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# THE MARTINISMON

TO EXCELLENT LITERATURE ROMANCE &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. No. 5.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Rich is he whose keen discerning  
Lends him in the "narrow way";  
Spending less than he is earning,  
Ho's ready for the "rainy day."  
He has wealth of thought and feeling,  
Honor is his guiding star,  
And the devil's merry prancing  
Scars the imp's 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 earn his daily bread.  
Roses grow on thorns of duty,  
Sweet odors rise from noble deeds;  
Industry sows life with beauty,  
Indolence with noxious weeds.

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

He loathes the cup of dissipation,  
And he wastes no time in strikes;  
He utters not in altercation,  
His pet likes and his dislikes.  
Step by step, he grandly rises  
On the ladder rounds of trust;  
While idlers starve like the prizes,  
Labor lifts him from the dust.

Upright, firm, and fast,  
Winning confidence the while;  
Apprentice, journeyman and master,  
Comrade crown him with their smile.  
He has capital in labor,  
Of the hand and of the brain,  
And he covets not his neighbor,  
And he covets not his gain.

He scorns not the man that's richer  
Than the sun-burnt and son of toil;  
He finds a brother in the ditcher,  
And the man who owns the soil.  
He knows not his bright to-morrow;  
The perils of the questers,  
Come not with clouds and rain of sorrow;  
His 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—but of course you don't know, or what would be the use of my telling you; so I'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 responsible 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 example to the younger lads in the office, although he was very smart at business and paid great attention to his duties. But papa said he drank, and played billiards, and carried on all sorts of wild games at night, although he was very steady and attended to business during the day.

Papa used often to talk to mamma 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 special 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 splendid. 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 and 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, but he was looking at me, but he wasn't, he was looking at Fan and falling in love with her—so he said afterwards—and wondering how he could manage to get introduced to her without papa knowing anything about it; for he knew papa would never 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 threw a snowball at one of the horses and he shied, and before we knew what had happened the horses had started as hard as they could run down the hill, and just as we got by the St. James' Hotel the sleigh struck against a lamp post and was upset throwing Fan and I and the coachman out on the sidewalk. Fan was not hurt, but I got a cut on the forehead—I've got the mark yet—and was quite stunned. When I recovered I found someone helping me into the St. James' Hotel; it was Frank, he had been passing at the time, saw the accident and came to our assistance. He was over so kind and got us a sleigh to take us home and promised to tell papa about 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 few minutes, and then Frank asked him something, and he said he "didn't care if he did";



FRANK ASKED HIM SOMETHING, AND HE SAID "HE I DON'T CARE IF HE DID."

and then they went out through a little door into another room, and when Frank came back I could smell cloves very strong. The man with the book didn't come back; but wasn't I mad that evening when papa brought home the *Evening 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 ladies"—that was me—"in his arms just in time to prevent her brains being dashed out against the lamp post," which was a great bit for Frank never caught me in his arms at all and I did not fall anywhere near the lamp post.

Papa was so angry about the paragraph in the *Boomshell* that I believe he was mad at us for 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 us not to speak to Frank and said that he would thank him for us.

I could not say anything, for I remembered the queer man with the little book, and the smell of cloves afterwards; and I felt sure papa was right; somehow papa was always right, he had a way of saying such disagreeable things, but then they were always true, and that made them more provoking. We saw Frank at Church the next Sunday, and he bowed to us when papa wasn't looking; I was so angry with him for telling that reporter such stories that I would not turn 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 pew, and mamma was looking so intently 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 stay at home. To our great surprise we met Frank there, and the great deceitful thing made 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 agreeable that mamma took quite a fancy to him; and said she thought papa judged him too harshly;

