Wardlaw must pass that way on leaving General Rolleston's house.

At the bend of the lane two twin elms stood out a foot or two from the hedge. Seaton got behind these at about ten o'clock, and watched for him with a patience and immobility that boded ill.

His preparations for this encounter were singular. He had a close-shutting inkstand and a pen, and one sheet of paper, at the top of which he had written "Sydney," and the day of month and year, leaving the rest blank. And he had the revolver with which he had shot the robber at Helen Rolleston's window; and a barrel of that arm was loaded with swan shot.

CHAPTER V.

The moon went down; the stars shone out clearer.

Eleven o'clock boomed from a church clock in the town.

Twelve o'clock boomed, and Wardlaw never came and Seaton never moved.

Soon after midnight General Rolleston's hall door opened, and a figure appeared in a flood of light. Seaton's eye gleamed at the the sight, for it was young Wardlaw with a footman at his back holding a lighted lamp.

Wardlaw, however, seemed in no hurry to leave the house, and the reason soon appeared; he was joined by Helen Rolleston, and she was equipped for walking. The watcher saw her serene face shine in the light. The General himself came next; and as they left the door out came Tom with a blunderbuss, and brought up the rear. Seaton drew behind the trees and postponed, but did not resign, his purpose.

Steps and murmuring came, and passed him, and receded.

The only words he caught distinctly came from Wardlaw as he passed "It is nearly high tide. I fear we must make haste."

Seaton followed the whole party at a short distance, feeling sure they would eventually separate and give him his opportunity with Wardlaw;

They went down to the harbor and there took a boat, Seaton came nearer, and learned they were going on board the great steamer bound for England, that loomed so black, with monstrous eyes of fire.

They put off, and Seaton stood baffled

Presently the black monster, with enormous eyes of fire, spouted her steam like a Leviathan, and then was still, next the smoke puffed, the heavy paddles revolved and she rushed out of the harbor; and Seaton sat down upon the ground, and all seemed ended. Helen gone to England! Wardlaw gone with her! Love and revenge had alike eluded him. He looked up at the sky, and played with the pebbles at his feet, stupidly, stupidly. He wondered why he was ever born; why he consented to live a single minute after this. His angel and his demon gone home together.

He wrote a few lines on the paper he had intended for Wardlaw, sprinkled them with sand, and put them in his bosom, he then stretched himself out with a weary groan, like a dying dog, to wait the flow of the tide, and with it, Death Whether or not his resolution or his weakness could have carried him so far cannot be known for even as the water rippled in sad, tinkling under his back, chilled him to the bone, a silvery sound struck his ear. He started to his feet, and life and its joys rushed back upon him. It was the voice of the woman he loved so madly.

Helen Rolleston was on the water, coming ashore again in the little boat.

He crawled, like a lizard among the boats ashore to catch a sight of her; he did see her, unless himself she landed with her father. So Wardlaw was gone to England without her. Seaton trembled with joy. Presently his goddess began to lament in the prettiest way.

"Papa! Papa!" she sighed. "Why must friends part in this sad world? Poor Arthur is gone from me; and, by and by, I shall go from you, my own papa." And at the prospect she wept gently.

"Why you foolish child!" said the old General tenderly, "what matters a little parting, when we are all to meet again in dear old England. Well then, there have to cry; it will do you good."

But, O! how Seaton's heart yearned at all this

What? mustn't he say a word to comfort her; he took at that moment, would have thought no more of dying to serve her, or to please her, than he would of throwing one of those pebbles into that slimy water.

Well, her pure tears somehow cooled his hot brain, and washed his soul, and left him wondering at himself and his mistrends this night. His guardian angel seemed to go by and wave her downy wings, and fan his hot passions as she passed.

He kneeled down and thanked God that he had not met Arthur Wardlaw in that dark lane.

Then he went home to his humble lodgings, and there buried himself; and from that day seldom went out, though to seek employment. He soon obtained it as a copyist

Meantime the police were on his track, employed by a person with a gentle disposition, but a tenacity of purpose truly remarkable.

Great was Seaton's uneasiness when one day he saw Hexham at the foot of his stair; greater still, when the officer's quick eye caught sight of him, and his light foot ascended the stairs directly. He felt sure Hexham had heard of his lurking about General Rolleston's premises.

Hexham came into his room without ceremony, and looking mighty grim. "Well, my lad, so we have got you, after all."

"What is my crime, now?" asked Seaton, sullenly.

"Mame," said the officer, very solemnly, "it is an unheard of crime this time. You have been—running—away!—from a pretty girl. Now that is a mistake at all times; but, when she is as beautiful as an angel, and rich enough to slip a fiver into Dick Hexham's hands, and lay him on your track, what is the use? Letter for you my man.

Seaton took the letter with a puzzled air. It was written in a clear but feminine hand, and slightly scented.

