notice of the young girl's emotion. "And we will then remove Mrs. — — your mother to the house, where she shall receive the attention of a physician, as remarkable for his gentleness as for his skill. I have already sent to Riverside to ask his immediate presence."

"You are very, very kind, sir, I am sure," murmured the girl, as wiping her eyes, she began to arrange her mother's dress, and make various little preparations for removal.

The two men whom Xerxes, by his young master's orders, had directed to attend with a thick mattress laid upon a door hastily removed from its hinges, now appeared, beside the carriage, and with some help from them, Mr. Crowninshield and the agitated daughter succeeded in removing the injured woman to the litter.

Carefully raising their burden from the ground, the men now set off for the house, where open doors and lights busily moving from place to place, showed that the travellers were expected.

"You had better take my arm," commenced Percy, as he followed the litter side by side with the daughter of his guest, but hesitated how to address his new acquaintance.

"Maud Merriton, is my name," said the girl, quietly, as she complied with his advice. "My mother is Mrs Merriton, of Woodside, and we were trying to cross the country by public and private conveyance as we best might, to Harrisburg, where we have friends; but this terrible accident to my dear mother has thrown us upon your hospitality—or rather that of your family—for an indefinite period. I am afraid."

"Let me hope that the fear is confined to the suffering and inconvenience to which your mother may be subjected during that period Miss Merriton said Percy earnestly as he drew the small hand further within his arm for he could not but perceive that fatigue and agitation had hardly left his companion strength sufficient to support herself, and had it not been for his aid, she would hardly have been able to proceed a step.

"It is my brother who is master of the house," continued the young man, with a little pang of annoyance, at having to state the fact. "And in his name, I bid you welcome to Falcon's Eyrie, and beg that you and Mrs. Merriton will consider it your own house as long as you may be willing to honour it with your presence.

"You are very kind, sir," said Miss Merriton, wearily, and after a moment, inquired in a hesitating voice: "Is your brother married, sir?"

"Not yet," returned Percy, briefly as a thought of Rose Vivian flashed across his mind, and then, understanding what his guest was desirous of inquiring, he added:

"No, there is no Mrs. Crowninshield at present to old you welcome, but I have no doubt that Mrs. Stowell, our housekeeper, will be able to make you as comfortable as your mother's condition will allow. Of her kind feelings and perfect propriety of manner, you may rest assured."

Miss Merriton made no reply to this remark, and in a few minutes, the little procession reached the door of the mansion, where the young master of the house, apprised by Xerxes of the approach, and of the condition of his guests, stood ready to receive them.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW words of introduction were quietly spoken by Percy, as he led his fair charge into the hall, and nothing could exceed the cordial hospitality and courtly grace with which Roland Crowninshield bid the weary travellers welcome to Falcon's Eyrie. It did not, however, escape the notice either of his brother or his guest, that all his remarks and invitations were carefully confined to his own person, and that neither by word, look, nor gesture, did he acknowledge the existence of him who but an hour before had by all been accounted the future master of Falcon's Eyrie.

Percy felt the slight, felt, too, the glance of wonder shot in his direction, by the dark eyes of Maud Merriton; but he only noticed the one and the other by a smile of good-humoured contempt, as he bid Xerxes summon Mrs. Stowell to receive the injured lady, who lay now upon her pallet in a state bordering upon insensibility, without appearing to notice the caresses and tender inquiries of the young girl, who, after the first moment, had evidently forgotten the existence of both brothers, in anxiety and sympathetic care for her mother.

The good housekeeper speedily appeared, and under her direction, the mattress was again carefully raised, and carried to an airy bedroom upon the lower floor, where a blazing fire had been kindled, and everything necessary for the comfort of mother and daughter provided by the thoughtful care of Mrs. Stowell, whose cheerful and bustling air seemed to say, that though sorry for the misfortune of her master's guest, she was well pleased with so good an opportunity for varying the monotony of her ordinary quiet life.

A few moments after Mrs. Merriton had been settled in her cheerful apartment, Dr. Althrope was announced, and proceeded at once to visit his new patient. A long and careful examination ensued, and then the physician, retiring with Mrs. Stowell to her sitting-room, informed her that he had discovered not only a compound fracture of the right leg, and several severe outward bruises but that he feared internal injuries of a serious nature, such as would probably confine his patient to her bed for many weeks, if indeed, she would ever recover.

While talking, the good doctor had been busily preparing splints, bandages, lotions, etc., and before Mrs. Stowell had half exhausted her vocabulary of wonder, pity and dismay, had arranged his implements upon a little tray, and bidding the housekeeper follow and assist him, led the way again to the sick chamber.

"Now, young lady," said Dr. Althrope, as he approached the bed where Maud leaned over her mother, wiping the cold moisture from her brow, and murmuring words of love and pity in her ear. "Now, young lady, you had better retire to the drawing-room, leave your mother to this good woman and to me. I promise you, we will care for her as tenderly as our duty will allow, and there is no need of your staying to look at sufferings you can't alleviate."

