have something to remind him with. But whilst he lived, old Peggy wanted for nothing, and she didn't need to tell him what she knew would only plague him. But now it's different. No one sees after her now, and she's getting old, and has no friends but Brimstone. He's her friend, aint you, old Brim? And so, young gentleman, we've come to see you, and see what you will do for us, and if you want do anything, we'll go to the handsome young gentleman who came to see us, and tell our story to him—"

"Perdition!" muttered her hearer, savagely. "And what do you demand for holding your lying old tongue, you miserable creature?"

"O, not much. We don't want much, Brim, do we? We want our house fixed up a little, and we want two of those beautiful yellow gold pieces, the first day of every month, and we want Zimri to come home and live with us, and wait upon us—but poor Zim wont like to lose his wages, so we want his wages to go on just as if he was here—"

"Anything else," asked Roland, sarcastically.

"No, I don't know as we want anything else, do we, Brimstone?" replied Peggy, thoughtfully. "Unless it's a new feather-bed, and a pair of blankets—yes, we want them in the cold nights that's coming, and some bottles of good wine—Peggy used to like the good wine at the big house, and she never gets any now."

"Well, you horrible old creature, supposing I complied with your extortions, and gave you all these, how can I be secure that you wont be back upon me for more, before the month is out?"

"You can't," returned Peggy, coolly, "you can't have anything, except my promise to make you sure, and I suppose you wont value that much?"

"About as much as I should the breath of wind that whistles through that keyhole," returned Roland, contemptuously.

"It's a bad fix, for the young gentleman, Brimstone, aint it?" inquired Peggy putting her cat's head. "But I don't see what he's to do about it, for if we go to Dr. Athorne, and ask him to read our letter and give us his advice—and if we go to the handsome young gentleman, and ask for his advice, why, the master here will lose more than if he gave us all we wanted, three and four times over, wouldn't he?"

"That's supposing your story true, and that you can prove it true," interposed Roland, in a voice which he vainly tried to render assured and confident. "But if it's false, as I believe it to be?"

"Well, well, Brim, we'll go and see the old doctor, the shrewd, cunning old doctor" said Peggy, shaking the ashes out of her pipe, and putting it into her bosom. "Perhaps, he'll be able to make the young man whose name isn't Crowninshield, believe old Peggy's story, and after he has stepped down, and the handsome young man whose name is Crowninshield has stepped up, why then maybe, Brim, he'll think it would have been cheaper to have given us the blankets, and the money, and the feather-bed, and the wine, and Zimri, and the patch on the roof. Come, Brimstone, come, wise cat"

But Roland, perceiving that the old woman had really risen, and was hobbling toward the door, intercepted her.

"Stop, Peggy," said he, with a shallow effort to put on a conciliatory manner. "Sit down again, and hear what I have to say. I don't—I can't believe your story. You are old, and have lived alone dreaming over old times till you have forgotten which are the events that really occured and which are those that might have occured."

"He, he—hear that, old Brim? Just you hark to that, knowing cat! Thinks we're too old to recollect taking him out of the basket that night—a little, black, ugly baby—the black's struck in now, Brimsey, struck way in to his heart—that's what makes him so false. He, he, he! we aint quite so far gone as that, old boy, are we though?"

"Well, well, let that pass, said Roland, bridling his impatience. "What I was going on to say, is this: Though I don't believe a single word of your story, I acknowledge that you was nurse to my brother and myself, and as I have been informed, fulfilled your duties with uncommon fidelity and tenderness."

"Yes, I was kind to her and her boy," mattered Peggy, uneasily glancing about the room.

"To both her boys," said Roland, emphatically. "And for that faithful performance of duty, you deserve reward, and you shall have it. The indulgence for which you have asked, shall be granted you—except as to the ready money, that is an exorbitant request. My means are much more contracted than those of my father." I shall be obliged to live with the most rigid economy to live at all, and you must be content with one gold piece every month."

"And Zimri's wages?" demanded Peggy, greedily.

"Well, yes, I suppose you need some one to take care of you, and it is no more than common humanity to allow you to have your grandson."

"Specially when you can't help yourself, young man, whose name I don't know, he, he, he—eh, Brimmy?" chuckled the crone, but Roland without appearing to hear what she said went hastily on:

"Yes, you shall have Zimri, and you shall have all the rest, but how am I to know that you wont go right away and tell this foolish story you have fancied, to Dr. Athorpe, or any one else who will listen to it?"

"Write down a promise, and we'll put our names to it," said Peggy, briefly.

"I'd about as soon have the paper with out the promise," muttered Roland, but at the same time he hastily wrote upon a sheet of note paper, the following lines:

"I, Peggy Waterman, in consideration of certain benefits to be conferred on me by Roland Crowninshield, do hereby promise never to repeat to any living person, and never to put into Roland, and never to throw out any hints, discompetency to hold the estate of his late father, Judge Richard Crowninshield."

