

CONTRAST.

The exquisite charm of spring's first ringing laughter, We measure only by the winter's gloom; The wailing winds, the whirling snows, make room In our half-frozen hearts for sunshine after!

A MARRIAGE NOTICE.

At her father's death, everything devolved on Margaret. Her mother was perfectly overcome by the shock; and, far from affording the young girl the least support, was but another burden on her head.

The funeral over, came the inevitable discussion of affairs. Mr. Leighton's income had been good, but the greater part of it died with him; very little property had been accumulated on which the family could rely.

But then there were her mother; the children, who were still to be educated, brought forward to an age when they could care for themselves.

It was just six months since she had engaged herself to Philip Hearn. How entirely happy had been the first days of that engagement. Through all the sorrow of these weeks what solace she had found in his affection!

She had not expected that Philip would acquiesce, quietly, in this arrangement, but she was hardly prepared for such determined opposition.

"I will wait, then," he said; "and you yourself shall fix the limit. How long will it be before you are at liberty?—before your sisters can take charge of the house and of your mother?"

"That is not an answer to my question," he returned. "Helen is eight, and Grace ten; you can see it is hopeless."

"Not at all. Six or seven years will surely be sufficient; and I will wait ten, if you say I must. Anything, rather than give you up."

"And you leave unconsidered all the fortunate chances," he continued. "Your mother may regain her health, and be able to guide her own house and the children. The boys may prosper that no efforts will be necessary. Wait and see. I ask nothing of you but delay."

It was hard for Margaret to resist the temptation. But, no! she would not hold him, all through his youth, to an engagement that promised so little to his advantage.

"No, mamma," she answered, smiling. "I have not the least desire to do so."

"I don't trust you. I believe you would like to pass a sort of five mile act, forbidding me to come near any city, village, or fortified town that contained you. Oh, Margaret!" he added, more seriously, "how cold and discreet you are! Can't you bestow just a crumb of encouragement? I give you everything—'not much, perhaps, but all I have, and get nothing in return. Do you call that generous?"

Margaret trembled. It was easier to be firm in Philip's absence than when his voice sounded in her ears, and her own wishes all the time seconded his pleading. This time, however, circumstances decided for her; some one came in, and the conversation was interrupted. When they next met, she had resolved afresh.

"It is the merest matter of form," he declared, at length. "I am engaged to you; and all you gain is to deprive us of the pleasure we should have in belonging openly to each other."

Four years went by. The children grew tall and helpful. The boys, in their separate ways,

Philip. If she had been, she could not have given him up so readily. I never could have done it; but then, Margaret isn't like me. Well, these cold-hearted people have the most comfortable time of it, after all."

"I hope, mamma, you do not disapprove what I have done?" said Margaret anxiously. "Disapprove? Oh, no, dear! I think it was all for the best, if you could do it. I am sure we shall be glad to have you to ourselves again. But you might have left him a little hope, Maggie; you might have said that, in case of any fortunate circumstance occurring, or some unlooked-for turn in our affairs, you would renew the engagement."

"But don't you see, mamma, that it would be only another way of binding him? He would have been very glad of such an opportunity, and would have considered himself still pledged and waiting for better times."

"Very well, dear; you know best what suits you. I must speak to the doctor about my drops, the next time he comes. They are affecting my appetite; and yet I don't know how I am to rest without them. There is the difficulty—what helps in one direction, hurts in another. Be thankful, Margaret, that you keep your health, at any rate."

"I am, mamma," she answered, kissing the pale, pretty cheek. Mrs. Leighton had been beautiful in youth, and still retained many traces of her charms. Perhaps she had never a fonder admirer than her daughter.

"I believe I could sleep now," she said. "Draw down the blind, please, and throw a shawl over my feet. I'll not keep you any longer; and don't trouble yourself to come up. I will ring if I need anything."

Margaret went down. She had told her story, and received her sympathy—all she was likely to receive, if not all she longed for. Perhaps it was for the best, she told herself; perhaps any warmer expression might have overcome her—unfitted her for all she had to do. Poor mamma! She had been ill so long that anything outside her own room seemed strange and foreign to her; probably to any one who suffered much bodily pain, mere matters of feeling did not look very important.

