

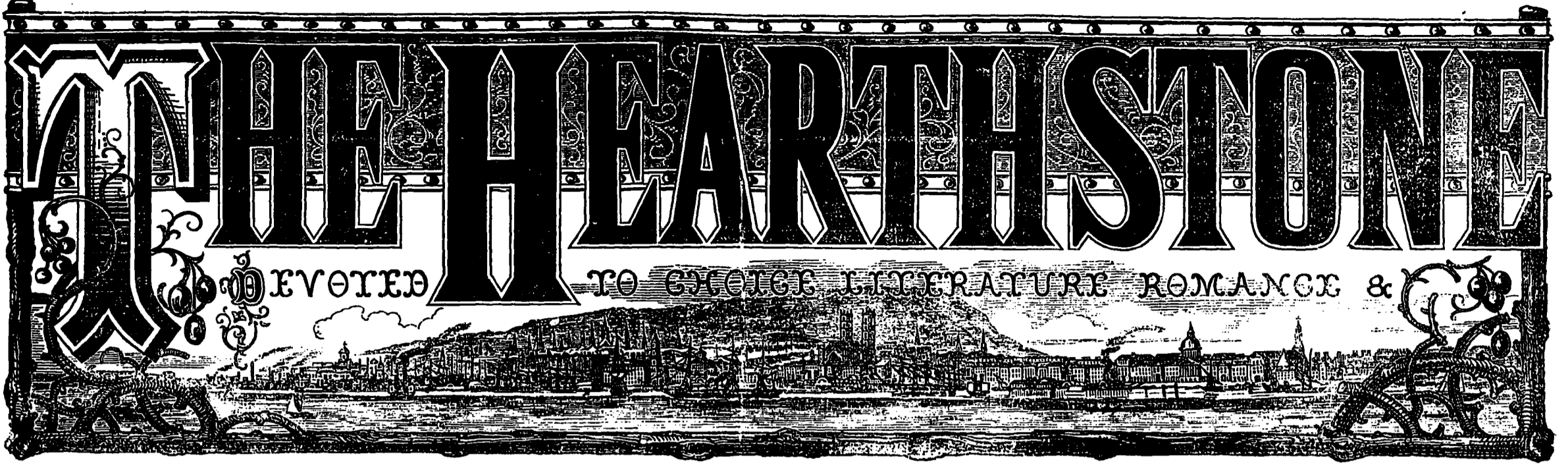
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For the Hearthstone. THE OLD PINE CANOE.

BY J. R. HANNA.

Remember the days that have long ago faded From hills that stand high in the sun's breezy beams...



THE ELOPEMENT OF MISS TILLYSDALE.

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

Desmoro's heart began to throb fast and painfully, and his limbs were shaking as if he had been suddenly seized with the ague.

"Shall we need the light?" "No; I will go first, and lead the way down the stairs, which are not at all awkward."

Into the balcony, where he followed her. "Hist!" he continued, bending over the stone railings in front of him, and endeavouring to penetrate the darkness.

"rang it, all the time accompanying its sound with her own thin, shrill screams, and her cries of 'Thieves—thieves!'"

of secrecy to Ralph Thetford, and he was determined to keep that promise, however much he might chance to suffer by so doing.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

As the ferry there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the fare.

"Two," said he. "The old lady?" asked the man. "No," said Luke. "Oh, that one with the red coat on her face," said the man, lowering his voice. "All right," "Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no rudeness, nor had Fanny heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew why then. They crossed the ferry together, and he spoke no word to her, nor she to him. He handed her into the car. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform. There stood one of those white-bearded, red-checked old gentlemen whose always members of clubs, and who affect to be "judges of woman" in a way that is insulting to every woman, since it places her on a level with wine and horses, having nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah, how do do?" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. Doing the gallant, I see. No relation?" "No," said Luke.

