and silver coin, and that the negroes had only to affect an entrance at night, means for which she was herself prepared to furnish them, and at the same time represenging to them that they would have it in their power to revenge themselves for all their past wrongs at her father's hands, imaginary or real. The negroes and the chiefs were only too intent upon the treasures their fancy depicted, to think or care for Maud herself, or to question the reason of her unnatural treachery. So they promised to enter the stockade under her direction, rob the house, and then screen the deed they had committed by burning the dwelling and all within its precincts.

While this diabolical plan had been thoroughly concocted, Captain Ratlin and the two English ladies had passed many pleasant hours together, all unconscious of any being any danger at hand; and even Maud, with subtle treachery, seemed open and free than she had been in her intercourse with them at first. But she thought herself unobserved, she at times permit a reflex of her soul to cover her dark, handsome features, fire of passion to flash from her eyes at moments, the Quadroon betrayed unsexed, and could hardly contain her own anger and hate not to spring, tiger-like, at her hatred. But the dwelling tempt upon the dwelling of its inhabitants drew had sworn to stand by sacrificed an infant to hate him and insure

midnight that the seen pouring out arest to the house. our for their fate the dwellers in the soundest wrapd indeed chosen had been carefully and opened the to pass in, and ice for the time Leonardo came ent, followed tly shot down tered by the dead. This those behind to jungle, where ver as to what on to their plans

here informed en long with had been con- st could not the opportune while he, by ntstayed the nce more be hened and mass of the for one treachery, and by her absence; time for speculations other matter, since the of the negroes had rendered d, and they seemed determined, were partially foiled in their pur- to entering the place by stratagem, to carry the house, at all hazards, by actual storm, while they rendered the air heavy with their yells.

Don Leonardo was not at all alarmed—he had fought too many battles with the negroes to fear them. He quietly prepared his fire-arms, and loaded to the muzzle a heavy swivel-gun he kept mounted at one of the main windows, while he gave arms to such of his slaves as he felt confidence in, and to his immediate retainers. The negroes had never seen or heard the swivel fired, as it was a late importation. They had become somewhat accustomed to small arms, and though they had a dread, yet it was not sufficient to deter them from making the attack after having congregated in such numbers, and having become so wrought up by each other. But as they made a rush boldly towards the stockade, Don Leonardo fired the swivel, which had been loaded with shot, slugs and bullets, into their very midst, every missile telling on the limb or body of one or more! The effect was electrical and the slaughter large.

The astonished savages rapidly gathered up their wounded companions and returned to the jungle once more. At first, this terrible slaughter among them seemed to deter them from the idea of a second attack, but the loud report of the gun rapidly augmented the numbers of the blacks, until they made a second slaughter, with almost precisely the same effect. They could scale the stockade only on this side, while on the other or opposite side, Captain Ratlin kept up such a deadly and accurate fire of musketry, that every one who approached the buildings was sure to forfeit his life. It was fortunate that this arrangement had been made, for the negroes twice attempted to set the dwellings on fire from the rear, but were instantly repulsed by Captain Ratlin's double-barrelled gun which was ready loaded by his side, and which he used with fearful accuracy of aim on every adproaching object.

The negroes seemed to be wrought up to such a state of excitement that they would not give over their purpose, though it involved such immense risk and sacrifice of life, and the attack was continued, at intervals, far into the morning, and long after the regular course of day, until at last the negroes divided their mutilated numbers into four parties, and it was evidently their last and most determined attempt. They did not hurry this, but seemed to pause and take some refreshments and rest a couple of hours, when once more the onslaught commenced, and the inhabitants of the stockade found it a desperate fight, and one even of doubtful result, if long continued as it began.

"Keep the black imps clear, Don, for a short half-hour longer, and it will be all up with them," shouted Captain Ratlin, from the rear. "I see a heavy square-rig, rounding the point and standing in for an anchorage; we shall find civilized help."

"That is lucky," growled the Spaniard, as he cooly shot down a negroe; "our powder is fast giving out."

The inhabitants of the stockade sadly needed assistance at this critical juncture, for the infuriated savages had become desperate and reckless in their attack, and must soon have carried the building by storm. But there soon pulled to the beach a half a half-dozen boats, with a detachment of mariners and seamen, led on at full speed by an officer, before whose approach the angry negroes retired, exhausted, leaving many dead upon the ground, and many too severely wounded to effect their retreat to the jungle. The fight had been very sanguinary one to the half-witted creatures who were outside the stockade.

The new-comers were an officer and a part of the crew of a man-of-war that was cruising upon the coast, and which had been attracted to the harbor by the firing of the heavy swivel. They where admitted within the stockade. That they were English was at once observable, by the flag that floated from the graceful craft and now rounded to and come to anchor within block cartridge shot of the factory or barracoons. The officer felt authorized to interfere, as we have seen, but his power of search and of interference in the peculiar trade of the coast ceased the moment he touched the land. His jurisdiction did not extend over any residents on their property, unless it was afloat; over the coast and rivers he claimed jurisdiction only.

