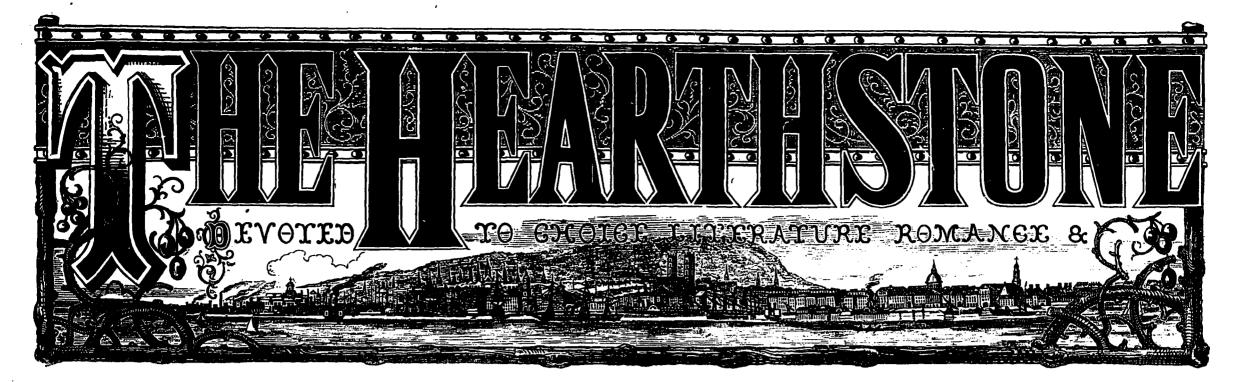
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**VOLUME III.** GEO. E. DESBARATS, { PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872. TERMS, SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

was asleep. Of course, I would not hear of such a thing; but Fan begged so hard to be allowed to see Frank that at last I consented to help her to see Finit flust once, but it should be in the evening before pape rame home to dinner, and while manuta was dressing. We could then manage to slip out into the grounds for a few minutes without being noticed. Fan wrote to tell Frank, and the next evening be came and talked to Fan for about ten minutes. Fan was almost erazy, and I was not much better, for I thought pape was behaving horidly, and I de-termined to help Fan all I could. It was all agreed that Fan should run away with Frank, and that they should go to the States and get married; I wanted to go with them, but Frank thought it would be better for them to go alone. Then Frank said, Fan ought to be disguised, or she may be recognised and both of

No. 5.

Frank thought if would be better for them to go alone. Then Frank said, Fan ought to be disguised, or she may he recegnised and both of them stopped. It was finally settled that Frank should send a suit of hoy's clothes to the office-done up in a millinery box so that paper might think it was a new dress and tring it home. The clopement was planned to take place on Friday —it was then Monday night—Frank was to drive arrows to Rounday night—Frank was to drive neroes to Rouse's Point that night and take the train for New York next morning. I don't knew how we passed the next four days (1 never was in such a constant state of excitement in my life, and it is worderful that night and take the trainfor New York next morning. I don't knew how we passed the next four days (1 never was in such a constant state of excitement in my life, and it is worderful that no she mide the lowelest hoy you ever swy; with short curly high thair—Fan's hair was jet black—a cauning hite short jacket, the other things of course, a bar compt overeast, a number, and a great fur cap coming down over her cars. She was a periect picture, and 1 would have defied anyone perfect pleture, and i would have defined anyone to have recognized her. At last it was all over: Fan walked bravely out of our room, down the parts age and out of the servants' entry, without being noticed by anyone, and was met by Frank in the grounds and they went away together, leaving me, with a penitent letter from Fra to papa, to stand the brunt of the discovery next day, and try to make peace for them.

. . . . . . I never slept a wink all night, and could scarcely contain myself in my room next morning utill the breakfast bell rang. Just as soon as I heard that J ran down stairs, and put Fan's letter near papa's plate so that he may see it as soon as he sat down. That was a terrible morning ; just as quick as papa read brack not be the paper over them to heat the Fan's note be came over to me, tooking as if he meant to kill me, and he took me by the shoul-ders and gave me such a shaking as I yever

had before in my life. • Sto, Miss," he said, "this is some of your work, is it? "Well wish your happy pair joy, for they will have nothing else to live on. Never of them again, I swear it by \_\_\_\_\_" I screamed; I couldn't help it, and so prevent-

ed papa swearing that great big oath I knew he

ns going to use, He did not say anything more, but went back to his sent and made a pretence of eating his breakfast, but I could see that he never swallowor a moult of and his face looked to pained and care worn, all in a minute, that I began to feel sorry and freightened at what had been done, and wonder how it would all end. Mamma, of and wonder how it would all cad. Mamina, of course, had hysterics, she always did when any-thing musual occurred, and had to be taken to her bed. Before papa left the house be came and stood by my chair and said, very solemnly and stood by my chair and said, very solemnly



FRANK ASKED HIM SOMETHING, AND HE SAID "THE I LON T CALL IF HE DID,"

CAPITAL AND LABOR. BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Rich is he whose keen discerning Londs him in the "narrow way;" Spending less than he is earning, He's ready for the "rainy dhy." It has wonth of thought and feeting, Honor is his guiding star, And the anvil's morry pealing Scares the innes in blue afar.

Duty calls on him to labor, With his hands or with his head, And he will not scorn his neighbor Who does not carn his daily bread. Roses grow on thorns of duty, Sweet odors rise from noble deeds; Industry sows life with beanty, Industry sows life with beanty,

Toiling over written pages, Standing at the printer's case, Whistling while he carns his wages, Not a shadow on his face : Master of the situation, Not the shave of any clan, Can you find in all the miton A more independent man?

If cloathes the cup of dissigntion, And he whates no time in strikes; If a utters not, in altereation, If pet likes and his dislikes. Step by step, he grandly rises On the ladder rounds of trust; While idlers structure le what the prizes, Labor lifts him from the dust.

Up he rises, fast and faster, Winning confidence the while; Apprentice, journeyman and master, Conrade, crown him with their smile. Ite has expitat in labor, Of the hand and of the brain, And he envies not his neighbor, And he covets not his gain.

Ile scorns not the man that's richer Than the sun-browned son of tod; Ile finds a brother in the ditcher, And the man who owns the soil. Reichenes noth bis bright to-morrow; The perils of the epicare Gome not with clouds and rain of serrow; Ilis home is Heaven in miniature.

For the Hearthstone.

MY REPORTER. A STORY OF AN ELOPEMENT.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

Girls, did you ever have an adventure with a real reporter ; one of those meddlesome people who are always finding out something about somebody and publishing it? Well, I did once and I'll tell you how it happened. It was when Fanny got married, you know—hut of course you don't know, or what would be the use of my telling ;ou; so l'll "begin at the beginning" and tell you the whole story. Frank Rainforth was my father's clerk; he

was head clerk or something, and held a res-ponsible position in the office, but somehow papa did not like him much, and always spoke of him as a wild young man who set a bad ex-ample to the younger lads in the office, although he was very sourt at business and paid great he was very solure at business and paid great attention to his daties. But pays said he drank, and played billards, and carried on all sorts of wild games at hight, although he was very steady and attended to business during the day. Yang used offer to talk to main ma about the young men in the office and that's how Fan and I first heard of Frank. Of course we had seen him occasionally when we used to go to the office for papa, but we had never paid any spe-cial attention to him until after we heard how wicked he was, then, of course, we took more interest in him, as I believe girls always do when they ought not to. He was just spiendid. He had such curly brown hair and such a love of a little moustache; I almost fell in love with him myself, and I believe I should if Fan hadn't; but she did ami that ended my fancy. It was a long time before we got to know him; and I used to notice him taking a sly look at us out of the corner of his eye when we went to the office; I thought he was looking at me, but, he wasn't, he was looking at Far and falling in love with her-so he said afterwards-and wondering how he could manage to get introduced to her without papa knowing nover permit his forming an acquaintance with us. I am afraid papa was quite right about Frank, he was a bad boy; but we girls never thought of that then. One day Fan and I were out sleigh riding when just as we got opposite the Scotch Church on Beaver Hall Hill a little boy throw a snow-ball at one of the horses and he shied, and before wo know what had happened the horses had started as hard as they could run down the hill, and just as wo got by the St. James' Hotel the and just as we got by the St. James' Hold the sleigh struck against a lamp post and was upset throwing Fan and I and the coachman out on the sidowalk. Fan was not hurt, but I got a cut on the forehead —I'vo got the mark yet— and was quite stunned. When I recovered I found someone helping mo into the St. James' Hold; it was Frank, he had came to our assing at the time, saw the accident and came to our assist. time, saw the accident and came to our assist Ho was ever so kind and got us a sleigh to take us home and promised to tell papa about the accident ; which he did. the accident; which he did. While we were in the Hotel a queer looking man with long hair, and a little book in his hand, came running in in a great hurry, and began asking all sorts of questions, and writing down the answers as fast as he could in the little book; I did not pay much attention at the time, but, I remembered afterwards that he took Frank aside and they talked together for a ow minutes, and then Frank asked him some-hing, and he said he "didn't care it he did";

and then they went out through a little door but papa knew him better than we did. Fanny into another room, and when Frank came back danced with him twice, and when he was blds could smell cloves very strong. The man with the book didn't came back ; but wasn't I mad that evening when papa brought home the Econing Boomshell and there was a long account of the accident, written all full of stories, saying that "the horses came tearing down the hill, with the young ladies screaming," while we didn't scream at all; and that Frank "rushed into the street stopped the horses and caught the elder of the young halles "—that was me-eller of the young halles "—that was me-eller dashed out against the lamp post," which was a great db for Frank never cought me in his arms at all and I did not fall anywhere near the lamp post.

Papa was so angry about the paragraph in Boomshell that I believe he was mad at us being thrown out ; he declared Frank had told the reporter what to write, and just wanted to get credit for doing us a great service when he had not done anything at all; and desired as not to speak to Frank and said that he would thank him for us.

thank him for us. I could not say anything, for I remembered tho queer man with the little book, and the smell of cloves afterwards; and I felt sure papa was right; somehow papa was always right, ho had a way of saying such disagreable things, but then they were always true, and that made them more provoking. We saw Frank at Church the past Sunday, and the bowd to us when papa the next Sunday, and he bowed to us when paper wasn't looking; I was so angry with him for telling that reporter such stories that I would not return his bow, but Fan did and I caught them three or four times during the sermon exchanging glances; oh, I saw them although, no one else did, for papa was asleep in his corner of the new, and mamma was looking so intent. ly at Dr. Bellowell that she did not notice

About a week after that there was a ball at the St. Lawrence Hall and Fan and I went with mamma; papa had a touch of gout and had to at home. To our great surprise we met Frank there, and the great deceltful thing mad friends with uncle Tom, and actually got that old simpleton to introduce him to mamma and to us. Of course mamma had to thank him for helping us, and he was so pleasant and agreable that mamma took quite a fancy to him; and said she thought papa judged him too harshly ;

ing her good-night I am sure he squeezed her hand for I saw her blush. I wouln't dauce m shake hands with him, for I had not forgotter the stories he had told that horrible reporter. The next day Fan could talk of nothing but Frank, and how nice and good he was. Pen little thing, she was not quite eighteen and h never been in love before ; but I was nearly two years older and had had more experience : I told Fan she was a foolish little thing and would live to repent her folly, but she didn't mind me-who ever did that was in love with a bad man? After that Frank managed to meet us several

threes when neither papa and mamma wa-us ; and at last Fan used to make appointment to meet him on Sherbrooke Street in the afternoon, when he could get away from the offic on some pretence or other about business. Of course, I wont with her, poor little thing she was so mudly in love I could not bear to thwart her; and then I had changed my opinion of Frank and liked him ever so much now, and thought papa very unkind to speak of him as ho did. Twice Frank brought up a friend with him whom he introduced to us as an acqualatince from the States, Mr. Thornton Murray. He was ever so nice and could talk, talk, talk away, telling such funny stories and keeping me laughtoo, and used to dress so nicely that I liked to walk down Sherbrooke Street with him, and have all the girls turn to look at us. Frank would always manage to get a little ahead of us with Fan ; and Mr. Murray and I would stroll behind, he-for a wonder where I am concerned doing most of the talking, and I half killing myself with laughing at the funny remarks he rould made about people. It was only twice that he came up with Frank ; he was to have come again but Frank met us without him, and snid ho had been called away suddenly to Quebec on business. That afternoon a terrible gether who should come driving up hut papa, in a sleigh with another gentleman : I thought papa had burst a blood vessel, he turned so black in the face, when he saw us, and he look-ed as if he could kill Frank. I thought I should die when papa stopped the sleigh and told us

to get in, I was so frightened. Papa never said a word to Frank, but just looked at him for a minute, and told the coachman to drive on.

leaving poor Frank standing there in the street looking the very picture of despair. I never shall forget that night ; oh ! how papa bid papa she loved Frank, and ment to marry him ; and she didn't care whether he gave his consent or not. Then there was an awful

scene, i thought papa would go grazy; he swore a terrible big oath—I had never heard papa swear before—that she should never see Frank agalu, and that if she did he should cast her off for ever, and never recognise her as a daughter again. Then mamma went into hysteries and oh? there was such a time. Papa took good care to

prevent our meeting Frank again, for we found next day we were just as good as prisoners, were not allowed to good without mamma, we were not allowed to receive any letters without papa or mamma seeing them. This went on for a week, and fan got so sullen and cross I hardly knew herfor the same girl; still we heard mething of Frank, and did not even know whether he was still at the office, or whether papa had driven him out of the country as ho had threat ened he would. One day we were doing some hopping at Morgan's with mutama, when a little newsboy came in crying out, "Here you are, Morniny Blazer?" and came close up to us I saw Fan start and flush up very suddenly, and then put something in her pocket, and it finshed across me in a moment that she had got a letter from Frank.

