

Equally deserving of their country are their brothers, sons, cousins, and kindred of remote degree, who make up our towns. Brimful of energy are the men of Upper Canada, whether in town or field. Their towns have done wonders, considering their sparse populations, while stern industry, frugality, and perseverance mark the character of their store-keepers. With native vigor they are ready to back up any feasible adventure by a moiety of their means, and with a shrewdness which well defines its limit.

About twelve months back some carping newspapers found fault with their rage for boring; ostensibly for oil, but really to see what was beneath their feet. Yet it has done and is doing good service to the country, and is making a valuable contribution to our geological knowledge. All honor, say I therefore, to those who have not succeeded in striking oil or other paying product, who have been at the trouble and expense of boring 1,000 to 1,500 feet, and still persevere. "If we don't strike oil," say the men of Preston, "we may strike salt; if we don't strike salt, we may strike something else; and if we don't strike something else, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing it is not there, and that our wealth must be sought above ground and not beneath." At Waterloo they have reached brine, but not the salt rock yet. The men of Goderich were not all hopeful for oil. Mr. Samuel Platt, the principal speculator, from the first, went in for salt. But I am anticipating. The ride from Stratford to Goderich so interested me that I must describe that first, if only to induce some of your readers when up west to take that trip, which I am sure will be made with much satisfaction and pleasure.

I took the 12:15 train from Stratford, and soon found myself whirled along a road running through a flat and heavily-wooded country; the only cuttings being through belts of gravel and friable clay, showing on their top a thick coating of rich loam. The lowest lands are some fifty feet above the rock. So well drained a bottom accounted for the vigorous growth of fine timber; all hard wood.

A beautiful panorama of fields and woods revealed itself as the train swept us along. We passed well cleared land in sharp, straight lines, whence rose magnificent groves of trees in squared battalions. The long

avenues of shorn fields, checkered by shades of green, yellow, and brown, formed views of great length in so flat a level, looking street-like, in their passage through the wilderness of bush. At times I was reminded of suburban squares where trees were parked in clusters; or where stood alone in their glory, majestic oaks, burly-looking maples, or waving elms. The leaves were assuming their autumn tints, and the color of each tree was slightly shaded off from its neighbor, that we could easily read off the character of the woods.

Above us was a bright sky, with a few fleeting clouds, whose shadows heightened the effect of the scene, as they chased each other through the forest glades, or leaped over the leafy billows of the forest tops. And wherever there was a chink or opening, down streamed the sunlight into the deep, gloomy recesses, lighting up the forest aisles, gilding the trunks, spangling the boughs within, and diapering, as with gold, the leafy carpet. Again we came to the radiant fields, flanked by sombre, dark-looking groves; while more distant woods were bright and glistening with light; an azure veil being thrown over them as they crowded the horizon. In advance of some groves were lofty elms, with trunks as straight and as beautiful as Ionic columns, and with bough-locked summits, like the proud pronaoi of an Egyptian temple, forming a right royal entrance to the wooded cloisters.

In front of others, by side of stream or swamp, gay young saplings of maple and elm, clad in crimson and yellow, remind me of the bright costumes of youngsters playing round the portals of a wealthy home.

At 3 p.m. I arrived at Goderich station, where an omnibus and other vehicles awaited passengers. I found the town to lie about a quarter of a mile west of the station. A splendid wide gravel road leads to the town. As we neared it we passed neat residences of white brick, with green verandas and porticos pinked out in green and white, and with pretty flower-gardens that convinced me I was approaching a very nice town. Nor was I disappointed. On the right of us I caught sight of the wide and noble ravine through which flows the Maitland river; its waters now low, but looking the more pretty as it meandered