

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

(FROM THE LATIN OF BERTHUIS.)

BY WILLIAM CUTLER BRYANT.

Thou, who wouldst read, with an undarkened eye,
The laws by which the Thunderer bears away,
Look at the stars that keep, in yonder sky,
Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep:
The Bear, that sees star setting after star,
In the blue river, descends not to the deep.

The star of eve still leads the hour of dew:
Only the day-star ushers in the light;
With kindly alternations Love renews
The eternal courses bringing day and night.

Love drives away accursed War, and keeps
The realm and host of stars beyond his reach.
In one long calm the general Concord sleeps
The elements, and tempers each to each.

The moist gives place benignly to the dry:
Heat softens a faithful tongue with cold;
The nimble flame springs upward to the sky:
Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish mould.

Still sweet with blossom in the year's first prime:
Her harvest still the ripening Summer yields;
Fruit laden Autumn follows in his time,
And rainy Winter waters still the fields.

The elemental harmony brings forth
And rears all life, and when life's term is o'er
It sweeps the breathing myriads from the earth,
And wholms and hides them to be seen no more.

While the great Founder, He who gave these laws,
Holds the firm reins and sits amid the skies,
Mourning and Master, Origin and Cause,
And Arbitrer supremely just and wise.

He guides the force He gave: His hand restrains
And curbs it to the circle it must trace;
Else the fair fabric which His hand sustains
Would fall to fragments in the void of space.

Love binds the parts together; gladly still
They court His kind command and well decree.
Unless Love held them subject to the Will
That gave them being, they would cease to be.

NO MAN'S LAND.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Mr. John Raffles, better known to the companions of his lighter hours as Jack Raffles, having contemptuously folded up a venerable-looking legal document and crammed it into his desk, and having then imitated the handwriting of several eminent inhabitants of Sloccum-cum-Mudford with infinite exactness on a piece of paper, which he tore into small bits, was now, with a malicious chuckle, cutting his name in large letters on his well-worn and inked desk in a bold and masterly style. This sculptural design he only delayed to cut six quill pens into rings for a rude sort of necklace, and to spear a maimed wax with a steel pen.

"A pretty dose I've brewed for this infernal, stink-up, dead-alive, old rotten borough!" he said to himself, as he sat at once vaulted off his high stool, looked at the clock, which was on the stroke of twelve, threw his blue bag at a buzzing fly-bottle, put on a rickish-looking, seedy white hat, cocked it over his left eye, and danced a can-can of triumph opposite the empty desk of his venerable employer in the farther corner of the room. "If Joe Parsons only does his part as well as I've done mine, and divides the tin fairly, I'm a made man. By George! won't I let the corks fly! I'll run horses, mark you; I'll swagger at the clubs; I'll drive the best stepstoppers in London; I'll wear the noblest clothes that money can buy; I'll go in a regular buster at the Stock Exchange; and I'll show the world that Jack Raffles has been a grossly misunderstood individual, has got the right sort of stuff in him after all, and is up to the latest dodges out. But suppose Joe doesn't run square, Mr. John Raffles—what then? But no, he daren't join on the cross now. Only let him try, that's all!"

This doubt, however, set Jack thinking; and sitting backwards on a chair as if it was a horse, he was quietly meditating, with the stump of an unlit cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, when the door opened softly, and a little, portly, sharp man in black entered, and eyed him with indignation and amazement.

"Is that dead one yet?" said Mr. Bartholomew Potterton. "You've been long enough to do twenty deeds. If this goes on, my gentleman, you and I will have words. Take that cigar out of your mouth, sir, and get on with your work. Raffles, you're drunk."

"It's with ink, then," said unmoved Raffles; "much margin for drink your beggarly wages leave a man! There's your rascally dead—take it." And so saying, Raffles went to his desk, took out the deed, and skinned it so near old Potterton that it brushed the stiff grey hair that rose like white flames over his little scarlet choleric face. "No more pen-driving for me. You engaged me four years ago, and I've done a great deal of dirty work in that time. I gave you notice this day month remember, when you rowed me. I want my month's wages, and then I'm off. I shan't be very incoachable—I'll try and bear up. Come, catch the 1.30 to London." And so saying, the audacious Raffles struck a fusee, lit the stump of his cigar, and puffed furiously from the back of his imaginary and inexpensive steed.

