ught, and should have said. "They mun think that I hunna morsel of sense in me," he said bitterly to himself.

When he was gone Cassandra came and put her arms round Lydia's neck, and gave her a long and tender kiss—real love opens the heart, selfish love closes it to others—but neither of them spoke a word further, and life went at the hall as usual.

Lyddy watched and waited. She had naturally looked round for the future of her daring among the unmarried farmers about. There were but few in that thin population—and one was too young, and another too old, and the next was silly, and the last drunk, and there was no rest for the sole of any foot to be found among them.

Twice again the young man dropped in. He had the excuse of bringing Gurman's knife, and began not to be particular in making reasons for his wooing. It so happened, however, that he never came across old Ashford.

CHAPTER IV.

TAKING A CHARACTER.

One morning German was told by his father to take the cart and carry wheat to the mill when, to his great surprise, as he was driving off, Lydia appeared in her best bonnet and cloak. "Why, mother, where beest a-goin'?" She smiled and made no answer, but got into the cart. "Drive me a little further, German," said she, when they reached the high-road; he obeyed in silence till they came to a "toll-bar," which stopped her further progress, as no farmer ever spends a penny in pikes.

The way was long, and road was steep, and Lydia was not strong, so that it was a sore pull, and, to her shyness, a trying thing to enquire out the Broome's house. She had never worn any but dark colors since her lady's death, and her tall, slender figure and pale face in its black bonnet had something of the response and stillness of a Sister of Charity. At last, having found her goal, she walked in at the open door and found Darby and Joan sitting within three-legged table between them, and their dinner in a basin.

"Why, woman, what ails ye?" said both at once "ye look fit to faint."

"I'm come a good bit o' way in a hurry, and I'm not very strong. My name's Lyddy Ashford, but there's nought's the matter wi' me," said she, as she sank into a chair.

"And we're very glad to see ye, Lyddy," said the old man, as his wife bustled about and made much of her.

"I'm just a-cum to ax ye what sort of a lad Roland Stacey mid be. "He's after Cassandra, in and out, out and in; and her feyther's just mad acause his feyther, you know; and there's sare times ahead for um, poor things! and he's a rare'un, Lor! et mp out fra at east; but if he's a good nu—and he've a met her in this house, and canna be far wrong," said Lydia, with a woman's love in her anxious desire to do her best for her poor child. "I would go through a deal for her sake; for there's none fit for her in our parts, no so to speak."

The old people looked aghast. "Who'd a thought it!" said he.

"Come a courtin' Cassie," said she. People are ready enough to see anything but what goes on under their own noses.

"Well, to be sure; I mind her mother, poor thing, used to say that there was a many crooked sticks i' th' world, and drinks and tempers. She were fond o' marryin', and then she took up wi' t' Ashford—and says she to th' baby, 'You'll be thinkin' o' weddin', too, little un,' and then she took on sorely." A fool of remembrance was evident y beguiling, Lyddy, however, was a woman of few words, and every thing depended on her quick retar. "But you was a sayin' 'bout the young man's character," she put in.

"Well, there ain't nought as any man can say agin it," answered the old man. "Even his father can't find him, 'cept that he canna mak' him ga his ways an' that's a good job. He's a queer un, a very uncultivated piece is Joshua, my cuss."

"Roland's a very pretty-behaved lad," said the old woman, "and favors his mother. I knowed her well she were a very pious woman, and brought him up i' th' fear of the Lord. She'd a sore time on it; Joshua just worrited herto death, poor thing." If it weren't along o' and a livin' near me, and as 'tis I dunna know as she did no better."

"I wanted to know that you was agreeable," said Lyddy, skillfully. "and that he was one as did his duty by God and man," and she rose as she spoke.

"Why, woman, you're not come a matter of twelve mile here and agen like that, to go like a melting th' snow; sit ye down reasonable and eat your victuals."

"I've no much call for victuals," said Lyddy, "and "and I've got some bread in my pocket. I must be off soons as soon as may be."

"Set yer down and eat your dinner; I'll hear none o' such doings," and the hospitable old man angrily

Before she left the old people had discovered that the marriage was the thing of all others they would like best, and that they had known and predicted it from the very first. "And she shall have sixty-eight punds to her portion o' that money would ha' been her mother's when I go," was Mrs. Broom's very satisfactory ending; "but I wunna ha' you talk on it."

"Well, if ye mun go, woman, ye mun," said Nathan, "for we shall be a-busy more than none, the weather looks as fair as ever looked, and it's time we beant a-cart as mid be a-t' that gate."

In a short time he return ed. "I'm the gooseman's a goin' to see his brother down t'th' dale, and he's tak' thee to th' ferry in his cart, and welcome. He'll be round in a matter o' ten minits (here t'other side the river, ye can up the back o' the Edge, and so nip home; 'twill be shorter than 'tother roa'."

