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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMÉS HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 21.

For the Hearthstone. JOYS IN SORROWS.

RY J. A. TUMBER.

Through many sorrows thou hast been, Weary Pligrim of this life: They have nerved thee for the battle, They have armed thee for the strife.

Though the breath of disappointment, Though the sun be hid from sight: And thought dark be all around thee, And thy mid-day black as night.

Though the black and heavy surges Class, with thunder o'er thy head; Though the friends that once you trusted Are forever from you fled;

Though calamities have crossed thee, Darkness deep hath hid thy way. Bright may be the sun above thee, Soon will shine eternal day.

Look up, sad spirit, and be strong, Ask for strength and then receive, For God is ready to bestow, His command is to believe.

He will never turn thee from Him If you come to Him for grace; He has never budden any. Saying "Seek in vain my face."

(For the Hearthstone.)

FROM BAD TO WORSE

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE CANTEEN. The wedding trip of Arthur and Jessie was a The wedding trip of Arthur and Jessie was a short, but a very happy one. Once in a while a shaddow of an old sorrow would fit across the brain of Arthur, but one glance at the bright, joyous face by his side would quickly dispel the vision, and he would be gay and happy again. As for Jessie all the warm impassioned love of her nature thawed naturally and quietly out under the influence of the sun of her adoration. Their holiday was brief—scarce two weeks—but they thoroughly enjoyed it. There is scarcely any city, except, perhaps Paris—when Paris was at her zenith—where two weeks can be more thoroughly enjoyed by persons who have was at her zenith—where two weeks can be more thoroughly enjoyed by persons who have no basiness but pleasure, than they can be in New York. The splendld vistas of streets, the magnificent buildings, the teeming population, all so carnest and busy; the glories of Central Park, the calm quiet repose of Greenwood, the flash and glow of the theatres, the splendors of the opera, the roar and bustle of Broadway, the vivid vitality of the whole place tend to make up a picture of fascination which it is difficult to rival. Jessic had never been in any larger city than Montreal, and the glories of the opera and the wonders of the theatre were all new pleasures to her, and she drank them in with avidity, and turned from them with regret when the brief holiday had passed away and they were obliged to return. Although her life they were obliged to return. Although her life had been a happy one, yet it seemed to her she true happine til within these two weeks. Still she was not sorry to return to Montreal, as she pictured quieter domestic joys which would more than compensate for the giddy round of pleasure she

was experiencing. Mr. Lubbuck sailed for England at the time specified, and left Arthur Austin in full charge of the business, unless Mr. Lownds should take a fancy to visit Canada. Mr. Lubbuck expected to be absent about a year, and Arthur was duly installed as muster of his house during his absence. The old gentleman had taken care to raise Arthur's salary to a liberal figure so that he may not feel dependent on his wife, whose settlement had been a very liberal one securing

sectioners had been a very liberatione securing her \$2,000 a year during her uncle's lifetime and one half of his fortune at his death.

It was about a week after Mr. Lubbuck had sailed that Arthur was walking up Jacques Cartier Square when he felt a hand laid lightly on his shoulder, and a voice, which sounded familiar saluted him with:

"Dear boy, how magnificently you are leek

"Dear boy, how magnificently you are looking; allow me to congratulate you on your improved appearance and also on your improved prospects. I had the pleasure of witnessing that interesting little ceremony at the Cathedral a couple of weeks ago, and I assure you it affected

"Wiry, Bob, old fellow I am astonished to see you; and should certainly never have recog-nised you, your appearance has so much changed,

"Seedy, dear boy, don't be delicate about expressions. "Confoundedly seedy," if you feel in a humor for using adjectives. I confess the fact, dear boy, luck has run dead against me, and I believe I am about the most impecuations and each individual in Montreal." seedy individual in Montreal"

am really sorry to hear that, and you know, old fellow you have only to call on me for any help you need; but, where have you been the last two years that I have never heard from you; and how did you come to Montreal?"

· Dear boy, one question at a time; the story is long, and standing here is not pleasant, let us adjourn to a quiet retreat I know in the neighborhood where we can obtain food for the body as well as the mind, and where we will not he

They walked down Notre Dame St. to Claude and down that almost to St. Paul's whon Bry.

don stopped in front of Joe Beef's Canteen.



" HERE'S YOUR TWO-KYED BENFSTEAK, AND YOUR MULLED ALE

consequence extremely acceptable to a man | tented himself with simply discharging him. | need any limeh, and I never take any intoxiwhose finance are in a c. d one sale of consumption. The fare is simple, but nutritious; and wonderfully filling, a little of it goes a long way.

suld Arthur, "I do not believe in visiting saloons; and I don't like the appearance of

"Mere prejudice, dear boy. Enter and re-fresh your drooping spirits with the bounding sockiall, or the foaming tankard. Besides," he added in more serious tones, "I have something

"You have certainly selected a very curious place," said Arthur, "but it makes little difference to me."

on chooses, a heap chan knuckles and piles of flat looking bread, bountifully displayed on the counter, are the prevading features, but a side room which bore over its entrance door, the pretentious sign "Oyster Saloon, menis &c."

It was a low, dark, mean looking room, furnished with a few heavy square tables and some benches and chairs; in one corner stood a platform which looked as if it had been used for a piano, if the place had ever been a music hall, and the walls were ornamented with few rude pictures on sporting subjects. Brydon led the way to a side table, and sat with the air of a man who "had been there before." Arthur sat opposite him and awaited with some impatience the communication which Brydon said he had to make to him.

Mr. Brydon settled the seedy looking hat firmly on his head, dived into one pocket and produced an old clay pipe black with age, into another and brought out a handful of tobacco, filled the pipe and carefully returned the few grains loft in his hand to his pocket. He then dived into another pocket and producing a match, lighted his pipe and took two or three ontemplative whits.

Arthur Austin had k...wn Robert Brydon for

many years, they had been school-mates to-gether, and Brydon had been for some time in the office of Arthur's father, when Arthur himself was a clerk there. He had left the office under rather suspicious circumstances, a cheque had been forged for a small sum, and suspicion had forsome time been thrown on Arthur Austin, "Let us enter," he said. "the exterior is not inviting and the interior is very little more so, but a thorough investigation showed Mr. Brydon steaks and at inviting and the interior is very little more so, but it is cheap, very cheap—and as a natural very clear against him, and Mr. Austin con. "Nothing, but'a thorough investigation showed Mr. Brydon steaks and a tankard of mulied ale; my friend

Brytion took the discharge in the light of an in-justice, and tried hard to throw the guilt on Arthur; but Mr. Austin so scouted the idea that he quickly changed his tactics and tried to conciliate the friend he had endeavored to abuse Arthur was of an easy, forgiving disposition, and soon forgot the injustice and wrong Brydon had tried to do him. At that time Arthur was rather wild—as young men with plenty of money generally will be—and Brydon soon established himself as his boon companion. They had minerous "sprees" together, and Brydon was closely connected in a transaction which Arthur had every desire to blot from his momory, and every wish to keep concauled from the rest of the world. Brydon, after he left Mr. Austin, had for a while run a Faro Bank on the Bowery; but some ugly tales had been told to the police, and one night a descent was made on it, and the proprietor and inmates arrested. It does not take much trouble or ingenuity-but generally a good deal of money—for the keeper the confiscation of his "lay out," "checks," &c. of a New York Fare Bank to escape from the clutches of a New York Judge, and so Robert Bry-don suffered nothing more than a heavy fine, and He remained about New York for a few months after this, figuring conspicuously as a "sport," attending the races, driving a fast team in the Park, wearing a big diamond pin in his shirt bosom, and otherwise playing the heavy swell. Then he disappeared, and Arthur Austin had seen or heard nothing of him for over two years, when they suddenly met in Jacques Cartier Square. When Brydon left New York, Arthur Austin was at the height of his success, and reputed to be enormously wealthy. In a few months more the collapse had come, and he was reduced to almost beggary. What Brydon had been doing in these two years and a half, and what had reduced him from the gay cava-lier to the seedy individual he now was, were matters of conjecture to Arthur Austin.

"Sit down, dear boy, and refresh," said Mr. Brydon. Allow me to recommend the beer; the presence of water is plainly recognizable, but it retains some of its ancient flavor, and is not bad, all things considered. Mr. Beef," con tinued he, as that personage entered the room, "will you oblige me with one of your excellent

need any inner, and I never take any intoxicating liquor."

"Phew!" whistled Mr. Beef, "you're a cold water customer, are you? Well, I shouldn't wonder if you were," he continued, with a supercilious glance; "you look like it."

"Dear boy, dear boy," said Mr. Brydon, "you don't mean to say that you have come the cold water defect! Sorve to hear it, yery: it rules water defect!

water dodge! Sorry to hear it, very; it ruins the coating of the stomach, and brings a man to an early and uncomfortable grave. You won't take anything? then I must drink alone. Mr. Beef, would you oblige me by seeing that that steak is fat and of fair proportion; I feel slightly peckish."

" Yes, you generally do feel 'peckish' when you come in here," responded Mr. Beef, as he went into the bar-room to execute the order. Before leaving the room, however, he took the poker out of the coal scuttle, gave it a preliminary wipe with his handkerchief and put it in

"Brydon, what is it you want to say to me; and why did you come here to say it?" asked Arthur Austin, as soon as they were alone. "Dear boy, what a trick you have of asking two or three questions at once. One at a time will last much longer, and give me so much

more of your company." "I have no time to waste. What do you want; do you want money?"

"Dear boy, your last remark is the most sen-

sible one you have made yet. I have for some time past been in a chronic condition of want-Woll, you know, Bob, you have only to tell

me how nuch you want, and if it is possible for me to accommodate you I will do so." "Den boy, your kindness overpowers me. Suppose we say "a tenner" to begin with. I have a most unexceptionable suit of togs, for which I paid—no, I mean owe—Brooks Brothers fifty-five dollars; and an obliging relative of mine in Montreal—in fact, 'my uncle'—was considerate enough to lend me three dollars and

a half on them. With those released, and a new pair of boots, "Richard will be himself again." No stop, not quite himself. I pro-mised myself a new hat to hang up in Montreal; perhaps you wouldn't mind adding another V., so that I may keep my promise."

Arthur Austin took out his pocket-book and

"Miss Effic Barron—or to Counted out four five-dollar bills which he hand—incorrect as to facts. Miss Effic Barron—or to "Nothing, thanks," said Arthur. I do not cd to Brydon, suying, "Bob, you know I have speak more correctly, Miss Austin, No 1—aust

confer pretty heavy expense lately, and lary comes are running low. I will let you have all I can spare, twenty dollars, and if I can be on any further use to you, you can command one. I will be wanted at the office, so I must have you?" "ave you."

" tear boy, you are generosity itself; but do not go just yet. I have something to tell you which it is important for you to hear."

which it is important for you to hear."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Beef, artistically arrayed in his shirt sleeves, bearing a pewter mug of ale in one hand and a red herring suspended by the tall in the other. He placed the mug on the table, took a plate from a cuphoard and skilfully "slung" it along the table until it stopped in front of Mr. Brydon. He then proceeded to the stove and drawfar out the paker returned to stove, and, drawing out the poker, returned to

the table and said:

" Here's your two-eyed beefsteak and your multed ale," at the same time bringing the hernument ale," at the same time bringing the her-ring down with a smart slap on the paste; and, plunging the poker into the ale, which toained and bissed tremendously.

And very excellent they appear to be, good Mr. Beet," said Mr. Brydon, "may 1 trouble you for a cracker and the mustard?"

"Here's a cracker; there whiteny mustard. Di trouble you for the agests. Here the trackers.

"Here's a cracker; there was cany mossars, I'll trouble you for five cents. He's too civil a chap by balk," muttered Mr. Reef to lumself as he went back to the bar, " and I don't like tho looks of him, tho' he has been here pretty often too back too considerant always so half his way. tne last two weeks, and always paid his way like a man.'

" Now, Brydon, what is it you want to say to

" Dear boy, don't be impetuous. This herring is excellent, and so is my appetite; the beer is thin, but I am thirsty, allow me to re-Arthursat silently thinking for a few minutes

Arthur sat silently thinking for a few minutes widest Brydon "refreshed." He was thinking over his friend's manner which did not impress him favourably. He knew Robert Brydon thoroughly, and altho' he would lend him money for "ankl hang syne," or do him a good turn if he could, he would not trust him. He was aware of one or two dark spots in Mr. Brydon's career, and he pinced little confidence in him. He also remembered that Brydon was fully acquainted with an unpleasant episode in his own career, which he wished to forget but could not, and spite of himself the man's prosence in Montreal gave him an unpleasant, anxious feeling. What had brought him to Camada? Perhaps some act of misconduct in the States; but what could to that he wanted to States; but what could it be that he wanted to

say to him?

"Brydon," said Arthur at last, "you have

"Brydon," said Arthur at last, "you have very nearly finished that herring, and my time is precious, what is it you have to tell me?"

"Excellent refreshment, and filling at the price," said Mr. Brydon, quite imperturbably; "but, rather dry and needing more fluid to wash it down. Mr. Beef, will you oblige me with another mug of beer, cold this time the poker imparted rather a greasy flavor to the last lot. Now, dear boy," he continued, after his mug had been replenished and he had taken a good pull at it, "purdon my keeping you in suspense, but what I have to say is serious, and I prefer entering upon a serious subject on and I prefer entering upon a serious subject on a full stounch, it gives one more confidence. Dear boy, that was a very pleasant ceremony I witnessed the other day, and I congratulate you on your good taste; Mrs. Austin, No. 2, is certainly a very charming little lady, and I do not wonder at your suscentible heart being cannot wonder at your susceptible heart being captured by her beauty, without taking into ac-

"I do not see what my wife's personal appearance has to do with the mutter," said Ar-thur very stiffy, "pray come to the point."

" Dear boy, that's just what I am coming to;

but the point very nearly concerns Mrs. Austin. No. 2, and, therefore, I am forced to mention her,"
"What do you mean by calling my wife,

Mrs. Austin, No. 27" "Simply, dear boy, that there is a Mrs. Au-

tin, No. 1."

"Was, you mean, not is. There is no use
"Was, you mean, not is. There is no use dragging up that old story of my tolly and its punishment. I will save you the trouble of repeating the tale of how a beardless boy not twenty became enamoured of a pretty ballet dancer, with a well turned ancie and captivat-ing black eyes; of how he followed her, in his infatuation to a small village in Pennsylvania and—in a moment of mainess—married here of his awaking from his wild dream to find that she was wicked, abandoned, vile; all that a woman should not be, and that he was tied to her for life; of his ineffectual efforts to get freed of her; of the year of misery he passed. No, there is no need for you to repeat that old story I remember it only too well: it is only too deoply engraved on my heart and is the one dark memory of my life. But thank God! it is only a memory, death has closed that page of my life, and I do not desire to have it re-

opened."

"Not the least doubt of it, dear boy, and quite proper on your part; but I full to understand your allusion to death."
"My wretched wife died four years age; just about the time of the failure of Austin and Son.

Oh! don't look incredulous. I have a letter from the doctor who attended her, and the undertaker who buried her; the lotter enclosed bills which I paid; but altho the gentlemen were prompt enough to send me their bills, they were never polite enough to forward receipts for the money. I also saw an announcement of my wife's death in a Savannah paper; in which place she was playing at the time. Besides, you know I was allowing my wife \$2,000 a year at that time and her quarterly allowance has not since been claimed; not that I could have paid it, because our failure left me without the means to de so, but because there was no one to pay it to."

"What a wonderful memory the dear boy has" said Mr. Brydon rather mockingly, "but



be a very remarkable person to die in Savannah four years ago, and to have been alive and well in New York two months ago, when I had the pleasure of seeing her."
"Alive!" shouted Arthur Austin starting

" Not the least doubt of it, dear boy ; alive and kicking, absolutely kicking for I saw her kick a bell-boy at the St. Charles Hotel, be-cause he refused to furnish a couple of brandies and sola without payment in advance."

o Perfectly true, dearboy, perfectly true; the doctor's, and the undertaker's letters and bills dector's, and the undertaker's fetters and bins were ingenious forgeries, very nearly executed by a friend of yours who desired to relieve your mind of a load of gri.f. Your first wife is alive and very anxious to find you, as she is confoundedly hard up and would like her allowance renewed. The pleasant little ceremony I witnessed at the Cathedral, was, no doubt, very enjoyable to you; but It was a sad mistake for your load her his an awkward thing to comdear boy; it is an awkward thing to com-

mit bigamy."

" Bigamy! Oh Heavens! Poor Jessie, poor Jessie!" exclaimed Arthur, clasping his head in his hands and leaning forward on the table;

" My poor little darling."

" Yes, yes, it is rather hard on the little lady with the golden hair; but it is rather harder on the other lady. Mrs. Austin, No 1"

" Robert Brydon," said Arthur rising and looking at his companion with a vengeful, dangerous kook; " I know you to be a scoundred, a thief, a har and an imprincipled adventurer."

" Pon't be complimentary, dear boy, please don't, or you will remember," continued Arthur,

doa't, or you will make me blush."

"You will remember," continued Arthur,
that I induced my father to see you once
when you forged his name; I have. "ys been
your friend in good repute, and evil repute; I
would even be your friend now, for we played
together as children and grew up almost as brothers; but, by Heaven I if you are batching any thers; but, by Heaven! if you are hatching any of your infernal plots against me I will hound you to death like a dog. You are trying to raise the phantom of my past misery to blight the happiness of the present but have a care. I know enough of your past life to send you to prison, and I will do it if you try to annoy

" Don't, dear boy, don't. I have been there, and I can't say I like it; the grub is meagre, and their drink is bad, only water and poor at that. I have resided in Sing Sing two years and have no destre to return there; besides, dear boy, you forget 1 am quite safe in Canada, altho' I might be in danger in the States."

be in danger in the States."

"What does your story mean," said Arthur, restraining himself with an effort and again taking his seat. "Is it an attempt to extort money from me?"

"Extort money," said Mr. Brydon suddenly changing his manner, and rising and speaking with great force and emphasis, totally different from the former, onto the part of the force. from his former quiet, bantering style; "To extort money? Yes; but it is more than that Arthur Austin, it is to pay off an old score; I have had a debt of hate against you for a long time and I mean to pay it, Arthur Austin; you have crossed my path three times in my life, and I mean to lie down across yours for the and I mean to lie down across yours for the rest of yours, or my existence, so that you cannot get rid of me. Excuse me, dear boy," he continued, suddenly changing his manner again, and resuming his seat, "I am afraid I was a little excited; I hope you will pardon me, and allow me to tell you a little story. Can you remember twolve yours ago, Arthur Austin, when we were at school together? Can you remember how you builted me? I can. Do you remember thrushing me? I do. Do you think I have ever forgotten those days, no, no, I remember well every blow you gave me, every member well every blow you gave me, every cross or hard word you used, and I swore then that when I came to manhood I would return you blow for blow,' and I mean to keep my oath. Oh! I kept on good terms with you, was always your good friend, but it was only because the nearer I was to you, the deeper I could strike. My first blow failed; you remarked just now that I forged your father's name. I did; yes, I forged his name and tried to throw the guilt on you; I falled and was discharged, that was the second time you crossed my path. I still kept on good terms with you and blded my time. One night I was fool enough to intro-duce you to the girl on whom I had set my heart, and who I believed loved me; your baby face, your smooth plausible manner, and your wealth, won her from me. You married her. -Wall Effic Barron never was a good lot, and you found that out very shortly after your marriage, when the scales had dropped from your cyes. You tried to get divorced from her, but Miss Effle was too elever to have committed any act tines her marriage which gave you any legal claim to east her off. Oh! no, virago, dovil as she was, she was too clever to give you the power to throw her aside when you discovered what she had been. Bad as she was—and none knew better than I, how bad—I loved her, wildly, passionately, loved her then, love her now, and shall always love her." He had spoken flercely, his voice gaining depth and passion, although it was only slightly raised. hie paused now, overcome by genuine emotion, his voice almost choked by the thick, quick sobs which rose to his throat. Any one looking at him now would scarcely have recognized the casy-going, self-possessed, cynical individual who had been speaking a few minutes before. After a short pause he continued: "When she first told me she was going to marry you, I meant to shoot you. I waited for you one whole night outside her house, but you did not visit her; I dogged your footsteps for three whole days, watching for an opportunity to murder you, and finding none. Then I changed my mind; death was too quick a punishment for you. I would wait, and seek some more jesting means of torturing yea, as you tortured me. You will remember, dear boy," he continued, again changing to his light, playful manner, "that I assisted at that little ceremony at which Miss Eille Barron became Mrs. Austin, No. 1. I assisted at one or two of the amusing little matrimonial squabbles in which you indulged: I assisted in furnishing you information about your wife's former character; I assisted in desisted at something else which you did not suspect—your wife's funeral, which never took place." He was speaking apparation of the control of ugain, and the wicked, devilish look was on his " After your separation from your wife, she returned to the stage—she could scarcely be said to have ever left it—and I met her. I had some money then, and I could afford to pay for a whim. I thought that if death relieved you of your wife—or to speak more correctly, if you supposed death had relieved you—you would probably marry again. I proposed a scheme to Eme: she loved you none too well, and joined

with me readily. I wrote the letters and bills you received; I prepared the advertisement for

the Savannah papers, which, by the way, was contradicted next day, although you did not see that, I had my plan carefully, and then I came North and was with you in New York when you received the letters which had been posted by Effic herself. I remember well vour town.

by Effic herself. I remember well your joy at their receipt, and I expected to see you a mar-

ried man in less than a year, but your confound-

ed failure drove you from New York and spoiled

vorod me at last. You are married now married well and wealthly; and I hold the dagger in my hand which can fall and destroy your happiness and commit you to prison whenever please: and I please to keep the dagger sus

(To be continued.)

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THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LAWY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

OHAPTER XIX .- (Continued.)

