I wish to lead a pleasant life.
Avoiding dans and debt.
To keep also from one and strife.
And heither game nor bet.
Yet somele with would be a cram
To say I'm blest in lot:
Because you see sometimes I am.
But then, sometimes I'm not!

It's very mee, when in a shop.
To buy whate'er you view,
Provided want of eash won't pop
'Twist purchases and you.
I wish I were a wealthy man
to buy things that cochant:
Because you see sometimes I can
But then, sometimes I can't.

It's quite delightful—truly fun— To act as thoughts may strike. And pleasant, too, to leave undone The things one doesn't like. I often wish to have my way. Thus free from all restraint: Because you see sometimes I may. But then sometimes I mayn't.

An even temper to possess— A mind that's balanced well-Must be a bliss I can't express. That tongue may never tell. My temper's prefty fair, but still Act tranquilly I don't ;— Because, you see, sometimes I will,— But then, sometimes I won't!

Well, well! The best a man can do
Is not to growl at fate.
Not too depressed when ills accrue.
At bliss not too elate:
That I may so behave old pat.
I would the heavens would grant:
Because although semetimes I shall.
I know, sometimes I shan't.

JACK CADE, JOURNEYMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Jack Cade took off his jacket and hung it upon a hook, put on his coat, smoothed his hair with a pocket comb, snatched at his tin kettle. a pocket comb, shatched at his tin kettle, seowled at a sout, well-to-do looking man who was locking up a safe at the end of the shop, and started homeward. He was a bigfellow, American to the backbone, and bandsome enough to make the glets io de at him even in his everyday clothes. He was twenty-eight years old, healthy, carned easel wears, bad a pactic wife, may caddies. He was twenty-eight years old, healthy, carned good wages, and a pretty wife, whom be leved, and who loved him devotedly. He was going home to a good tea, and had had a good dinner. His home was the picture of neatness, and was prettily furnished besides; but he was a discontented man nevertheless, one of a class to be found a wayer. of a class to be found among journeymen meof a class to be found among journeymen mechanics of all kinds, who are perpetually chating over some wrong, real or imaginary. The Individual spoten of as "The Boss" seems to be the natural born enemy of these men, no matter how promptly he pays their wages, or how liberal those wages are. He represents Capital, they represent Labor; and they shake their heads, and say: heads, and say:

"It is always so: Capital against Labor, the

world over. Labor's always at a disadvantage : Capital takes advantage of it!"

It is natural to desire to possess capital, I my-

rest could not possibly imagine anything more delightful than unlimited means; but these men never think how much labor may have gone to the accumulation of the capital which pays them their wages; what energy and thought, what hand work and brain work have been called into action, before the "boss" was master instead of "man." There he stands—a capit greature who rever them their wages. meater instead of a man." There he stands— a cruel creature who pays them their wages, and is making a fortune out of their toll, and they hate him. They hate all "bosses;" a smoul-dering animosity is in their blood. They work grudgingly, even if they work well. They are regarded as very sensible men by their com-sules and though contental Tannay Smith is rades, and though contented Tommy Smith is very well suited with the present state of things himself, he understands how wrong it all is,

when Jack Cade represents the case to him.
These men are not often the worst in the
shop. They are not the hard drinkers, or the
billers; but they are not the best men. They may have ability, but they are too much atraid of helping "capital" to triumph, to do their best while they are journeymen. They do not get on as some do. They never become a master's right-band may. right-hand man,

Ambition helps a man upward; discontent

Ambition says, " Pil be master myself some

Discontent matters, "What's the use? Capital holds the roins, labor must be a slave."

Jack strode home from the shop, with his hands in his pockets and his kettle over his right wrist, his but tipped over his eyes, and thoughts of his wrongs in his soul. Phebe, his wife, looking out of the window to watch for his com-

ing, said to herself;

"Ah, he's thinking over all those dreadful things. I know he is."

