

LOVE OR MONEY?

BY LIZZIE.

"Is your head really so bad, darling? Then I will stay and read to you." And Guy Norman bent his tall form over the sofa, and gently kissed the soft lips that just now wore an unnatural set look, telling of bodily pain.

Essie Marston smiled and shook her head slightly as she replied, cheerfully—

"Indeed, dear Guy, you shall do nothing of the kind. This throbbing headache will soon be well. I shall try to go to sleep when you are gone; rest will take it quite away. I should so you will go to please your little Essie, won't you, dear?" she added, a little deprecatingly, in answer to the objection she saw rising to her lover's lips; and a timid little hand caressingly touched Guy's bronzed cheek as the last words were spoken.

Guy smiled in spite of himself, and said, fondly—

"What a little tyrant it is to be sure! Is this a specimen of the manner in which the future Mrs. Norman intends to obtain her own way?" And with a smile at the pretty blush his words had called up, with another kiss, and an injunction to "take care of herself, and be sure and go to sleep," Guy turned and left the room, and was presently to be seen sauntering along the village street in the direction of the little ivy-covered church, from the tower of which the bell was loudly bidding all welcome with its sacred wails.

The service is over; the somewhat numerous congregation is slowly issuing from the quaint little porch, while cheerful greetings are being exchanged between friends and neighbours.

At the gate of the little churchyard which surrounds the time-worn edifice stands an old-fashioned carriage, attended by a couple of servants in a faded livery of claret and silver; and many are the glances—some envious, some of pleasant recognition—cast at the equipage by the ruddy farmers and their buxom wives and daughters as they pass homewards.

Among the last to rise from his seat to leave the church was Guy Norman; and, as the full figure passed down the aisle, the rays of the September sun streamed brightly upon the brown luxuriance of curling hair and beard, and lighted up the handsome face, with its frank eyes, and careless mouth. It was not a tender face, yet in it was indicated a capability for passionate affection which, engaged man though he was, had never yet been called forth.

As he slowly sauntered towards the door, his head bent, and his thoughts far away, Guy suddenly became conscious that some one wished to pass him, and, with a courteous movement, he turned and made way, encountering as he did so a pair of the most glorious dark blue eyes he had ever beheld. The eyes belonged to a face which, for beauty of feature and exquisite coloring, was unrivalled; and the eager look of intense admiration in young Norman's eyes was uncontrollable.

The lady was accompanied by an old gentleman, evidently her father; and as they passed along the little pathway to the gate, and entered the carriage waiting for them, Guy almost unconsciously followed, his eyes still fixed with the same look of bewilderment upon the daintily attired figure.

As the carriage drove off, the young man's eyes were once more raised to his; and with a strange, uncomfortable feeling in his heart Guy turned away.

It is afternoon. The shadows have lengthened slightly, while over all reigns that peaceful calm so peculiar to Sundays in the country.

Upon a little rustic seat, under a shady tree on the pretty lawn belonging to the Rectory, sits the Rectory's daughter—quite recovered from her indisposition of the morning. She has been reading, but the book lies unheeded on her lap, and on its open pages the small white hands are listlessly clasped, while the pretty brown eyes are filled with a soft, dreamy look directed to the far distant hills.

She is not alone; for by her side, on the soft grass, rests a stalwart figure, with curly brown hair and careless, insolent face. His thoughts are also far away, judging by the unconscious air of grave intensity with which he is regarding the movements of a small insect in the grass.

Suddenly rousing himself with an effort, Guy Norman—for it is he—raised his eyes to the sweet face above him, and was about to speak; but the direction of his thoughts changed, and he paused for a moment in admiration ere he broke the silence.

"Essie, you look just like Shakespeare's Ophelia at the present moment. I must begin a picture of you in that attitude to-morrow. Will you let me?"

Essie turned her head, and smiled down at him, as she said, archly—

"If you do, you ought to put yourself in to complete the picture. How is it you have such an invincible dislike to painting your own portrait, Guy?"

"So many interesting subjects in the world, I suppose," said Guy, beginning to pull up tiny blades of grass, and proceeding idly to decorate the frilling on Essie's dress with them. "By-the-by," he said, as a sudden recollection flashed across his mind, "there was a new face at church this morning—new to me, at least," he added, in a lower tone, half to himself.

"Was there?" asked Essie, carelessly. "Perhaps, it was the new tenant at Land's End Farm. Was he a little stout man, with very red cheeks?"