"That will do," said Peggy, when the young gentleman had finished writing and had read the lines aloud "Now we'll put our mark on it." Seizing a little knife which lay upon the table, the old woman with a rapid motion inflicted a slight cut upon her arm, and as the blood trickled out, held it over the blank paper below the writing.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Roland. "What are you doing, you horrible creature?"

"Wait a bit, and you'll see," said Peggy coolly, as having covered a spot about as large as a quarter of a dollar with blood, and suddenly drew down her sleeve, and stooping raised her great cat in her arms.

"There, that's my mark, and here's Brimstone's," said she, pinning the animal's paw in the spot of blood, and then upon the white paper below, where it left a full impression. "Now write—'Peggy Waterman, her mark'—under that," continued she. "And it'll hold us as tight as anything can hold us," confused she, coolly, as she pushed the paper toward the astonished spectator of her proceedings.

"What is the use of all this mummery?" asked Roland, looking with a disgust he did not attempt to conceal at the blood-stained paper before him. "But it is as well to humor her," added he, under his breath, and seizing a pen he hastily wrote the required words, and pushing the paper into a drawer he turned the key upon it,

"Now give us the first yellow boy, and to-morrow send Zim up with the bed, and the blankets, and the wine," said Peggy, gleefully, "and we'll be off."

Without reply, Roland tossed a golden eagle toward her eyes upon it for a moment, and then stowed it away in her bosom muttering:

"That's what I like, round and yellow, and shining—just like the sun—wonder if the sun's all gold. That's why you're the most beautiful cat in the world, Brim 'cause you're so yellow—yellow like gold. Come now, age Brim, come home, and we'll talk it all over alone, come, Brimmy."

The obedient animal, purring assent, ran on before to the door, which Roland opened and then following his guests through the hall, watched until he saw them safely started down the avenue. Then he returned to the library, where carefully locking the doors he gave himself up to a fit of rage and despair.

"It's true, I know it's true," thought he, gnawing fiercely at his nails. "I saw it in every glance of her horrible old eyes, heard it in every tone of her ghostly voice. She never could have invented such a consistent story—and written that letter, too—no, never. Besides, I feel it in my blood—I was never twin brother of Percy Crowninshield, never. I am my mother's boy, as she called me in that letter. But where is she—where does she hide her blighted life? I believe, I feel that I could take her in my arms and forgiving all the wrong of my birth, love her, and cling to her, and comfort her, so long as we both should live. What, if leaving all this, this to which I have no right I devote myself to finding her, or her grave? But have I no right—surely Judge Crowninshield—my father, surely he knew when he left that singular testament, that I, the bastard (the old hag gave me my true name), had an equal chance with his lawful son. But then the question comes up, had he, had Judge Crowninshield himself a right to thus disinherit the only direct scion of his house, for no fault, in favor of such an one as I, who could establish no claim, of birth, physiognomy, character, or well-doing, to the heirship?

"Unquestionably, Percy should be the master of Falcon's Eyrie. To my own heart I may confess it, though never to the world. All who know us prefer him. His genial nature, frank heart, and handsome face, win friends at every hand. He is honorable, manly, generous, noble, while I—I, blasted in my very birth—stunted and warped in nature, by the warring of discordant elements forcibly bound together in my organization; I, who have hated my brother because I envied him, who have abused the advantage our father's eccentricity has given me, till I began to hate him afresh because I had so wronged him—I, who have not for months done, or said, or thought anything of consequence for which I should not blush—I—what am I, that men or women either should love me or respect me? They do not—they yield to my position, but they refuse me their hearts—I may be feared, but not one human being loves me."

The lord of Falcon's Eyrie laid his head upon his folded arms, and groaned aloud in very bitterness of spirit. Then he proudly raised his head, and one might see that tears were crowding to his eyes, but were dried before they fell by the fever heat of those gloomy orbs.

"Why should I stay, battling thus for the place which is of right another's?" thought he, again. "I will leave it all. I will throw sycophants and insolents alike behind me—I will go out into the world, and look for that one being of all mankind who is bound to love me—I will find my mother. The crone will then tell her story to all, and all will know why I have fled. Perdition—I could not bear that—I could not live, and know that the village gossips were sweetening their teacups night after night, with the story of my mother's frailty, and my disgrace. No, I will tell Percy myself—I know him, I can trust him—I can trust him. If he was in my place and I in his, I should sneer, and triumph in my superiority. So will not he. He will be more forbearing, more magnanimous, when he finds me in the dust—nay, why should I speak thus? I am not humbled—I am not fallen—I am only concentrated within myself, instead of leaning back against an ancestral tree for support. I am insolated from the world, but I remain myself. I am Roland still, if no longer Roland Crowninshield. No man has a right to despise me, and of all men Percy will not assume that right. I will tell him everything."

Full of this scheme, the young man rose quickly, and passing into the hall, directed Xerxes to request Mr. Percy to meet him in the library.