The writer, in a few polished lines, excused herself for taking extraordinary means to find Mr. Seaton; but hoped he would consider that he had laid her under a deep obligation, and that gratitude will sometimes be of importance. She had the pleasure to inform him that the office of shipping clerk, at Messrs. White and Co.'s was at his service, and she hoped he would take it without an hour's further delay, for that she was assured that many persons had risen to wealth and consideration in the colony from such situation.

Then, as the wary but courteous young lady had no wish to enter into a correspondence with her ex-gardener, she added,—

"Mr. Seaton need not trouble himself to reply to this note. A simple 'yes' to Mr. Hexham will be enough and will give sincere pleasure to Mr. Seaton's.

"Obedient servant and well wisher,

"HELEN ANNIE ROLLESTON."

Seaton bowed his head over this letter in silent but deep emotion.

Hexam respected that emotion and watched him with a sort of vague sympathy.

Seaton lifted his head, and the tears stood thick in his eyes. Said he, in a voice of exquisite softness scarce above a whisper, "Tell her, 'yes' and 'God bless her.' Good by. I want to go on my knees, and pray God to bless her, as she deserves. Good by."

Hexam took the hint, and retired softly.

CHAPTER VI.

White and Co. stumbled on a treasure in James Seaton. Your colonial clerk is not so narrow and apathetic as your London clerk, whose two objects seem to be, to learn one department only, and not to do much in that; but Seaton, a gentleman and a scholar, eclipsed even colonial clerks in this, that he combined no opportunity of learning the whole business of Whitea and Co., and was also animated by a feverish zeal, that now and then provoked laughter from clerks, but was as agreeable, as well as surprising to White and Co. Of that zeal, his incurable passion was partly the cause. Fortunes had been made with great rapidity in Sydney; and Seaton now conceived a wild hope of acquiring one, by some lucky hit, before Wardlaw could return to Helen Rolleston. And yet his common sense said, if I was as rich as Crœsus, how could she ever mate with me a stained man. And yet his burning heart said, don't listen to reason; listen only to me. Try.

And so he worked double tides; and, in virtue of his University education, had no snobbish notions about never putting his hand to manual labor; he would lay down his pen at any moment, and bear a hand to a chest, or roll a cask. Old White saw him thus multiply himself, and was so pleased that he raised his salary one-third.

He never saw Helen Rolleston except on Sunday. On that day he went to her church and sat half behind a pillar, and feasted his eyes and his heart upon her. He lived sparingly, saved money, bought a strip of land by payment of £10 deposit, and sold it in forty hours for £100 profit, and watched keenly for similar opportunities on a larger scale; and all for her. Struggling with a mountain; hoping against reason and the world.

White and Co. were employed to ship a valuable cargo on board two vessels chartered by Wardlaw and Son; the Shannon and the Proserpine.

Both these ships lay in Sydney harbor, and had taken in the bulk of their cargoes; but the supplement was the cream; for Wardlaw, in person, had warehoused sixteen cases of gold dust and ingots, and fifty of lead and smelted copper. They were all examined, and branded, by Mr. White, who had duplicate keys of the gold cases. But the contents as a matter of habit and prudence were not described outside; but were marked Proserpine and Shanson respectively; the mate of the Proserpine, who was in Wardlaw's confidence had written instructions to look carefully to the storage of all these cases, and was in and out of the store one afternoon just before closing, and measured the cubic contents of the cases, with a view to stowage in the respective vessels. The last time he came he seemed the worse of liquor; and Seaton, who accompanied him, having stepped out a minute for something or other, was rather surprised on his return to find the door closed, and it struck him Mr. Wylie (that was the mate's name) might be inside; the more as the door closed very easily with a spring bolt, but it could only be opened by a key of peculiar construction Seaton took out his key, opened the door, and called to the mate; but received no reply. However, he took the precaution to go round the store, and see whether Wylie, rendered somnolent by liquor, might not be lying oblivious among the cases; Wylie, however, was not to be seen, and Seaton finding himself alone did an unwise thing; he came and contemplated Wardlaw's cases of metal and specie. (Men will go too near the thing that causes their pain.) He eyed them with grief and with desire, and could not restrain a sigh at these material proofs of his rival's wealth: the wealth that probably had smoothed his way to General Rolleston's souls, and to his daughter's heart; for wealth can pave the way to hearts as, even to hearts that cannot be downright bought. This reverie, no doubt, lasted longer than he thought, for presently he heard the loud rattle of shutters going up below; it was closing time; he hastily closed and locked the iron shutters, and then went out and shut the door.

He had been gone about two hours, and that part of the street, so noisy in business hours, was hushed in silence, all but an occasional footstep on the flags outside when something mysterious occurred in the warehouse, now as dark as pitch.

At an angle of the wall stood two large cases in a vertical position, with smaller cases lying at their feet; these two cases were about eight feet high, more or less.—Well, behind these cases suddenly flashed a feeble light, and the next moment two brown and sinewy hands appeared on the edge of one of the cases—the edge next the wall; the case vibrated and rocked a little, and the next moment there mounted on the top of it not a cat, nor a monkey, as might have been expected, but an animal that in truth resembles both those quadrupeds, viz, a sailor; and need we say that sailor was the mate of the Proserpine. He descended lightly from the top of the case behind which he had been jammed for hours, and lighted a dark lantern; and went softly grouping about the store with it.

