"Her virtue, and her talents, and her beauty grow upon me day by day. The only want I feel is in my own deserving of such a woman."

"Yes," returned the mother, with feverish eagerness. "She is a good girl—thoroughly good. I do assure you, Mr. Crowninshield, and would with my dying breath that she is all and more than all she seems. She is pure, too—with all her wit, and all her strength of character, no child is purer than my Maud."

"I need no assurance of that, my dear madam."

"And she loves you as few women know how to love," pursued the mother, growing more excited every moment. "There are depths of devotion in that girl's heart, that a whole life cannot exhaust. Her soul is bound up in yours—"

"Forgive me, if I interrupt you," said Percy, taking tenderly in his the slender, burning fingers of the invalid. "But is i quite right, even supposing that you have not mistaken the force of Maud's affection, to tell me so plainly what you yourself say she will never let me know? Would Maud be pleased?"

"No. It is indelicate, and the child would be inexpressibly shocked, could she have overheard me," returned Mrs Merriton promptly. "And what motive do you suppose has been strong enough to induce me to thus rend the veil from a virgin's heart? Why have I thus tried to enforce upon your mind the value of my daughter's character, and the strength of her affection?"

"That I might the more fully appreciate her," said Percy soothingly. "But I assure you that it is unnecessary. What have I seen—"

"No, no, it is not that. It is something I must tell you, that will shake your new love as this house would shake before an 'thquake."

The nervous agitation under which the invalid was suffering, had now reached its climax, and she burst into a paroxysm of hysterical tears.

Percy, much alarmed, pulled the bell, and then stood hesitating whether to go at once, or to wait the arrival of the nurse.

Mrs. Merriton herself relieved the doubt.

"Go," sobbed she, "Go, and say nothing. Another time—"

She said no more, and Percy without reply left the room and hastened to his own, where he long paced up and down, buried in gloomy reverie. Gradually, however, his brow cleared.

"It may be only a sick woman's nervous fancy," muttered he. "At all events, it is nothing about Maud herself—that she intimated very clearly. The family may be low perhaps the father was a grocer, or perhaps a merchant who failed dishonorably—perhaps—but pshaw—'tis Maud and not her father that I am to marry, and I will think no more of poor Mrs. Merriton's bugbear, until she herself chooses to introduce it more clearly."

So Percy smoothed his brow, and descended to the drawing-room, but it was deserted, and the lover concluded that Maud had been summoned to her mother. He therefore ordered his horse, and set off for Dr. Althorpe's, where his attendance had been more regular since his engagement than before. In riding by Mrs. Bartell's, he suddenly remembered the young girl with whom he had been so pleased during their only interview, and he resolved to call and have a little talk concerning her with his old friend.

He accordingly dismounted, and following the fashion of his boyhood, opened the front door, and walked in. Hearing voices in the sitting-room, he proceeded in that direction, and was about to enter, when the door was suddenly opened a very little way, and Mrs. Bartell squeezed herself through the passage, closing the door.

"How do you do, Mr. Percy," said she, in a constrained manner. "Wont you walk into the parlor, sir."

"Thank you—but why mayn't I walk into the sitting-room?" replied the young gentleman, with a mischievious pleasure in her confusion, as he put his hand upon the latch of the door.

"Indeed, sir—but I'd rather not have you go in there—it aint redded up for company—and besides—" stammered poor Mrs. Bartell, growing extremely red and embarrassed.

"The first reason was the best, aunty," said Percy, with a good-humored smile, as he led the way toward the parlor, but declined to seat himself in its bleak and inhospitable atmosphere.

"I can't stay, thank you," said he, in reply to his hostess's formal invitation. "I only called to ask if that young lady whom I met in the woods the other day, and who said she was staying with you, is any worse for her fright with the dog?"

"No, sir, she aint," returned Mrs. Bartell, who had heard the whole story from Mary, but still persisted in believing "Mr. Roland's" interpretation of the facts.

"And who is she, and where did she come from?" pursued Percy. "I hardly ever saw a prettier face, or more charming manners—"

"I must say, Mr. Percy," interrupted the housekeeper, severely, "that I had thought better things of you, than to come talking in that style to my very head—"

"What do you mean?" asked Percy, in surprise.

"I mean, sir, that I'm a decent woman, if I'm but a poor one, and that no such doings will go on under my ruff; and I must say, Mr. Percy, that a young gentleman as has a young lady bespoke, had better stay and keep her company, than to be running after other folk's pretty faces, and plotting against widder's houses which alluz was respectable, and is is hoped that they will so continue."

"Mrs. Bartell, will you be so kind as to tell me what you are talking about?" asked Percy.