In the coarse of these wanderings, in which he met with much hospitality and kindness in solitary homesteads, where his bright face and cheery voice wen a joyous welcome, Mr. Redmayne came upon a lowland farm in Gippsland, whose owners had fallen on evil days; the rough loghouse was empty, the land ne-gleoted, and a family of squatters who had taken up their abode in one of the barns told him that the estate was to be sold by anction at Brisbane, in something less than a fort-

He went over the land, and his practised eye was quick to perceive its value. It had wen badly worked, and the man who owned it. had gone at a rapid pace to the dogs; but the squatters told Mr. Redmayne that this late proprietor had drunk himself into delirium tremens three or four times a year and had squandered every six-pence he carned playing poker" and other equally intellectual games with any wandering stranger whem Providence sent in his way. The farm had fallen into had odour by reason of his nonsuccess, and had been put up to auction already, and withdrawn from sale, the biddings not reaching the reserved price which the late owner's trade assignees

had put upon it.
"You might get it by private contrack, I dessay," said the squatter, when he perceived Mr. Redmayne's inclination to buy, "if you was to look sharp about it, and make yer hoffer to the hauctioneer between this and nex' Toosday

Richard Redmayne was fascinated by the place, which was called Bulrush Meads, there being a considerable tract of low-lying meadow with a broad stream meandering through it, richly fringed with tall bulrushes-superb land for stock. There was hill as well as dale and the site of the rough log dwelling-house was as picturesque as anything he had seen in his holiday ramble. What a king he might be here with Grace, he thought to himself. The life would not be rough for her, safe sheltered under his wing, and with honest Kentish lasses for her servants. His quick eye told him how the place might be improved: a roomy parlour built out on one side, with a wide verandah supported by rustle pil-lurs, a pleasant shelter beneuth which his darling might sit and work on sunny after-noons. And what a prospect for those gentle eyes to gaze upon 1 what a varied sweep of nill and valley, bright silver streamlet flashing athwart greenest of meadows, a thousand sheep looking no bigger than so many daisies upon the distant uplands, and far away on the eft of the landscape a forest of almost tropical richness! A couple of bedrooms could be added above, wooden like the rest of the house, which was strongly though roughly built. Vines and pumpkins climbed to the shingle roof, and all kinds of flowers, brighter and larger than the blossoms of his native land, overran the neglected garden.

On one side of the low rambling edifice there was an orchard of peach-trees; on the other a grove of cabbage-palms, eighty feet high, their tall trunks entwined by a luxuriant flowering parasite; a giant fig-tree spread its broad leaves near at hand, side by side with a inge stinging-nettle tree, all a-glitter with silvery spiculæ, like a vegetable needle manu-

The fancy once having seized upon him was such wide space for roaming and adventure. snited him a great deal better than the dotand-go-one round of a farmer's existence at home. And then the novelty of the thing had a powerful witchery. To take this neglected estate in hand, and make it a model of high farming, was a task worth an enterprising man's labour. At Brierwood everything was so narrow, his best experiments had failed for want of room. Here, in this wide field, he saw his way to certain fortune.

Fevered by visions of a veritable Arcadia, of which his beloved Grace should be queen; ired too by the squatter, who hung about him as he explored the place, and was eager to curry favour with a probable purchaser, cherishing his own peculiar vision of a comfortable berth under the new rule,—Mr. Redmayne ultimately resolved to make a bid for Entrush Meads, and mounted his horse to ride to Brisbane. He did between thirty and forty miles a day, sometimes riding from daybreak till sunset along a narrow channel cut through a bush so dense that it would have been impossible to swerve to the right or the left cometimes crossing grassy hills two thousand above the level of the sca, and at nightfall hob-bling his horse on the dewy sward. Wherever he met with human habitations, he met with kindness and hospitality; and so prospering as he went, he reached the city in time to attend the sale. He made no attempt at negotiation, thinking it wiser to await the lazard of the auction. Circumstances favoured him; the biddings were feeble and spiritless; and Mr. Redmayne bought Bulrush Meads for one thousand seven hundred pounds—just one hundred above the reserved price. The auctioneer congratulated him upon having got the estate for an old song, and drank a bettle of champagne at the lucky purchaser's expense.

"And, upon my word, it ought to be a three-

Mr. Redmayne." All legal rites being duly performed, Richard Redmayne went back to take possession of his estate, thoroughly delighted with his investment. He left the squatter as a kind of caretaker, giving him a ten-pound note as an advance payment for work to be done in the

dozen case," he said, "considering your luck,

" If I find you know anything about farming, I shall take you on as a regular hand when I come back," he said: "and I shall come back as soon as ever I can settle my affeirs in England."

He meant to let Brierwood, or to leave his brother James in possession, if things had gone as prosperously as James asserted they had gone in his absence, and thus work the two estates. For himself it seemed to him that no state of existence could be so delicious as a wild free life at Bulrush Meads, with a prosperous farm-yard and a goodly army of corn ricks, a comfortable hearth by which the wandering stranger might rest, a hospitable table dering stranger inight rest, a hospitable table at which there should always be room enough for the traveller, and half-a-dozen good saddle-horses in his stable. He would teach Grace to ride, and she could canter about the farm with him, ride beside him many a mile on moun-light nights across that splendid country, over grassy hill-tops that looked down on the broad waters of the southern sea.

The fact that the life might be somewhat lonely for his daughter flashed across his mind occasionally; but he dismissed the notion care-lessly enough. What mode of existence could he duller than her life at Brierwood? In Kent she was only a small farmer's daughter. Here in these backwoods she would be a queen; and he had considence enough in her affection to believe that any life would be acceptable to her that was to be shared with him.

Of the day when she might desire to form new ties he thought but vaguely. No doubt that time would come; some handsome young emigrant would woo and win her; but even that event need not result in separation between father and daughter. There was room enough at Bulrush Meads for a patriarchal household and Richard Redmayne could fancy himself sitting under his vine-clad verandah, cool and spacious as a Sevillian patio, with a noisy crowd of grandchildren chambering on his

knees.
"I will never part with her," he said to himself fondly.

He sailed from Brisbane early in March, and arrived at Liverpool towards the end of May. He had received no letters from home for some mouths before his departure; but this was the result of his own nomadic habits rather than of any neglect on the part of his correspondents.
The last bore the date of October, and told him that all was well. He was not a man to be tormented by morbid apprehension of possible evil. He made his homeward journey in high spirits, full of hopes and schemes for the future. He had a rude map of Bulrush Mends, which he used to spread out before him on the cuddy-table and ponder upon for an hour at a stretch, with a pencil in his hand, marking out so many acres for wheat here, so many for barley there, inferior tracts for mangel-wurzel, barley there, inferior tracts for mangel-wurzel, patches of turnips, and bits of ontlying land that would grow beans, wide level pastures for his cattle; dotting down hedges and boundaries, putting in every live-barred gate which was to impart to that tertile wilderness the trim appect of an English farm.

And so it came to the end of May, bright

joyous weather, the first flush and bloom of summer, and Richard Redmayne, with a heart as light as a feather, trod firmly on the soil of his native land.

He lost no time. Up to London as fast as an express train could carry him, from one rail-way-station to another in a rapid hansom, at London-bridge terminus just in time to eatch the train for Tumbirdge, from Tumbridge homewards in a fly. He could scarcely sit quietly in the vehicle, as the familiar hedgerows went by him, so cager was he to arrive at the end of his journey. "I could walk faster than this," he said to himself; and this impatience so grew upon him at last, that he called to the driver to stop, got out hurriedly, and paid and dismissed him within a mile of Brierwood.

He felt freer when he stood alone amidst the

still evening landscape. It was sunset-a sunset in early summer after a cloudless day. The western sky was like a sea of gold, and over all the heaven there was a pale tinge of rose colour. There were woods near at hand, and even in his feverish haste Richard Rednot to be put away. He was very fond of mayne stopped for a minute or so to listen to Brierwood—fond with a traditional love which was an instinct of his mind; but he had always been more or less cramped in that narrow orbit. This rough-and-ready life, with mocking tones of the laughing jackass. There was not a shorn elm in the hedgerow that he did not recognise. How familiar, how sweet the scene was! If he had come across that waste of waters only for this his voyage would hardly lave seemed profitless. The landscape moved him as if it had been a living soul-a human creature he had fondly loved.

But it was not for this he had returned; it was for Grace's sake, and for hers only. very other account it would have suited him better to remain yonder, and set his new estate going. His home-sickness had been only a vearning to see that one beloved face, to feel the gentle touch of that one dear hand.

A quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought him in front of the old house. There it stood; stout and substantial as when he left it, a goodly homestead, untouched by wind or weather, with the sturdy air of hale old age. The garien was all abloom with flowers; there were flower-pots on the window-sills-bow-pots, his mother had called them—and the upper casements stood open. He looked up at the win-dows of his daughter's room, half hoping to catch a glimpse of her bright head above the geraniums and mignonette; but he could see nothing. Everything about the house looked orderly and prosperous; he heard the geese screaming and the turkeys gobbling in the farmyard, and that deep lowing of cows which has always something awful in it. All things were very fair in the golden evening light. If there were treable in store for him, the outvard aspect of his home gave him no hint of that trouble.

At the last moment, with his hand upon the bell, he changed his mind. He had given them no notice of his return by letter. He would go round to the back, slip in quietly through the garden, and take them all by surprise. And Grace? He could fancy her shrick of

joy, her wild rush into his outspread arms. The picture was in his mind as he went round by a mrow strip of orchard into the garden behind the house. It had never entered into his thoughts that there could be anything amiss. All was very still; the day's work was over; it was the one delicious hour of breathing-time before supper—the hour in which even auni

Hannah's tongue was wont to be at rest, while

way of repairing fences and improving bound- she sat with folded hands and shunbered—an hour in which the funces of uncle James's pipe ascended like incense burnt before the shrine of the goddess Hestia.

The purlour window was wide open; he went

up to it softly over the close-out grass, and looked in. Yes, his brother and sister-in-law sat in the very attitudes he had fenered James Redmayne, smoking with a selenin face, his legs stretched on a chair, and a huge silk hand-kerchief spread over his knees. He looked older and a shade more careworn, the wanderer thought. Aunt Hannah slept in her stiff-backed wooden armelmir by the empty hearth, and on her face too there were signs of care.

" If I hadn't seen the grass as I came along, I should have thought from Jim's face there was a bad look-out for the hay," Richard Redmayne said to himself.

But where was Grace? In her own room, perhaps, making some bit of finery for her next Sunday's adorment, or reading a novel in the best parlour, or in the garden. He glanced behind him, but could see no light dress flitting by the distant flower-borders, or between the gray old trunks of the ample-trees

It chilled him a little. The delay would be but a few moments, doubtless. She was somea mad thing at the sound of his voice; but he had so languished to see her, that the briefest delay wasa kind of disappointment,

"Jim," he said gently, not wishing to awaken aunt Hannah too suddenly from her slum-

James Redmarne let his long churchwarden

"My God!" he cried, " is it a ghost?"

"My God!" he cried, " is it a ghost?"

"A very substantial one, old fellow—thirteen stone in the saddle. It's your affectionate brother Richard in the flosh, and sharp-set enough to enjoy an honest English supper pre-

He stepped lightly across the low windowsent into the room.

" Where's Gracey ?" Dusk as it was he saw the white change on

his brother's face, the awful look which Han-nah Redmayne turned upon him as she opened her eyes and beheld him standing there.
"Where's my daughter ?" he cried sharply. The dead silence that followed turned his heart to stone. Those two scared faces, the

white dumb lips of his brother, and the silence were enough. "Is she dead?" he asked, in a low hoarse voice; "is she dead? Speak out, can't you, and have done with it!"

Aunt Hannah was the first to find courage to

" She is not dead, Richard—at least we have "She is not dead, kichird—at least we have no cause to think so. She may be well and lappy, for anything we know. But, O, dear, dear, dear didn't you got James's letter, telling you everything, with a copy of the letter she wrote to me when she went away?"

"When she went away!" repeated the father transless the went away! I thought I

sternly; " when she went away! I thought I left her in your care, Hannah Redmayne?"

"And God knows I took good care of her, Richard. But could I help it, it she had the heart to deceive me—to steal away one dark morning, without leaving a trace of where she was gone? But you must have got the letter,

"I got no letter, after the one about the honping. I was out of the way of letters; and I thought my daughter was safe with you. Do you think I would have left her, wennin, if I hadn't thought that?"

hadn't thought that?"

He dropped heavily into a chair, and sat looking at them with an awful face. He who had been all life and engerness five minutes ago seemed changed into a man of stone.

"What has become of my child?" he said, in the same stern accusing ione. "Begin at the beginning. She is not dead; but she is gone. When did she go, and how?"

"On the 11th of last November, secretly, stealing away one morning at seven o'clock,

stealing away one morning at seven o'clock, when we were all busy. But her letter will tell you the most. We know so little."

Mrs. James went to a side-table where there was a huge mahogany desk, which she unlocked, and from which she took Grace's poor little letter. It had been read and re-read many times. The folds of the paper were almost worn through. Richard Redmayne read it aloud twice over, rapidly the first time, then

very slowly.
"Well!" he exclaimed, "a runaway marriage; there's not so much harm in that. "I shall write to my father by the next mail to beg his forgiveness." I missed her letter, poor child, along with my other letters. But why should the marriage be secret? and who the devil did she run away with?"

"There was only one person ever suspected -a Mr. Walgry. She says in her letter that she was going to marry a gentleman, and he is the only gentleman she knew."

"How did she come to know him?" "He came here to lodge last summer. Mr. Wort recommended him.

"Came here to lodge!" roared Richard Red-mayne, "Who gave you leave to turn Brierwood into a lodging-house?" "It was to oblige Mr. Wort, and to make

twenty-pound note to help you on Richard. He was a perfect gentleman. "——you!" cried the farmer, with a tre-mendous outh. "A perfect gentleman; and he stole my daughter! A perfect gentleman; and he has ruined my daughter!"

Mrs. James pointed to the letter. "She was going away to be married," she faltered.

"Going away to be married! As if every one didn't know that old story! Is there any thing easier than for a villain to promise that? my darling, that was little more than a child! Keep out of my way, woman!" Rick Redmayne, rising suddenly, with his hands and arms twitching convulsively. "Keep out of my way, for I feel as if I could murder

Hannah went down on her knees before him. She was not a woman to be easily moved, but she had a heart.

If I had act or part in this trouble, Rick," she said piteously, "may God and you forgive ma! He knows I tried to do my duty, and that I loved that poor child truly. As I have a soul to be saved, I did everything for the best. I trusted Grace.

"Yes, I brought a stranger into her home, and trusted him."

"I had John Wort's word for his character." "And to please John Wort you made Brier-wood a lodging-house, and brought about my daughter's ruin."

"Why should you look at it on the darkest side, Richard?" asked Mrs. James, who for her own part had never since Grace's flight taken any but the darkest view of the subject. But to console this grief-stricken man she was ready to affect a hopefulness she had never felt.

awny ?"
"No." "If she had been honourably married, and happy, do you think she would have been si-

"Has she written to you since she went

There was no answer to that question.

"Was she so ungrateful, so wanting in affec-tion, that she could turn her back upon her home, leave her own tlesh and blood to think her false and heartless, to blush for her per-haps, and never write a line to tell them whether she was dead or alive?"

"She may have written to you, Richard."

"She may. O, my God, what a fool I was to be so careless about getting my letters! I never thought of trouble. I was coming home

to my daughter, coming home to find—this!"

He looked round the room, with utter despair in his eyes, with the look which a man might give who stood among the ashes of his home. What would the burning of Brierwood, the loss of every sixpence whereof he stood possessed, have been to him, compared with the loss of his child?

"And it was for this I worked," he muttered, passing his arm across his forehead with a half-bewildered air; "it was for this fortune favoured me!" Then, after a pause, he said suddenly, "You did something, I suppose; you took some means to find out what had become favoured me!" of her? You didn't sit down to eat and drink and sleep, while she was a wanderer and an

"We did overything, Richard," replied Mrs.
James—her husband stood by speechless, staring at his brother with dumb compassion.
"John Wort would tell us nothing about Mr.
Walgry; but he was very sorry for what had Walgry, and the went up to town to see Mr. Walgry, and taxed him with having tempted Grace away; and Mr. Walgry denied it. He knew nothing about her. He had never seen hersince he left this house, he declared."

"Lying would come easy to the man who could tempt that child away. Was there no one else you suspected?"

"No one else.

And then little by little Hannah Redmayne told the whole story of Hubert Walgrave's residence at Brierwood. He had been attentive to Grace, it is true; but no more attentive than any man might be who happened to find himself in daily association with a very pretty girl. From first to last he had shown himself a gentleman. Mrs. Redmayne was emphatic upon that point. Then came the reluctant admis-sion that Grace had dropped after his depar-ture; and no one had thought of putting the two facts together. And then the story of the

Richard Redmayne sat like a statue, with a frown upon his face, but no farther expression of his anger, while aunt Hannah rambled on helplessly. His heart was on free with resemment against these bindred of his who had suffered his darling to be lost. In his mind it was a certain thing that they could have saved her, that she had perished by reason of their carelessness. But he said very little. Such a grief as his is apt to be dumb; and as yet there was a kind of numbness about his feelings that dulled the sense of grief. The news had stunned lsim.

When sunt Hannah had said all she could say, with no interruption save a few words mumbled now and then feebly by uncle James, Richard Redmayne rose abruptly and put on

You're not going out to-night, Richard?" exclaimed his sister-in-law, glancing at the clock. It was half-past nine—a late hour according to

It was half-past fine—a late hour according to Brierwood habits.

"I am going to John Wort. I am going to call him to account for this business,"

"Don't be hard upon him, Rick," Mrs. James pleaded. "He did everything for the best,"

"Hard upon him! Between you, you have let my daughter go to her ruin. Do you think there can be much softness in me for any one there can be much softness in me for any one of you? Hard upon him; hard upon the man who sent a scoundrel into my house with a false character! I wish to God the days were not over when men shot each other down like

"He's an old man, Richard, and has been a good friend to you. Remember that."

good friend to you, Remember that."

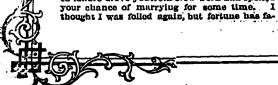
"I'll remember my daughter. You've no call to look so scared, woman. I shall keep my hands off him. Nothing I could do to him would be any good for her. I want to find my daughter. Do you think any shame has fallen upon her will lessen my love? I want to find her, that's all, to take her away with me to the other and of the world. Once let me held her other end of the world. Once let me hold her in my arms. I'll answer for the rest. There loesn't live upon this earth the man who could divide us; no, not if he was her husband."

(To be continued)

The question of compulsory education is again the subject of debate in the various provincial assemblies in France. It will form one of the principal topics of discussion in the councils-general, where the difficulty of applying compulsion universally is felt to arise from the difficulty of doing so without coming into collision with parental rights. The subject has been under debate in the council-general of the Meuse lately, and the compromise adopted there seems to be fair and reasonable. An amendment by the President affirmed the principle of compulsory education, but with the absolute reservation of the right of futhers of families to select the manner and the place of teaching for their children. This proposal was adopted almost with unanimity by the council-general.

Polishino Enameled Paper.—The polish of enameled paper is a vory simple and rapid process. The sheets, proviously prepared with the enameling material, are laid in heaps convenient to the operator. In an establishment in Albany, N. Y., soventy-ive young laides are seated at small tables in the polishing room. Each takes a single sheet from the pile at her side, and places the edge of it on a slightly concave band of very hard wood. Or an alightly concave band of very hard wood. Or an elightly concave band of very hard wood. Or an elightly concave band of very hard wood. Or an elightly concave band of very hard wood. For an elightly concave band of very hard wood. As a slightly concave band of very hard wood. As a surface a brightly polished as a new varnished boot. A sheet is polished in a few seconds. One variety of this embossed paper is very pretty—the crystallicad looking naper known as "snow-flake," which is so often seen outside boxes. The appearance of "snow-flake," is given to it by mixing a solution of rock-sait, wax and vinegar with the color. This causes the color to disintegrate and shade itself, and to fly off in star and diamond shapes, bearing a fancilal resemblance to snow. No less than forty thousand reams of unbossed paper of all colors are manufactured annually at this factory, using up five tons of plain white paper a day, and 3,600 pounds of color a week.—The general business of the company, who employ 180 wemen and 30 men, amounts to \$500,000 a year.





BEDTIME.

BY LULU.

The little ones have gone to bed-I hear no other sound, Except the ticking of the clock, So still is all around.

The little clothes are folded up. And laid upon the chair; By Katie's own wee cunning hands All put away with care.

The little wearer in the crib, With clossy, golden carls, Is dearer to her mother's heart Than India's shining pearls.

And white I gaze with loving pride, On each fair, golden tress. A threb of pity, grown to pain, Comes for the motherless.

And warmly still my heart goes out To those who lonely weap, For that in all their cradle-beds, No little darlings sleep.

Ah, many a mother thinks, at night, With aching heart and head. How in the cold and dark, alone, Her baby's gone to bed.

Fur from the loving mether-arms; Fur from homes sheltering nest, Under the daisies and the stars, Her little one doth rest.

Yet, grieving mothers, not so warm, Nor safe, their earthly bed, The Saviour's bosom pillows now, Thy sleeping treasure's head.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, Isn't it, my boy ?" Clarence Spencer to whom the words had been Charence Spencer to whom the words had been addressed, turned from his ledger, and looked toward the speaker. Charence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper for Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-cyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Charence?" the merchant repeated.

A neavy ounter, isn't it, Chirches is the merchant repeated.
And still the young man was silent. His look indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom upon his handsome

" My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

" Mr. Wurdle, I do not comprehend you."

"Al, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

" Didn't I call at your house for you this morn-

ing ?"
Clarence nodded assent.

And didn't I hear and see enough to revea to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own.

And then Chrence Spencer understood; and the morning's seene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a more nothing, face it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of imputionee; then a rising of the voice; thon another look; the voice rese higher; reason was unlinged; passion gained sway; and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that by smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Charence remembered that Mr. Wardle had account high power and had country a sign of the entered his house, and had caught a sign of the

And Chrence Spencer thought of one thing more: He thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and be knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?" The book-keeper knew that his employer

was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man, and after a brief pause he an-

swered,—
"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."
"Is and sat down. His f The merchant smiled, and sat down. His face with goodness, and an earnest light was

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not of-"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him now

In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, " you love you

That is enough. I know you love her." "O! Mr. Wardle,-I-I-

" You love her as well as you dld when you

Better! better! I love her more and

"And do you think she loves you in return?

" Loves me in return!"
" Aye,--what do you think about it?"

"I don't think anything about it .- I KNOW!" " You know she loves you?"
"Yes!"

" And you know that deep down in her heart

she holds your love as a most sacred treasure

Yes, I know it." Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from noill-feeling at heart?"

Of course not." "It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry "

A moment's hesitation, and then,---"Yes, yes,

I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Charence, and answer hon-estly: Don't you think your wife is as sorry as " I cannot doubt it."

And don't you think she is suffering all this time? Yes."

"Is she not probably, in the seclusion of her home, suffering more keenly than you "I doubt that, Mr. Wardle. At all events, I

hope site may not be suffering more."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes.—I know that."

" Yes.—I know that."

" And now, my boy, do you realize where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?" Clarence looked upon his interlocutor won-

11 the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so un-impolly?"

larence assented. "But," continued Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you re-

The young man bowed his head as he mur-

mured an adicinative,

« Because" the increhant added, with a touch
of parential stemaces in this touc, « you are re-solved to carry if there !!

solved to carry it there?"
Charence looked up in surprise.
"I—I carry it?"
"Aye, you have the burd-in in your heart, and you mean to carry it home,—Remember, my hoy, I have been there, and I know all about it; I have been very fooli h in my lifetime, and I have suifered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I received that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown posed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why?—He-cause you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her beart is bur-dened with the same affliction which gives you so much unrost. And so, you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know?—Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself,—'I can bear it as long as she can!' —Am I not right?"

—Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant;
"and very likely your wife is saying to herself
the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does
not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but
upon the inability to bear the burden. By and
by it will happen, as it has impened before,
that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker
party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is
keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in
such case, acts the part of a coward. When he
might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he
cringes and cowers until the wife is forced to let

might, with a breath, blow the cloudaway, he cringes and cowers until the wife is forced to let the smilight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardio had depicted. And this brought him to the remember the of how he had some his wife wan when brince of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy bur-den, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts: and after a time he arose and touched him upon

the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and bless-ing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your cottage with a smile upon should enter your cottage with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, — 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.'—Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Ropulse me 2"

"Repulse me ?" "Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir,—have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Dare you thus try to imitate your Divine Teacher? Or, do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear that she would respect and esteem you less for the deed?—Tell me,—Do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? O, Clarence, if you would but try?"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the chambers, and had satdown with her sewing in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad,

nd tears were in her eyes

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the hall. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her,—and he said to her, in broken necestic.

"Durling, I have come home to throw down It is greater than I can bear !"

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Of could be forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of repreach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

the blance. He must share that,
"We will share it so evenly," he said, "that
its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my

we will be happy ?" .rling, we w "Always !"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence re-turned to the store, tousk the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and

n his joy-inspired face. It was a your after this—and Clarenco Spencor had become a partner in the house—that

of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Charence, with a swelling bosom, that was the most blessed lesson I ever re-

ceived. My wife knows who gave it to me."
"And it serves you yet, my hoy ?"
"Aye,—and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find ledgment with us. The finsh and the jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know,—but the heart which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding-place to the ill-feeling, will not be eath-ed upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are fool-ish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off;—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

The Queenland papers report the marriage of two South Sea Islanders with English women; the first marriages of the kind which have yet eccurred. The ladies who have thus broken through the bonds of custom are the Misses lineriet Charlesworth and Ann Sims. The former is native of Walterd, in the county of Essex, and is nged twenty-five. The latter is one year younger, and the distinction of Leting her birthplace. The bridgerooms are natives of the island of Lifty, and intend to return to their island home immediately, carrying their spoases with them. They were Christians before coming to Queensland, and have a fair knowledge of English. One of them was able to sign the marriage register in a handwriting that would have been c.e. disable to an accomplished Eurorean, and both of them answered all the questions put to them by the Limister very intelligently, although somewhat pozzled at the interrugatories respecting the degrees of kindred, Their wifes are only late arrivals in the colony, having come out by the India on her last trap. Their wifes are only late arrivals in the colony, having come out by the India on her last trap. It the idea one gains ground in this country that Carstian South Sea Islanders, or even south sea Islanders who may become Christian ander domestic influences, are looking out for English wives in P. Achelland, the India on her next trip will not lack a fair eargo of passengers.

ment of the imaginative temperament. And there is one sin which men of imagination con-ceive themselves in dreams to be always committing—dividing some secret, some hidden deep in the sanctuary of their souls. In dreams, likewise—and in dreams exclusively—they feel the utmost bitterness of remorse. There are few more striking features of dreams than that dreams, while reproducing the past, restore the feelings which we had in connection with any particular phase or event of the past. If we dream of our childhood, we have the feelings of our childhood; if of our youth, we have the feelings of our youth. Awake, we can recall the past by memory, but not by feeling: regait the just by memory, our not by recong-so that, in truth, we cannot, awake, be said to renew to ourselves that senson of each authentant at all. Asleep, we roll the years back, and have again, when dreaming of days long gone by, the emotions of youth or of childhood. emotions of youth or of childhood. It looks as if there were a profounder, more potent memory than the memory of the mind, and as if the soul never forgot what it had once felt, though the mind may often forget that which it has surveyed with the keenest attention. As related to the great question of immortality, this point is of supreme importance. We are inclined to pride ourselves on our intellect, its treasures, its arbity-mounts. It heart of our respect to conachievements-to boast of our reason as our divinest prerogative. But our intellect decays, and our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, however, in dramms, has an undying, an untiminished freshness, as if over in sympathetic commune with the invisible, which is its kingdom and its home. Dreams, therefore, victoriously oppose psychical identity in its most various aspects to a valgar Materialism. Frequent is the debate whether dreams have any bearing on the immediate future—whether they have a prophetic significance, and whether in the fulfilmout of seeming prognostics there is more than more coincidence. Assuredly it is not foolish to deem dreams prophetic because we may err in interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is merely to employ a meaningless word. Let dreams, however, be the predictions and the prelides of the immediate future or not, they dart—and that is better—a holy and consoling ray into the remotest futurity. We know from our psychical identity in dreams, and from its countless transfigurements, that we shall be divinely and for ever awake when the dreams of earth are no more. Doth God sleep? Doth God dream? If God sleeps not, dreams not, eould the universe be so rich in beauty, or could there be grander and grander mysteries? The Ger-Schubert, has written an interesting work on "The Symbolism of Dreaming," which ven-tures into a region that English authors seldom approach. In the works of Richter, also, there many suggestive hints on the subject of dreams—a subject well suited to Richter's sin-gular genius.—Freelight.

ORIGIN OF THE WEDDING RING.

Some doubt seems to exist in the minds of antiquaries and others as to the origin of the sanctity of the ring, that most important feature in our marriage service, as in by-gone ages it was given to the bride only as a gift amongst other presents. The form of it was doubtless a symbol of eternity. It was the custom amongst the Angle-Saxons for children to be bethrothed at an early age, and at such ceremonies the bridegroom gave the "wed" (whence our word wedding) or pledge, which consisted of a number of valuables, amongst others a ring, which was placed on the girl's right hand, where it remained until it was transferred to her left when antiquaries and others as to the origin of the mained until it was transferred to her left when matical until it was transferred to her left when she was, married. On tint occasion the brides groom put the ring on each of the bride's left hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, " in the name of the Father," at the second, "in the name of the Son," at the third, "in the name of the Bots," and at the fourth, "Amen;" after which the father presented the bushand with one of the bride's shoes as a token of the property and the transfer of authority which the bride's shoes as with one of the bride's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority, whilst the bride was made fally aware of the fact by a blow on her head given with a shoe. The husband bound himself down by oath to use his wife well, in failing of which she might leave him, although he was allowed by prescriptive right to bestow on her and his apprentices moderate easignation. Per and his apprentices moderate easignation. transfer of authority, whilst the bride was made ally aware of the fact by a blow on her head given with a shoe. The husband bound himself and his apprentices moderate easilgation. Popular opinion in time formed itself into law. and even now-a-days there is an idea current in some part of the country that the husband may beat his wife, provided that the stick be no longer than the wiolder's arm and no thicker than his middle finger. An old Weish law conishment upon any part of the lady's body exwhen people believed in the truth of the doggerel!-

"A woman, a whelp, and a walnut tree,
The more they're beaten the better they be."

Now, however, there are such personages a pollemen and stipendiary magistrates, such punishment as the treathfill and the cat, as many a rufficulty wife-beater has found out to

VENETIAN LADIES.

The beauty of the Venetian ladies is prover bial, but still more striking in the peasantry from the suburbs or the surrounding country. Among this class, the women are full, strong, derk and malestic; the men are handsome; the old physical type is kept, but the moral peculiarities have disappeared with the national costume and gayety; and one could now hardly find a gondoiler able to recite the stanzas of Tasso. Once in a while you meet with what seems to be the original of some portrait which you have seen and admired in a gallery, and you remain dazzied by the richness of forms and complexion which you thought had never existed but in the mind of an artist. These people are proud of their city and its past glory, and think themselves particularly fortunate i and think memselves pattennary fortunate inclusions and kind, and you never meet with contenness and enlagarity. A class of women fast disappearing now, known as woer-sellers, are very picturesque. They come from the country around Venley, and wear a sort of traditional continue. It consists in a high black felt hat. costume. It consists in a high black felt hat, trimmed with ribbons and feathers, a very short-walkiest black cloth dress, with sleeves of coarse, white linen, and a handkerchief and stocking is ent of, and they go barefoot, carry-knock over some of the tools with which her ing their pails on their shoulders by means of a brother is busy. An apology involuntarily

Men of consummate activity, even when imaginative, are somed and heavy sleepers, such as Napoleon wast and in somel and heavy sleepers, such as such, steep is so light that nothing but slight sleep, dreaming. But in the lunaginative, as such, steep is so light that nothing but slight light sleep, dreaming is never for an instant intermitted. The life of the amaginative is a fathing, a disenchantment, a sterile idealism. It is well that sleep should bring them in dreams one of sundry compensations. Not that the dreaming of the imaginative is a fathing of the imaginative in their brief and feverish slumbers is joyous—far from it; but it satisfies their hunger for movement. A morbid conscientious aces is commanly an accompaniament of the imaginative homosecurem. And opposite to the tox on the other star of the cor-ridor, is a room of the same size, where ladies arrange their tollettes, put on their domino, and mask in Carnival thue, or take supper or re-freshment when they wish, and this is neces-sary in Carnival, for the opera does not end till one in the morning, on account of the ballet, and the Carnival festivities follow. The boxes are fremished by the owners, same of them yery fernished by the owners, some of them very handsomely. There are six theatres in the city, and it is here only where strangers can see the high-bred Venetian ladies, as they only go out at night in their gondolas. Italian customs in regard to ladies are but one step above those of the barems of Constantinople; for here no lady is seen unattended out of doors; and as to the shopping expeditions so energetically accomplished by American ladies, their mame is unknown here. Merchants send samples to the houses of their customers, and dress-makers and milliners come and take orders and buy all the small requisites. Ladles wear full dress at furnished by the owners, some of them very the small requisites. Ladies wear full dress at the theatre or at home in the evening; but they use ormanents sparingly, and their fewels are generally very rich, and precious heir-tooms.

IDEAS ABOUT GOD.

A little child has never gone out of its native vilings. Its father has been a sallor. The child says to him, "Father, what is the ocean?" "Oh, my child," says the father, "the ocean— "Oh, my child," says the father, "the occan— why, suppose that liftle brook there were to widen, and widen, and widen, till it renched away beyond that hill; and then suppose it were to widen, and widen, and widen, till it reached away beyond the mountain; and then suppose it were to reach farther and farther, till you could not see the banks of it, that would be the occan." "What, father! as big as that?"

"Oh, my child, it, is a thousand those hiereer be the ocean." "What, father; as big as that r" oth, my child, It is a thousand thues bigger than that." "Well, father, what is a storm on the ocean." "The father takes a pull of water, and sets It down, and oscillates it until the waves roll from side to side, and then he says, "That is it, on a small scale, my child.—It gives only a hint of what a storm on the ocean is," The child will have a very limited conception, I take it, of such a storm from what he sees in the pail. But every drop of water in that pull is like the water of the ocean; and every one of its waves, in its curves, its motions, its laws,

represents the most gigantic waves of the sea.
Thus the lowest experiences in human mature, of love, or pity, or idelity, and of truth, small in us, are of the same essential quality as they are in God. They are vaster in God, they are in him inconceivable in magnitude, in intensity, in fruitiulness and in beauty; but we have the root-notion; and it is not an unfair interpreta-

tion which our imagination gives.

Moral likeness of qualities in God and men is indispensable to man's communion with Him. We cannot send up our affections to God unles there is in the divine nature something that corresponds to our affections. Any other view than this seems to me to lead to an abyse of ignorance, or else to the wastes of athelsm. The best experiences of mankind are fairly analogues to the nature of God. "Blessed," therefore, "are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

POLITE CHILDREN.

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper be was requested to bring.

6 Thank you, bridget," said the little fellow a

few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse "Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best-man-

nered children I ever saw," said a neighbor, of I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well-behaved."
"We always treat our children politely," was

manner that a well-instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners towards the world at large, are perfect boors inside the home-circle. What perfect boors inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology is sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an apology to the little people, whose rights are constantly being violated by their carcless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he isgratefully thankd: but who over remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day the first stress led to the third in the control of for sometaxly? obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an "If you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, "John, shut the door," and with a scowl, he will move slowly toward it, and shut it with a bang. The next time say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" and he vill hasten with a pleasant smile to do you bidding.

Many children, as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politoness at home, are at their case in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules

Some children, learning from their parents, seem to consider politeness at home affectation! Brothers who would jump up with alacrity to give an easy-chair to some dashing miss of their acquaintance, will appropriate it to themselves when at home without the slightest apparent consciousness of the presence of a sister, or per-

haps a mother.
"My brother is as polite to me as any one else, when I go out with him," said a girl proudly to a companion. What a reflection on his manners at home! A sister will perhaps accidentally

they should be taught to apologize. I have seen the checks of a child flush with anger, his eyes flash, and a little hand raised to strike the un-fortunate breaker of a toy, when, as if by magic, the blow was arrested by these words, a Excuso-me, I did not mean to."

me, I did not mean to."

Polish is not everything. It is, however, something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound, than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the sound one should not be bright too.

It is of the first importance that children should possess those sterling qualities which fit them for battle with templation and sin; but do not send them out in the world in great closhopper boots. Shine them up, and both bapoiness and influence will be increased.—Advance.

THE GERMAN FLEET.

The Allgemeine Zeitung publishes some in-teresting remarks, by can eminent officer of the French navy," on the German fleet. "No-thing prevents the German Empire," he says, thing prevents the German Empire," he says, of from creating a powerful navy. Its cersis on the Baitle and the North Sea extend for a distance of 1,400 kilomètres, and a canal sufficiently deep for stilps of war will soon unito these seas, and make the difficult passage of the Sound and the Bolt unnecessary. As for the mercantile marine it is known to be super, or in tomage to the French; the number of sadors at the disnessed of Germany is therefore suffi-

In tomage to the French; the number of sadors at the disposal of termany is, therefore, sufficient to provide for a very considerable inwal force. . . The coasts, too, is so protected by rocks and sandbanks that it presents very great obstacles to the attack of a nostile flext, and when the works at Kiel, Memel, Pillan, and at the mouths of the Eibe and Weser, are completed, it will require a very large number of small iron-class to enable an enemy to effect a haddre or any other bottle operation. It of small from-clads to enable an enemy to effect a landing or any other hostile operation. It thus appears that Germany neltiaer wants coasts nor ports, nor scannen; what she wants its ships. She has only five fromclads, with us many cor-vettes and a few smaller vessels; her fromchads, the Konig Withelm especially, are very good, the other vessels are almost useless." In regard to the torpedo vessels lately adopted by the German Admiratty, the officer observes... The small size of these vessels, their slight elevation above the surface of the water, and the impen-nerability of their plates, will make it poss-ble for them to approach a fleet at anchor even In the dayline, if it does not keep an Tronclad ready with steam up to drive the aggressor back. At alght their operations would of courso be much easier, and it would be necessary to have a small fleet of cruisers to watch their movements. There is nothing more dangerous than vessels lying deep in the water; artillery is almost powerless against them. This was strikingly shown in the war between Paragnay and Brazil, where rafts with big guns slung upon them did immense bijury to the Brazilian fleet. All the Brazilians could see were the guns and their gumers, and it was found impossible to take aim at such small ob-jects in the heat of a mayal battle. . . . Three of the German torpedo vessels have already been constructed, and three more are now being been constructed, and three more are now being built at Dantzle; and ten officers and 340 men, selected from the German may for their spe-cial qualifications, are to be employed exclusive-ty in the management of this important branch of the service. We also had a torpedo school at Rochefort before the war, but economical considerations have now compelled us to a an-ight the work we then commenced. It seems don the work we then commenced. It seems to me that nothing can be more sonsible and effective than the new organization of the Ger-man navy, and when it is complete, which will not take a very long time, Germany, though not a first-class naval Power, will be in a ped-tion to deal hard blows at other mations with fleets of much greater pretensions, for the navies of England, France, Russia, and United States have had to go through many experiments, the fruits of which Germany is now reaping without my cost to berself."

STEAM CULTIVATION IN EUROPE.

\$350,000 in experiments, but after a few years he had nothing to represent this amount of m-vested capital except a lot of old machinery. The solution of the question whether ploughing could be done cheaper with steam than with horses was decided in 1855; its importance may be learned from the fact that there are works be learned from the fact that there are works in the country employing 1,200 men in nothing else than making steam ploughs. In Germany steam culture is making a revolution in agricul-ture. In England there are between four hun-dred and five hundred setts of tackle working for hire. These are held by companies as well for hire. These are held by companies as well as private individuals; the investment has been found to be profitable. A gentleman bought five hundred acres near London, that could not ive hundred acres near London, that could not be rented at \$3 per acre. He took down all the fence, drained the hand, bought a steam blow, and put all in grain crops. Last year his clear profits were \$18,000, after allowing \$10 per acre for rent. The soil is a stiff clay that cannot be cultivated with much profit by horse power. Another farmer bought five thousand acres of what was considered worthless clay land, and by steam power stirred it three feet deep, proby sterm power stream charly seven feet high. In Scotland steam cultivation is becoming quite general, producing astonishing results. Many general, producing astonishing results. Many of the farmers there have invested from \$6,000 to \$10,000 in steam machinery, and find that it pays better than horse power. Joint stock companies are also in existence that invest in land and steam machinery, and secure large di-

A Chin, b's Reasoning.—A little six-year-old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New Magaland divine celebrated for his logical powers. "May think, grandpa, what I nee Robert says!" "What does he say, my dear?" "I hav, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is 1.2" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "How can I, grandpa?" "I tet your Bible, and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "How in at the beginning." The child sat down to rear and Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of tenesis, and had road about the creation of the stars and the animals, she game mack to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with exactement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; tur God made the moon before he made any cows!"

The Ohio Legislature has passed a bill providing that people who read the newspapers shall not on that account be rejected as jurors.



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IN BLACK AND WHITE

There is a general feeling that all contracts and agreements are much safer and better if they are expressed in writing, or, in the common phrase, "put in black and white," To save much of the trouble and bother which occurs in business transactions, and greatly reduce the number of lawsuits, if all our contracts and arrangements were reduced to writing at the time they were entered into; much ill-feeling and disruption of social relations would also be avoided. But paper arrangements are by no means infallible, and even the most carefully drawn and laboriously prepared arrangements are susceptible of misunderstanding; a more forcible misunderstanding of which fact it would be harder to find than the late misunderstanding of the Treaty of Washington, so carefully prepared by the Joint High Commissioners. The fact is, that in making written agreements each party tried just as much to "get the best of it," as if it was a mere verbal formality, which could be repudiated or not at pleasure. If all men were perfect we would need no black and white agreements, and a man's word would be better than one half the bonds now executed are. In making written agreements the smartest man has, of course, the greatest advantage, and many a man of only moderate intelligence has found to his cost that he has signed a contract which really means just exactly what he did not intend to say. Amongst the ignorant and uncducated the feeling of confidence in anything which appears in black and white amounts to almost absolute faith. They will doubt a man's word and depend on their own memories with great perseverance; but when you show them the matter " in black and white," they immediately succumb, and they do not seem to think that the black and white can lie, just as well as a man can. A great many people in this world carry their faith in black and white to such an extent that they actually believe everything they see in a news-

paper to be true; and it takes a great deal of strong persuasion and close reasoning to convince them to the contrary belief.

About one half of the brilliant schemes for making money, which we daily see paraded before us, are lies; many of them carefully prepared with the intent and desire to deceive, and yet the confidence of the world at large is so great in black and white statements that the general public is being trequently taken in by these pretty schemes which look so nice on paper, and prove so satisfactorily by actual figures that they must make enormous fortunes for the lucky individuals who embark in them. "Figures won't lie," is a fallacy which has passed into an axiom, and is a favourite quotation of the class whose faith is and do very often. How few of the glowing prospectuses of new companies, replete with statistics, and bristling with figures which truth, hidden under bushels of high-flown panegyric, and supported by claborate calculations all based on an impossible hypothesis.

The projectors of Joint Stock Companies of all sorts, Patont right men, men who want to make everybody's fortune but their own, but who generally end by ruining everybody but themselves, are very fond of black and white. They ask you to take nothing on hearsay; they spoil paper plentifully and spill ink liberally; they deluge you with prospectuses, inundate you with plans and specifications; and perfectly amaze you at the quantity of figures and facts -so-called-with which they can furnish you. Yet most of these enterprises, which are to revolutionize everything, and everybody but themselves are mere fancy sketches of the power of black and white, and the influence it has on men. When a man offers in a newspaper advertisement to show any one how to make twenty dollars, by simply forwarding twenty-five cents for the receipt, you may safely set him down at once as a fraud of the first water; and yet, so great is the world's faith in black and white, that there are hundreds of men who make quite a large income by offering to furnish impossibilities at ridiculously small rates, and the credulous public swallows the bait, forwards the money, and receives in return what they really desire, nothing.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

A few weeks ago we had an article on the

dangerous nature of the houses built in Mon-

treal, and especially of that class of buildings

which are "run up" so extensively every summer, and are called, by courtesy, brick houses; but which are, in reality, nothing but wooden houses-flimsily built at that-with a thin vencer of brick, one brick thick, packed around them, so as to render them more dangerous than an ordinary wooden house when any number of them happen to be on fire. Our warning was only too much needed, and on 16th inst. it was shown that our fears were only too well grounded. About half-past six a fire was discovered in a house on Workman street, one of a row of these egg-shell structures. The alarm was at once given, but as the houses were at the extreme end of the city-in fact some of them were outside the city limits-it was about fifteen minutes before the firemen got to work, and then there was little or no water, hydrants being scarce in that part of the town, and the water-pressure low. The houses were all built on the cardthis we perfectly agree, and it would certainly | board plan; wooden frames, a thin coating of brick, wooden partitions dividing one from the other, and " fire-proof " roofs-it is scarcely necessary to temark how nicely the "fireproof" roofs burnt, they usually do. Of course the fire ran through the fruil structures as if they were so much tinder, and, getting between the wood and the one brick, burnt away happily and comfortably, sheltered by the brick, where the firemen could not get at it. The firemen worked well, but having little or no water, and their enemy having such an advantage from the nature of the material it was feeding on, they were almost powerless; and the entire block would probably have been destroyed had it not been for the steam fire engine-which, unfortunately did not arrive until the fire had been burning nearly two hours. As soon as the steam engine had got to work she took the ensiest way of getting at the fire, by throwing so strong a stream that she knocked down the card-board walls, and the fire could be got at, and was speedily extinguished; not, however, before sixteen dwellings had been destroyed and about fifty families rendered homeless The loss will amount to over \$20,000, which falls principally on poor people, many of whom are almost utterly ruined by the calamity The houses were all occupied by labourers and mechanics, and there was comparatively little

The fire teaches two important lessons:

First, the utter folly of allowing such houses to be built at all, and most especially in huge blocks, with simply lath and plaster divisions. If these houses had been properly built of brick, each separated from the other by a good party wall, and covered with tin, the fire would probably have been confined to the house in which it occurred. It is most unfair

to pit our firemen-without a supply of wateragainst such tinder-boxes as these houses are, as the general public are always disposed to throw the blame of a large conflagration on the inefficiency of the Fire Department, while it is not the fault of the men of the Department at all-for thirty better firemen or braver men it would have been hard to find-but of the erroneous laws which permit the erection of such dangerous buildings as they frequently have to battle against; and of the inefficient means of combatting the flames which they command. In all large cities, commanding good water-power, the experiment has been tried of having a fire department independent of other appliance than the natural force of the water-power; but as the city has grown and strong in black and white; but figures will lie, extended over new levels, and buildings of larger size and greater height have been creeted, it has been found that the old appliances were not sufficient, and new forces must don't lie," contain more than a mere atom of the obtained to successfully battle against the fire king. Hand engines were for a long time used in almost all large cities, but they were found to be insufficient and finally the only power which can combat against fire, with an even chance of success, was introduced; that power is the steam engine. To successfully fight fire it is necessary to bring its own element to fight against it; water alone is very good; but water and steam-the result of fire and water combined-is the best defence against fire; and this brings us to the second lesson taught us by the fire.

