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VOLUME III.

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

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No. 29.

For the " Bearthstone." THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

BY H. PATTERSON.

Comes my sweet love this way to night? She comes—O I am glad! The moon is up, the stars shine bright: The lleav'ns in glory's dress are clad.

All silently they downward look, The beautiful pure stars : And gen the waters of the brook With golden studs and silver bars ;

The nightingale begins her song A sweet though sadsome ditty, That pierceth through my brave heart strong Like levely woman's soothing pity.

The melancholy of her strain Awakes in me such answer As scares away the spectre—Pain : Yet leaves a something like in transfer-

Yes, leaves in me a mournful sense Of something sedder still, Than any of the pains intense That make the sum of human ill.

Such feelings as I've never known From inmemorial days, Come in her strain so soft and lone Beneath that old Oak's charmed sprays:

Such echoes to her pensive cries. As melancholy sweet
As ever caus'd the tears to rise
From out the heart's embosom'd seat!

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COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

It was upon a Sunday, a mild October day, towards sunset, that he felt himself for the first time able to speak to his patient nurse. A broad bay-window in his room looked westward, and he saw the evening sky with a warm rosy light in it, and heard the rooks cawing in the avenue, and the church-bells ringing for evening service.

Mrs. Chapman was sitting by the window reading, with her hood thrown back, and her dark brown hair only shrouded by her muslin cap. She did not wear the bood always, though Mrs. Johns had never happened to see her with-She had a habit of throwing it off at

The Colonel by quite motionless, looking at the sky and at that quiet figure at the window, wondering dreamily who this woman was. Her profile was clearly defined against the soft light, as she sat there, unconscious that he was watching her: and Herbert Benyon thought that he had never seen a lovelier face.

It was a spiritualized beauty, sublimated by some great sorrow, the Colonel functed. The some great sorrow, the Colonel fancied. The glory and bloom of youth were gone, though the woman was evidently young; but with the loss of these she had galued in the charm of expres-

It was a face that went to one's heart. She turned from the window presently, hearing her patient stir, and came towards the bed. He saw that her eyes were gray, large and dark, with a plaintive look in them.

"I did not know that you were awake," she said gently. "Let me after your pillows a little, and then I will bring you some tea." It was the voice that had been with him in

all his foolish dreams. It seemed as if he had come back to life out of a living grave, bringing only this memory with him. She bent over "I thought not," nurmured the Colonel, him, arranging the pillow, which had slipped to with a faint sigh of relief. a position of torture on the edge of the bed. The dexterous hands made all comfortable in moments, while the levely face looked down upon him.

"How good you have been to me all this ne i" he said. He had attended time!" he said. He had attered protestations of gratitude and regard many times during his delirium, but these were the first thoroughly it yet." delirium, but these were the man something words he had spoken to her.

Sudden good work?

tears started to her eyes, and she turned her head aside to hide them. "Thank God!" she exclaimed earnestly;

" For what?" asked the Colonel.

"That you are so much better."

"I have been very ill, thon, I suppose?"
"You have been very ill."
"Off my head, haven't I? Yes, I know I

thought myself up the country, and that I could hear the jackals screaming outside. And I am really in Cornwall, down at Hammersley's place—poor Hammerstey i—and you are nursing me for I don't know how long! You are thought once place—poor Hammersley I—and you have been you were my sister—a girl who died nearly

twenty years ago." "Yes, you are much better; but pray do not talk. You are very weak still, and the doctors would be angry with me for letting you talk so

much." "Very well. I will be as quiet as a lamb: indeed I don't feel capable of disobeying you.
But there is one question that I must ask."
"I do not mind answering one question, if I

"To what beneficent influence do I owe you care of me? what freak of fortune brought such a ministering angel to my sick bed?"

"I am here to perform a work of charity, that is all," she answered quietly. "I am a

nurse by profession." "But you are a lady!" he exclaimed, sur-

" I will drink my ten presently." "You must drink it now, with me, or I will drink none.

looking at the table.

She complicit; it was not worth while arguing

her. He looked at her very often as he stpped the ten she had poured out for him, and ate bread and honey, like the queen in the famous deuce could this Chapman have been to leave bread and honey, like the queen in the famous nursery rhyme. He looked at her, wondering what her life had been, with an intense curiosity only possible to a prisoner in a sick-room. He would have given the world to question her farther; but that was forbidden, to say nothing of the impertinence of such a proceeding. He was fain to lie there with fixed dreamy eyes,

speculating idly about her and her history.
The patient had taken a turn, and the doctors rejoiced exceedingly; but his progress even now was very slow. Ho lay for four long weeks as helpless as a child, attended upon day and night by Mrs. Chapman and a young man out of the stables, a handy young fellow, whose genius had been developed by the exigencies of the case, and who made a vory decent amateur valet. How he should have endured this dreary time without Mrs. Chapman's care and companionship, Herbert Benyon could not imagine She brightened the dismal monotony of the sick-room, and lightened his burden for him more than words could tell; and yet she was by no means what any one would call a lively person. Indeed, after that close companionship of many weeks, Colonel Benyon could not remember ever inving seen her smile. But her presence had an influence upon him that was better than commonplace cheerfulness. She read and the low sweet voice was like music. She read to him talked to him, and every word helped to reveal the wealth of a highly-cultivated mind. With

such a companion life could not be irksome even in a sick-room. Before the fourth week of that first stage of his convulescence was ended. Colonel Benyon

had made many efforts to learn his nurse's his-tory; but had utterly failed in the endeavor. "My story is common enough," she told him once, when he said that he was convinced there was some romance in her life. "I have lost all that I ever loved, and am obliged to interest myself in strangers."

"You are very young to be a widow," said the Colonel, "Had you been long married when Mr. Chapman died?

A sudden look of pain came into her face.
"Not very long, recall my past life.
"My history is the history of the dead."

After this he could not push his curiosity far- nurse, if he winds up by marrying her, ther; but he was not a little tormented by his look was very suspicious."

his wife in such a desolate position? and what has become of her own relations? I would stake my clumess of promotion that she is a lady by birth; but how comes a hady to be left to carry out such a quixotic scheme as this sick-nursing business? For to the Colonel's mundance mind the nursing of the sick poor seemed an eccentric and abnormal employment for a well-bred young woman-above all, for a beautiful young woman like this widow, with the classic profile and luminous gray eyes.

As soon as the Colonel was strong enough to totter from his bed to a sofa, Dr. Matson sug gested a change of quarter

You must get nearer the sen," be said; "this flowery dell is all yery well in its way; and you Howery delt is an very wen in its way; and you certainly do get a suff of the Atlantic mixed with the perfume of your roses. But I should like to plant you somewhere on the very edge of the ocean. There is a decent lim at Penjudah now, directly facing the sea, built almost upon the beach; a homely place enough, but you would get very good treatment. we might move you there with advantage." The Colonel grouned.

" I don't feel strong enough to be moved from one room to another," he said,

"I daresay not. There's a good deal of pros.

tration still, no doubt; but the change would do you a world of good. We must manage it some-how-contrive some kind of ambulance, and carry you in a recumbent position. Mrs. Chap. vill go with you, of course," The Coloner's face brightened at this sugges-

"Would you go?" he asked, looking at his

nurse.

• of course she would. She's not done with You are not going to you yet, by any means. slip out of our hands for some little time, I as sure you, Colonel Benyon," said Dr. Matson, with professional jocosity.

"I do not wish; I am quite content to remain an invalid," replied the Colonel, looking at his nurse and not at his doctor.

The physician saw the look.

"Bless my soul," he said to himself, "Is that

The doctor had his way. The chief inn at Penjadah was quite empty at this late period of the year; and the best rooms, old-tashloned capacious chambers facing the sea, were at the patient's disposal. So one the morning, in the beginning of November, while the reddened leaves in this mild western country still lingered on the trees, Colonel Renyon left Trewardell, which had been a somewhat unbucky shelter, it seemed seemed

Even on that last morning busy Mrs. Johns scarcely eaught so much as a glimpse of the nuise's face; but just at the final moment, when the Colonel had been made comfortable in the carriage, wrapped up to the eyes in woollen rugs and tiger-skins, Mrs. Chapman turned and held out her hand to the housekeeper. She had her vell down, a thick black vell, and she wore a close black bonnet of a somewhat bygone

" Good-bye, Mrs. Johns," she said, in her low, plaintive voice, — "This is the last time 1 shall ever see Trewardell.—Please shake hands with me before I go." "This is the last time I shall

There was something that seemed almost humility in her tone. The housekeeper drew herself up rather stillly, quite taken by surprise; and then, in the next moment, her good naturo got the better of her resentment, and she took the proffered hand. What a slender little hand it seemed in the grasp of Sarah Johns' stout

' I'm sure I bear you no mallee, mum," she • Pin sure I bear you no mance, main, sne-sald, • though you have keps yourself so much to yourself, as if other folks weren't good enough for you; and if you like to walk over from Penjadah any fine afternoon to take a cup of tea with me and my husband, you'll be heartly

judah any fine aftermon to taken cup of tea with me and my husband, you'll be heartly welcome. There's always a bit of cold ment-and an apple-pasty in the house," "You are very kind; but I feel comehow that. I shall never see Trewardell again. May I gather one of those late roses? Thanks; I should like to take one away."

She went to one of the standard rose-frees on the lawn, and gathered one solitary tea-rose---a pale primrose-coloured flower--a melancholylooking blossom, the Colonel thought, when she took her sent in the carriage with this rose in

" I don't like to see you with that pale yellow flower," he said; "tit reminds me of asphodel, and seems symbolical of death. I should like to do away with that ugly black bounet, and crown you with a garland of bright red roses, the emblem of renewed youth and hope."

the emblem of renewed youth and hope."

She booked at him with sad carnest eyes,

"I have done with youth," she said, "and
with hope, except......"

"Except what?" he asked, engerly.

"Except what?" he asked, engerly.

"Except a hope that I do not care to talk
about...the hope of something beyond this
earth."

After this the Colonel was silent. There was

omething in those grave words that sounded like a reproof.

Mrs. Johns stood in the porch watching the carriage drive away with a thoughtful counten-nace. What was it in her voice just now that gave me the shivers?" she said to herself, perplexed in spirit.

CHAPTER V

So may one read his weird, and reason, And with vain drugs mestage no pain; For each man in his loving season Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing, Spells that appease not any grief. Time brings us all by handlink, wro All harts with nothing of relief.

Colonel Benyon was in love. That rigid disciplinarian, that battered soldier, who had boast for the last lifteen years of his freedom from anything approaching what he called san a tanglement," now awoko to the consciousness that he was the veriest fool in the universe, and that unless he could win this woman, of whose antecedents he knew nothing, for his wife, he was a lost man. That he could return to the outer world, that he could go back to India and begin life again without her seemed impossible, His world had narrowed itself into the sick chamber where she ministered to him. All the voices of this earth seemed to have melted into that one low tender voice that read to him or talked with him in the long tranquit evenings. Intil now he had searcely known the meaning of a woman's companionship. Never lind he lived in such close intimacy with any one, not even a masculine friend. But now he looked back at his hard commonplace life, the conventional society, the stereotyped pleusures, and wondered how he had endured so many years of such a barren existence. He loved her. For a long time—his idle weeks in that sick room had eemed so long, giving him so much leisure for thought—he struggled against this folly, if folly it were; but he had struggled in vain. He loved her. Her, and none other, would be have for his wife; and he told himself that it was, after all, no great sacrifice which he contem-plated making. That she was a lady he never doubted from the first hour when, restored to his soher senses, he had looked at her face and heard her voice. It was just possible that, she was born of a less noble race than his own, though he could searcely bring himself to believe though he could scarcely bring mason to ceneve even this; it was more than probable that she was very poor, The Colonel was glad of this last fact. It pleased him to think that his wealth might give her a new and brighter life, surrounding her with all those luxurio which seemed the natural utiributes of

her beauty.
Was there any hope for him? Well, yes, he was inclined to believe his case far from desper-ate. There was a subtle something in her looks and tones at times that made him lancy he was and tones at times that made out and not quite indifferent to her, that he was more not quite indifferent to her, that he was more not quite indifferent to her charity. Nothing the way the cat jumps? The Colonel's friends not quite indifferent to her, that he was more won't thank me for getting him such a good nurse, if he winds up by marrying her. That could be more vague than these signs and tokens, for she was the most reserved of wo-



" HAVE PITY UPON MK, COLONEL BENYON, I AM THAT WRETCHED WOMAN."

"That does not prevent my nursing the

sick.' "Then you do not mean that you are a hospital nurse—a person to be engaged by any one who needs your services?"

"You are asking more than one question.

It would have shocked him, somehow, to dis-

cover that the patient nurse whom he had mis-taken now for his dead sister—anon for his fulse love-was only a hireling after all.

"I wished to perform some duty in the world, being quite alone, and I chose that of attend-ance on the sick poor. I have never wearied of

And have you been long engaged in this

" Not very long; but you must not talk any

more. I must positively forbid that."

The Colonel submitted very reluctantly. He was so enger to know all about this woman this ministering angel, as he called her in his own mind. He repeated Scott's familiar lines in a low voice as she moved softly about the room making preparations for his evening meal. Betsey Jane, the housemaid, brought the tea-

tray.

Mrs. Johns had avoided all actual attendance on the sick-room of late, offended by the nurse's stand-offishness. The Colonel did not want her. she said. He had that the lady with her popisi hendgeur.
Airs, Chapman arranged the tea-things on the

table by the bed—the small, home-baked loaf, the tiny rolls of rich yellow butter, and a noble block of honeycomb on a glass dish. There was a nosegay of autumnal flowers, too, for the embellishment of the table; and altogether Herbert Benyon fencied that innocent repast the most tempting banquet that had ever been

spread for him "Please all there, and pour out my tea," he said, in his weak voice. "But see, you have forgotten your own cup and saucer," he added,

with him about such a trifle. The brought the second cup and saucer, and sat where he ordered

THE HEARTHSTONE.

men—the proudest, he sometimes thought—and he felt convinced that she was herself unconscious of them. But slight as they were, they were sufficient to kindle hope in Herbert Bonyon's breast, and he fancied that he had only to wait the fulness of time for the hour of his contention of the head of the contention of the head. his confession and the certainty of his happi-

He was not eager to speak. There was time enough. This tranquil daily intercourse was so sweet to him, that he almost feared to end it by assuming a new relation to his gentle. He did not want to seare her away just yet, even if she left him only to come back to him. later as his wife. He wanted to have her all to himself a little longer in this easy undisturbed

companionship.
So the days and weeks went on. The Colonel grew so much stronger, that Dr. Matson bade him good-bye, and even Mr. Borlase began to talk of releasing him. He was able to take a short stroll in the sunniest hour of the autumn day, leaning on his cane, and occasionally get-ting a little help from his nurse's supporting nrm. He was very fond of Penjudah: the scattered houses on the sea-shore—the curious scattered houses on the seasone—the control old-fushioned High-street straggling up a hill—the sheltered nook upon the grassy hill-side, that served as a burlal-ground for the population of Penjadah—the rustic lanes, from which one looked right out upon the broad Atlantic— all these things grew very dear to the Colonel, and it seemed to him that he could be content to live in this remote western region for ever with this one woman for his companion. It was very nearly the end of November, but

the weather was wonderfully inild in this region, the days bright and balmy, the evenings clear and calm. The Colonel stopped to rest sometimes in the burial-ground, seated on a moss-grown granite tomb, with his face towards the sea, and Mrs. Chapman by his side.

He had told her all the story of his past life, seen that the output on spisode of Lady Julia

even that ignominious opisode of Lady Julia Dursny's ill-treatment. It was his delight to talk to her. He confided in her as he had never done in any one else. He had such unbounded mith in her integrity, such a fixed belief in her good sense. He had talked to her of his friend good schie. He mu unted to the of the broken Hammersley, and had told her the story of the guilty mistress of Trewardell.

"Strange that we should both have come to

grief about a woman, isn't it?" he asked; and Mrs. Chapman owned that it was vore strange grief about a woman, 1811; 17" he asked; and
Mrs. Chapman owned that it was very strange,
"You'd heard the story before, I daresay,"
remarked the Colonel. "I suppose all the gossips of Penjudah know it by heart?"
"Yes," she answered, "everybody in Corn-

It was the last day of November. Mr. Bor-It was the list day of Acceptance and again talked of taking leave of his patient, and the Colonol was sitting on his favourite tomb, the memorial of some race whose grandeur was a memory of the past. He began to think the time was drawing near where the party was a make the conference and when he must make his confession and hear his fate. He was no coxcomb, yet he had no his rate. He was no coxcoind, yet he mad no fear of the result; indeed, he was certain that she loved him. While he was meditating this in a dreamy way, in no hurry to speak, and quite satisfied with the happiness of having the woman he loved by his side, Mrs. Chapman suddenly broke the silence.

"You are so much better Colonal Reavon."

"You are so much better. Colonel Benyon." she begun—"almost well, indeed, Mr. Borlase says—that I think you can afford to spare me now. I have stayed with you already much longer than I felt to be really necessary, only"
—she hestated just for a moment, and then
went rapidly on—"only yours was a critical
case, and I did not wish to leave you while there was the faintest chance of relapse. There is no fear of that now, and I am wanted elsewhere. There is a little boy in one of the cottages up the hill dying of consumption. His mother came to the hotel to speak to me last night, and I have promised her to go to him this evening."

"This evening!" cried the Colonel, aghast.

"This evening!" crea the Colone, against.
"You mean to leave me this evening!"
"To go to a dying child, yes, Colonel Benyon,"
the aurse answered reproachfully. "There is
so little that I can do for you now—for I suppose you may be trusted to take your medicines regularly-you really do not want me any

longer."

"I do not want you any longer!" repeated the Colonel, "I want you all my life. I want you for my wife!" he went on, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "I cannot live without you. You must stay with me, dearest, or only leave me to come back to me as my wife. We have no need of a long courtship. I think we know each other thoroughly as it is."

"You think you know me thoroughly as it is!" the woman echoed, shrinking away from him, and standing with her face turned towards the sea, only the profile visible to the Colonel, and upon that the impress of misery that struck him to the soul.

struck him to the soul.

"My dear love, what is this?" he asked.
"Have I distressed you so much by my avowal? Am I so utterly repugnant to you?"

she murmured, as if she had " Your wife. scarcely heard his last words, "your wife!"

"Yes, dearest, my beloved and honoured wife. I did not believe it was in my nature to

"That any man upon this earth should care for me!" she murmured; "you above all other men!" And then turning to him with a calmer face, she said decisively, "That can never be, Colonel Benyon. You and I can never be more to one another than we have been. The wisest thing you can do is to wish me good-bye, here where we stand, and forget that you have ever

"That is just the last thing possible to me,"
to answered impetuously. "There is nothing
upon this earth I care to live for, if I cannot
have you for my wife. You must have known that I loved you. You had no right to stay with me so long; you had no right to let me love you, if you meant to treat me like this at the last. But you do not mean to be so cruel; you are only trying me; you are only playing with your victim. O, my darling, for pity's sake, tell me that I am not quite indifferent to

you!"
"This is not the question," the woman replied quietly. " Have you thought of what you are doing, Colonel Benyon? Have you counted the cost? Have you thought what it is to intrust your name and your honour to the keeping of a woman of whom you know nothing?"

"I know that you are an angel," he said put-ting his arm round the slender figure, trying to draw her to his breast.

Again she shrank from him-this time with a gesture so repellent, that he drew back involuntarily, chilled to the heart.

"Do not touch me," she said. "You do not know who and what I am."

"I ask to know nothing," he cried vehemently. "If there is any secret in your past life that might divide us, hide it from me. Do you think I am going to bring the scrutiny of a de-tective to bear upon the antecedents of the woman I love? Blindly I give my happiness and my honour into your keeping. I see you, and love you for what you are—not for what evil fortune may have made you in the past."

"You do not know the weight of your words," e answered saily. "I thank you with all my she answered saily. "I thank you with all my heart for your confidence, for your love; but that which you think you wish can never be. that which you think you wish can never be.
It is best for us to part this very day, this very

moment. Let us shake hands, Colonel Benyon, and say farewell."

"Not till you have told me your reasons," the Colonel orled imperiously. "I may know those,

"I do not recognize your right to question

me. I cannot explain my reasons."

"But I will know the on," he crief, seizing her wrist. "I have been fooled by one woman; I will not be trifted with by another. I will know why you refuse to be my wife. Is it because you hate or despise me?"
"No, no, no; you know that it is not that?"

She looked at him pitcously, with a look that said as plainly as any words she could have spoken, "You know that I love you."

spoken, "You know that I love you.
"Is it from any mistaken notion of idelity to

"No, it is not that. Yet, Heaven knows, I have reason to be faithful to the dead."
"What is it, then? You must and shall tell

me." "For pity's sake, spare me. You are torturing me, Colonel Benyon."

ing me, Colonel Benyon."

"Give me your promise to be my wife, then, and I will not ask a question. There can be no reason strong enough to divide us, if you love me; and I think you do."

"Heaven help me!" she sobbed, clasping her

hands with a piteous gesture.

To Herbert Benyon those three words sounded like a confession. He was sure that she loved him, sure that his will must conquer hers in the

"Yes," she cried passionately, "I do love you. Nothing could excuse such an admission from my lips but the knowledge that in this hour we part for ever. I do love you, Colonel Benyon, but there is nothing in this world that would induce me to become your wife, even if you knew the worst I can tell, and were yet willing to take me, which you would not be." "You are wrong," he exclaimed with an oath.