"To be sure, sir, I was always fond of you when a boy, and it's all for your own good I'm saying it, but I should think, Mr. Percy, you'd be ashamed to look a decent woman that knowed you when you was an infant in a long white gownd, in the face; and you a plottin' to bring a ruination into the very doors that's alluz been respectable, though they was poor—"

"Good morning, Mrs. Bartell. When you come to your senses, you had better write me an apology and an explanation, for I really feel some curiosity to know the meaning of this tirade?" exclaimed Percy, angrily, as he took his hat and strode from the house. "What the deuce ails all the women this morning?" he muttered, as he untied Bayard and leaped into the saddle; but before he reached the town the frown had given place to a smile, and finally to a hearty laugh, as he recalled the untoward result of his morning call.

CHAPTER.

The next morning, the family at Falcon Eyrie had just completed their morning meal, and Maud had already left the table, when the door of the breakfast room was suddenly thrown open, and a singular form appeared upon the threshold.

It was that of a very old woman, with a figure so bowed that it seemed impossible she could have preserved her balance, without the aid of the stick in her right hand. She was dressed in a long scarlet cloak with a hood drawn over her head, leaving nothing visible but the middle of a crafty, puckered face, lighted by restless water black eyes, which, as she silently stood, observing the party at the breakfast table, wandered from face to face with an elfish scrutiny.

Close to her skirts passed an enormous yellow cat, who, with arched back, green dilated eyes, and spiteful hiss, seemed to express a general enmity and dislike to everything and everybody.

"O, it's Peggy Waterman," said Percy, at length, after a long stare had assured him of her identity, and rising, he was going toward her, but was detained by Xerxes.

"Don't do it, Mas'r Percy," exclaimed the black, while his rolling eyes and chattering teeth proved his alarm real. "Don't you go near it. It's Satan, sure 'nough, cum to kitch up all our souls, an' dat's one ob the debbil's long tails."

"You deserve to have Satan catch you, you black rascal," exclaimed the master of the house, "for not taking care to keep such strollers out. Why don't you see that some one is about while you are in here, to turn them off? Tell the hag there's nothing for her, and put her out the doors"

"But, Roland, this is not a beggar," cried Percy, hotly—"I tell you she's the old nurse our father always cared for."

"Then she should demand no more from the family," retorted his brother, coldly. "However, if she's one of your numerous female friends, Percy, I've nothing more to say, except that I must request you will entertain her in some other room than this. She disturbs my digestion."

During this hurried conversation, the intruder had never stirred from her position upon the threshold, nor offered either explanation or apology for her appearance, though the intelligent movement of her twinkling eyes sufficiently proved that she attended to what was passing, and fully comprehended the remarks so freely made upon her. Without moving a muscle except those about her mouth, or looking at any person in particular, she now said, in the weird, echoing voice so well remembered by one of her hearers:

"The judge is dead, and his wife is dead. One of these days, Brimstone and I'll be dead, too, and then all that we know will be dead and buried up in the ground."

"You've come to see me, good Peggy, haint you?" asked Percy, hurriedly, as he approached her, while Roland, languidly sipping his chocolate, looked at the woman over the edge of his cup with the same contemptuous surprise he might have shown in finding himself addressed by an educated baboon.

"No, we've nothing to say to Mr. Percy Crowninshield, to day. Maybap we shal want him another time, but to-day we want his brother, Yes, Brimstone and I've got something to say to the young man they call Roland Crowninshield, to the master of this fine house, and all the country round. We've come all this weary road to speak a few words to him alone."

"To me! Heaven forefend!" cried Roland, setting down his cup and shrugging his shoulders with a contemptuous grimace.

"No, no, my good soul. I have no desire to eclipse your first favorite. Whisper all your soft nothings in Percy's ear, or, if you're tired of him, coquette a little with Xerxes here."

"He don't know what we can tell him, Brimstone," muttered the old woman. "By-and-by, we'll see him on his knees to us, for all his fine talk, wont we, old Brim?"

"Come with me, Peggy—come this way," said Percy, earnestly, as he plucked at the scarlet cloak, and tried to induce the hag to follow him.

"Yes, go along with him, Peggy," sneered Roland, with an insolent laugh. "You'll be much more likely to see him on his knees than me; I'm not fond of the attitude."

With a swift and unexpected motion, the old woman suddenly crossed the room, closely accompanied by Brimstone, and pausing behind Roland's chair, put her face close to his ear and muttered a single word. In effect it was marvellous, for as he heard it, the haughty blood rushed to the face of the judge's heir, until it was almost purple, and then retreating as suddenly, left it of that grayish yellow peculiar to dark complexions, and so much more suggestive of deadly faintness than the clear white left in a blonde skin, after the color is withdrawn by pain or emotion,

Rising slowly, Roland turning and leaning upon the back of the chair, looked down at the bent figure of the hag with angry scrutiny.

"I will hear what you have to say," said he, at length, in a cold, cruel tone. "And beware, old woman, lest you have put your head into the lion's jaws without the power of withdrawing it. Unless you can prove the truth of that word you have spoken, my dogs shall chase you from the place, or at the best you shall sleep this night in Bedlam. Do you hear?"

