"Yes, that is it, Ned," said the old lady, quietly: then, after a pause she said, "I want you to do your very best for this young lady."

"I always do," said the Artist. "But how can I judge without materials? And she brings me none."

Mrs. Undercliff turned to Helen, and said, "Have you brought him nothing at all, no handwritings—in your bag?"

Then Helen sighed again. "I have no handwriting except Mr. Penfold's; but I have two printed reports of the trial."

"Printed reports," said the Expert, "they are no use to me. Ah! here is an outline I took of the prisoner during the trial. You can read faces: tell the lady whether he was guilty or not," and he handed the profile to his mother with an ironical look; not that he doubted her proficiency in the rival art of reading faces, but that he doubted the existence of the art.

Mrs. Undercliff took the profile, and, coloring slightly, said to Miss Rolleston: "It is living faces I profess to read; there I can see the movements of the eyes and other things here that my son has not studied." Then she scrutinized the profile. "It was a very handsome face," said she.

The Expert chuckled. "There's a woman's judgment," said he. "Handsome! the fellow I got transported for life down at Exeter was an Adonis, and forged wills, bonds, and powers of attorney by the dozen."

"There's something noble about this face," said Mrs. Undercliff, ignoring the interruption,—"and yet something simple. I think him more likely to be a cat's-paw than a felon." Having delivered this with a certain modest dignity, she laid the profile on the counter before Helen.

The expert had a wonderful eye and hand; it was a good thing for society he had elected to be game keeper instead of poacher detector of forgery instead of forged. No photograph was ever truer than this outline.

Helen started, and bowed her head over the sketch to conceal the strong and various emotions that swelled at sight of the portrait of the martyr. In vain: if the eyes were hidden the tender bosom heaved, the graceful body quivered, and the tears fell fast upon the counter.

Mrs. Undercliff was womanly enough, though she looked like the late Lord Thurlow in petticoats, and she instantly aided the girl to hide her beating heart from the man, though that man was her son. She distracted his attention.

"Give me all the notes you have, Ned," said she, "and let me see whether I can make something of them: but first perhaps Miss Rolleston will empty her bag on the counter. Go back to your work a moment, for I know you have enough to do."

The Expert was secretly glad to be released from a case in which there were no materials; and so Helen scraped quite unobserved except by one of her own sex.

She saw directly what Mrs. Undercliff had done for her and lifted her sweet eyes, thick with tears to thank her.

Mrs. Undercliff smiled maternally, and next these two ladies did a stroke a of business in the twindling of an eye.

Helen being once more composed, Mrs. Undercliff took up the prayerbook, and asked her with some curiosity what could be in that.

"O," said Helen, "only some writing of Mr. Penfold. Mr. Undercliff does not want to see that; he is already sure Robert Penfold never wrote that wicked thing."

"Yes, but I should like to see some more of his handwriting for all that," said the Expert, looking suddenly up.

"But it is only in pencil."

"Never mind, you need not fear I shall alter my opinion."

Helen colored high.

"You are right; and I should disgrace my good cause by witholding anything from your inspection. There, sir."

She placed the prayer book before him, and he glanced over them with an eye like a bird, and compared them with his notes.

"Yes," said he, "that is Robert Penfold's writing; and I say again that hand never wrote the forged note."

"Let me see that," said Mrs. Undercliff.

"O, yes," said Helen, rather irresolutely; "but you will look into things as well as the writing and I promised pape—"

"Can't you trust me?" said Mrs. Undercliff, turning suddenly cold and a little suspicious.

"O, yes, madam; and indeed I have nothing to reproach myself with. But my papa is anxious. However, I am sure you are my friend: and all I ask is that you will never mention to a soul what you read there."

"I promise that," said the elder lady, and instantly bent her black brows upon the writing.

As she did so, Helen observed her countenance rise, as a face is very apt to do when its owner enters on congenial work.

"You would have made a great mistake to keep this from me," said she, gravely. Then she pondered profoundly for a time; then she turned to her son and said,—

"Why, Edward, this is the very young lady who was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, and cast on a desolate island. We have all heard about you in the papers, miss; and I felt for you, for one, but of course, not as I do now I have seen. You must let me go into this with you."

