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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS,  $\{_{PLAGE\ D'ARMES\ HILL}, \}$ 

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

TERMS, \\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 18.

For the " Hearthstone." THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

The storms of the Western Winter were past, The snew spirits spread her broad wings on the blast, And the rour of the winds sank in silence away, As they fied from the land o'er the bright gleaming

Up, up, rose the sun! An enchanter of might, His arrows as spells, chas'd the shodows of night, His banners streamed out, bright with crimson and Thro, the sky, as he marched like a warrior bold.

The king of the Winter rose up in his might, and he call'd back the winds as they pass'd on their flight. They heard, and with fury returned again, And loudly they rear'd o'er the seean and plain.

He sounded his trumpets, the sky darkened e'er, As the snow spirit turned to his summens once mere, And he laughed as he shook his bright spear to the "Who shall reign in the West but the wild winds and I?"

He mutter'd his spells, like pale ghosts to their graves Sank down in his fetters the wild, heaving waves, And nature half waken'd, once more veiled her face, As she slumber'd again in th' snow spirit's embrace ;

And the king of the Winter laugh'd loudly and gay "Where now are thy triumphy bold monarch of day?" The sun all undustred came onward in flame, And to his bright standard full many there came.

The wild swans their pinions outsprend in his train, And the breezes of Summer swept over the main. They pass o'er the fetters the ice king hath made, Before them the glittering manacles fade.

And the billows released from their wearisoms chains, Throw up to the Heavens their wild, tossing manes. They breathe on the spirit of snow, and her closp Grows weak round the earth, and she bursts from for

She wakens, she rises, she shakes off the spell. The Summer hath triumph'd, snow spirit farewell I The king of the Winter in wrath shock his spear, "I go, but I come again, Summer beware!"

(For the Ucarthetone )

## FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF THE STREETS.

It was a cold, windy morning in December; the snow which had fallen during the night was drifting about in blinding clouds, rendering travel exceedingly uncomfortable, and making those who were indoors very loth to quit their warm rooms to face the chilling blast. Perhaps it was the desire to get a little warmth into their half-frozen limbs which caused the crowd liling the sweathers' guilary of the Recorder's their nati-trozen amos which caused the crowd filling the spectators' gallery of the Recorder's Court to be so great; but far more likely it was that curious and depraved taste which delights in witnessing the punishment of others, and which so large a number of the lower orders in Montreal seem to have. It is a curious thing to sit and watch this gallery in the Recorder's Court; to see the men and boys who day after day frequent it and stand patiently (there are no seats) for hours listening with infinite relish to the dull monoto v of the cases of "drunks and disorderlies." an 'he stereotyped sontone "One dollar or eight vs" full from the lips of the Recorder. I have often sat and watched the Recorder. the gallery-when I was obliged to attend the Court daily-and wondered what possible sure these people could find in visiting the Court so regularly and hearing the same old story told again and again. It isn't funny werk. Once in a while a little bit of humor will ge, into a case, His Honor will say something funny and all the policemen, as in duty bound, will laugh a quiet decorous laugh, just sufficient to show that " see the point"—which they generally do -which they generally don't but as a general thing it is dreary work; and how any one can attend the Court from pleasure could discover

I remember one old man whose silvery locks cave him a venerable and benevolent appear-, and who seemed rather above the ordinary run of visitors to the gallery, who actually attended during the whole sitting of the Court for seventeen consecutive days and really seemed n enjoy it. I got quite accustomed to seeing is white head in the crowd, and felt quite dis appointed on the eighteenth day when he failed to appear. I am afraid he must be dead or has to appear. I am urran he must be dead or has left the city, for I have not seen him since; and I scarcely think he could have withstood the pleasure it afforded him to attend the Court if he was in the city. This gallery is not an invit-ing place. It is the very concentration of fitth, although Sergeant Nelson tries manfully to make it presentable; but no amount of soap and water and scrubbing can possibly get much of a start on the constant stream of tobacco fulce which is squirted on the floor and on the little platform which runs in front of the gallery. The smell is atmost insufferable, and the normal condition of the walls is dirt.

On the morning in question the Court was more than ordinarily crowded, for it was Mon-day, and, as is usual on that morning, the number of cases was large. The Court was a little late in opening, and practised observers express-ed an opinion that the delinquents would "catch it heavy," as the Recorder came in with a dark frown on his generally good-natured, jolly countenance. Evidently something had disturbed the usual screnity of his temper, and "the quality of mercy" was not at all likely to be strained that morning.



"ONE DOLLAR OR EIGHT DAYS."

case caused the Recorder to smile as he read the name "John Smith."

"What is his real name?" said His Honor, leaning over his desk and speaking confiden-tially to Sergeant Kehoe, who was checking off

"I don't know," replied the Sergeant. "I never saw him before, He was very drunk when he was brought in, and refused to give

other name."
'John Smith," shouted Sergeant Nelson, and

John Smith stepped into the dock.

He was quite different in appearance from the "hard cases" who had preceded him. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, tall, dark-complexioned, with long straight black hair and bright piercing black eyes. His car-riage was easy and graceful, and the hand which grasped the rail of the dock was small and shapely as a woman's. His dress was shabby, but looked like the miserable remains of a once elegant suit. But for the sodden, bloated appearance which drink had stumped on his face, he would have been a remarkably handsome man; but in his present condition he looked like a fair sample of that miserable state of existence known as "shabby genteel." He seemed very much ashamed, and hung his head

as if to hide his features as much as possible. "What is your name?" said His Honor.

That won't do. What is your real name! No answer.

"I won't have any one giving false names here," said His Honor, getting cross. "I want your real name. What is it?"

"Arthur Austin." This was said very low scarcely reached half way across the Cour What " said His Honor, rather irritably. and s No answer.

"Nelson, bring him round here," and the prisoner was placed in the small iron enclosure immediately in front of the Recorder.

"Now, what is your real name?"
"Arthur Austin," still so low as to be almost "Arthur Austin," shouted Sergeant Nelson, who possesses exceedingly sharp ears, and sel-dom misses anything.

"Arthur Austin," repeated His Honor, writ-

ig. ' repeated His Honor, writ-lint of John Smith. " It is ing the name over that of John Smith.

There was very little of interest in the first really a pity," he continued, indulging in one of dozen cases or so, they all coming under the declares, "to see so, young and respect-able denomination of "simple drunks;" the next able-looking a man as you are given over to the rimmed spectacles, and after wiping them caredemon of drink. With your appearance of in-telligence you ought to be filling some lucrative and honorable position, instead of which you stand here a miserable object picked up drunk in a gutter, where you ought to be thankful you were not left to freeze to death, and so be hurried into the presence of your Maker in a beastly state of intextention. What is the case, Ser-

gent? Call the policeman who arrested bim."
A venerable policeman, with a large development of under lip, and who had probably arrested many hundred similar cases during his long career in the force, stepped into the box, and began in the usual style.

"Between eight and nine o'clock last night. rer Honor, as I was a coming down Craig Street

"In the City of Montreal?" asked the Crown Prosecutor, Mr. Ibbotson, suddenly Jumping up and as suddenly collapsing.
"In the City of Montreal," repented the

policeman in a deprecatory tone, as if he had intended to say it if he had been given a fair chance, "when I seen that mun—"
"Do you mean the prisoner at the bar?" asked the exact Crown Prosecutor, again jump—

ng up.
"When I see the prisoner at the bar," con-

tinued the policeman, correcting himself, "a lying on the sidewalk near St. Lambert's Hill. He was very drunk, so I arrested him and took him down to the Station."

"Did he make any resistance?" asked the

No, your Honor."

" Did you take a sleigh ?"

" No. your Honor. His Honor looked at the sheet and saw that all the money recorded as being found on the prisoner's person was five cents. "Was five cents all the money found on him?" he asked

the Sergeant. "That was all, your Honor." "One dollar or eight days;" and Arthur Aus-tin stepped back into the prisoners' waitingroom and made way for another victim to the demon of drink.

There was a very respectable, well dressed, pleasant looking old gentleman sitting in one of the seats appropriated for witnesses, or the better class of visitors, who had watched the young fully replaced them on his nose; and, turning to the person sitting next to him, asked, "Will he be sent to gaol if he don't pay that

dollar ?' "Of course he will, for eight days," was the

"Could any one pay it for him?"

"Certainly; perhaps his friends will, if he

"Where is the money paid?"

"Down stairs to the Sergeant in charge."
The old gentleman said no more, but sat quietly until the case in which he was interested was called. It was a very simple one; his youngest nephew, a boy of ten, had been caught consting, and an energetic bothly blessed with long legs had arrested him. The boy was fined fifty cents, and His Honor read him a nice little lecture, which seemed to make a great impres-sion on him, as he put his tongue in his check, and winked significantly at another small boy who had been arrested for the same beloous

When his business was over the old gentle man went down stairs and received from the Sergeant the difference between the amount at which the boy had been bailed—two dollars and a half—and the amount of the fine.

" Has Arthur Austin's fine been paid ?" asked the old gentleman. " No, nor not likely to be. He says he has no

friends "Could I see him, and talk to him for a few

minutes ?

Certainly," said the Sergeant politely, "just

step this way.' The old man followed the Sergeant, and was soon seated in the inner room of the Station talking to Arthur Austin. The young man's story was very simple. He was an Englishman who had lived some years in the States; had come to Canada in search of employment as bookkeeper or general clerk; he had succeeded

but had been dismissed three weeks ago for drunkenness; he was without friends or money, and had no means of getting back to the States, where he thought he could get employment.' He told his story very simply, made no excuses, and seemed greatly ashamed.

The old gentleman looked at him quietly for

about a minute, and then said:

4 Were you ever locked up before ?" " Never," he said with a shudder; " and if I ever get out i'll take precious good care I neve

ever get out I'll take precious good care I never get in again."

"Then you must give up drink."

"I have done so; I have had my last drop of strong drink for my whole life."

"Good," said the old gentleman, patting him on the back. "Stick to that yow, and you'll be all right."

"I've made no yow, and need to make none; "I've made no vow, and need to make none; the memory of the misery I suffered in that cell and in the prisoners' dock this morning is stronger than all the oaths I could make."
The old gentleman talked to him for some

time, and at last paid his fine, gave him adollar to buy something to eat, and told him to call at his office at two o'clock. On the eard which he gave the young man was printed "Lubbuck, Lownds & Co., Produce and Commission Mer-chants. —— Common Street." The old gentleman was Mr. Stephen Lubbuck, the head of the

That visit of Arthur Austin's to Mr. Labbuck proved the turn-point in his life, and opened to him a new and honorable career. The old gen-tleman had faken quite a fancy to the young man, one of those curious freaks of a generous nature which sometimes occur with elderly gentlemen towards those whom they look on as young enough to be their sons. The quiet, gen-tlemanly manner and plain, straightforward answers of the young man increased this feeling, and it was, therefore, not surprising that before the interview was over Arthur Austin found himself engaged at a fair salary as assistant bookkeeper to the firm of Lubbuck, Lownds ant morkec-per to the frith of thomes, lowned & Co. He had several betters of introduction from New York and Boston houses; and the firm by whom he had been employed here gave him an excellent character for everything except temperance. That part Mr. Lubbuck determined to overlook and trust to better conduct in the former in that respect.

in the future in that respect.

Arthur Austin's conduct for the next four months fully justified Mr. Lubbuck's good opinion of him, and the old gentleman congratulated himself on having secured a freasure, Early and late Arthur was at his post, and per-formed his duties in a manner no other cierk had ever done. Quick, attentive, fully acquainted with his business, ready and willing to assist every one in his work, Arthur Austin not only gained the confidence of his employer, but of his two fellow clerks.

Arthur Austin had now a career of honor and usofulness opened to him, and see, ed determined to profit by his opportunity. He left the bourding house he had been in, so as to remove binaring make he had a need in, so as to remove himself from his old companions, and went to another one in a little more respectable and quieter neighborhood. The avoided all his old haunts, in order more securely to guard himself from temptation, joined a temperance associa-tion, and devoted his spare time almost entirely to attending to the duties of his Legen and to to attending to the duties of his Lodge and to

As the spring gradually advanced and navigation opened, Arthur Austin proved himself of still greater service to his employer; he was acquainted with many of the leading Produce and Commission houses in Boston, New York and Chicago, and speedily gained several new and valuable correspondents for Lubbuck, Lownds & Co., whose business was greatly increased, and Arthur roso still higher in his employers'

at was his custom on leaving the office to talk up St. James Street and through Victoria Source on his way home, and one evening as he was crossing through the Square he noticed a young lady standing by the fountain, with her parasol resting on the low wall surrounding it. She was gazing in an abstracted, pre-occupied manner into the water, and only presented a profile view, but as Arthur Austin first caught a glimpse of that outline he thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful in his life. Just as he stepped close behind her, she started sud-denly and looked up, and in the action of surprise lossed her hold of her parasol, and it immediately tumbled over into the water, It was the work of a moment for Arthur

Austin to step forward, rescue the parasol and return it to its owner, with a few words of apology for having unintentionally startled her.

"Oh! dont apologise," she said, turning on

him the full battery of the sweetest pair of blue oyes he had ever encountered, while a smile rippled for a moment across the rostest and most kissable lips he had ever seen; " it was my fault, I stood dreaming while I waited for Frank, and your step startled me, that was all." Arthur stood for a moment gazing at her in

admiration, and wondering whether he might with propriety endeavour to improve the chance acquaintance, or whether he should simply raise his hat and pass on. "Who was Frank? thought and somehow a feeling of deadly anithat unknown individual stole him, and he would have very much liked to have had "Frank" there and have had it out with him on the spot.

## (To be continued.)

An Imperial Chinese edict is noticed in The Pekin Gazete, having for its object an Army Roform. After providing for certain promotions, it announces that Lieut.-Col. Ilwa Feng "is dismissed on account of old age and general infirmity; and that Ting Jen-lin is degraded because of his physical weakness." These are honorable dismissals and degradations; but sins! Capt. Han lisionchuen, of the Klang-yin battalion, is cashiered "on account of his slowness and stupidity," while Major Wang-wen of the Hunghu regiment is dismissed "on account of obstinacy, atupidity, laxinoss, and cupidity." This Major Wang-wen must be a character, and perhaps he cought to have been retained as an ornament of the service. An officer combining the character of the mule, of the jackass, and of the sloth, with the ominently human foible of syarice, is what we have never been able to boast of in our own army. We have had each of those virtues separately in individuals: but have we ever had them united in one person?



#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

One people in our early prime, One in our stormy youth: Drinking one stream of human thought, One spring of heavenly truth:

One language at our mother's knee, One in our Saviour's prayer,— One glorious heritage is ours; One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old Are yours, not ours alone; Your Christian heroes of to-day, We love them as our own.

There are too many homeless lands Far in the wild free West. To be subdued for God and man, Replenished and possessed;

There are too many fallen men, Far in the ancient East. To be won back to truth and God, From cramping bonds released;

There is too much good work to do, And wrong to be undene; Too many strongholds from the foo That must be forced and wou—

That we whom God hath set to be The vanguard of the fight. To bear the standard of his truth, And to defend one right,

Should leave the mission of our race, So high and wide and great, On worldly points of policy To wrangle and debate.

Nay, side by side, in east and west, In wild or heathen lands. One prayer upon our hearts and lips, One Bible in our hands,

One in our earliest home on earth, One in our heavenly home. We'll fight the battles of our Lord

-Sunday at Home.

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## THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

Mr. Walgrave had been gone three weeksah, what an age of sadness and regret!—when the parcel containing the locket came to Grace, arcel directed in his hand—it was only too familiar to her from pencil-notes in some of the books he had lent her, and from the papers she had seen scattered about his table. Fortune favoured her in the receipt of the packet. She had gone out to take the letters from the postman that morning, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing. From him or of him she never thought to receive sign or token. Had he not told her many times, in the plainest words, that

the story of their love must come to an end, like a book that is shut, on the day he left Brierwood? She was too simple-minded to imagine him capable of wavering. He had said that his honour compelled him to forsake her, and he would be faithful to that necessity. Her heart gave a great leap when she saw the address on the little packet. She fled round the house like a lapwing, and did not stop to breathe till she was safe under the shadow of

the cedar, in the spot where she had known such perilous happiness with him. Then she sank down on the rustic bench, and with tre-mulous fingers tore open the little parcel. A dainty case of dark-blue velvet, in itself a treasure to a girl so unsophisticated as Grace; a casket that opened with a spring, revealing a large yellow gold locket set with pearls, reposing on a bed of white satin—a gem so beau-tiful that the sight of it took her breath away,

and she set gazing upon it, transfixed with She opened the locket, and looked at the little enamelled picture of forget-me-nots. Sweet, very sweet: but O, how much she would have preferred his portrait, or even one little ring of his dark wavy hair! She laid the trea-sure on the bench beside her, and opened his letter, devouring it with wide-open luminous

spring, found it, and gave a louder cry of utter delight when she beheld the face of her lover. The skilful colourist had fiattered Mr. Walgrave not a little: the pale dark complexion was trainanised; the gray eyes were painted in ultramarine; "the face in the miniature looked from five to ten years younger than the original. But to Grace the picture was simply perfect. She perceived no flattery; the face which was to her the noblest upon earth, was only idealised as she had idealised it in her own mind from the hour in which she begun to love its owner. And yet, when Hubert Walgrave first came to Brierwood, she had seen nothing wonderful in his appearance, and had considered him decidedly middle-aged.

At last, after gazing at the miniature till her eves grew dim, clouded with innocent tears-Iter kissing the glass that covered it with fond foolish kisses—she touched the spring and shut the case, and then read her letter.

This disappointed her a little. It was evidently written to be read by her uncle and aunt. Not one word of that brief bright past; only a letter such as any grateful lodger might have written to his landlady's daughter. She

shed a few tears.
"It was good of him to send me his picture," she said to herself. "But he is quite gone from me; I shall never, never see him again !" The picture had kindled new hope in her

breast; the letter destroyed it. There was some comfort, however, in being able to show this letter to her aunt, and to wear her locket in the light of day. She carried the little velquest of her aunt, whom she found in the dairy.

What, a pincushion or a bookmarker from one of your old schoolfellows, I'll lay, or some such trumpery? You girls are always fiddle-faddling about some such rubbish !"
"Look, aunt!" cried Grace, displaying the

locket, imbedded in white satin.
" Sure to goodness I cried Mrs. James, star-

niece's hand, and read it aloud, going over every word, and harking back every now and measure. And then she turned from the letter to the locket, and examined it minutely, while Grace stood by in an agony, lest her clumsy fingers should hit upon the secret spring.

"It's a pretty thing enough," she said at last, "and must have cost a sight of money—pearls and all for heaveness they are all and the cost."

and all, for I suppose they're real; and I can't see as he had any call to send you such a thing. He paid for what he had, and there was no obligation on either side. Forget-me-nots too, as if it was for a young woman he was keeping company with. I don't half like such nonsense, and I doubt your uncle will be for send-ing it back."

"O, aunt!" said Grace; and then began to

"Lord bless me, child, don't be such a crybaby. If you can get round your uncle to let you keep the locket, you may. A present's a present, and I don't suppose Mr. Walgry meant any harm; he's too much a gentleman for that, leastways as far as I could see. All I hope is, he never went talking any nonsense to you be-

hind my back."

"No, aunt, he never talked nonsense; he was always sensible, and he told me-some-thing about himself. He's engaged to be mard-has been engaged for ever so long.
Well, it was fair and honourable of him to

tell you that, anyhow. You can show the let-ter to your uncle at dinner-time; and if he

likes you to keep the locket, I'm agreeable."
When dinner-time came, Mr. James, whose opinion upon most subjects was a mere reflection of his wife's, studied that worthy woman's countenance; and seeing her favourably dis-posed towards the gifts and the giver, opined that his niece might accept Mr. Walgrave's pre-sent without any derogation to the family dignity. She must write him a pretty little letter of thanks, of course, showing off her board-ing-school education, which Mr. Wort would no doubt forward to him, as he had happened to

omit any address in his letter.
So Grace were her locket in the face of mankind, on the first Sunday after the arrival of the packet; wore it on her muslin dress at church, with a shy consciousness that all the parish must be dazzled by its splendour—that the old rector himself, if his eyes were good enough, might break down in the midst of his ermon, overcome by a sudden glimpse of its gorgeousness. She wore it on a black ribbon goigeousness. She were it on a black ribbon under her dress secretly upon those days which her aunt called "workadays;" and at night she put it under her pillow. Hers was the early, passionate, girlish love, which is so near akin to foolishness; the Juliet love, which would nave her Romeo cut out in little stars.

And he will make the face of heaven so fine. That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish day."

The girl's spirits revived a little with the possession of this locket. She looked brighter and better, and her aunt forgot her fears. September came to an end, and the hoppicking began ; herds of tramps from the wilds of Hibernia, from the heart of the Seven-dials, from the wretchedest alleys in Whitechanel from the wretchedest alleys in Whitechapel and Bermondsey, came pouring in upon the fair Kentish country. Mrs. Redmayne was too busy to think much of Grace's health; and when the girl began to flag a little again, finding that life was dreary even with that portrait in her bosom, no one observed the change. She went off into rather a severe fainting-fit one afternoon; but there was no one at hand but Sally, the mid-of-call-work, who heavelst but Sally, the maid-of-all-work, who brought her round as best she might, and thought no-thing of the business. She had fainted herself on a midsummer Sunday, when Kingsbury church was hotter than usual, and never went to that place of worship without a hir blan her to that place of worship without a big blue bottle of smelling-salts.

