speed and a moment's steadiness in the [illegible] enabled him to move with safety. [illegible] a vast forward, and one of the passengers afterwards remembered seeing him in the bow, drenched with water, his gray hair streaming in the furious wind.

All of a sudden the appalling cry of "Man overboard!" burst from the lips of the man at the wheel. The crew and some of the passengers sprang to the vessel's side. A dark object was seen rapidly drifting to leeward; the wild, despairing shriek that rang out above the roar of the storm told that it was a human being sinking in the the waters of the channel—sinking hopelessly! for no boat could live a moment in that whirl of waters. Planks were thrown overboard—and this was all that they could do. Once more rose the despairing shout from sea to sky from the human wail upon the waters a cry that rang in the ears of those who heard it for many an after day and night. The captain's glass rendered the distorted and terrified countenance of the drowning man distinctly visible. At last it disappeared—a bubble or two flecking the foamy side of a huge wave alone indicated the spot where a human being had sank to rise no more until the sea gives up its dead. The captain heaved a deep sigh as he dropped his glass, but he knew not—none knew in that wild storm, the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken the traitor to his kin and his country, the false brother and false Briton, the intentional but foiled fratricide, Henry D'Arcey! He had embarked for the continent under a false name—had been swept from the deck by an irresistible sea, and the heavy money-belt he wore at his waist, the fruit of his treachery, had hastened his awful fate.

Reginald D'Arcey was to have rejoined him on the continent; he lingered behind for a purpose with which he did not deem it fitting to acquaint his father. Bad as he was, yet every germ of goodness had not been utterly extinguished in his nature. In the paralyzing blight which it must be remembered a father had nurtured—he turned to the image of the beautiful gipsy girl to whom he had been united in a manner so strange and so dreamlike. He would see her, he thought—and confess all. He would lay before her the secrets of his guilty life—she should be his confessor and judge. He had pledged his hand to her in good faith he had bestowed it on her compulsorily—but still he was bound to renew the offer. If rejected, he would then leave England forever. If accepted; her home should be his home, her people his people, and if he suffered humiliation by descending to associations and a life so far below the station he was born to, did he not owe an expiation—and a bitter one—for the crimes and errors of the past?

With these views, after the terrible scene at Beacon Hall, and after a hurried parting with his father, he wended his way towards the gipsy camp, not certain whether he should find the wandering tribe in the same locality.

Entering the confines of the forest through which he had lately ridden at so wild a rate he recognized the pathway, and slowly pursued its course. He had not gone far, however plunged in painful reverie, and agitated by conflicting fears and emotions, when a shadow crossed him, and a man, confronting him sternly bade him "halt!" It was the young gipsy, Mark. He appeared much excited, and his countenance had an expression of stern menace and evil passion.

"Back!" said the gipsy. "Your path lies yonder. That you are following takes you to the gipsy camp."

"I know it," answered Reginald. "I am going thither."

"You are mistaken," said the gipsy.

"I know my own purpose," said Reginald.

"Answer me then," said the gipsy. "Whom seek you in the camp?"

"Zerlina," replied D'Arcey.

"Yes," said the gipsy, with a bitter laugh. "To gloat over the ruin you have achieved."

"Rain!"

"It was my word, fair sir. Zerlina is pining away—waiting for the bridegroom who will never come."

"But I do come to claim her hand—if she will yet receive it, said D'Arcey.

"Hear me, Reginald D'Arcey!" said the gipsy. "I loved Zerlina even before your eyes beheld her You wooed her to her ruin. I exposed your designs to her—but still she loved you. I tracked you to your home— I found out your real name. I discovered that you loved another. I told her so, and still she loved you. Her mother insisted on your marrying her—and I consented to entrap you and aid in compelling you to redeem your promise of marriage, because I knew it would be to humiliate you. But though she knew you wedded on compulsion, still she loved you. Now, listen to me renounce her, and she will recover from her mad passion."

"I will not renounce her," said D'Arcey firmly, "till I hear from her own lips that she has ceased to love me."

"Fool!" said the gipsy, beside himself with passion. "Do you think I will trust you with your soft words and ready pledges, in her presence? Reginald D'Arcey! begone or dread a gipsy's vengeance!"

"Never!" said D'Arcey, his courage rising with the emergency. "I will pursue this adventure to the end."

"You rush upon your fate!" cried the gipsy, as, springing forward like a panther, he seized his rival by the throat.

"Unhand me dog of a gipsy!" shouted D'Arcey, struggling to free himself from the gripe of his opponent.

"Give up Zerlina then!" said Mark.

"Never!" replied Reginald.

"You will have it, then!" retorted the gipsy. "So be it! your blood be on your own head."

A glittering blade in the right hand of his antagonist gleamed before his eyes. Changing his grasp from the throat to the hair of his enemy, the gipsy extended his right arm before drawing the keen edge of his broad knife across his victim's throat. A sickening sensation came over Reginald and his eyes swam in his head. But at that instant rang the report of a fire-arm! The gripe relaxed, the blade dropped harmless to the earth, and the gipsy, with one deep gasp fell to the earth a lifeless corpse!