Our steam fire engine was received with

great disfavour by the tiremen, who seemed to regard it as a sort of rival to the old hose system; but the great mass of citizens felt that the Corporation had done well in providing better means of defence against the devouring element, and only regretted that the work had not been made more complete by the Corporation providing a first-class instead of a third-class engine. We do not desire to disparage the engine we have; far from it; it is an excellent engine of its class; but we need a better class, and we need more engines. The idea that a city covering so large a space as Montreal, and having so undulating a service, should have only one steam fire engine-and only a third-class one at that-is perfectly ridiculous. We need at least two more steam fire engines, of greater power than the one we now have, and we require a better system of communicating with the stations where these engines are placed so that they may be brought to the geene of the fire immediately it is discovered that their services are needed; and not allow two hours to elapse between the time of the fire and the time of the arrival of the steam engine. There is another point we would touch on, and that is that our firemen seem disposed to regard the steam engine with a certain amount of jealousy. as if they thought it something that was put in opposition to themselves, and which it is their duty to disparage and work against. This is a great mistake, and ought to be firmly combatted; the steam engine is not a rival, but an assistant, to the Fire Department; and the men should be taught so to regard it. Let us trust that the two large fires which we have lately had-Cross's block and Workman street-will open the eyes of our Councillors to the necessity of providing more steam fire engines, and of amending the Building By-law so as to prevent the erection of any more egg-shell houses, so that Montreal may not be forced to go through a baptism of fire like Chicago, before we fully appreciate the danger we are daily in-

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The total revenue receipts for last month wore \$1.683.891; expenditures, \$1.963,807.—The remainder of the "Iron Block." Toronto, and adjoining buildings, were destroyed by five on morning of 12th inst. The loss is about \$290,000, partly covered by insurance. The heaviest losers are is bloces Stanton, who owned four of the warehouses destroyed; loss, \$129,000; insured for \$12,000. Mark Fisher & Sons, dry goods \$25,000; insured for \$10,600. The llarbour Commissioners office about \$1,000; insured for \$500.00.—A brutal murder was committed at Oyster Ponds, Gnysborn, Co., N. S., on 10th inst., by a man named Daniel McDonald. An old acquaintance of his. mamed Matthew Corner, came to the place on Thursday and made arrangements to go with him in a small boat over to Arichat, remaining at McDonald's all night. During the night McDonald, who had been acting strangely for some time past, because delitious, and, obtaining a large clasp knife, first threatened his wife and children, and compelled thom to fly for their lives. After they had left he attacked Corner, who was trying to pacify him, and in a most fieudish manner stabbed him, making six bideous wounds in Corner's broast, causing instant death. As soon as the tragedy bocome known the neighbours assembled and with difficulty seized the nutretory, who is new in Guysborn' jail. Corner is a widower, with two sons sailing out of Italifex and several small children, at home. McDonald has a wife and two children.—The erceition of a handsome free stone palace for the Roman Catholic Bishop of Prince Edward Island, has been commoneed at Charlottelown.—The new Prince Edward Island tariff will increase the customs and excise duty on spirits, and repeal those on flour, corn meal, rye meal and fire brick.—The leading factories, earpenders and home in Guysbord' jail. Corner is a widower, with two sons sailing out of Italifex, and several small children. Edmand is an excise duty on spirits, and repeal those on flour, corn meal, rye meal and five brick, in Guysbord' jail. C

will be despatched from Three Rivers immediately, The brildings for the accommodation of immi-grants at the Grand Trunk depot, Levis, are nearly finished.

grants at the Grand Trunk depot, Levis, are nearly finished.

Usured States.—The Coliseum for the Boston Musical Jubileo is progressing rapidly, and there is no doubt of its being completed in time. Ample arrangements are being made for the members of the press, and a special room will be provided for them.—Teter G. Ray, a worthy eithern of Troy, was murdered near his own dwolling on 11th inst. Murdered near his own of the increase in New York.—A crime, similar in its features to the celebrated Nathan murder, was perpetrated in New York on 12th inst. C. H. Phelps, a jeweller, reviding on 34th street, 6th Avenue, was the victim. Phelps heard thieves robbing his premises, and coming saddenly upon them, one of the robbers discharged a pixtoi at him, the ball taking effect in the left breast, womelong him fatally. The robbers occaped, leaving a hat bothind thom.—A negroin jaif in Louisville, Ky, charged with rape on a white lady, was taken out by five men and hanged to a tree, and afterwards shot with pistols, on the 13th inst.—The lead works of Fawest, linaset & Co. Pittsburg, Pa., took fire on 13th inst., and were entirely destroyed. The loss is probably half a million dollars: insared for Sibloss.—A disastrous fire has been regring in the woods of Long Island during the post two weeks, distroying much vanable timber and confirmed over.—A cable despatch recoived by Mr. (Silmore amountees a defaute engagement of Strauss and his full Vienna orchestra of 56 pieces for the International Jubilee.——The final deposit has been made for the pair-oared championship race between Confirm and Cavitt of Pittsburgh, and the Messrs, Biglin of Newark. John Morrissey is to be referce.—The celebrated 5 yours old trotter St

England.—Betting on the approaching race between the Atlantas and London crew is now two to one in favor of the latter.—The Order of Victoria and Albert has been conferred on the Engross Augusta of Germany, who is now on a visit to Queen Victoria.—It is remarked that the London crew which is to row against the Atlantas in the International race is by no means the strongest one which could have been selected. The Echo, however, thinks it amply strong enough to beat the American crew.—Parliament has adjourned for the usual whitsuntide holiday.—The House of Lords will re-assemble on 31st, and the House of Commons on the 27th.—Most of the sailors who struck work at Southampton have resumed work, and the strike there is now thought to be over.—The Atlanta crew have received from America the new shell in which they intended to row the International match on the Thames, but on inspection it was found that the boat was rained during the voyage, having been addy packed. This unfortunate accident, however, will not preven the race, as the crew have ordered another boat here which will be inished in time for the race.

the race.

France.—Subscriptions to the amount of 300,000 francs have been raised for the sufferers by the crutition of Vesnivins.—Negotiations between the Government at Versailtes and the German Minister, looking to the total evacuation of the remaining French territory now occupied by the German Troops, are reported to be progressing tavorably.—Mr. Gambetta in replying to an address from a deputation of Alsatians, said France must not speak of revenge. He advised them to adopt patience and tenacity as the watchwords for the future. True to a policy of which these are the key-notes, France would obtain satisfaction without resorting to the sword.—The Municipal Council of Faris have voted in favour of the construction of tramways throughout the city.—The budget gives the estimates for the year 1873 as 2,405,000,000 frances for revenue.

Spain.—The Carlists continue to give in their sub

SPAIN.—The Carlists continue to give in their submissions to the Government.——The annual bud-SPAIN.—The Carlists continue to give in their submissions to the Government.—The annual budget has been made public. The expenditures of the past fiscal year wore 662,000,000 pexans, and the receipts, 548,000,000 pexans. The budget proposes to levy a tax of 10 per cent on railway fares. The tax on the interest of the internal debt is retained.—Government officially announces that Carlists in large numbers are surrendering to loyal forces and that the insurrection is over.—A royal decree is published granting free pardon to llavana Students, who were convicted of violating the grave of Govzars Castans in the cemetery near that city, and sentenced to chain gang.—Despatches from frontier towns, of Navarre, report that remnants of Carlist bands are flying from Spain to France.

bands are flying from Spain to France.

JAPAN.—A great fire occurred in Yedde during a sovere gale. destroying habitations which covered a space two by three nitles. An immense amount of property was destroyed. Where the wounded and sick were unable to escape, they were put to the sword to save them from the more awful fate of being burned. Thirty thousand persons are homelors. The Government has opened their rice stores, and fod all who applied.——The advices from Yokohama state that the foreign papers there claim that the late conspiracy was participated by only 40,000 men, the retainers of the dispossessed Daimios, the object being to seize the Emperor and bring him back to Kioto, and then rise and exterminant foreigners. The Government discovered the plot, beheaded a number of the leaders and completely restored order.

JAMAGA.—Advices from Kineston to the 12th

the leaders and completely restored order.

JAMAICA.—Advices from Kingston to the 12th, stated that the colonial authorities terminated the contract with the Pacific Mail Company, of the United States, for the carrying of mails to and from Jamaica, and the tenders of the British West India and Pacific Company for that service, thas been accepted. The alleged blockade runner "Edgar Stuart," has not left the harbor of Kingston, but was preparing to sail. The United States steamer Wyoming and the Spanish man of war Borgia were watching her, and each other, and both had steamed up ready to accompany her to sea. There was much excitement among the people of Kingston over the possibility of a collision.

Mexico.—The roads throughout the greater part of the State of Tamaulipas are open to travel, and business is beginning to revive.—Trevine's army is reported to be in the northern part of the State of Nueva Leon, apparently moving towards the State of Cohahuila. He has not a sufficient force to oppose the Government troops to any extent, on account of the number of stragglers from his army.—A decree has been issued to loyal authorities to disarm, but not to hurt those having passports, allowing them to proceed towards Montercy.

them to proceed towards Monterey.

Cuba.—A Havana lotter states that six of the students condemned to the chain gang, have made their escapes in the English steamer.——It is said great numbers of Spaniards are leaving Cuba for Spain, every departing steamer hoing crowded with passongers.——A committee of New York merchants have presented a petition to the diovernment for carrying Cuban mails to the United States and establishing a regular weekly line. The offer will likely be necepted.

GREMANY.—The Reichstag has passed a resolution asking Government to submit for its action a draft of law which shall regulate the license granted to religious orders, and provide for the pupilshment of almounters of such organizations as are guilty of dangerous activity towards the State. The resolution is aimed more particularly at the Jesuits, who are especially mentioned as requiring restriction.

China.—Chinese news by the steamship "Japan" is very important. Tasong Kwolian, Vicercy of Nankin, the most powerful politician in China and a determined opponent of foreigners, is dead.——The Emperor, though not yet 16 years of age, is about to be married. He signalized the anniversary of his ascension to the throne by liberating all but the first criminals of the Empire.

CENTRAL AMERICA,—The Government of Guatemnia has decreed the expulsion of the priests who preach reactionary politics.—Owing to the threatened state of affairs between Honduras and Salvador, all the able-bedied citizens in the State are being organized into a militia.

ITALY.—The Italian Government has sent a communication to the Governor, Prince Charles of Roumania, protesting against the persecution and oppression of the Jews in that country.

Costume.—The love of dress may be traced in a parallel way back to the sense of dignity. As clothing amongst primitive races of men partakes of the character of an extension of ornament, rather than ornament of an addition to clothing, ornament may be said to have been of superior importance. Now ornamental additions were intended to enhance personal impressions: whether to overawe by adding to the terror, or to attract by adding to the beauty, of one's appearance. The ornaments Nature bestows on animals decidedly answer this double purpose—ask the tarkeys and peaceds in the first farm-yard you come to. Man, having to procure them by his labour, has the motive strengthened

by this exercise. From the earliest experiments in feathers and war-paint men have sought to impress due awe by their appearance, and, for warlike purposes especially, have scarcely yet coased to do so though for the generality of mankind the effect by means of dreas is rather to please than to overawe. This desire to impress others, whatever the means chosen, is one form of the sense of dignity; and, since dreas is a creumstance which promotes that impression, the sense of dignity is furthered by the attempts of dreas to enhance awe or beauty. Furthered at first, but afterwards obscured, by the anuscement and excitement of the afternet. From heing an assistance in promoting a sense of dignity, dress generally slides down into an annusing occupation, and in the fantastic annuls of fashion the original intention has passed through so many modes of adornment that it is well-nigh buried beneath the mountain of vagaries, and can only be truced here and there in the proceedings of such passive mortals as bring their moditions of uniformity to the heap solely that they may not lose the respect of others; for is it not the readiest, may, sometimes the only, way left open to them for giving utterance to the self-respect inseparable from the sense of dignity? To blame there passive followers of fashion as always, for even generally, actuated by the same notives as the londers would be unjust; it is with them an abortive search after means of promoting the sense of dignity. The charge of so poverting ideas as to allow the sense of dignity to be supposed consistent with gandy finery or meaningless ornamentation must be laid at the door of these who encourace to vagaries for the charge of odd and startling experiments; but that after such centuries of oivilization makind all turn back to barbaric measures of magnitis for mere love of excitement. The savage, devoid of resthetic culture, and with a marrow range of must try all sarts of odd and startling experiments; but that after such centuries of oivilization makind all tu

Wedding diseases.—The polonaise is so universally fashionable that it has formed part of some of the handsomest wedding dresses worn since Easter. Heavy white satin or lustrous faille is the fabric selected. The skirt is not a full train, but a long demitran, made without flounces, and finished at the bottom with a thick cord, or else leaf points that disclose a pleating of the material. The polonaise has a long boullant back, while the front is cut off at the waist, where a belt completes it, and the skirt is fastened at the left side to form a short apron. This apron is almost covered with vines of orange buds. Lace wide enough for a flounce edges the polonaise; Valenciennes has been used for this purpose Intely, but point lace is, of course, preferred. The neck of the dress is high behind and three-quarters low in front, either rounded or heart-shaped. The antique sleeves are straight to the chow, like old-fashioned caps of sleeves, with ruffles of tule and lace draping the arm below. A spray of orange flowers is placed high on the left side, and a bouquet fastens the belt. Tulle veils are not changed in shape. The bridat wreath is a coronet, with a high airrette in the centre. It is formed of orange bods, with only a few full-blown flowers, and some fine sprays of bridal spiraa. Many brides this season have preferred the privacy of home weddings to the display of ceremonious affairs at church. For those low-necked dresses with treefan folds are chosen instead of the high corsage worn at church weddings. The ceremony is performed in the presence of the relatives and a few intimate friends, and a general reception follows later. The house is literally draped with flowers, and the bridal party "receive" under a marriage bell of white flowers with a great Easter lily for the tonate.

Bride-maids' dresses are of tulle, tarlatan, or orange bell of white flowers with a great Easter lily for the tonate.

and the bridal party "receive" under a marriage bell of white flowers with a great Easter lily for the tongue.

Bride-maids' dresses are of tullo, tarlatan, or organdy, ruffled to the waist. A short wrinkled apron in front extends back over the tournare, and is edged with a garland of roses or of autumn leaves. At a recent wedding the bride gave a garniture of wild roses to her branctte maid, of blue convolvult with shaded leaves to a decided blondo, and of mignonatte to demi-blonde with rosy checks and brown hair. Some beautiful dresses of organdy muslin had cascades of Valonciennes lace on the lower skirt, while the upper skirt and corsage were formed of alternate bands of insertion and muslin edged with lace.

A faille coatume of the provailing sage green or cameo tints is selected by brides for a church and visiting dress, in preference to the gray or lavender suit that would plainly proclatin bridehood. The bonnet is made of silk of the dress unterial, relieved by facings and flowers of becoming hue. A black tulle bonnet, or a white straw that may be worn either as a bonnet or hat, and will serve with various dresses, forms part of most trousseaux. Cashmere over sitk is still the most desirable travelling suit. For handsome morning costumes a Dolly Varden of foulard, with delicate ceru or mignomette ground, satin stripes of the same shade, and trailing vines of flowers of bright colors, will be worn eyer skirts of various colors, such as black, silk, blue, brown or green silk, and also with white muslin skirts.—Hue-per's Bazar.

Praise Children.—There is an old superstition that praise is too good a thing to be given to children, that it is too rich for their mental and moral digostion. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow proud that they never praise him, and this course is often disastrous. It is ant to produce either two much self-assertion—for self-assertion is a legitimate outgrowth of the withholding of commondation to which one is entitled—or to engenter a self-distrust or mehancholy hopolessness of disposition. Praise is sunshino to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward one's struggle to do right. Thomas luggles says that yo can never get a child's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of a hunger

can never get a child's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child staving for the praise that a parent should give, runs off eagerly after the designing flatters of others.

To withhold praise where it is due is alriama and in the case of a child such a course often leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice as well as a regard for the future of the child should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that deserves it. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children. Some can not bear so much praise as others, and some need a great deal.

ett. It should never be indiscriminate. We remember reconstructed woman who taught school in one village It should never be indiscriminate. We remember a wonderful woman who taught school in one village until she had educated a part of three generations. She was one of the most successful of tenchers. But her success lay in her gift of praising with discrimination. A bad boy who was a good scholar got praises of his brilliancy sand-wiched between her admonitions, for his bad behavior, and so was won to a better life, and we recall a good girl who had no sift of learning rapidly, but who was saved from uter despair by the praise she got for her untiring industry. Into the discouraged hearts of the children the praises of the teacher case like sunlight. And the virtues, like other good fruits, can only repen in the sunshine.—Hearth and Home.

MEN AS THEY ARE.—I sometimes wish that ministers left their libraries to gather dust, and set themselves to studying human nature and the world as it is, and not as they suppose it to be. I sometimes wish that, in disguise, if it can be done in no other way, they would make themselves personally acquainted with the hindrances and traps and snares spring for mon's halting, and be the better able to jir lge by what means they might be wisely drawn aside from them, other than demanding on an other to be devised, instead of recommending church, or tracts, or prayer-moetings. I am very sure that on a study of these things depends the well-being of many a man and woman whose bare and joyless lives clergying it little understand at present; the devil is so cunning in the knowledge of these weak and undefended sides of human beings, and Christians and ministers, with all their well wishing, so ignorant of them, and so slow when told, to believe in the necessity of recognising them.

Oh, my good friends, one and all, leave the study

them, and so slow when told, to believe in the necessity of recognising them.

Oh, my good friends, one and all, leave the study of Keren linppuck and Zerubbabel for John Smith and Jacob Jones, of your parishes, who are going fast to perdition for want of the first steps to spiritual enlightenment by recognition of their human needs. God's silent preachers, the sun and the fresh air and the flowers, neither humilists nor crush him, though he to friendless and homeless. For that bright sunshine is his, he knows, as well as yours. I am glad when he roams off and has such a Sabbath, with his little case.

Would you rather he should go to church? Then why build it so fine that he feels like an outeust there?



BY DR. NORMAN SMITTL

Now each golden tint of day From the carthiand indes away In the pensive twilight hour; And the dusky, wavy shadows Softly creep along the meadows. O'er each tiny sleeping flower.

From the woodlands and the plain Comes a low and thrilling strain. Borne upon the gentle breeze; "Tis the brooklets evening song,

Song so sweet that oft we wander by the streamlets bank and ponder If the angel choir above, As they sing in notes harmonious, Maketh music more melodious, In the sucred courts of love.

Gently o'er our heart is stealing, As we list a holy feeling That subdues our every thought; And we seem to eatch a vision, Of that for-off land clysion. With colestial beauty fraught.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. GRANTLEY'S KINDNESS.

Mr. Temple heard of Grantley's proposal, and its result, when he returned from Halkin late at night. He could not help feeling some asto-nishment, not possibly untinged with scen, when Julia told him the details. He know that so much tenderness and passion were foreign to

on much tenderiess and passion were foreign to Everard's true mature.

"And so you gave him a decided negative," said Eugene. "He told me what he was going to do, and I let him try, though I hoped from my soul it would turn out as it has."

"Then why did you let him try?" inquired Mr. Drayton, who had been an interested listener.

Mr. Drayton, who had been an interested listener to Julia's recital,

said he did not think I gave him fair play. In fact, he said several things which I cannot repeat at this particular moment, so I told him he might try his fortune if he chose."

"And he is going to leave Brookdate," said Julia; "and he makes me feel as though I had

driven him away."

Laurence Drayton smiled,

"He may have intended to give you that im-

"He may have intended to give you that impression, little sister, and so win from your pity more than he could hope from your affection. Everard Grantley will not break his heart, depend upon it, unless it is with disappointment at the loss of your money."

He was sorry the next instant when the grieved face told him the pain he had given her. She liked to think that even the love she did not want, was disinterestal. want was disinterested.

want was disinferested.

"If he does go I shall not be very sorry,"
Fagenc observed. "One likes to be master of
one's own house sometimes, and I have drifted
into such a helpless habit of looking to him for
everything that I shall never regain my liberty
of action till I have learned how to manage
without him. He is a very good fellow, and
always welcome here. He has done me service, and I like him; but a temporary separation may be better for both of us."

So it happened that when Everard came in

so it happened that when Everard came in with a sombre brow, and imparted his intention, Mr. Temple was by no means so surprised or sorry as Grantley had anticipated.

"I suppose Julia has told you," Grantley began.

"I spoke to her, as I said."

"Yes; she told me. And the result was just what I expected," was the consolutory reply.

"I have noticed that when cousins fall in love, it is no a value appropriate matter. How see it is, as a rule, a one-sided matter. How can you suppose she would care for you as a husband when you have been almost like a brother to

her since goodness knows when?"
"Well, it is over," said Grantley, " and I must bear it as best I can. I shall go away from here

"Not very long, I hope?"
"That I cannot say. It is time I began to see
I I have a place in the world."
"You nover need let that trouble you, Ever-

ard, while Brookdale is mine."

"No; while Brookdale is yours," repeated the other, in a tone which made Eugene open his

eyes. "But, my dear fellow, we do not know how long Brookdale may be yours. I have more than half an idea that this woman we have been ls but an impostor afte all, and the real wife of Clarence Temple is somewhere about with her child."
"Why do you think so?" "Because one Mrs. Darrill, as she chooses to

be called, said as much in one of her drunken its. Inderiation is her normal condition now, and had she been what she professed to be it would have been a mercy to keep her from this stately place even if we had to send her over the s into the sea." Don't talk like that, Everard, even in jest."