"There is nothing you can tell me that change my resolution, or diminish my love."

"Do not promise so rashly," she answered, ashy pale, and with tremulous lips.

Its drew her to the old granite tomb, and per-suaded her to sit down beside him, seeing that she was nearly fulting.

suaded her to sit down beside him, seeing that she was nearly fidnting.

"My love, I do not wish to be cruel," he said tenderly. "I do not seek to lift the veil of the past. I am content to love you blindly, foolishly, if you like. I will do anything to prove my devotion, will shape the whole course of my future life, for your happiness. There is nothing in the world I would not sacrifice for your sake. Be generous, for your part, dearest. Say that you will be my wife, or give me some adequate reason for your denial."

She did not answer him immediately. There was a silence of some moments, and then she

was a silence of some moments, and then she said in a low voice:

"You have a friend to whom you are very much attached, Colonel Benyon, a friend who is

amuen attaoned, Colonel Benyon, a friend who is almost as dear to you as a brother. I have heard you say that."

"What, Hammersley? Yes, certainly; Hammersley is a dear good fellow; but what has he to do with my marrying as I please? I should not consult him about that."

"You were talking the other night of that guilty creature—his wife."

guilty creature—his wife."

"Yes, I have spoken to you about his wife."

"You have—in terms of reprobation which were well deserved. Have pity upon me, Colonel Benyon—I am that wretched woman!"

She had slipped from the tembstone to the turf beside it, and remained there, half crouching, half kneeling, in her utter abasement, with her face hidden.

"You!" exclaimed the Colonel, in a thick voice. "You!"
The blow scemed almost to crush him. He

felt for the moment stupefied, stunned. He had been prepared for anything but this. "I am that wretched woman. I do not know if there is the shadow of excuse for my sin in the story of my life; but, at any rate, it is best that you should know it. George Champney and I were engaged to be married long before I saw Mr. Hammersley; and when he went to India, we were pledged to wait till he should come back and make me his wife. We had known each other from childhood; and I cannot tell you how dearly I loved him. It seems a mockery now to speak of this when I have not even been faithful to his memory; but I did love him. I have mourned him as truly as ever any man was lamented upon this earth. From the first my father was opposed to our

engagement, and my stepmother, a very world-ly woman, set her face against it most resolute-ly. But we braved their displeasure, and held our own in spite of them. It was only when George was gone that their persecution became almost unendurable to me. I need not enter into details. Captain Champney had been away more than two years when I first mot Mr. Hammersley. We were forbidden to write to each other; and I had suffered unspeakable anxiety about him in that time. It was only in some indirect manner that I ever had news to me, I refused him decisively; but then followed a weary time in which I was tormented by my stepmother, and even by my father, who was influenced by her in this business. I do not think any man can understand the kind of domestic persecution which women are subject to—the daily reproaches, the incessant worry. But I went through this ordeal. It was only when my father brought home a newspaper containing the announcement of George Champney's death that my courage gave way. They let me alone for some time after this, let me indulge my grief unmolested; and then, one day, the old arguments, the familiar reproaches began again; and in an hour of fatal weakness, worn out in body and mind—for I had been very ill for a long time after that bitter blow-

She paused for a little; but the Colonel did not speak. He sat upon the granite tomb, looking seaward with haggard eyes, modonless as a statue, the living image of despair. He could have borne anything but this.

"You know the rest. No, you can never know how I suffered. The false announcement in the paper had been an error, common enough in those days, Captain Champuoy told me, when he came upon me one summer morning near Trewardoll like a ghost. He had heard of the report in India, and had written to common friend of ours, entrenting her to let a common friend of ours, entrenting her to let me know the truth; whether she had attempt-ed to do so, and had been in some mumer pre-vented by my father or my stepmother, I cannot tell. Another Champney had been killed. The mistake was only the insertion of the wrong initials; but it was a fatal error for us two. He came to me to remind me of my promise. Came determined to take we away. promise: came determined to take me away that came afterwards. There was no such thing that came afterwards. There was no such thing as happiness possible for either of us. We were not wicked enough to be happy in spite of our sin. You know how they found George Champnoy lying dead upon the sands at Blankenburg one bright September morning. After that I had a dangerous illness, during which I was taken to a Belgian convent, by any husband's influence, I believe, where I was tenderly nursed till I recovered. They knew my story, those species puns and yet were

ed his divorce; and it was there I learned to nurse the sick. I was not destitute; a sister of my mother's, knowing my position, settled a small annuity upon me; and on that I have lived ever since. Six months ago I was selved with a yearning to see the place where the most transil days of my life had been seent. I with a yearning to see the place where the most tranquil days of my life had been spent. I knew that Mr. Hammersley was living abroad; and I fancied that I ran no risk of recognition in returning to this neighbourhood. I knew how much misery and illness had changed me since I left Trewardell. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt; b it I, who have nothing human left to love, may be forgiven for a weak attachment to familiar places. I came to Ponjudah, thinking that I should find plenty of work here of the kind I wanted. I had no intention of coming any nearer to Trewardell, where I must, of course, run considerable risk of being recognised; but when Dr. Matson urged me to come to you the temptation was too strong for me, and I came to see the dear old place once me, and I came to see the dear old place once more. That is the end of my story; and now, Colonel Benyon, I have but one word more to sny—Farewell!"

She rose from the ground, and was going to leave him; but he detained her.
"You have almost broken my heart," he

said; "but there is nothing in this world can change my love for you. I still ask you to be my wife. I promise to cherish you with a love that shall blot out the memory of your past."

She shook her head sadly.
"It can never be," she answered; "I am not "It can nover be," she answered; "I am not vile enough to trade upon your weakness or your generosity. Let me be fuithful to the dead, and loyal to you. Once more, good-bye." "Will nothing I can say prevail with you?" "Nothing. I shall always honour and revere

you as the most generous of men; but you and

must never never meet after to-day."

He pleaded with her a little longer, trying by every possible argument to vanquish her re solution; but his endeavours were all in vain He knew that she loved him; he felt that he was doomed to lose her.

And so at last she left him, sitting in the quiet burial-ground, in the pale winter sun-shine, with all the glory of the Atlantic before him, and the stillness of a desert round about Even after she had left him he determined upon making one more attempt to win He found out the place where she lived, went to that humble alley in the early dusk. bent upon seeing her once more, upon pleading his cause more calmly, more logically than it had been possible for him to do in the first heat of his passion. He found the house, and a very civil good-natured woman, who told him that Mrs. Chapman had left Penjudah two hours before, for good. She had gone abroad, the woman said.

"To Belgium, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir, that was the name of the place." As soon as he was strong enough Colonel Benyon went to Belgium, where he spent a couple of months searching for Flora Ham-mersly in all the convents, It was a long wearlsome search; but he went through with it patiently to the end, persevering until he found a quiet little conventual retreat six miles from Louvain, where boarders were admitted. It

Louvain, where boarders were admitted. It was the place where she had been. His search was ended; and the woman he loved had been buried in the tiny convent cemetery just a week before he came there. After this there was nothing left for the Colonel but to go back to India to the old familiar life. It was only his closest friends who ever perceived the change in him; but, although he never spoke of his trouble, those who did thoroughly know him, know that he had suffered some recent heartwound, and that the stroke had been a heavy one.

THE END.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense; Let it pass! Auger is a fee to sense; Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere long, Rather sing this cheery song. Let it pass! Let it pass!

Echo not angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away Like the dow-drops on the spray, Wherefees should our sorrows stay? Let them pass! Let them pass! If for good you've taken ill, Let it pass ! Oh! be kind and gentle still; Let it pass!

Time at least makes all things straight ; And our triumph shall be great; Let it pass! Let it pass!

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THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXV .- (Continued.)

Mrs. Harcross had usually plenty to say for herself, in a certain commonplace way; but to-night she was silent, though the drive to the Tyburnian district, where the widowed Lady Basingstoke had set up her tent, was rather a long one. Mr. Harcross was tired, and leant back in the carriage, without any disturbing considerations about his "back hair," and closed his eyes. He was not offended by his wife's silence, nor did it inspire him with those vague apprehensions which some men are apt o feel under such circumstances, a foreboding of curtain lectures to come. He concluded that the herd" had been troublesome, and this particular Wednesday afternoon a failure.

The evening at Lady Basingstoke's was as other evenings. Air. Harcross talked a good deal and talked well. In the brief pauses of his life, between the day's labour and the evenning's pleasure, a man may reflect upon the emptiness of this kind of existence, and tell himself that it is all vanity; but once in the ring, with all the light and sweetness of society around him, his spirits are apt to rise. The intoxication is of the highest, perhaps, but pleasant enough while it hasts. Nobody at Lady Basingstoke's could have supposed that Mr. Harcross was thred of life.

Dear Julia thanked her dear Augusta with

effusion at parting.

"So good of you to come. I never saw Sir

Thomas Heavitree so agreeable; he and Mr. Harcross seem to get on so well together. It was quite a relief to see him so much amused." "I'm very glad we were able to come, Julia. Hubert had a committee before the Lords tqday. I was half afraid he would be too much exhausted to dine out."

" But he is so wonderfully clever, and takes everything so coolly. I should fancy he could hardly know what fatigue means. But you are not looking well to-night, Augusta. I observed it at dinner. I never saw you so pale."

"I dareay it's the colour of my dress — rather an old colour, isn't it? I told Bouffante so, but she insisted upon my having it."

"Your dress is lovely, dear, as it always is."

But you really are not looking well."
With these and many other expressions of sympathy the friends parted, and Mrs. Harcross went off, with Hubert in her wake, feeling tolerably satisfied with this evening. The party had been rather a dull business perhaps, but he had been the source and centre of any brief flashes of brilliancy that had enlivened it. This kind of social success was one of the prizes that he had set himself to win, or rather an appanage of his professional position. He had nothing better to look forward to, only to mount a little higher upon the ladder which he had been slowly ascending from his youth upwards, and every rung of which was familiar to him. Were he to become Lord Chancellor, life could give him very little more than it gave him now. He had reason to be content.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. AND MRS. HARCROSS BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

"Will you come into my room for a few minutes' talk before you go upstairs, Hubert, I want to ask you a question?"

Mrs. Harcross made this request on the threshold of her morning-room, just as her husband was turning towards that secondary staircase which led to his dressing-room.

"I am quite at your service, my dear Augusta. This is just the time in the evening when I have the least possible inclination for What is it about? Another dinner at home, made up on purpose for Sir Thomas Heavitree? I fancied you were meditating something in the carriage, you were so unusually silent. You didn't even say anything about Lady Heavitree's cheese-coloured moire, with satin upholsterer's work about the skirt, which I really thought would provoke your powers of

He strolled after his wife into the pretty chintz-draperied sitting-room, where a moderator lamp shed its chaste light on a table heaped with new books and periodicals. The casiest chairs, the most perfect appliances for writing in all the house, were to be found here. Mr. Harcross dropped into his favourite chair by the fire-place, which was artistically screened at this season by a little grove of furns.

"I was not thinking of anybody's dress to-night," Mrs. Harcross said moodily.

"Indeed! then I may fairly conjecture that, like Louis XV. when he didn't hunt, your ma-

jesty did nothing."

"You are very polite. I hope my ideas do sometimes soar above toilets, even in society, where one is not supposed to think very ser-

iously. But to-night my mind was absorbed by a somewhat painful subject." "I'm sorry to hear that. I certainly thought you were confoundedly quiet. Is it anything wrong in the house? Does Fluman want to

better himself?" Fluman was a butler of unsual accomplishments, who had assisted Mr. and Mrs. Harcross to maintain their establishments at its high-

pressure point of excellence. " How can you be so absurd, Hubert? As if I should allow myself to be worried by any-

if I should allow myself to be worried by anything of that kind!"

"But I can't conceive a greater loss than Fluman. We should collapse utterly if he left us in the middle of a season. I'm sure at the beginning of a dinner, when things look rather dull, I often say to myself, "Never mind, we are in the hands of Fluman;" just as in graver affairs one would say, "We are in the hands of Providence." I think he has recondite arts in the administration of his winesderived from the Bomans, perhaps, who cultivated dining from a more artistic point of view than we have ever attained. I have seen him conversation flags towards the close of the banquet, he can work wonders with parfait amour and dry curaços. I should consider it a domestic bereavement if he wanted to leave us. If he were to take it into his head that he was

losing caste by living with a professional man, for instance, or anything of that kind."

"When you have done talking nonsense, Hubert, I shall be very glad to speak of serious things. I suppose that is the sort of stuff with which you amuse one another in your arbitration cases."

"There is a good deal of nonsense talked, I daresny. An Arbitration case is a comfortable free-and-easy kind of affair, that pays uncom-mouly well. And now, my dear, what is this serious business, and why do you sit staring at me in that moody way?"

There was something in his wife's face that he had never seen there before—something that set his heart beating a little faster than usual—something that sent his thoughts back to one dreadful day in his life, the day when Grace Redmayne fell dead at his feet.

" Do you remember the day when I called at your chambers, Hubert ?" " Certainly; I remember your coming to the Temple one afternoon, on some important mat-Your visit was not a very startling event : of course my chambers are always open to

"I saw a picture there-a portrait-which you told me was a portrait of your mother."
"Yes; I recollect your remarking my mother's portrait. What then?"

"It really is your mother's picture, Hubert?" his wife asked, very carnestly. "It is not an accidental likeness of any one else; of some one of whom you may have thought I should be jealous? You were not deceiving me?"
His dark face had flushed to the brow at this

suggestion.
"It is not in the least like any one else," he said; "it is my mother's likeness."
"Indeed! Then I think it would have been

movement; but in the next moment settled himself calmly in his favourite pose against the angle of the mantelpiece.

"I cannot quite follow your line of argument, Mrs. Harcross," he said: "I shall be obliged if you will make it a little clearer."

"I had a print brought me this afternoon

an engraving of the picture in your chambers."

"Indeed! I did not know the picture h d
been engraved. I shall be very glad to secure а сору. "Your mother's name is written on the back

of the engraving—it is a proof before letters—and the person who brought me the picture told me her history.

"May I inquire the name of the person who

took so much trouble about my family affairs?"

" I would rather not tell you that." " I will not press the question. I think I can make a shrewd guess at the identity of the officious individual."

"There was nothing officious in the business. The person who brought the picture as a rare engraving worth adding to my collec-lection—had no idea of any connection between you and the original of the portrait."

"Innocent person! Those fetchers and car-

riers are such simple unsuspecting creatures. And so, through the unconscious informer's aid, you have discovered that my mother's name was Mostyn; and that she was an ac-tress, I presume. Was it this appalling distress, I presume. Was it this appalling covery that troubled you all the evening? "Yes, Hubert. I have been very much disturbed by this discovery; and, painful as it is,

still more so by your want of candour."

"Indeed! What would you have wished?
That I should tear the plaster from a very old wound, never quite healed? That I should have lifted the curtain from a picture that I made it the business ofmy life to shroud? Did I ever boast of my antecedents, Mrs. Harcross, or endeavour to exalt myself in your eyes? When I asked you to marry me, I offered you myself, with all my chances in the future. I said nothing about the past, nor can I conceive that you have anything to do with it, or the shadow of a right to call me to question about

"The story is quite true, then?" asked Augusta, white to the lips, and with the hand that held a gauzy bernous round her trembling visibly. "This Mrs. Mostyn was an actress, and your mother ?"

"She was both. She died in Italy before I was five years old; but she lived long enough for me to love her tenderly. Be good enough to bear that fact in mind when you are talking

" And the rest of the story is countly correct.

"And the rest of the story is equally correct,
I conclude—the lady closed her career by an
elopement?"

"She began her career, so far as I am concerned, by an elopement!" Mr. Harcross replied coolly. "She ran away with my father."

"And was married to him, I suppose?" his
wife said breathlessly.

wife said breathlessly.

"That is a question I have never been in a nosition to solve," answered Mr. Harcross. "If he did marry her—as I am naturally inclined to believe he did—he never acknowledged the marriage in any public manner, and—he broke

The last words came slowly, and with an evident effort "He broke her heart," he re-peated to himself, as the force of his own words came home to him. It was not the only heart that had been so broken.

"You have not condescended to tell me the name of your father," said Augusta after a little Dausc.

"O," cried her husband, his face lighting up "O," cried her husband, his face lighting up with a sudden flash of triumph, "your informant—the useful person—did not enlighten you on that point! Then I decline to eke out his information. I refuse to answer the question which you ask so graciously."

"As you please," she said, in an icy tone.
"The name could make very little difference. It would not make the dishonour deeper, or

less deep; nothing can add to or lessen the shame I have felt to-day."

"What is my birth to you?" cried Hubert Harcross passionately. "Have I failed in one title of my bargain? Have I fattened on your fortune, or wasted your substance, or given myself up to a life of pleasure, as nine men out of ten would have done in my circumstances? Do you pr. sume to call me to account, because there is possibly the bar sinister across my escutcheon? What does it matter warm the stapidest people into sprightliness by indicious doses of Château d'Yquem; and if my part of the transaction which you and I entered upon three years ago? You are ashamed of my mother! Why, in heart, and mind, and everything that makes a woman beautiful, she was immeasurably your superior! She did not dress three times a day, or live only to fulfil the debtor and creditor account in her visiting-book. Indeed, she was a woman who could exist without a visitingbook or a French milliner. At the time I re-member her she was the devoted slave of a secondrel, long-suffering, tender, enduring ne-glect and hard usage with an angelic patience, made happy by a smile or a careless word of kindness. O God such a life, bitter enough to stamp its cruel details on the brain of a four-year-old child! My mother was a woman of a thousand, Mrs. Harcross, although she sacri-ficed same and fortune to a most consummate villuin."

For some moments Augusta Harcross sat silent, speechless with passion, and with the fleecy folds of her cloak clasped convulsively across her breast, by a hand which no longer shook—a hand which had grown rigid, as in some mortal convulsion of soul and body.

"I am obliged to you for this sudden burst of candour," she said at last. "It has, at any rate, the merit of novelty, and it is just as well that I should understand your appreciation of my character. I am immeasurably the inferior of an actress—a lady whose first husband was problematical, and about whose second alliance problematics, and about whose second alliance there seems hardly room for doubt; and after marrying me under false pretences, you coolly refuse to tell me your father's name, and in-sult me when I express my sense of shame on discovering the cruel blot upon your birth. If you had told me this story when you asked me to be your wife, I might have overlooked the disparity of our positions, might have shut my

eyes to the past—"
"That is to say, the daughter of Mr. William Vallory, the sage pilot of the perilous straits of Basinghall-street, the guide, philosopher, and to your credit if you had been more explicit on the subject of your antecedents, when you first spoke to my father about our marriage."

He started to his feet with a quick indignant mean, I suppose. If I had sued very humbly, friend of insolvent mankind, night have deigned to overlook the want of blue blood in







and shown myself supremely conscious of my abasement, you might have forgiven me for not being a scion, in the direct line, of the house of Stanley or Russell."

For once in her life Augusta Harcross gave way to a little burst of womanly feeling rose suddenly, and went towards the door lending to her dressing-room, and then pausing on the threshold, turned to her husband.

"I believe I could have forgiven you anything, Hubert, but the confession that you have never cared for me.

Something in her tone and look touched him, even in the midst of his indignation. He went over to the doorway, and stopped her as she was leaving the room.

"Never cared for you, Augusta!" he repeated.
"What foolish stuff all this is! Why do you goad me into a furious passion, and then take what I say for gospel? Forgive me for anything savage I may have said just now, it had no real meaning. I was stung to the quick by your contemptuous allusions to my mother. I honour, Augusta, she was a good woman. Whatever may be the mystery of that fatal alliance, I would pledge my life that she was guiltless. I am never likely to know the details of that story; why should you wish to be wiser than I? Let it rest with the dead. My childhood and youth were protected by a friend of my father's, a man whose nature was as noble as his was base. Come, Augusta, be reasonhe went on, regaining something of his usual easy manner. "Forgive me for any non-sense that anger may have made me say just now, and let us drop this subject at once and for ever. This is the first time it has been for ever. This is the first time it has been broached between us. Be wise, my dear, and

"As you please," Mrs. Harcross replied cold-"Since nothing you could tell me could possibly lessen the pain this discovery has given me, I am not likely to torment you with any farther allusion to it. As for what you said of myself just now, I may forgive, but I

am not very likely to forget it."
"Did I say anything very ferocious?" asked
Mr. Harcross with a little carcless laugh; - pray take it all for what it was worth, Augus-A man's tongue runs at random when he is in a rage. Upon my word, I don't know what I said I was very fond of my poor mother -1 can see the dear face now, not what it is in that portrait, but faded and careworn as it grew before she died—and when I consider what her life might have been, and how that villaiu ruined it, there is no limit to my hatred of his memory. But I will never speak of him again. Shake hands, Augusta, and forget that I have been a brute."

So there was reconciliation and peace; rather a hollow peace, perhaps, at the best, but suffi-cient for the preservation of the amenities of domestic life, which were not outraged that season by any obvious estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Harcross. To the polite world they were still "My dear Hubert" and "My dear Augusta," nor did footmen breaking in upon their privacy with a coal-scuttle or a salver of letters ever discover them sulky or quarrelsome. Yet Mrs. Harcross had in nowise for gotten the impulsive utterances of that night, and the bitter doubt of her husband's affection came very often between her and her joys of millinery.

