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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

TERMS, \ \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 28

For the "! Hearthstone." VAIN REGRETS.

BY M. M. MUCHALL.

Why, my beart, such vain regrets For those bright hours fled for ever p Jayous hours when first we met, Then I dreamt not we must sever.

As in fancy sweet I roved In a world before unknown, Then I felt, indeed, I loved, And my love was thine alone.

But Itwas far too sweet to last. Gone and loaving only sorrow; Memory clinging to the past. Trying vainly joy to borrow.

Joy from each remembered word, Loving words too lightly spoken, Softly whispored, fundly heard, But, alas! too lightly broken,

Through the world I'll onward go, In my heart a realloss pain. Thou the cause of this deep wos Give me back my heart again.

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COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER II.

" NAME HER NOT NOW, SIR; SHE'S A DEADLY THEME.

For the first fortnight of his sojourn at Tre For the first forthight of his sejourin at Tre-wardell, Colonel Benyon's Cornish experiences were altogether agreeable. The weather was brilliant; and in a county much given to anoisture he was not inconvenienced by a single shower. There was plenty for him to see within a day's ride; here a ruined castle, there a polleman's sent renowned amounts there see within a day's ride; here a runnot caste, there a nobleman's seat renowned amongst the show pinces of the west; and during those first two weeks the Colonel spent the greater part of every day in the saddle; or on foot, tramping over sumburnt hills high above a broad sweep of sea, while his horse rested at some solitary rustle inn. He was somewhat inclined to forget how short a time had gone by since he was lying in his Indiau bungalow, well-nigh given how short a time had gone by since he was lying in his Indiau bungalow, well-nigh given over by regimental doctors. Perhaps in that first fortnight of genuine enjoyment he sowed the seeds of a mischief which was to overtake him by and by. The third week brought him into September, and he had a good time of it amongst the partridges, with Andrew Johns for his guide and counsollor. For three consecutive mornings the two menset out at daybreak when the dew was heavy upon the ground, and transped over miles of stubble and turnip-field tramped over miles of stubble and turnip-field before breakfast. On the fourth day the Colonel suddenly knocked under, and told Mr. Johns that he had had enough, just for the present. Partridge-shooting was all very well in its way; but there were shooting-pains in the Colonel's limbs, and a dull perpetual aching in the Colonel's shoulders which a man of forty rarely cares to cultivate. There was a drizzling rain, too, upon that fourth day of September; and Colonel Benyon was very glad to find a blazing fire in the bright looking drawing-room, wherein he had a knack of pulnting imaginary scenes scenes out of that implest drams of which Flora Hammersely had been the heroine.

In his enforced idleness to-day, the thought of his friend's sorrow, and this woman's sin, haunted him more vividly than ever. That young soldier lying dead in the chill autumn sunrise on the sands near Blankenburg, slain by a hand that had never before been lifted to do a cruel thing — the hand of a generous single-minded man. As to the fact of Fred Hammersley's share in this transaction, Colonel Benyon felt no doubt. His friend had killed the seducer, It was the thing he would have done himself unhesitatingly, under like circumstances. He walked up and down the room. He had read yesterday's Times and Globe, Standard and Te-Legraph, and there was no more mental nabulum for him till a post came in — per special mes-senger on pony from the nearest post-town — at five o'clock p. m. At another time Mr. Ham-mersley's splendid library might have afforded him ample entertainment; but to-day he was in no humour for books; he had opened half a dozen or so, and after skimming a page or two absently, had put each volume back on its He could not fasten his mind shelf.

upon any subject.
The rain came down in a monotonous hope. less way; even the standard roses on the lawn outside had a dreary look. The Colonel longed, like Hornee Walpole, to bring them indoors and put them by the fire. Sometimes Colonel Ben-yon stood staring out at the deluged garden; sometimes be threw himself into a low-arm chair by the tire, and amused himself by a savage demolition of the coals; anon he ple the room again, pausing now and thou, in an idle way, to examine some one of those womanly trifles whose presence reminded him of the lost mistress of Trownrdeil

The day seemed interminable. He was glad when it grow dark; still more glad of the slight distraction afforded by his seven-o'clock dinne though he had no appoints—an utter distants for food, indeed—and a burning thirst.

"I feel very much as I used to feel at the be-

ginning of my fover," he said to himsolf, a little alarmed by these symptoms, and by the hea-viness and aching of his limbs. "God forbid that I should have another spell of it!"

Andrew Johns had come to the market-town on business connected with the victualling of the small howehold; and Mrs. Johns had put on a black-sitk gown and her best cap to wait



HE ENEW THAT HE WAS AT TREWARDELL, AND THAT THIS DLACK-ROBED WOMAN WAS A STRANGER TO HIM.

cate office to the fat-faced rustle handmalden.
"The girls we get hereabouts are so rough," sho said; "and this one has never been used to much out of the dairy. We had a houseful of ervants when Mr. Hammersley lived here; but since he's gone abroad there's been scarcely enough work for me and a girl."

enough work for me and a girl."
The dame gave a profound sigh. Colonel Ronyon perceived that she was garrilously given, and perceived that if he had a mind to hear about his friend's history in this house, it yould not require any great effort to set Mrs.

"Do try one of those red mullet, sir; I dressed them with my own hands. It's a sauce that Mr. Hammersley was foud of—poor dear gen-Here came another profound sigh; and the

damo lingored, trifling absently with the arrangements of the sideboard, as if willing to be

"You seem to have been very fond of your master," said the Colonel.

"We shouldn't be much account if we weren't fond of him," replied Mrs. Johns. "He was as good a muster as ever lived. We'd known him boy, too. He used to come down to Pen ose Abbey for his holidays in the old Squire's time-Mr. Penrose; you've heard tell of him. I darrsny, sir. Andrew and me were butler and cook at Penrose for twenty years. Mr. Ham-mersley was only a distant relation to the Squire, you see, sir, and nobody thought that ne'd come in for all the property; but he did. I suppose Mr. Penrose took a fancy to him when he was a boy; but there were plenty more young nephows and cousins on the look-out for his

noncy, I can toll you."

"Did Mr. Penrose ever live here ?"

"No, sir. Trewardell was his mother's place, and it was shut up after her death. But since Mr. Hammersley came into the estate, the ab-bey has been kept as a show house. He didn't care to live there: it was cold and gloomy, he said: and he took a fancy to his place, and had it done up against his marriage — a power of money he spent upon it, to be sure. But, dear me, sir, you haven't eat a mouthful of that mul-

let. Perhaps you don't like the sauce?"
"It's excellent, my dear Mrs. Johns, but I really have no appetite this evening."

"And there's a bolled fowl with stewed ar-

upon the Colonel, not caring to trust that deli- | tichokes, and a brace of those birds you shot the | such a noble generous creature, no one could duy before yesterday. I hope you'll cat something, sir."

"I'm sorry to do injustice to such good cooking; but upon my word, I can't eat a morsel. If you'll make me a stiffish glass of brandy-andwater, as hot as you can make it, I think per-bans it might do me some good. I had a bad haps it might do me some good. I had a bad fever in India, and seem to have a touch of my old enemy to-night."

"Wouldn't you like Andrew to ride back for

the doctor, as soon as he comes in? or I could send one of the men at once, sir."

"On no account. Pray don't make an invalid of me. I walked a little too far after the par-tridges yesterday; I daressy I've knocked my-self up, that's salt. Even if I should feel worse, self up, that's all. Even if I should feel worse, which I don't ... sect, I've some medicine in my dressing-case.

Mrs. Johns mixed the brandy-and-water with an anxious face, and watched the Colonel while he drank it. Then she persuaded him to return to the drawing-room, where she ensconced him luxuriously to an easy-chair by the fire, with a

diger-skin carriage-rug over his knees.
"Don't hurry away, Mrs. Johns," he said, after duly acknowledging her attention. "I like to hear you talk of my poor friend Hann-mersley; sit down by the fire, do, there's a good soul. That's right; it looks quite comfortable and homelike to see you sitting there. I could almost fancy I'd discovered some treasure in the way of an aunt. I can't tell you how dreary I've feit all day. My mind has been running perpetually upon poor Hammersley and his wife. It's no use speaking of them to your husband; if I do, he tightens up his lips in a most

impenetrable way, and is damb immediately."

"Yes, sir, that's just like Andrew," replied the dame, smoothing her white-musila apron and settling herself comfortably in the chair opposite the Colonel's; "I think he'd lie down on the ground for his master to walk over him; but on can never get him to talk about him, nor of her either, poor soul.

"She behaved so badly, and worked such ruin, that I almost wonder you can find it in your heart to pity her," said the Colonel. The good woman sighed again, and shook her

head dublously. "You see, I knew her, sir," she replied ; "and it isn't likely I could bring myself to think as hardly of her as the rest of the world. She was ever have thought she would do such a wicked thing. She hadn't been here very long before I found out that the love was all on one side in that marriage. She was very gentle and win-ning in all her ways towards her husband; but she didn't care for him, and never had cared for to me. And she wasn't happy; do what he would to please her, he couldn't make her happy. There was a look in her face of missing something—a sort of blank look; and when-over her husband was away—though goodness knows that was not often - she would roum

about the house in a restless way that gave one the diamaisonly to watch her."

"Did he see that she was unhappy, do you

think " asked the Colonel. No, sir, I don't think he did; and that's why it came upon him like a thunderclap when she ran away. He was so bent upon making her happy, that I think he believed she was so. He was so proud of her too. Everybody admired her. She was the lovellest woman in the county, they said, though the west is famous for pretly women; and she was so clever — such a sweet singer. It was she who painted all the pictures in this room and in the hall, It was Mr. Hammersley's tancy to have none but what she had

Did she belong to this part of the country ?" "O dear no, sir. Her fam'ly were Suffolk people, I've heard say; her father was a colonel in the Indian army, and there was a very large family of them—not too well off, I believe; so of course it was a very good match for her. I suppose she married to please her friends; such things seem common enough nowadays. She was always very sweet-spoken and affable with me. One day when I was talking to her of a son of mine—my only child, that died young— she said, "Ah, Mrs. Johns, I have my dead too!" and I fancted she was speaking of some sweetheart very like that she'd had in time

"Did Captain Champney come hereus Hammersley's friend?"

"No, sir; he never came to this house at all; she must have met him out of doors. It was summer time, midsummer, and very suitry weather. Mr. Hammersley was up in London on business connected with his estate. He was to be away a week at most, and he had wanted

her to go with him ; but she wouldn't, not being over well or strong at the time. Sho'd had a low nervous fever in the apring, that had pulled her down a good deal. It was the morning af-ter her husband loft—I remember it all as well ter her husband loft—I remember it all as wen
is if it was yesterday—sho had been out in the
village and round about the lanes visiting the
poor—she was a rare hand at that always—and
she came in at one of those windows while I
was dusting the china in this room. I never
shall forget her. Her face was as white as a sheet,
and she walked in a strange tottering way, with
her eyes fixed, until she came right up against her eyes fixed, until she came right up against me. Then she gave a start, and dropped into the nearest chair, half fainting. I brought her a glass of water, and asked her what had happened. "O, Mrs. Johns," she said, "I've seen a glost!" I couldn't get her to say more than this; all the rest of the day she was shut up in her room. The next day there came a messenger with a letter for her, and late in the afternoon if e same man came again with another letter. They were both from the Captain, of course; but all that day she never stirred outside the doors, not so much as to go into the course; but an that day she never survey dar-side the doors, not so much as to go into the gardens, though it was a splendid summer day. Early the next morning there came another letter, and in the afternoon she went out. She wore her garden-hat and a light mushin dress, and she took nothing with her. I could lay my life that when she left the house that afternoon she had no thought of colors away; but she she had no thought of going away; but she

never came back."

"Were the two seen together in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes; a lad met Mrs. Hammersley and a "Yes; a lad met Mrs. Hammersley and a strange gentlemun in Farmer Goldman's field—there's a short cut across that way to the Penjudah-road—she had her hands clasped over her face, and was sooting as if her heart would break, the boy said, and the gentleman was talking to her very earnestly. The boy turned and watched them. They loitered about, talking for half an hour or so, Mrs. Hammersley crying almost all the time; and then the boy saw them get into a close carriage that had been waiting in the Perjudah, road, and heard the gentleman tell the man to orive to the stabeen waiting in the Perjudah, road, and heard the gentleman tell the man to delive to the sla-tion. This was about four o'clock in the after-noon, and the Plymouth train leaves Perjudah at a quarter to fee. It came one activated that Capiain Champiney had been staying at the Rose and Crown at Penjudah, and had bired a close dry on that day. The driver could tell all the rest—how he had waited above an hour in the road near Trowardell, and picked up a lady

there,"
"How soon did Hammersley tearn what had

"My husband telegraphed to him that night, "My husband telegraphed to thin touch night, and he was back early the next evening. He was very quiet. I nover saw any one take a great blow so quaetly. He didn't bluster or rave, as some gentlemen would have done; but he sat in the library for one whole day, writing letters and seeing every one who had anything tell but with Andrew was about making letters and seeing every one who had anything to tell him, while Andrew was about making inquiries quietly in every direction. There was no fass or talk, considering, and it was only a few people knew anything of what had happened. As soon as Mr. Haramersley had heard all he could hear in this place he started off—after those two, I suppose; and that's the last we ever saw of him. He wrote to Andrew soon after, telling him how the house was to be kept up, and so on; and that was all."

"You heard of Captain Champney's death, I suppose?" said the Colonel.

suppose?" said the Colonel.
"Yos," Mrs. Johns replied, with a doubtful air, "we did hearthat he was dead."

air, "we did hear that he was dead."
"And you heard the strange manner of his death, no doubt "
"We saw something in the papers, but didn't take much head of it," replied Mrs. Johns, with

an nir of not caring to pursue this subject.

The Colonel did not press it. There was no doubt in his own mind as to the hand that had slain Captain Champney, and be fancied that

Mrs. Johns shared his conviction upon that sub-"Have you ever heard what became of Mrs.

Hammorsley?" he asked presently.

Not a word, sir. That's what makes me pity her sometimes, in spite of myself. It's a hard thing for her to be left like that, without a soul to care for her—him that she sinned for dead and gone. She may be starving some-where, poor misguided creature! without a roof where, poor misguided creature: without a rosu-to cover her perhaps, and these empty rosms looking as if they were waiting for her all the while, with all the pretty things she was so fond of just as she left them. It always gives me the heartnehe to think of her, or to touch any of the things that belonged to her."

"Was it Hammersley's wish that the place

should be kept just as she left it?"

"Yes, sir, that was one of his orders in the letter of instruction that he wrote to my hus-band before he left England." " Is there no portrait of her anywhere about

" No. sir. There was a likeness of her, painted by some great artist in London, but I never saw t after the day when Mr. Hammersley come thack and found her gone. Whether he destroyed it in secret that day, or put it away

somewhere under lock and key, I can't tell. I only know that when I camo into this room next morning the picture was gone. There's the blank space where it hung just above your The Colonel looked up. Yes, there was the empty panel. On the opposite side of the fire-pince there was a portrait of his friend, little

more than a head, against a dark background. bold and truthful, by the hand of John He had made a shrewd guess why the companion picture was missing.

nion picture was missing.

He had been so much interested in the house-keeper's talk as almost to forget his pain and weariness; but by this time the stimulating effect of his dose of brandy-and-water had wern off, and he felt really ill, quite as ill as when the first warning of his fover came upon him

up the country. "I'm in for it, Mrs. Johns," he





said, with a faint groan; "I'm afraid I'm going to be very ill. Rather hard upon you and your husband, isn't it, and not in the bond? My friend lent me his house to get well in; he

didn't bargain for my falling ill in it."

Mrs. Johns did her best to console and cheer him with assurances that his symptoms indicated nothing more than a cold and a little

over-fitigue.

- A cold's a hazardous thing for a man in my condition, my good soul," said the Colonel, "and I was a fool to overdo it with those long tramps over the damp stubble. The doctor who sent me home gave me all manner of solemn warnings as to what I might and might not do, and I'm afraid I've paid very little attention to any of them. However, I'll go to bed at once, take a dose of the fellow's medicine, and wrap myself to a blanket. Perhaps I may be all right in the morning. But it I should be worse, you'd better telegraph to Plymouth for one of the lest medical men there. Don't put me in the hands of a local doctor."

Mrs. Johns promised to obey these instruc-tions, still profesting that the Colonel would be better in the morning; and then hurried off to see that there was a blazing fire made in his bedroom, and to provide one of her thickest blankets in which to envelope him.

CHAPTER III.

"Ah, homeless as the leaf that winds have blown To earth—in this wide world I stand alone."

The Colonel's dismal prophecy was but too faithfully realised. The next morning found him in a raging fever, with a furred tongue, bloodshot eyes, a galloping pulse, and racking pains in the limbs. It was no case of infection, no village epidemic. The Colonel had simply, in his own language, overdone it.

Mrs. Johns opined that this was the begin-

ning of a rheumatic fever; but she still kept up her cheery tone to the patient, looking auxiously all the while for the advent of the Plymouth

He did not come till samset, by which time the Colonel was worse. After making a care-for examination of his patient, and questioning Mrs. Johns closely as to the Colonel's antecedents, the physician sat down to write a pre-

"It is not so much a question of physic as of care," he said. "You have not called in any one from the neighbourhood yet, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Colonel Benyon begged me not to call in any one of that kind, or else I should have sent at once for Mr. Borlase."

"Never mind what the Colonel says. Let your hashand call for Mr. Borlase, and get this

prescription made up. He can ask Mr. Borlase to come back with him and see use. Or, let me see, there'll scarcely be time for that. I can call on Borlase as I drive back to the station, and explain matters. Mr. Borlase will watch

"But you'll come to see him again, sir?" "Most decidedly. This is Friday. I shall come again on Monday by the same train. The

case is rather a critical one,"
"You don't think there's any danger, sir "" "Not immediate datager; but the man's con-stitution has been undermined by hard work and illness in India, and he's not a good subject for rheumatic fever. However, I shall be able to y more on Monday. In the mean time, the grand question is good nursing. I

think I had better send you a professional Mrs. Johns protested her ability to nurse the Colonel herself; but the physician shook his

head.

"My good creature, you have your house to look after," he said, 'and that poor fellow will want constant watching. We must expect delirium in such a case. You and your husband must contrive to look after him to-night, and I will send your reliable meson easily hermorem. will send you a reliable person carly to-morrow

Having made this promise, the doctor got into the fly from the Rose and Crown, and drove back to Penjudah, where he had a brief interview w . Mr. Boriase, who came out of his trim-locating stone house and stood upon the payerin in before his door, while the great

man talked to him out of the fly, "I shall send a nurse from Plymouth to-morrow morning," said the physician. "There's no one about here, I suppose, that one could depend upon for such a case?"

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Bor-There's a person I've had a good deal to do with lately amongst my very poor patients, and if you could only get her, you'd flud her a treasure; but whether she would attend a wealthy person as a paid servant is a question t can't answer. She has only nursed the poor hereabouts, and evidently does it as a pious duty. I havey, from her dress and manner that exactly Roman Catholic perhaps, but very near

"Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Chapman—a widow; poor herself, I suppose, for she occupies very humble lodgings in Bolter's-row, at the other end of the town. She never takes payment from any one; in-deed she only attends a class that are quite un-able to pay. She is a young woman, fragile-looking and very pretty; but she is the hest nurse I ever met with."

"I don't think the Colonel will object to her youth and good looks," said the doctor, laughing. "That kind of thing is much pleasanter in a sick-room than some gorgon of the Gamp species. Have you known this Mrs. Chapman

"Not long. She has only been here three months, but I have seen a great deal of her in that time; and I can answer for her patience

"I've half an hour to spare before my train arts. I'll go down to Bolter's row, and have a took at this paragon of yours."
"I'm sure you'll be pleased with her; but I very much doubt your being able to get her to do what we want," said Mr. Borlase.

"We'll see about that," answered the physi-cian, who had some confidence in his own powers of persuasion. "You say the woman is por. She'll scarcely care to decline an advantageous offer, I should think. Good-night, Borlase. He sure you go to Trewardell the first

thing to-morrow." With this injunction the doctor drove away down the little hilly High-street to the outskirts of Penjudah, where he alighted, and groped his way along a narrow alley of queer old-fashioned cottages, so crooked that they seemed scarcely able to support themselves in a standing posi-

Upon inquiring for Mrs. Chapman, he was directed to the last house in Bolter's-row, and here he was ushered into a tiny sitting-room, daintly neat, and with an air of freshness and prettiness that struck him as something beyond the common graces of poverty. The room was dimly lighted by one candle, beside which a woman sa reading; a slin, raughe creature in a black gown and a white-muslin cap of some peculiar fashion, a cap which concealed almost every vestige of her hair, and gave a numike aspect to her pale thin face.

The doctor felt at once that this was no vulgar statement.

gar sick-nurse. This was no woman to whom

to her to depart from her established round of

duty.

He told her his errand, told her what he had heard from Mr. Borlase, and how anxious he was to secure her services for a gentleman lying dangerously iii.
"It is quite impossible," she said, in a sweet

"No; 1 belong to no sisterhood," she answer-

ed, with something that was half bitterness, half sorrow in her tone; I stand quite alone in

the world,"
"Pray pardon me; I thought by your dress you might be a member of one of those com-munities so numerous nowadays."
"No, sir. It is a simple dress, and suits my

circumstances; that is my only reason fo wearing it. I have made my own line of duty, and try to follow it."

"I wonder you should have chosen so obscure

a place as Penjadah as a field for your chartable work. Do you belong to this part of the country?"

"No. The place is quiet, and I can live

cheaply here. Up to this time I have always found plenty of work."

"The duty you have chosen is a very noble

one, and the sacrifice most admirable in so young

"It is no sacrifice for me," she answered de cisively; and the doctor felt he had no right to ask any more questions.