"On my word, I am perfectly serious, Eugene. The honour of the family is very dear to me."

Will you inquire into the truth of her statement?

"Her raving rather. I will on one condi-

" What is the condition !"

"That you do not mention a word of this to Laurence Drayton."
"Very well," said Eugene, after a little deliberation. "I did want to tell him, and deliberation. "I did want to tell him, and take counsel with him; but if you had rather

I had much rather not. Remember, my dear Eugene, that this is a thing which concerns our family only, and no stranger, however inte-restedly a friend, should be taken into the se-I am but a very humble member of the

family: but its honour is as dear to me as if I were Brookdale's muster, instead of a poor cou-sin dependent on its master." Eugene never liked Grantley less than when

he affected that humility. It did not sit well

I never have given, and never shall give you cause to remember that fate made me, and not you, master of Brookdale, Everard. You are

cause to remember that into made me, and not you, master of Brookdale, Everard. You are always welcome here. This is your home as much as mine, and for the rest.——"

"I know—I know," interrupted Grantley, pressing his hand. "You are the most princely fellow in the world, Eugene, and I beg your pardon for the last remark. It will take me some time to forget last tight, and remailing about time to forget last night, and rambling about I shall require occupation. I cannot find a better than seeing how much truth there is in Mrs. Darrill's drink-inspired revelation. You could not rest, I am sure, with such a dread hanging

"I should only care for Julia. A man can do anything, but a girl used to such a life as

ners has been would find the world a bitter place

ners and been would find the world a bitter place to be cast into. You must find ont the whole truth, Everard, and let me know."

"I will; but I do not think there is much to foar. We have already, to a certain extent, been weak in bribing that wretched person, is order to provent a seandal, which, after all, had better have taken its course, for, you see, even should she be the impostor I think, we lay oursalves own to grave searches by better bayers. selves open to grave suspleion by having paid

hor to keep out of the way."

"If that were the worst we should not have much to fear. It may be too late to say it now, but I wish I had not sanctioned the pro-

now, but I wish I had not sanctioned the pro-ceeding. It was a dreadful thing to do, no matter how bud she may have been. It has haunted me sometimes."

"Why should it? Who would have believed her story? A little strategy effected without expenses what must eventually have happened after a fearful scandal. She is kindly treated and well cared for where she is, and even they grannot keep her without deals?" cannot keep her without drink."

" How is that?" " How is many"
"They dare not. Her whole system is also-holized. She lives on the polson which is killing

Eugene shuddered, Engene snuggered,
"Still it does seem a dreafful thing," he said
"I often think of it when I ramble at will
amongst those beautiful old woods here, and
picture to myself a poor wretch shut away in

They had been talking so intently that they did not bear the door open, and Laurence Prayton stood within a few feet of them before

CHAPTER VIL

A WOMAN'S HISTORY.

On the morning when Everard Grantky left Brookdale for London, the letter he had sent to Mrs. Darrill was the topic of some serious discussion at the late breakfast table in the drawing-room at No. 14 Daley-street. It hay open by the side of Mr. Darrill's plate, and by the glauces he gave it from time to time it had evidently put him in a very uneasy frame of mind.

" He mist have written in a different tone I think," he said, lifting his cup slowly to his lips. That everyday bit of ordinary life was not Mr. George Darrill was, perhaps, glad of the newspaper, which hid the almost paradytic trembling of his hand from the gaze of a dissipated hid of one or two and twenty, who say on his left. "What does he mean by speak

on his left. "What does he mean by speaking of me as 'your gentlemanty husband?" I shall give him my mind one of these days,"

'So I would just, if I were you, "said the hat, with a sneer. "Only wait till you can afford it. You often have been going to give Mr. Grantley your mind; but somehow you forget it when he manner."

Darrill bit his lip dercely under the tawn, but did not reply. He looked at his wife, and shounderstood blm.

"If you interrupt your father while he is speaking to me, you will leave the table," she

"Throdore!"

He kept up appearances very skually for awhile. He took her to a handsome villa la the subuchs, and she saw the brougham in the ceach-house, a pair of horses in the stable, and the household comprised two maid servants, a concliman, and a log in livery. He never mentioned what his income was, or how ob-tained, and she never thought of asking him. If a serpent crept in in the shape of a vague misgiving that there was an air of unreality about the whole, she would not listen to it; she would not have her paradise spoiled by a fore-

Every woman, let her be tempted never so sorely, turns by instinct to the good and pure, and when her love is well required—when she has no indifference, cruelty, or neglect to change

Ada was very happy. In the quiet mornings, spent at home, she learned to regret the glate and glitter of her avocation. She steadily refused the glits which accompanied the dancing admiration of the rich patrons who came behind the scenes, and whom, the manager under the dance of the scenes, and whom, the manager under the scenes, and whom, the manager under the scenes and whom, the manager under the scenes and whom, the manager under the scenes and whom the manager under the scenes and whom the scenes and whom the scenes and the scenes and whom the scenes and the scenes and whom the scene years before he ventured to show its face in England again. He made a tour of the states with a lady of the company, then the scene and the scenes and the scenes with a lady of the company, then

is blind the baize.

baby had not lived: it would have interfered so with her engagements,
That gave her love a chill, from which it never quite recovered. Baby died, and Ada felt there

was a gulf between her and George Darrill from that hour. The man's cold selfishness came pronamentally to light when she was unable to per-form. He drew her salary in advance against the time she would be able to resume acting, and parted with her trinkots—his own and others' presents — rather than debar himself the luxuries to which he had been accustomed while his ill-gotten money lasted. He was not so well would not have her paradise spoined by a loreboding of what might never be.

So they had three months of such happiness
as she had scarcely hoped for. There was her
brougham to take her to the stago door, a devoted husband to walk for and accompany her
home, and never trouble her by small jealousies,
in truth, she gave him no cause for jealousy.

Every woman, be her he to make accountable
to well invested,
woman, and never that the could have made
out of six hundred and lifty pounds, no matter
how well invested. how well invested,
Gentlemanly George Darrill started for Amer-

lea when his wife was sufely on the boards again. He was employed by a wealthy trader, whose fasebuation for the histrionic world and has no indiliference, cruelly, or neglect to change the heanty of her nature—when a man has enough sense and strength of soul to win and taskeep her respect—she is sure to be content with her lot, even if it be a poor one.

Ada was very happy. In the quiet mornings, and each blanche as to expense. Mr. Darrill smoot at home, she learned to regret the glace

took her to San Francisco, where her *physique* and her horsewomanship combled her to star a such pieces as required more in the way of orimitive drapery and museular daring than remains acting. She was a fortune to Darrill ill, in an evil four for aim, she married the cond-booking leading javenile of the establishnent, and recommended her English friend to

eturn to his wife.

It was excellent indvice; but Ada hiel heard of his doings abroad, and written to him in such erms as made him thack from the blea of nectng her. And there were other things in the way, de had managed the appropriation of the atomey eleverly enough to escape a criminal ac-

tion, but his character was gone irretrievably, and he had been away nearly three years. During that periot, Ada, left in herself, her child dead, her tusband a tiling to name with scorn, her own beauty unimpatred, and her stage position improving, had not much time or in climation for regret after the first bitterness was over. She had been married to him privately, and people, noting his protracted absence, bo-an toquestion whether she was really his w.fc. the took her first step downward when she leb that question remain manswered.

When she was three and twenty—when Dar-ill find been away two years—chainer threw her in Charence Temple's way. He had heard fre-mently of the glorious creature who lived in his illa, and curbosity induced him to see her. He cand her proud, Imperious, uniamable—just, induct, a woman after his own wild heart; and n rackless defiance of the world, taking a savge delight in the shudder that the rash act sent arough society, he gave her the villa, the brougham, and the horses, and married her a

welvementh afterwards, Even then—any time before the marriage— things might have been well, had Ada not, for the first time in her existence, been wanting in moral courage. She tackly encouraged the he-moral courage, She tackly encouraged the he-lief that she never had been George Darrill's wife. Had she fold Temple Mac truth, he was so madly infutuated that he would have forgiven her, procured a divorce from Darrill, and given her his mame honourably. As it was, she boro it with a terrible risk of discovery hanging over her always.

A son was born - Theodore A son was born — Theodore — and was six months old when George Darrill, spent down to his hast shilling, and indebted to his gentlemany appearance for the charitable sympathy which produced him his journey home, skedked back to London, and lingered about the stage door for a chance of seeing his wife. On Mo first night he heard she was married, saw her come out with her husband, her muse, and her infant, and she did not recombe him.

she did not recognize him.
Indeed, it would have been difficult to recognize the ganut, hollow-eyed wretch he looked then as the handsome reprobate always in fault-

then as the numerone reproduct aways a nati-less dress, with a dainty flower in his coat. Some men would have been mad with jealous rage, or tortured with the very agony of des-pair. Perhaps there was some bitterness in George Darrill's heart, but it was that he was homeless and hungry in the streets, white another was going, as he had gone, to the luxurious villa with the lovely actress.

George Darrill tried to keel like an injured man: looked at the stars, and invoked their sympa-thy; thought of the nearest bridge, the dark river, and the wife who had wronged him. He "There is nothing I should like better, my river, and the wife who had wronged him. He dear Ada," he said, in reply; "but you see, the venerable relative who has supplied me with to the stage door, forgetting the American ourney and the San Francisco then he wondered how much Ada would pay him weekly to keep his return anknown to her

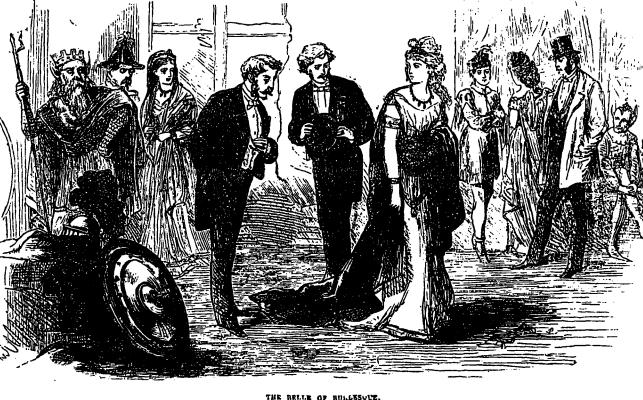
> He found her an easter prey than he expected. A note left at the theatre brought hor to him when she ought to have been at rehearsal, and the system of extertion began. It went on for a month, and then Clarence Temple found them together in Darrill's apartments. He took summary vengeance on the gentlemanly George, and left Ada with a few contemptuous words. The left Ada with a few contemptuous words. The Temples were not a race of men who could be weak or cruel to womankind, so he spared her any public degradation. Ho sent his lawyer to her next day with a settlement of two hundred per annum on the child, Theodore, and left the

> Shortly after, they saw an account in a New York paper of his marriage with a Miss Ellen Danyers; and from that time Clarence Temple vas heard of in England no more.

He was gone, and there was no hope of his return. George Darrill was slinking after Ada like a spaniel, bearing bitter words, open scorn, out favour shown to rivals before his over, with spirities humility. He made no terms with her—he could have cancelled her engagements, or laid an embargo on her salary, had he chosen to exert a phase of the marriage law, which, however wisely intended, permits of infamous abuse—in the case of professional women es-pecially; but he knew his gaine too well to risk

It. He waited patiently, and his time came. Pity, habit, old memories, the want of idelity— even of such dog-like fidelity as his—all had their influence, and one evening, in a temporary ique with an admirer who had not kept his promilse, she said to gentlemanly Darrill, as he opened her carriage door— "You may come with me, George."

It was an unwise step, if a proper one. George Darrill became too attentive, and being shut out from behind the scenes haunted the stage door. He was out of caste, had lost prestige, and was altogether an ugly background to the brilliant actress. No one noticed him. The green-room intimates treated her when he was by as If there was no such person as a husband in existence, and at last he grow misorably, fitfully jealous. Then he made himself unpleasant, and Ada was told by the management that she must ofther



THE RELLE OF BULLESULE.

they noticed his approach. He had a very quiet

Mr. Grantley did not stay long then. The fancy he had that Laurence knew the story of his rejection by Julia made his society more distastoful than ever, and Everard did not care to dissemble when nothing was to be gained by it.

He retired on the plea of having letters to write, and he wrote one in his bed-room. It was addressed to Mrs. Darrill, 14, Daley-street, Russel-square, and ran as follows:

DEAR MADAM.—I shall be in town to-morrow, and will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you, and as I have some very innortant business to do with your gentlemanth husband. I should like to use your gentle influence towards keeping him at home. It may be as well to let me see the boy also.—Yours most truly.

EVERARD GRANTLEY.

Late as it was he walked down to the village. and posted the letter with his own hand. He had found that the care of trifles formed no in-considerable portion of success.

Brookdale lay before him, grim and solemn in the night, when he returned, and he regarded

"A grand old place," he solliquized. "It would be something to be its master. How glorious existence would be with such a home and such a woman as Edith Wyatt for its mistress. If I could only change places now with my fair-haired young cousin."

Mr. Grantley went by the first train in the morning. Eugene would have accompanied him to the station, but Everard proferred going by himself.

"Lend me the dog-cart and a groom, and end my luggage after me," he said quicity.
I want to get all the pain of parting over before I reach the platform. Ask Julia to think of the exile now and then, and take care of Margaret for me,"

Margaret for me."

"I am sorry you are going," said Eugene, touched at the last moment by a thought that he had perhaps behaved selfishly. "Suppose you put it off."

"Wilvre would be the use, my dear Eugene?

It must come some day. Besides, we understand each other, and you know what I have to do; and pardon me if I once more remind you not to talk of our family matters to Mr. Draytor He may be your intimate friend, but he is not mine, and as you cannot very well talk of your own personal atthirs without touching upon mine I must beg of you to use discretion."

Eugene promised, and they shook hands in te hall. The master of Brookdala lett a cheque for a liberal amount in his cousin's grasp. Grant-

for a morni in this cousins grisp. Grant-ley accepted it with some show of reluctance, but he took an early opportunity of looking to see how much it was for.

"And now good-bye," he said turning from Eugene to his sister. "Leaving Brookdate is not such an easy matter as I thought it would be; but I daresay I shall have harder things to en-dure before I come back." dure before I come back."

"Lot me come with you to the station, Ever-ard," Margared asked.

She wanted to be with him to the last mo-

ment. " No," he said, with rather a sad smile; "I

He kissed her tenderly, and his hand was no quito steady as he lighted a cigar. The purest feeling in his nature was the love he bore for Margaret, and the quiet sorrow in her face went with him long after Brookdale was left

The youth qualled sallenly under the suppressed passion of her tone. Ada harrill was a splendid woman still, and bore the five and forty years of her misspent life with a grace and power which made her look younger than she was, even in her morning deshabilit. Her figure had not lost its supple outline; the solid white throat, displayed rather too liberally by her carclessly-fautened role, was without a blemish, and the plump, small hand and round arm retained a softness and a fairness, which must have been exquisite in earlier days. She was a handsome, imposing woman, with a flery temper, and when her temper was roused, those who knew her did not care to say her may. The youth quarted sullenly under the sup-

her nay.

The Darrills were not a happy family. George Darrill was a poor dependent on his wife, and loved her with a slavish affection. She had mastered him, or he would have been a tyrant. He had never, in the whole course of his selfish, dissipated life, made an attempt to win her respect, or obtain a position for her. He was a born gentleman—so he said—with a soul above work. He could not plod, and so he went on from day to day, picking up stray guineas doubtful things, on the strength of his gentle-

manty exterior.

Theodore resembled him in nothing but his habits, and in those he was a too faithful copy ist. The lad would drink as deeply, and hole his own amongst the turf men of Farringdon street and the second-hand dandles of the cast street and the second-nanu danages of the mos, with all his father's nonchalance. He vil example and uncurbed inclination had made

The fourth figure at the table was a gentle eyed, delicate boy of fourteen, and he sat by his mother's side. The high, aristocratic features of George Darrill were to be traced in his face, idealized and softened by such an expression as might have been his mother's in the pure time of her girlhood. His nature was singularly atectionate and timid, and these scenes were very painful to him.

Walter Darrill had unconsciously been his

mother's redemption. He was sensitive and nervous to a remarkable degree, requiring more care than she could give him at the time, long since gone, when she tried to forget what the past had been in feverish pleasure and such society as she almost shrank from now. Her beauty had been her bane, She was an undis-ciplined, uneducated girl when gentlemanly Seorge Darrill mot her. He was a hanger-on at a West-end theatre, and a friend of the manager, when she was a fourth-class actress, with magnificent figure and a tolerable voice for

Gentlemanly George Darrill looked upon her as a good investment. She had a settled engagement, at seven pounds a week, and her if not quite irreprochable, was least, free from blame as a needy, good-looking man-about-town had a right to expect. He deceived her from the beginning. He gave her bouquets which must have cost him half-a-guinea each, and during one season he made her presents of lewels which, reckoning their value keenly, she estimated at nearly two hundred

Ada Darrill had learned to be practical enough to gauge a man's income, to a certain extent. his expenditure; and the man who gave her champagne suppers, bouquets, jewels, and called at her apartments in a brougham, was worth marrying, she thought—and so she mar-

George Darrill's wife steered a middle cours and did her duty to her husband without giving offence to her admirers. She asked him to choose their society outside the hangers-on of the pro-fession, and keep their home clear of the tribemoneyed fops, usurers, and fast men from Houndsditch and Pall-mall. She gave him every letter she received, and told him to send back the presents which came with them; and gentlemany George Darrill lighted his eiger with the billets-down laughed at the senders, and converted their presents into cash, keeping the latter proceeding secret to himself.

When Ada told him once she wished to leave the stage, sick of the part she had to play in shameless dress—when, beginning to feel the holy responsibility of wifehood, she besought him to use his authority with the manager, and ond her engagem**ont—the mask fell, and the truth** had to be revealed. He told her the simple mat-ter of fact in a laughing, loving way, but the ter of fact in a laughing, loving way, but the matter of fact as it stood in all its heartless ugil-

resources up to the present has chosen to take offence at my marriage, and I shall never get another shilling from him. Our time is nearly up here, too. I expect Tample home in a fort-

Who is Temple?" "Charence Temple, the owner of this place. rent ii, servants, plate, horses, carriage and everything from his agent—on moderate terms, I must say—used I fear we shall never be fitted out so well at the price."

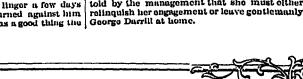
That was the first blow, and it was a bitter one She could not charge him with actual decelt out of a long, deliberately-acted lie he was mos certainly guilty. " But your own income?" she said.

"My darling Ada, I never hadan income, unless the sum of thirty shillings a week, allowed me by an old maid sister, may be dignified by such a title. But I have a scheme of replenish ing the exchequer. If I have derived any nd-vantage by lottering behind the scenes—other of course, than meeting you, my peerless—it is that I know enough of stage matters to organize a company, and travel in the United States. I am, in fact, negotiating now with a moneyed man who wants me to do something of

Ada Darrill had plenty of nerve, and she did not faint or cry. She took the impending change with a quiet which he set down as fortitude, and dinfred her for.

linving this clue to his character, she set to work, and made inquiries amongst his friends. The pitiful truth was soon laid bare. The money with which he made such display, bought ho bouquets, her Jewels, and gave her the brid glory of a villa and a brougham, was six hur dred and fifty pounds, won of a beardless youth at a club, under such questionable circumstances that he was compelled to resign his membership. Beyond that, he had never been known to have anything, except a few chance pounds made by betting for his friends on commission, made by botting for his friends on commission or his somewhat singular skill at billiards, shor whist, and American bowls. She had given her self up, in the glory of her beauty, to a hard-some adventurer, who would houseforth have to depend upon his own wits and her stage earn-

Still she bore it, for she leved him. And then their child was born—only to linger a few days and die. Her heart first turned against him when she heard him say it was a good thing the



There was twelve pounds a week now, instead of seven, at stake; so the gentlemanly George, if he did not stay at home, kept out of sight with more docility than dignity. But out of sight or visible, he had an evil influence over his wife. Then there were children born at intervals of between two and throe years each, and at every inevitable interruption her place had to be filed by another lady, sometimes with more aglic limbs, and a newer, fresher face, and all this tended to weaken Ada's popularity, and show the management that it was possible to do without her. Then her voice thickened slightly, her reflued nervous system required stimulants, and at the communitation was of the property area of two possible to at the comparatively early age of five and thirty she was judged too heavy for burlesque, so they cut her salary down from twelve to three pounds week, and put her in for farce and light

comedy characters.

She had never saved a shilling. The death of three out or four children—sickly little atoms, whom she had not time to nurse-made her somewhat reckless; and there was more brandy consumed in the house than would have been prescribed medicinally. The store lived, and so did Walter, George Darrill's third child, and near-

ly all the love in her soul went to him.

Her acquaintance with Grantley was of recent date. He met her at the theatre, and made an intimacy with her buspand, which resulted in his becoming a frequent guest in Daley-street. Orantley saw Theodore there, and struck by an extraordinary resemblance which he bore to Eugene Temple, let fall some observations which resulted in the whole history being told

(To be continued.)

For the Haurthstone. MAGGIE AND ME.

1871. BY ROBERT BRYDON.

Polk a' hac their troubles buith he're an' at hame,— E'en comforts are troubles in a but the name,— I con'dna hear buit o' the ills that I drew. If it wasna the feelin' 'tween Muggie and me.

But we've learn'd in the last twenty years o' our She, to ken her gudeman.—I, to ken my gudewife; An'the ills that befu' us are halv'd, do you see— The a'e half to Maggie, the ither to me.

Lang syne, whan we talk'd o' the days we might

See. I thought a' the burden wad rest upon me; But I found, whan the tear-draps o' sorrow did rain. That the a'e half were Maggie's,—but half were my

Hand in hand we has cross'd the braid ocean,-an' We ha'e strugglit the gither through foul an' through fair ;
If but a'e glint o' comfort e'er gladden'd her e'e.
There were twa-ane for Maggies, the ither for me.

An' non that we've come to the doonwoth o' life, An' east a look back on the struggle an' strife.— If we've made ony blanders — ye'll count twa three,—

They warns intendit by Maggie nor me. An' if in our journey we've dune onic, gude, Or helpit the needy, as a' bodies should; Or dichtit the tour frue the authorer's e'e,... The credit is shor'd atween Maggie and me.

SEQUEL TO "MAGGIE AND ME."

But now my dear Macrie's been summon'd awa', An' I'm left a' alune to the storms as they blaw; An' my griof-stretchen heart pushes tears frae my For my loss, at the partin' 'tween Maggie and me.