I was right. Fan had got a letter from Frank : she showed it to me that night; and Oh ! it was beautifully written and covered all over with great blots where the poor fellow's tears had fallen on the paper—so Fan said, but I don't be-lleve a word of it now, and think he just sprinkled some water on the paper to make it look like tears. He said his heart was breaking; that he had loft the office, and intended soon to leave the country and go to the States; but he knew he should die unless Fan went with him. Ho begged ever so hard of Fan to see him, and ac-tually had the audacity to propose that we should let him into the house at night after everyone

and gravely " Minnie, I don't think I have been a harsh or

unkind father to you and Fan ; you were all I i, at to work for in the world and I have tolled early and late for twenty years for your sakes. I tried to prevent Fan committing this folly, but in her self will she has outwitted her father, and must now reap the result of her arror. That i never sman torget that night ; on ; now papa did scold. I never had any idea he could get in such a passion ; I was too much freightened to asy anything, but Fan ; howed more spirit then I ever thought she had. She flew right out and I ever thought she had a she had the she h into the papers and make a fino dish of semulat." When papa had gone, I sat at the wholow

feeling very sad and lonely and beginning to find out when it was too late thad I had helped Fan when I heard a ring at the servants' bell, and looking out, saw that borrid man with the black book and long hair talking to one of the champermaids.

How on earth had he found it out so soon? called the girl in and told her not to answer any questions from strungers. That miserable man kept hanging about the house trying to question the servants, and at last I got so much annoyed that I called John, the coachman and ordered him to turn that horrid man out. The man hadn't been gone more than half an

hour, when a cab drove up to the door and out of it jumped Mr. Murray. I was so glad to see him; bo had alwas - said that Frank and he were very intimate, and I thought ho had perhaps telegraphed Mr. Murray that Fan and he

were safe. This proved to be the case, for the minute I asked Mr. Murray if he had got telegram from Frank from Rouse's Point, he said yes, and Frank had asked him to call on me and let me know they were safe.

Mr. Murray was just as nice as ever. He told me he had been in Quebee for two or three weeks, and did not know what had happened, until he returned, on the night of the elopement and got a letter from Frank bidding him good-bye for a while, and telling him that Fan was going with him to New York. He offered to show me the telegram from Frank, but found he had forgotten it at his office. He sat and chat-ted away for about half an hour; he spoke so kindly of Frank, who he said was an old school-mate, that I quite took a fancy to him and thought him nicer than over. I told him the

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

told it to you. He laughed heartily when spoke of Fan's being disguised as a boy, an That's capital; I could not have had it any

better if I had got up the thing myself." He kept asking me questions, and seemed to take the greatest interest in everything. He wis so pleasant and agreeable, in his light plea-stant manner, that he quite drove away the fit of the blues I was suffering from, and I was really sorry when he rose to go. The subh he expected a letter from Frank from New York, enclosing one to me, as Frank had said he would with that way—I did not remember Frank having taid me so but nerbans he did—and he having told mass, but perhaps he did-and he

Maying told mass, but permiss no massion as would bring it to me. The house was so miscrable that day that I felt quite feverish by evening, and determined to go down in the sleigh which always went at

Ave o'clock for papa. Just as we were driving down St. James Street, I heard a newshoy call out a Here yeran Beening Roomshell, six o'clock clitton. Full account of the 'opement !"

Sof that horrid man with the black book had found out something about it, after all. I bought a namer, and, as the sleigh had stopped near a lighted window, I just looked at the paper for a minute. Jodge my astonishment, if you can, when I read the following in great hig let-

# MODERN ROMANCE.

A CHAPTER FROM MONTREAL LIFE.

A YOUNG LADY ELOPES WITH HER FATHER'S CLERK.

# A QUEER BOY.

Our Reporter Interviews the Young Lady's Sister.

# The Whole Story of the Affair-The Beginning of the Romance-Stolen Interviews-The Plan of Escape-Full and Interesting Particulars.

me angry. 0 Our Reporter Interviews the young holy's sister." The wretch had only seen me through the window, and he called that "an interview !" It made me so anow that There was just one line in it that got John to drive me to the office of the paper, as I was determined to see the efficient and tell him what a story-teller his reporter was.

There was an old man in the office when I got there, and he asked me to walk up-stairs and I would find one of the editors. J went up, and, opening the door marked "Editors and Reporters," found, not the man with the black book, but Mr. Murray, leaning back in a chair with his feet on a desk, smoking a nasty black pipe and reading the *Ecentry Boomshell* with evident delight. I was so much astonished I could not say a word, but stood stupidly looking at him, while he hastily took his feet down and put away that masty pipe, while he stammered out something,--I don't know what. It all fashed upon mo in a minute; he was the reporter, not the man with the black book.

I'm sure I can't remember what I said; I just asked him if he had written that report, and he did not deny it, and then I gave him a piece of my mind and told him pretty plainly what I thought about his conduct. He tried to say something, but I would not let him, and as soon as I had finished, I walked down stairs, leaving him to be ashamed of himself if he could, but I I found out afterwards that he wasn't a friend

of Frank's at all, but just a chance acquaintance, and that it was quite accidental his being with Frank the first time he met Fan and I; the second time Frank had brought him just be-Frank said. He had never got a letter or telegram from Frank at all, and heard of the elopement by chance. He then sent the man with the black book, but as he found out nothing he came himself, and as I did not for a moment suspect him, 1 (old him everything; and so he wrote a "stunning" re-port, as he called it.

Papa was furious, and declared Frank had given all the facts to the reporter himself; and ho was so bitter about Frank that 1 was forced to tell him the truth and take the blame off poo Frank's shoulders. He was angry with me at first, but soon got over it, and persisted in blam-ing Frank for introducing almost a total stranger

AND THE NEW.

Fre just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and creen : 1 hold/int out upon my cane to see John's new ma-

chino; old eyes snap again, to see that mower It ma now, And , as wed a sigh for the scythe I swang some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed, 'neath the ray's of the searching sun. Thill transfit my poor old lack would break ere my thek for the day was done: I often think of these days of toil, in the fields all over the tyrn. Thill feed the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old paincome in my arm.

It was tire-ome work, and slow work too, a swinging

It was the old sector men size and the old sector men. Unlike the mover that went through the grass like Death inverging the ranks of men ' I store and Hooken thil my yers grew tired, annized at its special and power. The work that it took me a day to do is done in one The work that a short hear.

John said that I had not seen the half ;---when he gut John said that I had not seen the nail j--when he yau it into he wheat I should see it required rake it too, and drop it in hundles neutic That so n a Yankee would come along, and set to work and Para To require, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the bara.

John hanghed when he said it; and, turning away, I said to the hared men. I've seen so much on my pilgrimage through my three score years and ten. That it wouldn't corprise me the least to see a rail-

road in the air. Or a Yankee in a flying ship a-going most anywhere.

To think that I should ever live to see work done in this wonderful way 1 Old tools are of little service now, and farming is al-most play: The wonen have got their sewing machines, their wringers, and every such thing. And now they play croquet half the time, or sit in the parlour and sing.

Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so

You nat nuclei to casy, when in the days so long gene by;
 You rose up carly and sat up late, a toiling for you and 1;
 There were cows to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand
 A washing my toil-stained garments then, and wringing them out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work

An i wite, our constraint with a set of second second we want the second of all the farm is now done with a machine: Nu longer the noise of the seythe 1 hear; but the mower 1 hear it after. A ratiling along through the tall stout grass with the noise of a railway car.

There's a difference too in the work I did and the work my boys now do,— The old way of nowing the grass compared with mow-ing I in the new; But somehow I think there was happiness then crowd-ed into those toiling days. That the fast young of the present will not see till they mend their ways.

Well i the old tools now are shoved away; they stand 

There is one old way that they can't improve, though often it has been tried By men who have studied day and night, and worried till they have dieft: It has shone undimmed through the rolling years, like gold rollned from its dress, It's the way that leads to the kingdom of licaven,— the simple way of the Cross.

-Cor. to Rochester Democrat.

# THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTIOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAVON." CHAFTER VII. (Continued,)

"Now where will I have seen her? 'Deed. then-it's may be my own fancy, though-that picture might have been taken for Mrs. General lipps, only her bair was red; but I don't know bether it isn't more like Miss 'Stasia Jones, the docthor's daughter, that run away wid her futher's groom, an' she thirty all but a week, an i old enough, in all conscience, to have known

Frank heard her, with growing irritation, " But these are the features of a lovely Irish

girl who cannot be out of her teens. Look again, Mrs. Brean, and tell me if you can mistake that youthful face for a Mrs. General Jipps, or the other middle-aged woman you mentioned." And Frank geew quite irate at the suggestion that

-some insult you have received from this out Baronet." She stopped him. The mention of Sir Charles Tesilian's name was more than she could bear

" I told you before that I had not spoken with him to-day—that he never said a word to me of which I could justly complain. But a conversation I countries of a Monsteur Galil's has con-vinced me that you were right in your opinion of hum. And now, dear Frank, if you love me, let there be no further intercourse with him ther directly or indirectly."

"And the picture he has asked me to paint ?" " Here is the sketch; I did not leave it. he inquires for it, you can politely say that other engagements compet you to decline the commission."

" And in the meantime we starve, Are not you carrying your abhorrence of his conduct too far, Rosamond, or must I still believe that you lide something from me."

But she could not be prevailed upon to say nore. In the midst of her righteous indigun-on at the treachery of Sir Charles, she felt that more. he could not endure to hear his conduct cond mined by another. With that womanly ten-d miss which is so often employed to shelter the most unworthy. Resamond guarded her t even from her dearest relative and truest Chend.

# CHAPTER VIII.

AILIE PROVES HERSELF & TREASURE.

WHEN the brother and sister went down-stairs Will's the brother and sister went downsaturs, Mrs. Brean had inslated her preparations for such a meat as had never appeared on their table before. Han, eggs, delicate rolls, part of a chicken, and French chocolate for Frank, were luxuries which they regarded with dismay.

 Dear Mrs. Brean," said Rosamond, gently, you have forgotten that we are entirely dewhile he is unable to work we are obliged to deny ourselves everything but the simplest oral."

Aille nodded, and pushed the arm-chair towards the invalid.

"This right ye are, miss, dear, not to give him anything else; them made dishes, and such like, may suit the stomachs of the furthers, but they're not fit for dacent people that knows

what's what." " But our ideas of what constitutes frugal fare are very different to yours," answered Rosa-mond, with a wistful look at her brother, who, from the moment he discovered that she was parting with her ornaments and dresses, had positively forbidden her to purchase any more

teliencies for him. "Sure, Miss Rosle, wo'll think alike on most things, never doubt it," was the cheerful reply, things, hever doubt it, " was the checkin (effs), abut ye must let me have my own way in pro-viding for the larder. I can make money go further than most people, and 'twould be but false economy to be hearding it in an ould stocking, when I could be laying it out to ad-vantage in curing the young masther here." " Then you have been naving for these things

" Then you have been paying for these things vourself!" exclaimed Frank, the colour surging into his thin face, and his proud lip quivering with a blending of gratitude and mortification.