"Not exactly," laughed Guy. Then, bending down his head as if to see better what he was doing, he said, in a slightly studied tone—

"It was a young lady, and—rather a pretty one."

"It must have been Gabrielle!" ("What a pretty name!" thought Guy); "I knew she was coming home soon, but not yet, I imagined. How glad I am!" burst out Essie, in a delighted tone. "Dear Ella, I have not seen her for a very long time."

"And who may this fair unknown be?" asked

"My nearest friend, Miss L'Estrange," replied Guy. "We have loved each other since childhood. Is she not lovely?" she said, eyes, full of admiration for her abductor, upon Guy as she spoke.

Guy did not answer; but his countenance, and after a short pause, he turned on other subjects.

withstanding the countervailing influence of wealthy marriages and rich gifts from the reigning sovereigns, one by one various possessions had slipped away, and for the last generations all that remained to the living representatives was a rambling, dilapidated mansion, standing in the midst of a small and badly-worked estate, from which was derived the sole revenue of the proprietor.

The present family consisted but of the widowed Squire Rupert—a tall stately old man of about sixty years of age—and his only child and heiress, Gabrielle. The inheritance of the family estates was entailed from parent to eldest child, son or daughter—in the latter case the lady's husband, when she married, taking his wife's patronymic in addition to his own. Therefore on Gabrielle's dimpled shoulders lay the responsibility of representing the family name, and in the charm of her lovely face lay the power to once more restore that family to its rightful position; though whether the somewhat willful young lady felt at all inclined to exercise that power in the right direction remained to be proved.

Certainly a consciousness of nothing but its own health and youth seemed upon Miss L'Estrange's bright face as she slowly entered the shaded road that led past the gates of the Castle grounds to the Rectory, a few days after the conversation just recorded.

It was a glorious morning. The sky was of

"No," exclaimed the Rectory's little daughter, eagerly; "why should we not all go together? You have never seen Fairy Glen, have you, Ella? No? Then that settles it," she added, with laughing decision.

And, completely vanquished by Essie's words, which were eagerly seconded by Gabrielle's lover, Gabrielle consented gracefully to the proposal; and in a short time the trio were on their way, their bright talk and low laughter making pleasant echoes as they passed along.

Some weeks have passed. Cold winds, telling of the fast approaching Winter, have completely stripped the trees, and laid a soft carpet of rustling leaves in the woods round Castle L'Estrange.

But regardless of everything beyond themselves are the two who have lingered so long in earnest conversation beneath the bare branches of this damp November afternoon. At last they stop, and Guy—for again it is he—says, in low, earnest tones, as he catches his companion in his arms—

"My darling, my own one! I can scarce let you go. Would that we never had to part more! But even that glorious day will come soon, will it not, my own love?" he concluded, fondly, looking down with exquisite tenderness upon the beautiful face that lay upon his breast.

No answer coming, he repeated his question with a passionate eagerness that made his

that drove everything from his mind but the intoxicating sense of his unlooked-for happiness.

As more coherent thoughts returned, he remembered Essie Marston, and the position in which he stood with regard to her, but he was spared the trouble of an ignominious confession, for, with the unfailing instinct of true love, Essie had seen her lover's deification, and, with an almost calm manner, which told nothing of the broken heart and renounced hopes, and which completely deceived Guy, she one day quietly released him from his engagement to her. At first Guy Norman had felt a passing feeling of regret; but, as he recalled Essie's calm, sad eyes and sisterly manner, he decided she had never thoroughly loved him, and so gave himself up to the passionate delights of Gabrielle's acknowledged love.

Of course he had not appeared publicly as a suitor for the hand of Miss L'Estrange, for—setting aside the fact of his broken engagement, which, however, had been a very private one—both Gabrielle and himself were well aware that such an alliance would be looked upon with utter contempt by the haughty Squire, who had far different views on the subject of his daughter's future, which views he had no suspicion but that Gabrielle would readily and dutifully adopt as her own when they were placed before her.

Two days after the one upon which she had last met Guy Norman, Gabrielle stood on one of the terraces before the old house—still called Castle L'Estrange—listening to an unexpected avowal of love from one very different from her artist lover.

Young Lord Harleigh, whom Gabrielle had met in Paris, and who had followed her to England, suddenly appearing one day or two back at L'Estrange, armed with letters of introduction to the Squire, was a very ordinary young man indeed; and although his title, and a clear income of twenty thousand a year, cast around him a halo which usually blinded the eyes of those with whom he came in contact, yet he could not by any stretch of imagination be considered either handsome or clever.

