CHAPTER IV.

'Mamma, my dear,' said Mrs Dawbarn the next morning, as she entered the invalid's chamber, 'I and papa have been talking about you.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Lucy, with an evident want of interest in the subject.

'And what do you think he says?'

'Don't know, mamma.'

'He's going to make some alterations in the bank.'

'And what else do you think?'

'Oh, mamma, I am so tired!' said Lucy, peevishly.

'What else do you think he means to do?' continued Mrs. Dawbarn, bending her maternly head over her daughter's face, and pouring into her ear words that made the girl flush scarlet and her eyes flash.

'Oh, mamma, it can't be true!'

'My love, could I deceive you?'

'No, dear mamma, no; but, oh, is it true? Kiss me, mamma dear. I am so happy and so thankful! and—and in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am, too, and—' but poor Lucy could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

'My darling, kiss me now,' said the father, advancing from the door behind which he had watched the effect of the news.

'I'll do any thing to make you happy—any thing.'

'Oh, papa! my own papa!'

'My darling, you'll love me now again as you used to do—won't you? and—and there is Mr. Bob Studden's knock. I'll send that fellow off to New York—I mean to Liverpool this very night.'

Mr. Bob Studden was waiting in the dining-room. He was so changed in face, dress, appearance and manner, that, when Mr. Dawbarn saw him, he started, and said:

'Are you Mr. Robert Studden?'

'Are you Mr. Robert Studden?'

'Yes, Mr. Dawbarn, it's me,' said the familiar voice. 'I dare say you find me changed. I do myself.'

He was, indeed, altered. In place of the spink, span, new, natty, dressy, shiny, oily varnished Bob, the delight of her maids, and the envy of grooms, stood a shabby, corduroy-trousered, waistcoatless vagabond smelling of straw and porter. Mr. Dawbarn hesitated before he asked him to sit down.

'I got your letter, sir,' said Bob, whose manner was as deferential as his clothes were shabby, 'and came on immediately. Sorry I couldn't present myself more decently; but such is fate.'

'What are you doing now, Mr. Studden? asked the banker.

'At present, sir,' replied Bob, 'I am stableman at the Cock and Bottle.'

'Good gracious!'

'It's not what I could wish, sir; but it's better than nothing, I'm sorry to say I'm only employed there two days; but still, what with odd jobs, I manage to grub on.'

Mr. Dawbarn looked at the ex-betting man's wan face and wistful eyes, and asked him if he would take a glass of wine.

Bob shot a quick glance, and said that he would; and in the keen look Mr. Dawbarn read hunger.

'The sherry,' said the banker to a servant; and bring him lunch—some cold roast beef—and—you know; and, when we've lunched Mr. Studden, we'll talk business.'

Mr. Studden's performance upon the beef was so extraordinary that the banker feared that he would commit involuntary suicide. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he saw him attack the cheese; but the attack was so prolonged that Mr. Dawbarn feared lest the suffocation the beef had left unaccomplished should be effected by the Stilton.

'Not any more, sir, thank you,' answered Bob to his host's complimentary questions. 'I never tasted such a cheese, and as for the beef it's beautiful. I haven't tasted animal food for these ten days, for red herring is not animal food any more than a lump of salt is, and I'm sick of red herring. Soak 'em in as much hot water as you like, they always taste of lucifers—perhaps because they lie next to 'em in the shop. I may thank you, Mr. Dawbarn for a meal such as I haven't had for—for'

The wine Mr. Studden had drunk seemed to have got into his head, and from his head into his eyes. Men are strange creatures—and even betting men are men—and, whether it was the memory of by-gone days, or the wine, or the bread, or the butter, or the beef, or the cheese, that affected him cannot be ascertained; but one of these causes, or some of them, or all, caused Bob Studden to lay his head upon his knee and cry copiously.

He then began accusing himself, and saying that he was a bad lot; that he was miserable, and repented; that his life was an hourly curse to him; that he knew he had brought it all upon himself; that all his friends had deserted him, particularly those who had shared his hospitality, and even his money, when he was prosperous; that the man who owed his rise in life to him, and whom he had assisted at a crisis, had behaved to him with an ingratitude that stung him to the soul; that he was half-starved, and had no bed but in the stable; that he was ruined—ruined—and had no hope.

When the poor broken-down gamester had exhausted himself the banker began. He told him that he (the banker) had been advised to offer him (Studden) employment, because he knew him to be intelligent, and hoped that his past suffering had been a warning to him for the future; that the business he wished to employ him on was difficult and delicate—being no less than to go to New York, and from there to wherever else it might be necessary to travel, in search of Mr. Munro! that money would be provided and letters furnished him, and that he was required to start for Liverpool that very night; that it was hoped he would not lightly give up a chance that offered him hopes of redemption for the past, and a fine prospect for the future.