All'e 'rew herself up and tossed her head. "What else would I do, sir? Sure, these "What else would 1 do, sir? Bure, these English tradespeople are strangers to me; and ye would not have me demean myself by asking ed into some further explanation. them to trust me till the mustber takes the payment for the llligant pictures he's going to paintP

"But you are mistaken. I have only one commission in hand; and if I refuse that, it may be months before I am able to return to you the sum you have been expending!"

" I'm not a money-lender nor a nigger-driver. Misther Frank, that you need spake as if I should ever soil my month wid such words as 'Pay me what you owe me!' 'Tis a mighty "Tay me what you owe me!" "Tis a mighty fuss ye're making over nothing but a bit ioan that yo can give me interest for if it pleases ye For the love of goodness, make him sit down, Miss Rosie, an' don't let me beantiful cooking be thrown away entirely." Frank seuted himself ; but it was only that he

might cover his face with his hand. Poor fel-low ! he had never felt his poverty so keenly as at this moment, and yet he was deeply sensible of Ailie's goodness.

Resamond kneit down beside him, and put her arms round his neck; but her own heart was too full for speech, and Mrs. Brean began to look troubled, though she remonstrated vehe-

d-meanor r had already given him. He went to his sister's door, and tapped for admission. He would rest no longer without seeking her confi-lence. Resamond answered the summous time closing round her and the dying Captain, mediately. Her eyes were swollen with weap-ing, but she had regained her composure, and there are another in the bright land there were closing round her and the dying Captain, looke i beyond their threatening faces, and saw log, but she had regained her composure, and there we nothing but a serrowful inflection in a .ove ?" a ove!

> in the first hitterness of her trial, Rosamond thought that such a death was preferable to the lonely life which hers must henceforth to be; but still old Allie's words and sympathy had conforted her, and she fell askep in the mlist of brave resolves to devote herself to Frank more affectionately than she had ever done before.

Sir Charles Tresilian, Anding that Rosamond Sir Charles Tresllan, finding that Resamoud came to Galli's no more, concluded that her brother was worse, and waited for awhile with tolerable patience; then commissioned the pie-ture-dealer to learn from him whether this was the case.

Monsieur Galli questioned a painter named Monson, with whom Frank was on hebordo terms, and was able to assure Sir Chai that the young man was rapidly recovering. ... the

same time he returned to him the miniature. which had been cleverly restored to all its pris time freshness. The Baronet, with one careless glance at it,

dropped the case into his pocket. Ile did not touch it with the reverent hands of Frank Dalton, who parted with it reluctantly, and had even stolen some hours from his needful rest to make a copy of it, which he had in the secret drawed of his desk.

Little dreaming that Rosamond had been an auditor of his conversation with Major Colbye, the enamoured Baronet haunted the neighbour hood of her home: but Aille Brean executed the necessary errands, and he never caught a glimpso of the beautilut face he yearned to be-

Folled in this, he wrote to her, and his letter remaining unanswered, wrote again. This see-ond time, both his epistles came back in one envelope. The Dalions had quitted the cottage at Holloway, and left no address by which he ould trace them to their new home.

# CHAPTER IX.

THE LADY OF THE SHAMROCK.

ABE ye very busy Misther Frank?" asked "Alle yo very busy Misther Frank?" asked Alle Brean, one day, putting her head into his studio, where he was trying to finish a couple of drawings to offer for sale. The dector's bill and the rent had swallowed up so large a por-tion of the cheque he had received for his first picture, that matters would have been at a low obb int for Mrs. Brean, who still persisted in keeping house after her own liberal fashion. He laid down his pencils, "What can I do for you, Allie ?" "Deed, sir.

for you, Allie ?" • 'beed, sir, I wouldn't come troubling ye, but Miss Rosie's lying down with one of them contrary headachos; and it's on my mind that I've been neglecting some of the masther's last wishes. He was a good man. Misther Frank, though ye may not think it."

"I have never doubted it, Aille. I don't for-get that Rosumond and I owed to him our edueation and many other favours," said the young man, rather impatiently.

man, rather impatiently. • True for you, sir; and if you had been with him when he died, he might have given good reasons for laving his money away from you." • I have not complained of his will," said Frank, with some stillness. • What is it you want me to do for you?" he asked again. Mrs. Brean produced some papers. • it's just to look over these, and tell me what here the source is a source but and tell me what

" It's just to look over these, and tell me what they are about. It's a fine thing to be able to read and write all sorts of hands. May be i'd have made an illigant schelar myself, only 1

"Ye see, sir, though the masther was very precise about paying everybody, there were times when we left a place in such haste, that 1 forgot some little bill or other But twasn't often first crosses the threshold of her new dwelling." Frank had cheerfully acquiesced in this ar-rangement when it was made; but as he sat at that he discements bered anything; and when he was first taken ill, he said, "You'll not forget to look in my writing case, Aille, and attend to an open window, smoking a eigar after dinner, and watching the moon rise over the headlands of Longh Corrib, a resuless desire to proceed took the two or three things I've left in it.' Sure, I ought to have done it sconer, but it's crazed I've been wid the trouble of losing him, and the sick-ness I've had upon me since." Frank began to unfold the papers, and read

them aloud " This is from the Secretary of the

Allie sighed. "I'm thinking they've had the scription is due." Allie sighed. "I'm thinking they've had the last guinen they'll ever get from the good heart that never refused to help the poor-more's the pity.

"And this is an account for fish." The old housekeeper turned up her nose, scorn-

fully. "Fish that was stale before we had it. I said I'd never pay for it, but I will; for there sha'n't be a slight of a dozen of mullets thrown on the masther's memory. What next, str?" But Frank dld notanswer. With dilated eyes

he cried, excitedly. "How strange—how unex-pected! It is almost incredible! My good

" May be I will when you've told me, sir. Is

"And who may it be gifted to, Misther

it anything out of the common ?" "It is indeed! Why, look you; it is a deed of a gift of a small estate, called Elireeny, in

Frank 7 The man wid the nullets?" "To me, Alle-to mel Listen to the word-ing of it: 'I give to my godson, Frank Dalton,

son of my dearest and esteemed friend, all my tille and interest in the house and land known as Kilreeny.' Where is Rosamond? She must

know these good news." "She is coming," said Aille, gently detaining him. "I can hear her foot on the stairs. Ye're not thinking too much of this, are ye, sir? I'm feared, from what I've heard the master say

about the place, that 'tisn't worth much more than a few hundreds a year."

Rosamond had now joined them, and her list-

lessness vanished as the delighted Frank ac-

Galway.

know these good news."

learn to be happy."

them dirty paint-brushes. May be ye'll not mind mo putting them on the back of the lire to-night; for they're terribly rubbishing things to have about a dacent house.

to have about a dagent house." "If you value my good will, don't me little such a cruel destruction," crued the laughing Frank. "No, no, Ailie; the canvas and col-ours have stood me in good stead, and Pil stick to them. If I find m, self rich enough to live without work, why, Pil still handle the brushes for annuscement. And now for a walk to Mr. Mullissie solution or chall 1, on the structure for my Melliss's office; or shall 1, on the strength of my new dignity as a landowner, induge in the lux-ury of a cab?"

Mr. Melliss was unfeignedly pleased to find that, after all, the young man's future had not been wholly uncared for by his whim ical benefactor.

factor. •• Not," ho said, with a shrug, " that you'll find Kilreeny a very desirable residence; for 1 went over there at the time 1 purchased the place for Mr. Robinson. The fishing is good, so is the shooting; and I fancy he thought of build-ing himself a little box if he had lived." • Is there no house on the estate?" Frank in-mitrad, with rather a dissonabilited air.

quired, with rather a disappointed air.

"Well, yes; there is, or has been, a due man-sion upon it, but so dreadfaily gone to ruin, through neglect, that not more than half a dozen of the rooms are really labitable. Then there is a substantial farm house on the demesne; but I see that you are enjoined not to disturb the present tenant, one of the most disagreeable alderly spinsters I ever encountered. She hasa handsome niece, who is, however, as haughty and unapproachable as herself."

and unapproachable as herself." "Not very companionable personages," Frank commented. "Are there any pleasanter neigh-bours within visiting distance ?" "I famey not; the country is wild, though su-porbly pletaresque. I spent a week in Kilcreeny, sir, and came back quite sun-burned." And Mr. Melliss rubbed his hands at the recollection of those dues as unerthed enforcement. "A we will those days of uncurbed enjoyment, —• You will have to resort to Dablin when you grow tired of your seclusion. — Talking of this, I see that Mr. Robinson has pencilled on the back of the deed a request that you will reside at Kilreeny for some months every year. Did that escape your eye?

Frank read the few lines the more observant Mr. Melliss pointed out, and smiled. "I don't think I shall ever marmur at an in-

junction which, after all, was an unnecessary me, unless the place proves intolerobly dreary. Rosanoud unites with me in thinking that we shall be able to make ourselves very contented there. You must come and see us when we are

there. For must come and see us when we are settled in our new residence." • I shall be delighted to renew my acquaint-ance with the green island." was the boarty re-ply, and Frank extended his hand to bid him farewell."

6 One moment, Mr. Dalton. I think I can supply you with the address of the agent whom Mr. Robinson empowered to take the rents at Kilreeuy. As this deed bears date in the March of last year, he must be in possession of moneys which you are entitled to reacive. In the mean-time year are considered to draw mean way.

time, you are welcome to draw upon me." There was a marked change in the Mr. Melliss of to-day, and the cold, constrained gentleman who had scarcely remembered Frank's existence till now. But the young man was too much clated to care about this; and as Rosamond fully shared his eagerness to see their new home, their few preparations were quickly made, and, accompanied by Mrs. Brean, they left London for Galway. The charge of scene and his improved pres-

peets brought back Frank's health and strength with astonishing rapidity; and the trio reached Galway without any mischance to take away from the pleasure of the journey. They arrived at a town about ten miles from their destination just as the day was drawing to a close; and by Allies advice it was determined not to make any attempt to proceed further till the morning. • An empty house has but a dree look when seen in the twilight," she truly observed : • and I'd like the sun to shine on Miss Rosle when she

The moon was at the full, and there was not

a cloud in the sky. What could be more de-lightful than to take advantage of such a bril-

lant night, and make a cursory inspection of his little property? Rosamond was deep in a new book she had brought with her; Ailie was

dozing over her kaltting; and neither of them

(To be continued.)

(For the Hearthstone.)

THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO.

Papa was right about Frank; he behaved shamefully when he found papa would not re-cognise him as his son-in-law, and that he would got none of the fortune which Fan would have got had she married some one whom papa liked. He took to drinking and gambling in New York, neglected poor Fan shumefully, and almost broke her heart. At last he was detected in some awindling operation and was obliged to run away, leaving Fan destitute. Poor thing, she never recovered the blow that was to her, for she still loved him; papa went to New York when he heard Frank had run away, and brought Fan back to Montreal again; but she had lost all her spirits, and sunk, sunk, sunk until the next Spring when we laid her in Mount Royal Cons-tery. Then Mr. Murray wrote another report about that; but this time he wrote it. Oh! so nicely to feelingly and touchingly, he spoke so kindly and nicely of Fan, and drew such a pretty ple-ture of her betrayal and abandonment, that it made me cry; and he wrote some verses too that were perfectly elegant, and he spoke so harship of Frank that it pleased even papa, and he went to Mr. Murray's office and thanked him. After that papa got to know him and took a great fancy to him, saying he was the smarrest editor in Montreal; and one day papa brought him home to dinner. I had a great mind, at lirst, not to speak to him; but, after all, he was not to blame, he had only done what it was his

duty to do, and so I forgave him. Thornton-Mr. Murray, I mean comes to se

BROWING OF POTASSIUM.--The increasing use of bromide of potassium, another of chemistry's contri-butions, would have been impossible, were it not for the extraordinary discovery of an sprarently eva-porated sea water hed in Gormany. The amount of brownide consumed in medicine is now enormous, and most of it 14 derived from this source. The same mines have a sko completely changed our sources of potash : they produce far more than all the other rources of England and France put together, and have so reduced the price that carbonate of pofash is now largely made in this country at a price while computes most farorably with American pearlach, and will ultimately drive it out of the market. Bro-used in medicing before its valuable properties were discovered.-E. C. C. Slanyord.

his divinity inight be a commonplace Miss Jones, with a penchant for her father's servant. "Deed, then, Misther Frank," Allle retorted, "I did not call myself middle-aged at thirtyno, nor nt forty neither; and the huly whose looks you're so taken wid may have been paint-ed years ago, and be the fat, blowsy mother of half-a-dozen children by this time.