"He wont talk so loud by and-by, old Brim, will he?" said Peggy, with a feeble laugh, as she stooped to pat her cat, who repaid the caress with a vicious snarl. "Don't get mad, Brim. He'll sooner set the dogs at his own throat than at you, when he knows what you can tell him—or shall we tell the other one, Brimstone? The one who came to see us and didn't want to go away, he, he, he!"

"Follow me, old woman!" said Roland, suddenly, as he led the way toward the library, leaving Percy to explain to the astonished Maud what he himself knew of nurse Waterman, and her mysterious innuendoes.

Arrived at the library, the master of Falcon's Eyrie carefully closed and locked the double doors connecting with the hall, dropped the curtains before the low windows, and then fixing his eyes sternly upon the face of his strange visitor, said briefly, "Well!"

"It's a nice place to be master of, aint it, Brimstone?" said Peggy, hobbling about the room, closely followed by the cat. "A nice place, and a fine house. This is the library here's where the old judge used to sit. That's the very chair, that one the young man's a leaning on, where he set the day he sent for me. Day, no, 'twas night, and he locked the doors, and dropped the curtains just as the young man's done now, Brimstone. But the judge was soft as silk to Peggy then, and it wasn't one gold piece nor two he gave her, but twenty—twenty gold pieces, and every one with ten good dollars in it. Eh, old Brimstone! They don't do so now a days for you and Peggy, do they?"

"Enough of this, woman," interposed Roland, harshly. "Tell me instantly the meaning of the word you whispered in my ear but now?"

"The word? 'Twas *Bastard*, wasn't it? 'Tisn't a pretty name for a young gentleman, I know. Not nigh so pretty as 'master of Falcon's Eyrie,' but Brimstone says that it's the only name you have a right to, and that the others belong to that pretty fellow who came to see us the 'nother day, and—"

"Wretched creature, why do you try to provoke me into crushing out your miserable existence?" hissed Roland, fiercely. "Prove your abominable words, and that briefly, or else down on your knees and beg for your remnant of life, I despise yet more than I abhor you, and may be prevailed upon to let you crawl away unharmed if you retract."

"Yes, young man," said Peggy, suddenly erecting herself and looking for the first time in the face of him she addressed, "you abhor the woman who stood between you and death when you was a little puny baby, and no one thought you could live, and you despise her yet more, but you shan't fear her most of all, for she can turn you out of home and name, and honorable place, and the good words of men. All this we can do, old Brimstone, can't we?" added she, with a sudden relapse to her former attitude and manner.

"Proof, proof, give me proof!" cried Roland hoarsely, a sudden pang of conviction rending his soul.

"Well, let us see, we'll begin at the beginning and tell the whole story, but first we'll sit down and make ourselves comfortable, eh, Brimstone? Here's a stool will do for me—it's softer than mine at home. I'll ask the young man to send me a softer one to-morrow—I guess he will—and there's a fine bed of ashes for you, old Brim—lie down, wise cat, and listen—you can set me right if I forget. But my pipe, I can't talk without my cutty pipe, you know, Brimstone, so I brought it along, and here it is. Now let me have a coal to light it, and then we'll begin. The young man's in a hurry, you see, Brim."

(To be Continued.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, NOV. 28th, 1867

SALT.

The fresh discovery of salt on the Goderich side of the Maitland River will give a fresh impetus to the developement of our salt interests. This new well was looked upon in a certain respect as *the* test of the question whether the formation was extensive enough to warrant the expenditure of capital in situations where the facilities for shipping by rail or water were greatest. If it failed all future operations would necessarily be confined to the opposite side of the river, and even then the extent of the saline basin might be so problematical as to induce caution and delay. Now however the glorious fact is before us that an immense deposit of the purest and best salt yet discovered in a natural state underlies the whole of the town. We use the term glorious, because it is evident that the inexhaustible riches—representing millions of money—now awaiting the expenditure of a definite amount of capital must, in the nature of things, build up this fair town into one of the most flourishing places in the New Dominion. For thirty years some of our people have been waiting for increased prosperity. When the railway was built great things were predicted, but as the produce of the country had to flow eastward, the country generally reaped the benefit while Goderich suffered. We have always felt the want of something apart from the produce trade, the bulk of which could not be secured. That want has been amply met by the timely, and, we might add, *accidental* discovery of immense saline riches which have lain hid away in the bowels of the earth for ages. It is difficult to imagine any mineral discovery that could be of equal importance. Gold fields are sources of riches which soon exhaust themselves, and the feverish rush ceases almost as rapidly as it comes on. Coal oil has built up cities which, in a few short years, have presented a doleful picture of deserted machinery and bear skeletons of derricks. In salt, however, as it exists here, we have a permanent wealth which will be barely trenched upon by the operations of half a century. Think, also, of its vast usefulness in the human economy. Next to iron, what can approach it? It has entered into the composition of the food of rich and poor, civilized and savage, since the dawn of history, and it is reasonable to conclude that no development of science in its onward and upward course can supersede its universal use. For an article that is in universal demand there must be constant requisition, and hence capitalists may sink their wells or shafts, start their machinery, and erect for themselves permanent mansions, under a full belief that they can settle down earnestly to the labor of a lifetime with an absolute certainty of success. The fine quality of the salt must enable it to rank higher in the markets of America at all times than that manufactured at older works, and this fact will ensure for it an ever-widening sale. The field in Canada alone is very large, while the North West will be open to us at all times. We have a fine harbor, and open navigation to the head of Lake Superior. When once Red River wheat begins to reach Fort William it can be brought eastward by our vessels, which can return laden with salt. And when the Reciprocity Treaty is renewed, which it will be, we trust, ere long, the Chicago market will at once be opened, when we can compete with either Onondaga or Saginaw on more than favorable terms. The fears of those who urge that the product of a dozen wells at Goderich will glut the market are entirely groundless. In our humble opinion from twenty to forty wells will be profitably worked to the full extent of their capacity ere three years pass over. It is feared by some that the restrictive policy so blindly pursued by the Canada Company will retard the full development of this new source of wealth. There is not the least danger of that. Along the line of the railway, from the wharf to Munroe's at the limit of the corporation, there is land enough in private hands to provide sites for scores of wells, besides large blocks to the South of Brittania Road. The wisest course for the company is to sell at once at reasonable rates, so that the most may be made out of its remaining lots. The dog-in-the-manger policy never did and never can succeed.