Her thoughts flew back, how sadly, how fondly, to that last happy evening with the dear father—the evening before that dreadful day which had seen him cut down in the midst of health and strength. Could it be that all love had vanished utterly from the world? That he, safe in the serene heavens, cared no longer for the sorrow of those he had left behind? Oh! to see him just once more! To feel once more the rest and protection of his presence!

Margaret's life soon assumed its routine. With the aid of her little sisters she performed the labors of the household, and found or took time to give lessons in music to a few pupils. With the means thus saved and earned, she hoped to get through the year without trenching on their slender capital.

The invalid's room was in the centre of the family; everything was arranged with reference to it, that mamma might not feel the discomforts of their altered fortune. Margaret could no longer devote her time to the work of nursing; but Grace and Helen were trained to fill her place.

From her brothers she heard often. Robert had taken kindly to the change in his prospects, and wrote in buoyant strain of all he meant to do, ere long, to advance his own and the family fortunes. Edmund, less confident, still hoped, another year, to lighten his sister's burdens. Both wrote affectionately; to both, home was still the chief place, the most to be desired; and in that home she was supreme. It was she who planned, provided, decided all; to whom the rest looked as their authority and protection. There was comfort in this, surely; it was much to be so useful, so important. But was it enough? Could it quite fill a young heart and content it utterly? Perhaps it would not have done so but for a secret, half-acknowledged hope. Philip had left her, as has been said, in some displeasure, but a little reflection made him do her justice. He wrote then a long, earnest letter, saying that she could not, at any rate, prevent his constancy. He should wait, and watch for the first ray of hope. Meanwhile, he kept up a correspondence with Robert, through whom he learned and communicated any news of importance.

Margaret had read the letter a hundred times more or less; and every time she said to herself, "He thinks so now, but will he in six or seven years? He may have seen many who are a great deal more attractive than I—and those who have fortune and connections—to marry whom would aid and advance him. Not that he would ever marry for such reasons; but he might like such a person. And I shall be getting older; when he sees me, he may find me changed. No; it would be most unwise to depend upon it. It is only reasonable to suppose that he may get tired of waiting. Dear Philip!"

And then she thought how good he was, how constant, and how generous; and, spite of all these prudent resolutions, kept her faith in him.

He came to Guildford (where they lived) within a year, visiting an old friend of his family. "I shall not lose sight of you," he said, to Margaret, "though you are such a despot. I suppose you will hardly forbid me the town."

"No," she answered, smiling. "I have not the least desire to do so."

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Four years went by. The children grew tall and helpful. The boys, in their separate ways,

were prospering—with a modest prosperity, it is true, but such as they were eager to share at home. Margaret's efforts sufficed, as she had hoped to meet inevitable wants, and the means which her brothers contributed, served to add to the comforts of the household, and give the girls the advantages which their increasing years demanded. Economics, though strict, were no longer so grinding as at first. Margaret had become accustomed to her position, and a hundred things, once difficult and perplexing, were now met with perfect ease. In Mrs. Leighton's health there had been some slight improvement, and the daughters were left more at liberty than for years previous. Altogether, the world was brighter, the prospect more cheerful than at any time since their great calamity. Margaret sometimes allowed herself to think that in another year or two, if all went on well, and Philip still wished it, there need be no serious obstacle to their marriage.

She sat, one afternoon, busy with her needlework, her thoughts straying involuntarily toward the future, when Helen came in. There was something peculiar in her manner. "Why do you look at me so mysteriously?" Margaret asked, half smiling. Helen was troubled. "I don't like to tell you," she said; "and still, perhaps, you ought to know. 'I have been at the Seymour's this afternoon, and Julia has just come home from spending a week at Ashford, with Emily Deane. Emily has been at Canterbury for two or three months past and she heard a good deal about Philip. She did not see him, for she never knew him here, and her friends were not acquainted with him—'"

"Very well," said Margaret; "go on."

"But she heard—oh, Margaret! I hope it isn't true; I don't believe it can be—that he was attentive to a young lady there, and people thought they would be married very soon."

Margaret turned deadly pale, but controlled herself. "Did you hear any more?" she asked. "Only a little—about the girl. That she was very pretty and accomplished, and very young; only just left school. I shouldn't think Philip would want any one like that."

"Why not?" said Margaret, trying to smile. "There is no harm in being young, surely?"