Aggravating supposition 1 The young man hit his lips, and kept back an angry retori. "May I make hould to ask to whom the pic-

ture belongs ?" Mrs. Brean inquired, presently. " To Sir Charles Tresilian," was the curt reply. " Eh! then the Lord help her, whoover she be -for them Tresilians is a bad lot, to say the best And now, Misther Frank, while the of them. tay's drawing on the hob, will ye be after telling me what's mide ye look so white and thin ?" There was such respectful commiscration both in the air and accents of the old woman that Frank's ill-temper evaporated.

"I have been ill, Mrs. Brean, that's all. meant to have been known as a rising man be fore now, but my will has been overruled by the weakness of my body. It makes one peevish weakness of my body. It makes one prevish and rebellious to be obliged to be falle, whilst others, whose needs are not so great as mine, are hale and at work."

Mrs. Brean wisely forbore to continue a sublect that evidently fretted the energetic youth

past endurance. (''Deed, then, without presuming to find fault Thornton—Mr. Murray, I mean—comes to see us very often now, and—and—I might as well tell you that it is not at all improbable that something might take place next spring—not an clopement—which will appear in the paper un-der the heading "Married;" but will not be re-jorted as a great sensation. Biscourge or Porassurg.—The increasing use of bis they have been betther the something might take place next spring—not an clopement—which will appear in the paper un-ding with them wishy-washy paints and plat-tors. The very smell of cm's enough for me. Couldn't they put some sort of a scent into them that would be a bit wholesomer? And now, Misther Frank, will yo tell me what's the throu-Misther Strank, will yo tell me what's the throu-

ble that's hanging over Miss Rosio? It's a bould question to put, but ye'll forgive me for it; for I knew and loved your parents before yo !"

" I hope," said Frank, his voice betraying his unensiness,..." I hope that it is nothing more than the fatigue of u walk in the hot sun. If If

whe is not better to-morrow, you must try your skill upon her, Mrs. Brean." "Sure, sir, 1'll do my best. but if its heart stekness that alls her, I'm thinking my doethoring will be but little use."

Frank made no answer; but the significance with which she spoke had increased the anxious feeling Rosamond's wild speeches and strange

mently. 6 Miss Rosie, if you are your mother's own daughter ye'll get up and your out the tny, for '(Is sinking I am for a cup, that haven't had bit nor drop since the morning. And if it hurts Misther Frank to be under an obligation to the he was maxicring the contents of a legal-looking document. Allle folded her arms in her apron, and composedly waited till he had fuished. "Where's Rosamoud? Call Rosamond! trusted servant of his father's friend, I can ge away again; 1'll thry and find a shelter for my old hones in some dirty lodging-house, where I'll Allie, you do not know what you have been hoarding here." be robbed and maltreated into my grave."

Frank was constrained to smile at the threat. # 1 beg you'll not punks me by meditating anything so dreadful; but stay with us as long as you feel inclined. Only, for my honour's sake, we must not permit you to play the honsekeeper at your own expense.

Mrs. Brean dropped him a curiesy. • It's proud 1 am of the invitation, sir, and it's glad 1'll be to accept it. – So now you'll just are your supper, and heave the domestic arranagements to me and Miss Rosie; and if there's an lifterence that vexes ye, why, we'll outset it this way—you shall make a model of me. I'd make beautiful basket-woman or a French fishwife ! In the end, Mrs. Brean's well-booked repast was discussed by Frank with the keen enjoy-ment of a hungry convulsement, and he was able to enjoy her amusing descriptions of the scenes due had witnessed while sharing the wandering life of her eccentric master. Resomond sat by

with her head bent over some work, forcing herself to reply cheerfully when addressed, but always sinking again into a sorrowful reverie.

than a few hundreds a year." " I believo you are right," Frank cheerfully replied, after a second perusal of the document. " As owner of Klirceny, I shall not be able to keep my carriage, nor have Rosamond present-ed at Court; but Mr. Robinson's thoughtful gift Mrs. Brean followed her to her chamber when she relired, and insisted on being permitted to brush out her abundant tresses. Longing to be once more alone, Rosamond would have dissecures me an independence, and if I want m why, I may carn it." missed her as soon as this was done, but still qualities values the state of the designed rank ac-"A home in another country! The very

"Will ye let old Allie come back to kiss and bless ye, Miss Rosie, when yo've lain down in your bed? Ye've no mother to do it, or put up a prayer for your safe-keeping, my poor child !" Rosamond held out her arms to the speaker,

thing, above all others, that I have wished for "she exclaimed. "Let us go to Kilreeny at once' You will grow strong there, and I shall who drew her fair head on to her bosom Lone shivering sight burst from the young girl's ach-ing heart, but her eyes wore tearless, her lips wore mute; and Aille held her in her iendor "I will just pay Mr. Melliss a visit, and show him this," Frank replied; then, if all is well,

we will do as you propose. Aille, you must go to Ireland with us. You have shared our poy-erty: now you shall enjoy the comforts of our embrace, silently stroking back the hair from her throbbing temples, till she grew calm, and passively permitted the old woman to undress improved circumstances.

Then Aille bent over her pillow, and whis-pered, "Look upward and forward. Miss Rosie. If the sky be very dark, still look up till ye see ye'll not have to ruin your health any more wid

THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS. IN PROSE AND VERSE.

would miss him.

possession of him.

BY REV. H. F. DARNELL

PAPER III,-"BÊTES NOIRES."

It often happens that we more ponderous Englishing are compelled to have recourse to our liveler and more inventive Gaelic friends for certain cuphemisms, or words and phrases in which to clothe our ideas more suitably and elegantly; and especially in respect of those which have reference to thoughts and feelings of which their more sensitive and mercurial temperament is so readily susceptible. It is thus with that par-ticular phrase which I have selected as the title for this paper, and which is beieffy and apply expresses that class of disagreeables of which I am about to treat. Probably the word nearest in signification to the above that we can find in the English language is that of "bugbear"; by which we are to understand certain annoyances which are as nucle innefinary as real: norman which are as much imaginary as real; persons and things which are repugnant or horrible t and things which are repugnant or horrible to us, not so much on account of their intrinsic i qualities, as because, from some peculiarity of temperament on our part, they happen to be particularly distasteful to us, and to prey upon our imagination or jar our nerves. I think, how-ever, that most will admit the French expression to be upon the while the more charte and do to be upon the whole the more chaste and cle-gant; though to what extent this may be owing to the fact of its rough edges having been worn off by its coming to us through the medium of another language, I am not fully able to deter-mine. Certainly of all others the French seems to have been generally acknowledged as the cuphenistic language; it being usually conced-ed that even naughty or outro expressions are infinitely less objectional when spoken en Francais.

I presume these annoyances, which, it can distressed Imaginations, are represented us as-suming the proportion of *bles*, are characterized *notres*, inasmuch as the colour of black is generpresume these annoyances, which, in our

unpleasing. When our blies neires,—or "bugbears,"—not content with pursuing and worrying us through the day, insist upon our mounting them during "Deed, sir, I'd like to live in the dear old the hours which should be passed in the arms of the hours which should be passed in the arms of "Nature's sweet restorer, bulmy sleep," they and I'm glad, from the bottom of my heart, that "nightmare," of whose extraordinary and com

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

He was at Ryde now, neat and dapper, with A freshness of complexion and general youth-fulness of aspect, which many an idle young Dartician, a stranger to intellec tual labour and City smoke, might have envied. "I don't know how you do it, Weston," Mr. Harcross said to him, one wet afternoon when

they were weatherbound in the pretty drawing-room which looked across a sloping lawn to the sea. "You must have some clixir, I think. Do you drink the blood of innocut young chil-Do you drink the blood of innoent young chil-dren, or do you wrap yourself in the skin of a newly-flayed ape occasionally, or by what other mediaval nostrum do you preserve that Hylas-like appearance of yours?" "Do you really thiuk I'm looking well?" inquired Weston, with his placid smile. "My specific is of the simplest order, I assure you.

I don't gorge myself as some men do. I never drink any wine but Amontillado. I hunch on a biscuit and a bottle of soda-water. I have my clothes made by the best men in London, Iny clothes made by the best men in London, and I make a point of taking life easily. I am like that citizen of London, who got out of bed one night when half the streets of the city were being consumed in a general confla-gration, and after ascertaining that the lire must burn three hours before it reached him, went emistly lead to be react and finished him went quietly back to his roost, and finished his night's rest. I never anticipate trouble, and it must come home to me before I concern myself about it."

"Would to God that I were master of your admirable philosophy " said Mr. Harcross, with one of those little bursts of passion which

one of those little bursts of passion which sometimes set his wife, wondering. She looked up at him now from the pages of the last volume of fashionable literature, with astonished eyes. "I hope your life is not so very disagreeable

that you need to be sustained by philosophy, Hubert," she said, in her coldest tones.

" My dear Augusta, what can be better than my life? and is it not the very existence that any sensible man would choose for himself? A little heaven here below, which many a man dreams of for years, labouring unavailingly, and never enters. How thankful, then, should I be for the magic pass which has admitted me within the gates of that earthly paradise ! But, you see, there are clouds on the sunniest day, and I have my hours of shadow." You certainly have not the gift of high

spirits," replied Augusta, "except in society." "Can a bottle of Champagne go on effervescing for ever?" asked Mr. Harcross : ' you may goad it into a factitious sparkle with a sippet

of bread, but what flat stuff it is after that transient resuscitation! Society asks too much of a man. He is perpetually being uncorked, perpetually called upon to sparkle, whereby his domestic condition becomes flatness. If you would let me take you through Spain this year, now, Augusta, you would find me the liveliest of companions. I am well postel up in all the Spanish pictures, and we should be away from the people you call your set. You can't imagine how I should revive under the genial influence of solitude; or if you would like a short sea voyage, we would go to St. Michael's and see the oranges growing." "What preposterous prepositions, Hubert! You have heard a hundred times that there is not an head in Sunin 6 for a last to extend

not an hotel in Spain fit for a lady to enter. Don't you remember that story of the inn-keeper, who was also a cobiler by trade, and who made an omelet in his dirty leather apron? Imagine my having to est omelets mute in leather aprons! Besides, you know very well that I have promised to go to the Clevedons on the fifteenth of August. Sir Francis Clevedon's birth-day is the twenty-ninth; and there is to be a luncheon in the park, and a ball in the evening, and a fite for

the tenantry and poor people, and so on." "A failure, no doubt," said Mr. Harcross in his dreariest way ; " those elaborate inventions, those bringing together of gentle and simple, a double debt contrived to pay, always result in a tiasco. Cannot Sir Francis keep his birthday-the idea of a man keeping his birthday ! --without our assistance? I don't care about going to Clevedon."

going to Crevedon." "I cannot understand what mysterious ob-jection you can have to this visit," exclaimed Mrs. Harcross with evident displeasure. "One would really suppose you had some association with the neighbourhood-either so plea-sant that you do not care to revisit the place under altered circumstances, or so painful that you cannot endure to renew your acquain-

turn you must never disturb me by so much as a hint of household annoyances?" "In that case, would it not be better to send Mrs. Candy to Clevedon? She would be best able to advise Lady Clevedon."

"You surely don't suppose that Georgian Clevedon wishes to be advised about soups or jellics, or housemaids' wages, or soap and candles. I am going to put her in the way of taking her position in the county." " But, my dear, do you know anything about

counties ?" " I know society," replied Augusta with dignity. "Society in Kent is the same thing as society in Mastodon-crescent."

"Unhappily, yes," cried Mr. Harcross with a faint groan. "It was said that the printing-press had driven away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies; and 1 fancy that the railway sys-tem has in the said of the second state of the tem has, in the same manner, banished all in-dividuality. There is no such thing as a country gentleman. If Sir Roger de Coverley were alive now, who would not rejoice to visit him? And there would be some fun in spending a week with Squire Western; the fellow was at least racy."

"Then I am to understand that you will go with me to Clevedon, I suppose," said Augusta, after a pause, during which she had returned to her book, and Mr. Harcross to the contento her book, and Mr. Harross to the contem-plation of the rain-drops chasing one another down the plate-glass window, or the leaden sea beyond. Weston stood with his back to the chimney-piece, pretending to read the *Times*. This discussion about Clevedon was particularly interesting to him, and he became notes and more inclined to think that Mr. Walmore and more inclined to think that Mr. Walgrave's visit to the Kentish farmhouse was as sociated with some episode worth his know-

"I will go, of course, if you really wish me to go. It cannot signify very much where 1 spend the last weeks in August."