Now in the dusky October evenings fitful patches of light glowed here and there on the landscape; and riding along narrow lanes, the traveller came ever and anon to a rustic en-campment—a ragged family huddled round a fire, sunburnt faces turned towards him inquiringly as he passed, a bevy of tatterdemalion cyes.

The scrap of paper attracted her attention first: "There is a secret spring; touch it, and you will find my photograph." She gave a little cry of joy, and began to search for the spection, and the traveller could but wish these children darting out at him to ask for alms, and nomads had better shelter. A ragged blanket perhaps, hung upon a couple of poles, made a rough tent here and there; but those who possessed so much luxury were the aristocrats of the community; the vulgar herd slept in the open, save on some lucky occasion, when a li-beral farmer gave them the use of an empty

James Redmayne was tender-hearted, and at Brierwood the wandering race fared luxurious-ly He lent them old rick-covers for tents, and whatever barn he had empty was placed at their disposal. Grace took an interest in the little children, spent all her money in cakes, and robbed the baskets in the apple-loft for their benefit; carried the women great jugs of cold tea in the evenings, and helped and comforted them in many small ways, at the hazard of catching a fever, as her aunt frequently reminded her. In this particular season she was more than usually active in these small charithat great sorrow in her heart was numbed a little by the sight of commoner sorrows. This year she was more tender than ever, the women thought — the old hands, who had known her in former years. She would sit for hours in a shady corner of a field, with a sick child in her arms, singing it to sleep with sweet and songs. The women used to look at he from a little distance, and talk together in whispers of her gentleness and her pale grave

face.

"I'm afmid there's summat wrong," one stalwart matron said to another. " She were as gay as a bird last hop-picking. She looks like my sister Mary, that went off into a consumption and died in the hospital-that white-like, and her hunds that wasted as you might a'most see "O, aunty Hannah, I have had a letter and through 'em. And she such a sweet young toe! It do seem hard, that such as she should be took, and my old father, wot's a trou-ble to everybody, and no more use of his limbs than a new-born infant, left behind to wor-

One night, after a day spent almost entirely in the hope-fields, Grace discovered a great ca-"Sure to goodness! cried Mrs. James, searing at the trinket," where did you get that?"

"From Mr. Walgrave, aunt, with such a kind
when she undressed, with the two ends hanging

Mrs. James snatched the letter from her loosely. Late as it was, she would have gone out and hunted for her treasure by moonlight— would have roused the hop-pickers, and bribed then to read a sentence a second time, in a them to hunt for her; but the house was locked, deliberate way that aggravated Grace beyond and the keys under Mrs. James's pillow, and it was more than she dared to wake that vigilant housewife. So she went to bed quietly, and cried all night, and came downstuirs next morning ashy pale, and with red swollen cir-cles round her eyes, to tell of her loss.

Mrs. James flew into a passion on hearing

"Lost it! you ought to be ashamed for yourself. What call had you to wear it on a work-Grace blushed crimson.

"I know it was very foolish of me, aunt Hannah; but—but—I was so fond of it !" "Was there ever such a baby? Fond of it, indeed! You're fond of the piano your father gave you: I'm sure I wonder you don't wear that hanging round your neck—you're silly enough. And of course some of your blessed hop-pickers have stolen it; and serve you That comes of consorting with such

"They could'nt have stolen it, aunt; I wore it under my dress; they couldn't have known anything about it."

"Stuff and nonsense! they're cunning enough to know anything. If you'd swallowed a sovereign, they'd know it was inside you. Besides, I daresay you took and pulled it out of your bosom to show to some of their rubbishing brats. You'll nurse yourself into the typhus fever or the small-pox one of these days, with nursing those ragamuffins; and a deal of use you'll be in the world without your good looks. you'll be in the world without your good looks, considering as you can't so much as set the spunge for a batch of bread."

Grace was silent with the silence of guilt. Sitting under a hedge yesterday with one of those waifs of humanity in her lap, while its nother and a brood of bantlings from three years old upwards clustered round a hop-bin a few yards off, she had drawn the locket from her bosom and dangled it before the eyes of the little one, half to amuse the child, half for the pleasure of looking at the thing which was the

Aunt Hannah, though unsympathetic in man-ner, was by no means minded that the locket

should be lost.

"It's a thankless task spending money upon you," she said; "and so I shall tell Mr. Walgray, if ever I set eyes on him again. Real gold, set to real pearls, and go and fool it away among a pack of hoppers."

After having given relief to her mind in this manner, she dispatched Jack and Charley and a farm-labourer to scour the country, Grace's guidance. The girl was to point out to them every path she had taken, and every spot where she had rested throughout the pre-

vious day. "But it's about as likely you'll find the moon lying in the grass as that locket," aunt Hannah remarked despairingly as they set out.

She proved only too true a prophet. The young men searched diligently, under Grace's direction—searched till dinner, and after dinner began again, and went on unflinchingly till tea-time; again, and went on unflinchingly till tea-time; but without result. After tea the early twilght shrouded the farm, and it was too dark to look any longer. Uncle James had the hoppers collected at hightfall, and told them what had been lost, offering a reward of a couple of sovereigns to the man, woman, or child who would restore it; but they all made the same declaration, with every form of asservation common to their class. No such thing had common to their class. No such thing had

"That's a lie P said James Redmayne sturdily. "Some of you has seen it, and some of you has got it, or made away with it since last night. The locket's almost as large as the palm of my hand. You couldn't fail to see it lying anywheres; and my sons have been over every inch of ground my niece walked upon yesterday. It's hard you should take anything as belongs to her, for she's been a good friend to you all."

"That she have, sir !" the women cried with tremendous energy, and a desperate emphasis on the last word. And then came a confusion of shrill voices, all protesting that the owners thereof would not wrong Miss Redmayne to the extent of a sixpence.

Grace went to her room quite worn out by that weary day—the pacing to and fro, with lessening lope as the hours wore on. It was gone—the one solace that had cheered her life.

e his face any more," said to hersolf. "There is a fate against

## CHAPTER XVI.

## " BUT IF THOU MEAN'ST NOT WELL."

After the loss of the locket Grace Redmayne drooped visibly. Good hearted uncle James did all in his power to recover the lost trinket: put the matter into the hands of the police had inquiries made amongst London pawn brokers, and so on; but without avail. Poor Grace wandered about the bare fields where the hop-vines had lately flourished, with her eyes fixed on the ground, like some melancholy spirit hunting the scene of an unhappy life. Auni Hannah reprimanded her sharply from day to

day for such foolishness.

"If the locket's lost, it's lost," she said philosophically; " and there's no use in grizzling about it. There's more lockets in the world than that; and if the balance is on the right side next quarter-day, I daresay your uncle will buy you a new one, perhaps with both our portergrafts, one on each side; and that'll be taking care of as a family keepsake something to show your children by and by.

Grace gave a little involuntary shudder. A portrait of aunt Hannah, whom photography made unutterably grim, instead of that splen-did face, those godlike eyes! "It's very kind of you to think of that," the girl said, half crying; but I should never care

to have another locket, please,"

"O. very well! I suppose you think we couldn't give you anything as handsome as timt; but, for my part, I should have thought you'd have set more store by a keepsake from one of your own family than a stranger's pre-

"It isn't that aunt. I've got your photograph, and uncle's, in my album, and I'm sure I value them. But I'll never wear another locket. There's something unlucky about them."

The year waned. October came to an end and for various reasons that visit to the London physician, which James Redmayne and his wife had talked about, had not yet been made. To those who saw Grace every day, the gradual change in her was not so obvious as to cause immediate alarm. Nor were hard-working peo-ple like the Redmaynes on the watch for such slight symptoms as awaken terror in those who have sufficient leisure to be anxious. The girl rose at her usual time; took her place among her kindred at meals; wont patiently through the routine of the long dull day, and never uttered a complaint.

She was completely unhappy, nevertheless. She had no companions of her own age, who might have taught her to shake off this foolish sorrow—no innocent gaieties to distract her mind. The slow level life of a farmhouse was about the best possible existence in which to foster a sorrow such as hers.

She had written that epistle which her uncle James had spoken of as "a pretty little letter"
—a very formal composition, supervised by
the whole family. James Redmayne would fain have had her begin, "This comes hoping," a formula which he had used all his life, and firmly believed in as the essence of polite letter-writing. She had written to thank Mr. Walgrave for his very kind present, which was in-deed very, very beautiful, and which she should value very much all her life. There were a great many "verys" in the letter; and it was written in her best boarding-school hand—with long loops to the g's and y's, after a spécialité of Miss Toulmin's—on the thickest and creamiest note-paper to be procured at Tunbridge Wells. Uncle James would have had a view of that polite resort at the top of the first page; but this his niece condemned as vulgar.

"Mr. Walgrave knows Tunbridge Wells,

uncle," she said. "He can't want a picture of it on a penny sheet of paper—such bad paper, too, as they always print the views on."

No answer had come to this letter, which indeed needed none; but for a month after she sent it the girl had hoped, faintly for some acknowledgement. With the dying out of this hope, and the loss of her locket, all was over; there was nothing left her except the blank future in which that one beloved figure could have no

And her father — her father, whose letters had been more hopeful of late, telling of increasing good fortune, hinting even at the possibility of his return before another year was ended, with all the objects of his expedition fully realised; the father whose exile she had lamented so bitterly only a year ago—was he forgotten? No, not forgotten; only deposed to the second place in her heart. She thought of him very often, with a guilty sense of having wronged him by her love for another. But that first love of girlhood is an all-absorbing passion. She had hardly room in her mind for her father's image beside that other. If he could have returned at this moment to cheer and comfort her, she might perhaps have struggled bravely with her grief, and conquered it. He had been all the world to her in years gone by—father, mother, companion, friend; the pride and delight of her life; and in the rap-ture of reunion with him, that other image might have grown pale and shadowy, until it became only the memory of a girlish sorrow. But he did not come, and she went on thinking

of Hubert Walgrave.
She had no hope—positively none—of ever seeing his face again. Day after day, in the misty November mornings, she awoke with the same void in her heart. The pain was almost worse than the pain of her awakening in the days that followed her father's departure. That days that followed her father's departure. That grief had at the worst been brightened by hope this was quite honcless.

Her aunt sent her to Kingsbury one fine afternoon in November, on some small errand to the single shop of the village—an errand which was designed rather to rouse the girl from her listlessness, and give her the benefit of a brisk walk, than to supply any positive need of the

"Anything's better for her than lolloping over a book," remarked Mrs. Redmayne, who regarded reading in every shape and form, ex-cept the ponderous Henry's Bible on a Sunday ifternoon, as more or less a vice.

The walk was through those lanes and by those fields which she had walked so often with him; the way by which they had come toge-ther on that first Sunday afternoon, when he joined her in her return from church. How well she remembered it all ! The landscape had changed since then, but was hardly less beautiful to the eye of a painter. The shifting shadows on the broad fallow, the tawny gold and crim-son, brown and dun colour of the still lingering foliage; the very weeds in the hedge, and the dock-leaves in the ditch, fringed by dewdrops left from the morning mists, which a November sun had not been strong enough to disperse\_all were beautiful.

A robbin was singing with all its might on one of the bars of a gate Grace had to pass. She lingered for a few minutes to listen to him, watching the joyous bird with sad dreamy eyes "I wonder if birds have any sorrows : thought; and then opened the gate gently, and

went through into the lane. It was a narrow gulley between two tall neglected hedges, where the blackberry-bushes grew high and rank, mixed with hazel and hawthorn, upon steep grassy banks which were

bright with primroses in April. At the very entrance of the lane Grace stopped suddenly, with a little cry — stopped and clasped her hands upon her heart, which had a trick of beating furiously when she was agitated.

There was a figure advancing towards her

the tall figure of a man—the image that haunted all her thoughts—Hubert Walgrave. He saw her, evidently and came on with swifter footsteps to meet her. She would have behaved with the utmost propriety, no doubt, had he come to the gate

and Brierwood, and she been prepared for his appearance ever so little; but at his coming upon her suddenly like this, all her fortitude left her; she fell upon his breast, sobbing hysterically.
"My darling! my darling!"

For a few minutes he could hardly say any more than this, trying all the while to soothe and comfort her, as if she had been a frightened child—waiting very patiently until that violent emotion lad worn itself out. Then he lifted

emotion ind worn treet out. Then he inted her face tenderly, and looked at her. "Why, Grace," he said with a shocked look, "how sudly you are altered!" "Am I?" she asked, smiling faintly, I have

not been very happy lately—"

" Has anything troubled you, my sweet one?
has anything been going wrong at Brier-

"O no, no, it is not that. They are all well, and we have hopeful letters from my dear fa-ther. Only...., " Only what, Grace?"

"I am so foolish, so wicked. I could not help being miserable. I thought I should never

And was that thought enough to make you unhappy dearest ?"
"Yes."

"And to see me again, and to be with me, and to be my own for ever,—would that be happiness ?"

The soft eyes looked up at him-O, so tenderly i " You know that it would."

Ho bent down and kissed her.
"Then it shall be so, Grace," he said soft-

"But, O, you know it can never, never be! There is the other—the lady you are to mar-

ry,"
"That lady shall not come between me and this faithful heart," he answered, holding her in his arms, and looking down at her with a proud happy smile. "Were she ten thousand times the woman she is, she should not part us, Grace, seeing that you are true to me, and that I love you with all my strength."

"True to you!" she murmured sadly. "I have lived for nothing except to think of you

since you went away."

"And I have made it the business of my life to forget you, Grace, and have failed dismally. I made a vow never to look upon your face again; but the sweet face has never left me. It has followed me by day and night; and at last, after so many wasted struggles, I come back, just to see you once more-hoping to find you false, Grace; asked in church with some stalwart farmer; so that I might be disenchanted, and go away cured of my folly, Are you false, Grace? Is there any red-check-

ed young farmer in the case?"
"A farmer!" the girl cried contemptuously. "If Sir Francis Clevedon asked me to be his wife, I should refuse him, for your sake."

Hubert Walgrave gave a little start.

"Sir Francis Clevedon!" he said. "What fancy puts that name into your head?"

"It was the name I used to think of oftenest before I saw you," she answered with a smile.

Francis was mine. I have never seen him in my life, you know." Mr. Walgrace's face, so bright before with a lover's triumph, had clouded over at the sound

I suppose every woman has her here, and Sir

of the Clevedon name. "You have never seen him? I have no "You have never seen him? I have no ground for jealousy, then, I suppose? I daresay he is a very good-looking fellow; for Fortune rarely measures her gifts when she is in the giving mood. Nothing is too much for her favourites. But we won't waste our talk on him, Gracey; we have sweeter things to think of. My own, my dearest, is it really true that you love me, that this pale changed face has organ wan from sorrow for me?"

grown wan from sorrow for me?"
"There has been no other reason," she said

shyly.
"And you are my own, Grace, all my own?"
"answered, look-"You know that I am," she answered, looking up at him with clear candid eyes, that smote him to the heart with their innocence, if—if you are willing to sacrifice those pros pects you spoke of, and to give up the rich

"My beloved, there is hardly anything in the world I would not surrender for your

"And you will marry me?" she asked falteringly, the pale face covered with a burning blush. Even in her little world she had learned enough to know that all love-making, such as this, does not tend towards marriage. village has its stories of broken faith, and man's dishonour; and there had been such stories to be told of Kingsbury, even within Grace Redmayne's brief experience.

"I will do all that a man of honour should do, dearest. I will do overything that a man can do to make you happy, if you will only trust me." " You know that I cannot help trusting you,"

she said; " I love you so much." "Then it cannot be too soon, darling."

"What ?" she asked, with a puzzled look. "Our union."

"O no, no; it must not be soon. It is too great a sacrifice for you to make. Your might regret afterwards; and it would break my heart to know that I had come between you and the things you value. And then there is my father—dearly as I love you, I could do nothing without his knowledge."

"What, Grace! is this your boundless love? Am I to be secondary to a father? Think how very little old Capulet stood for, when once Juliet was in love with Romeo."

Grace smiled a little at this appeal. They had read Romeo and Juliet together one long summer afternoon in the orchard; and her love had taught her to appreciate the beauties of the text with a fuller comprehension than she had ever brought to it before.

"But I think Signor Capulet was rather a disagreeable kind of father," she said. "Mine

" My pet, I have no doubt he is as good a fellow as ever breathed; but he is at the antipodes, and I have a horror of long engagements. Life is not long enough for that kind of delay. Rely upon it, Romeo's and Juliet's was the true philosophy-wood and won to-night, and wed to-morrow."

"Remember how fatal their marriage was !"
"Absit omen. We will try to resemble them in nothing but the fervour of our love, our ut-ter trustfulness in each other. And now let us talk seriously. Take my arm, dear, and let us walk on a little way. Mild as the afternoon

is, you are shivering."

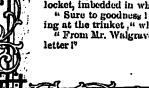
He drew her shawl closer round her, pressed
the little hand under his arm, and walked gently on, looking down at her.

" What a lucky fellow I was to meet you here just now—promiscuous, as my servant says! I took a fly from Tunbridge to Kingsbury, and walked on, meaning to invent some excuse for presenting myself at the farm as I came along. But I need not do that now; it will be wiser on the whole that I should not appear at Brierwood. We can arrange everything, you and I, darling, in half an hour, and carry out our plans afterwards, without arousing any one's suspi-

The girl looked at him wonderingly; and then little by little, overcoming her objections one by one as they arose, he unfolded his

scheme of their future. He was prepared to make great sacrifices for her love—he did not define them; but to declare his marriage with her would be to blast his prospects. She would hardly desire that,





"O, no, no, no," she faltered piteously; "but my father - you will place me right with

"Of course, darling; but your father is a long ty off now. There will be time enough to consider that difficulty when he is on his homeward voyage. We need only think of per-plexities to be overcome in the present, and those are not many. You must be very secret, very brave, and come away from Brierwood quietly some morning—say this day week. That will give me time for my preparations, and yours need be of the slightest order; for you can bring no more luggage than you carry in your own land. I will sleep at Tunbridge on the previous night, and meet you with a fly at Kingsbury at eight in the morning, in time for the intentional flat. for the nine-o'clock train to London.

"To London I" echoed Grace, with a little iver. "Are we to be married in London?" " My dearest, everything is possible in Lon-don; there is no place like London for keeping a secret. But don't imagine that I am going to mew you up in a smoky city. I shall find a pretty nest for my bird somewhere in the suburbs, between this and Wednesday."

To be continued.)

DESTINY.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down Each with its leveliness as with a crows, Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest, Like snow on snow, that night, on Beauty's breast, The second rose, as virginal and fair, Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new griof made wild, Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

### FANNY WINTHROP'S TREAT.

BY MRS. E. A. WALKER.

"Well, Bertha, is Fanny all ready?" Now that is just like papa,—to have some idea distinctly clear in his own mind, and labor under the illusion that it is just as clear to every

So when pana startled us with this uttorly disjunctive inquiry, mamma patiently waited for further light, which not forthcoming, I re-marked in my usual dutiful manner to my wrath-provoking parent: "Cortainly, papa, all but is it for dinner, or to be married,

The dazed expression of his eyes was suddenly transformed into a comical mingling of as-tonishment and delight at our obvious ignor-

"How strangely forgetful you are growing, Bertha! You can't say anything more about my little slips of memory. I told you yester-day that I would take Fanny to New York with me to-night if you would get her ready in

I sprang three feet into the air, came down on my toes, and swung dear old bethersome papa around the room in my delight, for—don't sucer, girls—I had never seen New York in my life, and my brain fairly turned with the kulcioscopic visions which the more name brought

No fears vexed me that I must lose the trip because father had neglected to speak of it until just two hours before the train would leave the station, which was itself two miles from us. No, indeed: was not that long-suffering, quick-achieving mamma of mine equal to greater emergencies than this? Had I not seen her during the seventeen years of my life, at sundry times and in divers manners, set right poor pa-pu's blunders, bring order out of his confusion, and make things that were not appear as if they

So, although the precious little woman looked grave, after a single glance at my be-seeching eyes, I was not surprised to hear her roply gently to father's outburst: "Of course, dear, she will be ready for that;" and then she briskly summoned me above stairs to a grand

The result of this ceremony was a skillfully packed hat-box, and a trimly costumed little maid tapping impatient boot-heels at her father's failure to put in an appearance when the carriage was brought around. But mamma mearthed the sinner, and where do you think she found him? Calmly seated on his his travelling-box and umbrella at his side and our tickets securely set in his hat-hand, while his own precious exasperating self was uttorly absorbed in reading the last Nation!

It required some time and eleguence on mamma's part to convince him that he was not on the train, well under way for New York, and she the neace-destroying conductor.