Now that the pathway to material prosperity is open to them, we would urge upon our citizens the necessity of energetic action. Those of them who have means at command will, no doubt, see to it that they are not shoved aside by foreign capitalists, and those who have sites for sale, will in our opinion, act wisely by offering them on reasonable terms. Unity of action is what we now require in order to build up the interests of our beautiful town.

Safety of Dr Livingston!

The news that Dr. Livingston is safe and heard from up to a comparatively late period will be received with feelings of joy by the civilized world. The Dr. will have an interesting story to tell on his return to civilization.

☞ The County Council meets on the 3rd prox.

The True Cause of Mr. Galt's Resignation.

The Montreal *Daily News*, a Conservative journal, has the following despatch from Ottawa:—

"The Hon. Mr. Rose has accepted, much against his will, the office vacated by Mr. Galt. Rumour says he will have to contend with a deficit of five millions of dollars."

The same journal says editorially;—

"We do not profess to be in the confidence of the Ministry, and can only speculate on the arguments which were urged and the motives which finally seduced Mr. Rose into accepting office,—more especially one with an ominous repute; so suspiciously forsaken by Mr. Galt on the flimsiest of excuses. We neither accept Mr. Galt's explanation in the House, or the outside rumour that he returns to his first love as a railway contractor, having an eye to the Intercolonial, as the real motives which led to his retirement. We dread to think that he abandoned his post rather than confess a disastrous failure. *We half fear that he sought refuge as a private member rather than confront the country with a revelation of the disordered state of its finances.* Mr. Rose's patriotism must be equal to his courage, otherwise he would be appalled by a deficit outstripping the fears of the most critical and economical.

The Situation in Ireland.

The Cork *Herald*, of the 5th inst., writing on the political situation existing in Ireland, says:—"Extraordinary precautions against Fenians and Fenian raids seem to be the rule everywhere at the present moment. The soldiers garrisoned here are allowed to sleep, on an average, we understand, but four nights in every week. They are always supplied with the full quantity of ammunition, so as to be ready to repel at any time any attack that may be made. On a recent occasion the authorities, apprehending interference with the barrack gas, kept the men up throughout the entire night, and had them provided with candles and matches. Of course the Fenians made no appearance neither was the gas meddled with. The police force are also on the alert."

THE MAYORALTY

In to-day's issue of the *Signal* will be found a requisition signed by 115 persons asking Mr. Johnston to enter the field as a candidate for the Mayoralty for 1868. The only opponent thus far is Mr. Crabb, and judging from the feeling expressed by a majority of those we have met, we think there can be no doubt of Mr. Johnston's return, if no other candidate enters the lists, and if the reform electors are magnanimous enough to ignore party politics in municipal matters, a course we have always advocated. Of course, we do not mean that Mr. Crabb could have any claim on reformers on political grounds. The contest this year will probably be a very quiet one.

THE REEVESHIP.

We presume the town of Goderich will again honor Mr. Gibbons by naming him as the man to represent it in the County Council. In our opinion, if it is considered that the Reeveship would not clash with his Parliamentary duties—and it is extremely unlikely that the offices, in his case, would interfere with each other—he should be re-elected to that office. The reasons are obvious: He possesses more municipal knowledge than, we think, any available man we have, he has given ample satisfaction during the past to a large majority of the ratepayers, and it is pretty clear that no man stands higher in the estimation of his fellow-reeves. For these and other obvious reasons, we think, Mr Gibbons ought to be re-elected Reeve.

FENIANS HUNG.

Three of the Manchester Fenians were hung on the morning of the 23rd. This will prove a salutary warning to all those who may contemplate future breaches of law and order.