He pressed his request very warmly, how-

ever; so much so, that at last Mrs. Chapman seemed almost inclined to yield.

"You have owned that you have no pressing duties in Penjadah just now, he said, when they

had been talking together for some time: "and I do assure you that you will be performing a real act of charity in looking after this poor fellow at Trewardell.

It was the first time he had mentioned the name of the place.

"At Trewardell, did you say?" asked Mrs

'hapman. "Yes, It's a gentleman's house, seven miles from here; a charming place, This Colonel Benyon is a friend of the owner, who has lived abroad for some years. Pray, now, consider the case, and extend your charity to this poor man, Mrs. Chapman. Remember ht dot to the he were in the bosom of his family. He's quite alone, with no one at the house but servants

and a stranger in the land, as one may say, of course I might send a nurse from Plymouth as I intended in the first case; but after what Mr. Borlase told me, I set my heart upon having you."

"Mr. Horlase is very good. I will come.

He had expected to conquer in the end, but had not expected her to yield so suddonly. "You will! That's capital; and allow me to

say that, as far as remuneration goes, you will be quite at liberty to came your own terms." "Pray do not mention that. I could not pos-"Pray do not mention that. I could not pos-sibly take payment for any services. I shall come to Colonel Benyon as I should to the poor-est pattent in Penjudah."
"Do just what you please, only come; and the sconer the better."

"I can come immediately, to-night, if you please."

"I should be very glad if you will do so. am just off to the station, and will send my fly to take you lack to Trewardell."
"Back to Trewardell !" Mrs. Chapman re-peated those three last words as if there were

something strange in them.

The doctor was too hurrled to notice anything pleather in her tone. As it was, he ran some risk of losing his train. He wisued her goodnight, and went back to the fly.

CHAPTER IV.

There are some things hard to understand; (), och one, my God, to trast in "hee; But I never shall forget her soft, white hand, And her eyes when shu looked at me."

Colonel Benyon had a hard time of it. Again, as in his Indian bungalow, grim death claimed him for his own, and was only to be kept at bay by predigies of care and skill; again the lamp of life flickered low, and for a while the sick man lay in a land where all was darkness, knowing no one, remembering nothing, and suffering the unspeakable agonles of a mind distraught. There is no need to describe the variations of the fever, the changes from bad to worse, the faint im-provement, the threatened relapse. Through all that mouth of September Mr. Borlase came a week, to Trewardell. They both declared

watching by day and night with a quiet pa-tionee that knew nothing. No other hand than hers had ever administered the Colonel's medi-eine, or smoothed his pillow, since she came to Trewardell; no eyes but hers had watched him in the dead of the night. It was quite in vain has been grander than usual in his exposition that Mr. Borlase and Mrs. Johns had urged her of Schastian Bach; Mr. Rorhedd, the great matoraccept assistance, to let some one relieve her ituralist, has given one of his liveliest descripof her night-watch now and then. Upon this point she was inexorable. If she ever slept at all, she so planned her slamiters that they the evangelical lay-preacher, has held his own should not interfere with her duties. Sometimes in the dusk of the evening, when it was very nearly dark even out of doors, she would take a solitory walk in the gardens for half an hour or so. That was her only relaxation. Sweet and gentle as she was in her anners she was rather an unapproachable person, and she contrived to into a low arm-chair by one of the open windows. keep Mrs. Johns at a distance; which was dows. The wide stacco balcony is full of flowsomewhat galling to that worthy matron, who ers, and slim iron pilasters, with Australian had never been able to begulie her luto a little elematis and passion flowers climbing up them, friendly gossip since she entered the house.

"She's as proud as Lucifer, I do believe, in spite of her meek quiet ways," Mrs. Johns de-chired to her husband, with an aggrieved ex-pression of countenance. "Why, I've scarcely leard her voice half-a-dozen times since she's been here; and I can't say that I've seen her face properly yet, that black hood she wears

overshadows itso. I hate such popish ways."

This hood which Mrs. Johns objected to had certainly a somewhat conventual aspect, and served to like the nurse's pale sweet face much more than the cap in which Dr. Matson had drst seen her. The physician perceived the change of headgear when he came to Trewardell, but considered it only a part of that harmless eccentricity which might be permitted to this lay sister of charity. The time came at last when Herbert Benyon

keen remembrance of every detail of his liness; but mixed up with all the realities of his life had been the dreams and delusions of fover. He knew that throughout his illness by day and night a slender black-robed figure had sat by his bed-side, or fitted lightly about his room; he knew that a woman's soft hand had admi-

had cherished strange fancles about this gentle watcher. Sometimes she was a sister he had loved very dearly, and lost in his early youth; sometimes she was Indy Julia Dursay. That she resembled neither of them mattered little to his wandering mind.

But this was all over now. He knew that he was at Trewardell, and that this black-robed woman was a stranger to him.

(To be continued.)

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether wity, or grave, or gay,
Condense it all you can, my friend,
And say it in the readiest way:
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town.
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page, When a couple of lines would do, Your butter is sprend so thin, you see, That the bread looks plainly through; That the bread tooks manny and all to so when you have a story to tell, So when you have a story to tell, And would like a little renown, To make quite sure of your wish, my friend, Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To atter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crispy and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look at it over again, and
Boil it dow

Boil it down

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long.
And the busy reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song:
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown.
And every time you write, my friend.
Boil it down.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.' RTC.

CHAPTER NXV

MRS. HARCROOS AT HOME.

Six o'clock on a brilliant June afternoon, and Mrs. Harcross at home. The great drawingrooms in Mastodon-crescent are filled to the orim and running over with fluttering creatures in airy raiment; the rainbow sheen of silk and the latest devices in Parisian millinery -transform the gorgeous rooms into a kind of human flower-garden; in contrast with these brilliant specimens of the human species, the very exotics in the conservatory opening out of the inner drawing-room pale their splendour. How poor and dingy a being then does the lord of creation appear, in his invisible-blue morning-coat and quaker-like drab trousers, as he is hustled Lither and thither amidst this many-colourge rowd! For the last two hours Mrs. Harcross's dearest friends have been fluttering in and out, so enthusiastic in their ex pressions of rapture on seeing her, that a by-stander might fairly conclude that they had suffered an enforced severance of years. There are a few notabilities sprinkled about the rooms, people whom other people struggle to see, although inspection generally results in disappointment. Mrs. Harcross never permits herself to be at home without this sprinkling of notabilities. They have their function, like the satellites of distinguished planets, and she would feel herself small and mean without them. There has been some music, chiefly of the classical order; and in an off room downstairs there is a perennial supply of ices, and tea and coffee, which knights-creant, in very short conts and with flowers in their buttonholes, carry upstairs with a perseverance that might almost prepare them for a course of treadmill. Wint with the classical music, the buzz of many tongues, sometimes in a polyglot themselves proud of their victory when Herbert Benyon could be fairly pronounced out of danger. They both acknowledged that they owed that victory, under Providence, to Mrs. She had been indefatigable, working and and as the crowd begins to thin a little, the has been a success. Herr Thumpanthunter has been grander than usual in his exposition particular circle rapt and breathless in a corner of the back drawing-room, while he urged them to have their lamps ready. At a quarter-past six the two large drawing-rooms are empty

> houses over the way.
>
> One of her guests still lingered, the indefatigable Weston. He was standing by the low mantelpiece, glancing over his shoulder at the reflection of his faultness morning coat—the very smallest thing in coats—a mere segment

of a coat, as it were. "Trying, isn't it, this kind of afternoon?" he remarked at last, by way of commentary upon a profound sigh from Augusta.

I don't know that I ever felt so completely worn out," replied the lady. "There were so many second-rate people, such bustle and clatr—second-rate people are always noisy."

Do you think so?" demanded Weston with

his languid an-the stereotyped languor, and quite different from Mr. Harcross's languor, awoke from that long night of suffering and designification of the latter of the latte on the contrary, for long afterwards he had a swells were noisiest—royal dukes, and that 'As for this Mrs. Mostyn, Tombs's account was keen remembrance of every detail of his illness; kind of thing. I fancied the afternoon was a variety vague. She was not very long before but mixed up with all the realities of his life great success. Lord Shawm was in very good the public, but during her brief career was the form : how the girls througed round him in his rage. She was a married woman, I suppose, or corner! It was quite a blockade of the back else why the Mrs.'? but Mrs. Mostyn appears drawing-room door. And Rorhedd was uncome to have been a somewhat mythical character, monly lively. Did you see him thring with She had numerous admirers among the men he knew that a woman's soft hand had administered to his comforts day after day, without change or weariness; he knew that a very sweet sad face had looked down upon him in the party has arways a correct eye for that kind the dim lamplight with ineffable pity; but he of thing."

She had numerous admirers among the men about town of that day—men who were straps to their pantaloons, and incredible hats, you to their pantaloons, and incredible hats, you forks and the popping of champagne corks; the dim lamplight with ineffable pity; but he of thing."

"I didn't see anybody," Augusta replied, ra-ther peevishly; "I was tired when the thing began; and I have no one to help me. I be-lieve Hubert makes a point of being away."

"He had a parliamentary case on at three, hadn't he?" inquired Weston, sticking his glass in his eye, and taking another backward glance at the reflection of his cont. He began to think there really was a wrinkle at the back of the left armhole.
"I'm sure I don't know; of course there's

nothing easier than to say he has a parliament-

ary case, when I want him to be at home."
"Come, come, Augusta," said Weston, in a soothing tone, "I'm sure Harcross is quite a model husband,—in his own fashion." Mrs. Harcross turned on him more angrily

than he ever remembered her to have done in all their intercourse.
"In his own fashion!" she exclaimed; "what do you mean by that? Have you ever heard me complain of him?"

"I really imagine you were complaining of him just now-" "Not at all. If I complained of anything,

it was of that herd of people. I think I never had so many that I don't care a straw about knowing." "Ah, my dear, if we could go through life

with only the people we do care about knowing, how very small a world we might live in! But I fancy I have an expansive soul: I really like everybody."

They lapsed into silence. "A scrow loose somewhere about our friend Harcross," mused Weston Vallory, "but it seems rather too soon for me to put my oar

He watched his cousin as she lay back in her chair, gazing absently at the flowers in the balcony. An occasional brougham rolled swiftly by, and now and then there came the slow tramp of a foot passenger. The dinner-party traffic had not yet begun, and at this time of a summer evening Mastodon-crescent was quiet

"O, by the way," said Weston, after a long pause, "I brought you something this afternoon."

" Did you ?" Mrs. Harcross inquired, without turning her head; "new music, I suppose?" "No, a print for your portfolio; rather a rare one, I believe. A proof-engraving of a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; one of his

"You're very good," Mrs. Harcross said, with a slight yawn; "I don't pretend to care much for that kind of engraving. I like the German school so much better. But your present shall

have a place in my portfolio. Where is it?"
"I left it in the refreshment room; I'll send for it, if you'll allow me." He rang, and dispatched a servant in quest of a roll of paper, left somewhere in the cloak-room. Mrs. Harcross had not ceased from her contemplation of the ferns and geraniums in the balcony when the parcel was brought. Weston unrolled it carefully, and came to the window with it.

"Rather a good face, isn't it?" he asked, standing at his cousin's side, holding the engraving up to the light. "A great deal of

sight of the picture started to her feet with a ery of surprise.
"Weston!" she exclaimed, "don't you know

"A very charming portrait of a very charming woman, I've no doubt," he answered care-

lessly, without taking any notice of his cousin's astonishment. "You've been in Hubert's chambers, haven't

you?' she asked sharply. "Yes, three or four times. Mr Harcross has not shown so warm an appreciation of my visits

as to induce me to go there oftener."
"But you have been there, and you must know that picture!"

" Upon my honour, I cannot perceive the faintest connection with the two ideas." " Nonsense, Weston; there is only one pic-

ture in Hubert's room, the portrait over the chimnoypiece, and that print is a copy of it." "Really, now!" said Weston, with a most natural air of surprise. "Yes, I do remember rather a striking picture in Harcross's room. I concluded it was something he picked up in Wardour-street, or at Christic's, perhaps; likely to catch a man's eye as rather a nice bit of colour. But I had quite forgotten it. Yet 1 had a notion, when I found this thing in a portfolio of old-fashioned engravings at Tombs's, that I had seen the face somewhere before. This is a portrait of Mrs. Mostyn, the netress, renowned in comedy before the days of Mrs. Nesbitt. You are too young even to have

∴An actress!" exclaimed Augusta, very pale. "Yes, here's her name at the back, written in pencil: "Portrait of Mrs. Mostyn, as Viola in Twelfth Night, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence." Why, my dear Augusta, how pale and seared you look! One would think you had seared you look! One would think you had made a most appalling discovery. Mrs. Mos-tyn has been dead thirty years; Tombs told me all about her; you can't possibly be jealous

"Jealous!" cried Augusta, with a look that ought to have annihilated him. "What a fool rou are, Weston!" and then in onite a different tone, and to herself rather than to him, she re-

peated, "An actress!"

She was silent for some moments after this, and then turned to her cousin suddenly, and

6 You heard all about this Mrs. Mostyn, you say. Was she a good woman?"

"Good is such a very wide word, Augusta.
She was very charming, Tombs tells me, and extremely good-natured."

"You know what I mean, Weston," Mrs.

Harcross exclaimed impatiently. " Was she a respectable woman?

Weston shrugged his shoulders.

"I hardly think the dramatic profession vent in for respectability very seriously thirty years ago," he said. "The women were hand-somer than any we have now, but I believe their reputations leaned rather the other way. Of course there were a few brilliant exceptions. She was a married woman, I suppose, or

finished her career by running away with one

"Indeed!"
"Yes, and one of the worst among them, but Tombs had forgotten the man's name. He was quite clear about the main facts, however, The lady was spirited away one fine morning, during the run of a new comedy at the Coliseum Theatre, to the consternation of the manager, and was seen no more. She is supposed to have died abroad a few years later. I posed to have died abroad a few years later. I asked what became of Mostyn, or what Mostyn said to the elopement; but he appears not to have expressed any opinion; in point of fact, no one seems to have known Mostyn. Curious, isn't it? However, the lady may have been a widow when she made her début."

Augusta had taken the engraving from her consider hands and sat bething the invalidation.

cousin's hands, and sat looking at it in silence for some time after he had told her all he could tell about the subject of the picture. Weston strolled out upon the balcony, amused himself by some small horticultural experiments, plucking off a faded leaf or two, and coaxing the tendrils of the clematis into a more graceful twist, but he kept his eye upon his cousin nevertheless. She seemed to emerge from a profound reverie by and by, rose from her low chair, and threw the picture on to a side table with her most indifferent manner, and then

joined Weston on the balcony.
"Thanks for the engraving," she said. "I have no doubt it is a very good one; I daresay Hubert picked up the original portrait very much in the manner you suggest, at a time when he was not rich enough to invest largely in pictures. Hark! isn't that his step in the Crescent?" Weston peered over a stucco vase tilled with

scarlet geranium.

"Yes, I perceive Mr. Harcross half-a-dozen doors off. What a correct car you have, and how I envy Harcross the faculty of inspiring solicitude!"

" Do you?" Augusta demanded coolly. " I suppose, when you marry, your wife will know your step, unless she has the misfortune to be

"An alliance with deafness is a calamity I am very sure to escape," replied Mr. Vallory sententionsly.

" Indeed !" · Because I never mean to marry at all." "O, I daresay you'll change your mind on that point when you meet the right person."

" My dear Augusta, it is my unhappiness to have met the right person!" The look, the tone, were unmistakable; nor was Mrs. Harcross the kind of woman to affect

unconscieusness.

"If you are going to take that sort of tone, Weston," she said, with a freezing look, "I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of

shutting my doors upon my first cousin." e.o., I see. A tame out must never show temper; his existence next be one continuous purr. Forgive me, Augusta; I promise not to offend again; but, you must never task of my wife in the potential mood. There can be no such person. I am a confirmed bachelor, and have no higher vocation, nor aspire to any-

graving up to the light. "A great deal of thing higher, than to be your slave."

Character about it."

Augusta looked up with the air of being supermely bored by the whole business, but at sight of the nicture started to her feet with a summer afternoon, and gave him a smile that

"You have always been very good," she said; "I should be extremely sorry if anything were to interrupt our friendship,"

She was quite sincere in this. Weston was really useful to her; fetched and carried, hunted lious for her; kept her posted up in that superficial knowledge of passing events without which conversation is impossible; supplemented her own reading, for which the chains of society left her scarredy one clear claims of society left her scarcely one clear hour a day, by his much wider reading; did a hundred small things for her, in fact, which she sometimes felt ought to have been done by her husband. But Weston Vallory always seemed to have so much more leisure than Mr. Walgrave-Harcross,

Walgrave Harcross came in almost immediately upon the reconciliation of the cousins. and flung himself into a chair with a suppressed

yawn. "Not begun to dress, Augusta?" he said, in a surprised tone; "Weston must have been uncommonly interesting. Are you aware it's seven o'clock? I never yet knew you to dress under an hour; and in all my calculations generally allow you something more like two. "I'll say good-bye," said Weston; "I don't think I've been an obstacle to the toilet, have I, Augusta? You rarely stand on ceremony

with me." "Not at all. I don't think I shall go out to-night."

" Not to 'dear Lady Basingstoke's,' Augusta? I thought you and she adored each other. "I would rather disappoint any one than Julia Basingstoke," replied Mrs. Harcross; "but I have an intolerable headache. Don't stand staring at me in that pitying way, Weston. I only want a little rest. You can go to the dinner without me, Hubert. I know Julia

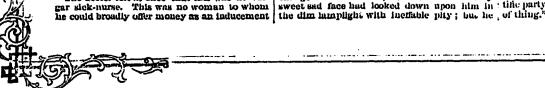
is very unxious to have you there." Weston shook hands and departed, curious and thoughtful. "There's something jucer about that picture," he said to himself, as he walked Charing-crosswards; "and I wouldn't walked Charing-crosswards; "and I wouldn't give very much for Mr. Harcross's domestic felicity this evening. Yet it can hardly be jealousy—of a woman who died thirty years ago—unless that portrait in his chambers is an accidental likeness of some one he has cared about. Perhaps that is Augusta's sus-Yet, if that were the notion, why picion. Yet, if that were the notion, why should she be so strangely affected at finding out the history of the picture? It's a queer business, altogether; but I'm very glad I came across that engraving at Tombs's, it may

serve me as a fulcrum!" "1'm very sorry you can't go to the dinner." said Mr. Harcross, with his eyes half-closed. He would sleep for ten minutes or so at will, and arise from such brief slumber like an intellectual giant refreshed. "Was the herd larger than usual, and more than usually op-

pressive?"
"I have had rather a fatiguing afternoon; and as you can never give me any assis-

"My dear Augusta, were I the idlest man in the world, I should shirk that kind of thing. I have not the knack of seeming enchanted to see a host of uninteresting people. I rather like a good ponderous dinner—people brighten wonderfully amidst the clatter of knives and





THE HEARTHSTONE.

have, one sees one's friends at their best under those genial influences. But an afternoon party—a crowd of meanderers circulating in-anely, buzzing like so many gud-flies, a little music, a little literature, a little science, a little religion, a little scandal, all going on at once in the most distracting manner—upon my word, fushionable woman must be a devoted creature if she can stand that kind of thing. But had I been ever so willing, I could not have been at home this afternoon; we had a field-day in the committee-room."

Augusta was standing by the open window, pale as her muslin dress. Should she talk to him now, or wait till he returned from the disner? That which she had to say to him disner? That which she had to say to him was of an agitating nature; she, who was ordinarily so screne and emotionless a creature; felt that she might hardly be mistress of herself when once that subject was broached between these two. Would it not be best to wait felt that she might hardly be mistress of her-self when once that subject was broached be-tween these two. Would it not be best to wait till night, when there would be no hazard of a servant coming in suddenly while they were talking? She looked across at the clock on the chimney-piece—a quarter-past seven; and at eight Mr. Harcross was due at her dear friend Lady Basingstoke's. She had promised her dear Julia that he should come; and she knew that her dear Julia relied upon him as the intellectual Samson who was to sustain the weight of a somewhat heavy banquet; for dear Julia's guests were exalted, but dull. If they were both absent, people might talk—indeed, if even one were wanting, people might talk-since she herself had been seen that afternoon in all her accustomed brilliancy.

Ars. Harcross shivered at the thought that her dear friends might lay their heads together, as the phrase goes, and speculate about her— might even conjecture that she and her hus-band had quarrelled. She knew that was the general opinion when a wife, from any unexplained cause, failed to come up to time.

"I have a distracting headache, Hubert," she said; "but perhaps I had better go with you I know dear Julia depends upon us."

"Very well, my dear," murmured Mr. Harcross, without opening his eyes; "go by all means, if you really think you can dress in three-quarters of an hour. Or couldn't you

three-quarters of an hour. Or couldn't you wear that peach-coloured and white thing you

have on. It's uncommonly pretty."

Mrs. Harcross looked down at her mauvesilk train and India-muslin overskirt, with a contemptuous shrug.

"I wonder you can propose anything so absurd, Hubert, when I have been seen in this does by at least a hundred people this very aft rucon, Julia Basingstoke amongst them." "In that case you had better make haste. I

can dress in twenty minutes."

Mrs Harcross took the engraving from the table where she had thrown it, and carried it away to her dressing-room, where she locked it up in one of her private drawers before she rang for Tullion, the maid. At five minutes before eight she came downstairs in her even-ing splendour, radiant in pearl-gray satin, and airy tulle, with great bunches of crimson azalens gleaming amidst the cloudy draperies, and a coronet of azaleas and diamonds on her dark If there were any glory in being the husband of one of the handsomest women in

But there was no elation in his countenance to-night, as he stood at the foot of the stairs and calmly surveyed the splendid figure de-scending towards him. It his wife's splendoor and beauty evoked any feeling in his mind it was wonder-wonder that any human creature of average intelligence could be satisfied with a life so empty—this perpetual shifting of gorgeous raiment, this house which was

London, Mr. Harcross certainly enjoyed that

never a home. (To be continued.)