Poor Phehe, had she not loved Juck so would roor ruche, had she not loved Jack so, would have been bored to death, in this hier first married year, by the recitation of those mysterious wrongs of his class; but what loving woman does not yield a ready sympathy even to woes she cannot comprehend, when they befull the man she loves. When Jack Cade told his wife how Capital crushed Labor, she said it was "a shame," and " real mean." And then there was one thing with which she could sympathize—a tangible trouble: Jack, had he had money enough to purchase what he styled "them machines," could have been a "boss" himself yes, could have been o capital," instead of a la-bor," and made a fortune over-hand. Then things would have been as they should be, and it indeed was "real mean," and "a shame," "Them machines," however, were worth two

thousand dollars,
Jack Cade had no savings to speak of; and Jack Cade had no savings to speak of; and housekeeping swallows ready money in an as-tonishing way. Jack lived up to his means; dressed as well as he could; liked to see Phebe as fine as possible, and in fact ate his cake and enjoyed it as he went—or would have enjoyed it but for this corroding care, this injury that Ca-pital was ever doing to Labor. Such a pretty tea table; such a smiling wife!

Jack would have been worse than he was, not to warm into good-humor when once in his own little dining-room; but with the after-ten smoke came the old complaints—that general

difficulty and that particular one.
"Why, I'm more able to carry on a business of that kind than old Trimmer is," said Jack.

of that kind that had Trimber 18, "said Jack."

"Why, you know I am yourself, Kitty."

"Of course," said Kitty, with emphasis.

"And here he rolling in gold," said Jack;

"and here am I, his journeyman — ha, ha! —
just because he has them machines and I can't

" It's awfully mean," said Kitty. "And when

you are dressed up for Sunday you look ever so much richer than he does. Oh, how mean

She cuddled up to her husband as he sat on the sofa, as she said this, and he put his arm about her waist; but she was thinking only of him he of those things that were so very wrong, even while he thought what a dear little soul she

After a while he went to bed and went to sleep, and the lights were out and the room still for a while; but after some time Phebe, who had not closed her eyes, crept out upon the car-pet, wrapped herself in her dressing-grown, and appoint into her parlor, shut the door. She wanted to think, and she drew her chair before the dying grate the and lookd into the embers. There were pictures there to her—pictures of the past; of a little girl in a white dress sliting on an old man's knee; of a mill, the great wheel whirling and the water dripping below;

which whirling and the water dripping below; of the mill-pond, clear as a mirror, redecting the trees and the sky, and her own little face.

"Grandpa always loved me," she said to herself; "always loved me very minch. I'm sure I loved him; I love him still. I reckon he's just as fond of me. Why can't we be little girls and stoy with our grandpas, and yet he big girls and marry too? Dear old grandpa, I never was a bit afraid of you then; why should I be now?"

Then she sat and looked at the pictures in the free a little longer. They burnt red and black gorges, mountains and valleys, trees and rivers, the whole old country place—the mill and the miller, and his little grantidaughter. She could see his white hair, his deep-set blue eyes; she saw him as he looked after her on her wedding-day, as she drawn away with her husband.

day, as she drove away with her husband.

"I'll do it," she whispered to herself, as she crept back to bed again, and went to sleep with a tear or two on her cheeks.

"I'll do it, Grandpa always loved me."

pa atways loved me, Jack Cade went to his work next morning comfortably fed and well kissed, but all his trou-ble returned when his eyes fell upon the man

of capital.

When Mr. Trimmer said cheerfully, " How took muttered are you this morning, Cade ?" Jack muttered an ungracious "um," that might have meant well or III, and made no return of the politeness, Mr. Trimmer whistled a tune as he unlocked his desk. Cade said to himself that "Capital was insolently triumphant."

Just then Phebe was posting a letter that she

Just then Phebe was posting a letter that she had written to her grandfather, the miller—a letter that was thought over as she watched the pictures in the fire the night before.