Mr. Potterton foamed with rage.

"You idle worthless scamp!" he said stamping. "You're not worth your salt! You'll die on a dunghill, and serve you right too! You're a drunken, cheating, gambling scoundrel, and more fit for a groom or a racing tout than a clerk in a respectable office."

"Respectable?"

"There's your wages, you impudent, low—"

"Take care!" said Raffles menacingly; "take care! You've said enough already for three actions of defamation of character. I've not been in your office four years for nothing. I could expose one or two pretty dark jobs. How about old Twitcher's will? How about the costs in that action of Benger's? You take care what you say!"

"You lay a finger on me!"

"You say one word more against my character! Why, I'd wring your old yellow neck for twopenny."

"Provoking a breach of the peace! I'll summon you this very day!"

"Summon away. Do you remember what Sergeant Perry said of you at Colchester?"

"Take your money and be off, you low scamp!"

"More defamation! Go it!—that's right!—go it!"

"You threatened me—you put your fist in my face. I only wish I'd got a witness, you viper!"

"You old tape-worm, I defy you!" and Raffles snapped his bony fingers. "I'd break

all your windows, only it's two expensive! I'd fling this ink in your face, only that's black enough already! Ta-ta! and one word of advice: Don't take so much of that old port of old Twitcher's, or you'll go out some day like a bad brimstone match; and all the widows and orphans you've plundered in Sloccum will put on black for you at their own expense. Oh, you're a nice old customer, you are! and Old Nick couldn't get his work done half so well in any other office."

This was too much for old Potterton's temper. He snatched up an inkstand, which he forgot was full, and was about to send it at the head of the contumacious clerk, when Raffles snatched up the deed, flew out at the door, and lunged it behind him.

"Impudent rascally blackguard!" gasped old Potterton, putting on his hat fiercely; when in at the open window skimmed the deed, and knocked off his beaver, while a voice in the street outside bawled.

"It's all blank, so you can put in as many lies as you like, you old swindler! Summon away! I'm off!"

In vain old Potterton rushed for a summons to a brother Magistrate, for John Raffles had started for London by the 1.30 train, and had left no trace of his whereabouts.

For at least a century and a half, a long strip of land, running parallel with the High Street of Sloccum-cum-Mudford, had been known to the inhabitants as "No Man's Land." It had belonged to a family long since supposed to be extinct, and no clear title could be obtained with it. Tramps squatted among the nettles and thistles; and in later ages strolling players set up their tents there, side by side with the itinerant photographer and his wandering house. It was a cemetery for cats, a graveyard of parish dogs; a neglected, hopeless, mournful-looking strip of land, on which an immovable curse seemed to have fallen. It was an obstruction to all improvements—a bar to the progress of the borough of Sloccum-cum-Mudford. It was where the new Town Hall should have stood—the very site for the Mechanics' New Reading Room. There it had remained, an oasis of weeds and rubbish, amid the houses of Sloccum—an eye-sore, a bald place, a reproach, and a byword.

At last, however, the hour came, and the man. That respectable and energetic business man, Mr. Bartholomew Potterton, taking upon himself the whole risk and responsibility, had offered the Corporation of which he was Mayor, a sum (not large) for the obnoxious spot, and had built a row of excellent shops, which, soon letting, produced a rental of some £1,500 a year, with every probability of a rise.

It was a nice little prize; and the least scrupulous and most venturesome of the Corporation had snapped it up very cleverly. The Robinsons, who once owned it, were gone several generations ago, and "No Man's Land" had turned to use after all. "Our energetic Mayor," as the local paper observed, "has at last removed the long-existing barrier to the progress of the thriving centre of an immense agricultural district—Sloccum-cum-Mudford; and no minor town in Essex has now a chance with that borough in the honorable race for wealth and distinction. There can be no doubt," continued the eminent editor, "that the Conservatives, at the impending election for Sloccum, will return our excellent Mayor by an enormous majority."