"Mas'r Percy done gone way," said the negro, glancing with inquisitive horror at the library door.

"Gone away—where?" asked his master.

"Specs to the dokker's sar. He den got on he horse, and rid away, jes' after you shet youself up wid de—pusson, dat come to see you."

"Tell them to bring round my horse directly," said his master, briefly, as he put on his hat and gloves and stepped out upon the porch, where he stood waiting with feverish impatience till his order could be executed. Thus standing, his eye roved over the magnificent landscape spread before him with new interest.

"A fair scene," muttered he, "And one that I shall remember when far away. And Vivian Lodge! Ah, Percy will marry Rose. I had not thought of Rose, when I gave up all the rest. Rose, for whom I have schemed and waited, and almost pledged my soul to perdition. For whom, and to whom, I have sworn that lies were truths, that white was black, and black was white. Can I give her up? Might I not take her with me? Pshaw, a tender girl, who knows hardship and danger and poverty barely by name, not at all by sight, to lead the life I have been scheming? Was ever such a mad idea! If that old hag had but been choked before she opened her foul lips this morning. But the truth would have been the same. Yes, but I should not have had her known it, and it would not have hurt me. O, this miserable doubt!"

"Your hoss, sir," said Zimri, at the foot of the steps, holding in one hand the bridle rein of the elegant horse, with which some years before Roland had been presented by his indulgent father.

"My splendid black Mahmoud. He, too!" murmured Roland, as slowly descending the steps, he mounted, and rode at a pace very different from that he would have taken a few minutes previously.

"After all, why may we not live here together as we have done all our lives? Percy would be more than willing to share with me—and our father evidently could not bring himself to disinherit me. I will propose that we neither of us marry, and remain here all our lives, happy as we were while boys. But Percy is engaged—pshaw, he doesn't care for the girl, any one can see that. At any rate he must promise never to marry, for if he does, there will not be enough for both of us. Can I make Rose promise to remain single also—perhaps. But how can I give her up—the treasure coveted for years, and now within my grasp? If I should marry and make Peggy live with us all his life, an honored guest. He wouldn't do it. Maud Merriton wouldn't let him. No, we must both remain single and live together, that is best. And, perhaps, why need I tell him—not just yet, at all events. I can make him master in reality if not in name. I can yield in everything. I can treat him with deference, with affection; he would be happier so with his affectionate heart, then to know that I, so many years his equal in all outward standing, his twin brother as he has grown up to call me, was a homeless and nameless wanderer upon the face of the earth. An outcast indeed. Did my father think of me, when he affixed that title to one of our names?

"I will not see Percy now. I will go and see Rose. I must have time to think of what I shall say. I must weigh advantages and disadvantages more deliberately." And Roland shook the bridle, and turned Mahmoud toward Vivian Lodge.

CHAPTER IX.

"Way do you go so often to Mrs. Bartell's lately?" inquired Miss Vivian, pointedly of her *fiance*, as she sat beside her work-table, playing with the skeins of various colored worsted spread before her.

"Why do you suppose I do?" asked Roland, suddenly remembering that as he approached the house, he had seen the petite form of Mary Graham just leaving the grounds by a side entrance.

"O, a little bird tells me, or the Brownies—or a tipping-table, or instinct, or something else," said Miss Vivian, with an affectation of gayety. "At any rate, I know it."

"Well, why shouldn't I go there?" asked her lover.

"Because, I don't think it looks well," said Rose, in a little embarrassment.

"Don't think what, or who, looks well? Mrs. Bartell?"

"Nonsense. I mean that when you haven't been used to going frequently, it looks very suspicious to see you haunting the house, now that there is a pretty girl in it, as much as—"

"As who says that I do?" inquired Roland, gravely.

"Who? Nobody. I didn't say anybody said so, did I?"

"No, but of course somebody did, or was it only your own jealous fancy, *ma belle?*" inquired Roland, with more unconcern than he really felt, for it was indeed true, that he had been a constant visitor at Mrs. Bartell's, and had amused himself by trying to conquer the obstinate aversion of the pretty seamstress, whom he would at once have forgotten had she appeared to fancy him. It was, however, a considerable annoyance to find that his naughty mistress had been informed of his visits, and was likely to make a point of their discontinuance.

"My jealous fancies, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Vivian, with a slight toss of the head, and a contemptuous curl of the mouth, and a contemptuous curl of her beautiful mouth. "As if I should trouble myself to be jealous—of you, Roland! No, all I mean is, that I don't choose a person connected with me should make himself the talk of the town of Riverside in connection with the village seamstress, and I desire, sir, you will go no more to Mrs. Bartell's.

"Where are your robe and sceptre, and the crown, beautiful Czarina?" asked Roland, mockingly. "What a tyrant it is, or would be, if her subjects were only serfs and forced to obedience?"