but papa knew him better than we did. Fanny danced with him twice, and when he was bidding her good-night I am sure he squeezed her hand for I saw her blush. I wouldn't dance or shake hands with him, for I had not forgotten 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. Poor little thing, she was not quite eighteen and had 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 times when neither papa and mamma was us; and at last Fan used to make appointments to meet him on Sherbrooke Street in the afternoon, when he could get away from the office on some pretence or other about business. Of course, I went with her, poor little thing she was so madly 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 he did. Twice Frank brought up a friend with him whom he introduced to us as an acquaintance from the States, Mr. Thornton Murray. He was ever so nice and could talk, talk, talk away, telling such funny stories and keeping me laughing all the while. He was very good looking too, 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 would make 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 said he had been called away suddenly to Quebec on business. That afternoon a terrible thing occurred; as we were walking along together who should come driving up but 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 looked 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 did scold. I never had any idea he could get in such a passion; I was too much frightened to say anything, but Fan showed more spirit than I ever thought she had. She flew right out and told papa she loved Frank, and meant 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 crazy; he swore a terrible big oath—I had never heard papa swear before, but she should never see Frank again, and that if she did he should cast her off for ever, and never recognize her as a daughter again. Then mamma went into hysterics 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, we were not allowed to go out without mamma, and 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 her for the same girl; still we heard nothing 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 he had threatened he would. One day we were doing some shopping at Morgan's with mamma, when a little newsboy came in crying out, "Here you are, *Morning Herald*!" and came close up to us. I saw Fan start and flush up very suddenly, and then put something in her pocket, and it flashed 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 believe 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 left 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. He begged ever so hard of Fan to see him, and finally had the audacity to propose that we should let him into the house at night after every one

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 him just once, but it should be in the evening before papa came home to dinner, and while mamma 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 he came and talked to Fan for about ten minutes. Fan was almost crazy, and I was not much better, for I thought papa was behaving horribly, and I determined 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 them stopped. It was finally settled that Frank should send a suit of boy's clothes to the office—don't you see a millinery box so that you might think it was a new dress and bring it home. The engagement was planned to take place on Friday—It was then Monday night—Frank was to come for Fan about nine o'clock, and he was to drive across to House's Point that night and take the train for New York next morning. I don't know how we passed the next four days; I never was in such a constant state of excitement in my life, and it is wonderful that mamma never suspected anything. Fan's disguise arrived all right, and when she had got it on she made the loveliest boy you ever saw; with short curly hair—Frank's hair was jet black—a comely little short jacket, the other things of course, a long coat overcoat, a muffler, and a great fur cap coming down over her ears. She was a perfect picture, and I would have defied anyone to have recognised her. At last it was all over; Fan walked bravely out of our room, down the passage 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 Fan 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 until the breakfast bell rang. Just as soon as I heard that I ran down stairs, and put Fan's letter near papa's plate so that he might see it as soon as he sat down. That was a terrible morning; just as quick as papa read Fan's note he came over to me, looking as if he meant to kill me, and he took me by the shoulders and gave me such a shaking as I never had before in my life.

"So, Miss," he said, "this is some of your work, is it? Well I wish your happy pair joy, for they will have nothing else to live on. Never will I see or have anything to do with either of them again. I swear it by—"

I sobbed; I couldn't help it, and so prevented papa swearing that great big oath I knew he was going to use. He did not say anything more, but went back to his seat and made a pretence of eating his breakfast, but I could see that he never swallowed a mouthful and his face looked so pained and care worn, all in a minute, that I began to feel sorry and frightened at what had been done, and wonder how it would all end. Mamma, of course, had hysterics, she always did when anything unusual occurred, and had to be taken to her bed. Before papa left the house he came and stood by my chair and said, very solemnly and gravely:

"Miss, I don't think I have been a harsh or unkind father to you and Fan; you were all I had to work for in the world and I have toiled 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 error. That fellow has only married her on speculation; and it shall prove a bad one. Miss, I have only one daughter now, don't you deceive me too. Confound the thing," he continued, "it will all get into the papers and make a fine dish of scandal."

When papa had gone, I sat at the window feeling very sad and lonely and beginning to find out when it was too late that I had indeed done a very foolish thing. It was about noon when I heard a ring at the servants' bell, and looking out, saw that horrid man with the black look and long hair talking to one of the chambermaids.

How on earth had he found it out so soon? I called the girl in and told her not to answer any questions from strangers. 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; he had always said that Frank and he were very intimate, and I thought he 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 House'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 Quebec 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 goodbye 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 said and chattered away for about half an hour; he spoke so kindly of Frank, who he said was an old schoolmate, that I quite took a fancy to him and thought him nicer than ever. I told him the



He was at Ryde now, neat and dapper, with a freshness of complexion and general youthfulness of aspect, which many an idle young patrician, a stranger to intellectual 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 elixir, I think. Do you drink the blood of innocent young children, or do you wrap yourself in the skin of a newly-flayed ape occasionally, or by what other mediæval nostrum do you preserve that Hylas-like appearance of yours?"