This was a mysterious act and would perhaps have puzzled the proprietors of the store even more than it would a stranger; for a stranger would have said at once this is a burglary, or else arson; but those acquainted with the place would have known that neither of those crimes was very practicable. The enterprising sailor could not burn down this peculiar store without roasting himself the first thing; and indeed he could not burn it down at all, for the roof was flat, and was in fact one gigantic iron tank, like the roof of Mr. Goding's brewery in London; and, by a neat contrivance of American origin, the whole tank could be turned in one moment to a shower bath, and drown a conflagration in 30 seconds or thereabouts. Nor could he rifle the place; the goods were greatly protected by their weight, and it was impossible to get out of the store without raising an alarm, and being searched.

But, to fall into the error of writers who underrate their readers curiosity and intelligence, and so deluge them with comments and explanations, we will now simply relate what Wylie did, leaving you to glean his motives as this tale advances. His jacket had large pockets, and he took out of them a bunch of eighteen bright steel keys, numbered, a set of screw drivers, a flask of rum, and two ship biscuits.

He unlocked the eighteen cases marked Proserpiine, &c., and peering in with his lantern, saw the gold dust and small ingots, packed in parcels, and surrounded by Australian wool of the highest possible quality. It was a luscious sight.

He then proceeded to a heavier task; he unscrewed, one after another, eighteen of the cases marked Shannon, and the eighteen so selected, perhaps by private marks, proved to be packed close, and on a differant system from the gold, viz.: in pigs, or square blocks, three, or in some cases, four, to each chest. Now, these two ways of packing the specie and the baser metal; for lead is proverbially heavy, but under scientific tests is to gold as five to twelve, or thereabouts.

In his secret and mysterious labor Wylie was often interrupted. Whenever he hard a step on the pavement outside, he drew the slide of his lantern and hid the light. If he had examined the iron shutters, he would have seen that his light could never pierce through them into the street. But he was not aware of this. Notwithstanding these occasional interruptions, he worked so hard and continuously, that the perspiration poured down him ere he had unscrewed those eighteen chests containing the pigs of lead. However, it was done at last, and then he refreshed himself with a draught from his flask. The next thing was, he took the three pigs of lead out of one of the cases marked Shannon, &c., and numbered fifteen, and laid them very gently on the floor. Then he transferred to that empty case the mixed contents of a case branded Proserpine 1, &c., and this he did with the utmost care and nicety, lest gold dust spilled should tell tales. And so he went on and amused himself by shifting the contents of the whole eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., into eighteen cases marked Shannon, &c., and refilling them with the Shannon's lead. Frolicksome Mr. Wylie! Then he sat down on one of the cases of Proserpine, and ate biscuit and drank a little rum, not much, for at this part of his career he was a very sober man, though he could feign drunkness, or indeed anything else.

The gold was all at his mercy, yet he did not pocket an ounce of it; not even a pennyweight to make a wedding-ring for Nancy Rouse. Mr. Wylie had a conscience. And a very original one it was; and, above all, he was very true to those he worked with. He carefully locked the gold cases up again, and resumed the screw driver, for their was another heavy stroke of work to be done; and he went at it like a man. He carefully screwed down, one after another, all those eighteen cases marked Shannon, which he had filled with gold dust, and then, heating a sailor's needle red-hot over his burning wick, he put his own secret marks on those eighteen cases—marks that no eye but his own could detect. By this time, though a very powerful man, he felt much exhausted, and would gladly have snatched an hour's repose but, consulting his watch by the light of his lantern, he found the sun had just risen. He retired to his place of concealment in the same cat-like way he had come out of it,—that is tosay, he mounted on the high cases, and then slipped down behind them, into the angle of the wall.

As soon as the office opened, two sailors, whom he had carefully instructed overnight, came with a boat for the cases; the warehouse was opened in consequence, but they were informed that Wylie must be present at the delivery.

"O, he won't be long," said they; "told us he would meet us here."

There was a considerable delay, and a good deal of talking, and presently Wylie was at their backs, and put in his word.

Seaton was greatly surprised at finding him there, and asken him where he had sprung from.

"Me!" said Wylie, joconsely, "why, I hailed from Davy Jone's locker last."

"I never heard you come in," said Seaton, thoughtfully.

"Well, sir" replied Wylie, civilly, "a man does learn ti go like a cat on board ship, that is the truth. I came in at the door like my betters; but I thought I heard you mention my name, so I made no noise. well, here I am, any way, and—Jack, how many trips can we take these thundering chests in? Let us see, eighteen for the Proserpine, and forty for the Shannon. Is that correct, sir?" "Perfectly."