At this moment, however, as he stood anxiously awaiting for Gabrielle's answer to his suit, the evident love which shone in his pleading eyes gave an expression to the usually rather unbecoming cast of features that wonderfully improved them. But Gabrielle saw nothing of this; her eyes were fixed upon the badly-kept park that lay stretched before her, while a tempting vision of all the pleasures and luxuries obtainable with twenty thousand per annum was passing rapidly through her mind. Then a recollection of Guy's loving eyes and tender smile came before her, and with a sigh she turned slowly, and faced her expectant lover.

"You have taken me quite by surprise, Lord Harleigh," she began, hesitatingly; "and I scarcely know how to answer you."

"Perhaps you would like a little time?" interrupted the young peer, with a brightening face, and, as he spoke, he stepped forward, and, as Gabrielle stopped in utter doubt how to proceed.

"Thank you," she said, with a bright smile, catching eagerly at the suggestion, "you shall have your answer to-morrow morning."

Releasing her hand to his lips, with a flattering hope that that answer might be a favourable one, Lord Harleigh turned and left her.

Long Gabrielle stood musing; but at last a look of decision came over her face, and with a firm step she turned and re-entered the large hall round which, in grim array, hung dark portraits of the noble ancestors of the family, whose fate lay in her hands.

By the side of the dying bed of her former lover, her head buried in the clothes to keep back the checking sobs that shook her slight form, knelt Essie Marston. The sick man was very quiet; the crisis of the sudden attack of brain fever through which he passed was over; and now he lay white and still, death approaching with rapid strides. In one wasted hand, lying on the coverlet, was tightly clutched a letter. It had been there since he was first taken ill, and all attempts to remove it had been unsuccessful. The contents ran as follows:

"Guy, my darling—for, believe me, I do love you, and always shall—think no more of one who has passed herself so unworthily of your deep love. When you receive this, I shall be the affianced wife of Lord Harleigh. Think for one moment, before you utterly condemn me, of the position in which I am placed, and then—oh, the pain to write these words—try to forget unhappy

"Remember your promise,"

Suddenly Guy spoke.

"Essie, look up and speak to me once more, dear—it is almost for the last time."

Essie, obedient as ever to that loved voice, raised her head, though scalding tears were forcing themselves from her eyes. Guy looked at her for a moment and said, in a trembling voice, as if the sight of her sorrow had touched him—

"Essie darling, don't grieve so; I am not worthy of it."

The poor girl could only shake her head, while her sobs once more broke forth; but by a powerful effort she controlled them. As she became more calm, there was a slight pause, during which Guy's falling eyes wandered slowly around the room, finally resting upon the paper in his hand. A look of deep love and peace crept over his features, and, in the tender tones he had been wont to use towards his false and heartless love, he said, gently—

"Tell her, Essie," his wooping listener knew of whom he was speaking—that I forgive her fully and freely for the wrong she did me; and tell her that I loved her deeply and truly to the end, and that my last words were for her and her happiness."

And it was even so. A deep sleep fell upon the dying man soon after the words had been uttered, and in its calm embrace the throed and weary spirit of Guy Norman passed away.

Sowing grass seed alone is a good practice, and one which we should like to see greatly extended. The ground should be very fine and mellow. The earlier the seed is sown in September the better. If timely alone is sown, we would put on half a bushel per acre. Harrow it in with a light fine-tooth harrow, or if this cannot be had, roll after seed is sown.

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MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Sept. 27th, 1872.
The succession of rains we have been experiencing from some time past was continued on the evening of Friday, the 26th inst.; but gave place to a day or two of bright, genial weather; early on Tuesday morning, however, a storm of great violence prevailed, the rain falling in torrents, accompanied by vivid lightning and loud thunder. Since then, the days have been clear and warm, although another rainfall occurred on Wednesday night. The vessels of the fall-fleet are coming forward very slowly. Wholesale business especially active. Broadstuffs market closed easier. Flour fairly active at an advance of 5c. on Superiors for the week; Wheat, quiet. Provisions:—Pork firm; Butter, quiet; Cheese a shade easier. Askes:—Pork and Peas dearer.
The following were the latest telegrams received on Chicago—