Reginald turned to see who was his preserver, and there—her eye flashing fire, her foot advanced, her left hand clenched, her right still grasping an extended pistol—stood Zerlina, thin and pale indeed, but beautiful in her stern fury.

In an instant more, hate, vengeance, melted before a deeper passion. She dropped the fatal weapon, tears burst from her eyes and murmuring, "he loves me still!" she sank, fainting into the arms of him she had preserved from so terrible a death.

Mutual explanations followed Zerlina's recovery. After what had passed, instant flight was urgent. A hurried visit to the gipsy camp—an interview with the queen, to whom Zerlina told all—the hurried escape of Ella, her daughter and of Reginald, with the jewels and money which the first had hoarded, and which she kept in a casket ready for any emergency, were incidents that rapidly followed.

Dispensing with their gipsy attire, and assuming garments less attractive, they joined Reginald, who was in waiting, and were soon whirling away at the top speed of an express train. Reginald, with his companions, traversed in safety that stormy Channel, where a few hours before, his father had closed his guilty career. France was gained at last, and here Reginald, with his bride and her mother, determined in a quiet country retreat to pass the remainder of their days.

But the curtain must not descend upon our drama, without a parting glance at those with whom we can sympathize warmly and deeply.

A week passed away, and the old hall was gaily decked without and within and preparations were made for a great feast. The customs of past days were revived, and while the brilliant lamps flashed from the long windows of the lofty hall where the hundred guests were gathered at the feast, the merry song, and the joyous country dance all spoke of high-wrought festivity.

Gaily Sir Gaspar moved around among the guests, arm in arm with Sir De Lacy Evans, who had come to see him, and to give away the bride. For this was the wedding of Irene and Lionel, and on this night, amid mirth and fitting festivity, she became the bride of her *soldier lover*.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, AUGUST 29, 1867.

FAILING FORTUNES.

The opponents of the True Union Candidates begin to quake in their shoes They see that their case is just as near being hopeless as possible, and therefore they rush about in all directions, catching at the most hopeless of straws, and uttering the most dismal of wailings. They are all getting angry too, that looks bad *for them*. Depend upon it, when a man, in a political contest, waxes gloomy and cross,—when his language grows, day by day, more and more rattlesnaky, spidery, and all that is venomous, he is getting the worst of it. While the "patent combination" candidates act in this ill-grained way, Gibbons and Gibson smile in the broad sunshine—the world wags encouragingly, and in the healthy atmosphere they breathe, they are inclined to *pity* where, otherwise, they might censure. So it is with Cameron and Whitehead! That's right, friends, don't mind the frowns coming from 'tother side, they'll get over it by and bye!

How they Account for it.

"There can be no doubt that the opposition party in Ontario has gained some strength among unthinking people by the constant reiteration of the statement that the Government cannot possibly stand.—There is a natural disposition on the part of a great many people to be on the winning side if they can. There is something pleasant in the idea of success, in the idea of being with the multitude, which attracts many persons; and hence the game of brag is one of the most successful that can be played during an election contest."

That is how the high, high tory Hamilton *Spectator*, compared with which the *Leader* is a suckling babe, accounts for the fact that the people of Ontario are not to be humbugged by the 'patent combinationists.' 'It is *brag* that has done it.'

People love to be on the winning side,' &c. Well now, if any paper in this fair Province has bragged more thoroughly and systematically than the said 'Spectator,' we would like to hear its name. The only difference is that that journal has been bragging on the weak end of the rope, and if it gives way strand after strand, surely we are not to blame.

WORK!

To the friends of the candidates ranged under the banner of the True Union Ticket we would say, *the decisive moment is at hand*, and what is now demanded of you is *work*, WORK, WORK!! If you have influence, use it—of course, legitimately—if you have a good team spare us its use for the two days of the election—be determined to record your own vote amongst the first, and induce as many of your neighbors to do so as possible. Let us go into the field "with drums beating and flags flying!" Liberals of Huron, millions of your fellow subjects expect you to do your duty. That you will do it we have every confidence! Let *victory* be your motto.

Mr. Gibson's Canvass.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Gibson has met with the most encouraging success in his tour of the Northern townships. His prospects are growing brighter every day, and his friends are confident that he will be returned triumphantly.

THE PUBLIC HOLIDAY.

