(Concluded from 4th page.)

CHAPTER II.

One, two, rang out from the belfry on the breathless June night, already heavy with the rising fog from the river. Foster Houghton found himself broad awake as he counted the strokes; but even while he thought it was the clock that had disturbed him, he felt a cold, hard ring of steel against his temple, and saw through the darkness a man by his bedside.

'Not one word, or you will never utter another.'

He noted the voice even in the whirl of the moment, and knew that it was strange to him. He turned toward his wife, and saw that there was a man by her side also, with revolver aimed; felt, rather than saw, that she had waked when he did, and was waiting, self-possessed, for whatever was to come. As the darkness yielded to his eyes, he was aware of a third figure, standing at the window.

'Perfect quiet, remember, and we will tell you what is to be done,' said the same voice, cool, firm, with an utterance entirely distinct yet hardly louder than a whisper. 'You have nothing to fear if you obey orders. A knife is ready for the heart of each of you if you disobey. The lady has simply to lie still; as she will be bound to the bed and her mouth stopped, that will be easy; and the gag is very gentle, and will not hurt if she does not resist. Mr. Houghton will rise, put on his trousers, and go with us to the bank, always in range of this pistol and in reach of this blade. The keys are already in my pocket. Number Three, will you scratch a match that I may help the gentleman to his clothes.'

The figure in the window stopped noiselessly forward at the summons. As the blue flame lighted the room, Foster Houghton observed that his visitors were all masked with black silk, through which a narrow slit permitted vision. He noticed that their feet were shod with listing, so thick that a step made no audible sound upon the straw carpet. He noticed that long, thin black cloaks covered their forms to the ankles, so that no details of clothing could be noted to identify them. And while he observed these things, not venturing to stir until the threatening muzzle was withdrawn from his face, he felt his hand tightly clutched by the fingers of his wife beneath the coverlid.

Years of familiar association had made him apt at interpreting his wife's thoughts and feelings, without the aid of the spoken word. Either by some peculiar expression in the grasp itself, or by that subtle magnetism which we know exists among the unknown forces, he felt that there was something more than the natural terror of the moment, more than the courage of a heart ever braver than his own, more than sympathy for his own supposed dismay, in his wife's snatch at his hand. More alarmed, at the instant, by the shock thus given him than by the more palpable danger, he turned his head towards his wife again, and in her eyes and in the direction they gave to his saw all that she had seen.

The masked figure in the centre of the room, in producing a match, had unwittingly thrown back one side of its cloak. By the sickly flame just turning to white Foster Houghton saw, thus revealed, the twisted chain he had played with in his own boyhood, the golden crescent with his mother's hair, the massive key with its seal, just as he had seen them on his boy's breast at sunset. In an instant more a taper was lighted; the curtain of the cloak was drawn together again. But the secret it had exposed was impressed upon two hearts, as if they had been scarred with iron. As drowning man thinks of the crowded events of a lifetime, Foster Houghton thought, in that moment of supreme agony, of a dozen links of circumstantial evidence,—the boy's baffled desire for money, his angry words, his evil associates, his missing revolver, his deliberate explanation of a night-long absence, his intimate knowledge of the affairs of the bank, except the secret combination of the lock which he had often teased for in vain. Two things were stamped upon his brain together, and he was thankful that his wife could know the horror of but one of them.

His own son was engaged in a plot to rob the bank, by threats of assassination against those who gave him life.

He himself was irrevocably enlisted in a plot to capture the robbers, and so to bring his boy to infamy and a punishment worse than death.

The discovery compels a pause in the narrative. It made none in the actual progress of events. The men who had spoken motioned the cashier to rise, and assisted his trembling hands in covering his limbs with one or two articles of clothing. The one on the opposite side of the bed, moving quickly and deftly as a sailor, bound Mrs. Houghton where she lay, without a touch of rudeness or indignity beyond what his task made necessary. A knotted handkerchief from his pocket was tied across her mouth. The third figure stood at the window, either to keep a watch without or to avoid seeing what took place within; but Foster Houghton's eyes could discern no tremor, no sign of remorse or hesitation, in its bearing

'Now, cashier,' said the one voice which alone had been heard since the stroke of the clock, 'you will have to consider yourself ready, for we have no time to spare. I feel sure you know what is healthy for you, but still I will tie this rope around your wrist to save you from any dangerous temptation to try a side street. Number Two, you will go below, and see that the coast is clear.'

With one more look at his wife's eyes, in which he saw outraged motherly affection where the strangers saw only fright and pain, Foster Houghton suffered himself to be led from the room. One of the robbers had preceded him; one held him tightly by the wrist; one, the one whose presence gave the scene its terrible terror, remained only long enough to extinguish the taper and to lock the door. The outer door was fastened behind them also; and then the noiseless little procession (for the cashier had been permitted to put on his stockings only) filed along the gravel walk, through the pitchy blackness which a mist gives to a moonless night, toward the solitary brick building occupied by the Blue River National Bank.