Now mamma was quite too loyal to her liege lord to admit his besetting weakness even to me, but it was evident, as she hurrled the somewhat shame-faced culprit into the carringe after me, that she regarded the trip as a most dangerous experiment. I even overheard a playful—though serious enough on her part little altercation between them in the hall, in tie a string around his finger, that he might be sure to remember to bring me home with him

"Do I not well to be angry" at a father with whom such precautionary measures are no joke, but a dire necessity? However, no knight of old could have been more pronounced in his de-votion than was father to me throughout that journey. Although most of its hours were to be spent in a slooping-car, yet he purchased a stock of reading-material, and of the usual corky ratiroud commerce, sufficient for a wakeful week's consumption.

When bed-time came, and our berths were in readiness, he assisted at my very cursory tollet. Nobody could have exceeded the highly careful manner in which he held my brush, comb, band-glass, and hair-plus for me while I braided my long locks. There was but one draw-back his brilliant success as a dressing-maid, and that was his utter inability to remember which of all the things in his hands was a reflecting medium, so that he was quite as apt to present to me the back of the brush or the points of the hair-pins as the mirror, when I wished to see myself as others saw me.

Finally, he tucked me into the berth as if I had only as many months of age as I had years, and then woke nie at irregular intervals through the night by his anxious inquiries as to whether I was asleep or not. We arrived at New York in the morning, and

drove at once at the Fifth Avenue Hotel

After a late and lingering and luscious breakfirst, paper made ready to keep an appointment he had with Judge Coates to meet him at his

Such profuse regret as that good, but alas! most fallible, man expressed because he was forced to leave me alone in a strange hotel in a strange city! Such minute charges as he gave fire or a revolution should break out during

"At last, after providing me with a new novel and a box of marrons glaces for companions, and promising to return and dine with me at ive o'clock, he tore himself away.

As for me, the day passed pleasantly, what with the solaces already mentioned, and the strange panorama of gay, bustling New York visible from my windows

The only drawback to my complete enjoy-ment was my frequent thought of how poor papa was grieving over the necessity of leaving me, and worrying over my lonely estate! Poor

papa, indeed!

Five o'clock came, but no father. I knew his business was of great importance and might easily have detained him later than he had intended, so I felt no real alarm until seven

After that time, as the evening dragged its slow length along, and instead of seeing Jeffer-son's Rip Van Winkle, as we had planned for our first "lark" together, I found myself doomed to lonellness, hunger (for I had declined to dine until papa's return), and fast-multiplying fears, I was indeed a pitful contrast to the enviable little maid whom her father had left purring luxuriously over her book and bonbons.

terrors, at first vague, took on more and definite form and blackness, until fire and burglary for myself, and apoplexy and garroting for my father, became hideously familiar to my

It is a remarkable psychological fact that, so at is a remarkable psychological fact that, so bulling had been the effect of my father's recent gallantry, no suspicion of his having relapsed into his normal state of forgetfulness came to lighten my gloom by kindling my filial rage.

It must have been long after midnight when at last I cried myself to sleep in my chair, for I dared not venture into my bed-room. I was awakened from a horridly vivid dream

of the Nathan murder (the scene of which was visible from one of my windows), with persona variations and grotesque complications, by violent knocking at the door of the room in which I ought to have been peacefully lying. Trembling as I was with exhaustion and ter-

ror, I could not have gone so far even had I dared. Presently the knocking was transferred with increased vigor to our parlor-door, and after a time I made out my father's voice, broken as it was with fatigue and anxiety. At this I managed to drag myself to the door, and, after removing the table, and a sola, and three chairs, with which I had barrieaded it, unlocked it and let in the most remorseful, heart-broken crea ture you ever saw. It makes me laugh to this day, grieved and even angry as I was and am, whenever I recall papa's absurd appearance, and how thoroughly wide awake he was, for once, to my existence and to the dangerous lin-bilities of his besetting sin.

After a hall-storm of tears, hugs, and kisses

he made a clear breast of it, for there was no-thing else to be done under the circumstances. It seemed that he had found Judge Coates at his office, and the interview had developed some very important complications of the case they were engaged upon, which drove all other interests out of mind. Accordingly, when the Judge and said, "Come home with me to-night and we will talk it all over after dinner," be bac

consented.

"But I told the Judge," said he, looking at me deprecatingly through eyes full of pentient tears, "I told him all the time that I was sure there was something that I ought to go back to my hotel for. So you see, darling, I didn't really forget you, only that wretched business was up-permost for the time. But the Judge talked me aut of this fancy, and off to Brooklyn I went, and we are a capital dinner (unkindest cut of and we ate a capital dinner (unkindest cut of all), and smoked our cigars, and smoothed out that whole case, so that old What's-his-unme himself couldn't ruffic it again. It was after midnight by this time, and, everybody else in the house having gone to bed, the Judge himself showed me up to my room. Just as he was bidding me good-night he said, "By the way, Winthrop, why didn't you bring down that pretty" [Did Judge Coates say "pretty," or was that a stroke of inspiration on papa's part?] "little daughter of yours, whom we met last summer at the White Mountains, to make us a visit?"

"I am afraid, my child," said poor papa, thoughtfully, "that Judge Coates may think I left him somewhat abrubtly, for of course I came Somewhat abruptly, I should think.

There he was, still wearing a pair of gayly embroidered slippers which had been lent him when his boots were given to the servant for brushing; in his hand was a little gray hat, which he had snatched as he rushed through the was a week's accumulation of pockethandkerchiefs of various materials and com-plexions, and—as truly as I live—Judge Coates's night-gown (which he had just handed his guest when he took flight so mysteriously), all of which, however, made a sorry substitute for the overcont he had left behind him. Altogethe he was such a bizarre figure as even New York cannot often show.

One of my weaknesses is that I cannot stay vexed, no matter how great the provocation may have been; so I actually forgave that guilty man, and sent him to his bed to sleep the

While we were breakfasting amicably to gether the next morning Judge Coates came in, so anxious was he to learn the fate of his eccentric guest. His version of the night scene was not unlike father's. No sooner had he uttered his inquiry after his daughter than papa, clutching his hair like a madman and rubbing his face, wet with the moisture of sudden fright and w, on the borrowed night-gown, shrieked "What a fool I am! That is the very thing I told you I ought to go back to the hote after;" and then plunging out of the room and down the staircase, he had drawn the bolt of the street-door and vanished from sight before his host could recover from his astonishment

When father had reached the ferry and found how long he must wait for a boat to New York, be fairly raved with frantic apprehension for me, according to his own representation; and it of the marvels of the policing of city that he was not seized and locked up as the desperado he certainly looked.

"But, to make a long story short in the end-ing, it all came out screnely after all. Judge loates sont a dispatch home about me which brought over his wife and only son, the owne of the gray hat, to dine with us that night and take me to the opera. The next morning they sent the carriage for me and took me bodily to their house, where I finished my visit triumphantly. As for father, he gave me the daintlest set of pink coral he could find at Tiffinny's as a peace-offering, and while we remained trotted after his injured daughter wherever she went. Indeed he was, I might say, omnipresent and devoted to a fault, since Charley Coates and several of his friends stood ready to relieve his overburden-ed mind of such a responsibility. All pleasant things come to an end, and my

visit was not an exception. It was not what my fancy had painted when papa had proposed my going to New York. Indeed, it was not New York at all; but it had been a "trent" of the first quality, and I had hard work to keep the tears back when I said good-bye to the charming family who had entertained me so dolightfully.

As paper had some last husiness to attend to in New York, it was arranged that we should meet in the waiting-room of the Twenty-seventh Street station, whither Charley Cottes had promised to take me at the proper time. On our way over from Brooklyn Charley hald a wager of half a droop of highes two hottened.

a wager of half a dozen of Jugia's two-buttoned gloves, number five and three-quarters, that father would not be there to meet me, which was very importment in the young man (1 allow nobady to make game of poor papa's besetting sin but myself), and he lost, as he deserved. Papa was at the station before us, and we arrived just in time to catch him in the act of convoying a frumpy-tooking miss out of the waiting-room into the train. It may have been all very well for him to say, by way of excuse for himself, that "all girls look just allke in these days," and that this creature had yellow braids and a blue yell just like mine, which were all he looked for; and that when he asked her where Charley was and if she was ready to get into the cars, and took her bandbox (as if I ever would be guilty of a bandbox!) out of her hand, she had never said a word (which slience he ascribed to "grief at parting with Charley"), but had trotted dutifully after him and her bandbox.

"He ought to have known by the style,

even if you'd both been done up in mummy-cases just allke," muttered Charley Coates, in-dignantly. "Mr. Winthrop is the greatest man in the United States for a tough law 'question, and even for melting a jury; but he is no more capable of taking care of such a daughter than, etc., etc., etc.," all of which made it necessary for me to be awfully severe with the youth, so that I got through with the parting far better than I had feared I should.

However, when the train was fatrly off, and I found myself seated directly behind the cre-ature with the yellow braids and the bandbox, so that I could not have forgotten my last grievance if I had tried, I cried a little behind

Papa found me out, for a wonder, and dragged out of me my opinion that I was mourning in secret over the fact that I was the unfortunate daughter of an unnatural father who didn't even know his own only child by sight, although there were people who thought that she wasn't just like everybody else! (sniff, sniff), Then he pronounced judgment on the case in his most wide-awake and Impressive manner, and affirmed that it was not "the nice-looking (such taste!) girl in front" of me, "or the nice-looking boy" I'd left behind me (the idea!), that had thrown me into "this mandlin state," but that I was a "dear little tired-out girl" who had quite too much gayety and dissipation during the last two or three days for such excitable nerves. And then he told me stories of the good times he had when he was young and nobody can be more entertaining than and noboty can be more entertaining than my futher if he will only keep present-minded) till I forgot my troubles, and we "made up" beautifully, and I fell fast asleep on his shoulder and only waked when we stopped at the junction where we were allowed time for refreshments.

The framey young woman had left the train long before at some way station; and pape had turned over the back of her seat so that we could be comfortable, and taken out the showls from the strap to wrap around me as I slept, for it was getting late on a cold winter's day. I was still half asleep, but hurrically rolled my

wrips together, not strapping them, and fol-lewed father into the arter rook. The change of air, and a few sips discrong collect woke me sufficiently to recall that this most confusing of all junctions was the place where we were to change cars for home, and that very possibly our traps, which we had left to keep our seats for us, might already be on their way back to New York, or any other destination than the right one. Father rushed frantically of into the midst of shielding whistles, lingling bells, shouting porters, and crashing luggage, but soon emerged with the statement that all was right,

emerged with the statement that all was right, and finished bis systers complacenty.

"Your hand-bag was black, wasn't it, pet?" he asked, with his last spoonfut.

"No, indeed, papa! It was beautiful Russialeather, and you gave it to me yourself, last Christman!"

"O-nh-y-c-s-I remember. A pretty dark color, wasn'it ?"

" Father, you haven't made another blunder ?"

" No. no. child! It's all right, as I told you. There was no one in the ear we left but a poor little woman in black, and she had chosen to get into your seat and go to sleep there; how she managed to do it so quickly I can't imaginc. There must be something soportie in that situation, musn't there, Fanny? I just picked up the things as quietly as I could, so as not to disturb the poor soul, who looked as if she had cried herself to sleep over tougher sorrows than yours, my girl, and put them on board our train. I have taken a compartment in the drawing-room car this time, as I thought you would want to finish your nap. It is well you brought so many wraps (I had no idea they were so heavy till I moved them into the other car; they must weigh a dozen or affecen pounds), for it is going to be a fearfully cold

Now I have only as definite ideas of weight as girls in general, but father's estimate of the avoirdunois of my black and white plaid, my water-proof cloak, and a fleecy struck me as extra vagant, and awakened alarming suspicions as to the possible fate of my lovely Russh-leather satchel.

But as we entered the drawing-room car whom should we find in sole possession but Tenzie Phillips and her father!

Now Teazle is one of my two "most inti-mates," and as she had been spending a fort-night in Boston, we had so much to say to each other that I quickly forgot my fears. To be sure I asked papa where my wraps were, soon after the train started, and he ran and peeped into the first compartment, and came back saying, "There they are, all right; but we will stay here with our friends instead of taking a map. Shall we not?" So we four settled back in our easy-chairs and had the best of gossips,—

at least Teazle and I had.

At what time we became actually conscious of the fact that we were not, as we at first supposed occiseives to be, the only occupants of the car I cam ot say. I remember that the conduc-tor had been back and forth several times, and that latterly he had eyed Teazle and mesharply and with a peculiar expression of countenance which did not seem simple admiration. Papa, too, had remarked to Colonel Phillips, apropo to a stifled wall and intermittent gargle which came to our ears from the dusky recesses of the car, "We have a baby among us, have we?" and each of us made facetious remarks about its vocal development, as light-hearted people will do who have no responsibility for the young performer.

But at last the conductor, standing at the door of the first compartment, called out: " I beg

pardon, but which of the young ladies do these

things belong to in here?"

"They are mine, sir," said papa with emphasis, for the conductor's tone had an unpersunt ring.

"Well, why in thunder, then, don't you come

and stop your baby's noise!"

At this astounding challenge father " went
for that shaful" conductor, who made way for
him just in time to save himself from a crushing reprimand, for as he stepped back from the door of the compartment he opened to his wrathful passenger a vision which silenced him. When I saw papa clutching his own unlucky

when I saw papa contening his own uninery head with both bands I ran to him.

• Papa! papa! what is it?"

• What should he do but whirl upon me with the startling cry: • Frances Winthrop, where under the canopy did you borrow this buby

I pushed him aside, and there, surely enough, was a baby wrapped in a black and white plaid, somewhat like mine, and doing its best to profest against its mufflings.

Father Winthrop! Are THESE the things that you brought from the other car for mine?"
 Mereiful powers!" was all his answer, but it

was sufficient.

The "borrowed" baby had by this time disentangled itself with its indigmant little fists sufficiently to cry at its case, and I, who am a desporate lover of bables, caught it up and tried to soothe it with all the arts at my command.

Poor papa clutched his head, and stamped his feet, and execrated himself and his fate generally. Colonel Phillips and Teazle and the conductor stared in blank amazement at the three actors in this pleasing little drama, until it happened to occur to me that they had not the cue; so I proceeded to explain that this was only one of the frequent little entertalnments which papa and his besetting sin were wont to get up for the benefit of whomsoever it might

" Help me, Phillips! Think for me!" cried poor pape, his wis utterly demoralized by the horrors of the situation and the shricks of the chief victim there present. — That poor little woman in black!" he went on; — there she had cried herself to sleep, and I, like an internal scoundrel, must needs make off with her baby and the rest of hor titues!" and the rest of her things !"

"A1 al?" walled the little Greek chorus from out my unfamiliar arms in litting response to papa's remorseful apostrophe. So I left the gentlemen to canvass plans for the reliet of the poor mother's agony, and bentall my powers to the care of her vociferous offspring. Lucktly, Teazle was wiser in her generation

than 4, thanks to an overflowing nursery at home, and suggested that the child was hungry; and that, perhaps, since papa was in the haoit of stealing babies, he might have been provident

enough to bring away proper nourishment also. Accordingly, while I trotted and 'shr'shr'shed and dandled papa's elephant up and down the whizzing car, Tonzio went on a foraging expedition and soon brought back a rusty old black bag (which looked even less like my Russia-leather beauty than that yellow-halred creature like me), and out of it she pulled, surely enough a bottle of milk!

I snatched it, and would have popped it at once into the baby's mouth, which was accommodatingly open; but Teazle swooped upon it with all the airs of a mother in Israel, exclaim-

"What a little goosie! It must be warmed

It actually was half-frozen, and what we should nave done in this dilemma without the impertinent conductor I don't know.

He was now transformed into the most gra-He was now transformed into the most gra-cious, fatherly creature imaginable. He putted father soothingly on the back; he devised ways and means with Colonel Phillips; he chirrupod to the baby; he complimented me on my not very marked success as misse-maid; and scarcely had Tenzio proclaimed the necessity of heating baby's suppor than he rushed to the disused water-tank at the other and of the car and after a gallant strugglo with the chained cup tore it off, returned triumphant, and stood polishing away its dust and rust with his scent and pocket-insulkershief, while we looked on admiring. Nor did he stop here. He himself, with his own bediamonded fingers, poared the milk into the cup and held it over the hot stove to the great detriment of his comfort and com-plexion, until Mother Teazlo expressed herself satisfied with its temperature (that of haby's

mik—not the conductor's color).
If you do not think that this was very much to do, then all I have to say is, just examine the next drawing-room car conductor you chance to see, and imagine his serence elogance teasting before the dre in an uncomfortable, and even indicrous attitude, all in a howling baby's behalf, and perhaps you will change your mind. Moral: Men are sometimes better than they

But let us return to our little mouton. As the vocal exorcises to criticise our culinary opera-tions, its appetite was not in the least affected by the dust and the rust and the edorous pocket handkerchief, and the way that milk disappear ed was astonishing to us ignorant outsiders. indeed, remembering vaguely stories which I had heard of the fatal results of over-feeding, demarted at giving the insatiate atom its will with the bottle, but Teazle (the airs that child put on, for she was a year younger than I, were almost insufferable!) laughed at me, and informed the conductor authoritatively that she might find it necessary to have him stop the train before we reached A..., in order to replen-ish nursery-supplies, to which he listened meekly submissive to her will.

However, although we really stopped at the next suition (have I said that ours was the express train, which did not usually stop between the junction and our destination, A.—.?) It was not for milk, but to set down poor papa. The train conductor had been called into council, and although it took him some time to under-stand that father was neither a wicked kidnapper nor a madman, but only an impetuous absent-minded gentleman of the best intentions, he at last agreed with Colonel Phillips and our nursing-father, the drawing-room car conductor, that papa must get to a telegraphoffice as speedily as possible, and send back a message to the junction for the arrest and consolution of the beroaved mother, which message he was to follow in person by the night train When he meekly remarked that he supposed he had better take the baby with him, the proposition was received with shouts of laughter which greatly relieved our overcharged spirits. But poor jupa could not laugh. He had always before him the sorrow-worn face of the baby's mother. Still be looked relieved when he found that his penance was not to include lugging back the borrowed baby bodily. It was ordered by the council that I should take the baby home with me as best I could, to be kept under mamma's tender care till papa should bring its own mother there to claim it. The little crossture, now that it was no longer cold and fright ened and hungry, lay on my arms smiling and cooling and buzzing in the most bewitching manner. Indeed, it proved to be a perfect munner. beauty, and I had contrived to love it so already that I am afraid if its poor mother had appear of that night I should have almost hated her. Papa gazed at it with mingled emotions, and

finally whispered to me, with a pittful attempt itt in mit's "Pussie, don't you think your in mines will--will be rather pleased?" I She has always wanted to adopt a baby?" I coaldn't in conscience think that manima's coasta't in conscience thin; that mainta's emotions would be altegether pleasurable when she saw me return it an my "Treat" minus my father and plus somebody's baby; but I believed after all that things would come out right, and said so to poor papa as he now kissed me good-by, for we had reached the station where he was to be left. I even restrained my lips from saying what was in my heart; "bout for pity's sake bring home the wrong woman," for lity's ways forling monthly for bit to reachest in For it was forforn enough for him to go back in For H was forforn enough for blin to go back in the dark, cold night, with his burden of remorse, in search of a probably half-crazed mother, instead of being welcomed home in an hour or two, as he had hoped, by his own loving little without any ugly thrusts from me.

wife, without any ugly thrusts from me.

We others reached A... specify, and, as
maxima had sent the close carriage with abindant robes and wraps for us, I resisted Colonel Phillips's entreaties to be allowed to go home with me, two miles out into the suburbs, and drove off gleefully alone, with my precious baby now fast asteep in my arms. How sweet manning and Aunt Fanny looked,

as they stood in the shining hall to receive us! How unitterably annazed they looked when no papa appeared, and John handed in, not my hat-box (for, of course, papa had gone off without giving me my check), or anything that was mine, but an old black bag; while I, instead of flying through the door to hug them in my usual remostations mainter, stemed gingerly out, of

the investment of the court of the carriage and up the steps, an old black and white shawl hugged in my arms, and with unnatural calmness remarked:—

Mamma, I have had a beautiful time in New York, and I have brought you being a baby! and then went off into an indefinite series of giggles and shricks;—a not very surpression generals from my engineer mytrapha. orising reaction from my enforced matronia d

and excitement during the past few hours.

I spare you explanations and further particulars, only assuring you that never was baby, a borrowest "or otherwise, so broaded and made much of as was mine. The little monkey seemed not at all to miss its mother, and indeed it had as many mothers as it could promed. it had as many mothers as it could properly attend to in manning and Aunt Fanny and mo. But I must wind up my story. Before dinner next day, as we were having a grand frolle with Miss Baby, papa marched in triumphantly, with the air of a conqueror and a philanthropist rather than the culprit he was, and accompany-ing bim was not only the sweet-faced little woman in black (and the right woman, for a wonder) but my own wraps and beloved Russia-

leather bag! Mamma says that papa's absent-minded blunders have a way of ending, after all, so satisfactorily, as to fail of making any saturary impression on his delinquent mind, and of driving him to mend his ways.