"Ah, if you would!" said Helen. "O madam, I have gone through tortures already for want of somebody of my own sex to keep me in countenance! Any miserable straw was sacred enough to stop on my strand of mercy and gratitude."

"Gratitude?"

"O, yes, madam. The papers have only told you that I was shipwrecked and cast away. Have you taken a fancy to me, madam? said Helen, modestly, and tender-ly, yet half archly.

"That I have," said the other. "Those eyes of yours went straight into my heart last night, or I should not be here this morning. That is partly owing to my own eyes being so dark and yours the loveliest hazel. She darned her hand away, mulled probably by some tender reminiscence. It was only for a moment. She turned round again, and said, quietly,

"Yes, Ned, I should like to try what I can do: I think you said these are reports of the trial. I'll begin by reading them."

She read them both very slowly and carefully, and her face grew like a judge's, and Helen watched each shade of expression with deep anxiety.

That powerful countenance showed alacrity and hope at first; then doubt and difficulty, and at last dejection.

Helen's heart turned cold, and for the first time she began to despair.

CHAPTER LIX.

Mrs Undercliff, having read the reports, avoided Helen's eye (another bad sign). She turned to Mr. Undercliff, and, probably because the perusal of the reports had disappointed her very much, said almost angrily,

"Edward, what did you say to make them laugh at that trial? Both these papers say that an Expert was called, whose ingenuity made the court smile, but did not counterbalance the evidence.

"Why, that is a falsehood in the face of it," said the expert turning red. "I was called simply and solely to prove Penfold did not write the forged note; I proved to the judge's satisfaction, and he directed the prisoner to be acquitted on that account. I showed the court he had not written the note, and my evidence crushed the indictment so far. How could they have laughed at my testimony? Why, they acted upon it. These reports are not worth a straw. What Journals are they cut out of?

"I don't know," said Helen.

"Is there nothing on the upper margin to show?"

"No."

"What, not on either of them?"

"No."

"Show me, please. This is a respectable paper too: the Daily News."

"O, Mr. Undercliff, how can you know that?"

"I don't know it; but I think so, because the type and paper are like that journal; the conductors are fond of clean type; so am I. Why, here is another mistatement; the judge never said he aggravated his offence by trying to cast a slur upon the Wardlaws! I'll swear the judge never said a syllable of the kind. What he said was 'You can speak in arrest of judgment on grounds of law, but you must not impugn the verdict with facts.' That was the only time he spoke to the prisoner at all."

Helen lifted up her hands and eyes in despair. "Where shall I find the truth?" said she. "The world is a quicksand."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Undercliff, "don't you be discouraged; there must be a correct report in some paper or other."

"I am not so sure of that," said Undercliff. "I believe the reporters trundle off to the nearest public house together, and light their pipes with their notes, and settle something or other by memory. Indeed, they have reached a pitch of inaccuracy that could not be attained without co-operation. Independent liars contradict each other; but these chaps follow one another in falsehood like geese toddling after one another across a common."

"Come, come," said Mrs. Undercliff, "if you can't help us, don't hurt us. We don't want a man to talk yellow jaundice to us. Miss Rolleston must employ somebody to read all the other papers and compare the reports with these."

"I'll employ nobody but myself," said Helen. "I'll go to the British Museum directly."

"The Museum!" cried Mr. Undercliff, looking up with surprise. "Why, they will be half an hour groping for a copy of the *Times*. No, no; go to Peele's Coffee House." He directed her where to find that place; and she was so eager to do something for Robert, however small, that she took up her bag directly, and put up the prayer book and was going to ask for her extracts, when she observed Mr. Undercliff was scrutinizing them with great interest, so she thought she would leave them with him; but, on looking more closely, she found that he was examining the advertisements and miscellanea on the reverse side.

She waited out of politeness, but she colored and bit her lip. She could not help feeling hurt and indignant. "Any trash is more interesting to people than poor Robert's case," she thought. And at last she said bitterly.

"Those advertisements seem to interest you, sir; shall I leave them with you?"

"If you please," said the Expert, over whose head, bent in dogged scrutiny, this small thunderbolt of feminine wrath passed unconscious.

Helen drove away to Peele's Coffee House.

Mrs. Undercliff pondered over the facts that had been elicited in this conversation; the Expert remained absorbed in the advertisements at the back of Helen's report.