"I thank you, sir, for your consideration, but I prefer to say," said Maud, her face turning very white, and her eyes brimming with tears as she cast a look of terrified affection upon her mother.

"Well but I prefer you should go," returned the blunt old doctor, impatiently. "You will cry and scream, and perhaps faint away here, and that will make us double trouble. Mrs. Stowell, show this young lady to the drawing-room, and come back as quick as you can."

"Sir," said Miss Merriton, rising, and approaching the physician, "I choose to stay beside my mother during this operation, and I shall do so. You need not be afraid of my crying or screaming, and if I faint away, I am perfectly willing you should leave me upon the floor till I recover my consciousness."

"You may be sure I'll do that," growled the doctor. "I never saw a woman yet that didn't love horrors."

Maud made no reply, but resumed her seat, at her mother's head, and the physician proceeded to his operation. It was a long and painful one, and often interrupted by screams and groans from the sufferer, and sobs and cries from the hard favoured housekeeper; but through all, neither sob nor cry escaped the rigid lips of the young girl, as, with white cheek and dilated eye she watched the progress of the physician, and with steady hand and quick apprehension of his intentions, rendered him essential aid, when Mrs. Stowell, faint and agitated, was forced to drop into a seat, and resign her office.

All was over at last, and the patient soothed by an anodyne, seemed likely to drop asleep. Dr. Althrope quietly packed up his instruments, and stole on tiptoe toward the door, followed by the housekeeper; but on the threshold he turned and beckoned Maud to approach.

"Young lady," whispered he, grasping her hand, and warmly pressing it, "you were right and I was wrong. You ought to be head nurse in a soldier's hospital."

Chance words lightly spoken, but remembered long afterward, by both physician and maiden.

Quitting the sick room, Dr. Althorpe went at once to the library, where he found the brothers waiting to hear an account of his patient. This the physician proceeded to give in the curt, emphatic style peculiar to himself, and then after a short pause, rose, and looking inquiringly from one to the other asked briefly:

"Well, who's the judge's heir?"

"Let me present him to you, in the person of Mr. Roland Crowninshield," said Percy, quickly, with a wave of his hand toward his brother.

"What! O—well—humph. Decided by chance, was it?" growled the doctor, not disguising his dissatisfaction at the information.

"Yes, and a most unlucky chance you think it, Dr. Althorpe," exclaimed Roland, angrily.

"Who told you so, young man?" asked the physician, fixing his keen and grey eyes upon the scowling face of the speaker. "I've told you many a time before, Roland, that you jump at conclusions before they are with in jumping distance. A bad trick, boy, a bad trick. And what are you going to do, sir?" continued he, turning suddenly to Percy, who started, and replied hurriedly:

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. Perhaps you'll advise me?"

"Well, I will. Come to my office and I'll make a sawbones of you."

"A surgeon!"

"Yes, 'chirugeon, phthysician, and potter canier,' as my grandfather's tombstone says he was, and as my father was, and as I am."

"And as I will be," cried Percy, with sudden determination. "Especially if you will engage to transmit the warm heart, the upright mind, and generous self forgetfulness of at least one of the Althropes, along with his skill."

"Come, sir, none of that," returned the doctor, laughing, while he wrung the hand of his young friend. "I want have my pupil making fun of me."

"But, Percy you don't really mean this? You will not really leave Falcon's Eyrie, and bury yourself in the office of a village doctor, even if it is our good Dr. Althorpe, with no higher aim than to become his successor!" cried Roland, coming forward, and laying his hand upon his brother's shoulder, with a gesture half caressing, half impatient, while he cast a scornful glance at the old physician who, standing on the hearth, his back to the fire his hands behind him, balanced himself alternately upon his toes and heels, while contemplating the two men, through shrewd, half-closed eyes.

"It seems to me, Master Roland" remarked he, as the latter ceased speaking, "you are something less than polite, both to your brother and me. Which do you think after all would be most degrading to him, to become a village doctor, and earn his own bread (ay, and plenty of butter to it, too), or to stay here, and be your jack-at-a-pinch, and very humble servant—to run of errands for your wife when the servants were not at hand, and carry the children when they ordered him—"

"Stop!" cried Percy, starting as if he had been stung. "I understand you, old friend. Here I can no longer stay. Falcon's Eyrie must cease to be my home. I will go with you."

"But, I say no—and I have a right to be heard in this matter, Percy. Is not your twin brother more account in your eyes than a stranger?" demanded Roland, vehemently, as tightening his grasp upon his brother's arm, he eyed the doctor with increased disfavor.

"No Roland," replied Percy, mildly. "No human being can be so near to me in blood—none nearer to me in affection, when you are your better self, and not ruled by these fits of jealous anger and affection, that of late have so influenced you. What is it you now demand of my affection?"

"That you will stay with me. Could I enjoy rank, or wealth, or honor with you always bending to your toil before my eyes, with all men pointing at me as a selfish usurper, and you as an uncomplaining martyr? You could hardly have invented a plan to annoy me more."