"I dunna like Tim," said Mrs. Broom, energetically. "He'd shave the hairs off a bald man, he's so skinny. For a' we've dealt wi' him a score o' years, I never was the better for him; nobbut a candle at Yule and a bit o' cake for wakes."

"Yea, my missis: but d'ye think it's catching, like th' smallpox? He wunna hurt Lyddy for a' that, a carryin' on her a mile o' her weary way."

Notwithstanding the assistance of the cart it was getting late. Poor Lyddy was not used to such distances, and the tremendous steepness of the new way tried her sorely. As she t ied up with her back to the view she never looked round, though each step disclosed a fresh steep of wooded hill. Far below, the river wound through a rocky valley into an open dale, and it was difficult to say which was the most beautiful. Beyond lay a tumbled mass of hills—purple with heather, rich with a w onderful bloom like that of a plum—which were and moorcock, unbroken, right away into Scotland.

But she saw nothing, for all her thoughts were concentrated on unraveling the tangled web of the fortunes of those she loved so well. Lydia had one of those natures which in a different age and civilization would have led her into a contemplative order of nuns, or to have joined a society of Quietists of some description. She lived in another life and moved almost automatically through the business of this, which seemed to her like shows and shadows, while her real life, as it were, was spent within. She perceived only through her affections.

was only through Cassie and her brother that she seemed to touch the earth, but her trembling anxiety for their welfare enable l her to see, and hear, and combined 'or them is a way which she never could have done for herself.

She almost fainted as she got into the house as the sort daylight was fading.

"And what did they say? and did ye see him?" said Cassie, taking off Lydia's bonnet, and making a cup o. tea for her, and kissing and fondling her at once.

"How do ye know whe-e I'm from?" said Lydia, with a smile, as soon as she could speak. "Do ye think there's but one place I' all th' world, lass?"

"There's but one place where we'd go off so far to, and never say a word; and there's not a many yet'd ha' fall yersen o' this fashion for, tarrin' o' me, I know that," said Cassandra, with a light in her eyes, hugging her as she spoke. "German's been a watching cross the lone moor all afternoon cos we never thought we'd come by the top o' th' moh."

"Master Broom sent me back that gate," answered Lyddy. "I couldn't set my mind at rest without asking o' them what sort the young man was, and what they thought on it."

"And ye he'rd nowt but good on him," said Cassie, eagerly, in a new voice

"No, dearie. Please God he's one as a woman mid g'e her heart to in His sight. But there's a deal to thank on yet. What'll ever thee feyther say?"

Old German's wrath at Lydia's unheard-of piece of independent action was mitigated by the news of Mrs. Broom intended munificence. Lydia said nothing however, as yet about Roland. "Sure who knows what may come of it?" The next week there came a message from Yoxleiffe (through Nanny) bargaining for another visit from Cassie, as the price of her future devotion. Ashford let her go, though he took care to be as cross as ever in order to enhance the value of the concession.

The old Brooms had fully intended to take the manage ment of Cassie's love-matters into their own hands. "Sure twill be as good as a play," said aunt Bessie, who was soft-hearted and sentimental at times. But as far as the denouement itself was concerned, Roland was too quick for them. He made out the way and the hour when Cassie might be expected, and was waiting on the look-out nearly an hour before the time. She had passed through the long village which straggled up the hill, and had reached a lonely part of the road, where a great belt of wood swept down the steep hillside, with white "tors" of rock rising here and there. It was toward evening, and a bit solitary, and her heart began to quake a little when she heard the rolling a score which announced a man coming down a rude path on her right. She turned, however, and saw Roland, who with a very elaborate and false pretense of coming from some unknown place on urgent business (intended for the passers-by, who were not there), came up to her.

"I'm sure yer buzzle's heavy, Cassie," said he. "Let me car' it up hill. Our fathers hate each other, but that's no reason why we should," he added, in a low voice. With which abstract Cerstian sentiment Cassie thought it safe to agree in an almost inaudible voice. Then, however, as in other sermons came the practical application, which was far harder.

"I love ye, Cassie, so as I canna put it into words as a many can. Seems to me when I think on ye as 'twere a shinin' in a dark place—like shadow of a rock in a thirsty land" added he, with a rememberance of his mother's teaching. "Ours ayn't a comfortable, pleasant place, Cassie" (a man does not offer the woman he loves his comfort, or his wealth, or his position, even if he has them; he knows better, and he offers her his burthens and his distress, and his sorrow, and his work, and his poverty, and tells her she can help him) "Ours ayn't a pleasant place, Cassie. I've had none to care for me since my mother died, and a man's a poor creatur w'out a woman to love him and see to him. Come to me, Cassie," he said, opening his arms as if to take her in.

She moved on by his side in silence, too much agitated to find words for an answer.

"And there," he burst out with almost a sob, "ye go, as cold and stately as one o' them white 'tors,' and as stony, wi' no more heart for me?"

The gloaming was falling, and it was dark under the trees where they were, but they reached an opening where light came through the branches, and he saw Cassie turning her beautiful eyes, with the tears all hung on their long lashes, reproachfully and tenderly on him.

