"Ay, ay, when t'other lives. But, Lord bless you, sir! I shan't be long astern of my messmate here: can't you see that?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Hazel, surprised and alarmed. "Why you are not wounded mortally, as Cooper was. Have a good heart man, and we three will all see old England yet."

"Well, sir," said Welch, coolly. "I'll tell ye: me and my shipmate, Prince, was cutting at one another with our knives a smart time, (and I do properly wonder, when I think of that day's work, for I liked the man well enough, but rum stop of starvation plays hell with a seafaring man), well sir, as I was a-saying, he let more blood out of me than I could bear under circumstances. And, ye see, I can't make fresh blood, because my throat is so swelled by the drought, I can't swallow much meat, so I am safe to lose the number of my mess; and, another thing, my heart isn't altogether set towards living. Sam here, he gives me an order; what didn't ye hear him? 'I'll lie outside the bar,' says he, 'till ye come out.' He expects me to come out in his wake. Don't ye, Sam,—that was?" and he laid his hands gently on the remains. "Now, sir, I shall do the help and you favour. I want to lie alongside of Sam. But if ye bury him in the sea, and me ashore, why d—n my eyes if I shan't be a thousand years or so before I can find my own messmate."

Welch could utter no more just then; for the glands of his throat were swollen, and he spoke with commendable difficulty.

What could Hazel reply? The judgement is sometimes ashamed to contradict the heart with cold reason. He only said, with a sigh, that he saw no signs of land, and believed they had gone on a wrong course, and were in the heart of the Pacific.

Welch made no answer, but a look of good natured contempt. The idea of this parson contradicting Sam Cooper!

The sun broke, and revealed the illimitable ocean; themselves a tiny speck on it.

Mr. Hazel whispered Miss Rolleston that Cooper must be buried to-day.

At ten P. M. they passed through moreses-weed; but this time they had leaf to eat the sea-spinach raw, and there was very little of it.

At noon, the sea was green in places.

Welch told them this was a sign they were nearing land.

At four P. M. a bird, about the size and colour of a woodpecker, settled on the boat's mast.

Their glittering eyes fastened on the bird; and Welch said: "Come, there's a supper for you as can eat it."

"No, poor thing!" said Helen Rolleston.

"You are right, said Hazel, with a certain effort of self restraint. "Let our sufferings make us gentle, not savage; that poor bird is lost like us upon the ocean. It is a land bird."

"Water-birds have webbed feet,—made to swim with."

The bird having rested awhile, then flew to the northward.

Helen, by one of those inspired impulses her sex have altered the boat's course directly, and followed the bird.

Half an hour before sunset, Helen, whose vision was very keen, said she saw something at the verge of the horizon, like a hair standing upright.

Hazel looked, but could not see anything.

In ten minutes more, Helen Rolleston pointed it out again; and then Hazel did see a vertical line, more like ship's mast, then anything else one could expect to see there.

Their eyes were now strained to make it out, and, as the boat advanced, it became more and more palpable, though it was hard to say what it was.

Five minutes before the sun set, the air being clearer than ever, it stood out clean against the sky. A tree,—a lofty, solitary tree; with a full stem, like a column, and branches only at the top.

A palm tree—in the mid ile of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XXIV.

And but for the land-bird which rested on their mast and for their own mercy in sparing it, they would have passed to the eastward, and never seen that giant palm-tree in mid-ocean.

"O, let us put out all our sails, and fly to it!" cried Helen.

Welch smiled and said, "No, miss, ye mustn't. Lord love ye; what I run on to a land ye don't know, happy go lucky, in the dark, like that? I lay her head for the tree, and welcome, but you must lower the mainsail, and treble-reef the foresail; and by daybreak, you'll find the island close under your lee. Then you can look out for a safe landing place."

"The island, Mr. Welch?" said Helen.—"There is no island, or I should have seen it."

"O, the island was hull down. Why, you don't think as palm-trees grow in the water? You do as I say, or you'll get wrecked on some thundering reef or other."

Upon this Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston set to work, and, with considerable difficulty lowered the mainsail, and treble-reefed the foresail.

"That's right," said Welch. To-morrow, you'll land safely, and bury my messmate and me"

"O no!" cried Helen Rolleston, "We must bury him, but we mean to cure you."

They obeyed Welch's instructions, and so crept on all night; and so well had this able seaman calculated distance and rate of sailing, that, when the sun rose sure enough there was an island under their lee, distant about a league, though it looked much less. But the palm-tree was more than twice that distance. Owing to wind and current they had made leeway all night, and that tree stood on the most westerly point of the island.

Hazel and Miss Rolleston stood up and hurrahed for joy; then fell on their knees in silent gratitude, Welch only smiled.

But the breeze had freshened, and, though there were no great waves at sea, yet breakers, formidable to such a craft as theirs, were seen foaming over long disjoint ed reefs ahead, that grinned black and dangerous here and there.