"We need not stay longer than a fortnight at most, said Mrs. Harcross graciously, evi-dently softened by this concession. " And then, if you really care about the Continent, 1

then, if you really care about the Continent, I shall be happy to go anywhere you please." " Even to the North Pole," Mr. Harcross ob-served, with a smile. " We could hardly he a colder couple if we spent our lives there," he said to himself afterwards. " Weston is invited," continued Mr. Har-cross\_—Sir Francis asked him when they met in the source. Papa was asked too but with

in the square. Papa was asked too, but, with his gout, he prefers remaining quietly here. I don't think there'll be a very large party staying in the house, for Sir Francis has few old friends in England, and of course Georgie does not wish to crowd the house with he people."

It was settled, therefore, that Hubert Har-cross should visit Clevedon ; should cat, drink and be morry in the place where he had spent that one idly happy summer day—in a place that was associated with the dead. He thought of the room with the oriel window, the room where he had told Grace Redmayne his fatal secret, where he had held her in his arms for the first time. He wondered how that room would look—changed or the same—and how he should feel when he looked upon it.

For a long time after that hideous November day, when she sank dead at his feet, he had lived in constant apprehension of some en-counter with Grace Redmayne's kindred. But nothing had come of this dread except a visit from John Wort, who had accused him straightly enough of having tempted the girl away, and to whom he had deliber-ately lied. So, little by little, his fears had worn themselves out. He had heard of the migration of Mrs. James and her family heard that the old farmhouse was temantless and believed himself tolerably secure from the evil consequences of his sin. But notwith-

standing his sense of scenrity, nothing could have been more repellent to him than the idea of this visit. It was only from the fear of awakening suspicion in the mind of his wife that he consented to go. Had he been asked what it was he dreaded, or why he, who was not a man prone to sentimentality, should so shrink from looking once more on that familiar scene, his explanation must have been of the vaguest. He only knew that he and shrink from this visit, and that it was against his own judgment he consented to go to Clevedon.

" If there is any danger for me in that neighbourhood-danger of scandal or unpleasantof any b l am running into the teeth of it." he said to himself; "but I hardly think of it," he shut to minder ; "but I harry think there can be. The whole family are in Aus-tralia, and Brierwood farmhouse shut up. Poor old house, where I first learnt that my heart was something more than a force-pump to assist the circulation of the blood. Poor old garden where I was so foolishly happy."

It seems you're in the eleven-and they're stronger than you. You know it. So let me alone. There was a moment's silence; then Asbeton

walked straight up to flekiling. He had become very pale, but looked at his unhappy fag with a steady and carnest expression in his eyes. " I know the collegers are stronger than we,"

"I know the contegers are stronger than we," he said, hut will you promise me, Jickilog, that if f whithe match for our side—you'll change " Jickiling looked growingly surplised, and glauced at him with sullen suspicion. "It's not much to promise," he said at last, "for you won't."

"But will you promise ?" asked Asheton. "Well then, yes," said Jickling, with a dry laugh and a shring. "Very well," answered Asheton, and he left

the room.

The match, Collegers vs. Oppidans, played very year on St. Andrew' feast, 30th November, the time of which I am writing it was not usual for the Oppidants to win every year, as has later been the case. The match was played "at the wall," a peculiar sort of football, which the Fountain boys, and as a result the College beam (although the Collegers had but seventy boys to choose from as against nearly six boys to choose from as against nearly six bundred on the other side) was extremely jow-erful and diment to beat. On the day of the match, lickling and 1, who had not been out of doors since our accident, obtained leave to go out for two hours, just to see the match and return

Play began at half-past twelve, and there wa always an enormous crowd, every hoy in the school, every muster and master's family, and some hundred or more of old Etonians, being generally present. Jicking and I took un our generally present. Jicking and I took un our position at that part of the ropes where the lower boys congregated, making a frightful hullabuloo in response to the grown-loys, who, at every advance of their side, should like fa-naties, as if the safety of the three kingdoms were being staked. For those who have never seen " wall" football played, description of the ermon would consult to incufficient of the game would scarcely be intelligible; and for those who have seen it, it would be useless. Linka who have seen it, it would be userss, bet me only say therefore, that the points to be scored are "goals" and "shies," a single goal outnumbering any quantity of shies. By the call of three-quarters of an hour's play, three shies had been scored by the Collegers' deven. The game was going dead against the Oppidans, who, opposed to a formidable tilo of Collegers, named Bullockson, Hulkey, and Drayman, were outweighted, borne down, and forced back into their own ground, or calx, every moment, noiwitistanding all their gallantry. Asheron had been performing prodigles of valor In the Oppidan cause, but to no purpose. Hwe minutes yet remained before the game fluished ;

minutes yet remained before the game finished; and the conclusion was foregone. Jickling, who had been watching the game with a cu-rions, silent interest, sold with a short laugh (but rather softly as 1 thought.) "Asheton played well, but he won't win." Did Asheton hear bin ? Did some secret voles, I mean, whisper to bin that some such words as these were passing Jickling's flys? Anyhow, he glaneed toward us, or at least toward the mass of yelling lower boys (for lig did not know where we personally were,) and with a determined gesture took his cap off and with a determined gesture took his cap off and threw it op the ground. It was the action of a man preparing to fight.

Then this was what we saw. The hall was then within the Oppidge calx, but a sudden movement brought it before Asheton's foot. He stuck to it, and from that moment 4 did not leave him. Crouching, stumbling, running over it, playing with feet, ellows and head altogether, he "bullied" it right down the whole length of the ground, unheeding kicks. pushes, mobbings or anything else. Hulkey, the college "post," shinned bim savagety: Drayman bore down upon him with his shoulder. like a battering-ram ; and just as Asheton was within a few yards of Colleger cats, Bullockson, the captain, made a rush as of thunder, and both rolled over together, head first, in the mud. There was a moment's breathless full in the whirlwind of shouts, to see who would rise first with the ball. It was Asheton, Limping and bleeding, for the blood was flowing in torrents from his nose, he still crowched over the ball, and, with something like superboman energy, shot it over the caix-line, followed it, raised it with his foot against the wall, and touched it with his band, whilst the umpire, in a load voice, and amid delificus excitement, should e Sky?"

A "shy" means the right to take a shot at the goal with the football, the whole rival ele-ven standing in your way to obstruct you. Not a boy or man spake, as Asheton, white as a sheet, poised the ball, raised it, and with ano-ther look towards us, threw it straight forward. re was a thud, a dismayed shout, and then the Oppidan umpiro, throwing his hat in the air, cried "Goal !"

human back and stomach, are being generated with an alarming fertility. If we call attention to one or two of them, it is not that w have any strong hope that our doing so will effect any abatement in their numbers or activity. It is enough to call attention to the existence of this new generation of goblinsgoblins which science cannot pooh-pooh, and which the Church appears quite unable to deal

with effectually. The most recent cruption to the surface is The most recent cruption to the surface is that of the kobold whose name is Jonathan, Jonathan is a boreal spirit. Possibly he was tired junketing about in the fir-forests of Norway and Sweden with his ancient compatriols. At all events, his first appearance in this country is chronicled as having taken place at Montrose, and, as was credibly asserted, in the shape of sawdust, though subsequent evidence makes this doubtful. Spirits, as is well known, can assume any shape that pleases themselves. It is not chearly sinted what the was the great event of the football season. At the time of which I am writing it was not usual for the Oppidans to win every year, as has wished to produce analogous results. Possibly some good chilzen in the thriving scaport where Jonathan first appeared near have been over auxious to increase his subscription or some good cause, missionary or other, and may in his earnestness have lighted upon some expression—some strong interjection—that had power to bring Jonathan into the meal-tub. For outment is jonathan's atfinity, and though in respect of his normal shaps he be, as already stated, saw-dust according to some authorities, or corn-husks according to others, he can so change himself that goodwives when making change himself that goodwives when making porridge are quite ignorant that it is Jonathan they are dealing with. It is not necessary to state that Jonathan does not make good por-ridge. Whether he be sawdust or corn-links, there is fitthe neuristiment in him. It was not to make good hone and muscle that he was summoned from the underground regions. On

the contrary, the purpose of his manifestation is to increase the profits of the lucky wizard who has control of him. Considering that he is almost entirely composed of woody thre, and if he be corn husks, of fibre armed with stilleatdoes not comfort the stowards that Jonathan does not comfort the stowards that laye been induced to trust to him for comfort, but that, strong tendency to sure a Midsummer Night's bream into a Midsummer Night-mare.

Dream into a Midsummer Night-mare. It may be regarded as an evidence of the ubiquity of spirits to find that, though Jona-thud's particular haunt be Montrose, he has turned up so far south as Yorkshire. He may have been busy enough about our own neigh-bourhood for aught we know, though we have not seen tils presence noticed. It he continue his southward progress, he will not fail hy-and-bust to mean discussion and heaved how the hy-andhis southward progress, he will not full hy-and-by to meet—he may already have net—with a kindred spirit of the name of Simpson. Simp-son is a London gnome, whose efforts, laborious and not of recent date, are directed towards producing an appearances which, when carried about he pails, is believed by a simple-minded public to be milk. Simpson's history is a little closeture. Perhaps the most reasonable account of him is than which attributes the aviationen. to the intervention of Apollo. Vexed at the incessant efforts of the London cow-keeper to get more out of a cow than the poor creature can supply, that deity, who cares for cattle, directed the attention of the avarielous dairyman to the existence of the cow with the iron tall, whose produce, judicionaly mixed with chalk and other condiments, would greatly lessen the strak on the productive powers of his *probly(s*. Upon this hint he pumped—did his protigits. Upon this fint he pumped—did the dairy man—and Simpson was the result. Simpson has servants that are zeatons in aid-ing him in his cantrips. Of these Chulk— al-ready alluded to—is the most mentionable. The others are of a too malign ispect even to be named. For a considerable time past Simp-son has been a potent spirit in the London milk-world.—The very decry themselves, in-stend of casting him out by help of latin and other appropriate exoreisms, are said to drink him and submit. There is little doubt that, just as Jonathan is extending this haunts south-ward, so Shangson is making excursions every ward, so Simpson is making excursions every day more comprehensive and far-reaching towards the north. In every town of any size, the question between a cow and her milk is getting more complicated and insoluble; and there can be no doubt that it is Simpson that is causing the confusion that is found to exist in that part of mathematics. Great results may be expected when Jonathan and Simpson meet. A feast of porridge and milk under their aus-plegs will be something more than ambrostal.

UNPOPULARITY OF WOMEN.

There is no denying the fact that women are There is no denying the fact that women are not so popular among men as they used to be. Marriages are not so munerous in comparison with the population, and, if we may infer any-thing from the Divorce Court, they cannot he so successful. What is the reason of it all? Are men more exigent or are women less lov-ing 2. Is the or find the schedule whether

ing? Is it our fault or theirs? No right-thinkling 7—1s it our fault or theirs? No right-think-ing mate wishes women to be ignorant or silly; but no man wants to see their intelect outl-vated to the exclusion of their affections, the deadening of their instincts, or the annihilation of their sense of dr. ". It is one thing to have for a wife a mere brainless doll, whose kiens of life are bounded by fashion on the right side and pleasure on the left, and another thing to have a learned mummy, whose heart has be-come alreaphed in favour of her head, and who has dropped the sweetest characteristics of her has dropped the sweetest characteristics of her womanhood in the class-room. It may be quite right and proper that women should understand coule sections and the differential calculus if they are strongly impelled that way —that they should even put entities into the study of legarithms, and that enjoyment in digesting some of the stiffest doctrines of political economy; but it is belter that they should cal economy; but it is belief that they should be tender to men and gentle to children, careful housekeepers, kindly mistresses, pure-toned lenders of society. It is good for them to have knowledge, but better to keep love. Yet this is just what so many of the "nitwared" women have not kept. The old aningonism to men professed by them, and the naturation comparison. professed by them, and the painful depreciation of all home life, both in its affections and its duties, which they declare has created almost a distinct class among them ; and it is not a lovely one. They are enthusiastic for the franchise, and passionate for an equal share of the so-cul-ed privileges of men, but they are only scoraful of the disabilities and obligations alike of sex in of the disabilities and obligations alloe of sex in all that relates to marriage, the home, and oblitten. In their regard for intellectual ambi-tion they have ceased to respect the emotional side of human nature; and in their demand for free trade in the work of the work, for leave to share in all the specialities of the man's life, they have forgotten that part of their own hap-mores lies in ministering to bis. This, then, is phases flex in ministering to bis. This, then, is the coson why they are not so popular among men as deep used to be. Itivits, in the place of belownes; antigonists, not lovers; can it be wondered at if men have followed as they have been led, and have left off adoring a group of in-determinate persons who only desire to be feared ?