The new-comers were hospitably entertained by Don Leonardo, while the officer who had taken them under as captains, was shown to his room, and whose insignia of rank indicated his station as captain, was ushered into the more private apartments of the house, where were the ladies of Captain Ratlin, the latter trying to reassure them, and to quiet their fears on account of the late fearful business of the night. He was thus engaged when the English captain entered, and was not a little astonished to hear the mutual expressions of surprise that were uttered by both the ladies and the officer himself, while a moment sufficed to show them to be old acquaintances. The reader would here recognize, in the newcomer, Captain Robert Bramble, whom we saw paying suit to Miss Huntington, not long previous, on the shady veranda of her mother's house, in the environs of Odoutia.

Notwithstanding the excitement of the moment, and the joy felt on all sides at the timely arrival of the English officer and people—notwithstanding the surprise of the nominal, that filled all present at the singular meeting of old friends under such extraordinary circumstances: yet a close observer might have noticed an ill-suppressed expression of dissatisfaction upon Captain Ratlin's face, as he saw the English captain in friendly and even familiar intercourse with mother and daughter.

"Who could have possibly foreseen this strange, this opportune meeting?" said the mother.

"It is as strange as agreeable, I assure you," replied the new-comer. "And you were wrecked and picked up at sea, you say, and brought here by—"

"Captain Ratlin," interrupted the daughter, fearing that her mother would have introduced a word that would have betrayed their protector.

"Yes, by Captain Ratlin," continued the mother. "Permit me to introduce you, gentlemen. Captain Bramble, this is Captain Ratlin; you are both seamen, and there is no need of compliments, though I am seriously indebted to you both."

"Of the queerest service, I presume?" said the English officer, regarding the young and handsome commander of the "Sea Witch" with a somewhat suspicious eye.

"Thus childhood," was the cool reply, while, as though by a feeling of common consent, both turned away from each other, to other objects.

Captain Bramble saw that she whom he had so providentially saved—she whose smile would have been invaluable to him, now spoke low and gently to the merchant captain and even smiled kindly upon his remarks to her, of whatever nature they might be. Doubtless, from the moment of their introduction, a vague suspicion of his true character crossed the English officer's thoughts, but now he needed no other incentive than the fact that Miss Huntington received and entertained his addresses so agreeably, and with such evident pleasure, to make him more watchful and resolved to find out the truth.

"You are not long arrived, Captain Ratlin?" asked the officer.

"Within these two weeks," was the calm reply.

"Not seeing your vessel, I presume she has gone to the windward, for ivory?"

"Or perhaps to the leeward for other cargo," answered the other, somewhat haughtily.

The hint was sufficient, and the English officer saw that, let his trade be what it might, he had got to deal with one who was master of his own business, and who feared no one.

It was nearly night when Maud Leonardo reappeared, expressing no feeed surprise at what had occurred, and feigning well-assumed grief and regret, so honestly, too, as to deceive all parties who observed her. But her secret chagrin could hardly be suppressed. Indeed, her father, who knew her better than any one else, saw that there was something wrong in his daughter's spirit—that some event had seriously annoyed and moved her. He knew the child possessed much of her mother's will, revengeful disposition; and though even he never for a moment suspected her unnatural treachery, yet he resolved to watch her.

The negroes she had joined in the attack were completely routed and disheartened, and fearing the power and cunning of Don Leonardo, retreated far inland, and incorporated themselves with the tribes that gather their wild and precarious living in the depths of the jungle.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUEL.

Affairs in the immediate vicinity of Don Leonardo's residence began to assume a singular and very peculiar aspect. In the first place, there was, within doors and under his immediate roof, four new-comers nearly each of whom was actuated by some contrary purpose or design. Mrs. Huntington was exceedingly desirous to obtain passage up the coast to Sierra Leone, and thence home to England; her daughter secretly dreaded the approach of the hour that was to separate her from one whom in her unsevered heart she devotedly loved. Captain Ratlin was, of course, all impatience to have the English cruiser up anchor and leave the harbor, her proximity to his own fleet and her ship being altogether too close. while Captain Bramble felt in no haste to leave port, for several reasons. First, he had a suspicion that he should soon be able to trip up the heels of his rival, as he expected his business on the coast; and, secondly, he was very content to have Miss Huntington remain here, because he knew if she was once landed at Sierra Leone, she would directly sail for England.

Don Leonardo heartily wished them all at the bottom of the sea, or any other place except his house, with the exception, of course, of Captain Ratlin, whose bold face with him was seriously impeded by the presence of these ladies. Maud, too, was not a disinterested party, as the reader may well imagine, after the audacious treachery which she had already evinced; but she was comparatively passive now, and seemed quietly to bide her time for accomplishing her second resolve touching him she once loved but now hated, as well as satisfying her revengeful spirit by the misery or destruction of her rival. We say affairs in Don Leonardo's residence had assumed a singular and peculiar aspect, and the dull routine of everyday life that had characterized the last year was totally changed.

