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# CHARLES HARVEST HOME

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCES &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLES COPIES, 5 CENTS. No. 41.

## SUMMER DAYS.

A little nook of wilderness  
Between the meadow and the river  
Where two crowhills together came,  
And one will come no more to rove.

The rustic bridge, the narrow road,  
The seat upon the fallen pine,  
The whisper of the summer woods,  
So sweet, but not so sweet as thine.

A little wild flower long ago  
Among the tangled grasses grew,  
So many things are dead since then  
How should not that be withered too?

Here were we and I sit alone,  
Watching until the sun goes down,  
For though 'tis summer-time to-day,  
To-morrow will the woods be brown.

"Year after year," the poet sang,  
Year after year the spirit sighs,  
And summer days will come again,  
And suns will set in summer skies.

But to this bourne of wilderness  
Between the meadow and the river  
Will any come because we came,  
And say,—They come no more forever?

Spectator.

## "IL BACIO."

BY JUSTIN MCARTY.

Mr. Adolphus Ranthorpe was one of the magnets of London literature. He was a romantic and a dramatist. He was in every way an immense success. He was born in the purple of literature. His father had been a wealthy patron of poor poets and story-tellers; the son became a story-teller on his own account. Now Adolphus Ranthorpe would have been a wealthy man though all his novels had followed the fate of Jean Paul's first, and "gone off like wildfire as waste paper." But to him who built shall be given, and Mr. Ranthorpe's novels and plays were a great success. Money rolled in to him as to Dumas. He had the critics and the public too—the critics because they all knew him personally and were attached to him, and perhaps, too, because he kept open house and gave such splendid dinners. At his little festivals, I am told, you have twelve wine-glasses beside each plate. The true Amphitryon, the really great novelist, beyond doubt, is the novelist who sets twelve wine-glasses beside your plate. For myself, I don't care much about Ranthorpe's novels; I don't see anything in them. But I confess to having heard that he disparaged one of my own little works, and I don't dine at his house—in fact, I have not been asked.

The public admire Ranthorpe's novels because he tells a fine story, with a vigorous current of life rushing through it like a healthy breeze, and full of that old romantic emotion about true love and courage surmounting difficulty, and passion stronger than death, and all that sort of thing, which sets the great child-like heart of the big public throbbing, and fills its great soft eyes with tears. To say the truth, although I myself despise the merit of Ranthorpe's works in an intellectual point of view, yet if I take one up I can't put it down until I have got to the end of it; and whenever the hero does something splendid for love of the heroine, or vice versa, I find myself positively wishing I was that hero. But, of course, to compare that sort of thing with the thoughtful and intellectual masterpieces of Slowboy, or the profound psychological studies of Barnacles, or the less appreciated but still more refined and impressive works of—well, it's no use mentioning names! Ranthorpe is anyhow a great success and a rich man, with a country house and a mansion in Berkeley Square, London.

In a study in this mansion sat Ranthorpe one spring day. He was a big man, some fifty-four years ago, dark-haired, with a large beard, and not one faintest shadow of gray in hair or beard. He wore a shabby old velvet coat with big pockets, and he was now waiting for an idea.

His servant told him a young man wished to see him. The young man would not give his name, but declared he must see the great author. The great author grumbled, groaned, turned uneasily in his chair, threw down his pen, and, as usual, consented to be interrupted.

A slender, young man of four or five and twenty, with a pale, eager face, deep, dark eyes, and a small mustache—the brand of the race of artist stamped on every lineament and member from forehead to fingers—entered the room. He was carefully dressed, but there was an ease about him which banished every appearance of shabbiness. He carried a book in his hand, at the sight of which Mr. Ranthorpe shuddered.

"Mr. Ranthorpe," the visitor began, "I am one of your devoted admirers. Your works have made me! They have aroused in me an ambition and a knowledge of what I can do. You have brought me up to London, through your books."

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed, but could not say he felt very glad of this.

"My name," the young man went on, "is Hayward—Philip Hayward. I am alone in the world, and I have come up to London to make a name for myself. Therefore I have presented myself at once to you as my teacher and chief."

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed again, and asked, "Have you any friends in London?"

"None—except you."

Ranthorpe smiled, but was rather touched by this boyish kind of confidence.

"Have you no one to give you a helping hand?"

"No one but God and you."

Ranthorpe was tempted to repeat the old bon mot to the effect that no one could have two pa-



KISSES HIS LIPS, AND EXCLAIMS, "MY DEAREST PHILIP!"

trons who had less influence in London. But he did not, for the thing was becoming rather serious.

"Excuse the bluntness of my question: have you any money?"

"Oh yes, plenty. I never would have come over to you if I had any fear of being taken for a beggar. I have sold every thing I could spare, and I have a hundred and odd pounds left. I live on very little, and I hope to be in the way to make a fortune and fame before all that is spent."

Ranthorpe smiled sadly. Fortune and fame so soon! A fortune to be made in literature by a novice before he had spent one hundred pounds!

"You have already published something?" Ranthorpe said, glancing at the book which his young visitor carried.

"Yes; I have published this—a sort of philosophical story, or prose poem."

"Was it a success?"

"No," said the young man, boldly. "I didn't expect it to be."

"Ah, too good for the dull world! I see. We all begin that way. Did the critics attack it?"

"No; not exactly."

"Was it reviewed at all?"

"Hardly; two or three short notices; faint praise."

"No condemnation, no censure, no sensation at all?"

"None."

Ranthorpe thought this a very desperate case.

"Tell me frankly," he said, "why you think you are likely to succeed in literature. Remember, you have actually been in the field; you have had your chance. I have known fellows whose first attempt lay for years mouldering, from mere want of a publisher; but when the thing came out at last it made a hit. Now your first attempt has been out—how long?"

"More than a year."

"Yes; and I, who am concerned in nothing but literature, never heard of it or you. Excuse me if I speak plainly; it's best and honestest. Come, now; this first attempt is clearly a failure. Why do you think the next is likely to be a success, or the next?"

"Will you look at my book?"

"My good fellow, what's the use of my looking at your book? I can't order a new edition, and make it pay. If you have to live by literature, you must write for the public or the critics, or both. The public and the critics would not save this book, it seems."

"I only came to ask you to look at my book, Mr. Ranthorpe."