"Do you really think 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 lunch on a biscuit and a bottle of soda-water. I have my 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 conflagration, and after ascertaining that the fire must burn three hours before it reached him, went quietly back to his room, 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 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? It is 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 sip of bread, but what that stuff is after that transient resuscitation! Society asks too much of a man. He is perpetually being unceremoniously 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 posted 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 propositions, Hubert! You have heard a hundred times that there is 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 cobbler by trade, and who made an omelet in his dirty leather apron? Imagine my having to eat omelets made 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 birthday is the twenty-ninth; and there is to be a luncheon in the park, and a ball in the evening, and a fête 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."

"I cannot understand what mysterious objection 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 pleasant that you do not care to revisit the place under altered circumstances, or so painful that you cannot endure to renew your acquaintance with it."

Mr. Harcross frowned, 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. I 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 I have a holiday—and heaven knows my holidays are few and far apart—I like to live my own life, not to be awakened at half-past seven in the morning by the blurt 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 season is over, I 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 slip and sail away to the Arctic seas, if there were time enough for such a voyage. Anything 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 Georgia Clevedon. Poor child! it is such a new thing for her to be mistress of a great house like Clevedon, and I have promised to give her a good deal of advice about the management of her household."

"What! do you know anything about that science?" asked Hubert incredulously. "Have you ever slumped to such petty details? I thought Flunnie and Mrs. Cundy 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 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 dinner. With Papa, I made it a point never to find fault with a servant. If they did not suit, they were dismissed; and the housekeeper had full authority. I never question anything you do, I said; and in re-

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. Cundy to Clevedon? She would be best able to advise Lady Clevedon."

"You surely don't suppose that Georgia Clevedon wishes to be advised about soups or jellies, 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 Muston-in-crecent."

"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 I fancy that the railway system has, in the same manner, banished all individuality. 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 contemplation 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 more and more inclined to think that Mr. Walgrave's visit to the Kentish farmhouse was associated with some episode worth his knowing.

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

"We need not stay longer than a fortnight at most, said Mrs. Harcross graciously, evidently softened by this concession. "And then, if you really care about the Continent, I shall be happy to go anywhere you please."

"Even to the North Pole?" Mr. Harcross observed, with a smile. "We could hardly be a colder couple if we spent our lives there," he said to himself afterwards.

"Weston is invited," continued Mr. Harcross. "Sir Francis asked him when they met 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 George does not wish to crowd the house with her people."

It was settled, therefore, that Hubert Harcross should visit Clevedon; should eat, drink, and be merry 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 encounter 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 deliberately 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 tenanted, and believed himself tolerably secure from the evil consequences of his sin. But notwithstanding his sense of security, 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 shrink from looking once more on that familiar scene, his explanation must have been of the vaguest. He only knew that he did 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 unpleasantness of any kind—I am running into the teeth of it," he said to himself; "but I hardly think there can be. The whole family are in Australia, 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."

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE OF ETON LIFE.

Jickling was not only one of those boys who 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 his part both by Grosbeak and Blazepole; Stumps Minor also conveyed a friendly admonition to me on the subject, and Ashton one morning sent to me on purpose to say that I must be careful what I did when Jickling was to advise me. But these counsels, though they kept me from falling into any of Jickling's more dangerous snarls, did not remove him from my company. He was always with me. He acknowledged with a candor that did him honor, that he liked "fellows whom you could humbug till all was blue."

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

Jickling changed color slightly, went to the door, poked it violently without his having any need of such operation, and said, "You're always budgering me, Ashton."

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

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

"And what's impossible?" asked Ashton.

"Why?" cried Jickling, brinking 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. What should you say if I told you to win the football match, against the collegers this year?"

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 Ashton walked straight up to Jickling. He had become very pale, but looked at his unhappy foe with a steady and earnest expression in his eyes.

"I know the collegers are stronger than we," he said, "but will you promise me"—(he passed)—"will you promise me, Jickling, that if I win the match for our side—you'll change?"

Jickling looked knowingly surprised, and glanced at him with sullen suspicion. "It's not much to promise," he said at last, "for you won't."

"But will you promise?" asked Ashton.

"Well then, yes," said Jickling, with a dry laugh and a shrug.

"Very well," answered Ashton, and he left the room.

The match, Collegers vs. Oppidians, played every year on St. Andrew's feast, about November, was the greatest event of the football season. At the time of which I am writing it was not usual for the Oppidians 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 team (although the Collegers had but seventy boys to choose from as against nearly six hundred on the other side) was extremely powerful and difficult to beat. On the day of the match, Jickling and I, who had not been out of doors for some time, obtained leave to go out for two hours, just to see the match and return.