Nor could she teach herself to forget that miscrable discovery which Mr. Weston Vallory's good-nature had assisted her to make. There are some women in whose gentle souls the knowledge of such a blemish in the life of their best beloved would have inspired only a supreme tenderness and pity, women who would have loved Walgrave-Harcross only so much the more—who would have been so much the more proud of the reputation he had won for himself, for the sud story of his birth and childhood. But Mrs. Harcross was not such a woman. She never thought of her hus-band's secret without thinking how it would look in the eyes of her own particular world if it were suddenly made public—as it might be, she told herself, at any moment. She had no power of looking beyond that narrow circle in which she revolved. Westbourne-termee bounded her world on the north, and Eccleston-square on the south; Brighton and Scar-norough, Ems and Spa, were the outlying dependencies of this empire. Of the vast mass of humanity outside her sphere, of the great numan race of the future, to which, should her ausband win greatness, he might safely confide his fame, Mrs. Harcross thought not at all. Had her insband been an Brasmus or a Ruphael she would have still been ashamed of him, with that blot on his escutcheon.

"I have often felt uncomfortable when my friends have asked about his people; whether he belonged to the Walgraves of Cheshire or the Hadley Walgraves, and so on," she said to herself. "What shall I feel now?"

Walgrave-Harcross went on his way, and made no sign. Everything prospered with him; his reputation ripened like fruit on a southern He had a wonderful knack of making the most of his successes, without anyappearance of self-appreciation. Men of high repute deferred to him, and acknowledged that in his own particular line he was unapproachable. eputation was not, perhaps, a very lofty one, he was hardly on the high-road to become a Bacon, or even a Thurlow; but it was a reputation that made him a marked man at dinner-parties, and raised Mrs. Harcross day by day just a step higher on the crowded slope which leads to that Heavenly Jerusalem of "the best society;" and this state of things would have entirely satisfied Mr. Vallory's daughter, had it not been for that bitter secret which vexed the repose of her soul.

Wide as the gulf had always been between husband and wife, it widened a little more after this, or perhaps it was rather that the severance became more perceptible. There was a kind of embarrassment in their intercourse. Hubert's manner was at once cold and apologetic. Augusta gave way to melanchely by the domestic hearth, instituted a chronic headache, and isolated herself in her morning-room chints rosebuds. splendid interior in Mastodon-crescent did not make a lively picture, when there were no shall be back before you have done dreaming," guests to call forth the social instincts of Mr. So saying, I mounted the gig, and drove capidly and Mrs. Harcross. But they never quarrelled; along the frozon road. on that point Augusta congratulated herself with a lofty pride.

"I have never quarolled with my husband." she said to herself, "not even on that dreadful night when he deliberately insulted me.

here were not many evenings, however, or which the house in Mastodon-crescent was thus small hours, cramming himself with facts and figures for the next day's business; but Augusta was not fettered by his labours, and went alone, radiant and splendid, to awaken

envy in the breasts of less fortunate matrons Mrs. Harcross and Georgie Davenant be came fast friends in the interval that clapsed before the damsel's marriage. Georgie was un enthusiastic worshipper of the beautiful, and that cold perfect face of Augusta's had won her heart at once. She exalted the lawver's daughter into a heroine, and was as much flattered by Augusta's notice as if she had been one of the greatest ladies in the land. Other girls had complained of the impossibility of "getting on" with Mrs. Harcross, but bright little Georgie warmed the statue into some kind of life. Mrs. Harcross could be warmly interested in any subject, that subject was dress, and at such a period it was naturally a theme of no small importance in the eyes of Miss Davemant. In giving her new friend her sympathy, Mrs. Har-cross perhaps regarded her less as a young lady who was going to be married than as a youn who required a tronsseau. Miss Davenant about shopping with her in her own barouche, or brougham, as the weather sug-gested, until Mrs. Chowder, the damsel's aunt decling herself a creature of limited ideas in comparison with Mrs. Harcross, dropped into the background quietly, and contented herself with ordering recherché luncheons for her stylish. ish guest, and placidly coinciding with all Augusta's opinions.

To be continued.)

" I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS."

BY LOUISE S. CPHAN.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me:
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fames of liquor their spirits to blight:
And with tears in my cycs. I will beg my poor y
To forgive me the wreck I have mude of her life;
"I have never refused you before!" Lot that po
For I've drank my last glass;
I have drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace, With my bleated, haggard eyes, and my red, bleated With my bloared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!

Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand, And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees

Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;

Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—

But I've drank my last glass, boys,

I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now, That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my When she kissed me, and blessed me, her durling,

her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me moet her there, and whispered, "Goodbye."
And I'll do it. God helping! Your smile I let pass
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass;

Ah! I recled home last night—it was not very late For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow whe's left every cent in their till, And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill thi the terments I felt, and the paugs I endwred!
And I begged for one glass — just one would have cured!

Sured;
But they kicked me out doors!—I let that too pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass !

At home, my pet Susic, with her soft golden hair, I saw, through the window, just kneeling in prayer; From her pale, homy hands, her tern sleeves were strong down, While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her

white nor root, cold and bare, shrank boneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread.
For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead: And theore, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For Susic, my darling, my wee six-year-old, Though fainting with hunger and shivering with There, on the bare floor, asked flod to bless me!
And she said, "Don't ery, mamma! He will! for you see, I believe what I asked for !" Then, sobered, I crept Away from the house; and that night, when I

Next my heart lay the Plence !—You smile! Let it pass, But I've drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass !

My durling child saved me! Her faith and her love Are akin to my dear sainted mether's above! I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race, And sobse I'll go to my last resting-place; And she shall kneel there, and weeping, thank God No draukered lies under that disny-strown sod! Not a drop more of poison my lips shall c'or pass, For I've drank my last glass, boys, I've drank my last glass!

A TELEGRAPHIST'S STORY.

"And you must really go away, and remain "And you must ready go away, and remain all night in that masty old box of yours, and leave your little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy. Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my love," said I, struggling into my great cont, and possessing myself at the same time of my big drivinggloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on her own little hands. "Not if I very much wished it, Willie? Do

you know I felt so strange and lonely last night when you were away that I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed at all; and to-night 1 can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid, foolish little thing I am."

lier arm quietly stole round me, and she look, while a tear stood glistoning in the cornerof her sweet blue oyes

"Why, you wee goose," said I, kissing away the bright token of her enthestness, "what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise modific of yours? Are you aired that the fairles will waylay me, and spirit me away to their eitheland? But here comes the gig; so good-bye, and don't frot for the short time I am away.

At the time of which I write, I was telegraph superintendent on the Wilton and Longbank line of callway. One of the cierks who was on night duty had been taken suddenly ili, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I ind taken his place myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a low gloomy. During the season Mr. and Mrs. Har-cross acrely stayed at home together, except to the night in that "masty old box," as Mog. canmonths, and was by no means reconciled to the

could mend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me but on that night my mind was filled with vague, indefinable fears, or which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and wind-less, and away in the north-western sky the aurora borealls was flitting to and fro in a thousand strange, fantastic slapes. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"You won't have much work to-night, sir," said he. "The instruments are quite unworkable; no signals have been received for the last

three hours. Good-night.'
When I was left alone, I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during the meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite uscless; and although the needles swayed censelessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be r sinecare, I drew my chair to the stove, and, taking down a book which I saw on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in "Jane Eyre." When I was turning listlessly over the leaves, the still-ness was startled by the sharp, quick clauging of the electric belt, the usual signal to prepare to write off a message. With a shiver of alurn I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that the bell had been rung by no carthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a second of the wholest

no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smilling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the free. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague, foundationless form. Thinking that the armosphere. dationics fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door, and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force that shook every timber of the building, and uttering a lond shrick, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When it had gone there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing along the wires, which is sombre pines and watched their trembling fires. From that my mind reverted to the carnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the usual pen-siveness of her manner when she bade me good-byc. What could be the meaning of it As a general rule, I had a most profound disbellef in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition; but in spike of it, I feat that I would have given a good deal, at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to soo if all was well. I reight have called up my assistant, who ledged in a farm-house not far distant, and gone home; but, as I could give no good reason for going away. I resolved to remain where I was, and get through the night as best I could. I therefore turned inside again, filled my pipe, and lit it, but the weed had lost its tranquilizing power. As the weeth sarried slowly upwards, I saw my wife looking at me tearfully as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my chows on the desk, and with my head between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour might have passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clang of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and, it seemed to me, though parhaps I may err here, with a peculiar uncartily sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was pro-duced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a hannan voice— and it was the voice of one I know. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I inderstood; and slowly, as if some novice was working the instrument, the letters "C-o-m-e were signaled. No sooner had I read off the final tinetly saw the handle of my instrument, although I was not touching it at the time, move rapidly, as if grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly, and make the signal "Understoot," which the receiver of a message transmits at the one of sovery was

mits at the end of every word. A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if evry drop of blood was leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I plainly heart the quick click of the handle as it turned; and I now could perceive that such was not the case. was being slowly spelt out. But so hawlidayed and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs; again my handle moved, and this time made the signal "Not understood." With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently while the letters were again sig-naled, and this time 1 read "H-o-m-e." Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half-believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept the evidence of souse. Could that be a message for me? It so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that some power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impend Should I obey the mysterious

White I thus deliberated, the bell again sounded with a clauser still more loud, imperious, and unearthly, and after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words Come home-come home!"_the handles moving as before. I could remain at my po no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the inmates, and gaining admission, told him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The man seemed some-what surprised at my excited and startled manmore surprised at my excited and startled man-nor, but what he said or aid I cannot recollect. On entering the stable where my horse was stalled, I perceived a saiddle hanging on the wall; and knowing that I could got over the ground more swittly riding than driving I put it on his once, and in a few moments was dushing along the wash in the direction of home. I shall leave the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice until he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with their mountit

receive company. There were occasions when self-edge was perfectly correct in her destructions. But I knew that it was a necessity, attention of the village near which I lived. All was commercial cities knew no relaxation, and they dock and silent in the houses, and the windows were finally convered with a partial success. dark and stient in the houses, and the windows sound to stare blank and vacantly in the white moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, and in a hourse voice attered a loud cry: "Fire!" At the same instant, the church belt was rung violent-ly, and at once as if by a common impulse, the whole village started into life. Eights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices ery, "Where?" Checking my horse with a jerk, which threw him on his haunches, I listoned for the roply, "Craleside House!" Craigside House!'

Great Heaven! my worst fears were realized It was my own home. I choked down the agony, which almost forced n cry, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large old one, and when I reached it, smoke was issuing in thick murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fleren tongues of flame were second int, white herea tangues of finine were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men-were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and patts of water. In the center of a group of women I found our maid. Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon, 6-My wife!" I exclaimed, as I rushed forward, 6 where is she?" "God knows, sir," said one of the men; 6 we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and free." Without aftering a word I entered the house and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the wood-work on each side was one mass of blazing, crackling flame. Before 1 had taken three steps, I fell lack, blinded, fainting, and half-sufficated with the smoke. Two men who had followed caught me from endeavoring to ascend again. "Don't at-tempt it," they said: "you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers." "Let go, you cowards!" I cried, as soon as I could speak; and, with the strength of madness, dashed them uside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bedchamber led off a small parior which was situated on this that. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! l dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life now was to go forward. Despuir gave me strength; and litting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow, and it was driven in I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy, "Maggie, Maggie!" I shricked, "where are Zolian-harp-like sound, now so foint as to be you?" but no answer was returned. Crossing almost inaudible, and alon swelling into a wild the parlor, I gained our bed-room door. To my low walling. I looked up, and saw Orion and Joy, it was open, and stretched on the floor I the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights. found the apparently lifeless form of my wife, not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall heart I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly and gently, and carried her in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious: I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down, and the people cheering; but it was all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that or and indistinct. My next reconcetion is that of inding myself in my father's house, all bruised and work, but with my own wife bending over me, and tending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and hold. For-tomately, everything was insured; but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she had been soured to me. had been spared to me.
On the evening of the next day, when the

short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snow-flakes were fulling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the couch on which I lay, tainking over the strange events which I have new related. I had said nothing to anybody re-garding the warning which I had so mysteriously received; and when questioned as to what mude me return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief. "Wille," said the soft voice of my wife, "if

you had not come home". "Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for ean't bear even to think of it." "But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful

A dream Maggle? Tell me what it was." "A dream Maggle? Tell me what it was,"
"You remember," she said, drawing closer to
me, "the evening you took Mary and me into
the telegraph office, and told as all about the
batteries, and magnets and electricity, and a
great many things which we couldn't understand all, though we pretended to do so lest you should think us stupid?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, too, how, when I said should like to send a message with my own hunds, you made me take hold of the handle and ther you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowes-toft then? And at the end of it was, "Come home—come home!" which I repeated over and over again, until I could do it quite well withou your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fre, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.
"Well," she continued, "the night before

last, when you were away. I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did thought that I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Talug. I did not know what it was but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there; so I seized the handle, and signified the words, "Come home—come home!" as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it was just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smake so thick that when I lumped up I fainted for want of air. And,

"There, Maggie, don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful we are spared to each other still."--Chamber's Journal.

JAPAN.

Among the many important changes which have been wrought in the social and political status of the nations of the world within the past ten years, not the hast remarkable have been those affecting the great countries of the Orient, China and Japan. For more than three hundred years every attented on the part of hundred years every attempt on the part of foreign powers at commercial intercourse studiously and persistently resisted by case twin nations, who declared, in language both police and toroible, that they were amply comstreams whimping beneath them, firm-houses, due and that was required for the good of them with the deep-toned watch-dogs, were awakensed by the loud ocat of hoofs, shot past me like two countries. Settler arguments nor threats amngs in a dream; and at hat, breathness and | were of avail, however. The attempts of the

foreign powers to gain a footbold in the great were unamy crowned with a partial success, Of the wenderful progress made in civilization by the Chinese since their intercourse with foreigners, and the consequent enormous increase in the commercial facilities and trade itself of the country, we have already spoken. It is our design in the present article to touch more purfecularly upon the changes which are technique. ticularly upon the changes which are taking place in Japan—by far the more important and place in Japan—by far the more important and interesting country of the two—and to glance at the probable results of the newly-instituted policy of its rulers. A full file of Japanese pa-pers covering dates from April 1st to May 25th, which have just come to hand, will enable us to speak from reliable data.

When, eighteen years ago, the frenty between the respective governments of the United States and Japan was concluded, the most sangume believer in progress would not have dreamed of the mighty steps which have since been taken in the way of social, commercial and political reform. The Mikado, who, say the ancient, historians, sits motionless all day upon his throne, moving neither hands nor feet, vedel from the sight of even his chief officers, and speaking only to the great minister—the Mikado has put aside the customs of a thousand yours, has mingled with the people of his capital; has held receptions and shaken hands with for-eigners; has interested himself in the various reforms of the empire, and now the last Japanese mail brings us the account of his visit to and examination of one of the public schools of the city. These facts may seem of slight interest to those unacquainted with the laws of Japaneso royal cliquette, but to those who have any knowledge of the iron rules which for the con-turies have encircled the emperor's court, they appear the records of a miracle.

Within the past ten months the practically independent local governments which formerly existed under the rule of the Daimlos have been abolished, and without resistance. In their places provincial governors have been appoint-ed, who actuader the orders of the central government at Yeddo, the Dalmios having mostly removed to the capital, some of them enjoying special salaries for former services rendered. The first practical consequence of the new system will be a better administration of finance. The old provinced limits will be relained, and the revenues of each province will be applied safely to local objects; but the central administration will now access to contral administration will now accesses. tration will may exercise a control over the ex-penditure and see that the money is properly appropriated. Under the old regime each Dainno could contract loans on his own account. inno could contract loans on his own account, coin bad money, and issue notes which were not negotiable beyond the limits of his particular province. These abuses, by the new order of things, can notonger occur. The result of this policy will be seen in the fact that the government of the contract of ment notes are now worth from eight to ten per cent more than the old coins.

The government has also shown that it fully

appreciates the policy of encouraging the dif-ferent industries, both the old and those introduced by the foreigners. It has issued an order summoning to the capital the most skilful feedders of slikworms for the purpose of making an unquiry into the reason of the great deterioration in quality of Japanese silk and silkworms' eggs which was manifested last year. The traffic of cocoons bids fair to become immense, and swarms of ignorant people who have been preparing to embark in it have been notified that they will not be allowed to do so without pro-porly instructing themselves. This policy is to be generally earried out in relation to other trades, and is one which might be producibly followed by other governments. A paronthrw intends of been passed, which holds out special inducations to native inventors.

In regard to social matters, the government

has recently issued a decree forbidding the exhi-bition or sale of obscene books and pictures, which have always been as common in Japan as spelling-books in America. All exhibitions of indecent tendency have been prohibited in the theatres under severe penaltics, and laborers who have heretofore been accustomed to work without the Incombrance of clothing are now obliged to conform to the demands of public decency. The occupation of bath houses by men and women together has been prohibited and a rule requiring the doors and windows of all such establishments to be screened that their alterior cannot be seen from the stocks be interior cannot be seen from the streets has been published. All women in Japan in former times were considered inferior to men, and, con-sequently were prohibited from visiting many of the sacred places and temples in Japan. This restriction has now been removed by the gov-eroment, and women now only epont rights in this respect as men. Old religious prejudees are also being rapulty broken down, and even the truth of the prevailing faith is often called in question, and the people now openly discuss which religion is the best, the High Church dignitaries not hesitating to take part in such discussions. It has been duly announced that all Buddhists and Sintoo priests may wear foreign clothes, if they are so disposed, except during the actual performance of their religious duties. The priesthood, who have exerted a species of spiritual tyranny, have been deprived of all personal rank, and the high authorities of the Buddhist religion have been forbidden confer any titles bereafter, as they have hitherto had the privilege of doing.

In educational matters the Japanese Government is showing commendable vigor. It is in-tended to open academies for the study of science and literature in Yeddo, Sendal, Nilgata. Nagoya, Osaka, Kanazawa, Hiroshami and Na-gasaki; and a second school for girls is to be at once established in Yeddo. Hesides these it is proposed to establish new foreign schools in various parts of the Empire, where the different languages of Europe will be taught, with the commercial and mathematical branches. An commercial and mathematical branches. An admittant grant of \$2,000,000 has been asked by the Department of Education for that purpose, and will probably be granted. Some trouble has lately taken place in the Yesho schools, owing to a defect of the school system, and in consequence, some are to close, the gov-ernment refusing to grant aid in money to any pupils save those in government institutions

Such, in effect, are some of the changes which mve taken and are still taking place in Japan, exhibiting a degree of progress in little more than a decade which certain other nations have faired to attain in a century. This ambition to rank with civilized nations not only in the adrains who civilized intuins not only in the int-vantages which spring from a knowledge of the arts and sciences, but in the workings of the social and educational systems, will "grow by what it feeds on," and there is every probability that a hundred years hence Japan will rank as high among the enlightenest nations of the earth as England does to-day, -Boston Globe.

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What inexhaustible fields in the realms of fact and fancy lie open to your industry and genius, women and men of Canada! What oceans of romance! What worlds of poesy Why then do we see so little worthy of note brought forth in literature by our countrymen and countrywomen? Merely for want of material support and encouragement! That is all, Now we open a tournament to native talent,

and invite all to enter the lists. We ask for novels and stories founded on Canadian history, experience and incident-illustrative of back wood life, fishing, lumbering, farming; taking the reader through our industrious cities, floating palaces, steam-driven factories, ship-building yards, lumbering shanties, fishing snucks, &c., and we offer the following prizes for the best Canadian stories:

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We want to have an essentially Canadian paper, and gradually to dispense with selections and foreign contributions, &c.

Stories will be received until the first of Oc-

the prizes forwarded at once. Rejected stories will be preserved for three months, and the authors may have them returned on forwarding stamps.

Send along your manuscript now as soon as you please.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We have recoived several letters with reference to the prizes offered by us for original stories, asking various questions which we will ewleavour to generalize, and answer as follows:

1st. A story will do with the scones laid partly in Canada and partly in another country; but the choice will be given to a purely Canadian story; the more Canadian it is in plot, incident and feeling, the more likely it is to be accepted.

2nd. By "native talent" we do not mean to exclude all but born Canadians; may resident of Canada is eligible to compete, and the subject of birth or nationality will not be taken into consideration at all as long as the writer is resident of Canada.

3rd. We do not consider the time at all too short : three months is ample time in which to write stories of the lengths we require.

4th. Stories not gaining prizes, but which are still interesting and worthy of publication, in such cases we will communicate with the author.

5th. Some of our correspondents seem to have forgotten the rule "write only on one side of your paper," please observe it in sending

OUR NEXT NEW STORY.

In our number for 3rd August will be commenced a new and interesting story, entitled,

THE DEAD WITNESS; OR,

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

By the well-known Canadian authoress, Mrs. Leprobon. The story is highly interesting, and written in a pleasing style calculated to absorb the attention of the reader. It will be appropriately illustrated by our well-known artist, Mr. E. Jump.

THE TWO G'S.