"I suppose so. I guessed as much from the first. Well, hand it over. Let's have a look."

Ranthorpe took the little volume. He had a wonderful way of getting the meaning and value of a book into his mind in a moment. He used to say, "I haven't time to read. I fear the heart out of a book, and then put it away."

The young man watched him with a glowing cheek and eager, kindling eyes. The confidence which had carried him on so far seemed to desert him during this awful ordeal. The great author was actually looking at the pages of his first effort. Ranthorpe was thus occupied for about twenty minutes.

Suddenly the door of the study opened, and a pretty, brown-haired girl came in. She was so pretty and graceful, her eyes were so animated and sparkling, her hair was so rich in its curling masses, that our poor Hayward forgot even his first literary venture and its ordeal as he looked at her. He rose from his chair. She was about to draw back, seeing the stranger, when her father without looking at her, made a peculiar motion with his hand. She smiled, blushed, looked a little embarrassed, but remained standing just as she was, and said not a word. She kept the very attitude of attempted retreat, and looked as graceful as Canova's "Dancing Girl."

The young man assumed that he had better keep silence too, and remain standing, and he did so; but, instead of fixing his eyes now on the great author, he glanced every moment furtively at the pretty girl. The moment was delicious, but embarrassing.

"There!" said Ranthorpe, after five minutes more had passed, and he put down the volume. "That will do, Charlie; I release you—I am great in discipline in this room, Mr. Hayward. If my daughter ventures in while I am reading any thing that requires attention I make a sign, and then she knows that she isn't to speak, she isn't to go away—for that would only distract me again—and she isn't to rustle her dress. She is a good girl, and does as she is told. Charlie, this gentleman is Mr. Hayward, a new friend of mine."

"I am afraid you thought me very rude and awkward, Mr. Hayward," said Charlie (otherwise known as Charlotte); "but papa's orders are imperative in this room. Any where else I can generally have my own way, but here he is supreme."

"Well, Charlie, now that you may speak, what is it, love?"

"I only came to ask you about luncheon, dear. Shall you be at home?"

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Hayward will take luncheon with us."

"Charlie" bowed to the visitor, gave him a friendly smile which meant welcome, and escaped. Her smile was wonderfully like that of her father. The young author had not been able to say a word. For the first time in his life he thought himself a fool.

"Well, Mr. Hayward," said the great author, "I think I have read enough of this to form an opinion."

For a moment Charlie ceased to inhabit the mind of our youth. He awaited the sentence in eagerness and awe.

"Yes, I think I can judge. I don't wonder it failed. You affect obscurity, thinking it fine, no doubt—young men always do; a great mistake, for young men have no thoughts that are worth people's groping after. All the thinking parts, the philosophic parts, of the book are poor and thin-stuff, mere rubbish. Every body who isn't a downright idiot has thought all the same kind of thing, but that isn't any reason why it should be put into print. I endorse the verdict of the public as to this book—as a book, observe. It ought to be a failure; but—don't be alarmed—I don't say that you ought to be a failure."

The young man's heart had almost stood still with a shock of grief and pain. A faint gleam of hope now bade it beat again.

"No; there are sparkles of fancy here and there—and of humor too, when you are off your philosophy—which do promise. Try your hand next at a mere story—a story of common life, but with a lyric dash of passion in it. I shouldn't wonder if you were to succeed. I am not too hopeful, for I have seen rather too much of this sort of thing; but at least, I know of no person which forbids you to succeed. Come, I can't say any thing more: and now what do you want me to do for you?"

"Nothing more, Mr. Ranthorpe. You have done enough already. You confirm my faith in myself—you encourage me to live!"

Ranthorpe smiled. Some people are easily encouraged, he thought, especially when they have made up their minds beforehand. "Well, then," he asked, "what are you going to do for yourself?"

"To begin a new work this very evening."

"What is it to be about?"

"I don't know yet. The idea will come, I am sure."

"Well, Charlie, now that you may speak, what is it, love?"

When the first three chapters are done, let me see them. Now let us have luncheon, and then we must both of us set to our work."

That was a wonderful day for young Philip Hayward. To have spoken with the great author would have been something—indeed, a pride and delight; to have been encouraged to go on in literature by him was the rich fulfillment of a wild dream; to sit at his table and be talked to by Ranthorpe as a friend was beyond words; but to sit next to Ranthorpe's daughter was simply ecstasy. Poor Philip Hayward was in a dream for the hour which thus passed away.

Ranthorpe was a charming companion—fresh, boyish, full of humor and good spirits. As for the daughter, young Hayward was madly in love with Charlie before he left the house. She was Ranthorpe's only child, and he was a widower.

The successful author took a great liking to the young man, and invited him to his house again and again. He could have found him ample opportunity of making a little money by writing for the magazines, but Philip Hayward firmly declined doing any thing of the kind. He said he had made up his mind to try one book more, and do his very best, and that nothing should distract him from that purpose. "It is this is a failure, Mr. Ranthorpe," he said, "I'll supplicate you then to get me a chance on the magazines."

"Your withered serving-man makes your fresh taster, eh?" said Ranthorpe. "Your unsuccessful novelist turns out your excellent magazine! Good for the magazines!" But he liked Hayward's spirit and resolve all the same.

Philip took a small room in a suburban house, and worked away there. He spent many of his evenings at Ranthorpe's. The hundred pounds were nearly out, but the book was on the verge of publication, and the hopes and fears of the young author were almost distracting. For they were not now hopes and fears bound up only with his literary success; they were bound up by his very heart-strings. O dulcet of great romances! most blundering student of human nature! Ranthorpe, how could you go on from day to day, regarding the mere external success of your moral consciousness and not see what was certain to happen, what was actually happening under your own bright, brown, blinded eyes? If any where else Ranthorpe had seen a pretty poetic girl and a handsome romantic youth thrown together, he would have at once seen material for love chapters in them. At home he only saw a devoted daughter, who was a little child the other day, and a spoiled, nutty young fellow, who was merely trying to make his way in the world. Let us see how things were getting on.

One evening Philip Hayward came to Ranthorpe's house and found that his great patron was not at home. But Charlie was, and of course Charlie saw him.

"I have written the last line of the last chapter," said Philip.