"No; but—no matter. Her father is very well off, it seems, and she is the only daughter; so that people said it would be a good thing for Philip. Oh, Maggie, I hope it is not true!"

"There is no reason why it should not be true," said Margaret, slowly, balancing the probabilities in her own mind. She had told herself, many a time, that this was what she had to expect. And yet—oh, how foolish she had been! she had hoped on, trusting in Philip's love for her. It was her own fault. She would not allow him to bind himself, and he had only used his freedom. Yet the very last time they met—but it would not do to think of that. He might have told them, though; they were old friends; they should have been left to learn such a thing from common rumor. The next moment she owned in candor that it was not a topic he could well broach to them. Such a young girl, too! Ah, yes! there was a charm in that first freshness of youth, and she, with her twenty-five years, had lost it for ever. Then sudden incredulity came over her. It is not so; it cannot be, so she thought. There was some mistake; reports were so little to be trusted. If she could but know the truth! And she looked with anxiety for Robert's next letter, which must, she thought, throw some light upon the question. It came at last—a newspaper with it.

I wonder what he has sent this for?" exclaimed Grace, opening it, as Margaret read the letter. "It must be something special. Oh, here is a marked paragraph!"

She laid down the journal with a look of dismay, Margaret had no need to ask. She had learned already from her letter why the paper was sent, and what it contained.

"My dearest sister," Robert wrote, "I don't know how this will affect you. Without talking much of the matter, Philip always gave me to understand that he considered himself engaged to you, and should urge you to marry him in as soon as home-cares left you more at liberty. I own I never supposed that he would urge in vain, and looked upon the affair as settled. Perhaps I was mistaken; I am sure, I hope so. I cannot but think he has behaved ill to us—very ill. His last letter, dated not a week ago, contained not the slightest intimation of anything of the kind. I had not answered it, and shall never do so now. If he could leave us to learn this event from the newspapers, our correspondence cannot be very valuable to him."

Grace and Helen echoed the exclamation. They looked again and again at the little paragraph, as if something new could be elicited from it, but found nothing save the one uncompromising fact, that Philip Hearn, of Canterbury, had been married on a certain day, by a certain clergyman, to Mary, &c., &c. Margaret made no comment. Suspense, was now ended, indeed; but still this moment she had not known how her whole future had been identified with Philip; this moment, which forced her to relinquish even his friendship; to feel that she had no longer right to any interest in him. She was devoid of neither pride nor courage; she made no moan over her sorrow, even to those who felt for and with her. After the first shock, she gathered up her strength, and went resolutely about her duties. Nothing was omitted—nothing slighted; but the heart was gone out of all; the world looked so weary and hard.

Thus a week or two went by—long, dreary weeks. Then, as she sat one day in her room, trying to fix her thoughts on the letter she was writing, Helen came in, greatly excited.

"Oh, Margaret!" she exclaimed, "do you know what has happened? Philip is down stairs!"

Margaret sank into a seat, almost fainting. How was she to meet him? Why couldn't he stay away and spare her this, at any rate? Yet, since he was here, it would be best to see him, not to appear to dread the meeting; best, too, to have it over as soon as possible.

He came forward to greet her, just as of old. He seemed the same Philip she had known and loved all these years. She wished to show no coldness—nothing that should lead him to think she felt a right to complain; but it was impossible that the constraint should not be visible in her manner. Philip speedily observed it.

"Are you quite well?" he asked.

"Quite well," she replied, trying to be natural and at ease. "Have you been in Guildford long?"

"Only an hour or two, as you might have guessed," he said smiling. "I am never here very long without making you aware of it."

And he could speak thus as if nothing had happened! It was quite time, Margaret thought, to remind him of their altered relations.

"Mrs. Hearn is with you, I suppose?" she asked, in a voice which she strove to render perfectly calm and steady. "Excuse me," said Philip, perplexed; "I don't understand."

She repeated the question. "Margaret!" he cried, excitedly, rising and standing before her; "what do you mean?" "We saw it in the newspaper," she explained, rather confusedly, "and I thought you would not be here alone."

Philip put his hands behind him, and looked at her with a bitter smile. "Yes, you saw it in the newspaper! and that was enough, of course. If you had seen that I committed forgery, or murder, it would never have occurred to you to doubt it. Being printed, it must be true!"

"Oh, Philip, you know we would not! But this is so different."

