"Up to that moment my life was honorable and worthy. Since that moment I never wronged a human creature. Men pass from virtue to vice, from vice to crime; this is the ladder a soul goes down; but you are invited to believe that I jumped from innocence into a filthy felony, and then jumped back again none the worse and was a gardener that fought for his employer, and a lover that controlled his passion—It is a lie!-a lie that ought not to take in a child. But prejudice degrades a man below the level of a child. I'll say no more; my patience is exhausted by wrongs and insults. I am as honest a man as ever breathed; and the place where you stand mine, for I made it. Leave it and me this moment. Go to England, and leave me where the animals, more reasonable than you have the sense to see my real character. I'll not sail in the same ship with any man, nor any woman either, who can look me in the face and take me for a felon."

He swelled and lowered with the just wrath of an honest man driven to bay; and his eye shot black lightning. He was sublime.

Helen cowered; but her spirited old father turned red, and said, haughtily, "We take you at your word, and leave you you insolent vagabond! Follow me this instant, Helen!"

And he marched out of the cavern in a fury.

But, instead of following him, Helen stood stock still, and cowered, and cowered till she seemed sinking forward to the ground, and she got hold of Robert Penfold's hand, and kissed it, and moaned over it.

"Martyr! Martyr!" Every word is true—true as my love."

In this attitude, and with these words on her lips, they were surprised by General Rolleston, who came back, astonished at his daughter not following him. Judge of his amazement now.

"What does this mean?" he cried, turning pale with anger.

"It means that he has spoken the truth, and that I shall imitate him. He is my martyr, and my love. When others cast shame on you, then it is time for me to show my heart. James Seaton, I have loved you for your madness and your devotion to her whom you had only seen at a distance. Ah! that was love! John Hazel, I love you for all that is passed between us. What can any other man be to me for woman to you? But, most of all, I love you, Robert Penfold,—my hero and my martyr. When I am told to your face that I am a felon, then to your face I say you are my idol, my hero, my martyr. Love! the word is two tame, too common. I worship you, I adore you! How beautiful you are when you are angry! How noble you are now you forgive me! for you do for give me. Robert; you must, you shall. No; you will not send your Helen away from you for her one fault so soon repented! show me you forgive me; show me you love me still; almost as much as I love you. He is crying, O my darling!" And she was round his neck in a moment, with tears and tender kisses, the first she had ever given him.

Ask yourself whether they were returned.

A groan, or rather, we might say, a snort of fury, interrupted the most blissful moment either of these young creatures had ever known. It came from General Rolleston, now white with wrath and horror.

"You villain!" he cried.

Helen threw herself upon him, and put her hand before his mouth.

"Not a word more, or I shall deny I am your daughter. No one is to blame but I. I love him. I made him love me. He has been trying hard not to love me so much.—But I am a woman; and could not deny myself the glory and the joy of being loved better than woman was ever loved before. But so I am, I am. Kill me if you like; insult me, if you will; but not a word against him, or I give him my hand, and we live and die together on this island. O papa! he has saved that life you value so; and I have saved his. He is all the world to me. Have pity on your child. Have pity on him who carries my heart in his breast."

She flung herself on her knees, and strained him tight, and implored him, with head thrown back, and little clutching hands, and eloquent eyes.

Ah, it is hard to resist the voice and look and clinging of a man's own flesh and blood. Children are so upon their knees; their dear faces, bright copies of our own, are just the height of our hearts then.

The old man was staggered, was almost melted. "Give me a moment to think," said he, in a broken voice. "The blow takes my breath away."

Helen rose, and laid her head upon her father's shoulder, and still pleaded for her soft touch and her tears that now flowed freely.

He turned to Penfold with all the dignity of age and station. "Mr. Penfold," said he, with grave politeness, "after what my daughter has said, I must treat you as a man of honor, or I must insult her. Well, then, I request you to show me you are what she thinks you, and are not what a court of justice has proclaimed. Sir, this young lady is engaged with her own free will to a gentleman who is universally esteemed, and has never been accused to his face of any unworthy act. Relying on her plighted word, the Wardlaws have filled out a steamer and searched the Pacific, and found her. Can you, as a man of honor, advise her to stay here and compromise her own honor in every way? Ought she break faith with her betrothed on account of vague accusations made behind his back?"

"If was only in self defence I accused Mr. Arthur Wardlaw," said Robert Penfold.

General Rolleston resumed.—

"You said just now there are accusations which soil a man. If you were in my place, would you let your daughter marry a man of honor, who had unfortunately been found guilty of a felony??

Robert groaned and hesitated, but he said "No."