"Oh, how delighted I am! What a success it will be! But you look depressed and melancholy. Why is that? Tell me. You ought to be full of hope and joy." She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"I am afraid now; I am a coward! I have no confidence; I only think of failure. Charlie, if it should fail!"

"But it shan't fail; it won't fail! And if it did, you must only try again."

"Try again! With what chance? My whole life is staked on this venture. If I lose this, Charlie, I lose you!"

"Oh, for shame! How can you speak so? Philip! to think that I could change to you because of a book! Have I not given you my whole heart? I didn't give it to your book."

"I never doubted you, dearest" (and he took her hand); "I am not such a miserable wretch. But your father. Can I ask him to give his daughter to a pauper and a failure?"

Charlie did look sad and dashed for a moment.

"I can't imagine papa doing anything which would make me unhappy," she said; "and he has money enough, I am sure. But he is a little hard on failures; and then you are proud; but oh, please, don't let us think of dreadful things that never shall or will occur. If I tell papa that I cannot live happily without you—"

"But then I shall be only a pensioned pauper. What woman could respect such a husband?"

"No, but fancy your being a pensioned pauper! As if you could fall to make a way for yourself in life! I know you too well for that."

"But suppose—"

"I won't suppose. I can't suppose anything but your being clever and successful. But if you are not, well, then, do you think I could care the less for you because the world didn't appreciate you? I appreciate you—that's enough for me."

"And enough for me," cried Philip in ecstasy. The arrival of a visitor cut short this conversation, which has only been introduced to give the reader an idea of how things were going. Her many ad, however, that brought Charlie and her lover were a little remorseful. The idea of having all this a profound secret from her father, and that they determined to wait for the success of the forthcoming chef d'œuvre in order that Philip should boldly tell Mr. Ranthorpe how much he loved his daughter.

The book came out. It was in one sense a complete success. It had the approval, nay, the enthusiastic admiration, of the highest critics. It won for its author a name to be respected wherever literature was talked of. It gave him an individual celebrity. It placed him well up among rising authors—that is, in the estimation of the literary class. But the public did not dare much about it. The libraries did not clamor for it. A few copies sufficed all demands. The book paid very little to the author or the publisher. Poor Philip was, in a pecuniary point of view, now exactly where he started. His original hundred pounds were all gone, and his great work gave him another hundred pounds. Our young author was almost crushed with disappointment. Mr. Ranthorpe could not understand this, for in his mind the



THE OLD HOME.

The roof-tree stands as ever it stood, the jasmine stare the wall, The great wisteria's purple blooms o'er dark-gray gables fall.

Mr. Harcross danced well, although of late years he had taken to dance rarely. There had been a day when it was of some importance to him to be among the best waltzers in a ball-room.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

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The spears applauded as the music ended with a sharp volley of chords, more or less together, and this last couple walked slowly away, side by side.

"I had no idea that waltzing was so beautiful," said Jane breathlessly. "I had no idea that you were so beautiful till I saw you under the moonlight."

Mr. Redmayne stooped down to examine the individual who had become an obstacle in his path. It was a man lying face downwards among the fern, with his hat off, and his forehead resting on his folded arms.

"What's up, my lad?" said Richard Redmayne, somewhat alarmed by his attitude. "Is there anything amiss?"

"You don't want swan-shot for snipe," "I'm not particular. Suppose I wanted to wing one of the cygnets, to get a feather for my sweetheart's hat, you'd have no objection, I suppose, though you are so anxious about what don't anyways concern you?"

"I'm sure I shall like them better," replied Miss Bond. "Do stay."

Richard Redmayne looked at the young man doubtfully. There was something queer about his manner; but that might mean very little. He had been drinking most likely, and his predatory instincts had been stimulated by the drink.

Here Mr. Flood deposited his gun in a convenient hiding-place, under a stone bench which had been provided for the repose of the wanderer—a bench on which lovers might sit hand in hand as one sees them in ancient engravings—Lavinia in a scanty petticoat, Eugenius in a tie-wig.

"I must get back to London at once, and start for Norway or some unvisited place, where I shall be in danger of my life, and shall have no time for brooding," he said to himself. "I must make an end of this holiday-making somehow. It is murderous work. I think a week more of this neighbourhood and these memories would be the death of me."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"DO EVIL DE US THUS QUICKLY COME TO END?"

After that interview with Lady Clevedon in the library, Richard Redmayne went in search of Sir Francis, but did not succeed in discovering him among the crowd.

He walked some distance, neither looking nor caring where he went, and only stopped when he stumbled across a prostrate figure lying at his very feet.

A poacher perhaps; yet it was scarcely a night to be selected by any murderer with felonious intentions towards the game. The full moon and the festival together were strong reasons against the wiring of hares or the illegal slaughter of pheasants.

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to be done he had no notion; he only knew that so soon as his opportunity came he would do it.

The harvest moon rose higher, the clear pure night air grew still clearer, and that magical light which has a deeper charm, a more thrilling beauty than any glory of sunshine, spread itself over the enchanted woodland; a landscape which by day would have been comparatively commonplace, like unto many other pictures which adorn the earth, became poetical in its calm beauty.

He had found his man. The long hunt, which had seemed so hopeless even to the professional hunter, had come to an end. He had found his man. It was only a question of an hour or so less or more when he should stand face to face with his daughter's destroyer.

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remained blank, or only peopled by those sublimar stars which are happily fixtures.

He dropped down into the empty road, and crossed over to a meadow path that would take him to the cross cut by which he had come to Clevedon in the morning. He did not hasten his steps with the air of a man who fancies himself hunted by mortal pursuers, nor did he rush onward blindly, as if the furies that walk on such deeds as his were already in pursuit of him.

It was close upon eleven o'clock when he came to Brierwood, leaving himself into the garden by the meadow path. What an awful stillness there was in the old house as he went in, and how the empty doors resounded under his tread! He thought of the night of his first return from Australia, when his heart had beat high with the fond expectation of finding his daughter's arms clasped round his neck, his daughter's fair young head nestling upon his breast.

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(To be continued.)

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1872.

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In an early number next month, we will commence the publication of another story of Montreal life, which will be entitled,

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The story is replete with incident, and contains several local sketches which cannot fail to be interesting. It is from the pen of

MR. J. A. PHILLIPS,

Author of "From Bad to Worse," &c.

and will be handsomely illustrated by our artist.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.