"Different? Yes! But you ought to have felt the impossibility even more. Is this all your faith in me, Margaret? all I deserved of you after these years of constancy?"

"Don't be angry," she entreated. "Then it isn't true?"

"It is true that a Philip Hearn was married in Canterbury. I don't know him, but he is a very good fellow, I believe. Once or twice we have received each other's letters. I read the notice myself, and thought that by-and-by—Certainly, I could not have dreamed that any friend of mine would suspect me of being the person. Robert, too," he added; "he has not answered my last letter. I suppose he saw the paper, also."

"Yes," Margaret admitted. "Don't blame us too severely. There was your name, your residence—what could we think?"

"You ought to have thought anything, rather than have credited an impossibility."

"I am very sorry," she said humbly, holding out her hand. And she was sincere in saying so; she regretted to displease him. But it was a sorrow so light in comparison with what she had been enduring, that it seemed very like happiness.

Philip was propitiated, in time; but would accord his full forgiveness only upon one consideration—Margaret must consent to marry him as soon as the necessary conditions could be made. He should never trust her out of his sight again, for any length of time, since it was impossible to foresee what dreadful things she might be imagining against him. It was quite requisite he should be close at hand, and ready to explain away any suspicious circumstances that arose.

Margaret laughed at this reasoning, and suggested numerous objections to the plan, but Philip overruled them all. She should arrange as she chose; leave her mother and sisters, or take them into her own home, or provide another for them, near at hand. Only, one thing was settled—she could not be allowed such dangerous liberty no longer. And Margaret protested against such despotism, but submitted; and then, of course, there was another Marriage Notice.

DRESS HINTS FROM PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the Queen gives the following hints on the latest fashions which may be found acceptable:

The following is a charming black velvet costume for a young married lady. Petticoat bordered with a deep founce; velvet tunic round in front, and edged with what is called lily of the valley fringe, which looks exceedingly brilliant over the dead black of the velvet. It is carried up to the waist at the sides. A very wide light blue sash, lined with black velvet, falls in loops over the back of the skirt. This sash is so puffed out and voluminous that it quite replaces the tunic. Black velvet bodice, opening over a turquoise-blue faille waistcoat; basque at the back, with blue faille revers; bow without ends in the centre of the waist; another blue bow on the demi-pagoda sleeves. It is easy to change the blue waistcoat and sash for a waistcoat and sash of another colour, and so make variety in the toilette. A black velvet Rubens hat would be worn with this costume; the brim turned up at one side, with a light blue faille bow, an aigrette of blue feathers at the back. No strings, but long black lace lappets are first passed under the chin and then tied beneath the chin.

Sashes that are a contrast with the dress are in grand favour. I have seen a dress of that peculiar grey shade of green called vert mere worn with a pale pink sash; the bows on the bodice and sleeves were also pink. The sash was tied at the side, and the back breadths were covered with founces to the waist, the tunic being very long in front.

Touillettes for dressy occasions are now very much trimmed with flowers made in a sort of thick silk lace. These flowers are out precisely like appliques of gimp, and are shaded in very bright colours. Garlands of corn flowers arranged between two founces of straw-coloured tulle looked effective upon a straw faille skirt. Appliques of similar flowers were also arranged around the tunic.

Very beautiful opera cloaks have recently been introduced; they are in the form of dolmans, and made of white Sicilienne. Tufts of roses are appliques on the back, on the sleeves and in front of them.

A great change appears to be taking place in the style of arranging the hair. M. Albert and Loroy, who were formerly hair-dressers to the ex-Empress Eugénie, have introduced several new styles. Plaits are not abandoned for simple chignons, but they are worn higher, and a waved Rocambole bow is arranged over the forehead, and proves highly becoming to youthful and oval faces. Curis are much worn with evening toilettes. The newest head-dress for full dress is called the coiffure Mille de Belle Isle. It consists of a profusion of curls tied together and then arranged capriciously at the top of the head; two curls only fall on the nape of the neck. At the side there is a bow of peculiar make; sometimes it is in the Watteau style, pink and

blue; the narrow grosgrain ribbon is used, and both colours are very pale. Other bows are made in two shades of flame colour, and in two shades of rose. Purple velvet bows have steel ornaments, and black velvet bows are studded with what have the effect of gold and silver nails; there is no limit, in fact, in the variety of hair bows.