They passed the school-house where Foster Houghton had carried his boy a dozen years before with a bright new primer clutched in frightened little fingers; then the desolate old mansion of his own father, where the lad had been petted and worshipped as fervently as at home; a little farther on, the church, where the baby had been baptized, and where the youth had chafed beneath distasteful sermons,—its white steeple lost in the upper darkness; and, a few paces beyond, the academy, within whose walls the cashier had listened with such pride to his Harry's eloquent declamation of 'The Return of Regulus to Carthage' on the last Commencement day. He thought of these things as he passed, though so many other thoughts surged in his mind; and he wondered if another heart beside his own was beset with such reminiscences on the silent journey.

Before they reached the bank the man who had gone in advance rejoined them.

'It is all serene,' he said, in a low tone, but with a courier voice and utterance than his confederate's; 'nothing more than a cat stirring. I have unhitched the mare, and we should be off in fifteen minutes.'

'All right, Number Two,' said the leader, 'The sooner we are in the buggy in less time. Cashier, you are a man of prudence, I know. If you work that combination skilfully and promptly, not a hair of your head shall be harmed. If you make a blunder that costs us a minute, not only will this knife be at home in your heart, but we shall stop on our way back and set your cottage on fire. Our retreat will be covered, and you know the consequences there before the alarm will rouse anybody. I have sworn to do it.'

Foster Houghton fancied he saw a shudder in the slighter figure beside him; but it might have been a puff of wind across the long drapery.

'O, blow the threats,' said Number two. 'The man values his life, and he is going to open the safe quicker than he ever did before. Open the door, young one, and let's be about it.' The robber who had not yet opened his lips, and whose every motion the cashier still watched stealthily, stepped forward to the bank door; and as he drew a key from under his cloak the prisoner caught another glimpse of the chain he could have sworn to among a thousand.

The door swung open. The cashier's heart was in his throat. He had not heard a sound of Bixby; but he knew the village constable too well to fear, or hope, that he might have given up the chase. All four entered the building; but before the door could be closed behind them there was a shout, a cry of dismay, a rush of heavy feet, a flash of light in a lantern which gleamed but a moment before it was extinguished, the confused sound of blows and oaths, and the breaking of glass, punctuated by the sharp report of a pistol Foster Houghton could never give a clearer account of a terrible minute in which his consciousness seemed partly benumbed. He took no part in the struggle, but seemed to be pushed outside the door; and there as the tumult within began to diminish, Silas Bixby came hurriedly to him, dragging a masked figure by the shoulder.

'Houghton, you must help a little. We have got the better of 'em, and my men are holding the two big fellows down. But the fight is not out of them yet, and you must hold this little one three minutes while I help to tie their hands. Just hold this pistol to his head, and he will rest very easy.'

Even while he spoke Bixby was inside the door again, and the gleam of light which followed showed that he had recovered his lantern and meant to do his work thoroughly

Foster Houghton's left hand had been guided to the collar of his captive, and the revolver had been thrust into his right. There was no question of the composure of the robber now. He panted and sobbed and shook, and made no effort to tear himself from the feeble grasp that confined him.

If the cashier had been irresolute all his life, he did not waver for an instant now He did not query within himself what was his duty, or what was prudent, or what his wife would advise, or what the bank directors would think.

'Harry,' he whispered, hoarsely, his lips close to the mask, 'I know you.'

The shrinking figure gave one great sob. Foster Houghton went right on without pausing.

'Bixby does not know you, and there is time to escape yet I shall fire this pistol in the air. Run for your life to your horse there, and push on to Tinborough. You can catch the train. May God forgive you.'

The figure caught the hand which had released its hold as the words were spoken, and kissed it. Then, turning back as if upon a sudden impulse, the robber murmured something which could not be understood, and thrust into the cashier's hand a mass of chilly metal which his intuition rather than his touch recognized as Peleg Houghton's watch and chain. He had presence of mind enough to conceal it in his pocket, and then he fired his pistol, and he heard the sound of flying feet and rattling wheels as Silas Bixby accosted him.

'What in thunder! did he wriggle away from you? why didn't you sing out sooner?'

'I think I am getting faint. In Heaven's name go quick to my house and release my wife and tell her all is safe. The fright of these shots will kill her.'

Foster Houghton sunk in a swoon even as he spoke, and only the quick arm of Silas Bixby saved him from a fall on the stone steps.

'See here, boys,' said he. 'If you have got those fellows tied up tight, one of you take 'Squire Houghton and bring him to, and I'll go over to his house and untie his wife, before I start after that pesky little rascal that has got away. If I had 'a supposed he would dare to risk the pistol I should have hung on to him myself. Mike, you just keep your revolver cocked, and if either of those men more than winks, shoot him where he lies.'