Our good town presented a Sabbath-like aspect yesterday, 26th. A number of people stopped quietly at home, others went out driving, fishing, &c., and about 300 took the steamer *Clinton* for a pleasure trip to Sarnia. The boat left at 7 a. m., and returned at 2 o'clock this (Tuesday) morning. The trip was greatly enjoyed by all on board. On the return, a meeting was held in the Cabin, Dr. Keeling in the chair, When it was moved by M. C. Cameron, Esq., seconded by Geo. Rumball, Esq., that the thanks of the excursionists be tendered to Mr. Flowers, owner of the boat, Capt. Keith and his subordinate officers, for taking the steamer off her regular route for the day, and for the gentlemanly kindness displayed by them on the occasion. We may state that the round trip was made at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

☞ The Fall Wheat Show on Thursday will be held in the Albion Hotel, *not* the Huron, as stated by us last week.

THE TRUE UNION TICKET

SOUTH HURON.

M. C. CAMERON, FOR THE COMMONS.
ROBERT GIBBONS, FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

NORTH HURON.

JOSEPH WHITEHEAD, FOR THE COMMONS.
THOMAS GIBSON, FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

Rally to the Standard.

The Barclay Sewing Machine.

This sewing machine, for which Mr. Moorhouse is the sole agent at Goderich, is pronounced by practical men and women to be the most complete thing in this line before the public. It is extremely simple, easily worked, and unequalled in point of capability. Call and see it. In the meantime, read the advertisement.

WELL, WELL.

We advertise to-day, a new thing in the shape of wells. By using the machinery supplied by Messrs. Grant, Murray and Duncan, a tube is inserted in the ground by force from 12 to 50 feet, as the case may be, and *presto* up comes the bubbling water. One of the new wells has been sunk in Goderich and the supply of water seems to be inexhaustible, dry as the weather is. It is truly a wonderful invention.

NOT SO!

A rumor having been put in circulation by interested parties to the effect that the Hon. D. McDonald is canvassing *for* Mr. Hays, and *against* Mr. Gibson, we have the very best of authority for stating that there is not a word of truth in it.

FIRST-CLASS CHEESE.

We acknowledge the receipt through our friends Shephard & Strachan, of a fine present of cheese from Mr. Manning of the Exeter factory. When in Exeter a few days ago, we took time to visit the factory, and, after spending an hour or two about the place, we discovered the superiority of the article turned out. The secret is this: Mr. Manning has about 60 cows of *his own*, he is thoroughly systematic, and the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed by himself and his good lady. We venture to say that whoever uses this superior cheese may rest assured that it is as free from impurity as pure water and clean implements can make it. Manning's cheese may fairly challenge the Dominion. Shephard & Strachan agents for Goderich.

Mr. Manning has the best two-years old heifer we have seen in the County. She weighs about 1100 lbs. and is a perfect beauty in every particular.

THE GREAT PANORAMA will exhibit to-night and to-morrow night. It is decidedly well worth seeing—the best thing of the kind yet exhibited here.

☞ The latest joke is the appearance of Mr. D. L. Sills against Mr. Cameron in the South Riding. Really, Mr. Sills, it is too bad, we thought Cameron good for about 500 majority, and you must come in and interfere. You will poll the last vote, oh yes, of course.

☞ Owing to the fact that Monday was a holiday, and the vast amount of correspondence sent us, part of which must be omitted, we are compelled to leave several long editorials over till our next.

Dame Rumor

Had it on our streets yesterday that both Carling and Ritchie were bent upon retiring in disgust. We think it hardly possible that the friends of either will allow such a "possum" game as that at this hour. They are in for it, and must stand up to the polls like men, until they get so badly beaten that they will not be eager to try it again in a hurry.

☞ In another column we give a few extracts from the numerous flattering notices given to Goderich by the members of the Press Association who lately visited us. The meeting has done much to spread a knowledge of our beautiful town, and any trouble our citizens were at will be fully rewarded.

LONDON SOCIETY:—We have received from W. C. Chewett & Co., Toronto, the August No. of this superb magazine, which is fully up to the old old standard of excellence in every respect. For sale by Mr. Moorhouse.

☞ In another column we print a letter from Mr. Crabb, which is *his* version of a disagreeable affair,—the same, in fact, as published in another paper, that gave rise to Mr. Gibbons' explanation. We publish it merely to give him a chance of speaking for himself, for, not seeing anything *libelous* in the letter of Mr. Gibbons, we could not by any possibility be prompted by *malice* in its publication.

☞ The Fall Wheat Show in connection with the Co. Huron Agricultural Society will take place at the Huron Hotel on Thursday next.

NOMINATIONS

SOUTH HURON.

AT BRUCEFIELD,

On Friday, the 30th inst., at noon.

NORTH RIDING.

AT BLYTH,

On Thursday, the 29th, instant., at noon.

POLLING.

South Riding.

SEPTEMBER 6th and 7th.

North Riding.

SEPTEMBER 5th and 6th.

Down With Fierce Warfare.