Imagine, therefore, the vexation and dismay of the excellent Mayor's tortuous mind when, four days after the somewhat abrupt departure of Mr. John Raffles, he received a long quarto letter from the London firm of Parsons, Jobson, and Billage, threatening immediate proceedings against him on behalf of the descendants of the late John Robinson, Esq., of Darkhold House, near Sloccum-cum-Mudford. The action of ejectment referred to "No Man's Land," a strip of ground near the High Street of Sloccum, at present the site of Potterton Terrace and Bartholomew Row (lately built).

The discovery of the lost heir was a somewhat romantic story. It appeared that Messrs. Parsons, Jobson, and Billage were successors of Messrs. Kite and Jolipp, solicitors to the last of the Robinson family, who died 1730. In rummaging an old deed-box that had long remained unnoticed in a corner of their office, the senior member of the firm had, much to their surprise, discovered a will dated 1718, by which John Robinson, Esq., of Darkhold House (the last of the Robinsons, who was supposed to have died intestate) left the piece of ground called "No Man's Land," in the parish of St. Anthony, Sloccum, and all his personal property, to a certain illegitimate child of his, named Job Simpson, private in the Scots Greys. This man, it had generally been supposed, fell in the battle of Oudenarde; but it had since transpired that the said Job Simpson, after long detention in a Flemish hospital, married a Beguine. The father died before the birth of a son, who eventually came to Sloccum, and, knowing nothing of his rights, set up as a cobbler. This cobbler's son became "boots" at the "King's Head," Sloccum, and left a son, who settled as a tinker in Blue Yard, Sloccum. The tinker's son, Jeremiah Simpson, now stableman at the "Ring of Bells," Ninepin Alley, Sloccum, was the present claimant. The proofs of the lineal descent of the said Jeremiah Simpson, and a copy of the will, were inclosed. The writer suggested an immediate surrender of the property as the best means of avoiding a very expensive and (to Mr. Potterton) inevitably fruitless litigation.

The proofs seemed indubitable; the copies of the registers of the births and deaths were unquestionable.

The purchase from the Corporation was a most questionable affair. However the case went on, Potterton would have to refund. There was no hope of his holding the land, whoever was the heir. Perhaps a compromise was possible. This Jerry Simpson was the parish, the "Christopher Sly," of Sloccum. Half his time went in the workhouse, and the other half in gaol. A poacher in youth—in mature life he had turned petty pilferer and pugilist—a more confirmed sot was not in Sloccum. In stender moments he was extra-stableman at the "Ring of Bells," a low inn in the outskirts of Sloccum. He was the terror of the police and the opprobrium of the back slums of Mudford—a more idle, worthless, contemptible, and hopeless rough did not exist in all Essex; and to this dreg and loc of society His Worshipful was to surrender his magnificent stroke of speculation. To have the whole affair dragged into the light of day, and on the eve of an election, too, was insupportable; to lose all his

rents for years, even if the assailants proved unsuccessful, was unbearable. Potterton, however, had got into scrapes before, and, moreover, he was an energetic man. With the promptitude of true genius and rascality, he at once resolved on a line of conduct. He resolved to seek out this Jerry Simpson, and, offering him a large sum, got him to sign a paper surrendering all claims for a certain consideration, and to thus settle the matter for ever in the very teeth of Messrs. Parsons, Jobson and Billage.

The heir to "No Man's Land" happened, at this special moment, to be an inmate of the Sloccum-cum-Mudford workhouse. Mr. Potterton, on entering that noble exemplification of a nation's progress, discovered Mr. Oakham, the master, in his parlour, with his face to a back door, angrily chiding a contumacious pauper, who was mopping out a brick-paved back kitchen. Mr. Potterton mildly asked what was the matter.

"Matter!" said Mr. Oakham. "These paupers is enough to break a man's heart. Their ingratitude is intolerable. I set this man to sweep out my back kitchen after he's done his stone-breaking, and he turns round and swears he won't do it, and yet I give him all the potato-rinds and the scrapings of my plates. Here's this Jerry Simpson, the most!"

"Jerry Simpson?" exclaimed Mr. Potterton.

"One of the most interesting examples of misdirected energy; a man, sir, though of low origin, capable, as I have long observed, of far better things; an individual of whose future I feel it is my duty to guard. Will you be kind enough to obtain me a short private interview with that eccentric but most interesting person?"

