

Poetry.

FEAR NOT TO DIE.

Written for the Huron Signal.

Fear not to die! The fading vapor breath, Could never prove the patriot's greatest care.

Fear not to die! If needs be, let the patriot's greatest care, The tender, true, sweet, virtuous, and the true, The true, the virtuous, and the true.

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I dare say you are correct, Miss Knowlton, if her bold appearance does not greatly belie her, is a person well suited to the coast station she occupies.

Mr. Sturtevant's fine eyes kindled; he seized her by the hand, and with a sharp exclamation, he checked the words before they were uttered, bowed courteously, and drove away from the gate of Oakwood.

One fine summer day there was a picnic in the grove near Woodford. Florence went over to the ground with her pupils, and there was not a livelier girl present than the schoolmistress.

Her simple white dress became her pure beauty; the crimson scarf lent additional whiteness to her snowy neck; and the cheap hat, with its blue ribbons, contrasted well with the brown of her hair, which the sunbeams kissed into coils of tawny gold.

The day wore on—the speeches were over, dinner had been served, the company separated, each group or party enjoying themselves in their own way; some at the swim, some giving little concerts, and others strolling on the bank of Swift River, which skirted the grounds.

Among the latter, was Florence. She had left the crowd, and wandering to the bank of the stream, had seated herself on a fallen tree which lay across a jut of water. It was a picturesque but dangerous seat, for the banks, shaken by the constant damming of the rains against their base, were treacherous in many places, and a slight jar might displace huge fragments of earth and stone.

A little farther down the stream are Mr. Sturtevant and Miss Rivers; the gentleman gazing upward at the sweet face of the schoolmistress, the lady fretting the boom of the stream to diamonds with a willow switch broken from the tree at her side.

“What a beautiful picture! Is it not?” queried Mr. Sturtevant, a little maliciously, of his companion, as he noticed the contemptuous glances she cast in the direction of Florence.

Adelaide's face darkened, she gave no reply, but moved away up the shore, while Graham, drawing an inaudible whistle, strove off to join the merry company at little distance engaged in fishing fortunes.

Adelaide hurried on to the side of the fair girl. Her step startled Florence from a reverie in which she was indulging, she sprang up quickly, and she broke off the fragile crust of earth where she stood, from the bank. She felt her foothold giving way; she realized the fate that awaited her, and with imploring eyes, she held out her hands impudently to Adelaide for succor. The lady might have saved her; full well she was assured of the power, but Adelaide's face grew cold, white, and stern as marble—“no, no!”

The evil spirit triumphed over the good in her breast; she turned her back on the suppliant, and no eye save that of Omnipotence saw her black sin.

There was a hollow plunge; a faint, faint cry, drowned by the roar of the water, and then all went on as before. A smile of fensh satisfaction stole on the ghastly countenance of Oakwood's proud mistress; she muttered through her closely shut teeth: “It was not my hand, it was his.”

Suddenly she stopped; her white hands clenched each other firmly; she grew absolutely livid with the rush of horror; for, striking out from the shore with the desperate power of a strong arm, she beheld Graham Sturtevant. The current was swift; the mighty surging of the tide might have driven her, but she could not move, but it produced no visible effect in the progress of the bold swimmer. He reached the spot where Florence had gone down, and diving, came to the surface some rods below, with the girl in his arms. A few moments afterwards, and he had borne her to the shore, where, declining all offers of assistance, he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

Greatly to the surprise of all Woodford, he insisted on carrying her to her boarding place in his chaise; and the next day, he called to inquire if she had sustained any injury by the accident.

The chill which Florence had experienced, joined to anxiety about her school, brought on a low nervous fever, that confined her to her bed for a fortnight, during which another teacher was provided; and when she was at last able to sit up, the physician positively forbade all exertion. Her very life he said depended on her keeping quiet and restful. But how could she be quiet when Edward's continuance at her studies hung solely upon her wages?

She could not bear a fit of weeping when she thought of the disappointment the poor boy would experience at renouncing the cherished object of his life.