'I'll do it! I'll do it!' said Bob, rising, and grasping the banker's hand; 'God bless you, Mr. Dawbarn, for giving a poor outcast devil like me the chance. I'll not deceive you, sir, if I do—'

'Hush, hush, Mr. Studden!'

'You'll make a man of me, sir—a man! I'll be true as steel. I'll not bet—not on the best horse that ever was foaled. To-night sir, I'll start this minute, barefoot, if you wish it. I've got a decent suit of clothes in pawn, sir, quite good enough for the likes of me. I'll be faithful and true, sir, and—and—God bless you, sir, and—and—'

Here Bob broke down again, and even stiff Mr. Dawbarn was compelled to use his cambric handkerchief, as Mr. Studden used his ragged sleeve. Bob was furnished with letters; among them was one from Mr. Dawbarn addressed to Munro, which inclosed a note from Lucy, which contained only these words, written in a large, trembling hand:

'Come back to me! oh, come back to me, my dear! and soon, if you would see me amongst this earth. Your own.

'LUCY.'

A few hours after, Bob was seated on the roof of the night coach, and as it rattled past the banker's house he saw a light in Lucy's chamber. Although the night was cold, the window was thrown up and a thin hand waved a handkerchief.

CHAPTER V.

Two years elapsed, and there was no news of the missing Mr. Munroe. Letters arrived frequently from different parts of America from Mr. Bob Studden, who evidently found his task to be more difficult than he had supposed. America was a large continent, and it was not so easy to find one particular man upon it. Poor Lucy amused herself by reading books and perusing maps. She liked to wonder if George were there, or there, and what sort of a place it was. She arranged all Mr. Bob Studden's letters of intelligence in chronological order, and computed them with the books and maps, and so traced his progress. She always knew when an American letter arrived, by an instinct for which she was at a loss to account herself; but for all these sources of consolation, for all her father's and mother's solicitude, she grew weaker and weaker. She took no air but in an invalid chair. Her father walked by her side grave and dejected. Stealthy shadows took possession of the banker's house. They lifted on the windows, lingered on the stairs, and hung about the passages, and the good old folks of Brasnlingden looked sad as they passed the banker's, over which, as over those it contained, there hung the sanctity of a great sorrow.

Two long, long years, and two long, long months Lucy waited and hoped, each day her pale cheek growing paler, and her light form lighter, and towards Christmas she was unable to be lifted from her bed. Dr. Topham said that he had exhausted the resources of his science; and when the poor girl turned feverishly, and with a slight access of delirium, asked for the fifteenth time if there was any news, the doctor beckoned the banker and his wife from the sick room and said:

'I've an idea! This cannot last long—she must be quieted somehow. She keeps asking for news; news from America would quiet her; and she might sleep.'

'We have no news,' said the single-minded banker.

'No,' replied the doctor, 'but we can make some.'

'Make some?'

'Fabricate it—invent it. Don't you see? Oh, Doctor!' remarked the tearful mother, 'to deceive a poor creature on the threshold of death!'

'To snatch her from death,' said Doctor Topham, 'it must be done. It is the last chance. We must write a letter from Studden this very night.'

'But—but—but—it is a forgery!' stammered the banker.

'Besides,' said Mrs. Dawbarn. 'Lucy knows Mr. Studden's hand, and always examines the envelopes.'

'Then,' said the doctor, 'we must do it by telegraph.'

'Telegraph!'

'Yes. In a few minutes you will receive a telegram from Mr. Bob Studden, saying that he has just arrived at Liverpool with—with a companion.'

'Who'll send it?'

'I will,' said the doctor.

'But who—when she finds that Studden is not in England—what then?'

'We must think of something else,' said the undaunted Topham. 'The case is desperate, and something desperate must be tried. Go talk to her, Mrs. Dawbarn, and I'll send the telegram.'

With a strong feeling of conscious guilt Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn put into their daughter's hand a telegram containing the following words:

'From Robert Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, to Charles Dawbarn, Bramlingdon.

'I have just arrived in Liverpool. I have news of Mr. M. I hope to be in Bramlingdon by Thursday.'

Lucy read the telegram and sat up in bed.

'He's come, mamma!' she said, and her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed. 'He landed in England this morning—I felt he—did about 9 o'clock. He will be here soon—George will—yes, very soon—very soon. Mamma, please tell Eliza to put out my lilac dress. He liked lilac—and to comb and do my hair—and—and—tell Eliza to come to me—and I can tell her what I want myself.'

The father and mother exchanged glances that said, 'Here is the consequence of our deception. What can be done next?' The thought had hardly been interchanged before a smart rap was heard at the street door, and a servant came in with another telegraphic despatch, which ran thus:

'From R. Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, to C. Dawbarn, Bramlingdon.

'Just arrived here, with Mr. Munro. Shall start by night train, leaving here at 1:30 a.m., Mr. M. and self will beat Bramlington to-morrow. Telegraph back.'