We would remind our contributors that now is the time to write and send us in stories for Christmas and New Year, not a week or two before the time for publication.

ENDORING CRIME.

The telegraph informs us that Mrs. Laura D. Fair has been acquitted by a San Francisco jury, on her second trial, of the charge of murdering A. P. Crittenden.

that he not only did not murder him, but that he did not even commit an assault on him; in England we have lately had two cases of wilful murder condoned by the government, and altogether it looks as if it was a much safer thing to kill a man than to pick his pocket; in one case you get acquitted, in the other you get from three to seven years in the Penitentiary.

Now, what is the reason murderers do not get punished? We think there are two reasons; first: hanging is going out of fashion; men do not like to order a fellow man to be strung up by the neck like a dog, and so, as a man convicted of murder has to be hung, they prefer to let him off scot free.

NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS.

The hearts of all travellers by water, who have the constant dread of sea-sickness before them, will be made glad by the announcement of the intelligence that experiments are now being made in England, which, if successful, will render it possible to construct vessels on which there will be no perceptible motion, except in very heavy weather, and in which it will, therefore, be very difficult to get sea-sick.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE WESTERN LIFE BOAT. Western Life Boat Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa. We have received the first number of this Magazine, which contains fifty-five short biographies of prominent public men in the State of Iowa, and some interesting facts respecting the Western States.

place as "the book of the season;" we have seldom read a novel in which the interest is so well sustained, the style so easy and charming, the characters so naturally and truthfully drawn, and the dialogue so crisp and piquant.

HOPE DEFERRED. By Eliza F. Pollard. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 8vo. Paper, pp. 221, 75 cents.

Rather a well-written novel intended to show the disadvantages of the French system of marriages de convenance. The picture is rather overdrawn, but some of the characters are powerfully and vigorously sketched, and the book will undoubtedly prove interesting, especially to lady readers.

We understand that a new work on Canada, from the pen of one who is thoroughly competent to speak of the Dominion, will shortly be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. Newburgh, N. Y. S. S. Wood & Co. A very good, cheap magazine, edited by Gail Hamilton, who contributes to the October number a clever paper on the "Woman's Rights" question, entitled "Love's Labor Not Lost."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOTRE DAME DES CANADIENS ET LES CANADIENS AUX EPAT UNIS, par Pabbé T. A. Charbonnet. Montreal: George E. Desbarats.

WITHIN THE MAZE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. Cloth, pp. 278, \$1.75.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The New York Sun is responsible for the following account of swearing the "Heathen Chinese."

Padro Cusanova, the name adopted by a Chinaman during a residence in Cuba, was called to the witness stand yesterday in the General Sessions to testify in a case involving the liberty of some negroes.

Judge Hadford, Well, the District Attorney ought to be able to swear his witnesses. But there is no plea here.

It would certainly appear to be rather a hard matter to put a jury; but the reporter of the Bradford Courier has accomplished it—he has been to jail—according to his account, and this is what he says: "We must confess we were quite delighted with the neat and clean appearance of everything shown us."

The Earl of Essex has addressed a letter to some well-meaning persons who desired to present him with a testimonial, which includes a very admirable commentary on a social abuse of the day.

THE EARL OF ESSEX has addressed a letter to some well-meaning persons who desired to present him with a testimonial, which includes a very admirable commentary on a social abuse of the day.

THE INGOLBURN London pickpockets have lately discovered a very neat trick, by which to extract many half-crowns from the pockets of unsuspecting citizens.

THE N. Y. Sun says "An unknown English man, having gray hair and whiskers 5 feet,

inches in height, and stout build, who on Monday last came to this city from Newark, N. J. was found dead in his bed, at 510 Eleventh Avenue."

Nearly every old newspaper writer knows how hard a matter it is to write a good "puff," and will agree with us that a more unpromising subject for puffing could scarcely be found than an undertaker's shop.

THE EDITOR OF THE HEARTHSTONE takes this opportunity of acknowledging, with thanks, the following lines, received from an anonymous correspondent:

"Yes, thou art dear unto my heart, Oh! search that heart and see, And from my bosom take that part Which proves not true to thee;

It is proposed that a monument shall be erected in the Central Park, New York, in memory of the late Elias Howe, Jun., the inventor of the sewing machine, and that the money should be raised by voluntary offerings of not more than one dollar each, from ladies who have known the benefits of the invention.

"BLEFFING" is the term applied to a favorite Newport recreation. It is very simple, and soon learnt. It requires only two persons, one lady, one gentleman. The art consists in sitting on a bluff on a windy night, when the two—there must never be more than two, in one place that is,—are obliged to sit very close, and hold on to each other to prevent their being blown away.

ONE-FIFTY are curious creatures, if the stories told of them are true. It is said that when caught just before a storm, large stones, sometimes weighing several pounds, are found in their stomachs. It is a popular belief among fishermen that these stones are swallowed for the purpose of anchoring themselves during the expected swell of the sea.

FRANCE need not fear famine this year, her wheat crop promising to be unusually large, reaching, it is estimated, nearly 100,000,000 bushels. This will amply supply her home consumption, and she will, therefore, save the four or five hundred millions of francs which she usually has to send to the Black Sea to purchase grain.

It is regarded as probable that Father Hyacinth's marriage will be followed by that of a large number of French priests, in any of whom are, according to the Paris, going to renounce publicly their vows of celibacy. The average number of priests in France who marry is, it appears, not less than from twenty to thirty a year.

TIRE HOLY of the young lady who threw herself into the water at Niagara Falls, after writing an affecting letter to her lover, has been found in a larger beer saloon in Buffalo, where she dispenses the foaming beverage to thirsty customers. The whole thing was a sham got up to create a sensation.

ONE of the results of the Suez Canal is the advancing of the season for the commencement of the receipt of tea in England. The quantity imported in the month of July has risen from 711,000 lbs. in 1870 to 1,010,000 lbs. this year, and the value has increased from £53,000 to £1,704,000.

A JOURNEYMAN shoemaker of Dan too who is "on strike" has taken a mean revenge by writing to the Dundee Advertiser stating that the woman of that town, of all grades, have the largest feet he ever saw. Many of the women's shoes, he says, are 12½ inches long.

A CLUB of Boston ladies are hard at work endeavoring to obtain the passage of a city ordinance providing that all tobacco chewers shall be muzzled when on the street.