"But you wont mind annoying him, by marrying the woman he loves under his very nose, and expect him to stay in the house and admire your love making?" asked the doctor, coolly, fixing his sharp eyes upon Roland, with a sarcastic smile.

"You see, Roland, it wont do," said Percy, writhing as if the doctor's probe had been of steel instead of air, "I can't stay here—our old friend is right."

"Well, for a little while then, for a year. Of course, I shan't marry till my father has been dead a year, and it is so lonely here. I can't—I wont stay here alone," asseverated Roland, passionately.

"Well, I'll stay a little while, since you wish it so much," said his brother, reluctantly. "But I assure you, my dear fellow, it would be far better for both, that I should go at once. I shall, however, begin my studies at once, doctor. May I come to-morrow?"

"Yes. But you had better bring your kit along with you, and make but one job of it. You two will never get along together again, till your's both settled in the world. Yes, you can come to-morrow, at ten o'clock, young man, and I'll put you to work. Good-night."

And the eccentric old doctor, catching up his case of instruments, walked briskly to the door, let himself out, and in a few moments the quick stroke of horse's feet upon the gravel of the avenue announced that he was gone.

The brothers listened till the sound died away, and then bidding each other good night, with a more cordial pressure of the hand than had been exchanged between them for months, each retired to his own chamber, and the great house was soon buried in profound repose.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER week elapsed, and affairs at "the great house," as the mansion of Falcon's Eyrie was named by the villagers, had commenced flowing in their new current, with tolerable quiet and regularity.

Mrs. Merriton was still very ill, and Dr Althorpe often shook his head in response to the questions of Mrs. Stowell or the brothers, than gave any favorable opinion, Maud confined herself almost wholly to her mother's apartment, except at meal times, and when peremptorily sent to the garden by the old physician, to seek a little fresh air and exercise.

"Why don't you take that pale girl out riding some of these fine mornings?" asked the doctor of Percy, as the latter dismounted at the door of the surgery, and gave his horse to Frank, the doctor's man, to be led away to the stable.

"I presume Miss Vivian would prefer riding with my brother—" began Percy, stiffly, but was interrupted with an impatient—

"Fiddle de-dee, for Miss Vivian. Who cares where she rides, or who she rides with? I'm talking about that brave Maud Merriton, who is killing herself under your very eyes, for want of a little attention, while you go moping round, with never a word or look for anybody, unless it is that grinning Xerxes."

"Do you find me inattentive to my studies, Dr. Althope?" inquired the young man, a little haughtily.

"No, sir, I don't, but I don't want you to study all the time. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Now I wouldn't advise you to quarrel with your old friends for trying to do you good," added the old man, a little hurt at the other's tone.

"Pardon me, doctor, I have grown very unreasonable of late. Perhaps I do study too much," said Percy, sadly.

"Of course, you do. Your father, in his queer system of education, as he called it, never kept you more than a half hour at a time at anything; and here you read musty old doctors' books with me, four and five hours at a stretch Now, sir, just step round to the stable—Franz in his slow way hasn't got the saddle off yet, I'll be bound. If he has, he can put it on again, and you just mount and be off to the hills. Don't go home, and don't go anywhere, but keep moving from now till dinner time, and see if you don't come here another man to-morrow? Stop a minute. Does this girl—Miss Merriton, I mean, breakfast with you?"

"Generally. We have in Mrs. Stowell to pour out the coffee, instead of Xerxes, to make it more agreeable for her."

"Exactly. Well, to-morrow when you leave the table, take her out in the garden—talk about the country, ask her to ride, or drive, or row, or swim, or anything that will bring a little blood to her cheeks, and heart to her eyes. That shall be your first bit of practice—your first case."

"Very well, sir," returned Percy, with more of a smile than the doctor remembered seeing since the young man had been a student. "If you—prescribe shall I call it—this squiring of dames, as one of my regular lessons, I suppose I must obey."

"Of course, you must. There, get along."

And the doctor slammed the door in the face of his student, and went back to his office, saying, "The boy'll mope himself to death, what with study, and what with thinking about Rose Vivian, if I don't establish a counter irritation with this other girl. She wont suffer—she isn't the kind that break their hearts, I'll venture to say. Wonder if she's money? Mighn't be a bad match for my boy. Poor fellow—shame he wasn't the judge's heir. Wonder if Roland didn't cheat him—just like him if he did. Pshaw, what a suspicious old fool I'm getting to be. Wish I'd been up at the house half an hour earlier the night the boys were born, though. Bet my head to a china orange, that Percy is the oldest—perhaps—well, well, least said soonest mended. Wish they'd sent half an hour earlier, though."

Meantime, Percy Crowninshield, striking the spurs into his horse's flanks, had urged that unfortunate animal into such a trot as he had not tried for many a day; and, taking the road leading back from the river, toward a range of high hills, called in the neighborhood the Mountains, promised himself a long day of exhilarating exercise, and sylvan enjoyment.