'How absurd of Topham to send two telegrams!' said Mr. Dawbarn, when he and his wife were alone, 'as if one would not bring mischief enough. He must be mad.'

Dr. Topham entered the house and inquired how his plan had succeeded.

'O, Lucy is very much delighted and agitated,' answered Lucy's father. 'What we shall do with her when she finds the news not true I do not know. But Topham, why the deuce did you send two telegrams?'

'Two!' echoed Topham. 'I only sent one.'

'Yes, you did.'

'No, I didn't.'

'Yes, you did. Here it is.'

The doctor looked at the second telegram, and said: 'I didn't send this.'

'No! Who then?'

'By Jove! he did—Studden I mean, Dawbarn, he's come—he's come! I only anticipated the truth. It was a medical inspiration—and my patient will recover.'

Mr. Dawbarn lost no time in telegraphing back to Liverpool. At Lucy's express desire Mr. Studden was instructed to telegraph at every station, that she might know how nearer and nearer her George was to her. The telegraph boys were up the whole night and Lucy kept the telegrams and read them until she fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she found herself unable to rise, so resolved to receive her future husband in state; and when she had looked in the mirror she begged her mamma in a whisper to let her have some rouge—'not to make her look better, but for fear my pale, white cheeks should frighten George.'

The heavy hours flew by. George arrived, and was shown up stairs to his faithful, constant mistress; and the servants in the kitchen held a great jubilee, and there was sweethearting below stairs as well as above.

Mr. Dawbarn found Mr. Bob Studden quite an American—according to the notion of Americans imbibed by Englishmen a few months resident in the New World. He wore a 'goatee' beard, square-toed boots, and loud trousers and cravat. He addressed Fr. Dawbarn as 'Colonel,' and assumed a manner that savored equally of the quarter-deck and the counter—half pirate, half bagman.

'As I advertised you colonel, in the various letters from the various diggings where I fixed my temporary location, when I set foot in New York I could find small trace of G. Munro; but I followed up that trace, and dogged eternally wherever he had made tracks. At last I lost him, and I was near thinkin' I was done holler—yes sir—and do you know why? I thought I was done holler? He changed his name, and what his last occupation was I could not discover. However, I travelled and travelled on; and how d'ye think, and what d'ye think, colonel, I found him out at last?'

'I don't know.'

'It was quite by accident—it was. I thought I'd heard of him in Detroit; and I was going away by the cars on the following sun-up. Not knowing what to do with myself till roosting time, I strolled into the museum—that is—that was a theatre then. The first man I saw upon the stage was G. Munro, dressed like a citizen in coat, vest, and pants, or perhaps I should not have known him. I hailed him, and we started off that very night. We travelled quicker than post, or I should have written. I should have diagnosed him before, but the track was cold, because he had changed his name, and gone upon the stage—a fact which I have not mentioned to any one but you, nor do I intend to do—the stage not being considered by the general public as business-like.'

Lucy was soon seen out again in the invalid-chair; but the father no longer walked by her side. He was replaced by Mr. Munro, who usually propelled it himself. Within eighteen months the young couple were married, and some time after George was made a partner in the bank. Mr. Robert Studden, by the assistance of his patron, emigrated to Australia, where he drove a thriving business in horses. Before he went he spent the Christmas Day with the bride and bridegroom. And though our tale ends happily with marriage and dowry, as novels and plays should end, it is not for that reason a fiction, but a true story of true love.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, APRIL 14, 1870.

THE RED RIVER DELEGATES.

The Toronto *Telegraph* has special despatches from Chicago announcing that the rebel delegates sent by Riel are on their way to Ottawa. Their names are Richot (a Jesuit Priest,) A. H. Scott (a Yankee) and Judge Black. They are evidently afraid come through Canada—as well they may and it is, therefore, their intention to sneak around by way of Buffalo to Ogdensburg, where they will wait for a safe conduct from the Dominion Capital. The reception by our government of men who have been the chief supporters of the robber and murderer Riel, if it actually takes place, will be a lasting disgrace to the country. Receive men who stood calmly by when Scott was shot down like a dog! men whose hands are virtually red with patriot blood! Never let the sacred soil of Canada be contaminated by their presence. Let them be told they may go back to their precious master and inform him that the only terms upon which Canadians will treat with him must be at the point of the bayonet! He has pillaged all he could lay hands upon—he has murdered a loyal citizen—he is driving loyal Canadians out of the territory by the score—and his minions hold their positions only by fraud and violence! Why then, in the name of patriotism, should we be poltroons enough to treat with them? No doubt there is a minority in some of the lower provinces—in Quebec particularly—which will be prepared to wink at the devilries of Riel and his coadjutors, but in glorious old Ontario there is but one sentiment, viz:—a stern determination to put down the rebellion at once, and thus assert the rights of the Anglo Saxon race to which the territory belongs by right. We observe that *Le Nouveau Monde* of Montreal is doing its best to throw discredit on Dr. Schultz and his companions in exile, and *Le Courier de St. Hyacinthe* follows suit in the following abominable style, as regards the murder of Scott:—