QUACK MEDICINES.

Concerning the origin of these "wonderful cure-alls," a curious story is told. Some thirty years ago, a certain young man, having exhausted his means, and the patience of his friends, by fast living, in London, found himself gradually reduced to absolute poverty, rags and hunger. He had been educated for the bar—brilliantly educated; and gradulated even with distinguished honors, but evil associates soon induced evil habits, and he became, as we have intimated, wretchedly low.

Indeed, the virtues of the mixture were described in such extravagant and laudatory terms, that the apothecary laughed at the idea of anybody believing in them. However, the young stranger soon persuaded him to risk his money by advertising the medicine in the most liberal manner.

dred pounds. With this sum he resolved to try to return to respectable life once more; and he did so. The "Matchless Saviour" still sold for a while, but like all articles which are fictitious and worthless, it soon sank out of sight; still it had illustrated a principle which, if applied to a really genuine panacea, would have established a valuable and laudable business.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—The public debt has been reduced ten millions during the past month. On night of last week, seven masked men entered the residence of Samuel Pope, in New York, and while he and wife were pointed at Pope's head, he and his wife were securely tied.

ENGLAND.—The Times confirms the report of the resignation of the Lord Chancellorship, tendered by Lord Hatherly. A notice from China reports the rice crop this season about 10 per cent.

CANADA.—The contract for the construction of the basins in the Lachine Canal has been awarded to Mr. Lamontville of Montreal. The branch of the Canadian Central to Fenwick village is to be completed by the 15th of next month.

FRANCE.—The flow of emigration from Metz since the occupation of that city by troops has been so heavy that the population of that city is now but one-third of what it was before the war.

SPAIN.—It is reported that the Spanish Government has resolved to submit to the other European powers the question of the justice of its claims against the Government of the United States for damages sustained by filibustering expeditions from American ports for Cuba.

GERMANY.—The time expired to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine to declare whether they desired French citizenship expired on last night.

PORTRUGAL.—The frontiers of Lisbon with a few exceptions, have closed their doors, looking out some danger, whose danger is not yet known.

AUSTRIA.—The health of the Ex-Empress Carlotta, who was so seriously ill a short time ago that her death was hourly expected, is improving.

ITALY.—Negotiations between the Holy See and the Government of Russia are proceeding satisfactorily. The question of the establishment of a Viceroy at St. Petersburg has not yet been decided.

MEXICO.—Advices from Matamoros state that the revolutionary General Guerra reached Padua with his forces. He is said to be accompanied by General Diaz; both these generals acknowledge President Terajido's Government, and will lay down their arms.

JAPAN.—Despatches reports the reception of Japan advices that a crisis has arrived in public affairs and a probable triumph of the old Japanese party over the reformers and the end for the time of the spread of western civilization in the empire.

RUSSIA.—A telegram from Ragnas reports that a fight occurred on last night at Loppan between Turks and Montenegrins, and many killed and wounded on both sides.

HAWAII.—Advices state that the import duties of the Island have been increased 25 per cent; the export duties to 30 per cent.

INDIA.—The damage done the June crop by the cyclone of the 21st ult. in Sorangum is estimated at £50,000.

CUBA.—Five hundred coolies, with \$70,000 of their own savings, have returned to their homes in China.

BELODZ.—Rindorpost has appeared in the country round Mone.









## THE MAIL ROBBER. Story of a Government Detective.

BY A DETROIT REPORTER.

Complaints had been made that valuable letters passing between Smithville and Holden, two New England towns about seventy miles apart, had been robbed on the route, or at one of the two post offices. This was before the days of money orders, and also previous to the days when Smithville and Holden were connected by railroads. But little attention was paid to the complaints at first, as the public are always too ready to find fault, and too slow in appreciating the mail man who strives successfully against temptation; but when the firm of Cash & Co. lost from a letter addressed to them from Smithville, cash to the amount of \$300, then I got orders to take the mail and hang to it until the routes or routes were brought to justice.

Naturally, enough, I first turned my attention to the two postmasters. I found that both belonged to the church; both stood above suspicion in the minds of their friends, and that there was reason to believe that both were honest. But it was my duty to prove them so. This was not a difficult matter. I had first to get the confidence of the stage driver, who was also the mail carrier (the law was lax then) between the two towns. I knew that the driver had nothing to do with the robberies, as he had no keys to the bags, and his bungling fingers could never have unscrewed the letters, revealed them after abstracting their money, and prepared the package again. This was what made the case a mystery. The letters were not stolen, but were manipulated.

With my mind made up that some post-office clerk, or some clerk's friend would prove the guilty party, I went to work. Standing at the window of the Holden post-office, I sealed up a bank bill in a letter, the clerk watching me, though I pretended I did not see him. This was late in the afternoon, and next morning I was out on the road, on a horseback, waiting for the Smithville stage. Pixy, driver and mail carrier, always carried the bags under his feet. I hid my horse behind, mounted up on his seat, and as we rolled along I opened the bag. My letter was there all right, as also two letters containing money, which I had dropped into the revolving box unnoticed by any one. Getting down and mounting my horse, I reached Smithville next day two hours ahead of the stage. Standing by the window, I saw the postmaster and his clerk distribute the mail, and my three letters, as soon as picked up, were placed in the box of a friend to whom I had directed them. He came in presently, called for them, and we went to his office and opened them. The money was gone!

I had seen the letters through both post-offices all right, but yet they had been robbed. I was puzzled over the mystery, and in spite of myself I began to mistrust Pixy. I would lay another trap. I sealed up four one dollar bills in different letters, directed them to four mythical citizens of Smithville, but all to the care of one box, and dropped them into the Holden post-office. I repeated my manoeuvre of overhauling the bags, found the letters all right, and then hurried on to Smithville. The mail was poured out on a table, the letters sorted and boxed, and out any delay, but when I opened my four letters I found that they had been robbed again. I had carefully examined the letters, and I found that each one had been revealed with new mutilage. The thief had in three cases spread the mutilage considerably beyond the point where the original had ended, but altogether had made a neat job. None of the letters were in the least torn or defaced.

The two postmasters were cleared, and now who was the robber? Pixy's face came dancing before me, and I said to myself, "Thou art the man!" Now, to hunt him down and secure the proofs, without informing him of the results of my experiments; I told him that I was going away and would trouble him no more. He talked so frankly, and carried such an honest face under my scrutiny, that I doubted again if he was the guilty man.