"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves, for the most part. Pretty figure rather; good step; but concluded ugly red mark. A man wouldn't like that—oh, Luke!" "No," said Luke. "A man wouldn't like it." "Something rustled at his elbow."

"I—I left my parcel, Mr. Robbins," said a cold little voice. Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked pure scarlet. "Thanka, don't trouble yourself."

But he went back to the car with her, and she would have pressed her hand once more, only she kept it from him somehow. "She had heard his speech," a man would like it."

"No matter about breakfast for me. I'm all right. I'll be hungry in time for our dinner. A kid is enough just now. Good-bye." He caught his hat, snatched a hasty kiss, and was out of the door a moment after.

"What a blessed boy!—Many would have gone off with a different face," said Mrs. Grey's friend. "He is a great comfort. Oh, I've two cents. I must call him; he will be hungry, I know. I will tell him to buy two rolls as he passes the baker's."

From her next door neighbor, who pushed off from the table the pile of shirts, and set down. It took her a long time first to frame in her mind the words she thought the best, and quite as long to write them down. During that time Willie's mind was very much exercised.

Ten minutes of nine, Willie stood smiling before his mother. Feeling her troubled face, thrusting his parcels into her hands, he said, in a glad voice: "It is all right. You will be stronger when you get a good cup of tea. It's my treat. All paid for. I must run, the bell is ringing. I will be late home; get some work to do for Mrs. Lovering. Good-bye."

Again he was off, with blessings following him. Nellie prepared the tea and toast by the time her mother and Mrs. Andrews had finished the shirts. Willie would have been sadly disappointed, could he have seen the grave faces that gathered round his treat. However, when she arose from the table, Mrs. Grey called to him.

"Willie, what is that for? I do feel stronger in mind, as well as body. Now I must get ready. Oh, mercy! I would sooner face a cannon's mouth than Mr. Dyon. I know he will be in an ill-humor before I get there; and when I do—"

"The pale face grew paler with thoughts of the dreaded interview. Just then they heard a vehicle of some kind stop in front of the house. Mrs. Grey, looking out of the window, exclaimed: "Lord help me! It is Mr. Dyon."

An instant after a knock was heard on the door. Mrs. Grey, pale and trembling, opened it. As she cast her eyes appealingly to him, Mrs. Dyon wondered he had never noticed how very pretty the little woman was before. He said:

"Mrs. Grey, I called to see about those shirts. I thought something must have happened to—"

"You are ill! Go in, madam. Don't be standing here." And taking her gently by the arm, he led her to the lounge, where she burst into tears, saying: "Have pity! Oh, Mr. Dyon, I've spotted two of the shirts!"

"Come, certainly I will get ready now," exclaimed Mrs. Dyon, starting up to go into the other room, when Mr. Dyon called: "Stop a moment. There are some little arrangements to make, I guess. You'll have to close up here, and—"

"No, madam. It is a safe bargain. I'll do it, if I live till this afternoon. If you will only give me twenty-six cents, I will be so thankful," he said, the appealing look deepening in his eyes.

"I will do it," the good woman said, and stopped Willie's thanks by asking, "How is it, when Jim wanted fifty cents, you are willing to take about half as much?"

"God bless you! May He deal with me as I do with you and yours. Now about the arrangements?" he asked. "Mult yours?" Mrs. Grey answered. "Thank you. Then I will count on taking you to your Aunt Maria this afternoon, at six o'clock."

Mr. Dyon clasped her hand, and with an earnest: "God bless you! May He deal with me as I do with you and yours. Now about the arrangements?" he asked. "Mult yours?" Mrs. Grey answered. "Thank you. Then I will count on taking you to your Aunt Maria this afternoon, at six o'clock."

"I think in future you will let me say, 'Everything happens for the best,' because nothing always does so; and now I know it for myself!" Willie finished his work for Mrs. Lovering; after which that kind woman went with him to his new home, where his noble qualities were fully appreciated.