"The president allowed him to have a minister but Scott replied to the Reverend George Young, Methodist minister, that he did not belong to any religion. The minister exhausted his frigid exhortations and then called on the president to inform him of the deplorable state of the convict who was cold, indifferent. Thereupon, Mr Riell hurt by the cold sterile language of the minister, replied: 'Why do you not try to present him with the image of crucifix of the Saviour of the world; if the sight of a portrait of a cherished mother, or a dearly loved father always appeals to the heart, why may not the image of God crucified operate.' Thereon the President who professes an ardent faith, ordered all the soldiers in the fort to fall on their knees, and united with them he prayed to the refuge of sinners for a change in the heart of the convict. It was a fine, spectacle to see those two hundred soldiers, rosary in hand, praying together that God might affect their enemy's soul and break his heart of stone; it was a fine a touching spectacle to see those soldiers praying for the contrition of a man of a faith differing from theirs. O Catholic Religion you alone are capable of effecting such a prodigy and such acts of charity. It would seem that God listened to the prayers of the soldiers, for Scott evinced signs of compunction, and during his agony, which was long, he had time to think of God and of his soul.

This we do not wonder at so much, considering its source, but we do feel astonished that the Ottawa *Times* should be guilty of special pleading for Riel, and we feel utterly astounded that the loyal County of Bruce should have within its borders a sheet capable of pursuing the same course It is called the Paisley *Advocate*. We would respectfully advise our old friend John Gillies to request its editor to change the name to the *Riel Advocate*—it being the only paper in Ontario mean enough to do so. No treating with traitors, say we!

Dr. Schultz on Riels' Supporters.

The sturdy little doctor, who stood up manfully for Canada, through thick and thin, who was imprisoned and escaped, and walked 500 miles on snow-shoes till he reached neutral territory, addressed the Indignation meeting in Toronto on Wednesday. Referring to Riel's boast that he represented all the French half-breeds and that he could array 25 nations of Indians against the power of Britain and Canada, he said:—"He would therefore repeat again that a large section of the French half breeds were loyal to the Crown and he wished it to be clearly understood that the rebellious French half-breeds were only some 250 or 300 men who were in Fort Garry at the present day. Then there was another matter that the people of Canada did not seem to understand thoroughly, that was with regard to the Indian tribes of the country. Since he had arrived in Canada, he noticed an extract from the rebel paper published at Fort Garry, stating that Riel intended to oppose the entrance of the Canadian troops—not with one tribe of Indians only, but with twenty-five tribes. Amongst the blackest of Riel's lies this was the darkest. He could not get one Indian to join him, (cheers), for the simple reason that his interests and feelings and theirs were antagonistic.

WAR.

Sir J. A. Macdonald has officially stated that the British and Canadian Governments are in constant communication, that they distinctly understand each other and that their Red River joint policy is one of action. Neither Britain nor Canada will grudge men and money to stamp out the blood-thirsty brood. There must be no delay. The blood of the entire country is at fever-heat and the deliberations of the Government must be short and their action decisive. The present frame of the national mind will not bear a long silence. Sir J. A. Macdonald must speak out and that quickly.

Our Harbor.

We are informed through perfectly reliable sources that the Canadian Government has appropriated a large sum for the construction of a first-class harbor at Goderich. It is pretty certain that $30,000 will be expended this year. Our member, Mr. Cameron, has worked like a "brick" in the good cause, and deserves a good oyster supper, if the House rises before the season is out.

☞ Mr Platt having placed his patent evaporator in the Tecumseth Salt Works, informs us that it is working like a charm.

GOOD NEWS FOR GODERICH AND THE DOMINION.

Special telegrams reached town, this morning, to the effect that Resolutions were agreed to, in the House of Commons yesterday, making the following important and salutary alterations in the Customs tariff on imports:—

Import duty on Cigars	45c	per lb.
Coal and Coke	50	per ton.
Hops	6	per lb.
Vinegar and acids	10	per gal.
Rice	1	per lb.
Wheat	4	per bush.
Peas, Beans, I. Corn, &c	3	per bush.
Rye and Wheat Flour	25	per bbl.
Indian, Oat Meals, &c	15	per bbl.
Spirits, proof	20	per gal.
Liquors, sweetened	$1.50	per gal.
Cologne water, perfumery, &c	4	per gal
Animals for the improvement of stock	Free.	
Other animals *ad valorem*	10	per cent.
Fruit, Hay, Straw, Vegetables, Potatoes and other roots, trees & shrubs *ad valorem*	10	per cent.
Tobacco and Snuff *ad valorem*	12½ and 20c	per cent. per lb.
Machinery *ad valorem*	15	per cent.
AMERICAN SALT	25c	PER BARREL
LIVERPOOL SALT	FREE.	