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Dec. 6, 1872. The local flour market was again quiet, but without decided change in prices. The demand is regulated by the actual requirements of the city trade, and sales are, therefore, light. To-day about 1,800 barrels changed hands at or near yesterday's quotations. Grain and provisions were quiet and stationary nominal. Ashes were steady.

The Chicago Board of Trade on Tuesday last expelled from membership Messrs. A. & C. the warehousemen who were convicted of having caused false returns to be made of the amount of grain in store in their elevators by putting false bottoms in some of the bins.

Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

Table with columns for Flour, Bread, Oats, Barley, Potatoes, and Lard, with sub-columns for different grades and prices.

Flour.—Superior Extra, nominal, \$6.00 to \$6.00; Extra, \$6.00 to \$7.10; Family, \$6.35 to \$6.45; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) \$6.00 to \$6.00; Ordinary Supers, (Canadian Wheat) \$5.90 to \$6.00; Strong Bakers, \$6.15 to \$6.40; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) (fresh ground) \$6.00 to \$6.00; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$6.00 to \$6.00; Canada Supers, No. 2, \$5.70 to \$5.75; Western States, No. 2, \$6.00 to \$6.00; Fine, \$5.40 to \$5.50; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.50; 100 lb. Canada Bag Flour, \$100 lbs., \$2.65 to \$2.85; City bags, (delivered), \$3.05 to \$3.00.

WHEAT.—Quiet and nominal. OATS.—Quiet and nominal. BARK.—Quiet and nominal. BUTTER.—Per lb.—Dull. Nominal quotations are: Store-packed Western, 8c to 10c; choice dry Western, 12c to 13c; good to choice do, 15c to 16c.

CHEESE.—Per lb.—Quiet. Factory fine 11c to 11½c; finest new 12c to 12½c.

PORK.—Per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market dull; New Mess, \$16.50 to \$16.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50.

LARD.—Quiet at 10½c to 11c per pound. ASHES.—Pots steady at \$6.99 to \$7.00 for Firata. Pearls firm at \$3.30 to \$3.50 for Firata.

AGENTS WANTED.—\$150 per month.—To sell the "FINKER" the most useful household article ever invented. Address H. K. ANDERSON, P. O. Box 388, Montreal, P. Q. 3-50-d

WONDERFUL!—"Dominion" Parlor Steam Engine, \$100; "Little Ottawa" Turb, \$150; "Brittania" Steamboat, \$200. All road working steam models. Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of price. Address McIntosh & Co., Wholesale Dealers in Novelties, Brockville, Ont. 6-24-1f

WHEELER'S ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES and CALISAYA.—After having used your Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya for over two years in my daily practice, I must give it my unqualified approbation. During a practice of over twenty years I have used many and variously prepared compounds, made to fulfil the same therapeutic indications as your Elixir, but none of them proved with me so valuable as yours. To the medical profession and to the public I would especially recommend it as the best remedy with which I am acquainted for the successful treatment of the large and constantly increasing class of cases of over-worked and nerve-exhausted women. Yours truly, N. WATKINS BURN, M.D. Belleville, Jefferson Co., N.Y., Feb. 5, 1872. 6-24-a

TELESCOPES. The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, Lindisapex twenty miles distant; and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c. This extraordinary cheap and powerful instrument is of the best make and possesses achromatic lenses, and is equal to one costing \$20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be without it. Sent free by Post in any part of the Dominion of Canada on receipt of \$3.00.

MICROSCOPES. The new Microscope, This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animals in water, cells in paste &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object. Forams, Spore Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, for sale at free price. J. SANDERSON, Optician, &c. 120 St. James Street, Montreal. (Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

WANTED.—TEN YOUNG MEN AND FIVE YOUNG LADIES to qualify as Telegraph Operators. Situations found for those who study and receive a certificate of proficiency. For full particulars apply at once to Professor HENRY DOWDING TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 75 Grand St. James Street, Montreal. JAMES VAUGHAN MORGAN, Proprietor.

LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S Hair and other Hats cleaned, dyed and blocked in the latest style and fashion at GEO. E. SIEGERS, successor to G. W. KETOLAH, 600 Craig Street. 4-10-M

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organ. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution. For sale at all Drug Stores. Price 25 cents per bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. 3-25-c

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