"Then what was to be done? She must either keep her plighted word, or else break it. For whom? For a gentleman she esteems and loves, but cannot marry. A leper may be a saint; but I would rather bury my child than marry her to a leper. A convict may be a saint; but I'll kill her with my own hand sooner than she shall marry a convict; and in your heart and conscience you cannot blame me. Were you a father, you would do the same. What then remains for her and me but to keep faith? and what can you do better than leave her, and carry away her everlasting esteem and her father's gratitude? It is no use being good by halves, or bad by halves. You must either be a selfish villain, and urge her to abandon all shame, and live here on this island with you forever, or you must be a brave and honest man, and bow to a parting that is inevitable. Consider, sir; your eloquence and her pity have betrayed this young lady into a confession that separates you. Her enforced residence here with you has been innocent. It would be innocent no longer, now she has been so said as to own she loves you. And I tell you frankly, if, after that confusion, you insist on going on board the steamer with her, I must take you; humanity requires it; but, if I do, I shall hand you over to the law as a convict escaped before his time. Perhaps I ought to do so as it is; but that is not certain; I don't know to what country this island belongs. I may have no right to capture you in strange dominions; but an English ship is England—if you set foot on the Springbok you are lost. Now, then, you are a man of honor; you love my child truly, and not selfishly; you have behaved nobly until to-day; go one step further on the right road; call worldly honor and the God whose vows you have taken, take, sir, to your aid, and do your duty."

"O man, man!" cried Robert Penfold, you ask more of me than flesh and blood can bear. What shall I say? What shall I do?"

Helen replied, calmly:—"Take my hand, and let us die together, since we cannot live together with honor."

General Rolleston groaned. "For this, then, I have traversed one ocean, and searched another, and found my child. I am nothing to her—nothing. O, who would be a father?" He sat down oppressed with shame and grief, and bowed his stately head in manly but pathetic silence.

"O papa, papa!" cried Helen. "Forgive your ungrateful child!" And she knelded and sobbed, with her forehead on his knee.

When Robert Penfold, in the midst of his own agony, found room in that great suffering heart of his for pity. He knelt down himself and prayed for help in this bitter trial. He was haggard with the struggle, but languid and resigned, like one whose death-warrant has been signed.

"So," said he, "there is but one way. You must take her home; and I shall stay here."

"Leave you all alone on this island?" said Helen. "Never! If you stay here I shall stay to comfort you."

"I decline that offer. I am beyond the reach of comfort."

"Think what you do, Robert," said Helen with unnatural calmness. "If you have no pity on yourself, have pity on us. Would you rob me of the very life you have taken such pains to save? My poor father will carry nothing to England but my dead body. Long before we reach that country I loved so well, and now hate for its stupidity and cruelty to you, my soul will have flown back to this island to watch over you, Robert. You bid me to abandon you to solitude and despair. Neither of you two love me half as much as I love you both."

General Rolleston sighed deeply. "If I thought that," said he—then, in a faint voice "my own courage fails me now. I look into my heart, and I find but my child's life is dearer to me than all the world. She was dying, they say. Suppose I send Moreland to the Continent for a clergyman, and marry you. Then you can live on this island. Only you must let me live here too: for I could never show my face again in England after acting so dishonorably. It will be a miserable end of a life passed in honor; but I suppose it will not last long. Shame can kill as quickly as disappointed love."

"Robert, Robert!" cried Helen in agony.

The martyr saw that he was master of the situation, and must be either base or very noble.—there was no middle way. He leaned his head on his knees and thought with all his might.

"Hush!" said Helen; "he is wiser than we are. Let him speak."

"If I thought you would pine and die upon the savage, no power should part us.—But you are not such a coward. If my life depended on yours, would you not live?"

"You know I would."

"When I was wrecked on White-water Island, you played the man. Not one woman in a thousand would have launched a boat, and sailed with a beat-hook for a mast.—and—"

Helen interrupted him. "It was nothing, I loved you. I love you better now."

"I believe it, and therefore I ask you to rise above your sex, once more, and play the man for me. This time it is not my life you are to rescue, but that which is more precious still; my good name."

"Ah! that would be worth living for!—cried Helen.

"You will find it very hard to do; but not harder for a woman than to launch a boat, and sail it without a mast. See my father, Michael Penfold. See Undercliff, the expert. See the Solicitor—the counsel. Sift the whole story; and above all, find out why Arthur Wardlaw dared not enter the witness box. Be obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman; and don't talk of dying when there is a friend to be rescued from dishonor by living and working."

"Die! when I can rescue you from death or dishonor! I will not be so base. Ah, Robert, Robert, how well you know me"

"Yes, I do know you, Helen. I believe that great soul of yours will keep your body strong to do this brave work for him you love, and who loves you.—And, as for me, I am man enough to live for years upon this island, if you will only promise me two things."

"I promise, then."

"Never to die, and never to marry Arthur Wardlaw until you have reversed that lying sentence which has blasted me. Lay your hand on your father's head, and promise me that."

Helen laid her hand upon her father's head and said, "I pledge my honor not to die, if life is possible, and never to marry any man, until I have reversed that lying sentence which has blasted the angel I love."