FROM LIVERPOOL.		Sept. 25.		Sept. 26.	
		s. d.	p. d.	s. d.	p. d.
Flour.....	32 00 @ 00 00	32 00	00 00	32 00	00 00
Red Wheat.....	12 00 @ 12 00	12 00	00 00	12 00	00 00
Red Wheat.....	12 00 @ 12 00	12 00	00 00	12 00	00 00
White.....	13 00 @ 13 00	13 00	00 00	13 00	00 00
Corn.....	20 00 @ 00 00	20 00	00 00	20 00	00 00
Barley.....	3 00 @ 00 00	3 00	00 00	3 00	00 00
Peas.....	3 00 @ 00 00	3 00	00 00	3 00	00 00
Pork.....	43 00 @ 00 00	43 00	00 00	43 00	00 00
Lard.....	40 00 @ 00 00	40 00	00 00	40 00	00 00

Flour.—The demand this forenoon was principally from shippers, transactions reported including 1000 barrels of a City brand on the spot at \$4.72, and another parcel of the same quantity bringing \$6.70, establishing a decline of 10c per barrel on quoted of yesterday. Sales to the Local and City trade include 150 barrels Fancy at \$7.40; 100 at \$7.35; 100 barrels Strong Bakers at \$7.20; 200 do at \$7.15; 100 lbs Ordinary Canada Super at \$6.75; 100 do Bright at \$6.80; 100 lbs Welland Canal at \$6.70; 200 lbs No. 2 at \$6.20; 100 lbs Fine at \$6.10; 200 lbs Middlings at \$4.15; 160 Choice U. C. bags at \$3.35; and 200 City Bags at \$3.45.

	S. C.	S. C.
Superior Extra, nominal.....	7 85	to 8 00
Extra.....	7 40	to 7 55
Fancy.....	6 70	to 6 85
Fresh Supers (Western Wheat).....	6 70	to 6 85
Ordinary Supers (Canada Wheat).....	6 15	to 6 30
Strong Bakers.....	15	to 17 50
Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground).....	6 70	to 6 85
Supers, City brands (Western Wheat).....	6 70	to 6 85
Canada Super, No. 1.....	6 15	to 6 30
Western States, No. 2.....	6 00	to 6 15
Fine.....	5 30	to 5 45
Middlings.....	3 85	to 4 00
Upper Canada Bag Flour, # 100 lbs.....	2 85	to 3 00
City bags, (delivered).....	3 40	to 3 55

WHEAT.—Market quiet and nominal. OATS.—per brl. of 200 lbs.—Firm at \$4.70 to \$5.00. Peas.—per bush of 60 lbs.—Quiet at 85c to 90c. 5,000 bushels about brought latter rate.

OATS.—per bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet at 30c to 32c.

GRAY.—Market nominal. Recent transactions at 57 to 58c.

BARLEY.—per bush of 48 lbs.—Nominal at 60c to 65c, according to quality.

BUTTER.—per lb.—Market quiet at 15c to 17c, for fair to choice Western; and 20c for Eastern Townships; old nominal at 7c to 9c.

CHEESE.—per lb.—Quiet; Factory fine 10c to 11c.

PORK.—per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market firm; New Mass. \$17.50 to \$17.75. Thin Meat \$16.50 to \$16.75.

LARD.—Winter rendered firm at 11c per lb.

ASHES.—per 100 lbs.—Potash firm, at \$7.15 to \$7.20. Pearls dearer. Firns, \$9.20 to \$9.25.