"O," said the lad falling back against the stone wall in the suddenness of the shock of the surprise at the revelation he read there—although, as he had gone out to meet her in the express hope of something of the kind here did not seem room for much astonishment. In another second he had her in his arms, and was kissing her passionately under the next most convenient shadow. They walked on hand in hand.

"Paradise mun ha' been a poor place, Cassie, when Adam was there his lone," said he.

"Afore ever came to torment him!" answered she, with a smile, "and mend his shirts!" she added, as her quick eye caught sight of the torn and buttonless wristband round the hand that held hers.

"Eh, but they've been to a nimble tor us," said old Nathan, when the two entered the house together.

CHAPTER V.

NATHAN THE WISE.

NATHAN'S little square red tea-caddy of a house had been built on—most inharmoniously—to an old stone cottage cover ed with ivy. In the smart new room in front was a green door, with a brass knocker, only opened once or twice in the year in times of great ceremony, and on these occasions it stuck fast, and creaked and screetched and groaned as if it resented the indignity of so fine a piece of show being required to do any work. Alongside the door that never opened was the hospitable door which was never shut, except in the coldest weather; and at it now stood the old couple. Mrs. Broom's face was radiant with smiles, and though Nathan's welcome was quieter, it was not the least hearty.

"Well, for sure, yer haven't lost time, yer two clilder," cried he, laughing. "If I iver see folk in such a hurra. And my misses here as thowt she might bring yer togither, and mix and sweeten to her taste, like as if it were a pudden."

"Dear heart o' me, Nathan," said his wife, "as if I were niver content so I hadn't a finger i' th' pie. It mak's me young again for to see yer two. God bless he both," added the affectionate old woman, with tears in her eyes, as she dragged Cassie into the room up stairs by way of taking off her bonnet. She set her in a chair, and took the blushing face between her hands, and gave it a hearty kiss.

"Yer cheek is like a red rose, child," she said. "Now tell me all about it."

But all she could get out of her was, "Oh, auntie, I am so happy, and it's all along o' you; if ye hadna got me here I should niver ha' lighted upo' Roland. How could he think o' me?"

"Bless ye, child, ye munna spoil him wi' thinkin' such a deal o' him! He's a pretty middlin' lad as men goes; but thee'at worth three o' him—a sight too good for such as he. I niver let on to Nathan how much account I make o' him; 'tain't good for men."

But in spite of this stoical view of his claims she petted Roland for the rest of the evening with all her heart. The old people did most of the talking, however, themselves. Cassie sat in a corner of the room, silent and quiet in her happiness. Roland was a little more excited, but answered Nathan's jokes a good deal at random. They both, however, agreed in expecting that sudden illumination in the authorities which all lovers in such cases believe must immediately take place: the change in the oldest and most cherished opinions, the vanishing of the most obstinate prejudices in their favor. A new light has shone on their lives, and they can not conceive how it can fail to enlighten every one else around them. Nathan shook his head at them warningly.

"Well, ye'r bold and hopeful for to go dead agin two such as Joshuay and German Ashford, and think they're to dance to yer piping, and mak' friends at your bidding, and a' that, to be sure!"

"Eh, but, Nathan," said his wife, "they dunno want 'um to dance; ony to shake hands and giv' um their own way, poor things."

"I mun be going," said Roland at last; "feyther'll be home by now. He's out to night at a club-feast. He's none for taking too much as some does; but he's thowt very good company, is feyther," added he, with a sort of pride.

"Well, 'tis wonderful to hear good and Joshuay joined together in one word," observed Mrs. Broom to herself in a loud whisper, not intended for society or necessary for Roland to remark on.

"I wish ye kindly good-night," said he, as he drew Cassie out on the little grass-plot shut in by a high row of hollies, that there might be no more inconvenient witnesses of their parting than the moon and stars, which, as the Irish song says, "were shining brightly, 'cause they'd nothing else to do." There were bright dots of light in the glistening leaves of the hollies and ivy, almost as brilliant as the stars themselves, so that the sky above and the earth beneath seemed to be sparkling with jewels; sweet scents seemed to rise on all sides from sweet-brier and jasmine and sourthernwood and thyme; the murmur in the still air of the stream dashing among the stones far away at the foot of the hill seemed to add to the quiet hush of the night; a magnificent "harvest-moon" was rising over the mountain in front of them, looking so large and near that it seemed to touch the hill-side itself. In the extreme stillness of the outside world they seemed first to realize the troubles and difficulties of the path before them.

"I wunna speak to feyther to-night," said Roland; "I'd mebbe best let it stan' over till to-morro' i' th' afternoon. He's mostly riled at market-time; we'll let it be till arter his bargains is made." And then, as a sudden qualm came over him as to the small foundation there might be for his "Spanish castles"—"Come nigh to me, come nigh to me, Cassie," said he, drawing her closer. "Whativer will I do without thee an my feyther an' thine will na hear reason?"