This is one class of women who are unpopular with men, and deservedly so. Another is that of the women whose souls are centred upon "getting on in society," and who regard men, "getting on in society," and who regard men, as hashands, merely as stepping stones to that end. Marriage means with them a banker's book, and the liberty accorded to the wife which was dedied to the uniden. The man counts for nothing, provided always he is not exceptionally stingy, tyramiteal, or jedous. Granted a mode-rate amount of liberality and easiness of tem-per, and he may be ugly, old, victous, utterly unlovable throughout. What does it matter? The had money : and money is the Moloch of our day. So the woman of this class passes through the sacrifield fre all her best affections, her through the sacrifield five all her best affections, hor protry and aspirations, her hopes, her dreams, and sells herself for so much a year sterling—"getting on in society" being her re-ward. It is not because the grapes are sour that poor men dread and dislike this class of women; and it is only because human percep-tions are so easily blinded by vanity and pas-sion, that the very men who pay the price ig-nore the worthlessness of the thing they buy. Sometimes knowledge comes when to date, and the Stepping-stone awakens to the fact that, though money may pay for youth and beauty, though money may pay for youth and beauty, it cannot buy honour nor yet love; and that the woman who sells herself in the first in-stance has rarely mything to give in the second. shance has rately anything to give in the second. How can we wonder, then, that with these two sections of womanhood, so large and important, as they are now, women should be less popular with men than they used to be, and marriage held a thing to be shy of, or undertaken only under extremity? To be sure, we men are pear fellows as bachelors, in spite of our free-dom and the desolate liberty of the latch-key. The traditional batton of ours is always contine The trainformal button of ours is always coming off, and wo sigh in vain for the deft ingers of the ideal woman while we prick our own in our clumsy attempts to sew it on again. We are badgered by our housekeepers, neglected by our landladies, and cheated by both. We fare villely in chambers, worse in lodgings, and club living is hot accounted. The diney range unward is not economical. The dingy room, unswent and Ill-garnished, is but a miscrable kind of home, as we sorrowfully confess to our own souls, pices will be something more than anorosini, and ill-garnished, is but a miserable kind of The British Grenadiers, thus fed, will be certain home, as we sorrowfully confess to our own souls, to carry all before them. Inspired by Jonathan and Simpson, they may be expected to go any-where and do anything. So we show the source of this new and but it would be tedlous to mame even the leading spirits in the catalogue of this new and become for home and computed by some and the submersion and sociologists shake their heads at the phonomenon, seeking to ac-count for it on every plen but the right one. Of course, we do not deny the actual numerical refundancy of women in England. But we do than need be, while many good men are vowed to cellbacy and buttonless discomfort because women have lost the trick of loving as they used to love; because they have adjured the old virtues of patience, modesty, tenderness, selfmerifics, home-keeping, and home-blessing, old characteristics of them, and have become cold and hard and worldly and self-assertive instead, because they have ceased to be women in all that constitutes true womanhood, consequently have ceased to charm men as in aforetime. Hobe.

Mr. Harcross trowned, and glanced at Weston, wondering whether this hint of suspicion arose from any suggestion of his.

" I have no mysterious objection to Clevedon " he said; " and of course if you make such a point of it, I shall go. 1 have never refused any request of yours that I had the power to comply with. But I tell you again that I hate other people's houses. When have a holiday—and heaven knows my holi-days are few and far apart—I like to live my not to be awakened at half-past own life seven in the morning by the bruit of somebody else's gong, nor to find my host swelling with a sense of outrage because I was not down in time to hear him read family prayers. When the senson is over, 1 languish for scenes remote from West-end man. I should like to take you to Algeria, and scrape acquaintance with the Moors. I should like to charter a ship and sail away to the Arctic seas, if there were time enough for such a voyage. Any-thing rather than Belgravia, and Tyburnia, and Kensingtonia out of town."

"I am sorry that the duties of civilised existence will not permit us to go to the North Pole," replied Mrs. Harcross with a little scornful laugh; " but, you see, if you do not value friendship, I do and I should be very sorry to disappoint Georgie Clevedon. Poo child! it is such a new thing for her to be mistress of a great house like Clevedon, and I

mistress of a great house fixe Clevedon, and 1 have promised to give her a good deal of ad-vice about the management of her household." "What! do you know anything about that science ?" asked Hubert incredulously, " Have you ever stooped to such petty details? I thought Flaman and Mrs. Candy managed everything."

" How stupid you are, Hubert! Of course I am not my own housekeeper, if that's what you mean. I never interfered with anything you mean. I never interfered with anything of that kind in my life; no woman dare do it who hopes to hold any position in society. Imagine one's mind being distracted by a question of diuner. With Papa, I made it a point never to find fault with a servant. If they did not wit, they were dismissed; and the housekeeper had full authority. 'I never question anything you do,' I said; 'and in re(To be continued.)

# A REMINISCENCE OF ETON LIFE.

Jickling was not only one of those boys wh are bent upon going wrong themselves, but he dearly loved to drag others into scrapes with him. I was warned of this fatal propensity on him. his part both by Graegleby and Biazepole Stumps Minor also conveyed a friendly admo-nition to me on the subject, and Asheton one morning sent to me on purpose to say that I must be careful what I did when Jickling was by to advise me. But these counsels, though they kept me from falling into any of Jickling's more dangerous snares, did not remove him from my company. He was always with me, He acknowledged with a candor tint did him honor, that he liked "fellows whom you could humbug till all was blue."

"Well," said Asheton to him, after an exploit at Windsor iair, "you and Rivers there have become heroes as it were; and it's been said that a follow who has the stuff in him that yo showed on that Windsor fair day is worth better things than to be continually in hot water, and at sizes and sevens with everybody."

lickling changed color slightly, went to the free poked it violently without its having any need of such operation, and said, "You're always badgering me, Asheton."

"I want to see you a good fellow and on the highway to become a man," answered Asheton with almost a woman's patience.

"What is, is," said Jlokling doggedly, "You can't unmake yourself, and you can't do what's

"And what's impossible ?" asked Asheton. "Why," cried Jickling, breaking out, and throwing down the poker with a clatter, "it's impossible to be this and that simply because you are told to be it; and it's impossible to do this or that, when you've not strength enough the solution repaid around us. Calibans or What should you say if I told you to win the football match, against the collegers this year?

At that moment the college clock changed out half-past one—the time for play to stop. The Oppidans had won the match.

With a roaring-loud, deep and continuous a the waves of the sea-the Oppidans burst the ropes, and rushed on to the ground, scampering towards Asheton to carry him in triumph. Jickling and I were borne along with the rest. adding our own voices to the tumult mechanically. Asheton seemed to expect us. Just as the mighty Bullockson was taking him to lift him on his shoulders, he made a step forward, and holding out his hand (the first and the last time he had ever done such a thing to a lower hoy in public), said: "You see, young man it

war possible. Jickling said nothing, and walked along by my side to our tutor's house without opening his lips. He was pule and moody, and I remember he kicked a particular pebble before him, as he went, with a strange and absent ex-pression. At dinner he said he was not hungry, and wont and shut himself up in his room. He about reappeared by teachine, and as it so happened that I desired to see him that ovening about something or other, I went to the room, and opened the door. The hinges did not creak that he did not hear me nor look un. 110 was seated at his table, with his head buried in his arms, and he was sobbing as if his heart would break.

If you ask now-a-days or any old Etonia who Jickling was, he will probably answeryou; "Jickling? ho you mean the fellow who was a Newcastle scholar and in the Eloven? He went to Oxford-didn't he? and took double

honors." • I think so." • And, stay, didn't he marry somebody? I think it was the sister of Sir Frederick Ashe--Cornhill Magazine.

JONATHAN.

Writers on the metaphysics of theology as sure us that all that is necessary to the exist-ence of an evil spirit is that an evil principle should be endowed with personality. If we are to judge from recent notorious fucts, this pro-

more formidable demonology, while as to the minor imps their name is legion. Why should we renew the sorrows of those of our readers whose fate it may have been to be befooled by that omnipresent kohold whose name is Shoddy? How warm his embrace to be give with, but how short-lived his attachment 1 To-day you are arrayed as if in the broadcloth of Saxony-to-

morrow your greateaat is reduced to a pitiable framework of thrums. Or why should we men-tion Sloe-leaf, who creeps into our tea-pot and, after beguiling us with the bellef that we are qualing the cup that cheers without producing any of those effects that are offensive to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, lays us prostrate under the terrible powers of gastroslynia ? Alum too there

is, a potent spirit who, under guise of very pure white flour, insinuates himself into our loaf, with results that very soon make the presence of the doctor necessary; and, if we wore deal-ing with the subject at large, we could not pass by that stubborn imp, among the gods denominated Sillea, but among mortals known as Sand, who invades our sugar-bowl. There is Chicory, too, a brownie who comports himself as if he were coffee ; and Tallow, a sleek hol-goldin who would make you believe, until you taste him, that he is buttor; and there are a host of others bosides. In fact, their name is legion. Millions of spirits, says a great poet whik the carth, both while we walk and while we sleep. We know it, and we would not complain of it if it were not that they freatly make their way into our inner man

and keep us from sleeping altogether. In spite of the goblins of the manufactory and warehouse and dury, good outment and milk and butter, not to speak of minor neces-saries, are to be had for the huying. At the same time, it is certainly to be lamented that science and the Church combined can do o little apparently to help us. Science scems to conjure up as many evil spirits as it lays. A good deal of chemistry, no doubt, was expended in the invocation of Jonathan and Simpson and their allies. Knowledge, unfor-tunately, is as oven to the regue as to the tunately, is as open to the rogue as honest mun. More might be expected spiritual and moral teachers, who eduty it is aducate the community into honesty. -

PARBON'S PURGATIVE PILLS-Best family physic [beridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for Horses.

At CERTAIN SEARONS OF THE YEAR most persons are subject to diseases commuting from a low state of the blood. The causes are various; but it is only necessary, in order for the prompt purilleation of that fluid, that the patient should use Fellows' Com-pound Syrup of Hypophosphiles, with full assurance of obtaining the desired results. This Syrup will arrengthen the organs of digestion, promote healthy assimilation, neurish the muscles, and renovate the persons estern norvous systom.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.—The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of nuarrow. The flea jumps 200 times its own length, which is equal to a quarter of a mile for a man. The knowledge of the arts and sciences, which is poressed by the different members of the animal creation, has not unfrequently been a subject of won-der to naturalize.

creation, has not unrequestly even address and der to naturalisms. Their colls are so con-structed that with the least quantity of material they may have the largest spaces and the least possible less of interstices. So also is the ant-lion. If is fun-nol-shaped trap is exactly correct in conformation, as if it had been formed by the most skilful artist of our species, with the host instruments.

our species, with the next instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The birl called the kine-killer is an arithmetician ; so also are crows, the wild turkeys and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric cel are elec-

triciana. The nautilus is a navigator, llo raises and lowers bis sail, and custs the anchor and other nautical eyo-

utions. The bouver is an architect, builder, and wood-

The marmout is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts to keep

builds houses, but them dry. The little white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists. They make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

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# THE HEARTHSTONE.