And so it proved in this case, if you will cheve it. Mrs. Stimms (that was the little coman's name) was really intending to come to 3—., only five fulles from us, where some connections fived, who she thought might give her shelter till she could find work to support her.

Her husband had died three weeks before in Minnesota, and as soon as she could settle up small affairs she had started for the East. At the time when papa made his atrocious descent upon her possessions she had been travelling overal days and nights without rest, and having laid her buby down on the seat opposite her for its map had, as father surmised, cried herself

Unitiekity she slept on after reaching the junction, where she ought to have taken the same train with ourselves and the abducted

She had wakened later to find that she was on the wrong route, and—horror of horrors (— that her baby had mysteriously disappeared

The conductor was of the humane species. and as soon as he could collect her story from her agonized confusion he had put her in the way of speedy return to the junction, and telegraphed a statement of her case before her. And so it came to pass, after the lapse of two or three terrible hours of resultless search and Inquiry, in which she was nided by kindly officials, that the nows of her baby's safety and father's approach reached her. An aggravation of her case lay in the fact that

she lud not only lost her baby and her bag, but her purse, containing her ticket and about three dollars (every penny she had in the world), had bean fliched from her pocket while she slept, or during the frenzy of her search for her baby I Solt is well that she had father to care for her during the remainder of her journey. Now of course it would be vain for a man

who steals bags and bables to resent being suspected of picking pockets; and, to this very day, mamma can always bring papa to terms, whonever he rebels against her gentle, wise are you sure that you haven't Mrs. Samma's pocket-book somewhere about you?"
We had noticed that the baby's clothes,

though simple, were made with exquisite nicety, and mammit was delighted to retain Mrs. Simms, baby and all, as scamstress; and bere e grateful little soul has remained ever since Papa obviously quite plumes himself on this acquisition to our household treasures, and froquently goes into the sewing-room to beam complacently upon Mrs. Simus and little Moses, as I named her. At first, as we observed, whenever papa appeared on the scene Mrs. Simms watched him and her baby with vigil-antly suspicious eyes, fearing probably a second attack of his singular kleptomania. This approionsion was somewhat justified, it must be confessed, by the fact that when any visitors came to us who had heard the baby-story (and it went far and wide wherever the chief actor was known) papa felt called upon to demon-strate before their incredulous eyes how inevitably-the haste of changing cars amid maddening noises of Y-. junction being undermedianing noises of 1— janction of an inder-stood—a thoroughly wrapped-up lafant must be mistaken for a bundle of wraps, and unsuspi-ciously tucked under the arm and mude off

For a time, Moses lent herself graciously to this exhibition and saved paper's reputation for sanity again and again. She long ago outgrow her role, however; but we will boldly champion ner rate, nowver, or the world as the soundest her against the infantile world as the soundest of sleepers when sleep is in order, and the sweetest and merriest of wide-awakes. And whatever clse poor pape's inlind may let slip, he never forgets the claims of our Borrowed

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N.B.: Doar Sir,—Having used your Compound Syrup for some time, in my practice, I have no hesitation in recommending it to my patients who are suffering from General Debility, or any Disease of the Lungs, knowing that even in cases atterly hopoless, it affords relief.

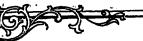
I am, Sir, yours truly, II. Q. ADDY, M.D.

3t. John, N.B., January, 1808.

Parson's Punuative Pills—Best family physic, keridun's Caoulry Condition Powders, for Horses.

A Hundern and twenty Cashmero goats have been aported into Utah.





# The Wearthstone.

Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872. Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Pre-

sentation Plate. \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbul's Family Record.

of Trumbull's Family Record.

For \$10.00: 6 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 6 Presentation Plates.

For \$20.00: 12 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.

For \$40.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.

For \$15.00: 6 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872,

6 Presentation Plates and 6 Family Records. \$30,00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family

Records. \$60.00: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 25 Presentation Plates and 25 Family

Records. Every body sending a club of 5 will also re-ceive one copy of the Family Record.

Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and accure his Paper and Presentation Plate

Young Ladies! young men! with very little exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and pocket \$8.00 for your trouble.

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FROM BAD TO WORSE. A story of Montreal life. By J. A. Phillips, Chap. I. IN AFTER-YEARS. By Mrs. Alexander Ross. Chang VI

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Walker.
Under the Commune. The story of a French girl. By Alice Gray.

EDITORIAL.

Wooden buildings. About advertisements. ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Tablets of Memory. By Dr. Norman Smith. Confidence in tradesmen. By Lizzie Branson

SELECTED ARTICLES. Lawyers, Ministers and Doctors. By Oliver Wendell Holmes,-May Fashious,

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GEMS OF THOUGHT. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. LITERARY ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

HOUSEHOLD I TEMS. WIT AND HUMOR.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINK,

ANOTHER NEW STORY.

In our next number we shall commence a very interesting story from the pen of Ma. ERNEST BRENT, author of " Love's Redemption" &c., entitled

## BROOKDALE.

Mr. Brent is one of the most promising an thors of the day and his stories are attracting a great deal of attention in England just now "Brookdale" is in his happiest vein and wlil prove one of the most interesting stories we have ever offered to our readers.

## ABOUT ADVERTISEMENTS.

The most real, life-like, carnest portions of a newspaper are the advertisements. We do not mean the great flaring announcements of some special murderer, with M.D. (Means Death) after his name, who proclaims in wellrounded adjectives the never-failing qualities of his P. P. P. P. (Patent Purge and Puke Pills;) nor the simple-looking, but artfully deceitful offers of some benevolent being to furnish the sure means to a colossal fortune on receipt of twenty-five cents; nor do we refer to the general business advertisements of groceries, dry goods, &c.; but to the people who want employment, and by whom employment is wanted. It is a sad, sad lesson of the stern reality of life to read the long columns of "wants" which daily appear in our leading papers, it would seem as if the whole world was out of employment and seeking work; and yet turn to another column and you will find the very people advertising advertised for; at first sight, it is really curious how exactly some of the advertisements fit each other; it looks precisely as if one man had heard of the other's he was able to give. And how terribly carnest some of these advertisements read we can almost trace in the words, "willing to do any work," and " salary not so much an object as

There are no sensation novels which appeal some of these short life histories epitomised in the few works of an advertisement for a situation. And there is a grim humor running through these columns too; their very sameness has a fascination about it, and we get wondering why "plain cooks" are in so much greater demand than good-looking ones, whether a pretty girl is not as capable of broiling a steak as an ill-favoured one; and whether stout boys" are at a premium, they seem in such constant demand; and what becomes of all the thin boys-there must be thin boys. they can't all be stout-as we never see one advertised for. Occasionally, too, we see an advertisement which sets us wondering what sort of man the advertiser can want. A short while ago we saw one for "A cupola man; good wages given to a steady, faithful man." sort of being a "cupola man" is, whether he is very tall, and why he should be more steady and faithful than other men; whether he is to be a cupola in himself, or whether he is to live in a cupola, or whether he is to build a cupola, or what cupola has to do with the man, or the man with cupola at all.

Perhaps the saddest column of advertisements in a paper—but one which we in Canada fortunately see little of—is the "Personals;" it is sadder than the column of Deaths, for that only too often foreshadow moral and spiritual artistic exactness. death as well. It is heartrending in some of the American papers to see the shameful and shameless announcements which are made under this head; and the mere fact of the insertion of some of them is a disgrace to journalism. Taken as a whole, the advertisements of a "great daily" will often afford as deep, if not deeper, food for reflection than can be found in the reading matter.

#### WOODEN BUILDINGS.

The Italians have a wise proverb " from the failures of others let us succeed"; and it would prominent part therein. There may come up be well for us if we took the terrible lesson of the fiery ordeal through which Chicago has passed, home to ourselves and endeavoured to passed, nome to ourserves and endeavoured to fided flowers that will cause our heart-strings profit by the experience of others. The building laws here are imperfect and badly carried tions, but only for a moment, and then to subout; but, there are one or two glaring defects which the calamity at Chicago brings out in strong relief and which need immediate amendment.

First; the law with regard to buildings, altho it nominally forbids the erection of wooden buildings, really encourages them in their worst form. Nearly one half of the cheap residences "run up" here are virtually built of wood; that is a wooden house is built and a layer of bricks is packed up around it, one brick thick: so thin and weak in fact that if despair. the bricks did not have the solid wood work to past in which memory fondly lingers, pluck-lean against, and a little mortar to stick them together, they must inevitably fall down. Now when a fire occurs in one of these buildings the brick work, far from being of assistance in withstanding the fiery element is a positive hindrance, for it prevents the firemen from getting well at the fire, and also very greatly imperils their lives from the probability of its falling at any moment. When one of these houses catches on fire it is not a very long or difficult task, as a general thing, for our efficient brigade to subdue the flames; but, supe a fire should occur during a strong wind storm in a locality crowded with these eggshell buildings, and the flames gain such headway as to ignite twenty or thirty of them, our fire department would have no more effect on such a mass of flame than a child would spitting into a red hot stove with an idea that he could put it out. A long drought in summer, a strong wind, and a little assistance from our efficient water-works-say for instance fifteen minutes delay in turning on the water as at Garth's fire, and no force then-would be sufficient, at almost any moment to convert Montreal into a second Chicago.

We are not drawing a fancy picture to scare children with, we stand in eminent peril of such a calamity at any moment; and it is in the hope that our Council may, perhaps, be induced to do something more useful to the City than voting a million of dollars for a doubtful railroad project, that we invite attention to the very large number of wooden buildings which have been erected within the last eighteen months or two years and which remain without the so called protection of brick-work to this day. This is in clear violation of the by-law and is simply negligence, or incompetency on the part of the building inspector; and we think a thrill through our souls as we realize that a victory has been won. at once.

The second defect in the present building by-law is, that it does not make any provision for having wooden houses pulled down after brillant pearls of happiness, and the clouds that they have been erected a certain number of hang so drearily around us roll away before the cheering sunshno of love and sympathy. want and advertised for exactly such help as they have been creeted a certain number of . years; nor does it prevent the patching and the encering sunsmine of love and symptomy. repairing of wooden houses, or slingle roofs; in our journey of life and review the tablets so that one bundred years from to-day there may the past, for it gives us renewed strength, and still be wooden houses in Montreal; for, by courage to meet the future, the unknown future, steady work," which daily meet our eye, the taking out an old piece of wood and putting in yet so full of hope and golden promise.

last sad appeal for aid from some unfortunate a new one every now and then it does not whom the waves of misfortune have swept take long to virtually pull down an old wooden over and are bearing down to destruction, house and build a new one. All large towns ought without doubt to be rendered as nearly more directly to the heart and sympathy than fire-proof as possible, and the only way to acheive this is to exclude the use of wood in construction of buildings as much as is practicable. Iron, stone, and brick should form the chief portions of a house; wood may be used for floorings, ceilings, doors, &c. but it would be well if the wood so used was rendered almost fire-proof as recent discoveries have shown that it can be. Our building laws are without doubt highly defective and the Council should lose nortime in amending them so as to afford us greater security from fire.

THEATRE ROYAL .- Seldom has Montreal been visited by so clever and well balanced a troupe as the New York Company which closed their brief engagement on Saturday nights with " No Throughfare." On the first five nights of the week they appeared in Mr. Lester Wallack's The imagination at once begins to guess what | military drama of "The Veteran" and treated us to some of the most delicious bits of comedy we have seen for some time. We trust the Company will visit us again later in the season. This week the Theatre will be occupied by a French Concedy Company; and on Tuesday next the regular season will be commenced by the Ben DeBar Company from New Orleans, The Company will contain many of last years fuvourites, Miss Waugh, Miss Andrews, Mr. John Davis, Mr. Wilson and others and a few new candidates for Montreal favors. The first star will be Mr. J. W. Wallack who will open in tells only of physical death, but the Personals o Henry Dunbar," a part he plays with most

> For the Hearth-tone. TABLETS OF MEMORY.

I love to cult the fragrant flowers. That strew the path of memory o'er, And oft in fancy to wonder back. Through by-gone scenes in days of yore.

Who does not love at times to sit quietly down and commune with the past, with all its changes of joy and corrow, of sunshine and shadow. True there may be seenes in life's drama over which we would gladly throw the veil of oblivion and forgot that we have acted a side in painful throbbings, as the stern reality forces itself upon our minds. Perhaps we cherished some glittering hopes, and anxiously watched over the beautiful buds of promise, watched over the beautiful bids of promise, only to see them fide one by one away, leaving us to gather the withered fruits of disappointment. We may have drank from the fountain of love, its sweet waters, yet found at the bottom only the Vitter dregs of deceil and faithlessness. It may be that when the sun of prosperity beamed the brightest, and the skies seemed the fairest, the dark clouds of adversity studdenly found up and enveloped us in their suddenly loomed up and enveloped us in their dreary folds, shutting out every cheering ray and leaving us in the shadows of the night of

And yet there are many green bowers in the ber already transplanted to her beautiful gar-dens, where the sweet buds of hope, faith and hove bloom in perpetual beauty. All yes, how often she wanders away back through the dusky shadows of time, and with truthful pencil sketches each scene of life, with masterly touch upon golden tublets, that Anon are hid away within the utmost recesses of the heart, secur-

from every gaze but that of our soul, when it retires to commune with itself.

There is a beautiful picture of life's morning hours, colored with the soft that that played over the cloudless sky of infancy and childhood when thought first took possession of her charn-hers, and the soul set out to reach its destinabers, and the soul set out to reach its destination in the shoreless realms of eternity. As we view it there seems to full upon our ears the loving tones of a mother's gentle voice, soft and low as when she used to calm our childish tears and hushed us to sleep. One by one the loved faces so familiar, in our early days pass before us, and though long years have intervened and thrown their dusky shadows between us and our youthful hours, yet do we well remember our childhood's home with all its dear old associations, and every nook and spot is revisited with an interest scarcely less than when our pleture of fancy was a reality. The old brown cottage, with its broad high gables and low -covered projecting eves, stands out before once it did of yore. The old trees wave us as once it did of yore. The old trees wave their branches before the door over which the clambering vines twine themselves into a beautiful archway. The little brooklet ripples along at the foot of the hill, with the same sweet song that charmed us when we warned upo its flower-banks in childish glog. Our listening ears can almost hear the tinkle of the bell upon the hill-side pastures, and the orchard, the meadow, the wild woods and the old familiar haunts and play grounds seems to echo again with the voices which rang out in joyous in-

ocence long years ago. But a little further on and the horizon of our mind increases in strength and hope leads u through ambitious flowery fields. Step by step we move on in our career, new beauties pre-senting themselves at every turn in life's pathway, and new hopes springing up to encourage and cheer us in the performance of our duties By and by the objects we have so diligently pursued, and the prizes we have struggled for

All along the course we have pursued are sunny spots, for life is not all shadows and darkness. The seed we have planted in sorrow, often springs up to a harvest of loy. The tear-drops that fall so thickly at our feet, turn to LITERARY ITEMS.

Ilrarts and Home.—Among the brightest and best of our weekly exchanges stands Hearth and Home published at New York by Orngo Judd & Co., it is always full of interesting reading matter and, at present, presents a special attraction in the shape of a new story entitled "The End of the World" by Dr. Eggleston, the inlented author of "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

new story entitled "The End of The World" by Dr. Eggleston, the inlented author of "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

Scrainsra's ror May. "Traveling by Telegraph: Northward to Ningara," is the title of the leading article in Seribuer's for Any. It begins a description of the route from Washington to Ningara over the still undinished Baltimore and Potomae Railroad and the well-known Northern Central. A most inturesting region was traversed by Mr. James Richardson, the author of the paper, and the artists of Seribaer's tincluding the line of the Penmsylvania Central from Phitadelphia to Harrisburg), and a part of the results of the day. The new novelette, entitled "Draxy Miller's Dowry." by Saxe Holm, author of "Esther Wynn's Lowe-Letters," is began in this number, and gives promise of extraordinary interest. Mrs. Oliphant's "At His tistos" is continued, and proves to be a really masterly story; it certainly deserves wider attention. Noah Brooks, author of "The Cruise of the Balboa," comes out with a benutiful and pathetic story, "The Waif of Nautilas Island." Warner's "Back-log Studies" are as juicy and delicious as ever, with a little more serious thought this time. His picture of the singing reformers is a delightful bit of Warnerism. For solid articles we have a suggestive paper on "Our Educational Outlook," in which compulsory education is advocated, and a paper on Mr. Lowell's Prose, in which Mr. Wilkinson is as courteous as he is cutting. The poetry is contributed by Rev. Geo. Lansing Taytor. Sara H. Browne, and Anneira E. Daly, In "Tonies of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses "The Conservative Resources of American Life," "E. thetics at a Premum," "Run and Railroads." In "The Old Cabinet" are "New Names." "Stories without Point," "Concerning a Pestilent Eyil, "MacDonald's "Within and Without." and "Tragic." "This number begins a new volume, and among the improvements which should be noted are a new Department entitled "Nature and Science." which opens well with a pregnant summary of practical science: enlargement of

The Etchings tell the story of an Absent-Minded Man.

Harden's Magazines for May is full of the most altractive rending-matter, profusely illustrated. Of its sixteen articles, there are but five that are not illustrated. The Number opens with the second installment of Porte Crayon's "Mountains." illustrated with a dozen of the author's most characteristic and effective drawings, representing some plasses of rural life in the mountains of Viginia helong to the past, but are soon destined to disappear with the approach of a newera. To read Porte Crayon's sketches of country life, is like rusticating by proxy. He gives us a kind of mental vacation, and his work contrasts pleasantly with that done by most of his contemporary literateurs and artists who, unconciously perhans, but very materially, are affected by the absorbing influence of a too busy life. We have the second and concluding portion of the "Story of Tammany," showing how that Society grew to political supremacy. An interesting account is given by the writer of the political career of the two Clintons, and of the struggle between this family and that of the Livingstons; also an account of Tammany's part in the stride is profusely with Van Buren's political career. The article is profusely illustrated with portraits. Mr. George M. Towle gives a history of a model town in England—Saltaire, founded by Sir Tims Salt for the benefit of his workmen. This paper, which is illustrated, is an appropriate sequel to the account of Mr. Godin's "Social Palace at Guise," in the April Number of Happer. Both articles should be read by every working ann and by every capitalist in the country. R. S. White contributes an exquisite little poem, "The Dew." Miss Mary R. Dodge is the author of "In the Studio," which is in her happiest vein. Residents of New York City will at once recognize the studio referred to, both in the poem and in the two illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Sol. Eptinge. Among the attractive features promised by the publishers for subsequent numbers is

## EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CAYADA.—The Adjudant-General's report on the state of the Militia has been presented to Parliament. The nominal strength of Adityo Militia has been presented to Parliament. The nominal strength of Adityo Militia has been presented to Parliament. The nominal strength of Adityo Militia has been presented to Parliament. The camps of Exercise's in the respective ment in early 20,000 were assembled in tactical brigades at 'Camps of Exercise's in the respective ment in the Camps of Exercise's in the respective military in the strength of the Parliament in the Parliament nre in progress in different parts of the province of Nova Scotin and during the senson a very larce amount of tonnage will be constructed.—A Halifax Policeman was lately fined \$91 for using his hatton in the eranium of a citizen.—The Iron Manufacturers of Toronto have resolved to close their factories on the first of May.— Narcisse Côté, bookbinder, Ste. Geneviève, St. John Suburbs. Quebec, lately an innate of the Beauport Lanatic Asylum, was allowed out from the Asylum last week for the parpose of being interdicted before the protentionorry so that his wife might administer his property. On 24th tht, he swallowed a quantity of Partis green that had been in the house for several years past for the purpose of killing cockronches, from the effects of which he died.—The Toronto Council are about to consider the propriety of insuring the lives of policemen.—The provisional directors of the Ontario and Quebec Railway met at Ottawn on 20th ult, and opened stock books. Stock to the amount of \$352,000 was at once taken up. It was aureed between Sir Hugh Allan, representing the stockholders, and the provisional directors, that Mr. Keefor's line between Carleton Place and Peterbore' would be taken; that the survey would be commoned with in two months and prosecuted with vigor, and that the work of construction shall be commenced with the test Si inches from Ottawa to Toronto.

Univer States.—A mob stopped the Eastern bound in the Manual Manual Construction of the distance of the States of Toronto.

ENGLAND.—The weather throughout England is fair and favourable to the growing crops.——A thunder storm of unusual violence passed over the Midland countles on 25th ult., doing great damage.

Several lives are reported lost.—The walls of a building in course of erection at Kirkuldy, Scotland, fell lately while men were at work, Nine musons and labourers were sufficiented.—The prospectus of the American Atlantic Telegraph Company is fell lately while men were at work. Nine masons and labourers were sufficiated.—The prospectus of the American Atlantic Telegraph Company is issued. The company propose to fix a cuble from Milford Itaven, in Wits, to Ityeboach, N.H. The rate of messages will be fixed at 1s. 5d., per word, with a charge in gross for address of 3s. This rate is about one-third of the tariff of the present monopoly.—The obsequies of the late Viceroy and Governor, Earl of Mayo, took place at Dublin on 25th at The romains were landed from the steam yacht Enchantress at Kingstown and brought to the city of Dublin in a special train. An imposing funeral procession nearly a mile in length, consisting of the principal officers of the Government, a large detachment of regular troops, and many city societies was then formed and passed through the principal streets, which were crowded with dones masses of sympathising spectators. Conspicuous in the funeral cortege were the Marquis of Lorae, representative of the Queen, and Earl Spencer, Lord Licut, of Ireland. The remains were taken to Nams, the family sont of decoased, for final interment.

