THE HEARTHSTONE.

THEN, AS NOW.

8

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Then, as now, the woodlands were reddening, As the blast of Antanan blew : Then, as now, the chestnuts were dropping, And rustling the dead lowes through. Then, as now, when we drove together O'er the stony Maryland road, While the lowe in our wildly boating hoarts Like the tints of the woodlands glowed.

There over the stubbles still swiftly The partridge goods skurrying free, And, as then, I hear from the pine grove A woodpeckor pounding a free, Each sight and each sound recalls sadly That happy, but sad, sweet hour: For our talk was of parting, as well as love-Of a passion beyond our power.

There brawls the shallow streamlet Below the marmuring mill, Where we paused in the middle, and listened, As our thirsty steed stood still. And she snid she cared not if the brocklet Should become a wild torrent-wave, So that, folded fast in a last en brace, We should find in its depths one grave.

For circumstance drew the barrier of varying fortunes and onds, And over the guif was widening. That parted us, losving us—friends. And we parted—as in all honor— With one last pure kiss in the dells. An! I wonder if she remembers it, In the palace wherein she dwells?

For there, with her lord, she queens it With a regal grace, they say. Perhaps 'is a glided lie she acts, To cheat the past away. No matter: to me it ever comes back When the woodlands are golden and red ; Though it comes with a meaning and sad unrest, Like the ghost of a love that is dead.

MARJORIE.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS.

We three, Marjorie, Hugh and 1, were scated that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the cover parlor of our little country home. I was knitting, and Hugh, my son, was seated near me, coverily watching the girlish figure stand-ing near the window. With one hand she held back the scarlet curtain, while the other toyed with a tassel ather walst. Her face was turned so that its pade agree outling holder like on exwith a tasked at her walst. Her face was turned so that its pale, pure online looked like an ex-quisitely enved ecomeo against the leaden sky. In hue it was white as marble, with the faintest tinge of red in the lips, while the large grey cycs, pathetic in their strange questioning, seemed as though they were speaking in lieu of the poor stricken lips, for Marjorie was dumb, and had been so since the age of seven. As I looked at her a quick, sharp sigh, al-most a groan, caused me to turn and look at

lingh from whom it came. His face was con-tracted as though by bodily pain, but his eyes looked at her with such intenso love and despair that my heart ached for him. It told me nothing new, for I knew that ever since he met her a year ago, he had fairly worshipped her, and notwithstanding ber affliction had asked her to be his wife. Her answer was a cold, positively written refusal, and if her manner was cold to him before, it was now freezing, even repelling. Most women would have looked upon Hugh with favor, for a handsomer, more straightfor-ward or a maulier young fellow of twenty-fivo, it would have been hard to find; but even though Marjorie Hathaway was the daughter of a dear dead friend, and in spite of the love I bore ber, I confessed she was an enigma to me. Only seventeen, yet cold, reserved and haughty

as the most practised woman of the world. About a quarter of an hour passed in this slient way, and it was about five when Hugh rose saying he must go. He was overseer of a large factory in Yorkshire, and lately there had large factory in Yorkshire, and lately there had been great trouble among the hands, caused by the owners introducing some new machinery which the men believed would throw them out of employ, as it did in a degree. Hugh had gained the hate of the most despreate of them by upholding his employers' measure and know-ing this I said anxiously : "You can never ride thirteen miles before the dark comes on, and it is hardly prudent for you to travel at night "Laughing carelessly he an-wared, "Don't worry your preclous head about

swered, "Don't worry your precious head about me, mother, I'm only going two miles this af-ternoon, 1 will spend the night at Hunting Lodge, Mr. Ruthway said he would send any orders he had for me there, I have the key, the house is stocked with provisions that Mr. Ruthway sent when he hunted down here. So I'm in no danger of starvation." Marjoric turned from the window, and asked

liminaries were arranged, the place of rendezvons fixed upon, and then the men parted, one saying, "Un Measter 'Ugh Chatterton 'all be in etornity at noin sharp," As the last thud of their footsteps died away.