Hore.—Hope has the power of soaring with a strong and onstriving pinion from all that is dark and arear, into the radiant atmosphere of poetry. It takes is into a world of dreams, and causes the heart to wander amongst visions. It diverts the thoughts from the real to the ideal, and leads us amongst the picture-cleans of fancy to three in the kairy realms of art. It bustens us into a visionary world, that we may have dreams of glory, power, and fame. It unfurls a dazzling scroll, and shows us engraven on it an immortal name. Its holy task is to exhibit to us, even whon care surrounds us, and we are treading along a horsh path, a time of dizzy joys, and to change into bright ouchantments the stern realities of actual iffe. Nor do the strength of its dreams, the nobleness of us desires, and the beauty of its thoughts coars to netwate and influence our hearts even when his grows pale and wantes fast, when we turn our thoughts from earth to heaven, on the coord of siekness and weakness, and when the

when we turn our thoughts from earth to heaven, and the canch of sickness and workness, and when the faint voice and the fainer pulse speak in warning this person of a time to die. It beldly walks along with us, prompting the spirit never to repine, from the cradic to the grave.

We all hope. In every one of us that passion finds an object to feed upon. We all form some beautided—we all sketch some fancy portrait, which we foully cherish, and hope to fast the fair original. When hope first sholls as influence upon the heart all one's roving thoughts are concentrated upon one object. A vincuam within is filled, of which we have rever before known the extent. Heedess in the cance to success in this torsakes one. A new simulational properties which we have all stages one in the foreign of the properties of a song which he called, a Love's work of a song which he called, a Love's work of a song which he called, so lender, so plaintive, that the allering avenues of fance spread open before us.

We have all sketch some fance to fair original. At last, in some moment of romantic influence one to whom the called, a Love's sweak, so gentle, so tender, so plaintive, that the hist of all its led over done—the bright particular or the best of all its led over done—the bright particular or the best of all its led over done—the bright particular or the properties which

the alluring avenues of tame spread open before us. We burn to nearber some artimate enterprise which shall be worthy of the mind of man.
But strong as is the spell of hope to incite and inspire ma, equally strong is it to chale and to describe us. The fraud is sweet, but bitter pure and keen despair await to terment us, upon our awaiting and anding its chain broken and lying around us in glittering fragments. The heart that trust the syron smile of hope drinks the most copious draught of smile of hope drinks the most copious draught of pleasure while it grasps its soil-sought transure; but when the mystic gleam departs, the heart sinks coldly, and too often breaks amidst the world's unkindness.

A New Use you Cath.—A correspondent of Land and Valer writes:—"It often appears to me that people for the most part are not aware of the great use eats are to us. Of course, we know of their new with respect to mee and rats, but do we know of the invaluable help they can give us in pretecting from birds our garden fruit and flowers? 'The late heavy rains this spring have given us the promise of abundance of strawberries, and in the south, at least, the bloom is magnificent. To keep off the birds how simple, how certain, how small is the cost of a cat on a small chain shifting on a wire, and giving the animal the walk up and down the whole length of the strawberry beds. A knot at each end of the wire readily provents the cat from twisting round the post which supports the wire, and a small kennel placed in the middle of the walk affords her shelter and a home for her kittens. In large gardiens a second cat is required, and the young ones in their frequent visits to each other greatly assist in scaring away the birds. I have for more than 30 years used, and soon used with perfect success, this easy method of protecting fruit, and the very same plan is equally good in keeping hares and rabbits off flower bods. After the first few days cats in no way dishifts this partial restraint, and when set free, after a few wook's watching, they will, of their own accord, continue on guard. The kittens, more especially, at their own accord become the gardener's best allies."

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PULLS.—Host family physic; Sheridan's Capulry Condition Powders, for horses,

THE TWO SHIPS.

BY BRET HARTE.

The following beautiful lines will rather surprise hose who only know Brot Harto as a man of irru istibly comic humor.

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest.
Leoking over the ultimate sen.
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the len:
One sprends its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me.

But lo! in the distance the clouds break away.

ONLY A SONG.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Mossieur Du'inte, who had a large family nd a small income, bired the upper floor of a large building in the city of Paris; and to reduce his rent, underlet a room to young Monsion Fernande, the musical composer, of whose com-

Fernande, the musical composer, of whose compositions no one as yet had heard mything.

It was a little narrow room, with one very high window; but it had this advantage; out of this window one could, at the risk of breating one's neck, catch a glimpso of the beautiful prima doma, Mille, La C—, as she farmed herself on the balcony of the first floor. For this sensible reason had Monsleur Fernande hired the apartment. the apartment,

He was dreadfully in love with her, though they had never spoken to each other, and he foully and falsely believed that she knew that he had thrown her bouquets, and had given him special thanks for them as she hold them against her pretty chin, and bowed her pretty lead over them and smiled with the beaming

smile of an actress down upon the audience.

If ever he made his name and fortune, then she should know, but not until then. So he loved on in silence, and worked at his compositions, and offered them to publishers, and had them "declined with thanks," Now and then, of course, he sold a song; but

the songs did not become popular, and he must have starved to death but that he now and then played the plane for some deneing party. At the best, he lived on bread and coffee and a little

In his room he had an old piano, a desk, a chair, a meerselaum, and a little charcoul furnace. When he had five francs in his pocket,

nace. When he had five frames in his pocket, and it was not rent day, he felt rich.

Mille. In C——had overy luxurious lounge and couch and sofa to be bought for money. She lavished gold on her friends, on herself, on her pet possile, on the beggars who held out their crooked hands, and showed their distorted faces at the door of the house, as she tripped from it to her carriage. from it to her carriage.

They said she had been a peasant child, whos aweet voice, as she stood singing at the door of a little but, had caught the car of a wealthy music worshipper, who had her taught in consequence. They tell such stories of so many prima domas. No one would have guessed, from her manner how, that she ever knew the value of a sou. Yet with all the extravagance she was growing rich, and could make a little fortune in a night

Young, beautiful, adored, who could be hap-pier? And yet, though she could sing so divine she could not have composed one of those little songs which were written in the garret over her head, to save her bright young life. little songs which were written in the garret over her head, to save her bright young life. Each one was a gen, and probably Mr. Fernande knew it, for genius ought to recognize its own work. Still, rattling marches, waitzes that were the same old thing over again, and blis from well-known operas twisted into galops, sold; while his little songs lay neglected on the counter, and others never reached the counter at all, being scorned from the first by publishers with no music in their souls, however much there may have been in their shops.

with no music in their souls, however much there may have been in their shops.

It, indeed, some well-known singer would have song one of then—Mademoiselle La C——, for instance—then there might have been a change. The thought crept into paor Fornande's heart by degrees; at last it strengthened into a resolve; but it must be the lost of all that he should lay before his idel, the very best—nothing else would do."

So he wrote in his attle room, the poor composer, and below, the happy song-bird trilled her songs, and laughed and chatted, and was carelessly generous, and nover even knew of his xistence who, evening after evening, watcher

playing it upon his old plane, he knew it to be the best of all he had ever done—the bright par-dendar gens it to hay before his hady. He copied it out daintily; he wrote a pretty

note without any signature but that of mirer," and he resolved to loave it at her door and await the result.

"If I should over hear her sing it. I should be so happy—so happy," he said to himself, "I should be willing to die."

What strange things we say sometimes! Did you ever say anything, not quite meaning that afterward proved itself true, though not as you intended it? I have.

And one morning he said: "To-day I will do it;" and with these words

left his little room.

He ran down stairs with the precious little parcel in his hand and stood before the doo that led to Mdile. La C—'s suit of rooms with a pulpitation heart. He had intended to knock, and leave the music and the sote with a ser----'s suit of rooms with vant, but-ah, how unfortunate!-the door stood open. Opposite he saw her dainty bouloir, and it was empty. He would steal in and put the music upon her table, and so leave It. liked it, he should hear her singing it sometime He crept in ; he lake the parcel down softly, and with reverence, but as he did so his eye fell upon a miniature was a portrait of his divinity herself, and it was set in costly gems. These he neither noticed nor cared for. All he saw was the sweet face. He stooped over it; he examined it; he took it

It is herself?" he said. "It is wonderful!" And I think he would have kissed it, but that at that moment he heard a little scream and

He turned. The scream came from Mdlle La C--, the growl from a gentleman who ac-companied her, and on the instant two mands came down on Fernande's shoulders, and the minuture was wrested from him.

"How careless of August," cried the lady,

to leave the door onen for thieves to enter by. The gentleman lustily called for help. Fernande sold nothing. Conscious of his terrible position, he was stricken dumb; and it was "ladies?" as one passes through the changing scenes of a dream, that he knew himself to be arrested and

The prima donna appeared against him when the proper time came. She had found this man in her room. He had a valuable ornament in his hand. She believed that he intended to steal it. She had never seen him before-One,

this the young man felt that it would be At this the young man left that it wear is well to be dead. She had mover seen him before! Then she had not smiled upon him when he threw her that bouquet of Provonce roses. It was all farney. He had not caught her eyes. She had never notleed lilm.

The gentleman who had been with Mademoiselle gave his evidence, only he was flereer, and called the impless Fernande a thief, a brigand and a rased, when he alluded to him. And Fernande could only say that howas not gullty. He would say nothing else in his misery. He would not even give his calling, and bring his respectability forward by way of defence.

"I am named Fernande, and I have twenty-three years, and I am nothing and nobody."

This he said, when called mean to necessart for

This he said, when called upon to necount for himself, and nothing more. And he was written down engrant, and condemned to six months's hout those are a trial

hard labor as a thief. Melle, La C-went home pouting, and decaring that she "hated to go to such dreadful places." She eat a delightful little funch, and afterward linding a packet upon her table, opened it and read Fernande's anonymous note, at which she laughed and hummed over the song, pronouncing it "very pretty." A few days after she practiced it, and on being encored

one night, bettought her to sing it.

Poor Fernando! If he could but have been there to have seen how the women wep! over his pretty little lay of love and death, and to

have heard how the applause rang.

After that, the manager besought. Mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream" every night,

and the lady obeyed his request.

Amateur singers weat mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mille La C——'s song, and apon II, It was caused Notice (ACC — 880); and by many was believed to be her own; and it sold as never song sold before. One day, with a party, she visited the prison where Fernande was contined. She stood and her little circle of cavaliers, and said to one in authority in the place:

4 What do they like these people? Shall I

"What do they like, these people? Shall I sing a little love song?"
"As Mademoiselle pleases," said the man,

every one understands that theme." And Mademoiselle smiled, and tried her volce with a little trill, and began Poor Fornande's long, "Love's Dying Dream."

song, "Love's Dying Dream."

Oh the cager, glittering eyes that watched her! Oh the flashed cheeks, the hurried breath! Oh the mad throbbings of the heart of Number Twenty-four, as he whispered to binself:

"It is my song! It is my song!"

"What is the matter?" whispered Number Twenty-three to Number Twenty-four, "I say, mon and, speak."

"What is the matter?" wheel the advances.

non and, speak."
"What is the matter?" asked the singer of
the Superintendent, as the last notes of her song
died upon her lips. "There seems to be some commotion."

commotion."
"There is a little," sull the Superintendent calmiy. "Number Twenty-four has caused it."
"Has be escaped ?" cried the lady, looking about her as though she had heard that a tigar had broken loose.

"After a manner, Mademolselle," said the

Superintendent. "He is dead."
"These people never have any sense of pro-projecty," said Mademolselle. "How dreadful!"
They buried Fernande in whatever spot of They buriof Fernande in winatever spot of ground is given to pauper prisoners. And Mille, La C—sang on until she sang herself into the heart of some man with a title; but as long as she sings at all, she will sometimes sing a Love's lying Dream." It is so pretty, so sweet, and then it was the work of an unknown admirer. It is a favorite with Madame, and always has

No one now remembers Number Twentyfour, named Fernande, who was so impolite as to die white Mdlle. La C——was singing.

> (For the Hearthstone.) MY NEW COOK.

For some time past we did very well, and we had a treasure of a cook, a fine strong girl, whose strongest recommendation was that she had never been out of her mative village. But the week before last she left my house for a "botter place," as she said. I might have indollar; but experience has demonstrated to my satisfaction that this kind of bribery never turns out well. So I let the girl go to her "botter place." As to how it was a better place I did down some such grandlioquent production as not make enquiry. That was her business, the following, which would probably be dimly she was a free agent, and I did not attempt to recognized by balf the school-children in the influence her. In fact, being of rather an inde- | land : pendent turn of mind myself, I sympathize sight of her native village, and that for weeks and months tegether.—She came of an Irish family, and when she presented berself I saw in her but small promise. Having learned on enquiry that her name was Alice Maloney, I fustion and simplify.

As an illustration of the manner in which

" How long have you been in this country,

Allce? She hesitated for a moment, then answered: Six months, mum." I learned afterwards that she had arrived only

three days before. " Can you cook ?" I enquired.

" Och, yes, onything from a rib of bafe down to a pertate."

"You're sure of that, Allee?"
"Och, sure, mum."

" Can you give me a reference ?"

6 I've got a character from Mrc. -producable character; but, of course, I had no means of knowing if it was true or not.

After some debate with myself, I determined upon giving Alice a trial, It so happened that on the very day she came an old lady friend, accompanied by her two

daughters, both married and housekeepers themselves, called in to take tea. "During the afternoon my "butterman"

came. Occasionally, he brings some very nice sansages, and Indways make it a point to secure some when he does so. He had some on this "Alice," said I, " I want you to harry up and

let us have some tea as soon as possible; and. Allee, we will have some of those sausages with He sure and cook them very-nicely. "Yes, mum," readily replied the girl, looking quite intelligent.

ground of a new domestic, and we then pro-ceeded to dri: k the tea. The cups were handed round, and I soon noticed that my guests were sipping from their spoons in a very unsatisfac-tory manner. I was in the act of taking my own cup, when I missed the plate of sausages, about which I had housted to my hady friends as being something better than was usually to be

got,
So I rang the bell, and Alice presently made

her appearance.

**Allee," said 1, "where are the sonsages I told you to cook? You surely have not forgotten them?"

ten them?"

Och. no indade, mum. They're there."

Where? I don't see them;" and my eyes
ran round the table.

They're wid the my, mum, shure!"

" With the ten?"

"Shure, mum, they're wid the tay. Ye towld

me yees wanted the sausages wid the tay, and sure they're there. I blied our well." A light flashed over my indid; and, throwing up the lid of the tea-pot. I saw floating on the surface a bard-looking substance, I thrust in a fork, I drew it forth, and exhibited a link of well-boiled sausages.

My lady friends have not called to take tea

since, nor do I think they will until I make an-other change, when I am determined to have a cook with a character which shall not be a

COMPOSITIONS.

When we are grown up, we write essnys. At school, our literary productions are called compositions, aithough, if we regarded the true meaning of the terms, we would reverse their application, and call what we essay to compose, an essay, and what we do compose, a composi-But the application of the term is of small importance. The point we wish to make is, that much of the time now applied in our schools to "composition-writing" is very often time atterly thrown away, because of the un-suitable and improper character of the subjects chosen. Whether the scholars or the teachers make the selection, the result is generally the same. The teacher of composition of the present day is prone to favor themes of the most theoretic and metaphysical nature, and any-thing better adapted to extinguish in a child thing better adapted to extinguish in a child ability or desire for literary composition could hardly be imagined. It is a matter of course that ordinary boys or girls can not write well upon decernment, Philosophy, or the Moral Attributes, and their continuous doleful follings and certain failures with these subjects will soon, and very naturally, give them a distaste for any kind of literary work. "Composition days" are, in ordinary schools, the most disagreeable and irksome days in the week, for then it is that tasks are required of the scholars for which their minds are almost always unprefor which their minds are almost always unprepared. Many a cultured writer would stand against before the abstruse themes which are daily presented for elucidation and comment to children who scarcely know the dictionary-meaning of the words. The art of English com-position is necessary to a good education, but a man may be well educated without being able to write an essay on an abstract subject. In fact, most educated people never do write them. What the unifority of children need in this rewhat the impority of chardren need in this re-gard is a course of education that will emble them to give honest, carnest, and simple ex-pression to what they really think, and straight-forward and interesting descriptions of what they see. They should thus be taught to give suitable expression to the ordinary impressions of their minds, and if they can do this, the teacher should be satisfied. If those impres-sions were a bigneric set of the better. but if sions are of a high order, all the better; but it must not be forgotten that the scholar ought to be taught to write what he really thinks. If a subject is given him of which he has never thought, and of which he is incapable of think-ing properly, of course he can do nothing but furbish up a set of old, trite, high-sounding expressions that have been used in the schools until their original menting is almost dried out of them, and which will generally serve about duced her to remain, by an offer of another as well for one subject as another. There is surely no possible use or advantage in requiring young minds to soar blindly and feebly into the regions of othles and philosophy, and bring

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is the greatest bless with others in their independence, and rarely ing ever bestowed upon mankind. If it were seek to interfere with a declared course of action, not for happiness, this world would be a sorrow-My new cook unfortunately had been out of i ful place of abode. When George Washington, with his strong right arm, thrust aside the clouds of oppression that hung over the land, he gave happiness to his country—and so on, with ever so much more of carefully cultivated

this stilled treatment of high-flown subjects is nurtured, to the detriment of a healthy and sen shile style of school composition, we offer the following incident: A bright little girl, in a large seminary, once found herself, for the first time, in a composition-class, where all the other girls—young ladies they were called—were very much older than herself. When the teacher announced that one hour would be devoted to composition, and that each young lady would select her own subject, our poor little girl sat in silent misery. She had never written a compo-sition in her life, and as to choosing a subjecwhere there was nothing to choose from how could she do that? If she could only consult with some one, a theme might be suggested but that was impossible, for silence was strictly enjoined. So there she sat, puzzling her poor little trains until one half of the allocted time had passed, and not a word had she written. At had passed, and not a word mais she writen. At last in despair she set herself to describe an ex-cursion she had made with two other little girls to "Culver's Rock," a short distance from the village. She told how they made a little house under the rock; how they gathered moss for a curpet for it, and how some of the messes were seen and grown, and where were sostill and gray soft and green, and others were so still and gray that when they put their down on the door of their house, they looked just as it they had been made at home; how there were little ishes with thorny backs in the creek by the rock, and how their sides glistened when they whisked them-selves up to the top of the water; how the great dragon-flies with purple wings—the color of Mrs. Baldwin's pansies—flattered about over the water, and balanced themselves on little bills or stonder. These which leaded exactly as it they slende: grass, which looked exactly as h' they

It seemed only a tew minutes before ten was announced by Allee; and I at once remarked; "Ah, this is something like expedition;" and I arose, adding; "Will you walk hat the room, indies?"

The words were no somer uttered than a doubt as to all being as I could wish crossed my infind, and I regretted that I had no; first repaired to the next room alone first. But it was too late now, or rather I did not happen to have presence of mind to recall my invitation until I had preceded them a few minutes.

Well, we were possently scated at table. My practised eye at once saw that the cloth was lable crookedly, and the things were laid in a very slovenly manner.

I was obliged to make an apology, on the ground of a new domestic, and we then pro-

reading of their productions elicited no remark. excepting the occasional approbation bestowed by the teacher upon some unusually felicinus expression. But when the little girl's composition was read, the whole school, teacher and all. burst out laughing. Such a richedous thing lad never before been read in that class, and when he general merriment had subsided, the teacher told our little girl that she was afraid she was yet ton young for the composition-class. The truth was that this little girl had written

the only original and sensible composition that had been read that day. - Health and Home.

A DRAWING-ROOM GAME.

Perhaps the best drawing-room game of all is that called Words, an invention not only en-tertaining in itself, but exceedingly useful to all

young people (and between ourselves, to a good many grown up folks) as a Boyal Road to Spel-ling. It is played in this way; each person, as in the game of Historical Pictures, is proin the game of flistorical Fictures, is pro-vided with ponell and sheet of paper, and a word of moderate length (but with as many vowels as possible) is publicly fixed upon, and written down upon it. The object is to break the word thus given into as many words as possible, using only the same betters; and he who makes most words out of H--aunthought. who makes most works out of H--authought, of by the rest of the company--wins the game. Any word may be fixed upon for this experiment, but the works to be derived from it may not be the names of places nor perfect tenses, nor participles of verbs, nor placais; and they must consist of not loss than four letters. Thus supposing Cambridge to be the word selected. Would it between that this convenience. bridge to be the word selected. Would it be imagined that this comparatively short word breaks up into stxty-one others! Indige, image, ream, ridge, badger, crag, bride, acre, admire, game, doar, brig, crib, care, braid, ride, card, dream, dame, mare, gird, ride, bard, beam, abide, bare, garb, mire, drab, amber, bler, bear, bird, grab, grace, gear, dare, rice, race, mead, carp, brace, bade, cram, grade, read, brim, cigar, dire, dram, cadi, rage, grim, cider, mad, cream, badge, crim, cage, drag, mirage. There may be many others; but a novice who attempts this game may be very elever if he hits upon half of those within the time allowed for their discovery, which is five minutes. Nothing but practice can make perfect at this amesebut practice can make perfect at this amuse-ment, and a child who is acquainted with h can run off fifty words, while a highly intellection adult is setting down his ten. Haf it is not the number of words, it must be remembered, that gains the victory, but their comparative rarity, since all those that appear on duplicate lists are cancelled, and go for nothing. When the clock on the mantle-piece amounces that the five minutes are over, everybody is bound to stop, and then each declares how many words he has evolved out of the original. He who has made most, (whom we call A.), reads them out from most, (whom we call A.), reads them out from his own list aloud, and B. C. D., &c., cry out, "Ah! Pvo got that?" whenever the word ap-pears in their list also, and it is struck out ac-cordingly. It is like the show of hands at an election. It may be flattering to A's vanity to have got the most words, but he may not be the chosen candidate for all that. It is possible to have made after and yet not one of them. to have made 6fty, and yet not one of them to be worth anything, since they may be so com-mon-place that one or other of the rest of the company is sure to have pitched upon them also. In the present case, such words as Crib, Care, Card, for example, are sure to be cancel-led, while Mirage, Image and Call have a good chance of remaining unchallenged. The game is really an exaction one; but when played among grown folks, only good-natured people that don't mind being laughed at should indulge in it, for the mistakes in spelling thus publicly disclosed are always numerous, -- Chamber's

SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELP.—Supposing your ago to be fitteen years, or the reabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 590 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is nearly five inches in diagnet; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,290 times per hour, 100,290 times per day, and 29,7,22,200 times per year. At each beat a little over two omes of blood is turown out of at and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air oells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 sparse inches. The weight, of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight onnees more. Your nervos exceed 19,000,000.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of litteen hundred pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body of 20,100 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

The Bealty of Science.—Science realizes to us in a way which nothing else can, the littleness of human intelligence in the face of lhat which transcends human intelligence. While towards the traditions and authorities of men its attitude may be proud; before the impenetrable voil which hides the absolute its attitude is humble—a true pride and a true humility. Only the sincere man of science (and by this title we do not mean the mere calculator of distances, or analyzer of compounds, or labler of species; but hum who through lower truths scoke higher, and eventually the higherth—only the genume man of science, we say, can truly know how utterly beyond not only human knowledge, but human conception, is the universal power of which mature, and life, and thought are manifestations. We conclude, that for discipline, as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest while. In all its effects, loarning the meaning of things is better than learning the meaning of words. Whether for intellectual, moral or religious training, the study of surraunding phenomena is immeasely superior to the study of grammars and lexicous.—Herbert Spance.