"Then, if you will deliver them, I'll check the delivery aboard the lighter there. and then we'll tow her alongside the ships;

Seaton called up two more clerks, and sent one to the boat, and one on board the cargo. The barge was within hail; so the cases were checked as they passed out of the store, and checked again at the small boat, and also on board the lighter. When they were all cleared out, Wylie gave Seaton his receipt for them, and, having a steam tug in attendance, towed the lighter alongside the Shannon first. Seaton carried the receipt to his employer. "But, sir," said he, "is this regular for any of the Proserpine to take the Shannon's cargo from us?"

"No, it is not regular," said the old gentleman; and he looked through a window, and summoned Mr Hardcastle.

Hardcastle explained that the Proserpine shipped the gold, which was the more valuable consignment; and that he saw no harm in the officer, who was so highly trusted by the merchant (on this and former occasions) taking out a few tons of lead and copper to the Shannon.

"Well, sir," said Seaton, "suppose I was to go out and see the chests stowed in those vessels?"

"I think you are making a fuss about nothing," said Hardcastle.

Mr. White was of the same opinion, but, being too wise to check zeal and caution, told Seaton he might go for his own satisfaction.

Seaton, with some difficulty, got a little boat and pulled across the harbor. He found the Shannon had shipped all the chests marked with her name; and the captain and mate of the Prosperine were beginning to ship theirs. He paddled under the Prosperine's stern.

Captain Hudson, a rough salt, sang out, and asked him roughly what he wanted there.

"O, it is all right," said the mate; "he is come for your receipt and Hewitt's. Be smart now, men; two on board, sixteen to come."

Seaton saw the chests marked Prosperine stowed in the Prosperine, and went ashore with Captain Hewitt's receipt of forty cases on board the Shannon, and Captain Hudson's of eighteen on board the Prosperine.

As he landed he met Lloyd's agent, and told him what a valuable freight he had just shipped. That gentleman merely remarked that both ships were underwritten in Sydney by the owners; but the freight was insured in London, no doubts.

There was still something about this business Seaton did no quite like; perhaps it was in the haste of the shipments or in the manner of the mate. At all events, it was too slight and subtle to be communicated to others with any hope of convincing them; and, moreover, Seaton could not but own to himself that he hated Wardlaw, and was, perhaps, no fair judge of his acts, and even of the acts of his servants.

And soon a blow fell that drove the matter out of his head and his heart. Miss Helen Rolleston called at the office, and, standing within a few feet of him, handed Hardcastle a letter from Arthur Wardlaw, directing that the ladies' cabin on board the Shannon should be placed at her disposal.

Hardcastle bowed low to Beauty and Station and promised her the best possible accommodation on board the Shannon, bound for England, next week.

As she retired, she cast one quiet glance round the office in search of Seaton' beard. But he reduce its admired luxurriance, and trimmed it to a narrow mercantile point. She did not know his other features from Adam, and little thought that young man, bent double over his paper, was her preserver and *protege*, still less that he was at this moment cold as Ice, and quivering with misery from head to foot, because her own lips had just told him she was going to England in the Shannon.

Heart broken, but still loving nobly, Seaton dragged himself down to the harbour, and went slowly on board the Shannon to secure Miss Rolleston every comfort,

Then, sick at heart as he was, he made inquires into the condition of the vessel which was to be trusted with so precious a freight; and the old boatswain who was rowing him, hearing him make these inquiries, told him he himself was always about, and had noticed the Shannon's pumps were going every blessed night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JUNE 4, 1868.

THE "LAME DEFENCE."

The Bruce *Herald* heads a long article in answer to our charges against the Bruce Members of the Commons, "A very Lame Defence," and we think he is quite right, for a more lame defence than he has made of it would be hard to conceive.—Stripping his verbiage of "*Signal* man" and buncumb of that sort, all we can gather of his meaning is that, because he does not find the bad votes of his tory members in the published proceedings of the House, he is right in trying to lead people to believe that nobody is any the wiser, or, in fact, need be. If the amiable gentleman who edits the *Herald* knows anything at all of Parliamentary practice he is well aware that when a vote is taken in Committee of the whole, it is only by a "count of heads" or noses, as it is something vulgarily termed, and hence it *could not* appear in the published proceedings. We willingly give our authority, as demanded. It is no less, (beyond our cor.) than the members for South Waterloo, Lambton, and other constituencies we could name were it necessary.

With regard to the allegation against Mr. Blake, we have *the very* best of authority for asserting that he was *not absent* for six working days of the latter part of the session in that respect for transcending any tory lawyer in the House, not excepting Mr. Harrison, who only spent some three days at Ottawa and Mr. J. H. Cameron, who was absent nearly three-fourths of the time. When we ask the Bruce Commoners to purchase or procure our silence it will be quite time enough for the editor of the Bruce *Herald* to intercede for us. In the meantime we advise him to avoid calling names and defrain from attempting to palm off a very flimsy species of sophistry on the people of his section, who are as intelligent as any whom we know to be in Canada.

MR. WHITEHEAD.