"I believe I have pined for the fresh air among all those drugs," thought the young man, as he filled his lungs again and again with the pure oxygen of the October air, and felt the blood tingle to his finger ends with its new life. "This student life would have suited Roland far better than me. Lucky fellow, he may ride or read as he chooses—so could I a month ago—ay, and when I rode, I could turn my horse in at the gates of Vivian Lodge, as often as I choose. But come, this won't do—no repining, my friend—no envy! We can't allow that."

The warming came in good time, for at that very moment the clatter of horses' feet mingled with the sound of merry laughter came down the wind, and in another minute, a gentleman and lady, pursuing on horseback a road intersecting at right angles that which Percy was travelling, swept across his field of vision and were gone. Neither of them had seen or turned toward him, but with one glance he had recognized his brother's dark face, illuminated to striking beauty by its best and happiest expression. And as for his companion? Ah, did not the young man know every thread of those flossy golden curls, drifting out upon the morning air—did not the sparkle of those blue eyes dim the glowing autumn sky—had he not studied that pure and delicate profile as never sculptor studied the Venus—did not every tone of that girlish voice echo through his heart, till it throbbed with tolerable anguish?"

"O Rose, Rose Vivian!" groaned the young man, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. And then through his closed teeth he muttered, bitterly:

"Had I been the heir, and he the outcast, would you not have smiled as sweetly upon me? False brother—fickle woman—what care I for either?"

But to show his indifference, again did Percy Crowninshield strike the spurs into the flanks of his spirited horse, until the creature reared and plunged in a fashion that would have soon laid a less skillful rider in the dust beneath his feet, and then set off upon a mad gallop, up hill and down dale, till the cawing crows ceased their heavy flight, and perched upon the pine tops to gaze after him—till the pebbles sparned from beneath those iron feet, sparkled with ineffectual fire till the wind chasing him with its mocking laugh, tired of the pursuit, and lagged behind till the good horse bathed in sweat, and trembling in every fibre, whinnied imploringly, as he paused at the foot of a long hill—till the tempest of passion raging in the young man's heart had exhausted itself, and yielded to remorse.

Then Percy, throwing himself from his horse began to pat and smooth the weary animal, to rub him with handsful of dried leaves and grass, and to soothe him as if he had been a child.

"Poor Bayard, poor fellow! Why should you have to suffer because your master is a madman and a fool? After all, nothing could be better for me than the drudgery of the doctor's office. I'll warrant, I never should have given way to old Adam there. This fresh air and bounding motion is too much stimulus for my hot blood—it intoxicates me."

At last re-mounting, and turning Bayard's head toward home, the poor fellow commenced his return, though at a very different pace from that at which he had come. There were many miles to be retraced, and it was long past noon, when Percy entered the piece of woods where he had that morning encountered his brother and Miss Vivian.

As he approached the cross road down which, at about the distance of half a mile, stood the house of Mr. Vivian, the young man quickened his horse's foot step, wishing to leave behind as soon as possible, a locality now associated with such painful emotions; but the next moment, the rider reigned up his steed to a halt, and listened attentively, for strange and alarming sounds, proceeding either from that cross road, or from the woods bordering it, suddenly smote upon his hear, and apparently demanded his interference.

Breathless, hurried screams, in a woman's voice, interrupted by the deep-mouthed bay of a hound, who was his prey in view, at last became distinctly audible, and Percy, throwing himself from his horse, was about to penetrate the forest from whence they now evidently proceeded, when a light form rushed through the trees beside him, and bewildered by terror, was dashing across the wood without perceiving him, when her foot catching in a dry branch, the fugitive fell with a despairing cry, at the feet of the young man. At the same instant, the hoarse bay of the dog sounded close at hand, and a gaunt and fu ious bloodhound emerged from the wood, and with a fierce yell sprang upon his prostrate victim.

Before, however, his gleaming tusks could graze the white throat at which they werd directed, the startled spectator had recovered his presence of mind, and whirling his heavily loaded riding whip above his head, brought the leaden ball at its handle down upon the temple of the brute with such force, that it burried itself in the brain, and the hound with a howl of anguish fell back, rolled over, and with a last convulsive spasm was dead.

Percy watched him an instant, to be sure that he was incapable of further mischief, and recognized him as a Spanish bloodhound recently imported by Charles Vivian, the brother of Rose, at great expense; but the animal had proved so savage and refractory, that he had been kept chained ever since his arrival. In fact a bit of broken chain still hung in the collar about his neck, and suggested the reason of his being at large.

These observations were the result of a single glance, and then the young man turned his wondering eyes upon the form at his feet. It was that of a young woman, whose pretty but simple dress showed a figure of exquisite proportions, though considerable below the medium height. Her hair of bright brown, deeply tinged with red, had become unfastened in her wild flight, and clung about her shoulders and rolled thence, till it mingled with the dust in many a rippling wave. The straight brows and sweeping lashes were of a dark brown, the mouth was perfect in its ripe beauty, and the eyes, which as the youth still admiringly gazed at the still face suddenly opened and fixed themselves on his, were of a rich hazel.