BRINE AT CLINTON.—We learn by telegraph that a show of brine was struck at Clinton on Friday last, at what depth is not stated. Experienced men inform us that brine can be found by boring to a certain depth in any part of Canada, but that in all cases, except at Goderich, thus far, it has been useless for manufacturing purposes. It remains to be seen whether the show at Clinton will amount to anything or not.

PARLIAMENT.—There is absolutely nothing doing at the seat of Government beyond talk. We understand that Mr. Rose's election in Huntingdon comes off this week, and that immediately after his return the budget will be brought down, if it is introduced this session at all. The general opinion is that Ministers will content themselves with asking for a vote of credit until the House re-assembles in February. The feeling between Mr. Cartier and his colleagues continues to be quite cool.

The Early Closing Movement.

We are requested to announce that the town bell will be rung to-night at 7 o'clock for the closing of stores and shops, all our merchants having signed the agreement to do so excepting one, who, the clerks trust, will yet fall in with the arrangement. If the movement is carried out in good faith it will be a great boon to the clerks of the town.

☞ The subscription papers for the purposing of raising a loan to enable Mr. Platt to place a first class engine in his mill are being circulated in town and through the neighboring townships, and the success of the arrangement is almost certain. Farmers convenient to Goderich market will feel that their interests are intimately connected with the running of a good mill in the place—as proved by past experience—and our townsmen will require no argument on our part to convince them of the same fact in *their* case.

THEFT.—Some thief of an epicurean turn of mind broke into a pen at the rear of Mr. Horton's grocery, last night, and walked off with a number of turkeys. If the bones should stick in the thief's throat and choke him before his time, Mr. H. would hardly die of grief.

☞ See Mr. McMahon's adv. of Auction Sale.

SALT INTELLIGENCE.

The following Salt Wells are either being bored or to be gone on with without delay:—

One on Mr Weatherald's property.

The second at the foot of Nelson st., on Mr. McKid's lots, in which the Messrs. Dickson and others have embarked.

A third is spoken of on the lots opposite, owned by Mr Savage.

Still another lower down the railway track on the property recently purchased by Messrs. T. Dancy and others.

One at Platt's Mills.

And still another by Messrs Detlor and others in Maitlandville.

These, with those already sunk, will make up a total of *eight wells*.

When it is remembered that most of the companies for carrying out the above have been formed since Friday, the reader will be able to form an idea of the energy with which our people are going to work. But while it is well that our home capital should be invested in this way, there is plenty of room for the enterprise of outside capitalists who wish to secure good permanent investments.

Mr. Crawford of Port Albert offers special inducements to Salt speculators.

See Mr. Weatherald's adv. of Salt Territory for sale.

Mr Trueman has a number of Salt lots for sale.

Mr Morrison is open for another boring contract.

We understand that Sheriff McDonald has disposed of 50 acres of land immediately adjoining Maitlandville, to Dr. McMicken, at a fair figure.

The Townsend Family.

We regret very much that an expression in the letter from our Seaforth correspondent has been construed into a reflection upon the character of the members of this family. In the hurry of proof-reading we accepted the remark as the sentiment of a large class of people who regard *all* theatrical performances as being of an immoral tendency, and at once turned to the notices of our Goderich reporter, which were certainly of a flattering nature. We *could not* have been inclined to reflect upon the private character of a family of which we had written so highly with our own hand.—The "great indignation" referred to by a contemporary existed mainly in the breast of Mr. Townsend's agent, who, we have reason to believe, was worked upon for that purpose, by its travelling factotum. As for Mr. Townsend, himself, we believe he is too much of a gentleman to entertain the idea that anything personal was intended, after this frank explanation.

LAND SALES.—As the present is a good time for the disposal of lands in the County of Huron we cannot do better than refer parties who are writing us almost daily to Mr. G. M. Trueman whose long experience and success in land sales enables him to make this a specialty in his line. Mr. Trueman has made some excellent sales during the past few weeks, and we can promise those who patronise him the most careful attention to their orders.

☞ A good and reliable company is being formed to bore for salt on the very available property of Mr. James Thomson, situated between the railway track and the river, quite close to the new wells. The most of the stock is taken and operations will commence at once.

☞ Persons in want of machinery, kettles &c. for salt wells cannot do better than apply to friend Runciman of the Huron Foundry.

☞ We had a heavy rainfall on Sunday night and Monday, and it is probable that we are on the eve of cold weather.

KEEP YOUR DOGS AT HOME.—A farmer's dog having been shut in Mr. Butler's shop, one day last week, leaped through one of the large panes of glass in the window, breaking it to pieces, of course. The damage cost the farmer several dollars.

☞ We understand traffic rates on the Grand Trunk have been greatly increased during the past few days.

☞ There is some talk of the division of Huron for "Registration purposes." If some favorites cannot be provided for otherwise, we do not see that the interests of the public demand any such action for some time yet.