When he had examined every one of them minutely, he held the entire extracts up to the light, and looked through them; then he stuck a double magnifier in his eye, and looked through them with that. Then he took two pieces of card, wrote on them R. Penfold, and looked about for his other materials, to put them all neatly together. Lo! the profile of Robert Penfold was gone.

"Now that is too bad," said he. "So much for her dovelike eyes, that you admired so. Miss Innocence has stolen that profile."

"Stolen!" she bought it it—of me."

"Why, she never said a word."

"No; but she looked a look. She asked me with these sweet imploring eyes, might she have it; and I looked yes; then she glanced towards you, and put down a note. Here it is."

"Why, you beat the telegraph, you two! Ten pounds for that thing! I must make it up to her somehow."

"I wish you could. Poor girl, she is a lady every inch. But she is in love with that Penfold. I'm afraid it is a hopeless case."

"I have seen a plainer. But hopeless it is not. However, you work your way, and I'll work mine."

"But you can't; you have no materials."

"No; but I have found a door that may lead to materials."

Having delivered himself thus mysteriously, he shut himself up in obstinate silence until Helen Rolleston called again, two days afterwards. She brought a bag full of manuscripts this time; to write, copies in her own handwriting of eight reports the Queen v. Penfold. She was in good spirits and told Mrs. Undercliff that all reports were somewhat more favorable than the two she had left and she was beginning to tell Mr. Undercliff he was quite right in his recollection, when he interrupted her, and said, All this is secondary now. Have you any objection to answer me a question?"

She colored; but said, "O, no. Ask me anything you like"; then she blushed deeper.

"How did you become possed of those two reports you left with me the other day?"

At this question, so different from what she feared, Helen cleared up and smiled, and said, "From a Mr. Hand' a clerk in Mr. Wardlaw's office; they were sent me at my request."

The Expert seemed pleased at this reply; his brow cleared, and he said. "Then I don't mind telling you that those two reports will bring Penfold's case within my province. To speak plainly, Miss Rolleston, your newspaper extracts—are forgeries."

CHAPTER LX.

"Forgeries!" cried Helen, with innocent horror.

"Bank forgeries," repeated the Expert, coolly.

"Forgeries!" cried Helen, "Why, how can printed things be that?"

"That is what I should like to know," said the old lady.

"Why, what else can you call them," said the Expert. "They are got up to look like extracts from newspapers. But they were printed as they are, and were never in any journal. Shall I tell you how I found that out?"

"If you please, sir," said Helen.

"Well, then, I looked at the reverse side, and I found seven misprints in one slip, and five in the other. That was a great number to creep into printed slips of that length. The trial part did not show a single erratum, 'Hullo,' said I to myself, 'why, one side is printed more carefully than the other." And that is not natural. The printing of advertisements is looked after quite as sharply as any other part in a journal. Why, the advertisers themselves cry out if they are misprinted."

"O, how shrewd," cried Helen.

"Child's play," said the Expert. "Well from that blot I went on. I looked at the edges, and they were cut too clean. A gentleman with a pair of scissors can't cut slips out of paper like this. They were cut in the printer's office. Lastly, on holding them to the light, I found they had not been machined on the plan now adopted by all newspapers; but worked by hand. In one word—forgeries."

"Oh!" said Helen, "to think I should have handled forgeries, and shown them to you for real. Ah, I'm so glad; for now I have committed the same crime as Robert Penfold; I have uttered a forged document. Take me up, and have me put in prison, for I am guilty as ever he was." Her face shone with rapture at sharing Robert's guilt.

The expert was a little puzzled by sentiments so high flown and unpractical.

"I think," said he, "you are hardly aware what a valuable discovery this may prove, however, the next step is to get me a specimen of the person's handwriting who furnished you with these. The chances are, he is the writer of the forged notes."

Helen uttered an exclamation that was almost a scream. The inference took her by surprise. She looked at Mrs. Undercliff.

"He is right, I think," said the old lady.

"Right or wrong," said the Expert, "the next step in the enquiry is to do what I said. But that demands great caution. You must write a short note to Mr. Hand, and just ask him some question. Let me see; ask him what newspapers his extracts are from, and whether he has got any more. He will not tell you the truth; but no matter, we shall get hold of his handwriting."

"But sir," said Helen, "there is no need of that. Mr. Hand sent me a note along with the extracts."