"Welladay," answered she, "we'd ha' to bide mabbe a long while; but there's worse things nor waitin', Roland, for true hearts as trusts one another." And her face in the moonlight looked the very ideal of trust and hope.

"Ah! but thou wiltna want me as I shal thee," said he, a little jealously.

"Dost thou think not?" answered she, with a smile. "Womenfolk bide at home and remembers most times. Menfolk goes about and forgets!"

The next morning, as the excitement in Cassie's mind went off, the light of her joy grew dim, and the fear of her father became stronger.

"Lyddy said as you'd a promised to speak up for us to feyther an it were wanted, aunt Bessie," said she, anxiously. "Can't yer get him here?"

"Surely, surely, child, your uncle Nathan will tackle him; he's a varna powerful man i' speechs is Nathan," said the old wife, with much pride.

"There's not a many like him; folks comes fro' all sides for to ask counsel o' him, and orders themselves accordingly."

Mrs. Broom had a profound respect for her husband's wisdom. "My master says so and so," was, in her eyes, a final appeal for other people; in her own concerns she preserved a liberal right of private judgment. But against stupidity even the gods themselves, says Schiller, fight in vain; even the wisest man may be worsted hithout ignominy in a struggle with the main force of brute obstinacy. In theory it may be easy to reason with a bull as you shake a red rag in his face, but in practice the bull has the best of it; and Ashford was a very perfect specimen of the race. Therefore, though Nathan entered on the operation with the greatest circumspection, beguiled the old farmer from the market when his work was done, to have some ale, and did not begin on the negotiation till the glass was fairly in his hand, it was not of the smallest use.

"I were thinking what a good job 'twere," Nathan began, clearing his throat, "if Cassie and Roland Stracey was to come together. They say Joshuay's saved a good bit o' money, and it stands to reason Roland will hae it all."

Ashford looked up slowly: it was some time before such an idea could at all enter his head. "The son o' yon scoundrelly cheating rogue!" he almost screamed, when at last he took it in. "I'll hear none o' such spoke in my house: d'ye hear, Nathan?" And he rose instantly and turned hastily toward the door, contriving, however, to finish his glass of ale as if in a fit of absence. "I'll ha' Cassie to come back wi' me," he went on, angrily.

"I wunna leave the girl owt o' money an ye serve her so," said Mrs. Broom, kindly, and unable to resist striking in. "If ye'll let her wed wi' Roland, she shall ha' the pounds, an' welcome; but if not, she shanna ha' a penny on't."

"Ye may do yer best or yer worst wi' it," answered Ashford, in a rage. "Tain't yourn at all by rights, an' you knows it; an' any how, I'll do what I choose wi' my own child."

"You used her mother shameful; an' now yer all one as bad as to the girl," cried the old woman, hotly.

"Cassie," shouted her father, fiercely, up the stairs, where he seemed to know by instinct that she had retreated, "come down d'rectly, ye shanna stay an hour longer to larn such ill things as here. Get ready yer traps and come away, I say!" And till she came he stood outside the house, fretting and fuming in spite of all Nathan's endeavors to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"What are ye whimpering for, yer silly wench!" said he, as they went off hurriedly. "Why, it's all for yer good. There's fifty better men, ay, a hundred, nor that Roland Stracey in these parts."

To be Continued.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, 13, FEB. 1868.

☞ The proprietors of the Huron Salt Well advertise that they will pay cash for cordwood.

☞ There will be a special meeting of the Town Council this evening.

SPRING ASSIZES.—The Spring Assizes will open at Goderich, on Tuesday the 24th of March next.

☞ Still another Missouri letter has been sent us, but we are compelled to postpone its publication.

☞ Remember that the Good Templars' Soiree comes off on Thursday evening.

☞ Remember the Wesleyan services on Sunday and Monday next.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for Feb. is before us. It is neatly got up and filled with good sound original and selected reading matter. The magazine will live.

A NICE WOOD-PILE.—The Goderich Salt Co. has piled up in its back yard quite a nice little quantity of wood—2008 cords! Only enough for a few months after all.—How much would 20 such establishments consume?

☞ To those striken with the prevailing matrimonial fever we would say that we are prepared to print wedding cards in the most chaste and elegant style.

Everything new, beautiful and stylish, plain or in colors, in the job-printing way, is done at the SIGNAL office, cheap as the cheapest. City work rivalled in all branches.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.—Goderich is looking up! We have now a regular Brokers' office, established by Messrs. Dean & Smart, who are experienced in the art and mystery of money exchange, &c. They will furnish for the SIGNAL twice a week a full report of the price of gold, and so on, which will be a great conveniance to business men.

ACCIDENT.—The storm of Saturday night and Sunday drifted so much snow upon the roof of the skating rink as to cave in the roof and a portion of one side. The breach has been repaired, we believe.

☞ The rink has been purchased by D. S. Gooding Esq. who has, we understand, made more liberal terms for the admission of juvanile and other "skatists" than heretofore. We have no doubt this popular institution will prosper under Mr. Gooding's control.