Having thus disposed of his forces, and provided for the guard of the prisoners and the restoration of the disabled, the commander was off at a run. Half Elmfield seemed to have been awakened by the shots, and he was met by a half-dozen lightly clad men and boys whom he sent on this errand and that, to open the lock-up under the engine-house, to harness horses for the pursuit, to unchaffing only very curt replies to their eager questions as to what had happened. He was exasperated on arriving at Foster Houghton's dwelling to find the door locked and the windows fastened. So he raised a stentorian shout of, 'It's—all—right—Mrs.—Houghton. Robbers—caught—and—nobody—hurt;' separating his words carefully to insure being understood; and then scud at full speed back toward the bank again. He met half-way an excited, talkative little group, the central figure of which was the cashier of the bank, restored to life, but still white as death, and supported by friendly hands Assured that Houghton himself was now able to release his wife, Bixby ran on to the green, and in five minutes more was settled in his gig, and urging his cheerful little bay Morgan over the road to Taborough, mentally putting into form his narrative for the "Trumpet" as he went.

CHAPTER III.

Thus it came about that it was Foster Houghton himself who unloosed his wife's bonds,—bending his gray head, as he did so, to print a kiss of sorrow and sympathy on her wrinkled cheek, and leaving a tear there.

'He has escaped,' he said, 'and is on the road to the station.'

'Will he not be overtaken?'

'I think not. He has a fair start, and knows what is at stake; and the train passes through before daylight.'

Then the woman's heart, which had borne her bravely up so far, gave way, and she broke into terrible sobs, and the husband who would comfort her was himself overcome by the common grief, and could not speak a word. Silently they suffered together, pressing hands, until the entering light of dawn reminded them that even this day had duties and perhaps new phases of sorrow. They could hear the quick steps of passers evidently full of excitement over the event of the night, and talking all together. They could not be long left undisturbed. As they dressed, Foster Houghton — as unable or reluctant to delay in any detail the scene at the bank, as his wife was to ask him about it—suddenly encountered in his pocket the watch, entangled in its chain.

'He gave me this, and a kiss,' he said, every word a sob; and Mary Houghton pressed it to her heart. Then, as a quick step sounded on the porch, she hastily thrust it into a drawer.

'What shall we say?' she asked.

'I do not know. Heaven will direct us for the best,' he replied.

The step did not pause for ceremony, but came in, and up the stairs as if on some pressing errand. Then the door opened, and Harry Houghton ran in,—his curls wet with the fog of the morning, his cheeks rosy as from a rapid ride, his eyes dancing with excitement.

His father and mother stood speechless and bewildered, filled with a new alarm. But the boy was too busy with his own thoughts to observe his reception. Thick and fast came his words, questions waiting for no answers, and narrative never pausing for comment.

'What is this Bixby shouted to me when I met him about robbers? And what is there such a crowd at the bank about? Did I come sooner than you expected me? We had a glorious time, at Tinborough, you know, and when we were through dancing I decided to drive home at once. And a few miles out I met Silas in his gig driving like mad; and he shouted at me till he was out of hearing, but I could not catch one word in a dozen. But before anything else, I want to beg your pardon for my roughness last night. I am old enough to know better, but I was angry when I spoke; and I have been thoroughly ashamed of myself ever since. You will forgive and forget, father, won't you?—Hallo, I didn't suppose you felt so badly about it, mother darling.'

Mary Houghton was clasping her son's neck, crying as she had not cried that night. But the cashier, slower in seeing his way, as usual, stood passing his hand across his brows for a moment. Then he spoke:

'Henry, where is your grandfather's watch?'

'There, did you miss it so quickly? I meant to get it back before you discovered it was gone. I will have it after breakfast. The fact is, I was not myself when I left the house last night, with temper, and Harrison Fry offered me two hundred dollars for it, to be paid next week, and in my temper I let him take it to bind the bargain. I was crazy for money, and I sold him my pistol, too. I regretted about the watch before I had fairly quit the village; but he broke his engagement and did not go with us to Tinborough after all, so I have had no chance to get it back again till now.'

'Harrison Fry!' exclaimed Foster Houghton; and his hands clasped and his lips moved in thankful prayer.

'But if you don't tell me what is all this excitement in the village, I shall run out and find out for myself,' cried the boy, impatiently. 'You never would stand here asking me questions about trifles, if the bank had been broken open in the night.'

Foster Houghton put his hands on his boy's shoulders and kissed him, as he had not done since his son's childhood. Then he took from its hiding-place the watch and hung it on Harry's neck, his manifest emotion checking the expression of the lad's astonishment.

'There is much to tell you Harry,' he said, 'and perhaps you will think I have to ask your forgiveness rather than you mine. But my heart is too full for a word till after prayers. Let us go down.'

