively.

"You believed the very worst of me, didn't you?" said Hilario, like a true woman putting him in the wrong. "You were sure that I had run away, weren't you?"

"Yes," replied he, too honest to evade; and then Otto came in singing the "Watch on the Rhine"—singing as only Germans do or can sing.

Dr. Murchie, with the Ashtons; for a wonder he was not called away, and so remained helping with the decorations, and crossed swords of political argument with Sir Arthur. Then that gentleman retired with Otto for a "schmoke," and Gerald found himself alone with Hilario. She was sitting at her davenport porcellain up certain little presents for her friends.

"This is for Herr Ritten," she said, rising to display a pretty cigar-case. "Perhaps you wouldn't care—don't care about things of this kind?"

"There is only one thing I want, Hilario," said Dr. Murchie, "and that is—your heart!"

"Oh, Gerald! Didn't you know that it was your own long ago? A wayward heart, I know, but—"

He caught both her hands in his own.

"Is it so, Hilario? Do you love me?" "Yes, Gerald, I do! Oh! please let our quarrel end!"

"There shall be no half measures this time," he answered. "My darling, will you take this gift from me?"

And then he placed upon her hand a turquoise ring. Suddenly the joyous bells pealed out their glad and holy message; outside the stars sparkled with frosty brightness above a snow-clad earth.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," said Hilario, looking at his watch. "The year is going, let him go; Ring out the old, ring in the new!"

So, after all, Hilario was truly a Happy Christmas; and with the wish that so may be my reader's, I lay down my pen. —M. O. in "Young Ladies' Journal."

IGRAVE BLOOD.—Bills, blotches, pimples and festering sores are indications of impure blood that should never be neglected, or ill health and perhaps incurable disease may result. Berdox Blood Bitters purifies the blood by acting on the four cardinal points of health—the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Blood.

Flask Nightingale. All sufferers from that terrible torment Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning Balm rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning Balm cures all affectionally Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 50 cents per bottle at Geo. Rhyms' Drug Store.

1m Says Dryden: She knows her man, and when you rant and swear Can draw you to her with a single hair. But it must be beautiful hair to have such power; and beautiful hair can be ensured by the use of CHANGEL'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold at 50 cts. by J. Wilson.

2m Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores? If so, go at once to Geo. Rhyms' Drug Store and get a package of McGregor's Flocks Carbolic Cerate. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

A Reward.—Of one dozen "TANZAN" to any one sending the best four lullabies on "SEASIDE," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Bath. Ask your druggist or address

SEEDS 1885.

Turnip seeds, Millet, Hungarian Grass seed, Corn and Buckwheat.

MONEY TO LOAN Private funds to invest, at reasonable rates of interest.

SAMUEL SLOANE, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Goderich, May 12th, 1885. 1884-1m

1885. GODERICH WOOLEN MILLS.

To the Wool Growers of the Surrounding Country: We wish to say that we are prepared to take your Wool in exchange for Goods, or work it for you into any of the following articles, viz: Blankets—White, Grey or Horse. Shirtings—Grey or Cheek. Cloths—Tweeds or Full Cloths, Light or Heavy.

Flannels—White, Grey, Colored, Union, Plain or Twill. Sheetings—Broad or Narrow. Stocking Yarn—White, Grey, Colored or in Colors. Carpets—ready to order.

ROLL CARDING. Our facilities for this work cannot be surpassed. We will endeavor to most cases to do it the day it is brought in, if required. Custom Spinning and Reeling, or Spinning on the Cap frame or Spinning or soft twist, as required.

We have a battery to do all kinds of custom work usually done in a full set custom mill, and we will guarantee to do for you fully equal, if not a little better than any in our surroundings. A call respectfully solicited.

E. McCANN, East End Woolen Mills, Goderich, May 12th, 1885.

Goderich & Kincardine

MARBLE WORKS.

JOSEPH VANSTONE, PROPRIETOR.

Importers of and dealer in Marble & Granite MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, ETC., ETC.