Our conservative contemporaries, or at least some of them, claim that Confederation was entered into for the very purpose of doing away with all partizan warfare and sectional bitterness, and that therefore we ought to partake of a common bowl of milk and water and elect the candidates of the duly constituted representatives of the Crown,—That we should calmly unite on the best man, apart from old political lines, and elect them without more ado. Well, why not? We claim that the reform party has done more for Confederation, Representation by Population, and other great reforms than their opponents. Why, then, nominate pure tory candidates in such a County as Huron, when four good men like Gibson, Whitehead, Cameron and Gibbons present themselves. The whole force of Conservatism, almost, has been arrayed against Mr. Gibbons for months back, and yet *we* are accused of waging a fierce warfare.

☞ Mr. W. T. Cox is having his name pretty well advertised just now, all for nothing. Mr. Cox, it appears, has pretty strong opinions, and seems to have the faculty of presenting them to the public with considerable force, whereupon a host of scribblers turn aside from rating the liberal candidates in very bad English and pour out the vials of their wrath on his head, consigning him in their own estimation to utter oblivion. After glancing over the columns of vituperative balderdash intended for his especial benefit Mr. Cox laughs until his sides ache, and exclams, with poor Mark Tapley, "Well, this *is* jolly!" A favorite dodge with these amiable gentlemen is to sign themselves, "Cameron Men," "Old Reformers," &c. Pah! What nonsense. The *Signal* enjoys the confidence of the Reformers of this County as fully as it ever did, and so far from being constrained to clothe itself in sack-cloth and ashes on account of the bitter malice of a few men who wish it far enough, it can boast and *prove*, that its *bona fide* circulation is fully three times as great as it was five years ago! Its conductor claims that he has *earned* every dollar paid into its cash box, and so long as he is conscious of that fact he intends to conduct it in his own manner, as regardless of the interested advice as he is of the scurrilous, low lived abuse of his opponents.

STANLEY.

August 14th, 1867.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

DEAR SIR,—I have given Mr. Ritchie I think sufficient time to reply to my last letter, that you were so kind as to publish in the *Signal*. It looks rather suspicious that he evades answering those three questions: Who were the objectionable parties that were to be passed? Who were passed by? And the name of the officer acting under his orders at the time? But I suppose he thinks discretion is the best part of valor, and hides his diminished head accordingly. I heard it mentioned that on your way down to the meeting at "Wagner's Corners" with some Goderich gentlemen, you called on the party who acted under Mr. Ritchie's instructions at the time, to hear for yourself the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If this is correct, might I take the liberty to ask as a great favor that you would be so kind as to publish in a few lines in the *Signal* whether my assertions were correct as to Mr. Ritchie indirectly giving orders to pass the doors of the Roman Catholics. I would be satisfied to abide by what you would be pleased to say on the subject, so positive am I that you will bear me out on what I have already said on this unpleasant affair. I am called a 'slanderer' and such like, by that interesting orb the Goderich *Star*, because I write anonymously, as if it matters what I subscribe myself so long as I tell the truth. But I can afford to treat that abuse in the way it deserves, knowing full well he may revolve around Ritchie and Carling for a while, but eventually to set below the horizon of public opinion (when the excitement of this contest is over) to rise no more.

A LOYAL CATOLIC.

REMARKS.—We may state that when on our way to attend the last series of meetings, we called upon Mr. Armstrong of the Brownson Line, who, in presence of Messrs. Cameron, Gibbons, Moore, and others, stated that when he offered to warn out the people of that line, Mr. Ritchie told him distinctly to pass by a certain class, (which he understood to be the Catholics) and he accordingly carried out the instructions given. He added that "A Loyal Catholic's" second letter in the *Signal* gave as correct an account of the affair as it was possible to do.—ED. *Signal*.

Goderich Township.

August 26th, 1867.

Mr. Editor.—In your reply contained int your issue of the 15th inst. to an "Economes and Reformer" you recommended him to attend some of Messrs Cameron and Gibbons's meetings in order to procure the information he solicited. I may mention that I was invited by some of the principal friends of reform and aspirants to attend one of the first meetings held this season on that question, and where it was expected that intending candidates would thoroughly explain their views regarding all important and interesting points connected with reform, but imagine the chagrin and disappointment of myself as well as many other sincere reformers to be denied admittance with out any warrantable reason, surely such a proceeding was as disgraceful to the cause of reform as it was mean and insulting. Therefore having not always time at my disposal, more especially at this season of the year to attend such meetings as you refer to, I was in the hope that Messrs Cameron and Gibbons would have satisfied me and others similarly minded regarding the queries contained in the letter above referred to, which certainly was nothing but I and other conscientious electors had a right to know, and perhaps a great deal more ere tendering our votes.—Therefore, again, I beg to solicit that these gentlemen will convey to me and others equally interested through the medium of your respected pages, a statement how they are disposed to vote, if elected, on all important questions, especially those mentioned in my previous letter. Should they choose to demur to this we have no other alternative than come to the conclusion that they are astriddling the fence, and acting on the principle of *non-committal*, and open to the highest bidder. Mr. Editor, you may imagine that I am over suspicious regarding these matters but the truth is we have had the wool so often pulled over our eyes by candidates and cold and footed afterwards, that it becomes the duty of every consistant elector to know what he is voting for—*measures and not men*,

I am Yours
An Economist and Reformer.