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Chaps, XV. BLOOD BONES. An Indian tale. By our crazy reporter. Only a song. By Mary Kyle Dallas.

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Burning the pocket.

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TO THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN

CANADA.

We want to become acquainted with you! We want to unearth the hidden talent, now buried in our cities and hamlets, inland farms and seaside dwellings, primeval forests and storm-tossed barks.

We crave narratives, novels, sketches penned by vigorous Canadian hands, welling out from fresh and fertile Canadian brains, thrilling with the adventures by sea and land of Canadian heroes: redolent with the perfume of Canadian fields and forests, soft as our sunshine, noble as our landscapes, grand as our inland seas and foam-girt shores.

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 smacks, &c., and we offer the following prizes for the best Canadian stories:

For a story of 100 cols......\$500 50 " 250

For the two best short stories, complete in one number, \$50 for the best, \$25 for the next

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-

tober, when the selections will be made and 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.

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

1st. A story will do with the scenes 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 exolude all but born Canadians; any 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 a 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, may possibly be desired by us for future use, in such cases we will communicate with the

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

BURNING THE POCKET.

There is an old saying that money in some people's nockets seems to burn a hole in it, so enxious is it to get out; and this saying is true with a very large class, especially with young men in business, whose time is very largely occupied. They are hardworking, industrious, and useful members of the society for the greater part of the time; but, give them money and they are never comfortable until they have got rid of it. This class are not exactly spendthrifts, they are honest and industrious and are not, as a rule given to running in debt. Debt, to an honorable man, involves a responsibility for payment; and this the burn a hole in the pocket class do not usually care to assume they pay their way as long as they have any money, and then wait until they get some more. The great difficulty with this class is that they cannot keep money; they can, and do, keep their engagements; they keep their words; they are industrious, but, they cannot keep money. Just as soon as they get my amount of that into their possession they are uneasy until it is spent. They call it "i.reping money in circulation," and claim that money is only worth working for, for the pleasure of spending it; and they never take into consideration the fact that there may come a time when they cannot work for it. This burn a hole in the pocket class is to be found very largely amongst workingmen, clerks and others who get paid weekly; they live as they get paid, from week to week, and seldom think of any necessity beyond Saturday night. On Saturday they are "flush" and their money begins to burn their pockets; they pay any debts they may have falling due on Saturday evening—for they generally pay as long as they can and then, with the surplus, "go on a spree." Sometimes they run out on Saturday evening, but usually they save a trifle to "see them through the week; this trifle melts rapidly and by Wednesday night they are "dead broke," and have to bridge over Thursday and Friday the best way they can until Saturday comes again, and they receive a fresh supply. This class is not, in some respect, a bad one, they are simply improvident; never learnt, and never will learn the value of money; they live only for the present, and carry out in too literal a sense the Bible injunction "take no care for the morrow " It is often a matter of wonder that young men in good situations, and mechanics with constant and paying employment, if suddenly stricken with sickness, or thrown out of work, have nothing to full back on. "They ought to have saved something," says the prudent man; and so they ought, but they didn't, that's all about it; as long as they can work they will do well enough, but withdraw that work and then comes the time for which they have never provided, the time when they must live without working. It is astonishing how many men go through life living from hand to mouth, and making no provision whatever for the future, either temporarily, or spirtually; they work on to the end and die in harness and all because they belong to the burn a hole in the pocket class. Of course, there are some people in the world who cannot save money, everything seems to be against them : expenses they never dreamed of are constantly cropping up, sickness is always overtaking them, want of work, or some other mischance is always oc-

curring to them; but a very large class who

in their old days, when they should be able to

charity of others, or forced to eke out a miserable existence at whatever work will afford them merely the bread and butter necessary to sustain life. We do not by any means advocate avarice; we hate meanness; but we do advocate a cu 'ul forethought of the future, and a proper i wision for a rainy day. Savings' Banks have done a great deal to counteract this habit of living only in the present, and we hope they will do still more good. When a man once gets his money "in the bank," he feels a hesitancy about drawing it out again which he does not if it lies idle in his pocket. Then when it has accomulated a little he experiences a certain degree of pride in having a sum at his command which he can use whenever he pleases, and a consciousness of independence if misfortune should evertake him; and better than all, he feels that if sickness or death should incapacitate or remove him, there will be something, although, porhaps, but trifling, to keep the wolf from the door of these he loves, for at least a little while. It is in early childhood that a spirit of frugality and forethought should be engrafted. The child who is allowed a little pocket money should be taught, if possible, to restrain its wants to a little less than that little. Allow a child twenty-five cents a week, and teach it to save five. At the end of the year it will have saved two dollars and sixty cents, which will appear a very large sum, and with which it can purchase something hitherto unattainable. This will be a very practical way of showing the difference between money at wholesale and money at retail, and will exemplify to the child the advantage of keeping the outgo a little below the income, and perhaps prevent its ever belonging to the burn a hole in the pocket class.

For the Hearthstone.

BLOODY BONES:

THE BUSTED BOOMERANG.

A TALE OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY OUR CRAZY REPORTER.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.-It may be proper to [NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It may be proper to state here that one of our reporters has just completed his five hundredth Dime novel, besides 'hoving read all of Mrs. Ann Stevens' J. P. Tmith's, G. P. R. James', Miss E. D. E. N. Soutsworth's, Miss Harriet Lewis' works, and half a dozen authors of the same style; and he thought he could do something in the sensation line himself. After three weeks of hard labor he produced the following effusion, which we to will be recognized as a thrilling Indian remance, replete with novel scenes and incidents, &c., &c., a ta sensation papers of the day. dents, &c., &c., a la sensation papers of the day. The various interpolations in the way of parenthesis he is not responsible for, they being the work of his confreres in the office, who think work of mis conferent the ones, who think themselves wags, and sundry others of his friends who found the manuscript in his desk and "improved" it—as they called it—for him. Poor fellow! he read the proof and he now sojourns in Beauport. This is his novel, published as a warning to those who are disposed to indulge too freely in sensation literature.]

Before the stamp of civilization had been placed on the site at present occupied by the city of Montread; before the white man had in-troduced breeches and fire water to the untuiored denizens of the forest; while the wild warwhoop of the Indian rang out over Mount Royal, and the typical beaver and the gentledeer slaked their thirst in the cooling waters of the St. Lawrence, there lived and thourished in the neighborhood of Lachine, the mighty tribe of the Chiefchichousies, whose days were spent in the abeasant occamations of sectains the the pleasant occapations of braves of neighboring tribes and continually thumping themselves on the breast and ex-claiming: "Ugir! Big Injun; Me great chief!" [Note by our Historical Correspondent: "From the peculiarity and originality of the expression; and also from some manuscript in my possession, written two thousand two hundred and twenty-two years ago, on pickled sheepskin in indelible ink, in the Tamarackandsassafras lan-guage, I should place the date of this story somewhere between the creation of the world and 12

p.m. on the twenty-fourth of last month,"] It was in the chilly month of November, and the fast approaching advent of the ice-king was noticeable in the freezing, biting, chilling blust which ruffled the screne bosom of the noble St. Lawrence; and in the eddying, circling, foaming, maddening water which howled, and reared, and raved, and rushed, and bellowed, and blus-tered down the Lachino rapids, and blassed, and boiled, and bubbled and surged under the Vicoria bridge. (Note by our Precise Contributor write bridge. Twoto by our Freeze contributor: "The author evidently means that the water would have done so had the Victoria bridge been built, which it wasn't."] The waters foamed and boiled, and rushed with ten million force against the shores, shaking the mighty forest trees to their deepest roots, and causing their wild and frantic moans and cries of agony to

rise over the howling of the waters.

It was evening. The gorgeous, glorious, majestic sun had suddenly dipped below the horizon with a vehemence which gave the idea that he was hungry and wanted his tea. Ninety-three millions ninety-three thousand ninetyhundred and ninety-three stars (esti our Astronomical observer, specially to the spot at great expense) suddenly burst forth in all their splendor and brilliantly illuminated the scene with a sickly blue light, like a second class firework

A solitary cance was seen on the river. was headed up stream, and was stemming the tide at the rate of lifteen miles, thirteen hundred and nine feet seven inches an hour (estimated by our Sporting Editor.) It had but one occuby our Sporting Editor. It ind out one occu-pant: a man of gigantic height and muscular frame, with vast and powerful arms (measured by our Prize Ring correspondent and found to be two feet seven and nine-sixteenth inches around the muscles) who forced his frail skiff and skill of a child invigating a washtub with can save money, and ought to do so, do not and n toy boat. [Reflection by our Romantic Con rest from labor, they are either thrown on the tributor "Beautiful and poetic simile,"] He was pulling a long, even, unbroken stroke, thirty-seven and nine-elevenths to the minute (by our Aquatic reporter), and in his robust manhood laughed at the puny efforts of the flowing tide to stay his onward course. ["Tide running forty-soven knots and a loose piece of string." By

our Navel correspondent.]

He shot under the Victoria bridge (or where the Victoria bridge ought to have been) like an arrow hurled from its bow and with unerring eye steered his way toward the Lachine rapids. [Our City Editer went for the Coroner.] Nearer and nearer to the boiling cauldron of tunultuous waiter anymached my during here; and near water approached my during hero; and more and more flereely surged the fleree tide against his frail skiff, threatening to dash it to destruc-tion. But it was of no avail; past Nuns' Island, up through the narrow, tortuous channel the light canoe held its way, until the danger had been almost passed and the head of the rapids reached, then—ah! terrible moment—the plank on which his left big too had been resting gave way; the water rushed into the bont, and in one and cleven-sixteenth seconds [by our special time taker my hero was struggling in the

The dark water closed over his raven locks and auburn overcout; the flerce aquatic fluid permented his ears, eyes, nose and mouth and poured in torrents down his throat. A terrible singing was in his ears, a horrible gargling in his windpipe; dark shadows flitted across his distempered brain, and in one second (by a stop watch) all his past career flashed through his brain like an electrical panorama; for one moment—only one moment—he seemed to be in the very jaws of death; the next, by a mighty effort, he had recovered his self-nossession and effort, he had recovered his self-possession, and with a slight struggle he had gained his fect.
["The water was only forty feet deep, and he
could stand."—Our Sensation Reporter.]
His first thought was his boat. To his great

His first thought was his boat. To his great loy he found it stationary within ten feet of him. His little deg (I don't think I mentioned his dog before, but no matter) had gallantly seized the sculls in his teeth and, although unable to make headway against the tide, still held his own against the current. It was the work of a moment for my hero to seize the boat, dog and all, in his arms, and placing it on his head, bravel breast the waters and wade towards Lachine.

Quiet reigned in the wigwams of the Chici-chicichousies; the Chiefs sat in solemn council and calmly smoked the calamet. In their centre sat Bloody Bones, the far farned warrior of the tribe. His brow was clouded, and his heart was heavy, for Winkzey Twinksy—the heart was many, for winkey Twinksy—the Laughing Kitten—the pride of the camp had slighted his love and was firting with Chow-Chow and Meshroomeatsup, two young and fiery braves. Bloody Bones smoked in silence for a long time, and then suddenly assuming an attitude of intense attention shouled, "Wangh!" responded his byother Chicks and he

"Ugh !" responded his brother Chiefs, and Immediately Patomurphy—Small Potatoes—ran from the Council fire to the beech and gazed in wonder and astonishment at the approaching

"Ugh! Me Big Injun. Me great chief, he shouted, brandishing his tomahawk aloft; but shouted, braidishing his tomalawk aloft; but as he noticed that the approaching stranger continued to walk towards the shore without paying any attention to him, he continued, "Big Injun want to go home," and he retraced his steps towards the Council fire where he announced the startling intelligence to the assembled Chiefs.

Braves," said Bloody Bones, drawing his blanked around but and speaking in these

blanket around him, and speaking in the slow, deliberate accents natural to all wild men of the woods, "this is the dreaded white man of whom we have read so much in the New York Weekly, and other kindred papers. He comes to fatten on our lands; in his right hand he carries a rifle, in his left is the dendity fire water; on his less are breached in his posters are on his legs are breeches, in his pockets are temperance tracts, and he wants to teach our squaws to play on the sewing machine. Shall he thus desecrate the land given us by the great Manitou? Never! he dies."

"Ugh!" shouted all the braves in concert,
"Bring forth the bounding boomerang; we will prepare a surprise for our white brother; we will slay him, and scalp him, and make his body into chicken pot pic." "Waugh!" cried all the Chicks; and then they

smote themselves on their naked breasts, as is their fashion and shouted "Me Big Injun. Me great chief. Waugh!"

In a few moments the Indians were all

safely hidden, and awaited with calminess the approach of the foe.

Cock-eyed Johnson—such was my hero's name—slowly waded to the shore with his boat and dog, the latter seated in the bow keeping a sharp look out. As he neared the shore he became more cautious and said in a low tone to the dog "Bow-wow, do you see anything?" "Injuns," said Bow-wow, in a low, expressive whisper "hiding behind the rocks and trees."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Johnson, "this is good. l will capture them and take the Barnum's Museum. Give me my rifle. The dog turned to obey; one glance into the bottom of the boat and he gave a shout of stonishment and alarm.

The rifle was gone! "No matter," said Johnson. ' I'll fix their flints without it." He shifted the bout to his right shoulder, and continued his way cautionsly towards the shore; his little dog jumped into the water and walked by his side. As his feet touched the shore, Bloody Bones gave a signal, and five thousand three hundred and seventeen the water and walked by his side braves in all the point and glory of full war paint, just as constantly portrayed by our special artist, sprang from their places of con-cealment and leaped in front of the stranger, with a shout which was echoed from Sarma to Cacouna. Johnson braced himself for the attack, and his little dog got his back and his fail up, and showed his teeth in a threatening

manner.
"My white brother has come," said Bloody Bones, advancing one step to the front, "my young men shall welcome him "

The young men immediately did this by discharging three thousand three hundred and thirty three tomahawks and a brickbat at Johnson, all of which were hurled with such deadly intent and such true aim that death seemed inevitable; but quick as thought Johnson threw his cance in front of him and caught every tomahawk in its tough bark. With lightening-like rapidity he waved the boat in the air, and advancing one step he made one fell sweep with it and knocked off the heats of seventeen hundred and seventy seven Indians; "four more blows like that," muttored between his clenched teeth, "and I'll the red devis."

Meanwhile his dog had not been idle; less fortunate than his master he had been struck by the brickbut, and had had three inches of his tale cut off hy a temperature. his tale cut off by a tomahawk. Maddened at the loss of his caudal appendage, Bow-wow spring flercely upon Bloody Bones, who chanced to be nearest to him, and who stood laughing at what he supposed would be his easy victory. Quick as thought Bow-wow Jumped down his throat, bit out his gizzard and With back again by his muster's side before closed and trim. Bloody Bones had time to close his mouth.

There was a pause. Bloody Bones went to G. W. Katchura.

his wigwam to repair his gizzard, and the other Indians busied themselves picking up the heads of their friends. Again the red skins advanced; again the deadly cance descended on their heads and eleven hundred and twelve of

advanced; again the deadly cance doscended on their heads and eleven hundred and twelve of them were laid on the sand; but fortune was unkind to our hero, and as he knocked off the head of Tougholdnut, the treacherous cancebroke into a thousand pieces and Johnson found himself defenceless. With another yell the Indians rushed upon him, he was thrown to the ground, a thousand tomalnawks flashed above him, a hundred hands seized his hair, a hundred sharp knives cut off a hundred scalps, and a thousand spears pinned him to the earth. "This is getting serious," he thought, "Ah, ha!" he shouted, "Cock-eyed Johnson dies not so." With a mighty effort he shook himself free and sprang to his feet; in a second he had seized Hardoldhammer, an aged chief, by the ancles and swinging him aloft used him as a fiall until he had cleared a circle around himself. Six hundred and six more heads were knocked off by this movement. He felt secure now. His triumph was sure. "Three more blows," he said, "and it is done." Just then a sudden whirring sound was heard, the deadly boomerang from the unerring hand of Bloody Bones whizzed through the air, Johnson experienced a curious sensation about the throat, and putting his hand up to discover its cause found found

HIS HEAD WAS CUT OFF !!

Ere he could recover his astonishment the Indians had again rushed on him and he found himself tied hand and foot and bound securely plants there and and foot and bound sceneriy to a tree. Bloody Bones stepped forward, and ploking up Johnson's head bowed politely as he replaced it on his shoulders, giving it a good smart rap on the top to make it stick.

"My white brother will need that again," he said, "I will cut it off for him several times more."

The eighteen hundred and twenty two remaining Indians drew themselves up in a mass in front of their prisoner and prepared to torture

in front of their prisoner and prepared to torture him after the well known Indian fashion. Bloody Bones stood in front and waved around his head the deadly boomerang.

"My white brother must lend me his head again," he said with a grim smile, and then throw the weapon from his hand.

Now everybody knows that one of the peculiarities of the boomerang is that it apparently is aimed at nothing and suddenly turns round, comes back and hits something; on this occasion Bloody Bones discharged the this occasion Bloody Bones discharged the this occasion Bloody Bones discharged the weapon with such force that it flew in a straight line to Montreal, caromed on the Cupola of the City Hall and rebounded to Lachine revolving rapidly in the air, as is the fushion with boomerangs. It had almost reached Johnson, who patiently awaited the blow, when suddenly

THE ROOMERANG BUSTED

with a terific noise, and its direction being changed it struck the Indians standing in a mass together and cut eighteen hundred and twenty one of them in half striking them all between the fourth and fifth ribs. The one who was left was Patomurphy—small Potatoes—and he was hiding in the cellar of the Lachine House. Johnson unbound himself and found that, except a little stiffness in the neck, and three or four hundred wounds about his body, he had not suffered from his encounter. He fett hungry, however, and, searching the Lachine House, he found Small Potatoes, roasted blim for suppor, are him, and gave Bow-wow his bones to pick.

"I told you," he said apostrophising the dead

Indians, "you could not kill Cock eyed Johnson that way." This is how the tribe of the Chicichleichousies became extinct and

THE END OF BLOODY BONKS.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The Department of Agriculture have made arrangements with the Northern Pacine Company to give bonds for the transfer of goods belonging to immigrants through the United States territory. This will save a considerable amount of loss and inconvenience to immigrants who the last few years were subjected to almost rainous exactions. An agent has been appointed by the department at North Pembina, to see that the bonds are properly discharged.—Hon. Colonel Gray has resigned his sent for St. John. N. B., and has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia.—The profits of the bazar in aid of the orection of the New Hospital at St. Sauveur, amounted to \$2,400.—Sir John A. Macdonald left Ottawa on 5th inst. for the West, He will probably be absent about three weeks. He will probably be absent about three weeks. He will probably be absent about three weeks. He will be present at ten or twelve meetings.—It is rumoured that the elections will take place early in August.—Mr. Lee, for many years clork, of the Privy Council, has retired on the superannuation list. Mr. Himsworth succeeds him.—Hon. Mr. Woods has resigned his sent in the Cabinet, and hus been appointed Chief Justice of Manitoba.—The Hon. Mr. Blake, Premier of Ontario, has sailed for England.—The Nowfoundland papers state that the senson is very backward. Farming operations are much delayed, and reports from the outports concerning the fisheries are discouraging.—It is understood that active operations will be commenced on the North Shore Railway about the 15th inst.

UNITED STAYES.—A complimentary dinner was given to the French band at Boston on 6th inst.

fisheries are discouraging.—It is understood that active operations will be commenced on the North Shore Railway about the 15th inst.