"The deuce he did. All the better. Any words in it that are in the forged note? Is Penfold in it, or Wardlaw?"

Helen reflected a moment, and then said she thought both names were it.

"Fetch me that note," said Undercliff, and his eyes sparkled. He was on a hot scent now.

"And let me study the genuine reports, and compare what they say with the forged ones" said Mr. Undercliff.

"O, what friends I have found at last!" cried Helen.

She thanked them both warmly, and hurried home, for it was getting late.

Next day she brought Hand's letter to Mr. Undercliff, and devoured his countenance while he inspected it keenly, and compared it with the forged note.

The comparison was long and careful, but unsatisfactory. Mr. Undercliff could not conscientiously say whether Hand had written the forged note or not. There were *pros* and *cons*.

"We are in deeper water than I thought," said he. "The comparison must be enlarged. You must write as I suggested, and get another note out of Mr. Hand."

"And leave the prayer book with me," said Mrs. Undercliff.

Helen complied with these instructions, and in due course received a civil line from Mr. Hand, to say that the extracts had been sent him from the country by one of his fellow-clerks, and he had locked them up, lest Mr. Michael Penfold, who was much respected in the office, should see them. He could not say where they came from; perhaps from some provincial paper. If of any value to Miss Rolleston, she was quite at liberty to keep them. He added there was a coffee house in the city where she could read all the London papers of that date. This letter, which contained a great many more words than the other, was submitted to Undercliff. It puzzled him so that he sat to work, and dissected every curve the writer's pen had made; but he could come to no positive conclusion, and he refused to utter his conjectures.

"We are in deep water," said he.

Finally, he told his mother he was at a stand-still for the present.

"But I am not," said Mrs. Undercliff. She added, after a while, "I think there's felony at the bottom of this."

'Smells like it to me,' said the Expert.

Then I want you to do something very clever for me.'

'What is that?'

"I want you to forge something.'

'Come! say,'

'Quite innocent I assure you.'

'Well, but it is a bad habit to commence.'

'All depends on the object. This is to take in a forger that is all.'

The Expert's eyes sparkled. He had always been sadly discontented with the efforts of forgers, and thought he could do better.

'I'll do it,' said he gaily.

CHAPTER LXI.

General Rolleston and his daughter ate breakfast in the hotel. General Rolleston was reading the *Times*, and his eye lighted on something that made him start. He looked towards Helen, and his first impulse was to communicate it to her: but on second thoughts he preferred to put a question to her first.

'You have never told the Wardlaws what those sailors said?'

No. papa. I still think they ought to have been told; but you know you positively forbade me.'

"Of course I did. Why afflict the old gentleman with such a tale? A couple of common sailors! who choose to fancy the ship was destroyed.'

'Who are better judges of such a thing than sailors?'

'Well, my child, if you think so I can't help it. All I say is, spare the old gentleman such a report. As for Arthur, to tell you the truth, I have mentioned the matter to him.'

'O papa! Then why forbid me to tell him? What did he say?'

He was very much distressed. 'Destroy the ship my Helen was in,' said he; 'If I thought Wylie had done that I'd kill him with my own hand, though I was hanged for it next minute.' I never saw the young fellow fire up so before. But when he came to think calmly over it for a little while, he said 'I hope this slander will never reach my father's ears; it would grieve him deeply. I only laughed at it.'"

'Laugh at it! and yet talk of killing.'

'O, people say they laugh at a thing when they are very angry all the time. However, as you are a good girl, and mind what you are told, I'll read you an advertisment that will make you stare. Here is Joseph Wylie, who you say, wrecked the Proserpine, actually invited by Michael Penfold to call on him, and here something to his advantage.'

'Dear me!' said Helen, 'how strange! Surely Mr. Penfold cannot know the character of that man. Stop a minute! Advertise for him? Then nobody knows where he lives; There papa; you see he is afraid to go near Arthur Wardlaw; he knows he destroyed the ship. What a mystery it all is. And so Mr. Penfold is at home after all; and not to send me a single line. I never met with so much unkindness and discourtesy in all my life.'

'Ah, my dear,' said the General, 'you never tried the world before, as you are doing now.'

Helen sighed; but, presently recovering her spirit, said she had done without the world on her dear island, and she would not be its slave now.