The remains were taken to Nans, the family sont of decoased, for final interment.

France.—The Archbishop of Paris and several other members of the Catholic elercy have issued decrees, promulgating the doctrine of Papul Infallibility. a number of newspapers in Paris declare their action illogal.—A despatch from the French Ambassador at Berlin reports that his relations with the German Government are on a very good footing.

—Thiers will shortly hold a review of the military forces in and around Paris. The review at long Champs will be proceeded by manacuves on a large scale.—The trials of persons charged with murdering of hostages in the prison of La Raquette during the roign of the Commune have terminated, and their sentences have been promulgated. The wom in Gayon, who was the principal actor in this tragedy, has been sentenced to death, and thirty other persons connected with the crime have been gentenced to imprisonment for various terms.—It is runored that the Duke to Nomiles is to be Minister to Washington, while Jules Ferry will go to Rio de Jameiro.—The radicals are rejoicing over the evidences of the growth of republican idons in the Departments.—An umber of persons were arrested in the city of Bayonne, near the Spanish border, in the department of the las Pyrences, on 25th alt.

Spain to engage in the present demonstration against the tovernment of that country. The captives, however, overpowered the police force which had them in charge, and escaped towards the Spanish Frontier.

Sealn,—The Carlists are causing great trouble, a general risine has taken have and Don Carlos has

ever, overpowered [the police force which had them in charge, and escaped towards the Spanish frontier.

Spans.—The Carlists are causing great trouble, a general rising has taken place and bon Carlos has eatered Spain and is said to be at the head of 10,000.

A royal proclamation has been issued declaring the provinces of Marevo, Lerida and Hiscay in a state of siege. —King Amadeus delivered the speech from the throne in person at the opening of the Cortes, speaking of the Carlist movement he said:—"A party denying the legitimacy of the modern right, and a stubborn enemy to the national institution, after its defeat at the elections, rises in arms in some of the provinces. The Covernment has taken effective measures to promptly crush the insurrection. It is taught by experience the futility of the policy of elemency: it will be inexocable in its punishment of constant enemies to liberty and disturbers of the peace. If ordinary measures prove insufficient the Government will ask the sanction of the Cortes for others which may be necessary to secure the reign of law." The King expresses hopes of the prompt termination of the insurrection, praises the army and civic guard for their courage and loyalty, and says he asks in the Cortes a guide, and means identifying himself with the nation. The speech concludes as follows: "While I will never descrit he post to which they have called me, and constitutional duties I will fulfil with the loyalty and constancy due to the honor of my mano."

Mexico.—Arrivals from Cawnzo with dates to the 17th instant report the Revolutionists fined the few

Mexico.—Arrivals from Cawargo with dates to the 17th instant, report the Revolutionists fined the firm of Buck, Schowfield & Co., of Monterey, \$55,000 for regularity in passing money out of the country. This, with the proceeds of the sale of 330 males, placed the insurgents in funds, and will enable them to move on Matamora, in full force.—The revolutionists under General Narvace were driven out of the State of San Luis and totally routed.

China.—A telegram from llong-Kong brings intel-igence of a terrible marine disaster on the Chinese CHEA.—A telegram from Hong-kong brings infeligence of a terrible marine disaster on the Chinese const. The French steamer Avato came into collision with the steamer Rena, and the latter was suck. Sixty persons who were on board the Kena were missing, and it is believed they have all been lost.

AUSTRIA.—The United States Minister Jay and Count Audrassy, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, have exchanged ratifications of the Trade Mark Con-vention recently negotiated between the United States and Austria.

CANADIANS ATTENTION !- We begin to consider ourselves a nation-we begin to think that we have rights, which, as a nationality, we should respect. What those rights are, we doubt not, are quite plain to every thinker. First, we claim as a right, the support of our own people. We don't believe in Encountry with their productions. We don't believe in the Americans poisoning the minds of the rising youth with their wishy-washy trash. We do not believe in Canadians turning the cold shoulder to home talent. This has been done. We repeat, that it is no honour to Canadians to Canada. Even to-day Canadian publishers would give fifty cents more for a trashy Yankee novel, than one written by their own country-men for a fair, honourable price. We say to every loyal Canadian, look to this ! The question to be decided is Canadian, nationality, and freedom: or annexation to the States, and Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, Grant or Victoria.-London Herald.

MORAL.-Subscribe to the HEARTHSTONE.

YEAR! YEAR!—Why is an almanack simply advice thrown away?—Because it comes in at one year and goes out at the other.





NO MORE.

BY AMELIA E. DALEY.

No more, as once, hand throbbing into land, We gaze while slow the glowing sunset dies; No mere, when twilight settles e'er the land, I turn to find my light within thine eyes.

No more we gather in the meadows wide The daisies white with which to bind m No more I look on thee, and feign to chide Thy dear solicitude, thy tender care.

Thou art away: ch love! oh death! how long Shall I with dim eyes watch the fading day, And hear blest wives and mothers hum their sons Of household peace,—then kneel alone to pray!

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## IN AFTER-YEARS;

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER X1. (continued.)

" No my man there is little chance of their being there yet, there is no doubt it is the young ladies you saw and the carrier has taken them into Aberdeen in his eart which was a safer way than going by the mail where they would be seen and known as my granddaughters; there's a pretty reward the old hound has given for the food and shelter he had in Haddon Castle for lifty years, when I get my claws on Master Adam he'll have a rest in the Aberdeen jail for his pains :"

You must go to Longman' continued Sir Richard, and try to get out of him where he brought them; were I to send to him he would tell fifty lies, mainly to be revenged upon me for turning him out of this hostelry."

"Longman will tell nothing to me, he does not like me so well, but once we are sure of his having taken them to Aberdeen, we could surely find them there through the police men ; it's

no so long or so broad."

Sir Richard did not much like being included in the familiar "we" of the Inkeeper, but he suppressed his pride for the present, it was not the first time he realized the truth "one cannot touch pitch without being defiled."

The landlord rushed from the room with a hasty "Your pardon Sir" and going into the stable yard addressed a boy he had seen from the window and whom he knew to be Longman's son.

"llow are ye Johnie, is your father with you?'

"No, father's no back frae Aberdeen yet." " Your father's in Aberdeen, is he? I thought he was in going till Monday, and I had two boxes to go with him."

" His day's Monday, and he'll likely go again on Monday, but he could not take boxes last our new cause he gaed on purpose wi' two ladies that were hiding at our house the day he set off, real ladies," continued the boy with a look of satisfaction at the idea of real ladies being visitors at his father's house.
"What ladies was that?" inquired the wily

Inkeeper.
"Would you like to know?" replied the boy who now recollected that he had been forbid to speak to any one of the young ladies being at, his father's. "Cause if ye would l'll no tell you," and having found that the boy he came with was ready to go, he jumped up behind him, and both left the stable yard mounted on the same

thorse.
The Inkeeper immediately made Sir Richard acquainted with the information he had obtained from Longman's boy, adding.

"I know the Inn Longman stops at in Aberdeen and if you say the word, I'll go there by the night mail, and find if they are there or where they are gone,"

Sir Richard saw he had obtained an energetic and longheaded auxiliary in the Inkeeper, and determined that he would himself also go to Aberdeen to follow up any advantage which might accrue from the man's investigations, and if possible find and bring back the girls ere

they lad time to leave the city.
There was a town house belonging to the favant and his wife who kept the rooms aired and prevented the old place from falling to

To this house Sir Richard proceeded in his carriage, leaving McRae to follow by the mail and bring him whatever intelligence he could

obtain at the hostelry.

Sir Richard had not long to wait, his faithful ally arrived before breakfast next morning, to inform him that Longman had not been at the public house he usually made his stopping lace, until he had brought his passengers old man and two young girls, to the wharf and landed them safe on board the "Skeelly Skipper" bound for Hore's wharf, London.

This news he had obtained partly at the hostelry, partly at the wharf; the man ad-

"I find the steamboat for London sails the day, so if ye like I'll go after them and have them arrested on the arrival of the "Skeelly Skipper," the steamboat they say will be in London long before she will, and I'll bring back the young ladies, and leave Adam in jail for stealing ladies of fortune away from their pa-rents; or any thing else ye like me to do wl'

Sir Richard was satisfied, and declining further aid from McRae, dismissed that disinterest-ed person to his home at the Haddon Arms, while he himself proceeded on his way to London in the steamboat.

On his arrival in the Thames Sir Richard discovered that the 'Skeelly Skipper' had preceded them by more than a day, she was now at Hore's wharf discharging her cargo; her pas-

sengers gone.
This was annoying, he hoped to have arrived in advance of the schooner and to have secured the whole three, ere they had time to put their foot on English ground; as it was he had no doubt the captain could inform him of their whereabouts, if they had not at once proceeded to the town house of Lord Cranston, Lady Mortons son by her first husband, where Lady Hamilton always resided when in Lon-

He chose the Angel in the City road at Is-

that there he would be less likely to see acquaintances of his own rank whom he wished to avoid, than in a more fashionable part of the City; and this preliminary arranged he at once presented himself at the door of Lord Crunston's mansion in Belgravia.

"I wish to see the Misses Cuninghame" said

he to the powdered footman who opened the The man stared.

"There are no ladies of that name here at present." "Ah, ha," thought Sir Richard " he has been

ordered to deny them, and putting a guinea in-to the man's hand, said.

"The ladies I wish to see, are two young girls who arrived in London yesterday from Scotland, and came here to visit Lady Hamil-ton accompanied by an old man servant."

The footman shook his head, the gold had

"What do ye want to see in my ship?"

I want to see if my granddanghters are still on board, and to prevent their wandering about the streets of London as vagubonds."

As Sir Richard spoke the Cuptain saw the two cirls and Adam on the wharf, not a huned yards distance from the gangway.
"Ye'er welcome to search my ship from a

stem to stern if ye like, but ye'll get no more satisfaction below than ye'll get on deck, some away, I'll show you the road down to the cabin, there's no great place for ladies here.'

Sir Richard followed the Captain; in the cabin they found the first mate, and in hopes that he could find out from the man more than the master would disclose, he was pleased when the latter retraced his way up the com-

As the Captain reached the deck the girls were on the gangway, the sailor quickly made

seller himself employed, an upright man, learned and clever, Sir Richard roturned the book with thanks

and drove to No 6 Cecil Street, Strand.

The door of a dingy looking office was opened

by Mr. George Cox who in return to Sir Richard's "1s Mr. Catchen within?" gave the pleasing intelligence that Mr. Catchen was not only within but disengaged, a fact which was the rule not the exception with his master, that gentleman's clients generally finding out that he was one too many for them, his bills on an average exceeding the amount gained for his employers.

Sir Richard was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum of Mr. Catchem, where he found that learned scribe apparently over head and ears in deep study of a large tone, on which finger and eye alike were busy; the fact being that when the tap announcing a visitor was heard Mr. Catchem not having any other pressing emdone its work, he was evidently anxious to bia way towards them, his lips pursed up into oblige the gentleman, but he knew not how.

a round projection from his face, bis rough fore-finger haid diagonally across said projection, by ing a the human face divine" in the passers by,

when the circumstances connected with this when the circumstances connected who show most unfortunate affair came to my knowledge, of course 1 set my face against it, my opposi-tion produced open rebellion and instignted by the lover, or at all events in laques of finding him both girls left their home some ten days since, accompanied by an old servant who has been in the employment of our house for up-wards of sixty years, I have traced them to London but here I am at fault." "How did they come here?"

By a sailing vessel, the Skeelly Skipper, Shand, master."

"Is the vessel still in port T'

6 Yes, it lies at Hore's wharf. I have been there to-day, but the fellow either knows nothing of the girls, who he says left the ship immediately on its landing, or else it is his increst to conceal their whereabouts."

" There are means by which he can be made to tell the truth, and if you desire it I shall put them in force,"

" No; any such, I am convinced, would be tuide at present. I was on board for some time, and saw not only the master, but one of the mates. There is no hope of infomnation from that quarter,"

"We could at all events detain his ship in

port, and so punish him for bringing thes children here without your knowledge and

· What you suggest would punish him, but in no way help ne to recover my children, of whem I wish to obtain possession with as little delay as possible. It is a serious adair, little delay as possible. It is a serious affair, Mr. Catchem, to have two young beautiful girls going about the streets of Landon, with no netter guardian than a young servant."

" What is thereage?" " Over sixteen."

"The servant is, I suppose, their maid or nurse,"

"No, the old pardener." 4 A strange companion for young ladies,"

 He is a man of more education than most of his class, and as we had reason to consider him faithful, my son brought him into the house, and gave him the management of pretty much every servant in and around the Castle, He is a canting fellow, and pretends to be religious, and so got the right side of my son and also of these young girls, whom he has con-trived to imbue with his own ideas."

\* Is there no one in London to whose house you suppose they may have gone."

" Lady Hamilton, of Includrewer, is the only one to whom they could go. I have been there; they have not been heard of there.? "Do you think it likely that their presence

there would be denied to you?" That occurred to me as being very posside, but I gave the servant who opened the door a couple of guineas, and told him I would call to-morrow. I think he is now in my

4 You did right there. In such a case a little money to a servant is out at good interest, Where does Lady Hamilton live?

" In Belgravia; but she has no home of her own. She is on a visit to her sister, Lady Morton, who lives with Lord Cranston, her son by a previous marriage. He is a sickly man, scarce able to raise his limbs, so the ladies have everything pretty much their own way. I am sure that sooner or later they will find their way to Lady Hamilton. I am surprised they have not done so already, but I wish to

ricely live hot done so already, but I wish to prevent their meeting her if possible."

"I see; did your daughters bring their clothes with them when they left Scotland?"

"No nothing but those they wore."

"Then they are at some Hotel, where they will remain for a day or two until a milliner puts them in visiting order."

" Most likely, that never occurred to me."

"Are they provided with money?"
"I cannot tell, it is possible, my son was a weak silly man and completely led by these

The lawyer looked at the hard face of the father, and wondered how the son could be weak or silly.

6 How long is it since their father died?" " Over a year."

" Have you given them money since then

for clothing or pocket?" ·· Not a shilling."

"Then I should say whatever they were ossessed of at the time of his death must now be spent."

"No, I do not believe they have spent a pound since my return home; they have had no opportunity, they have never been outside the precints of Haddon Castle from the day 1 came home until they took their flight, but it is very possible they are possessed of quite enough of money for their present wants; by way of getting the confidence of the mate of the ship they came in I offered to pay for their passage, but this he assured me was paid before they left Scotland; but why are you so anxious to know the state of their funds ?"

<sup>6</sup> Because if they have no money they must as a necessary consequence run in debt to the milliner who supplies them with the finery they are in all probability waiting for; this debt will be incurred in your name, and you are liable for it; an advertisement so worded as merely to describe the young ladies and their servant who doubtless accompanies them on all their walks abroad, without mentioning any names, will soon bring the milliner's bill to this office to be settled; this will at once lead to their discovery. "It will be well to insert such an advertise-

ment in some of the dailies at all events, it will only cost a few shillings and may do some

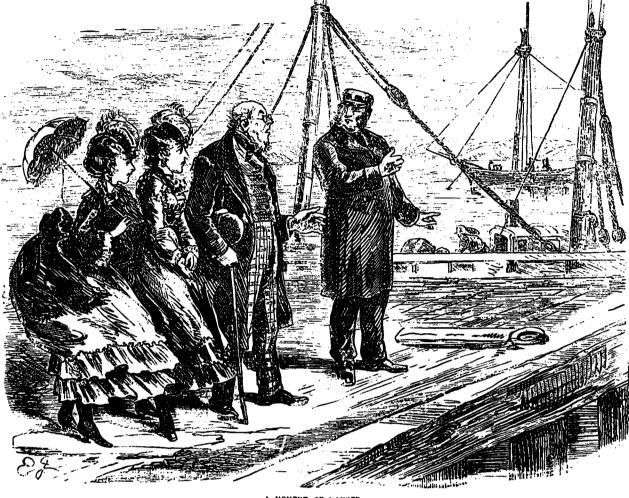
" What are the young ladies' names?" "Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame; but I would not on any account have their names inserted in the advertisement," said Sir Rich-ard bastily thinking as he spoke that this might between them and it once lead to a meeting Lady Hamilton as if she knew they were in London she would at once seek them out, with probably a better clue to their residence than he himself had,

"Certainly not," replied the lawyer " it was not with a view to that I asked the question." As Mr. Catchem spoke he held up the quill pen which he had retained in his hand Sir Richard's entrance, giving the latter a look as if he would enjoin silence, again pointing the pen in the direction of the door which led

to the outer office.

Getting down cautiously from the high stool on which he was perched, he proceeded on tip-toe towards the said door, at the back of which Mr. George Cox was kneeling, with his car flat against the keyhole.

[ To be cont.nucd.]



A MOMENT OF DANGER

description of your friends who arrived here which pantomime he meant to enjoin silence from the grimy window of his front office and this week, or do I remember any such, I always open the door, will you walk in and see Lady Hamilton Sir? perhaps her I adyship can give you some information of the friends you seek."

No, I am not personally acquainted with Lady Hamilton, (Sir Richard notwithstanding his title, and name of gentleman could lie when it suited his purpose) and I prefer not troubling her; but as I know these young ladies intend visiting her, I shall call occasionally during the next few days; you need not say to any one I have been here, as I wish my coming to form a pleasant surprise for the Misses Cuning-

Sir Richard presented the man with another

guinea saying, "Take care you do not speak of me to any one."

The delighted servant tendered his thanks There was a town house belonging to the family, in Aberdeen, in which although it had not been used as a residence since the death of Sir Richard's first wife, there lived an old sortion of the since the death of the since t wbarf.

He was not long in arriving at the "Skeelly Skipper" the master of which was busy super intending the taking in and stowing away of

the return cargo.
Sir Richard's plan was to endeavour to obtain his object by fair means, he therefore saluted the shipmaster with as suave an air as he would have used in addressing a brother knight.
" How do you do, I believe I am addressing

Captain Shand?" Yes Sir, I am the shipmaster," "I understand you brought from Aberdeen on your last trip, two young ladies and a man servant 7"

This was the man and the time the seaman had looked for, even before he started from Scotland; and ere he opened his lips the al-tered expression of his face told its tale to the quick witted Baronet.

Oh, aye, they came up in the schooner,' was the answer given with anything but the seaman like case with which he usually spoke the Baronet saw the man's confusion, and a once concluded the girls were still on board and said so

" No," replied the skipper " they left the ship ten minutes after she landed."

"Will you let me know what Hotel they went to ?" "I cannot do that, I ken nathing about where they went to."

" How is that possible? they or their servant were never in London, and could not know where to go without being told."

"Whether it's possible or not it's the fact, I dinna lie, and ye'll get no more out of me, if you speak till ten o'clock."

The Captain turned on his heel leaving Sir Richard standing a few steps from the gangway

where he entered.

"Will you allow me to go through your ship?" said the latter, raising his voice a little so as to attract the attention of the Captain, who was making his way to the other end of the ship.

The sailor retraced his steps, and placing himself exactly in front of Sir Richard, asked lington as his present place of abode, being sure in any but mild accents.

Coming close up to them he whispered, put-

ting his lips almost close to Adam's ear.

"The grandfather is in the cabin!" as he spoke waving his hand towards the opposite spoke waving his hand towards the opposite side of the ship, the bulwark of which matched with that of a large merchantman; he saw he was not understood, the intellect of Adam never very bright had become obtuse with fright on hearing of the proximity of Sir Rich-ard, and the poor girls at once gave themselves up for lost; the sailor seized Margeret by the hand and in a second or two she was lightly vaulted over both bulwarks, Agnes and Adam following with the quickness of the lightening's flash "My service to you, Captain Davidson" said the scaman addressing the Cap-tain of the merchantman, who looked a little surprised at the summary way in which the entrance to his ship was made, "these is some friends of mine from Scotland that I took to see your ship, it's better worth the while seeing than mine, I'll leave them with you in the cabin for ten minutes, there's folk on business on board the "Skeelly Skipper" so I'll leave these friends of mine with you till I come back.

"Your friends and yourself are heartily welcome Captain Shand," replied the scaman, and taking the girls and Adam into his cabin he set before them the best his ship afforded.

Meantime Sir Richard had ascertained for himself that his grandchildren were not on board the "Skeelly Skipper," and that neither gold nor promises could induce the mate to tell if he knew where they were gone, he took his departure from both ships and wharf and drove the city little thinking who he had lett behind so close to the ship in which he had scarched

Pray show me your city directory" said Sir Richard to a bookseller in the Strand "I wish to find the address of some clever lawyer."