Mr. Oakham was dumfounded, but he contrived to muster sufficient presence of mind to call in Jerry, and leave him cloaked with His Worshipful. Jerry entered, his brawny limbs thrust into much-too-small pepper-and-salt habiliments, his great shuffling feet wandering about in felt slippers, his red bristling hair covered by a torn straw hat. In one hand he held a pail, in the other the dripping stump of a mop.

"You're always a-worretting of me and a-nagging of me," he said, "and the skilley ain't enough to support a nigger slave. I tell you what I've a mind to do: to knock the whole billing of ye over the head with this mop, and get back into gaol at once. The grub's better there, and the work lighter. Where's the beer you promised me yesterday? Yahi! you're a mean lot, you are."

"My dear Mr. Jeremiah Simpson," said Mr. Potterton, blandly offering his hand, "you mistake a friend for an enemy. I have such an extreme feeling of the hardships of your present position, that I am come to offer you the means of escape from this place of retirement. I have five pounds here, which are at your disposal."

If Mr. Oakham had been dumfounded, Jerry was paralysed.

"What! all these 'ere blessed good shiners for me?" he said, extending his huge dirty fingers towards them as they lay, a little glittering row, in Potterton's crafty palm. "What the whole blessed lot? Well, you are a gentleman—the right sort, you are! and if there's any double X left at the 'Ring of Bells,' I add my pals will drink your jolly good health this very night till we can't see out of our eyes."

"I feel a great, a very great, interest in you, my worthy fellow," said the old lawyer in his oiliest tones, "and I haven't done with you yet."

"Oh, I'll stick to ye, old gentleman. I'm not the feller to desert a friend—I'll stick to ye. But what's your little game, eh? People, as far as I've gone, don't generally give shiners for nothing."

"All that you will hear in due time. You go now, my dear fellow, purchase a neat tidy suit out of the money I've given you, and meet me to-night at seven, in the coffee-room of the 'King's Head,' where we'll talk over matters of some importance to you."

"All right, old cock, I'm your man; and I'll bring old Bob the sweep—good sort, he is—with me."

"No, you had better come alone. Bob the sweep may be a most estimable person."

"Best company in the world!"

"No doubt; but you must come alone. Mind and keep sober; if you can, I'll take care you get leave to go from here directly."

"Right you are! Oh, I'm fly!"

Jerry was punctual to his appointment, and considering he had drunk three pots of stout and two bottles of champagne, was reasonably sober. Indeed, so punctual was he, that Potterton, when he arrived, found him there in full dress, both legs on the hobs, and a long pipe in his mouth. There was no one else, apparently, in the room, so Potterton at once drew a chair near a fire-screen that stood between the table next the window where commercial gentlemen sat and wrote, and the fire, and opened proceedings.

His first glance at Jerry convinced him, however, that an alarming change had taken place in that gentleman's demeanor. He was bold, rather defiant, suspicious, and overbearing; and when he rang the bell, and shouted to the astonished waiter for two sixes of brandy, he beat his first on the table, and told the man to look alive, with all the bounce of Bobadil himself.

"Well, now, let's hear all about it, you sharp old fella," said Jerry—"but toss off your brandy first, and I'll call for some more; for you're a jolly good fella, and so say all of us! which nobody can deny—Come, drink it up like a man, I've hear!"

"I never touch brandy during business hours."

"More fool you! It's good at all hours.—But now—out with this game of yours!"

"The facts, Mr. Simpson, are very easily told. An absurd claim has been set up in your name—but, of course, without your cognizance—to a certain piece of land in Sloccum, in which I am interested."

"Exactly so;—and 'No Man's Land' is its name till I choose to occupy it."

"Then, you know everything?" said Potterton, with a guilty start.

"No, not everything; only a good deal.—Well, proceed."

"For that land, which the law will never enable you to obtain, I propose to offer you—to prevent any trouble to myself—a certain sum on your signing a surrender."

"A handsome sum, old boy?"

"A very handsome sum—and all for nothing."

"And I'm to sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; start at once to America."