The action of the Democratic Convention at

Baltimore on the 10th inst, in endorsing both the platform, and the candidates for President and Vice-President, of the Cincinnati Convention, has narrowed the coming Presidential election in the United States into two channels. The "soreheads" of the Democratic party threaten to hold a convention at Louisville and nominate a third candidate, but their action will be perfectly puorile, and can have no effect on the result of the contest. The question simply resolves itself into this proposition: Will the Democrats and Liberal Republicans vote solidly together and elect Greeley, or will Grant's office-holding clique prove too strong for the hero of the white coat and keep him in dignified retirement, so that he may devote his time to cultivating strawberries and editing the Tribune? The question is a very open one, and the chances are so nearly balanced that it is almost impossible to say, at present, who is most likely to win. Grant. undoubtedly, has still a great hold on the people for his fancied services during the war-Democrats have a hard-headed way of voting the "straight ticket" which will land Greeley in the Presidential chair if the Liberal Republicans will stick to him as closely as the "great | and actual "workingmen" in the English speaknawashed" will after the endorsement be bas received from the Baltimore Convention. It seems very much like choosing between two evils to select one of two such men as Grant or Greeley. As for Grant we have little to say; he is, probably, the most successful fraud alive to-day, but, also, the most lucky man; he has fallen into circumstances which have made him appear a great man, while he has really been a very little one. He has got the credit of finishing the war, while he really lost more men, expended more treasure, and occupied a longer time in finishing the work which other men had begun than any other acknowledged great general ever did; and even then he did not win until the South was so thoroughly exhausted and borne down by superior numbers that they could not find another boy or man to put in the ranks, or a crust of bread to feed on. Grant was elected President on his military reputation, but he has failed to satisfy the great mass of the people; noticeably has he lost " caste" by the shameless way in which he has allowed himself to be bribed by presents of every conceivable thing, from a house and lot to a bull-pup; and by the free and easy style in which he has dispensed offices amongst his relations and personal friends, without any respect to their ability to fill the offices to which they were appointed. His foreign policy has been a failure throughout; and although his partisans will doubtless try to

tober, when the selections will be made and America will deeply deplore the position in savings spent, their spirit broken; they find which their government was placed by the in- that a few would-be demagogues amongst troduction of the "indirect damages," which looks very little different from an attempt to obtain money under false pretences. Still, Grant, having command of the thirty or forty thousand office-holders-nearly all politicians ing a combination, and, although they have and able to control other votes-has an immense power, which it will be difficult to over-

Greeley is not a desirable candidate for the Presidential chair; his election would be about parallel to the appointment of John Dougall as Governor-General of Canada; although a very excellent man in his way, we do not think Mr. Dougall would make a good Governor-General; and so, although we should like, for the honor and credit of the press, to see a man who by his own unaided ability has worked up from a "devil" to the editorial chair of one of the most successful and influential papers in the United States, yet we do not think Mr. Greeley would make a good President. Honest in his convictions, no reasonable man doubts he is; pure and simple as child in many things, all who know him are sure he is; but bigotted, prejudiced, narrowminded, and bitter in many things it is well known he also is. A life-long politician, he can scarcely be expected at the eleventh hour to develope into a statesman; after being for may possibly be desired by us for future use, nearly half a century a strict and severe partisan, it is scarcely reasonable to believe that he will now entirely cast aside party ties and work for the general good of the whole nation, by a fusion of party feelings. If Greeley should be elected, there would be very little real stability in his government, as it would be composed of too many incongruous elements; his bitter antipathy to England, and his violent denunciations of the ratification of the Washington treaty, give us little hope that to be led away by the inefficient man and his government would be likely to increase and strengthen the bonds of good feeling which it is so desirable to perpetuate between England and America. It appears to us that the nominations of the conventions are both bad; and of two evils it is always best to choose the least; but which is the least? Is it big G or little g; and which is big G, and which little g? Of course, the man who is elected will be big G and the other will be little g; but it is very hard to tell which will be which just at present. We cannot heartily endorse either candidate, and can only regret that the nominations of the conventions have left so little to choose from that many will undoubtedly refrain from voting, and we expect in consequence that by no means a full expression of the feeling of the United States will be obtained this fall,

HOW IT IS ENDING.

For the past few months we have heard nothing amongst the manufacturing classes but strikes, and rumors of strikes; in England, in the States, in Canada the-so-called " workingmen" have made combinations against the employers and endeavored to enhance the value of their labor from ten to twenty per cent, at the expense of the general consuming community. Now it might be as well for us at once to distinguish/between the "strikers" who arrogate to themselves the title of "workingmen," and the class we call "general consumers." The strikers are simply the members of "trade unions," who belong to certain manufacturing interests; and their entire number in England, America and Canada does not exceed bulf million of persons, all told-in fact we think we are far over the mark when we say half a million; yet this fractional part of the real ing portion of the population of this globe want, and have tried in their arrogance to increase, the cost of living to twenty millions and unwards of the men and women who do work for their living, and support their families, by from ten to twenty per cent. This violent effort to disrupt commerce and cripple the manufacturing industries of both England and America has been attempted principally in large cities, and in New York the most stubborn fight occurred. Over twenty thousand mechanics, artisans, and other members of different " Unions' have been " on strike" for over two months, and now the strike has culminated : the employers have combined against the employees; the employees have spent all their money in processions, mass meetings, bar - rooms &c., and in the end have to come back like whipped curs, with their tails between their legs, and beg to be allowed to work on their old terms. It is estimated by careful computation that the New York strikes have cost the strikers about one million and a half of dollars, which represents to a great extent their savings and the accumulated unds of the different "Unions," all of which are now in a more or less impecunious condition, owing to the heavy strains for relief which have been made on them by their members for the past two or three months. The so-called workingmen of New York find themselves in a far worse posimake capital out of his action with reference | tion at the end of their strike than they were

to the Alabama claims, the tainking men of at the beginning, impoverished in purse, their

them have led them on to ruin; and, worse than their present condition seems their future for their combined efforts to paralyze manufactures has ended in the manufacturers formbeen rather moderate so far, there is every reason to fear that the employers will take advantage of the exhausted condition of the employees and insist on a reduction of wages, while the employees are not in a position to combat the demand. It is not at all probable that this attempt will be made at present, with the long arrears of back work to be made up and a brisk summer trade on hand; but in the winter, when labor is plentiful and trade is dull, it is to be feared that the employees will find a combination of employers made against them by which their wages will be considerably reduced. Capital has never attacked labor before; of course, a man who has money and wants to get anything done is anxious to get it done for the lowest price; but good workmen have always been able to obtain better pay than bad workmen, and capital has never before combined against labor in the way which it now threatens to do; and instead of bad workmen being raised to the standard of good workmen-as the Unions have tried to accomplish-good workmen will be forced down to the level-or lower-of bad workmen, by the combined influence of the capital which employs labor. In a normal condition of affairs a good workman can always command better wages than an inferior hand; and employers, as a rule, have not been slow to discover the difference between a man who does his work well and thoroughly, and one who is carcless, inefficient, sancy and incompetent; but when the good man is foolish enough strides for a general increase of wages, the employer naturally takes fright at the impending ruin threatening him and forms a combination with other employers against all classes of employees. As the eight hour movement in New York has terminated, so we fear the attempt at a nine hour movement in Montreal will terminate. Our climate is peculiarly well adapted for giving the employer a hold over the employee; it is only for a limited period of the year that manufacturers really need to be actively employed; but they usually try to keep going as nearly all the year round as possible, so as to keep their hands on; but if the hands attempt to control their employers during the busy season, it is almost certain that the employers will take advantage of the dull season to close their premises, and force their employees not only to work the old time-ten hours-but for less pay than they have been getting. This strike for shorter hours-which is virtually an increase of pay under another name-was ill-advised and untimely, and bids fair to meet with the defeat it deserves. The mass of the strikers were, however, we firmly believe, led on by a few demagogues who were too lazy to work at all, and who tried to make political capital out of those who were foolish enough to be led by them. We should like to see the ringleaders of these strikes punished but we sincerely trust that the great mass of workingmen who have been foolishly led away may not suffer any more than they have already suffered.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The second inquest as to the cause of the steep shannonville disaster closed on 12th inst. CANADA.—The second inquest as to the cause of the late Shannonville disaster closed on 12th instath of following verdict being in: "After a severe and exhaustive inquiry, we agree that the said Joseph Berthianme, a passenger on east No. 3, came to his death by scalding on the morning of the 2md of June, 1872, by the engine running of the rails about one thousand yards off Shannonville, said accident being seensioned by the fracture of the flange of the right wheel of the truck of the engine, and from the conflicting character of the ovidence adduced, the Jury cannot arrive at a definite conclusion as to the cause of the said fracture." The above verdict was signed by thirteen of eighteen of the Jury.—The single scall race between Brown and Falton at Digby, on 12th inst., was win by the former.—A sad case of hurning to death occurred in Montreal, on the evening of 9th inst. It appears that a girl named Mary Power. 35 years of age, engaged as a servant by Dr. McCallum, 30 St. Antoine street, who was subject to cpiloptic fits, was in the back parlor where sin appears to have been seized with one of these fits and in falling knocked down a lamp which set fire to her clothing, and the room; there was no one in the house but Dr. McCallum's mother who is old and quite blind, and it was some time before the fire was discovered. When the puor girl was found she was horribly burned, but still breathed, and existed in an ancenscious state for three or four hours.—The flovernor General is not expected to take up his residence in Ottawa before September.—Aylmer has voted unanimously in lavour of the Northern Colonization by-law.—The crops in P. E. Istand, since the fine was morning lily in his cont, was accested by a carter named Hugh Coghlan, who deld him to three way the flower. Smith and William Edwards were walking through Victoria Square, was accested by a carter named Hugh Coghlan, who liam Edwards were walking through Victoria Square, Montreal, Smith, who were an orange lily in his cont, was accessed by a carter named Hugh Coghlan, who told him to throw away the flower. Smith refused, and the carter struck him, whereupon Smith drew a revolver and fired. The ball entered Coghlan's wrist, inflicting a severe wound. A cruwd instantly collected, and Smith was pretty roughly handled until he was taken charge of by the police. Edwards, his companion, was also chased by the crowd, and ran into Morann's dry goods store, where he was arrested. Coghlan, as soon as the excitement had subsided, went to Dr. Reddy's, where it was ascertained that the ball had entered the writting asset of through the forcarm and lodged in the fleshy part near the elbow.

elbow.

United States.—A fire in East Boslon, on 12th inst. destroyed the planing and moulding mill of W. W. Bonnott. who loses \$40,000, on which the insurance is \$15,000. Several buildings adjoining, eccupied for mechanical purposes, were also consumed, making the total loss \$75,000.—The weather continues very warm in New York, and twenty or thirty cases of sunstroke are reported daily.—About 400 Orangemen, guarded by 1200 policemen, paraded in New York on 12th inst. There was no disturbance.—On 7th inst., the wife of Henry P. Southworth, residing in Reckport township, Ohlo, poisoned her three children, boys aged 9, 7 and 4, and then committed suicide by cutting her threat.—The trial

of Stokes for the murder of Jim Fisk, on 6th January last, is progressing slowly. The defence is trying to prove that Fisk drew a pistol, and that Stokes fred in self-defence, also that Stokes was insane at the time. — The Rev. S. J. Brown, a Methodist preacher 70 years of age, shot a bey named Schack, on 7th inst., at Cincinnati, killing him. It appears a ball was thrown into Browne's yard and Schack went to recover it, when the oid man shot him. Browne was admitted to bail in \$50.000 by Judge Stranbairn; and the citizens assembled and threatened to lynch Browne, but were dispersed by the police. The Germans subsequently held an indignation meeting, and passed a recolution declaring that the Judge had insulted and violated the law of the land, and that he deserved severe consure. — Horace Greeley was unanimously endorsed by the Baltimore Convention on 10th inst. as the Democratic candidate for President. — A Madrid special says that Howard is free on an order from Madrid. He was offered his release as an act of parden, to which Mr. Howard demurred, as his acceptance of it might appear an acknowledgment of guilt, and a waiver of his right to compensation. He was then tagaed or forced out.

France. — A report is in circulation that Victor

to compensation. He was then turned or forced out.

France.—A report is in circulation that Victor Ilugo, who has been persistent in his efforts to secure the commutation of sontonce pussed upon Henri Rochefort, has succeeded, and that Rochefort, instead of being transported to the penal colony of New Caledonia, will be simply banished from France.—A Paris deepatch states that Empland, Italy and Switzerland decline accepting the modifications proposed to the treaty of commerce by France.—Two Communists named Bordonia and Pollomac, who were tried and convicted by a court martial, were executed on 6th inst. at Satory.—The Minister of Finance has signed a convention with the officers of the Bank of France whereby the latter sgree to loan the Government forty millions frances.—In the Assembly, Mr. Goulard, Minister of Finance, has submitted a bill to raise a loan of three milliards of frances at an interest of 5 per cent per annum; also giving the Government power to raise further loans if necessary.—The Assembly has rejected the amendment proposed by the opponents of a tax on raw materials, imposing a tax of one france per thousand frances upon sales of tradors and manufacturers. The amendment was lost by a vote of 310 years to 350 mays.

Sean.—The Republicans have reconsidered their determination to the control of the control of the determination to the control of t

a vote of 310 years to 350 mays.

Spain.—The Republicans have reconsidered their determination to abstain from all elections while memorarchy exists in Spain and will participate in voting for members of the Cortes on Augst 23th next.—Caberdilla, the insurgent leader, was wounded and taken prisoner while attempting to enter Rens. His troops were beaten and retreated.—The King will soon visit the northern provinces of the kingdom. He passed through those which have been most disturbed by the Carlists.—The government has sent large reinforcements to the troops now in Catalonia, so as to be in readiness to act promptly should any demonstration be made.—The Epace newspaper of this city, in commenting upon an article recently published in the London Times, advising Spain to cede the island of Caba to the United States, energetically scorns the possessions.

possessions.

MERICO.—Kidnapping is carried on extensively. In one case a ransom of \$60,000 is demanded.

The Ministry of Justice is still vacant. Binez having refused to accept it.—Dinroga writes from Caliera, Jone 28th, that Trevino did not attack Satrillo in order to avoid effusion of blood. The enemy has little amounting, and having no hopes of aid must capitulate. The revolutionists are strong in the centre of the country. Diaz writes from near Jaliz that he is overnming the States with very strong torces. Marango and Barra have 1300 men between Monterey and Saltillo awaiting events. From Matheusia there is news of the defeat of 300 Ochous cavalry by Martinez, with loss of 150 prisoners.

by Aurtinez, with loss of 150 prisoners.

England,—Letters from Geneva say that Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is expected in Switzerland next week.——A Berlin correspondent of the Nondicrd proges that the increasing tide of onigenation from Germany to America emissa considerable uneasiness to the Imperial Government, and preventive measures are seriously contemplated.——The suit of O'Byrno mainst the Marquis of Intrinston, Chief Secretary for Iroland, for damages for inpuries received by the attack of the police during the Phonix Park rot in Dublin, which has been on trial in that city for some time, has resulted in favor of plaintiff, the jury awarding him £25.

HANL.—A Bort su Prime better street that the

favor of plaintiff, the jury awarding min £25.

HAYH.—A Port au Prince letter states that two German men of war after threatening the town with bombardment and seizing two Haytian men of war, both schooners, finally left after the German Commander was paid three thousand pounds each indemnity for damages to German citizens for outrages by Haytians. The Haytian Legislature have agreed to pay the American chaims in twenty years, and the Americans are about potitioning their government to send naval vessels to follow the example of the Germans.

CUBA.—The resignation of Captain-General Val-maseds having been accepted, he has delivered up the command of the Island of Cuba and left for Spain on the 15th inst.

GERMANY.—The Official Gazette promulgates the law providing for the banishment of the Jesuits. All establishments now under their control must be completely broken up within six months.

LITERARY ITEMS.

LONDON SOCIETY for August will contain the open-ing chapters of Mr. Charles Reade's new novel.

Church's Musical Visitor; Ipublished by John Church & Actions (Photosissed by John Church & Co., Cincennati, continues to be first class, and fills a long folt void in musical circles. The July number contains many excellent musical articles, and several very good instrumental and vocal pieces.

The Farm and Fireside Journal, is the title of a very small and insignificant monthly just started in New York; which promises to be a most successful failure for subscribors or advertisers; it threatens to begin with a circulation of one million, but we hope it wout, human nature could not stand it. THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—We have received the initial number of a new monthly under this cention

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—We have received the initial number of a new monthly under this caption published by Sannuel R. Wells, New York, which promises well. The July number treats, and treats well and ably, on several important subjects connected with the selence of our every day life as being conducive, or otherwise, to our general good health; and consequently to our general happiness.

and consequently to our general happiness.

The July, or Educational, or Commoncement number of "Old And New" has a good deal of matter calculated to please and to profit professors and students and parents,—who, we suppose, are the principal parties in interest. Thus, there is a directory to the faculties of one hundred and seventy-five of the best colleges; a very interesting reminicence of Round-Hill School, as managed by Messrs. Bancroft and Cogswell, a paper as graphic and vital as if written by "Tom Hughes;" an account of the way the French train female teachers; a summary of the American school system, prepared by the department at Washington for the use of the Japanese matherities; and an account of the present condition of things at Harvard and at Yale. There is a lively college story, besides; a curious poem "in lingual Latina porcelliana compositum," and sung at the second Harvard College contennial in 1825; Messrs. MacDonald and Hale's serials; and other good articles.

Soribner and thate's scriffs; and other good articles.

Soribner's.—The West Point Military Academy and its surroundings are profusely and beautifully illustrated in Scribner's for July, the historical and descriptive text being supplied by Benson J. Lossing. This article appears just at the time that public attention is attracted to the Academy. Another timely paper is that on "Woman as a Sinuggler and Woman as a Detective." in which one of the most surious and suggestive branches of the Oustom Houses system is fully exposed. "Draxy Miller's Dowry." a very strong piece of characterization, by that mysterious author Saxe Holm, is concluded in this number; and a generous instalment is given of Mrs. Oliphant's "At Ills Gates." Mr. Wilkinson's scarching but courteous criticism of "Mr. Lowell's Prose" is concluded. Then we have a strong maturalistic story by James T. McKay, entitled "Barker and Blind;" an interesting little illustrated article on spiders (Will you Walk into my Parler?"); an illustrated paper, "As Others See Us," by Prof. Wilder, of "Cornell;" a brief ossay on "The Law of the Heart and the Law of the Street," by Mr. Heigkins; and poems by Mrs. Whitney and Miss Osgood.

If you want your Panama and Straw hats properly clouned and trammed go to tibi Craig Street and have them done at once by G. E. Siegars successors to G. W. Ketchum.



THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM BOSS WALLACE.

Blessings on the Hand of Woman !
Angels goard its strength and grace,
In the patace, cottage, hove!—
O, no matter where the place !
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curied :
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power thence with Beauty flows:
Woman's first the streamlet's guidance,
From it soul with body grows—
Grows on for the good or ovil.
Sanlight streamed or tempest baried;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon the matal sod;
Yours to keep the young heart open
To the holy breath of God!
All true triumphs of the ages
Are from mother love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Father, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is intusted
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkles,
Rainbows evermore are carled—
For the hand that rocks the oradle
1s the hand that rocks the world.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD DANVERS.

Laurence Drayton had seltled steadily to work when he left the cottage on the morning of the day on which the betting-man took his of the day on which the betting-man conclude fatal evening walk overthe elitis. Mr. Drayton lost no time now. His purpose was defined. The future lay before him clearly. There were some rather improvident habits to drop—a careless disregard for stray sovereigns, that went to idle riends, as a rule did the idle friends more born timn good, and as careless a disregard for time than good, and as careless a disregard for time than good, and as caretess a disregard to time—days wasted in purposeless rambles with men who haid claim to his company on the score of goodfellowship, and raghts dwindled through, over cards, and collee, and gossip at his club. He had no very evil limits to get rid of; but such as he had stood seriously in the way of his determination to save money for the sake of Julia (Cample). Temple.

Laurence was very well known in his own

Laurence was very well known in his own circle, though he had not run the gauntlet of Mudie, nor toiled through a succession of three-volume novels at the fixed rate of a hundred pounds a book. The critics knew as little, perhaps, of him as he knew of the critics; but for that there were few whose works had a

whiler range of readers.

He did not care for the reputation which is made as much by advertisement, as industry, nude as much by invertes and a standard.

He was in some sort aman of the people. His sympathies were with the people, and he found his proper place and best price in the literature that appeals directly to the people.

He had few friends in London. He was not a few few friends in London.

that appeals directly to the peoplic.

He had few friends in London. He was not a Bohemian, and he was not a society man. He could not spend his evenings after the manner of his brethern at large, and he found the schrish personality of a club as ditasteful to him as the artificial stapidity of the drawing-room. He had apartments in a quiet old Chelsca house, where he ate and drank, and worked, and spont most of his time, and he shared chambers in the Temple with a literary barrister who edited one of the metropolitan journals.

Mr. Drayton's partnership in the chambers was a matter of self-defence rather than anything else. True, in the early days of his career, when the days did not seem long enough for the work to be done, and an interruption, however momentary, filled him with a savage hatred for the interrupter, he had visious of going quietly by beat from the old rivership parish to the Essex-street pler, with its dirty alley and slippory flight of breakneck steps.

flight of breakneck steps.

He cherished in those early days of his innocence a fixed idea of writing by system, working so many hours a day, and in those hours dil-ing so many sheets of foolscap with a given

" He would get through his toll at his chambers," he thought, "and keep his private apart-ments for his friends and home enjoyment; " but he found his genius, or whatever he chose to call his literary faculty, stronger than him-self, and the children of his brain set method at

He tried early rising and walking exercise, so as to collect his thoughts, and settle down pon in hand before the truffle in the street began; but the early rising made him skeepy, and the but the early rising made litin sleepy, and the walking exercise tired him, and he was wont to yawn, and doze, and gossip till luncheon formed a pretext for adjourning. Then a few friends dropped in—just one or two—who were never in the way; but then the literary barrister had just one or two who were a never in the way." And so, between them, though the street way." Viet so, between them, though the time way." And so, netween them, mough the time went pleasantly enough, they got very little work done. So, finally, Laurence gave a few hours a day to the droppers-in at chambers, and did his work at home, where he saw no one Except by appointment.
Laurence called upon his friend the editor on

the evening after his return from Brookdale. He found that gentleman in much the same condition as usual, surrounded by books for reference papers from all parts of the world specially devoted to the seissors and the paste-pot, MSS, in votal to the setsors and the patte-pot, ass, in bundles—appailing piles of distractions, in un-decipherable enligraphy as a rule—and heaps of letters on every possible and impossible sub-ject, and enclosing carter de visite, locks of hair, postage-stamps, and carefully-written specimens of hand-writing.

mens of hand-writing.