I miss her richt sairly, haith morning an' nicht, An' a' thro' the day there's a blank to my sicht;— I miss her in hunders o' ways I cou'd name,— For our ance cheerfu' housie is no like my hame.

Whan weariet an' faggit at nicht, comin' hame, Sure wolcome frae Maggie gied strength to my frame.— ne look she wad gie, frac her love' speakin'

Was payment enough for a day's-wark, for mo. Our cosic wee housic,—we' a' thing sac richt, Where I read, an' she sow'd, through the winter for

nicht,—
Is chang'd a' thegither,—there's naething the same,
An' the cauld cheerless housie is no like my hame, Twas here where we minglit our tears o'er our

cares.
"Twas here where we knelt ilka nicht at our pray'rs,
An' the Big Buik we read on, is still lyin' there.—
But I read now in silence,—nac Maggie to hear!

Some fancy; that love only dwells wi' the young.— But the sterner our hardships the closer we clung An' her bricht, lovin' look aften frichten'd away The care frac my face, sin' my hallits turn'd gray.

Just ance, sync, she ca'd in her auld hamely way, When I held her, an' begg'd her, richt keenly, to She kiss'd me fu' fondly, but whisper'd - "Oh,

Then, dream-like, she slid frac my love-hold awa. They tell me, nae tears ever darken the eyes,
Of those who have found them a hame in the skies:
But a Heav'n-born sympathy surely must glow
In the souls that have game, towards lov'd axes below!—

May He, who from sorrow ascended above. To ready the "Mansions" o' pence and o'love. Look mindfully down, an' nreinte, whan I dee. A Heaven-built housic, for Maggie and me.

Hespeler, Ontario, May 1872.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1869.7

IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XI .- (Continued.)

For the last few seconds a third person, Sir

Richard Cuninghame, had been standing inside the door of the Angel watching Margaret and her new acquaintance, intent if possible on hearing what they said. Sir Richard Cuning-hame thought that the outline of the girl's figure as she let the shawl slip from one arm while talking to the stranger, was very like one he had known in his own home, and the tone of her voice, although he could not distinguish the words, had the silvery ring of a familiar voice he hated, and as the stranger took her hand to help her into the chaise ho

"Girl put up your veil."

"Hands off," cried the stranger turning fiercely round and facing Sir Richard, the sight of whom seemed to increase the anger his ac-tion and words had called forth. "It's you, is tion and words had called forth. "It's you, is it?" continued he speaking in a louder tone than before, "you'll not get so easily off with insulting this girl, as you did with the old man last night, hands off or I'll crack your skull for you."

Sir Richard by way of answer, endeavoured to raise the veil himself still keeping firm hold of Margaret's shoulder; the stranger felt the hand he held in his trembling, and saw that the girl was overwhelmed with dread, lifting a heavy riding whip which he carried in his hand, he struck Sir Richard a blow on the head which for the moment stunned him, making him reel and seek support from the house wall by which they stood.

The dog scemed to understand Sir Richard was no friend to his companion of the morning, and seizing him by the leg fastened his teeth in his flesh, the man battling with the dog alone, no one seeming inclined to interfere in his behalf.

The stranger lifted Margaret into the chaise as if she had been a feather, and springing after her with a step of which his weight gave little promise, drove off at a rapid rate in an opposite direction to Holborn.

Sir Richard with the help of one of the waiters having rid himself of the dog, called

" A hundred pounds to the man who brings back that girl.'

's hat's a big price," said a bystander, " if had a horse I would try."

"You'd be agreat fool if you would," said another, "it's What-do-you-call-him, the pork butcher that took her away, and she's his daughter."

"Who is the ?" inquired Sir Richard, "I'll have him arrested for assault. What did you say was his name?" addressing the man who had spoken last. "Don't turn your deaf car next time, your man's gone, and as to the assault, it was deuced

little for you, a beggarly Scotch fellow pre tending to be a gentleman, who thinks we'l stand by and see you insult an English girl."
"A hundred pounds for the man or the

girl," shouted Sir Richard; he would have been safe to off r a hundred thousand, it would have taken the best horse in London with a quick witted man on his back, to overtake the chaise at the rate it was driven, and through the by-

stranger took his way.

For full fifteen minutes the little pony slackened not his pace, but flew as if he thought his oats for the next month depended on the rate at which he went on that morning.

The stranger by and by stayed the pony, calling to him. "Stop you foolish thing, that's the way with

you, once set you a going you'd run yourself off your legs if we'd let you." your legs if we'd let you."

"There's no fear of our friend now,' said he
addressing Margaret "he'd be a clever chap
who would find us out here, let alone run after
us; do you know him?" added he inquir-

ingly.
"Yes" she replied, "I knew him very well, he is a bad man."

he is a bad man."

The stranger looked in her face as she spoke, her veil still streaming down behind, as Sir Richard had pulled it; the fair young face was as white as marble and seemed almost as He's like a bad man, what way did you

come to know him, when you're only in London a few days." " He is my grandfather."
" Your grandfather! is he so?" said the man

in accents of surprise, and evidently a little put out by the announcement "I wish I haven't

put my fingers into tar."

"Yes he is my grandfather, but he is a very wicked man, he tried to kill my sister and me, we were almost dead when Adam found us, we could neither speak or move."

"He was Papa's servant before he died and he is with us now, it was to search for him l came out this morning.'

"Don't your servant live in the same lodging with you? "Yes," said Margaret heaving a deep sigh, but he went out vesterday and he has not come home since, unless he has come this morning; we are afraid Sir Richard has found

him and put him in jail." How was you servant dressed ?"

"In grey shenherd's clothes, with a plaid."
"And a Highland bonnet, and great coarse shoes with buckles?" asked the stranger thinking as he spoke of a scene he had witnessed the past evening in which an old man so dressed and the person his companion called Sir Richard, were the prominent actors.

Yes," replied Margaret, " did you see him?"

"I think I did, last night; but if I did you old grandfather at the Angel took him away in a cab, but I think I know the other fellow that went with them, and if I'm right George Cox 'ill find him out."

A loud yelping in rear of the chaise attracted the attention of its owner, and turning round he exclaimed.

"Well that beats print, if there's not the poor limping dog after us full chase." Stopping the pony he called to the poor tired brute who at once jumped up into the chaise and panting with the unwonted exercise of run-ning after them it lay down at Margaret's feet lolling tongue and shut eyes, almost

breathless.

A short time brought them to Thaives Inn where at the door of number three they were met by Mr. George Cox, clerk and poet, who was just about to depart for his labours in Cecil

" Mr. Honkins !" exclaimed that young gen tleman in evident surprise as the pony chaise with its inmates stopped in front of the door with its inmates stopped in front of the door step on which he stood; he looked at Mar-garet, then again at Mr. Hopkins who indulged in a quiet laugh at the perplexity which Mr. George's look and tone of voice betrayed. "Yes Mr. George just me, I've bought home your young lady lodger, and a new dog to you,

help the young lady out and jump in yourself and I'll tell you something you'll like to hear

saw before him one of the twins, put his hand rudely on her shoulder saying in accents far from mild as he did so,

"Girl put up your veil."

"Girl put up your veil." stairs followed by her companion found her sister still fast asleep.

Mr. George Cox took the seat vacated by Margaret beside his friend Mr. Hopkins, pork butcher of Farringdon within. A wealthy man was Mr. Hopkins and moreover a jolly kind-hearted fellow but the principal claim which he possessed to the poet's regard consisted in his being father to that angelic being and yet sensible girl who knew the attractive qualities of mutton chops and oysters; Miss Maria Theresa

Hopkins. Who is them lodgers of yours?" began Mr. Hopkins.

"They are," said George, and then stopped; " well, it's not easy to tell you at once who they are, but I call them "The twin sisters of the Lake-washed mountains."

"The twin sisters of what?" said his astonished listener.

"The Lake-washed mountains," again repeated Mr. George; "but to tell you the truth I do not wish to speak much about them. There is a hidden mystery connected with them which I hope to unravel. They are also in deep distress just now. There will be something published by-and-by about them."

"In the poet's corner of a newspaper, ch,

George?" asked Mr. Hopkins, his eyes twink-

"No, sir," hastily answered Mr. George;
"but I really cannot betray the confidence
placed in me by talking on the subject at pre-How is Miss Maria Theresa and Mrs. Honkins ?"

Hopkins ?"

"That's well thought of George. They're well, and Theresa is coming to your place in Cecil street to-day between one and two, to inrite you to a hop they're to have next week, a great affair. She and Susan Ann Wiggins are busy preparing their frocks for it already."

"You mean Miss Selina Angelina, I sup-

"Yes, yes," replied the good-tempered, jolly man, laughing heartily, "Selina Angelina or any other name you like. I was godfather hen she was christened, and the parson named her Susan Ann, but if it suits you and Tresse and Susan herself better for her to be Selina Angelina. Sclina Angelina be it. By the bye, about this lost servant of your lodgers, I saw Catchem and an old chap that the one I brought home calls her grandfather, take the servant or else a man that answers the same description, off in a cab last night. The old man resisted bravely, but it was no go; they said he was crazy, and tucked him in between them, and away they went. If you could hear anything

about where he is, we might be able to get him out of their clutches."

"I'm going to try; I daresay, in a few days.
I'll hear something about him."

Mr. George was put down at the top of Cecil street, and made his way to what Mr. Catchem called his (Catchem's) Law Chambers.

The duties were not ardnous, and after dust-

ing a little bit in front of each side of the desk. which, rising in the middle, sloped down at each side so as to accommodate two clerks which was one more than Mr. Catchem could by any device employ, to Mr. Cox's great cha-grin, who was socially inclined, and liked com-

The desks in order, each with a few packets of paper tied with red tape, to look businesslike, Mr. Cox placed his own stool, also one in front of the vacant desk, which he dusted in honour of his expected visitors. He knew Miss Sclina Angelina would come with Miss Hopkins, to whom she was a sort of double, and he wished that the office and his surroundings in general should appear as important as possible in the eyes of both ladies.

Everything was in the best order, every preparation was made for receiving the young la-dies, down to the fresh paring of Mr. Cox's nails which was always done on an improved plan, but Mr. Catchem, contrary to all procedent, did not make his appearance. Twolve Mr. Catchem. Mr. Cox o'clock came, but no Mr. Catchem. Mr. Cox shut the office up, went to dinner and returned early, that Mr. Catchem might go at once and so be out of the way when the young ladies

But, to his dismay, no Mr. Catchem had made his appearance. Soon after, however, Sir Richard came. The clerk was too well tutored to ard came. say his master had not been in the office that day, and so, in hopes that Mr. Catchem would Richard into the sanctum, informing him that his master was then in a neighbouring office consulting with another lawyer on a case of great difficulty, which Mr. Catchen's experience, it was hoped, would enable him to cluci-

This was the stereotyped excuse which Catchem taught his various clerks, as they served him in succession, to give at any time he was absent in office hours.

Sir Richard, however, had not long to wait. The lawyer at last made his appearance, and, being warned as he entered that Sir Richard was in the sanctum, by Mr. Cox pointing his pen in the direction of that delectable retreat, he retired a few steps from the doorway, motioning with his foreinger for Mr. Cox to come out and speak with him there.

Mr. Cox came out accordingly, and saw at a glance that his principal had been indulging too freely in his favorite ale late into the past night, and had only at the last moment been able to tear himself away from the soft repose of his couch.

"I want you," said Catchem, closing the "I want you," said Cateners, closing the office dorand speaking very low, "to go to Lord Cranston's, in Belgravia, and ask the footman who opens the door if the Misses Cuninghame have yet arrived. If he says no, ask him Lady Hamilton is at home, and tell him that it is the gentleman who calls at cleven o'clock every day who sent you. When you come back call me out to the passage to tell me your messabe. So as to be back soon you can take a Set off about two minutes after I enter my own office."

Mr. Cox bowed obedience. He was delighted with being sent on this mission. By it he had already found out the hitherto secret of Lady Hamilton's residence, and he could make goo use of that for the benefit of the twin sisters but just at present he had two reasons for wish ing to remain in the office, one of which was his desire to hear the conversation between the two worthies in the sanctum, in order to find came hastily forward;

and something you can do to the bargain."

and something you can do to the bargain."

and the other no less important one was his and Sir Richard who now was certain that he

Hopkins" replied Mr. George lifting his hat as expectation of seeing Miss Hopkins, whose out to what abode they had consigned Adam,

visit might justly be termed an appointment, as her father had given him intimation of it.

Mr. Cox, although it was his use and wont

during the past two years to kneel down to listen at the keyhole of the sanctum when he was at all curious about the subject of the con-versation between Catchem and his clients, had never once been caught in the act, and moreover, he had no fear that he ever would. Catchem's shoes sometimes creaked, but if they did not he was quite safe. He always had due warning, the door lock was an old one, and warning, the door lock was an old one, and had lost its spring, so it required to be held with a firm hand, and the grasp thus taken vibrated through the whole lock, giving a dis-tinct warning to the ear at the keyhole to be

On the occasion in question Catchem, on on the occasion in question Carenem, on entering the sanctum, merely closed the door without springing the bolt of the lock; he did so on purpose. He had promised Sir Richard the evening before, as they were returning in mirthful triumph at the success they had so unexpectedly met with in their hellish scheme, that he would go to Lord Cranston's house and that he would go to Lord Cranston's house and make all the needful inquiries at the usual hour of eleven o'clock. Sir Kichard had, on his last visit, barely escaped being seen by Lady Morton in conversation with her servant, hence his request to Catchem to take his place. At the hour appointed the lawyer was in bed, sleeping off the effects of the previous night's indulgence, and he wished to avoid all conver-

sation with his client on the subject until his clerk's return.

It was with a view to this he had left the lock unfastened, so that at any moment he might enter the outer office, and, pretending to be engaged with another client on pressing business, avoid the inconvenience of answering Sir Richard's inquiries, about his visit to Lord Cranston's until he was in possession of the

information his clerk had gone to obtain.

Mr. George, in innocent ignorance of the state of the lock, put on his hat a little to one side, as he always were it, (he thought it more becoming and nobby) and kneeling down, placed his ear in the old familiar place close

over the keyhole.
"Good morning, Sir Richard," said Catchem, as he closed the door, "how did you sleep after the exertion of last evening, ha, ha?" "Well, thank you," replied his client, in a

grave tone. The lawyer was a low fellow, and Sir Richard did not care to be on the familiar terms with him that Catchem would have liked to establish. He wished to be treated as his employer or master, certainly not as his equal or intimate, forgetting that being his associate in one common infamy had made him both in the fullest sense of the word. Catchem was occupied with his own thoughts

and noticed Sir Richard's word's only, not manner in which they were spoken, and said with a grin which made his large mouth look as if stretched from car to car, showing the yellow wide set uneven teeth, and unwholesome

gums within,

" I suppose when you got into your privacy,
you danced the highland fling to the tune of
" You'll trouble me no more."

Sir Richard was furious at the man's imper-

tinent familiarity which it seemed impossible to check, and instead of speaking stared a reply with compressed lips and knitted lowering

Catchem did not like this a bit, he knew that Sir Richard was in his power, and he would not submit to it, not he, he knew quite well what it meant, others in like situations had tried to put on such airs, but it would not go down with him, they had all to submit every one of them, and so must he.

"Did you go to Lord Cranstons," enquired Sir Richard. Catchem was now in a bad humour, it suit

Catchem was now in a bad humour, it suiced his purpose to stand on his dignity, small as it was, and by way of reply he pointed to the clock, the hands of which indicated half past one, implying that the work and hour were both things of the past.

"The girls had not yet appeared?" said his client interpretatively.

client interrogatively.

There was a difficulty in answering this question and Catchem would not incur it, he had not taken his seat since his entrance, but had busied himself in seeming to arrange the papers on the desk; he now gave his head a sharp quick turn in the direction of the outer office, squeezing up his eyes as if intently listening for something he had heard there and turning round pushed open the door, throwing unconscious Mr. Cox ignominiously down on his back! his feet and legs doubled under him, and conding his best hat the continuation of the contin sending his best hat rolling to the other end of

At the sight of his faithless clerk lying on the floor whom he supposed to be far on his way to Belgravia by this time Mr. Catchem's, rage knew no bounds, forgetting completely fo the moment that such things as damages for assault were in existence, the enraged Catchem sprung like a tiger on his prostrate clerk seizing him by the throat, calling out as he did

"You mean sneaking villain, I've caught you

at last." A chorus of shricks from the other end of the room announced the entrance of Miss Hopkins, and her friend Miss Selina Angelina. Both young ladies flew to the rescue of the

ostrate Adonis, Miss Hopkins seizing Gatchem by the few red hairs which still decorated the back and sides of his bald head, while Miss Wiggins taking firm hold of one leg in both her skinny claw like hands, was doing her best to drng the lawyer from off the body of his down fallen clerk.

Both young ladies never for a moment ceased to call out " murder" at the top of their naturally high pitched voices, and as they were possessed of good sound lungs they not only at-tracted Sir Richard who aided by Catchem's exclamation as he opened the door understood the situation at a glance, but also brought the Thompson Brothers (men whom Mr. Catchem particularly disliked, whos' office was on the same flat of the same building as his own,) and their clerk Mr. William Burt to the spot.

Sir Richard and the Thompson Brothers exchanged glances which told that the feelings with which they viewed the meleo before them were those of amusement, not alarm.

(To be continued.)

An olderly lady states that when she was a girl she asked a gentleman to clasp her cloak. He did so—and its contents at the same time.

What is the difference between the Romans and Canadians?—The Romans urned their dead, and Canadians earn their living.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The train was due, but it had not arrived yet. Twelve of us waited in the station with our car-pet bags. Twelve men, dusty, weary, travel-stained, and not a woman among us. Eleven o'clock at night was the time, the weather gusty and the night dark. The station lay in a lonely spot of New Jersoy, in a maze of interfaced tracts. There was nothing to drink to be had there, and no time to search for it else-

where.

"Haven't starved so since I was on the jury in the Fribble murder case," said a short passenger in a pen-jacket.

"Good time for the Jerseyltes to murder some

"Good time for the Jerscyltes to murder some one now," said a tall man, with a great hamper and some fishing tackle by way of luggage.

"Here's a jury ready—twelve on us."

"No there an't," cried a big man in a big white overcoat. "Count me out—only eleven of you. Wouldn't, bring in a vertice of guitty if ten men had seen the deed done. Be hung myself first. Nothing is any proof."

"Recken you don't hold to capital number.

"Reckon you don't hold to enpital punish-ment," said the other.
"Don't believe any of the evidence," said white overcont. "Why, man alive, I might have been hung myself, on the very best evidence, twenty years ago. I know what it's worth."

"You didn't do it then?" asked a very little old man, with no hair to speak of, and ears like

"You'd have sworn I did," said white over-cont, in nowise offended by the question. "So would Norris and Todd and Jacquin. I was a

would Norris and Told and Jacquin. I was a young fellow in a wholesale grocery then, just twenty; big for my age; horrible tempor—nwful fool—all boys of that age are."

"Extremely civil, certainly," remarked a boy of that age, who was warming his back at the stove. Nobody took any notice him.

"Liked the girls," said white overcont; "like 'om still, but not such a spoon as I used to be. I was very good looking, but Jacquin was handsomer, and Tilly Sparks said so. Her cousin told me that she did, any how; and as I'd been paying attention to her for three months, it wasn't pleasant to hear that on the very night when Tilly went off the church with Jacquin, and never so much as sent an apology to me; knowing, as she did, that I called regularly to take her every Sunlay night.

take her every Sunday night.
"11's a shaine, Thomas, said the cousin, a young married lady that she lived with. 'I scolded her for it, but she laughed at me. 'Jacquin is twenty times handsomer than Tom,' says she, 'and if I like a change, why shouldn't I have 11.7' And that's the truth, Thomas."

"Well," says I, "no doubt it is, and girls are girls. Let Tilly do as she chooses; but as for Jacquin, I'll spoil his beauty for him." "Oh, no, you won't do anything desparate,"

says she.
"But I will," says I, meaning it at the moment. "Just wait. You'll hear something tomorrow,"
"With that I went off in a fury, meaning to thrush Jacquin next day. I hadn't a thought of cutting his throat, but I meant to give him two

black eyes and a bloody nose, if I got the opportunity.
"Going home I mot Todd.

"What's the matter, Thomas ?!" says ho.
"Thomas Thomas is my name.

"If itsn't the moonlight, you're as white as powdered sugar." "I'm white with rage, I suppose," says I.

"What about?" says he.
"You'll see," says I. "Jacquin will see tomorrow. Jacquin is a contemptible jackanapas," "I reckon you're jenious," said Todd. "Look

hero. What's she to me? One gat is as good as another. I saw him sitting with his arm round her waist in the back pew—that's how I know. Never you mind."
"I don't" says I. "A girl that can do as she's doing is too despicable; but I'll murder

Jacquin."

"And off I went, in a greater rage than ever -nlong the street, up to my room, locked in. Then off with my boots, one against one wall, and one against the other, and out with it all. Read the form of excommunication if you want to know what I said about Jacquin. "Should think you'd be afraid to go to bed

talkin' so," said somebody, when I shut up at "I looked around. There was Norris in bed; He was a good young man from Boston. All the good young men do come from there. He taught Sunday-school, and distributed tracts,

and wanted to be a minister, only circumstances hadn't permitted.
"I couldn't close my eyes," said Norris, "if I'd talked like that. You've mentioned the Evil One fourteen times, and you've spoken of the lake of fire and brimstone eighteen times. You've gone through the bones and Jints that Jacquin is composed of like an anatomical work, and you've cussed 'om aliseparately, and you've threatened his life. Now, Thomas Thomas, you know you couldn't give life to so much as a—a—one of them," and he pointed with his long lean finger to a flat red insect airline, timesic on lean finger to a flat red insect airing himself on

the bed-quilt. "Yot you talk of taking it from a felier-bein'. You..."
"Hold your tongue," yelled I. "You an't or-

dained yet. Nobody is compelled to hear you preach until you are. I'll talk as I choose."
"That's contemptible of you," said Norris;
"but I'm going to forgive you. If father had died worth money, I should have been in the pulpit now."
"Wish you were," says I.

"Wish you were," says I.
"No matter," says Norris. "It's my duty to forgive. Jest hist the lid of my trunk, and you'll find a tract or two suitable to your present frame of mind. You—" "Hold your tongue, or I'll souse you," says I.

flourishing the water jug.