Barring any little inaccuracy which may have crept into the telegram, we believe the above will be the law of the land and understand that Collectors of Customs have been instructed to act accordingly.

What the *Signal* has, for several years, fought to secure is now in some measure accomplished, and Americans can only import Salt into the Dominion under a duty of 25 cents per barrel. Our only regret is that the duty is not 10 cents a barrel more, which after all would have been only half the tax the Americans impose on the entrance of our Salt into their territory.—We are at the same time glad that Liverpool Salt is, as heretofore, to be admitted into the Dominion *free of duty*, as we have no desire that the people at large should suffer from a Canadian Salt monopoly.—We expect our manufacturers to redeem their promise not to raise the price of this necessary of life to Canadian buyers, above a remunerative rate, when they secured a measure of protection. They will now be able to drive the Syracuse Salt-men out of the market of the Dominion. The numerous other wells the construction of which has been some time contemplated, can now be proceeded with, without fear. When Goderich Salt could, under former disadvantages, be sold in the States at a loss of only 10 cents per barrel, our manufactures will now be able to give American Monopolists a tussle on their own territory, and we trust they will be spirited enough to do so.

Rowell & Co's Advertising Agency.

From a Boston Commercial paper we copy a short paragraph showing the extent of the operations of the above-named gentlemen. They have carried the art of advertising—for it is an art—to perfection.—We have had dealings with them which convince us that they are honorable and reliable men:—

George P. Rowell & Co. have many customers who expend with them from five to twenty-five thousand dollars a year each, and some who go up to forty and fifty thousand dollars. None of these are novices in the business, and they go to this firm simply because they can through them get their work done cheaper than elsewhere. They made a contract last year to insert an advertisement in every newspaper in the United States, daily, semi-weekly, weekly, semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly, on which they received as first payment ten thousand dollars in cash before a single copy was sent out. Immense sums of money are thus paid out by acute business men. Dr Brandreth has spent two million and a half of dollars on his medicines in making them known. Holloway expended six hundred thousand dollars last year for the same purpose. The largest advertiser within the last two or three years has been Helmbold, but the most money ever expended for this purpose in this country in a short time was for the Government bonds and to hasten the completion of the Pacific Railroad. It is believed that George P. Rowell & Co. advertise their own business to a greater extent than any other firm in the country, and yet their net profits for last year were as large as ever before—a proof that advertising pays.'

COURT OF CHANCERY.

The court rose this (Tuesday) morning, the following being the business disposed of:—

HALDANE vs YOUNG—For Plaintiff, Mr Blake, for Defendent Mr Moss. Decree for plaintiff against Henry Young with costs. Bill dismissed against James Young with costs as if he had demurred and demurrer allowed after argument.

ANDERSON vs STEWART—For Plantiff Mr Blake, for Defendent Mr Moss. Decree that insurance of premises was a term of the contract of sale. Decree for specific performance of the contract as stated by defendent. Usual direction. Plaintiff to pay cost.

FISHER vs LABELSKIE—For Plaintiff Mr Moss, for Defendent Mr Blake. Consent decree.

GARROW vs GARDINER—For Plaintiff Mr Moss and Mr Bain. For Def't Mr Blake and Mr Toms. Decree by consent. Defendents other than Buchanan to pay the Plaintiff $530. Plaintiff to pay Buchanan's costs fixed at $60. The Plaintiff and other defendents to pay their own costs.

GIBSON vs ELLIOT—Mr Blake for Plaintiff Mr Moss & Mr Macara for defendent. Decree for plaintiff.

CATTLE vs MCHARDY—For Plaintiff Mr Moss, for Defendent Mr Blake, judgment reserved.

Where is Donald Smith?

We cannot understand why this individual should have so long returned from the Red River, without having given in his report. Parliament and the public demand full information and though it may be hard to tear Mr. Smith from domestic blandishments, after a happy reunion, it must be done. Mr. Smith's report is wanted at once.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.—The Trustees met, in the Board Room, on Thursday evening. Sundry accounts were presented and passed. The contingent committee reported that they accepted the *Signal's* Tender for printing, being the lowest; and also the Tenders for the outhouses, for the construction of the same, Messrs Reid & Nairn, and for the iron—carriage Messrs Strachan and McKinnon. The Principal brought forward the cases of certain children of indigent parents who had left the School on account of the inability of the parents to pay for the books required. The Board gave the Principal authority to supply books in the cases mentioned.

MRS. SIMMS' CONCERT.—We have pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Simms' Concert will come off in Crabb's Hall on Thursday, 21st inst. We hope she will, as her musical attainments deserve, have a bumper house.

THE LEADER'S PRICE.