"I suppose, Ringers, you extract a little order out of so much chaos," said Laurence, as they shook hands, "Do you ever, by any chance, find ten lines worthy of insertion in the daily

" Occasionally," smiled Mr. Ringers. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, with a thoughtful face, indicative of kindly patience and persevering industry. "Some of the correspondsevering industry. "Some of the correspond-ence is fivolous and trifling, some impertinent, and a little of it simply stupid; but the majority ask questions the answers to which have a general interest, and are really useful. You might nerm interest, and are tenny useful. You might find many a less curious and interesting study than the correspondence pages of the journal." They always do amuse me," said Drayton.

a They always to make he in the second be genuine till I became one of the initiated. It is curious to speculate on the motives that induce your cor-

respondents to address you as they do-taking

you fully into their confidence even on the most delicate topics."

" Not so curious as it seems. You see they can write to me in perfect confidence. I am their lawyer, physician, confessor, and private counsellor—and I have to be all these at times. My advice costs them nothing, and it has the advantage of always being honest and impar-tial. It has the added advantage of being given in the strictest secrecy, although it is made pub-ile. They can write to me, a stranger, on mat-ters which they could not mention even to those nearest and dearest to them."

"Having that feeling towards them," said Drayton, "you are the right man in the right place. Poetry, I see, is plentiful enough. I sup-pose every girl and boy has the funcy for writlug it at some time or other, and it does them good; but the rhymes are wonderfully alike, and they are always sad and lonely. Their imaginary sorrows are, I hope, deeper than they're

"Their rhymes are sure to be alike," said the good-natured editor, " for the reason that there ire only certain words that rhyme with certain other words, and then the writers unfortunately restrict themselves in their choice of subjects. We get a creditable poam now and then. That envelope you have just picked up is from some young fellow who shows promise, I think. It bears the stamp of the Invulnerable Insurance Company, does it not?"

" Crude as yet. All prose is crude at first. Byron did not begin by writing * Child Harold,' and there have been, I suspect, few great poets who would not very willingly write * Out of print' across some of their juvenile effusions. The same rule applies to prose; but a man must try life sprentice hand somewhere, and with a little going though, I think we shall be able to make Mr. Edward Danvers printably." e tioling through? was rather a incredessoperation with Mr. Ringers. He was a deadly for to redundancy, repetition, and ultra-scuttment, Many a young contributor shed tears of anguish at his remorseless excisions; but those same young contributors, grown old and wiser, gave him gradeful kendos when comparing the careful-ly-edited sketch with its rude original in MS. The editorial duty was not an easy one to per-torm; but he went in for it conscientiously, and if he did not always succeed in pleasing every-body, he could, like the hero in Cato, claim to have deserved success.

"What name did you say ?" said baurence,
"Edward Danvers,"

" Is there no surname?" "Danvers would be the surname, I suppose,"
"And he writes American stories," inused
Laurence; "gives a bit of Pennsylvanian
scenery from the life! How long is a since be
first would be very ""

first wrote to you?"
"Two mouths ago, I daresay,"

bears the stamp of the Invainerable Insurance
Company, does it not ?"

"I wonder whether he is related to the new
"Yes,"

"I think he is a clerk there. He has sent me
a few short prose sketches of American life, and in the came from that Pennsylvania. The Insurance for the journal Mr. Ringers existed. There were

don. The demand is greater than the supply, though we will be willing to take them ever so much diluted; but a second Temyson might walk bareloot from Paternoster-row to Piccadilly with something more tender and beautiful. than *Locksley Hall' in his pocket and never get two lines of it rend."

of the age?"

The spirit of the age is not to blame. We of the splitt of the age is not to blame. We get too much scaolarly imitation, too little of the genuine thing. You can scarcely open a comic periodical, or a serious magazine, without inding a point-suggestive of Dyron or Pront, Tom Hood or Barham. The fatal facility of the society verse-makers has destroyed the public and the publisher's faith in poetry. The new ministrel, whoever be may be, will have to hams mer his way in with the strong, rade iron of his genius."

"I am glad you think there is a chance for the coming of the strong of the coming of the strong of the coming of the strong of the coming of the

"I am glad you think there is a chance for this young man," said Laurence, "And you could arrange a meeting with him?" "Easily, "I shall have his proofs on Thurs-day. I can ask him to correct and bring them here on Saturday at five, Then you might meet

" Yes; that would do," said Drayton, " It is merely a tancy of name, and nothing may come of it. But I want to see what he is like, and hear how he became acquainted with Everand

ing face of Clarence Temple, as Clarence Temple ing face of Charcuce Temple, as Charcace Templa looked in the Brookdale picture gallery—as dark, as proud, but gentler; and when he spoke there was just the soft, inclsive, high-bred account which belonged to Eugene and most of his

He had to its fullest extent the natural attri-This does not say much for the poetic spirit bute of a gentleman --self-possession; but there was a slight nervous flushor pleasure on his bandsome face as he entered the editor's chaminitation, too little of bors. He bowed neross the table to Mr. Dray-

You will see that I have taken some liberties "To write state of the control of th

e Your opinion is earnest, perhaps, and it shows observation," suited the editor; but it

may be a little for severe. What do you turns. Mr. Drayton ?" Laurence took the proofs, and read the marked paragraph. It drew a comparison between American men and Englishmen of a souriar

dass man is more self-dependent and has more class man is more self-dependent and hes more moral courage than the young middecelass man here. There his father keeps a store, or he works at one, and he is not a hanned of his ra-ther or his work. The Lombon clerk, on che other hand, likes to be thought a gentleman, and nothing else. He never, if he can help it, ad-mits that he hos to work for his living, or that the money he carns is all he has to hydron, ite is afflicted with a somewhat abject reverence for rank and money, and a snobbish contempt for poor men, and men who labour with their nands. He is not to think more of men for their mesttion than their individuality to respect tacacy more than character,"

"That is the result of personal experience, said Edward Danvers, in a tone of quie convic-tion, when Drayton finished, —e Phrye served in a store over the Atlantic, and 4 trive locen a cherk in London, and I have wraten what I feel to be the truth."

to be the truth."

o You have written what to a great extent is
the truth," said Laurence, wand it shows that
out intend to use an honest pen. Weiter your
impression as they come to you, Mr. Pouver (;
rust to your instruct, and set down what con
hinh. You want to a look interaction as a proorsion ?"

ed should like it above all threes."

e Well, I think you have a metable chance, and you could not have fallen into note reside than Mr. Rangets'. Have you been lone as Lore

o Cudy a few months. I came over with Mr. Darrills one of our directors now—a gentleman who was very Kind to me, and H. was through an introduction be gave me to Mr. Grantley chall I got my present situation." • You were born in America ?"

" Yes, sire born and bred there, and never both my native piace till I made the voyage here,"

6 Are you related, do you know, to a gentle-man named. Edward Danvers Temple, who, I think, came over with Mr. Darrill at the same

"I never heard of such a person," said the young man, quietly, "Certainly, no such per-son came over in Mr. Darrill's company. No

one travelled with him but myself."

** Edward Danvers Temple, son of Ellen Danvers and Clarence Temple. The Lady was a native of Philadelphia."

e My mother's name was Ellen, and she was own there."

"What was your father's name?"
"I believe he and my mother were cousins; of believe he and my mother were consins; but this is a point on which I can say but liftle. I was brought up by my grandparents, and they, in common with the rest of my relatives, always scenned pained by my questions. My father and mother were drowned at sea, while on their way to England. That is the most I have learned." have learned."

"Are you your mother's only child?"

" May I ask you," said Laurence, after a refleetive pause, a never to mention this conversa-tion to Mr. Grantley or Mr. Darrill. I have a motive for asking this favour, with which at some future time you will be fully satisfied.

over the time you wan be may subsect."

over, str; you have my promise, though I must admit you have touched my curiosity,"

of pledgo my homour to give you an explanation at no very distant date," said Laurence, cand your silence will help me. I leave you to Mr. Ringers now. With his help, and a proper use of your own patieral advantages, you may, I am sure, soon reckon upon as fair a future a you could desire."

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIA.

There was no such person as Edward Dan. vers Temple, or if there were, no such person had travelled from America with the gentleman-ly George. The simple truth had been told by him who knew it best. The clerk at the favalnerable was the son of Ellen Datvers, a Philadelphian lady, and it was to a Philadelphian lady Chrence Temple had been married.

The lournalist pondered over it deeply: but it. opened the way to such a tangled web of thought that he gave it up and sat down to work. He had never given a definite shape to his own susnicions. His histingt told him there had been foul play—a subtle and mysterious plot, in which Brookdale and Everard Grantley were always together in strange associations.

He was sitting, pen in hand, jotting down a few stray notes as they occurred to blim in the midst of his reverle. He was thinking of Eugene, and then through him of young Danver and the singular chain of circumstances which had brought him there; and he was thinking of Julia, when a gentle tap at the door made his heart listen-that gentle tap was so familiar to him—he had heard it often—or something singularly like it at his study door in the grand old house by the sea. Laurence looked up from his papers, and sald

a Come in," and there when the door opened stood Julia herself. Her face was wistful, and her beautiful large eyes were red with unshed tears-but the sense of safety, the expression of relief and hope which came across her when she saw him touched every chivalric instinct in his

"My darling," he said, taking the soft velvetrobed figure tenderly in his arms, "how is it you have come that long journey alone ?".

The pride which had sustained Miss Temple so far gave way now that she was safe in the sacred refuge of her love. She put her forehead on his breast, and sobbed bitterly, those intenso neart-broken sobs that tell of sorrow long pent anguish endured in silonee.



JULIA VIS.TS LAURENCE DRAYTON AT THE TEMPLE

in one of them this description of a Pennsylva- | vulnerable ! I have heard of that office in con- | thurs when he liked to have some one near him

" He may be laying the foundation of a successful literary career," said Laurence, taking the enclosure from the envelope. There must be a beginning and this may be his. It is a little poem — a song rather, as he writes -for muste' in the corner."

"Read it."
"There are twenty-four lines."

" Enough lines if good, not so many as to be actions even if bad,"

Mr. Drayton read them aloud, and the young derk at the insurance office had the advantage of pure articulation and a sympathetic voice for his unpretending little bit of verse. It took its titles from the first five words, and run us fol-

To love thee like this, 'twere but madness, I But the heart you turn back is too fondly thine !

own.
1 can no'er hope to kindle in yours, sweet, a glow
Like the passionate yearning I have for thee nlone: For you tell me'tis useless—so firmly, yet kindly, In your own gentlest tone—when my prayer you

And I see the sad truth, yet my soul sees it blind-

You may give me despair, but you must let me love. To love thee like this! In the long time of years.
There may come an old memory of one ever

true.

Heaven grant you may never recall it with tears—

Never lose in another what I lose in you.

1 would not, in the love thou hast tenderly slighted. slighted.
Let your heart thrill the chords of its own sad

etrain— song hushed in tears, to a prayer unrequited, a faith like mine own, mutely quenched in

To love thee like this, I would live to the last,
If it were but, my durling to dream out my
dream.
And there may be an hour when this shall be past.
And your soul, out of bondage, meet mine on

love's stream. It were joy but to hope, it were rapture to think

It;
I have built the glad fancy on one pitying kiss;
And if only a Lethe for pain, let me drink it.
For twere sweet in itself but to love thee like this." "Yes," said Mr. Drayton, "it is some such

thing as you might fancy set to a pretty Jingle in soft octaves, and sung by sentimental young adles or a Christy Ministrel tenor. not new-the shape may be. Simply, it is not There is not much poetry written in thes

days," said Mr. Itingers, " and very little of what there is finds its way through the post to the editor of a weekly periodical—a very, very Yet, Mr. Drayton, that waste-basket inder the table is the grave of many better things than the monthly magazines give us— the cers de société, as they call them, with an affectation which, like the verses themselves, is peculiarly the property, thank heaven! of the civil service literary swell and the drawing-room

"There I can meet you half-way most hear tily. Amateur literature should be confined to the album and the scrap-book, just as amateur acting should be confined to the friends of the actors. But there is promise in this young man. Ringers. He writes with feeling, and if he slightly vague, we must remember vagueness an early and enduring sympton. What is his prose like ""

nection with some one. Let me see!"

He took up the "Daily News," and looked at the advertising columns. The prospectus of the United Invulnerable Life and Fire Insurance Company not his eye first, with a well-written statement concerning participations, policies, premiums free of risk, a new system of dividing profits, and a wonderful arrangement for limiting the liabilities. He tooked down the list of directors. There was the usual adopted, the of directors. There was the usual admiral, the inevitable baronet, the several right honourables, the regulation quantity of colonels and majors, the one M. P., the two well-known merchauts, and the maker-weight of respectable addresses. Amongst the latter he saw the name of George Darrill, Esq., Russell-square; and in the post of honour, between Admiral Sir some-thing Blank and the Right Hon. Sir, Jenkins

Dash, there was the name of Everard Grantley, Esq., Brookdale. There was, to say the least, something singular in this association of names, and Mr. Dray-ton felt carious to see the young aspirant for li-terary honours. It occurred to him that Edward Danvers might be related to Edward Danvers Temple, on the mother's side—was per-haps a cousin, and if so, it did not seem gene-rous on the part of the (nheritor of Brookolde) to let him earn his bread as a mere clerk under

Grantley.

Are you over likely to see him ?? he asked Mr. Rirgers, who was busy picking out those short paragraphs for which periodicals have such an insatiable appetite.
"Who ?"

"Young Danvers."

"I do not know. We shall use one or two of the for it is just such quiet men as Eugene who his little stories presently, and the proof will be do desperate things," be thought. "They bear sent to him. He will have a cheque by and by, trouble to the last with the same unfaitering and then, I duresay, he will call. We are genenew contributors when our appreciation takes

friends of mine, he may be able to throw a

himself as a genius, and literature as a Tom Tiddler's ground, I should carnestly advise him to stick to his desk or go for a soldier; but if he does not mind hard work, can bear disappoint-

"Then his prose is better than his poetry?" "Considerably; and if his poetry were a hun-red times as good, I would rather advise him to put it behind the fire than think of making a living by it. A man must find his way some distance into the public heart before he can induce the publisher to take out his cheque-book. There is room and welcome in plenty for the disciples of Charles Dickens and M. E. Brad-

while he worked—when the sound of another voice kept his own going—just as there were times when every footstep that ventared near the door of his room was to him the footstep of a deadly foe, for whom annihilation was the mildest penuity. The two gentlemen sported the oak—kept the outer door closed, that is to say, except to those who came with the mystic signal, which was the only copen sesame." Fach kept to his own chambers—separated by a middle passage, and two small bedrooms—except at barcheon, tea, and when a short interval of rest became necessary. while he worked-when the sound of another of rest became necessary.

Many a time while he was at work did his thoughts revert to the change of fortune which

had befallen Eugene; and he remembered, now and been, the strange man between the spoken to him when the new master of Brookdale addressed his tenantry from the balcony. When the London papers gave a few lines to the fact, that a man, hame unknown, had lost his life by fulling from the cliff beyond Hastings, Laurence though to fils interrogator, strange to say

thought of his interrogator, strange to say.
Their luncheon had been brought upon Saturday by the bandress—a wonderfully antique person, who always wore a dirty apron, and was always affilieted with asthma.—being tiziky, was always affiliered with asthmass being traity, she called it when a boy from the telegraphic office ascended the stairs with conscientious de-liberation. He whistled an inaudible tune, meanwhile, and beat time to it on the banisters with the telegram be ind to deliver.

Mr. Drayton took it in surprise, and read it with more. Eagene had been away three days, and Julia had not heard from him since. Lamrone · felt his heart sink involuntarily.

pride and calminess—when the bridingives way it is for ever. I recollect when we stood toge-ther at the door of Vale Cottage how strangely the monetary shape."

1 should like to see him," said Laurence, but the bitter change like a stoic; but then it is the stoic wine sets least value on his own which I have heard in connection with some life."

He sent an answer back, asking for full partl. light on certain points that have not satisfied in yel."

He sent an inswere back, asking for full partilight on certain points that have not satisfied culars, and requesting Julia to write; but that have yel." "It would be no trouble to arrange for you to in no way alarmed. And then he passed a e-It would be no trouble to arrange for you to see him," said the editor. "Some few weeks ago he wrote me a long letter that I have not had time to answer yet. It was written in a very manly and sensible tone, asking me frankly whether I thought that want I had seen of his writings would justify me in advising him to adopt literature as a profession."

"An eerle place always," he pondered, "A had seen to have a profession."

dingy, old-fashioned desolation, with a hunned look about it; long dark corridors filled with "And you have not answered him yet?"

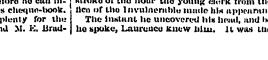
"I have not. I have had no time for one realook about it; long dark corridors likel with mystle sounds, that make one shiyer when the him a reply. It is a grave question, and the night comes; sultes of armour, the unmatural answer to it must depend upon the kind of man be is. If he has the misfortune to look upon spiritual life; and the very pictures look more spiritual life; and the very pictures look more like phantom faces, with a wicked knowledge in their eyes, than the painted portraits of men and women long since dead. I am not a su-perstitious man; but I know many a time my ment patiently, and is prepared to remain at the line and listened—then came back to me him, I say there is a chance for him."

dog has gone to the door of the big bedroom I had there and listened—then came back to me and put his nose on my knee, as he always does whon a stranger comes in."

They were not lively funcies to annuse himself with when his best-loved friend was missing, but he could not help them. He was glad when five o'clock came, and almost at the final stroke of the hour the young clerk from the office of the Invalnerable made his appearance.

The instant he uncovered bis beau and before

The instant he uncovered his head, and before he spoke, Laurence knew him. It was the liv-



He let her weep unchecked, soothing her with ressive words, and laying his lips softly to her oved band, he let the suspense and trouble which she had borne in loneliness and want of

sympathy go out with these tears.

He put her into a big easy-chair by the fire as if she had been a child, he united the strings of her pretty bound.—the tasteless, expensive, useless, nondescript bits of millinery of the pre-sent time were unknown then, and bouncts, if not perfect in an artistic point of view were at least honest to their purpose as coverings for the

He placed a cushion at her feet, and poured out a glass of rich old brown sherry for her- a genuine wine that owed nothing of its colour or flavour to the nameless poson of the British brandy distiller.

"You must rest a little while," he said, taklog a Seat by her side, e and tell me all about it when you are quite yourself, my pet. I shall be augry with Eugene when I see him for fright-

ening you like this."

6 When you see him," she said; 6 but you may never see him again. Something has happened to him, Laurence, or he would never have left me in such terrible anxiety. thing has happened to him, or he would have kept his promise." What promise?"

e To send me a telegram directly he arrived. I inquired at the station if there had been an accident on the line, and they said there had not. But I do not think they always tell the truth; and such strange things happen. People are volted and thrown out of a carriage while a train is in motion, or they get run over in the street and taken to the hospital, and no one ever hears of them."

o You must not dwell upon such fancies, Julia-

A man is attacked in a railway carriage once in twenty years or so, and the papers are filled with it. Nervous travellers and sensation mongers tell each other stories of desperate adventures and marvellous escapes, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these stories are pure inventions and nothing more,

 Some people tell falsehoods simply begause they are fond of talking, and must say some-thing. With others, lying is a stupid vanity, the result of a good-natured desire to please, even at the sacrifice of digalty and common sense. That wretched German tailor who was banged for the murder of an old gentleman at Stepney has more to answer for than the murder itself. Since his day, imaginary scenes with murderers and robbers have multiplied wonderfully, and a train never goes shricking through a tunnel or a lonely cutting without some nervous passenger sees an embryo Mutler in his fellow-traveller. No-thing happened to Engene during his journey by rull your low low are." rail, you may be sure.

" But street accidents are common in London,

More common than they used to be; but they are invariably made public. The police are always at hand in the City, whatever may be said in support of the absurd yulgarism that they are never to be found when wanted. An accident to a well-dressed man, with a card-case in his pocket, would find its way into the daily papers in less than twelve hours. Are you certain that Eugene came to London at all 2"

"Mr. Grantley drove him to the station, and the station-master saw him into a carriage. He took a return ticket, so be could not have in-

this strange, certainly; but we must not attach any scrious importance to it yet. He may have sent to you, or written. The carciessness of a telegraphic messenger, or the neglect of a postman, has caused more trouble than this be-fore now. A little patient investigation will soon fell us what has really taken place."

Julia took comfort from Mr. Prayton's assured tone. Apart from his pen, he was the most matter-of-fact of men, and her dark misgivings vanished under the light of his strong, practical

explanations,
"You cannot return to-night," he said, "The journey would be too fatiguing, even if there were a train, which there is not. The traffe-managers of the South-Eastern and Brighton lines have either a very wifful disregard or a very limited knowledge of the travelling public's requirements. They start at the wrong hours, and give you the maximum of inconvenience with the minimum of speed. I must take you with me to Chelsen, pct, and to do homage to the proprieties by placing you under the care of my landhady."