Gibbons and Carling.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR,—The election is now upon us sharp and strong, and in the course of a very few days the winning side will declare the man who has the majority of the electors, It is now for Reformers and all who sympathize with good and economical government to bestir themselves in the South Riding of Huron.

Mr. Gibbons, the man for the people, is before them, and his claims on the suffrages of the electors stand second to no other. He has been for a long period of years a resident in the county, and has during that time mixed up with its affairs, as much if not more so than any other man in the same. He has acted as Town Councillor and Reeve, County Councillor, and Warden, and is now still doing so, thereby shewing to any unprejudiced person that there is ability with Mr. Gibbons, and that he shares in a large amount of confidence of the people. We cannot for decency compare the public business experience of his opponent, it would only form a contrast of the very little to the very great, of a rushlight to the blaze of the sun. And the very reason why he has shewn so little is owing to nature having denied to him the capability for doing so, therefore, were he to assume the position it would only be another manifestation, of ignorance in human nature which some men are too vain and ambitious to show, but when they come out of their shell, they must receive the blows. As an elector and somewhat acquainted with both gentlemen, who are now seeking the suffrages of the electors that either may be sent to Parliament—I would be recreant to the high privilege I enjoy as a voter, I would be recreant to my duty as a loyal subject and well wisher of Canada, if I during this contest looked indifferently on and cared not who may win, there is a right and a wrong in all this, and there is something very humiliating too, to see this fair and flourishing portion of Huron inhabited by a body of men in point of *intelligence, worth, and enterprise* not second to any other body of people in Canada, to be represented in the House of Parliament by the *highly gifted and most eloquent Isaac Carling of Exeter*. Well it does seem laughable. The whole thing even yet seems in some measure to my mind to be a hoax played off on the people by Mr. Carling and his friends—No, the honour, the intelligence and the dignity of the electors of South Huron cannot and dare not be trifled with in this manner, they scorn it as a recommendation for votes, they want no *penny half penny honesty*, known only to a few trading customers. This is only *gulling nonsense* to come before sensible electors with. We want the intelligence and the broad *honesty of principle* that rings out loud and clear, in all the actions and sayings of a man—disapproving and condemning evil principles wherever they are, and by whomsoever entertained even in high places. If this were the kind of honesty attributed to Mr. Carling, I would be among the first to place it to his credit, but I must understand it otherwise when he would in the past sanction the doings of a J. A. McDonald, of a Galt, and of a Cartier in wholesale wasting and pilfering of the public moneys. Away with such a kind of honesty that sticks at a gnat, and swallows a camel. The man that says that Mr. Carling is a fit and proper person to represent the South Riding of Huron in Parliament, must either be very *obtuse* in intellect or very much belie his own conscience if intelligent. At the polls the electors will declare it by sending Mr. Gibbons to Parliament, as being worthy and honourable to the constituency he represents.

Yours truly,
A REFORMER

Exeter, Aug. 26th.

DR. SLOAN AT MENDACITY.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will agree with me that it is an ungracious task, to have to contradict the fabrications that are put into circulation during election time; but when a man who aspires to be a candidate, stoops to the meanness of circulating falsehoods, his conduct should be stigmatized. I therefore, desire to allude, briefly, to a communication published by Dr. Sloan in the Goderich *Star*, of last week, and to pronounce it *a deliberate falsehood*, in all respects that it alludes to me or any remarks which I am said to have made. Every respectable person in Blyth can, and will give the lie to his letter. He makes a practice of retailing pretended private conversations to suit his own purposes, but he never gives names or proofs. The public are well aware of his propensity in this respect. It may be one of his weak nesses, but still it is a weak cause that requires ungentlemanly mendacity to support it.

I am dear sir, yours &c.
JOSEPH WHITEHEAD.

To the Editor of the Signal.

SIR.—Having known Mr. Gibbons for twenty years, and during that time had the most ample opportunity of forming a correct estimate of his character, I can conscientiously and truthfully say, that I consider him to be not only a man possessing natural talent and ability in a marked degree, but also a man of integrity, candour and sterling honesty, who would shrink with abhorrence from a mean or sordid action, and who is incapable of such conduct as is imputed to him by a certain malignant individual and other minions who I verily believe are hired for the purpose of publishing scurrilous articles, and concocting unfounded and defamatory accusations against this gentleman, to injure, and if possible, to defeat him in the present election.

I have, from time to time during the election campaign, heard and read the various accusations against this gentleman with mingled feelings of pity and contempt, knowing that they were utterly untrue and without any foundation, were got up and promulgated solely for electioneering purposes.