Scarcely had she dried her eyes, and resolved to put her trust in an overruling Providence, when a letter was handed her. It proved to be from the president of the college where Edward was studying, and its contents filled the soul of the girl with deep gratitude. An unknown friend, so ran the note, had paid in full the expenses of her brother for the entire course of instruction; and a receipt for the same was inclosed.

Florence closed her eyes in much thankfulness. God had not forsaken her. The next morning she was reading the paragraph appeared in the Woodford Chronicle, under the head of personal:—

“Our heartfelt sympathy is due our young and gifted fellow-townsmen, the well-known attorney Graham Sturtevant, in his misfortune. We learn that all the vast wealth which he has so long held in his possession, by some legal defect, law, or quibble, of the nature of which we are ignorant—the property of another. Mr. Sturtevant will retain immediate possession of the fortune, and, devote himself more entirely to his professional, which, we think not, will afford him

Of course the news flew like wild-fire and by noon everybody in Woodford knew that Mr. Sturtevant was a poor man. The unfortunate fellow himself bore up bravely, and that evening he called at Oakwood to see the young mistress. The servant said she was not at home; but Sturtevant judged differently, for coming up the avenue, he had seen her face at the upper window. A quiet smile wreathed up his face as he turned away. He was not very deeply disappointed, if appearances are reliable evidence.

The evening day he called again. This time Miss Rivers was in the garden, and was forced to see him; but her manner was cold and distant, when he asked her to ride with him once more, she declined—she had an engagement. He was no longer invited to ride, and shortly after-

wards she was seen in public with Mr. Monmouth, a rival suitor, whose fortune though very handsome, was inferior to the patrimony which had belonged to Graham Sturtevant.

Miss Rivers' knowledge was very slowly, but these days of idleness were pleasant in her life. Mr. Sturtevant was a constant visitor. Sometimes his excuse was a new book, again a rare engraving, often a bouquet of flowers from the city greenhouse. And one day, when she was able to take a brief walk in the garden, he sat down beside her, and with her hand in his, told her very simply and quietly that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

“You have doubtless heard, dear girl,” he said, in conclusion, “of my loss of fortune? Do you love me well enough to breast with me the tolls way that opens before me? A poor young lawyer, with his friends' backs turned toward him, and his fortune to how out with his own labor? Answer me, Florence.”

She lifted her soft eyes to his face. He read her soul there, and drawing her to this breast, kissed her on her forehead.

“Will Florence go with me?” he asked, softly. And the whispered reply came:—“She will go.”

Three weeks subsequent there was an unostentatious wedding, one fair Sabbath morning, at the little church in Woodford. The bridegroom had so desired it, and there, in the presence of the assembled worshippers, the ceremony took place.

Miss Rivers sailed scornfully by the plainly dressed bride, her costly brocade rustling regally as she went; and Mr. Sturtevant smiled a singularly meaning smile as he slipped the diamond wedding-ring on the finger of his bride. Florence started as she caught the glitter of the brilliant, but the tender pressure of his hand reassured her.

A train of elegant carriages waited at the door, into the foremost of which the bridal pair entered, and the coachman took the road to Sturtevant Hall, followed by the other carriages, which contained the invited guests. Florence was flushed and trembled. She drew closer to the side of her husband, and questioned him, timidly:—

“Graham, whether are you taking me? This splendor seems to me little fitted for the wedding of a poor man.”

He silenced her with a kiss; and when the hall was reached, he lifted her into the sumptuous drawing-room, seated her on a sofa, saying, tenderly and solemnly:—

“Welcome home, Florence, my wife!” Smiling, wondering faces were all around her. Florence, startled and perplexed, could only look up to her husband for interpretation.

“My friends and you, dear Florence, will I trust, pardon a little outburst of mine, especially as it has so happy a denouement. I have always indulged a strong desire to be loved for myself alone, and not for the sake of my fortune; and the fact in his costume, he is responsible, and my warmest gratitude is due him for the service he has rendered me.”

The tidings got wind at once. Everybody knew that Mr. Sturtevant had not lost his property, and, in consequence, everybody was his “most obedient servant” forthwith.

Imagine, if you can, the discomfiture of Miss Rivers, imagine the more than nine days' wonder; but you can only faintly imagine the happiness that was Florence Sturtevant's when she knew she had chosen for her husband. She knows, now, who befriended Edward, her brother, and the perfect trust she feels for him makes her life blessed.