To this badinage, Miss Vivian designed no reply, and after a slight Pause Roland Continued:

"Besides, I go to protect this lamb from the jaws of that wolf Percy, whom Mrs. Bartell fears will devour her bodily,"

(*To be Continued.*)

TIME TABLE, G. T. R.
BUFFALO AND GODERICH DISTRICT,

ARRIVE.

Description of train.	*Time.*
Accomodation	12:30 a.m.
Express mail	3:00 p.m.
Mixed	10:50 "

DEPART.

Express mail	6:30 a.m.
Accomodation	1:45 p.m.
Mixed	4.45 "

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, DEC. 5th, 1867

A PROPOSED POSTAL INIQUITY

A proposed iniquity embraced in the New Postal Bill just introduced into the Canadian Parliament is meeting with universal condemnation from the Press of the Dominion. It is no less than that the newspaper publishers of the country should pay one-half cent postage in advance on all newspapers issued from their respective offices, after a specified date. Now we wish to add our voice to the general condemnation of a measure so manifestly unjust. It is well known that but a few of our Canadian newspapers have been able to carry out strictly the cash system, owing, not so much to the inability of the people to pay, as to the scattered nature of the subscription to any largely circulated journal. Under the old system, subscribers generally paid their postage, whether they ever paid the publisher or not; hence any losses sustained were manifestly by the latter. But this new wrinkle makes the newspaper publisher responsible for the *honesty* of all with whom he may deal—whether the number be 1000 or 20,000. No such class wrong-infliction can be found upon the pages of our Canadian Statute Books, and we trust the governing powers will be induced to turn aside the blow which, if it falls, must inevitably cripple or extinguish half the newspapers of the country. If newspapers were carried free, it would be the best thing to spread enlightenment and general intelligence through the land. The Press Association should take the matter up without delay.

INDEMNITY OF MEMBERS.

The House of Commons have passed what is called the Indemnity Bill. The pay of members is to be the same as that of the old Canadian Parliament. The *Globe* of Monday says of it:—"For a session of thirty days or less the rate of pay will be $6.00; for a session of quarter length, the gross sum of $600 will be paid. Deductions at the rate of $5 for each day's absence, will be made from the pay of each member—but no deductions are to be made for absence on days when the House is not in session, or when the member is prevented from attending by sickness, provided that he is at the seat of Government, or within ten miles of it. A member who attends less than thirty-one days during the session is only to get $6 per day for the days upon which he was present, or "consecutively" present at the sitting of the House. For the present session, members are to get $6 per day for the current portion of the session, and $300 for the second portion of the session, provided that shall extend beyond thirty days. The effect of this will, undoubtedly, be to swell the allowance for the whole session to nearly $900 for each member who attends during the whole session. Members are to receive payment at the rate of ten cents per mile—going and returning—in travelling between their residence and the seat of Government. The mileage is to be calculated by the shortest mail route; and in case Parliament is adjourned for more than thirty days—as will be the case during the present session—mileage is to be allowed for the journey performed, or supposed to be performed, during the recess. The payments for mileage for this session will, therefore, be double the usual figure."

The Dominion Salt Company.

We bring before the public to-day, through our advertisement columns, for the first time, the name of the above company. It is composed of perfectly sound men, and they will be prepared to go to work as soon as the boring contract has been let. Their site is on three acres of the salt territory advertised last week by Mr. Cameron, for which they pay the nice little sum of $11000.00 per acre! Not a bad rise, when we consider that the same land was not worth more than about $300 per acre a few months ago.

BRICK MAKING.—As it is now all but certain that a large amount of building of a superior class will be done next summer, we again urge upon some interested person the advisibility of going into the business of brick-making as early as practicable, and to make the necessary arrangements this winter. There is not a decent house to be found vacant in town just now; but what will it be in spring?

WOOD.—Farmers in the neighborhood of Goderich who have cordwood-land left, have, we are informed, made up their minds that cordwood must go up to $1 per cord next summer, if not this winter. This is a foolish policy, for salt manufacturers will be compelled, if prices are *forced* up to an extravagant pitch, to ship by rail and water from the immense supplies of hardwood to be found anywhere in Huron and Bruce. It is pleasing to see farmers profit by the development of a new resource, but we would urge upon them to allow wood to reach its highest level through the natural laws of demand and supply. As it is, wood is dear enough at this moment to be almost beyond the reach of poor people.

NO THANK YOU.—In former years we used to tremble, almost, when two or three loads of wood drew up in front of the *Signal* office for fear it would be forced on us in payment for the paper.—Now, however, an offer to pay in wood is unknown—farmers are independent in the matter. All right, gentlemen! But when you get those big prices, don't forget to leave $1.50 of it this way!

