THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE UNSEEN BATTLE FIELD.

There is an unseen battle field In every human breast. Where two opposing forces meet, And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight; Tis only seen by One, Who knows alone where victory lies When each day's fight is done.

Orr army musters strong and fierco, Their chief of demon form: His brows is like the thunder cloud, His voice the bursting stora.

His captains.—Pride, and Lust, and flate; Whole troops watch night and day, Swift to detect the weakest point, And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force is but a little band: Yet there, with an unquailing front Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form, Of countenance screne; And glowing on his naked breast A naked cross is seen.

His captains.—Faith, and Hope, and Love; Point to that wandrous sign; And glaring on it, all receive Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth, A truth as great as sure.— That to be victors, they must learn To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in wildes! strife, imparts a holy calm; For every deadly blow a shield, For every wound a balm.

And when they'll win the buttle field, Past toil will be forget! The plain where carning once had reigned, Will be a bullowed spot.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries! No! it wasn't a cottage orn'e—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized sweetly with the delightful scenery. No! it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico; nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose vines running all over the windows, and whole colonies of wrens that hu t their nests and sam beneath its saves. that but I their nests and sang beneath its caves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms; on the left was an orehard whence every wind scattered a snowy shower of bloom; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some mas-sive walnut trees; and to the rear opened a long grass land through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned by the same way at hight. I knew well enough to whom this cottage be-

longed. No, it wasn't to a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing! It was built by the band of him who owned it, and lived in it, and I had always admired its excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him, my visits having always been to his wife and during his abscence. I had learned of him though; heard enough to make me intensely curious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood at proved of his wife's choice.

"What is the matter with him ?" I asked;

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; o but to tell the truth. Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred and cleatrized, I should think by fire, and you know it always make me nervous to look at anything of the

" Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames ?" I sald.

" Don't know; never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last Summer, and I never dare ask her what distigured him, but I wish you would—oh, I should like to know!"

"4 I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "1 thought of calling upon her this morning; perhaps she will tell me without my asking."

" Do! that's a dear good Dolly !"

And I did.
The whole atmosphere seemed redolent with The whole atmosphere seemed regolent with music and fragrance; I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their heads to sing, warble, and build their nests there; and I didn't know why it was that the mosses, buttercups, violets and daisles, should prefer that place to any other; but they seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

The whole prospect was delightfully rural and between the profusion in the property and to the profusion of the prospect was delightfully rural and between the profusion of the prospect was delightfully rural and between the profusion of the property and the property and the profusion of the

pleturesque, and over all lingered an influence of dreamy quietude and repose, A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths al-

ways are, wound along through the lawn, be-neath the shadow of a glant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the graveled walk, bordered by body of lowers, to the door. It was open and I went

Alone-a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The bainty wind nestled in the wrentlis of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses bowed their graceful hoods, and the warm, rich sunlight came in, and

lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradic was there; and it required no conjuring to tell that the cra die had an himate—a self-dignified, thoughtful imperturbable little baby, whose quiet calminess I could not quite understand. It was wide awake. and is great blue eyes were staring with infant persistence at something, I couldn't tell what; then they turned upon me, and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference; the baby had not a foul or evil thought to hide; it was not conscious of a sin in word or deed; hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded check: no falling to that calm quiet eye, limpld as the heavens in June.

There was a rustle and a flutter of muslin, the

There was a rustle and a nutter of musin, the sound of a light springy step, the glimpse of a fitry form and Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with a glow of health on her check

and its light in her eye.

The buby had roused up now, to be sure; no more of its quiet and calmness, no more of its thoughtful serenity. Its little form fairly fluttered with joy; it laughed, clapping its dimpled

"You've come to stay all day with me "Ton ve come to stay in any with me haven't you? and baby had such good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?" she said in a light, chirrupy way that set off the little fellow with renewed delight. Her invitation had only seconded my design, so removing my bonnet and muntilla, while she sat down on the way to a proper and took the behr. rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other a society. I can't tell what we talked about. No; it

wasn't of balls, nor operas, nor lions, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's character was dissected. No; the infirmities of the elergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was cut or carved, But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great round sun was sinking behind trees that burned

Is it your husband ?" I asked.

" My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have nover seen him ?"

I replied in the negative.

It is almost time for him to be here," she continued. "You will stay with us this eventure."

ing "
I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his

portruit. " He doesn't look like that now," she answer of, which those mer that now, sac costs, and a blush overspread her features, "he says he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable,"
"What was it?" I asked with an unaccount-

able duliness of apprehension.