Recently, however, one of the most false and glaring accusations that I have yet heard against this gentleman was made in my presence by one of the most malignant and vituperative of Mr. Gibbons' detractors, viz.: Christopher Crabb, Esq., of Goderich. It was as follows, in Mr. Crabb's own words as near as I can recollect: "some years ago a contract for building a wall of loose stone upon the top of and around the jail wall was to be given out by tender, the day arrived for opening the tenders, Mr. Gibbons, as Warden of the Counties, was there and opened the *only* tender that *was* there, and finding it was from one McVicar, (a person whom Mr. G. had not the greatest love for) went to a Mr. Hyslop and acquainted him of the way matters stood and *asked him to put in a tender himself*, at the same time telling him that his (Mr. G's.) team was idle just now and he would like him to employ it to haul the stone, &c., *and he would have the job*. Mr. Hyslop then put in a tender and Mr. G. *gave* him the job." I immediately remarked to Mr. Crabb that I did not believe it, but I would enquire into the matter, and if I found it to be true, I would not support Mr. G. any longer and he would certainly forfeit all claims to the confidence of the electors of Huron. I have made it my special business to see Mr. Hyslop concerning the affair, and he at once emphatically and indignantly denied having entered into such a collusion with Mr. G. which would have been alike discreditable to both; hear what Mr. Hyslop says himself:

I, William Hyslop, having heard from Mr. Callaway, and read the above, regret that Mr. Crabb should have allowed his malignant spirit to triumph to such a degree as to lose all respect for himself and be totally regardless of the feelings of others, if he could thereby satisfy a little petty revenge. I, however, most distinctly state that as regards the above statement of Mr. Crabb, it is an unmitigated falsehood. My tender for the contract alluded to above was in and opened with the others; and I beg to say that Mr. Gibbons did not ask me to tender for it, neither was there such a discreditable arrangement as Mr. Crabb speaks of in reference to Mr. Gibbons' team between that gentleman and I. Regretting that such a calumny should have gone abroad about Mr. Gibbons, and feeling indignant that I should have been implicated, I remain yours, &c.,

WM. HYSLOP,

Now, what importance can be attached to *any* statement or accusation made by Mr. Crabb, [in reference to Mr. Gibbons, at any rate.] I would beg to say that I would defend *any one* [even Mr. Crabb, Mr. Carling, or Mr. Ritchie] from such malicious and false slanders as the above.

Yours truly,
JOSHUA CALLAWAY, JR.

To the Editor of the Signal.

WROXETER, 26th Aug., 1867.

DEAR SIR,—I think it is only due to myself that the following certificate from Mr. Evans should be published, as it has been industriously circulated that I have spoken of a different class of religion from my own, in disrespectful terms and that Mr. Evans, Reeve of McKillop, heard me.

Yours, THOS GIBSON.

McKillop, July 29, 1867.

Thomas Gibson Esq. Reeve of Howick, having called on me as to whether I ever told Mr Hays that he, Gibson, said to me that the Pope was Antichrist; this is to certify that I never made use of said language to Mr Hays, as Mr Gibson never used the expression in my presence; and further I consider it very ungentlemanly of Mr Hays, if he stated for any purpose whatever, that I used said expressions, as I most emphatically deny in the most positive manner of my ever having used such expressions of him.

JOSEPH EVANS, Reeve McKillop.

Warning To Greenies.

Stanley Aug. 23rd 1867.

On the morning of the 12th inst. a very innocent young man, who resides in our neighbourhood, started for Goderich in high spirits "to see the Elephant" but unfortunately called at a hotel in Bayfield; where he met with a sharper, in possession of three thimbles and a pea. It is unnecessary to state the maneuvres of the swindler, suffice it to say, they were such as to make the aforesaid innocent believe that he could "take the fellow down," and accordingly bet four dollars against, five, that he could pick out the thimble with the pea under it, but on lifting one of the thimbles, to his dismay no pea was there, the now disconsolate young man pursued his way to Goderich, but all the sights he saw there that day could not revive his spirits, and he has been in the blues ever since. I hope this will be a lesson to inexperienced youngsters to beware of thimbler.

D. M.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SLOAN'S LEARNING.

"Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day that they were inditers."
Hudibras.

It is an old adage that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. When we see a man sneering at the learning of others and claiming great acquirements for himself we reasonably expect that his claims ought to have some foundation. Mr. Wm. Sloan, one of the candidates for the North Riding of Huron, has been in the habit since the commencement of the canvass of making a parade of his learning and pedantically underrating that of the other candidates. He tells us that he is "College bred," and that another of the candidates cannot spell. He reminds me of an old epigram I met with some time ago.

"Tom and Dick had equal knowledge,
Tom could read and write his name,
And Dick had seen the College."