CLIMATE.—Canada has not such a bad climate after all. We are seldom subjected to great extremes of heat or cold, and if we have a long cold winter the air is always pure and bracing, and travelling becomes a luxury. A young man who left Goderich some time ago in search of a better climate, writes from California to say that we are the best off after all. While we are enjoying fine winter weather, they have rain out there nearly every day.

☞ We are glad to see that Mr. W. R. Squire of this town, has passed a very creditable examination and is now authorized to take his place amongst the Attorneys of this country. Mr. Squire, who is a young man of talent and education, is, we understand, to enter into partnership with Mr. B. L. Doyle. We wish him every prosperity.

Skating Carnival.

A grand skating Carnival is to come off on the Clinton Rink on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. A Brass band will be in attendance, and the usual rules adhered to. Admittance 25 cts. The funds to be applied for the Nova Scotia fisherman. No doubt a number of our Goderich friends will attend.

COPY.

AFFEDAVY UV J. K.

Mr. Porter, i cartefy That mr. Cocks one me The Upper tere of a kounts. an that awl is Write wich i Sware too Long side uv mr. jonson, in mi house. dont larst me. So Help me G—d.

sined j. k.

witness mi wife.

The above is a bona-fide copy of an affidavit in an insolvency case, lately published in this paper. The school-master was certainly abroad when Mr. J. K. finished his education.—Ed. *Signal.*

MR. WARD'S CONCERT.

Mr. Ward's Juvenile Concert came off as advertised, in Crabb's Hall, on Friday evening last. The attendance was by no means such as to remunerate the teacher for his trouble and expense, but we are confident that the next will be a grand success. It was decidedly the most brilliant affair of the kind ever seen in Goderich. The pupils—all of of tender age, and mostly little girls—were ranged upon a raised stage, and the correctness with which they sang their simple but pretty pieces was only equalled by the enthusiasm and thorough *abandon* with which they followed every movement of the teacher's hand or eye. The little creatures understood t'at they were to look and sing their very best, and they did both in such a perfectly natural manner as to make one wish they might never learn the conventionalities of life. We will not particularize, but we will say that every one present was highly delighted, which, after a crowded house, is all that Mr. Ward could desire. He has shown himself to be a teacher of remarkable talent, and if his little pupils do not learn a note of music, technically, they will be greatly benefitted by co ning into contact with him. He has f rn el another juvenile class, to which paren's should send their boys and girls by al means.

FREE GRANTS.

AT LAST, Canada, or at least Ontario, is to have something as near a "liberal system of free grant" as the old fogies would permit. It is not such an out-and-out measure as we could have desired; but it goes far enough to recognize a principle which seems to be the grand secret of the wonderful progress of the American continent within the past eighty or ninety years. What is the nature of the land we have to give away? It is well known that the unoccupied public lands lie between the Upper Ottawa and Georgian Bay—extending Northward to the Hudson Bay Territory. The area is large, but a great portion of it is covered with pine which is seldom known to monopolize the best soil. Actual survey proves that of the remainder, one third is sandy and poor, one-third rocky and barran, leaving one-third of fair arable land.—Taking these facts into consideration, it seems to us that most of the talk in the Legislative Assembly about restrictions, etc., was eloquence wasted. It may have been right enough to place reservations on the purely pine lands, but beyond that restrictive clauses are merely so many difficulties superadded to natural obstacles which must be overcome before the wil lands in question are settled. It is wrong to take it for granted that those who are to take up these lands will prove to be rascals, whose instincts are those of the thief and the swindler rather than men who are prompted by the industrious zeal of the real sons of toil. If we cannot get a good, hardy, intelligent class of settlers, it were better to allow those lands to be sold, as herctofore, *en bloc* to greedy speculators, and the fact is, with sharp Americans abroad preaching up the industrial glories of Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Idaho and other Western States it will require a good deal of sound British loyalty to induce any intending settler to take up land and commence the work of making a home for himself on the shores of lake Nipissing. Hence we argue that the privileges held out to emigrants should be of the most liberal description, and that all restrictions must prove mischievous

We have always believed that a man who was willing to endure the hardships of the wilderness for the purpose of securing a home for himself and his family deserved to have as much land, by way of free grant, as he could cultivate. With such a settler life is emphatically, for years, a struggle for existance, and, if he is able to secure a good degree of comfort for his declining years, he certainly does well for himself and the country. How little the People have been considered during the past of British North America! Immense acres of splendid soil have been granted to Companies for the merest trifle; individuals, through favoritism, have secured extraordinary privileges, huge monopolies have been allowed to crush out private enterprise and stand in the way of public improvement, and, in short the rights and interests of the producing class have been systematically ignored while a few favoured ones have been gorged to repletion. It is high time that such a state of things should cease. The people constitute the real wealth of the country, and all that concerns their present or future interests must be carefully looked after by those who make their laws and transact their public business. In the matter of the free grant system about to be initiated we sincerely trust that the agents of the Government will be instructed to extend to settlers every advantage and assistance the law will permit of.