It was a hard letter to write, but a wife will always sacrifice her feelings for her husband, if she really loves him. And Phebe set to work to get her dinner with a feeling or railor. Despet her dinner with a feeling or railor. get her dinner with a feeling of relief. Per-haps some good would be brought about by this that she had done, and Jack would call her

Jealous Jack came home to dinner as jealous of capital as ever. "The "boss" had a great contract. He would make thousands by it. What

would Jack make? His wages; no more, would Jack make? His wages; no more, "And why?" asked Jack, "Why, because he's got capital and them machines, and I an't. I'm a better workman, and he knows it too; and I shall do the work, and he won't; but look at the difference."

look at the difference."

"11's very mean," said Phebe, "but may be some day there'll be an improvement."

Jack shook his head.

"I belong to the laboring class," he said.

Capital will always crush me." And so went back to work.

back to work.
Of course Jack now and then forgot to descant upon his wrongs. He could laugh and joke. He took Phebe to see a play, and went with her to spend an evening somewhere very often. He liked to see her dressed in her new often. He fixed to see her dressed in her new attire, as she stood all ready to go to church. He went to church also, and thought himself a tolerable (bristian; but Mr. Trimmer came in his carriage, which was hard to bear, and interfered with his devotions. On the whole, Tommy Smith was happler, though he could not see into thines as Cade did.

Smith was happier, though he could not see into things as Cade did.

Juck had good points too. He loved Phobe, and did his bost for her. He had been a kind and dutiful son to his parents. He was charitable to the poor, and the first to head a subscription for a disabled fellow-workman. Anything beneath him, or dependent on him, Jack was fender of: but anything above him he

thing beneath him, or dependent on him, Jack was tender of; but anything above him he hated. There was his fulling.

Days glided on without much change, and nothing happened worth recording in the little household for sometime; but at last Jack sat one night before his fire watching the pictures, as Phebe had two months before, and was conscious of a new trouble. Its first dawning had been so vague, that it had hardly troubled him. Phebe had had letters that she had hidden from him—women's talk from her sister, no

from him-women's talk from her sister, no doubt—but she had always been so open before, thing on her mind, and a secretly, and had something on her mind, and a secret look in her eyes, "By Heaven, if I thought I had any cause I'd —I'd—I'd—I'd—I's stammered Jack aloud. Then he started to be found to the form of the sanity. started to his feet and understood himself. Ho

rat-catching. All he knew was that he felt hor-ribly, and doubted his wife. "It's the third time she's been out at noon,"

he said. "And she'll come in in a flutter, and all dressed, as she did last time, and she'll evade my questions. I'll watch her; I'll follow her— I'll—" He struck his hand against the mentel-I'il—" He struck his hand against the mentel-piece instead of finishing the sentence. A pretty china was toppled over and smashed into glittering pieces on the fender, and just then a voice eried from the back room:
"Dear me, Jack; home before me! I've

been to get some oranges,"

There was Mrs. Cade, smiling and bright, dressed in her new silk, with six oranges in a little fancy basket.

Jack scowled at her. She never marketed at noon in her best slik, he knew that, and though she slipped it off and put on a calico wrapper, and dished his dinner all hot from the oven, he spoke no word. Phebe thought the old wrongs were heavy on him, and had her own thoughts. But for the first time in their married life he left her without kissing her, when the meal was done. That set her to crying. Jack went back to his work in a strange state

shock went nack to his work in a strange state of mind, At the next bench worked Tommy Smith. Tommy was all in a grin.

"Boss has had a caller," whispered Tommy.

"A young gal. She stayed in his office quite a spell. He's gettin' gay in his old-age, is Boss. Wonder whether he's goin' to marry a second ?"

Link did not somether to work.

Jack did not condescend to reply. "She's come here before," said Tom, "always at noon when the men is mostly home; I cat here, you know. She's awful pooty—black hair and eyes, and one o' them silks the color o' stewed prunes, with flounces on it kinder scalloped.'