"And I pledge myself to help her," said General Rolleston, warmly, "for now I know you are a man of honor. I have too often been deceived by eloquence to listen much to that. But now you have proved by your actions what you are. You pass a forged check, knowing it to be forged! There's my hand. God comfort you! God reward you my noble fellow?"

"I hope he will, sir," sobbed Robert Penfold. "Yo are her father; and you take my hand; perhaps that will be agreed to think of by and by, but no joy can enter my heart now; it is broken. Take her away at once, sir. Flesh is weak. My powers of endurance are exhausted."

General Rolleston acted very promptly on his advice. He rolled up her rugs, and things she had made, and Robert had the courage to take them down to the boat. Then he came back, and the General took her leg to the boat.

All this time the girl herself sat wringing her hands in anguish and not a tear. It was beyond that now.

As he passed Robert, the General said, "Take leave of her alone. I will come for her in five minutes. You see how sure I feel you are a man of honor."

When Robert went in she rose and tottered to him, and fell on his neck.

She saw it was the death-bed of her love, and she kissed his eyes, and clung to him. They moaned over each other, and clung to each other, in mute despair.

The General came back, and he and Robert took Helen, shivering and fainting, to the boat.

As the boat put off, she awoke from her stupor, and put out her hands to Robert with one piercing cry.

They were parted.

CHAPTER LIII.

In that curious compound the human heart, a respectable motive is sometimes connected with a criminal act. And it was so with Joseph Wylie; he had formed an attachment to Nancy Rouse, and her price was two thousand pounds.

This Nancy Rouse was a character.

She was General Rolleston's servant for many years; her place was the kitchen; but she was a woman of such restless activity, and so wanting in the proper pride of a servant, that she would help a housemaid or a lady's maid, or do anything almost except be idle! too she her own words she was one as couldn't abide to sit mum-chance.

That fatal foe of domestic industry, the London Journal, fluttered in vain down her area for she could not read.

She supported a sick mother out of her wages, aided by a few presents of money and clothing from Helen Rolleston, who had a great regard for Nancy, and knew what a hard fight she had to keep a sick woman out of her twenty pounds a year.

In love, Nancy was unfortunate; her buxom looks and sterling virtues were balanced by a provoking sagacity, and an irritating habit of speaking her mind. She humbled her lovers' vanity, one after another and they fled. Her heart smarted more than once.

Nancy was ambitious; and her first rise in life took place as follows:

When the Rollestons went to Australia, she had a good cry at parting with Helen; but there was no help for it; she could not leave her mother. However, she told Helen she could not stomach any other service, and since she must be parted, was resolved to better herself.—This phrase is sometimes drolly applied to servants, because they throw Independence into the scale. In Nancy's case it meant setting up as a washerwoman. Helen opened her hazel eyes in astonishment at this, the first round in the ladder of Nancy's ambition; however, she gave her ten pounds, and thirty introductions, twenty-five of which missed fire, and with the odd five Nancy set up her tub in the suburbs, and by her industry, geniality and frugality, got on tolerably well.

In due course she rented a small house by a small green, and advertised for a gentleman lodger. She soon got one; and soon got rid of him. However, she was never long without one.

Nancy met Joseph Wylie in company; and as sailors are brisk wooers, he soon became her acknowledged suitor, and made some inroad into her heart, though she kept on the defensive, warned by past experience.

Wylie' love making had a droll feature about it; it was most of it carried on in the presence of three washerwomen, because Nancy had no time to lose in his wooing, being on share for a limited period.

This absence of superfluous delicacy on his part gave him an unfair advantage over the tallowchandler's foreman, his only rival at present. Many a sly twist, and many a hearty laugh, from his female auditors greeted his amorous eloquence; but, for all that, they sided with him, and Nancy felt her importance, brightened along with her mates at the sailor's approach, which was generally announced by a cheerful hail.

He was good company, to use Nancy's own phrase, and she accepted him as a sweetheart on probation. But, when Mr. Wylie urged her to marry him she demurred and gave a string of reasons, all of which the sailor and his allies, the subordinate washerwomen, combated in full conclave.

Then she spoke out, "my lad, the washtub is a saddle as won't carry double. I've seen poverty enough in my mother's house it shan't come in at my door to drive love out o' window. Two comes together with just enough for two; next year instead of two they are three, and one of the three can't work and wants a servant extra, and by and by there is half a dozen, and the money coming in at the spigot and going out at the bung-hole."

On day, in the middle of his wooing, she laid down her iron, and said, "You come along with me. And I wonder how much work will be done whilst my back is turned, for you three gabbling and wondering whatever I'm going to do with this here sailor."

She took Wylie a few yards down the street and showed him a large house with most of the windows broken. "There," said she, "there's a sight for a seafaring man. That's in Chancery."

"Well, it's better to be there than in H——," said Wylie, meaning to be sharper.

"Wait till you've tried 'em both," said Nancy.

Then she took him to the back of the house, and showed him a large garden attached to it.