☞ S. Pollock Esq., is spoken of as Reeve for Goderich township next year. If Mr. Pollock would assume the responsibility he would do the township credit, as he is a man of first-class business habits and thorough, practical ability. He has no friends to give fat jobs to if he was willing to do it.

☞ Thomas Dark, late of the British Exchange, Goderich, has commenced again as hotel-keeper in Mrs. Ross' old place, Smith's Hill. Mr. D. has the reputation of being the best hotel keeper in Ontario.

☞ We are glad to hear that it is the determination of the people of Ashfield, Colborne, Wawanosh, &c., to assist Mr. Platt, by way of loan, to place a steam engine in his Mills.

☞ Mr. Platt's new salt well has been stopped for a few days on account of unexpected difficulties. It will, soon, we hope, be all right.

☞ The works on the New Salt Well, Maitlandville, are making good progress

☞ Mr. Cameron arrived in town late on Saturday night and will remain for a few days, unless called to Ottawa by pressing business.

☞ It is expected that M. C. Cameron M. P. will pay a flying visit to Goderich this week.

☞ It is expected that the Public Meeting to discuss the Summer Hotel question, will take place on Tuesday evening next.

☞ A large amount of salt territory is advertised for sale in this issue of the *Signal*.

☞ See Mr. A. Smith's advertisement of Sewing Machines.

☞ Messrs. Walsh & Morrison, who have been so successful in the boring of the new salt well are ready for a fresh engagement.

☞ Advertise in the *Signal* if you wish your announcements to reach the chief capitalists in Canada and the States.

☞ Mr. Ransford is talking of boring for salt on his property in Goderich. He would, we believe, be sure of success.

☞ We have to thank Mr. J. McHardy Sen. for a fyle of Scottish papers.

☞ Mr. H. P. O'Connor, formerly of this town, passed a very creditable examination and has been admitted to practice as an Attorney.

☞ The covered skating rink is being pushed rapidly towards completion and will be open, we think, before the holiday season. Call at Gardiner & Co's if you wish to be provided with the best and most improved skates.

☞ Send your advertisements to the *Signal*, if you wish to give them wide spread publicity.

☞ New Material for jobbing is being received at this office, almost weekly. We claim to have one of the most complete establishments in this line in Ontario. Our motto is excellence of paper and workmanship, and reasonable prices. A botched-up piece of job-printing is dear at any price.

☞ W. G. Cox Esq., of Omagh, Ireland, will please accept our thanks for a supply of Belfast and other Irish journals.

☞ We would beg to draw attention to the card of our respected friend Dr R. J. Sloan of Wingham. By some means, during the election contest, the Dr's card was dropped for several weeks, but as he knows we intend to make him ample amends. He is too good a man and too able a physician to be treated slightly.

SEAFORTH.

Saturday ev'g, 23rd Nov.

This week, like its predecessor, was not characterized by anything very eventful. Markets about the same as last week, commercial business do, except in the liquor traffic, which seems to be in a very flourishing condition at all times; that is evidenced from the fact that we have no less than eight public hotels, and twelve stores in which liquor is sold. How is it that our township municipality can legally allow twenty such places in so small a place is beyond our comprehension, and all lovers of the personal, domestic, civil and moral welfare of the community, are hopefully looking forward to the practical workings of our new incorporation for a general weeding out.

Those of our citizens who attended Judge's minstrels and dog concert, in Downey's Hall, consider themselves badly sold.

The demand for houses to rent is greater than ever, and some men are prompted to adopt unwarrantable means to get possession. For example, Mr Lere rented a house to Mr McCracken of Glenco, but when he came with his family on Wednesday to take possession of it, he found that another man had moved into it, and he was obliged to find quarters elsewhere.

As the year draws to a close there is some inquiry as to who will be elected Reeve of our new incorporation in January. Some ironically speak of S. Stark—some sincerely of J C McCaughey or Dr Coleman, but if we had our say, we would appoint Archibald McDougall or W Hill.

On Friday afternoon and evening Rev Mr McDonnell was ordained over the Baptist Church here. Rev Mr Stewart and Dr Fife took prominent parts in the services. The Presbyterian minister of Egmondville, and the two Methodist ministers of this place were invited to and did attend, and were cordially recognized in a way which accords with the exclusive sentiments of the Close-Communion Baptist Church.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* attempts to prove that its city is "fast," and instances the fact that "on Saturday last, the wife of a German resident in Chestnut street died; she was buried at one o'clock on Sunday; at six o'clock the widower was again married, and on Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, the newly made bride was a mother. We doubt if even Chicago can beat that time on destatching business."

Josh Billings on the Goose.