Then the three went down the stairs, the mother clinging to the boy's hand, which she had never relinquished since her first embrace. Foster Houghton took the massive Bible, as was his daily custom, and read the chapter upon which rested the mark left the morning before; but his voice choked and his eyes filled again when he came to the lines:

'For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'

Silas Bixby galloped into Tinborough two minutes late for the owl train; and the fugitive was too sharp to be caught by the detectives who were put on the watch for him by telegraphic messages. In a few hours all Elmfield had discovered that Harrison Fry was missing, and made up its mind that he was the escaped confederate in the burglary. The Blue River National Bank offered a reward for him, but he has never yet been found. The zealous constable found compensation for the loss of one prisoner in the discovery that the other two were a couple of the most skilful and slippery of the metropolitan cracksmen, known among other aliases as Gentleman Graves and Tiffey Ben. Silas Bixby's courage and discretion received due tribute from counsel, press, and public during the trial that ensued the next month in the Tinborough Court House; and by some influence it was so managed that Mrs. Houghton was not called to the stand, nor was Foster Houghton closely questioned in regard to the manner in which the third robber had escaped from his custody on the steps of the bank.

Harry Houghton went to Lake George that summer, starting a day after the departure of Grace Chamberlain; but this year they go together, and the programme of the tour includes Niagara and Quebec.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, MARCH 17, 1870.

PROTECTION.

Our readers will pardon us for giving up our space, in this issue, to the important parliamentary reports, to which we would direct their attention; particularly the debate on protection to native industries, the future action, in regard to which, is of vital importance to the development of this section of the country. It will be observed that there is a very general feeling in the House—as we believe there undoubtedly is in the country—in favor of meeting the Americans on their own ground. We do not believe in any such policy if it could possibly be avoided, because it smacks strongly of the blind legislation of a past age. But we must remember that it takes two to make a bargain in all cases. Free trade on one side alone, is no free trade at all. The Americans appear determined to shut us out of their markets, and until they come to their senses, a retaliatory policy would be quite proper.

The Fishery Policy.

The Americans have twitted us with having nothing to offer to induce them to agree to fair terms of reciprocal trade between the Republic and the Dominion; as if *they* would not gain by Reciprocity as much as we would. This avaricious and unworthy policy was openly advocated in the expectation that it would force the helpless Canadian infant to throw itself on the tender mercy of its omnipotent neighbor. Uncle Sam is now opening his eyes in astonishment to find that his little neighbor who has hitherto given him "everything for nothing," with the usual generosity of childhood, has unexpectedly grown strong and wise, and intends in future to deal with the experienced old gentleman on his own principle of 'nothing for nothing.' The Dominion Government has expressed its intention to *issue no fishery licenses* in future, and *to prevent* foreign vessels from fishing in Canadian waters. Quite right! We do not believe in retaliation, but as 'charity begins at home,' self-protection from a selfish, grasping, domineering neighbor demands that we shall rigidly carry out the rule of 'nothing for nothing.' The white heat of rage into which the reception of the news has worked certain journalists across the line is very amusing and the loud writing about 'rights,' in which they indulge is as good as a comedy. We have no desire to trench on American 'rights', but we dispute their 'right' to gobble us up bodily. They are the very last nation in the world that should object to any other country, looking after its own interests. They tried to annihilate our commerce but they only increased it by rousing our energy to seek new and ever-widening outlets. They tried to extinguish our shipping but they only killed their own and left us the third mercantile marine of the world. And while our canal and river carrying-trade is more extensive than ever, theirs is languishing and nearly dead. Their threats are only 'sound and fury signifying nothing' and we shall soon see who will tire first of the game of "nothing for nothing."

A READER from Bayfield does not give his name and we must pass over his letter; especially as we publish an exhaustive communication on the same subject.

REGISTRARS' FEES.