They then consulted Welch, and he told them they must tack directly, and make a circuit of the island, he had to show them how to tack; and, the sea rising, they got thoroughly wetted, and Helen rather frightened; for here was a peril they had wonderfully escaped hitherto.

However, before eleven o'clock, they had stood out to sea, and coasted the whole south side of the island; they then put the boat before the wind, and soon ran past the east coast, which was very narrow,—in fact a sort of bluff-head,—and got on the north side of the island. Here the water was comparatively smooth, and the air warm and balmy. They ranged along the coast at about a mile's distance, looking out for a good landing.

Here was a longer and unbroken line of cliffs, but an undulating coast, with sloping rocks, and lines of reef. After a mile or two of that the coast ran out seaward, and they passed close to a most extraordinary phenomenon of vegetation. Great tangled woods crowned the shore and the landward slopes, and their grand foliage seemed to flow over into the sea; for here was a broad rocky flat, intersected with a thousand little channels of the sea; and the the thousand little islets so formed, were crowded, covered, and hidden with luxuriant vegetation. Huge succulent leaves of the richest hue hung over the water, and some of the most adventurous showed, by the crystals that sparkled on their green surface, that the waves had actually been kissing them at high tide. This ceased, and they passed under a cliff, wooded nearly to the point.

This cliff was broad and irregular, and in one of its cavities a cascade of pure fresh water came sparkling leaping and tumbling down to the foot of the rock. There it had formed a great basin of water, cool, deep, transparent, which trickled over on a tongue of pink sand, and went into crystal gutters to the sea.

Great and keen was the rapture this sight caused our poor parched voyagers; and eager their desire to land at once, if possible, and plunge their burning lips, and swelling throats, and fevered hands into that heavenly liquid; but the next moment they were diverted from that purpose by the scene that burst on them.

The wooded cliff, with its wonderful cascade, was the very gate of paradise. They passed it, and in one moment were in a bay, wonderfully deep for its extent, and sheltered on three sides. Broad sands with rainbow tints, all sparkling, and dotted with birds, some as white as snow, some gorgeous. A peaceful sea of exquisite blue kissing these lovely sands with myriad dimples; and, from the land side, soft emerald slopes, embroidered with silver threads of water came to the very edge of the sand; so that, from all those glorious hues, that decked the primeval, and sparkling sands, the eyes of the voyagers passed at once to the vivid, yet sweet and soothing, green of nature; and over this paradise, the breeze they could no longer feel, wafted spicy but delicate orders from unseen trees.

Even Welch raised himself in the boat, and sniffed the heavenly air, and smiled at the heavenly spot. "Here's a blessed haven!" said he, "Down sail, and row her ashore."

CHAPTER XXV.

They rowed more than a mile, so deep was the glorious bay; and their oars struck the ground. But Hazel with the boat-hook propelled the boat gently over the pellucid water, and now seemed too shallow to float a canoe, and at last looked like the mere varnish of that picture, the primastic sands below; yet still the little craft glided over it, till it gently grazed the soft sand, and was stationary. So placidity ended that terrible voyage.

Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston were on shore in a moment, and it was all they could do not to fall upon the earth and kiss it.

Never had the sea disgorged upon that fairy isle such ghastly spectres. They looked, not like people about to die, but that had died, and been buried, and just come out of their graves to land on that blissful shore. We should have started back with horror; but the birds of that virgin isle merely stepped out of their way, and did not fly.

They had landed in paradise.

Even Welsh yielded to that universal longing men have to embrace the land after perils at sea, and was putting his leg slowly over the gunwale, when Hazel came back to his assistance. He got ashore, but was contented to sit down with his eyes on the dimpled sea and the boat, waiting, waiting quietly till the tide should float his friend to his feet again.

The sea birds walked quietly about him, and minded him not.

Miss Rolleston ascended a green slope very slowly, for her limbs were cramped and was lost to view.

Hazel now went up the beach, and took a more minute survey of the neighborhood.

The west side of the bay was varied. Half of it presented the soft character that marked the bay in general; but a portion of it was rocky, though streaked with vegetation, and this part was intersected by narrow clefts, into which, in some rare tempests and high tides combined, tongues of the sea entered, licking the sides of the gullies smooth; and these occasional visits were marked by the sand, and broken shells, and other debris the tempestuous and encroaching sea had left behind.

The true high-water mark was several feet lower than these *debris*, and was clearly marked. On the land above the cliff he found a tangled jungle of tropical shrubs, into which he did not penetrate, but skirted it, and walking eastward, came out upon a delicious down of grassy slope, that faced the centre of the bay. It was a gentlemonn's lawn of a thousand acres, with an extremely gentle slope from the centre of the island down to the sea.

A river flowing from some distant source ran eastward through this down, but it is verge, and almost encircled it. Hazel traversed the lawn until this river, taking a sudden turn towards the sea, intercepted him at a spot which he immediately fixed on as Helen Rolleston's future residence.