"Now, Joseph," said she, "I've showed you a lodging-house and a drying-ground; and I'm a cook and a clear-starcher, and I'm wild to keep lodgers and do for 'em washing and all.

"The price is two thousand pounds, and if I had it I'd give it this minit; but where are the likes of you and me to get two thousand pounds? Now, my man, when that house is mine, I am yours."

She told him plainly she would not marry him till she was above the world; and the road to above the world, was through that great battered house and seedy garden, in Chancery.

Now it appeared a strange coincidence that Nancy's price to Wylie was two thousand pounds; and Wylie's to Warlaw was two thousand pounds; but the fact is it was a forced coincidence. Wylie, bargaining with Wardlaw, stood out for two thousand pounds, because that was the price of the house and garden and Nancy.

Now, when Wylie returned to England safe after his crime and his perils, he comforted himself with the reflection that Nancy would have her house and garden he should have Nancy.

But young Wardlaw lay on his sick-bed; his father was about to return to the office, and the gold disguised as copper was ordered up to the cellars in Fenchurch street. There in all probability, the contents would be examined anelong, the fraud exposed, and other unpleasant consequence might follow over and above the loss of the promised £2,000.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, 27, AUG. 1868.

BY ALL MEANS.

We observe with pleasure that a number of our and our tory sheets are demanding that there should be an immediate return to party government. By death, appointment, &c., the number of so-called Reformers left in the Cabinet is confined to Mr. McDougall, and we think it would be better and more honorable for Sir John A. to call Mac. a tory at once, and declare to the world that the government of Canada is a purely conservative one. Our tory contemporaries, in their eagerness to take advantage of the present political situation, rush into some amusing inconsistencies.—They declare that there is not a single point of difference between men who formerly ranged themselves upon opposite platforms—that a man can be anything or all things without sacrificing principle, while, at the same time, they cry out for pure tory government. The fact is, they want all the patronage. That secured, *principle* may go hang. The *Prototype* blunders out the truth when it declares flatly that "the humbug has been continued long enough." A year or two ago any one who declared the Coalition a humbug, a delusion, and a snare, would have been set down by the virtuous *Prototype* as being disloyal, as bad almost as a Fenian. Then we were called on by every motive of patriotism to avoid partyism, or opposition to Coalition as something which would tend to plunge us into anarchy.—Now, however, bless you, there is quite a change of sentiment and party government is called for. Is Confederation yet a complete success? No. The Intercolonial Question, the Nova Scotia difficulty, North Western development, still stare our legislators in the face. Yet, if they are bound to have a tory government, so mote it be! If the Coalition was a subterfuge and a humbug the sooner it is broken up the better.

Sliding out of it.

The *Star* has a nice little way of its own when endeavoring to slide out of the difficulties into which its editor plunges himself headlong. With reference to the Registry Office matter it takes care to blacken the Warden as much as possible without telling its readers that that gentleman was only one of the committee and was guided by their direct decision in every step he took. The insinuation that the Warden attempted to interfere with the duties of the Engineer and Solicitor is made use of for the sole purpose of creating mischief. If he did wrong all through and went so directly contrary to the instructions of Inspector Smith it is not a little remarkable that the Government should have expressed itself perfectly satisfied with the result? Oh, but "Mr. Gibbons withheld a *portion* of the truth from the authorities!" Well, then, we advise him to publish the whole of the correspondence on the subject, if it is not too lengthy, in order to set himself right, when it might possibly appear pretty clear that the opposite side had made statements hardly in accordance with strict veracity. The *Star* speaks of the County Engineer,—whose office must not be interfered with in its estimation—as follows:—

Another reason urged by Mr. Gibbons against the Wallace lot is the drainage, which he, over his signature, places at from $300 to $500. When it was examined by Mr. Bay, County Engineer, he placed it at $75, but those who were bound to have the Wallace lot, right or wrong, prevailed on hand to increase it to $175.

We don't believe a word of that. Mr. Bay has, no doubt, his full share of faults, but no one who knows him will believe for one moment that he is capable of such an act of glaring corruption at the instigation of any committee or for the benefit of any contractor or public servant whatever. The vague, unreasoning, spiteful hounding of Mr. Gibbons is bad enough but a direct charge of this kind, involving the character of an old public servant, who has always at least, been remarkable for honesty of purpose and thorough independence, is scandalous in the extreme. The attempt of our luminous friend to slide out of his position by traducing men who are endeavoring to discharge their duties faithfully is rather ineffectual besides being eminently undignified.

THE FENIANS.