I went to the hotel, overhauled my trunk, and the next morning a fat man, having red hair, wearing spectacles, and being of a very chatty turn, got upon the seat with Pixy as a passenger to Holden. My disguise was so complete that he could not suspect it. I intended to stick by the mail bags until I saw them delivered at the Holden post office, and if Pixy was the guilty party I should nail him. I had mailed three letters this time, only one of which contained money, though all weighed the same, and no one but an expert could have told which one contained the money.

I had reason to believe that the letters were in the bag at my feet as I mounted up with Pixy, but in my disguise I of course could make no examination. Riding along, I managed the conversation so as to finally bring him to talk about the mystery. It troubled him greatly.

"It makes me feel mighty uncomfortable," he remarked, his brow clouding. "I have lived in Smithville high on to forty years, and carried the mail for upwards of fifteen, and this is the first time that I ever had the slightest trouble. Something's mighty wrong somewhere, and I'll gin fifty dollars out of my own pocket to have the trouble cleared up."

If Pixy was guilty, he knew how to act the hypocrite better than any criminal I had ever encountered. A day or two would, I hoped, solve the puzzle, and allow me to lay my hand on the right party.

The coach rumbled along until noon, and then drew up to a tavern for dinner and a change of horses. I had my eyes open, to see what became of the mail bags. There were three of them, two for intermediate post offices, and one for Holden, instead of having all the mail in one bag, and the letters and papers hunched up so that the two other post masters would have the handling of the bag.

As this was a post office, one bag was left here. Pixy took the other two on his arm, carried them into the hotel, and I saw them locked up in an old chest in one corner of the bar-room. While waiting for dinner I examined the chest pretty closely, and saw that it was stout and firm, and could not be entered, except one had a key. The landlord had an open, honest face, and when we rose up from the dinner table I mentioned that I must look farther for the robber.

The afternoon passed away without incident, and just before dark we arrived at Liverpool, a small village, which was the half-way station. We were to remain here over night, and would reach Holden next day at dusk. Again I watched Pixy and the bags. The post master called for the one as the stage drove up, and the driver took the Holden bag, passed in behind the bar of the hotel, and locked it up in a little dark room. As near as I could judge, the room had but one door, and was used for no other purpose than to contain the bag. I, however, determined to find out, and after supper, as Pixy and I sat smoking, I mentioned that he took extra care of the mail at this point.

"To all you the truth," he replied, looking upward and lowering his voice, "I am half a mind to believe that all the trouble about the

letters has its start here. The room is the luggage room, but it's not once a year that it is used for anything but the bags; in fact, the landlord lost his key about a month ago, and I now hold the only one which unlocks it. I say him a small rent for use of the room, as I am sworn to take good care of the mulls, and must use all precautions."

"How about the landlord?" I inquired.

"Oh! 'tain't him," replied Pixy; "I have known Tom Bell twenty years, and he isn't the kind of man to turn mail robber. No; it's some one else, but I can't guess who. The bag hangs just where I put it the night before, locked up just the same, and I can't say that any one has touched it."

I made no reply, and after a stroll through the quiet village, retired for the night, and slept "like a log" until aroused by the breakfast bell. We were off in good season, and entered Holden on time, when Pixy delivered the bag into the hands of the post master, resigned the lines to the hostler, and went off home. Knowing now that I had matters at a focus, I walked over to the post office just in time to see my three letters taken from the table and boxed. Securing them, I hastened to the hotel, and in five minutes had made the discovery that none of the letters had been opened and that none had been robbed. This was another puzzle. I was quite certain that none of the post masters knew that I was hunting them, and so it came around to Pixy again. He was the robber, He had become afraid, and had let the bag go

She passed out into the hall, and I heard the stairs creak as she went up. I rose up, lifted the chair away, and crept up stairs after her. A hall ran clear from end to end of the building, and I just got sight of a white figure entering a door at the further end. I passed quickly down and looking up at the transoms, could see a dim light, and could also bear a slight rattling from the mail bag. Picking up a chair I placed it beside the door, mounted up, and then I discovered the mail robber. A woman about thirty years old, in her night clothes, was just unlocking the bag. She opened the padlock without difficulty, put it one side, and then drew the strap and opened the bag.

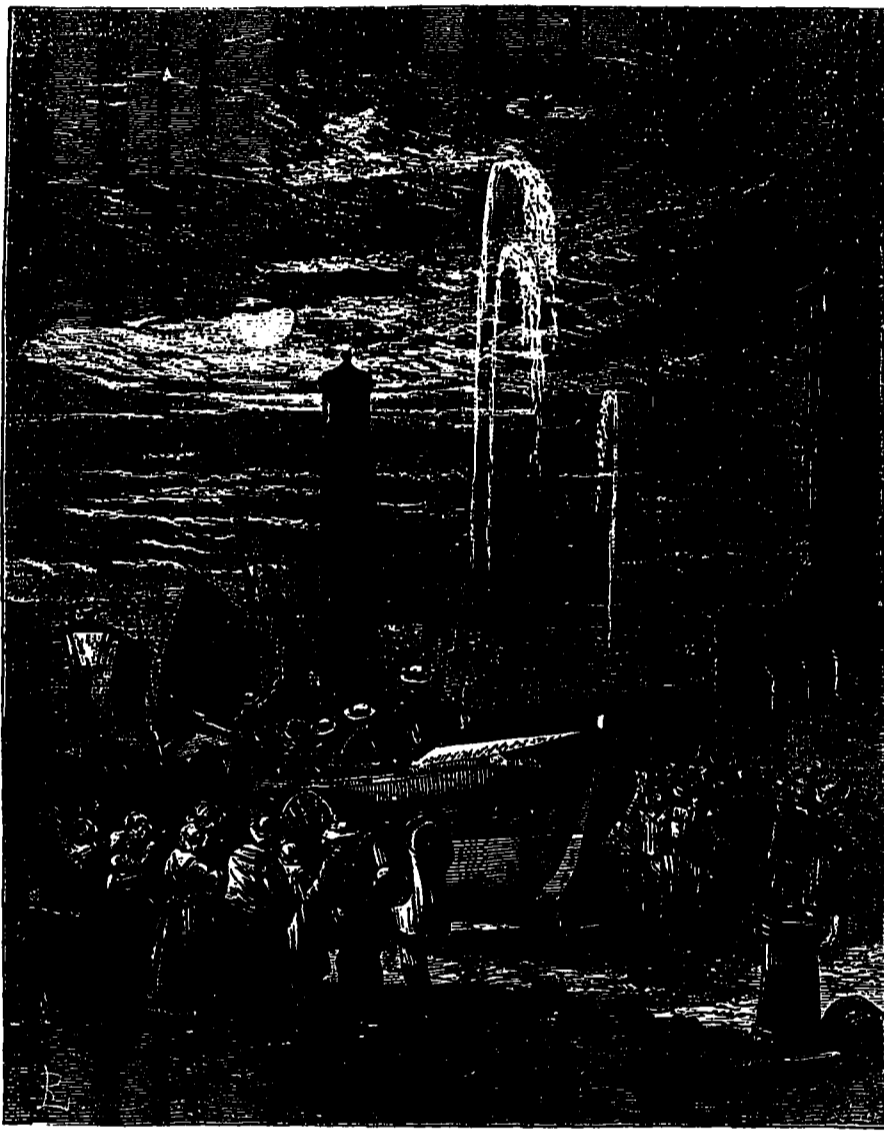
I had a good view of her. She seemed a little excited, but did not hurry. Emptying the letters out on the table—there were about a hundred—she sat down, and picked up one and held it between her and the candle. With a shake of her head, she laid it one side, and took another; this she laid in another place. I think she was a full hour sorting over the letters, as she took up each one, and then she had eight laid to one side. Taking a common round pen-holder from a drawer, she then proceeded to open those letters. Her dexterity was wonderful. Inserting the small end of the holder under the flap of the envelope, she rolled the holder over and over, and the entire flap peeled up without a stop or a break.