# MUFFS.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> There are a good many people in the world who never give themselves a fair chance. Their undoubted abilities and virtues remain hidden even from themselves, and less worthy men-rush past them in the race of life. To this class of heing belongs the mulf. . . Ills speech may be a good one in itself, being full of logical argu-ment and brilliant chetoric ; but it will appear to no and brane, because delivered hady. It is

He does not envy those who enjoy fife in a more in the does not envy those who enjoy fife in a more in the part of the does of And how may may have a property dig sound being in the state property dig is process will be down on the majority of property dig is process will be down of the state when a property dig is process will be the state when a property dig is property dig is property di til such thue at his intention is made known to A good deal of enduring work may be get out of him, for, as has been hinted, he can work well when not exposed to general observation. He can paint good pictures, write good books, or solve difficult mathematical problems, though his public conduct might induce a very contrary bellef in the minds of onlookers. Altogether, he is often a very useful being, and the world would sustain substantial loss were his services to be discontinued. He does not deserve the comparative contempt with which he is regarded.-Liberal Review.

essary surveys were made many years since; cessary surveys were made meny years since; but the joilousy of the French, and the fear of that nation, has prevented the commencement of the work. The moment, however, that France was powerless to prevent, the project was re-vived, and we now hear that a contract for the construction of the tunnel has been concluded

The Bateric Star-Some careful soundings of the Battic have been made by the steamship Foncerania. The greatest depth of the Baltic Son between Goth-hand and Windau was found to be 720 feet the waterwas, at the depth of from 600 feet to 720 feet the waterwas, at the one-half to two degrees. Reaumar mear the program one-half to two degrees. Reaumar mear the program depth, and only a few speciments of one or two spe-ries of worms were brought up with the clay and mud.

mund, PREPARING LAATHER.—An economical method of preparing lenther consists in soaking the skinor hide it out, and convected har by rabbing it, and soak it in clear water mult he line is entirely out. This is nothing terrible in the growing olds or rel sufficiently large to hold the hide; soak the hide in it three or four days; take it out, he it get hide than thurty and then beat or rab it until it becomes plable, learner prepared by this process will not do welfer, shows, hat answers for hanstrings, back bands, and other purposes on the farm. Learner proposes on the farm.

The pass of St. Gothard was the most fre-mented of all the routes across the Alps multi the based all statutal loss were his services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered to real time the services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered to real time the services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered to real time the services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered to real time the services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered to real time the services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered to real time the services to be soften a very useful being and the world would be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to be altered the real to serve the services to the the real to serve the services to be serve the services altered to serve the services to the the real to serve the services to the serve the services of the service to serve the services the services the serve the services of the services to the serve the services of the service to serve the service to serve the services the services the serve the services the serve the services the services the services the services the serve the services the servic

# RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Rev. D. T. De Witt Talmage, in Brooklyn, and Rev. J. S. Willis, in New York, pre-sched special permension the life and death of James Fisk, juar, January 13th.

tunn.

FARM ITEMS.

To Tax Springer, Says, --Mase the hide on a smooth round-sacet stall, node for the paraset, with two less on one end, and the other end to stire the form second the structure in the more read to hold the shuffron single with desting. Second structure the hide, for the black the shuffron single read not to term the hide. Then the shuffron shuff we show the shuffron the transfer the skin from the second structure the hide in the structure is shuffron the shuffron and the shuffron the shuffron the shuffron the second structure the shuffron the structure shuffron the subject. The second structure is a structure and work it is a shuff on the second structure to see the shuffron in the subject. The second structure is a structure and work it is a shuff to be a very the second structure and work it is a structure to be a very structure to see all hinds of the structure is the second structure and work it is a structure to be a very structure to see all hinds of the structure is the second structure and work it is a structure to be a very structure to see all hinds of the structure to the second structure is the second structure and work it is a structure to be a very structure to see all hinds of the structure to the second structure to be a very structure to see all hinds of the structure to the second structur

If we Bynes, --Save all the small pieces of bailed ham, such as are usually thought too poor or small for user; enoptine, add as many eggs as there are persons to cort sprinkle a little flour is heat together with the clooper-linan, and make into balls. Fry in hot hatter or well-charilled drippings to a golden brown.

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

# A next wind · A succes. Lyrs of time - 06d coat tails,

W. RIDDLE. He who has me does not say it he who takes mu does not know me; and he who knows me will not have me. Monvers.

# 96. ENIGMA.

My lovergave something to me one day, What it was, triends, I most leave you to say: For I blushingly own it, his suit he dul press; For what 'twas he gavo to me I cannot contess,

He told mu if I would but take off its head. He hoped to receive from me just that instead : He hoped to receive trou me associate and An article 'tis, not to puzzle your wits. And each one should guess it who sees that it fits, JUSSY,

# 97. CHARADE.

27. CHARADE. My first is an article, dudy 'fis used : My second a liquid not often abused : My theory gives the sound of a wild, trackless space ; My north locar-the sound of a wild, trackless space ; My north the beginning and ending of case. My which is a girl's name -tell, if you please, As d. M.

# 98. GEOGRAPHICAL REPUS.

A town of Belgium; a northern sea; a gull of Tur-key; a town of Bengal, one of the homelores he-tween Europe and Asia; a country of Europe; a town of Sentand, and another of Staffordshire. The *initial*, read downwards will give a royal resi-dence; and the *under* read downwards, the country in which it is situated. O. P. Q.

quented of all the routes across the Alps null the commencement of the present century ; but as it was not practicable for vehicles, it was gra I was not provide after the construction, by Napo-leon I., of the road over the Simplen. The loss of traffic induced the contons through which the route passed to construct a carriage road quite as good as that on the Simplen. The work was commenced in 1820, and inished in 1832, and it is one of the grantical through the simple. is one of the greatest monuments of engineer-ing skill to be found in Europe. In magnificence the passes, unless we except the Stelvio. To the mere pleasure secker, it will, therefore, bo a matter of regret to see this superb road deserted for a hole through the mountain. Ever since the Mont Cenis tunnel was projected, the Swiss and Germans have felt that a large share of troffie would be diverted to France. For military and strategic reasons, it was, also, feit that equally good facilities ought to be provided on the other side of Switzerland, and all of the ne-

Vestigation its attendant enjoyment. How to have Tarry,—Many women suppose that they bee when, unfortunately, they have not the be-ginning of an idea what low is. Leving to be admired by a man -locking to be particle by him, and lowing to be care soil by him—lowing to be particle by him, is not lowing a min. All thus may be when a women has no power of lowing at all () they may all be sim-ply because she hoves herself, and low is to be flatter-ed, praised, coaxed, as a can fikus to be conved and stroked, and fed with errom, and have a warm cor-ner. But all this is not love. It may exist to be sure, where there is love-it generally does. Love, der hadre, is self-sacrifice ; it is a life out of self and in another. Tue:Tac::Max,—Nine-tenths of the alleged inhum-

The Three Max. --Nine -tenths of the alleged inhuma-nities of markind are owing to their being deceived. If people are sure of an accident or a calamity, crowds hasten to vice it. By voracity we charac-in conversation it by sincerity we influence opinion ; by trastworthiness we render friends by ing and ac-cure, add to the general confiders of men in men-and by thus strengthening the foundations of scalety acquire the right to an analogue personal sense of worth and firmforms. Truth gives a cone of security to the feeblest man, as lying does of in-e-urity to the strongest. The true man has but one answer to give to interrogators, one story to tell them, one face to show them, mobody's face to ivar,

show them, nobody's face to iver, BEGINNING IN LIFE,—Little fish scene to have the most sensible ideas of a start in life —they all begin on a small reals. Begin small. Countless sermons have been preached from that text, but until the practice comes up to the preaching there would scene to be need of more yet. It is not so easy for a young couple who have been brought up in conforming having to go backward in the social scale, and hegin according to their means. It scenes like a descent, and it is hard to make it gracefully. Better that it should be done, however, at first, that to have to come to it after a byief period of invertus living : for, in that case, the last state is and begin on a small calle. CLARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that know-

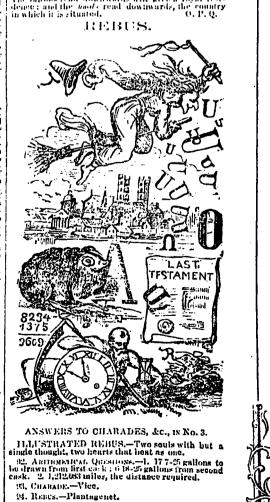
Shall cale. Character is Power.-It is often said that know-ledge is power; and this is true. Skill or faculty of inty kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain catent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcen-dant gift of missiery over men. Rot it isker, parer, better than all, more constant in its influence more insting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which constants from a pure and lofty missi-Take any constantly, who is the man of most influ-omes T to whom doall look up with reversive ?Not the "amarter?" inan, not the observest politician, mor the most brilliant talker, but he who, is a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and ad-versity, has proved himself to the judgment of his neighbours, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called whe and good.

GENER, EXCLASSIVE ANXIETY, or prolonged study, will produce infimity in the nervous system, in pro-nortion as the strength of that system is expended prior the mind in troubled throught, so are the organs of direction, assimilation, and nutrition, rendered in-oance infirm. Every individual has some one organ weaker than the rest and this is always the first to safer during nervous prostration: for example, af-flicting nervous prostration: for example, af-dicting nervous prostration: for example, af-dicting nervous prostration: for example, af-dicting nervous prostration: for example, af-flicting nervous prostration: for example, af-nerving nervous prostration in supervision of the mesodar action of the heart, when the patient is delificated, producing sudden hemorrhage and death. No doubt any longer remains of the practicability of restoring the nervous system, and through the erves the muscles of the impaired organs. Follows' Com-poand symp of Hypophysphiles has been proved in passes such power in numerous instances. It will impart strength to overcome trouble or utilication, become who are necessature to holy upon the dark symp soon learn to value mode choir file, and those who study deeply or during long hours, will find in the brain. 2500 There or the substances the power of endurance in the brain.

0-5d

ASTIMA may be greatly relieved at once by John

• That man," said a wag, "emote to Nashua forty verts ago, purchased a backet and commenced ga-thering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" It was a committee do you suppose he is worth now?" It was a committee do you suppose he is worth now." a committee do you suppose he is worth now." It was a committee do you suppose he is worth now." a committee do you suppose he committee do you suppose he is worth now



## THE HEARTHSTONE. **RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY !** NORDHEIMER'S HALL, MARKET REPORT. ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE. OPENING OF THE AUTUMN CLASSES. THOUSAND DOLLARS THIRTY Gymnastics, Boxing, Calisthenics, &c., &c. 31st Jan. 1872. Jist Jan. 1812. Flour, 4 brl. of 1961bs.-Superior Extra, nominal \$0.00 : Extra, \$5.20 to \$0.00 ; Fancey, \$6.10 to \$0.00 Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordi-nary Super. Canada Wheat, \$5.22 to \$5.55 : Strong Bakers' Flour, \$6.00 to \$6.10 ; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) zominal. City brands of Super (from Western Wheat) freeh-ground nom-innl. Canada Supers No 2. Nominal. Western Supers, No 2 \$0.00 to \$6.10; Fine, \$4.90 to \$5.00; Middlings, \$1.00 to \$4.10; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Upper Canada Bag Flour, \$100 bs. \$2.75 to \$2.-\$0 ; City bags, (delivered) \$3.05 to \$0.00. Market innetive. One for wheat in the West PROFESSOR WILLIAM RICHARDSON been to give Notice that he will opon the above Hall the First Week in October, for the purpose of teaching the Ari of Solf-defence, liozing, Vaulting, Leaping, Trapeze, and other branches of Gymnastics. Professor Ricrargenson attends daily at the Hall to roceive the names of Gentlemen intending to ioin the classes for the ensuing season. The class hours are so arranged as to suit the con-venience of pupils. TO BE GIVEN AWAY. PRIZES! ALL NO BLANKS!! THIS ISIA BONA-FIDE OFFER WHICH WILL BE CARRIED OUT. TERMS VERY MODERATE. Market inactive. Quotations for wheat in the West this morning were without material change. Liver-pool rates are unaltered, as per latest Cable, an-nezed: I offer the following articles, all new and first class, to every one sending me the number of new Subscribers to the HEARTHSTONE indicated opposite each Prize; each name sent must be accompanied by the WILLIAM RICHARDSON. N.B.—Private lessons in Boxing, &c., at any hours named by appointment. Jan. 30. 1.25 p. m. s. d. s. d. $250 ext{ 0.8 }$ d. $250 ext{ 0.8 }$ d. $110 ext{ 0.8 }$ d. $110 ext{ 0.8 }$ 111 for $124 ext{ 0.9 }$ 00 00 $2010 ext{ 0.8 }$ 211 $410 ext{ 0.9 }$ 00 00 $(90 ext{ 0.8 }$ Jan. 31. 1.25 p. m. s. d. s. d. 25 0 32 270011 0 32 100 011 8 34 11 1012 4 37 00 000 0 43 033 8 44 00 02 10 37 2114 00 30 02 10 37 2114 00 30 02 10 37 2114 00 30 00 02 10 37 2114 00 30 00 01 1 44 9 40 00 0full price of a year's subscription, Two Dollars. Academy for Young Gentlemen. English, Classical, and Mathematical. DALY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT. Flour.... Rod Wheat... Rod Winter.... White.... Number of Subscriber The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number. Prizes. required at \$2.00. Revd. C. FBEDERICK STBEET, M. A., Principal, \_\_\_\_\_ Corn..... Barley..... ASSISTED BY EXPERIENCED TEACHERS. Pons..... Pork..... If you send You will receive either $\mathbf{Or}$ Number of pupils limited. Pupils admitted as Boarders in the residence of the Principal. 2-43z Nos. GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. The market was dull this forenoon, and operations were limited. Quotations in holvo list represent the present asking rates of holders, but to effect salos concessions would have to be made. Extras and Fance dull. Supers, are neglected. Ordinary brands were offered at \$5.523 without including a bid. Low grades and Isg\_flour dull. Receipts reported by G. T. R., 2,789 bris. A SINGER Family Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, in a blackwalnut polished Cabinet A Lady's Watch, with Gold hunting case, su-perbly enamelled and set with diamonds—a 120 1 In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthuna, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly re-commended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is hvid in complete solu-tion. 2

WHEAT, P bushel of 60 lbs .- Market quist and ominal.