The *Globe* says there is reason to apprehend that the Fenians contemplate mischief, and that they should be watched accordingly. The *Leader* on the other hand, ignoring entirely the fact that the government has directed the Volunteers to be ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, accuses the *Globe* of creating an agitation with the least cause. The *Leader* speaks, and, as usual its humble followers, the small, ring the echoes with servile correctness. These people are very fond of talking about the *Globe* and what they are pleased to call its satellites, but they have not common honesty enough to state what is the truth, namely, that if unnecessary alarm or excitement has been created with reference to the Fenians, at this time, *the Government is to blame.* They surely do not wish the public to infer that the Reform Press can by a few dashes of the pen cause an important military order to be flashed from one end of Canada to the other. As for ourselves, we are determined to purchase and publish at the very earliest moment every item of telegraphic news in which the public may be interested, leaving others behind to pooh! pooh! as much as they please.

☞ An exchange brings us the startling news that, "There was a $10,000 fire in Goderich on Thursday. An incendiary did it." If there has been any such fire we have not seen or heard of it.

The Silver Movement.

AN IMPENDING COLLAPSE.

There are very strong indications to-day (Tuesday), that, in so far as Goderich is concerned, the silver movement has exploded or is on the point of doing so.—While some of our merchants have honorably held to the discount system, it has been hinted that others have dodged out of it quietly when it suited them to do so. Besides, several refused to adopt it altogether, thus giving them an extra advantage over their competitors. Many with whom we have conversed declared that the continual trouble of looking after the discount and the small change necessary to carry it out was a greater nuisance than that formerly complained of, and hence the "movement" will have very few mourners when it is laid in the grave. We urge, however, that it will not be honorable to discontinue the discount system until those who have entered into the band have formally released themselves from its obligations.

We can see the evils flowing from a superabundance of silver coin of which the banks by their action have reduced the value, much easier than the remedy, and yet it is clear that the movement so general throughout the country will at least have one good effect in convincing the Government that legislation in this matter is absolutely indispensible. It is obviously impossible for the *people* themselves to fix an arbitrary standard of the value of any description of money when they have no power or authority whatever to enforce it. Such measures have always devolved upon Governments, and we assert that *our* Government is not worthy the name if it fails to devise some common-sense scheme for remedying an evil of this kind. We believe with "A Mechanic" in his argument throughout and trust that such a pressure will be brought to bear on the Government through the press and otherwise as will enforce definite action at the very earliest moment.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE!

TWO THIRDS OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "MICHIGAN" REPORTED TO BE FENIANS.

The following has been sent us by a gentleman who lived several years in Goderich, and is well known to most of our citizens:—

BUFFALO, AUG. 22, 1868.

DEAR SIGNAL.—According to the Scriptures it is possible to "entertain Angels unawares," but in these degenerate days it is also quite within the limits of possibility to entertain beings of a different order without at the time knowing it. I arrive at this conclusion by reading in your last issue, of a sort of reception on board the United States Revenue Cutter *Michigan*, lately in your harbour, with the promise of a future visit. I am informed, by a reliable authority, that at least *two-thirds* of the officers and crew on board of said vessel, are members of a certain institution known as the "Fenian Brotherhood." No further comment is necessary.

Yours truly,
BUFFALO.

☞ We observe that John Stewart of Stratford is still raving away in print about some fancied claim of his against the town of Goderich. If honest John would drop his imbecile clap-trap and state his case plainly it would, doubtless, receive more attention. We beg to inform him that when he stoops to please his tool by attacking the editor of the *Signal*, who has never meddled with him or his affairs, he lays aside the character of a *gentleman*, if he ever possessed such a thing. His claim we believe to be sheer "buncombe." If there had been any justice in it, he was not the man to let it become outlawed by treating his claim with such confusion and contempt the town Council does quite right.

A GODERICH BOY ABROAD.—We are pleased to learn that Prof. J. Lizars, late Prof. of Surgical Anatomy at the Toronto School of Medicine, and son of our respected friend, the Clerk of the Peace for the Co. of Huron, has been well received in Philadelphia, his future home. The *Age* of that city says:—"Prof. J. L. Lizars,—R. C. S. Edinb., and M. R. C. S. Eng., formerly Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy at the University of Edinburg, Scotland, and ex-Professor of Surgical Anatomy at the Toronto School of Medicine, Canada, has been appointed to the chair of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy at the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery. Professor Lizars comes here with recommendations of high character from his medical confreres in Canada, and before leaving Toronto was presented by his friends in that locality with a very fine field case of surgical instruments."

THE CABLE NEWS.—Many of our Canadian journals complain justly that the so-called news received by the Atlantic Cable is, generally speaking, unmitigated rubbish. Who wants to hear everlasting stories about the French Emperor having a fit of indigestion, his Empress drinking German waters, or the opinion of the English press with reference to the great American Corn Cob Question, to say nothing about the glorification of Yankee post-captains, &c. A carefully prepared half column of European *news* each day would be invaluable.