Remarkable Trial.

A LADY FINED FOR UNDERTAKING HER AGE.

At a Criminal Court, held at Fort William, on Tuesday, July 25th, Sheriff Fraser on the bench—Flora Mitchell, teacher, Ballachulish, in the county of Inverness, was placed at the bar, charged, at the instance of the Procurator Fiscal, with having made a false entry in the schedule she returned to the district, on the 31st day of April last. Accused pleaded not guilty, and was defended by Mr. McKenzie, writer, Dunan McPherson, schoolmaster, Quich, and that in his capacity as Registrar for the district of Ballachulish and Curran of Argour, he conducted the taking of the census for that district in April last. Alex. Cameron was the enumerator he appointed for the district in which Miss Mitchell resided. The schedule shown him was brought to him by Cameron, along with some sixty more. He considered it his duty to look over them all, to see if they were properly filled. In looking over Miss Mitchell's schedule, he found that her age was put down at 27 years. As she was personally known to himself he judged by her appearance that her age was much underated. (Laughter.) He had a conversation with the enumerator about the matter a few days after the 31st of April, and as the enumerator was of the same opinion, witness wrote to the Session-Clerk of Strontian for an extract of her birth out of the session book. In return he received an extract of her baptism, from which it appeared that she was baptised on the 10th day of February, 1827, or 44 years ago. (Laughter.) Witness then communicated with the Registrar-General, who directed him to report the case to the Procurator-Fiscal. The witness was cross-examined at great length by Mr. McKenzie, who endeavored to show that Mr. McPherson was actuated throughout by private malice against the accused, and that he had no authority to make the present investigation—that if any errors had been committed the enumerators were the proper parties to correct them. Witness, however, denied that the proceedings were instigated through any private animosity on his part. Alexander Cameron, the enumerator, identified the schedule shown him as the one he received from the accused. It occurred to him that she was older than 27. Donald McPherson, registrar and session-clerk for the parish of Strontian, said that he was 99 years of age. He acted as session-clerk for the parish of Strontian for upwards of 60 years. He knew the Mitchell family. The documents he pro-

duced was a true and correct extract of Flora Mitchell's baptism, taken from the session-book. She was baptised on the 10th of February, 1827. The entry in the book was made by himself, in cross-examination, Mr. McKenzie showed witness an extract he gave in 1864, in which it was stated that Flora Mitchell was born in February, 1839. Witness admitted that the signature was his, but he could not say who wrote the alleged extract. He was quite sure that it was not a true one, but he would not swear against the baptism extract he produced, as that the baptism extract he produced was correct. He recollects a member of the Mitchell family having applied for an extract some years ago. The Fiscal (Mr. M'Laren) then addressed the Sheriff, and craved a conviction. Mr. McKenzie, for the accused, held that the prosecutor was bound to produce evidence as to the birth, but this he had failed to do; not a word in the documents on which he relied referred to a birth but to baptism. He referred to the extract of birth given by the session clerk in 1864 as a correct one, and he now came forward with a baptism certificate and said that the former one was not true. How could they, then, depend on books kept in such a manner as this? The Sheriff found the charge proved. He was bound to take the session-book as evidence, especially when it was sworn to by the party who made the entry. Although the extract referred to a baptism, he (the Sheriff) understood that it was invariably the custom not to baptise children until they were born. (Laughter.) Because the might not be baptised on the day on which she was born. He could not believe that a person occupying the position the prisoner occupied in society could make a mistake of fifteen years in stating her age. He would, however, inflict the lowest penalty that the law allowed, and accordingly fined the accused in the sum of £1 sterling. The court-room was crowded during the trial.

