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LONDON STATIONARY,

PLAIN AND FANCY.

THE Subscribers have received supplies of the following articles of PLAIN and FANCY STATIONARY, viz :—

Writing Papers.

FOOLSCAP AND POT.—Whatman's superfine laid Foolscap, highly glazed; do. do. do., gilt; yellow wove Pot and Foolscap.

POSTS AND NOTE PAPERS.—Fine and superfine large and small, thick laid, blue wove Post; fine and superfine large and small thin laid yellow and blue wove Posts; superfine wove glazed and gilt Post; superfine laid yellow and blue wove Note Paper, gilt and plain; extra Satin Post and Note Paper, gilt and plain; embossed and plain Letter and Note Paper, coloured; black edged and black bordered Post and Note Paper; a variety of plain Envelopes for Letters and Notes.

Drawing Papers

AND DRAWING MATERIALS.

Whatman's finest Drawing Paper, all sizes; coloured Crayon Paper; London and Bristol Drawing Boards, coloured and plain, of 2, 3, 4 sheets in thickness; Drawing Books; Ackerman's Colours and Colour Boxes, of 6, 12, and 18 cakes; Juvenile Colour Boxes; and Brockman & Langton's Drawing Pencils; Chalk Pencils, coloured Crayon Pencils, Portecrayons and Stumps for Chalk; Camel Hair Pencil; Flat Brushes, in tin, for varnishing; Indian Ink; Transfer Varnish; Rice Paper, coloured and plain; Tracing Paper; Cases of Mathematical Instruments, of different qualities; a great variety of Elementary Drawing Books, Papier Machee, Miniature Frames.

Cards, and Card Cases, &c.

Tin, gilt, black edged, black bordered, embossed and highly glazed Visiting Cards, of different sizes; perforated, embossed, and fancy coloured cards; plain, embossed, and rosa Card Cases; Playing and Conversation Cards; Pocket Books, and Note Cases, assorted.

Inks, and Ink Stands, &c.

Variety of ebony Inkstands; plain and fancy Ink Glasses; Pewter Ink Stands; Pocket Ink Bottles; Black and Red Ink, Patent Screw Top Inkstands; Excise or Auctioneer Inkstands; Gold and Silver Ink; Coomb's Pocket Inkstands.

Miscellaneous.

Gold, Silver, and imitation Gold Paper; Morocco, Coloured, and Fancy Papers; Tissue Paper, coloured and plain; elegantly finished Albums and Scrap Books; Memorandum Books, tin and gilt; black, red and fancy coloured Sealing Wax; Morocco and plain Leather Pocket Books with or without steel clasps; embossed and plain Portfolios; patent overpointed Pencil Cases; Silver do. of Albata; Leads for replenishing do.; Desk Knives; Pink Tape, different widths; Prepared Parchment, different sizes and of the finest quality; Riddle's universal Pen Holders; Gold Borders, and Gold Paper Ornaments; Plain and elegant Snuff Boxes; Rodger's Penknives; Tapers and Taper Stands; Screen Handles; Music Paper, in quires and in books; Music paper coloured and embossed, of various sizes; Toy Books, of all descriptions; Black lead Pencils, of different qualities; Slates and Slate Pencils; India Rubber, patent and common; Ivory and bone Paper Cutters; Rulers, Wafer Stamps; alabaster and bronzed Letter Weights.

Blank Books.

Ruling of Ledger Journals, Day Books, Bank Check Books, Ruled Memorandum Books, Note Books, &c

Bank Books made to order.

W. COWAN & SON.

OFFICE FOR MILITIA CLAIMS,

Quebec, 25th July, 1839.

PUBLIC NOTICE, is hereby given, that payment of patent fees on all Militia Lots, published up to this day, is required to be made to the Provincial Secretary, the Honorable HENRY DALY, between this and the FIRST day of FEBRUARY next; and that all the lands for which the fees shall not have been paid at that date, will be considered as relinquished by the parties to whom located, and will be resumed by the Crown and otherwise disposed of.

Fees to be paid are as follows :—

Fees—100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100—17s. 8d. 21s. 3d. 25s. 5d. 30s. 6d. 34s. 7d. 38s. 8d.

Fees exclusive of the above, if applied for, certificate 2s. 6d., or copy of patent and certificate 5s.

Fees recognized, where the land located will be claimed for non-payment of patent fees as the parties will only be entitled to *Scrip*, and for the nominal value thereof, according to the terms of the Earl of Durham's Proclamation of 11th September, 1838, provided applications be made for the same in proper time.