Marjorio mechanically consulted her watch by a pale moon-beam that had struggled through the clouds. It was half-past eight. Instily review-ing the circumstances, she reflected that in the house there was only an old woman and a timid house there was only an old woman and a timid servant. Their one horse had been driven to town by Jim; their nearest neighbor was three miles off. Nothing remained but to go alone, and on foot, to warn Hugh of his peril. With this brave resolution, she crept along the wall and out into the snow-covered road; then on she flow as if winged. Half an hour to go over two miles, and a human life depended on the consequences 1

The sky was like ink ; now and then a pale moon-hearn would force its way out, and vanish the next instant as if frightened at its temerity; the wind was driving furiously, carrying with it eddles of snow-flake, which it flung, with sting-ing force, against Marjorie's white checks and uncovered head. As she rushed forward un-mindthul of the bitter cold and the deep drifts, the wind dragged her black hair from its fasten-ings and beat it up and down in a mad frolic, rising, as it did so, to a shrill, almost human cry, then sinking into a walling sob only to rise in greater fury again. All along the girl battled with the elements-oven Nature scened trying to retard her promoon-heam would force its way out, and vanish

even Nature seemed trying to retard her pro-gress; but never faltering or slacking her speed, she reached the wood at last, and then she knew

The naked branches scratched her face, and clutched at her dress like polypi; but the moon was shining now, and pushing on she reached the edge of the wood. Before her stood the Lodge, entirely dark except for the light in the purlor. All was quiet—and stealthily creeping up she paused at the floor. Yes, she was in

lime. Trying the door with a trembling hand, she In the set of the set soundly, for he was tired in mind and body.

Again she shook his shoulder, but without ef-fect. Then her keen cur detected the tramping of feet drawing nearer. Starting up, for the had knelt by him, she examined the windows—they were securely fastened; then she tried the other door, and found it had no fastening whatever, fiding into the room opening from that,---like Lodge was only two rooms deep,--she tried the back door, and discovered that it had only a wooden bolt ! A wooden bolt between desperato men and their intended victim ! The sound grew ucar, and hastening back quietly she tried to rouse the sleeper. Some one tried the door gently; then she heard a whispered consult-

ation. Another and another frantic effort, but in Another and another francic chort, but in vain : he only turned his head, muttering the word "Marjorie." Never before or after did Marjoric suffer as she did then, and in after-years it was never forgotten. If she could only shriek i They were trying the back door. One of the men had pushed it heavily, and it creak-ed in a way which showed it would soon give WRY.

"He must wake. I will call him. I will," thought the girl. She tried, but no sound came, save an inarticulate murmur. In an agony of dospair, she struggled with the silence which had closed her lips for ten years. Again and again she tried to call him. At the third time the spell was broken, and she called him. Marjorie The cry was low, but so clear and thrilling,

that it roused Hugh from his deep sleep. Spring-ing to his feet, he gazed at her wildly, not dar-ing to believe his eyes. The knocks were growing louder, but in his wonderment at sceing biarjoric he had not no-ticed them.

"They are at the door. You will be mur-ered. Oh, quick, please ! your revolver," she dered. gasped. Who ?" he questioned, in amazo, forgetting

in his wonder at her words that she had never spoken before. "Four — mill bands," she said, breathlessly.

He understood now, and walking quictly into the next room, waited, revolver in hand, for the falling of the door.

At last it fell with a crash ! And into the room rushed three men, who halted a minute in sur-prise at the "Measter" standing to receive them revolver in hand. Taking advantage of lieir surprise, Hugh said, distinctly :

Now, my men, I give you your choice-leave

they were so pate the next instant that I model it must have been the sunset glow that tinged them. Presently the door opened, and in walked Hugh; coming straight to the couch where Mar-jorie was reelining, he bent down and took her hand, saving: "Sliss Hathaway, you have not let me see you

before to thank you for the life you saved by your bravery." "I overheard the plot, and there was nothing to do but to go. It was my duty," she answered

(b) the basic field of the particular field of the

ended he turned to speak to me. After a time he left the room, and I scated myself near the couch, and passing my hand over the girl's hot forchend I asked, for her face had contracted,

"Are you in pain, my daring?" "Only a headache; after two months illness one cannot expect less," she returned, smiling. "Hugh, can't you prescribe something for Marjorie's head? You boast that you are a good doctor ?" I asked as he entered. "If I can do anything for Miss Hathaway I

will with pleasure," were his words, but his tone did not express overpowering delight. "Thank you, I need nothing. I would not trespass on your time," the girl rejoined with her old hauteur. Bowing coldly he moved away, and a few minutes after Marjorie was carried unstairs. up-stairs.