" I will give you that at once without the trouble of searching in a directory" replied the bookseller. " Thank you, I prefer searching out a list of

names and then I will feel obliged by your telling me which among them will best suit my purpose, if you will take the trouble to do "I will be most happy to give you all the information in my power," replied the book-seller handing the directory to Sir Richard who

he saw was a gentleman of rank. Sir Richard made a selection of the names of four gentlemen of the law, whose offices were all in the close vicinity of the bookseller's shop; and reading them in order, the latter made his

remarks thereon. "Mr. R. Talmidge, No-Strand?" "A very good, steady, rising [man, but yonng.'

"Mr. Amos Lightfoot, No-Strand ?" "A large practise among the gentry, don't know much about him." " Mr. Catchem, Cecil Street, Strand."

"He'll not do for you, he's up to all sorts of tricks and quirks, he would be any body's dog-

had quickly retreated to his sanctum ere his clerk Mr. George Cox opened the door to ad-mithis new client.

Sir Richard introduced himself to Mr. Catchem as Sir Richard Cuninghome of Haddon and was received by that worthy with a quiet bow, as he motioned the knight to be sented in the leather arm chair, which the wily lawyer kept for his clients, knowing that when men or women either are scated at their case in a comfortable chair they are more likely to spend an hour in consultation than in a straight backed wooden seat ; and as Mr. Catchem always made a point of looking at the clock when his clients entered and charging every minute of his valumble time consumed in taking instructions or giving advice, it served his purpose well the

money invested in the stuffed feather chair.

Although Mr. Catchem received the announcement of his visitor's name and rank with great formality he was wide awake to the advantages which might accrue therefrom, and waited with impatience to hear what brought Sir Richard to Cecil street, Strand.

"Mr. Catchem," began the new client, "! have some to consult you on a most painful business, in which I hope you will be able to help me.' "llope I shall Sir." "I most sincerely trust you will, and influ-

enced as a man of your education and ability must be by feelings of interest and love for our common nature, I am sure you will try your "You may depend on that sir, pray come to the point."
"I will, although to me it is most painful to

acknowledge even to my own man of business the errund which brings me to your office, and indeed to London." Sir Richard paused, and Mr. Catchem seeing he was expected to say something and not knowing what to say gave uttenance to an "Ah!" being sympathetic was not his way and he did not like it.

Sir Richard saw that the lawyer was intent on his business, that what his clients' feelings were was to him a matter of perfect indiffer ence: he did their work, foul work it was very often, but he did not mind that, he took care he was well paid for every hour of his time, every stroke of his pen, and if the work done was fair or foul he held it no affair of his, he preferred the latter it paid best in the way he did his business, besides it was congenial to him; his inner thoughts were a mass of trickery and chicanery, he liked to make a trap for the unwary foot, to pounce with law which is not equity on the widow and the fatherless, and if by his guile they were left without a leaf of bread, he sapiently congratulated himself that with the money so obtained, he, Mr. Catchem could buy two loaves if he would.

Sir Richard saw that the lawyer was a man of deeds not words, and he changed his tactics. "I have two grandchildren, twin girls, the daughters of my son; their home is with me in Haddon Castle, one of them has formed an atgie for a bite."

"Mr. Edward Brownlow——"

Before Sir Richard could give the address,
t. bookseller interapted him with an elogium
on Mr. Brownlow; he was the one the book-







THE RAILWAY RIDE.

OV THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

In their yachts on occun gliding,
On their steeds Arabian riding.
Whirled o'er snows on tinkling sledges,
Men forget their wee and pain:
What the pleasure then should fill them—
What the cestasy should thrill them—
Borne with populerous speed, and thunderous,
O'er the narrow iron plain.

Restless as a dream of vengeance, Mark you there the iron engines Mark you there the iron engines Blowing steam from snorting nostrils, Moving each upon its track; Sighine, panting, anxious, cager, Not with purpose mean or meager. But intense intent for motion, For the liberty they lack.

Now one sereams in triumph, for the Engine-drever, grimed and swarthy, Lays his hand upon the lever,
And the steed is loose once more;
Off it moves, and fast and faster.
With no origing from the master,
Till the awed earth shakes in terror
At the rumbling and the roar.

Crossing long and thread-like bridges.
Spanning streams, and e-caving ridges,
Sweeping over broad green meadows,
That in starless durkness by —
How the engine rocks and clatters.
Showers of are around it scatters.
While its blazing eye outpeering
Looks for perils in the way.

To you tunnel-drift careering.
In its brown mouth disappearing.
Past from sight and passed from hearing,
Silence follows like a spell;
Then a sudden sound-burst surges,
As the train ir on earth emerges
With a scream of exultation.
With a wild and joyous yelf.

What the chariot swift of Ares Which a god to bottle carries? What the steeds the rash boy handled diarnessed to the samegod's wain? Those are mythe: this is read; Born not of the past ideal, But of craft and strength and purpose, Love of speed and thirst of gain.

Oh! what wildness! oh! what gladness! Oh! what joy akin to madness! Oh! what reckless feeling raises. Us to olday loyond the stars! What to us all human ant-hills. Fame, fools sigh for, land that man tills, In the swinging and the clattering. And the rartling of the cars? -Serthwer's for May.

## UNDER THE COMMUNE.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH GIRL. BY ALICE GRAY.

The first domicite in which I set foot or French soil was a pension in the Rue de Castiglione. Many Am ricans will recollect the place, for to many it has been, as to me, a first introduction to dark-payed entrance-vaults, to conclerges living in a hole in the wall, to stone stairways which lead up through a house with musty, obscure passages, and dining-room and kitchen in the third story, and to Frangoises skating every morning over the bed-room floors after deftly arranging bed and toilet-table. after defly arranging bed and foliet-table. I sat in the breakfast-room a few mornings after I came, a large mirror opposite me reducting every movement, another so arranged as to convey the reflection on into the passage, to a fittle box where the waiter, a round, handsome Italian, seemingly beset with a chrome wonder why Americans run found the world so much, arranged his forts, and nacking. The results arranged his forks and nipkins. The room seemed full of eyes all around. I was thilly, felt very strange to the place, and not at all sure I had done a proper thing in coming down and ordering my breakfast alone: in short,

quite uncomfortable.
Suddenly a door behind me opened, and Mademoiselie Ronselle, a large, weil-made girl with a resolute little mouth, glided in: "Pardon, mademoiselle: is it that I am permitted to breakfast with you?" The little red mouth smiled sweetly as she seated herself at the long table. What a bath of pleasure and comfort she gave me at once! Her gay, unembarrassed grace was charming. I know I seemed gauche beside her.

In a moment a gentleman of my own party Mr. Leomard, came in. It was a case of un-mixed, direct fascination. He absolutely stared at Mademoiselle Rouselle, ordered tea instead of coffee, and, as he listened to her enthusiasm about last night's opera, actually drank the staff. When she addressed him with, Monsieur staff. When she addressed him with, Monsieur vient de St. Louis?" which she had gathered from our talk, he succumbed at once.

As soon as we rose he went and intrigued with the head-waiter to change his place at dinner so as to face Mademoiselle Rouselle.

She was not remarkably pretty, though she had " a smile which would have gilded the mud," possibilities than one often reads eyes; but the quality of her nature just wrap ed his in complete and instant isolation from very other. One most telling charm was be quickness of feeling and her unrestrained way expressing it. Evidently no barsh, repres ing frown had checked the spring of her spirit.
Afterwards I found this to be common with
well-brought-up French girls. They are taught well-brought-up French girls. They do regulate and express gracefully their impul-ses, but the fine charm of an open, fearless, inwe call self-control, which is really mere reti-cence, is not so present as with us. John Leonard's was a kind of possession one

reads of but does not often see. The audacious yellow-haired young American reveled in it.

At dinner the father and mother appearednice people, and Fortune having been kind to them, they had come up from the provinces for their first visit to the capital. "A présent," Mr. Ronselle said, "nous faisons le Dimanche les jours:" and then madame trod on his toe, for the phrase savored too strongly of the time when Sunday was their only "day out." pleasure they had I so sincere, so

Mademoiselle Ronselle became a gr favorite in the house, and went everywhere with us American girls.

One day we went to Malmaison. The air was crisp and sparkling as in America, the plak horse-chestnuts gleamed like an Aurora on the banks of the Seine, the pink parasols were flushing the Champs Elysées, the fountains seeme glad to be in Paris-as glad as we were. in the country were trim cottages with pear and cherry trees trained against the walls, a white wilderness adazzle with sunkissed blossoms, the tiny kitchen-gardens, crammed with dointly-kept vegetables, tossing up a vivid emerald-green against the whiteness—as the grass of an Alpine dell creeps up to the snow-penks. The vermillon-tiled roofs—for the old thatch flowering with house-locks and clematis is now uniawful—were of the same shade as the scarlet umbrellas which dotted the road, borne by the market-women, with their keen, patient eyes and bronzed forcheads coming out

finely underneath their white caps. We saw fields of buckwheat, reminding us of We heard also our American oriole, whose note I have listened for in vain among English groves all dripping with song. The

river caught and caressed the sunbeams, so willing to be rocked thus. As we flew past a sudden blue of violets was flashed to us from the woods—naive imperialists, wearing Napo-

At Reuli we found a fite, It was perhaps one of the many fites of the "mois de Marie," or else the stony little village, near which is Mahmalson, celebrated the day of its patron saint with the usual procession of young girls in white veils scattering flowers, children dress-ed as angels, priests and censer-boys. Not a ed as angels, pricering nowers, emigra dress-ed as angels, pricers and censer-boys. Not a soul was left in the houses, which were festooned outside and across the street from window to window with roses and azalens. It was very pretty to roll into the midst of so gay a scene through arches of evergreen twined with flowers. It was almost as if they had expected us, and made ready with music and holiday garb.

when imped ont of the enringes. "Allons!" said Mademoiselle Léontine, slipping her arm in mine, "I make you to see everything. I explain all to you. Me, I understand this. We do like this at home in St. Savinien;" and easting a quick glance to see if Mr. Leonard was following the mistable to the control of the control o following, she mingled in the crowd, asking questions quickly, kindly, graciously. She was one with them at once. "Voici something of the pretities!" and she directed us to one of the reposoirs erected at intervals along the street. Like all the others, it was made of white linen, with moss and evergreen twisted into pillars

with moss and evergreen twisted into pillars decorated by colored mosses in patterns, the roof formed of laurel leaves, close and shiring, just like emerald scales. Inside of each was an altar with candles and bouquets, and when the procession halted at the door, as many as could crowled in to kneel before the image of the saint who caused all this fass.

Farther on was a tent with an exhibition such as I have never seen in any other place—a kind of tableaux or pass plustiques, taken by children from ten to thirteen robed in pure white, as marry as possible like the drapery of a statuc, chevated on a large revolving platform. The scenes were the adventures of Joseph and his brethren, and the sufferings of our Lord at the twelve stations on the Via Dolorosa. In this last the costumes were bright and carefully accurate. Evidently the grouping was by some curate. Evidently the grouping was by some artistic bands, but the children, with their fine perception and vivid intelligence, had added, I could not doubt, a subtle grace, a warmer mean-ing, in the droop of an eyelid or the poise of a limb, St. Veronica especialty, a little maid with solemn brown eyes, holding out the handkerchief, was as reverent and enthusiastic a any Ravarian actor in the Passion-play of Ober-Ammergau. There was nothing dramatic; the effect was of groups of statues, for the children stood literally motionless

The procession outside swept on to the church, the priests continuing to chant, the boys to wave their censers, for which a man gave them the time by opening and shutting some-thing in the form of a book. "Shall we go in?" we queried. "Pourquoi pas?" said Léontine. "You should

see all."

We were given the post of honor. There was a mass, and then a short address. Mademolselle Léontine sat there, her hunds folded in her lap, a complacent smile on her face, and such a pretty little air of inving got up the whole thing for our entertainment: you would have said, a gracious young lady from a château near by, and these her faithful vassals.

and these her falthful vassals.

When the festal point had left the church—
the same where poor Josephine is buried—two
little girls started up and began scattering lilies
on the attar-steps, and a bride tripped up and
was married. She would have been very
pretty but that her head was cropped, for the
peasants sell their tresses every four years;
but the veil and wreath hid the loss pretty
wall.

"Oh, how she is innocent! how she is sweet!" "On, how sho is innocent? how she is sweet?"
exclaimed Léouline; and while a little girl and
boy, carrying small baskets, went round with
true French grace to gather the usual alms
for the poor, she pressed forward to offer her
good wishes.

I don't know what it was, whether she crossed the path of a woman in the throng, or the woman hers—I thought the woman jostled her, and then was angry at her being there—But I saw Léontine shrink back with a shudder, and then bow and murmur something apologetic to the bitterest face I ever saw. There was mallgulty, a sneer, in every fibre. For a few seconds the cold, cruel eyes rested on Léontine steadily, the lip curled, and while we all shuddered simultaneously, she said distinctly, "Au recoir, mademotaetle"

"Come out, Léontine," I said, rushing up.

"Come out, Léoutine," I said, rushing up.
"Let us go! let us go!"
With the unsaid congratulations palsied on her lip, Léoutine left the church. Out in the sparkling air throbbing to the music of "Mourir pour la Patrie," she laughed merrily. "Me, I am not supersitious," she said. "What have you, my triends? What have you, Mr. Leonard? It was a manuals cour—that is all."
With a little of the dash taken out of us we pursued our way to Malmalson. The roses

pursued our way to Malmalson. The roses which Josephine cultivated—especially the coquettish one named after her—laughed inside the railings, the laburnum blossoms lit the avenue with the gentle glow of their gold, the musses of rhododendron chanted of Virginia woods, but we hurried on to the house, with merely a look at the garden-seat where the apress received Napoleon's visit after the

On the threshold Mrs. Burnham turned: " I suppose there never was a more unhappy woman than Josephine when she entered here." Léontine looked at her, and I saw she grea little pale. One by one we walked into the

shadow of that great grief not yot paled. They showed us the rooms-dining-roomsbed-room, salon-smaller and plainer than we expected, with an abundance of polished woods infald cabinets and beaufets, all exquisitely neat and homelike. At last we came to that sad piece of tapestry-work which has Josephine's needle stuck in it as she left it for the last time. We all shed tears as we stood and gazed. I stood next to Léontine. She trembled, and I heard a bollow sound come from her lips, "Desorted! desorted!" All at once crouched together in a heap, her head on her knees, in a passion of sobs. We were all thun-derstruck. John Leonard rushed forward im-petuously, and tried to raise her. But she resisted when she saw who it was: she pushed ately whispered something in her ear. I think he told his love in that moment. At any rate she let him help her to rise and lead her to

window.
"We had better be off," said Mrs. Leonard,
"We had better be off," said Mrs. Leonard, John's mother. "Poor Mademoiselle Ronsolle is nervous. That woman frightened her in the church, and then this was too much for her.

"Vous croyez, madame ?" said Léontine simply. "I never was nervous before." We all studied Leontine after all.

" Bourgeoise !" said some of our party talked about tradespeople with a curl of the lip—an amusing curl when one renected all their drafts from home had a soup an amusing curl when one reflected that candle or drygoods basis, or perchance a note-

Two years passed on, and over the brilliant.

tossing sea of the Boulevards came a voice, "Peace! be still!" heard in the hissing of the first Prussian shell.

"Listen!" said I to Mrs. Burnham one Octo-ber morning. "We have let the last detachment of Americans go through the lines, and now..."

"Yes, now our lot is east in with this city for better or worse," replied Mrs. Burnham, assuming an elevated expression. "It has been our home: we will not desert it now."

our home: we will not desert it now."

Mrs. Burnham, most matter-of-fact of Amerians, had risen to living for an idea, and sho sented herself by the window with the mien of dame in heleaguered fortress. We were but three now—our original party had scattered.

At that window we sat for many weeks, feel-

ing the slow tightening of the chain around us

our perceptions sharpened by the patient suf-foring we witnessed.
"What, in the name of mercy, is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham one morning as we heard overhead a terrific thumping and stamping and pounding, with bounds like those of a catamount. It continued at intervals through

the day, and at night became frightful.

We appealed to Madame Brigau, our land-lady. She came back to us a moment after: "Ah, madame! the poor gentleman above is desolated. He sends a world of apologies. It is long since he had a spark of fire, and for one week he has kept his bed so as not to freeze but now it is that the bed-clothes are sold, mon Dieu! and he says be cannot feel him the legs; and so he take a little exercise."

And so-and so, after that, M. Monselet studied his Sanskrit Veda by our fire every evening, burying himself among the strange sounds, his lips moving like a priest's over a breviary, so as to be no check on our conver-sation. To our great delight, we had in the meagre, bright-eyed man the figure of the Scholar, the traditional type, springing up only in the old civilizations like this, of marvelous learning and marvelous poverty, and simple as

a baby. On New Year's Day, vollà, a spy! Four gensdarmes came to take one of our fellow-boarders and his wife, soldisant Belgians, but they had fied just in time. Then we had a domiciliary visit. We also were foreigners. We must go instantly before the mayor of the arrondissement. In vain we protested our-selves Americans, showed the United States fing, and demanded that the United States con-sul should be sent for.

Quite a little crowd was on the stairs and in court. I noticed a man in a red waistcoat, bareheaded, with black curly hair, and caught the gleam of a black eye that sent me back into the room with a knowledge of what faces swarmed behind barricades not far from here

elghty years ago. "There is nothing to do but go quietly," said Mrs. Burnham, but I determined to make an effort. "Is it we," said 1—" is it we you would accuse, who have worn ourselves out for the people of your quarter? We have given of our substance, we have eaten but two meals a day, to have a portion for your wives and daughters. You, Jacques," said I suddenly to one sullendoking creature just outside the door—" you know that but for us your wife would have frozen her feet off standing in the line waiting for a meal-ticket. We have worked our fingers "There is nothing to do but go quietly," said for a meat-ticket. We have worked our fingers off to make you warm garments. Tenez!" and I ran to Mrs. Burnhum's armoire and showed the costs and clothes that "Dorcas had made." "And as for wood—regard our wood-box! It is empty, welluigh. Where is the rest? Gono to keep you warm."

"C'est vrai, c'est vrai, interrupted the land-lady: "the ladies have the little blaze very mean now, and besides, the poor gentieman au quatrième, whose knees are no more knees to duntrieme, whose knees are no more knees to him, they have him down all the evenings to sit in the salon with them. Is is for a friend they give up their so delicate privacy? No, it is a poor creature who is none of their acquaintance, but he is of us, mes amis—nous autres."

"And to crown all," I continued to the serent-de-ville, "you gome for us when our present-de-ville, "you gome for us when our pre-

gent-de-ville, " you come for us when our pro-tector is gone, to take us to the bureau, before tector is gone, to take us to the bureau, before
the crowd, where it is not proper for ladies to
go alone. We go not. Return in two hours—
M. Burnham will then be here. Till then put a
guard at the porte-cochère if it pleases you.
We cannot escape up the chimney."

"Ah," cried a voice in the crowd, " these not

no Americans. The Americans, they speak not French so well."
"I know that accout," said another: "It is German. Me, I have been in Germany; and she has the hair blonde just like the Prusslans." "Oh, for Henven's sake be quiet!" said Mrs. Burnham to me. "I told you our best plan was to go along quietly."

"Ah bah!" eried another, "I have seen Americans who had the hair as that, on the Bonlevard. I have driven them when I had a

"Va," said the first, contemptuously, "thou hast no eyes. The shade is quite other. safety turning on the shade of my hair, or rather on the correctness of eye of two vauriens. But I did not then.

"That we are Americans can easily be as certained, you know," I said to the officer. Return in two hours. And clear the house of madame of these ingrates. Put a guard at the door. We demand that."

The house was cleared, three sergents-deville were set pacing up and down outside. Mrs. Burnham devoted herself to making her preparations."

She put on nearly all the clothes she could find, among the rest an enormous petticoat down-quitted, which she had picked up in Swit zerland, one or two worsted sacques, and a large quilted one over them. Her travelingsuit was of bearskin, cloak, cap and muff, and over the cap a thick red woolen hood was the tightly under the chin, a Macpherson plaid round her shoulders, and as an extra wrap sho threw over her arm a thick course skirt of him serge we had made for a poor woman. She grasped a large American mag in one hand, the other, thrust through her must, held one of the yard-long loaves our bread came in, and a huge bunch of wax flowers we were just making for a fancy fair. "It is as well to be prepared," a fancy fair. "It is as well to be prepared, she said. "We don't know what may happen,

Thus she stood, boit-upright in the middle of the floor, holding tightly the unfurled American flag, when the mayor of the arrondissemen was announced.

Show him up," said she. Frightened as I was, I laughed, " Partion, madame !" said the little man pant

ing and bowing low.
"We are quite ready to go," returned Mrs.
Burnham: "you need not have taken the

trouble to come for us yourself."
"Mais Madame does not comprehend." "Excuse me sir: I comprehend all I want to." the continued loftly. "I have nothing to say about it now: I cannot talk. I must save my strength for what may be before me. Have the goodness to lead the way, monsieur;" and she advanced to the door, waving him on before

"Mais, madame, permit that I explain— "Explanations would be supercrogatory. We shall submit. Pass out, if you please," and she bore down upon him waving the American flag, pressing him to the very threshold, where the

little man capered about in perplexity. "Pass out! pass out! We are ready, as you see. Sub-mission and patience are woman's only resour-ces. I regret that my young friend"—here a reproachful look at me—"should have given way to her excitement before your officials, which I suppose has brought upon us this fresh

The poor little man, in complete hewilder

ment, repeated her last word, "Ignominy?"