Four short, thick, umbrageous trees stood close to the stream on this side, and on the eastern side was a grove of gigantic palm trees, and that giant at this moment lay all across the stream, leaving a gap through Mr. Hazel's eye coul l pierce to a great depth among those grand columns; for they stood wide apart, and there was not a vestige of brushwood, jungle, or even grass, below their enormous crowns. He christened the place St. Helen's on the spot.

He now dipped his bailer into the stream and found it pure and tolerably cool.

He followed the bend of the stream; it evaded the slope and took him by its own milder descent to the sands over these it flowed smooth as glass into the sea.

Hazel ran to Welch to tell him all he had discovered, and to give him his first water from the island.

He found a roan-colored pigeon with a purplish neck, perched on the sick man's foot. The bird shone like a rainbow, and cooked a saucy eye at Hazel, and flew up into the air a few yards, but it soon appeared that fear had little to do with this movement; for, after an airy circle or two, he fanned Hazel's cheek with his fast flapping wings, and lighted on the very edge of the bales, and was for sipping.

"O, look here, Welch!" cried Hazel, in an ecstacy of delight.

"Ay, sir," said he. "Poor things, they hav't a found us out yet."

The talking puzzled the bird, if it did not alarm him, and he flew up to the nearest tree, and, perching there inspected these new and noisy bipeds at his leisure.

Hazel now laid his hand on Welch's shoulder and reminded him they had a sad duty to perform, which could not be postponed.

"Right you are sir," said Welch, "and very kind of you to let me have my way with him. Poor Sam!"

"I have found a place," Hazel in a low voice. "We can take the boat close to it. But where is Miss Rolleston?"

"O, she is not far off; she was here just now, and brought me this here little cocoa-nut, and patted me on the back, she did, and then off again on a cruise. Bless her little heart!"

Hazel and Welch then got into the boat, and pushed off without much difficulty, and punted across the bay to one of the clefts we have indicated. It was *now* nearly high water, and they moored the boat close under the cleft Hazel had selected.

Then they both got out and went up to the extremity of the cleft, and there, with the axe and with piece of wood, they scraped out a resting place for Cooper. This was light work; for it was all stones, shells, and fragments of coral, and dried seaweed, lying loosely together. But now came a hard task in which Welch could not assist. Hazel unshipped a thwart, and laid the body on it; then by a great effort staggered with the burden up to the grave and deposited it. He was exhausted by the exertion, and had to sit down panting for some time. As soon as he was recovered, he told Welch to stand at the head of the grave, and he stood at the foot bare-headed, and then, from memory, he repeated the service of our church, hardly missing or displacing a word.

This was no tame recital; the scene, the circumstances, the very absence of the book, made it tender and solemn. And then Welch repeated those beautiful words after Hazel, and Hazel let him. And how did he repeat them? In such a hearty loving tone, as became one who was about to follow, and all this but a short leave taking. So uttered, for the living as well as the dead, those immortal words had a large significance and beauty.

And presently a tender, silvery voice came down to mingle with the deep and solemn tones of the male mourners. It was Helen Rolleston. She had watched most of their movements unseen herself, and now, standing at the edge of the ravine, and looking down on them, uttered a soft but thrilling amen to every prayer. When it was over and the men prepared to fill in the grave she spoke to Welch in an undertone, and begged leave to pay her tribute first; and with this, she detached her apron, and held it out to them. Hazel easily climbed up to her, and found her apron full of sweet smelling bark and aromatic leaves, whose fragrance filled the air.

"I want you to strew these over his poor remains," she said. "O, not common earth! He saved our lives. And his last words were, "I love you, Tom." O dear, O dear!" And with that gave him the apron, and turned her head away to hide her tears.

Hazel blessed her for the thought, which indeed, none but a lady would have had; and Welch and he, with tears in their eyes, strewed the spicy leaves first; and soon a ridge of shingle neatly bound with seaweed marked the sailor's grave.

Hazel's next anxiety, and that a pressing one, was to provide shelter for the delicate girl and the sick man, whom circumstances had placed under his care. He told Miss Rolleston Welch and he were going to cross the bay again, and would she be good enough to meet them at the bend of the river, where she would find four traces? She nodded her head and took that road accordingly. Hazel rowed eastward across the bay, and it being now high water, he got the boat into the river itself near the edge of the shore, and, as the river had worn a channel, he contrived with the boat-book to propel the boat up the stream, to an angle in the bank within forty yards of the four trees. He could get no farther, the stream being now not only shallow, but blocked here and there with great and rough fragments of stone. Hazel pushed the boat into the angle out of the current, and moored her fast. He and Welch then got ashore, and Miss Rolleston was standing at the four trees. He went to her and said enthusiastically, "This is to be your house. Is it not a beautiful site?"

"Yes it is a beautiful site, but,—forgive me—I really don't see the house," was her reply.

"But you see the framework."

Helen looked all about, and then said, ruefully, "I suppose I'm blind, sir, or else you are dreaming, for I see nothing at all."

"Why here's a roof ready made, and the frame of a wall. We have only to wattle a screen between these four uprights.