Play began at half-past twelve, and there was always an enormous crowd, every boy in the school, every master and mistress's family, and some hundred or more of old Etonians, being generally present. Jickling and I took our position at that part of the ropes where the lower boys congregated, making a frightful hubbub in response to the grown-boys, who, every now and then, shouted like Sticks and stones, or if the safety of the three kingdoms were being staked. For those who have never seen "wall" football played, description of the game would scarcely be intelligible; and for those who have seen it, it would be useless. Let me only say therefore, that the points to be scored are "goals" and "shies," a single goal outnumbering any quantity of shies. By the end of three-quarters of an hour's play, three shies had been scored by the Collegers' eleven. The game was going dead against the Oppidians, who, opposed to the formidable "collegers" named Bullockson, Hulkey, and Drayman, were outwitted, borne down, and forced back into their own ground, or, every now and then, notwithstanding all their gallantry, Ashton had been performing prodigies of valor in the Oppidan cause, but to no purpose. Fifteen minutes yet remained before the game finished; and the conclusion was foregone. Jickling, who had been watching the game with a curious, silent interest, said with a short laugh (and rather softly, I thought), "Ashton played well, but he won't win."

Did Ashton hear him? Did some secret voice, I mean, whisper to him that some such words as these were passing Jickling's lips? Anyhow, he glanced toward us, or at least toward the mass of yelling lower boys (for he did not know where we personally were), and with a determined gesture took his cap off and threw it on the ground. It was the action of a man preparing to fight.

Then this was what we saw. The ball was sent within the Oppidians' goal, but a sudden movement brought it before Ashton's feet. He stuck to it, and from that moment it did not leave him. Crouching, stumbling, running over it, playing with feet, elbows and head together, he "bullied" it right down the whole length of the ground, unheeding kicks, pushes, nothings or anything else. Hulkey, the collegers' post, shinned him savagely; Drayman bore down upon him with his shoulder; Hovra battering-ram; and just as Ashton was within a few yards of the Oppidians' goal, in the captain's hands, a rush as of thunder, and both rolled over together, head first, in the mud. There was a moment's breathless lull in the whirlwind of shouts, to see who would rise first with the ball. It was Ashton, limping and bleeding, for the blood was flowing in torrents from his nose, he still crunched over the ball, and, with something like superhuman energy, shot it over the chalk-line, followed it, raised it with his foot against the wall, and touched it with his hand, whilst the umpire, in a loud voice, and amid delirious excitement, shouted "Goal!"

"A shy" means the right to take a shot at the goal with the football, the whole rival eleven standing in your way to obstruct you. Not a boy or man spoke, as Ashton, white as a sheet, poised the ball, raised it, and with another look towards us, threw it straight forward. There was a thud, a dismayed shout, and then the Oppidan umpire, throwing his hat in the air, cried "Goal!"

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

With a roaring—loud, deep and continuous as the waves of the sea—the Oppidians burst the ropes, and rushed on to the ground, scampering towards Ashton to carry him in triumph. Jickling and I were borne along with the rest, adding our own voices to the tumult mechanically. Ashton 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 boy in public), said: "You see, young man it was possible."

Jickling said nothing, and walked along by my side to our tutor's house without opening his lips. He was pale and moody, and I remember he kicked a particular pebble before him, as he went, with a strange and absent expression. At dinner he said he was not hungry, and went and shut himself up in his room. He had not reappeared by tea-time, and it so happened that I desired to see him that evening about something or other. I went to the room, and opened the door. The hinges did not creak, so that he did not hear me nor look up. He 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-and-then . . . old Etonian who Jickling was, he will probably answer you: "Jickling? Do you mean the fellow who was a Newcastle scholar and in the Eleven? 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 Ashton."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

JONATHAN.

Writers on the metaphysics of theology assure us that all that is necessary to the existence of an all spirit is that an evil principle should be endowed with personality. If we are to judge from recent notorious facts, this process is going on rapidly around us. Callians of the ugliest possible attributes, and capable of producing the most pernicious effects upon the

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 we 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 goblins—goblins which science cannot push, push, and which the Church appears quite unable to deal with effectually.