The Agricultural Grant.

Mr. Hays writes us to state that he "presented the petition of the County Council as to an increased grant to Huron under the new Agricultural Bill, and has, with Mr. Gibbons, got the promise from the Committee of $1400." We are glad to hear that this measure of justice is likely to be done our great county, and hope that the intention of the committee may not prove to be a "good" pavement to be done away with by the House.—We certainly ought to have the $1400—nay, $1600!

Another Triumph for Goderich Salt.

Best for Dairy Purposes!

We are happy to inform those of our County readers who are interested in the matter—and who is not—that *The Canadian Dairyman's Association* has decided that Goderich salt is in every way adapted to cheese making. At a very large meeting of that body held at Ingersoll on the 5th and 6th inst., one of the questions to be seriously discussed was:—

"9. What kind of salt is most suitable in cheese making, and how does the Goderich salt compare with the Liverpool Dairy salt?

"This question only elicited a very short discussion, which resulted in the following resolution:

"That this Association, having learnt that Goderich salt is fully equal to Liverpool and other standard varieties, would recommend its general use among dairymen. Several present stated they had tried the Goderich salt, and found it as good as any other sort."

This decision of such a large, intelligent and influential body as the Dairyman's Association of Canada is the best refutation we could possibly require of the stories industriously circulated by interested parties to the effect that Goderich Salt does not possess the necessary curing properties.

We are indebted to J. W. Rockidge Esq., of Montreal, for a copy of his new work, The Mercantile Agency's Legal Guide. The book will prove very valuable to mercantile men and the legal fraternity generally, and Mr. R. certainly deserves much credit for the enterprise he has displayed in the matter.

ADVERTISING.—We often receive advertisements worded as correctly as the following, but not more so:—

"Wanted a steady young man to look after a horse of the Baptist persuasion."

"TO LET.—A cottage in Newport containing eight rooms and an acre of ground."

"FOR SALE.—A piano by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs."

LOST!—A small lady's watch with a white face, also, two ivory young ladies' work-boxes. A mahogany gentleman's dressing-case, and a small pony belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail."

"LOST OR STRADE from the scriber a sheep all over white—one leg was black and half his body—all persons shall receive $5 to bring him. He was a she goat."

That "Disreputable Act" of the County Council.

The Goderich *Star* goes into an agony of indignation because a majority of the County Council thought fit to burke a nice little scheme of one of its over-zealous friends anent the County printing.—We did not intend to say a word about the subject, but as the editor of the *Star* has been foolish enough to broach the matter in a manner most insulting to those who saw fit to vote in favor of the *Signal*, we will point out a few facts tending to show up the conduct of some of *his* friends. The tenders for the printing from both offices were to be handed to "the chairman" before half-past 7 o'clock on Friday evening. There being no chairman appointed for the printing committee, the *Signal* tender was placed before the Council while in session—that of the *Star* was given in charge of Mr. Pickford of Howick, a gross partizan, as it transpired. After insulting the clerk by an insinuation as to his untrustworthiness regarding the tenders, Mr. Pickford opened out the *Star* tender before the printing committee, of which he was appointed chairman, and insisted right or wrong that it was the lowest. When he thought that, even by the assistance of a few tory partizans who crowded around him, he could not carry his point, he was for dividing the work, giving the *Star* the best portion of it. Failing in that, Mr. Pickford hastily concluded that they could not arrive at an understanding that night, (although the sitting only occupied a few minutes,) *thrust both of the tenders in his pocket* and marched off. His excuse for such a course is that Mr. Ross told him it was customary.—But Mr. Ross did not tell him it was customary to caucus on printing tenders over night, which Mr. Pickford *did* with the editor of the *Star* and others! Let the editor of the *Star* deny, if he can, that he did not see both tenders that night after the committee rose. What right had Mr. Pickford to show them thus to an interested party? It is easy for the *Star* to talk about "stigmas" and "disreputable conduct," but we can tell him that honest conservatives such as Mr. Greenway and Wm. Young were so thoroughly disgusted with the bullying partizanship of Mr. Pickford that they at once voted for the amendment, believing they were right in doing so. Let the *Star* place its withering stigma upon Mr. Pickford, the unworthy successor of a good man, who alone is responsible for bringing to bear upon this subject a degree of party spirit such as has never hitherto disgraced the County Council, and advise him and some others, before they attack the clerk, treasurer, engineer and house-keeper, to learn something about their duties and the spirit in which alone, they can be properly discharged.

WROXETER.

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE—As Mrs. McFlimsey's goose was crossing the road on the 1st inst., Jerry Dash drove along carelessly, as usual, and chrushed the poor bird to death. The event has created much sensation in this village. This is all the local news this week.

☞ The contractor for the Huron Salt Well, Mr. Morrison, has already drilled to a depth of 500 feet. The well will probably be completed by the middle of April.