The conduct of this gentleman during the late session of Parliament has so disgusted his constituents, that were he now to present himself for re-election, he would poll but a poor vote. He has broken every promise he made, and proved himself but the tool of the South Riding Representative. Those conservatives who exerted themselves so strenuously to secure his election, feel themselves sold, and are indignant at Mr. W., but they have but themselves to blame. During the whole session he never opened his mouth but to vote. Nothing has ever been heard of his great scheme for building the Intercolonial Railway, whereby so much was to be saved to the country. It is really too bad to have both Ridings of Huron so misrepresented for five years, by men that have no influence either in the House, or with the Government. One of them has been a part of the time absent from his duties, and the other might just as well have been.

The above, which we clip from the Goderich *Star*, is, in our estimation, a most remarkable effusion; and, to tell the honest truth such a condemnation rather delights us. It will be remembered that during and after the election the conservatives claimed Mr. Whitehead as a gain for their side. Oh, of course, he had voted once for a conservative candidate, and, as his principles were known to be conservative, he would go the whole length for Sir J. A. when he went to Ottawa. The *Signal* suffered no little public odium on account of its support of Mr. Whitehead, but we think it is fully justified by the article we have copied, which proves that his honest and independent course has not pleased those who wished him to "go it blind," as did Mr. Hurdon of Bruce.—During the election canvass we expressed our sincere belief that Mr. Whitehead would prove himself an able advocate of liberalism, in so far as retrenchment and a careful supervision of public affairs were concerned, and we are quite satisfied with the results of the first session. Mr. Whitehead "never opened his mouth but to vote," indeed! Well, if more of the members had opened their mouths less and voted as Mr. Whitehead did in the interests of economical government, independent of party influences, the millions added to our national debt would be reduced by one-half. We do not believe *that* would insult the intelligent conservatives of North Huron.

The assertion that Mr. Whitehead made himself the tool of Mr. Cameron, is most absurd, and we will wager with the editor of the *Star* the price of a gold pen that nothing passed between those two gentlemen during the session beyond the civilities due to each other. Having had a conversation with friend Whitehead within the past 24 hours, we are perfectly satisfied that *he is sound* for the true interests of North Huron, and, notwithstanding *those votes*, there is not a man in the Riding who could appear against him if there were a fresh election.

THE COUNTY TOLL GATES.

A good deal of discussion has taken place between County Councillors as to the advisability of either throwing off the present fees payable at the respective gates, or the resumption of the larger sum formerly imposed. On one hand it is held that the low rate at present charged at the gates amounts to a sum so small that it does not pay to keep on those responsible for its collection; besides it is believed that it would only be an act of justice to the back townships to throw the gates off altogether. On the other hand it is strongly argued that while it would be wrong to fall back on the old system, it is only right and proper to keep up the present rate of fees, by means of which between $10,000 and $11,000 are raised annually, thus contributing largely to the maintenance of the gates. In our own humble opinion, we think the gates should be kept as they are, for the simple reason that experience proves that toll roads are invariably the best kept. At present there are seasons when large sums are required to keep the County Roads in repair, and it may be a very strong matter of doubt if it would be easy to make an arrangement whereby the necessary repairs required from time to time could be equalized in an equitable manner, and while a low toll is kept up there can be little danger of the roads degenerating. Huron has the reputation of possessing the best gravel roads in Canada, and we think the only way to keep up her name in that respect is to keep on a moderate fee for repairs. It might be well, however, to take measures for collecting the money without the difficulty that has been experienced for the last year or two.

TRANSIT TO THE WEST.

The following letter from the Collector of the Port of Chicago will be found interesting to Canadian shippers.

"All goods from Canada for Chicago and the Western States, via Sarnia, have either to pay duty or be entered in bond at Port Huron. If forwarded per Grand Trunk Railway, via Goderich line steamers, they will have prompt dispatch, and will not be examined by the United States customs officers until they arrive at Chicago.

COPY.

CUSTOM HOUSE, CHICAGO,
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, May 12, 1868.

S. T. WEBSTER, Esq.,
Chicago, Illinois.

SIR,—The "Goderich Line" of propellers, connecting with Grand Trunk railway, clearing from Goderich to Chicago direct, and not stopping to any American ports other than ht Mackinac and Duncan city to report, freight coming by this line is not examined by U. S. officer until arrival at this port.

Very respectfully,
Your ob'dt-sevan't,
WALTER B. SCATES,
Collector.

A Great Pity.

We think it a great pity that Mr. Cartier's Militia Bill was passed in such an objectionable shape as to endanger the Volunteer movement which is of vital importance to us in time of danger. Already, we hear, several officers have tendered their resignations, and it is feared more will follow. Such a state of feeling is really too bad if it could have been prevented. Below we give another example of Mr. Cartier's singular conduct:—

"INSULTED.—The Montreal *Gazette's* Toronto correspondent says: 'Col. Geo. T. Denison, Jr., of the York cavalry who resigned his position lately, was, I understand, deliberately insulted, by Sir Geo E. Cartier. Col. Denison it appears asked an interview with Cartier. A day or two after he sent the request, he met Cartier in one of the corridors of the House, and the subject being spoken of, Cartier coolly and in an insulting manner, told Denison that he could not see him, but that Denison must come down in October next.—Col. Denison's cavalry corps intend sending in their resignations *en masse*.'"