The singular coincidence of the meeting between Miss Huntington and her rejected lover, Captain Bramble, under such singular circumstances, had him once more to speak to her; and now, as she regarded him largely in the light of protector, the widow quite approved of his intimate and, indeed, as far as propriety would admit, secluded his suit with her daughter. When in India, she had looked most favorably upon Captain Bramble's intimacy with her child where there were necessary circumstances to further her claims; but now she soon told her daughter in private, that Captain Bramble was a match fit and proper in all respects for such as she was.

"But, mother—"

"Well, my child?"

"Suppose, for instance, that I do not like Captain Bramble—then is he a fitting match for me?"

"Not like him, my child?"

"Yes, mother, not like him."

"Why, is he not gentlemanly?"

"Yes."

"And of good family?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And handsome, and—"

"Hold, mother! you need not extend the catalogue. Captain Bramble can never be my husband," she said, in a mild but determined tone, that her mother understood very well.

But Captain Bramble himself could not seem to understand this, notwithstanding she was perfectly frank and open with him. He seemed to be running away with the idea that if he could but get rid of Captain Ratlin in some way, he should then have a clear field, and be able to win her hand, under the peculiar circumstances surrounding her. Thus moved, he redoubled his watchfulness touching the captain's movements, satisfied that he should be enabled, erelong, to detect him in some intrigue, as to running a cargo of slaves, and doubtless under such circumstances, that he could arrest and detain him. If not by some lucky chance even have him tried and adjudged upon by the English commodore upon the coast.

To suppose that Captain Ratlin did not understand and appreciate the motives and conduct of his enemy, and would be to give him less credit for discernment than he deserved. He understood the matter very well, and, indeed, bore with assumed patience, for Miss Huntington's sake many impertinences that he would otherwise have indignantly resented. But he marked out for himself a course, and he resolved to adhere to it. Captain Bramble was not only a suitor of Miss Huntington's, but an old and intimate friend, as he learned from her family as it therefore he should avoid all quarrelsomeness with him. And so he did, outside, own part; but the English officer, encouraged by his apparent success, took every occasion to disparage the character of Captain Ratlin, aye! even before Miss Huntington's own face declared him no gentleman.

"You are very severe, Captain Bramble," said the lady, "upon a person whom you acknowledge you have not yet known a singular calendar month."

"It is long enough, quite long enough, Miss Huntington, to read the character of such an unprincipled fellow as this nondescript captain."

"I have known him about twice as long as you, Captain Bramble," replied Miss Huntington calmly, "and I have not only formed a very different opinion of him, but have good reason to feel satisfied of the correctness of my judgment."

"I perceive that Miss Huntington has taken him under her protection," replied the discomfited officer, sarcastically, as he seized his hat and left her.

While in this spirit, the two rivals met in the open space before the house of Don Leonardo. when the English officer vented some coarse and scurrilous remarks upon Captain Ratlin, whose eyes flashed fire and who seized his traducer by the throat, and best him nearly double to the earth with an ease that showed his superior physical strength to be immense; but, as though impressed with some returning sense, captain Ratlin released his grasp, and said:

"Sirs, sir—you are safe from my hand; but fortunate is it for you that you can call this lady whose name you have just referred to friend. The man who shed her honors by her countenance is safe from any injury I can inflict."

"A very chivalric speech," replied the enraged and browbeaten officer. "But you shall answer for this, sir, and at once. This is not the spot. You must give me satisfaction for this base insult, or, by the heaven above us, I will shoot you like a dog!"

"As you will, sir. I have spoken openly, and I shall abide by my word. I am no boaster, nor do I expect any especial favor at the hands of the lady whom you have named; but I request, sir, that my respect for her renders her friend safe from any injury that I might otherwise, in my just indignation, inflict."

Little did either know that the object of their remarks had been assilent but trembling witness of the entire scene, from the first taunting word Captain Bramble had spoken.

Early the subsequent morning, even before the sun had risen, a boat might have been seen pulling from the side of the English sloop-of-war, propelled by the stout arms of a couple of seamen, while two persons sat in the stern, a closer examination of whom would have revealed them to be the captain of the ship and surgeon. At the same moment, there shot out from a little nook or bay in the barracoons, a light skiff propelled by a single oarsman, who rowed his bark in true seaman style, cross-handed, while a second party sat in the stern. The rower was captain Ratlin, and his companion was the swarthy and fierce-looking Don Leonardo. That the same purpose guided the course of either boat was apparent, from the fact that both were headed for the same jutting point of land, that formed a sort of cape on the harbor's southern side.

"That is the fellow—he who pulls the oars," said Captain Bramble to his surgeon

"He must be a vulgar chap, and pulls those instruments as though bred to the business."