My letter was among them. I plainly saw her remove the money, and she also took the money from the other seven. Then she went to

key to the door of the little room, which she had stolen from the landlord. She had robbed the mail of a large sum of money, and been the occasion of much anxiety and annoyance, but no earthly court could call her to justice.

### SOCIATES.

To Socrates the world is indebted for checking the spread of the many absurd theories of creation, and discourses on nature which were fashionable in his day. He showed forcibly how little men who set up for professors really know about these matters, and he laboured with success to turn the attention of his hearers from physics to morals. He brought the powerful test of his cross-questioning Socratic method to bear on the misty, worthy speculations of would-be scientific doctors, and he eliminated conceit of knowledge without the reality as far more disgraceful than ignorance. He scattered the seeds of all that Plato taught of general terms, or, in other words, of those metaphysical abstractions called ideas, according to which visible things were made and concrete actions wrought, having the mutual relation of archetype and antitype. But his main effort was to lead thinking men to give precision to their own thoughts, and to define their conceptions. He insisted on definitions as the preliminaries of science, and the necessary condition of all useful discourse. In the early part of his career he had occupied his mind with physics, and when Aristophanes produced "The Clouds," and made Socrates the hero, he brought him on the stage as treading the air and speculating about the sun, while his disciples ransacked the bowels of the earth. But Socrates, in fact, became disgusted with physics, or rather with the ignorance of its professors, and giving his thoughts mainly to the study of himself, he summed up his philosophy in the well-known words of the inscription at Delphi. His object was not so much to communicate the germs of knowledge already discoverable in them, as to develop in others the germs of knowledge already discoverable in them. He professed to practice a kind of mental midwifery, and to imitate his mother, Phædrotus, who was really a midwife, in an intellectual way. He believed that almost all persons know more than they suppose, but that they have never been led to express accurately their own ideas. His political life, his accusation, trial, sentence, and death are matters belonging to Grecian history, and familiar to all our readers. His admirable discourses on the immortality of the soul are equally well known, and if we are sometimes inclined to regret that he did not use the pen and record with his own hand his own acute and magnificent ideas, we are consoled by the reflection that his influence as a philosopher was wider than that ever attained by any writer, and that when dead he lived and spoke in Plato and Xenophon, in Eschylus and the Megarics, in Aristotle, the Cyrenaic Antisthenes, and Diogenes, all in a greater or less degree his disciples and that to this day he supports from without much of the peculiar teaching of Christianity, and helps to render it respectable in the eyes of intellectual men. But for a line of philosophers such as Socrates and Plato, alive to the supernatural, education would in the course of ages have become wholly materialist, and Christian schools, left alone in their better of spiritual and moral, would have no traditions of natural religion wherewith to build, and to which to appeal. The faith of the church depends in some degrees on the faith of those who are not of the church, for in conducting missions there can be no results in default of all common ground between the preacher and hearers.—The ILLUSTRATION.



THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.—LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BEAT.

through without molestation. I was so certain of his guilt that I almost determined to arrest him, hoping to find some of the marked bills on his person or in his house.

But after a little reflection I gave up the idea, and determined to try him again. I had told him on the evening before that I was to stop in Holden a whole week, and now I meant to give him one more trial. I had brought along another disguise in a bundle, and next morning when the stage drove up to the door, a man with heavy black whiskers, stove-pipe hat, and wearing green goggles, got into the stage. I had dropped into the post office a letter containing a \$2 bill, and if that bill failed to reach Smithville, some one would be arrested for robbing the mails.

I was the only passenger except an old woman and we had a dull day of it. Pixy carried the same face as on the day before, and exercised the same caution in locking up the bag when we reached Liverpool. It was midsummer, and when ten o'clock came, he went to the barn to sleep on the hay with the hostler, while I was shown to a room up stairs. I threw off everything but pants and shirt, and made up my mind not to go to sleep that night. Something told me that I should be able to unravel the mystery before many hours, and I sat down before the window to wait until the house was quiet.

Out in the country people do not hold late hours, and wear the tired look of dwellers in cities. By eleven o'clock, even the dogs of Liverpool were asleep. There was no stir about the house, and I tossed my cigar out of the window and determined to go down and keep watch over the mail bag. If discovered prowling around below, I could make plenty of excuses to account for my presence. Barefooted, I slipped out of my room, crept softly down stairs, through the hall and presently entered the bar-room. The night was not dark, but in the room one crowded into a corner could not be easily seen. I sat down on the floor in the corner farthest from the room which contained the bag, drew a chair in front of me, and my watch commenced. To get the bag one must enter the room, and no one could enter it without my seeing them. I fully expected that before daylight I should have Pixy, and perhaps the hostler, under my care.