As she was always as good as her word, she declined an invitation to play the lion, and, dressing herself in plain merino, went down that very evening to Michael Penfold's cottage.

We run hither a little before her, to relate briefly what had taken place there.

Nancy Rouse, as may well be imagined, was not the woman to burn two thousand pounds. She locked the notes up; and after that night became very reserved on that head so much so, at last, Mr. Penfold saw it was an interdicted topic, and dropped it in much wonder.

When Nancy came to think of it in daylight, she could not help suspecting Wylie had some hand in it; and it occurred to her that the old gentleman who lived next door, might be an agent of Wylie's, and a spy on her. Wylie must have told him to push the £2,000 into her room; but what a strange thing to do! To be sure, he was a sailor, and sailors had been known to make sandwiches of bank-notes and eat them. Still, her good sense revolted against this theory, and she was sore puzzled; for, after all, there was money, and she had seen it come through the wall. One thing appeared certain, Joe had not forgotten her; he was thinking of her as much as ever, or more than ever; so her spirits rose she began singing and whistling again and waited cunningly till Joe should reappear and explain his conduct. Hostage for his appearance she held the £2,000. She felt so strong and saucy she was half sorry she had allowed Mr. Penfold to advertise; but after all, it did not much matter; she could always declare to Joe she never missed him, for her part, and the advertising was a folly of poor Mr. Penfold's.

Matters were in this condition when the little servant came up one evening to Mr. Penfold and said there was a young lady to see him.

'A young lady for *me*,' said he.

'Which she won't eat you, while I am by,' said the sharp little girl. 'It is a lady, and the same what come before.'

'Perhaps she will oblige me with her name,' said Michael, timidly.

'I won't show her up till she do,' said this mite of a servant, who had been scolded by Nancy for not extracting that information on Nancy's last visit.

"Of course, I must receive her,' said Michael, half consulting the mite; it belonged to a sex which promptly assumed to control of such gentle creatures as he was.

'Is Miss Rouse in the way?' said he.

The mite laughed, and said:—

'She is only gone down the street. I'll send her in to take care of you.'

With this she went off, and in due course led Helen up stairs. She ran in, and whispered in Michael's ear,—

'It is Miss Helen Rolleston.'

Thus they announced a lady at No. 2

Michael stared with wonder at so great a personage visiting him; and the next minute Helen glided into the room, blushing a little and even panting inaudibly, but all upon her guard. She saw before her a rather stately figure, and a face truly venerable, benignant, and beautiful, though deficient in strength. She cast a devouring glance on him as she courtesied to him; and it instantly flashed across her, 'But for you there would be no Robert Penfold.'—There was an unconscious tenderness in her voice as she spoke to him, for she had to open the interview.

'Mr. Penfold, I fear my visit may surprise you, as you did not write me. But when you hear what I am about, I think you will not be displeased with me for coming.'

'Displeased, madam!! am highly honored by your visit,—a lady who, I understand, is to be married to my worthy employer, Mr. Arthur. [Pray be seated, madmam.'

'Thank you, sir.'

Helen began in a low, thrilling voice, to which, however, she gave firmness by a resolute effort of her will.

'I am come to speak to you of one who is very dear to you, and to all who really know him.'

'Dear to me? It is my son. The rest are gone. It is Robert.'

And he began to tremble.

'Yes, it is Robert,' said she very softly; then turning her eyes away from him, least his emotion should overcome her, she said,—

'He has laid me and my father under deep obligations.'

She dragged her father in; for it was essential not to show Mr. Penfold she was in love with Robert.

'Obligations to my Robert? Ah, madam it is very kind of you to say that, and cheer a desolate father's heart with praise of his lost son! But how could a poor unfortunate man in his position serve a lady like you?'

'He defended me against robbers, single-handed.'

'Ah,' said the old man, glowing with pride, and looking more beautiful than ever, 'he was always as brave as a lion.'

'That is nothing; he saved my life again and again, and again.'

'God bless him for it! and God bless you for coming and telling me of it! O madam he was always brave, and gentle, and just, and good so noble; so unfortunate.

And the old man began to cry.

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A Foolish Policy.