The amount of fawning, flunkeyism and abject crawling on-the-belly performed by the *Leader* towards Sir Francis Hincks, has, for months, astounded every independent editor in the country, who considered it to be the privilege of our race to be "made upright" and walk with our foreheads to the stars. The usual conclusion was that the *Leader* had sold our native dignity and been paid to "crawl" like a well-known serpent, of ancient fame, in the presence of his designer. And sure enough, as Faust sold himself to Mephistopheles for the love of woman, so the *Leader* sold himself to the Canadian Mephistopheles of Finance for the love of money. Any one who has $1170 to spare can sway the *Leader* body and soul. 'Tis the old York Roads again. Not satisfied with former enormous profits from this nefarious job, Mr. Beatty sets up a claim, through a Mr. Mitchell, for stone furnished the said road. Of course Sir Francis is willing to pay his flunkey when the funds come out of the national purse, and foots the bill. Previous governments refused to comply with the demand; and the Court of Queen's Bench by a verdict sustained the refusal. But Beatty flatters Hincks; Hincks must give Beatty a valuable consideration; and without Parliament being consulted, Beatty pockets the reward of his lick—spittleism. The opposition may protest, as it is now doing in the strongest terms, against the swindle, but poor Ontario must "stand the shot." How long shall such things be?

THE SALT DUTY.

DEAR SIGNAL.—It seems rather curious to me if you can justify your advocacy of a duty upon salt, (which you have been advocating for several years) with the free trade ideas held by your party from time immemorial. By explaining such a contradiction you will oblige others beside

A TORY.

REMARKS.—Our friend, the Tory, gives expression, in his own sententious style, to an idea we have heard and answered repeatedly. Why do we advocate a duty on salt? Simply because the American Government in pursuance of its Japanese policy charges 70 cents per bbl. in gold for every barrel of salt we export. Then, having enough of the article to supply the whole continent, without the slightest fear of monopoly, we feel justified in saying most decidedly in this respect,—Canada for the Canadians. Notwithstanding, however, the policy we have pursued, we should be delighted to see free trade in salt on *both* sides of line, were such a thing possible. If our tory friend can show that we are wrong we would like to hear his arguments.—*Ed. Signal.*

The Voice of the People.

From one end of Canada to the other, our fellow-citizens have, at public meetings, given utterance to a united howl of indignation against the brutal murderer of Scott and a unanimous demand for vengeance. This is what Canada says to the Government:—

Don't receive the murderer's delegates!
Take our young men to fight the battle!
Take our money to provide the supplies!
Let us have vengeance for our murdered brother!
And what you mean to do, do quickly!
Let our Government listen to the voice.

SEAFORTH.—The *Star*, and *Expositor* last week, gave currency to a rumor that a respected clergyman of Seaforth had absconded with church-funds in his possession. The story now turns out as we see by the London papers, to be a great scandal. It caused the Reverend gentleman the temporary inconvenience of being arrested in London when the suspicion was found to be wholly unworthy and groundless. We protest against newspapers, for the sake of sensation, giving currency to every piece of ill-natured personal gossip they hear.

☞ We are requested to state that the classes in the Grammar School will be resumed on Wednesday next the 20th instant, when new pupils may be admitted.

POPULAR LECTURE.—Of all the lecturers who have recently been before audiences in Toronto, St. Catherines and other places, none has been received with more favor than the Rev. Alex. Sutherland.—The Sons of Temperance have secured his services and he will deliver a lecture on the highly interesting subject of "Men of the Times," on Tuesday, 19th inst., in the Wesleyan Church, at 7.30, p. m. We are sure there will be a crowded house.

CHANGED HANDS.—Mr. Somerville, who has been for the past six months the enterprising lessee of the Steam Grist and Flouring Mill, built and owned by Mr. George Acheson, has now purchased the same, along with the adjoining lots, on which he is to erect a dwelling-house.—The mill will in future be run to its full capacity. The flour turned out by Mr Somerville in both gristing and merchant departments has given general satisfaction.

PARLIAMENTARY INFLUENCE.—It has sometimes been insinuated that the public acts of the worthy M. P. P. for the North Riding bore rather a 'bare-faced' complexion now that he is cultivating a manly appendage over the upper lip this accusation will be groundless, while his weight in the lower House will be correspondingly enhanced. Success to hirsute agriculture! [Goak patented]

☞ We are sorry to hear that some of our South Huron farmers have lost very heavily during the past winter by the girdling of their young orchards by mice. One farmer lost about $200.00 worth of trees by this means.

EDITORIAL AGRICULTURE.—Our old friend Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* is, just now, enlightening the Great Republic on the subject of Agriculture.—Amongst other things, Mr Greeley says he has found the very best mulching for fruit trees to be decayed weeds. It strikes us forcibly that if the farming of the venerable Horace were as good in practice as it is in theory he would have very few weeds left for mulching purposes.

David Dickout, a respectable farmer of Cayuga, hung himself in his barn last week.

AMERICAN SILVER.

We shall receive American silver, in payment of subscriptions, at par, up to *Friday* 15th *inst.* Bring it along, without delay.

The Gunboat Prince Alfred.