"The sum is really handsome?—and how much may it be?"

"Three hundred pounds," and Potterton watched to see the goggle eyes of Jerry open to their widest. Oddly enough, however, they only contracted and winked with the malicious cunning of a bull-dog who is going to bite.

"Is that all?"

"It is a large sum."

"Oh, yes, blessed large!—Shall I sign, Mr. Parsons? What do you say?"

A perky man, with a pale pimply face, suddenly started up from behind a screen, where its owner had been ensconced.

"Sign nothing, Mr. Jeremiah Simpson!—And let me tell Mr. Potterton that this offer is a most disgraceful attempt to rob an honest man of his rights!"

"This is a plot," said Mr. Potterton, bouncing like a red-hot chestnut. "There has been collusion here!"

"Yes, and will continue to be," said Mr. Parsons, "till a great and stupendous fraud has been proved to the—the—to the very backbone!"

Poor Potterton! he never recovered that surprise; and after a short, sharp tussle, in which he was ignominiously defeated, he surrendered the property to the claimant, to whom the corporation promised immediate possession, after a careful examination had been made of the evidently indisputable will and other documents. As for Jerry, the town lavished attentions on him—balls and banquets were given in his honor, presentations of plate were made to him by the tenants of "No Man's Land." It was even unanimously proposed that Mr. Jeremiah Simpson should at once be asked to stand for the borough. His portrait was painted at the expense of the Corporation. The tradesmen competed for his custom. Jerry had already grown insolent and proud; he threw over Bob the sweep, and Brown the farrier's man, and even refused to lend his old cronies, the host at the "Ring of Bells," half a crown. He played all day with his toadies at billiards for legs of mutton and trimmings, drank like a fish, and finally consummated his ingratitude by threatening to take his business out of the hands of Mr. Parsons. He wore heaps of vulgar jewelry, drove about in a hired barouche and four grey horses, addressed the people from the hustings, promising to get public houses opened all night, and all taxes repealed; and, in fact, became in three weeks the most popular man of Sloccum-cum-Mudford. His vulgarism was called bluff honesty; his oaths were excused as outbreaks of energy and genius, his drinking was pardoned as sociability. People even vowed they saw in him traces of good birth.

The day came for the final surrender of "No Man's Land" by the Corporation. Arbitrators were to adjudge what poor Potterton was to receive in compensation for the houses he had built so imprudently—so dishonestly, as some said; and the magistrates of Sloccum were drawn together in the council-chamber. Jerry was of course there, slapping rich tradesmen on the back, and tossing "countless glasses of brown sherry."

"The time has now arrived," said Mr. Parsons, taking his worthy client apart, "when we must seriously come to some arrangement about money matters. You have borrowed now of our firm nearly four hundred pounds. We must request you, therefore, before we make any further advance, to surrender to us the disposal of the recovered estate till such time as our payments may be reimbursed."

"I tell you," said Jerry, who had quite lost his head, and was naturally a cur at heart, "I found out long ago you lawyers are just what I had always heard you were, a pack of—greedy sharks; and I'll sign no paper of the kind, I'll just pay you when I please, and I'll take good care your bill is well overhauled, and pared down to its proper length; so put that in your pipe and smoke it, old Six-and-eight-pence."

"And let me tell you, sir," said Parsons, a pale green with rage and bile, "that I have found you, sir, a mean ungrateful dog, and that we'll press you to the very last penny, and we'll hang on the estate like leeches, till we get our reward for raising you from among the goal-birds that are your fitting companions."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! I pray, silence!" interposed the Town Clerk, for the conflict had grown loud; "Mr. Parsons will now produce the will."

At that moment Parsons' clerk entered, and put a letter just received into his hand. The postmark was Boulogne, the handwriting Raffles's. The letter ran thus:

"YOU DIRTY, SHABBY RASCAL,—

"You think you have done me out of my share of the tin, and are going to pocket the whole proceeds of our dirty work. You perhaps forget that I am Yorkshire too. I was once apprenticed to a chemist, and I took devilish good care to prepare for any dirty tricks of yours; and you will soon see no charge of forgery can touch me now, old man."

"You're truly, and he—to you,

"JACK RAFFLES."