up-stairs. And so things went on. During bls visits home he and Marjorio were ever "sparring." I can use no other word to describe their encount-ers. They were polite to each other, but when together the social atmosphere affected one as far below the freezing point. Sometimes Hugh would forget the part he was pluying, for it was only a part, and offer to do some slight service, only to be repelled almost as though she hated him. him

him. Marjorie mended very slowly, and was still so weak four weeks after their first meeting that she was carried down-stairs. That afternoon there was no one in the house besides herself except Jane. I had been called to town on busi-ness. Lying on the sofa the girl was thinking so deeply that she did not hear a man's step crossing the hall, and did not see Hugh stop at the library door and lock at her with the mask of coldness fallen from his face. Crossing the room fulcily, he bent over her and called her name softly. With a start she looked up, and a faint color came into her checks as she met the eyes fastened so carnest-ly on her face.

ly on her face. "Ah, I startled you ! I should have been more

careful. But look, I have brought you some roses; you used to like them." And he held toward her a bouquet composed entirely of roses. Marjorle's face glowed, for she was justionately fond of flowers. Taking them from him she said gratefully. "You are very kind." "You are very kind."

Surprised at the tone and her ready acceptance of his offering, for he had expected to be repulsed,

of his offering, foi he had expected to be repulsed, and his flowors scarcely noticed, he made no re-ply. Burying her face in them, she remained silent, with bowed head until he said : "You are very fond of flowers." She related her isige eyes, and he saw they were swimming with tears. "Yes, I like them," she returned, dreamily. His cycs were fixed on her face, and impelled by some subtle influence fiors rose to meet his with a look he had hever before seen in them. How long they looked into each other's eyes neither knew. At last calling her name in a tone of wonderment and love, he threw himself tone of wonderment and love, he threw himself down by the couch and drew her to his breast with a passionate motion. The proud, ccld, haughty Marjorie yielded herself to her master with a half sob, and then her head fell upon his howldry and one nethed bell upon his shoulder, and she nestled lovingly in his strong embrace.

His kisses fell on her face with loving impe-tuosity, and where his lips touched, the red blood flashed in a cadden tide. "Do you love me? Really love me, darling ?" he questioned. "Just one word to tell me it is true," he pleadeđ.

Her face flushed, and her eyessank, but with an effort she raised them, and looking bravely in his face whispered: "I've loved you ever since we first met."

His caresses thanked her cloquently for her words. After a time he said, touching her flushed check:

"Ah, you Undine, how you have tortured me ! Why did you refuse my love so scornfully when it was first offered you ?" Her head was raised from 'his shoulder, and her gray eyes opened wonderingly, as she re-

plied :

"But I was dumb then, Mr. Chatterton !" as

they were so pale the next instant that I thought it must have been the sunset glow that the down the fortune them. Presently the door opened, and in walked When a young man Coutts formed a somewhat Sugar Starkie, by whom he had three children, all daughters. These daughters were tandforme, all daughters. These daughters were tandforme, and their lather's wealth lifted them into good society. One of them married the Earl of Guil-ford, another married the Marquis of Bute, and the third became the wife of Sir Francis Bure. the third became the wife of Sir Francis Bur-dett. To Sir Francis and his wife was born a daughter whom they pamed Angela Georginus -the subject of this sketch, and of course grand-

daughter of the old banker. In 1815, Couts lost his first wife, and very shortly thereafter he married Harriet Mellon, an actress of celebrily, to whom he had been for a long time partial, and upon whom he had been for a long time partial, and upon whom he had set-tled a hundred thousand ponnds sterling while his first wife had been living. He lived twenty years after this second marriage, and at his death, as he had already made handsome set-tlements upon his doublets, he left the whole tlements upon bis daughters, he left the whole

The ments upon bis daughters, he left the whome of nearly one hundred thousand jounds per an-num, without reservation, to his widow. The widow, however, did not remain a wi-dow long. I a few years she gave her hand to the Duke of St. Albans, a youth of only two or three and twenty, and nearly related to the three and twenty, and nearly related to the royal family, while she must have been full forty. But the Duke was the poorest peer in the kingdom, while the gentle Harriet was the richest woman. The match gave rise to even more scandal than had Harriet's first marriage; but the Duke cared not. He had been lifted but the Duke cared not. He had been lifted from absolute permity into golden abundance, and he dashed into dissij atlon with a reckless-ness that soon brought his carthly career to an end, and Harriet was again left a widow, not only with her enormous fortune, but with the title of Duchess of St. Albans. All that earth could afford of wealth and station was hers and could afford of wealth and station was hers, and she did not marry again, though many were the opportunities afforded. Having no children of her own she resolved that the property which abe had received from her first husband should revert to his family, and she selected Miss An-gela Georgiana, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, os har hold on could then the should argume as her heir on condition that she should assume the name of Coutts. Miss liurdett willingiy took the name of her grandfather, and, no doubt, very willingly took the fortune; but when we state that nearly, if not quite her entire income is expended for charlinble purposes, it will be seen that humanity gained a blessing when Miss Burdett consented to become Miss Burdett-Coutts. The lady was been in 1814, so that she has hardly yet passed the prime of her life. C.