☞ Wife beating has become fashionable in Canada, and seems to be as "smittle" as the measles, lacrosse, cricket, and other epidemics among young folks. If the brute who beats or attempts to murder his wife and children, even although he be maddened with liquor, could legally receive a sound whipping at a cart's tail, it would be very apt to effect a healthy moral reform in his individual case.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—The Bruce *Review* says, "Mr Stotts, the obliging proprietor of the Livery Stable in Kincardine, is now erecting a stable upon the rear part of a lot on Queen Street South. The general public will find that Mr. Stotts' new place will afford every accommodation required by them in his line of business, and they may rest assured every attention will be paid to their wants." The establishment of a good livery stable in Kincardine has been long felt to be a real want, and their enterprise will be appreciated by those who wish to travel through Bruce.

THE DOMINION WELL is now in full operation and is turning out asplendid quality of salt. The brine in this well is exceedingly strong, being up to 105° by the salometer when we inspected it. This great strength is attributed to to extra care bestowed in fitting the joints perfectly. Of course, the process of manufacture will be much cheaper in this case than where the brine is only about half as strong as is the case in the Onondaga wells. It will be some days ere the salt made will be dry enough for barreling. No doubt the Co. will use printer's ink when ready for orders.

☞ We learn from the southern townships that the Diehl and Treadwell fall wheat is threshing out from 30 to 40 bushels to the acre, but that the spring wheat is yielding miserably. Farmers are disgusted with spring wheat and are preparing for large sowings of the fall varieties. There is just a danger of going to the opposite extreme.

☞ A modest Kincardine editor, speaking of his paper, says, "it has no equal in the Counties of Huron, Grey and Bruce." Surely our friend, when he dashed off such an assertion as that, must have overlooked the Teeswater *Newsboy!*

Departure of Father Schneider.

On Monday morning last, Father Schneider, who has been known as a Roman Catholic priest, in Goderich and vicinity, for many years, took his departure for France, where he will probably spend the remainder of his days, as he now feels himself too old for the proper discharge of his clerical duties. The Rev. gentleman's genial face and kindly greeting will be greatly missed by our townsmen of all creeds, as he was universally esteemed for his noble qualities. His people in Goderich and other towns presented him with liberal sums of money previous to his departure.

☞ New wheat is coming into Seaforth.

☞ The weather here just now is truly delightful.

☞ The town council meets on Friday eve. next.

☞ Very few houses in Goderich to be purchased.

☞ Our new Grammar School teacher is well liked.

☞ Social in the Wesleyan Church on Friday evening.

☞ Work has been commenced at the new skating rink.

☞ There are two vessels in port loading with Goderich salt.

☞ An excursion from Godesich to the Falls or Toronto is talked of.

☞ We are glad to hear that John Cameron, of Tuckersmith, is not dead.

☞ The list of lands to be sold for taxes, will appear in next week's *Signal*.

☞ Alfred Collins makes a tip-top fashionable boot. See advertisement.

☞ The great Battalion Shooting Match takes place at Seaforth on the 8th and 9th.

☞ In the interests of boot-makers all our sidewalks off the square are being made of gravel.

☞ The Health Board could find some awfully pig-penny smells if they would travel around.

☞ Don't fail to read the splendid article on the use of salt in agriculture, in another column.

☞ A small bonus should be paid for the successful planting of shade trees on the streets.

Visitors should not fail to look at our Market House. It is in the Gothic style, with modern ornate embellishments.

☞ There will be a debate in the B. A. O. Lodge to-morrow evening, (Wednesday). Subject, "Should Women be allowed to vote."

☞ The Huron Salt well has spoilt nearly every private well on Nelson St. The proprietors would oblige by wasting less of their brine.

☞ Timber is being prepared for the broken portion of the new bridge. By hurrying up the sub-contractor will earn the lasting gratitude of every farmer and trader between Goderich and Lucknow.

NEWS CONDENSED.

Having got rid of the police squabble, Hamilton is discussing the goose question; so is Toronto.... The commissariat in Toronto is preparing to feed 2000 volunteers .... The Goderich Artillery men were paid up last night.... The London papers are raising a "hooray" over a letter written by Mr. Moncrief.... The Quebec Cabinet is in a state of—of extreme danger of bursting up.... Business is very dull in the States.... Mr. W. Thomas, conductor on the G. T. R. is very ill.... Stratford cannot afford $5000 for a fire engine.... There is no cattle plague at Paris, Ont.... The tory papers should blame the *Globe* for copying the report that there was.... There are only three papers in Guelph and they can't agree to let each other alone. Oh, fie? gentlemen!.... Mrs. McCannagh of Warwick attempted to cut her throat, was stopped when half-way and is glad thereof.... Plums are beginning to come into Goderich market.... If you want to spread your advertisement amongst *thousands* of the best farmers, patronize the *Signal*.... Toronto is to have an opera house.... The Michigan peach crop will be a very large one.... Wild pigeons are plentiful in Middlesex. We hope they will come this way.... Do you want a first-rate job of printing done at the lowest rates?—come to the *Signal* office .... Do you want a good local paper?—subscribe for the Huron *Signal*.