UNITED STATES.—A complimentary dinner was given to the French band at Boston on 6th inst.—There were nearly two hundred deaths from sunstroke in New York last week.—The deaths in Philadelphia last week were 76i. an increase over the previous wock of 350, and of 333 over the same week last year.—The picture frame, looking glass and moulding works of Sanford & Bon, Syracuse, were destroyed by fire on 6th inst. Loss, \$60,000.—The World says that Greeley's nomination at Baltimore is a foregone conclusion, and there are no indications of a formidable revolt. It adds: There will be but two candidates. For our part, we shall advise nobody to vote for Grant, and as between the remaining alternative of voting for Greeley or staying at home, we have no counsel to offer. Our duty may more clearly appear after the canvass has made some progress.—The New York strikers have given up all idea of gaining the eight hour law.—The decrease in the public debt for the last month was \$2.031,035.—Thirty-nine bardooted Friars and seven Dominican Friars, banished from Guatemala for conspiracy against the Government, arrived at San Francisco lately.—The fourth of July was observed in Richmond, Va., as a general holiday, for the first time in twelve years.—The cassualities for the proper observance of the fourth of July in New York foot up: 38 fires, 9 of which were serious; 24 persons died from the effects of the beat; 56 persons sunstruck; 24 persons wounded by lirearing; 18 members of the National Guard sunstruck during parade, some of whom will probably die.

ENGLAND.—One Widenan has addressed a letter to the London Echo, offering to sell to that paper a pamphlet written by Catacaxy, containing terrible revolations relatives to the administration of President Grant. Widenan says that Catacay engaged him to sell the pamphiet in America, and that he has already trended with the editor of a New York pape

TIVET. Seven of the crew were drowned.

GREMANY.—Emperor William has appointed three of the law officers of the Crown to prepare a report upon the San Juan Boundary question.——A Berlin despatch states that Mr. Bismarck has received assurances from three great Catholic powers consenting to a conclave of Cardinals, in order to have a perfect understanding between the Cardinals and Governments interested in the Pope.

If you want your Panama and Straw hats properly thom done at once by G. E. Siegars successors to





ASLEEP.

BY MRS. MATTIE Z. FREREYS

I've kissed the dark-fringed cyclids down, I've soothed thee into quiet sleep;— Thou canst not gently chide nor frown— So I a loving watch will keep.

So sleep, beloved, in that soft rest "That knits the raveled sleeve of eare;" No cankering thought disturb thy breast Nor wake the deep peace slumbering there.

Ah. in that mystic lotus-land, Where thy proud spirit wandors free, Feel'st thou no soft, detaining hand? Comes there no glimmering thought of me?

No dream of what our lives have been-Of what they are and still may be? No faint perception stealing in Of all thou art, my sweet, to me?

Would I could look upon thy heart, And read in letters warm and clear, Whose the loved image set apart. To thee of all the world most dear.

I fear thou hast no love for me, Like that which burns within my heart. And in the years that are to be, Our lives will slowly drift apart.

Sleep on ! ah no ; awake, awake ! When ! no longer see thine eyes Such sad thoughts into long break,! And all my faith in terror dies.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COAT WITH THE FUR COLLAR.

The day wore on at Vale Cottage, and whet the evening came Julia made berself happy with the thought that her brother had gone to kon-don. She thought he might have found time, if only a moment, to have looked in as he passed, just to say good-bye. It was not such a long

just to say good-bye. It was not such a long journey to the metropolis, and two hours would bring him home again. Still it seemed so far distant while he was away.

He had gone she was sure. He would never have stayed so late at brookdale without sending word to her. He had found it necessary to see Laurence Drayton, and taken the two o'clock express. The telegram would come in the course of the evening, so there was no occasion for uneasiness, yet, in spite of this self-reasoning, there was a vague misgiving at self-reasoning, there was a vague misgiving at her heart—something that haunted her, and made her think of Brookdale with shadowy.

ominous dread.

Julia tended her window flowers, and played with her bird; sang to herself a little, pleking out unconsciously the sadder songs in her mu-sic, and finally settled down to one of Laurence Drayton's stories. He was not a britiant writer, but his books had a special charm for girlhood, and most of all for Julia Temple. She who knew the man, knew how much his works partook of his own tender, tranquil spirit. He touched wo-mankind with such a gentle hand, always with reverence, always in pay for the faults that he said belonged less to them than to the age they

Miss Temple surrounded herself with a very pleasant throng of fancies when she had eaten her solitary little diamer and had the reading-lamp brought in. She drew the table close to the hearthrus, whosled an easy chair to the fire-side, and putting ner pretty feet on the fender, went into a luxurious reverle over the open book in her hip.

in her hip.

"What a paradise even such a home as this would be," she thought, "if she were Laurence Drayton's wife, and it was her blissful privilege to sit by the fireside as now, and look up ever and anon to see his grave, protective face bent thoughtfully over his pen, with the pleasant smile he always wore when at work." She recalled with a thrill of delighthow often

she had sat with him in the study he chose for himself at Brookdale, quiet as a mouse, and content so that in the pauses of his pen he gave her an affectionate smile, or had his hand caressively on her golden head. She knew it was a rare privilege to sit with him like that, when was basy with the people of an idea but then, as he told her, his nature was full of repose, and there was sympathy between her

And when she was his wife-how sweet it was to think of that-it would always be the was to turne of that—it would always be the same. She could never pleture Laurence other-wise than as she had seen him—grave, and kind, and thoughtful, with that calm, self-re-liant strength which gave such dignity to his character. She loved him more because he was so unlike other men. He seemed to understand her so thoroughly; when she spoke caught the instinct of her words, and said exactly what she wanted in reply, in just the tone she expected; and very often, when she had been only thinking, his silent, sympathetic smile had told her that her thoughts were un-

Brookdale had no place in her memory when she conjured up the remembrance of Laurence Drayton. She pictured to herself some such quiet little home as Vale Cottage made, where she and Laurence could live for each other— dream out their dream un-outled by the world outside. State and grandeur had no share in the plans she made for the future.

Rachel interrupted her musings by bringing in the tea-tray, followed by Job, carrying the mull silver urn, and walking on tip-toe with chansy care. Those who keer servants never know how much grateful affection they win by being kind in manner. It was Eugeno's natubeing kind inflation—a word of traise, a little thoughtful notice, consisting merely of a nod or a smile now and then—that made the lad follow him from the Brookdale stables, and take his chance of being employed at the costage. He hud, in fact, been hunging about the place some days before Eugene noticed him,

Job was busy in the kitchen garden at the time, per-piring industriously over a ridge of potatoes, when Engene asked him what he was doing, and received a half salky "Helping Rachel!" in reply. He let the lad dig on, though he thought hedging up potatoes could though he thought heading up pointees could scarce by he in Rachel's province; but after that he saw Job about the house constantly, and no matter what he was doing, the invariable roply was "Helping Rachel!" followed by a defant intimation that he supposed he could come and help Rachel if he liked, couldn't he. He wasn't doing no harm !

Eugene was forced to let him stay, and Job and correct eards, letters from stable boys, minde himself useful. He worked in the garantee telegrams, worment betting-books, and several guides to the turf, resulted in the produc-Eugene was forced to let him stay, and Joh made himself useful. He worked in the garden, groomed Julia's horse, washed the light phaeton in which she down sometimes, cleaned the plate, and was generally indispensable; and when he had made himself hidoously respectable infa suit of plain livery given to him by one of the footmen, who was twice his size, he persuaded Rachel to permit him to wait at table, saying, in all simplicity, that perhaps they wouldn't notice the difference.

It was nine o'c'cork when the ten gune to

It was nine o'c'ock when the tea came in, and still no sign of Eugene—still no telegram. She could not help being uneasy now: her brother never broke his word.

"I expected a telegraphic message from Mr. Temple before this," she said. "It may be walting at the station. Do you think, Job, you could drive very carefully and inquire?"

"Could walk more sure. The night's a most too dark for the horse, please, thank you

Job, in trying to be polite, rather elaborated it, and said "Please, thank you!" in reply to

erything.
"But that would take youse long." " No if I runn'd all the way."

Julia looked out into the night. It was very dark, and after all, there was no reason for her to be so anxious. The message might be even then on its way, and it was unkind to send the boy a twenty-mile journey merely to satisfy a

tion of a billiard marker from a sporting public-

house in Fleet-street.

He came down in company with a City detective, with whom he appeared to be on very friendly terms, and he was allowed to see the body on the day before the coroner and the jury executive.

Mr. Grantley, who was kept informed by the inspector of everything that transpired in con-nection with the affair, knew when the man was coming, and was present by his own request at the identification. He took either a curious or a kindly interest in the man, to whom he had dven a eigar when they walked together over the cilif on the fital night.

"This man—Sampson his name is—knew all about him," the inspector said, when he called to apprise Grantley for the billiard marker's advent. "They flyed within a few doors of each other, at a place called Toddington-square, somewhere near the Surrey Canal, and they were old friends. Do you think, sir, Mr. Temple will be back in time for the housest." back in time for the inquest ?"

"I am afraid not," replied Everard. "He told me when I drove him to the station that he would return next day—yesterday; but I begin to think something must have detained him. He seemed to think his evidence unimportant,

groundless misgiving.

"Well, yes, sir, that may have been his opi"We will wait," she said.

"Well, yes, sir, that may have been his opinion," said Mr. Jeffreys, slowly; but if he had Inspector Jeffreys would have been just as much

vanced in the higher branches of philosophy to look at murder from its artistic point of view, and he mentally set Mr. Grantley down as a little strange.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it's the same anyhow, do it how you like."

"Pardon me; it is not the same. The conviction may force itself upon you that this par-

ticular hemisphere is not large enough for your-self and another person—not necessarily an em-my—someone, in fact, for whom you may have a genuine regard, but he is detrimental, dangerous. You deplore the inevitable result, but it must be carried out. Still you have no right to shirk society, and endanger yourself by a sud-denact of ugly violence. Society is injured, not benefited, by the morbid details of a trial. Soclety is as much injured by the conviction of a criminal as by the fate of his victim. Crime is always suggestive. There are always morbid minds into which the details drop like seeds of disease, and before the original criminal is quite forgotten you see it repeated almost in fine-staile. Have you ever observed that?"

"I have noticed it," said the inspector, listening with a sort of feathment of the inspector, listening with a sort of feathment of the inspector.

tening with a sort of fascination; o but it never struck me in that light."

- You would make a better detective if it

"You would make a nearer occurre a re-dia, Jeffreys. There are two faculties which are indisponsible to success in your profession, and they are rarely if ever cultivated." "Which are they, sir?"

"The psychological and the inductive."

thoughtfully. "May I ask, sir, what your

theory is ?"
"I was about to offer it. I dispense at the outset with your idea, plausible as it is, for the reason that you might count the persons of that class on the fingers of one hand. One was a clerk in the bank, discharged for betting; one the son of a London hotel-keeper, sent here to care him of a bad habit he had of counting the eash incorrectly—there was, I believe generally a surplus which he put into his pocket to savo trouble; one is the brother of a colonel in the Guards, a drink-soddened liflet, who would run from a school-boy; and the fourth is a middlefrom a school-boy; and the fourth is a middle, aged tradesman, who retired here to live quietly on his hardearned money, and became an irredatmable inclocate for want of occupation. Now you must admit that neither of these four is gifted with either brain or physique to think of plundering Mr. Hawkine, or putting is thought into action."

Jeffreys did admit that,

"Though," he added, "It don't we what

Jeffreys did admit that,

"Though," he holded, "I don't see what physics as to do with it."

"Physique, Mr. Jeffreys, =a combination o nerve, -constitution--muscular power and wil, Now for my theory. I think, with you, that he was watched and followed, and the pin had something to do with it, but not much."

Mr. Jeffreys had a different opinion, but he leep it to himself, out of deference to Everard Grantley's position. Like most of his class, he did not helice in amateur detectives, and he did not like to be taught his duly by any logical or inductive process whatever.

the not like to be taught his duly by any logical or inductive process whatever.

They found Mr. Sampson waiting for them at the Sea View, the was a man of incidencive appearance, with a tringe of ferretered whickers round a pale face, and a oil, threadbare look, orduced by a shabby gray tweet suit, a white worsted comforer, resuscitated cyclenity from lost winter's wear dimps, diugy, and unjoished, like the man.

washed, like the man,
There was much concern in his serious,
simple constremance. There were some man at
whose lives the lare of James, Hawkitts left, 4. gap, although the colore kept their eye upon and society despised blun. Mr. Howkins had a kindly hand in winter time when things are upt to go hard with the little members of the betting fraternity, the langers on, to whom the interval between the Liverpool Cup and has Spring Meeting is a dismal interregular, or or scrambled through on half pounds of a sat, ounces of cheap German samsage, and half-plats of heer smallowed surreputitorsly in tunity, fireless tap-rooms.

They took the falliard marker upstaces, and Inspector Jeffreys unlocked the door for from The coffin had not arrived yet, and there are Hawkins lay in a clean with state when are mainted arm doubted up on assectional task stern, and sindle still on his dead ap. The quast, tool unhandscope face was free from pain, h. h. the figly, blackened dent on his is reneal and partly how the end had come.

Mr. Sampson drew an end of his waite constant.

forter over his eyes, and boyed his head to stilke away some blinding tears become as spoke. He took the pale, jointees hand up very gently.

very gently,

"It's James poor old man since enough;"
he said, through the thickness in his vine;
"and Pd give a little to know who has done
this for bin." "You are certain that he is the man?"

Jeffreys asked.
"Certain? Well, I should think I was, Why,

of Certain T. Well, I should think I was, way, firm and ince-but that's not here nor there," to added, with a hisky sol.—I le was the best pal over I had, no matter what you may think of him. What's to become of his little girl I. " Was he married then ?" inquired Mr.

Whether he was or not, there's the little girl left at his lodgings. He was fond of her

"What is her mame?"

o Jem always called her Tiny,"
o If you let me know where to find her," said Mr. Grantley, "I will see if something can be done for her. I subscribe to an orphan institution in London."

tion in London."

"I am as much obliged to you as if she was my own," said the marker, gratefully. "You couldn't help liking her if you was to see het."

Everard took the man's gratifude with ili-

suppressed impatience as he put Tiny's address in his note-book. He gave Mr. Sampson a sovereign to drink his health with, and went out, shuddering slightly as he left the room. He was paler than usual when he returned to Brookfale. His moodiness of brow threw a hush upon them all, and the gentlemanly tieorge took the earliest opportunity of slinking gracefully out. Mr. Barrill was in the habit of studying Everard much as a mongrel might watch as uncertain-tempered master—always

in doubt whichier he was to be patted or Ricked,

"You seem disturbed," Margaret sald, La her
strong, tranquil tone; "has anything occurred to trouble you ?"

"Nothing. Except that the wretched brute who chose to fail or get thrown from the chif the other night has left a child—a little girl behind bim."

o Is she motherless?"
"Yes--or worse."
He gave her the address he had writen down, and shrank from her steady, questioning

gaze. "Let Mrs. Darrill see to her," he said; "the expenses would be triffing I suppose? Such men have no right to children. The whole con-sequences of his worthless life ought to have

said just to please. Now, the thing is, he define know exactly who may have been in the bar at the time. We keep a sharp lookout on tramps and that sort, but they manage to escape notice now and then. Not that I shoulk look to any of them for it." " To whom then ?" "Well, between you and me-and, of course, to a gentleman like you I can speak in confi-dence—I don't know whether you have noticed that in all little towns such as this, there's gethat in all little towns such as this, there's generally a few half-and-half respectable sort of fellows, who have been fast, or taken to drink,

or what not, and their friends send them down to keep them out of the way, and allow them a little to live on. You understand sir, what I " Perfectly." "Well, poor Hawkins was hand and glove with several such. He was a good-hearted fel-low to them as were really hard-up, though he

enlightened. Like many other praiseworthy men, he had risen from the ranks of the force by reason of dogged persistence, attended here and

there by a piece of good fortune, and his inductive process was very simple; there's somebody killed; somebody must have done it; and some-body, and get him convicted.

"They didn't teach them in my school," he

"They are not to be taught, my good friend.

You can cultivate, but you cannot create them. They must be in the instinct. Let me explain Psychology is soul motive; induction is the

mental process by which you discover it. I will give you an instance. What is your own private theory concerning the death of that poor fellow

would do a little sharping if he had a chance when he thought a man could afford it; and yo when no thought a mich could allow it; and you never know but what one of them may have watched and followed him about, thinking to make a smatch at it and get clear away."

"Single-handed, do you think? Remember! he was a strong, and I think a courageor

"There's no doubt of either, though he was wonderfully good-tempered in his way; but drink will do anything for a man. One day he is desperate enough to face a lion, the next the squeak of a rat will startle every nerve he has got; and if poor Hawkins was followed, as 1 say, and caught just near the edge of the cliff, he might have been taken off his goard for the moment, and knocked over before he knew where he was. It must have been done by someone he had no suspicion of; he was to wide awake to let a stranger get near enough to

"In that point I agree with you; it was no stranger's work. At the same time I do not credit any of these pensioned incurables with it. If you look at the spot where he was thrown over, examine the turf and the edge of the citt. you will see signs of such a struggle as no man moved only with the spasmodic courage of drink could have taken part in."

"I thought of that too," said the inspector

CHAPTER XXIII

COUSINLY KINDNESS.

When the third day came and passed, bringing no signs of Eugene, Julia sent Job with a note to Mr. Grantley at Brookdale, telling her cousin of her brother's strange silence too proud to lot him see the extent of her mis

" Eugene went to London two days ago," she wrote, "and I have heard nothing of him since, He promised to send me a telegram directly he arrived at the station, and I fear something must have imposed to blim. I have accep-tained that he took a return ticket, so it is evident he did not mean to stay long. Did any-thing transpire between him and yourself which left it possible that he might alter his intentions?

Job came back to say that Mr. Grantley read the letter at the door, being just about to start for the town, where his presence was demanded at the inquest. He would call upon her imme-diately on his return. In the meantime, he did not think there was any occusion for

An hour afterwards, while she sat at the window, a gentleman rode up slowly. At the distunce his resemblance to her brother made her heart leap; but as he drew nearer, the like as distinct. He dismounted, and

Miss Temple went out to meet him. He was



early in the morning."

But Engene did not return by the last train, and no message came in the morning. The mis-giving deepened then. The non-arrival of a te-legram may have seemed a trifling matter; but it involved the keeping of a promise—a promise which she was sure he would have kept unless

something had happened to him.

She would have sent to brookdale and in-quired what time her brother left; but her pride rebelled against that course of action. At midday she ordered Job to get the phacton

ready, and she drove to the railway station.

The clerk in charge, whose plain freek cont was invested with some broad black braid, to enable him to support the new dignified title of station-master, knew most of the neighbouring landed and resident gentry by sight, and touched the reak of his cap respectfully as Julia vent to the booking-office. She beckoned him

of expected a telegram from my brother, who

I think went to London yesterday," she said.
"Have you received one?"
"I do not think so, miss, or it would have been delivered instantly; but I will see."
He disappeared for an instant into the cupzative expression-

"No, miss, no such message has been sent."
"Strange," said Julia. "I am almost certain he went to London."

tion-master, with a bow. . . He took a first-class return ticket. I myself put him into a carriage.' Are you quite sure?"

"Quite certain, miss; he drove here in a four-wheel dog-cart with that tall gentieman, Mr. Grantley, I think." "Yes, Mr. Grantley. Did you notice how he was dressed?"

"He wore an overcont trimmed with some long black fur, and I am certain it was Mr. Tomple, for while I stood by Mr. Grantley mon-

" what did he say ?"

"As nearly as I can remember, just when the train was starting, he said "Good bye, Eugone; shall I call at Vale Cottage and tell Julia you have gone." Mr. Teinple said there was no occasion, as he shadd course to the " usion, as he should return to-day.

Julia thanked him, and went to her carriage elleved, but still dissatisfied. There could no mger be any doubt that he had gone to London; the station-master knew him thoroughly by sight, and had spoken with him many times. to would return in the course of the day. He would not waste the return ticket, for money was an object now, and the ticket was not available after the second day of its issue. one thoughtless of him not to keep his promise Just the trouble of putting down a shilling and Just the trouble of putting down a summy am writing a few words on a form ready to his hand would have sparred her so much anxiety.

" He never broke a promise to me before, she said, half inclined to be angry with him; and even if he meant to come back the next train he ought to have sent. He knows I have no one to speak to when he is away. The days

scera so dull without him." There were duller days to come, for Eugene did not return, or write, or send. He was wanted at the Sea View to give evidence as a mere natter of form; but the inquest had to be held

Certain inquiries, based on some stray pa pers, found in various pockets, amidst sundry

by the last train. If not, we are sure to hear | been in the force as long as I have he would have known there's no such thing as unimpor-tant evidence. There's something in everything in a case of this sort. I have taken a man from Bristol to Newgate, with nothing to go by but a smear of mud on the knee of his trowsers, and a patch on the sole of his boot."

"No doubt you are a clever and experienced man, Jeffreys, but I think you will have to put this on the list of the undiscovered. It has come "They are under my observation that police officers al-ways full unless they strike the right trail at

"I don't know about that," said the inspec-tor, in a tone of pique, "Very few escape when we once set to work; but it is one thing to find tor, in a tone of pique.

we once set to work; but it is one thing to find a man, and another to make the jury believe he is the man. And they are so frightened of hanging a man in these days—unless he happens to he the wrong one — that it's my opinion they often let him off on purpose."

"Well, sir, between you and me, it's hard to say. I don't think it was ever meant to kill him. You see, he had been sporting about the town with a pin that he said was worth two hundred pounds, though it doesn't stand to reason it was. However, he saids so, and a jeweller

escapes ?"

"One out of every two. Just as you say, sir, we full unless we strike the right trail at onec, but we are not to blame for that. We are right more frequently than people give us credit for; but what's a jury to do when some the strike the right and the strike the right trail at onec, but we are not to blame for that. We are right much. Still, as poor Hawkins was standing brandy-and-water round, that may have been the diskippeared on an instant may be core in the diskippeared by the first board where the operator sat franscribing from the clicking handles, and came out with a ne- dence we give is pulled to latters by elever countries. sel, who argue us out of our own senses, and make it appear that we are bitter enemie the prisoner on our account instead of doing our the he went to London."