"Not so very vulgar, either," said the other. "The fellow has seen the world, and has his notions of honor, and knows how to behave, that is plain enough."

"Egad! he shoots that skiff ahead like an arrow; the fellow could make his fortune as ferryman," continued the surgeon, facetiously.

"Give way, lads, give way," said the English captain, impatiently, to his men, as he saw that the skiff would reach the point long before he got there himself.

A short half-hour found the two rivals standing opposite to each other at some twelve paces distance, each with a pistol in his hand. The preliminaries had been duly arranged between the surgeon and Don Leonardo, the latter of whom had not ceased, up to the last moment, to strive and effect a reconciliation. Not that he dreaded bloodshed—it was a pastime to him—but because it jarred so manifestly with his interests to have his friend run the risk of his life. Both of the principles were silent. Captain Bramble was exceedingly, red in the face, and evidently felt the bitterness of anger still keenly upon him; while the open, manly features of his opponent wore the same placid aspect as had characterized them while he leaned over the side of his own ship, or gazed idly into the rippling waters that laved the dark hull.

It had been arranged that both parties should aim and fire between the commencement and end of pronouncing the words "one, two, three," by the surgeon; and that individual, having placed his box of instruments, with professional coolness, upon the ground, took his position to give the signal agreed upon, when he said, in preparatory tone:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

To which both answered by an inclination of the head, and then immediately followed:

"One, two, three."

Almost before the first word was fairly articulated, the sharp, quick report of Captain Bramble's pistol was heard, and the next moment he was observed gazing intently upon his adversary, to see whether he had wounded him, and observing that he had not, he dashed his weapon, to the ground, uttering a fierce oath at his luck.

In the meantime, Captain Ratlin had not moved an inch—not even a muscle; his hand containing the pistol had hung quietly at his side, and his face still remained undisturbed. He had kept his word, and would not fire upon the friend of the woman whom he truly respected, and earnestly, devotedly, though hopelessly, loved!

Captain Bramble paced back and forth like a caged lion, until at last, coming opposite and near to his adversary, he coursely remarked:

"It is much easier for a trembling hand to retain a perpendicular position than to assume a horizontal one!"

Captain Ratlin understood the taunt, and stepping to where the English officer had thrown his discharged weapon, he threw it high in the air, and at the exact moment when the power of gravitation turned the piece towards the earth, he quickly raised his arm and fired, sending the bullet in his pistol completely through the wooden stock of the other. Then turning coolly to Captain Bramble, he said:

"A trembling hand, sir, is hardly so sure of its aim as that."

"This fellow is the evil one himself," whispered the surgeon to his principal. "Come, let us on board. If he should insist upon a second shot, we should be obliged to give him the chance, since he did not fire at you; and he would drop you, spite of fate."

"Curse his luck! I am sure I had him full in the breast. Such a miss! and I, who am so sure at a dozen paces!" And the English officer continued to chafe and growl until he had got into his boat, and was out of hearing from the shore.

Captain Ratlin and Don Leonardo quietly pulled back towards the barracoons; and as they neared the shore, they saw the form of a female, which both at once recognized to be that of Miss Huntington, who stood there pale as death, and who gazed intently at the young commander as he drew nearer and nearer, and as he jumped upon the shore, said, hastily:

"You have been on a fearful errand. Has either of you been hurt?"

"Nay, lady, it was but a bit of morning sport," said Captain Ratlin, pleasantly.

"Answer me—was he injured? for I see you are not."

"There has been no harm done to flesh and blood, lady."

"Heaven be praised!" said the half-fainting girl, as she leaned upon the young commander's proffered arm, and together approached the house of Don Leonardo.

There had been another witness of the affair—one who was secreted on the very spot where the meeting took place, and who had overheard the arrangements for the same, and one who had secretly repaired thither with hopes to have seen the blood of one, if not both, flow, even unto death. And this was Maud—poor deluded, revengeful girl, who had permitted one passion to fill her every thought, and who now lived and dreamed only for revenge upon one who was as innocent of any intended slight or wrong to her as he was to the being he really loved.

Maud, with the fleetness of an antelope, had ran by the land-path from the spot, of the contest, and reached home nearly as quick as the boat containing her father and Captain Ratlin had done; and now, as she saw her hated white rival leaning upon his arm, so pale, so confiding, and he addressing her with such tender assurance, a fresh wound to her already rankled and goaded feelings was imparted, and once more she swore a fearful and quick revenge.

Captain Bramble, too much chagrined to make his appearance, at least for a few days, did not soon land from his vessel, but mused alone in the solitude of his cabin upon the obduracy of Miss Huntington's heart, and the good luck which had saved his rival's life.