"Yes, ignominy, "returned Mrs. Burnham:
"we may feel it, I suppose, though—"

"Madame does not refer to the visit I have
the honor to make her at present?"

"I most certainly do—a very unusual pro-

"I most certainly do—a very unusual pro-ceding on your part, I take it, Monsieur le

" Pardon, madame-"

"Pardon! Do you ask my pardon?" and Mrs. Burnham's features relaxed into an angelic smile. "You have it, be assured. I am a sincere though humble Christian, I trust, and I shall harbor no resentment. You are only doing what you believe to be your duty, my poor mon sieur. We too know our duty, and shall en-denvor to perform it—in silence. Conduct us, it

"Oh, madame, madame! be pleased to

lister "We are in your power. We make no resistance;" and Mrs. Burnham cast up her eyes and took a fresh hold of her muff, flag and wax flow

rs. M. le Maire struck his forchead with both hands, and plunged them in his pockets and stamped on the floor.
"As a slacep before her shearers—" com-menced the lady.

"Dear Mrs. Burnham," I said, "there is some

mistake; perhaps monsieur does not wish to take us away." "Let him summon his minions," replied Mrs. Burnham, now wrought up to the highest pitch.
"I have shown him I know what will honour a

woman and the United States of America.' "The young lady was right," shricked the mayor. "I come to apologize, to rehabilitate everything, to make it all level, and madane will not let me finish one sentence. If madame would remove her—her scarf and her—her coif-fure, and relieve herself of the so heavy satchel, maybe she would understand."

It was indeed time to lead madame to a sent and relieve her of some of her wraps—not the satchel, though. "My bag—no!" she roused

herself to say.

Just at this moment Mr. Burnham appeared at the door: "In the name of common sense, what's all this?"

"C'est un monsieur!" exclaimed the official in eestasv.

All this time we heard nothing of our old companions. The Leonards had taken Leontine Ronselle to Germany with them, but we knew nothing more or them, except that we had heard Monsieur and Madame Ronselle had come to Parls and established themselves. One day I met a priest attached to St. Sulphee, which we met a priest attached to St. Sulpice, which we called our parish church. "Mon père," I said, "you c me from a place of suffering, is it not so? Can I do anything?" "I go to a place of suffering," he answered.

'If made moiselle went with me?"

He led me to a room where a girl had starved terself for her parents. Help had come that

herself for her parents. Help had come that day, but too late. She was not in the first enthusiasm of youth, but a woman past thirty, and she had done it deliberately.

"Poor thing!" said Father Brefet, "It was her religion. All she had, for this poor family do not attend to their religious duties."

By the paliet, to my surprise, sat Leontine Rouselie, thin and pale. What astonished me more was that she was in the dress of an ouvrière, and her manner, though graceful and self-respecting, was entirely changed.

"Will you relieve undemoiselte?" said Father Brefet: "she is exhausted and the mother steeps."

eeps."
"I live an cinquième," whispered Leontine, 'if you will ascend some time."

I sat down by the bed in bewilderment, An evening of dread and gloom began. Across the floor of the bare room fell the shadow of the jagged corner of the Höpital de la Pitić, whose roof had been blown off the day before, and chambers laid bare, whence they had borne shattered bodies. I had never before been so over the woo of the city. I heard a shell pass over the house, followed its screaming track, and then bent my ear to hear it strike if it wore not too distant. It was not said I beard were not too distant. It was not, and I heard the thunder of the explosion, and then almost immediately a horrible confused outery—howling-I don't know what to call it-an inarticu ing—I don't know what to call it—an inarticulate medicy of sounds, as if men, beasts and things inanimate were sending up a waii. It lasted perhaps five minutes, and died away slowly, very slowly, and the dolor and pain of the entire city seemed compressed in the last breath that floated past on the night wind.

Then all was still. I looked at the dying girl.

Her cars were closed to all such such so went nearer to her. I too had need to realize a protecting presence of love. But I could not The room, the house, the city, seemed utterly abandoned. The horror that once streamed from such a cross when darkness was over al the earth was upon me. I thought of the weird, horrible outery I had heard, and still the figure with arms outstretched in helpless suffering semed to mock us as it heard the infinite wail all time, and moved not-nay, its feet word nailed to the cross.

Suddenly I perceived the dying woman had turned her head and was looking at me. She tried to speak, but her tongue refused its office. Her last words had been uttered when she said Ma marel half on hour before

The curé returned. She pressed the cross to her breast. Her eyes turned to her mother, then back to him with a speaking gaze.
"Wonderful grace of God!" murmured he,
Behold how she unconsciously imitates her

Saviour? As He from His cross looked on the mother that bore Him, so—It is her religior

Then he commenced the prayers for the dy ing. Léontine Ronsollo had crept back again, and we kneit side by side and watched the laboring breath. When all was over I went up with Leontine

to her little room. It was bare, no fire, no conforts—nothing. "Nothing," did I say? Nay, smile was there, a trusting, happy smile. was filled, garnished, warmed, illumined. I looked and learned a new lesson, or rather a clear and sweet reading of an old one. She wept as she spoke of her father and mother, both dead of smallpox. They had lost their all before, for it was precisely this class of small capitalists on whom the war fell hardest.

" I have to work now," she said. "It is hard," said I, remembering the gay vi sion of two years ago.
"No, it is not hard. I do not feel it hard,"

she replied, and again beamed that lovely She spoke frankly of John Leonard. He had

been buck in Paris, had gone and was to return. "It cannot be long now, they tell me." The last words fell dreamlly, and she evidently had flown off on the wing of anticipation. There was no need of commisoration here. We parted, promising to meet often.

(To be continued.)

LAWYERS, MINISTERS AND DOCTORS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The lawyers are a picked lot, " first scholars," The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars," and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a regue, and not very rarely throw suspiction on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them; every side of a case has a right to the best statement it admits of; but I say it does not toud to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever vs. Patient, the dector should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sin-ner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quick " witted than either of the other professions, and abler men generally. They are good-natured, or, if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of cramming with special know-ledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things. They are apt to talk law in mixed company, and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating, as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on

the witness-stand at a dinner-party once.
The ministers come next in point of talent.
They are far more carloas and widely interested
outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting man, full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on workers, analysis inclinest in good access, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class, working downwards from knowledge to ignor-ance, that is,—now and then upwards, also,— that we have. The trouble is, that so many of them work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They too often assume prin-ciples which would cripple our instincts and reason and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed every-thing in their own unlads, or are as dogmatic in their bubits of thought as one would think to in their majes of thought as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. Tacy used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well it they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right to the wind's eve of human nature as stratch. into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as that famous old skipper John Banyan; the young minister falls off three or four points and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By and by the congregation will get ahead of him, and then it must have another new skipper. The old priest holds his own pret-ty well; the minister is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen,—nooracle at all, but a man of more than average moral instincts, who, if of more than average moral instances, who, it he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets; you find it very pleasant to be spoiled, no doubt; so do they. Now and then one of them goes over the dam, to a wonder, they're always in the rathe dam; no wonder, they're always in the ra-

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weather-cocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to witch off the talk on to another rall.

How about the doctors ?—1 said.

-Theirs is the least learned of the professions, In this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of copie than the men with black conts or the people than the men with mack costs of the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em it they want to and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when people are in extremis, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip, — tell a lie for instance, or smuggle a slik dress through the custom-house; but they call in the doctor when a child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it doesn't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights doesn't take long, Be-sides, everybody doesn't like to talk about the next world ! people are modest in their desires; everybody loves to talk physic. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases; people are eager to tell the doctor of the wonderful cares they nave heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from "a complication of diseases," and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Lain, for some complaint which sounds altogeth too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a Cephalalgia, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

In old times, when people were more afraid of the Devil and of witches than they are now, of the Devil and of witches than they are now, they liked to have a priest or a minister some-where near to scare 'om off'; but nowadays, if you could find an old woman that would ride round the room on a broomstick, Barnum would build an amphitheatre to exhibit her in; and if he could come across a young imp, with hoofs, tail, and budding horns, a lineal descendant of one of those "demons" which the good peocle of Gloucester fired at, and were fired at by " for the best part of a month together" in the year of 1602, the great showman would have him at any cost for his museum or menageric. him at any cost for his museum or menageric. Men are cowards, sir, and are driven by fear as the sovereign motive. Men are diolaters and want something to look at and kiss and hug, or throw themselves down before; they always will; and if you don't make it of wood, you must be the forest and the second property was make it of words, which are just as much used for idols as promissory notes are used for values. The ministers have a land time of it without bell and book and holy water; they are dismounted men in armor since Luther cut their saddle girths, and you can see they are quietly tak-ing offene piece of iron after another, until som of the hest of em are fighting the devil (not the coological Davil with the big D) with the sword of the Spirit, and precious little else in the way of weapons of offence or defence. But we couldn't get on without the spiritual brotherhood, whatover became of our special creeds. There is a genius for religion, just as there is for painting or sculpture. It is half-sister to the genius for and has some of the features which remind us of earthly love. But it lifts us all by its mere presence. To see a good man and hear his voice once a week would be reason enough for building churches and pulpits.—From "the Port the Breakfast Table," in the Atlantic for May.





#### THE PASSING BELL.

The mist creeps upward from the shadowy vale,
The mist haugs thickly o'er the little town,
The swellen river stirs its willows pale,
The swellen ril foams murky from the down.
The heavy drops upon the cold winds float,
The long gray grass-es rustle in the dell.
And from the misser towers, note by note,
Booms the deep echo of the Passing Bell.

The Passing Bell, it wont of old to say.

"Tray for the parting soul, ye Christians all."
The eager traveller pansed upon his way,
The busy persont let his mattock full.
The loiterer crossed his brow and hushed his jost,
The baughing child laid by his latest toy,
The solean summons thrilling every breast,
Waking to prayer, love, business, grief, and joy.

Advancing years our ancient customs steal, We tell the bell when all is over now, When our stern truthful creed no late appeal, A acuts our fool's great diction can allow. Bus human agony, but human loss, For the tree fallen, for the darling gone, But nature's ery beneath the bitter cross, wails in the Passing Bell's function.

Thy wild wet dawn, oh year so newly born,
I by days by fever's larid fusire lit.
Thy nights of subhing rain and winds forforn.
Well does the dirge thy gloomy mood ben't!
Pass thou -let winter hear the sad earth's prayers
Come to thy throne usurped, gay glittering frost;
With pale blue skies, and keen health-giving airs,
Anterior death of the result fresh with become board. And crisp dead leaves on fresh north breezes tossed -All the Year Round.

#### For the Hearthstone.

#### CONFIDENCE IN TRADESMEN.

I perused recently, in one of our dailies, an account copied from an English paper, of the curpoyer. The offence in itself was not in the least singular, but what impressed the case upon my mind was the extraordinary plea of the accused, who confessed his guilt, but stated in excentration that his principles were pure notil contaminated by the example of his accuser, whose morality was at such a low obtained by the example of all who is to done in the exercite lengther? n; on my mind was the extraordinary plea of the accused, who contessed his guilt, but stated in excentation that his principles were pure until contaminated by the example of his accuser, whose morality was at such a low ebb as to glory in the excerte cheating" of all who patronized his store, and discharged pretty summarily those in his employ who refused to profit by said example. "My master is not alone in this business knavery, as many another clerk could testify if not afraid of losing his situation," remarked the young man in conclusion.

Now, this confession from the lips of one behind the scenes slocks our "honest" humanity. It throws a new light upon the vexed question of employer and employee, shocking even in the depravity of Ingratitude. The master would pay a man for taking money out of his neigh-bour's pocket to add to his own ill-gotten gains, but when following the force of example the clerk purious from that hourd, the spirit of the secret regue takes umbrage, and he immediately the strong arm of the law-relying upon his victim's passive meckness to escape that censure which consience proclaims is so

well merited.
Who, believing in the truth of the foregoing, will dare to enter a store satisfied in the inte-grity of the proprietor, whose obsequious clork so ostentatiously displays his wares to tempt our feminine vision; who of us but can call to mind purchasing that "lovely print, warranted fast color," the only plea iin the truth of the as-section being the "fustness" in which said color disappeared when subjected to the action of water, minus even soap. What econo-housekeeper has not been driven to her wits' end by the inspired decoction termed and sold as tea, or the non-sweetening power of sugar when employed in the cooking depart-ment. In the face of formalities can we doub entirely the statement made by the poor young

All, for the era of honest tradesmen, or is the time as far distant as many assert, that in the keen competition now-a-days in every branch of industry, real true honesty is unable to fur-nish bread for self, much less support a family. What a comment upon social law, We would so willingly entertain the hope that the world is becoming purer and better, but in the face of such assertions as the above our faith is some-

The relation of employer and employed savors of the intimacy of parents and children, especially in the force of example—for a clerk detecting the least deviation from that command which treats of our love to our neighbour will not be satisfied alone in simply incurring the same degree of guilt, but will always throw the first action into obscurity by the action of a greater one. "Master or mistress does it," greater one. "Master or instress does not satisfies many a conscience too unwilling to closely question the right or wrong of such proecedings. Ye, masters and mistresses, what a position of peril are ye filling. If your actions cannot be judged by the moral law,—setting aside that judgment which is not of men-how many brothers and sisters are you ruining from force of example.

The world's motto seems just now "to get

on," "get honor," and then "get honest."
What a perversion of our social and religious
life. Far better for the one victim of the "bangman's rope" than for ye dishonest employers who under a clouk of fair sailing trick and cheat the public to the utmost of their power. I could not for one moment assert that trade had no honest devotees. But the question arises how to distinguish the wheat from amongst the When I see a man acting silently but surely up to his avowed professions, with family carefully reared and appareled within the bonds of fishion, able and willing to discharge all offices of good citizenship, then I believe I have met with a man who will not assert that the three year old mutton is a young lamb.

## MAY FASHIONS.

## SPRING AND SUMMER WRAPS.

Black enshmore of light quality will be the popular material for spring mantles and for the cool days of summor; gray and brown camels—hair cloth less heavy than that of the winter, black crinkled barathen, repped Stellienne in all quiet colors, with light gray and tan serge cloth, complete the list of woolen fabries for wraps. Drap d'ête is rather heavy, but is sometimes made up without timing. Faille is retained for sacques and polomaises.

The sleveless sacque or double cape will be most generally worn; the talma with hoad is consistered very stylish, and there is an offert to revive the regular mantlila with long square ends in front and round back. Very young indices and misses cling to paletors; short, stoat indices and mose with properties, improving digestion, regularing the bowels, and removing nervousness and debility. The weak-rest will cape with the netted heading and long tassels made entirely of fine jet beads; above this silk embroidery, with leaves and wheat ears wrought in jet; row after row of oval bits of jet surround other garments as a heading for lace; and buttons are of round flat jet as smooth as glass. These garnitures are on wraps. Guipuro lace, or else rich fringe, calges all wraps, and in many cases the lace and fringe agree or sulk bouncath it—is very stylish. Two or three rows of unrower lace are often laid smoothly on the garment. Passomenterio is much used as a heading for trimming. Rich, thick braid in dustors of three or lour straight row is a single but offective trimming; a curled row is added on the decision of the part of the misses of the decision of the part of the misses of the part of th

each side of the clusters. Elaborate soutache braiding makes a garment rather heavy for summer. A single bias band of gres royale (lustrous repped silk), or else three tiny over-lapping folds, make handsomerheadings than ruches or pleatings of silk. A collar or a ruche of lates finishes the neck of all wrants

#### LACK SACQUES AND POINTS.

The three-cornered lace point is unchanged in shape, but is wrought in new designs. Locaes sacques slightly longer than those of last year, and with half-flowing sleeves, will be in favor for the summer. These are imported in llanna lace as low as \$15 for very light qualities; \$18 or \$20 bays a llanna sacque with sabot sleeve, having a sort of side-pleated ruffle falling on the hand; the qualities sold for \$20 are in the newest shape, and so handsome that the most fastidionistadies, who once scorned llama, now choose them to wear with black suits. A novelty is a cashmere colored border wrought in thm sacques—a rich Oriental fashion, and part of the effort now making abroad to introduce gay colors on all black garments. They cost from \$35 to \$55.

Guipare inclusives are especial objects of desire. They are made of guipare net, insertion, and lace sewed together, and cannot be sold of real guipare for less than \$30. The handsomest gaipare jackets are handmade—that is, wrought in shape—and oost \$150. The same amount buys a Chamility lace sacque.

#### COLORED TRIMMING LACES.

Guipure is the favorite trimming lace, and the real hand-made worsted guipure is now imported in colors to match handsome silk suits. It is shown in eern, gray, purple, clive green, and all the stylish colors, at prices beginning as low, as 50 cents a yard,

#### BUACK GRENADINE.

The newest black grenadine suits have eath striped, armure, or brocaded grenadino polonaises with skirts of plain square-meshed grenadine. The flounces are usually of the striped fabric. The trimming is guipure lace, insertion, jet, and rushes of the grenadine edged with lace. Lace jabots trim the cattre front, and often fall behind in Wattoau design. Evru guipure is also used on black grenadine.

#### SLEEVELESS BASQUES AND POLONAISES.

#### BLACK WITH COLORED TRIMMING.

ELACE WITH COLORED TRIMMING.

An effort is being made abroad to revive the fashion of trimming black silk with colors. At a late opening at a fushionable furnishing house there were shown French polonaises of black faille exquisitly ombroidered with white floss and with flowers of maturat color. Other black silks had frills and cascades of pale buff guipare lace, a fashion of enlivening black silk that will probably supersede the Swiss pleatings of last year. A sleeveless position of black gross grain trimmed with éern guipare was marked silen. An exclusive French mediste shows black silk saits, nade by Pingat, with facines of pale blue and lavender silks. The skirt of one of these costumes had first a box-pleated frill, bias, an eighth of a yard wide, with a tiny fold of sky blue silk appearing below the edge; overlapping this was a straight seantily gathered flounce twice as wide, with the lower edge in leaf points, showing a blue facing; the heading was a bias band and two creet frills also edged with blue. The polonaise is a novelty. The front has a basynu with a flat apron of crescent-shaped folds fastened to the sides of the garment by large smooth jet buttons. Puffs and an intricately draped scarf faced with blue form the back of the skirt, and a Wattonn bow of blue faille ribbon ornaments the corsage. Cont sleeves with two creecent-shaped cuffs pointing toward the hand, and tied by a little scarf. The Marie Antoinette collar is of three silk folds, with oblong bits of jet and fringe or trimming. Inside the neck is a standing bex-pleating of blus white organdy, doabled. Another similar polonaise has a netted fringe entirely of jet, and the edges show lavender facings.

Many Parisian costumes have Marie Antoinette collars-of folds of China crape or of silk, edged with a lace frill or with fringe. Regular fehus larped on the bosom in Marie Antoinette fashion are also revived.

## SILK COSTUMES.

Réséda, the new mignenette shade popularly called sagu green, promises to be the choice color of the season; next in favor for silk suits are the came. A sage green faille from Worth's has two wide puffs around the skirt, the fullness held in reversed side pleatings with three pleats in a group; a box-pleated ruche of darker shade seperates the puffs, and a gathered frill at the edge is of this darker shade. The over-skirt is arounce crape with light crimped fringe. The basque is of the darkest réséda faille, with sleeves and vest of lighter shade.

## NEW PIQUÉ AND BATISTE SUITS.

The handsomest piqué suits of the season have just heen imported. They consist of a polomaise and skirt triumed with insertions and raffles of open-work English embroidery. Repped piqué is the first choice: that with satin jean stripe is also stylish. A respect piqué suit from Pipar's had three seantily gathered flounces of white cambric embroidered in open compass pattern, headed by an insertion hand of the same design (inserted in the piqué, not merely laid on), and a narrow standing full. The flounces laid on), and a narrow standing frill. The florances, nearly a quarter of a yard wide, were placed quite apart from each other. The tight-fitting polonaise foll widely open from the waist down, and the back formed two large puffs like the paniers of three years ago. An embroidered ruffle and inserted band sur-

formed two large puffs like the paniors of three years are. An embroidered rulle and inserted hand surrenned the whole garment, passing up the front and forming a collar. Coat sleeves with subot frill.

Hax gray and cera batistes, trimmed with tamboured embroidery and guipare lace of the same color, will be very fashionable for midsummer. These will not be contined to black silk under dresses, but will be worn over blue, green, and brown silk slips. A polomaise and a wide gathered flounce are usually imported together. Another pretty set consists of over-skirt, blouse-waist, and tahua, with elaborate embroidery and lace. Soutache braiding in ombroidery distinctions of batiste are expensive, the lowest priced yet shown being S.9. Handkerchiefs of batiste are imported to match suits. Striped batiste are imported to match suits. Striped batiste are imported to match suits. Striped batiste is being made up by tasteful midstes, and many prefer it as a greater change from the solid buffs and grays so long worn. Some unique over dresses of a fabric like Russian bath toweling are also displayed. Those are in solid colors, and in inch-wide stripes of white and flax-colors, trimmed with guipure lace. They cost \$75 or \$90.