Another Splendid Salt Well.

21 FEET OF SOLID SALT.

The Dominion Salt Co. of this town finished the boring of their well yesterday, (1st), and the result is most satisfactory. At a depth of 1100 feet the drill passed through the hard rock and entered the stratum of *pure salt* which proved to be 21 feet thick and perfectly free from shale or other foreign bodies. The total depth is 1125 feet. The well is for 505 feet of the depth 5 inches in diameter, the remainder 4½ inches, which is one of the largest yet drilled. Notwithstanding that there was a stoppage of 14 days, this well was put down in five days less time than any yet bored in Goderich, which certainly speaks well for the energy and skill of the drillers, Messrs. A. B. Olin and L. Bigelow. There is no doubt the Dominion will be one of the best wells in the town, and we trust it will prove highly remunerative to the owners. The Co. has received its charter, and under it the following officers have been elected for the current year: President, H. Howell; Secretary, J. A. McKellar; Treas. E. L. Johnston.

CREDITABLE.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Jas. Garrow, formerly of Toms & Moores', but at present of Mr. Cameron's law office, has passed a most creditable examination at Toronto, and is admitted to the bar, as an Attorney. He headed the list of 34 applicants, his score being twelve points in advance of any other. Of these 32, only Mr. Garrow and two others got through without oral examinations. Mr. G. is, we believe, the only student from Goderich who has had the high honor of getting through without an "oral." Mr. Squire so passed, but he was a Toronto student. We wish Mr. Garrow a long and prosperous career in his honorable profession.

County Council.

The County Council met yesterday (1st). We do not give give any of proceedings to-day, as it will be more satisfactory to have them in a connected shape in our next. The principal business will be the equalization of assessment of the County, but it is not anticipated that there will be the least squabbling or trouble in the matter. The attendance of reeves and deputies is quite full.

Teachers Meeting.

The next meeting of the Local Teachers' Association for Goderich and vicinity will be held in the Central School on Saturday, June 6th, at 10 a. m.

GREAT FIRE IN CLINTON.

LOSS $25,000.

(Special Telegram to the S. W. Signal.)

About 5.30 last evening (28th) a fire broke out in Mr. Racey's Hardware store and spread rapidly. The conflagration extended to Mr. Lees' saddlery shop, Mr. Fullarton's Photograph gallery, H. Norsworth's fruit store, Commander & Elder's general store, Irwin & Hodgins' general store, N. Rodgers' grocery store, Mr. Steep's large shoe store.

The fire was then stopped at Mr. McCully's brick store by the strenuous exertions of the citizens. Most of the goods of the buildings burned were saved in a damaged condition.

The goods in Mr. Watts' drug store and telegraph office and Mr. Laycock's book store suffered much loss in the removal.

A number of out buildings in the rear of those we have mentioned, as being burned. Had the wind not been favourable the conflagration would have been much more destructive, for if the flames had extended to the west side of the street the loss would have been terrible.

While Mr. Racey's goods were being removed a keg of powder exploded, injuring a man's arm so severley that amputation is expected as a necessity.

The loss is estimated at 25,000 dollars although it is expected to go far beyond that figure.

FIRST-RATE.—It is rumored that Mr. Evans, the popular representative of McKillop is about to make a move in the Co. Council for the drainage of the swamp lands of the county. We highly approve of the idea, as there is no doubt that by a cheap system of drains a large area of capital land could be reclaimed. Nothing like enterprise, gentlemen.

EXCURSION.—The splendid steamer *Clinton*, Capt. G. W. McGregor, will give a moonlight excursion next Tuesday eve. (9th) leaving the dock precisely at 8 o'clock. Single tickets 37½cts. For lady and gent 50cts.

THE CHERUB.

We are sorry to hear that H. M. Gunboat *Cherub* has been ordered to sail for Toronto, without delay. The Captain and crew of the *Cherub* have endeared themselves to the citizens of Goderich, and we can only wish them God-speed in their new field of action.

EXECUTION OF THE FENIAN BARRETT.—Michael Barrett, *alias* Jackson, the Fenian, who was convicted or causing the Clerkenwell explosion, was executed in London on Tuesday morning, 26th instant.

☞ We would direct the attention of our townspeople to J. C. Detlor & Co.'s advertisement.

TO RESUME BUSINESS.—The creditors of Converse, Colson & Lamb, of Montreal, have made arrangements by which the firm can resume business at once.

COMMON SENSE.—We observe with pleasure that our town contemporary limits his Howick correspondence this week to a thrilling local item copied from the *Signal*. Such a mark of improvement is most encouraging.

☞ Several communications had to be left over, and some had to be shortened. No communication should be sent in later than Monday or Thursday nights.

SEAFORTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE 25TH.—Wilson's field was as well filled as ever it was on the Queen's Birthday. Men, women and children came flocking in at an early hour, flags were flying, guns were firing, the day was fine, all that was wanted for a day's sport.—The volunteers fired a *feu de joie*. There was a good deal of foot racing, jumping, some horse racing, and late in the afternoon a few calithumpians made their appearance. In the evening there was a small display of fire works. There was many complaints among the ladies that nothing could be seen and that there was no music.

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.—The armory was guarded on Saturday night on account of some suspicious characters seen moving about.

COUNCIL MEETING.—The Municipal Council of Seaforth met at Downey's Hall, on the 20th inst., present, the Reeve and Councillors Strong, Beattie, Cash, and McDougall. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Accounts were presented from Messrs. Young & Co., of Walton, Duncan, Egmondville, and *Expositor*, Seaforth. A By-Law for the imposition and collection of taxes upon and from every male inhabitant, between the ages of twenty and sixty years, and not otherwise exempt by law, who has not been assessed upon the assessment roll of the village, was read a first, second and third time and passed. A By-Law for the licensing of shops to sell spirituous liquors, and to repeal clause 4th of By-Law No. 7, of this municipality passed the 27th day of January, 1868, was read a first, second and third time and passed. A By-Law to regulate the assize and weight of bread, and to prevent the use of deleterious materials in making bread or cakes of every description, and to provide for seizure and forfeiture of bread and cakes made contrary to this by-law, was read a first, second, and third time and passed. It was moved, seconded and carried, that this Council do now adjourn to meet again at Downey's Hotel, on Friday evening, May 29th, at 7 o'clock,

T. P. BULL, Clerk.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Seaforth Local Teachers' Association met on Saturday 30th ult., Mr. Dewar in the chair, and ten teachers present, the following resolutions were passed:—

1st. That Mr. Archibald Dewar be the delegate at the next meeting of the Huron Teachers' Association.

2nd. That this local association meet quarterly, and about the middle of the time between the meetings of the Huron Association.

3rd. That Geography and Grammar be the subjects for discussion at the next meeting of this association.

4th. Mr. Varcoe examine on Geography and Mr. Dewar on Grammar.

The debate was pretty well contested, the subject was "Is the Teacher's position an envable one."

☞ A rat had not been seen in Kincardine two years ago. The village is now well stocked with the vermin.

☞ The people of Fort Erie are greatly excited over the probabilities of another Fenian raid, and "business of the village," is much depressed in consequence.

Apprehension of evil is oftentimes worse than the evil itself.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good heart in it.

Worth Attending to.

Are "Worshipful" County Councillors aware that if they do not change the doors of the Court House to open outward they are liable to a heavy penalty? The matter is certainly worth attending to. While the change is being made the erection of a porch of some kind over the North entrance would be a boon to officers, judges, councillors, and jurors, who are exposed to a hurricane in winter whenever the door is opened.

CROP PROSPECTS.

The Councillors, now in town, speak favorably regarding the state of the growing crops, which, generally, wear a splendid appearance. Fall wheat and clover are particularly good, there having been too little rain to bring the spring grain on much. Nearly all the farmers are through with their sowing and planting, which is at least ten days earlier than last year.—All are looking forward to an abundant harvest, through the Providential care of the Great Giver.

CONCERT.—The concert as announced, came off on Friday evening last, done great credit to those who were engaged on the occasion. Mrs. Simms' singing was enthusiastically applauded, and that of Messrs. Maitland, Thompson and Dixie Watson, was really good.—The children were arranged on a platform errected for the purpose and they done their part well. It is to be regretted that the attendance was so small.

Pay to Volunteers.

An order has been received from headquarters that should the volunteers be called out again on active service they are to receive 50cts per day and rations.

Exodus of the 'Demi-Monde.'

On Thursday morning last, bright and early, the whole force of *Nymphe du Pave* who have pursued a short but notoriously boisterous career in this town made a flank movement for somewhere else. They had gendered themselves so obnoxious by their peculiar way of rendering night hideous that on the representations of citizens His Worship, the Mayor sent a couple of constables to clear their domiciles out. Most of them have "located" near Maitland ville, where they will be under the magesterial care of the authorities of Colborne.

HAY.

