ONLY A KISS.

Strangers so few bright, short hours past: Strangers to-morrow, as before? Ah, no! where'er our fate be east. I hold thee, love, forevermore.

liew small a thing can change the day ! Can wake despondence from its gloom, Crimson to life its sullen gray, And bid our soul-flowers blush and bloom

You've touched my brow with festal wine, With honor proud as crowned kings; The lips that once were proseed to thine Are secred from all memor things.

Others shall know what I but guess, And keep the joy I snatch to-day; But memory guards the one caress For mine, mine only, mine for aye.

When souls have touched in lips that meet g. They part not sullen, sad and cold; Still clings an influence subtly sweet, One touch that fuses dross to gold.

Count it not loss, nor lavish waste, The little pearl you careless spend : Gleans not the cup we only taste? Must joy delay till love's at end?

Safe in my heart the jewel lies, Relic and type—my sam of bliss, Near thee or far. I keep my prize, Thy first—perchance thy only kiss!

-Galasa

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm Aunty Gauter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port post-office and a store, and sell groceries and garden suss, calico,

a store, and sengroceries and garnen suss, canco, shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the satiors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the raisins and dried currants and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to buy in rib-

go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in rib-bons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port brisk for a while, but at hist he salis away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters— letters, letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't, all the

It's "Please, Aunty Gunter, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please, Uncle Gunter; it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we have to read them for the felter. In times we have to read them for the folks, Job and I, and so we get to know something of their

Milly More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the handwriting, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper At last he sailed away, second mate of the

Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married. It was a sad day when that ship salled. Mrs.

Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Illii were there to see her set all.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was

to be a long one. E.,
It was under the old sycamore that Will took

Milly to his breast.
"Don't fret, durling!" he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! In spite of that the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Anchor Fort to tell how Captain Rawdon and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Ruwdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at liftyeight, and as handsome, with his white hair That was twelve months ago, the night I

went into the store to sort things out, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in my ten boxes, caudies in the letter box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and we had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mall in a sugar box, and clothes plus in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.
"Gather up your letters, Job," said L. "What

possesses you, old man!' made a vow to myself that I'd keep box full after that, so that he shouldn't use if

for the mail. I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as coffee crushed," because it was prepared espe cially to use in coffee. That was the fines sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though little cut and powdered by me, in Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring it in in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes

were red with crying.
She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it she whispered to me:
"Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you looked to-day? lan't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die? I don't feel as if he could. hightn't he write, after all? Do look."

"My pot," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dore went down. It isn't likely. And He don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand one by one Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Milly! It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her into my little

back parlor and made her sit down there I talked as good as I could to her; but what

good does talking do. "Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I was good for her to marry Capital Kincald; and can't."

"When baby died—the only one we ever had —I thought 1 never should believe it," said I.

"It's going to be in the church. Miss Salsbury

"Rut I had Job; and you have your mother

and sister, Milly."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head

down on my knee.
"I must tell you," said she. "They went me I must ten you," said she. "They went me marry Capitain Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how cruol to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says. And you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying No. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Willia?"

I, when my heart is in the sea with Willio?"

"Captain Kincaid!" I said, and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl: but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More,"

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perimps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like al! the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her: and I said no

is finishing my silver gray poplin. It sets splen-did. We'll laive Ben Barnes in to keep store, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off, won't you?"

THE HEARTHSTONE.

" I wish it was Will Masset," says Job. "Poor Will!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was a Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Never begruiged you mything so, much as

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he. "Best thing I ever put the mall into. This here wooden thing with a

alldo is a pesky bother."

"Law me!" says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it, I didn't think you had any plan in it; jeststick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that 'il do. And I'm glad you spoke before I illied it up."

got one that it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter and emptled out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid white and shiny, and on

top of it, whiter and shinler, laid a letter — a letter with a ship mark upon it, and this superscription :

"Mis Milly More, Anchor Port, Maine, United States of America."

RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY.

Anybody who has been compelled to wait at a railway station, and, for want of anything better to do, has studied the threatening array of by-laws placarded on the walls, must have been struck by the astonishing number of ofbeen struck by the astonishing number of of-fences and misdemeanours which a person of moderate enterprise and activity might easily commit in a very short space of time. To add to the terror of nervous passengers, select ex-amples of the condign punishment inflicted on unfortunate people who have been caught in the meshes of this Draconic code are recorded in a series of gloomy handbills. A traveller whose mind was not too much depressed by the dismal prospect of innumerable fines and nematics, and who had the courage to read all penalties, and who had the courage to read all penalties, and who had the courage to read all the by-laws and other announcements to the end, would probably be still more surprised to find that, while passengers are liable at almost overy step to be pounced upon as criminals, the railway companies proclaim themselves to be absolutely free from all the obligations of con tract, and from every kind of legal responsi-bility. It need hardly be said that it is not al-ways possible to shake off legal responsibility by the simple process of repudiating it; but railway officials are sagacious enough to understand the disposition of