The goose is a grass animal but don't chew her cud. Tha are good livers, about one acker to a goose is enuff, altho, there is some folks who think one goose to 175 akers is nearer right. These two calculations are so far apart, it is difficult to tell now which will finally win. But i don't think if i had a farm of 175 akers, awll paid for, that i would sell it for half what it was worth just becuze it didn't have but one goose on it. Geese sta well, some of our best biographers sez 70 years, and grow taff to the last. Tha is one egg at once, about the size of a goose egg, in which the goslents lies hidd. The gozlen is the gose's babe. The goose don't suckle his young, but turns him out tew pasture on somebody's vacant lot. This seem to lack wisdom but it generally considered sound on the goose. Tha is good eating but not good chawing; the rezon of this remain a profound sekret to the present da. When the femail goose is at work hatchin she is a hard bur to pleze, she riles clear up from the bottom in a minit, and will fite a yoke of ozen if tha sho her the least bit of thar sass. The goose is excellent for feathers, which shed every year by the handfull. Tha R infibicuss besides other kinds ov cuss. But tha R mostly curious about one thing, tha hawl up 1 leg into their body and stand on tother awl da, and not touch anything with thare hands. I take notis thar ain't but few men that can dew this.

☞ Those who have spare time in the evening can spend it very profitably by attending the night school at the Commercial Academy.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 23.—The condemned Fenians, Allen, Larkin, and Gould suffered the extreme penalty of the law, in this city, at 10 o'clock this morning. The precautions taken by the Government to guard against the outbreaks were effectual. Notwithstanding the prevalence of a dense fog and drizzling rain, the crowd that witnessed the execution was very large. The city is now perfectly quiet.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—An immense mass meeting of Irish citizens was held this evening at Cooper Institute, under the auspices of the Irish Brigade, for the purpose of protesting against the infringement of the rights of American citizens of Irish birth on the part of the British Government. Col. James McIver occupied the chair. Gen. Chas. G. Halpine, Gen. Cochrane and other speakers made addresses. Resolutions favoring the object of the meeting were adopted.

A Parisian Miscreant

The advocates for the maintenance of the banishment of death have found a terrible argument in favor of their doctrine in the affair which is about to be brought before the tribunals in a few days. The *ci-d'avant* Marquis Jean Pierre Lemaire, the *exécution* is one of the most horrible condemnations of the nineteenth century, which has greeted us for many years. The culprit is a returned convict from Cayenne. Originally a butcher by trade, his manual skill enable him to accomplish the riddance of his victims in less time, and with less suspicion than any other. This man had been in the habit of hiring lonely tenements by the river side, whither he could easily decoy the unwary farmers and wagoners returning from the hay market with unsold produce, which the pretended hay and corn dealer offered to purchase. Arrived at the *sot disant* warehouse, the victim was invited to partake of a friendly glass. The night chosen for the deed was always a dark and stormy one; the poor victim invariably fell into the snare of accepting hospitality till morning, and overcome by the drug mixed with the liquor he had taken, fell into slumber as soon as he had sunk upon the straw provided for his nigh's accommodation; then with the heavy mace, used by the butchers of Paris for stunning the oxen, he dashed out the brains of his victim, and proceeded deliberately to cut up the body, which he flung in the river piecemeal, carrying the fragment slung over his shoulder, without the smallest fear of discovery. "I knew well enough that no man would have imagined another bold enough to carry the evidence of crime thus openly," said the villain when the Judge d'Instruction expressed wonder at the audacity which had prompted this disregard of discovery. The affair has filled us with the most serious alarm, for this wholesale butchery has been going on for some time without the smallest suspicion on the part of the police; and it was only by the carelessness of the murderer that the series of crimes was detected at last. His offering for sale the cart belonging to his last victim without having taken the precaution to obliterate the name painted on the side, led to enquiry concerning its late owner, and thus the murder was traced.—*Liverpool Courier.*

There are two parliaments assembled at Ottawa; one consisting of three estates of the Dominion.—Queen, Lords and Commons, and the other of the fourth estate, or representatives of the press. This latter has no gorgeous dresses, no ushers nor pages, no courteous attendants from governors and great men, or reverence from servitors of the public; but it is, perhaps, the more powerful parliament of the two. It represents the people fully and accurately, and the journalism of the country—of which it is the embodiment—has probably quite as much to say in the guidance of public affairs as parliament itself, and a good deal more, in the moulding of public opinion. We are glad to learn that the leading papers of the Maritime Provinces are well represented at Ottawa, as well as the press of Canada generally.—*Montreal Witness.*

A HEAVY DOSE.—Our readers will remember that there have appeared in our columns within the past few weeks, the obituary notices of Mr. Geo. Swan, and of his wife, Mrs. Margret Swan. We regret to say that the death of both father and mother, within so short a time, has so severely shocked the nervous system of one of the daughters as to render her partially insane. While laboring under an hallucination of the brain, on Sabbath evening last, Miss Swan took six bottles of medicine of various kinds which had been prescribed for her mother, and finished up the dose by swallowing an ounce of laudanum. Dr. Philp was at once summoned, and with the aid of a stomach pump succeeded in relieving her stomach of the load of poison, and we understand that the young woman is now not much the worse of her freak. We must say that either the medicine was not very strong, or else the young lady's stomach must be composed of vast y different material from that of most mortals.—*Banner.*

Washington, Nov. 23.—In accordance with the provision of the new postal convention between the United States and the United Kingdom and Ireland, coming into operation on the 1st of January next, that each office shall make its own arrangements for the dispatch of mails to the other office by well appointed ships, sailing on stated days, and shall at its own cost remunerate the owners of such ships for the conveyance of the mails.