"At this he tucked his tow-colored head under the sheet, and I put out the light and turned into my own bed; but I couldn't go to sleep, I was in such a tremendous rage. I lay there thinking and thinking, as if 1'd been a machine made to turn out thoughts by the bushel. Throb. throb went my head; rub-a-dub-dub wont my heart. But you know how it is yourself, I sup-pose, when you are in love and jonlous." The gentlemun in the white coat looked

straight at the boy of twenty as he spoke. The boy blushed, and said, "Yes, sir," very sheep-

"I thought" continued Thomas Thomas. "I thought," continued Thomas Thomas, Esq., "how gloriously I could give it to Jacquin. One, two, three—smash! One, two, three—crash! Down with him, and all that, you know. I thought I should like to break his nose and gouge his eyes, and leave marks on him for good. After a while I thought how I'd like to have a loaded pistol. Then I remembered that I had one. It didn't belong to me—I was keeping it for a friend. I lind it in a bureau drawer"—
"Are you sure you didn't do it?" asked the

little old man again.
Thomas Thomas went on as though the other

had not spoken,
"Norris hadn't called to me as I went out of







the room, so I suppose he hadn't heard me; but the room, so I suppose he hadn't heard me; but there I was in the street with the plstol in my breast pocket. It was not late yet—only ten. If Jacquin had been so greatly encouraged by Tilly Sparks, no doubt he was with her yet, courting her in the little parlor where I—Ah, well, no matter. I took my way toward that well-remembered door. I stood behind the lamp post on the corner, and took a peep. My suspicions were correct. He had been in, and was just bidding Tilly good-bye. I saw him squeeze her hand, and then I saw him kiss her.

"By bye," said Tilly, shelll and sweet, in the door-way.

"And the door shut, and on he came toward me, whistling as if he'd swallowed a canary-bird. And behind him, from under a porch where he'd been hiding, came a man—a great rough brute of a fellow—creeping, creeping on his track. They were opposite my lamp post, and 1 saw the fellow draw a pistol from his pocket and take aim straight at Jacquin's head. I forgot all my own rage then. (My God!) Jacquin, take care of yourself!" I

"And there was the report of a pistol, and I saw him before me flat on his face. The mur-derer rushed down the street, and I knelt beside kim. Blood streamed from his temples all over my clothes, all over my hands.

6 Speak to me, Jacquin !? I cried.

6 And then a hand came down on my shoul-

der, and I turned. A polleeman stood there, and beside him stood Norris, with his head wrapped up in a Uppet.

of knew where your angry passions would lead you," said be, "And, in spite of my cold, I followed. Fin very sary far you, Thomas," "I don't know much more of that night, nor

of the next day. There then that Jugui, nor of the next day. There then that Juguin was dead, and that I was supposed to have murdered bim. No one believed my story of the man who had followed blm. My hands were covered with his blood, and there were three witnesses-Todd. Norris and Tally's consin—to attest to the fact that I had threatened Jacquin's life. In fact the evidence was all against me. They didn't seem to take ten minutes to decide on the verdiet, "guitty," Sentence of death was pro-nounced upon me by the judge, in less time than I can tell you of it.

"What had I to say for myself? Why, only, that I was innocent. And who could believe "Too! too! too!" shricked the engine whistle

along the road,
"Train coming," cried the station-master;

"don't stop a minute." "But, good gracious," screamed the little old man, "how did it end?" "Convicted murderer!" said the man with a

white coat. "Sentenced to be hung next Friday. Gallows built; clergyman with me; letter to mother; letter to Tilly; black cap on; bell tolling ding dong, ding dong; out on the platform; crowd looking; last dying speech—"
"Too-o-o-o-ooo-ooo," shricked the en-

"Passengers for Squiddlededink," yelled the voice at the door.
"My gracious!" screamed the little man,

" what saved you ?"

"Woke up" said Thomas Thomas, Esq.
"Woke up then. Found myself in bed. Hadn't got up at all; pistol safe in the drawer. Norris snoring in the text bod. All a dream,"
"A dream!" cried the little old man. "You

ought be ashamed of yourself, sir."

And the train was off for Squbblededink.

"Never touched Jacquin," said the story-teller, over his shoulder. "He married Tilly. combed his hair for him. Good-bye, gentle-And he was ofL

SOCIAL BRAVOES.

Nothing would be more delightful than what is

called the battle of life if the lighting one had to do was all open and above board. If a man could always see his foe, and exchange lusty blows in broad daylight, and in the presence of admiring on-lockers, he might go joyfully into a battle, and get an appellte for lunch from a skirmish. Contention would be something like skirmish. Contention would be something like the ancient tournament, in which the kuight who bore himself galantly always came off with honour. But, unfortunately, the world is very untike the fists, where knights were wont to tilt with blunted lances, in the presence of fair dames, and with veteran warriors as umpires to see fair play. The rules of the game of social warfare are sufficiently familiar to most honourable men, but society has no power to expet any of its members who fall to observe them. There are social bravoes among us who stab in the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back, who dig pitfalls for their victim that the back of necessity fall into, who lay artful plots for the ruln of innocent men, and spring a mine, or fire a train, when the moment comes for removing obstacles from their own sliny and sinuous paths. There are, we say, men in the world who do this; who play over again the world who do this; who play over again the descerated, pray by our holy "Faith" of all people in the world, be the most determined and sinuous paths. the world who do this; who play over again the fabled wiles and tricks of the Jesuits, and who often succeed in blusting the character, or in taining the fair fame of a for whom they would not dure to encounter in open and manly light. Most of us know how easy it is to insinuate cyll things against a good man. First, there is the whisper that all is not well, that so-and-so is not attending to his business, or his duties, with sufficient assiduity. He is represented as too busy; and has too many irons in the fire, or he is riding a hobby-horse at the expense of his is riding a hobby-horse at the expense of his employers, or pocketing salary for work which By-and-by, the whispering brave grows bolder, and declares that so and so is really "going to the bad;" he is on the verge of bankruptcy, that he knows, and he would advise you to trust him with no more goods. Perhaps the victim holds a position of trust and emolu-ment which the bravo would like for himself. He, possibly, has long had his eye on that pretty post, and he thinks how admirably he inight ske out a limited income with the gains to be derived from it. But the person who stands in his way to preferment is known to be a gentleman of the highest integrity, against whom no breath of suspicion has ever been directed. The brave, of course, knows this, and he is well aware that his victim is not to be ousted by fair and open war. To run full tilt against a man who carries his honest heart upon his sleeve would be but to court certain defeat; the brave feels this, but he knows very well that victories are not always won by sword and shield, and that the best strategist is usually the best general. He goes to work in his own way. The man he lates and would ruin is too good to be faultiess—our readers can understand the para-dox—he is full of schemes which have for their object the bonesit of those with whom he ciates; perhaps he does a great quantity of work gratuitously, and probably through his public spirit and talent great advantages have been conferred upon his fellow workers. He is the sort of man to labour with enthusiasm in any cause which he takes up. You do not see his name in the reports of public medings, nor is he the sort of man to proclaim his virtues and talents from the house-top. While he is giving his best energies to ald an important movement, by in its cause, and he atterly disregards the poor time cause, and he atterly disregards the poor time which feets the vanity of foots. But a man is sure to by himself open to the

criticism of envious people, whose blood would curdle at the idea of doing a good action, and the social brave has but to bide his time, and he will be sure to find some small openings in his victim's armour, through which the stiletto may reach a vital part. He discovers that the man who holds the position of trust and emolument works early and late at employment which does not pay him a groat; he toils, as we have hinted, for the good of others, and spends many n weary hour upon the task which has been as sumed con amore. But this self-sacrifice, the brave argues, may possibly lead him to neglect other and more important duties, for which he receives pay. Doing good is at best a game of hazard, and the man who ventures upon anything so utopian may, perhaps, trip in the small affairs and little details of official work, or he may not satisfy the braye that his own two-penny-halfpenny interests have been fully and carefully guarded. He discovers a few faults which generous minds would only discover to pardon, and he believes the time has come for particol, and he believes the time has come for an attempt to expel the man, to whom he has sworn friendship, from the position he so worth-ily fills. He, the brave, is certain he could perform the duties more accurately, and why should he not get another hundred or two a year if he can? He has no irons in the fire that demand a share of his attention and he has demand a share of his attention, and he has never in his life turned aside from his business demand a share of his attention, and he has never in his life turned aside from his business to interest himself in movements which did not pay. If he can but get others to think with him, his task will be easy. A little agitation, a few well-directed shafts of suspicion, a stab or two in the back with the stilette, and down goes the spoilt child of fortane, and ap goes the brave in his place. He does his dirty business stealthily, and with the true air and manner of a brave; he makes honest men his cats-paws, and with whispered doubts, such as, "Well, well, we know—or, we could, and if we would—or, if we list to speak," instituates his barbedar-prows of suspicion into minds that never doubted before. The plot thickens, and then comes the illust stab, and the open charge of neglected auties; but even this bold move is made secretly; the accuser, like they Slime, still lurking round the corner. Some honest dupe, who has nothing to four, directs the weapon which the brave places in his hand. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, carries the news of these evil doings far and wide, and the story, losing nothing by its passage from month to mouth, becomes the common property of the world.

> For the " Hearthstone." OUR PLACES OF WORSHIP.

becomes the common property of the world.

Who can say religion is a dead letter in the and when every once in a while our attention is directed to the opening of some edifice consecrated to the worship of God. The beauty, majesty, and costliness displayed in the crection of many, and the willingness of its members to subscribe, must act beneficially upon the mind if the precious soul is encased in a heavy torpl-dity difficult for restoration. Let a congregation be ever so careless there must be some earnest thinking workers to discharge the church's duty, example has so much better effect than

wordly precept.
Sill it appears to me—the fault may be in myself—I lay a charge at no one's door—that the strict sanctity of the House of God is not so in violate now, as formerly; lax conduct, unseemly whispers often now oftend the ear. Well can I remember in my childhood, the awe and reverence experienced upon entering the Holy Temple, the sacredness of the place entered deeply into my soul as though it were vertiably "Holy ground". As to daring to smile or whisper across the pews (not sents then) such a breach of christian behavior would have appeared most unseemly — even previous to the opening of service.

Our neighbours across the border certainty can Our neighbours across the border certainly can compete with many older mations in this ques-tion of churches, but I helieve they stand al-most isolated in their freedom of deportment therein. No traveller entering a place of wor-ship in any of their larger cities can help but re-ports the present the matile state of the post of their larger cities can help but remark the case and homelike postures assumed

mark the case and nomenac postures assumed by the male portion.

No doubt this lack of sanctity in feeling has to some extent been engendered by the uses which "modern ideas" hellevs consistent,—in turning the ordained House of God into a place for secular enjoyment. How often do we read the notice that Mr. So and So, a really good man purposes to deliver a lecture in "such and such" Church—upon a topic foreign from the saving of

souls—and admission 50 cents.

There again I revolt—charging for entrance into God's House, the threshold of Heaven, to the that the entrance may be free. Well am I mined and merciless termenter of the aware that the financial condition of these edi-horns who come from the country up ices demand the holding of lectures, concerts, or bazars but surely a sultable building could be hired for such occasions. As long as man allows his love of the world to overcome the love he owes his Makor such works will be necessary. he owes his Maker such works will be necessary. But keep the Holy sanctuaries intact, reserve them selely for the services of the most High. Cultivate within our own breasts pure and holy thoughts especially when within the sacred preciats; and our children will soon learn to excess the second s perionce that reverential awe respecting sacred things as will tone their hearts to all parity.

Christ laulty and christian civilization demand a free church system, stripped entirely of that pride which gives to the one of station upper— seat furnished with cushion and hassock, and to the poor man some out of the way sitting with bure boards a "past-by" of his richer neighhour's. We often wonder why so few of the poorer class attend Sabbath worship. The anwer is here...In God's House more than an other place, are they made to feel and realize the deep degradation of their wordly sphere. Shocking, in this christian nineteenth century but only too true.

NOTHING REMAINS AT REST.

It is a fallacy to suppose there is any such thing as rest to matter. There is not a particle in the universe which is not on the move, nor a drop of fluid on the globe that is perfectly quies ent, nor a fibre in the vegetable kingdom in a state of mactivity. In unimal bodies, from monads to the complicated organism of man every part and parcel, even in the solids, are incessantly moving among themselves, and their component elements never cease to act in accord ance with that universal law till death stops the machinery. Even then a new series of movements commence at that culminating point Chemical dissolution of organic structures is but a liberation of molecules, the aggregation of which was necessary for a corporal beginning and subsequent growth; and they then disperse

ed for a limited period of what is called life with organized matter. How that union commenced is as much of a Divine mystery as their separa-tion. They are distinct in nature and character, although one can not manifest itself without the brain and nerves of the other.

Astronomy reveals the astounding intelligence that there are no fixed or stationary bodies in the unsurveyed regions of celestial space. the fixed stars, as they were once considered, permanent landmarks in the heavens, are coursing with undefined rapidity in the train of countless globes of shining glory, on a circuit too dis-tant to be followed even by human imagination in the boundless realms only known to that God

Everything, therefore, is moving. When motion ceases there will be a wreek of worlds, and a crush of an entire universe. Life is motion; incrtin, to our finite minds, is death. Nature. however, neither modifies nor repeals a law, and consequently those now in force will operate with unerring certainty through the endless elycles of eternity.

who controls the mighty whole.

GREENHORNS.

The country lad, before he is sent up "to town" to commence his career there, is warned of the dangers which will beset him upon every hand. The parson exhorts bim, in touching platitudes—which are none the less touching platitude.—which are none the less impressing because they are platitudes—to keep in the straight path, to go to church twice every Sunday, to be regular in the attendance at Sunday school and libble class, and to avoid the society of ungodly men and women. Fathers and mothers entreat him to keep steady, to work hard, and, above all, to write home very often to tell them how he is getting on; and assure him, if he does this, he will not fail to rise in the world. In addition to all this, list determination to keep in the straight path is strongthened by a number of disinterested people, who forward him a small library, illustrating and setting forth the miser, ble tuture which is in store for those who are guilty of even the most trifling peccalillors—books which which is in store for those who are guilty of even the most trifling peccadilloes—books which imply that if an unhappy youth, in one single instance, gives way to temptation, his descent down the declivity of ruin and misery is rapid, and his ultimate destruction certain. Fortified by all those coursels, the wanderer starts forth feeling fully convinced that, come what may, he will resist every temptation that the Evil One places in his path. And in this spirit he commences his enteer in the place of his adoption. But he does not confinue very long in the same mind, and, as time goes on the good counsel of the parson, the tender edvice of his comise of the parson, the funder bridge of the father and mother, and the admonitions of the stirring books, all allke Ignored. The people, into whose company he is thrown, soon induce him to take different views of things. They hugh at him for his awkwardness and his pe-culiar opinions, as they dubthem. They inform him that he must put an end to all that sort of faing now he has taken up his residuors. him that he must put an end to all that sort of shing now he has taken up his residence in civilised parts. He cannot stand their ridicule, and so he, ultimately, quietly places himself under their guidance. Then they commence his education. They introduce him to muste-halls and cashnos, to bar-parlours and billiard saloons, and he quietly submits to do just what he is told he ought to. In order to stand well in their eyes, he even goes a few steps further than they do and budges in evenses. in their eyes, he even goes a few steps further than they do, and indulges in excesses from which they shrink back as from something dangerous. Of course, they appland and call him a jolly good fellow, but, for all that, they do not cease to patronise. He is the vietlin of numerous practical jokes, and the object of constant vidicule. His inexperience constantly displays itself, and induces him to do things which bring down upon him the laughter of his companions. These acts are not, in the mulosity of instances, foolish in themselves, but are so regarded from the stand-point of those who think themselves so much eleverer than he is. For instance, he often evidences a faith in human nature which is, positively, startling. He does not relish the witty salties of his friends when they are directed against himself, and so imitates his companions in every particular. Very soon he trains himself to drink as much, swear as much, bet as much, and talk as much, swear as much, bet as much, and talk as much as they can. He plunges headlong, very often, into a life of thoughtless, and coarse dissipation, and, at last comes out of the ordeal a full-fledged cute, and dollitated man of the world. He is, as a rule, only too well supplied with money by his friends at home, who shrink back from the idea that their boy should not be in a position to hold his own with his town associates. Then his freedom is unlimited, for there is no check whitever more him. Resides this he is check whatever upon him. Besides this, he is entirely thrown upon his own resources for amusement. So there is some excuse, perhaps, for his developing into the disagreeable being

thorns who come from the country up to town, But, so it is. He is the most contemptiously sareastic at the various exhibitions of innocence and awkwardness displayed by rustle youths. To hear him talk, one would imagine that he had never been in the country, but that he had been born and bred in a realm of casinos and billiard saloons. He does not pretend to know anything about a country life, except that it is intolerably slow—so slow, indeed, that it is matter of surprise to him how anybody can manage to endure it. He has no patience with the unfortunate youngster who betrays any symptoms of home sickness, or an inclination to adhere to the old habits which have become almost second mature. If the youngster desires to be held in good estimation, he must, however great the wrench may be, diseard those old habits and contract new ones, against which his better nature revolts. The force of example is strong, and he does this. He proceeds to extend his knowledge, cheered on and encour-aged by those who, once in their lives, stood in position similar to that which he occupies. It must be noted that this extension knowledge is simply the knowledge of knowledge is simply the knowledge of the manners, and customs, and mysteries of a disreputable and dangerous portion of the community. It is not knowledge in the ordinary meaning of the word. "Tis no credit to know anything of theology, metaphysics political economy, or, even, the history of one's own country; for to be well up in those mus-ters, and to let it be known that such is the case, is to acknowledge one's self a namby-pamby bookworm. There are a great many who do profess this, but they are regarded with dislike and affected contempt by the class under

A good many of these fully-developed greenhorns get into trouble; and, perhaps, the primary cause of this is that they fancy they know a great deal more than they really do. They hack, too, in many cases, that greatest of all safeguards, discretion. What other people do, they can—if one man can afford to throw away a sovereign, so, too, can they, though they have to borrow the sovereign before spending it. And this very weakness makes them suscept the to plunder to an atmost unlimited extant. Besides, when they get into water beyond their depth, there is no one by to lend them a hand depth, there is no one by to lend them a hand if not removed by its means.

It is a Fact—That the Shoshones Remedy and Phills exercise most wonderful powers in premoting appetite, improving digestion, regulating the bowels, and debility. The weak-est will take no harm from the use of this great indian Alterative and Tonio Medicine, but will gradient heir health. The strongest will preserve thouseles strength and fearlessness of results often betray them. Long suffering invalids may have the rection hope of having their maladies miligated, if not removed by its means.

3-18-d

mose and more sense than to venture out beyond their depth. For they form but few real friends. Those whose company they cultivate are simply friends so long as they have got money in their packet, and the inclination and health to drizk and include in every converbable kind of debauchery. They frequently become too recikless and blue for ordinary people to take them in hand. Besides, they go not into that society where they would be most likely to be thrown into contact with the sense of the most would not recitle. to draw them out. There they must dounder fivnte are simply friends so long as they have got money in their pocket, and the inclination and health to driak and indulge in every conservable kind of debauchery. They frequently become too recipless and bliese for ordinary people to take them in hand. Besides, they go not likely to be thrown into contact with those who would not restly disinterestedly and generously towards them. A church or chape they ravely enter, nor do they paironise literary dub or young ment's societies. Thus, they are exposed to the most contaminating influences, and, in themselves,—Liberal Revige.

SELECTE PAINT.—A curious deposit of almost pure slice was recentlous. State of the hills in North Wales. The deposit lies in a basin of obeaine origin, at a considerable level above the sea, and to meant and one mile in width. Amounts it is used that it would be especially suited for production efforts and in the unanticture of periodic graphs of the small percentage of evidence to the most contaminating influences, and, in the production of paint. For mis production of many the production of paint, for mis production of many the production of paint in the production of paint percentage in the production of paint in the production of paint percentage in the production of paint in the production o

to the most contaminating influences, and, in the most contaminating themselves,—Influence Revise.

THE LAST FURDIE.

If ever a crazy freak of fashion was rightly named, that of the "body Varden" is. This creation of bickens was a crazy woman and that all sorts of queer thines; but if body Varden and the sorts of queer thines; but if body Varden and the sorts of queer thines; but if body Varden and the property of which is placed a copacy of a plating with all sorts of queer thines; but if body Varden and drop down on Broadway, and see thirty-five thousand listing Almerican women adopting her raily, just as Dickens said she used to went tigh, and the solid valle of the property of the propert asmood emitz bedroom fundantie. The reduct call it the "Watteau," which belongs to the same period, and is precisely similar, except that the Watteau has generally been worn as a "fancy" dress and made in rich material, while the "Dolly Varden" (who was the pret-ty daughter of a blacksmith) came up from the ranks was first introduced in flowered cotton chintz for morning wear, and has only recently been promoted to slik and bocade. The prin-cipal thing to be regretted in this revival, among men and women of sense and physiological education, is that the "Dolly Warden" polo-naise and overskirt, in the language of Jennie naise and overstiff, in the language of relinie June, "seems to have given the one for the restoration of humps and paniers. Skirts are more housiant than ever, and the landdness of the lower part of the skirts, house not now being worn by ladies with any prefentions to fashion, renders the excessive tournare all the more conspicuous and absurd. The "girl of the mortal" style which has been the freezheattle. period" style, which has been the inexhaustible theme of the comic papers for years past, has returned upon us in full force, with picked erowned bays, on the top of the chignon, to

STICK TO THE BROOMSTICK.

Did you ever see a woman throw a stone at hen 7 It is one of the most ludicrous scenes in every day life. We recently observed the process—indeed, we paid more attention than the hen did for she did not mind it at all, and hild an egg the next day as if nothing had hap-pened. In fact the hen will not know for the first time that she served in the capacity of a target. The predatory fewt had invaded the precincts of the flower bed, and was industrious ly pecking and scratching for the natritious seed or the early worm, blissfully unconscious of im-pending danger. The lady now appears on the seene with a breem

This she drops and picks up a rocky fragment This she deeps and pieces up a rowsy magnetic of the Silurian age, and then makes her first mistake—they all do it—of selzing the projectile with the wrong hand. Then with malice aforethought, she makes the farther blunder of mistakes has area permandicularly instead of awinging her arms perpendicularly instead of horizontally—thereupon the stone dies in the air, describing an elliptical curve, and strikes the surface of the earth as far from the hen as the thrower stood at the time, in a course due west from the same, the hen then bearing by the compass north northeast by half east. At the second attempt the stone marrowly missed the head of the thrower horself whe acquired. the head of the thrower herself, who, seeing that any further attempt at the kind would be sui-cidal, did what she might have done first, started after the ben with an old and familiar weapstick .- Providence Herald.

DEFINITION OF DARLING.