"Only to wattle a screen! But I don't know what wattling a screen is. Who does!"

"Why you get some of the canes that grow a little further up the river, and, a certain long wiry grass I have marked down, and then you fix and weave till you make a screen from tree to tree; this could be patched with wet clay; I know where their is plenty of that. Meantime see what is done to our hands. The crown of this great palm tree lies at the southern aperture of your your house, and blocks it entirely up; that will keep off the only cold wind, the south wind, from you to-night, Then look at at these long, spicy leaves interlaced over your head. These trees are strew-pins.) There is a roof ready made. You must have another roof underneath that, but it will do for a day or two."

"But you will wattle the sun screen directly," said Helen. Begin at once, please. I am anxious to see a screen wattled."

"Well," said Welch who had joined them, landman are queer folk, the best of 'em. Why miss, it would take him a week to screen you with rushes and reeds, and them sort of weeds; and I'd do it in half an, hour if I was the Tom Welch I used to be. Why there's spare canvas enough in the boat to go between these four trees breast high, and then there's the foresail besides, the mainsail is all you and me shall want, sir."

"O, excuse me," said Miss Rolleston, "I will not be sheltered at the expense of my friends."

"Welch, you are a trump," said Hazel, and ran off for the spare canvas, He brought it, and the carpenter's basket of tools. They went to work, and Miss Rollestonn insisted on taking part in it. Finding her so disposed, Hazel said that they had better divide their labors since the time was short. Accordingly he took the axe and chopped off a great many scales of the palm tree, and lighted a great fire between the tree, while the other two worked on the canvass.

"This is to dry the soil as well as cook our provisions," said he; and now I must go and find food. Is there anything you fancy?" He turned his head from the fire he was lighting and addressed this question both to Welch and Miss Rolleston.

Miss Rolleston stared at this question, then smiled, and, in the true spirit of a lady, said, "I think I should like a good large cocoanut, if you can find one." She felt sure that there was no other eatable thing in the whole island.

"I wants a cabbage," said Welch, in a loud voice.

"O, Mr. Welch, we are not at home," said Miss Rolleston, blushing at the preposterous demand.

"No, Miss, in Capericorn. Whereby we shan't have to pay nothing for this here cabbage. I'll tell ye, miss, when a sailor comes ashore he always goes in for green vegetables, for why, he has eaten so much junk and biscuit, nature sings out for greens. Me and my shipmate was paid off at Portsmouth last year, and six of us agreed to dine together and each order his dish. Blest if six boiled legs of mutton did not come up smoking hot, three was with cabbage and three with turmots. Mine was with turmots. But then I don't ask o nigh the line; don't ye go to think, because I'm sick, and the lady and you is so kind to me, and to him that is awating outside them there shoals for me, as I'm on reasonable; turmots I wish you both, and plenty of e'm, when some whaler gets driven out of her course and picks you up, and carries you into northern latitudes where turmots grow; but cabbage is my right, cabbage is my due, being paid off in a manner; for the ship is foundered and I'm ashore; cabbage I asked for, as a seaman that has done his duty, and a man that won't live to eat many more of e'm; and" (loosing his temper.) "if you are the man I take you for, you'll run and fetch me a cabbage fresh from the tree" (recovering his temper.) I know I did't ought to ax a person to shin up a tree for me; but, Lord bless you, there ain't no sarcy little boya a looking on, and here's a poor fellow mostly dying for it."

Miss Rolleston looked at Mr. Hazel with alarm in every feature; and whispered:—"Cabbage from the tree. Is he wandering?"

Hazel smiled. "No," said he. He has picked up a fable of these seas, that there is a tree which grows cabbages."

Welch heard him and said, with due warmth—"Of course there is a tree on all these islands, that grows cabbages; that was known a hundred years before you was born, and shipmates of mine have eaten them."

"Excuse me, what those old Admirals and Buccaneers, that set the legend afloat, never was absurd as to call a cabbage, and your shipmates may have eaten for one, is nothing on earth but the last year's growth of the palm-tree."

"Palm-tree be—" said Welch; and thereupon caused short argument, which Helen's good sense cut short.

"Mr. Hazel,' said she' "can you by any possibility get our poor friend the *thing* he wants?"

"O, *that* is quite within the bounds of possibility," said Hazel, dryly.

"Well, then, suppose you beign by getting him the *thing*? and after all that, it will be time to argue about the *name* we shall give to the *thing*."

The good sense of this struck Mr. Hazel forcible. He started off at once, armed with the axe, and a net beg Welch had made since he became unfit for heavy labor; he called back to them as he went, to put the pots on.

Welch and Miss Rolleston complied; and then the sailor showed the lady how to sew sailor-wise, driving the large needle with the palm of the hand, guarded by a piece of leather. They had nailed two breadths of canvass to the trees on the north and west sides, and run the breadths rapidly together; and the water was boiling and bubbling in the balers, when Miss Rolleston uttered a scream, for Hazel came running over the prostrate palm tree as if it was a proper bridge, and lighted in the midst of them.