Continued

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat one evening drinking at a village tavern, until, being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should next morning pay the bills. They then seperated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning, and give an honest account of the proceedings at home, as far as they related to the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts; but it was sometime before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see, when I entered my house, the candle was out, and the fire gave a glimmering light. I came near walking accidently into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor of sitting up so late, said to me sarcastically, "Bill, put your foot in the batter!" "Just as you say, Maggie," said I, and without the least hesitation, I put my foot into the pot of batter, and then went to bed."

Next Joe Brown told his story:

'My wife had already retired into our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife, in no very pleasant tone bawled out: "Do break the porridge-pot Joe!" No sooner said than done; I seized hold of the bail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains.

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

"My wife gave the most unlucky command in the world, for I was blundering up stairs in the dark when she cried out, "Do break your neck, do Tim."

"I'll be blowed if I do," said I, and gathered myself up. "I'll answer my bill." And so, landlord, here's the cash for you. And it is the last time that I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, NOV. 5, 1868.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

The Legislature of Ontario assembles to-day (Tuesday) for the transaction of business. The Toronto Telegraph (officially inspired) gives us an inkling of the measures to be brought forward. Amongst others, "a Bill for determining the manner of holding elections for the Legislative Assembly of the Province, with the view of having the elections take place simultaneously and within the space of a single day." This is a measure greatly required and the Bill will meet with the cordial approval of a vast majority of the people of Ontario. A Bill will be introduced "for the better securing of the Independence of the Legislative Assembly—which will have for its object the disqualification of all office-holders, whether appointed by the Local or the Dominion Government, from being elected to or sitting in, the Ontario Legislature."

"A Bill amending the existing law relating to mines and minerals, providing for such modifications as will meet the most sanguine expectations of the foremost advocates of a liberal mining policy." Hear, hear. We shall see what we shall see! A land bill amendatory of the existing [bogus] Free Grants Act; extending the same, &c. We presume the nature of this Bill will depend somewhat upon what the Hon. Commissioner may have discovered in his search for a policy. There is to be some talk about erecting a local penitentiary. Well, we think Ontario has advanced in civilization about far enough to furnish rascals sufficient to fill a decent-sized prison of this sort. Let us take care of our own villains by all means! Why should Kingston be allowed to monopolize their valuable services. A measure for establishing more accommodation for the deaf, dumb and blind will, no doubt, meet with several approval.

HAVE THEY FOUND IT.

Mr. McKellar made a good point against local ministers when he stated, facetiously, that when on the ministerial trip to Lake Superior he saw Messrs. Richard and Carling on the banks of the Kamanistiqua on their knees busily engaged in scratching a hole in the sand. Creeping up cautiously and peeping over their shoulders, he saw them deposit a nice little box at the bottom of said hole, labelled "Mineral and Crown Land Policy." We believe McKellar's figure was quite correct and that those policies are dead and buried. They were based on a complete ignorance of the wants and wishes of the country, they were carried out, under the garb of much-abused "strict economy," in a spirit of parsimony and meanness, and it is right that they should expire after a trial of one short year. It is somewhat remarkable how soon the *unbendable* Attorney-General has changed his sentiments on these points. A few months ago he told the assembled representatives of the Press of Ontario at Allandale that the mineral and timber resources of the Province were so many Banks of Providence which it would be suicidal to draw upon freely. The members of the Press heard him and went on their way to the far North-West. There they saw for themselves the disastrous effects of the Government policy and to their lasting credit be it mentioned, on their return they—reform and tory alike—denounced the whole concern as it richly deserved. Under these circumstances, feeling that they could never stand up against the tide of feeling thus created, ministers, to make it appear that they weren't influenced at all by the tone of the Press, conceived the brilliant idea of visiting the Superior region themselves, and returned with the impression they started with, that they had been previously *all wrong*. The question is now: Have they found a better land and mineral policy in place of those buried so ignominiously? Are they prepared to meet the real wants of the country in a broad and enlightened spirit? If not, the more they patch up the uglier will be the fabric.

A NEW RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The tone of the American press convinces us that, at last, a large majority of the business men of the United States, and more especially those who have felt the lost, are heartily sick of the Japanese policy which has prevailed since the abrogation of the old Reciprocity Treaty. That policy was initiated for the purpose of showing Canada that her manufactures would die out and her produce become practically valueless when cut off from the trade of the United States by enormous restrictive duties. That the biters have been bitten, and that badly, sensible Americans have long since discovered. Canada has sought and discoved new outlets for her produce, manufactures of all kinds have received a wonderful stimulus, the Provinces have been more closely knit together, our commerce has become more diffusive, resources hitherto unknown have been developed; and, in short Canada never stood in such an independent position as at this day.—Hence the futility of the schemes of those who would rush us into annexation through the medium of our depleted pockets.—More than this: The Americans have suffered for their ill-advised legislation in this matter They have turned a large portion of our increasing trade into new channels, from which it will take time to divert it—they have driven our people to self-sustainment—they have had to pay the duty on our superior oats, barley, white wheat, and other produce, and by imposing a prohibitive tariff of 75 per cent. in gold on the article of salt they permit a monopolizing company at Onondaga to sell an inferior article, manufactured from their weak saline-gypsum water, at nearly double what it would cost under a system of free trade. These are the considerations which have impressed themselves on the American mind, and which render a new treaty desirable, in the estimation of shrewd business men.