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I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember. The house where I was born. The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn;

I remember, I remember. The roses dark and blue; The violet, and the lily-white; These flowers made of light!

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A SERVANT TO-DAY, A DUCHESS TO-MORROW.

Amongst the accomplishments Evadne had acquired, during her residence at a fashionable boarding-school, was a thorough knowledge of Italian.

Consequently, she was able to converse with the man, whom she had beckoned, and accounting him in his own language, she exclaimed, "I have an enemy; will you rid me of her?"

"I will," was the phlegmatic reply. Evadne's answer was to give him fifty ducats, which she had with her in a small canvas-bag.

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She did not stop to think. It had every appearance of being authentic, and she was inclined to consider it so.

To her simple mind, there was nothing suspicious in the fact of his requesting her to go to the States of Justice. Perhaps he did not wish to compromise her in the eyes of the hotel people by calling there.

Norah instantly took the note from her pocket, and handed it to the Duke, who perused it with trembling hands, but earnestly, he said: "This is Evadne's work, my child."

"This is Evadne's work, my child," he said quietly. "My accidental meeting with you this evening is probably the means of saving you from some awful fate. The hand of Providence is discernible in all this."

Suddenly, a wild shriek arose upon the night air. People in the street stopped still to listen to it. It was the death-cry of Evadne.

The miserable woman had grown impatient of the delay which occurred in Norah's arrival.

At first she raged about; and at last she was rash enough to cross the square, and to go in the direction of the States of Justice, where the rufianly bravo whom she had hired was concealed.

"The Duke had duly informed his cousin of all that had come to his knowledge, and it was made clear to the Countess that Evadne was unworthy of longed-for lamentation."

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The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Presentation Plate. For \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.

Every body sending a club of 5 will also receive one copy of the Family Record.

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THE HEARTHSTONE PRIZE STORIES.

In consequence of the serious illness of the Editor there will be some unavoidable delay in deciding upon the merits of the many stories sent in competition for the prizes offered by the Proprietor of the HEARTHSTONE.

HORACE GREELEY

Horace Greeley, the late candidate for President of the United States, and the most able journalist in America, died at the residence of Dr. Chout, in Westchester County, N. Y., on the 28th ult., of inflammation of the brain, brought on by overwork during the Presidential campaign and the immense strain on his mind consequent on his wife's illness and death.

As far as any of his associates knew, Mr. Greeley was in almost as good health as usual when on the day after the election he wrote the card announcing his resumption of the editorial duties of the Tribune. His sleeplessness was known to have become greatly worse, but for some time he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and as is now clear, sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, especially during the last month of his wife's illness.

WINTER PLEASURES.

The author of a recently published Trip to California goes into raptures over the fact that in sections of the regions he describes winter is almost wholly unknown. This he presents in every variety of phrase, but always as the strongest inducement which could possibly be presented to persons likely or wishful to emigrate.

moved to Vermont when Horace was ten years old, and all his younger days were spent on a farm. From an early age he evinced a great fondness for reading, and especially newspapers, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to the printing business, a business which he pursued in different capacities for nearly half a century.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE ORIGIN OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."—The authors of the "Songstresses of Scotland" tell the story in this way: There was an old Scotch air (not, however, to which the song is now sung, for that we owe to an English clergyman) of which Lady Anne Bernard was very fond, and which Scotch Johnson was in the habit of singing to words that were far from choice.

the passengers killed were 60, the Journeys being 336,545,000, giving an average of 1 in 5,099,000; in the four years ending 1869 the number killed was 91, the passenger journeys being 1,777,616,000, giving an average of 1 in 12,941,000; in the four years 1866-69 the number killed was 61, the journeys being 557,338,320, giving an average of 1 in 9,178,000; and in the three years 1870-72 the number killed was 30, the journeys being 178,159,000, giving an average of 1 in 4,782,000.

SPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—A special from Keeneville, Ont., says a disease has broken out among the cattle similar to the Epizootic. It is stated that among numerous appointments of Emigration Agents by the Local Government, are Leonard of the Globe, Dr. Lawson and Peter Taylor of the St. Catharines Press; the latter goes to Alsace and Lorraine. The Ottawa Mirror says the trapping for the peltries is now well advanced, but furs are not coming in so fast as usual.

O'Connor, Mr. W. A. and Mrs. Himsworth, Colonel and Mrs. Robertson Ross, Lieut.-Col. Thos. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Major and Mrs. Fitzroy, Capt. McGeachy, the Lancers, etc. It is said that Judge Ramsay of Montreal will shortly succeed Judge Lafontaine at Aylmer. A new evening paper will shortly appear in Ottawa bearing the name of the Evening News. Mr. Sandford Fleming has returned from the United States. The Intercolonial Railway Commissioners have opened tenders for ties, and sent their recommendations to the Privy Council.









THE ORDER OF NATURE.

(FROM THE LATIN OF BORTHUIS.)

BY WILLIAM UTULEN BRYANT.

Thou, who wouldst read, with an undarkened eye. The laws by which the Thunderer bears away. Look at the stars that keep, in yonder sky, Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

NO MAN'S LAND.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Mr. John Raffles, better known to the companions of his lighter hours as Jack Raffles, having contemptuously folded up a venerable-looking legal document and crammed it into his desk, and having then imitated the handwriting of several eminent inhabitants of Sloccum-cum-Mudford with infinite exactness on a piece of paper, which he tore into small bits, was now, with a malicious chuckle, cutting his name in large letters on his well-worn and inked desk in a bold and masterly style.

all your windows, only it's two expensive! I'd fling this ink in your face, only that's black enough already! In-a! and one word of advice: Don't take so much of that old port of old Twitcher's, or you'll go out some day like a bad brimstone match; and all the widows and orphans you've plundered in Sloccum will put on black for you at their own expense. Oh, you're a nice old customer, you are! and Old Nick couldn't get his work done half so well in any other office.

rents for years, even if the assailants proved unsuccessful, was unbearable. Potterton, however, had got into scrapes before, and, moreover, he was an energetic man. With the promptitude of true genius and rascality, he at once resolved on a line of conduct. He resolved to seek out this Jerry Simpson, and, offering him a large sum, got him to sign a paper surrendering all claims for a certain consideration, and to thus settle the matter for ever in the very teeth of Messrs. Parsons, Jobson and Billage.

"Yes: start at once to America." "The sum is really handsome?—and how much may it be?" "Three hundred pounds," and Potterton watched to see the goggle eyes of Jerry open to their widest. Oddly enough, however, they only contracted and winked with the malicious cunning of a bull-dog who is going to bite.

"No Man's Land is mine!" he shouted; "and I'll fight the whole billing for it! I'll have my own! It's all a lie about the will. You mayer fellow there, come and have a fair stand-up at the 'Ring of Bells,' and I'll knock you into the middle of next week! Come along, all on yer!"

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Table with columns for various commodities like Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc., and their market prices. Includes a note: 'There is no change to note in the local flour market.'

Advertisement for BARKOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Includes text: 'Absolutely the best protection against fire.' and 'Used by Railroads, Steamboats, Hotels, Factories, Asylums, Fire Departments, &c.'

Advertisement for TELESCOPES. Includes text: 'The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, latitude twenty miles distant, and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c.'

Advertisement for THE REASON WHY! R. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR. Includes text: 'Of Phosphates and Galls... is called a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic.'

Advertisement for WANTED—TEN YOUNG MEN AND FIVE YOUNG LADIES. Includes text: 'Situations found for those who study and receive a certificate of proficiency.'

Advertisement for LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S Felt and other Hats. Includes text: 'made and blocked in the latest style and fashion at GEO. F. STEGARS, successor to G. W. KETCHUM, 696 Craig Street.'

Advertisement for GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. Includes text: 'In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief.'