"Got one," said he, cheerfully, and produced from his net some limes, two cocoanuts, and a land-turtle; from this last esculent. Miss Rolleston withdrew with undisguised horror, and it was in vain he assured her it was a great delicacy.

"No matter; it is a reptile. O, please send it away."

"The Queen of the Island reprieves you," said he, and put down the terrapin, which went off very leisurely for a reprieved reptile.

Then Hazel produced a fine bream, which he had found struggling in a rock pool, the tide having turned, and three sea cray-fish, bigger than any lobster. He chopped their heads off outside, and threw their tails into the pots; he stuck a piece of pointed wood through the bream, and gave it to Welch to toast; but Welch waved it aside.

"I see no cabbage," said he, grimly.

"O, I forgot; but that is soon found" said Hazel. "Here' give me the fish, and you take the saw, and examine the head of this palm-tree, which lies at Miss Rolleston's door. Saw away the succulent part of last year's growth, and bring it here."

Welch got up slowly.

"I'll go with you, Mr. Welch," said Miss Rolleston.

She will not be alone with me for a moment, if she can help it, thought Hazel, and sat moody by the fire. But he shook off his sadness, and forced on a cheerful look the moment they came back. They brought with them a vegetable very like the heart of a cabbage, only longer and whiter.

"There," said Welch, "what do you call that?"

"The last year's growth of the palm," said Hazel, calmly.

This vegetable was cut in two and put in the pots

Continued.

Caught in a Trap.

Sarnia, June 30

At five o'clock this morning the jailor captured a man in the inside yard of the jail. He had, during the night, scaled the outwork fence and the main wall by means of a grappling iron and a rope. When on the top of the jail wall it appears he lost his footing and fell inside, injuring himself severely about the shoulders. A key was found close at hand, intended to be a *fac simile* of the one used in locking the prisoner's cells. It is generally believed that this man's object was to release the prisoners Burdell, *alias* Harwood and Kincade, who are confined in jail awating their trial for counterfeiting U. S. Treasury Notes.

☞ A St. Louis paper predicts the largest wheat crop ever gathered in that State, and gives a column of three line paragraphs from papers in all sections in support of its judgment.

☞ The Prince of Wales is getting bald.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JULY 9, 1868.

DOMINION DAY IN GODERICH

Although no special preparations were made for the celebration of the natal day of Canadian Confederation in our good town, it was a much "livelier time" than could have been expected. In the morning a train of 21 cars, crowded with excursionists from Brantford and towns west of that place, arrived at Clinton, where it was found necessary to detach a few cars until the rest could be run up to Goderich, after which they were returned for. It is estimated that the train carried at least 1300 people. The *Silver Spray* brought a large number from Northern Ports, the farmers flocked in from the surrounding country with their wives and children, and, altogether, we feel safe in asserting that there were from three to four thousand visitors in town. As if by common consent, the stream of people sought relief from the intolerable heat by hurrying direct to the bank of the lake. The strs. *Silver Spray* and *Clinton* gave, respectively, three and two excursions out on the lake in the course of the day and evening, but the *Spray* seemed in some way to have the preference. A cricket match was played between the Goderich and Seaforth clubs, Goderich, of course, being badly wounted. At noon the artillery company fired a salute. The Good Templars of Goderich and Seaforth enjoyed a pic nic together, the boys and their girls imbibed mountains of strawberries and ice creams, washed down by oceans of lemonade and ginger beer, youths cooled off by putting the stone, leaping and running races, hundreds warmed up by drinking ale, whiskey and other kinds of "sustenance," an athlete walked on a rope extended from Parsons' buildings to Crabbs three story block, and performed some rather astonishing feats, but as he did not fall and break his neck many were quite disapointed—a colored youth surnamed "Sam," created a profound sensation by "going for" a young gentleman from the country, and in the evening *absinthe* had been imbibed so successfully be several hundreds that a fight of some kind could be witnessed by the lovers of kicking and gouging, at almost every turn, greatly to the advantage of our town constables who have had their hands full of business ever since. In fact all our visitors were pleased. Those who wanted a little "fun with the boys," had their heads punched satisfactorily, lovers "billed and cooed," those tired of the business and commerce of life sat and enjoyed the delightful scenery, and so on. By 8 o'clock, p. m., most of the excursionists were on their way home, excepting those from Kincardine, who were detained until early next morning on account of the *Spray* going out to town in the *Clinton*, the piston of the the latter having broken while she was out on the lake with an excursion party.—We feel sure that hotel-keeps and the vendors of fruit and "soft-drinks," would be glad to have frequent repetitions of such a day.

RECIPROCITY.