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.—The anniversary missionary services of the Wesleyan Church of this town will be held in the Church, North street, on Sunday next, when sermons will be preached at the usual hours by Rev gentlemen from a distance, and on Monday evening following, when addresses will be delivered by several gentlemen.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for December, 1867.—This magazine bids fair to become a favorite in Canadian families, for which it is peculiarly adapted, there being, besides solid articles, a department for children, popular sacred songs, &c. The contents of this number are varied and interesting.

BLACKWOOD for November contains a number of able and interesting articles such as Brownlows, part XI; Conversation, Linda Tressel, O'Dowderies, The Impending Crisis in America, &c. Republished by L. Scott, Publishing Co., New York.

The Atlantic Monthly.

For December, contains the conclusion of Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel": Minor Elizabethan Dramatists, by E. P. Whipple; Among the workers in Silver, by James Parton; Literature as an Art, by T. W. Higginson; A Young Desperado, by T. B. Aldrich; Our Pacific Railroads, by J. K. Medbery; A Visit to the Belerich Island, by Bayard Taylor; A Misterious Personage by John Neal.—and six other stories, essays and poems. The publisher offer the following

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

Charles Dickens will furnish an Original Story entitled "George Silverman's Explanation," to run through three or four numbers.

Dr. I. I. Hayes, the Arctic Voyager, will contribute a series of papers on "Life in Greenland and the Arctic Regions," similar in character to "Doctor Moike."

James Parton will continue to furnish articles on cities of the United States, with prominent Industrial and other topics. An article on "Pittsburg" will appear in the January number.

Bayard Taylor, who is now in Europe, will contribute regularly papers on "Out-of-the-way corners of the Old World."

Two excellent Serial Stories will be commenced in the January number.

Ralph Waldo Emerson will commence his contributions for the year with an article on "Aspects of Culture," which will be given in the January number.

Edward Everett Hale, Author of "The Man without a Country," will contribute frequently throughout the year. His first paper for 1868 will appear in the January number, under the name of "A Week in Sybaris."

Edwin P. Whipple will continue his series of admirable articles on English Literature.

John Meredith Read, jr., Author of "An Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson," will contribute a series of Historical Articles of deep personal interest.

William J. Stillman, United States Consul in Crete, will furnish a series of papers giving his experience and observations during the struggle of the last year or two between the Greeks and Turks.

Charles Dawson Shanly will contribute regularly.

Several new contributors who have already made their mark in the Magazine, have sent in capital articles which will appear during the coming year.

Among the regular writers for the Atlantic, in addition to those already named, are Longfellow, Lowell Holmes Whittier, Curtis, Mrs. Stow, Mrs. Child, Bryant, Agassiz, Hazewell, Trowbridge, Wasson, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Higginson, Aldrich, Mrs. Diaz, and scores besides of the best writers in the country. The Atlantic Monthly is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at Four Dollars a year. It and their favorite Juvenile Monthly, "Our Young Folks," are sent together for Five Dollars.

WRECK OF THE EXPLORER.—We regret to learn of the total wreck of the schooner Explorer, and the loss of two of her crew, on the 11th inst. The schooner which was well known in our port, as used for yatching purposes by Mr. Waddel, brother-in-law to D. S. Gooding Esq. started from the St. Clair on the 8th, partly laden, for the Georgian Bay, when she encountered a fearful snow storm in the midst of which she was dashed upon a rock near Yeo Island on the 11th, as stated. At the time the two men were below endeavoring to shift the displaced cargo, when, no doubt, they were crushed to pieces. Capt. Waddel, brother of the gentleman named, clung to the wreck, and after terrible sufferings succeeded in getting to Colpoy's Bay where his exhausted frame was restored by the usual means.

STEAM AXE FACTORY.—Encouraged by the extensive sale of his axes made by hand, and compelled by the increased demand for them, Mr. John McPherson has purchased and set up steam machinery which will enable him to extend his operations. Such an enterprise should be encouraged by all who believe in the beneficial influence of Home Manufacture, and who wish, at the same time, to secure a really good chopping axe.

☞ The Goderich Commercial Academy has been in successful operation for more than a year and now affords superior advantage to all who wish to acquire a practical business education. The course of instruction is comprehensive and thorough and cheaper than can be obtained elsewhere. Hundreds pay *thirty five dollars* for a course no better than can be had here for *Twenty*. A diploma will be given for the same prize as at any of the Commercial Colleges. Lectures on Commercial Law will be given regularly during the winter. Students should enter without delay.

CROWING.