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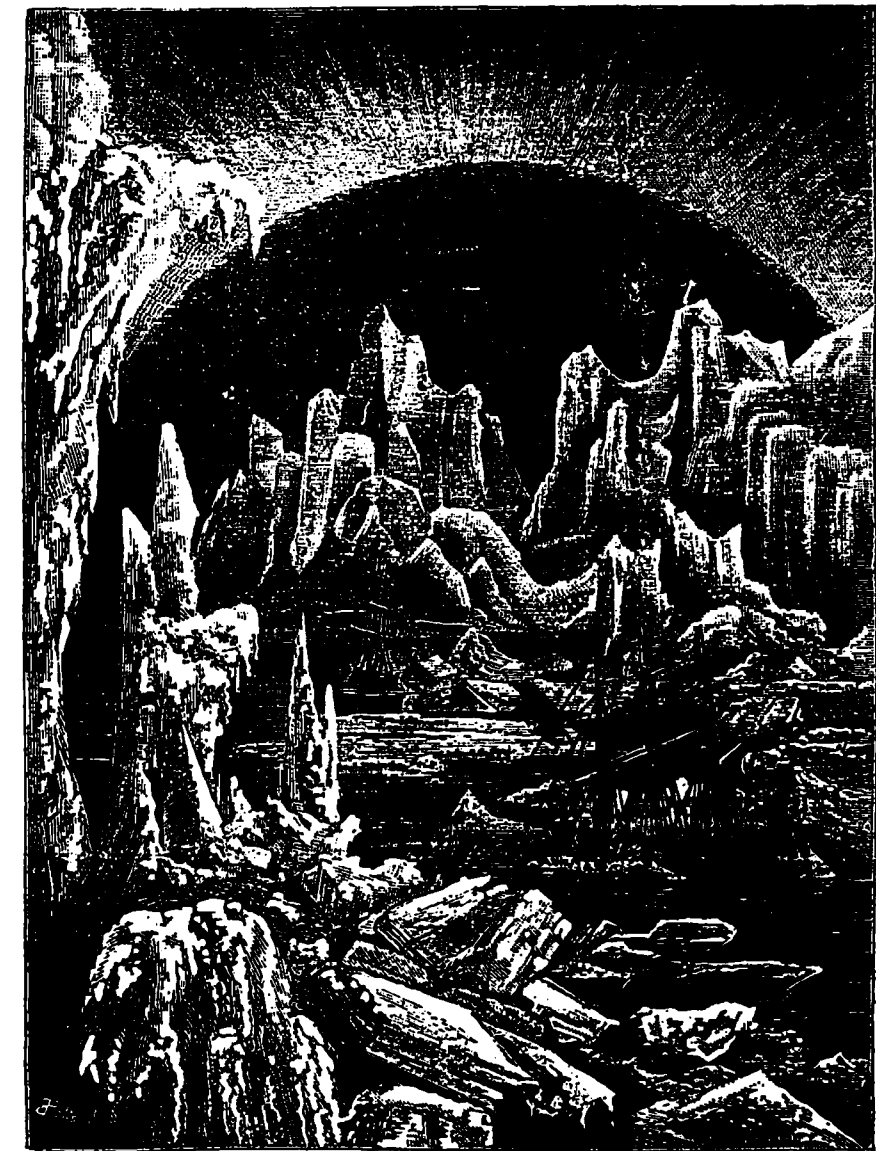
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THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE NORTH SEA.

that deep unclouded blue so often seen in England during the Autumn months; everywhere fell the bright sunshine unchecked, while in the already thinning trees numberless little birds were pouring forth their unwearied songs of cheerfulness and delight as they swung gaily to the measure of that soft West wind.

But to all this Gabrielle was heedless; her thoughts were on far different subjects; as she daintily pursued her way.

To the artist eyes of Guy Norman, however, who was at this moment crossing the little lawn of the Rectory, everything appeared doubly bright and fair; and a dozen times had he wished for his palette and brushes as he gazed the golden waving fields. Whistling gaily, he had steadily pursued his way; and now as he saw, standing invitingly open, the long French windows of the little morning room, in which he strongly suspected he should find the object of his walk, he turned and entered the room.

But, to his surprise, it was empty.

Proceeding towards the door with the intention of elsewhere seeking his trunk, Gabrielle was startled by a voice sweet and pure saying archly, "May I come in?" and, turning suddenly, he once more beheld that face the remembrance of which even yet stirred his heart with a faint, strange pain.

What a lovely face it was! And the pretty picture its owner made standing in the rose-framed window, the sunlight dancing on her gleaming hair, her violet eyes half shaded by their long dark lashes. Guy never forgot the moment she discovered her mistake, as she gazed the blushed rosy red, and was turning away with a word of apology, when the door gently opened, and Essie entered the room, and, seeing at a glance the position of affairs, her few words of apology and introduction soon put all at their ease.

All but Guy; he was unwildly quiet, and when at last the conversation subsided into a lively dialogue between the girls upon the chief events that had happened since they parted, he stood thoughtful by the window, turning occasionally to watch the animated play of the two fair faces.

At length, suddenly raising her eyes, Gabrielle encountered Guy's gaze fixed earnestly upon her; and, with a slight blush, which she could not control, she turned to Essie and said, a little archly, though with a mischievous look in her eyes, "You had partly comprehended that I was a friend of yours, in which the young man, whose appearance had so unaccountably stood—

"Think, Essie dear, I must say good-bye for the present; I will come some other day, when you are disengaged."

"Why, Ella dear, I thought you had come for a long day. I am perfectly at liberty. To be sure, we were going—" Essie was beginning in a tone of dismay, when Guy interposed with a quiet—

"Yes, but let our expedition to Fairy Glen stand over for a day or two, if you like, Essie."

voice tremble, and employed for another assurance that his love was returned. Thus assured, Gabrielle lifted her head, and, looking up into the eyes