The most recent eruption to the surface is that of the hobdild whose name is Jonathan. Jonathan is a boreal spirit. Possibly he was first junketing about in the fir-forests of Norway and Sweden with his ancient compatriots. 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 a sawdust, though subsequent evidence makes this doubtful. Spirits, as is well known, can assume any shape that pleases themselves. It is not clearly stated what the agency was that summoned Jonathan to Scotland. The celebrated Michael Scott used to make use of certain powerful words when he wished to produce ambiguous results. Possibly some good citizen in the thriving seaport where Jonathan first appeared may have been over anxious to increase his subscription for some good cause, missionary or other, and may in his earnestness have lighted upon some expression—bring Jonathan into the meal-tub. For a moment he started as if he had been in respect of his normal shape by an already stated, saw-dust according to some authorities, or corn-husks according to others, he can so 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 porridge. Whether he be sawdust or corn-husks, there is little nourishment in him. It was not to make good bone 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 wretch who has control of him. Considering that he is almost entirely composed of woody fibre, and if he be corn-husks, of fibre armed with silicified lance points, it is no wonder that Jonathan does not comfort the stomachs that have been induced to trust to him for comfort, but that, on the contrary, his operations have a very strong tendency to turn a Midsummer Night's Dream into a Midsummer Night-mare.

It may be regarded as an evidence of the ubiquity of spirits to find that, though Jonathan's particular haunt be Montrose, he has turned up so far south as York-shire. He may have been busy enough about our own neighbourhood for aught we know, though we have not seen his presence noticed. If he continue his southward progress, he will not fall far and by to meet—he may already have met—with a kindred spirit of the name of Simpson. Simpson is a London goblin, whose efforts, laborious and not of recent date, are directed towards procuring an apparatus which, when carried about in public, is believed by a simple-minded public to be milk. Simpson's history is a little obscure. Perhaps the most reasonable account of him is that which attributes his existence 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 avaretiens dairy-man to the existence of the ewe with the iron ball, whose produce, judiciously mixed with chalk and other condiments, would greatly lessen the strain on the productive powers of his milchcow. Upon this hint he pumped—did the dairy man—and Simpson was the result. Simpson has servants that are zealous in aiding him in his enterprises. Of these Chalk—already alluded to—is the most mentioned. The others are of a too malign aspect even to be named. For a considerable time past Simpson has been a potent spirit in the London milk-world. The very wretchedness of the standard of existing milk, by help of Latin and other appropriate exorcisms, are said to drink him and submit. There is little doubt that, just as Jonathan is extending his haunts southward, 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 auspices will be something more than ambrosial. The British Grenadiers, thus fed, will be certain to carry all before them. Inspired by Jonathan and Simpson, they may be expected to go anywhere and do anything.

But it would be tedious to name even the leading spirits in the catalogue of this new and more formidable mythology, while, as to the minor ones, their names are legion. Why should we name the sorrows of those of our readers whose fate it may have been to be befogged by that omnipresent hobdild whose name is Shoddy? How worth his embrace to be with, but how short-lived his attachment! To-day you are arrayed as if in the broadcloth of Saxony—tomorrow your greatness is reduced to a pitiable framework of tithums. Or why should we mention Sloe-leaf, who creeps into our tea-pot and, after beguiling us with the belief that we are quaffing the cup of cheer without perceiving any of those effects that are offensive to Sir Walford Lawson, begs us prostrate under the terrible powers of gastrolysis? Alas! 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 were dealing with the subject at large, we could not pass by that stubborn Imp, among the gods denominated Silesia, but among mortals known as Sand, who invades our sugar-bowl. There is, of course, a brownie who compares himself as if he were coffee; and Yallow, a sleek hobdild who would make you believe, until you taste him, that he is butter; and there are a host of others besides. In fact, their name is legion. Millions of spirits, says a great poet, walk the earth, both while we walk and while we sleep. We know it, and we would not complain of it if it were not that they frequently make their way into our inner man and keep us from sleeping altogether.

In spite of the doings of the manufacturer and warehouse and dairy, good oatmeal and milk and butter, not to speak of minor necessaries, are to be had for the buying. At the same time, it is certainly to be lamented that science and the Church combined can do so little apparently to help us. Science seems to conjure up as many evil spirits as it lays. A good deal of chemistry, no doubt, was expended in the invention of Jonathan and Simpson and their allies. Knowledge, unfortunately, is as open to the rage as to the honest man. Mere might be expected of our spiritual and moral teachers, whose duty it is to educate the community into honesty.—*Scotman*.

UNPOPULARITY OF WOMEN.