Window & Door Sills and House Trimmings of all kinds in OHIO

Best Style. N. C. BURFASH, Manager Goderich Branch, Goderich, Sept. 10th, 1885. 2013-3m

1886. Harper's Young People.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. The position of Harper's Young People is the leading weekly periodical for young readers is well established. The publishers pay no pains to provide the best material, and the illustrations are of the highest quality. The serial and short stories have strong dramatic interest, while the other stories are of the highest quality. The magazine is published every week, and is the best of its kind. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

TERMS: Postage prepaid, \$2.00 Per Year. Vol. VII commences Nov. 5, 1885.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each. Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order or Draft, in advance of time. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS, Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARKNESS HAIR BALM Restores grey hair to its natural color, removes Dandruff, stops the hair from falling out, increases its growth, and will not soil the skin. As a hair dressing, it has no superior. Guaranteed harmless.

Prepared by HARKNESS & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers.

CHEAP HARDWARE.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER

Best Hot-Cut Iron Nails for \$2.55 per 100 lbs

Best Barb Wire 6½c. lb.

This Wire stood a test last spring of 1816 lbs. strain, in the Northern R. R. Car Shops, Toronto BEATING ALL COMPETITORS.

I have imported a large shipment of GLASS from Germany, very fine quality, and having imported direct, I can sell 10 per cent. cheaper than ever sold before.

All my SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE is sold on the same cheap basis as above. PAINTS AND OILS sold nowhere so cheap as I am selling them.

Get your BUILDING HARDWARE from me and save money.

R. W. MCKENZIE

Goderich, Oct. 8th, 1885.

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A CHOICE STOCK OF Dress Goods, Shirts, and Tweeds.

Highest Price Paid for Butter & Eggs.

GEORGE ACHESON.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Goderich, April 24th, 1885.

Goderich Foundry and Machine Works, Runciman Bros., Proprietors.

CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR STEAM ENGINES, FLOURING MILLS, AND OTHER MACHINERY WANTED.

Flouring Mills Changed to the Gradual Reduction System.

Horse Powers, Grain Crushers, Straw Cutters, Agricultural Furnaces, Stores, etc., etc., at Low Prices.

All Kinds of Castings Made to Order.

J. B. RUNCIMAN, R. W. RUNCIMAN, Goderich, Nov. 20, 1884. 1940-1y

Extensive Premises and Splendid New Stock.

GEO. BARRY,

CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER

Hamilton Street, Goderich

A good assortment of Kitchen, Bed room, Dining Room and Parlor Furniture, such as: Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, and wood seated, Cupboards, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Wash-stand, Lavatories, Bats, Wash-Note, 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

BOOTS & SHOES

Downing & Weddup

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.

Goderich, March 9, 1882. DOWNING & WEDDUP

ART DESIGNS IN WALL PAPER

Now is the time, if you wish one or two nice rooms at home, to see Butler. He has over 20,000 Rolls of the Latest Design

The Latest Spring Bazaar Patterns & Fashions

AT BUTLER'S

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP!

REID & SNEYD,
HAVING DECIDED TO DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP.

**Will Offer Their Entire Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS, TWEEDS, &c.,
AT A TREMENDOUS REDUCTION.**

The Stock is all new; has been bought in the best markets for Cash, and will be marked down to and BELOW COST PRICE. The new price will be in RED FIGURES, the old being in black.

LOOK OUT FOR THE RED PRICE.

This is a Genuine Sale, and the Public may expect and will get Better Bargains than ever offered before in Goderich.

LADIES—NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE YOUR WINTER PURCHASES.

GENTLEMEN—NOW IS THE TIME TO LEAVE YOUR ORDER FOR A FALL SUIT OR OVERCOAT, made up in first-class style, and at prices that will astonish you.

The Sale will commence on SATURDAY, the 5th DECEMBER, and continue until the whole Stock is disposed of.

ALL ACCOUNTS MUST BE SETTLED AT ONCE.

REID & SNEYD,

Manchester House.

Goderich, Dec. 4th, 1885.

CHRISTMAS, 1885.

MRS. H. COOKE

begs to notify that the following can be obtained at her store, cor. North st. and Square.

**SILVER WARE,
PHOTO ALBUMS,
SCRAP ALBUMS,
AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
CHRISTMAS CARDS, (in great variety)
FAMILY BIBLES,
BIBLES AND PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
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FANCY GOODS, &c., &c.**

SUNDAY AT HOME.

LEISURE HOUR.

BRITISH WORKMAN.

BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.

OTHER LEADING PERIODICALS.