The lightning struck a great many houses and barns during the late thunderstorm .....Dr. Pusey has not joined the Romish Church.....A Townsend farmer had his arm torn off at the shoulder by a threshing machine.....Suspected Fenians have decoyed out from Guelph.....The Belleville *Intelligencer* (tory) denounces the Crown Land Policy of the Ontario Government in strong terms.....T. Dion claims the champion cue.....Eight sword fish, twelve feet long were caught at Portland harbor last week.....There are 250,000 threshing machines in the United States.....Female emigrants for Brazil are in great demand .....The weather in Montreal is very cold .....Napoleon I. left 20,000 letters behind him. They are to be published.....The members of the Toronto police force are resigning by wholesale. Cause unknown. .....The propellor "Empire State" collided, on Aug. 14th inst., with barque "Dunderburgh," on Lake Huron, and sunk in about ten minutes. The other vessel succeeded in reaching Sarnia in a sinking condition. The "Empire State," had a general cargo, and the "Dunderburgh" 40,000 bushels of grain.

HORTICULTURAL.—We have great pleasure in directing attention to the advertisement of Mr Chas. Baker, Landscape Gardener, Florist, &c., of London who will be in Goderich and vicinity for a week or two. In the treatment of fruit trees, vines, shrubs, &c. Mr Baker seems to be thoroughly versed, and his method of tying grape vines, accompanied by directions of the clearest kind for future guidance is something invaluable to every amateur horticulturist. One lesson of the kind with the real vine before you is worth any amount of reading. Having done pruning, laying, budding, &c., in our own little garden, we may say that we are greatly pleased with Mr. Baker's method and obliged for the information so freely given, as we consider it practically useful and philosophically correct. We cordially recommend his services to farmers and gardeners in this section in the full belief that he will give as much satisfaction as he has done to those he has worked for in Goderich, Clinton, &c.

The North Riding Show.

DEAR SIGNAL.—Will you be kind enough to say what has become of our Fall exhibition, or whether we are to have one at all. It appears to me that things would have worked into some kind of shape if Lord William, *our representative*, had kept his finger out of the pie. He was to introduce a millenium up here, but as far as my observation goes he has made a mess of everything he undertook. The very polished letter which he indicted to the Minister of Agriculture in such *grammatical* English, may do for a lawyer, but it does not go down with farmers, who, in their plain way would like to see definite action rather than read long-nebbit letters which mean Lord knows what.

HULLETT.

Aug. 18th, 1868.

☞ H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh is to start on a voyage around the world in October next. Success to him.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

The *Algerine*, a British gunboat, recently whipped 6 heavily-armed Chinese junks. ....The personal property of the late Sir B. Guinness is "stumping it"....A large wheat crop is being harvested in Russia....A well-dressed old lady was taken up in London (the less) on the 21st for being drunk on the streets....The cattle plague prevails in portions of Russia.....A large number of lake vessels have left wheat carrying for the lumber trade....The Court of Nap. III. is millions in debt and is going to retrench. Eugenie will do her own housework....At the present rate of increase London will have a population of 6,500,000 in the year 1900....The population of Ireland is on the increase for the first time in many years.....The Persian government has no debt....Wilmington half-and-half—white and black police....John Stuart Mill is not in favour of the ballot. The Dominion Telegraph Company has broken ground....The All-England Eleven is coming to America again. The Goderich club ought to challenge them....The rate this year in Cobourg is 5s. 10d. in the £....Shade trees are dying in Hamilton. ... Glenmorris Cheese factory is closed for want of milk....1,580 deaths from cholera in Havanah during July and beginning of August....Miss Julia Reid while celebrating her 20th birthday by a pic-nic on Lake Simcoe was drowned.... The man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine by which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

Plot against Her Majesty's Life.

We learn, by telegram from Lucerne, Switzerland, on Friday last, that the assassination of Her Majesty was contemplated by Fenians. These devils in human form will persist until they draw down upon their own heads a terrible retribution.—The news alluded to is as follows:—"It having recently become known to the Swiss authorities that an attempt was intended to have been made upon the life of the Queen of England, during her recent sojourn in that place, a strict search was made by the police for the parties concerned in the diabolical plot. To-day a man, whose name is not yet given, but who it is ascertained is a Fenian, was arrested, and, upon examination, made such statements as leave no doubt that it was his deliberate design to assassinate Queen Victoria. He has been committed to prison, to await a requisition from the British authorities."

Seaforth.

(From our own Correspondent.)

BUSINESS.—There is not much doing yet, but wheat buyers are gathering up expecting wheat to come in a week or so.

HARVEST is over in these parts, some in the back of the township will finish this week.

CROPS.—The crops here may be said to good. A practical farmer's opinion is that Fall Wheat is good. Late spring fair—early spring, poor—Oats good—Barley good—Peas good.

LARGE HEAD OF WHEAT.—Mr John Hannah picked up a head of Tredwell wheat on Mr N. Johnstone's farm, in which he counted 95 plus.