A late statement issued from the Provincial Secretary's office showing the gross receipts of the different Registrars in the Province, is just to hand. The largest is $6659, and the lowest (excluding the new districts) is $358. The Registrar of Middlesex is the fortunate possessor of the former, and the Registrar of Russell has to content himself with the miserable pittance of the latter. Such marked difference in the receipts of men, possessing the same qualifications, is an anomaly which the Legislature cannot much longer tolerate. The County Judges and Deputy Clerks of the Crown are paid a salary graduated according to the size of the county, and the amount of work that is usually done. In many cases, we admit, this is not properly regulated; but in no case does such striking difference occur as shewn in the returns made by the Registrars.—We imagine that the Registrar of Russell, has to attend his office as many days in the year, and as many hours of the day as the Registrar of Middlesex. Yet the one receives an income larger than the Chief Justice of Ontario, and the other about as much as an ordinary dry-goods Clerk, or Division Court Bailiff. The one can build a stately residence in the country, while the other cannot on his income live in more than a fourth-rate rented house. The one can live in luxury, the other can no more than eke out an existence on such a miserable pittance. On looking over the returns of payments to County Judges and Deputy Clerks of the Crown for these and other counties, we fail to discover any such marked difference as we have mentioned. The amount of receipts for law stamps is a pretty fair though not an exact criterion of the amount of business done before a County Judge, yet if the Judges were to be paid on that basis, some of them would be paid no more in comparison with some of their brother Judges than any bailiff of their courts. So that we think it is a wrong principle to establish the income of an officer solely on the extent of country, or amount of business he does. Of course it is a very essential element in *regulating* the income, but not in fixing it. Then the Registrars argue that they pay out a large amount for assistance. No doubt all is not profit, but can it be for one moment contended that the proportion paid for assistance by a Registrar with a good gross income of $6000 is anything to be compared with his, whose income is only $1000? Most of the work is mere copying which any boy who writes a fair hand can do. The duties of the Registrar are simple, and of a routine character, yet by the employment of one or two extra clerks at salaries averaging $6 a week, one man is allowed to coin money and his brother officer squeezes out an existence simply. Such an anomaly can't much longer be tolerated in an intelligent community. We think the proper way is to *fund* the fees, as law fees to a great extent are now funded, have the charges on each instrument paid in stamps properly affixed to it, and out of the fund thus created pay each Registrar a reasonable salary and increase such as the usual extra amount of work would justify. The difficulty would be no greater than that of now regulating the salaries of County Judges, Deputy Clerks of the Crown, Custom and other officers. The anomaly existing as to Registrars was seen in the post office system. Why are the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and London post Masters not paid a per centage on their receipts, but a salary? For the very good reason that their incomes in that case would have been out of all proportion to their brother post masters, and would have swallowed up a large sum now employed in giving us additional postal facilities, and allowing the Government to pay a higher per centage to their as deserving but less favoured brethren. So it should be with all officers of the class we have been referring to—pay a reasonable salary and regulate its increase by the amount of work done over the average, and by the amount of assistance required. But we can never support the perpetuation of a system which enriches one man, while his equally deserving brother Registrar has to live on one fifteenth of the income of his more favoured one Many Registrars through their friends in Parliament may continue to ignore any change, but it is so vicious that its duration is only a question of time.

Hints to Correspondents

Our friends and patrons generally are well aware that we are at all times happy to present their views upon important public or local questions through the Huron *Signal*. But there is one thing that has often vexed our soul, and we wish to say a word about it: There is an almost universal tendency to prolixity. An idea or two is started and pursued through several mortal pages of foolscap, until the sense of the writer is smothered in a mass of verbosity. The cure for such an evil is simple enough: If you have something interesting to say, say it by all means, but go right into the subject, without a word of preface—use plain Saxon words,—be particular about proper names—and *stop* the moment you have said your say. Then go over the composition again, cut out every superfluous word and sentence, and make a fair, clean copy for the printer—writing only on one side of the paper. If this plan is followed the editor need not be so often asked to "correct all mistakes," and fewer manuscripts would go into our waste basket.

Again, what about the "Poets"? After some years' experience, we feel utterly astounded at the amount of unmitigated rubbish that has passed through our hands in the shape of so-called poetry. It is really annoying, when we would gladly please a friend, to be compelled to use his effusion, along with scores of others to light our fire. There are those who have not the remotest idea of what poetry really is, but who suppose that they possess the divine afflatus if they can make words jingle at the ends of the lines. We sincerely trust that the few remarks we have offered on this subject may have a beneficial tendency.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—Snow is no doubt a most beautiful substance, as well as useful, but we are seeing a little too much of it this season. It is deeper in the back section than has been known for years, and as we write on the 15th March it is as sound-looking as ever. A sight of bare ground again will be a sight for sore eyes, literally, many people being what is called snow-blind.

OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

We had the pleasure of visiting the School the other day and were glad to see that, while our material prosperity, in spite of the universal dulness of business, is steadily increasing, such an important educational institution as our Grammar School, under the guidance of Mr. Preston, the talented teacher, is not lagging behind. On enquiry we found that in the winter-term of 1868, the pupils in attendance numbered 32. For the present term the number is 51; showing a very satisfactory increase of 19. Since 1868 the school-fees have nearly doubled The Trustees for the past two years, have added considerable new furniture to meet the want of accomodation, and, for the same reason, what was formerly the master's private room is now turned into a class-room. The trustees have also resolved to get an assistant master, at midsummer next, if not before. It is high time the Board were taking into consideration the necessity of providing a building with sufficient internal conveniences and with a playground properly fenced; so that, both for work and play, the Grammar School might be worthy of its grand object and our noble County. A supply of new maps, embracing recent changes of boundary and the latest discoveries is also very much wanted. We are astonished that farmers in the vicinity, who desire to give their children a higher education than Common Schools are intended to impart, do not take more advantage of the opportunity this School affords them. The fee of $2.00 per quarter is very light and the extra cost of books (except to the pupils studying Greek) is not $2.00 more than for ordinary country schools; while board in Goderich is very cheap and pupils can return home weekly from Friday night till Monday morning. Mayor Hays, James Dickson, Esq., and Robert Gibbons, Esq., have handsomely offered to give prizes at the next examination; and we expect, now that these gentlemen have taken the initiative, other prominent townsmen will eagerly follow their example. We earnestly trust the school may long exhibit such hopeful indications of life and growth.

Lecture on Thomas Chalmers.