The result of the late parliamentary election for North Huron was the return of Mr. Whitehead for the Commons and Mr. Hays for the House of Assembly for Ontario. It is the duty, under British rule, of the defeated, to bow to the recognized decision of the victors in the contest, and all men, of good feeling, are satisfied if they can gain the ascendency they seek. Mr. W. T. Hays does not seem to be satisfied with this. He was elected because Mr. Gibson was seriously ill at and before the time of election, and because, perhaps, a few reformers proved recreant to their principles; but, so far from being satisfied with the temporary advantage he has gained, Mr. Hays lends himself to the low and degrading work of endeavoring to run Mr. Gibson out of the receveship of Howick.—Such a disposition on his part is mean and contemptible,—worse than we would have accused him of under any circumstances, had we not before us the utterances of his penny whistle. Mr. Gibson *may* be run out of the receveship of Howick, and Mr. Pickford, whoever he may be, may be the favored man; but we say without fear of contradiction, that a better or more honest man than Thomas Gibson will never sit in the County Council.—Mr. Hays may threaten to run Mr. Gibbons out of the receveship of Goderich, or Mr. Horton out of the Deputy Receveship, but he will learn that he is not a municipal autocrat, and that even members of a local parliament may find their true level.

THE SUMMER HOTEL.

The public meeting to take into consideration the Summer Hotel question was held in the Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening last, Robert Gibbons, Esq., in the chair. After some conversation as to the kind of buildings most desirable, site, &c., it was resolved that a committee be appointed to consider and report upon the initiatory measures, when Messrs. Gibbons, Savage, Crabb, Horton, Gordon, Johnston, McDougall, Ross, Widder and Hays were duly nominated. A meeting of the committee was appointed for the following Thursday afternoon, but as the only persons present on the occasion were Messrs. Gibbons and Savage, we may fairly conclude that the salt excitement has superceded other considerations for the moment.

☞ The Town Council did not meet on Friday evening last, owing to the storm. It will meet, however, on Friday evening next.

Ainleyville.

PLOUGHING MATCH.—The inhabitants of Ainleyville and vicinity, hearing of ploughing matchers in other parts of the county, and being determined not to be left in the shade got up a subscription list for the purpose of holding a Ploughing match within the limits of Morris and Grey. The competition took place on the farm of Arch. Lamont Esq. lot No. 9 7th con. Grey, on the 16th inst. Although it was a "raw and gusty day," ploughs to the number of 15 or 16 were upon the ground, and their owners apparently quite confident and hopeful. One could fancy that each of them was quietly chuckling over the conviction that he knew a wrinkle or two about plowing, that his compeers were deficient in. Considering the roughness of the ground, the work was really excellent, but it is to be regretted that the managers of the affair saw fit to prohibit iron ploughs from competing, such a step may at first sight seem calculated to give a chance to those who have not got iron ploughs; but when parties attempt to raise the standard of agriculture, and at the same time debar from their competition those who are trying to raise the standard of their implements; they appear to me to be directly militating against their ostensible object. The following is the list of prizes, with the names of the makers of the ploughs annexed where known.

MEN'S CLASS.

1st, prize $ 8.00, Alt. Forsyth, *W. R.* Wilson plough
2nd " 6.00, Thos Calder, *W. R.* Wilson plough.
3rd, " 5.00, Jas. Taylor, Vaughn plough.
4th, " 4.00, Jas. Cawings, Matthews plough
5th, " 3.00, David Dobson, Vaughn plough.

BOYS' CLASS.

1st prize $ 5.50, Charles Ingram, *W. R.* Wilson plough
2nd " 4.50, Peter Scott, Grey plough
3rd, " 3.00, J. Ritchardson *W. R.* Wilson plough
4th, " 2.00, McKelvie W. R. Wilson plough
5th, " 1.00, Jno. W. Young, *W. R.* Wilson plough.

It is but justice to the boys to state that their plowing in the opinion of the judges and the "Crowd" was fully equal to that of the majority of the men.

HERMES.

FARM ITEMS.

In countries where the farms are small the best breed of hens are found, at least they produce more eggs.

Now is a good time to make grape cuttings. Select ripe wood, have too eyes, and pack in sand or moss in the cellar.

In Claridon, Ohio, the ladies have a Farmers' Club of their own, where they discuss domestic affairs, manners, and morals.

Of course children should be well bred; and it is as important that hogs should be, for, then, less corn is required to fatten them.

Homestead farms of 160 acres still can be had in Iowa at a cost of $15. For two years the population has increased 6,000 a month.

A Westchester County farmer pastures his meadows two years when they fail to produce two tuns of hay to the acre, and this restores them.

It has been discovered that stone drains are best, because craw-fish breed in them, and dig roads and avenues for 20 feet on each side. When tile are laid, they do not do this.

The Minister of Finance was re-elected for Huntingdon by acclamation.

The Sarnia Town Council are going to memorialize the Governor General to admit a steam fire engine for the use of the town, duty free.

Here is a fresh text for our legislators. During the present year, up to Wednesday last, there have arrived at New York 224,279 emigrants, nearly 7000 more than last year.

CHARLES DICKENS.—An extract from a letter by Dickens is published in the Montreal Gazette, from which it is probable he will give a few Canadian readings in April next.

MEETING OF THE LOCAL PARLIAMENT.—The Ontario Legislature, is called together, by proclamation, for the despatch of business on Friday, 27th December.