But Sloan tells us he graduated at Victoria College, pray what degree did he receive? I am credibly informed he was never able to get any. Victoria College has sent out some of the best scholars in the Province, and at the same time some of the greatest dunces. I think the aspiring doctor "graduated" among the latter. If he had refrained from his foolish propensity for letter writing people might be disposed to put some faith in his learning and his College stories. But his letters are before us, and plainly tell, that on the score of learning he has no claims on the suffrages of the people. Let any one read his last letter in the *Star* and ask himself is it such a production as any person educated in a British or Canadian College would write, or is it even such a thing as would emenate from the pen of a gentleman without any College education. It is in bad English, bad taste and bad style; low, personal and vulgar. In the letter referred to it is difficult to say who or what he is attacking. He writes it like a man in delirium, fighting the east wind, striking in the dark everywhere, and hitting nothing. Where is the educated man that would say "I never *sat* foot in the States." I might give several other instances of his "College style," from his last letter, if time permitted. What would the grave old Professors of Victoria College say if told that one of their graduates wrote such rubbish. They would consider it a libel on their learned institution. It is the old story of the ass taking the lion's skin. It must have been to some pretender to learning like Sloan that the prophet Job referred, when he exclaimed, "*Oh that mine enemy would write a book*," because the wise old prophet knew that if his enemy did write a book he would expose himself to the scorn of the ancients as Sloan has exposed himself to the moderns in North Huron. I shal end my letter as he commenced his, "Try again, Dr.." but not, however, until you take another view of the College or acquire a little knowledge of the simple rules of Lennie.

YOURS, &c.,
MARK TAPLEY.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—The Editor of the Goderich *Star* is getting very wroth with Mr. Gibson's friends for deputing Mr. Hays' qualifications, that is, his property qualifications; but he must bear in mind, that it was Mr. Hays' friends, if not Mr. Hays himself, that first raised such an objection against Mr. Gibson,—well knowing, at the same time, that he had property sufficient to qualify him for such a position, three times over. So far, however, as my knowledge in these matters serve me, I never as yet, know of any in this country that did not overcome that difficulty; and I have no doubt whatever, that were Mr. Hays to be elected, which is a very unlikely circumstance, would also surmount such an obstacle by some means or other; although, it may be very much doubted, whether the presumptuous insignificant man owns One Hundred Dollars worth of real property in the New Dominion. I do not think, that the electors consider a candidate's property qualifications quite so much as they should, or value his moral and mental qualifications which are essential in the highest degree to qualify a candidate for the a grave and responsible office to which this presumptuous importer (Mr. Hays) is aspiring. The Editor of the Star waxes very warm, on reading the different articles written against Mr. Hays' moral character, all of which go to prove and substantiate, beyond any doubt that he is a man, immoral in his general habits, and does not possess that inherent moral principle, necessary to qualify him for such an onerous and responsible position.—Mr. Hays, with a character that needs so much bolstering and propping up, by the Goderich *Star*, in order to delude the electors, becomes self-evident to me, that his character cannot stand public scrutin, and he would be altogether better without his real character,—as it can only be a damage and of no beneficial service to him—even people say, that he sometimes swears in public like a "Soldier." Electors, in voting for such a man, would not only injure themselves, but become the medium through which such unprincipled men are enabled to deprive the community of their popular rights, liberties, and their future comfort and happiness. There may be, there is a difference of men, following the same profession, for their honesty and integrity; but, lawyers are generally a class of men totally unfit, from their views of professional interest, to be entrusted with the interests of the people, and that, as they are accustomed to plead in any cause, right or wrong, so they are more liable, for self aggrandizement, to become the pliant tools of the ministry, and are ever ready to aid and abet them, by their sophistry and habits of application, in every species of jobbery and corruption, by which our province has been almost financially ruined and impoverished. Every elector in this Riding, that is, intelligent ones, must view the treacherous proceedings of John A. with contempt and disgust—in his attempts to foist a Coalition Government upon the Province of Ontario.—Composed of four lawyers and a brewer, the only honest man in the corrupt batch—with John S. at their head, and a lawyer of the lowest order.—These harpies are themselves, sufficient to suck the hearts blood out of Old England with her yearly revenue of 72 million—far less the Province of Ontario. Now, Mr. Gibson is an honest man, no one will dare to deny.—A man who, by honest industry and perseverance in life, has risen, from comparative obscurity, to a position of distinction among his fellow-men, both civilly and politically,—not one attempting, either conservative or reformer, to point a finger of indignation against him, for any act or acts, done by him in public or in private, notwithstanding all Mr. Hays' contemptable humbug about the mileage; consequently, on these grounds he is worthy of the support of every honest man in the Riding.—Far different is it with Mr. Hays, if public opinion is to be relied on. He is seemingly a slave to those passions which renders him disqualified for the onerous duties of a legislator, and should not be supported by any body of patriotic electors. I hope every honest elector will remember, on the days of polling, that it is now in their power to exclude all such improper and equivocal characters from occupying such a position, and a due respect for their own honour and good of our province, should prompt every elector in the Riding, not to support such a man as Mr. Hays who would most likely disgrace the position in which he is placed by their votes. The electors must bear in mind, that Coalition Governments, or might I say, a government without an opposition, is a dangerous omen, and is simply a system of absolutism, and should not be allowed to exist in the Dominion for one day. The people of every civilized country must acknowledge, with gratitude, the debt they owe to party, for the popular rights and privileges they now enjoy, in every civilized country on our globe. The principles of Coalition are, in themselves, dishonest,—each party should fight out, fairly and openly, its own object, —one party joining with another of opposite opinions, by which to gain strength and retain the emoluments of office, is a dangerous, rotten, unprincipled policy, and should be ignored by every elector in the Riding.—being dangerous alike to the people and to progressive civilization generally. Who ever heard, or read of an English Statesman, forming his cabinet before the elections came off, and asking the country to endorse such an imposition. No English Statesman ever attempted such a preposterous imposition on the people, but waited until the elections were over, in order to know the strength of his party by which to carry on the government of his country economically. It is now full time that the electors throughout the province, were putting a stop to such a system of political juggling by politicians for to retain office and ruin the country. The Editor of the *Star* complains of Mr. Gibson's friends making false insinuations against Mr. Hays for the express purpose of catching votes for Mr. Gibson which is certainly without a foundation. Hays is himself to blame for those slanderous reports or accusations, preferred against him by different individuals throughout the Riding: Moreover, I do not believe them to be mere insinuations but candid facts, by which every elector in the Riding ought to judge him. With reference to the manner in which Mr. Gibson's friends canvass for him, and which the *Star* complained of, I think Mr. Hays (himself) will compare very favourably with any of Gibson's friends.—as when last in this neighbourhood he (Mr. Hays was picking the children of the road on their way home from school—gave them five cents each and a ride in his buggy and told them to tell their father that he was Mr. Hays, and, of course, to vote for him in preference to Mr. Gibson. He has also, I am informed, baited his canvassing hook with the Registership of the North Riding and held it out to some two hundred different individuals by which to catch their votes, and strange to say, some loose, stray fish, have swallowed greedily the tempting bait and pledged their assistance to land him successfully in "Galway,"—a thing literally impossible—as his defeat is a foregone conclusion, even by his own friends. What can now be done for poor Hays, to improve his hopless, political condition? Could not some of his sorrowing friends petition John A. to send up his political missionary (Mr. McDougal) to save if possible "poor Hays" from that ignominious defeat which is in store for him at the polls. Mr. McDougall has not been generally successful in his political missions, only got well paid as he went along; but, if he could not save him politically, he might perhaps pray for his imbecility and irrecoverable position in which the honest yeoman of this Riding are about to place him—nothing short of superhuman agency can now save him from sinking into the grave of oblivion,—not even Murphy the High Priest who has been begging lately from door to door for him, can now redeem his political prestige in the North Riding of Huron. I hope that every honest elector in the North Riding of Huron, will show, on the days of polling, how they appreciate an honest man, by returning Mr. Gibson by a handsome majority at the polls—it will be for the good of this, our adopted country.—And as the political funeral, of he would be man, William Torrance Hays, will take place on the same day, precisely at four in the afternoon I hope the Reformers will attend and see that he is safely stowed away into his obscure abode for five years if not for the term of his natural life.—And I am afraid that the Goderich Star will also set on that fatal day, never again to shine by its own light.