"Will you take me with you, Laurence, while

you go to look for Eugene ?"

"No, dear. The sight of this pretty, pale face

listening for an answer to every question I might put in the course of my search would be Mrs. Grundy to consider."

4 Is she your landlady?"

"She is the presiding genius of propriety and espectability, my little innocent one—as mythical as Mrs. Harris or Pandora. You and I know that you are as hallowed to me as the sweet child who used to sit upon my knee not so many years ago, but Mrs. Grandy would say you are not my sister, nor my wife, nor in any way related to me; and so, dearle, that between us there should be a formal abyss, as wide as the Persian Gulf. My search for Eugene will not occupy a day, and it will result in some expla-nations, so simple as to make as wonder we did not think of it."

"I should not think so much of it if he had not left use under such singular circumstances," said Julia. "But after what that poor man told us it seemed strange that Engene did not return that poor man, you know, whom they are solding the inquest on to-day."

6 The one who fell from the cliff? I have seen

a short paragraph referring to him,"

4 Yes. He came has Thesday you know.
Eugene went to Castle Hill after he saw you off,
and did not return till evening. Mr. Hawkins came in about the middle of the day, and wanted to see him, to tell him something about cousin Edward. I could not understand him, he talked so carlously. He said he would give the monument to a cup of tea that Edward was a pad of his. It's a dreadful word to say, isn't it? I thought, at first, he meant an opal, but Eugene explained that it was Greek for friend, you

"A bit of classic lore with which I was not previously acquainted," smiled Laurence; " and yet I have read tolerably hard. Did Eugene see him?"

"Yes. He came in the evening at seven Cclock, He talked with Eugene for a long time, and Eugene told me what passed. Poor Mr. Hawkins really seemed a civil, well-disposed person, though he was a betting man, and betting men are generally terrible creatures, are too not 2"

 They are not respectable members of society, as a rule," said Mr. Drayton. "The man whose interest in the literature of his country is confined to the sporting papers is not the kind of individual I should care to see at my fireside. but he will exist, and drink, and gamble, prey on his fellow-creatures, and live his godless life, while a membership in the Jockey Club is a tung prized as a privilege; while gentlement herd with grooms and stable boys at Tattersall's, and while the Derby with its howling rabble, its drunkenness riot, folly, and iniquity is permitted to flourish in its shameless glory. What did he teli to Eugene?

"Such a strange story. He said that he had known our cousin Edward for a long time in London—when he went by the name of Theo-dore Darrill, and lived in Daley-street, Russell square. He said he was willing to prove it, to write it all down, and go with Eugene to Brook-dale, and say it to their faces. He had been there in the morning before he came to us, and they gave him a valuable pin, besides two hundred pounds in money, not to tell any one," "A strange story, indeed," said Laurence. · How was it that after their generosity be came

oft appears that it was Mr. Darrill and Cou sin Edward who gave him the money; and Mr. Grantley, going into the room just as the man was about to leave, set upon him and threw him down, and took the money away again. He came to us out of spite, poor fellow; and he had not been gone an hour when he lost his life.

"No. He lived just long enough to tell them he was thrown over; but he could not say by

Mr. Drayton weighed this with serious atten-tion. Linked with the betting-man's story and untimely death, Eugene's disappearance took :

untimely death, rugene's assappearance took a graver aspect.

"Eugene was inclined to make light of what poor Mr. Hawkins told him," said Julia; "but I was not. It seemed to me that he must have some ground for what he said, or he would not have offered to write it down, and go with Eu-nome to Brookdale. He said Consin Edward's nave offered to write it down, and go with Edward's name was Theodore—or, at least, he had been known by that name. He was Mr. George Darrill's stepson, and the lady who was with them—Mrs. Darrill—was his mother,"

• Pid Eugene believe him at last?"

• Partly. Mr. Hawkins was to come on Wednesshy morning with the written statement.

"Partly. Mr. Hawkins was to come on Wed-nessiny morning with the written statement. But we heard what had happened instead, and Engene went to see if it were really he—and it was. And then Eugene said he would go to Brookdale and try to flud out what truth there might be in the story; and if what he saw did not satisfy him, he would come direct to you." "Then it is to be presumed that he was not satisfied as he started for London," said Lau-

rence. "But he may have altered his intention of coming to me, and is, perhaps, prosecuting

inquirles on his own account,"

Julia dissented from that, "Edward Temple came to me this morning, he said: " and, from what he told me, he and Eugene parted on excellent terms. He offered me a home at Brookdale in the most genuine manner, and said Eugene had arranged to return there."

"Was your impression of him favourable?"
"Very. He seems to mean so well; but he has not been used to nice society, I think—his

man met occu used to mee society, I thing—into manners are so unfinished. But then, of course, his American training would account for that."

Or such association as he found at Russell-square," thought the journalist; "and the example of Ada Darrill's husband. That gentlemanly vagabond, as I have heard of him, could not be the best into in the world for such an ill-discipling lad as the outgast son of Clarature Townsland. plined lad as the outcast son of Clarence Temple would most likely be,"

He asked Julia for full details of all that had

transpired since he left Brookdale on Tuesday morning. He made some entries in his pocket-book, and repeated many of his questions—and he seemed, on the whole, to flud more cause for satisfaction than alarm.

satisfaction than marm.

Laurence said a few words to his friend, the editor, before he left.

1 like your friend," said Julia, as Laurence led her out of the Temple gateway, and halled a hansom in the sudden roar of Fleet-street.

Mr. Drayton made no reply, told the cabman to drive through the Park, and make for Chelson will Estateways and the Kluber control

sen, vid Eaton-square and the King's-road, in preference to the noisier route of Piccadilly and Sloane-street."

It was a dull evening late in autumn as the eab took them through the cheerless quiet of the Park—dull as any a late autumn evening in London can be, with a raw, wet mist drenching the leaftest trees, and standing out like tear-drops on the naked iron railings round the Pa-lace where the lights never shone, and where low-spirited sentries, in long gray over-coats, kept tedious vigils. The sky itself looked as hu-mid and leaden-coloured as the damp pavement and the moistened roud; but their dreary exter-nish had little offect on India. They stde with nais had little effect on Julia. That ride with Laurence Drayton in the narrow vehicle was infinitely pleasant to her. Her hand was locked in his, and in the shady places of the journey she had leaned her confiding head against his shoulder with the sweet sense of repose that

comes of boundless faith,
"When I am 'his wife," she thought, " per haps it will be like this. If he must have cham-bers he will let me go and sit with him sometimes, and take me home in a cab when his work is done. I had no idea a hausom was such a delightful thing to travel in."

(To be continued)

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IN AFTER-YEARS OR.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

It was high noon next day when he present-

d himself to Mr. Claptrap, of the Rottenburgh Herald. To the Baronet's satisfaction, the face of the gentleman who came fussily out from an inner office holding in his hand the card Sir Richard

had sent in with the name "Sir Ralph Rayton"

written thereon, was one which promised bet-ter success to the business he had on hand, than the bold John Waddle like face of Mr. Duncan Sir Ralph Rayton was asked into the office the private office of Mr. Claptrap, that gentle-man assuring his visitor that he was very glad to see him. He was then entreated to be seated in a leathern arm-chair, the best the office afforded, requested not to sit too near the window (towards which the would-be Sir Ralph had pushed his chair) as there was apt to be a

draught there, and finally carefully closing the door. Mr. Claptrap took his own seat, rubbing his hands, informing his visitor that it was stirring times." " Very," replied Sir Ralph. "Very stirring, indeed. Suppose you are interested in the election?"

" Not exactly."

"No." An interrogating "no."
"No, a little private business of my own, or should rather say, of a friend of mine."
"Exactly," a cool exactly. Election busi-

ness paid best, and Mr. Claptrap did not care to have his time taken up with much else at the present election time.

His visitor saw and noted the difference of manner, and hastened to make a favorable im-

" Not election business certainly. stranger in these parts, so is my friend: but his business, I am very sure, will pay you better than the best contested election engaged in, that is, when you consider that the business I wish transacted will only occupy a day or two at most,"

Sir Richard had never been in a compositor's room or seen a printing press in his life, and could only guess at the time necessary for the work he wanted accomplished.

"Well," we will proceed, if you please," said Mr. Claptrap, recommencing to rub his hands briskly; "time presses. I have a very parti-cular engagement with some of the county gentlemen at one precisely."

Mr. Claptrap here estentatiously pulled out his watch, a huge gold repeater, presented to him, as he informed Sir Richard, by the successful candidate at the last contested election.

Sir Richard began to explain, then to tell his story, but in a very vague way. Mr. Claptrap was interested; shocked by the unnatural conduct of the son, sorry for the father; but he had heard nothing about what he was to do in the matter, or how he was to be paid, and he became impatient and had recourse again to his watch.

Sir Richard saw, and hastened to rectify his mistake.

"My friend wishes this story to be put into your paper, but it is not for public distribution. He will buy up the whole edition containing the story, and allow you to charge your own

This was something like business, and pro-

mised to be satisfactory.

"How many copies does your friend want?"

"A hundred, I think, will be enough."

"One hundred.; that is a small number. You had better make it five hundred, it will come cheaper in the end than getting it printed over again if your copies should run short." Very well: we'll make it five hundred.

What will you charge for that number?" What is your friend willing to give? don't care much about the job at this particular time, when all the office hands are so busy. Do you know how long the paragraph in question

"About half a column." Sir Richard had learned this from Mr. Duncan, 4 Do you think a pound per copy will pay you? that will be five hundred pounds for the whole."

Mr. Chaptrap could scarcely believe his ears, and repeated :

" Five hundred pounds did you say ?" Yes, five hundred pounds, paid down on the delivery of the copies."

Mr. Claptrap's thoughts were in the direction of high treason,
"I must hear your story before I decide.

Nothing aga ast the Queen, ch?"
"No, no, nothing to do with her." " Nor Prince Albert?"

"Nothing of the sort, entirely private; relates to my friend's own family."
"No libel?"

" I don't think so; but if there is, my friend will give you a written promise to pay all ac-tions of damages which may be raised; but as the paper is only for private distribution and for several years at any rate, the article will be cut out and enclosed in a letter, or handed to the persons who it is desirable should be acquainted with the facts, it is not at all likely to

give rise to any unpleasantness of that sort."

" Let me hear the story. It is possible I can word it so as to avoid any fear of the kind, and if not, we will arrange about the guaran-

Sir Richard was now sure he had hit upon

the right man, and told his story boldly."
Mr. Claptrap sympathized deeply with the injured man, who was to pay him the enormous sum of five hundred pounds for inflicting such a slight punishment as exposing their true characters to their private friends, on the two worthless, wicked young women, who describe to be hanged, or sent to Botany Bay at least.

The paragraph was written; the types set by Claptrap's own hands; and the press work done under his own eye, "to prevent pecula-tion," as he observed to his worthy employer, or, as he supiently added, what might be as bad, prying eyes."

Before the next noon, Sir Richard had reeived the five hundred copies: Mr. Clantran had the wages of iniquity counted out to him in full; and the Baronet, well pleased with the success of his evil work thus far, was on his way to Haddon Castle, in hopes that he would there receive some news from Catchem he could turn to account.

As the recording Angel wrote those deeds of darkness with a pen of fire, the Angel of mercy wept sad tears for those men, whom she re-membered as guileless little children.

They might have life and they would not.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. George folded the paper so as to present the line he had written on it at once to the eye, and this done he waited patiently, biding his time behind the group of statuary, his face turned towards the balustrade and occupying one of the openings, to the great danger of being found out by some of the footmen if he allowed it to protrude six inches further.

A rustling of silk dresses was heard over-head; a sound of soft silvery voices, replied to by voices of a deeper tone, pleasant, cheerful, indistinct murmurings, like the sparkling, running, liquid sound of a swift brook, mellowed by the rustling of beech leaves under a

bright noonday sun.

Mr. George saw Miss Agnes Cuninghame, or rather Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, as he was aware she must now be called, at the top of the great staircase. She leant on the arm of a straight, grand-looking old man, while Colonel Lindsay accommunical her on the other side. At another time the clerk would have stood with wondering, admiring gaze, able to tell his friends the color of her dress, the form of her bonnet, but he had no eyes for such things now. Old Adam's dying face was too vividly present to his mind to admit of trifles like these occupy-

ing his thoughts for a moment.

The bride was close by him. passed his arm behind her companion he could have touched the soft satin folds of her lilac dress. Above him he saw the white plumes stooping over her graceful head, the glimmer and sheen of the blonde veil which, falling over her shoulder, seemed to cover her in a cloudy

The paper was in his hand, he was about to speak, when some one almost at his ear said: "That is the Duke of Wellington."

For a second or two he stopped to look on one whom all his life he had heard spoken of as the hero of the age in which he lived; one who, from his childhood, he had entertained an intense desire to see, and yet this was the first opportunity he had ever had of gratifying that desire. As he gazed, the time for presenting the paper to the bride was gone; she was at the foot of the staircase in the hall

Mr. George was no dreamer, he would waste no time in idle regret. He knew that the other sister must also come, and for her he now watched.

A flutter of white garments; he looked up Margaret Cuninghame's small foot, incased in its white satin shoe, was on a line with his

An instant more, and his hand almost touched her's as he held out the paper, pronouncing her name as he did so.

She started just a little, not a sound escaping her lips. Quick as thought her eye flushed from the hand along the arm to his head; he was recognized. She stayed her foot, about to take a downward step, took the paper from his hand and read as if the words had been traced in her own heart's blood:

" Old Adam is dying in a straight jacket on the floor of a madhouse!

She rushed forward to her sister, now bidding and receiving adicux in front of the hall

"Agnes, Agnes!" she exclaimed, "look at this!" The nanor is in the land. this!" The paper is in her sister's hand; the great Duke and Colonel Lindsay read the lines

at the same time as the bride.

Who gave you this?" "What is the meaning of this?" "Who brought this paper here?" fell upon Mr. George's ear. In a moment he was by the side of Colonel Lindsay telling all he

In less than half an hour Colonel Lindsay and Mr. George were on their way to Hampstead Heath, twelve carriages accompanying them filled with stout guardsmen, and in possession of an order from the Duke of Wellington to search Doctor Pounder's Private Insan Asylum; to release every sane person found there; to arrest Pounder and his assistants, and place the house under the surveillance of the police until a thorough investigation of all

the cases in the establishment had been made. By accident or design, in telling off the men to accompany Colonel Lindsay, the Sergeant had sent several of the band, and when the heavy wooden gate was opened, Colonel Lind-say marched in at the head of his men, the

band playing "The Gentle Johnstones."

Adam was fed once a day in the cold, damp cell, on the floor of which he lay. His food consisted of the thin porridge of which he had seen the others partake on the night he first came to the Asylum.

The bull-neck, or rather No. 2 (as he was designated by Pounder and the inmates of the place) who brought the line to Catchem's office, was the one appointed to give Adam his daily dole of food, no other care being deemed necessary. The man was more humane than either his master or his fellow-keeper, and several times urged Adam to comply with the desire of the men who sent him there, impressing upon him what the keeper knew to be truth, that he would most surely never leave the cell alive unless by disclosing all he knew about the two young ladies, Adam having told No. 2 why he was brought there.

The man's well-meant advice was thrown away. Adam feared not death; indeed, in his simplicity he rather coveted it. He had an idea that at the Coroner's inquest, which soon after his arrival in London Mr. George told him was held on the body of every one who died in England before it could be lawfully interred, all and before it come be lawfully interred, and the circumstances connected with his incarcera-tion would be disclosed and published in the newspapers; and thus Lady Hamilton would hear of the twins being in London, and with

her influence she would easily find them out. He did not think it possible a man of Sir Richard's rank could be punished for what he had done to a poor shepherd like himself, but he felt sure the Baronet would at once return to Scotland to avoid the shame of encountering the contempt or coldness of his friends on

their becoming acquainted with his conduct. no halting. He was perfectly willing to leave all in the hands of him who made him, and in this he rested, saving in reverence of soul.

The old man grew weaker day by day, but it grieved him not; he could still raise his voice, and in the grand words of the Psalmist praise the God whom he had served all his life long; and at times he would shake the depths of his dark prison cell with his hymns of lofty

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who Heaven and Earth hath made.
My foot Ho'll not let slide, nor will
I slumber, that me keens.
Behold! He that keeps Frael,
He slumbers not nor sleeps."

He would shout forth with all his remaining strength till, worn out with the effort, his h avy cyclids would close, and sleep, blessed sleep, came with all its forgetfulness of presen woe, its sweet fond memories of the past.

How many times did Adam repeat the pre-cious promise, "So giveth He His beloved sleep," and falling into the sweet rest so pro-mised, was in a moment far away from Pounder's and his prison cell, wandering up the hillside where his home lay.

Day and night were nearly alike in Adam's cell; he could not tell how long he had been there, but he knew that his life was obbing away, away.
On the morning on which Pounder sent for

Catchem, he was so weak as to be wholly unable to swallow the portion of porridge allotted

to him. Number two loosened the straps a little, cautioning Adam, if Pounder came down with the man he was going for, to lie perfectly still, so as not to expose what he had done.

The old man raised his eyes to thank him; his tongue had lost its cunning—it clove to the roof of his month.

The man went his way, feeling a sorrow for the meck, uncomplaining captive almost foreign to his nature. He knew the old man was sane; Ifud it been otherwise he never would have given his suffering a thought.

Pounder and all his people had somehow got an idea that mad persons are insensible to sufit to Harcourt,"

fering. It was a convenient doctrine where the use of the lash was resorted to so unscrupulously.

As the man left him, Adam tried to raise his voice once more in praise ere he left this carth, but his lips and tongue were powerless; his spirit was strong as in the days of his youth, when in the blessed calm of the Sabbath morn he climbed the hill-side where his widowed mother dwelt, leaving Haddon Castle ere the sun had risen above the horizon that he might spend the whole of "his Sabbath out" with his mother and the little ones; and climbing the hill, he sang the songs of David, his voice so strong that his mother heard the notes of the psalm long ere he came in sight, and would call to the other children.

" Hark to Adam's psalm; rise, my bairns, or he will bethere before you have left your beds." The voice was gone now, powerless to utter the lowest whisper; the once active limbs, strapped down to the cold floor, were numbed and stiffening in death, but his soul still sought and found communion with his God; steep, which was now his greatest earthly blessing,

came softly down from the Giver of all good.

Adam was once more climbing the hill-side where his mother and the children dwelt. Even in his sleep he knew that the power to utter his thanks were gone, but his cars were opened, and he heard the trees of the forest clap their hands and the everlasting hills re-joice before their Maker, and as the sun rose in the east with his golden light, the slight harehell raised her graceful stem, and he heard her beautiful blue-bells ring out with silvery sound, "Praise ye the Lord," The lowly modest daisy, down among her broad green leaves, nestling in the mossy grass lifted in her weat few and sevent few and several sev mossy grass, lifted up her sweet face, and opener snowy rose-tipped petals, bared her golden bosom to the sun, as she answered the harebell, "Praise Him whose works are full of

He gained his mother's cottage. It was not the Sabbath morning, for she was baking, and a great heap of bannocks were on the table by her side. She came out to meet him. Going outside the door, they sat beneath the fir trees

looking down on the sea. A strain of music played by Colonel Lindsay's men came through the half-inch slit in wall of his cell, which served to let in all the light and air that came; it mingled with Adam's dream—his mother sang as the music played :

"The bravest men in Nithsdale Hall. And a gentle Johnstone, the best of all."

A loud tramp, tramp, above his head and on the stairs leading to his cell awoke the old man to complete consciousness. The door was burst open, and Number Two, holding the lantern he always brought with him, entered the cell, followed by Colonel Lindsay,

"Adam, my poor fellow, this is too bad." Number Two busied himself in unbuckling the straps. Colonel Lindsay took a more sum-

mary method by cutting them in pieces.

The Guardsmen lifted Adam up to the door. The fresh air fanned his cheek, a little wine was poured into his mouth; Colonel Lindsay stood by the som they had brought from Poun-

der's reom to lay Adam upon, bidding the sol-diers to secure Pounder,

Pounder had fled, leaving his desk open, money and hooks gone with him, to whom the former was the wages of iniquity, the last the evidence of his crimes.

Bull-neck Number One fled with his master. Number Two remained, probably thinking if he did the behest of the new comers who had so suddenly overturned Pounder's power, putting an end to his reign for ever, his fate might be better than to be hunted in all directions, caught by the police and at last im-

Bull-neck Number Two was in the right The air and fresh water, with which his face was bathed, revived Adam so much that Colonel Lindsay desired two of the Guards to lift him to the carriage. He heard what was said, and putting up his feeble hand as if he would decrecate his removal, looked beseechingly in Bullneck's face; he would fain say something, but could not; he essayed to speak, once, twice,—at last his voice came weak, but easily understood:

· Harcourt?" said the old man, looking in Bull-neck's face; the keeper shook his head, "I think he's dead,"

"Who is that?" inquired Colonel Lindsay "Another man who is not mad," replied Number Two "Go and see about him," said Colonel Lind-

say, speaking to the Sergeant, "and if he really is dead, let them show you his body." The Sergeant and one of the men went with the keeper. He brought them to a room in

which were at least ten or twelve beds; the air of the place foul and fetid. On one of the beds, a long way from the door, they found the object of their search, who seemed asleep, an open book in his hand. The Sergeant touched him; he was cold as stone—

"I thought so," said Number Two; "I speke too him this morning; he was too weak to eat

" How long has he lain here?" "Only two days, but I knew from the first he was going to die. Pounder would not be-lieve me, for he often took low fits, and sometimes would lie in bed for weeks crying like a child; but he did not cry this time, but used to read that book all the time, and he told me this morning he was sure he was going to heaven, so I wished him a jolly time and left him."