Col. Ross has received instructions to place Capt. James Thomson in command of the gunboat; the force under him to be a Lieutenant and 30 men from the Clinton Company and 20 men from the Goderich Artillery. Capt Fraser is to be sailing-master, Capt Parsons, mate and J. H. Killey chief engineer. The crew will consist of 18 men including fireman. The orders are that she shall be ready to weigh anchor at the earliest moment. Great exertions are being made to equip her; a large number of men being engaged in fitting her out for the cruise. The alterations in machinery going on through the winter under Mr, J H Killey the engineer in the employ of the government are now nearly completed. The engines are expected to be in motion to-morrow.

We may add that this fine vessel is propelled by an Engine of 250 horse power—has one auxiliary Engine of 60 horse power, and one pony do of 6 horse power driven by two of the best boilers in American waters, and can be propelled through the water at the rate of 15 miles per hour if required.

☞ Mr. John Harris has received a large and well-selected stock of dry-goods suitable for the coming season.

☞ Mr. Butler has a splendid selection of Room papers and Fancy Goods. See his adv.

CLINTON.—The quarterly cattle fair takes place tomorrow, 13th.

THE CATHOLIC PARSONAGE is now ready for occupation and is a handsome, well-built two-story brick-house, neatly finished inside.

BUILDING OPERATIONS are being briskly proceeded with. We hear, every day, of new houses and stores, the construction of which is being contracted for, to be gone on with at once. Carpenters and others will have their hands full this summer.

DREDGING OF THE HARBOR.—The dredge, at present lying here, is now being repaired by the Grand Trunk R. R. no doubt with the view of commencing dredging operations at once. If they would also see the advisability of enlarging the 'leg' and buckets of the elevators so as to give dispatch in unloading, with sufficient depth of water and efficient discharging facilities, we would have regular lines of propellers constantly running between this port, Chicago and Saginaw. We hope the R. R. will foster this trade during the coming season.

THE CLIMAX.—Belleville has capped the climax in breach of promise cases. At the Assizes on Tuesday there was one of these cases tried:—Bailey vs. White.—The plaintiff was aged 40, with six children, and the defendant 60, with sixteen children. Verdict for plaintiff, ten dollars damages.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS intend to give another social, musical and literary entertainment, in the Temperance Hall, on Monday, 18th inst, at 7.30, p. m. They have secured the services of a number of the best local amateurs as readers and singers and the programme, on the occasion, will be second to none of its predecessors.

SUDDEN DEATH.

We regret to learn through a private source, that Mr Daniel Morrison, one of the chief editors of our talented contemporary the Toronto *Telegraph* died suddenly yesterday afternoon.

President Grant has sent a message to the U. S. House of Representatives that he has sent a War-steamer to the Canadian fishing grounds to prevent infractions of the international treaty by United States citizens.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Dr Buchanan gave the following statistics at a recent meeting. Since 1843, that body has built 920 churches, 719 manses, and 597 schools at a cost of £1,667,724; 3 theological colleges at a cost of £53,000; and devoted to religious and educational purposes, £3,487,773, or over forty-two millions of dollars.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On Tuesday last wild pigeons were flying over Goderich and neighborhood in shoals; and succumbed, in great numbers, to the skill of our sportsmen. Since then the vagrants have apparently left for parts unknown.' The Nimrods who shouldered their guns, hired buggies and rushed off in every direction in search of sport, returned to town very crest-fallen and lugubrious, having secured, what we heard a boy very emphatically call, 'piles of nuthin.' A fine old English gentleman' came very near being shot, we hear, by a reckless young fellow who insists on carrying his gun at full cock and on a hair trigger.

THE POOR MAN need not be afraid that the imposition of certain duties elsewhere described, will raise the price of provisions; as no duty is imposed on anything but what we can grow or produce a superbundance of.

A CAPITAL IDEA.—Mr. Miller, Principal of the Central School, who is a graduate of the military school, is now daily drilling the children under his charge. Both as a means of health and an instrument of discipline, the idea is an excellent one. If there was more of such physical training, in early years, we would have brighter intellects in our midst and fewer of those pale shadowy, narrow-chested, slouching, hands-in-pockets young men, to meet and look at whom is so distressing.

☞ H. Dunlop has now received his Spring and Summer Stock of cloths and Tweeds, which he will make up in his usual workmanlike manner at the lowest prices. Try him.

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH.—We are very glad to hear that this congregation, under the energetic pastorate of Rev James Sieveright, is not only extending its borders throughout the surrounding country, but finds itself in a position to erect a manse in town. The plans of a handsome residence, to be erected in the immediate neighborhood of the church, are now being prepared by Messrs Small & Crook and the ground has already been measured off; the intention being that the building shall be ready for occupation by October next. The estimated cost is $1500; $1000 of which are already subscribed and a considerable part of the congregation yet to be canvassed. Mr. Sieveright works hard and deserves to be encouraged by his people. He preaches no fewer than six times in the course of the week, besides holding prayer-meetings and delivering Temperance lectures; his labors embracing all the adjoining Townships.