most people to take for granted whatever is constantly asserted in a very solemn and posi-tive manner. The lia-bilities which have already been established against the rallways by Judicial decisions might probably be considered extended if people who could afford it would invariably make a point of bringing the com-panies to book for overy lustance of A tow decisions would settle the law on a number of important points much better than an Act of Parlia-ment. It is idle to pre-tend that the delays which constantly occur in railway travelling are accidental. When they are investigated, it will be found in the majority of cases that they arise simply be-cause the company has not made preparations to carry out its har-gain, or has, to serve its own ends, done something which ren-ders it impossible to be carried out. If a passenger commits any offence against a rail way company, he can be summarily tried and samished. The question him to be equally simple and summary process can-not be placed at the service of the public to protect them against deliberate and syste-matic breaches of con-

INDUSTRIOUS COURTS.

tract on the part of the rallways. — Satur-

day Review.

A quarter of a century has claused since the establishment of the County Courts in England and Wales, In that time there have been 17,300,086 plaints entered. A large pro-portion of the causes are settled at once, but there were 9,758,186 which were tried, or in

which judgment was
Three months are—poorstuped!—I had emp- | entered; there were only 21,949 in which a entered; there were only 21,949 in which a jury was required. The sums for which the plaints were entered amounted to £46,203,954, and the sums (exclusive of costs) for which judgment was obtained amounted to £23,449,402. The court fees amounted to £8,851,990. Upwards of 900,000 plaints are now entered in the County Courts every year, the claims exceeding in the whole above 21 millions sterling; and, after many causes have been settled out of court, judgment is given in above half a million and for about £1,800,000. The County Court Judges sit at 500 'towns, and hold court blooms 900 towns, and hold court blooms 1000 towns. ubove 8,000 times a year.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

It is a well-established truth, that labor conquers all things. Everything that we do has to have a certain amount of labor expended on it, to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be remember if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success. Inventive man, by the aid and application of labor, wins for himself a name that will always be honored, respected and remembered by his fellow-citizens

It has been truly said, that no excellence i obtained without labor. Few persons conver-sant with the world have failed to discover that in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors en-dowed equally by the smiles of fortune and the gifts of genius. Difference of talent will not solve it ; for that difference is very often found in favor of the disappointed candidate. How often de we see issuing from the walls of the same college, nny, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, one of whom shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above medicerty; yot you shall see the one sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you shall observe the latter tolling up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at last to distinction, an ornament to society, and a blessing to his

Now whose work is this? Manifestly our own "Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That telephone is the architects of our own fortune. Every letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. And there's a life will but go to work and try to win a posiif he will but go to work and try to win a tion worthy of commendation. For it is tion worthy of commendation. For it is only those who work that win. Therefore, in our journey through life should obstacles arise to obstruct our progress, let us remember that la-bor conquers all things.

\$10. Read what an honest Quaker says : WESTCHESTER, PA., 7th month, 10th, 1872.

WESTCHESTER, PA., 7th month, 10th, 1872.
RESPECTED FRIEND:
We value the little Ten-Dollar Sewing Machine highly. Notwithstanding my wife is a very delicate woman, she has recently, without apparent fatigue, made for me by its aid a whole suit of Fronch habit cloth; also snother light summer cont, besides many other garments. Her physician forbids a treadle machine being brought into the house. We esteem the Beckwith Sewing Machine as a great hoon, and if we could not procure another we would not know what pecuniary value to attach to it.

I can cheerfully and confidently recommend its use to those who are wanting such a machine. With a little care and patience in the beginning, it will do all that is promised for it.

Respectfully thy friend.

Sent to any address on receipt of \$10.

BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE CO..

236 St. James Street, Montreal.

810 SEWING MACHINE.

E WANT ENERGETIC AGENTS,
MALE and FEMALE, in every section of
the country, who can earn from \$5 to \$10 per day by
selling the "BECKWITH \$10 Sawing MACHINE," which
is highly recommended by the Scientific American,
N. Y. Independent, Hearth and Home, Pheenological
Journal, American Arisan, American Agriculturist,
&c., &c., (the latter taking 1,000 as premiums for
subscribers), and by the thousends who are now
seling the machine. Sond \$10 for machine. Circulars of other goods on application, 18 pages of description, testimentals, &c., sent free by addressing
the BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE CO.,
3-42-d No. 236 St. James Street, Montreal.



I.ADIES', GENTLEMEN'S & CHIL-dren's Felt and other flats cleaned, dyed and blooked in the latest style and fash-ion at GEO. E. SIEGARS, successor to G. W. KETCHUM, 696 Craig Street.