LARGE YIELDS.—The Tredwell and Deihl wheat have yielded well, some of our farmers having large crops. Wm Stewart, Tuckersmith, had 40 bushels to the acre, Jas Martin had 40 bushels to the acre, and many had 35 to 38.

COUNCIL MEETING.—The Municipal Council of the Village of Seaforth met, pursuant to adjournment at Shaw's Hall on the evening. Present the Reeve and all the Councillors. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. A report was presented by the Committee on Fences, &c., and an account by Jno. Martin for repairing sidewalk. It was moved by A. McDougall seconded by John Beattie, That the report of the Committee on Fences and Sidewalks be received and adopted.—Carried. It was moved by J Beattie, seconded by E. Cash, That the account of Jno. Martin for two days work on sidewalk amounting to $2 00 be paid.—Carried. Moved by Jno. Beattie, seconded by A. McDougall, That a debenture be issued in favour of A. Strong for the amount of nine dollars and 15 cents to pay balance due for work done on the drain on main St. by Strong.—Carried. It was moved by A. Strong, seconded by E. Cash, That the amount of four dollars be refunded to Mr. Houghton, being part of fine inflicted on him for selling liquor to Indians, he not knowing that selling liquor to Indians was a violation of the By-Law of the municipality.—Carried. It was moved by A. McDougall, seconded by Jno. Beattie, That the Committee appointed to obtain a plan and specification for the Lock-up and Market building, and report to the council as soon as possible be discharged from further services in connection with the matter.—Carried. It was moved by A. McDougall, seconded by E. Cash, That Councillors Strong and Beattie, be a committee to procure a plan and specification for Lock-up and market building, and report at the next Council meeting.—Carried. The Council adjourned to meet again on Thursday next at the same time and place.

Grandville.

[From our special Correspondent.]

BRASS BAND.—The young men of Egmondville deserve great credit for the spirited and energetic manner they have displayed in forming a brass band. It consists now of thirteen members who all have procured instruments at their own expense, and have engaged *Prof Brodhagen*, at a salary of $150 per annum, to give them instruction. Some of them are already good players, and they wish it to be understood that they are each and all very anxious to learn. It is quite a treat to hear them playing through the hitherto quiet streets of Egmondville, after sundown.

ON JOHN CAMERON'S APPEARING IN *propria persona*, TO PROVE THAT HE WAS NOT KILLED BY SUNSTROKE.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Hurons a',
Rejoice, rejoice, baith great and sma'
Rejoice ye woodlas' hill and ha',
And lake and river,
John Cameron's no dead a'va.
But wet as ever.

He says that neither sun nor moon,
Nor star that shines this earth adoon,
The heat o' Barns tae him has done,
Except it be,
A haverin' *Star* in you auld toon,
That tell'd the lie.

He doots it never had the luck,
That a' Stars has, tae be sunstruck,
Or 'twadna' sae mislead the folk,
The country roon,
If anything has gi'en a poke,
Its been the moon.

And moonstruck souls are short o' sight,
And hardly well ken wrang frae right;
At best its but a borrowed light,
And that's the way
That one in sic a piteous plight,
Will lead astray.

Noo, John wants a' his frien's tae ken,
(Or frien's or no frien's o' the same,)
That he is hale baith wind and limb,
And heart and head,
And worth a guid three score and ten,
O' ane that's dead.

When next our votes the Tories want,
John will be there tae cry avaunt,
If frae their stereotyped haunt,
They venture forth,
They'll hear the Cameronian rant,
An' what it's worth.

As for ambitious council bodies,
He'll let them ride their favourite cuddies,
And pu' and tear ilkithers duddies
In their main style;
He thinks a speech tae tricky laddies
No worth his while.

Noo droll Carmichael dight your ee,
John's neither dead nor ga'an tae die,
Ere lang he will be o'er the pree,
Your good peat reek,
For, better than he gets frae thee,
He wadna' seek.

And a' the rest—and stoot McBride,
Wha's saul and body's large and wide,
Will learn wi' a fraternal pride,
That John is here,
And may he aye amang us bide,
These fifty year.

SALT FOR CROPS.

To the Editor of the Glasgow Herald.

SIR,—I have been reading with very great interest the account of the "Proceedings of the Chemical Department," given by Dr. Anderson, in the "Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland" of Febuary last, and I wish to state what that account has suggested to me. The account is devoted chiefly to field experiments, under the auspices of the Highland Society, in various districts, for determining the comparative effects of different manures in the production of turnips.

I. It appears from the account that in several plots drought delayed or prevented a general braird, so as to make the experiments unsatisfactory, and not sufficent for affording beneficial deductions. Why not endeavour to secure a braird by salting the land, and thus attracting moisture from the atmosphere? My turnips were sown this season when the land was utterly dry. The braird came quickly and without a miss, and the plants continue growing rapidly with rich glistening blades. The land, just before being drilled, was s