White Swiss muslin polomaises of Parisian make are fashioned of stripes an inch wide, alternately of insertion and muslin, and the garment is lordered with lace. Guipure and Valonciennes are both used for those garments. They are then ornamented with bows of blue or rose-colored faille ribbon.

#### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE compound inture of light was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, in 1675. Gold-leaf or Dutch metal with thin gum-water.

Aceric acid and water, with a little lingeed oil, will be found very efficacious in reviving French polish.

Law chimneys are apt to break if fitted tightly into the socket. This gillows no room for expansion when they are heated. A boxe it, when edd, should always be preferred: after the lamp is lit, the chimney will be found to expand sufficiently to fill the socket.

DARKNESS IN THE TREATMENT OF SMALL-POX.—If a patient, in the beginning of the attack, be put in a room from which absolutely all light is excluded saye that of a candle, the effect is to arrest the disease in the papular or vesicular stage; the skin between the vesicles is never inflamed nor swellen; the large scales of matter never form over the face; there is no intense pain, and only triffing itching, and the smell is either very slight or altogether wanting.—Lancet.

is either very slight or altogether wanting.—Lancet.

SPADE BAYOSETS.—A patent for a rather novel invention has been recently taken out. The object sought is to provide an improved attachment for bayonels adapted for use as spade in intrenching, and also as a defensive armour or breastplate for the soldier when in battle. These improvements are used, in connection with the blades of the spades, either as defensive armour or breastplate for the soldier when in battle. These improvements are used, in connection with the blades of the spades, either as defensive armour or for digging or intrenching, the blades, when used as armour, being carried in any convenient manner; and the modes of connecting the handles of the spades to the blades can be varied to an indefinite extent. For embling the blade of the spade to be used as a shield or mantlet to the soldier lying behind it, a section of the seeket of a bayonet is prolonged to a creater length, in order that it can be lorged into the earth, there being a hole for the soldier to view the approach of an enemy and to insert his musket therein.

LIGITING CONDECTORS.—Professor Henry, in an essay on meteorology, says that a lightning conductor should consist of a round iron rod, of not less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Other forms of rods, such as flat or twisted, will answer nearly as well, although a drawback attending their use is that they are liable to cive off Interal sparks from the sharp edges at the moment of the passage of the electricity through them, which might set fire to very combustible materials. It is a commonly-received opinion that lightning rods need not be continuous, as it is supposed that the electricity will leap over short distances; but Professor Henry recommends that it be throughout its entire length in perfect negalities continuity, and that it be coared with black point. As a general rule, he advises that large masses of metal within the building, especially those which have a porpondicular clovation, be connected with the r

which have a perpendicular elevation, be connected with the rot.

The Origin of Certain Fires.—The cause of certain frees is explained by the following hypothesis:—When exide of iron (rust) is placed in contact with timber, excluded from the atmosphere, and aided by a slightly increased temporature, the exide particles of metallic iron, having such an affinity for exygen that, when afterwards exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause, exygen is absorbed so rapidly that these particles become suddenly red-hot, and if in sufficient quantity will produce a temperature far beyond the ignitiable point of dry timber. Whenever iron pipes are employed for the circulation of any heated medium (either hot water, but air, or steam), and wherever these pipes are allowed to become rusty, and are also in closs contact with timber, it is only necessary to suppose that, under these circumstances, the linely-divided particles of metallic iron become exposed to the action of the amosphere (and this may occur from the more expansion or contraction of the pipes) in order to account for many of the fires which periodically take place at the commencement of the winter season.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

IP we would have powerful minds we must think. THE worst misfortune is to be unable to bear mis-

DANGER should be feared when distant, and braved when present. The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

A DANNY resembles the cinnamoutree; the bark is of greater value than the body.

The toars of our misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand. The darkest cloud which overshadows human life may often appear the brightest to the angels who watch over us from Heaven.

watch over us from Henven.

TEMPERANCE and lubor are the two boot physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging in excess.

Half of the servow of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—may, the speech they had resolved not to utter.

Honest men are called the noblest work of (ind, but there are so low that a greater part of the first edition of that work must be still on the author's hands.

Many a true heart that would have come back like.

namis.

MANY a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage nature of an unforgiving spirit.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest manneally is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatost fool.

Pary the west the health at the content of the property of the property of the content of the property of

PITY the poor, the shabby, the ugly, and the suffering, and do not succe at them. All ways of life are weary enough, and mercy is like the gentle rain from beaven—and very sweet to a tired soul.

PRESERVE your conscience always soft and sonsitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soid and is suffered to dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand more iniquities.

It is very sweet to be loved—to know that one's coming rejuices the heart and brightens the oyes, and that when we go where we are beloved we scatter light and joy, and make the dark chamber of the soul radiant with sunshine.

We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please, for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a law in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downful, or profit by our injury.

The stream of time will a well-as

to rise on our downing or profit by our nowly.

The stream of time rolls rapidly away into the ocean of cternity, sweeping off in its imperious course all human things. Beauty, fashion, genius, accomplishments, wenth, will be no more. Religion alone is destined to survive the ruin.

A vorve wife, on being lately asked what she should do in case her husband should fail, replied, "live on arms, to be sure. I have two and he has two, with hands at the ends of them." We will venture to say that that couple will never fail.

A worray Quaker thus wrote:—"I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there can be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The great man is he who chooses the right with in-vincible resolution, who resists the screet tempta-tion from without and within, who boars the heavies burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under monaces, and whose reliance on truth, virtue, and fleaven is unfaltering.

#### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Vantries.—Beat one egg light, add a little salt, and stir with enough flour to rail, rail thin sea water, cut out with a saucer and fry in hot lard. They make a pretty appearance on the table.

PLAIN CAKE.—One cap of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, half a leaspoonful of sola, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon or nature:

GRABAM MUFFINS.—Two cups of sour milk, four tablespoonfuls of sourcecam, two teaspoonfuls of solar, one thatf cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Stir stiff with Graham flour and bake quick.

Farruas, --One cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one half teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a batter thick enough to drop from a spoon. Drop in hot land and fry a light brown.

COPPER CARE,—One cup of butter, one cap of sugar, one cup of molasses, one of strong cold coffee, one tearspoonful of soda, one pound of chopped raisins, four and one-half cups of flour, cinnamon, cloves and LOAF CAKE,—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of inter, one pound of crishs, one half pound of circus, one four eggs, one cup of sweet unit, one textpound of circus, so so, to the content of sola, two textpoundals of cream of tartar, three nutnegs, one trustomind of cloves. Bake slowly one and one-half hours.

To CLEAN FLOORCHOTH,-Shred half an onnee co coass reconstructly.—Street half in onnee of good becawax into a soucer, cover it entirely with torportine, and place it in the over until melted. After washing Boorboth theoroughly, rule the whole surface lightly with a flaunch dipped in the wax and turpentine, then rule with a dry cloth. Beside, the polish produced, the sorface is babily content with the wax, which is washed off together with any dast or dirt it may have contracted, while the Boorcloth is preserved.

Manner Cake, --White, --One onp of butter, three emps of white sugar, four caps of flour, one half cup of sour milk, a luttle sola, and the whites of nine eggs. Flavor with lemon.

Dark, --One cap of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of medasses, one cup of sour milk, one tenspound of sola, five cups of flour, yolks of nine eggs, one whole egg, and spices of all sorts.

Put in pans, first a layer of dark, then one of white, and so on, finishing with a layer of dark. Bake in a moderate over.

Figur Jerley is delicious when made of strawber-ries or ruspherries in their season; peaches, also, can be used, but the fruit must be pared undent inbedice, heang careful not to use the discolored part around being eareful not to use the discolored part around the seed. Clarity half a pound of loaf-sugar, strain and mix with it half an onned of clarited i singlass and the juice of two or three lemons; into this stirthe fruit as quickly us possible, and, youring into a mould, place on ice; the sugar and isinglass are not hot, merely lukewarm, when mixed together. Or larges may be used, out into disc, carefully removing every particle of seed, or the jelly will be thick-looking; only two lemons are needed when orange i suseding; only two lemons are needed when orange is used. To clarify isinglass cut one and a quarter onnees into small pieces, wash in warm water four or five times, then put into a proserving kertle with a pint and one gill of clear rain-water, and boil slowly until reduced one-fourth, leaving three-fourths; as fast as it rises remove the seum; whendone, strain through a cloth, bottle, and cork it.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The forests are being so rapidly consumed in Russia that it is proposed to prohibit the use of any other fuel than coal on becomotives.

A Movement is on foot for all workmen in France to labor one hour extra and devote the proceeds to liberating the territory from the Germans.

Bratts has wenty tenade physicians, and all of them are said to be excellent practitioners, and to have amassed ample pecuniary means by their pro-fession

fession.

A Para is advertised for sale in Parmington, Gt., for no portion of which any deed was ever given, it having remained in the same family for 222 years, ever since the original purchase from the Indians.

Cano, Egypt is now regarded by the English people as "one of the most charming places" in which to spend a winter. The place is full of tourists now, and it is, in every sense of the word, "fashionable."

Strontans through the Capitol of Washington will remainer the allegorical clock over the north door of the old House of Representatives. The constructor of this clock died before his work was paid for, and left no beirs. The appropriation for it is yet in the treasury.

Wood may be rendered—so it is asserted—nearly as capable of resisting fire as brick or stone, and without great tabor or expense. The dried tumber is soaked a short time in a solution of soluble glass, a silicate of soda or potash, after which it is immersed in time-water, by which the silicate of soda is decomposed and the pores of the wood filled with a silicate of time. The substance is fire-proof, and cannot be disolved in water, and its presence and effect in the fibre of the wood are, therefore permanent. So table glass is readily obtained, being already largely used for various purposes in this country.

The question whether a cold alread bath is a pre-

The question whether a cold plunge bath is a necessary part of the daily physical education of a child seems to be exciting considerable interest just new, particularly in Boston. Good common-sense, and a very little knowledce of physiology, would teach those who have the care of children that hundreds of them never ought to be subjected to any such violent shock. A hardy, robust child, whose system has plenty of reactionary power, may be benefited by plunging into cold water; but the feeble, delicate child, who shrinks in torror from the very thought of such a both, is alterather likely to receive actions. such a bath, is altogether likely to receive serious in jury from it.

jury from it.

A Philosopher's Question.—When Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making preparations to wage war against Rome. Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his expectations as to the result of the enreer upon which he was about to enter.—"To subdue Romo." answered the king.—" What will you do next, sire?"—"I will conquer Italy."—" And what then ?"—"I will subjugate Carthage, the whole of Africa, and Greece."—"And when you have conquered all that you can conquer, what will you do then ?"—"Do? I will sidown, and spend my time in peace and comfort."—"Ah, sire," said the sage, "what prevents you from sitting down and spending your time in peace and comfort now?"

your time in peace and comfort now?"

Concernes of the Birle.—A man who was condemned to solitary confinement for life in a prison, relieved his tedicoleness of the years by ascertaining the following facts:—

The bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,622 words, 11,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word and occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" occurs facts and solitary occurs for the second occurs for occurs for the second occurs for o six syllables.

is the same rule applies to women. A buby is spring day in winter—a ray of sunshine in frigid winter—and if it is healthy and good-mattered, and if it is a bushie, of sunshine no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case as it loves babies, one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty, they are. Babies are babies, and accurate the loved—while mother pixes while the mount is waning, lest they should not come up. Peadaw in winter—a ray of sunshine in frigid winter—and if it is healthy and good-mattred, and it is yours, it is a bushie) of sunshine no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot he a hopeless case as it loves, babies, one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are. Babies are balies, and declause their mothers were loved be and lovely women. Our love for babies is bounded by the number of babies in the world. We always have sorrowful feelings for women that have no babies, and don'texpectany. Women that have no babies, and don'texpectany. Women that have no babies, and don'texpectany. Women that have no babies always farbed who have no babies, and nothing can take their loads and they are babies and anothing on take their lands on the moon's age. Southey in one of his be as has preserved an account of an anothing on take their lands on the moonly like a baby 1 wow, and we say there's nothing like a baby 1 with more and words of the weather whom he moon, the word with great eare at cert in times in the moon, he word with great eare at cert in times in the moon's age. Southey in one of his be as has preserved an account of an animal subject that it is a liver basin; that is, going through the form of washing without water in the moonlight; and spoak there's a baby in the house. We've tried it! We know; and we say there's nothing like a baby 1 muttering of some senseless jargon over them.

### WIT AND HUMOUR.

Smorr Crors-Convicts' hair.

WRINGING BELLES -Washerwomen. A STUDENT of theology describes a woman's original shere to be apples.

"WHERE have you been since the cow kicked?" Chicagonians now ask each other. Wanter to Know, Can the man who attends to the street lamps be called a light character?

Wito was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible?-Joseph, because Pharaon made a rater of

Thromostion is often asked, "What becomes of all the pais?"

Answer, "They become terra-pins."

To whom are ladies indebted for the invention of reils?—To their common mace-tress, Eve. who is acknowledged to have originated " the Fall."

MATRODOMA, "Newly Married daughter: "Mamma, how long does the honeymon last?" Practical Parent: "Until you ask your husband for money, my dear."

Str.-Mane. - (A Fact.) - Tim (strack with admiration): "Trace's gotton a folio pair of new boots theer, loca who made 'on "Jone: "Nobody made 'on the folio; to book made 'on the folio; and the folio pair of the

cm. fool; I bought 'em ready-made?'

A 6 NILWAN of the mero persuasion thus philosophics and reasonizes with the white world: "All men are made of clay, and, like a mecrocharon page, are more valuable when they are highly colored." There is something in "megro head," after all.

Electric man & Doern, "How many children have you?" inquired a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family. "Botter than a dozen, sir," "I only make out eleven," and the gentleman, "Faith, an' isn't that better than a dozen, when one has to feed 'em?" exclaimed the laborer.

A Clost, Suayer. The Musical Standard tells us

claimed the latorer.

A CLOSI, SHAVIN—The Musical Standard tells us that some enthusiastic Russians have gaid a hundred and forty porods for the costume which Schneider wore in Lo Riba Retim. To judge from the extent of such costumes, nowadays, on both the French and the English stage, we hould think this was giving a good deal for a very lettle. In many in tance, we could make more more we could make more more than the fairly represented as a tight.

could mame, money thus invested math be fairly represented as "tight,"

A So Properpays, "This books doubtful;" A Mong the competitors for the darming prize lately offered at the Georgia state Fair, V.S., one lady presented a stocking so nearly mended that the Judges could not find the mark of a nearle." We suppose the American fodges said they were darned if they believed the stocking was, and that the lady said she'd be darned hereoft if she hadn't herself darned it. If so, the lunguage, like the stocking decidedly ought to have been mencied.

PARENTAL "DARGER" foot hovers, A young man was the victim of misplaced combleme a short time ago. He calledon a young lady one evening, having previously pand her several visits. The girl's parents, thusking both too young for love gave a gentle hint to that effect—first by calling the cirl out of the room, and sending her to bed; and, secondly, by the lady of the house bringing into the room a huge slice of bread and butter, spread with jam, and saying to the young to the young to the young and way, and your mother will be anxious."

A GENTEMAN of a slightly irritable temper, calling the circles.

nother will be anxious."

A GENTIFMAN of a slightly irritable temper, calling out foundly for some hot water from his bedroom, and was unanswered. Sciziog a small bureau, he showed it before him to the head of the stairs, and seat it whirling end over end, to the hall below. The crash was loud enough to bring out mother, daughter and all the servants.—The head of the family was scated at the top of the stairs, chows on knees, chin resting in hands.

"Oh, father! what is the matter?" asked the rightened daughter.

"Matter!" said the old man, "why, here I have been callin' and callin' for yor nich on on an hour, and now I've telegraphed for yer, that's all."

### VALUABLE RECIPES.

To remove freekles, cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a moustache, fig. it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window.

To produce a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first cale you get into your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.
To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.
To avoid corpulence, quit eating.
To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.
To keep out of debt, acquire the requtation of a raseal, and no one will trust you.
To keep your manne up, write a frequently on the done of the capital, the state house steeple, and other high places.
To become a compotent book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

## THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

137. PUZZLE,

Put two exes beside you, then add what you did At your dinner, At your dinner,
And show me a word to lessen, reduce, pallinto,
Or make thinner,
J. H. Choxall,

138. EXIGMA.

ES. ENIGMA.

In my second my third out reading one day,
Twas a warm ammy morning, in bright laughing
May,
And my hest and second was be on his book.
So he saw not Tom Jones's comical book.
As, entering my hest, he advanced to his side.
And seiture his hand, "My good friend," he cried,
"To go sketching with me, you promised last week,
I'm come of that promise performance to seek;
But now you so wrapped up in Shakespers I flud,
I've reason to think you have altered your mind."
My third started up at the voice of his friend,
"Indeed, my dear Fred, I'll with pleasure altend;
You are wrong if you think I'd forgotien the day,
I merely took Shakespere to juss time away.
Let us go now, my fourth, to the top of you hill,
An old rain there will well test our skill:
Let us lose no more time, but haven away.
And accomplish our schole cre the close of the day."

VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

139, NUMERICAL CHARADE. I am a word of four letters. My 1, 3, 2, is an element; my 6, 3, 2, 7, is bluck; my 1, 2, 3, 6, 1, 4, 5, 7, is carefully in Pulestine; my 5, 7, 1, 4, 5, is a flower and a tract of land; my 7, 1, 2, 4, 5, is an element; my 2, 3, 10, 7, is a kinel of grain; my 1, 3, 8, 5, 7, is a tenth; and my whole is a science.

140. REBUS. A vehicle; a river in Siberia; find of a wife; a town in Eurland; an English victory over the French; one of the gentlemen recently nurdered by Greek brigands; rolating to vision; a part of the body. The initials and finds read forwards will give the title and name of a Perusian determine at the recent title and came of a Prussian statesman.

HI. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA. My first, if well handled with feeling and taste Will charm the "blue devils" in verinst haste, It has tamed the average and moved even rocks. And we read that of itell it has opened the locks.

My second you'll find in the midst of the rye, A tiny wee thing that will rest in your eye; My schole, neither woman, bird nor hear, With a little of each was a monster to four.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 16. E31.—Double Acrostic.—Charles Dickens, thus: Cloub, Haytl, ArC, Rock, Lank, EriN, StockS. В1.-Снаварк.-Соги-ан-у (Согшану). 132.-SQUARE WORDS .-

NALTA APACE AVAIL PAGAN LARGE AGENT TIGRE CANUE ALERT ENTER RAIDS ELDER
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BONER RRASS
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CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED. Nos. 121, 122, 123, 124.—W. E. P. Nos. 127, 128, 129.—M. E. P.





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. M. C. London.—Yez. The premium plate which accompanies the paper to each subscriber is entitled The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple. Outside measurement is 25 x 33 inches.

HATTIE L.—You do not send us the name of your post office. We always send the premium plates by return unil; we regret the accident to the one sent to you, we will always in such cases supply another on receiving a certificate from the postmaster of its being broken in transit.

T. H. Halifax.—You will obtain the information you desire by reading this page of our paper, on which you will observe that the time has been extended until the 31st. Dec. next for clubbers to reap the benefit of the grand premiums offered.

M. S. Orillia.—The Family Record was engraved from a Pen and Ink Drawing, by Professor Trum-bull, and was presented to our readers as a premium for 1871. The premium engraving for 1872 is larger, far better and of more value.

G. S. Renfrow.—You can commence your club at once. We keep all the back numbers; it is better to begin with the Erst No. for January as you then will have the volume complete. We do publish the book you name. The throp of Canana, and will forward one copy post paid on receipt of 85 cents.

GRORGING OF PECCHOLORS COMES.

GRORGING, Winnipeg.—To your first question, yes; to your second: Alllow is jealous, Love and Jeslousy are merely two ends of a stick. If the stick ho properly used with the jealous end down it is well; but if reversed then it acts like a chimney on fire.

Jone St. 100. John Sharps.—Pleasure is only a change of pain A man who has had the gout thinks he feels first rate when he gets down to rhumatism again.

MARION.—Cocon nut oil when in the state as expressed from the nut, is so offensively rank in smell as to be unfit for use, it must be purified and is sold by perfumers generally. Will answer your other question next week.

INCURRE.—The Trinity Service is inferior in rank to the Navy or to the late East India Company's service; but men of the highest naval rank may belong to the Trinity House. It superintends the pilotage, the conste, the lighthouses, buoys, beacons &c., and has a jurisdiction over seamen in the Merchant Service, but not in the Navy, for then it would supersede the Admiralty.

Gro. Wilderno.—Changes of address: Nubscribershould gives us notice immediately after removing, should gives us notice immediately after removing, shall give and residence, as well as the address to which they desire our paper sent.

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and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

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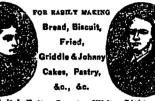
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