The American people seem, at last, to be awake to the fact that in the matter of the Abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty they have been "biting their own noses" to spite a neighbor's face. For some months it has been apparent to leading business men in the chief centres of trade that the Japanese policy, so far from hastening the cherished object of the Annexation of Canada, only reverted back upon the heads of its promoters. That the policy of the American Government was to injure and if possible cripple Canada, was obvious from the first, and hence our people wisely determined that, if they could not deal on just principles with their next neighbors, they would seek out other channels through which the ever-increasing stream of Colonial exports and imports might flow with unrestricted freedom. The results are obvious, not only to ourselves, but to those who have failed in the attempt to embarrass us.—Grain of every kind has never been higher in Canada than during the past two years—our commerce generally is flourishing—our manufactures have been wondrously stimulated—inventive genius has been busily at work—farmers, in thousands of instances, have paid off old mortgages and are now prosperous—deep seated content reigns paramount, education flourishes, our banks are sound, and in short the Dominion stands upright on a basis of material prosperity. These facts cannot escape the keen glance of shrewd Yankee politicians, and now we find that the most red-hot members of the radical party which deprived us of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty are clamoring for Reciprocal legislation. It is true they do so, no doubt, in a measure, because they wish to rectify a glaring error on the eve of a Presidential election; but it is clear that they would never dream of such a course were they not forced to it by an influential portion of the nation. Senator Ramsay of Minnesota has introduced a Bill on the subject of Reciprocity, which has had two readings, the main features of which are as follows:—

"The following articles, being the growth, produce and manufacture of said Provinces, formerly known under the names of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island, shall be admitted into the United States, when directly imported, at a duty of five per centum, *ad valorem*, to wit:—

"Grain, flour and bread stuffs of all kinds; animals of all kinds; fresh, smoked and salted meat; cotton, wool, seeds and vegetables; undried fruits; dried fruits; fish, and all other creatures living in the water; poultry, egg, hides, furs, skins or tails, undressed; stone or marble in its crude or unwrought state; butter, cheese, tallow, lard, horses, manures, pitch, tar, turpentine, ashes; timber and lumber of all kinds, round, hewed, and sawed, unmanufactured in whole or in part; firewood, plants, shrubs and trees; pelts, wool, fish oil, rice, broom corn and bark, maple sugar, gypsum, ground or unground; hewn or unwrought or wrought burr grindstones; dye stuffs; flax, hemp and tow, unmanufactured; unmanufactured tobacco; rags; agricultural implements of all kinds; and all articles of manufacture not included in this list, where the said articles are manufactured from products actually the growth or product of the country so manufacturing them, being the British North American Provinces aforesaid;

Provided, That similar articles, the growth, product and manufacture of the United States, shall be admitted into the said Provinces of British North America at a rate of duty not higher than the duty imposed by this Act upon similar articles when imported into the United States from the Provinces afore said.

And provided further, That all export duties upon any of the above enumerated articles shall be abolished and cease to exist."

Some of our Canadian contemporaries object to this measure because it excludes coal from the 5 per cent. list, and we are inclined to think that salt has been purposely omitted. It is clear that our legislature could not listen to a proposal which, if accepted without amendment, would be injurious to the coal interest of Nova Scotia and the no less important *Salt* interest of Ontario. No, no, gentlemen, if you are sincere, let's have no discrimination of this sort! If there are advantages to flow from a reciprocal trade system, we *must* see to it that the advantage is not *all* on your side!

Useful Inventions vs Humbugs.

One of the chief obstacles in the way of those who have a useful invention to bring before the public, is the fact that the country teems with arrant humbugs, who, with glib tongues, prowl about seeking what innocent they may devour. Without pointing out the hundred and one "sells" afloat, from a patent pill to a clod-crusher, we will merely assert that in many cases these gentry are in the habit of selling township rights to several parties, thus swindling honest men out of their money. Hence farmers are naturally afraid almost to look at anything new. But common-sense should point out that certain distinctions should be made. For example, Marr's new plough attachment is a thing which recommends itself practically, and being a Canadian invention it deserves the support of a discerning public. Of the hundreds of rights disposed of we have not heard of a single case of dissatisfaction, and from what we know of Mr. Vannorman, the agent for this section, we are satisfied that the utmost confidence may be placed in what he says. The Dominion steam Washing Machine is in the same category. By all means look out for humbugs, but don't discard that which is really good. Labor saved is of unmeasured value.

BATTALION DRILL.

TURN OUT OF THE 33RD BATTALION.

In accordance with orders received from headquarters, Lieut. Col. Ross, ordered out the Huron Battalion for the prescribed eight-days' drill, to meet at Goderich on Monday the 6th inst. By three o'clock of that day the outlying companies were met at the station by those adready in town, after which the whole force marched to and formed on the Square. The battalion is composed as follows:—

Lieut.-Col. Ross in command. His staff is made up thus:—Maj. Coleman, Adjutant Cook, Paymaster Seymour, Quarter-Master Jordan, Bugle-Major Hazlehurst, Quarter-Master's Sergt. McPherson, Paymaster's Sergt. McIntosh, Sergt-Major Patterson, Orderly-room Sergt. W. Gardiner.