"Eh?" cried Jack,
"Oh, I take notice of the gals," said Tomray. "I'm a bachelor; not an old married man, like

"Stag one," yelled Jack, in a mysterious fury mysterious to Tommy at least. Then he lowered his voice again,
"How did she wear her hair?" he asked.
Come, you know all about girls. How did she

fix her hair?" "Two braids, and carls between 'em." said Tommy, grinning; "and a ribbon like her dress, and a hat with a black feather, and earrings that was like little tombstones—the things a top, I mean—urns, you know, black jet. And a bag she had, a ridicule, you know, with these

here Johnny Jump-ups painted outside on the leather. Yes, and a parasol with a handle like a horse's foot with a shoe onto it. I'm as good as a in-shion book,"

"You're a great deal better," said Jack, black to the cycbrows, "You tell things fashion books don't tell. So she came to see Trimmer, did she?"

site?"
"Yes," said Tommy; "and he kissed her,"
Jack gave a roar. He had dashed a knife
that he was using into his hand instead of the
wood; but it was not the pain that made him
yell; that he did not feel. However, Tommy did not know it. The blood was gushing from

the wound.

Give us a hold. Let's tie it up. You hadn't ought to let it bleed so," cried the ignorunus who had just described Jack's wife to him; but Jack paced the shop floor muttering oaths between his teeth until, faint with loss of blood, he

began to comprehend the necessity of "going to the doctor," which had been urged upon him by all present for some time.

It was a bad cut, and Jack had an excuse for going home for a day or so. And to Phebe the wound was excuse enough for his alternate rage

and gloom.

She was frightened at first, and pitiful afterwards; but Jack watched her as a tiger watches its prey; and when, at half past five, he saw her put on her pretty best dress, and make herself ready to go out, he said nothing. He nodded good-bye to her, when she called to him from the door that she was going out for a while, and seemed to be half asleep; but five minutes after he was on her track. He saw her turn the corner, and followed her with a foreknowledge corner, and followed her with a foreknowledge of her destination which he valuly strove to strangle. Block by block, as she neared the place, he kept at the same distance from her. she had the step and movements of a good wo-man, of a pure woman. All men know the difference; and some women. Her face was as pure as a child's; but Jack Cade was fast com-ing to a bellef that his wife was neither pure nor

"Trifles light as air are, to the jealous. Confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

He had a host of little trifles added into one awful sum, which this watch was set to prove,
At last he was right. She came to the shop his shop. She opened the door, and entered. He burried on and pressed his face against the glass of a little corner window. The men had gone home, but Trimmer himself was there. He came forward and shook her hands—yes, and patted her on the back, and led her into his office. In a monoral more as Ingle was proportion.

came forward and shook her hands—yes, and patted her on the back, and led her into his office. In a moment more, as Jack was preparing to rush in and murder him, they came out together, and he, Trimmer, squeezed her hand this time, and smiled upon her as she tripped out, shutting her reticule clasps close, as though it held some precious contents.

Trimmer, though a great deal older than Jack, was not an old man, and he was very flue looking—gallam in his way to women too. Such a fury of Jealousy as burnt in Jack's veins now I have no words for. He crept into the shop and took the strong, sharp knife that had given him that wound the day before, from the table where it lay, and put it in his bosou, and stole out again while Trimmer was locking up his office desk. He had heard of these things before, Jack Cade said to himself, as he feit the handle of the knife under his vest. Capital found beauty in the home of Labor, and won away her virtue. That she had hidden the fact that she knew Trimmer was enough to prove her guity. Could it be that such woe and shame had come to him? He knew it was in the world, but never guessed it had knocked at his door. So, with glaring eyes he followed his wife, keeping carefully out of her sight, until she stopped at the— \$\text{cr} \text{k}, ascended the steps, and entered. The moment after she had passed out, two bloodshot eyes glared in upon the paving teller.