Altogether, the stranger was one of the most beautiful women whom Percy Crownin-

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, NOV. 7th, 1867.

AN ATTEMPTED MONEY MONOPOLY

It is the general opinion, and a well-grounded one too, we believe, that Mr. King the head manager of the Bank of Montreal coolly and deliberately allowed the Commercial Bank to go by the board in order that his institution might take one step further towards monopolizing the money of Canada. When it became known that the Commercial was in such a position that it could not get on without assistance, the managers of the other Ontario banks were quite willing to come to the rescue, because they knew full well that its downfall would be prejudicial to their interests and those of the country generally. The bank of Montreal was asked to take its share of the responsibility involved in tiding over the Commercial, but Mr. King, its representative, utterly refused to do more than *lend* the other banks the funds, taking them of course, as security. In other words, well knowing that the bank of Montreal had nothing to fear from a monetary crisis, but rather everything to gain, he decided that the Commercial should go down. That decision sealed its fate, undoubtedly, and entailed a direct loss on the farmers of Upper Canada which would astonish them if the aggregate could be put down in round figures. Mr. King was not satisfied with that. He directly, we have reason to believe, set a train in motion which would have destroyed the Royal Canadian, unquestionably, if it had not been too strongly grounded in the estimation of the business community. He professed friendship, it is true, and said to its head officers that he was ready and willing to do the clean thing, but when the report spread that something was wrong with the Royal, and timid people began to withdraw their deposits from it, we find that, by a strange coincidence, agents of the Montreal Bank at various points refused to take its bills except *on collection*. Of course Mr. King know nothing of all this, and of course he denied that *he* had anything to do with such a scandalous transaction. And yet the strange coincidence is unexplained, and the uncharitable assert that no bank agent would be fool enough to take such a step without instructions, broadly hinted, or clearly conveyed, from headquarters. Bah! The intention was to crush the Royal Canadian Bank. The Bank of Montreal has a direct interest in doing so, as it makes a profit on every Provincial Note issued, and would double those profits if the other banks were out of the way. Such a transaction at this season is iniquitous. The produce of the country was being brought to market and sold at fair prices, and grain dealers as well as business men generally wanted an amount of accommodation which would not be required at any other time. The consequence is that their supplies are cut off for the time being, the price of wheat tumbles down at once, and the *people* are made to suffer directly because *one man* wishes to create a money monopoly. The people of this country have been long enough hampered and hedged in by monopolies. The Hudson's Bay is a gigantic monopoly, which we all want to see done away with. The Canada Company monopoly many of us feel to be a galling yoke, the railway monopoly is an established fact, and now an attempt is made to monopolize the money of the country. This is the last feather which breaks the camel's back. The *People* are not going to be cursed with any more monopolies, and if the recent bank troubles had taken place before the elections, they would have taught the Government that such a state of affairs is unendurable. Thank goodness, we send men from this section who are prepared to tell the Government what they think of a Banking system which has already borne such bitter fruit.

THE CLINTON MARKETS.

For the benefit of the farming community we made arrangements a few weeks ago, to receive the Clinton and Seaforth markets by special telegraph twice a week. After a short trial, however, the Clinton operator finds that it is too much of a strain upon his intellectual powers to spend ten minutes per week in obtaining information in which so many are interested, and he now declines to send in his reports if we do not arrange to have them handed to him. This is not easily done, and if our readers do not, in future, see the state of the Clinton market in the *Signal*, we wish them to understand that it is not because we are not willing to pay for the information. A Clinton friend says, the operator there hints that we changed the figures he sent, and hence the stoppage of our reports. That is pure buncombe. We challenge the telegraph operator, or any other man, to prove that a single figure of the market report was ever changed in this office. The Seaforth operator does not feel it any trouble to send us his market report, and we have to thank him in the name of our farming friends for his attention. If Mr. Dwight would look into little matters of this kind it would not hurt the interests of his company.

Hon. D. McDonald, hon. J. H. Cameron, and Messrs, Street and Gibbs are at Ottawa as a deputation from Western Banks to represent to Government its faulty position with reference to the Bank of Montreal.

DAYS' TAVERN.—In another place will be seen the card of Mrs. Days. Travellers who patronize her house will find it one of the best county houses in the country. We can confidently recommend it.

RAN AWAY.—A Mr. Treble, of Colborne, drove up to the Market yesterday, (Monday) and while he was attending to some business the horse took fright, ran around the square at a furious rate, smashed the buggy to smithereens, and started for home, as if possessed.

A HANDSOME MEDAL.