On this subject the Portland *Press* says, very sensibly:—"It is gratifying to learn that reciprocal trade with Canada is in a fair way to be restored, and, moreover, that it is to be restored on a proper basis. The idea of effecting this result by concurrent legislation will no doubt be found impracticable, because it would be difficult, in the first place, to get the legislative bodies of the two countries to agree upon terms of such an arrangement, and, in the second place, after the arrangement was effected, it would always remain in the power of each party to place the other, by a simple act of repeal, in a very awkward situation. The time has now arrived when the renewal of the old treaty, with certain reasonable modifications, is earnestly desired by both parties. There will be an end of the senseless Chinese policy that has checked the industrial prosperity of both countries, without in any way benefitting either. Some interests may suffer temporary disadvantages from the admission of Canadian products free of duty, but, on the whole, the people of the United States, and particularly of Maine, will be immensely benefitted."

The Harbor of Refuge, To Wit.

A local contemporary has suddenly discovered, through a recent article in the *Huron Signal* that there is danger that some harbor in Bruce will be selected for the Harbor of Refuge, instead of that at Goderich, and he at once, by a most remarkable logical tumble, infers that it is because Mr. Cameron can sometimes make a good speech and Mr. Whitehead can't. Why not tell us at once that it is outrageous for any government to commit a gross wrong merely to please a couple of pliant supporters? The government is sworn to consult the interests of the people not those of Cameron or Hurdon, Whitehead or Sproat. Comparisons are odious. Mr. Whitehead is termed a 'voting machine,' while Hurdon is just the man for Bruce. In what way, Mr. *Star*? Is he learned?—has he been trained in the severe school of enlightened statesmanship?—is he an *eloquent* speaker? If so, please cite one intelligent speech he ever made on any subject. Then again, suppose the tory candidates had been returned: Mr. Ritchie would have advocated Bayfield harbor and Mr. Homes would have done all in his power to curse Goderich, as he has always *done*. We ask our contemporary why he has "gone back" on Goderich so suddenly. Is he not a tory organ? Then why not use *his* influence, if it is worth *more* than five cents, in convincing John A. & Co., that Goderich is just *the* place for a harbor of refuge. No, no, he couldn't do that; he must take advantage of the situation to injure Goderich all he can, and to point out the superiority of *Bardon, the eloquent*, over Whitehead the *voter*. If he goes on in this way he will be sure, ultimately, to rise from mere childishness to the glorious status of *puerility*. It is news to us to hear that the commissioners stuck at Southampton nearly all the time. If so, all the better, for the government would never try to make a harbor of refuge at that point. As for Goderich, the "sharp un" may not be aware that the government is already in possession of all the facts concerning it, and knows that it is considered by every sailor on the lakes on the proper point for such a harbor.

The Red River Sufferers.

A young gentleman who was formerly a townsman, but who is now a worker in the far West writes us as follows:

ST. PAUL, MINN, Oct. 28th, 1868.

DEAR SIGNAL.—Although constantly receiving your valuable journal for some time past; I have failed to notice through its columns, that your worthy citizens have as yet made any effort to raise funds to aid in relieving the Red River Sufferers. A great number of those people are in very destitute circumstances; owing as you are aware to the almost total destruction of their crops by grasshoppers. The hunters have returned from the plains without killing scarcely a single buffalo—those animals having left their usual retreats and gone to other sections of the country. The citizens of Toledo, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois; Milwaukie, Wisconsin; and several other cities of the United States have contributed liberally to their relief; also, Woodstock, Ontario, has remitted $200 to the Red River Relief Fund of this place. Now, I do not see why Goderich should be behind in this matter. If you cannot do anything better you might furnish them their salt at least. Whatever you do should be done at once, as winter will soon set in, and communication to Red River will then be very much retarded if not entirely cut off. I may add in conclusion, that any contributions your citizens may see fit to make, will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged by the Canadian Red River Relief Committee of this city.

We think the subject matter of our correspondent's letter worthy of the attention of the people of Goderich. Something should be done, even at this late day. *Ed. Signal.*

A Wonderful Discovery.

The Picton *Nation* says quite sensation has been created in this vicinity by the discovery of salt water in the well of Mr. Thos. Morgan, a farmer residing in the township of Athol, near the shore of Lake Ontario, and half a mile distant from Platt's warf and storehouse at West Point. The water is very strongly impregnated with salt. A pailful having been boiled down produced nearly three pints of salt, naturally granulated, but slightly muddy in appearance, and differing a little in taste from the ordinary article. The well is only twenty-four feet deep consequently the cost of testing will be comparatively light.

