

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Chambers's Encyclopædia: vol. viii. From "Puerto Bello," to "Sound." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., &c. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, L.L.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Logical Sketches. By Louis Agassiz. Just Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Poems of Home and Abroad. By Wm. F. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- Gilbert Ruggie. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majorbanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel by Charles Dickens! Joseph Gremaldi: His Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipman," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
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- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them. By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape. By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
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- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
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- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1866. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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DORA MARSTON AND I.

BY FRED BENGOUGH.

I WAS twenty-five years of age, tolerably good-looking, moderately wealthy, and a bachelor. Twenty-five years of age, because of the natural progress of time,—tolerably good-looking, because my parents were so before me, I suppose,—moderately wealthy, because the property I owned was inherited,—and a bachelor, because I was a Cynic, and believed that any young lady I chose to ask would have me, if not for myself, at least for my possessions; and that should I ask any one of them, I should never be able to tell which was the object she had in view. Besides, sister Alice was an excellent house-keeper, and taking a wife while she was with me, would be somewhat supererogatory. Alice, however, had signified her intention of leaving me. I knew at once the full import of her signification, although she had imparted it by a gentle hint. Tom Marston, it was evident, had not travelled a hundred miles by steamboat and railway every five or six weeks to see me, notwithstanding his allegations to that effect. My acquaintance with Tom had not been of long duration, neither had it ripened into a very deep friendship,—not at least, on my part. Those more intimately acquainted with him than I then was, pronounced him an excellent fellow, but I had seen nothing in him to warrant the appellation. He had always treated me well, it was true; yet there was a something in his manner that rendered him nothing more than tolerable to me. Alice and I had met him at Niagara Falls, and invited him, with many other newly-made friends, to our house—an invitation he was not long in accepting or availing himself of. When he had been with us a week, I made up my mind that I should soon lose my sister, for that she had taken a fancy to his handsome face and pleasing address, I could plainly see. I knew my sister's worth, also, and believed that no man could live under the same roof with her for one whole week without losing his heart, if it hadn't been lost before, and I had many reasons for thinking that Tom's hadn't. I was jealous of him from the first, and each subsequent visit of his only served to increase that jealousy, although I kept it to myself, resolving to bear my misfortune in silence, rather than let Alice know of my dislike for one whom I foresaw I would soon have to acknowledge as brother. After a time, this aversion wore off; and I am not sure but after six months, I began to look upon their marriage as a very desirable one on many accounts. I had reached this frame of mind, when Alice blushingly hinted at her intended departure. All my past jealousy and dislike for her intended momentarily arose again, and I could not reply. But, on the day following, I asked her to confide in me and rest assured that her wishes, no matter how much they might vary from mine, would receive my earnest support. She told me all, and all was as I had supposed. They only required my consent, as her natural guardian and protector, in order that they might become one. I gave it, unhesitatingly, unconditionally.

"And what will you do then, my dear brother?" Alice asked, trying to suppress the little pearl-like tears, which would not be suppressed.

"Oh, never mind me, Alice," I replied, "I will shut up the house, and take a couple of rooms at Mrs. Whitney's boarding house, and make myself comfortable there. I would rather remain here, it is true; yet you will see, I am not going to let self mar your happiness, although I shall always envy Tom Marston his wife."

She laughingly and tearfully thanked me for my self-abnegation, and half seriously, half playfully advised me to follow Tom's example, and take to myself one who could more than fill her place in my heart and at my hearth. I scouted the idea. Did Alice suppose that there was a girl in the country who would not jump at the chance of becoming Mrs. Bengough, with one of the finest houses in the country, and an income of three or four thousand a year, at her command! There was not one, I declared. Alice was

not so cynically disposed towards the sex; she did not believe they were all sordid or ambitious, and ventured to affirm that she knew of one at least, who would not become the wife of even Frederick Bengough, Esq., had he millions instead of thousands, if she did not love him.

"Show me that disinterested creature, Alice," I said, "but convince me that there is such an one living, and I am ready to lay my heart and wealth at her feet."

"Oh! only convince you, Fred! that's the trouble, I can show you her, but convince you! I give up the task as hopeless."

"Name her then," I said, "and when I am convinced that she is free from sordid or ambitious desires, I give you my word that she shall have the refusal of my hand."

"I will name her," Alice replied; "but you will say that I am prejudiced, not really knowing her, but thinking I do, and all that,—though I tell you Fred, that you will find her just as I say. She will be here soon to spend a few weeks with me, and then you can judge for yourself. Don't prejudice her now, brother, but wait the result of your own observations. I refer to Dora Marston, Tom's sister."

The very one I believed she would name. I had never seen Dora, but she having been a school-mate of my sister's, while in the city, and quoted by her as a model of perfection on all occasions ever since, I thought myself quite as well acquainted with her as if I had personally known her for years. I did not prejudice Dora Marston, but made great allowances for my sister's enthusiasm in regard to her, believing it to be nothing more than a romantic school-girl's attachment, which, now that they had become women, would wear off and be forgotten. I could not bring myself to believe that I should ever come to love Dora—first, because she knew of my wealth and could easily dissimulate; secondly, because I believe that Alice had for some time been planning that her fair friend and I should meet, fall in love, and marry. Now, if there was one thing I detested more than another, it was these matches, cut and dried for one, by one's friends. Were a Princess of the Royal blood, picked out, trained for and taught to look upon me as her future husband, she should never become my wife, I averred; simply because she had been so picked out, trained and taught. I would not stand it even from the best of sisters, and I fear that I cordially disliked the name of Dora Marston, even before my eyes ever beheld her.

Time slipped by, and Dora Marston came to visit us. I should have met her at the station, so Alice said, but I pled a previous engagement, went down town and had tea with Charley Sparks, at Mrs. Whitney's. I made it convenient to stay out pretty late that night, my sister and companion having retired when I came in. I didn't intend to let Dora think that I was at all anxious to see her, not I. Alice might tell what stories she pleased, but I was not going to show myself the least interested in her visitor. I would show these little conjurors that it took three to settle this matter to their satisfaction. I heard them talking and laughing down stairs next morning before I arose. Dora's was a very pleasant voice, full of life and animation, but rather too effeminate, I thought, for a lady's. Wishing to see her before she could possibly see me, I arose cautiously, stole out upon the landing and peeped over the balusters, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, while passing from one room to the other below. My wish was gratified, for presently she emerged from the sitting room, came skipping down the hall and disappeared through the dining room door. Brown hair, blue eyes—I should say they were, though I couldn't exactly see for the distance that intervened between us—a trim little body, neatly dressed, with rather a plain face, so I thought. I was not at all particular about my toilet that morning, coming down stairs in the costume I usually wore when Alice and I were alone. There is no denying that I used dissimulation on this occasion, as on many that followed it, for I had already taken an interest in our visitor, which I scarcely dared acknowledge, even to myself. I must dissimulate, I argued. *Quo jure?* To meet