Col. Ross has submitted for our inspection the very handsome silver medal won by Private Pasmore at the recent Rifle Match. The value is 10 50, and the medal is a very fine specimen of the engraver's art. It bears the following inscription: "Presented by J. S. Porter, Seaforth, to the best shot in the private's match, won by private John Pasmore, No. 1 Co." On the reverse are the words. "Huron Battalion Annual Rifle Match," surrounding a wreath of maple leaves. Mr. Porter was so well pleased with the match that he has generously promised to give a gold medal for the same match next year if the successful competitor is a single man, or $20.00 to his wife, if he is married Such a spirit of generosity is very creditable to Mr. Porter, and will be duly appreciated.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

☞ The venerable Bishop Strachan died in Toronto on Friday last, in the 90th year of his age.

☞ The price of wheat is still rising in France.

☞ A farmer living in Downie went to Stratford during the money panic, and drew $3000 out of the bank in silver. He had a two bushel bag full.

☞ One of the claims against Sir Morton Peto amounts to the nice little sum of $80,000,000!

☞ The opening of Parliament at Ottawa is expected to be a great affair. Swallow-tails are to be the rule.

☞ Mr. Brown's absence, the *Globe* says, will be short.

☞ A full length portrait of hon. J. S. McDonald is to be placed in the Court House of Cornwell.

☞ Lower Canada is going to send a body of Zouaves to the assistance of the Pope.

☞ If you want a splendid article of hardware at the lowest price, be sure and give friend Gardiner a call. His stock is complete.

☞ L. W. Watson Esq., has opened out a splendid stock of bankrupt and new goods at Booth's old stand, which he is determined to sell off at fabulously low prices. See what he says about it in his advertisement.

☞ We advertise elsewhere something new, in the shape of a foot-warmer. It will be invaluable for sleighing, &c. One can be seen at this office.

☞ An important conversation in reference to Messrs. Acheson & Smith's store is printed elsewhere.

☞ News from China states that a great battle had been fought between the invading and the Imperial armies within about thirty miles of Pekin. The Tartar forces of the Emperor were defeated, the capital itself having been in great danger.

DESPONDING.—The Clinton people think they may bid good by to a large portion of their Northern trade in produce if the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway is built. It is proposed that a line be built between Clinton and Owen Sound. That would have precisely the effect of the line that is feared; in fact it would be infinitely worse for Clinton, as its trade would be limited to a very small area. Besides, the people of Huron have paid dearly enough for their railway experience already.

OBITUARY.—Thomas Sellar, Esq., late proprietor of the Montreal *Echo*, and Ex-President of the Press Association of Canada, died, of consumption, at Montreal, on Sunday the 27th ult., at the early age of 39 years. Deceased was a noble, high-minded, and warm-hearted gentleman, and his early loss will be sorely felt by those members of the profession who have enjoyed his acquaintance. His death, coming so soon after that of the gifted and lamented Tyner, is calculated to cast a gloom over the hearts of the fraternity. Mr. Sellar had only been married some eighteen months.

Mr. Galt's Resignation.

Hon. A. T. Galt has resigned his position in the ministry, for what reason has not yet been made public.

The Legislature of Ontario is to meet for the despatch of business on the 13th December.

ROME.

Once again history has "repeated itself," and an army is angrily knocking at the gates of Rome. Garibaldi, the the most remarkable military leader of modern times has gathered an army of some 12,000 men, and in spite of Papal bulls, French threats and Italian denunciations, he has advanced to the gates of the Eternal city, and at last accounts was throwing Orsini shells into it. Several battles of a desperate, hand-to-hand character have taken place between Garibaldians and Papal troops in the neighborhood of outlying villages during the past few days, the former claiming victories. One thing is certain, the people of Italy are fairly aroused, and whilst their king issues Proclamations denouncing the movement and its actors, *they* are determined that Rome shall be the capital of United Italy. Within the city all is trepedition. The Pope has fled from the Vatican, and, it is alleged, was on his way to Civitta Vecchia to place himself under the shelter of the French bayonets. It is now a race between Garibaldi and the French commanders. If he can get three clear days before the French troops are thrown into Rome, the probability is that he will hold the city, and once in his possession, he will be surrounded by multitudes ready and willing to unite in proclaiming the city an integral portion of the kingdom. On the contrary, we think it extremely unlikely that his brave but hastily mustered, and probably ill-provided soldiers can cope with any considerable force of French. The movement has reached its climax, and we confidently expect the result will be known in a very few days.

GREAT FIRE IN LUCKNOW!

13 BUILDINGS CONSUMED.

The village of Lucknow, at the head of the Northern Gravel Road, was visited by a terrible calamity on Saturday morning last, by which the best portion of the village was swept away. The fire originated in the stable attached to Campbell's Hotel, where it broke out about 2 o'clock, a. m. From the combustible nature of the surroundings, the stable was in a blaze in a very few moments. Thence the fire spread to the hotel. The high wind, which shifted during the progress of the conflagration from South to South-west, fanned the flames and carried the fire to adjoining buildings. The next place to take fire was the store of Mr. M. Campbell, which together with the storehouse and stable was destroyed. Most of Mr. Campbell's goods were saved. Bingham & Little's store shared the same fate, most of the goods being got out in a damaged condition. Then came in succession, under the influence of the devouring element, Mrs. Haffe's millinery shop, Alex. McKinnon's tailor shop, Mr. Garnash's dwelling house and shop, Dr. Garner's dwelling house, &c., thirteen buildings in all being consumed. This terrible loss was inflicted, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the villagers in their efforts to stay the progress of the conflagration. The total loss, which must be very heavy, and the amount covered by insurance, we have not learned, things being in a more or less confused state. Much sympathy is felt for those who are thus turned out of house and home at the commencement of the most inclement season of Canada.