The Wesleyan Church was well filled on the evening of Tuesday (8th March) by a highly intelligent audience, who assembled to listen to a lecture on "Dr. Thomas Chalmers," by the Rev. David Inglis, of Hamilton. The lecturer, who had been at one time, a student of theology under the far-famed Scotch Divine, treated his subject *con amore*; and carried his hearers along with unflagging interest. He traced the boyhood of Chalmers in the pious, loving and strict, partriarchal home at Anstruther; his youth at the St. Andrews University; the mental struggles with doubt and infidelity, through which he passed before he could give his assent to the truth of the Bible; his early life as a preacher of morals at Kilmenny; his subsequent conversion to the truth of the Gospel; and his glorious career, thereafter, in Glasgow and Edinburgh. The lecturer illustrated the inner and outer life of the 'Apostle of Non-intrusion' in a very happy manner, by numerous anecdotes both quaint and pathetic; and drew a very forcible moral to young men from the lessons of the life of the 'old man eloquent.' The lecture occupied over two hours in delivery and Mr. Inglis was very warmly applauded on taking his seat. Revds A. McKidd and E. L. Elwood favored the meeting with a few personal reminiscences and on the motion of Mr. McKidd seconded by Rev W H Poole the thanks of the audience were conveyed to Mr. Inglis. Mayor Hays occupied the chair in a very agreeable manner. The favorable reception of this lecture and of the previous one by Dr. Ormiston, has encouraged the Sons of Temperance to arrange for one more similar treat. We understand the next lecturer is to be that eloquent, young Wesleyan Minister, the Rev Alex'der Sutherland, of Toronto, who has engaged to be on hand about the middle of April. Further particulars, however, will appear in due time.

Literary Notices.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, L. Scott, Publishing Co., N. Y. is before us. The papers, although good, are too heavy for curory readers. The contents are: Babylonian and Assyrian Literature, Swift, the origin of American State Rights, Autobiography, Decentralization in France and Prussia, History of Irish Land Tenure The Repentance of the Tory Party, Contemporary Literature.

BLACKWOOD FOR FEBRUARY is also to have from the same firm. As usual, Old Ebony is racy as to its literary articles, and later as to its toryism. The contents are, University Tests: Earl's Dene; The Opening of the Suez Canal; John; Democracy Beyond the Seas; Cornelius O'Dowd; The Coming Session; Upon the Employment of Rhymed Verse in English Comedy; Postscript to "Lord Byron and his Calumniators."

☞ We have to acknowledge the receipt through Mr. T. J. Moorhouse the first volume of Messrs James Campbell & Sons' Canadian Prize Sunday School Books. It is a very tastefully got up Book, the printing and binding is really excellent, although we have not yet had the pleasure of perusing it, we have no doubt it is both interesting and instructive It is a credit to Canadian enterprise and literature.

Mr McDougall is seriously ill, but no danger is apprehended.

CARRONBROOK.—We have great pleasure in noticing that Professor Ferguson, the well-known blind performer on the Irish Union-harmonic pipes, is to give a Concert in Carronbrook, on Thursday 17th March.

A HORSE RACE.—Yesterday (10th) there was quite an exciting horse race, between Munros' tavern and the Brittannia road. A couple of our townsmen who own smart nags which we will call *Waterloo* and *Mazeppa* made a bet of $5.00 on their speed respectively. After a close contest *Waterloo* beat, time being 4.76.

BRYAN'S WAFERS, (The great public remedy) have now been in use over twenty years, hence it cannot be said that they are on trial. They have been thoroughly tried, and pronounced (on the authority of those whose lives and health they have preserved) to be a cure, harmless and eminently salutary preparation, and if taken in season will invariably cure colds, coughs, sore throat, and all Bronchial affections One fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold by all medicine dealers, at 25cts. per box.

Try It To Night.—"*You will sleep well and be Better in the morning*" you have caught cold; can't raise the phlegm; irritation of the throat; a heavy pressure on one of the lungs; breath short; if you could only raise up that matter that sticks so tight, you would feel so easy; a sharp pain every once in a while near the heart, and sometimes pains in the shoulders and back. As soon as you lie down you have a bit of coughing: this is the experience of thousands at this minute now for relief, prompt, quick, and immediate relief and assistance; Take at once a teaspoonful of Dr. Brigg's Renovator the great Throat and Lung Healer and you will secure by its use that relief so important to all who suffer. Sold by Druggists.

The $50,000 required to start a Presbyterian paper in Chicago has been secured. The paper is to be called *The Interior*.

THE CATTLE TRADE.—The Co. of Huron is no exception to the rest of the country, just now, with regard to the enormous cattle trade being carried on in Canada by American dealers. Every few days large numbers of cows and steers are shipped from Goderich station for Buffalo, &c. These come from neighboring townships and from Bruce. Cows, in calf, are in great demand for the dairy farms of New York State. A large amount of money must have passed into the hands of our farmers. Another argument in favor of root culture and cattle raising on a large scale.