She pointed archly, and with a sweet smile to

her wedding ring.
"Do tell me the story; I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying:

"I do not know that you will consider it very interesting; however, several reasons compire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have never heard, perhaps I may us well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly,"
"You see when Mrs. Winslow first began his attentions to me I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew; but I had set my mind, very feelishly, I suppose, on having a rich hus-band, and one that could keep me above the re-cessity of work. So I slighted and repulsed him upon all occasions, making him feel not merely indifferent, but loathing and scornful. Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it.

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumour reported immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was valled beneath a manner of the utmost sunvily. His attentions to me were marked, and not to be mistaken—and though he had not spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I believed

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our at this time I have with my mother, and in beautiful cottage at North Bend; the place was very gay, and social parties large and frequent; I mingled in them all, and Barton was my es-cort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he soldom approached me, though his deep, sad eyes seemed following me, "It was in October, I think, the atmosphere

dry and cool, with night winds, when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance in the distance of a deep red light that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentlment of approaching cyll at the same instant crossed my mind.

" If that should be our house,' I almost ".Nonsense-it is much further off,"exclaimed

Burton. "But I was not satisfied, and hurried on

cagerly, drauging him with me.

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all
too true. It was indeed our beautiful home,
wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame. And forked tongues were happing the pillars, and shooting from the windows, while up at one of the skylights stood my mother in her night-

"With one wild shrick I called the attention of the growd to her situation. Hundreds of people had by this time collected, though calculy, as it seemed, for the gratification of curiosity. Some were running with ropes and ladders, others shouting and giving orders, which no one

seemed inclined to obey,

"My mother, my mother?" I cried, will
no one go to the assistance of my mother?"" "Every moment the flames increased with

astonishing rapidity, surging and rouring like the sea in a storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a

narryr.

"Harton! Barton! I shrieked. 'for God's
sake help my mother.'" He stood still. I implored and urged him. At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying:

"I cannot risk my own life to save oven you

mother.' "Great Heavens! and I have loved this

man! The thought rushed seething and seething through my brain.
"There was a shout, an exclamation, and ut-

termine of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a man was rapid ly mounting-on-on-through the dense smoke wreaths—through singoing flames, scoreled by the intensest heat; on he went. It was a moment of intense suspense: the crowd swave and murmured like a wind-swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms; I knew that she was saved. There was the crush of the falling roof, mingled with wild exchamations; and a great mist swam before my cyes; a noise not unlike that of the roaring tiames was in my ears, and I lost the conscious

names was in my cars, and I lost the conscious-ness of surrounding objects.

"Is it necessary to tell who it was that thus rescued my mother? or what emotions I expe-rienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised? It is necessary, however, for me to tell you that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body and the flesh of his face and neck scarred and scorehed till the skin seemed of the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me

I looked up! a man was there on whose countenance were deep traces of the fiery ele-ment, but he didn't look ugly to me at all. Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor, and the very spul of truth and nobleness beaming ra-diantly in his eyes. His wife presented him, and giving me his hand he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so much cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part—for I have been a sad caves-dropper—let me tell you the rest."

I joyfully assented.
"Then and there," he began, "I heard the finnes roaring around me, and feit its flery breath scorching my checks, and seeming to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of her I prized was in my arms. I knew when I touched the ground with my precious charge. I heard the acclamations that rent the air, but could only think that I had made her happy, and in the bliss of that assurance forgot for the time my own sufferings, the world, and every-

"I lay ill through several weeks—through days and nights that would have been anguish indeed, had I not known whose care it was that had provided everything essential to my comfort; had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such a sweet voice murmured in my car, such a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never in a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never in the proudest days of my health had I expe-rienced such exquisite folicity, never in my weakness as now, when she sat beside me,

and glowed in the rich, warm light, she came to when she read to me, when she brought me where I was sitting, and without a word laid in a portrait in my hap. It was that of a noble-looking man, with most expressive and faultiess reguld sufferings a thousand times bitterer than mine.

mine."

"Oh, William," she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how stilly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I exclaimed, "but the reward of great virtue and heroksm. Let him go on; I am deeply interested."

"I have little more to tell," he resumed, "but when I crow strong and well enough to walk

when I grew strong and well enough to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been about, I observed that all the infrost and seen removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the sears, which I should have known would deface my features. This inclient reminded me of It, and excited my curlosity. When I requested one to be brought, she implored me to desist and finally burst into

tears. I know it all now, but think God, it didn't shock me in the least. I took her in my arms, and whispered that since her beautiful face had become mine, I saw no cause to regret the loss of my old one, and wouldn't for the world change back again. You have seen and love me now, I said, whereas you didn't before; you know all my distigurement, and with 10

your manner has changed from secret to kind-ness, so I have nothing to mourn for. "Every day of the since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Veal Croquerres.—Take very fine mineed veal moisten it with cream and a beaten egg. Season with peopler, sait, sweet-marjoram, and a little pointed made. Form into small cones, either by hand, or in a wine class; crumb the cutside, and try, or else set into the oven and bake, busting fre-

quently.