TECNICAL.—The *Leader* treats Mr. Wood to a bit of quiet irony in the following fashion:—"Hon. Edmund Burk Wood, Treasurer of this Province, publishes a notification that "all payments to be made on account of the Ontario Government may be made to the Royal Canadian Bank and its agencies." *Just at the moment the run on this bank has ceased, the Provincial Government comes forward with this emphatic mark of its confidence.*"

No doubt the Royal people will feel deeply grateful to the Hon. Edmund for this "mark of his confidence," but if it had come a little sooner the marks of sincerity on its face would have been much more palpable.

THE SAILORS GONE.—On Wednesday last the officers and sailors manning the gunboat *Prince Alfred* during the summer departed by the 1.40 train to join their ship the *Aurora* at Quebec. The party were cheered on their departure by a large number of our citizens. Between them and the civilians the utmost good feeling has existed, and many of the hardy tars seemed to feel as bad at going as though they were leaving home, instead of returning to it.

HALLOW-E'EN was duly celebrated by the urchins of the town, who destroyed all the cabbages they could lay hands on, and yelled about the streets until they were tired, which closed the proceedings.

Goderich Township.

SURPRISE PARTY.—On Tuesday evening the 29th inst a party of 40 of the members of the N. C Methodist Church having met in the house of Mr. Clark, 6th con., and prepared themselves with well filled baskets &c. proceeded in a body to the parsonage occupied by the pastor, Rev. J. Shaw, and took possession at once. The baskets were then opened and the contents disposed of satisfactorily, after which Mr. Thomas Whitely read a short but complimentary address and Miss. Elizabeth Touchburn presented a purse to Mr. Shaw containing $23 00. The Rev. gentleman made a suitable reply thanking the doners for their kindness. The evening was spent very pleasantly with music on the melodion by Miss. M. Campbell, singing, &c.

A Good Story.

We commence to-day a capital story which we feel confident will please and interest a large number of our readers Read the opening chapter, and if you are not a subscriber send in your name and money at once. We shall keep an extra number of papers so that new subscribers can have the tale from the first.

PERSONAL.—Our member for the Commons, Mr. Cameron, leaves on Monday next for Ottawa to attend to his Parliamentary duties. During his absence his law and other business will be managed by his late partner, J. Y. Elwood Esq., Barrister, &c.

☞ The run on the Royal Canadian Bank here is quite over. Public confidence is fully restored, and the business of the agency is going on just as if nobody had been frightened.

HAY.

THE HONEST GERMAN.—An incident which recently took place in this township serves to illustrate strongly the innate simple honesty of the German character: In April last Hans (we will call him) bought a yoke of oxen from Jacob. It was agreed that the money should be paid in October, but to do the thing in a business-like way a note was to be made for the amount. Accordingly a note was drawn and signed by Hans. Perfectly satisfied, Jacob said Hans had better keep the note, as he would by that means know when it came due. At the day of maturity Hans forked over the amount, and said, "now de money ish pait, you keeps te note to show you I kep my vort goot mit you!" Comment is unnecessary.

☞ The severe gale of the past few days must have done much damage to our lake shipping. The steamer *Clinton* which left for Saginaw on Sunday last, was compelled to put back to Goderich for shelter, the *Silver Spray* got in early on Saturday evening. The schooner *N. C. Ford* lay at anchor in the offing on Sunday, but managed to get into the harbor on Monday morning, minus her top-gearing. Her loss is estimated at about $1500, and is covered by insurance. Beyond this, we have heard of no serious disasters.

BROOM CORN.—The Messrs. Dobson, of the Goderich Broom Factory have proved satisfactorily that broom corn can be grown to perfection in this locality.—During the past summer they cultivated about 20 acres of this corn which produced a very valuable return of "brush" fit for manufacturing purposes. If the first seed sown had been good, there is no doubt the crop would have been much better. Some of our farmers should turn their attention to the production of this article.

FIRE.—The steam mill at the Nile village was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night. The high wind of last night (Oct. 31) fanned the embers afresh, resulting in the burning of a store building, &c. As to insurance, etc., we have no no information.

☞ Some of Mr. Manning's cheese, just as good as the English article at 40 cents per lb. can be bought at Shephard & Strachan's for 15 cents per lb. Try it.