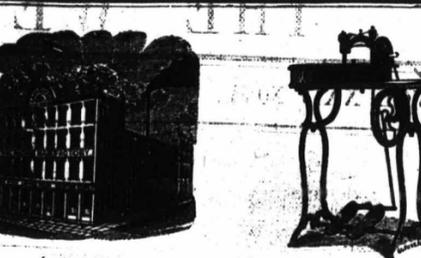
THE MONSTROUS WAVE.—The Times of India gives additional particulars of the disaster which occurred at the Island of Tagalanda. It appears that on the 3rd of March last an outburst took place from the volcano Kawang, that island, accompanied by a seaquake; the sea then rose to a great height, and a gigantic wave, about 40 yards high and suddenly rushed on the island, sweeping away from it human beings, cattle, houses and everything else. One account says 416 persons perished; another account gives the number as 520. Among those who perished was the King of the island. Only three houses were left standing. Almost all the survivors fled to the bush, where they still were by last accounts. The bodies of the dead were lying about making the air foul from want of hands to bury them. On the 14th of March the volcano cast out flames and lava which destroyed most of the cultivated land. The wrecks and remains of the surviving population are said to be great and the need of help pressing.

“A Mountain of Gold” is the last inducement held out to seekers after sudden and unearned wealth. A gentleman by the name of Robinson, says the St. Louis Republic “who claims Oregon as his abiding place, is making a honest living by getting up companies of men, 100 in number, whom he promises to pilot to a mountain of solid gold. After wandering around in the mountains with his dupes for several weeks, Mr. Robinson suddenly disappears to start a new enterprise of the same character.” We have the utmost pity for the victims of Robinson; but they belong to a class which is, as a general thing, very “tedious.” Therefore, will Robinson kindly come around this way? Let him not continue his talents along the river to Missouri. There are a good many in this locality who are seeking for him with intense anxiety.

NEW BOOKS, Wall Paper &c. &c. WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT BUTLER'S. A Beautiful Assortment of JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS JUST RECEIVED, and to be sold CHEAP AT BUTLER'S Fishing Tackles. ALL KINDS, CONSISTING OF REELS, BASKETS, HOOKS AND LINES, AND superior kind SELLING AT COST AT BUTLER'S. Goderich, 19th Aug., 1871.

A Life Policy for Sale. A good investment for any party who could not get an even life insurance. For particulars apply to DANIEL GORDON, Goderich 2nd May, 1871.

MISS DUNN DESIRES TO INFORM THE INHABITANTS OF GODERICH THAT SHE IS PREPARED TO TAKE A BILITABLE NUMBER OF PUPILS FOR INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC. Goderich 22 Aug. 1871.



Wanzer Letter A. FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. The simplest, with the greatest variety of work, is more easily managed, less liable to get out of order, and runs lighter than any other Shuttle Sewing Machine. Carry a heavier thread with a finer Needle than any machine manufactured on the continent. An efficient operator will be found at our ware-rooms, who will be happy to exhibit machines and specimens of work, and to receive orders from the Ladies for all sorts of FANCY STITCHING, EMBROIDERY, on Plain work. All machines warranted. N. B.—All sorts of Machines repaired on shortest notice. Threads and necessities for Machines kept constantly on hand. R. M. WANZER & CO., Show-Room next door to the "Signal Office," Goderich, Aug. 7th, 1871.

GODERICH WOOLEN FACTORY. SEASON 1871. THE SUBSCRIBERS, WHILE RETURNING THANKS FOR PAST PATRONAGE, BEG LEAVE TO STATE THAT TURNING THE POST WATER, THEY HAVE Added largely to their Manufacturing Machinery and having been lately fitted up with GREATER DESPATCH, OF MORE DURABILITY, and Neater in Pattern than Formerly.

Are now Prepared to Execute Orders in Tweeds, Full Cloths, Satinets, Flannels, Hose Covers, Stocking Yarns, &c. &c. WITH GREATER DESPATCH, OF MORE DURABILITY, and Neater in Pattern than Formerly.

They would also call particular attention to CUSTOM SPINNING, ROLL CARDING, CLOTH DRESSING &c. For which their machinery is fully adapted. Parties desiring quotations can send in with wool to get carded, by leaving the same with Mr. H. P. Robinson, Merchant, 4th Floor, on getting their rolls done with them the same day. Those wishing to see how they were prepared will find it to their interest to give the following address:— J. P. N. B.—Price Low. First-class work guaranteed.