Parsons, with a spitfire and contemptuous look, rolled the letter into a ball, and threw it under the table.

"Mr. Parsons, will you now produce this will, which has been pronounced *bona fide* and conclusive?"

Parsons pompously produced the square of old discolored parchment, handed it with his politest bow to the Town Clerk, and sat down to carelessly jot some memoranda.

The Town Clerk unfolded it, and, smiling, handed it back to Mr. Parsons.

"You have made a mistake, sir," he said. "You have given me a wrong document. This is only a blank parchment."

"Blank parchment!" screamed Parsons; and leaping up like a parched pea, he clutched open the will.

Yes; it was blank—blank as the ceiling. Jack Raffles, Jack Raffles, thy vengeance had indeed fallen! The shock was too great. Parsons fell down headlong in a fit.

In stooping down to lift up the fallen lawyer, the Clerk of the Court picked up Raffles's letter, and read it aloud. The whole affair had exploded. Every face darkened against Jerry.

"Impostor cried!" one.

"Low cheat!" cried another.

Jerry retaliated with a blow, for the sherry had got into his head.

"Seize that man!" cried the Mayor. "I always thought he was a scoundrel. We'll punish the whole gang to the very utmost."

Jerry remonstrated, so the police were sent for.

"No Man's Land is mine!" he shouted; "and I'll fight the whole billing for it! I'll have my own! It's all a lie about the will. You're a mean lot, to turn on a man like this! You Mayor fellow there, come and have a fair stand-up at the 'Ring of Bells,' and I'll knock you into the middle of next week! Come along, all on yer!"

But the whole police force of Sloccum threw itself upon Jerry, and the temporary owner of "No Man's Land," fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate, was that evening amicably welcomed to Sloccum Gaol by his old friend the beetle-browed turnkey.

"No Man's Land" still awaits the rightful heir; but he has not yet appeared, even in the Antipodes.—*Good's Com. Annual.*

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Dec. 1, 1872.

There is no change to note in the local flour market. The demand this morning was light, flour dealers being the only purchasers, and sales were limited to about 1500 barrels. The weakness which has characterized the market for some days past is still prevalent, and prices to-day are a trifle lower than on Saturday. Cereals of all kinds were lifeless and generally nominal. Provisions were dull and unchanged. Ashes continue excited and unsettled, but we hear of no sales.

Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

	Dec. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		
Flour	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30		
Red Wheat	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11		
Winter	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11		
White	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12	6	12		
Club	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13	3	13		
Corn	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24	0	24		
Barley	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3	6	3		
Oats	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3		
Peas	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39		
Port	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56	3	56		
Lard	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39	0	39		
Flour	Superior Extra, nominal, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Extra, \$0.90 to \$1.20; Fancy, \$0.40 to \$0.60; Fresh Super (Western Wheat) \$0.50 to \$0.60; Ordinary Super, (Canada Wheat) \$0.50 to \$0.55; Strong Bakers, \$0.65 to \$0.70; Super from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground) \$0.60 to \$0.65; Super City brands (Western Wheat) \$0.60 to \$0.65; Canada Super, No. 2, \$0.75 to \$0.80; Western Super, No. 2, \$0.90 to \$1.00; Fine, \$0.20 to \$0.30; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Pollards, \$2.25 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Flour, \$1.00 lb., \$2.65 to \$2.85; City bags, (dollar), \$3.05 to \$3.10.																																
WHEAT—Market quiet and nominal.																																	
CATTLE, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$5.10 for Upper Canada.																																	
PEAS, bush of 68 lbs.—Market quiet at 80c to 82c.																																	
OATS, bush of 32 lbs.—Market quiet and steady. Quotations are: 32c for new, and 31c for old.																																	
CORN—Quiet. Holders ask 52c to 53c for new.																																	
BUTTER, per lb.—Dull and inactive. Nominal quotations: Store-packed Western, 12c to 11c; fancy dairy, 12c to 15c; good to choice, 10c to 11c.																																	
CHEESE, per lb.—Market quiet. Factory fine 11c to 11c; Finest new 12c to 12c.																																	
PORK, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet; New Mess, \$15.50 to \$16.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50.																																	



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