We have had occasion during the past few years to point out the folly of advertising and letting municipal offices by tender to the lowest bidder. We have before us another case in point. The collector of the township of Brant, County of Bruce, is behind over $1000, which will have to be made good by his securities, after much trouble and annoyance all round. The township of Brant, if we are not much mistaken, advertised for offers for the office of collector, and this is the result.—How much better it would be to pay a good tried officer a fair sum for his services. The cheese-paring policy of some municipalities so far from promoting true economy, is productive of unmixed evil.

Draining the Swamps.

It is said the Commissioner of Crown Lands intends to order a survey of the Greenock swamps in order to ascertain the practicability of draining them. Now, while we admit that they are not so immediately under the control of the Crown Lands office as Greenock, we cannot help thinking that some aid should be extended to Hay and McKillop in order that they might be reclaimed. There are thousands of acres of the best land in those townships which could be *drained* at a moderate cost, and it is high time some action were taken. The municipalities should look into the matter.

Very Latest.

They have christened Mason the Wickedest Man in Toronto...The Western Indians are committing fearful outrages...Montrealers are actually betting on the result of the Whalen trial..Business is extremely dull in Montreal...The *Times* speaks favorably of the pacific nature of Reverdy Johnston's speech at Sheffield...Robarsh, accused of murdering the Van Orden family in Essex, has been committed for trial...There was a serious potato riot in Cork on the 3rd. The troops attacked 3000 of the rioters and dispersed them...A boy of 4 years old, in Elma, drank a jug of whiskey and will probably die..Two tailors in Brantford had a mill the other day, but were separated by a butcher boy...A brother of Whalen has arrived in Ottawa from Ireland...Walkerton whipped Paisley at cricket on the 21st ult.

THE TORONTO TELEGRAPH.—We are in receipt of the morning edition of this journal and we must say that it is now in every respect a first-class newspaper. No expense or energy seems to be spared in its get up, and the consequence is that it receives favor as a live, spicy sheet. Having commenced so vigorously, its proprietors will be under the necessity of keeping up their efforts, which, no doubt, they are determined to do.

News From all Parts.

Will there be war or peace? is the topic in Europe...There are 4 applications for divorce in Canada...There has been a big "mucilage" fraud in the U. S. post office department...The republicans have carried Vermont by a majority of 28,000...The *Leader* denies that there is any possibility of Mr. Howe being appointed Govr. of Nova S...Hay is being exported from Montreal to England...The Fenians of Montreal advertised a picnic to assist Whalen, the orangemen were to rally to put it down, but the authorities, fearing a riot, have stopped the affair...The Toronto Wesleyans are to build a magnificent church...Breadstuff's are rising in Britain notwithstanding crop reports...The *Globe* thinks "the wickedest man" may turn out O. K...A baggage car was burned east of Toronto on the 1st, English mail saved...It has been proven that early cut hay is the best for milch cows...The Canada Presbyterian church numbers 49, 109 communicants...A B. McNabb postmaster of Durham, Ont. has absconded with $3000...China and Japan sent 117,313,342 lbs of tea to England during the year ending June 1, 68...The people of Owen Sound are enjoying a market-house fight...A toad found in a garden should never be killed...Syracuse has a $32,500 skating rink...Urquhart of the Hamilton *Spectator* has taken a post on the Mont. *News*...Recruiting has been stopped in Prussia...The Whelan case was sent before the Grand Jury of the Carlton assizes on the 2nd. Judge Richards presides...The Provincial Fair promises to be a great success..."The Oswego Times" says; Nearly 200,000 bushels of grain, and over 4,000,000 feet of lumber arrived at that port in one day...Lanctot, of Montreal, who is advocating annexation to the United States, was pelted with rotten eggs on Monday evening...A German was buried alive in New York, and rose from the grave two hours afterwards by means of a patent coffin intended for the use of persons buried in a trance.

BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE.—The following are the Contents of the Sept. No: The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, The Odes of Horace, Recit d'une Sœur, How Frank Thornton was cured, Letters from a Staff Officer with the Abyssinian Expedition, Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II., The Poet, Cornelius O'Dowd, To marry or not to marry!, Outblundering Paddy, A word in season.

☞ The New Dominion Monthly, for Sept. is on our table. It is filled with choice matter.