Our Post Office.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—I am somewhat surprised that the public of this town have endured the inconvenience for the last four or five months, of waiting from one hour to an hour and three quarters after the arrival of the mail for delivery of their letters. No doubt the mail-trains being unusually behind time has had something to do with the lateness of delivery of our letters.—But that is not altogether the cause. It certainly was not on last Friday evening, when the post opened *nearly two hours after the arrival of the train*. Will the postmaster explain how that was? There is fault *somewhere*, and not remedied at once, I will make known our complaints to the Inspector and if unheeded by him, to the Postmaster General. The excuse is that the Kincardine and Lucknow mails must be first dispatched. Is the convenience of a couple of stage-drivers to counterbalance the annoyance of hundreds who visit our post office every evening between five and seven o'clock? It appears to be so. The Northern mails reach Kincardine and Lucknow in the night, so that a few minutes delay would not seriously inconvenience any considerable number. Why can't one of the gentlemen in our post office open and deliver the Goderich mail while the other attends to those for the North? If this is a distributing office for all northern mails, and these *must* be dispatched first, then I would suggest the employment of additional assistance rather than further inflict on business people such apparently unnecessary delays as have been of late occasioned.—This must be remedied or I for one will know the reason why. A SUFFERER.

O Edwards Lester—a wrong to the Public.

New York, 87 3rd Ave.,
March 8th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Signal.

MR. EDITOR,—For years seedmen have been doing a wrong to the public in my name, by advertising LESTER'S PERFECTED TOMATO, while, for the most part, they were selling spurious, mixed or degenerate seed. After long culture, I produced my new variety and gave it free to the world. Its superiority was at once acknowledged at home and abroad. But it had nearly disappeared. To save it from being lost and the public from further imposition, I started a few plants last season and entrusted them to Mr. J. Payne Lowe, (Little Falls, New Jersey, or p. o. box 3242, New York,) who raised from them the only genuine perfected seed I know of, and from him alone (I am not a seedsman) can any be had which I will be responsible for. By printing this you will save the public from deception and greatly oblige,

Yours truly, C. E. LESTER.

Mr. Lester will please accept our best thanks for a small but sufficient package of the above seeds.—ED. S.

(To the Editor of the 'Huron Signal.'

SIR.—Your Bayfield correspondent 'one who was at the meeting', evidently wishes to provoke a controversy with somebody. No doubt his talents are getting mouldy and want airing. He writes two letters in a flippant, meaningless style, in one of which he attacks several members of the Council, and they having treated him with the contempt he merits, he then attacks one of humbler position. And were it not possible that outsiders unacquainted with the writer (who evidently knows that his real name would neutralize the effect) or the accused, might be misled; and were it not that these erudite epistles contain many falsehoods and misrepresentations, neither would I lose time with him. A grave old Scotch farmer says 'it is only lying Mac, nobody minds him.' But this Boanerges, not content with attacking people through anonymous epistles, must also attack some in a public bar-room, using epithets which would make an old fish wife blush. And all, forsooth, because these gentlemen cannot see the propriety of destroying the whole of the existing school sections in the Township, to enlarge the one he speculates on property in. This Boanerges states that 'The Reeve put the motion' before Dr. Woods had time to write an amendment! The fact is Dr. Woods wrote his amendment which was worthless wanting a seconder, he then went to work to write his protest, and while doing so the motion was put. The Reeve gave every opportunity to all concerned. The merits of the prayer of the petition were well discussed before the motion was put from the chair. Mr. Simpson has too high a respect for himself and the people of the Township to be guilty of any such indiscretion; and if he were, Dr. Woods is not the man to allow it to pass unchallenged. In his next epistle this scribbler says 'the Clerk made every manifestation of kindness in the matter of this petition,' &c. I was asked as clerk for certain statistics by the Trustees of the Bayfield school, and of course I furnished them with all the information I possessed I gave like statistics to parties from the adjoining section. I wish the Bayfield people well, and would like to see them lightened of their heavy school tax, but my interest ends there. I did imagine that the Bayfield Trustees were indiscreet in allowing a blustering, bombastic adventurer (whose expressions display more frothy language than good sense) to represent them at the Council. I was confirmed in my feelings when I found that the whole statistics were prepared and the order planned by a wiser man; but Boanerges arrogates to himself in his first letter, the *force* and *clearness* of the above, while, in reality, they were previously concocted by another, and he was merely the *cats paw*. The clerk is charged with reading only a few of the names on the petition. This is incorrect, as I read every name on the petition, and counted them over in presence of the Council—Dr. Woods assisting me and when all the names were done, said 'that is all' not as Mac says 'that will do.' Mr. Castle did not take exception to any name on the petition he merely asked if they all belonged to the Bayfield section. One was pointed out belonging to No. 3. I don't remember seeing so many falsehoods and misrepresentations condensed in so small a compass as in these two letters. Some people are perpetually running into extremes; at one time they practice some glaring vice, and at another time, to make amends, pursue some great miracle of piety with much display. Such people are constantly disturbing the natural flow of society, and make much ado because others do not see and think as they do. They keep all about them in agitation But they always keep one object before their mind's eye, viz. Self aggrandizement. Boanerges is clearly of this class, and no doubt in a short time after such a crop of misrepresentations, will be prophesying a speedy approach of the *end of time*, or haranguing credulous people on the *great coming struggle*. I hope this writer will state in his next, whether he is acting as agent for the Bayfield people in this affair or merely as a private individual.