"Mr. Temple did go to London," said the stator-master, with a bow. "He took a first-master, with a bow." "He took a first-master, with a bow. "He took a first-master, with a bow. "He took a first-master, with a bow." "He took a first-master, with a bow. "He took a first-master, with a bow." "He to duty. And if he gets off, whether he is guilty olse on our own account, and if we brought the proof right home to the man who has been tried it would be no use. He might write up on his door if he liked, "I killed so and so." No one

could touch him—at least, the law could not." . And so we have the comfortable reflection that there are not a few unconvicted and un suspected murderers in our midst," said Ever ard: gentlemen who move, and talk, and dres we ourselves do. Go through the dally routine of life, with habits like our own never reveal the terrible secret which haunts them."

"That's it," said the inspector, philosophicalle a except that I don't believe it lumnts them much. There are now plenty of them who would think less of taking a fellow-creature's life than I should of killing a rabbit, and they are not the kind of men you would suppose. It is not the men in Bannel, and fustian, and corduray who do these things. Your hear of a case of man-slaughter amongst them now and then, the result of an unlucky blow given in drink, but if

sult of an unitacky blow given in drink, but if you want to find out how the stranger deaths occur—those that mystify us and set the public wondering—you must look a little higher."

"Yes," said Mr. Granley. "It is a fine art, like suicide—the misdirection of an educated mind; like artistle suicide, I should say, such as we had amongst the ancients, such as we have now occasionally in France and Germany. An Englishman is clumsy and ungraceful. Even when he wants to leave the world, or send an enemy out of it before his time, he will have recourse to violence; putting oneself or an objectionable person out of the way may be justified on an extremely elevated principle, but no thing can extenuate disfigurement. I have an artistic horror of ugliness, especially dead ugli-

luspector Jeffreys was not sufficiently ad-



from Brookdaie, she felt certain, and perhaps had brought tidings of Eugene. He lifted his hat, and bowed to her, with a faint tinge of colour in his face. There was some timidity, restraint even, in his manner, and seeing its cause at once she was touched by a sense of pity for him. He was carefully dressed, grace-fully bullt, and gentlemanty; but the futal de-fect of his education showed itself in his nervous want of self-possession; the position was new to him. It was too late for his mind to take the tone and spirit of such society as that

into which he had the culric,
"Your servant brought a note to Mr. Grant-ley," he said, "and he told me the substance of it. He was that instant on the point of starting for the town. He has to attend that sad

He paused, in momentary embarrassment.

"I came to offer any help that may be in my power. I trust it will not be the less welcome because the offer comes from me." "You are Mr. Edward Temple, from Ame-

He bowed.

"I am. Almost to my regret, I might say—and should say, had not Eugene and I come to such a perfect understanding. I have felt like a stranger ever since I came. My American training led me to expect a warm-hearted

greeting."
"Yet," said Julia, with unconscious bitter-

ness, "there was plenty of festivity,"
"It was purchased at so much a head. The cheering stopped when the liquor barrels were empty. The giver of the feast was forgotten before the bondies had done smouldering. I wanted then what I have missed ever since—a welcome here."

His frankness of expression and somewhat pained tone gave him a claim upon the rites of hospitality at once. She held out her hand, He lifted it to his lips with a touch of Eugene'

You will come in?" she said. "Job shall look after your horse. Poor dear!" and she patted the animal's soft nose; "the was Eugene's favourite."

"He should be in the stable awaiting Eu-

into the little drawing-room—a dainty glimpse of fairyland, which seemed to suit the brautiful her and smile every minute, she went to speak young girl better than the vast magnificence of to her faithful attendant outside. young girl better than the vast magnificence of

"How very happy you must be here." he said. "It is just such bright and delicate cosiness as this we get in the small homestends over the Atlantic. You will be almost sorry to teave it."

"It over attendant outside.

"I suppose, Job, your parents live some distance from here?"

"No, miss, please, thank you—down over there!"

"So near! How was it they turned you are at the content of the conten

"We have no idea of leaving it, Mr. Temple."
"Indeed, but you have. Why Eugene per-sisted in going to London I do not know, for we

had arranged everything."

"Then you do not know why he went to

"I can only conjecture. He had a very long and serious conversation with Mr. Grantley be-fore he saw me, and from what he said to Everard at luncheon I think he was going to see a Mr. Drayton, to undeceive him on some point, on which, if I remember rightly, he said you had written, or in case you might have written. I am sure he had no intention of staying, for he promised to dine with us next day, and bring

It is very strange he has not sent to me." " Its very strange he has not sent to he."
" He may have done so, Letters do miscarry
now and then, and the telegraph system is irregular sometimes. My own impression is that
he has sent, and perhaps he is waiting to bring
Mr. Drayton down with him. He seems to
think a great deal of that gentleman."

" Yes, Laurence is our oldest friend,"
" He will be welcome, then if only for

" 1es, Laurence is our official friend."

" He will be welcome then, if only for your sake, though from what I have heard I am sure I shall like him. I am very glad Eugene consented to my proposition. You see it utterly destroyed my pleasure to think I had been the means of you leaving your home, and I should certainly have given it up and gone back it be had not promised to return."

back if he had not promised to return."
"Return to Brookdale?" "Yes," said Edward, with a smile of quiet pleasure, "he had to admit I was right when I put it to him. I have no moral right to the estate. My father literally sold his birthright for a sum of money, and had the ontall been legally out oil, as it ought to have been, my regard out of as to ought to make obeen, my position here would be actually what it will be virtually in future. I wanted to surrounder it in Eugene's favour, but he would not hear of it. you and he are to return, and be as you were before; and I am to be your guest, with a wel-come which I hope will not wear out."

relieved from a heavy responsibility; and though Julia had herown doubts as to the practicability of the arrangement she could not find it in her heart to damp his pleasure by telling him so.

We can talk of these things when Engene

returns," she said. "I cannot understand why he stays so long."
"Shail I send a message for you to Mr. Dray-ton?" Or shall I go to London and tell your brother how uneasy his absence has made you?" He was a stranger to her as yet. In spite of their relationship and his winning frankness, an

from putting herself under an obligation to him.

"Thanks," she said; but I will wait for the Mr. Edward Temple rose soon, and took his departure. He had left a somewhat favorable impression behind him; but Julia did not feel

proud of him as a relative. The Temples were proud of race—perfect in every point of culture
—proud and self-possessed, with an unconscious
tinge of stateliness. The new master of Brooktinge of stateliness. dale was somewhat nervous, a little stagey, and, altogether, unfulshed. She would have been willing to receive him as a member of the family, but she felt he ought to have borne a subordinate position.

Julia had the phaeton out, and drove to the

station in time for the next train, but Eugene did not arrive. She was almost siek with anxiets when the last passenger alighted, and the locomotive went on. She went to the window of the telegraph of

fice, and filled in one of the flimsy forms with an unsteady hand. She sent just a few words to Laurence Drayton, telling him that Eugene had been away three days, and asking him to let her know whether he was safe. She did not take quite a shilling's worth of words, and she could not bely wondering whether the operator ever thought how much prayerful hope and painful suspense went through his hands in that dull, laconic shape. He seemed deeply interested, and so he was, but not from sympathy for her. A message to him represented so many clicks of the needle, and he was thinking what number this would make.

" I shall wait at the station for an answer," she had put, and she kept her word, in spite of

There was a cheerful fire in the ladies' room there was a cheerun are in the Relies' room, but Julia Temple could not sit there, under the stony stare of a tall hely in black, with a bundle of tracts in her hand, and a pair of jet-rimmed speciacies on a severely Roman nose. She did

not wish to be asked in intrusive type whether she knew she was a sinner, or told there was no railway to heaven. She took a purer and better view of the great Christian creed than was to

view of the great Christian creed than was to be gained from a percel of those feebly interpo-lated quotations.

"These people mean well, and they may do good in their way," she thought, as the tall lady swoned down upon a mildly happy country gentleman with a tract setting forth how a young couple going for a day's thoughtless plea-sure from that very station were sent into eter-sity of the most breather settlems a moment's uity at the next junction without a moment's warning, "but I do not think they ought to be allowed in waiting rooms. There is such a thing as presumption even in religion."

The hour she waited went drearily enough, and she was glad to look now and then at the homely face of Job, who sat on the box with a quiet sense of responsibility, trying to look as much like the family coachman as possible. He had within him all the elements of which the nearly extinct race of faithful servants were made—didelity, obedionce, and respect for those he served.

It did Julia good to think of him. It relieve the more serious occupations of her mind, and she smiled as she recalled quaint instances of his blundering zeal. The lad was an old study altogether. The keen sense of the change in their position, blended with his reasons for them, apart from it, made her reflective. In the midst of her wealth, when Brookdale was her brother's, Joh had been an unimportant her brother's, Job had been an unimportant and scarcely recognised item—a mere servant to the servants, a helper to the grooms. She scarcely remembered him till he instituted himself at Vale Cottage. Now he clearly regarded himself in the light of a dxture for life.

"Perhaps the poor boy has no home and no friends," she thought. "I never thought of asking him. Or he may be related to Bachel; I never spoke of it to her. It was cruel of them to turn him away when Eugene gave up pos-

Tired of watching the boy at the little stall of books and newspapers; tired of watching the stony lady in black, preparing for the incoming "He should be in the stable awaiting Eugene's return, if it was necessary," said Edward Temple; "but we have come to a more picasant orrangement."

Julia looked at him inquiringly. Her visitor was more at ease now, and she began to think him rather propossessing. She had taken him that the little development and they climbel to the station with the little development and they climbel to the station with the little development and they climbel to the station with the little development.

from Brookdale?"

"They didn't turn I away, miss; I came along of Toby," he said, stroking the horse with his whip; "and I thought 1'd be handy like, and I wanted to come to help Rachel, and to be along of you, please—and master," he added, with a gulp. "That's how it were!"

Miss Temple left him stroking Toby's glossy hide with the whip. She understood his simple attachment, and her smile more than repaid him for it. The hely with the tracts was still at her post by the fire, waiting for the sinful; the porter had propped his chin on the truckhandle, and was whistling dolefully, without a change of tune; the hook-stall boy shivered and nodded in his Windsor chair; but the stationnodded in his Windsor chair; but the station-master stood bowing at the telegraphic pigeon-

hole, with a message in his hand.

It was from Laurence Drayton to Miss Temple, and said, simply:

"I have not seen Eugene. Write full particulars, or send telegram explaining more; or shall I get a man to do my work, and come

"He has not seen Eugene," she said, with a

"He has not seen Engene," she said, with a cold thrill at her heart. "Then where could Engene have gone? There has been no accident. It is very, very strange!"
She read the message again. The first terrible words stood out distinctly: "I have not seen Engene!" Yet Mr. Grantley had driven her brother to the station; the chief official there had seen him in the coat he were when there had seen min the coat he work when he left the cottage; he had taken a return ticket, and Edward Temple had told her he went with the avowed intention of seeing Mr. Drayton. What could it mean?

'I will go myself," she said, with quiet reso-ion. "There is something mysterious in it, lution. "There is something mysterious in it, and I will trust no appearances. Laurence will know best what to do, and how to find him.'

By the clock over the booking-desk it was ten minutes to four. A fast train went at seven minutes past. Julia took out her purse: it con-tained four sovereigns and a little silver. She Nothing could have been more pleasant than was warmly clad—not warmly crough for the take this length of time he supposed to accomplish delight at the prospect. He spoke like one journey, perhaps, but she would not return for plish the work he had to get done there. shawls or wraps.

"I shall take the next train for London," she said. "Will you give me my ticket please, and send my servant to me?" I require the carriage rug. Perhaps the guard will be kind enough to take cure of it for me at the other station."

"Most certainly. I will see that you have a

carriage for yourself, and a foot-warmer,

"Thank you very much," said Julia, surprised, when she spoke, at the full-toned determination in her own voice; "and should my bro instinctive spirit of couriesy made her shrink ther return while I am gone, you are almost

"I attend every train that comes in, so I am quite sure."

"Then tell him, please, I have gone to inquire for him at Mr. Drayton's—the gentleman who sent this message. Is that the train?" "Not yet, miss; the next—on this side of the

platform—in Just five minutes' time."

The doors swung open as he spoke, and Mr. Grantley came in. He must have let in a cold raught of air, for Julia shuddered as he enter-d. She could not help, in the depth of her own emotion, wondering whether anything could ever change this man—whether, under any earthly clreumstances, he would be the same cool, courteous, self-collected, deliberate gentle-man, with never the quiver of a muscle in his never a thrill of anger, feeling, or passion

'I saw you drive past the Sca View," he said, taking the gloved, reductant hand, "and through the whole of that tedious inquest. I have been watching for your return. Which way did you drive when you left here?"

"I drove nowhere; I have been here ever

"My dear Julia." he said, compassionately, "and on this bitter day! Send the had home with your physical, and come back with me to Brookdate."

Brookdate."

"I am goin; to London," she said, steadily.

"Eugene has not been seen there, and I want
to know what has happened. He may return
pefore I do, and if he does, tell him he will find me with Mr. Drayton."

"Julia, my dear cousin, you surely are not going to visit a stranga gentleman alone? Think of it! Or, if you will go, I must accompany

"No," she said, resolutely; "I shall go alone, "But to this man—a stranger! You surely few paces from the entrance, will admit I am the proper person to consult?" few paces from the entrance.

"Mr. Duncan I presume?"

"Take what steps you please. Help to find my brother for me, and I shall be—oh, so grateful. But my heart tells me where my best hope lies. This is my train."
"Listen!" he said, detaining her against her

will, while the guard hurried the passengers in, and the engine-driver, already a few minutes late, waited the starting signal impatiently. "Remember, Laurence brayton is a stranger to the family. See how seriously you compro-mise yourself."

Julia flung his hand away with a flush of in-

dignant scorn.

"Laurence Drayton—our truest friend, my promised husband," she said, "I trust him as i

would heaven. She entered the carriage, and the train was gone in an instant. Grantley had not time to follow her, and long after the last carriage had trailed out of sight-long after the glow of the red lamps had left the line in darkness--Everand stood there, thinking of the beautiful girl over whose destiny he once had such power.

(To be continued.)

MY BROTHER.

Who was it picked up all the chips, And strewed the floor with strings and whips, And in the washtub sailed his snips? My Brother!

Who was it ate the currant jell. And threw my kitten in the well. And made me promise not to tell? My Brother!

Who was it taught me how to skate. And set me on the ice to wait. While he went home with Cousin Kate? My Brother!

Who was it when he older grew, To tops and marbles bid adiou. And tried, but could not learn, to chow? My Brother!

Who does a tiny monstache wear, And oils and colors it with care. And in the middle parts his bair? My Brother!

Who is it tumbles up my curls, And buys me bracelets, rugs and pearls. And flirts with all the pratty girls? My Brother!

Who talks to me about his clothes. And all my little secrets knows. And tenses me about my beaux? My Brother!

Who is it that I love the best. Of all the boys in East or West, Although he is a perfect post? My Brother!

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IN AFTER-YEARS: OR. FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRE. ALKXANDER ROSS. CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

Even Sir Richard callous as he was to the beauties of nature could not but notice the tremendous rocks and the fantastic shapes they took, which lined the shore of the German ocean keeping watch and ward over the little clean looking town, the houses of which in some instances built close by their huge black guardians, in others, on the green table land guardians, in others, on the green table land above seemed the abodes of peace and plenty; none of the squalid poverty which so often offends the eye while it saddens the heart, being apparent there; strong hale old men, and strapping handsome young men, clear complexioned girls with no other covering to their heads than the luxuriant tresses nature had given, met his eye at every step. The hills in the distance were covered with larch, the pale green tassels of which set off the dark ir and mountain pine that covered the tops, forming mountain pine that covered the tops, forming a fine back ground to the streets and villa houses which climbed the steep rocky height on which the town was built, while a bread and rapid dark river wound its way along the flat ground at the end of the town until lost in

Sir Richard had made up his mind to remain in Peterstone for some days, it would

The morning was levely, one of those life giving days when we feel that simply to live and breathe on this green earth has much of happiness, when the step feels lighter and the spirit more buoyant, and we seem in some inscrutable way to have become young again, our cares to have fied, our anxieties which yesterday may have pressed so heavily upon us, today are forgotten or are so light as to seem

things of the past.
Sir Richard Cuninghame felt the vivifying influence of air and sky, but it awoke no feeling of thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. It never made him relent for one moment in his terrible purpose, but as he entered the office of the Peterstone Journal his thoughts shaped themselves thus:

"How strong and well I am, I have thirty or forty years of life in me yet. Ten, or even twenty years hence, I will be as strong as I am now, my principal object in life subservient only to my just revenge on Lady Hamilton, will be take green of my own health. She has will be to take care of my own health. She has never been a strong woman and those dreamers use their brains so much that they are always old even before their time. Ten, or at most twenty years from this time, if it should take so long to kill proud Arthur Lindsay and wear the life out of her grand children, as I shall do it, drop by drop, in loneliness, starvation, and cold, I will be the same hale man (am to-day no pains shari be wanting, no care however triffing overlooked which will lead to his great end; and when she, a shrunken feeble, bent old woman shall kneel to me in her misery and plead for those whom she then knows are her offspring, they whom she herself has helped to heap misery and want and woe upon, I will upon her from my strong manhood and laugh at her calamity, and mock at her sorrow.

Alas! poor human nature, how it sometimes vaunts itself, ignoring until the end cometh the words written by the Holy Ghost "Verily there is a God who judgeth on the earth."

Sir Richard opened the door of the Journal of the graph was been been the door.

office; a gentleman who by the description given him at the hotel he knew to be Mr. Duncan the editor and proprietor, stood at a desk a

Mr. Duncan bowed in acknowledgement of

Sir Richard presented his card, Mr. Duncan ead out half aloud, " Sir Richard Cuninghame of Haddon."

" Very happy to see you Sir Richard," said Mr. Duncan, expecting in the course of a few minutes to add another subscriber to his paper, pray walk in here,

Mr. Duncan opened the door of his private office and Sir Richard walked in, "Pray be seated Sir Richard," said Mr. Dun-

Sir Richard took the arm chair him while Mr. Duncan seated himself in the one opposite.

"You have a beautiful view from this win dow Mr. Duncan."

"Yes, Sir, you are right there, although two of the lest features in the landscape are hidden; when we stand at the window above this, we see the seat of Lord Peterstone, one of the most beautiful, perhaps the handsomest mansion in the county, and the river running to the sea; a moving object always gives such

beauty to the landscape."
" Yes that is true, how goes business? I suppose in the midst of an agricultural country like this your paper pays you well ?"

'I cannot complain of the circulation, it less the largest circulation north of Aberdeen, but wages are high and the paper has to be good, nearly number one. The rent of the building, in

short all the expenses are so heavy, that it is not a very paying concern."

While Mr. Duncan spoke, Sir Richard was taking a minute survey of that gentleman's face and head, it was anything but satisfactory; there was a dogged looking honesty about hi forehead, and a keen scrutinizing look in his eye, that Sir Richard did not care to see, it reminded him of Mr. John Waddel, he would

have to be careful.

"Mr. Duncan I have promised to get some business done for a friend of mine, business which will pay you well if you undertake to have it done for him."

"If it is in my power to do it, it is just the sort of business I want, we so seldom come across anything that does pay well."

This was encouraging, Sir Richard went on.

"I suppose it will be a matter of little trouble to you who must have the pen of a ready writer. It is in fact to writer a paragraph the writer; it is in fact to write a paragraph the particulars of which I will repeat, and have it inserted in your journal; this paragraph is not intended for the public eye, in fact it is entirely for private distribution and I wish to have one hundred copies struck off containing it, for all of which I will pay, in addition to

whatever you may see proper to charge for your own personal trouble."

"This is rather a strange thing, do I understand you to mean that these hundred copies are to have the paragraph and they alone, that it must not appear in the other copies intended for distribution ?"

for distribution?"

"Expressly so."

"Well now for the subject of the paragraph; that is the gist of the thing, provided there is no libel contained in it there is no great diffi-

"There can be no libel, as what my friend wishes printed, is a detail of circumstances connected with his own family."

"Well then here goes," said Mr. Duncan, dipping his pen in the ink, "I am ready to commence congrations." commence operations."

"I cannot dictate to you," replied Sir Richard, "as I am wholly out of practise in the use of my pen; but I will tell you the circumstances and you will put them in ship shape yourself."

I am all attention," said the editor. "I am all attention," said the editor.

Sir Richard now encouraged, related the circumstances, varying slightly from the truth by stating that when the twin sisters were only seven years of age, they were brought by their father to jibe and mock the captive, and from this time forth they, along with their father were his jailors; their father, after they had attained their fourteenth year, sometimes leavents. attained their fourteenth year, sometimes leaving the care of the helpless victim entirely to the two girls for as long a period as a month at a time; and at such periods his prison fare was

his jailor.

He then told of the father's death, and that when entirely left to the exercise of their hatred, they left him at one time, two days without food or drink, and when it came it come it consisted of raw potatoes, which were thrown to him one by one.

poorer, and more scant, than when his son was

His accidental release was then told-his return, and the flight of the two girls accompanied by a servant who had been dismissed for bad conduct; they having possessed themselves of several hundred pounds of money, and valuable iewelry previous to their departureand last came the marriage of the eldest girl with an officer of the guards.

During the recital, Mr. Duncan rose from his chair, pacing up and down the apartment his hands stuffed in his trowsers' pockets, and accordingly his head thrown back with a sudden jerk. as if impatient of the story which took so long to tell.

Sir Richard noted all these manifestations, but, attributing them to the disgust felt at the unnatural conduct of the son and grandchiliren, was well pleased in the anticipation of having a stronger, more impressive story to work out his devilish plan with, than could emanate from the pen of a man, who from evil in himself viewed the evil doings of others with a leniency Sir Richard would by no means appreciate appearing in a newspaper notice.