A TALE OF TWO NEWSPAPERS.

An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal grew out of this infermal mavy-yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property, and half or more opposed to it, the property, and and or more opposed to it, the inster thinking that the government might be induced even yet to make liberal appropriations and perfect the navy-yard and build ships and steamers here. There were two newspapers published here—one a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability, named Bankhead, who was tragically and mys-nerice approximate a pro-There was another, an afternoon paper, called the *News* (I believe that was its name), edited by a man named Yancey. These editors op-posed one another on the navy-yard question, and their discussion had begotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the Summer, and each without the other's knowledge, employed the same man, this young lawyer, to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers holter and holter on each successive day. Crowds gathered each each successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the New office, and somebody expected that the two furious editors would shed blood. The coming dueli in Arkansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers was marvellous. Popular excite-ment was intense when Bankhend came hurry-ing home from Virginia and Yancey from Alabama, each thinking that the other was about to murder his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation, that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischlevous fraud upon the public passion had been exposed at the time, the con amore editor would have been hanged to a lamp-post."

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by means of the tablets fastened at her girdle. by means of the lablets instend at her girdle, "Are you armed ?" His face brightened as he answered, touching his breast pocket, "Yes, I have a revolver, I don't believe in being fool-hardy. Good-bye mother, au *revoir*, Miss Hath-away." Trying to speak gayly he extended his hand, she touched it will the lips of her white fugers, curved nonchalantly, and nover deign-ing to raise her cycs, turned away. Gnawing his under lip, he frowned, and for a second remained where she left him, then stooped, and kissing me left the room, and a minute we heard his buggy roll out of the yard. Marjorie leaving the window, seated herself near the fire, one hand supporting her head, which dropped wearly, unlike its usual proud carriage.

The black clouds which had covered the sky sil day long, were plerced by the rays of the setting sun, and its red lurid glow rested on the snow-clad fields like a stain of blood. The wind was rising—and outside it was dreary enough; inside it was warm and bright — but I sighed us I thought of Hugh, alone at the lonely Lodge with only his own sud thoughts for compa-

After ten Marjorie and I talked a little with the help of the tablets. I think it was about a new novel, but soon the conversation flagged, then entirely ceased. Saying she felt tired, she bade me good-night, and went to her room just as the clock struck soven. The rest I write as it was afterward told to me.

For an hour she sat reading, and then wishing to consult a book she remembered that she had laid it down in the summer-house at the further end of the garden. After a moment's hesita-tion, she opened her door and crept softly down-stairs. Our one servant, old Jane, was addicted to early hours, so she met no one in the kitchen; the yard was also deserted, for Jim, our gardener who usually patrolled the grounds at night, had gone that afternoon to the market-town, six miles away. Her slippered feet made no sound on the new-

fallen snow, and the moon was under a cloud, so that if she had not known the grounds well she would never have reached the house. As she groped around for her book she was startled by a whisper, seeming to come from the other side of the stone-wall. The words were, "Mcas-ter' Ugh Chatterion." Breathlessly she listened, ter Ogn Chatterion." Breathlessy she hatered, not daring to move, and heard the two men lay a plan, which translated from their strong Yorkshire dislect into plain English, meant, Hugh Chatterion was to be murdered at Hunt-ing Lodge, by three of the dismissed factory The dialect into plain Enguson, means, from her lace. hatterion was to be murdered at Hunt-She lay very still until the tramp of a horse's She lay very still until the tramp of a horse's She lay very still until the tramp of a horse's She lay very still until the tramp of a horse's foot sounded in the yard; then she moved rest-these men and one more. All the pre-lessly, and I fancied her checks flushed, but hands---

he house this instant, or I fire.'