W. P.

Stanley 12th March, 1870.

Missouri Correspondence.

Grantsville, March 2nd, 1870.

MR. EDITOR,—I trust you will pardon me if I force myself upon your notice, but I learn by the way of letters and papers from Canada, that there are some very singular reports about myself and family, viz: that I had sold my place, and that on our return from town after drawing the deeds, my wife, daughter and myself were murdered, robbed, &c. Again, I had sold and removed to Kansas, that the whole of the family had been murdered by the Indians, and all the property taken and destroyed. Again, I had sold and was on may back to Canada, and was murdered on the road. Again, I was now living on the 4th farm since I came to Mo. No, Mr Editor, I am alive and well, and so are all my family; and furthermore I am on the same farm as when I first came to Linn Co. I am very much surprised that such reports got started, and I wish to refute them and set right those very *kind* friends who started them out of *whole cloth*; so that they can devote their very valuable time to more profitable business than trying to whip Mo. over my back. Mo. is just as safe a place to live in as Canada; the people are as moral, industrious and as good neighbors as those there, and as for moving back to Canada to live I have no notion to so, unless I come after some of my dues. I am well pleased with Mo., and have met with reasonable success, we have plenty to eat and to wear, some to spare. And if some kind friend in Canada will pay us a visit, I will try and make him comfortable, and show him as fine a farming and stock-raising country as they could wish to see. And now I will close by saying I had more confidence in the good sense of the people of Hay township than to suppose they for a moment would believe such foolish reports, but I was sadly mistaken; when the preachers even lend the weight of their influence to spread them. I would request the Waterloo *Chronicle* to copy this for the benefit of my friends (who are many) of Waterloo co., and thus relieve their anxiety about us.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN BECHTEL.

Rodgerville.

CHEESE FACTORY.—A large and influential meeting was held at the call of Mr Malcolm, Dairyman, in the above mentioned Village, on the 12th, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for conducting the business of a Cheese factory which is now being erected by him. Thos Lamb, Esq., was called to the chair, and Jas Elder, Jr., appointed secretary. Mr Ballantyne, Mitchell was then introduced and he delivered a very able and interesting address in which he gave a detailed statement of the manner in which Cheese factories are generally managed, advised those present to support the system; and spoke in very complimentary terms of Mr Malcolm's ability. Mr Manning of Exeter, and Mr Haney from Thames road, also spoke in favor of the system and highly recommended Mr Malcolm both as to ability and honesty. The necessary arrangements were then made and the following Committee of management appointed, viz: Mr James Lang, Treas., with Mr Alex Buchanan and Mr Wm Steneman. Judging from appearances Mr Malcolm is likely to receive an extensive and generous support We wish him success.—Com

STANLEY.

The Council met on the 7th inst., all the members present. Petition of N Munro and 11 others of the Village of Brucefield, praying to be allowed to perform their Statute labor on the streets of that Village. By-Law No. 3, limiting the number of Taverns and Shops in the township, passed. By-Law No. 4, commuting Statute labor per day, passed. Moved by Geo. Castle, seconded by Thos Kevs, That $3.54 back taxes irregularly charged A. Rutledge, be refunded—Carried. Moved by G Castle, sec by T Kevs, That Mal'm Camp'll be appointed Pathmaster in place of Wm Montgomery—Carried. Moved by W J Biggins, sec. by Dr. Woods, That the petition of the Brucefield ratepayers be granted, and they be allowed to work their statute labor for the Village lots—no farm property included—on the streets in that Village; also that Thos Kinnard be Pathmaster—Carried. Moved by W J Biggins, sec. by G Castle, That Wm Pearson be Road Commissioner on the 2rd and 3rd cons. for the present year—Carried.—Moved by Dr Woods, sec. by W J Biggins, That the sum of $75 be appropriated to each of the following concession lines, viz: 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 6 and 7, 8 and 9, 10 and 11, 12 and 13, L. R. E. and L. R. W. Also a like amount to the village of Bayfield and ranges 8 and 9 to include sidelines to Goshen—Carried. The Council then adjourned.

WM. PLUNKETT, T'p Clerk.

Varna, 9th March, 1870.

CANADA.

Two children were nearly lost in a snow-drift, a short time since in Kincardine township, but were providentially rescued by an Indian, who took them to his wigwam, and his squaw attended them carefully. Next day he went to their parents and found the mother nearly insane with grief. Great was her relief, and that