Brick Pomeroy, as rough a case as ever sat in in editorial sanctum, was requested to give the efinition of the word "darling," and replied as

"If my definition will please any one, "I my definition will please they one, or set-tle a point in dispute, it is given cheerfully. A darling as we should speak the word, would mean a very dear, good, heart-loved girl or wo-man, who held the innermost place in our heart, She would be a woman loved above all else in the world: a woman who we should defend be fore all mankind; a woman whose lips were those of truth and sacredness; whose happines a man could live for; a woman a man could be proud of; a woman you could put your arm in gentleness around, draw to your heart, press a kiss to her forhead, and one on her lips, and as her head rested half on your shoulder, look deep into her eyes and whisper "durling!" She would be a woman in whom we had all the confidence in the world; one a man would be proud to make happy, and whose pride would be in her hus band's success, happiness, reputation, her own good name, her person, her friendship, her house, and the purity of her heart. "Darling" means everything, words unspeken, caresses ripening for love to feed on, volumes unswritten, kind action waiting opportunity, hopes unex-pressed, faith untold for want of suitable words; it is the flower that beautifies the tree that bears the most delicious fruit of the season. The word is a volume. It means more than we can express; the clasping of the hands, of love in heart -worship of the bud of pure and good; the word rainbow which spans, the sky of hope and life, the bursting of the bud of the ul flower which shed a perfume over the heads of those we love."

SCIENTIFIC TIEMS.

FARM ITEMS.

Ordinary and Nurserry. Planting.—If trees were properly heefed in last fall, they may inversescend weeks later than they could, it taken from the nursery rows. The planting should be forwarded as last us possible, so that the present season's growth may ripon properly.

finition. If done after the trees have started to grow, will require considerable care, as the bark stips so easily, that there is danger of injuring the trees by peeling.

Cultivating.—An orehard needs to be kept plowed and thoroughly sultivated, in order to produce tho best results, and during the liret few years after planning some crop may be raised between the rows; potatoes or carrots are good crops for a young or-chard.

chard.

Mulching.—Tel much can not be said about properly mulching young trees, especially the first season after they are set; it saves a great deal of work in destroying weeks, and during a dry season will often prevent trees dying.

Narvery Trees.—Those budded or crafted by temmer, will be deposed to throw out suckers troot the stock. These should be rubbed off, and not be allowed to get large enough to require cutting.

Needs,—Plant all send as soon as possible, and keep the bads free from weeds. Young seedings should be shaded as soon as up, taking core to use some kind of shelter that will allow a free circulation of air around the plants; a screen of laths is much used by narverymen.

are around the plants; a screen of laths is much used by nurserymen.

Insents.—War anust still be keed against all injurious insects, plans for destroying which have been given hereofore.

Laye-Stock.—The animals on the farm need extra care and attention this month, and yet, owing to the pressure of other work, they are very and to be neglected. Recollect that a farmer's success depends very much on the independent with which he manages his live-stock. Almost any farmer can raise corn and potatoes, but not one farmer in ten has the qualities necessary to manage horses, cows, sheep and pipe to the best advantage. It requires sood pulgment, a kind disposition, prompiness, systematic regularity, a keen eye to detect the first symptoms of lameness, indigestion, want of appatite, singuishness, want of vigor, etc. When one animal is taken sick, it should be taken for granted that, as a general raile, there is some debet, or neglect in the food or management, not only of this one, but of all the others. At any rate, the matter should be investigated.

Houses.—When horses have been fed grain at

Houses.-When horses have been fed grain att tioness.—When horses have been led grain all winder, and have not worked regularly, it not unfrequently happens that they have little appetite as warm weather approaches, and when put to hard work on the farm lose lieth rapidly. They need a change of food, If it is possible, give them a few eartes, or, in the absence of these, a bran-mast, sufficient to relax the bowels. If outs have been fed in the cient to relax the bowels. If outs have been fed in the winter, give a little corn in the ear by way of change, varied with "cut feed," consisting of chaffed hay and corn-meat or line bran, or, better still, outmeat. As a rule, nothing is suggest as outs—and this year outs are nearly as cheap as corn. Barley is also cheap, and by way of change there is nothing better for farm horses than boiled barlen. Built it until it bursts open, and add a little salt and mix it with chaffed hay. There is nothing that will fatten a horse so soon as boiled barley.

Is Polynesia, Tahlti, the young ladies have what may be mildly designated as rather posund manners:

"The most bushful and say never will pass you without a greeting, a glance of the eyes; or clse perhaps she will come up coquettishly, and ask you for the loan of a cigar, take a few pulls at it, and hand then, with a parting compliment, which you most likely don't understand, let you go your way in peace—or not. The proper way to walk in Tahiti is as follows:—You put your arm around her neek, and she hers around your waist, and langs on your breast in a limpy, affectionate manner. It as a much seton les replets as walking arm-in-arm, as a much prettier to gook at. So writes a correspondent whose veracity is of the usual newspaper standard, excellent.

There is a curious squabble between the Prussian Governor and the French citizens of Strusbourgh. The Governor insists that all dramatic representations shall be given in Gorman, and the people declare that the theater shall not be so descorated. Two or three weeks since, the Governor yielded chough to allow a French company to play one night in a week, while their Prussian rivals held the boards for the other six. The result is that, for one night in seven, the theatre is crowded and packed. It is regarded disgraceful not to go. On the others it is disgraceful to go, so that the Governor and the garrison are almost the only altendants, and the Germans tired of playing to a begarily array of empty benches, bid fair to be driven from the stage and the city.

Mr. Kinebom Chipporn recently said in a lecture before the Royal Institute that "It is quite possible for conventional rules of action and conventional inhibits of thought to get such power that progress is impossible,"—a truism for every walk, work or profession, and a proper heading for an advertisement for Follows' Hypophesphites. This Proparation has been before the public several years, has been tried, tested and approved by the leading men in the faculty of medicine, and yet there are fossils in the profession who perist in prescribing the old palliative remedies of their grandsires, in such diseases as Consumption. Bronchitis, and others indicative of prostration of the vital powers, and pronounce them incurable. Progress in medical science is indeed impossible where conventional habit of thought has such strongholds.

KIDNEY TROUBLES of long standing, relieved by use, internally, of Johnson's Anadyne Liminent.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Night-Watchman's Adventure.

BY CLARENCE F. BUILLER.

As a general rule, night-watchmen are the most sombre and uncommunicative of mon. What light there is in them is not of the sunshine, but of the aurora borealis. But we do snine, but of the aurora borealis. But we do not say this by way of disparagement, for they are just what they have to be in the natural order of things. To illustrate by a parallel case: the owl is not the gravest of birds simply because he belongs to the genus Striz, but for the further reason that he has a bud habit of turning night into day.

But when a night watchman has anything which he considers worth telling you may take

which he considers worth telling, you may take it for granted that it is something out of the

Martin Dipper was was one of the most efficlent night-watchmen I ever knew, for you could no more eatch him asleep than you could

could no more eatch him asleep than you could the proverbial weasel. Every hair on his head seemed charged with electricity, and constantly on the alert; and it was very evident that stroking his hair would produce the same sound as rubbing a cat's fur in the wrong direction.

The building under his nightly charge was a large silk warehouse on the outskirts of the city, and within a stone's throw of a large field, on which, at the period embraced in my story, a circus company had pitched its tent. As such exhibitions had often brought bad characters into the neighborhood, Martin was even more vigilant than usual, and, fearing that he might vigliant than usual, and, fearing that he might fall asleep, he took along a small buildog to act

The night which Martin had such terrible cause to remember was a very gusty one in the initer part of the natural, and the old free in front of the warehouse was showering down its crimson foliage as if the red snow that is sometimes seen in the Polar regions was falling in huge flakes.

He was a strict temperance man, and as

every night-watchman requires some stimulant, he was in the habit of taking a pint of coffee with him and warming it during the night. Between twelve and one o'clock he went up

stairs for that purpose, as the only fire-place in the building was in a small room on the second floor. After splitting up some old boxes, he made a binzing fire on the hearth, which lighted up the little room so resplendently that his lanup the little room so resplendently that his lantern became a mere superfluity. The warmth was so grateful to his rheumatic limbs that he kept putting on fuel long after he had drank his allowance of hot coffee. It was his custom to inspect the doors and windows on the groundfloor of the building at regular intervals; so at two o'clock he went down-states for that purose, leaving the dog in a comfortable doze by the fire. He had completed his round of inspection, and was on his way upstairs again, when he heard a tremendous crash of glass, followed by a howl from the dog, a scuiling sound, and all was still again. Marth cocked his Colv's re-volver and rushed into the room, only to find the window-sush scattered to fragments and the

dog gone.

How was that state of things to be accounted for? The dog couldn't have jumped through the window, because the scuffling sound succeeded the crush, and furthermore, all the glass broken from the window was stawn upon the flower the room, showing conclusively that the floor of the room, showing conclusively that the window must have been broken from the out-

Martin was nonplussed for once; and the Martin was nonplussed for once; and the more he revolved the matter in his mind, the more it seemed that some supernatural agency had been at work. A glauce from the window satisfied him that no human being could reach it except by means of a ladder; for although the tree we have montioned stood directly in front of it, the intervening distance was too great for any one to use the tree as a means of necess to the window.

Martin then concluded to examine the ground immediately under the window for traces left by

Immediately under the window for truces left by the feet of a ladder, or by anything else; for he had once hunted unink and rucesons for a living, and his practised eye could even trace a musk-rat. He was aware of the risk attached to such a course, but that could not deter him from seek-ing a clue to the disappearance of his favorite dog. He was on the point of going out, when it occurred to him that his duty to his employer, which was a paramount consideration in his mind, forbude that he should take so rash a gross negligence in leaving the broken window for an instant. So he hurried back to the room from which the dog had disappeared, and prepared to watch there until morning. The fate pared to watch there until morning. The fate of the dog had warded him of the danger of having a light in the room, and thus making himse if a conspicuous target to any one or anything outside; so he extinguished the fire, covered up his lantern in one corner of the apartment, and sat in the dark with his finger on the triowar of his pistol, awaiting further developtrigger of his pistol, awaiting further develop-ments. At this juncture there was a lull in the gale, which had raged with maniacal fury for gale, which had raged with intimated tary for several hours, and Martin's acute car heard an indistinct sound below that was evidently caused by some one creeping on his hands and knees, for Martin had often heard hunters crawling in

that manner to surprise their game.

A momentary silence ensued, and then he heard the tree violently agitated, as if some giant were ascending it; for there was no wind blowing at the time. A moment afterward, what appeared to Martin to be the leg of a burglar was thrust through the window, and he fired one harrel of his revolver at it, but was unable to fire a second, as the exploded percus-sion-cap had get wedged in behind the chamber of the pistol so as to prevent it from revolving.

But Martin meant business; so he threw the revolver at the mysterious object, and then salled in with his bowie-knife. But it soon dropped from his paralyzed hand as he was jerked through the window, and found himself in the coils of a bon-constrictor!

There was a menagerle attached to the circus. and the tent containing the former had blown down, the pole of it falling upon the serpent's cage, and so bending the iron rods as to let out

Some hours afterward the circus employees were engaged in repairing damages, when they were horrified to see the bon returning to its cage with the insensible night-watchman in its powerful folds!

powerful folds!

If Martin had offered the least resistance the constrictor would have crushed every bone in his body; but as he fainted immediately, it sup-posed he was dead, and was conveying him back to its cage to perform the process of deglution at its leisure, for it was already surfeited with the dog which it had swallowed. Upon being attacked by the man, the boa at once dropped its prey, and he received medical aid as promptly as possible, but remained unconscious for upwards of twenty-four hours. The morning after that memorable night,

Martin's employer was taking a horeseback ride at an early hour, when he noticed that the front window of the warehouse had been shattered to atoms; so he thoroupon entered the building with his private key, but found no cine to Martin, except the revolver with one harrel discharged lying on the floor, and the bowleknife upon the ground out-side. He forthwith made inquiries about the neighborhood, and was

informed of the singular occurrence at the cir-

"What was the color of the man's hair?" he asked, with a view to identifying him.

"White as the driven snow," was the reply.
"Then," said he, "It must have been a different man, for Martin's hair was black as a coal." "Don't be too sure he isn't the same man," observed a bystander, "for such an adventure as that would turn any man's hair white in five minutes."

The proprietor of the warehouse evidently thought the suggestion entitled to some weight, for he straightway repaired to the bedside of the wretched man, and instantly recognized him as the faithful watchman, in spite of his snow-

white hair.

Martin was ultimately restored to health, and strange to say, the order of nature is reversed in his case, and as he grows older his hair is gradually recovering its pristine blackness, so that by the time he is three score and ten his locks will be as dark as Cimmerian darkness itself.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE weather may be dark and rainy; very well-laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-mor-

A LADY was once asked the reason why she always came so early to church—"llocause," said she, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible in-sects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivat-ing an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alsa, are let on long leases.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idioness, languid as she is, often mas-ters them all; she indeed, influences all our designs and notions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

both passions and virtues.

Never buy anything which with propriety you can avoid buying. People are often reputed to have greater fortunes than they really possess. This is sometimes a fatal circumstance. In attempting to their reputed income, they frequently bring ruin upon themselves. The grand principle of economy is the dismission of vanity.

Guod-natine is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessor and to all that come in contact with him. One may own an exquisite picture, and yet, locked in his house, its beauty is sequestered, and few derive any pleasure from it. One having precious stones may flash a moment's admiration upon spectators; but good-nature brings happiness to scores and hundreds, and the best of it is, that it takes nothing from the possessor.

Whecam enjoy a chat with a man who always takes

piness to scores and hundreds, and the best of it is, that it takes nothing from the possessor.

Who can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of women as foundes, and of a man as an individual; who never begins a thing, but always commonces it; who does not choose, but elects; who does not help, but facilitates; who does not supply, but caters; nor buy, but always purchases; who calls a beggar a mondicant: with whom a servant is always a domestic, where he is not a menist; who does not say anything but states it, and does not ond, but terminates it; who calls a house a residence, in which he does not live, but resides; with whom place is a locality; and things do not happen, but transpire.

Persons in love with each other quarrel about things that they would never think of quarrelling about if they were not in love. And still their love is real. Some lovers quarrel during their conteshipmarry, and continue to quarrel all through their lives. Yet they may be exceedingly fond of cosh caller, and when death separates them, the surviver is heart-broken. How strange this seems! We are consided, however to account; for it. So much is expected from those we love that we are easily disappointed by mny little laing which seems to indicate a lack of full and perfect receipercention. Although quarrels—even frequent quarrels—are not incompatible with true love, they should, nevertheless, be avoided.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A westran travelor came up to a log cabin and asked for a drink, which was supplied by a good looking young woman. As she was the first woman he had seen its several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young hostoss who had never seen a dime before, looked at it a moment with some curiosity, then asked what she should do with it. He replied what she choose, as it was hers. "If that's the case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kies."

FROM " PUNCE."

FROM OUR DOMESTIC PET IDIOT.—What is the dif-forence between a Sofa and its fair occupants?— About the difference between an Ottoman and a knot-olymond.

THE CUCKOO.

THE CUCKOO.

(Dr. Watts—Adapted to an uncertain Spring time.)
"Tis the voice of the Cuckoo
I heard him come, plain;
But he came here too soon,—
Shall I hear him again?

Shor!—Mrs. Maleprop has been studying what she
calls the Ali Baba Counter Case. She thinks the
title samoks a little of the shop, but she hopes the
Government will show that they mean business by

RROW " Ritts."

TAKING HEART.—Under the alarming title of "ladies and heart-disease" a paragraph from the *British Medical Journal* reveals the secret that the fair sex is, as compared with the male sex, almost exempt from the most sorious organic diseases of the heart. Oh, the relishness of man! This is why follows are always trying to negotiate an exchange of hearts with the dear creatures.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.—The fourpenny-bits, it appears, have seen their day, and no more will be issued. We only hope that it will be our good fortune to hold plenty of the "New Threes" well known to the old lady of Threadneedle-street.

Or what does a philosopher in thread-bare gar-ments remind us?—A poor-suit of knowledge. ments remind us?—A poor-suit of knowledge.

How are they opp for Soap?—Unless we are under a grave misapprehension, one of the best nutions of the day may be found—mimbile dicu—in a music-hall programme—a mervellons "Tub-performance." This ought to be a thoroughly clean trick, and should find a host of imitators. Of course their washings could not refuse to licence the hall where such a performance takes place.

FROM "THE HORNET."

GENERAL REV. the Spanish Minister of War, has Rey-signed. Efforts are being made to induce him to withdraw his Rey-signation and Rey-store his services to the country, but he appears to be in no hur-Rey to do so.

What is the sambler's Paradise? Echo responds,—a pair-o'-dico. More than a thousand schocks of carthquake have recently been felt in California within the space of two days. What a shocking place California

FROM "JUDY."

Tur Spendthrift's Prayer-Leave me a-lean, will EXTRAORDINARY Phenomenon-A feat of arms.

Wny is it dangerous to take a sap when travelling?
-Beenuse the train runs over sleepers. A CATASTROPHE.—A party of Americans wont hunting, and, after three days' sport, returned with nought but a cat, as trophy.

Extraordinary Mildress of the Season. — The married man who stopped out into the other night found a flea in his ear when he got home. A CRETAIN celebrated sculptor's talents are said to be so infectious, that even the people who sit to him make fuces.

Ir's very odd that a sovereign should be under a PERSONS who cannot stick to their onths ought to

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

As the summer senson is now rapidly approaching we give this week a number of receipts for retreshing summer drinks:

Take for pounds of lump sugar two ounces of ci-trie acid, one gallon boiling water; when cold add half a drachm of essence of lemen, and half a drachm of spirits of wine; stir it woll, and bottle it. About two tesspoonfuls to a glass of cold water.

two tempoonfuls to a glass of cold water.

LEMONADR AU LAIT.—The juice of seven lemons, which will produce about halfs plat; the same quantity of wine, three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quart of boiling water; mix, and when cold, add a pint of boiling milk; lot it stand twelve hours, then pour through a jelly-bag.

Two tablespoonfuls of Scotch catineal put into a large tumbler, or ginall jug, and filled up with clear, cold water, well stirred up and allowed to sottle only until the large particles of ment fail to the bottom, forms a most retreshing drink in hot weather, and it quenches thirst more than any liquid.

Take one pound finely-powdered loaf-sugar, one

Take one pound finely-powdered lonf-sugar, one ounce of inriario or citric acid, and twenty drots of essence of loneon. Mix immediately, and keep very dry. Two or three spentills of this, stirred briskly in a tumbler of water, will make a verp pleasant glass of lemonade.

or remonate.

Girker Epperviscing Drink.—Take a pint of the juice of bruised cherries, filter until clear, and make into syrup, with a half pound of sugar; then add one cance of tartarie acid, bettle and cork well. To a tumbler three parts full of water add two table-spoonfuls of the syrup, and a scruple of carbonate of soda; stir well, and drink while effervescing.

soda; stir well, and drink while efforveseing.

IMPERIAL.—Another receipt for a refreshing and wholesome beverage, if either heated from the weather or feverish from indisposition; Put into a jug that will contain three pints, half an ounce of cream of tartur, the juice of a lomon, and the rind, pured very thin; pour boiling water over these, and add sugar to taste. When wold, it is fit for use.

GINGER-POP.—Take three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, one onnee of cream of far-tar, the juice and rind of a lomon, one ounce of bruised ginger, put the whole into a pan, and pour over it four quarts of boiling water; let it stand till lukewarm, and then add a tablespoonful of yeast. When it has coused boiling, bottle it off in small scala-water bottles or jars. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

150. SQUARE WORDS.

1. Menns bitter: existing; a volume of water; to keen off: an English county.
2. A bird; exasting; faults; consequence; habitations.
3. A country in Europe: a woman's name: large take in Switzerland; an animal; is found by the sea-shore.

It is the state of the state of

152. CHARADES.

Transpose my first, and add to it my second,
A pretty name you'll have,—my children rocken'd:
An animal low-there, the little, yet were.
Who will it hose vexed, with his teeth your flesh
pierce.
And now for my last, it's between you and me;
Or, it' you like it, the oblique case of we
My whole is required for those employ'd in trade:
I have made this too plain, I'm rather afraid.

I'm a word of six letters—a curious fact:
Whoe'er can find me, will exhibit much tact.
My 6, 4, a number, which, if you transpace.
My 1, 4, and 6 will give you another:
None of those three are at all like each other.
My 1, 8, 4, 5 is one part of a man.
My 2, 4, and 6 is a sort of a inii.
Add my whole now exhibits this little tale.

Laws 64. Persy

153. DIAMOND PUZZLE. A vowel : an edged tool : the unopened bad of a flower : a reptile : a contentions against: the matters of mirchief : a consenant. The centrals, down and across, name a reptile found in Mexico.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 19. 142.—CHARADE.—Shipwreck. 143.—Prizzles.—1. Snow. 2. Vinc. 144.—Cross Puzzle.—Mississippi thus

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market dull. Wheat was quoted 3c to 4c dearer in the West this morning. Liverpool prices are un-changed, as per latest Cable amexed:—

:4HB04) - P		• •	
	May 16th.	Мау 15.	
	1.25 p. m.	1.25 p. m.	
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Business was inactive this forence on 'Change, and sales were confined to broken parcels for immediate wants, at about rates of yesterday. There was no speculation or shipping domand.—operators for the moment holding off. Extras quiet. Fancy was taken at \$7.10, and a lot of good medium Strong Super. at \$5.80. Ordinary Supers. quiet and neglected. Lower grades and bag flour stoady. Recoipts reported by G. T. R., 2,855 brls; by Luchine Canal, 2,137 brls.

roported by G. T. R., 2,500 bris; by Luchine Canal, 2,137 bris.

F(.OUR.—Per harrel of 196 lbs.—Superior Extra. \$0.00: Extra. \$7.20 to \$7.30: Faney, \$7.00 to \$7.10; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nonlinal, Ordinary Supers, (Canada Wheat.) \$6.30 to \$0.00: Strong Sakers' Flour \$6.90 to \$7.20; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) \$6.50 to 0.00. Super City brands (from Western Wheat) fresh ground \$6.80 to \$6.80 to

Cargoos.

Prast, & bush of 66 lbs.—Offered at 91c to 921c.

PERSE, 4° bush of 96 lbs.—Offered at 91c to 92je.
according to qualify.
OATS, 4° bush of 32 lbs.—Firm at 34c to 37c.
BARLEN, 4° bush of 48 lbs.—Quotations are 45c to 50c.
according to quality.
BUTTER, per lb.—In limited request for retail purposes at 14c to 18c for new.
CHERSE, 4° lb.—Firm at 14c to 15c for Factory Fine.
PORE, per lb., of 200 lbs.—Market quiet. New
Mess, \$15.00 to \$15.50; Thin Mess, \$14.

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Carvallo		"
Carvallo	418	4 4
Carsluko	192	Bonaventure.
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Dawes		ico D'Armos Sq.
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Dawes	394	
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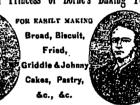
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