Seaforth.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SALARY.—The Imperial Government has vetoed th Bill fixing the Governor General's salary. The Duke of Buckingham puts it strongly that if Canada is to retain her place as first of Colonial Governments, she must come down with a better salary for a first-rate Governor. The money will be paid, no doubt.

KINCARDINE.

We learn by telegraph to-day, Sept. 8th, that salt was struck in Kincardine, yesterday, at the depth of 895 feet; being over 100 feet nearer the surface than here.—They drilled through 13 feet, 8 inches solid salt. From two ordinary glasses of brine one and a-half glasses of pure white salt—the same in quality as that at Goderich—was produced. There is a good deal of excitement in the village, and the company are much elated with their success.

☞ Newspaper publishers in Bavaria are imprisoned for inserting advertisements of patent medicines. With such a law in Canada we should be all in the lock-up.

☞ A man in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with the attention.

MR. A. H. SH. GERNAIN, Proprietor of the Canadian Advertising Agency, Toronto, Ont., is our Sole Agent for procuring American Advertisements, and is authorized also to receive Canadian Advertisements for this paper.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, SEPT. 10, 1868.

Hear, Hear.

The London *Free Press*, in reference to certain points in the reciprocity question makes the following remarks, in which we fully concur:—"Nova Scotia interests should be protected, but those of the patient, tax-bearing West should not be neglected. Huron and Lambton have quite as much interest, quite as much justice in asking for reciprocity in salt and petroleum as Nova Scotia has in coal, and we trust that no species of favoritism, no petting naughty boys, and giving them candies, while the good ones have to put up with 'hard tack,' will be permitted."

The State of Europe.

Somebody is about to break the peace of Europe, if we believe what we hear, and that somebody is Napoleon. There is a dangerous feeling of discontent in France. The Emperor tries to quell it by extinguishing the last spark of the freedom of the Press; but he might as easily put a stopper upon Vesuvius and knowing that, he may plunge into a war with Prussia in order to turn aside the danger from his own throne. That is how people feel, at least.

A LESSON FOR OUR LEGISLATORS.

The people of Japan, whom we have been in the habit of considering semi-barbarians, have some good ideas, which might be extremely useful if transplanted in Canadian soil. A member of the Japanese parliament recently delivered the following:—

"In order for a State to be strong and wealthy the four classes must be diligent in their callings. Among these callings that of agriculture is the most important, and unless means are taken to secure its being properly established there will be no means of preserving the country from financial embarrassment. The means of promoting agriculture are the *reclaiming of new lands and the increase of the population*, and in order to secure the increase of the population every facility should be given, imposts and taxes made as light as possible and human labor supplemented by machinery."

Would that our rulers could feel the full force of the vital truth promulgated by this Japanese gentleman. They would then at once initiate a liberal land policy, and in every way endavor to foster the true interests of the country which they fail to do at present. Let us hope that the Ontario government, if it gets back from its little pleasure trip to the Northwest, will be prepared to understand more clearly the wants of the people—especially of the producing class.

REQUIESCAT, &c.

We shall now have a short respite from the Gibbons-*Star* controversy. That hopeful sheet comes out as cool as half a bushel of cucumbers with the declaration that the premises upon which it based its charges against Mr. Gibbons were entirely *false*—"eats the leek," in short, as quietly as though it were used to such indigestible vegetables. It is the richest thing we have yet heard of: A public functionary is accused of gross derilection of duty, of *lying*—and a nasty charge that is to bring against any one; column after column is written about the enormity in the style of "a'int I a doing of it," when at last, lo and behold! the writer is forced to admit that his assertions were *false* from first to last. He was mastaken, that was all. We are all liable to mistake, but a *mistake* of this kind, under no provocation, in perfectly cold blood, and involving the character of our highest municipal officer is unjustifiable, *unpardonable*. The shuffling attempt to show that if Mr. Gibbons did not do what was charged against him so persistently, he did something else, is simply adding the cap sheaf to a very shaky stack of absurdity. The Warden still feels satisfied that the title to the Wallace lot is just as defective as it was on the 5th of August when he received the opinion from Mr. Cameron which showed clearly that it was far from being good, as he stated that the apparent liens still rested on the title. Those liens are thus set forth: Mr. Cameron in his opinion says that when Mr. Wallace's solicitor was prepared to show that he had a release of Mrs. Wm. Wallace's dower, the release of the Bank of Upper Canada's mortgage, the release of the mortgage of M. C. Cameron and the deeds properly executed by A. McK. Wallace and wife, then he would be prepared to advise that the title was satisfactory. On the 20th of July, 1868 a lispendens in Chancery was recorded against the property by James Redford, and this encumbrance may hang over it for years. Considering that the committee were aware of these facts on the 22nd of July last who can blame them for unanimously authorizing the Warden to purchase the Proctor ot, which was done on the 25th? We have said as little as possible about this subject, and we shall gladly dismiss it for the present, as we consider such squabbles disgraceful to any well-ordered community.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