Hon. Mr. McGee's health still continues much depressed. His medical attendants advise stimulants to keep him up, but he refuses to act upon their advise. It is feared he will not be able to take his seat in the House before the adjournment.

The Bill now before Parliament has had the effect of sending Commercial Bank Stock up from 20 to 25.

STRAY CATTLE.—As this is a good time of year to advertise stray cattle, those who have lost cattle, horses, sheep, &c., during the summer or fall should send in their notices without delay. If an animal has really strayed, an advertisement finds it out in eight cases out of ten, and, besides, no private search can be prosecuted so cheaply or extend so far. It is also the duty of those into whose farms animals stray, to advertise them without delay. It is most advisable to send a dollar with your notices on all occasions. Several such advertisements will be found in this issue.

HOOPS.—Mr. A. Young, of Sarnia, advertises salt-barrel Hoops for sale cheap. We recommend those interested to give him a trial.

SOCIAL.—A social tea-meeting, to be given by the young men who are members and adherents of the Wesleyan Church, will be held in the basement, on Friday evening next at 7 o'clock. A general attendance is invited.

☞ A journalist who charges a contemporary with going down upon his knees, because he apologises for an *unintentional* injury to the feelings of a professional man, knows but little of the amenities of civilized life.

☞ A tory contemporary attempts a fling at Mr. Cameron because he dares to leave Ottawa for a few days, while the House is in session. When we explain that Mr C. was brought home by the serious illness of one of his children, the public will be able to appreciate the generosity of the thing.

☞ The engine has been purchased, we learn, for the boring of the proposed well on Mr. Mackid's property, Nelson Street.

☞ Work is to be commenced at once on the Shephard, Dancy & Co's well.

☞ The original salt well, with its two splendid blocks, under the able and faithful superintendence of Mr. R. Walker, is turning out nearly 600 bbls of fine salt per week, for which, we are happy to say, a ready sale is found. Just think what a handsome sum of money it brings weekly from all parts of the Province of Ontario—at even $1.50 per barrel.

☞ Several lake vessels were wrecked during the recent storm, but the loss of life has been comparatively small.

☞ We have not yet received a full list of the officers, members and p. o. addresses of the local committees. Will our friends send them in to Mr. Cox without delay.

☞ Pay your taxes before the 16th of the month.

PRESENTATION.—On the evening of Saturday 15th inst., a deputation from the congregation of the Canada Presbyterian Church, Bayfield Road, Stanley, waited on Robert Delgaty, Esq., (as a surprise party), and in brief but suitable terms presented him with a handsome melodeon, Piano style (by Andrus Bros.) value $80.00 together with music stool, and music book in acknowledgement of his efficient and valued services, for many years, as their precentor, and as a token of the respect and esteem of his fellow worshippers.

American Book-Buyers in England.

The London correspondent of the *Book-Buyer* says:—

"Though fewer than usual of the members of what is called 'The Trade' have been seen in Europe this year from the United States, their absence has been well atoned for by the number of private book-buyers, who are daily encountered in the ordinary places of literary resort. Indeed, when the booksellers meet, and casually discuss the state of business—'Any Americans about?' or 'Many Americans in town?' are the first words that pass between them. A week or two since, any one making the round of a few prominent booksellers, might have seen at one, an ex Governor of the Keystone State busy in making a choice selection of standard literature; a little further on a Cincinnati merchant (lately retired from business) would be encountered reveling in the purchase of the most expensive and costly book varieties that money can purchase, while near by, the representative of the firm whose name is most widely associated with the rapid movements of the modern press, is picking up some of its rarer early products—choice old copies of the Elizabethan dramatists, or proof impressions of the rarest specimens of typographic art. A member of the Rev. Bench of Bishops is a natural feature in the scene, in connection with the present Episcopal gatherings from the uttermost ends of the earth; and the picture may be filled up with persons of almost every variety of taste and pursuit, all paying tribute to the literary stores accumulated in London, and now in process of distribution to countries never dreamed of by their authors.

"There is no breach of confidence in stating, what is generally known to all interested in the commerce of books, that upwards of one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the finest and rarest books of the world, gathered from every part of Europe, are now on their way to a Western State, destined, probably, to form the nucleus of a public library for the next generation, and certainly never to appear again exposed to the vicissitudes of trade."

Habits of an Author.