"What did that woman want here?" asked a fierce voice.

a flerce voice.
"Cashed a check for two thousand," replied

the gentleman. "Anything wrong."
"Who was the endorser?" asked the man.

or T. T. Trimmer. Anything wrong?" repeated the teller; but the wrathful face was gone.

Jack Cade lad heard enough. He did not follow his wife home. He brooded about the streets until ten o'clock. Then, with all his borrible rage in his heart, and his awful determination nerived at he west home. The hisminution arrived at, he went home. The bitterness of Jealousy perhaps cannot be understood by those who have never feit it, but we all know its power. It has driven men to commit mur-

sanity.

Jack felt for the handle of the knife as he Jack fell for the handle of the knife as he was jealous one, and that he had only waited for a chance to develop this feeling, as a kitten waits for the first mouse to show her proclivity for "Jack," said she, "where have you been?"

"" Jack," said she, "where have you been? ome here, dear; I've been so anxious,"

He came and knelt down beside her, making up his mind that he would tell her why she died at his hands before he stabbed her. That after she was dead, he would kill first Triumer and then himself. And she put her little hands bout his neck, and pressed her lips to his fore-

"False as a serpent!" be said to himself: "rang as a serpont, in said to discover and I've trusted her so!"
"Jack," said she, in a moment, "I've got something to tell you—something good."

"Something to tell you—something good."
"Some lle," he said to himself.
"It's so good, Jack," said Phebe, "I don't know where to begin. You knew grandpa."
"Yes," said Jack hoarsely, thinking of the day when he took the old man's treasure from

his hands.
"Well," said Phebe, "you know he always told me I should have a little legacy when he died. When I came away, he said there would be two thousand dollars each when he died: two for me, and two for Anna, and two for Dick—all his grandchildren."

"Sho's telling me a lie, to account for the money," said Jack to himself, his blood white

of with rage.

"I didn't tell you so," said Phebe, in a lurry; "but grandpa named the sum, and often when you would talk of the things you needed to start for yourself, I've thought of that; so the other night. I made up my mind. I wrote tograndon. who was so fond of me always, and I said, if he meant to leave me that, please give it to me meant to leave me that, please give it to me while he was alive. I'd rather have it now. That it would seem like having some good of his death, if it was left in a will, and I didn't like that, and I hoped he'd live years, and I needed it now. I told him why. So—oh, it's so fanny, Jack—grandpa sent me word 'Yes, and very glad to do it.' And then he told me how he'd sold that lot next the church—to who, of all folks? Your boss, Mr. Trimmer. That two thousand was to be paid eash, and he'd manage to save travelling and bother, and have manage to save travering and solter, and nave the money paid to me. So I went to see Mr. Trimmer at noon times, when you were away coming home. And oh, I forget: Mr. Trimmer used to visit grandpa when I was a mile of a child, and remembered me very well. He went and kissed me, Jack, when he saw me; said l was ma's image. He wanted ma before she married pa, I've heard, only I never knew it was your Mr. Trimmer, Jack. And to-day I got the check, and I drew it, and oh, Jack," cried Phebe, "O, Jack, you'll have them machines

Jack Cade had stopped burning, and was

Jack Cade had stopped burning, and was shivering now. He put his head down upon his wife's lap, and said to himself:
"Lord forgive me, a miserable sinner,"
There was a longer prayer in that than is written in any prayer-book. It covered a great deal of ground, and it came from his soul.
What a miserable sinner he was, to be sure! and how much forgiveness he needed! Then he bethought him that his first impulse, which was to tell Phebe the truth, was a wrong one. Why make the child unhappy? He kissed her, let took her in his arms. He cried over her; but it was not in joy for the prospect of having that machinery, as i'hebe believed. He had more than that to be thankful for. As he crept to bed that night, it struck him that the Lord must be ashumed of him. I do not know whether it was an orthodox thought, but he could not so much think that the powers above were not so much think that the powers above were angry; he was too contemptible in his own estimation for that.

mation for that.