The Bluevale correspondent to the Star and who boasts about his grammar was making capital out of the word "correspondent" in one of my late letters—well knowing at the same time from the reading of the sentence that it was a typographical error,—as I wrote in my letter "correspondents." He had not a word to say in defence of his man and political principles, but descended to low-lived silly twaddle which proves he had no faith in his own cause. His last letter to the *Star* was as weak as ditch water—not being a point in it, but a conglomeration of promiscuous nonsense. If he will come out like a man and hold up his conservative principles I will treat him with due respect, if not he must take what follows.

Yours.
H. Y.

GODERICH TOWNSHIP.

The Council met at Holmesville, August 12th 1867, according to appointment—the Reeve and all the Councillors present.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.—Moved by S. Pollock, seconded by Mr. Weston that the Clerk levy a tax on each School Section (in this Township) the amount required by the Trustees of each sec. to be collected with the Township taxes of the current year.—Carried

The account of one sheep killed, the property of James Burns certified to before R. Twaites and G. Brown Esq.—valued at four dollars and fifty cents. Moved by Mr. Pollock, sec. by Mr. Patton that James Burns be paid.—Carried.

The account of Geo. Laycock for six Municipal Manuels for the use of this Council (certified by Mr. Patton) amounting to $24. Moved by Mr. Pollock, sec. by Mr. Weston that Mr. Laycock be paid $24.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Patton, sec. by Mr. Pollock, that one sixteenth of a cent on the dollar be levied on all the rateable property in this Township, for Township purposes, and that a by-law be framed in accordance with the same.

The account of Alexander Chisholm for Gravel.—Certified by the Pathmasters, John Wallis, Wm. Blair and M. C. Gordon, amounting to $12.50