The members of the *Sightal* family enjoyed quite a sensation one morning, some months ago, when an infant prodigy discovered that the well at the rear of the family mansion had begun to yield a very nice article of brine. Since that time the strength has increased over so much per cent. Here is a chance for speculators!—The well, with pump and all, in working order, together with the house and lots, not to mention a pile of wood (about a cord) will be sold much cheaper than a well can be bored for. It is only fair to state, however, that we fear the brine comes from the Huron well. Some of these days they will be charging us for it.

— The Police Magistrate of London is a sharp one. He sent a lawyer to gaol on Saturday for contempt.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

☞ The South R. Ploughing Match will be held on the 6th inst; not the 10th as we erroneously stated last week.

☞ Jas Stewart of Hay has invented a new Post hole Lever. With it two men, in clay soil, can bore a hole 8 ft 6 in, in 3 minutes.

☞ Two men from this office shot 20 black and Grey squirrels last week in about half a day.

☞ Mr. C. Wells, gardener, has sent us specimens of his superb potatoes, which, we are satisfied would have taken the prize at the County Show. As it is, Mr. Wells has the thanks of the Press.

☞ A dog with a tin can tied to his caudal extremity dashed through a window of Messrs Atheson & Smith' store a few days ago.

☞ Foxes are unusually plentiful in Goderich township this fall.

☞ A boy about 12 years of age was drunk on our streets on Saturday night last.

☞ Mr. B. Hazlehurst is making a splendid robe of black squirrels skins. It will take about 125.

☞ The right kind of a man for an auctioneer—a True man.

☞ Large quantities of coal are being sold in by several of the salt companies.

☞ Workmen from Brantford are working at an improvement required in Platt's Evaporator.

☞ Outsiders are trying hard to beat Buncleman's ploughs, but they cant come it.

☞ The Messrs. Story have added largely to their stock of excellent stoves.

☞ The Town Council failed to conduct last week; cause, the theatre.

☞ Mr. C. Clark wishes to sell township rights and wants agents for the sale of the Washing Composition—family rights.

☞ For a tip-top iron-clad coal stove call at Davis's.

☞ A few days ago the *Globe* announced that a presentation had been made to Capt. Thomsons. It sometimes takes a long time for Goderich news to reach Toronto—in this case, about three months.

☞ An old lady says that the next time her geese are contracted for late supper parties she will furnish potatoes to eat with them, cabbage not being just the thing. What can she mean?

☞ Silver is comparatively scarce in Goderich just now, so much so that one hears nothing about the nuisance.

☞ For first-class job printing give the *Signal* office a trial. Though the whole range from the sentimental wedding card to the useful but more prosaic trade bill, *perfection* is our motto.

☞ The high price of cordwood has driven many of our citizens to the burning of coal in their shops and private dwellings.

☞ The new Registry office will be roofed in a few days.

☞ A road is to be opened through the centre of the Saugeen Peninsula.

☞ If you wish to get "particular fits" in clothing we mean, call at A. Smith's, East side of Square.

☞ It is rumored that Mason, the detective, may be expected in Goderich any day. We'll have stirring times if he does come.

☞ How is it that farmers sell wood to salt wells at $2.50 and demand $3.00 from townspeople?

☞ The *Telegraph* says: "A country paper asks why a certain judge is like necessity, and replies "because he knows no law." We should like to know what judge is enough.

☞ The money picked up on our streets by Messrs Murdock and Hunter of Ashfield, found its owner in two hours after the advertisement appeared. That shows the benefit of *honesty* and *advertising*.

☞ Would it not be well for our salt companies to send a barrel of salt each to different pork packers in Chicago just by way of sample. Rest-repeat may come sooner than we anticipate and there is nothing like paving the way.

☞ Oh, you want to pay up for the *Signal* eh! you! And you don't know the amount.—Well remember that the figure printed after your address on the paper indicates when you have paid up to. If you pay for two years send $4.00 whenever you will sheep sounder for the next six months.

☞ A special train will leave Goderich station at 8 a. m. on Sunday next, to give an opportunity to those who desire it to attend the opening of the Catholic Church in Stratford. Leave Stratford, returning, at 1:35 p. m.

☞ We have to go from home sometimes for news. The Dundas *Banner* says:—"The editor of the St. Ritts Times shows his knowledge of the country by stating that Fort Burwell will probably be selected as the harbour of refuge on Lake *Huron*. This is the same man who, while delivering a stump speech on the top of a barrel not long ago, "caved in," and imagined he had gone through to China—his imagination ever since having partaken of a *celestial* character."

☞ The boys (aged from 10 to 40 years) had a lively time on Hallow-e'en. They could not get cabbages because the owners of gardens guarded them with clubs and shot guns.—As a substitute they got drunk, rolled carts and boxes about, and kicked up "the mischief" generally.