Sir Richard finished his recital. He looked

at his listener waiting for some observation, some ejaculation even; but in vain; Mr. Duncan still walked back and forth, his eyes now bent on the ground as if buried in thought. Sir Richard lost nationce and demanded :

What do you think of that story ? Mr. Dancan threw himself into the chair onposite to where Sir Richard sat, and looking him full in the face, his keen grey eye seeming to penetrate the depths of the other's soul, he

What do you think of it yourself, Sir Richard Cuninghame?

"I think that the man who committed such a deed of dark ess, and the two women who helped him and but for the merest chance would have finished his work, deserve all the punishment it is possible to award them; unfortunately the man himself is dead, an young women in a court of justice would be excused on the plea, that they were only continning the work they had been accustomed to grandfuther is a man yet in the prime of life."

Here Sir Richard drew himself up to his full height, pulled down his silk vest to make it lie smooth, picked a little bit of dust from off his trowsers, looked down complacently at his

handsome feet and well made boots.

The editor marked those motions of the hand and eye, trilling in themselves, but telling very plainly to a student of human nature such as Mr. Duncan was, that the man in the prime of life spoken of, was the one before him, Sir Richard Cuninghame.

Sir Richard continued, repeating his last

" In the prime of life, married to a young woman who is the mother of a son, and may be the mother of a large family; he is, as I stated before a man of rank, moving in the first class of society, one who attends Court; and therefore, it would not do for him to have his family affairs made the subject of comment by the canaille."

He paused, but as his listener did not speak

he continued:

"No, the only way to punish such conduct by such persons, is to adopt the plan which he has made up his mind to, that is, to publish the whole story for private circulation." He again waited for an answer,

"Sir Richard," said his listener, were I to publish that story I would lay myself open to an action for damages which might rain my prospects for life."

" This will be guarded against by not sending the whole paper, only the extract, except in isolated cases; for instance if it is deemed necessary many years hence to send it abroad."

"I see," replied Mr. Duncan noting the Baronet's words in a way Sir Richard thought not of, he was gaining confidence in the editor having adopted his view of the case, "but suppose such a thing should occur?"

"Then you will be indemnified to the last

shilling." " It may amount to a thousand pounds."

" If it should, you shall not suffer," said Sir

"You will give a written guarantee to this " I will " a Then what is the price you will give for writing out, and inserting this paragraph ; remember it will be a long one, perhaps a half

columu.' "What does each edition of your paper pay you in clear profit? inquired the Baronet who although willing to pay any price, still consid-ered it best to get the work cheaply done if

possible,
"That" replied Mr. Duncan, " has nothing to do with the question at all; this is a thing entirely out of the legitimate way of my busi-ness, and must be paid for accordingly."

"You shall fix your own price."
"No, you must do so."
"Will one hundred pounds be enough?"

" No," spoken with a contemptuous air, " not half enough." "Then I shall give you five hundred pounds;

I do not suppose your income for the whole year comes to so much "

"You are right, it does not, and yet I will not write and print the article in question for that sum, large as you seem to think it"

Sir Richard was thunderstruck; the man was evidently determined to make a fortune out of this one paragraph; he knew by Mr. Duncan's manner which had become almost insolent, that the editor knew as well as he himself did who the grandfather so often speken of and lauded, really was; he had been too unguarded in his communications, and he was now in the power of this low person, as he mentally designated Mr. Duncan; he was evidently going to make a better thing of his share of Sir Richard's business, than even Catchen with his large charges for every petty errand or half hour of his precious time, was doing.

Sir Richard relieved himself by mentally enring the man in whose presence he felt ill at ease, as if he had been detected by him in the perpetration of a great wrong; his feet were in the mire, he could not help himself, this insolent fellow must now be bought at any price. John Waddel's searching eyes were shewing themselves more and more in the grey orbs now fastened with that contemptuous steady gaze on his own, and he said, speaking as slow-ly and clearly as his now excited nerves would

"Well, once for all, for a hundred copies of written exactly as I would have it, I will give you one thousand pounds; will that satisfy

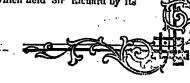
Mr. Duncan looked at him for a second or two, the same scarcaing look as before, but the expression now had a fierceness which betrayed tself more in the compressed mouth than in the eyes; he seemed to be quieting some emo-tion which he found it difficult to express—at last be spoke : "Sir Richard Cuninghame, I do not believe

this story; a part of it may be true, every day there are things brought to light which make us ashamed of our poor human nature; therefore it is possible; but only just possible, mark me, that the first part of your story may be true—you may have been such a bad father—so tyrannical and unjust;" Sir Richard qualled as he heard the man say " you may have been such a bad father," but he dared not deny the position : Duncan was a man not to be with that was evident : by his own folly in talking so unguardedly he had committed him-self, and he must now stand the brunt of it.

"That your own son grew up to hate you with an undying hatred; you may have taught him by example to be cruck, selfish, avaricious, to be in short, the villain you represent him, he saw a way by which he could be revenged on this tyrant father, and at the same time become a free man, the master of Haddon Castle, instead of the trodden down son whom the meanest hind in his father's house either jeered at, or pitied.

"In a case like this it was almost to be expected that a boy, (he could have been little more at the time) placed in such a position of temptation, should yield to it on the impulse of the moment, and if repentance and a sense of the crime he had committed, came one half hour after, it was too late; he dared not let the tiger loose from his den to spring upon and tear himself to pieces; but as an evidence that his heart was not wholly given over to evil he his neart was not whost given years till he died, and you were fed systematically too, or you could not have lived in such close confinement

all those long years " Mr. Duncan paused for a second or two, but did not for a moment relax his eye from the steadfast gaze which held Sir Richard by its





power as if it had been that of a basilisk; the Baronet spoke not, moved not, and his reprover (such he had virtually installed himself) went

that two little girls would be trained by their own father to such acts of cruelty is contrary to all reason, and that after his death they would continue to be not only your jailors, but your termenters, is contrary to reason and also to nature. I see in the whole affair some deep laid scheme of villany, and if I knew who the husband of your grandaughter is, I would be this night's post write to him every word which has massed wore time." has passed your lips."

Sir Richard half rose from his chair, mani-

festing impatience to be gone, but the editor

stopped him with hand and eye. have not yet done with you, Sir Richard

one of the stateliest mansions in broad Scotland, the chapter. are the best in the county, its river, a salmon and trout stream for miles and miles; yet if you could make me the man who owns all that, giving me his wealth and power, his ancient lineage, his high place in the great senate of the land, I would not work your hel-

As Mr. Duncan finished speaking he walked to the room door and opening it said to Sir

" You may go." Speaking to one of his clerks, two of whom having returned from dinner now sat in the outer office he said :

Open the door, and shut it after this man

Sir Richard was spell bound, he neither spoke nor looked at the man who thus expelled him from his premises; yet he felt to his heart's core every bitter word which had been

from the surface as if to help the people in go-ing down its steep declivity and prevent them from falling—a pump midway down, about which a group of young girls were collected. charring and laughing as each waited her turn to till the pails she had by her side; the iron handle of the pump, the grotesque animal face from which the clear sparkling water rushed out, a pretty fair haired girl who seemed to talk and laugh more than the others, were each and all the objects of close observation and indefibly fixed on his memory,

He tried to forget the newspaper editor, his cutting words, his insolent eye, his cold rebuk-ing voice; but he could not, strive as he would they all o are been, each bitter word, each they all come buts, each bitter word, each taunting contemptuous glance even to his life's and warmed by the same sun as many others, obeys its own law of growth, preserves its own cut, fresh as yesterday; sometimes causing him to stamp and rave and curse his own folly and liar fruit, so each person, though in the closest cowardice, because he did not strike his reouter to the earth, if it should have cost him a thousand pounds; and when years passed to an and by his means, his implacable hatred, Mr. Duncan was obliged to take his wife and his children and seek breat in another quarter of the globe, and Sir Richard but have a seen of the globe, and Sir Richard but have a seen of the globe, and Sir Richard but have a seen of the globe, and Sir Richard but have a seen of the globe, and Sir Richard but have a seen of the globe, and Sir Richard but have a seen of the globe. of the globe, and Sir Richard had become fee-ble and old, the memory of this man with his eagle eye and his great soul, would come like the biting east wind sending chill and trembling to the very marrow in his bones—and the printer's office—the man himself and his reproaches, never came without the quaintold influence, or discourage in the slightest the gen-street, its round stone paying its rock-built cross assistance which we all owe to one anwell, and the fair haired girl.

Sir Richard sat in moody silence trying to

nal, conducted by a clever man from London who was told to push the paper regardless of expense. It was, therefore, sold for half the price of its competitor, it soon had a large cir-culation, and killed the Journal, although while it lasted it was a bill of expense to its osten-sible owner, N. C. Catchem, Esquire.

Sir Richard's irascible feelings having been a little soothed down, he became a listener to the conversation carried on by the other passengers inside the couch. It was election time and as they all happened to entertain the sum

if he fills his pockets, whether the country is ruined or not

When the stage stopped for dinner, Sir Richon:—
"Of the second part of your story, I do not believe one word, nor would any sune man—that two little girls would be trained by the second part of your story, I do not direction, towards the abode of the Editor, whom he had heard denounced as a second part of your story. the stout gentleman inside the muil coach.

(To be continued.)

THE HUMAN WEED.

What particular cast or balance of brain it is which embles a man to steer safely through the quicksands of life we know not, but certain it is that some men seem by nature to have an inclination to virtue, while others gravitate as surely towards vice as the moth flies to flame. In short, some men are born mere weeds; they "I have not yet done with you, Sir lichard Cuninghame."

His own name recalled him to the danger he incurred in braving the anger of the man who knew too much of his affairs to be trifted with, and he resumed his seat.

"You see those trees, whose varied foliage you admired so much on coming into this room; down in the valley hidden by them is superiored for the stateliest mansions in broad Scotland.

one of the statement manistons in broad Scotland, the chapter.

A lad with all the indications of a weedy growth starts in life, backed, perhaps, by all the hundreds of thousands; its lands, cultivated like a garden lie broad and wide, its shootings lare the best in the county, its river, a salmon are the best in the county, its river, a salmon friends to watch over and advise him. Moderate industry and application must in time and trout stream for miles and miles; yet if secure him a competence, and some social posi-tion of honour in the world. He has but to be stendy, and to do his daily share of duty pass ably well, and these results may be secure But, unfortunately, he has no talent for the plot-ding labour of business; he lattes work, or he believes that, with his abilities and education, he ought at one jump to reach the top of the ladder of life. He becomes careless and insolent, and, perhaps, is compelled to resign; or he leaves his place in a hulf, because his feel-ings have been wounded, or he has not been treated with sufficient deference by his muster. He is yet young; and his friends have, perhaps, influence enough to get him another post, where he begins life anew, and, of course, at the bottom. He sees the same difficulties and trials before him, and the prospect of plodding for years before he can hope for anything like what he considers an alcounts salare. Perhaps he he considers an adequate salary. Perhaps he heart's core every bitter word which had been said, every contemptuous look that had flashed from the angry eye of the honest man under whose rebuke he was speechless.

He walked slowly down the quaint, old street, noted the unique way in which it was made—round stones on each side projecting from the surface as if to help the people in going down its steep declivity and prevent them from the surface as if to help the people in going down its steep declivity and prevent them e a merchant's clerk

It is always thus with the human weed. He always believes that he is made of fine mate rials, while the rest of mankind are but of coarse and common texture.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

No alliance with others can ever diminish the necessity for personal endeavor. Friends may counsel, but the ultimate decision in every case is individual. As each tree, though growing in the same soil, watered by the same rains, suffer his own penalties. There is too much dependence placed upon co-operation for secu-rity from evil, and too little reliance upon per-sonal watchfulness and exertion. There are some who seem to feel in great measure released from obligation if they do not receive such aid, and some will plead the short comings of others as an excuse for their own.

We would by no means disparage the effect of other, or undervatio the important effect of a worthy example. These are vital elements of On his arrival at the Hotel where two hours previous he had ordered dinner and taken rooms for several days, he found the mail coach carrying passengers about to start, and the results can never be fully estimated, But they should not usure the place of a proper self-reliance, or diminish the exercise of individual powers. Moral force must be a personal possession. It can never be transferred, and while we gladly welcome whatever is good from all sources, it can only be as and is good from all sources, it can only be as food In a few minutes the coach had its complete the first the coach had its complete the first the coach had its complete the first the firs power; moral help and encouragement may be given, but virtue cannot be transferred; respon-

oamsu the sights and sounds of the past two hours from his mind, if possible for ever.

"The low, insolent fellow," he would mentally exclaim, " such as he are the pests of society. I must not be so silly as to think of such a crawling man. A man in my rank of society should completely ignore such hevers of wood and drawers of water, upstarts who draw their very means of subsistence from us," His last words, although unexpressed, led to a train of thought which quieted his nerves, and ere the year followed its brothers into the pust, resulted in the establishment of the Peterstone Free Press, a rival newspaper to the Journal, conducted by a chapter with the substitute and the strictly individual. That which cannot stone about the pust, resulted in the establishment of the Peterstone Free Press, a rival newspaper to the Journal, conducted by a chapter with the substitute must be strictly individual. That which cannot stone about the pust is a possible for ever.

The most permanent good we can do to others to make this individual strength. To add the pisystemly destinate most effectively, food, fold and clothing are not nearly so valuable as steady remunorative employment. To educate a child, it is not half so important to instillange or work, to bring out his mental powers, to stimulate this thoughts and quicken his faculties.

And in moral flow panet where a child, it is not half so important to healthly work, to bring out his mental powers, to stimulate this thoughts and quicken his faculties.

And in moral life, especially in clitics, where makes are crowded together, and men heling to cannot be transferred; responsible to a march the shifted.

The most permanent good we can do to others to chart and the physically destinate most effectively, food, fred and clothing are not nearly destinate most effectively, food, fred and clothing are not nearly destinate most effectively, food, fred and clothing are not nearly destinate most effectively, food, fred and clothing are not nearly destinate most effectively, foo strictly materiand. That when cannot stand alone, but depends on props and supports, which needs the constant spur of fear, and the bribe of reward to cluster its activity, is but the seminance of virtue, and will crumble before tempitation. A well-developed body never excites admiration. But a well-developed and self-reliant spirit is a nobler thing. It is ealin, modest and unassuming, yet firm in conscious integrity of unruses and steadilloses of alm. Inflated grity of nursuse and steadiness of alm. Inflated by no vanity, it is at once humble, yet cour ussalling ovll.—Philadelphia Ledger.

and as they all happened to entertain the same views in politics, they seemed to enjoy each other's society to the full. They talked of the opinion of the various newspapers, and all joined in denouncing one, as being unworthy of being read by honest men, yet as doing much harm.

Sir Richard was interested, asked and was told the name of the paper and cliter both.

"They are, both man and paper, equally infamous," aid a man opposite. "The man himself could be bought to do anything; he has ratted half a dozen times; an honest man should be ashaned to notice such an one; and yet, since those ten pound electors got the country into their hands, this man, who is absolutely below contempt, is sought and feasted by our county gentlemen, because he is clever and unscrupulous, can make a stunning speech to the mob on the hustings, and cares not a fig.

GRMS OF THOUGHT.

PLEASURE is precarious, but virtue is immortal. THERE is no real life but cheerful life.

The road of ambition is too narrow for friendship. A LITTLE dog may have courage before his master's

He pulls with a long rope that waits for another's

A MANDEUL of good life is better than a bushel of learning. A PASSIONATE man soourgeth himself with his own

Knowners of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

Goon company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself. With the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one.

Is the philosopher be happy, it is because he is the man from whom fortune can take the least. REPERTANCE without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship, without stopping the leaks.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make busi tess an excuse to decline the offices of humanity. If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.

In the long run, a tried character for truth, honor, and honesty is the best capital, and gives the largest interest.

ANGER is the most impotent passion that accompanies the usual of man; it offects nothing it goes about, and harts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

Conserence hids us practise self-denial from the first dawn of reason, until we lie down in the grave. The worth of our character depends simply on the degree in which self-denial or self-indulgence predominates.

When we have practised good actions awhile they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit. TATLESS.—Nover repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and not even then unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who includes in it grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful.

Oxe pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through an oternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gladden the last of a long life, and form the brightest and most glorious spot ou it.

spot on it.

To judge for one's self is the privilege of but few; authority and example lead the rest. They see with others' eyes, and hear with others' ears. Hence, it is very easy to think as all the world sinow thinking; but to think as all the world will thirty years hence is not everyhody's business.

is not everyhody's business.

It is the slipperyness of our hearts that causes so many slips in our lives. Conscience cannot be urged or awed with forgotten traft; but keep it in the heart and it will keep both heart and life apright.

"The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide." Or, if they do, the world will recover the straying heart again: "Peter remembered the world of Josus, and he wentout and worp blucry."

We never lose our hearts till they have first bet the efficiency and powerful expressions of the world.

LEMOUTALTY.—Why is it that the rainbow and the

chiencions and powerful expressions of the world.

Indicatality.—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over as with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their fidded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly fostivals around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glovy? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are prosented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thougand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine corrects upon our hours? We are born to a higher deathly than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be set, but before us like is lands that slumber on the coman, and where the cauritid being that passes before us like a moteor will stay in our presence for ever.

KIND WORDS.— "A soft answer turneth away

that obing that plasses before its like a incheor will stay in our prosence for ever.

Kind Words. — "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Kind words will do more to soften and subdue an obstinate and robellious spirit than the most sovere and painful corporent panishment. If both paronts and toachers of children would remember this, and act upon the principle in the management and control of those for whose disposition and character they are in a large measure responsible, there would be fewer juvenite misdemennors, and occasions for punishment or correction. Nothing more completely tends to break down the spirit, or lower the self-respect of children than harsh words or unreasonable chastisement, while, at the same time, such ill treatment hardons them against every good inducance, and renders them the more obstinate and numanageable. Children are not insensible to renson, or blind to a fair discrimination between what is right and what is wrong. Their young minds are more susceptible to kind words and imid influences than they are in maturer years. Children should therefore be governed rather by the power of love and kindness than by the fear of bodity pain and mental humilitation.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

To REMOVE MILDEW FROM CLOTHING.—Take a handful of salt, half a cup of soft soap, rub on the cloth and expose to the sun. It will come out with one or two bleachings.

AN IMPROVED METHOD OF COOKING BERTS.—Bake them: it requires about two hours to bake a medium-sized beer. I hardly think any person will resort to the old method of builting them after eating one meal of baked beets.

To CLEAN WHITE PAINT.—To clean paint without soap, use powdered French chalk and hot water. It adds to the whiteness of the paint without injuring it. When soap is used, add a little saleratus to the gads, wash with a flannel cloth, then riuse and wipe with a linear dick.

CARPETED FLOORS.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleansed, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry and poisonous to the lungs. Bofore removing it sprinkle the floor with very dilute early like it is prinkle the floor with very dilute early like it will any be present and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

PEPPER SAUGE.—One peck or one hundred pods of bell-poppers, take out the seed and add one gallon of vinegar, beil until soft enough to strain, then add two tables poundists of mustard, three of salt, one of black tepper, three of sugar and a half pint of onions chopped line, add spice if wanted; boil after mixing until the enions are cooked.

A VERY EXCELENT SODA CARE.—Take one pound of flour, six ounces of sugar, half pint of milk, one or two eggs, with half a pound of currants or caraway seeds. Mix the soda thoroughly with the donr, rub in the butter, and bent the whole with a wooden spoon for twenty minutes before patting into a well-greased cake tin; bake for a full hour and a half.

ORANGE JELLY.—Peel of four oranges and two lemons and juice; a quarter of a pound of leaf sugar; a quarter of a pound of leaf sugar; a quarter of a pint of water; two cames of gelatine, trate the rind of the oranges and lemons, squeeze the juice of each strain it and add the juice to the sugar and the water, and boil it until it almost candies. Have ready a quart of jelly, put to it the syrup, and boil it once up. Strain off the jelly and let it stand to settle before it is put into the moid.

stand to settle before it is put into the mood.

To CLAREY COPPER.—A piece of cod-fish skin the sizo of a penny and washed thoroughly and dropped in the boiling coffee will make it perfectly dear and requires less coffee and less boiling than when egg is used. A very economical way of settling coher with eggs is to brown a pound at once i immediately on taking it from the oven, brook on the hot coffee one egg, stir rapidly until every kernel become moistened with the egg, the host of the coffee will soon dry it, when it is ready for the

Lesson Synate.—To two pounds of af or crushed white sugar put two pints of water and the Juice of eight good lemons, with the thirdy pared rind of three. First boil the sugar sud water, skimming till clour. Then add the lemon peel and unstrained juce, boiling ten minutes longer. When the syrup is done, strain while hat then bottle. This quantity will till two small charet bottles. By making this

A CALFORNA newspaper prints the following touching obituary: "Phillip Hanssomb was driving a tenar loaded with powder up the Sierra Nevada mountains, One of the kegs dropped from the wagon. The Sierras stood it well enough, but the miners who same from a neighboring ranch were unable to find Mr. Hanscomb, or the team."

find Mr. Hanscomb, or the team."

Cost of Government in America.—In the United States there are 37 independent States, each with a sovereign Legislature. Besides these, there is a Confederation of States to conduct their external alfairs, which consists of a House of Representatives and a Senate. There are 28 members of the House of Representatives, and there are 74 members of the Senate, making altogether 359 members of Congress, Each momber of Congress receives £1,000 sterling her among members of Congress, each momber of mileage," which varies according to the distance be travels, but the aggregate cost of which is about £30,000 per annum. That makes £89,000, almost the exact amount of the English Civil List.

E89,000, almost the exact amount of the English Civil List.

Every member of every Legislature in the 37 States is also paid. There are about 5,000 members of State Legislatures, who receive, roughly, 350 dollars per amoun each. As some of the State returns are imperfect, the average expenditure may be rather high, and therefore the "mileage" is not counted, which is also universally allowed. Five thousand and ten members of the State Legislatures at 150 dollars each make 1,750,500 dollars, or £350,700 stering a your. The immediate expenditure for the Sovereignty of the United States, therefore, is between £700,000 and £80,000 a year.