☞ There is, we hear, a good prospect for a line of propellers this season between Chicago and Goderich. We should be glad to see it established.

THE PENNY READINGS.—The Sons of Temperance were successful in bringing together on Friday evening last, the largest audience which has yet been present at any of these musical and literary entertainments. The Temperance Hall was crowded and the programme was good. The Readers were, Mrs. Free, Messrs F. Bissat, Lytle, Smart, Young and Miller. The audience felt specially indebted to Mrs. R. B. Smith and Mr. Harry Smith for the excellent songs rendered by them. The proceeds, at the low charge of 5 cents a head, amounted we believe to $10.50. These gatherings deserve to be patronised and we hope it will be found practicable to carry them on throughout the summer.

MONTREAL S. S. COMPANY.

Sailings from Liverpool,		from Quebec.	
Austrian,	14 April	7	May.
Prussian,	21 "	14	"
Nestorian,	28 "	21	"
Scandinavian	5 May	28	"
Peruvian	12 "	4	June.
Moravian	19 "	11	"

Mr. Carter of the Grand Trunk R. R. is agent for the above at Goderich.

Nova Scotia has indulged in an Anti-confederate debate 'just for the fun of the thing.'

CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.—Weare in receipt from Mr. Moorhouse, of our old favorite, the above named magazine for March. The contents are, as usual, both varied and interesting.

A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS OF CANADA.—We have received a copy of the above work from our old friend, Thomas Sloan, Esq., of the Township of Hullett. Being from the pen of a County writer, we deem it prudent to postpone a further notice until we have read the work.

NO THANK'E.—To an esteemed correspondent we wish to say that we cannot *possibly* insert his advertisement at half price. Others may do so if they like, it won't pay us.

☞ Our good old town is smartening up for a good summer's business with a will. New stores and dwellings are being rushed up on almost every street—painters are hard at work—teamsters are busy—laborers are getting good wages—and, in short, we venture to predict a good time in Goderich during the season.

CLINTON.

The Government again Advised not to Receive the Rebel Delegation.

Associated Press Despatch.

CLINTON, April 9.—At a public meeting of the citizens of Clinton, held on the evening of the 8th of April 1870, the following resolutions were passed:—

1st. Moved by W. C. Searle, and sec. by Capt. Murray, and resolved—'That we are pleased to notice the safe arrival in Canada of Dr. Lynch, late of Clinton, and Dr. Schultz and others, our fellow-subjects, and fugitives, at present from Red River, and offer them our congratulations upon their escape. We would also desire publicly to acknowledge the pride we feel at the unswerving loyalty displayed by these men, and all Canadians whether in or out of the prison at Fort Garry, who have proved faithful to their allegiance and not bowed the knee to Baal; and, to assure them of our constant sympathy in their trials, sacrifices, and imprisonment, and support, until justice is meted out to the recreant horde, and law and order once more restored.

2. Moved by J. B. Racey, seconded by S. Andrews, and resolved, 'That we are gratified to know of the co-operation of our mother country with our Government in having decided upon a policy in concert for the suppression of the revolt at Red River, and fervently hope that their united action may be early, prompt and effective, and that suitable measures may be adopted to prevent the escape of a single rebel, in order that full punishment may be meted out where it is so richly deserved.

3rd. Moved by Wm. Murray, seconded by R. Matheson, and resolved. 'That this meeting desires to express its abhorrence and indignation at the murder of Thomas Scott, a Canadian, at Fort Garry, in March last—a deed in every sense atrocious, as well as to protest against the inhuman treatment of our fellow-subjects, in imprisoning them for their loyalty to the Crown, and would view with repugnance the reception, by our Government, of emissaries or delegates of those who have murdered, robbed and imprisoned Canadians for their loyalty to Canada and our Queen, and as unjust to the unrepresented loyal inhabitants of Red River, as well as humiliating to us as British subjects.

4th. Moved by A. S. Fisher, seconded by W. Listle, and resolved that a copy of these resolutions, passed by this meeting, be sent by the Secretary to the Government of this Dominion and to the Press for publication.

W. W. FARRAN, Reeve,
Chairman.

F. WHITT, Secretary.

NURSERY BUSINESS.—All our nursery men are making great exertions to meet the anticipated large demand for Fruit and other Trees in the coming season. See the separate advertisments of Robert Gordon, James Stewart, and William Campbell.

The Shinplasters.

The new shinplasters which are shortly to be issued are small in size like the issue of the United States, about 4 inches by 2½ inches. The American Bank Note Company got up designs for 10, 20 and 50 cents, but the Department decided that the 25's alone shall be issued. They are quite handsome, and have a strong head of Minerva, the helmet surmounted by a lion as a centre-piece. On the one side