DEAR SIGNAL,—I notice in your last, that "Another ratepayer," alias, the least of the two whales—the one with the touch of Shark in his composition; who does the snapping for the firm, who at present wields the municipal destinies of this Township, has again made a demonstration of his powers of attack and defence. How comes it that this sapient defender of matters not defendable, should pen this purile effusion on the 16th day of April, 1868, and it only comes to light in the Semi-Weely issue of your paper, on the 22nd day of May?—At the same time apologizing in his introduction, for the delay, that "but for reasons connected with certain seasons in a climate like ours," it would have appeared sooner. That seasons or climate had any thing to do with the delay, I know to be false; but that they had something to do with the conception, and composition of the communication in question is but too evident. It is a well known fact that the moon at certain seasons produces strange effects upon certain minds—such minds, for the time being, labor under peculiar hallucinations and are commonly said to be moon-struck. The true cause of the delay was that "Another ratepayer" at the time he should have replied to my last, found himself entirely unfit for the task; and had to wait till he consulted his two illustrious comrades; and till the moon was in a particular phase. It is a fact capable of proof, that on or about the 16th day of April, he was seen terribly excited, threatening vengeance against my humble self; and trying to suborn another party to bear false witness against me; but failed completely. Therefore the matter lay in abeyance till the wonderful three met lately, in solemn conclave—wearily did they toil—darkly did they devise, and take in their great misery, deep counsel against me. The original sketch of implied falsehood—of sidewinds to hide the questions at issue—of bitter personal malignity, was concocted by "another ratepayer," was no doubt produced—was added to and amended, and sent forth to the world as the only, the last and the best defence which could be made for the triumvirate. By some strange fatality, however, they forgot all about dates—the 19th of May, would have been nearer the mark than the 16th of April. And what does this defence amount to? Simply Nothing. Not one single charge made by me, has been refuted. The statement that Mr. Wilson's offer was $130, is said to be false—that it was $140 for the two offices. Will they get Mr. Wilson to make an affidavit that he would not have done the work for $130—or one from Mr. Dir stine that he would not have done it for the same? If my statement was false, why was it not contradicted in the first epistle of the 4th April? And again, there is an attempt made to get rid of the damaging charge of shuffling the offices of the township, by trying to make it appear that there is only one man in the Council now, who was in the Council then. This is a shuffle worthy of the double shufflers.—I again repeat, without fear of successful contradiction, that they are substantially the same men. The people of Hay will judge who is right. I have no fear as to what that judgment will be. As to the way "another ratepayer" bandys the charge of making false statements, let me call attention to his dish of chaff of the 4th April—he says there "that I made a false statement, in one of the tenders, calling it $80, it should have been $85."—Now, it can be proven that I was perfectly correct—and well he knew it. What does he stand convicted of? I need not name it. As far as the points at issue are concerned, this last communication from "Another Ratepayer," requires further comment from me. It is but a continuation, with increased rancour, of that tissue of vile insinuations against the private character of an individual of at least, as much importance to this township, which characterized his first effort—a tirade, so low, so ignoble, that no person making the least pretentions to the name, or standing of man, would ever have been guilty of perpetrating under the shelter of the anonymous But this will surprise none who know the clique. They are ambitious of place and power—their mental caliber forbid their rising even to mediocrity, only in slander—that is their role. Let any one have independence enough to oppose them, either in general, or local politicks, then look out for filth—it will flow copiously from their slimy throats. Reformers, forsooth! They have done more to discredit Reform principles in this township, than any Tory, who ever opened his mouth in it. "They have not brought politicks to bear on any of their actions—they have not acted in a partisan spirit." What about floating the Clerk, Mr. Another Ratepayer," why forget that? Who first mooted the idea, that a new clerk of a different political stripe was a necessity, which led people to belive that you would make such a change? Who but "Another Ratepayer" and his mates, and their lickspittles, mouthed it loudly, till they found they were talking too fast for the conservatives? they might lose their votes at the approaching municipal election, and might lose their seats in consequence—then the change of base took place. This is the sum and substance of the whole matter—the main-spring of all their actions—Keep office. For this they would turn Treasurers out, then in, than out again—smile today, frown to-morrow—be black now, brown again, and turn a somersault every month. The best interests of the Township, are of no moment—be sure of office first, then reward their favorites, and defame their opponents. Talk about "Demagogues and Office Seekers." To be demagogues, is beyond their brain power, but as office seekers, they are inimitable. Family compacts, used to be considered good in that line, but they are nowhere compared to this Clique. There is something new under the sun. Who ever would have expected that should never have written. The punctuation and composition of "Another Ratepayer" would damage the character of a school boy, in the third book—here is a choice morsel, "by the venom he has been emmited." What does the moon stricken mean?

But to have done, I have to say on behalf of the person so foully slandered, and against whom all the puny shafts of "Another Ratepayer" has been directed, that he denies all his insinuations, and dares him to prove them; and that if "Another Ratepayer," or any other ratepayer, will make them under their own proper name, he will meet them so openly, and discuss every action of his life in connection with the Municipal politics of Hay. I am authorized to make one explanation, simply to show the value of "Another Ratepayer's insinuations. When the person refered to was appointed also for that under the circumstances, it would require about $50 to pay him. The Council in consideration of the efficient manner in which the duties had been performed, unanimously voted to give him $60—even that was $30 less than what had been previously paid. And this was how he managed to squeeze $60 out of the Township. In conclusion, Mr Editor, it appears that 'another ratepayer' has got tired of this discussion; and very likely so are you; but I cannot say I am—and with your permission, I intend, at no distant day, if some other ratepayer, do not forstall me, which I hear is likely to be the case, to