By Command,
JEAN LANGEVIN,
Secretary.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

(Continued.)

"I hope, gents, that paper's all right, eh!" said he, supported by the brandy, which he had nearly finished. They turned towards him with a smile of momentary surprise, and then—

"We hope so—a vast deal depends on it," said Mr. Quirk, looking over his glasses at Titmouse. Now what *he* had hinted at, as far as he could venture to do so, was a thought that glanced across his as yet unsettled brain, that there might have been invoked more than *mere earthly assistance;* but he prudently pressed the matter no farther—that was all Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's look out; *he* had been no party to anything of the sort, nor would he, knowingly. He also observed the same sheets of paper written all over, which Mr. Gammon had filled at his (Titmouse's) room the night before; and many new and more old looking papers and parchments. Sometimes they addressed questions to him, but found it difficult to keep his attention up to anything that was said to him for the wild visions that were chasing one another through his heated brain; the passage of which said visions was not a little accelerated by the large tumbler of brandy and water which he had just taken.

"Then, in fact," said Mr. Gammon, as the three simultaneously sat down, after having been for some time standing poring over the papers before Mr. Quirk "Tittlebat's title accrued in 1818!"

"Precisely so," said Mr. Quirk, emphatically.

"To be sure," confidently added Snapp; who having devoted himself exclusively all his life to the sharpest practice of the common law as it is called, knew about as much of real property law as a snipe; but it would not to do appear ignorant, or taking no part in the matter, in the presence of the heir at law, and the future great client of the House.

"Well, Mr. Titmouse," at length said Mr. Quirk laying aside his glasses—"you are likely to be one of the luckiest men of your day! We may be mistaken, but it appears to me that your right is clear, and has been clear these ten or twelve years, to the immediate enjoyment of a very fine estate in the north of England, worth £9,000 or £10,000 a year, at the least!"

"You don't say so!"

"We do indeed; and are very proud and happy indeed to be the honored instruments of establishing your rights, my dear sir," said Mr. Gammon.

"Then all the money that's been spent this ten or twelve years is my money, is it?"

"If we are right, it is undoubtedly as you say," answered Mr. Quirk.

"There'll be a jolly reckoning for some one, then, shortly—eh? My eyes!"

"Ah, my dear Mr. Titmouse," cried Mr. Gammon, with subdued ecstacy, as before his mind's eye rose visions of interminable proceedings at law and in equity—hundreds upon hundreds of portly, red tape-tied "cases," "briefs," and "motion-papers," with *Quirk, Gammon, and Snap*, at the bottom of each of them, and constantly under the eye of the court and the bar, and before the public, (the same kind of thoughts must have passed through Snap's mind, for he rubbed his hands in silence with an excited air)

"My dear Mr. Titmouse, you have a most just regard for your own interests; there *will* be a reckoning, and a very terrible one, erelong, for somebody—but we've time enough for all that: Only let us have the unspeakable happiness of seeing you once fairly in possession of your estates, and our office shall know no rest till you have got all you are entitled to—every farthing even"

"Oh, never mind about letting them rest!" said Mr. Quirk, jealously accommodating themself to the taste and apprehension of his excited auditor—"Those that must give up the giblets also—ha, ha, ha!" Messrs. Gammon and Snap echoed the joke of the head of the firm.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Titmouse, immensely excited by the conjoint influence of the brandy and the news of the night; "capital! capital! hurrah! Such goings on there will be! You're all of the right sort, I see! Law for ever! Let me shake hands with you all, gents! Come, if you please, all together! all friends to-night!" And he grasped each of the three readily-proferred right hands of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, with an energy that was likely to make all the high contracting parties to that quadruple alliance remember its ratification!

"And is it all a ready-money affair, gents—or rent, and all *that* kind of thing?"

"Why, almost entirely the latter," answered Quirk, "except the accumulations."

"Then I'm a great landlord, am I?"

"Indeed, my dear Mr. Titmouse, you are—(that is, unless we have made a blunder such as our house is not often in the habit of making)—and have two very fine houses in different parts of the country."

"Capital! delightful! I'll live in both of them—such goings on! And is it *quite* up to the mark of £10,000 a-year!"

"We really entertain no doubt."

"And such as I can spend all of it, every year?"