☞ There will be a social in the Wesleyan Church on Friday evening next, when Mr. Squires will deliver a lecture on "Alone." We hope to see a large attendance.

☞ Our suggestion as to the protection of the North entrance of the Court House from cold is being carried out.

☞ We respectfully decline to send the *Signal* to the Ontario Government for three months. We would not open an account with one of our farmers for 37½ cents, much less with a government.

☞ Our town is supplied just now with splendid fresh fish from the Islands.

☞ We believe there is no truth in the rumor that the market committee intend to put Venetian blinds on the Market windows.

☞ The *Expositor* is coming out as an illustrated paper. Last week it had a mazo-tint wood engraving of a lady wearing the "German wool," on other out on the reading page of three village councillors as hung in effigy, and on the advertisement page the portrait of a lady *as she was and as she appeared after* a three months Gregina header. The latter is taken from the graphic police reports of the Toronto Telegraph. In first the canny Scotchman of Tockernuth will appreciate our contemporary's enterprise.

☞ Hay is coming down at our market—at least a load of it did on Monday, nearly burying the driver.

☞ An old man who had been residing with his nephew, Capt. Thos. Dancy, for some months, disappeared on the evening of the 29th ult. and has not been heard from since. He wore a cap without a peak. Any information concerning him would be gladly received by the Captain.

☞ A seaman of the Prince Alfred crew who managed to be left here, when his messmates departed, is "wanted" particularly.

☞ Mr. Manning of Exeter has proven by actual experiment that Goderich salt is as good as, but stronger than any that can be had from any part in the manufacture of cheese.

☞ The tendency of our breadstuffs market being downwards, farmers show a reluctance to bring in their grain.

☞ The weather at present seems to be settling down into something like Indian summer.

☞ The Huron Salt Well has two blocks in operation.

☞ A rumor reaches us by way of Seaforth that, in case Mr. Pollock gives it up Hr. D. Patton wants the receivship of Goderich township. We don't think Davy will get it.

☞ We understand that our fortunate townsman Robt. Dobson is making a rapid fortune by his invention in broom making.

☞ Mr. Mark Whitely has purchased the right for the Co. or Bruce, of Clarke's Washing Compound which has taken well here by all who have used it.

☞ The government is making inquiries as to the Salt-producing capacity of this section.—Of course a suitable answer will be sent. This looks well.

☞ There was a regular fight at the market yesterday (30th) between two farmers, one of whom was satisfactorily thrashed.

☞ The forty-ninth parrallel of meanness!—Trying to charge a girl on leaving service $1.00 for breaking a tea-cup, an old cracked tea-pot and a tumbler. A Goderich tip, farmer did it. The amount was not allowed by the magistrate before whom the girl sued for her wages.

☞ The Bruce papers are quarreling about the number of persons who attended the Blake dinner.

☞ Mr. Nasmyith is prepared to make good fits and at low prices at his new stand, East St.

☞ Fish & Thornton's Minstrel Troupe will perform in Crabb's Hall on the 4th of Nov. It is spoken highly of by the Press.

☞ A copy of the Weekly *Signal* and the *Canadian Farmer* will be given to the ploughman who makes the most 'ins and outs' at the ensuing South Riding ploughing match.

THE tory press is greatly exercised about the position of the Hon. George Brown. What will he do? What will he omit doing? Why does he not show his hand? We have always been of the mind that Mr. Brown was fully able to watch over his own interests, and to shape his course independently, and we have seen nothing to convince us to the contrary. Our tory friends would do well to let sleeping lions alone.

☞ For a specimen of muddled up ideas we commend those of our readers who take it, to the *Star's* last on Prim. Nana Sahib, *et. al.* His method of reconciling the "principles of conservatism" with the Spanish revolution, is really refreshing.

— For nine months, ending June 30th, the yield of the Nova Scotia gold mines was $350,000.

News of the World.

(PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SIGNAL.)

—Butler denies the spoon story.
—Kent has a 202 lb. squash.
—Brick Pomfrey is very sick.
—Queen Isabella has gone to Paris.
—Brantford cows die of the 'blues.'
—Austrian army is on a war footing.
—North German diet opens on the 4th.
—Grant gets 1000 letters a day!
— The *Telegraph* crows over the *Globe*.
— St. Catherines is looking up.
— Ham & Hogg—a firm in Toronto.
— Gaspe Cod fishing is first rate.
—Revolutiting still in Mexico.
— Cool Burgess is in Toronto.
— McDougall is elected in Inverness.
— Winter cricket in the Dundas drill shed.
— Three more negroes killed in N. Orleans.
— Also in Jamaica, Hayti, Venezuela, &c.
— Great Powers have recognized the new Spanish Gov.
— Mr. S. Fleming arrived safely in Ottawa.
— What wonderful news that!
— Algoma and Waubuno back again safe.
— New Theatrical Temple talked of in Toronto.
— Montreal is going to ban