Jack Cade is muster now, instead of man—
capital instead of labor. He is enterprising, and
just to his workmen, and makes out very well;
and when he does grumble, it is on the other
side. But there are moments still when, remembering that sharp kuife once hidden in his
bosom, and the horrible thoughts that lurked beneath it—remembering how near he came to the shedding of innocent blood—Jack Cade will draw closer to his wife and look at her with a penitent glance that she cannot understand, for she has not the slighest idea that she once came so near to figuring in a direful tragedy, the vic-tim of the foolish jealousy of the man she loved

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Nov. S. 1872.

The weather during the past week has been quite variable, alternating between bright and pleasant, and cold and showery days; while there are striking indications of the speedy approach of winter. Fail business continues to be generally active, and the harbor is well filled with steamers and sailing vessels, all being rapidly prepared for despatch.

Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

237 (27)/001	Nov. 7, 5 p.m.	Nov. 6. 5 p.m.	Nov. 5, 5 p.m.	Nor. 4. 5 p.m.	Nor. 2. 2 p.m.	Nov. 1. 5 p.m.
	8. D.	S. D.	s. p.	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.
Flour Red Whent Winter White Corn Burley Onts Pens Pork Lard	.12 0 .11 8 .12 8 .28 6 .3 6 .40 0 .57 0	30 0 12 8 12 8 12 8 3 6 40 0 56 0	00 0 0 8 8 9 9 6 11 12 8 8 9 6 40 0 0 6 8 9 0	30 0 12 2 11 10 12 9 29 3 3 6 3 2 40 0 56 0 39 6	30 0 12 0 11 9 12 8 29 6 3 6 3 2 40 0 56 0 39 0	30 0 12 0 11 9 12 8 29 6 3 2 40 0 56 0
		••				

FLOUR.—Superior Extra, nominal, \$9.00 to \$0.00; Extra, \$6.85 to \$7.00; Fancy, \$6.35 to \$6.50; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) \$6.10 to \$6.00; Ordinary Supers, (Canada Whoat.) \$6.10 to \$6.00; Strong Bakers, \$6.20 to \$6.40; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground) \$6.10 to \$6.00; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$6.10 to \$6.05; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$6.10 to \$6.5; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$6.10 to \$6.5; Supers Connada Supers, No 2, \$6.90 to \$6.00; Western States, No 2, \$9.00 to \$0.00; Func, \$5.15 to 5.25; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Flour, \$7.00 lbs., \$2.70 to \$3.00; City bugs, (dolivered), \$3.10 to \$3.15.

WHEAT.-Market quiet. Three cars of H. C. Spring bought at \$1.33.

DATEMAL. per brl. of 290 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$5,-00 for Upper Canada. PKAS. & bush of 66 lbs.—Market quiet and easier; nominal quotations are at \$2; to \$50.

OATS, P bush of 32 lbs.—Firm at 32e for new, and and 35e for old. Conn .- Market quiet. Nominal rates 52je to 53je. BARLEY.—Nominal at 52 to 57 to for new.
BUTTER, per 15.—Dall and nominal. Quotations
are: Fair dairy Western, 14 to 15 to; good to choice
do, 17c to 19c.

Cherse, P 1b.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine IIc to IIIc; Finest new 12c to 123c. Pork, per brl. of 200 tbs.—Market stendy; New Moss, \$16.75 to \$17.25. Thin Mess, \$15.50 to \$16.00. LARD.-Quiot at 11c to 11je per pound. ASHES.—Pots quiet. Firsts, at \$6.50 to \$6.55. Pearls quiet and easier. Firsts, \$8.50.

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the food into fibrine, which is the vitalizing agent of
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blood; and in disenses of women suffering from irregularities, obstructions, and exhausting discharges,
in pale, puny children, and that condition of nervous
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