☞ We have much pleasure in drawing attention to the notice inserted elsewhere that Dr. Lizars will be in town on the 12th inst., and may be consulted at the Huron Hotel. During the Dr.'s short residence here he evinced a marked talent for Surgery, which in Toronto, has gained for him a provincial reputation.—Let all those requiring surgical advice call on the Dr., as they seldom can get as good an opinion without the expense and loss of time of a visit to Toronto.

☞ Remember Ward's Juvenile Concert this evening.

☞ See the adv. of Mr. Robinson, grocer. He has had a long experience in the flour business and will no doubt give satisfaction to his customers.

Letter from Missouri.

The following letter was handed to us for publication, by respectable people, who live in this County. The writer is an intelligent Scotch lady, who had resided in Canada for 25 years previous to going to the United States some three years ago. It may be interesting to some of our readers who purpose immigrating to Missouri:—

SOUTH MISSOURI, Jan. 23rd, 1868.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I now wish to give you my opinions and views of things in general in this part of the world. I have twice before tried to scribble out a letter to you since I came here, but upon reading them over, I was afraid that I might be giving expression to my opinions more from a spirit of prejudice than calm observation; so these letters were used to light the fire, thinking that bye and bye I would begin to see things very different. But 3 years have passed over my head now, in Missouri, and I see little hope than any change is likely to take place that will in anyway modify my first impressions. This part of Missouri is fine rolling prarie land—soil deep and rich—as fine a farming country as mortal man could wish to cultivate. From our place we have an extensive view of a beautiful rolling country—groves of very scraggy trees dot the scene, in clumps not less than 5 miles apart. I have not seen one stream of clear running water since I came—in fact water is very scarce just now; it has been selling in a town some 10 miles from us, for the last 2 or 3 months, at 25 cts per barrel. You must not infer from this that Missouri is like the desarts of Arabia, for there are farm with beautiful little springs upon them—but they that have such are very fortunate. I think no one need say one word against the agricultural advantages of the country, with the drawbacks I have mentioned and if a man have plenty of means to begin with he may do well; but it is no place for a poor man to commence in, recollect I am only speaking from my own observation and experience. Corn is the principal crop. There is a large range for cattle in the prarie in summer; and they are stall fed with corn through the winter. Hemp is raised to a considerable extent, although they do not go into it so heavy since Sambo's chains were unbuckled: still there is a goodly share on the ground this year. But I do not see that at present prices Hemp raising can be profitable—there is a vast amount of labor connected with it in getting it ready for the market. I have seen no regularly laid off road since I came here—I believe there are no roads laid off by government. This farmer gives a piece for a road, and that another piece and so on. Our nearest market town is ten miles from us, and we have to go zigzag, and nearly round a circle to get there. The roads are beautiful in dry weather; but in wet weather they are fearful—so fearful that even the roads in the County of Huron, or they were graveled, were no comparison. Potatoes cannot be raised here to any advantage they are a soft as Swedish turnips. I have seen no garden vegatables here to compare with what we used to raise in Huron—I hear them often speak about their "large vegetables," but I have not seen them yet. I think the heat and dryness of the atmosphere is the cause of this, for it can be no fault of the soil. Now my friends I dare not trust myself to begin to tell you, of the utter abhorrence I have of the administration of the Law, and the social system which prevails here—I would likely lose my temper, and get incoherent, so I will only say a few words; but if it is the will of the All-wise God, that I am to be spared to see Canada, and you, again, then my tongue shall be let loose.

This having been a slave state, of course, good principals, such as we understand it, never did exist to any great extent; but now the feeling that exists between the contending parties, cannot be well described. The fact, that almost every man carries a revolver or a knife, upon his person, is proof enough how matters stand. There has been several murders and many shootings round this place since we came here, but the law takes no notice of such things. Just the other night, a man was shot through the arm, while walking close to our fence—it caused a little excitement at the time, and that was all about it. But I must say no more upon this subject, for my temper will get up, and I might say things that might not be the real truth; and I do not want to tell even all the truth at present.

My friends:—I would have been so pleased to have given you some description of our churches, and our sabbaths, but we have no such foolish days as sabbaths here. We have sundays—that is a day for trading, and taking home our borrowed goods; and hunting up hands to hire, if we need such, and the young folks racing their horses, and so on. Go into their houses on that sacred day, and you can enjoy yourself at a game of cards, checkers, or dominoes, or sing a comic song, if you are a Canadian. Now I am very far from presuming that the people of Canada are anything extra in the way of being pious, but there is a certain kind of respect for the sabbath existing among you that keeps people from an open violation of its laws, but in this part of the great and glorious Republic, there is no such restraint. There is but one God here—his name is Mammon—he is worshiped with the most correct and intense devotion, by old and young.

I can say nothing of the churches from personal experience there being none within my reach, but I hear of one convenience they have, which will be new to you—every seat has a box about the size of a pigstrough, to receive the discharge of tobacco slime,—from what I see around me, I am sure such a thing is a necessity. Dear friends, —I am very grateful for your kind letter. Please to write again as soon as convenient, for believe me I am very lonely and down hearted. I am,

VERY TRULY.