SCAMBLED EGGS.—Put in a spider enough sweet butter to oil the bottom of the pan; put in the eggs without breaking the yolks, add a bit of butter as larce as a walnut to twelve eggs, sonson with very little salt and pepper; when the whites harden a little, stirr the eggs from the bottom of the spider, and continue to do this until cooked to suit the family. The yolks and whites, when done, should be separate though stirred together, not mixed like beaten eggs.

A NICE WHITE SOUP.—Break up a shin of veal; let it sook in cold water about two hours: then put it to boil in four quarts of water, with an onion, a little mace, pepper, and salt: let it boil about five hours. Strain it through a sieve, and set away to col until the next day. Then take off all the fat, wiping it with a cloth; put it to boil. When quite hot, if not well sensoned, add whatever may be required; mix two spoonfuls of ground rice with water; stir it until it boils, then add a pint of good sweet milk, and give it one boil.

APPLE SOUPPLET (very nice).—Stew the apples just as you do for sauce, adding a little lemon peel and juice omitting the butter: lay them pretty high around the inside of a beking dish. Make a custar-lef the yolks of two eggs to one pint of milk: add a little vinnamen and snear. Let it cool, and then pour it into the dish; beat the whites, and spread over the top, browning it a little in the oven. Sprinkle a small quantity of suar over it: it will brown sooner. The apples should be about half an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

The apples should be about hair an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

Oystra Omelet.—Having strained the liquor from twenty live oysters of the largest size, mince them small, emitting the hard part of gristle. If you cannot get large cysters you shall have forty or fifty small ones. Bent in a shallow pan six, seven, or eight eggs according to the quantity of minced cysters. Onit half the white, and, having beaton the eggs till very light, thick, and smooth mix the cysters gradually into them, adding a little cayenne pepper, and some powdered nutners. Put three comess or more of the best fresh butter into a small frying pan if you have no pan especially for omelets. Flace it over a clear tire, and when the butter (which should be proviously cut up), has come to a boil, put in the omelet-mixiture; stir it till it begins tose; and fry it light brown, lifting the edge several times by slipping a knife under it, and taking care not to cook it too much or it will shrivel and become tough. When done, clap a large hot plate or dish or the top of the onelet, and turn it quickly and carefully out of the pan. Serve it immodistely. It is a fine breakfast dish. This quantity will make one large or two small omelets. Clam omelets may be made as above.

An omelet-pan should be smaller, than a common frying-pan, and lined with tin. In a large pan the omelet will spread too much, and become thin like a pancake. Never turn an omelet while frying, as that will make it heavy and tough. When done, brown it by holding a red-hot shovel or salamander close above the top.

brown it by moding a red-not shoved or sulamanuer close above the lop.

Excellent one-lets may be made of cold boiled ham or smoked tongue, grated or mineed small, mixed with a sufficiency of beaten eggs, and fried in butter.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

How to swallow a door-Bolt it. THE first Prince of Wails-Jeremiah. LIP SERVICE.-Tou-cups and saucers. CAT-MUSIC is done nurr-nuss-ly, isn't it?

NOTICE OF A PRAL .- A flash of lightning. A SERIOUS TURN.-The twist of one's neck.

A nov who undertook to ride a horseradish practicing on a saddle of mutten. A Wisconsin editor speaks of a wind which "just sat down on its hind legs and howled."

An arithmetic in rhyme is advertised. But it has been done before. We had the rule of three in-verse A MIDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Hosty Pudding.—Make any sort of pudding (for which see previous recipes); take it off the fire before it is half boiled.

Another Way.—Forget to make the pudding, and don't remember that you have forgotten till you take the saucepan off to dish up; then take a basin, butter it inside, put in two apples whole, add altitle outment and bread crumbe, and pour boiling water over it, generally stirring. Brown in a Dutch oven. Put a plate over the basin and reverse it, and you will be able to see how it turns out.

Hustled Cocklen.—Send for a quart of cockles to any fish shop. By the time they reach you they will be sufficiently hustled.

Curriced Berj.—A quick way of currying beef is often very useful. Sonk your beef in brine for a fortnight; when it looks nice, send to the saddier's for a curry-comb: with this gently mince the beef. the smaller the better.

We append a mean for about fifty people:

Poings.—Mutton broth à la Maison de travail à Blockwell's leiand. Pot an feu (this is made with some water, a saucepan, and a cabbage loaf.)

Poissons.—Pickled cel's feet. A sprat. Wholks an meatured.

Entrées.—Orange-peel (this may be had any where

Poissons.—Plokied col's feet. A sprat. Wholks an maturel.

Entrées.—Orange-peel (this may be had any where for the trouble of collecting: the best is picked up in muddy weather). Troiters. Sacs de nymétre.