No 1. Goderich Artillery Co., Capt. Jas Thomson, 2 Lieuts, Detlor and Rose, 3 sergts, 3 corporals, 38 privates, 47.

No 2, Huron Rifles, Capt. Hays, Lieut. Davison, Ensign Ferguson, 3 sergts, 2 corporals, 1 drummer, 33 privates, total 39.

No 3. Seaforth Infantry, Capt. Bull, Lieut. Wilson, 3 sergts. 1 corporal, 1 drummer, 42 privates, total 47.

No 4. Clinton Infantry, Capt. Murray, Lieut. Dinsley, 3 sergts, 3 corporals, 34 privates, total 42.

No 5. Bayfield Infantry, Capt. Connor, Lieut. Jackson, 4 sergts. 4 corporals, 42 privates, total 50.

No 6. Exeter Infantry, Capt Hyndman, Lieut. Spackman, Ensign Howard, 3 sergts, 3 corporals, 1 drummer, 39 privates, total 49.

No 7. Goderich Township Infantry, Capt. Sheppard, Lieut McDonald, 1 ensign, 3 sergts., 3 coporals, 42 privates, total 51.

The total number of officers and men on drill, excluding the commander and his staft, is 320. The appearance of the battalion, when drawn up, is very beautiful, and lends quite a military air to the town. No doubt the drill will be of great service to the various companies.

A band, composed of members of the Bayfield band and Goderich amateurs and regular drummers does capital service in enlivening and cheering the men. Guards and patrols with all the appurtenances of regular service have been established. The hours of drill are from 5. 30 to 7.30., from 10.00 to 12.00. and from 6.00 to 8.00 p m. The extreme heat renders the middle drill rather trying to the men, but they all seem determined to do their duty.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The Town Council met on Friday evening last. Mayor Johnston presiding, all the members present. Minutes of last meeting was read and approved of.

Petition of F. Cassidy, praying for a culvert in front of his lot, was granted.

A petition from Lieut. Col. Ross, asking for an appropriation to assist in paying the board of volunteers, was read, when it was

Moved by Mr. Hays, sec. by Mr. Clifford, That the petition be respectfully received and fyled, the funds of the corporation being in such a low state as not to warrant said appropriation, but that an application be made to the County Council at its next meeting.—Carried.

Communication of the Board of Common School Trustees asking the sum of $4784.13. Received.

Petition of A. M. Ross and 200 others asking the Council to erect a Town Hall, &c., was read, when it was resolved that said petition be referred to a committee, consisting of Messrs. Leonard, Cameron, and Gibbons.

Petition of Rev. Mr. Moss, N. C. M. Church, praying to be relieved from taxes for the current year on said church property the Court of Revision having granted the same to the Wesleyan Methodist body on the ground that the assessment is illegal.—Granted.

Petition of Geo. Cox and Wm. Summres, praying to have the ditch in front of their property repaired as it was washing away the street. Referred to R. and B. Committee.

Petition of Mr. Kirkpatrick praying to have the sidewalk to St. George's Church paired. Referred as above.

Petition of John Longworth, praying to have the posts of his fence put deeper in the ground. Same deliverence.

Petition of Com. of Canada Co., asking that certain interest be refunded. Fyled.

Two hundred dollars was granted to the Goderich Grammar School. Moved by Mr. Seymour sec. by Mr. Leonard, That the Market Fees be again established as in 1866, and the Market let to the highest bidder, and that a by-law be prepared, to be read at the next regular meeting.—Carried.

The Council then adjourned.

☞ Messrs. Pollock & Johnston are about removing their store from Kingston street to the premises on the square formerly occupied by J. C. McIntosh.

THE GUNBOATS.

The *Prince Alfred* is expected at this port to-day, (3rd.)

We understand, on good authority, that the *Cherub* left, or was to leave Prescott for Goderich on the 1st., and that this was to be her headquarters. This action on the part of the authorities seems to indicate that a "Fenian attempt" is not considered imminent. Our people will be glad to give the jolly tars a cordial welcome.

Battalion Drill.—The several *corps* composing the Huron Battalion of Volunteers are ordered to meet at Goderich on Monday next for the prescribed battalion drill. If the Government or military authorities had consulted the interests of the men the time of hay harvest would not have been chosen for this purpose. Great inconvenience will be the inevitable result; but, of course, Colonel Ross has no option in the matter.

☞ The thermometer reached 105° in the shade in London on Saturday.

☞ Dont forget the comphmentary concert to Mrs, Simms on Thursday evening next. The bill shows a grand array of talent and we doubt not the programme will be a good one and well carried out.

☞ Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, the well-known revivalists of New York are holding special services in the Wesleyan Church of this town every afternoon at 3 o'clock and at 7.30 in the evening. Large crowds of people attend each meeting. We believe they will only remain a day or two.

"A gentleman went trout fishing in a river near Saugeen, a few days since, and in a day and a half caught 2,700 speckled trout, weighing from two pounds downwards!"