SOLICITOR GENERAL RICHARDS.—The St. Catharines Constitutional says, we learn that a constituency has been secured for Mr. Stephen Richards, where his return by acclamation is almost certain. We shall not at present name it, but it is not more than 1,000 miles from Lincoln, our readers will be able to exercise their ingenuity in guessing the location.

A PAINFUL SIGHT.—Last Friday evening a car containig 18 head of cattle and a few pigs, on the evening train coming east from Goderich caught fire, it is supposed from a spark from the engine, and before it was discovered it had made such progress as precluded the possibility of extinguishing the flames or removing the poor animals out of their fiery quarters. The piteous moans of the poor dumb beasts and the spectacle which their charred remains presented was painful in the extreme. They were shipped, we understand by Mr. Fowler, Harpurhey.—*Beacon.*

COLBORNE.

PLOUGHING MATCH.—The annual ploughing match of the Colborne Ploughing Match Association, was held on Wednesday, the 30th Oct., on the farm of Mr. James Sallows, and as far as it went was quite a success. The day was fine and the field good, considering the dryness of the season, and the ploughing in general was good; the only drawback was the want of competition in the mens' class. There were 10 ploughs entered; 6 boys and 4 men. The first prize was taken by Thomas Sallows, second prize by Robert Buchanan, 3rd by Hugh Gurvin, and the 4th by Alex. Robertson. Boys—1st prize, a drill cultivator, valued $8.00, a donation from Robert Runciman, Esq.; 2nd prize, Thomas Johnston; 3rd Charles Girvin; 4th, James Glen; 5th James McDonogh, jr.; 6th James Young. The first prize of both the men and boys was taken with the same ploughs that took the first prizes at the Goderich Exhibition this year, and manufactured by R. Runciman. The judges on the occasion were Messrs. Monteith of Hulleff, A. Sands of Colborne, and Jno. Salkeld, jr., of Goderich. Our funds were ample, thanks to the liberality of the following public-spirited gentleman, who, unasked, for the purpose of encouraging agriculture, subscribed the following sums: Our worthy reeve, Wm. Young, Esq., $10.00, and W. T. Hays, our member of Assembly, $5 00; and Dr. P. A. McDougall, $5.00. For which we beg them to accept our best thanks. And last, though not least, our friend Mr. Sallows, for the handsome manner that he treated not only the ploughmen, but the committee and directors, together with a number of friends, to a splendid supper consisting of all the substantials, and many of the delicacies of the season, to which ample justice was done.

P. ROBERTSON,
Secretary.

Colborne, Nov. 2, 1867.

Latest European News.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 1, evening.—The trial of Allen and four other prisoners was concluded to-day before the Special Commission. They were convicted of murder and have received the sentence of death. The cases of the rest of the accused will be tried on Monday, to which day the court has adjourned. The proceedings cause extraordinary interest here.

DUBLIN, Nov. 1, evening.—The trial of Gen. Warren is now progressing before the Commissioner.

LONDON, Nov 1. evening.—The holiday has been generally observed here and on the Continent. Little business has been transacted here or in Liverpool and the markets all closed early. The commercial despatches sent from London and Liverpool at 2 p. m. contain the closing quotations of the day.

FLORENCE, Oct, 31.—A battalion of Italian Garibaldian volunteers from this city, which has just marched for the frontier, has been stopped at Larni on the way by Italian troops. The King's government has ordered that the revolutionary relief committees both here and in the provinces shall be closed. Garibaldi's demonstrations continue to be made daily in all the chief towns of Italy.

A bulletin, issued by the Italian Relief Committee, says that Garibaldi's arrival in Italy has modified the plans of the insurgents and of the revolutionary party.

The North German Parliament has passed a resolution calling upon the federal Chancellor to introduce at next session a measure relating to trade, based upon free trade principles.

LONDON, Nov. 2, noon.—There is no longer any doubt that the French troops have entered the Holy City.

The Italian reserve has been called out.

It is reported on good authority that the Government of Prussia has pledged her support to Italy in the event of a rupture of the friendly relation between that country and France. It is known that there is a crisis in the relations between France and Prussia, which causes much uneasiness and apprehension in monetary circles.

LATER.

LONDON, Nov. 2, 3 p. m.—General Menabrea, the Prime Minister of Italy, in a note, justifies the advance of the Italian troops into the Papal territories. He says the dignity of the Italian Government and the violation of the September treaty by the French required this movement.

DUBLIN, Nov. 2, noon.—The trial of Gen. Warren, for complicity in Fenianism, was concluded last evening. He was found guilty of treason and felony.

GARIBALDI AND ROME.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2—A *Herald* special says:—Garibaldi's camp is at Castle Vulbiero, five miles distant from Rome, on the 30th Oct. On this day, Wednesday, in the morning, Garibaldi had at his headquarters, under his immediate command, 3, 000 revolutionary soldiers. The men are well armed and have plenty of provisions. The General has no artillery except two brass guns taken from the Papal soldiers during the fight at Monte Rotondo. They have no tents, and there is very little discipline maintained. The rear is unguarded. Garibaldi's headquarters in the field is placed at a point