Rotin,—Four or five slices of cold boiled beef, à la neurest enting-house. Tripe.

Gibler.—Sparrows (you can always make game of a sparrow by putting sait on its tail), with broad

Hors-d'(Euvre.—Jug of cold water. Salt-collar.

"What kin I git you?" naked a clerk in a bookstore of a boy customer. "Housier School-master,"
answered the boy.
"Who's my school-master?" cried the clerk, his
face in a blaze, as be came round the counter with
his fat doubled. "I'll show you who's my school-

his fast doubled. "I'll show you who's my school-master!"

The boy left instanter, and concluded to apply for his book to some one whose conscience was actso tender on the subject of education.

When Marcus Aurelius, who soes on errands and keeps our office clean, heard this, he immediately began to toll stories of similar mitahtss. Its taid how a man went into a store and asked for "Webster on a bridge," and how a post-office cierk, who had rammed into the mail-bag the bundles for the different towns, was about to look it up, when a fellow-clerk shouted: "Hollot hold up! Here's six buffaloes to go in." "New. six huffaloes in a bag," said Marcus, "would need a good many stamps, and, I

reckon, they'd get them too, if they were all alive," And then he told how a customer of a seaside circulating library asked the librarian, "Have you got 'Out of the Form'?" "Oh' yes," said the youth, "I have to take my bath early in the morning." He followed this by the story of a lady who loved Balwer, and who entered a book-store, where one of the clerks had just killed a rat. "I wish to see 'What will lie Do with tt?" said she to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you step to the window, you'll probably see him sling it into the back-lot." After this, he was going to toll how a man went into a hardware-store and asked the clerk if he had any small vices, and how the young man answored, "Yes, I smuke and I chew, and sometimes I take a drink," but we stopped him there.—Hearth and Home.

SPHINX.

126. PUZZLE.

What word of one syllable becomes two syllables by removing the first two letters?

127. ENIOMA.

I live not on this fertile globe, Nor in the teeming sen; No man that ever walked the earth las touched or handled me.

I am the offspring of an hour, The creation of a day: To-night you see me, yet by morn Perchance I pass away.

None know whence I may come and go, So swift I travel by. And whilst upon my form you guzo, I glow, I fade, I die i

I'm black. I'm white. I'm blac, I'm gray, Amber, and richest gold. Scarlet and crimson, purple too, Most gargeous to behold. Chameleon-like, I quickly change,

Whilst you admiring gaze, And passing like a dream away, Leave only gloom and haze. A. II. B.

128, CHARADE. I am a word of eleven letters. My 5, 2, 11, is a quadruped; my 11, 40, 4, is insane; my 8, 6, 3, is a spirit; my 9, 2, 6, 5, is woman's pride; my 1, 6, 7, is wickedness; and my whole is a Royal residence.

L. E. A.

I am a word of two syllables. Read forwards both are alike; backwards, the like singularity occurs. Each syllable, read forwards, finds the appellative for an arm of the service; while each syllable, read backwards, gives the name of an animal sometimes hunted, but worth little when taken. My whole is used in pharmacy. If otherwise construed, I hope you may never catch it.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in No. 13.

118.—Ембма: A Wafer. 119.—Спаваре: Оп-1-th (Onion). 129.—Вешкэ: Whitstable: HalifaX: UfracombE; TrenT; BudE; YaR.—Whitay: Ехетев.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market quiet but steady. Quotations for Wheat in Chicago are without material change this morning Liverpool has declined ld. on Roll Wheat, but advanced 6d, on Corn, as per latest Cable, nanexed:—

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Į	Clarko
i	Chiebulton Isoniventure Impet
	Cockburn119 Wellington.
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ı	Carvallo
i	Carvallo418 "
ı	Carsiako192 Bonavonturo.
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1	Downs Car. Main and Cruic
ł	Danstee
ı	Diebury Francois Xavior.
1	Danies Bonnyonture.
ı	Proux
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1	Rac
	Stafford
ĺ	
ı	Smith
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A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.

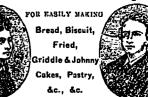
A LL THE ORGANS AND TISSUES of the body are constructed and nourished by the Blood which holds in solution the material of which are made bone, nuscle and nerve, and distributes to each its proper proportion. To insure perfect formation of this vitalizing agent, there must be complete Digestion and Assimilation. When these functions are deranged there will be Dyspepsia, the food will be imperfectly dissolved from insufficient gastric juice, the blood will become watery and deficient in fibrin the vital principle, and the whole system undergo degeneration from perverted nutrition; diseases of the Liver Kidneys, floart and Lungs, with Nervous Prostrution and General Debility result, and the constitution is broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases. To enable the Stomach to digest food, and to supply the waste going on from mental and physical exertion. Dr. Whealer's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya is reliable, and permanent in its effects.

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