One, the foremost, raised his pistol to fire, but Hugh had fired first, and the man fell with a groan; the second fired, and his ball grazed Rugh's temple and buried itself in the wood-work; he raised his arm, but before he could for again. Hugh's unerring aim had brought him to the ground. The third with a yell of rage, threw himself on Hugh and a fearful strug-cle berg. More than the subscript hot he do gle began. Together they wrestled, both in de-speration, and gifted for the time with almost superburnan energy. The man's strength at length gave way, and he was thrown to the floor with a force which knocked him senseless. Coolly taking a coil of rope which lay in the corner, Hugh bent down and secured his prisoners; then he hurried into the next room, and there saw Marjorie lying senseless on the floor. Dashing some water in her face to revive her, he hastily wrapped a carriage robe around her, and lifting her tenderly, carried her out of the house to a tree, where his buggy was fastened. He had intended to unhitch his horse, but had He had intended to unhitch his horse, but had fallen asleep fortunntely, as it now proved, be-fore he did it. Stepping in hastily, he turned the horse's head for home, and still holding the fainting girl, drove rapidly over the frozen road. I was seated in the parlor, knitting and thinking, when I heard a wagon dash into the yard, and the next minute a hurried ring at the bell. Frightened at I knew not what, I hesitat-ingly opened the door, and to my surprise and consternation there stood Hugh. holding Mar-

consternation there stood Hugh, holding Mar-In answer to my eager, terrified questions, he In answer to my eager, terrifice questions, i.e. told me all he new as we iwere trying to bring the girl to life, ending with, "How sho found out the plot I do not know, and whether she walked those two miles alone I do not know; "

at any raic, she saved my life." Then, as he laid her on my bed, he reverently touched his lips to her hair, and then left the room to go to the town for officers to take charge of the wounded men.

She looked very pale and wan as she lay on the soft, but exquisitely beauliful. It was the first time she had come down-stairs since she had been carried up that winter night by Hugh. She had been terribly ill; we thought at one time she would die, but there she lay, convale-scent at last, the yellow sunlight streaming over her, and looking in her weakness tenfold more lovely now that the old cold look had died away from her face.

"All the dearer to me because of it, little darling," he returned, drawing her head again to its resting-place. "But you were so cold! I thought you hated me until I looked in your eyes this afternoon. And you refused me only for my 'own gookl.' Are you sure that you al-ways liked me a little?" He tried to speak laughingly, but there was a suspicious tremor in his voice "Tell me truly, Marjorie, did you ne-ver dislike me?"

Her face was pressed closely to his breast, and after a time she said, shyly, "I loved you all the time."

His arms folded closer around her, and for a time there was silence; then he said : "And you are mine, sweetheart ?" Really and

forever mine?

"Forever and ever," was her reverent reponse

Together they sat until the dusky twilight fell around them, and through the open window floated in the sweet May air, while from the distance came the tinkle of cattle-bells. Her sweet face resided lovingly on his breast; one lit-the hand was held tightly in his, while the other caressed the face that bent so tenderly over her. There was a deep silence, born out of the full-ness of their content, and it was only broken by the song of a nightingale perched outside the window. A wonderful, thrilling song it was, suited to the time and place, and to the lovers it seemed as though even Nature was made glad by the repetition of the "sweet, old story,"

BURDETT COUTTS.

One of the central figures of English aristceracy, and perinas rise central figure of the wealthy ones of the Old World, is Lady Burdett Coutts. We see by an English paper that at a recent meeting at Brighton, Louis Napoleon and Eugènic were given seats very near to the lady in question, which reminds us of a paragraph that we saw in a French paper in Marseilles in 1848, to the effect that a contract of marriage had been arranged between Prince Louis Na-poleon and Miss Burdett Coutts. At that time the imprecunious nephew of his uncle would undoubtedly have appreciated a personal interest in Miss Coutts' millions, but whether she had any desire to share his then uncertain fortune

we cannot say. It is a somewhat gurious revolving of fortune's wheel that has brought this vast wealth to Lady

Here is a capital plot for a melo-drama. commend it to the attention of Mr. Daly. "Near Waverly, Illinois, a year or two ago, a young man, finding himself mysteriously shunned at a party by the young hady he loved, took up with, and afterward married, another, with whom he had carlier associations, and who, as he learned Bometimes after his marriage, had caused the misunderstanding on the part of his real sweet-heart by redating and sonding to the latter a letter originally written to herself. The husband subsequently smothered his wife with a pillow, excaping detection at the time, but dying recently of a broken heart left a confession of the fact." There is a chance here for three capital characters—the young man, his wife, and the deserted lady. The pillow business has, it is rue, been done by Shakspeare, but the modern lramatist can follow the precedent, and not be to very particular as to the originality of his points.

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