"Certainly—no doubt of it—not the least. The rents are paid with most exemplary—at least," added Mr. Gammon, with a captivating, an irresistible smile, and taking him affectionately by the hand—"at least they *will* be, as soon as we have them fairly in our management."

"Oh, *you're* to get it all in for me, are you?" he enquired briskly. The three partners bowed, with the most deprecatingly disinterested air in the world, intimating that, for *his* sake, they were ready to take upon themselves even that troublesome responsibility!

"Capital! couldn't be better! couldn't be better! Ah, ha, ha—you've catched the goose, and must bring me its eggs. Ah, ha, ha! a touch in *your* line, old gents!"

"Ha, ha, ha! excellent! ah, ha, ha!" laughed the three partners at the wit of their new client. Mr. Titmouse joined them, and snapped his fingers in the air.

"Lord—I've just thought of Dowlas, Tag-rag and Company's—I seem as if I hadn't seen or heard of them for Lord knows long!—but there they are! —fancy old Tag-rag making me a beggar on the 10th of next month—ha, ha, ha!—shan't see that d——d hob any more."

"There!" whispered Mr. Gammon, apprehensively, in the ear of Mr Quirk; "didn't I tell you that that would be it? We've been monstrously foolish and premature"

"It won't do to go back to that—ugh!—eh? will it?—you know what I mean! Fancy Tittlebat Titmouse standing behind——"

The partners looked rather blank.

"We could venture to suggest, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Gammon, seriously, the *absolute necessity* there is for every thing on your part and our parts to go on as quietly as before, for a little time to come; to be sure and safe, my dear sir, we must be *secret*."

"Oh, I see gents! I see; mum—mum's the word, for the present! But, I *must* say, if there is any one whom I want to hear of it, sooner than another, its"——

"Dowdy, Rag-bag and Co., I suppose! ha, ha, ha!" interrupted Mr. Gammon, his partners echoing his laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! Cross the cats—that's it—ha, ha, ha!" echoed Mr. Titmouse; who, getting up out of his chair, could not resist capering to and fro in some thing of the attitude of a stage-dancer, whistling and humming by turns, and indulging in various other wild antics.

"And now, gents, to do a bit of business—when am I to *begin* scattering the shiners, eh?" he enquired, interrupting an earnest low-toned conversation between the partners.

"Oh, of course, some delay is unavoidable. All we have done, as yet, is to discover that, as far as we are advised, and can judge, you are the right owner; but very extensive operations must be immediately commenced, before you can be put in possession. There are some who won't be pleasanted to drop £10,000 a-year out of their hands for the mere asking."

"The devil there are! *Who* are they that want to keep me longer out of what's my own?—what's justly mine? Eh? I want to know! Haven't they kept me out long enough? d—n them! Put 'em in prison directly—don't spare 'em—rascals!"

"They'll probably, ere long, find their way in that direction—for, however, he's to make up, poor devil, the means profits"——

"Mean profits!—is that all you call them, gents? It's rogue's money—villain's profits! So don't spare 'em—he's robbed the fatherless, which I am, and an orphan! Keep me out of what's mine, indeed! D—d if he shall, though!"

"My dear Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon gravely, "we are getting on too fast—dreadfully too fast. It will never do: matters of such immense importance as these cannot be hurried on, on talked of, in this way."——

"I like that, sir!—I do, d——e!"

"You will really, if you go on in this wild way, Mr. Titmouse, make us regret the trouble we have taken in the affair, and especially the promptness with which we have communicated to you the extent of your good fortune."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure, gents, but mean no offence; am monstrous obliged to you for what you've done for me—but, by Jove, it's taken me rather a-back, I own, to hear that I'm to be kept so long out of it all. Why can't you offer him, whoever he is that has my property, a handsome sum to go out at once? Gents, I'll own to you I'm most uncommon low—never so low in my life—d—d low! Done up, and can't get what's justly mine! What am I to do in the mean while? Consider that, gents."

"You are rather excited just now, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Quirk, seriously; "suppose we now break up, and resume our conversation tomorrow, when we are all in better and calmer trim?"

"No, sir, thanking you all the same; but I think we'd better go on with it now," replied Titmouse, impetuously. "Do you think I can stoop to go back to that nasty, beastly shop, and stand behind the counter?"

"Our *decided* opinion, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Quirk, emphatically—his other partners getting very grave in their looks—"that it, if our opinion is worth offering"——

"That remains to be seen," said Titmouse, with a pettish shake of the head.

"Well, such as it is, we offer it you; and it is, that for many reasons you continue, for a little while longer, in your present situation."