LADY'S COMPANION, (Plush)

ODOR CASES, (Plush)

**DOLLS,
TOYS,
VASES,
SLEIGHS,
PLUSH MIRRORS
&c., &c., &c.**

A Large Supply of Picture Books, Toy Tea Sets, and numerous other articles for Christmas Presents.

SLEIGHS AT ALL PRICES.

Goderich, Dec. 2nd, 1885.

NEW & STYLISH GOODS

ALEX. MUNRO'S

DRAPERY AND HABERDASHERY WAREHOUSE.

Among which will be found a Complete Range of Underwear, from the smallest to the largest sizes made. Choice Cloakings and Undergarments. Double All-Wool Shawls, Black and Colored, (NEW DESIGNS). A full range of Knitted Goods in Promenade Scarfs, Nubias, Garters, Skirts, Overdresses, Sleeveless Vests, and Latest Style of Black Jerseys. An extensive range of Fine Hosiery and Knitting Yarns from the best known makers.

Dress Gowns in all the New Tints and Textures, notably

SEDAN, PALEMO AND TRICOTINE FABRICS

For Tailor-Made Suits—Flannels, Velvets, Buttons, &c., to match.

One Sale of Comforters—extra large and heavy, at economical prices

and uniform courtesy to all.

ALEX. MUNRO.

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BARGAINS

EXTRAORDINARY

Just to hand, New Holiday Goods, consisting of

Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches

Gents' Watch Chains,

at Prices to sell them at sight.

Ladies' Necklets,

in the Newest Designs. 3 doz. New Pieces

Silver-Plated Ware,

of the Best Quality.

A NICE DISPLAY OF FANCY GOODS.

These goods have just come to hand within the last week, and are marked LOWER than the LOWEST. Remember, we also give

A Cash Discount of 15 to 20 per cent. off Regular Prices

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If your Watch or Clock is out of repair, bring them to us.

We pay special attention to Repairing in all its branches.

W. R. PORTER,

Watchmaker and Jeweller, next door to Geo. Ashes's General Store, Goderich.

Goderich, Dec. 3rd, 1885.

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EVER DISPLAYED AT

J. Saunders & Son's

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LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

"The Cheapest House Under the Sun."

GREAT RUSH

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GOODS CHEAPER THAN EVER!

An invitation freely extended to all to inspect Goods, as I am satisfied that inspection will certainly effect a sale. The goods are of the

NEWEST STYLES AND PATTERNS,

And as Cheap as the cheapest house in the trade.

Remember the stand—THE TORONTO CASH STORE.

P. O'DEA, Manager.

Goderich, Nov. 25th, 1885.

2021-3m

FINE TAILORING

B. MacCormac,

Having now taken full charge of the Tailoring Department of Mr. ALLAN P. McLEAN, I beg to advise my numerous Customers and the general public that I am prepared to offer big inducements in my line to Cash Customers. Come along and see the immense stock which must be sold at prices away down.

**FINE WORSTED SUITS, formerly \$25.00 for \$21.00.
FINE SCOTCH TWEED SUITS, formerly 23.00 for 20.00.
BEST CANADIAN TWEED SUITS, formerly 21.00 for 18.00.
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BEST ENGLISH FANCY PANTING, formerly 7.50 for 6.00.**

Trimming, Style and Fit Guaranteed.

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Goderich, Nov. 19th, 1885.

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CALL AND SEE THEM.

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Orders left promptly attended

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Call and compare prices with

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to lend on straight loans, at the

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W. F. FOOT,

Insurance Agent,

opposite Colborne Hotel.

GODERICH.

Don't forget, incorporated 1751

ons, established 1885.

nd-hand, the only Company

of to insure Plate Glass, the

are all first-class and old estab-

lishes at lowest rates.

1 Dec. 24th, 1885.

100

TO LOAN AT 6 PER

CENT.

ONTARIO GENERAL TRUSTS COY

red to loan money at 6 per cent., pay

is TO SUIT BORROWERS.

in first-class farm security.

MERRON, HOLT & CAMERON,

Barristers, Goderich.

For the Toronto General Trusts Co.,

CAMERON, HOLT & CAMERON have

received instructions from a

rolling a trust fund to lend out a

ount on first-class farm mortgages

at 10 per cent. Apply at 2021-12

to FRODOOT.

rd Carswell, Esq.,

silver his Celebrated Lecture

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