"How long has he been here?"

"Ten years." "Have merey on us! Ten years herding with madmen and he same himself."

The other soldier came close to the bed and

looked on the dead man's face. What did you say was his name?" inquired he of Number Two.

" Harcourt?" "I think it's not; if ever I seed John Duval in this world, that's him." The Sergeant took the book from the dead man's hand, It was a well worn small libbe; the dead finger of the hand which held it pointed to the words.

"In my l'ather's house there are many man-sions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

The Sergeant turned to the first page, and

there, written in a round school-boy hand, was the name "Adam Johnstone,"

"The book's belonging to the coon outside," said Number Two; "I seed him a reading of





THE HEARTHSTONE.

The Sergeant closed it, handing it to the other soldier, saying:
"Take cure of it for the old man," turning,
as he spoke, to leave the room.

The soldier took the Bible, and, as he did so, saw scribbled with a pin on the leather cover, "John Duval."

"Look here," said he to the Sergeant, "there's John Daval's name clear enough. I knew him down in Kent when I was a boy. His wife and two children died in one week, and his cousin came to see him and wanted him to sell his place and come away to Lancaster with him, but John wouldn't hear of such a thing, and one day his cousin said he had been missing since the night before, and he waited for some weeks and then sent for his wife, and they're all there now in John Daval's place, he's dead in a madhouse,"

When the soldiers returned with the Bible they found Adam much revived, and told the story of the dead man Adam had known as

On the departure of Adam several of the soldiers were left in charge of the house and its inmates, Colonel Lindsay giving orders to have the body of the dead man haid decently out, and also that a deposition might be taken of what the soldier knew concerning him, that the case might be investigated by the proper

This was subsequently done, and John Dava's cousin was seized, his ill-gotten land wrested from his hands, and he himself condemned to the galleys for life.
Upon Adam's arrival in St. James' Square he

was laid in a comfortable bed in a quiet chamber, and attended by Lord Cranstoun's physician, who said that care would soon restore the old man.

Agnes preferred that her marriage jaunt should be put off until Adam's recovery. This was at once agreed to by her husband, and as Lord Cranstonn was the owner of a handsomely furnished villa house at Bayswater, the young couple took up their residence there for

It was there that Mrs. Lindsay received her visits of congratulation, from thence she went to the various parties given on her account, and there that she held her first evening receptions. Long years after she looked back to the happy time at Bayswater as the happiest

days of her existence.

Margaret, too, had her reminiscences of that beautiful villa home, its broad walks, its sunshine and its flowers, amid which she walked with handsome Ernest De Vere, listening to his sweet-toned voice as the beautiful boy, scarce four summers older than herself, told her stories of his College lore, speaking of the loves of the Greek and Roman maidens, because he wished to lead her to a theme which joined to her fair face, dwelt ever in his thoughts

Ernest De Vere was a relative of Lord Cranstoun's on his father's side of the house. He was an orphan boy and a ward of his young relation, with whom all his vacations were He was an especial favorite with Lady Morton, and her love was returned with interest by the motherless boy.

She had great influence over him. It was well for him that she had. Her counsel kept him from the muddy waters in which so many young men of fair promise, the loved of all, soil their white garments with stains which

nothing on earth can ever erase.

He had passed at Woolwich (he was to be a soldier, as his father and his father's fathers had been), and was now waiting a cadetship, of which he had the promise, in the Indian

Ludy Morton was the confident of his love for Margaret, and as the lady was not a penni-

less one, gave him her ready sympathy.

The girls had each a small fortune, inherited from their mother, which had been placed in the hands of Mr. Waddel, and as the money had been allowed to lie at interest, Sir Robert never having drawn on principal nor interest. it had accommissed until a few months after Agnes's narriage, when Mr. Waddel heard of it by accident, he wrote to Colonel Lindsay, telling him that his wife and sister-in-law

were each possessed of ten thousand pounds. Sir Richard lad been in hopes of adding this to his own store in the event of the girls dying unmarried, and had it been so he would have

unmarried, and had it been so he would have succeeded.

Adam was now well and strong, and as he refused to go back to his own Scottish home, Colonel Lindsay proposed that he should accompany them to the Continent, where it was decided they, including Margaret, should spend the next six months the sacret of which the bachelor, but then he has the pleasure of which the bachelor, knows and the next six months. the next six months.

Lady Morton had been in poor health for some time, and was to form one of the party, accompanied by young De Vore, who waited with them the arrival of his cadetship.

(To be continued.)

PLANNING HOLIDAYS,

Three-fourths of the pleasure of a holiday lie in the planning of it. There are hosts of people who could never got through life at all if it were not for perpetually dreaming of the little breaks of sunshine which enlives it. The tutor clears his way through a quagmire of examination papers by anticipations of the "Long." The serjeant glances at the last volume of the Alpine Club, and plunges with a smile of comfort into his pile of briefs. A whilf of sea air seems to cool the hot brow of the City merchant as a thought of the coming outing floats in upon the worry of the dog-days. The drearlest routine in fact is lightened by the conscionsness that a good time coming lies at the end of it. There is nobody who has not some cherished romance which gives a tings of fancy to his life; the soberest Evangelical dreams of a restoration of the Jows, and even Sir Cornowall Lowiss—If tame may be trusted used to play at governing an ideal kingdom, where everybody knew Greek and lived up to the standard of the highest political economy. What his kingdom was to the hard-headed statesman the holiday is to the hard-headed man of business. When it comes, it comes no doubt in a definite way, and becomes practically as much a matter of routine as his briefs or his dny-books. But before it comes it constitutes the romance of his tife. So long as he can plan his holiday there is "a sense of something interfused" through all the weariness and interused through in the weariness and drudgery of overyday existence. The bigness and vastness of the world throws its glamour over Mincing Lane. We can go, as long as we are only planning our voyages, just where we like. We road the story of the cruption in the are only planning our voyages, just where we advisableness of "for once" trying a second-like. We read the story of the cruption in the class compartment. The household grimly Times, and are off in inney to Vosuvius. A present of grouse transports us to the Highlands. We put down "the Larr and the Doctor," and

flit away with a perfect indifference about time or money to the coral-reefs of Polynesia. And then there is the delicious freedom to change and vary our holidays as we please. Every one knows the terrible sense of compulsion which haunts the actual holiday, the regret which wakes up the moment we are fairly embarked on it, the knowledge which bursts on us of far prettier excursions the moment it is too late to undertake them. But so long as the holiday is undertake them. But so long as the holiday is a dream we may change it as often as we please. We are troubled with no sense of re-sponsibility, with no difficulties about Johnny's school bills and the balance at the banker's; we have to submit to no humiliating compromises with the leagued forces of the family. The world is all before us where to choose. A moment will come perhaps when the doctor will put a stern finger down on the health-station he has chosen for our prison-house, or when the wife will demur to our favourite haunts as "too dull for the girls." But so long as wife and doctor let us alone we have it all our own way, and it is the sense of having it all our own way which gives such a special pleasure to "planning holidays." No doubt there are a good many people to whom the notion of planning holidays will

seem the very reverse of pleasant—people who pique themselves on having no plans at all, and who linger to the last moment in a futter of change. Practically such people go just where change. Practically such people go just where other people go, and do exactly what other people do, but they hug themselves on the fact that they might go elsewhere and do quite differently if they pleased. And so in all anticipations of holidays they revel in the vague. The least attempt to fix them to a meeting at any definite spot, or to being anywhere at any definite time, is resented as practical and unpoette. They tell you trankly that they hate "being tied down." One day they are wild about the delights of the Pyramids, and the next day they are button-holing Don Sombrero, and are curious about the climato of Andatusia. With perfect consistency they decline a through tieket at starting, and console themselves in the hour of sea-sickness console themselves in the hour of sea-sickness by resolving to throw over Belgium and take a peop in the Pyrenees. But all this means, not that they are really averse to planning holidays, but that they like to retain as long as they can the liberty of changing their plans. It makes in fact little difference as to the pleasure of holiday-planning whether our plans are definite or indefinite. To the Alpiue climber the charm of his anticipations lies in the difficulty and delicacy of the combinations they require. To catch the right guides, to hit the right side of the inaccessible, to selze the right minute for the attempt, are all so many delicate problems which, if he never manages to solve them in reality, give him an exquisite console themselves in the hour of sea-sicknes solve them in reality, give him an exquisite pleasure by their easy solution in his dreams. There is almost a thrill of excitement in con-triving how the last week of Sessions may leave us an hour to eatch the steumer for Reykyavik, or speculating how to visit the Geysers and still be back at the opening of Term. There is enjoyment even in the claborate preparations of the systematic tourist in his choice of the proper places to visit and the proper people to see, in his claborate inquiries and careful docketing of information, in the number of his jottings from guide-books, and the "hints of investigation" which vary his notes. It is a pleasure which culminates in our plans for the Nile. There is the right moment to return. There is the wind that blows up stream to a cortain day, and the wind that blows down stream with equal pertinacity. There is the name of the one honest dragoman to be got from our friend, a name which ou friend is willing enough to give, but reluctant to spell. There is the right donkey-boy and the wrong donkey-boy, the slightest confusion between whom will make Cairoa paradise or a purgatory. We have to learn the dodges of the Itels and the ways of the crew, to be coached as to the extortions of the Shelk of the Cataracts, and the proper backsheesh for Beni-Hassan. Nile-planning is one of the most absorbing sports in the world, whother in the end one goes up the Nile or not. The mere reading for it is a world in itself. Our table is littered with Lepsius and Wilkinson. We know the latest researches of M. Mariette. We are able to air a pretty knowledge of hieroglyphies at the last garden-party of the season. We have our theory of the dynastics, and talk in a patronizing way of pylons and obelisks. Sport, too, throws its enchantment over our dreams. We eye our Manton, and pity the poor creatures who will be lingering about the corners of pheasant covers when we are potting ibises and crocodiles. We inquire at the 200 Into the habits of hip-popotami, and study the vulnerable parts between the bars. It matters very little

nothing. It is something to see the altered tone of the wife of one's boson as the holidays draw near. The accrbity, the occasional tone of distation, pass into a gentle deference and a playful lumor. The old contests are unived, and the bugles sound trace even over the grievance of limited allowances or grudged bonnet bills. Peace spreads her wing over a household whose caim is only broken by faint and delicate suggestions of the pleasure of a "holiday together" on the moors, or by faincy pictures of a family circle at Scarborough. A dexterous diplomatis threatening storms by easted hints as to the delights of Baden-Baden, or may lure a wretched partner on from stage to stage of submission to his masculine caprice by delusive visions of a winter at Rome. On the other hand, it is only a husband wao has to face the difficulty of actually planting the family holiday. No doubt an ingenious person can get a fund of amusement out of the varying wishes of the members of his household, can pit mamma's longing for Harro-gate against his daughter's antipathy to "invalid places," and finally step in at a moment of general exhaustion and carry off single-handed the honors of the day. But, as a rule, he is regarded as the common enemy and oppressor of all It is his business to be economical, and on the question of economy the British mother and the British daughter are at one. of pleasant partners, or the other to the dis-comforts of a cheap lodging-house. Sly refernees to the cost of club life deepen into a storm of Indignation over the general solfishness of men, as Patermaillas discloses his little plan for an antumn settlement at Mudbank-on-theof anticipated rheumatism, of unentable dinners and abusive landladies, of months of dulness and boredom only varied by donkeys and shrimps. The obstitutey of the banker who refuses to allow any over-drawing is regarded as a mere ruse on the part of a despote and hard-hearted parent. Sheers accompany his culcu-lations of the railway fares, and his bints on the

But we are not quite sure that even the economical holiday is not better in prospect than the sorry expedient of a round of country visits. There is little pleasure to be got out of a series of perpetual joggings from one house to another, where the only planning can consist in ingenius devices for our believe and a visit of the property of the pro nious devices for curtailing one's stay at places that bore one, and avoiding by a dexterous arrangement of dates any possible collision with people whom one lates. The most ecstatic funcy can conjure no sort of excitement out of the prospect in meeting over the table at the manor the faces one is recognizing in Pall Mall, or of louiging down a country lane with the girl who is nodding to one in the Park. That holiday planning of this sort goes on is certain enough, but it is holiday planning of a very low and joyless sort. But even this has a lower and joyless sort. But even this has a lower deep. Holiday plauning degenerates into a flendish indiction when it dies into a fouring for invitations, into bothering fauly lareacres for a week at Stonecrop Hall, or jogging the memory of the single peer who in a huckless moment once muttered vaguely how glad he should some day be to see his old school friend at his country boses. But it is out to see with at his country house. But it is odd to see with what zest and pertincelly the process is carried on. Former repulses are forgotten, the humili-ations of the last vacation are remembered no more. However certain he may be of being more. However certain he may be or neing invited with the ruck, and cooped up in the dullest of prison-houses with a brace of old downgers and the country doctor, a "constant visitor" revets in a thousand golden speculations of pleasure, and of the wit and fashion amongst which he is about to figure. He invents repar-tees which are never called for, and treasures up little anecdotes which are destined to die before birth. He dreams of a round of social successes, of a rivalry for the pleasure of his company, of pressure to "stop longer" and not run away so soon. Perhaps, as we said before, the pleasure is in the dreams themselves. For one month he is a dull, disappointed unit among the people "one must invite." But for six months he has been the layoured guest of the noble and the great. It is something to dream, as the song says, that we live in marble balls. Even if a dry reply to the insimuating little note amounces that the "box" is full, it is something to have enjoyed the moors in prospect. A week of anti-cloated salmon-fishing or a hoped-for battue is perhaps more really enjoyable than six days of wadding through Scotch streams with the aid of bare-legged gillies or watching for hours at the corner of a shabby cover. But it must be owned that pleasures of this sort require a robust inne-gination if they are to be dreamed year after year, and that there are few forms of holiday planning so trying to temper and good taste .-

THE SONG IN CAMP.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

" (live us a song," the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camp allied.
Grow weary of bombarding.

The dark Rodan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under, And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer beliched its thunder.

"Give us a song," the guardsmen say,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may—another day
Will bring enough of corrow."

They lay along the battery's side; Below the snoking cannon; Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sung of love and not of fame, Forgot was Britain's glory. Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang Annio Laurie.

Dear girl, her name he could not speak, But as the song grew louder Something upon the soldier's check Washed off the stains of powder.

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion
ase like an anthom rich and strong—
Their buttle eve confession.

Beyond, the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers; And the Crimean valleys learned flow English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell Rained on the Russian quarters. With scream of shot and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norsh's eyes grow dim For a singer dumb and gory, And English Mary mourned for him Who sang of Annie Laurie. Ah, soldier, to your honored rest, Your lave and glory bearing; The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A CITIZEN of Hartford, Connecticut, is the proud possessor of an umbrella which has been in the family for seventy years. The top is of silk, which the owner takes pleasure in assuring his friends originally formed a portion of the dross of one of his founds anosetors, who came over in the Mayflower.

Ink For the Public Skavick.—In reply to a question in Parliament. Mr. Stawick.—In reply to a question in Parliament. Mr. Stawick a parted that the quantity of ink annually purchased for the public service was 73:016 gallons of liquid, and 192.382 gallons of pawder ink. The cost was L3.212 fc. icf., of which amount upwards of L1.300 was purchased for and paul by India. The whole amount was supplied under a private contract.

The valuation of New York, recently published, exhibits a total of real and personal estate amounting to \$1.076.000.000; that of Boston, \$685.000.000; This is a difference of \$490.000.000 in layor of New York. New York has seventy banks, with \$80.000.000; Boston fifty, with \$50.000.000. New York in hirty-two savings banks; Boston sixteen. Their combined deposits are \$150,000,000.

The oldest ship affort in the British mercantile navy is a collier brig, belonging to South Shields, named the "Brotherly Love," and it is claimed that this is the identical vessel upon which the circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, served out his time as an apprentice. Captain Cook shipped on board the "Brotherly Love" about the year 1748, so that the venerable brig must be about one hundred and twenty-live years old.

A FORT WAYNE man has a socket knife which belong to Wilkie Collins, the English novelist, and has a history. Collins bought it, and had his name engraved on it. He lost it at Tours, France. The finder committed a murder with it. Collins chanced to be in attendance at the trial, and recovered his knife. He lost it again at Buth, England, and the finder committed suicide with it. Collins again recovered the knife, but lost it, the third time. This time it was found in Fort Wayne. The gentleman who picked it up is a great admirer of the novelist, and wrote to him, receiving in reply a letter detailing the above facts.

On the northern shores of California the sea beach has extensive ranges of golden sands which have been worked for years, and yet annually preduce considerable amounts of gold, remarkable for purity. The sand is black, and confains titaniferous iron and visible particles of gold. Those who have worked these beaches have found that the sands grew richer the further the breakers were penetrated, and life boats that sounded in six to ten fathoms beyond found the sandy bottom still richer in gold of remarkable brightness. This has but to the conclusion that there are submarine bods of golden sands much richer than those that have been exposed; and the Alta California says that the Pacific Submarine Exploring Company of this city is about to employ the same kind of diving bell which has been so successfully used at Hell Gate for the collection of the deposits which are supposed to lie off the cosst beneath the waters of the Pacific.

WPT AND HUMOUR.

MEN OF COLOR-Painters.

EYE SERVANTS: Speciacles, VERY pleasant on a hot day, or any other day o'ver nice treat,

Thu ties that connect business men with the public--advertise.

The Menther have the most Ues and Downs in Life-Hod-earthers.

Waar is that which is black, white, and read all over ?- A newspaper. Or all the birds that please as with their best, the nost popular is the hen.

While some selfish men think of marriage, they seem to see the Union before them.

Wity is a pair of skates like an apple?—Recause they both have occasioned the fall of man. Way is Blondin so popular with the public ?-- Be-cause his performances are always in cord.

It a lady refuses her lover (Edward), why is her uswer like Burton ale ?--Because it's No. Ted. The Cleveland Leader mentions an organ grinder of that city as "an old veteran suicide inducer."

What is the difference between an unmarried and a married lady?—One is-a-miss and the other a

Artisfic..." I am only drawing from an old master" as a promising youth said when taken in the act of stealing from the till of a former employer! TOMKINS, who is terribly henpecked, says the reatest mice-take he ever made in his life was on his weldling-day. His wife denies it, and says it was the who was miss-led.

GENERAL Decreate has been indulging at Versailles in a glowing panegyric on the heroism of the French truny in the recent war and insurrection. All things considered, we feel inclined to say to Ducrot-Don't

A Paterson boy put a lighted match into a nearly empty powder kog, to see what would happen. He won't do so again, as his curiosity is satisfied, but the girl who sits next him in school thinks he looked better with his nose on.

better with his nose on.

HERE is a cheerful announcement from the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel:—

"A coffin room has been established on Wayne street, in the rear of the Sentinel building. Any one feeling like attacking the editor will save his relatives trouble by coming around that way and selecting his box."

"Wheels."

ing his box."

"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?"
asked a medical professor of his class. "Because, replied one of the students," inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and the blood suffuses and congerts the brain." "Finder!" and another: "it's simply because the rope isn't long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

A Mystray Even (1998) 40 thanks in Paris.

feet touch the ground."

A MYSTERY EXPLAISMS.—"How is it," said one swell, who never could please she ladies, to mother who was immensely popular—"how is it that all the women want to waltz with you, and say that no one can equal you in that respect? How do you manage it?" To which his friend replied, "Why, my dear fellow, I just hold them and let them kick!"

THE editor of a Wisconsin paper is under arrest for non-payment of \$200 in a libel suit. The sheriff allows him bounds of one mile from the iail, so that he only goes to the juit to get his ments, and that the exponse of the plaintiff. Another paper romarks: "Jo rather seems to like his situation, and gives the sheriff a puff for the quality of the fare at his table."

The harshest thing that has been said of Mr. Greeley is the remark of a Welch paper in Scrauton. Pa., which netually asserts that "Bip ginly II Greeley infilm draph tampp appant sering gp Prilarly of gasha drullant begaly in writt wemnts dr gumealt." We cannot endorse the above, and await with imparience a formal denial from the injured candidate of the fearful crime contained in the above paragraph.

Accomplished Lineurists.—Once on a time a Dutch-man and a Fronchman were travelling in Pennsylva-nia, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blackanith's shop, and no one being in, they pro-ceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rap-ped, and called out. "Is de smitty wittin ?"— "Shund back," says Hans; "let me shpeak. Isl der blacksmit's shop on der house ""

An exchange says: "Cleveland has invented a patent bug buster, worked with an air pump. All the apertures in a room are stopped but one, at which the deadly bug buster is placed. By exhausting the receiver a current of air is produced strong enough to draw all the vernin out of the room, through the air pump into the hopper, where they are put under the influence of chloroform, and stabbed in the back with a pitchfork."

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

179. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A city of Asia; Oil produced from a flower old; part of a house; an open space of ground. 2. Find: a well known writer; a rest; skilful a Greek letter.

3. A small vessel; each; enter upon; hermit eur tailed; a snarler. M. J. COSTELLO.

180. ENIGMA.

By me the earth men swiftly cross, or plough the angry wave:
I'm always tired, and ne'er complain, yet they say I'm partly knave.
I have no feet, I have no legs; and isn't it very add.
That, though I never wore a shoe, you'll always find me shod?
I'm sometimes large, and sometimes small, heavy, or very slight.

very slight.