INVEST YOUR

MONEY EITHER IN

Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western RAILWAY EXTENSION AND ADDRESS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

FIRST MORTGAGE 7 Per Cent. GOLD BONDS

10 Per Cent. MUNICIPAL BONDS.

Maps. Pamphlets and Circulars furnished upon W. N. COLER & CO., Bankers,

22 Nassau St., New York.

CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.—Without Phesphorus no thought, say the Germans, and they might add, no action, since Phosphorus and its compounds are known to be the motive power of the nervous and muscular system. They constitute more than half the material of the human body, being found in every tissue, and their presence is absolutely essential to nutrition, as they promote the conversion of albumen in the food into fibrine, which is the vitalizing agent of pure, healthy blood. They are now coming into universal use in Europe and America in the treatment of Serofulous, Consumptive and Venercal diseases, which are caused by impoverished and poisoned blood: and in diseases of women suffering from irregularities, obstructions, and exhausting discharges, in pale, puny children, and that condition of nervous and physical prostration resulting from bad habits. excessive use of stimulants and tobacco. and all that train of evils known as a fast life. The great reliability and promptness in its effects in immediately and permanently restoring the devitalized constitution, has made Dr. WileELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA. a great favorite with the Physicians and public. Sold at \$1.00.

TELESCOPES.

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

MICROSCOPES.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instru-ment is warranted to show animalcule inwater, cels in paste &c. &c. magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object Forceps, Spare Glasses, &c., &c. Ina polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$8.60 sent free. II. SANDERS,

Ontigian, &c. 120 St. James Street, Montreal. (Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)



EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED, 1823.

Manufacturers of Steam Engine, Steam Boilers and nachinery generally. Agent for JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR. 3-28 m.

RAY'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 Organs. 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 bettle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St, Lawrence Main St.,

THE GREATEST BEAUTIFIER OF THE AGE 1
LADIES' MAGIC HAIR CURLERS!
Warranted to curl the most straight or stiff hair
into wavy ringicts or massive curls, if used according
to directions. Money refunded if they fail to accomplish what is above stated.
50 cents per box; full set of three boxes, \$1.25.
Address MoiNTOSH & Co.,
Wholesale dealers in Novelties,
Brockville, Ont.

in a restrict and a second construction of a THE HEARTHSTONE is printed and published by GRO. R. Dranarate, 1. Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.



THE SHIPWRECK.

word about her changing her mind; but for: all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as at! Old as he was, could she fail to see the But when I told Job, says he:

"Jerusatem i a young pretty girl like sainly; Why don't he go after some widder, or an old-ish gal! They jest suited each other."

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kin-eatd would have things that Milly More could nover dream of: silk dresses and velvet closks, jowolry, and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, rilver ice-pitcher if she chose, like Mrs. Captain River ice-pitener if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny. Once having given me her confidence, Milly

didn't stop: and Mrs. More came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.
"Milly," says I, "Will is gone, and you aren't

his widow, to wenr weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can help it, seems to me—and Captain Kincald is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love.

After that she stopped talking much to me She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone, and why should she refuse what Providence offered?

The Captain staid at the Port three month and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife-old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She just

gave up at last.
"It don't matter much, after all," she said "I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon, I suppose, whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Will, and Mrs More told me she was engaged: and she wore a diamond ring upon her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincald, so that she might go to Europe with

A year and three months since the Golden Cove went down. Well, no one can tell what Dove went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while will bring. I used to hope that I hadn't bad much hand in it after all when I thought it over, and remembere Will, and how he took her in his arms under the

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had falled, so that she couldn't do line sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly.

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half crazy; and I've had given more money than there was in the till, to have dared to tear that knew the hand was Will Massot's.

tied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there

"This can't wait," says I. "No." Fays Job. " it can't, with that wedding

Then I stopped and thought. Let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine house and her carriage, all thesame. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wodding is And my old man came across the room and

out his arm about my waist. "Nancy," says he, " you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was betwe old folks may get a little hard—though to be up in the world seems'so much, and all that old sweetness so silly, why, it will come back some-times. You remember how he kissed her there under the sycumore; and—Nancy, we couldn't

wait until after the wedding, either of us." I put my arms about Job's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sun-bonnet and ran over to Mrs More's Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the

door with my letter behind my back. "Won't you walk in ?" says Mrs. More. "I-I haven't time," savs I. " It's only an errand. "It's a little singular. Milly, there's

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly. "It has come at last ! How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hadn't

had a glimpse of it.
It was the old sallor's story: a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spont in hop-ing for succor, and a sail at last. A vessel out-ward bound had picked him up. He would be

home in three months. "Three months !" said Milly. " Oh, how can

And then says I:

reasel in a offing now."

So it was Will, after all; and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincald either, for he mar-ried Fanny More before the year was over.