The Silver Question.

To the Editor of the Huron *Signal*

DEAR SIR,—Why do you not more frequently in your excellent editorial columns agitate the question of the silver nuisance, so as to suggest or devise some means to have it remedied? There is not at present such a great commercial grievance in the Province; and it is one which affects all classes of tradesmen and commercial men, and of which all loudly and bitterly complain. Why should it be so? Is there no remedy? certainly there is. It is not the same in other sections of the Province, at least in many places. Did the leading merchants and commercial men of Goderich and Clinton sign and publish a document over their signatures, that they would not after the 1st of April take American silver only at 4 per cent discount, and rigidly adhere to it in practice, *both in receiving and in paying silver*, it would certainly very much lessen the present inflation of American silver, causing it to seek a current circulation in some other channel. This is what has been done in other parts of the Province; and the result is that American silver is almost banished from the locality and has given place to our own Canadian coin. Why should it not be so in this County? I am persuaded that if the leading men only took an active, energetic part in the matter the remedy would soon be effected. The country merchants would doubtless find it to their advantage to follow the same course, and thus this section of the country would speedily get rid of a sore which causes a great deal of irritation and ill will in business transactions, and which under present appearances is likely to last for a long time yet to come. Hoping that you will give this an early insertion for the benefit of whom it may concern, I am

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

Affairs in Detroit.

We want no flying stationer here to inform us that the times are hard. In some measure I resemble him when I warn all Canadians not to come to this side of the line at this period of winter. It is estimated that there are at this present moment over two thousand individuals in Detroit out of employment. I am acquainted with one gentleman who, a short time ago, employed over two hundred mechanics, but now his lathes are silent and there is no steam in his boilers; nor is he the exception, for the truth must be told that all branches of trade suffer to an alarming extent; and again, I warn all Canadians who propose coming here, to stay at home for the present and endeavor to be content.

The cause of this stagnation in trade arises from our late war and the wrange lings and biekerings of our politicians who have made the South a howling wilderness, and who have sown discord and dissension in the North; they have set the negro free to starve; they have set the white man and the black man by the ears; they have cudgeled their fanatical brains to work mischief generally, and the result will be another series of bloodletting and throat cuttings. They have squandered the resources of the county, and now they have laid upon our backs a load of taxation which would make a ton year old ass croush and groan. They have pulled down the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty, and the smuggler smuggles, and the custom officials swarm about like a hive of bees, and the drones fatten and laugh at the distress and misery that surrounds them on all sides. Is there none to throw oil upon the troubled waters?—Fred Douglas goes round and opens his mouth as wide as the opening of the navigation, and denounces President Johnson "as the most execrable of all men." In my poor opinion, I think that President Johnson was sent, at this fanatical crisis, as a special deputation from Providence, to clog the wheels of fanaticism, and endeavor to keep the nation from running mad. I am informed that there will be on a pretty large scale before that event takes place.—*Cor. Hamilton Times.*

UNEMPLOYED IN THE UNITED STATES.—The *New York World* declares that there are at present 50,000 men out of employment in that city, that there is a completo stagnation in all the trades, and that there is general poverty and destitution among the laboring classes. Armies of the unemployed crowd the docks and wharves, employed crowd the offices, and flock to the fill the employment offices, and flock to the few situations that offer. Of the 4000 jewelers in New York, 1500 are unable to find work; 1000 out of 2500 jewelry box-makers, and 300 out of 500 diamond-setters, are idle; and of the 3000 other persons employed in different branches of the jewellry trade nearly 2000 are adrift. There are 900 engravers in New York who are seeking employment, and but 200 can get it. There are 6000 carpenters of whom 500 are idle and 1000 working for half-wages; the masons and bricklayers are nearly all employed, but cannot work more than half their time: the 10,000 cigar-makers are employed from people in the hat trades are employed from one to three days in the week for small wages, the employers thinking this better than the discharge of one-half or two-thirds of them; the iron trades employ but one-fifth of their force a year ago, and 5000 iron-workers are idle; in ship-building dulness reigns supreme, and the ship-carpenters, in despair, have long since sought other employment; one half of the 8000 cigar-makers are without employment; of 8000 stevedores or navvies, 4200 are with ut regular work; among the clerks and other assistants in business houses and retail shops the destitution is worrowful, and at least 5000 of them are wandering idly about the streets; of house-servants, a class that is constantly reinforced by immigration, 3000 want places. This gives an idea of the condition of affairs in the metropolis, and the rule there prevails everywhere. Philadelphia, the leading manufacturing city, has 25,000 idle working people. From Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, a similar report comes, and from the South the unfortunate condition of the blacks, who will not work when they can get it, and now are without the chance to work if they would, is the constant theme of all our intelligence. In the agricultural regions of the North there is not the same destitution that prev