And though I'm sure I have no teeth, I'm often said

to bite.

I'm bluck, I'm bluc, I'm red, I'm green—you'lt sometimes find mu yellow:

On me, dear friend, pray don't be hard, for oft I'm tired as any fellow.

Greeks. Grotst.

181. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am a word of ten letters; my 7, 9, 4, 3, 5, 10, i part of a valuable metal: my 1, 2, 3, a drinking vessel: my 7, 9, 10, the fruit of a tree: my 10, 9, 7, 5, part of music; my, 8, 7, 10, an industrious insect my 6, 3, 9, a kind of covering; and my whole the name of a llindoo idol.

182. REBUS.

A Communist: a town in Canada: what Yankees indulge in: a Communder of a Lendon Voluntee; Corps: a judge informal: a town in Staffordshire foasts in honor of Bacchus; a token of strength: the first name in our answer; what prompted the scale of the Rebus; the last mane in our answer. The first letters give the names of a celebrated poet, and the finals the name of one of his poems.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in No. 27. 172.-pounte agrostic.-Cloth, Leeds, thus: Coral, ObligE, LimE, TweeD, Happiness.

rd. Obligis. Lines: Tweeds, Happiness:
17::—Charade.—Mount.—chank.
17:1—Locoghens.—I. Whale, hale, alc. 2. Lady,
17:5.—Triple: Acrostic.—Aquatic. Hogatta, Seaside, thus: Abet Rates, Quartellson E. Upper-GenevA, AccusAtions, TuTti, IllusTrateB, CrAnE.

Origin of Shylock,—A correspondent of the Acadesh Chronicle calls attention to the fact that the original of Shakespear's Shylock was a Christian and not a jew. He quotes from the eleventh book of Gregori Lot's "Biography of Sixus V." in proof of this. A Roman Merchant named Sechi, heard that Admiral Francis Illake had computered St. Domirac, and communicated the news to a jewish merchant named Cemein. The latter was so confident in the falseness of the news that, after repeated protestations, he said, "I bet a pound of my flesh that the report is untrac," "And I lay a floorand sending an anti-tions, he said, "I bet a pound of my flesh that the report is untrac," "And I lay a floorand sending an about to be drawn to the effect that mease the report should prove matrix, that the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is bound to pay the dewish merchant the sum of Lowescudi, and on the other hand, if the truth of the news be confirmed, the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is justified and empowered to cut with his own hand, with a "All Jarpened knith, a pound of the Jew's fair flesh, of that part of the body it might please him. When the news proved true, the Christian insisted on his bond, but the governor, having got wind of the glair, remerced it to the Pope, who condemned boid dew and Christian to the galleys, from which they esaid only be ransouned by paying a fine of 2,000 sendi to the hospital of the Sixtine bridge.

General Tore Them has grown rich as well as completed a three years' voyage round the world, and few have gone over the ground with so much peed a three years' voyage round the world, and few have gone over the ground with so much peed in all three persons. They went overland to Caifornia, three to Japan, China, Australia, the East Indies, teturain, via Suez Canal to Expt. the Continent and Gecat Britain. They have travelled 55,000 under (Chen by sea), given 1.41 contertainments in 78 different cities and town, in all climates of the world, without being a single day or missing a single performence through illness or accident. The stitudies completed a fine residence at Middleborough, Mars, the birth-place of his wife. The shiftle people 'they been received with the most distinguished consideration' by patentates, uncastes, and the highest damitaries of all the countries they have visited.

Wiren lads of your acquaintance are the most reduced; the least heavy; the most misseal? The fall boy; the light broy, and the hantboy.

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THE HEARTHSTONE.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

IT matters not how the head lies if the heart is right. A HUNDRED years of wrong do not make an hour of right.

It is by giving fair names to foul actions, that those who would start at real vice are led to practice its lessons, under the disguise of virtue.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

DIVIDE two hearts as you will, still there is a magnetic intelligence through life which, if they were ever truly attached, vibrates to the heart and brain of each.

Women are formed for attachment. Their grati-tude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained and knows how to deserve it.

A door inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue: but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will, by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it.

Is vain do they talk of happiness who never sub-dued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a per-sonal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colours.

Snow us the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in some, and we will show you one, in almost every instance, where peace, harmony, and love prevail, and where the great vices have no abiding-place.

Ir you say to yourself, "To-day I mean to be happy," it is a rash promise, a hasty project. But if you say, "To-day I mean to give some one pleasure," it is an amiable intention, which will rarely deceive your hopes. Some conduct is generous and delicate in the extreme, and cannot fail to bear good fruit.

"Go to bed early" is the advice which the elders give to the younger race, all the more emphatic as they remember their own sins in this kind in the former years, and wonder that they could have taken such needless risks in those night frolies. That is the advice, too, of the medical journals and men. Was there ever a wise physician who would counsel his patients to sit up until midnight as a rule, or even as a frequent exception?

a frequent exception?

Stranger, do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overleading it, possing it by, thrusting into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that at least, no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land sale on the opposite shore.

and we land sate on the opposite shore.

CHILDRY often seem to say very absurd things, for which they are ridiculed or abashed. Nothing, however, can be craceller than the: for the child has merely done what many a philosopher has done before him-jumped to a wrong cenclusion; and if, instead of being ridiculed and made to distrust himself, and avoid venturing his little speculations before us in future, we had been at the trouble of carefully examining his notions, we should have discovered how maturally perhaps the idea had arisen, or how ingeniously, through a lack of knowledge, the little mind had put together incongruous things.

Lace decoming delug stars our deady layed ones.

little mind had put together incongraous things.

Lake drouping, dying stars, our dearly loved once go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our grayers, whose light ever shines before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty, celd, and dark. A mother's steady, soft, and earnest light, that beamed through wants and sorrows: a lather's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from standing in the dark and treacherous ways: a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant, and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving yees, and persuading us to grace and goodness: a bretter's light, for ever sleeping in our zont, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—zone out for everl No! the light has not zone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darknoss, for ever and for ever.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Camonic Acia in Chancoal.—Dr. H. Volit, of Cologne, supposes he has proved that the carbonic acid obtained by heating charcoal is not derived from the charcoal itself, but is carbonic acid oxcluded by that substance, being derived from the atmosphere. He states that charcoal freed from carbonic acid, and made to absorb oxygen, does not show a trace of the former gas, even when heated to 630 deg. Fahr.

Action of Ponors Filters,—In the course of an examination of filters, at the instance of the British Medical Journal, Professor Wanklyn has had proof that filtration through beds of porous material includes very powerful chymical action, albumenoid matter being instantly resolved into ammonia and other products by the action of the filter, which, indeed, behaves in this respect like a boiling solution of permangamate of potach. A good filter is a smitary engine of great power.

WATER OF THE DEEP SEA.—An apparatus for ob-taining water from the depths of the ocean has been invented in Germany. An open vessel of suitable form and size is lowered by means of a rope, and when the desired depth has been reached an elec-trical current is transmitted through a wire that ac-companies the lowering rope, and this current, in-ducing activity in an electro-magnet attached to the apparatus, release powerful springs, which act upon stop-cocks, thus inclosing the water at any degree of depth. Some useful experiments in the determina-tion of the carbonic acid of sea-water have been made through the agency of this apparatus.

made through the agency of this apparatus.

BLOOD AS FOOD.—Attention having been drawn by Professor Panum, of the University of Copenhagen, to the amount of nutritious matter contained in blood, and usually entirely lost. Mr. Nielsen, of that city, has been endeavouring to solve the problem of fixing blood in forms suitable for food, and at the same time capable of preservation viz. (1) as sausages, puddings, cakes (being mixed with fat, meal, sugar, salt, a few spices), to serve as a much cheaper compensation for meat, and intended more especially for the use of the moorer classes; (2) as blood-chocolate, more especially suitable to be used in hospitals, and otherwise in medical practice, in which latter form it has been recommended by Professor Panum, at a meeting of physicians at Copenhagen, and is now being employed at the hospitals of Copenhagen, the attention of physicians being directed to its effects. In these different forms it would be suitable for the victualling of vessels on long voyages, of besieged towns and fortresses, and, especially in the chocolate form, of soldiers on long marches, travellers in uncivilized tracts, &c.

DEATH AFTER TAKING HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.—The British Medical Journal says:—"F. Jolly (Bauer. Arten British Medical Journal says:—"F. Jolly (Bauer. Arten) Intel.—Hart, 1872. Nos. 13 and 14) states that, in the course of two years, during which he has employed hydrate of chloral in the troatnent of the insane, he had met with two cases of sudden death following its use. The dose was in each case below the average, and the chloral was chemically pure. The patients during life presented no contraindientions to the use of the remedy. One had taken the chloral at night for four evenings in succession; on the lifth evening, after taking it, the respiration and circulation at once stopped. The necropsy showed amenia of the brin, acute cedema of the lungs, hypermain of the abdominal organs, a perfectly healthy heart and vessels, and dark fluid blood. In the othercase, chloral had been given twolve days in succession, with the effect of producting sleep after a short stage of excitement. On the thirteenth day the patient died, after some sterforms breathing a quarter of an hour after the dose. There was here found moderate addenn of the lungs; the blood was fluid, but normally distributed it he heart was large and finbly, and its muscular structure was pale, but not friable.

helow. The cold air being always at the bottom, and the warm air ascending, it follows that all the air in the room is being constantly forced through the space between the outer and inner covering of the stove; or, what is the same, is being constantly leaned. Connected with this is another ingenious device. The end is put in from the top, and fills the whole inside of the stove, which is about six feetbigh, more or less. It is then lighted at the top, and kept burning by the draught created by valves inserted both in the side walls and at the bottom of the stove. The more valves that are open the greater the heat, so that the temperature of the room can be regulated to a nicety. At the same time the outer wall, being at a distance from the inner one, never reaches the excessive heat which is so great an objection in ordinary iron stoves. The expense of fuel to produce a sufficient amount of heat is very much less than that for ordinary stoves, and the new invention is rapidly coming into use in Germany.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR DANDESTF. Add one cause of sulphur to one quart of water and shake, repeating at intervals during several hours. Pour off the clear liquid. Saturate the head every morning. In a few weeks every trace of claudraff will disappear, and the hair will become soft and glassy.

STEAMERT STREET.—Make a sirup in the proportion of three panuls of sugar to half a pint of water. Boil and skim until clear. Have ready the strained nice of field Strawberries. It is hest to have let it drip through a bag without pressure, so as to be clear. Allow two and a half pints of strawberry juice to the half pint of strawberry juice to the half pint of water. After you add this, let it boil

STRAWRERRY ACID.—Dissolve ten ounces of tarturic acid in two quarts of sold water. In a large bowl put twelve quarts of strawberries, washed and capput twelve quarts of strawberries, washed and capput welve quarts of strawberries to the particular of this purpose. Pour over them the original to this purpose. Pour over them the original twelve district stand thus undisturbed for forly-eight hours in the first stand thus undisturbed for forly-eight hours in the first stand thus undisturbed for forly-eight hours in the first stand thus under the bag is well in fail stand thus under the bag is well and we prove the seed allow one pound of white sugar (coffee sugar, low car. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well). Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well. Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well. Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well. Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well. Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well. Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well. Allow the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well in the sugar coffee sugar, low query. No. A. will answer as well in the sugar coffee s

TALENT and genius must go hand-in-hand. Birds rise not by means of wing feathers only, but by those with which they guide their flight.

WILD ROSES.

hard for not more than five minutes. Take it from the fire before it loses its fine color, and pour hot into self-scaling class jars—the kind that only nood the top to be screwed on. This simp oreserves even the odor of the fresh strawberry when opened months afterward, and layors ice-cream delightfully. With the addition of a little bit of pokeherry jelly, the delusion is perfect; you fancy that you are enjoying fresh strawberry cream in mid-winter. No swetening is needed for the cream but what is supplied by the strup.

LEMONADE.—Have a regular lemon-squeezer if possible. Strain the juice, and extract a little of the essence from the peel, by rubbing it from the rind with a few lumps of sugar, which unparts richness to the flavor. Allow three lemons to a quart of water and half a pound of sugar, as general principle that such is the diversity in the size and quality of the fruit that no invariable rube can be given. The proportions here sugested will be found ordinarily to make lemonade strong enough to allow of ice being added. If you have plenty of ice, use more, with less water. Always taste and see if the proportions are right before serving. Some persons prefer to cut the lemons in rings, the seeds being carefully extracted. Made in this way, it may be very nice, but must be used forthwith, for it will contract a bitter taste if let to stand.

Sweeping Carries.—If brooms are wet in bolling suds onco a week they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, will last much longer, and always sweep clean "as a new broom." A most admirable way of sweeping a dusty carpet is to have a pail of clean cold water stand by the door, into which the broom can be dipped, taking care to shake all the drops off it, by knocking it hard against the side of the pail. Then sweep a couple of yards or so, wot the broom again, and sweep as before. When carefully done, and the drops are all shook out, it will clean a very dirty carpet nicely, and you will be surprised at the amount of dirt removed. Sometimes you will need to change the water two or three times. In winter, snow can be sprinkled over a carpet and sweep to fine before it has time to dissayer. Some throw down ten-grounds, and sweep them off briskly, Fresh grass is an excellent cleanser of a carpet, after the street in the street of the street in a street. Some throw down ten-grounds and sweep them off briskly, Fresh thickly about and sweep thand. Moistoned Indian meal has proved of good effect.

revening, after taking it, the respiration and circulation at once stopped. The necropey showed amening of the brin, acute codening of the lands, hypereming of the abdominal organs, a perfectly healthy heart and vessels, and dark fluid hood. In the othercase, chloral had been given twolve days in succession, with the effect of producing sleep after a short stage of excitement. On the thirteenth day the patient died, after some steriorums breathing, a quarter of an hour after the dose. There was here found moderate adenm of the lungs: the blood was fluid, but normally distributed; the heart was large and finbly, and its muscular structure was pale, but not friable.

Improved Stove.—When the last German Arctic expedition was about preparing for its voyage to the North Pole. Captain Koldeway asked the aid of sciontific mean in devising a stove that would answer the double purpose of supplying a sufficient amount of heat and of economising the fuel. Various responses were made to this appeal, and smort by an iron stove having a double wall, with a space speak two inches which the air has free access above and one, to which the air has free access above and one, to which the air has free access above and seven for breakfast, when eggs are plenty.

Included the respiration and stored amening the fact of the stored from the collection of the hard whites with this paste. Place of supplying a sufficient amount of heat and of economising the fuel. Various responses were made to this appeal, and smort for a full supply an iron stove having a double wall, with a space special two inches which the air has free access above and one, to which the air has free access above and special two inches which the air has free access above and the first content of the hard stored for the access above and the first content of the

BREECHES OF TRUST.—Pantaloons on oredit. Most old donkeys' heads show the growth of 'exts.

A BLOOD FOOD AND A NUMBERTIVE TONIC.

TONIC.

THE GREAT POPULARITY OF DR. WHEEL-ER'S COMPOUND ELINIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA is owing to its perfect reliability in building up constitutions run down with diseases of the Stomach. Liver and Kidneys which arise from Dyspopsia or Feeble Digestion, and result in poor blood and breaking down of the general health. It effectually relieves pain or a sense of fullnoss in the Stomach after eating, licart-burn, Platadonee. Constipation from torpid liver, Billous Headachee, Irritation of the Kidneys and Bladder from the red deposit in the Urine, irritabilities and restlessness followed by nervous prestration and general debility which inevitably arise from the one common cause—Dyspopsin or Feeble Digestion. All those delicate constitutions that lack energy and vindity, and are unable to arouse themselves to any exertion or undergonary futique, will be astonished at the rapidity with which the whole system is raised out of this prostrate condition and energized and vindized under the use of this preparation. It is harmless, delicious, does not lose its effect, and is not followed by a relapse. Sold at\$1.00.



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materially checked.

THE HAY CROP.—It appears to be generally conceded that the hay crop of 1872 will be seant in the Eastern and Middle States. In some districts there will not be half a crop, even on good land, while the thin soil of other districts will hardly grow enough grass to pay for the gathering. This failure is chargeable, as are so many other ills to which the agriculturist is this year heir, to the unprecedented drought which began last summer, and continued until the present season was protty well advanced. The price of hay must be very high this fall, and farmers will de well to provide, before it is too late, for the wants of their cattle. Many cattle were sold at a great ancrince last winter because they could not be fed, and the coming winter threatens to make such sales still more imperative. There is still time to prepare the ground for root crops, and get a good yield of beets, ruta-bugas or turnips. Corn-fodder has been planted already in considerable quantities. It will all be needed, and should be planted up to the latest reasonable moment.

MOKING POTATORS.—The Ohio Fremer says: One of the secrets of success in points growing is in giving them a hoeing at the proper stage of growth: one hilling is sufficient and this should be given when the vines are aboutsk; inches high. Previous to this use the cultivator freely—keen the carth losse on the surface and free from weeds. When at the stage of growth mentioned, give a good hilling, making the mound broad and flat on togand a little cupping; after this do no more than to cutout weeds. The hoeing is best done soon after a rain. Some advocate flat culture and others two hillings, but we have never succeeded with either of those plans nor do the most successful polate growers advocate them. Two hillings but make two settings, and result in a large number of small potatoes at harvest time. Flat culture may do on a deep loanny soil where the roots can ramify and form tubers readily, but a clay soil hilling in the old-rashioned way, is the one most ertain to make good returns.

when to Cur Wheat.—The Germantown Telegraph gives the following directions: There has been some aiversity of epinion as to the best dime to cut whent, judging from the common practice of farmers. It is generally cut when dead ripe, or at least when the grain has become hard. This is no doubt an error, and one of more importance than many suppose. It should be remombered that whent is composed of gluten, stareh and brun, that is the nourishing quality of the grain, makes the flour stick together in the hands of the baker, and gives weight to the grain—and there is the greatest quantity of gluten in the grain just when the straw is yellow two or three joints from the ground, the head turns downward, and you can mash a grain between your thumb and linger without preducing any milk. It may therefore he set down as an indisputable truth that every day the wheat stands after this stage of its ripeness, the gluten decreases in quantity and the bran increases in thickness.

On the first consignment of seidleitz powders to the capital of
Delhi, the then reigning monarch
became deaply interested in the
contents of one of the refreshing
boxes. They were brought to the
king in full court, and the interpretor explained to his unjesty how
they should be used. Into a go-bet
he put the twelve blue papers, and
having added water the king drank
it off. This was the alkali, and the
royal countenance expressed no
signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in
the combination of the two powders lay the luxury,
and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved,
and as ourcely swallowed by his majesty. With a
shriek that will ever be remembered by those who
were then present the monarch rose, staggored, and,
in his full agony, soreamed, "Itold me down!" then,
rushing from the throne, tell prostrate on the floor.
There he lay during the long-continued offervescance
of the compound, believing himself in the throes of
death.

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In Coughs, Colds. Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution.

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Montreal.

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GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market quiet. Wheat was quoted je to le higher in the West this forencen. Liverpool prices are unchanged, with the exception of Corn, which is quoted did dearer as per following telegram.

Jowing telegram.

July 13th.

1.30 p. m.

8. d. 8 d.

27. 6 0.00

11. 3 & 11.

3 & 12.

26. 12.

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Flour...
Red Wheat...
Red Winter...
White...
Corn...
Barley...
Oats...
Pens...
Pork...
Lard...

1,490 barrols; by Luchino Canal, none.

FLOUR.—Per barrel of 196 lbs.—Superior Extranominal. Extra, \$5.75 to \$5.90; Fancy, \$6.00 to \$6.70;
Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary
Supers, (Canada Wheat), \$5.85 to \$5.00; Strong
Bakers' \$6.50 to \$7.00; Supers from Western
Wheat (Welland Canal) \$6.00 to \$6.00; Supers City
brands (from Western Wheat) nominal. Canada
Supers No. 2. \$5.55 to \$5.85. Western Supers, No. 2;
\$0.90 to \$0.00. Fine, \$4.85 to \$5.00; Middings, \$4.20;
to \$4.39; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$4.75; Upper Canada
Bug Flour. \$9.100 lbs. \$2.80 to \$3.00; City bags,
(delivered) \$2.95 to \$3.00.

WHEAT, per bushel of 60 lbs.—Market grief and

(delivered) \$2 % to \$3.00.

WHEAT, per bushel of 60 lbs.—Market quiet and nominal.

JATERAL. per brl. of 300 lbs.—Quotations are \$4,-50 to \$4.55 for Lower Canada, and \$1.70 to \$4.80 for Upper Canada.

PRINK, & bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 80c to 82 je.

OATS, & bush of 32 lbs.—Market Dull. Quotations 27 je to \$5.

CORN, & bushel of 56 lbs.—A cargo in store changed lands at 52c.

lands at 52c.

Barkey, P bush of 481bs.—Nominat rates are 45c to 50c, according to quality.

Burres, per lb.—In limited domand at 14c for new, and 75 for old.

Chekse, P 1b.—Quiet at 9c to 10 c according toqua-

Chresk, v 10.—Quite at 15 to 57 accounts.

Pork, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market dull. Quotations are: New Mess, \$14.75 to \$15.00.; Thin Mess, \$13.50 to \$14.00.

LAND, V lb.—Steady at 10c to 10.0.

Ashes, v 100 lbs.—Pots dull. Firsts. \$6.85 to \$5.992;.

Pearls firm. Firsts, \$9.85 to 9.90; Seconds.\$9.00.



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