JOHN INGLIS & SON. Goderich Woollen Factory May 23rd, 1871.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL! FARMERS IF YOU WANT YOUR WOOL CARDED AND CLOTH FILLED and Dressed, go to the Colborne Woollen Mills better known as Benn Miller's Mills. GLEDHILL AND BROTHERS are prepared to fill all orders in the way of Roll Carding, Cloth Felling and Dressing. They will also manufacture for Farmers and others when furnished with clean picked wool.

FULL CLOTH SATINETT FLANNELS AND BROAD BED BLANKETS. as cheap as can be done elsewhere. Parties coming from a distance will seldom fail getting their rolls home with them the same day as they have put all their machinery in first class working order, the subscribers can guarantee all work done at their Carding Mill will give the best satisfaction.

JESSE GLEDHILL, EDWIN GLEDHILL, JAMES GLEDHILL. May 29th, 1871. Benn Miller P. O. Colborne Ont.

TAKE NOTICE. As the Goderich Steam Woollen Mill is not going to run this year the owners take this opportunity of notifying the customers of the same and would recommend all parties that have work to do in the above line to take it to GLEDHILL & BROTHERS, Colborne Woollen Mill, w18-3m. Goderich May 29th, 1871.

HURON FOUNDRY East Street Goderich. R. RUNCIMAN, MANUFACTURER OF GRIST & FLOURING MILLS, Muley and Sash Saw-Mills, Steam Engines and Boilers, Thrashing Machines, Separators, Horse Powers, Drag Saws, IRON AND WOODEN PLOUGHS! With Cast or Steel Boards, Drill Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Cultivators, Land Rollers, Straw Cutters, Agricultural Furnaces, Potash Kettles, Sugar Kettles, Salt Kettles, Wagon and Pipe Bores. COOKING, PARLOUR AND BOX STOVES of the most improved trade. Brass Castings made, and Blacksmiths' Work and Repairing done on shortest notice. Call and see the STEEL MOULD-BOARD PLOUGHS, as you can get one very cheap for Cash. Goderich, Aug. 15th, 1871.

A BARGAIN. 50 ACRES, East of Lot 20, 10th con, Colborne Co. (Byron). 7 acres cleared and good lay lands. Clear title for \$500 cash or \$100 per third and interest thereafter in annual instalments with interest at 5 per cent per annum. Apply to ABRAHAM SMITH, Janes & Sept 1870 972-102 Market-Toronto.

PRIVATE SALE. LOT 328 ELGIN ST. Substantial Dwelling House. One of the most desirable properties in Town will be sold separately or together, also a splendid Hotel on Market Square Goderich. For particulars apply to DANIEL GORDON West St. Goderich July 26, 1871.

FOR SALE. 128 ACRES OF BUSH LAND IN THE TOWNSHIP OF COLBORNE, HURON CO. Goderich. For particulars apply to W. D. ALLEN, Huron Hotel Goderich 12 Nov. 1871.

County Wellington

MEETING OF J

A meeting of the various municipalities of the North West South Bruce held at Bruce Road at the call of M. The following present: West Wawan Revere; E. J. E. Alex. Mooney, Ashfield—Ge East Wawan Councillor; R. Kinloss—M. W. Treleven. Morris—T. J. Deputy Reeve Cillor; N. M. W. J. Hingst Cooper, T. She strong, T. Ash Turnberry—Peter Fisher, J. Joseph L. Gregory, L. J. Corogah, Sam Grey—J. I. Donald, Depu Wm. Spence Pierson. Elma—D. I stanly, W. D. Wallace—Revere.

Listowel—Campbell, C. The Secret of the enterprise, had been du by municipal He referred movement as the scheme tangible inst and unity. This Township n from the be present. ings, at 30th, at 6 Thursday, been fixed, vided, also about for d. It was Peter Fish appointed appointee. It was be held follows: Grey a Wednesday Turne day 31st, Morris gave, Se same day Turnb at 1 p. m at 6 p. m Grey a 4th, at 6 Miles p. m. Morris Tuesday and For 6 p. m. East house, Denmy West Dungan p. m., p. m. Luci Wes house, Hall, Kin at 1 p. m. Mo day 1: Schoo Elis at 1 m. m. m. 6 p. W day same 9th, at 2 Li O by mon the Sou coun sch of t it res cor we m. m. m. cs ti of I