Instead of copying a local item correctly, giving due credit, many of our contemporaries will whittle away at it until it reaches the small end of nothing. The above is the latest version of the fishing exploit we chronicled a few days ago.

Excursion to London.—We learn by Grand Trunk telegraph that it has been decided upon to run an excursion train from Goderich to London on Thursday the 16th inst., the fare being placed at the extremely low figure of $1.00, children half price. We have no doubt there will be a large turn out on the occasion.

Pic-Nic.—The teachers and pupils of the Central School of this town, together with a number of scholars of the Kindergarten school, and their teachers and parents, who arrived per str *Silver Spray*, enjoyed a pleasant pic-nic together in the beautiful grove at Galts point on Monday last. The proceedings were such as to gratify all present.

The Dominion Steam Washing Machine.

We have inspected a new and very useful washing machine, the County right of which has been bought by Messrs Story & Dean of this town. The machine, which is cheap and quite simple, is fitted to a common boiler in such a way that steam is generated and a number of jets of boiling water thrown upon the clothes to be washed, thus effectually cleansing them without the intolerable rubbing which jades out the housewife and sours the temper of poor *familias*. The machine is highly spoken of by all who have used it. Mr. E. Templeton is the agent for its sale.

Wonderful.—A contemporary eulogizing a salt manufactory at Ottawa, says: "A gentleman who has had an opportunity of examining a specimen of salt from brine taken from a well in the township of Pittaroy near Ottawa, at a depth of 20 feet, says five common-sized pail fulls of the water produced ten ounces of strong salt. It has a slight yellow tinge; but no doubt this was owing to some defect in the evaporation. The proprietor purposes to sink deeper, and expects a large yield."—If the writer of the above could spend a day in Goderich he would think less of the Ottawa affair.

The Ayr Reaper and Mower.—This machine, Manufactured by Mr. Watson of Ayr, stands very high in the estimation of farmers. It is made of the best materials, is simple in construction, and for either reaping or mowing cannot be surpassed. Mr. J. Callaway, the agent for Huron, has sold nearly fifty of the machines this season. He has one on exhibition at the Colborne Inn, where farmers can call and inspect it for themselves.

A Goon Fish.—On the morning of Dominion Day Mr. J. A. C. Cox, of this office, caught a speckled trout in Ben-Millar mill pond which measured 13½ inches in length and weighed 1 lb 1¼ oz. Not bad, considering that it was only about five miles from Goderich.

The Onion fest.—One of our market-gardeners wishes us to ask through the *Signal* if any one knows how the white maggot which has destroyed the onion crop in this locality for several years can be destroyed. He has used salt, lime, and other substances without effect.

☞ The lower part of the County is having an overplus of rain while our gardens are suffering from drought.

The Civic Holiday.—We presume that our citizens wish to enjoy, this year, the usual holiday. Why not have it on the 16th inst., on which occasion a large number will patronize the cheap excursion to London. Who will present our worthy Mayor with a largely signed requisition to that effect?

☞ An interesting Memoir of the late Dr. Chalk will appear in our next.

Brilliant Reception to Gen. Napier.

London, July 2.—Gen. Sir Robert Napier arrived in this city this morning. An immense crowd was assembled at the railroad depot to welcome him, and on his appearance he was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

In the House of Lords this evening, a vote of thanks to Gen. Napier, and the officers and men of the Abyssinian expedition, was moved by the Earl of Malmesbury, and seconded by Earl Russell, and was unanimously adopted.

In the House of Commons all the benches were filled with members, and the galleries crowded by a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen. When the General entered the House, he was warmly greeted by the members. Mr. Disraeli then moved, and Mr Gladstone seconded, the vote of thanks, which was carried without a dissenting voice, amid the most enthusiastic cheering from all parts of the House.

A new rifle has made its appearance in Paris, called the ravageur, which according to the assartions of its inventor, eclipses both the needle gun and the Chassepot, and can be fired 40 rounds per minute, or 2,100 per hour.

Dungannon.

Dominion Day was celebrated here by holding a school pic-nic in the grove opposite the school house. Although the heat was oppressive, and the dust anything but agreeable, at the appointed hour, a host of joyous, happy looking children, accompanied by their friends of riper years, were seen wending their way towards the grove, where their zealous, and energetic teacher was busily engaged in preparing for their reception. The chair was filled by the Rev. Mr. Barr L. S. of Schools, who performed the duty with his usual marked ability; and among those present we observed the Rev. Mr. Whiting, and the most of the teachers of the vicinity. The proceedings commenced with humorous and witty dialogues and recitations, by the pupils, from various authors, which contributed much to the pleasure and amusement of the visitors. The spirit of the various pieces was fully entered into by the pupils, and they were quite successful in retaining the ear of the audience; but the remaining part of the programme was probably more interesting than that which we have already noticed; being a debate by the more advanced pupils on "whether the Statesman, Warrior, or Poet, is the most beneficial to his country," in which the debaters availed themselves of the wide scope afforded by the