8

Coas, P bushel of 56 lbs. -Steady, at 65 to700 f. o. b. for carlos

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r carloads. PEASE, P bush of 66 lbs.—Latest transactions were

PFANG, & bush of 66 lbs.—Latest transactions were at Nic for carloads.
OATS, & bush of 32 lbs.—Market quiet. Rates are 336 to 31c.
BARLEY, & bush of 43 lbs.—Stendy at 556 to 60c.
PORK. (P barrel of 290 lbs.)—Market dull. New Mess, \$15.75; Old. \$15.56. Thin Mess, mone.
OHRES, & b.—Pactory Fine, 10c to 10/c; Finest New, lately made, 11c to 11/c.
BUTTSA. & Dishert of 200 lbs. —Quiet at \$4.75 to \$57, according to quality.
DARKET & bornel of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$57, according to quality.
Asures, & 100.—Pots quiet. Firsts, \$0.00 to \$7.40; Seconds at \$515, 15, 64.00.

## -----

INAGINE the distress of the milliner who forgot on which side of the rose to put the hat.

" PARTING is such sweet sorrow," particularly with a cracked looking-glass and a toothless comb.

ARTISTIC.---'Mn. retdown on your hands and knees a minute, please.''---'' What on earth shall I do that for, pet ?''--'' 'Cause I want to draw an elephant.'' A SERVANT-GIARS I WARL to Graw an coopault." A SERVANT-GIAR, told her master the other morning that she was about to give his wife warning, and quit the house. "Happy girl I Would that I could give her warning, too!" responded the indescribable brute.

A DEMURE-LOOKING chap hailed a charcoal poddler with the query. "Have you get charcoal in your wa-gon?" 'Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stop-ping his horses. "That's right," observed the de-mure chap, with an approving nod; " always tell the trath and people will respect you!" And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was get-ting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

# WANTED.

# The "Hearthstone," for 1870.

Any person having a copy of THE HEARTHETONE of Vol. I, No. 11, is requested to forward the same to Edward do B. Kestin, No. 1 Place d'Armes Hill, Montreul, and a suitable revent will be given for it. THE HEARTHETONE OFFICE, January, 1872.

The manufacture of Fine Jewellery for the Trade has this season exceeded the products of last year and to supply the over increasing demands for Fine Work in Gold, Mr. B. Coleman has opened work rooms with a staff of skilled European workmen, at 191 St. James Street, where the Trade are invited to call and examine the workmanship in Diamond. Poarl, and every variety of Fino Gold work in the English and American Stylos.-42, m

A NY ONE who suffers from Dyspersion now much food is inken, nor how good it may be, if it is not completely directed and assimilated, dopraved nutrition and impoverished blood, with degeneration of the tissues, will result. It is this condition of in-sufficient neurishment that excites hereditary in-fluences, and developes in the system that class of NY ONE who suffers from Dyspepsia Junces, and dovelops in the system that class of Ghronic Wasting Diseases of the Consumptive and Scorolious type, Tuborcle of the Lungs, Enlargement of the Glands of the Neck, Eruptions of the Skin, Spinal Disease, Torpid Liver, Irritation of the Kid-neys and Bladder, and Constipation. Any remody that radically cures these diseases must reach their primary source-the stomach. DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA was especially devised to cure Dyspep-sia, improve Nutrition, and promote the formation of healthy blood. No remody in existence acts so promptly and so permanently in invigorating all the organs of the body. 3-4tf.

	case, with cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$70.00	most beautiful jewel and excellent time keeper. Price, \$70.00
100	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine (GROVEN & BAKEN Stitch), silver plated, in a brautiful blackwalnut <i>Cabinet</i> with drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$50.00	A Lady's Watch, in Gold hunting case, beanti- fully enamelled. Price, \$55.00
90	A SINGER Sewing Machine, highly ornament- ed, on iron stand, blackwalnut table, with Cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$45.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, \$45.00
80	A Sixgen Sewing Machine, same as above described, without cover. Price, \$40.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, \$40.00
70	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] silver plated, black- walnut table and cover. Frice, \$35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, chamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, \$35.00
60	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but not plated. I'rice, \$30.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold and enamelled cover. Price, \$30.00
50	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but without cover, on blackwalnut table and iron stand. Price, \$25.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold chased cover, Price, \$25.00
30	······	A Silver Hunting Lever Watch, first-class in every respect. Price, \$15.00
20	·····	A solid Silver, open faced Watch, good time- keeper. Price, \$10.00

# When desired, Gentlemen's Watches will be sent instead of Ladies' of the same value and quality.

Every one sending us a club of 5 Subscribers at \$2.00, will receive the HEARTHSTONE for one year, and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

and the Presentation Plate, FREE. All those obtaining prizes are entitled moreover to the HEARTHSTONE, for one year, free. The Sewing Machines above mentioned are all manufactured in Canada, by Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co., Montreal, (with whom a contract has been made for the delivery of as many of each machine as we may require); they are fully equal if not superior to the very finest machines of American manufacture, and represent a value nearly double of the figures above quoted, if the price of the American machines be taken as the standard. All who receive one of these machines will have entire satisfaction with it. The machines all sew with two threads ,and do either the lock stitch, or the double loop-stitch, neither of which will rip. Further, any person entitled to receive a Sewing Machine and desiring one of higher price, can have it by paying the difference to the manufacturers.

by paying the difference to the manufacturers. The Gold and Silver Watches offered as prizes are all first class and imported for us by a leading house in Montreal, (Messrs. Schwob Bros.) Each watch will be sent, post or express paid, in a neat case; the cases for the Gold Watches of high price being beautifully finished with inlaid woods. Those who prefer to canvass for cash prizes, that is to say on commission, and compete at the same time for the Grand Premiums mentioned in the next list, may do so : Thus, any one having formed a club of 5 (and receiving in consequence the HEARTHSTONE free) may retain 25 cents out of every subscription collected thence forward, and the remittance of the balance, \$1.75, will be counted as a full subscription in the competition. The club of 5 will also be included.

# THE FOLLOWING GRAND PREMIUMS

will be given IN ADDITION to the prizes and commissions above mentioned, to the most energetic and successful canvassers.

The Princess Louise Jewelry Case, containing a beautifully plated broech, pair of enrings, necklase, pendant, pair of sleevelets, chaste ring, and locket. FREE BY POST FOR 50 CENTS. FREE BY FUEL FOR the Original One sent free to the getter up of a club of six. The neatest set ever offered to the Ganadian public. Address RUSSELL AUBREY, Give your full addresss. Address Box 311 ± P. O. Montreal.

tion. For sale at all Drug Stores, Price 25 cents per bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor.

office and Whotesate and Realist HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St, Lawrence Main St., Montroal.

NOTICE THIS !!

1 WILL send ONE DOZEN of the best Pens in the world, with a neat Holder, by mail for twenty-five conts and a three cent stamp for postage.

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over filteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Est, Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c. Metiill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be fenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:-No. 315 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 10.22

A SUPERB HOLIDAY PRESENT.

A. ABRAMS.

BOX 1413, MONTREAL.

2

6

2-24zz.

RESID: 10.22

WINTER'S AMUSEMENTS.

# MAGIC LANTERNS &c.

A Magic Lantern with condenser lamp, and reflec-tor showing a disk of three foot on wall; A box con-taining one dozen comic slides (36 subjects) sent free to any part of Canada, Price \$2,50. For larger kinds see Catalogue.

## MICROSCOPES.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instru-ment is warranted to show animaloulm in water, cels in paste &c., dc., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object Forceps, Spare Glasses, dc., dc. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$4.00 sent free. II. SANDERS, Optician, &c. 163 St. James Street, Montreal. (Send one Cent Stump for Guidence)

# (Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

FIRE II FIRE II FIRE II

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS. Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LI-QUOR Labels are now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, AND ALL AT VERY MODERATE PRICE. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO LARGE DEALERS. Orders can be promptly sont by parcel post to all parts of the Dominion. LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS &c. **319 ST. ANTOINE STREET** 

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Every dub of five subscribers sonding a romittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Romittances by Post Office Order or Registered Let-tor at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

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# NO ONE WHO SEES THE ENGRAVING CAN REFUSE to SUBSCRIBE.

In fact, those who have the money should secure at once a number of the Presentation Plate, by sending as many dollars, so that while canvassing, they may close each transaction at once by leaving with the Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder

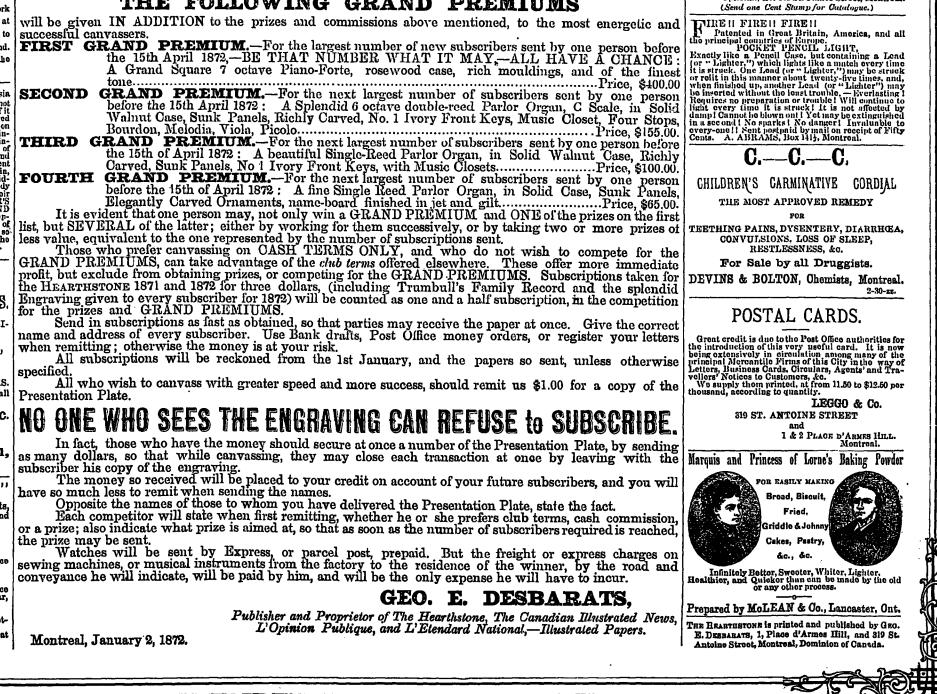
as many donars, so that while canvassing, they may close each transaction at once by leaving with the subscriber his copy of the engraving. The money so received will be placed to your credit on account of your future subscribers, and you will have so much less to remit when sending the names. Opposite the names of those to whom you have delivered the Presentation Plate, state the fact. Each competitor will state when first remitting, whether he or she prefers club terms, cash commission, or a prize; also indicate what prize is aimed at, so that as soon as the number of subscribers required is reached, the prize may be sent.

Watches will be sent by Express, or parcel post, prepaid. But the freight or express charges on sewing machines, or musical instruments from the factory to the residence of the winner, by the road and conveyance he will indicate, will be paid by him, and will be the only expense he will have to incur.

# GEO. E. DESBARATS,

Publisher and Proprietor of The Hearthstone, The Canadian Illustrated News, L'Opinion Publique, and L'Etendard National,—Illustrated Papers.

Montreal, January 2, 1872.



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