"What! own Tag-rag for my master—and I worth £10,000 a-year?"

"My dear sir, you've not got it yet."

"Do you think you'd have told me what you have if you weren't sure! No, no! you've gone too far! I shall burst, I shall! Me to go on as before!—they use me worse and worse every day. Gents, you'll excuse me—I hope you will; but business is business, gents—it is; and if you won't do mine, I must look out for them that will—upon my soul, I must, and"—If Mr. Titmouse could have seen, or, having seen, appreciated, the looks which the three partners interchanged, on hearing this absurd, ungrateful, and insolent speech of his—the expressson that flitted across their shrewd faces; that was intense contempt for him, hardly overmastered and concealed by a vivid perception of their own interest, which was, of course, to *manage*, to sooth, to conciliate him!

How the reptile propensities of his mean nature had thriven beneath the sudden sunshine of unexpected prosperity!—See already his selfishness, truculence, rapacity, in full play!

"So gents," said he, after a long and keen expostulation with them on the same subject, "I'm to go to-morrow morning to Dowlas & Co's., and go on with the cursed life I led there to-day as if nothing had happened!"

"In your present humour, Mr. Titmouse, it would be in vain to discuss the matter," said Mr. Quirk. "Again I tell you that the course we have recommended is in our opinion the proper one; excuse me if I add, what *can* you do but adopt our advice."

"Why, hang me, if I won't employ somebody else—that's flat! So, good night, gents; you'll find that Tittlebat Titmouse isn't to be trifled with!" So saying, Mr. Titmouse clapped his hat on his head, bounced out of the room, and, no attempt being made to stop him, he was in the street in a twinkling.

"Did you ever see such a little beast!" exclaimed Mr. Gammon with an air of disgust.

"Beggar on horseback!" exclaimed Snap.

"It won't do however, 'said Mr. Quirk, with as chagrined an air as his partners, "for him to go at large in his present frame of mind—he may ruin the thing altogether."

"As good as £500 a-year out of the way of the office," said Snap.

"Egad, look at least," said Mr. Gammon seizing his hat, "I'll after him, and bring him back at all hazards: and we must really try and do something for him in the meanwhile, to keep him quiet till the thing's brought a little into train." So out went after Titmouse, Mr. Gammon, from whose lips dropped persuasion sweeter than honey; and I should not be surprised if he were to be able to bring back that stubborn piece of conceited stupidity.

As soon as Mr. Titmouse heard the street door shut after him with a kind of bang, he snapped his finger once or twice, by way of letting off a little of the inflammable air that was in him, and muttered, "Pretty chaps those, upon my word! I'll expose them all! I'll apply to the Lord Mayor—they're a pack of swindlers, they are! This is the way they treat me, who've got a title to £10,000 a-year! To be sure."—He stood still for a moment, and another moment, and dismay came quickly over him; for it suddenly occured to him what hold had he got on Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap?—what could he do?—what had he done?

Ah—the golden vision of the last few hours was fading away momentarily, like a dream! Each second of his deep and rapid reflection, rendered more impetuous his desire and determination to return and make his peace with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap. By submission for the present, he could get the whip-hand of them hereafter! He was in the act of turning round towards the office, when Mr. Gammon softly laid his hand upon the shoulder of his repentant client.

"Mr. Titmouse; my dear sir, what is the matter with you? How could we so misunderstand each other?"

Titmouse's small cunning was on the *qui vive*, and he saw and followed up his advantage. "I am going," said he in a resolute tone, "to speak to some one else, in the morning."

"That, of course, signifies nothing to any one but yourself You will take any steps, my dear sir, that occur to you, and act as you may be advised."

"Monstrous kind of you to come and give me such good advice!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a sneer.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Gammon, coolly; "I came out of pure good nature, to assure you that our office, notwithstanding what has passed, entertains not the slightest personal ill feeling towards you, in thus throwing off its hands a very long, and dreadfully harassing affair."

"Hem!" exclaimed Titmouse, once or twice.

"So good-night, Mr. Titmouse—good night! God bless you!" Mr. Gammon, in the act of returning to his door, extended his hand to Mr. Tittlebat, who he instantly perceived was melting rapidly.

"Why, sir—if I thought you all meant the correct thing—hem!! say, the correct thing by me—I shouldn't so much mind a little disappointment for the time; but you must own Mr. Gammon, it is very hard being kept out of one's own so long."

To be continued.