STUPENDOUS TUNNEL ENTERPRISE.—An extraordinary piece of tunneling has lately been accomplished at the silver mines in the German Hartz Mountains. The mines were over 3,000 feet deep, and the scarcity of fuel prevented the use of steam for pumping, which was done by water wheels, aided by tunnel drains. But the great depth reached in 1849, precluded further progress in that manner, and a tunnel was commenced for deep training, which is but now finished. It is 22 miles long; 2,000,000 cubic yards of solid rock excavated. 10,000 pounds of powder used, and the linear extent of blasting holes drilled is 180 miles.

☞ On motion of Sir John A. Macdonald, a writ has been ordered for a new election in Huntingdon County, the Hon. John Rose having accepted the office of Finance-Minister.

☞ The latest style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as consisting of two straws, tied together at the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price, nineteen dollars."

☞ The Toronto, Grey, & Bruce, and Toronto P Nipissing, Railway Companies have held a meeting to take steps for preliminary surveys of the two roads. The surveys will cost about $7,500. Three thousand dollars were subscribed at the meeting by sixteen parties.

Every Body Says So.

That is all who have either used the article themselves or witnessed its effects when used by others; all such, and they are only fit to judge, are unanimous in the opinion that "Darley's Arabian Heave Remedy" is superior to anything of the kind heretofore or at present in use for Coughs, Colds, Thick Wind, and all diseases which affect the Wind of Horses. As a Condition Medicine it has no equal; there is nothing in it which can injure a horse whether sick or well—nor need the horse be kept from working while using it; it is just the article which all who own horses require, and which they should have constantly on hand.

Remember the name, and see that the signature of *Hurd & Co.* is on each package.

Northrop & Lyman, Newcastle, C. W., proprietors for the Canadas. Sold by all Medicine dealers.

☞ Twenty years experience in using Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers have proved them to be the most effectual remedy for coughs, and irritation of the throat, caused by cold or unusual exertion of the vocal organs. public speakers and singers will find them most beneficial. The entire freedom from all deleterious ingredients renders Bryan's Pulmonic Waifers, or Cough and Voice Lozenges, a safe remedy for the most delicate person, and has caused them to be held in high esteem by all who have used them. Sold by all medicine dealers at 25cts. per box.

COTTON IN ILLINOIS.—It is estimated that Illinois alone will produce five hundred thousand bales of Cotton next year, and we understand that the Government of the United States have given instructions to their General in command of the Army in the South to have all the seed saved that is possible, for planting in that and other western States, but should their expectations not be fulfilled it is gratifying to know that we have a sovereign remedy for coughs, colds, cramps in the stomach, cholic, cholera morbus, and all complaints of the like nature, in the "Canadian Pain Destroyer," sold by all Medicine Dealers, 25cts per bottle.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

1. Now cold November's gusty gale
Comes blustering down the Boreal way,
And Nature, with a fearful mein,
Beholds her sweetest charms decay.
No more the glancing streamlet's hymn,
In happy thinkings cheers the dell;
Each fitful voice in glen and grove,
Seems sighing out the year's farewell.

2. No more, on glittering billows borne,
The stately bark in grandeur glides,
But roaring waves, in turbid foam,
Fierce combat wage with Huron's tides;
No more its banks in leafy pride
Through bowery shades invite to stray;
No more their sylvan echoes ring
Responsive to the stock-dove's lay.

3. For Winter, in his threatening ire,
Hath cast abroad his blighting frown,
And scattered all the glowing joys
That gemm'd fair summer's vernal crown;
High piled along the wave-lash'd strand,
He rears his jagged ice wall,
The rampant of his ruthless reign
To hold the gold floods in thrall.

4. Far-veiled behind yon murky zone
Of sable clouds, that denser lower,
The pallid sunbeams southward fare,
Too faint to pierce its ebon power.
How wild each sound, how chill each scene!
How and the mind's presaging dread;
How hope recoils, how misery pines!
How penury shrinks with drooping head.

5. The plumy tribes of grove or lake,
To more congenial scenes have flown;
The reptile to his dormant rest,
The wild beast to his den hath gone;
But whither can misfortunes child,
Evade the woes that round him loom?
What home can shield the outcast's head,
Or guard him from a wretch's doom?

6. Perchance e'en now the haggard eye
Of famine—grisly tyrant—peers
Where humble worth unfriended groans,
And stainless virtue hides her tears;
Perchance some widow'd victim strains
Her famish'd infants to her breast,
While anguish chills its vital tide,
By sickness, cold and hunger press'd.

7. Awake ye souls, that wrapp'd in dreams
By fortune's partial bounties given,
Awhile