Half an hour went by, and then I began to get sleepy. The room was very warm, and in spite of my determination to exercise great vigilance, I actually went off to sleep before the clock struck midnight. But, I did not sleep long. About half past twelve o'clock I was awakened by a slight click, as if a key had turned back the bolt of a lock, and I was all attention in a moment. Through the ploom I caught sight of white garments at the little door behind the bar, and next moment I heard the mail bag rattle as it was taken down. I was considerably excited, but I did not move. Some one came towards me, carrying the bag, and I made out that it was a woman!

a trunk, deposited the money in a Bible, brought back a bottle of maudlin, and in five minutes had revealed the letters, taking great pains not to stain the envelopes. When she commenced putting the letters back into the bag, I got down and stole away to my room. I had seen all that I cared to, and nothing remained but to make the arrest. In a little time I heard her go down with the bag, and then come back after replacing it.

I would have given a hundred dollars had the robber been a man. I had seen the woman about the house, and knew her to be a sister of the landlord's wife. I knew just what a time of hysterics, weeping and wailing there would be, and dreaded the coming of the morning. But I must do my duty, and when morning came I had planned to do it in a way to prevent much of a scene. I intended to wait until just before the stage left, expose her, secure the proofs, and take her on to Smithville, and from thence to Brownfield, where she could be arraigned before a United States Court. By the time the woman had got to understand what was occurring, I would be away with my prisoner.

The programme was duly carried out. I called the landlord aside, told him what I had seen, and we went up to her room and found the money and other proofs. He was dumfounded and almost crazy, but did not propose to interfere in any way. Going down stairs, we passed into the dining room where Anna was washing dishes. She must have suspected that her guilt was known, for she fainted away before we reached her. On recovering, she asked for twenty minutes' time to dress for the journey, and I, of course, granted it. I did not like the way she received the denouement. Instead of going off into hysterics, as I had looked for, she was very calm, and her eyes had a look which I could not account for.

"I will not detain you long," she said, as I stood at the head of the stairs to wait for her to dress.

The news had traveled over the village, and the hotel was soon crowded with anxious citizens. The landlord was sobbing, his wife wailing, and I felt like a criminal. She asked for twenty minutes' time to dress for the journey, and I, of course, granted it. I did not like the way she received the denouement. Instead of going off into hysterics, as I had looked for, she was very calm, and her eyes had a look which I could not account for.

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### MARKET REPORT.

#### HEARTHSTONE, OFFICE.

Oct. 4th, 1872.

The following were the latest telegrams received on Change:

	FROM LIVERPOOL.		Oct. 3.		Oct. 2.	
	s. d.	00 00	s. d.	00 00	s. d.	00 00
Flour.....	32	6 00	32	6 00	32	6 00
Red Wheat.....	12	4 00	12	4 00	12	4 00
Red Winter.....	12	4 00	12	4 00	12	4 00
White.....	13	3 13	13	3 13	13	3 13
Corn.....	30	9 00	30	9 00	30	9 00
Barley.....	3	6 00	3	6 00	3	6 00
Oats.....	3	6 00	3	6 00	3	6 00
Pean.....	40	6 00	40	6 00	40	6 00
Pork.....	55	0 00	55	0 00	55	0 00
Lard.....	40	6 00	40	6 00	40	6 00

Flour—Business was not active on Change this morning, and with the exception of some foreign orders transactions were confined to the wants of local dealers. Quotations of superfine are a shade lower; 15000 barrels of Welland Canal Superchanged hands yesterday at \$6.65; a round lot of a City Brand deliverable next week, brought \$6.75; a cable sale of 2000 barrels transpiring at equal to \$6.85 for an ordinary grade, and \$7.15 for a choice sample. Sale to dealers including 50 barrels extra at \$7.00 100 bbls Ordinary at \$7.25; 250 bbls Strong Bakers' Super at \$6.90; 100 barrels Welland Canal at \$6.70; 100 bbls Ordinary Canada at \$6.65; 150 bbls No. 2 at \$6.20; 300 City Bags at \$3.40; and 200 do at \$3.45.

	per c.	per c.
Superior Extra, nominal.....	0 00	0 00
Extra.....	7 75	7 80
Family.....	7 25	7 30
Fresh Supers (Western Wheat).....	6 65	6 70
Ordinary Supers (Canada Wheat).....	6 65	6 70
Strong Bakers'.....	6 80	7 00
Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) (fresh ground).....	6 65	6 70
Supers, City brands (Western Wheat).....	6 70	6 75
Canada Super No 2.....	6 15	6 20
Western States, No 2.....	0 00	0 00
Fine.....	5 20	5 30
Mediums.....	3 85	4 25
Polards.....	2 50	3 25
Upper Canada Bag Flour, 100 lbs.....	2 85	3 25
City bags, (delivered).....	3 40	3 45

WHEAT.—Market quiet. A cargo of No. 1 Milwaukee Spring, to arrive, was taken at \$1.40 yesterday.

NATURAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Firm at \$4.70 to \$5.00 Upper Canada.  
PRAS, 1/2 bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 85c to 90c. A car of new changed hands at 92c.  
OATS, 1/2 bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet at 30c to 32c.  
CORN.—Market nominal at 97 to 100c.  
BARLEY, 1/2 bush of 48 lbs.—Nominal at 60c to 65c, for new.  
BUTTER, per lb.—Market quiet. Recent transactions were at 14 1/2 to 15c, for fair dairy Western; and 15 to 17c for good to choice do.  
CHEESE, 1 lb.—Market a shade firmer. Factory fine 10c to 11c.  
PORE, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market firm; New Mess, \$17.50 to \$17.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50.  
LARD.—Winter rendered firm at 11c per lb.  
ANISE, 100 lbs.—Firm at \$6.50 to \$6.80 to \$6.85. Pearl's firmer. First, \$8.20 to \$8.25.

LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S Felt and other Hats cleaned, dyed and blocked in the latest style and fashion at G. W. KETCHUM, successor to G. W. KETCHUM, 606 Craig Street.

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