When engaged on any particular subject Balzac, the eminent French writer, usually shut himself up in his study, declining to receive visitors, or even open letters, for a month at a time, working generally at the rate of eighteen hours per day. During this time he lived moderately. In the evening, at eight o'clock, after a light repast, he retired to rest, but rose at two in the morning put on his peculiar working dress—in summer, a long white robe like those worn by the Dominicans; his slippers were of red morocco, richly adorned with gold, and his robe was girt round his waist with a long chain of Venetian gold, to which was suspended a rich golden paper knife and a pair of scissors. He would sit at his table writing in solitude till six o'clock; then he took his bath and rested an hour; at eight o'clock his valet brought him a cup of coffee, which he drank without sugar. Between eight and nine he had a short interview with his publisher to receive proofs or deliver copy, as the case may be; then he wrote till midday. His breakfast, which he took at that hour, consisted almost always of nothing but fresh eggs cooked on slices of bread; and he drank water, but finished with one more cup of coffee without sugar. From one o'clock to six his pen travelled swiftly over the sheets of paper without intermission. Then he dined, and very simply, drinking only a small glass of his favorite wine, Vin de Vouvray. From seven to eight he entertained his visitors, and then retired. After one, and sometimes two, months of this monastic seclusion and hard labor, he would come out into the light of day with hollow cheeks, a dark circle round his eyes, pale and stooping. The man was drawing largely upon his vitality—writing books with his blood.

Gold News.

From the Madoc *Mercury* of to day we obtain the following Gold Mining intelligence: "Blasting is being vigorously carried on at a new opening in the village, on Mr. F. Seymour's land, between the Police barracks and the creek. A tunnel is also being driven into the hill on the Union Mining Co.'s property at Eldorado, where work will be steadily prosecuted during the ensuing winter.—The shaft near the marble quarry in this village has been named the 'Honolulu.'

"We learn from Mr. Aylsworth, P. L. S., that while engaged in running lines in the 11th concession of Marmora, on Thursday, he broke off some pieces of rock, in which, upon examination, some very fair-sized specimens of gold were clearly visible.—We also hear that a similar discovery was made, this week, in rock on the bank of the creek where the crushing-mill for the Barry mine, in Elzevir, is being erected.

"Messrs. Turley and Gilbert resumed operations at their crushing mill, at El Dorado, on Tuesday. Some of the tailings of the ore 'Eldorado' mine, which was previously crushed by them, has been subjected to amalgamation, and we understand that a very pretty 'button' of gold had been obtained, but its exact value had not been ascertained at the time our informant left Both at this mill, and at the Reduction Works of Messrs Scott & Taylor, there is ore enough on hand to keep them busy for some time to come."

NO GOOD DEED LOST.

Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one particle of matter has been lost; it may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but it is not lost. It will come back in the dew or rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches and directs itself. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self denying effort. It may escape our observation, but it is an element of the moral world, and is not lost.

No Inaction in Nature.

There is no inaction in Nature. What appears to be still, such as masses of stone, are not inactive, but are held together by a main force which is continually exerting itself. Millions of years ago the young sun shone on the forests, which having sunk beneath the waves, are now our coal beds, and at the present time we are digging up the buried chemistry of the sun, and using it for the purpose of rushing through space at the rapid rate of an express train.

The best idea of a thunder storm extant is when Wiggins came home tight. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose and said:—"Wife, are you hurt?" "No." "Girls, are you hurt?" "No." "Terrible clap wasn't it?"

On one occasion, when the Bishop of Litchfield had spoken on the importance of diligent painstaking preparaation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said, "Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowledge what text I shall preach upon, yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it." The Bishop replied, "Ah, well, that agrees with what I hear from your people; for they hear the sermon and *they also think nothing of it.*"

A young man named Regan died in Albany recently from having a mole or wart on his face cut by a razor while being shaved. The wart was on the left cheek, and while the whole right side was paralysed the left leg and arm became rigid, and the face turned over the left shoulder.

Ottawa Daily *News* wants information. In the public accounts just laid before Parliament, an item of $829.67 for advertising appears in connection with the Executive Council Department. The bulk sum is stated, with no names attached. Among the incidental items there is 10.50 for soap, and the Daily *News* wants to know why, if they will bear investigation, the details of advertising expenditure are not as explicitly given. Perhaps the $826.67 was distributed among the organs in return for "soft soap!"

The Hon. Stephen Richards, Sandfield's Commissioner of Crown Lands, declares that if he is defeated in the rotten old borough of Niagara, he will retire in disgust from political life. His retirement in that case, is quite probable, if reports be true.

FENIAN RUMORS.—The following is contained in the Prescott *Telegraph*: "We are informed by a gentleman from Ogdensburg, who has good opportunities of learning the facts, and who is thoroughly trustworthy, that several batteries of field artillery, as well as 30,000 stand of small arms, have been brought by the Fenians from different parts of the States this fall, and deposited at certain points along the frontier between Ogdensburg and St. Albans. It is the opinion of the same gentleman that this movement of arms is a part of the Fenian preparations for a big raid on Canada in the spring. Our Government is doubtless acquainted with these facts, and will surely take such steps for the efficient defence of the country as the circumstances demand."

SPECIMEN OF INTERNATIONAL COIN.—A specimen medal of the proposed international coin of twenty-five francs, recently struck by the government of France, has been presented to the U.S. President through Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, delegate of the United States to the International Monetary Conference, and who has just returned from Paris. The new coin is twenty-