A LAZY MAN,-The Poughkeepsic Press takes following view of laziness:

following view of laziness:

"A lazyman is never formented by harrassing survicion or worrying care. All the world's annoyane are to him but water, and he is a duck's back. Fa has no significance to him. The future he is not indefent to think about, and so that don't worry bit delent to think about, and so that don't worry bit ment; but what man ever had a contented mind by a lazyman? It is your active, troubled, ratterriesort of puople that are discontented. They had about, turn the world upside down, and worry ever body and everything. A genuine lazyman, on it contrary, is always good-matured, and of a forgive at it would take too much trouble. So he forgives at forgets because it is an exertion to do anything els Energy is a good thing to talk about—it is like perserbing modicine for another to take—but for section of there is nothing like lying in the grass at taking it easy."

Alexis.—A characteristic story is told of the Gran Duko Alexis, who is in the naval service. A yea or two ago, when holding the rank of midshipman the fingship in which ho was serving was wrecked of the ceast of Danemark. The admiral ordered this-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to tak charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman is clined to obey the order. It was promptly repeated "1, your commanding officer, order you into the boat."

"Admiral, I cannot obey you," said the your prince. "It would not become the son of the cap peror to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remai with you to the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobediene of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me id so.

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," we the reply.

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot ovey, we the reply.

Four of the crew porished in the transit from shi to shore, and the Admiral and Alexis were the late to land. In hastily constructed tents the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly resumed. The your prince was placed under arrest for disobedience orders. The Russian minister at Copenhagen we informed of the facts, and telegraphed them to the Emperor, from whom came the following reply: "approve the fact of the Admiral in placing the misshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders at I bless and kiss my senter disobeding them."

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

176. CHARADE.

I've walk'd with *last* through fields and tanes, When spring was in her best: Bedeeking trees with variant loaves, And buds so richly drest.

I've often seen my lovely first, And given it to my lost; And felt a spring of purest joy, Sweet memories of the past.

My first is sister to my last, Although it strange may seem; And with them many hours I've pass'd, Though now 'tis like a dream.

And now, if you would find my whole, In Nature's province range: Go, search among the tender plants— You'll find it near the grange.

T. SMITH. 177. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

177. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The ocean deep is my native bod;
My colours are various, black, white, and red assume new shapes at the sculptor's beck,
And, when fashion hids I fair forms deck.

2. A beautiful tree, which, it is stated,
The ancient Hebrowscattivated.

3. Whether your degree be high or low,
Pray never hesitate to show
That you are willing, if you can,
To do at for your follow man.

4. Sweet river! as thy silvery marmars fall,
What chequered memories do they recall;
War, devastation, many a border frag.
The gentle poet, and the minstral's lay.

5. They only knew what by this word is meant,
Who with their lot in life are quite content.
The finals a town where it is made.

A. E.

178. CHARADE.

My drat is often high in life
And raised above the crown:
Yet mingles in the dancing strife
Of columbine and clown.
My second toll of joy and love,
Of hampiners and tears:
They bloom in meadows and in grove,
When harvost time appears.
My arbab, contin'dat London town,
And truly colting deemed,
All o'er the universe is known,
And met with and esteep'd.
G. J. Belle, Juston.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., is No. 26. 108. Puzzle-A clock or watch. he. Exigna-Henrischse.

170. NUMERICAL CHARADE—Rich, rash, kill, hale, silk.—Sin Charles Duke, Cholson. 171. REBUS-Embarrass, Urgen'T. Nominate, Imperdal, Citadela Eth'A.-Eunice and Stella.

Correct answers received.

Z. M., Hawkesbury Mills.-No. 164, 166 and 167.

gyrup in the spring, when lemons are plentiful and cheap, you may have lemonade whenever you wish it, at, a comparatively small cost. It will keep indefinitely.

LEMON JELLY.—Peel of four lemons and juice; that such an experiment of the control of the plant of holidical control of the such and a large in described in a such as a strain it until quite element in the such an experiment in the such an experiment in until quite element. The such an experiment of the plant of holidical plant is a straight line, without going off his own property.

A CALPONIA for nor can ride twenty-seven miles in a straight line, without going off his own property. A Leplant of the control that well, and they are strain the such an experiment of the plant of

Mr. Hexry M crossey says, "the full and healthy development of all the lower natural foreas are indistinguishing the state of all the lower natural foreas are indistinguished to the existence of a sound and vicorous wish." Just so. Humanity requires the full equivalent of vital force, in order for the free and potent manifestations of the mind. When we consider that Fellows, Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites supplies the deciciency to unhealthy blood, restores the nervous element, and produces healthy action to the various organs and forces of the body necessary to sound mind, we wonder at the imbedility everywhere apparent.

As a deficiency of healthy blood, or a direct loss of this fluid, are causes for disorder of the senses, and also of the nervous system cenerally, we can safely calculate on the disappearance of such unpleasant and dangerous disturbances as the condition of the blood improves.

THE HEARTHSTONE' IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAL?

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"Marring of pooh! man's best by himself,
With a backelor home and his pipe on the shelf.
I ve Eve in bleatif and Venus in delf—
Enough of the sex for me;
Though I've Faith as a chrono, Jane Grey in tint,
Creopatra in wedlawood for vests and splint,
A bust, by the potter well blessed with a squint,
And extrus these, all three.

" No: bachelordom for a bachelor mind;
The sex may be corel, the sex he kind,
You rovers for sweets may take as you find;
A bachelor bold I'll be.
You may wed on three handred, or heiress win;
Have a lake honeymon or a Switzerland spin;
Go marry the handsone, the plump, or the thin;
A bachelor life for me.

"I'm free from troubles. I do as I will,
No dressmakers' bills come to me as a pill;
I know but by hear-ay of teething and dill,
In my home is no nursery;
I never am reneed from my sleep by a cry.
To go the Babes' march to the tame "Lullaby."
And to we come the milk withoutelesing an eye;
No, sir, that won't do for me.

"What, co me to the party?"—If you will, yes."—
"Woll,
Yes. Diok, I'll come; but you'll find me a 'sell,'
As rough as a bear to enon beautiful bello—
Rot find for company,
Introduced to your sister on, sparse the girl,
The sight of your friend might her hair uneurl;
Let her talk to some fop who a wake can whirl;
A rubber at whist for me."

I went in my armor. I left undons,
The web of my bacholor life quite spun;
Don't jibe, for she really was such a one.
No mertal could see and bear:
Lips that laughed me through with a thrill,
Eyes whose brightness could calm me or kill,
It and; that robbed me swift of my will—
I gave up then in despair.

She might have chained it. I had not stirred;
It locked the fetters. I had not domorred;
The room swam round and I only heard
The song of an endies; for.
I spake to people. I sang. I danced,
I believe I nite is but a now light glanced
Through my heart till late, when friend Dick advanced—

"And how is it now, my boy?"

I looked--he houghed--" Wol, find Lily a chair;"
I did, and feated rivals and gr.m despair
"Good night!"--! drenned of an angol fair,
And a sellish man alone.
My silken fetters they grew each hour;
I was bound to one with the choicest dower-True womanneed. Let the envious glower:
En gareon how can man groun?

"Oh Lily! look, what a terrible squeeze!
My poor little darling! Will kisses once?
The sight it's enough onc's marrow to freeze—
A horrel pinch in the door!
I declare as father I'd sooner have borne
Ten times the tertore. The skin's quite torn.—
Why, here's Uncie Dick!" "What, my bachelor
boors!

Don't you find all children a bore?"

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SOLAR RAYS.—In the Photomorphic Norse Lieut. Alongy directs attention to the remarkable fact, that in the carrion printing process, the inducate of the solar rays being once established, the action is continued in the dark. After a few monents' exposure the transfer is inked, and in a few hours a perfect result is yielded. Similar phenomena were recorded in 1625 in Hunt's "Researcings on Light." There is a wide sield of inquiry as yet atmost unconclied.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS WITH DISINFECTANTS.—A special commission, appointed by the French Academy of Medicine, has been studying the various experiments and methods employed for disinfecting the localities where confugious diseases prevailed during the late siege of Paris. The report declares hypometrous acid the most efficiency of all distinguishing the siege of Paris. The report declares hypometrous acid the most efficiency of all destroys all germs of contagion, but it is itself so dangerous to health that extreme precautions are necessary in using it. The doors, windows, and other openings of the materials used for generating the gas water, two fitres; intro nead 1530 grammes; copper turnings, 300 grammes. This quantity is sufficient for a room of 30 to 40 cubic metres. The materials are placed together in an earthen vessel of 8 or 10 litres capacity, when the room is closed and left undisturbed for 48 hours. Even on entering the room at the expiration of this time the groutestears is necessary, and the person entering it has to use a protecting apparatus.

THEATMENT OF CHOLERA BY HYPODERMIC INJECTION.

-Dr. Patterson, superintendent of the British Seamen's Hospital, Constantineple, gives an account of the experiments on the treatment of cholera by the hypodermic injection of morphine. During the recent severe epidemic the usual remedies had been tried by himself and colleagues with very little effect, and. hypotermic injection of morphine. During the recent severe epidemic the usual remedies had been tried by himself and colleagues with very little effect, and, as a last resort, a case which had been given up as incurable was selected for experiment. This patient had been previously suffering from inflammation of the liver, was in deep collapse, pulseless, with rice-water purging, severe veniting, and cramps. A quarter tor of a grain of accute of morphine was introduced, with a result far beyond expectation. In a quarter of an hour the cramps and comiting caused, the patient full asleep, the skin gradually became warm and moist, and the pulse returned. After two hours the injection was repeated, and he again slept for three hours. He lived three weeks, but ultimately sank from typhoid exhaustion, as much produced by his old liver complaint as from the reactionary fever. The same good results followed in almost every case of trial. In ordinary ease one or two injections of from one-quarter to one-half a grain sufficed. It could be administered even to very young children, in doses of proper magnitude.

After the satisfactory result of this experiment the treatment of cholera patients in the heapital was confined almost entirely to that in question, and out of forty-two cases twenty-two recovered entirely, and twenty died. But of these eight were porfectly helpless from the first, being actually dying; one had severe liver complaint. Ut en cases treated in the ordinary manner only one recovered.

Private the formation of purity and the recovered.

Private to a call the control of Quining.—The physiological action of quinine has lately been the subject of detailed experiment by Binz, who found it to have extraordinary power in arresting the process of fermentation and putrofaction, and to be a powerful policy of putrofaction, and to be a powerful policy of putrofaction, and putrofaction and putrofaction, and to be a powerful anoving bodies consisting of protoplasms. It appears to kill fungi and bacteria, which accompany fermentation and putrefaction, and puts a stop to these processes. It arrests the motion of the white blood corpuscion, and thus provents them from making their exit from the blood-vessels. It therefore diminishes or arrests the formation of pur in inflammation, pus consisting in great measure of an accountiation of white corpuscion which have issued from the vessels. It also distroys the power of certain substances to produce ozone. The red blood compussion have this power, and, by depriving them of it, quinine, when present in the blood, must diminish the change of tissue in the body, and thereby lessen the production of beat.

It is also found that quinine lessons exidation in

tissue in the body, and thereby lessen the produc-tion of bast.

It is also found that quinine lessens oxidation in the blood; other substances, such as snake poison, increasing it. When putrid fluids are injected into the circulation of an animal, its temperature rises; but if these are previously mixed with quinine, this rise is arrested, or very much diminished. Accord-ing to Zuntz, the use of quinine has a marked influ-ence upon the exception of uren, the amount dimin-labling very greatly.

"Jone, did you go around and ask how old Mrs. Jones is this morning, as I told you to do last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's the result?" "She said that seeing as how you'd had the impudence to send to ask how old she was, she'd no ebjection to telling you that she's seventy-four."

WIT AND HUMOUR.

WHEN is it right to take any one in?-When it rains. How to Pacerce consess.-Indulge in hot cords.

WHEN is a great man not a man?—When he's a gr(c)ster. NAVAL Eriquetts.—A ship may answer her helm, but not her captain.

No wonder time is often murdered, when it is struck every hour.

Why are blacksmiths always wicked mea?—Because they are given to ries.

Why is a small onion like half-a-dozon girls?—Please don't say, When it's a she-lot.

If anyone threw a pig in a pigeen-shooter's face, what place would it round him of Y - W by, Hurling-ham.

The impecutions market-ger-lener who wants to know how to start a little nursery, is strongly advised to get married.

to get married.

A woman with a quick temper should not marry a dilatory ensysteing man. Such a slow match must load to a blow-up, in the end.

When an anctioneer has made a catalogue for you, why is he ultra-lligh Church 7 a Please don't say, Because he's writ-you-a-list (Ritualist).

Because he's writ-you-n-list (Ritualist).

Way are your auntinal your mother-in-law like an almanack and a bacate one is a near relation and the other is a clo's connection.

What's the difference between a non-outing the ond of his nessen and a boy who has just learned at task?—One lessons his ness, and the other knows his basen.

FARM ITEMS.

THINNIG.—If growers would only take the time to thin out their frait, the remainder would bring a much higher price, more than enough to pay for the time and trouble expended, and they would besides be more certain of a crop every year. Where a tree is allowed to perfect all the frait it sets, it becomes exhausted, and requires one or more years to regain its vigor.

Pallows for Wikat.—A true summer-fallow is seldom seen. Our so-called summer-fallows for wheat are a modern hyention, and often a very medial one. They are of two kinds. One is plowing under a clover soci in June or July, and then keeping the surface ciean by the free use of the cultivator and harrow, and sowing the wheat without again plowing. The other is to plow in June, and teros-plow as soon as the sod is partially rotted. Then harrow theroughly, and califyate until the sods are pulled to pieces and the weeds all killed. Then plow again and sow. In our climate, such a fallow frequently makes the land in splendid condition for wheat. Our chief objection to it is that the land is not exposed for a sufficient length of time to the accellorating influences of the atmosphere. Whatever system is adopted, let the work be thoroughly done. Not a wood should be suffered to got a breathing spell. We should aim to induce every weed seed to germinate, and then kill the young plants. Roots of histles, quask, etc., should be killed by exposing them to the sun, If the plants commence to grow, not a long should be allowed to got to the surfuse.

RARYSKING WIRAT.—Cet as soon as the kernels



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IMPROVED SOAF BUBBLES.—Here is something about the art of blowing soup bubbles that will show the changing colors of the rainbow, and may be of special interest to some of our juvenile renders:

Take three quarters of a pint of water that has been boiled and become cold, and put into it aquarter of an onnoe of Castile soap, cut up line. Put this into a pint bottle, and set if in a saucejan on the first there lot it remain an hour or so, now and then giving it agood shaking, till the soap is disselved. Let the fluid stand quice for the insperities and coloring matter of the fluid and add to it four onnoes of glycerine and your soap bubble solution is ready. In an ordinary way you may blow the bubbles easily with a tobacce pipe, but if you wish to attain scientific perfection, a glars pipe can be employed with better success. By nothing a large quantity of glycerine, you may make these bubbles so strong that you can play buttled

dore with them.

The Tation Bird.—That a bird should turn its beak into a sewing needle, might seem a feathered gerius; but the tailor bird of indishes actually done so. The following is the mode in which this winged mechanic constructs its nests. The bird having two leaves of a size satiod to its wants, and picked up a bir of cotton thread, drills a hole in the leaves with the beak, and then with the same tool, passes a bit of thread through; a knot being then formed so as to prevent the thread from combing out, one pair of holes is thus secured. The same operation is repeated with each set of holes, until a sufficient number of the leaves are Joined to form a nest.

The Property of the Tarle.—

there adding zeet to the lettrice, with which they can be caten.—Scribner's for July.

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MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market moderately active. Wheat was quoted at 20 to 30 lower in the West this afternoon. Liverpool quotations are without change as per latest cable anaexed:—

(delivered) \$3.00 to \$5.00.

What, per bushel of 60 lbs.—Market dull and nominal in absence of transactions.

"OATMEAL, per brl. of 290 lbs.—Quotations are \$4,-50 to \$4.55 for Lower Canada, and \$4.70 to \$4.75 for Upper Canada.

Prace, # bush of 86 lbs.—Latest transactions reported were at 80c to 81c.

OATS, # bush of 32 lbs.—Market Dull. Offered at 30c for engages.

Corn, # hishel of 56 lbs.—Nominal. Quotations are 51c to 51c.

Barket, # bush of 43 lbs.—Nominal rates are 45c to 50c, according to quality.

Butter, # bush of 41c.—In limited domand at 14c for new, and 7c for old.

Cheese, # 1b.—Quiet at 9c to 10 lc according to quality.

hity. PORK, per bri. of 200 lbs.—Market dull. Quotations are: New Mess, \$14.75 to \$15.00.; Thin Mess, \$14.00. \$14.00. LARD. \$7 lb.—Steady at 10c to 10 lc.* ASHES, \$7.00 to \$7.05 Pearls firm. Firsts, \$9.85; Seconds.\$9.00.



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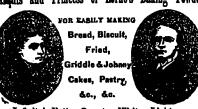
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Stan' a Pint!!"

A GENTLEMAN from Ullinois, who thought himself peculiarly fitted for represent the country abroad, followed Mr. Lincoln with great pertinacity, buttenhaling him at all times and in every pince without the alightest mercy. Findly the Prevident, with apleasant mile, asked if he could speak Spanish. "No." Well, learn Spanish, and I'll tell you of a good thing you can get." After three months of hard study the world-be diplomat returned to the charge, reminding the President of his promise, and assuring him that he had thoroughly unspected the Spanish language. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I promised to tell you of a good thing you could get. Get Don Quixote and read it; and it will make you laugh."

BURLERGUE.—The following is a good burleague. con you on a good thing you could got. Get Don Quixote and read it; and it will make you laugh."

Burlerque.—The following is a good burlesque initiation of Victor lingo's style:—The run was shining. The occan stirred pently in its sleep. As we cross Calais Bar the versel rolls. I like it not. Can she be strung enough for the travorree, often fearful and stormy, to Douvres? I begin to marvel whether she is mnde of iron, or only made of wood. I address the question, politely, to a young English sportsman by my side, "Pardon, Mister, but what is the vossel made of?" A spasm of uncertainty, if not of pain, purses across his face as he points to an inscription inside the paddle-boxes. One can only die one time; nevertheless, it is permitted to exclaim sgainst the perfidy of the steam lords of the Baard of Goomerce for London and Douvres. I read the inscription. Since a batter of the start of Goomerce for London and Douvres. I read the inscription. Since we have a supposed to the start of Goomerce for London and Douvres. I read the inscription. Since we have the supposed to the start of Goomerce for London and Douvres. I read the inscription. Since we have the supposed to the start of Goomerce for London and Douvres. I read the inscription. Since the supposed the start of the supposed to the su

kent.

An Editorial Present.—Some in dies in Texas were desirous of doing honour to the editor of a local journal. So they presonted their here with an embroidered shirt, which contained a splendid history of Texas, and also pictures of the fruits and creating of the State, all worked in red worsted. The recipient supposed it to be a banner for an approaching recession, and in his speech of thanks he puzzled the lady-donors by declaring that he would "fing it out for ever to the treaces of heaven, that they might kiss its folds, and till his hand nalised it should never be trailed in the dust." The ladies blushed, and ergo any fatigue, will regretted having made it too long. Being informed of the purpose of the gift, the editor wore it over his coat, to the grey tealification of the boys of the turn, who followed ben in regiments. And ying the history of the fine arts and of Texas "behind his back."

As ald Lady, walking with her two flaughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward, and exclaiming "Oh, my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and March!"

Worst Fahlers.—An old lady complaining of the baid quality of a hum to the provision donler, the latter assured her it was a regular Westphulin.—

"That it is, indeed!" "xelatined the dame, "and the Worst failure! ever 1!"

The Conscience Charse.—Working-Mone, "Aim," you going to Send that lay of yours to School. Bill!"

"The Conscience Charse.—Working-Mone, "Aim," you going to Send that lay of yours to School. Bill!"

"The Conscience Charse.—Working-Mone, "Aim," was keep to be the latter as a man who understands his business, can get one third more whoat into the barn than if the came home he told me it was reprensible to get Drank! Think i'll have Prental Fedin's outraged, an "all the sweet an" oly Union of Ome "Ffection broken up by Swells teachin" of him? Come and Stan's Pint!!"

A Gentleman from Ulinois, who thought himself peculiarly ditted to represent the country abrond, followed Mr. Linkel in a carry place without the latter and in the whost is on the middle of the shock is on its way to the load. It not worked the shock is on its way to to bound and the shock is on its way to to be completed. not unfrequently happens that more time is occupied in gotting the wagon from one shock to another than in pitching the wagon from one shock to another than in pitching the shock. A good pitcher, if the loaders understand their work, will send home a load every fifteen minutes, or 11 to 2 seres so hour of a fair crop of whoat of say 23 to 30 bushels per acre.

Hieroguvenics.—There is a story going of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scrape of French was able to order a dinner. He wished to order some musinoum—very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper and a pencil. The waiter understood him a second, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid—umbrella!

A BLOOD FOOD AND A NUTRITIVE

TONIC.

THE GREAT POPULARITY OF DR. WHEELEIN'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES
AND OALISAYA is owing to its perfect reliability
in building up constitutions run down with disc sea
of the Stomach. Liver and Kidneys which arise is m
Dyspepsia or Feeble Digestion, and result in poor
blood and breaking down of the general health. It
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Stomach after eating, Heart-burn, Flatulence, Constination from torpid liver, Billous Headaches, irriation of the Kidneys and Bladder from the red deposit in the Urine, irritabilities and reatlessness followed by nervous prestration and general debility
which inevitably arise from the one common cause—
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