☞ Our fishermen are leaving for the Fishing Islands. Good luck to them.

☞ Masonic aprons of fine quality at Montreal prices for sale at Gardiners.

☞ Whooping-cough is very prevalent in town just now.

☞ Robertson & Martin will open a new store in Smith's block, shortly.

☞ It is said Mr. John Stewart is to re-commence business in L. Watson's late stand. John was always well liked.

☞ Mr. Chas. Wells, having planted out a ten-acre hop garden, will pick a fair crop this year. Mr. W. deserves credit for embarking in a new enterprise.

☞ It is not true that the Co. Council is going to start a temperance saloon in the present Registry office when Mr. Dickson vacates it.

☞ Ours is the only Court House in Canada on which a flag cannot be hoisted.

☞ We have had much-needed showers during the past week.

☞ Work at the new Registry Office is progressing vigorously.

☞ We hear that Horace Horton Esq., is to build a large warehouse, with grain elevator, &c., this fall.

☞ A farmer says the crops in Goderich township will be only about half an average.

☞ Our old wooden side walks are going faster than they can be repaired.

☞ Householders should level and grade before their lots preparatory to putting out shade trees in spring.

☞ Business is reviving rapidly in the enterprising village of Lucknow.

☞ Mr. F. Cassidy wants his debtors to "fork over."

☞ J. Thompson is established over Mr. Dunlop's.

☞ Wm. Moss has re-started in the shop next to Mr. Ferguson's grocery.

☞ Our salt operators are rapidly assuming the attributes of "a class." They display a great deal of activity.

☞ How is it, said a householder, that fowls go up so, when grain is selling at a reasonable price?

☞ Our market is well supplied with that vegetable of vegetables, tomatoes.

☞ It is expected that the Maitland bridge will be crossable within three weeks.

☞ The roof of the Court House is to be repaired. It needs, the engineer says, an entirely new one.

☞ A large amount of Western grain is passing through Goderich just now, from Chicago, bound east.

☞ A farmer hopes that enthusiastic sports will not again mistake his ducks for wild ones. It is bad for their general health and may be made expensive to the slayers.

☞ Mr. Walter Thomas, late Grand Trunk Conductor, died early this morning (4th.) Deceased was very much respected here. His brother is in town.

☞ A movement is on foot to get up a hook and ladder company for Goderich. Quite a number have already signed the roll. Such an institution is badly wanted and should meet with a cordial support.

☞ Would it not be well for our town council to grant bonuses to private parties who would construct large water tanks on their premises. At the late fire several tanks were of great service.

☞ Farmers are beginning to bring in potatoes pretty freely. The indications are that prices will keep up to a good figure.

☞ Some steps should be taken to grade Nelson street from Victoria to the Huron Salt Block. There is now a great deal of traffic over it, and in fall and spring it will be almost impassable.

☞ Should not action be taken to secure the old burying ground to the town. It would be very useful by and by.

☞ Mayor Johnston, in compliance with a requisition, has proclaimed Thursday the 10th as a public holiday.

☞ The Ashfield and Wawanosh Fall Show, Mr. J. Pentland Secretary, will take place at Dungannon on Thursday the 8th of October, when a large turn out is expected.

☞ Is it at all wonderful that the man on the highest rung of the British political latter should be "Dizzy."

☞ The Huron Salt Co. are having kettles cast for a second block. Owing to the high price of wood they will burn coal for which proper grates are being put in. The proprietors are very enterprising.

☞ The Ontario Works are turning out a splendid quality of fine salt.

☞ Crabb trap wanted. Some sneak thief entered the back part of Mr. F. Ferguson's dwelling a few nights ago and stole his bread, butter, preserves,