There is no denying the fact that women are not so popular among men as they used to be. Marriages are not so numerous in comparison with the population, and, if we may infer anything from the Divorce Court, they cannot be so successful. What is the reason of it all? Are men more exigent or are women less loving? Is it our fault or theirs? No right-thinking man wishes women to be ignorant or silly; but no man wants to see their intellect cultivated to the exclusion of their affections, the deadening of their work of the world, for love to be their sense of duty. It is one thing to have for a wife a mere headless doll, whose ideas 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 become atrophied in favour of her head, and who has dropped the sweetest characteristics of her womanhood in the classroom. It may be quite right and proper that women should understand some sections and the differential calculus if they are strongly impelled that way—but they should avoid an over-indulgence in the study of logarithms, and find enjoyment in digesting some of the stiffest doctrines of political economy; but it is better that they should be tender to men and gentle to children, careful housekeepers, kindly mistresses, pure-toned leaders of society. It is good for them to have knowledge, but better to keep love. Yet this is just what so many of the "advanced" women have not kept. The old antagonism to men 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-called privileges of men, but they are only scornful of the disabilities and obligations alike of sex in all that relates to marriage, the home, and children. In their regard for intellectual ambition they have ceased to respect the emotional side of human nature; and in their demand for a share in the work of the world, for love to share in all the specialities of the man's life, they have forgotten that part of their own happiness lies in ministering to his. This, then, is the reason why they are not so popular among men as they used to be. Rivals in the place of helpmates; antagonists, not lovers; can it be wondered at if men have followed as they have been led, and have left off adoring a group of indeterminate persons who only desire to be feared?

There 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, as husbands, merely as stepping stones to that end. Marriage means with them a banker's book, and the liberty accorded to the wife which was denied to the maiden. The man counts for nothing, provided always he is not exceptionally stingy, tyrannical, or jealous. Granted a moderate amount of liberality and kindness of temper, and he may be easily tolerated by society, but he is unlovable throughout. What does it matter if he had money; and money is the Moloch of our day. So the woman of this class passes through the sacrificial fire all her best affections, her poetry and aspirations, her hopes, her dreams, and sells herself for so much a year sterling—"getting on in society" being her reward. It is not because the grapes are sour that poor men dread and dislike this class of women; and it is only because human perceptions are easily blinded by vanity, and by a desire to share in the pleasures of the man's life, that the very men who pay the price to know the worthlessness of the thing they buy. Sometimes knowledge comes when too late, and the stepping-stone awakens to the fact that, 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 instance has rarely anything to give in the second. How can we wonder, then, that with these two sections of womanhood, so large and so important as they are now, women should be less popular with men than they used to be, and marriage hold a thing to be shy of, or undertaken only under extremity? To be sure, we men are poor fellows as bachelors, in spite of our freedom and the desolate liberty of the latch-key. The traditional button of ours is always coming off, and we sigh in vain for the soft fingers of the ideal woman, while we peck our own in our clumsy attempts to sew it on again. We are hindered by our housekeepers, neglected by our friends, and cheated by law. We fare poorly in churches, worse in lodgings, and our living is not economical. The dingy room, unwept and ill-garnished, is but a miserable kind of home, as we sorrowfully confess to our own souls, if we are afraid to carry the secret further. And yet we live on in growling discontent, hating much what we have, but dreading more what we have not. Meanwhile the country swarms with unmarried women, and sociologists shake their heads at the phenomenon, seeking to account for it on every plea but the right one. Of course, we do not deny that the general coarseness of women in England. But we do say positively that more girls are unmarried than need be, while many good men are vowed to celibacy and buttonless discomfort because women have lost the trick of loving as they used to love; because they have injured the old virtues of patience, modesty, tenderness, self-sacrifice, home-keeping, and home-blessing, old characteristics of them, and have become cold and hard and worldly and self-servingly instead, because they have ceased to be women in all that constitutes true womanhood, consequently have ceased to charm men as in aforetime.—*Globe*.

AT CERTAIN SEASONS OF THE YEAR most persons are subject to disease emanating from a low state of the blood. The causes are various; but it is only necessary, in order for the prompt purification of that fluid, that the patient should use Farrow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, with full assurance of obtaining the desired results. This Syrup will strengthen the organs of digestion, promote healthy assimilation, nourish the muscles, and renovate the nervous system.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.—The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

The flea jumps 29 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 possessed by the different members of the animal creation, has not unfrequently been a subject of wonder to naturalists.

Bees are vegetarians. Their cells are so constructed that with the least quantity of material they may have a large quantity and the least wastefulness of interstices. So also is the ant-hill. Its funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in conformation, as if it had been formed by the most skilful artist of our species, with the best instruments.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The bird called the kite-killer is an arithmetician; so also are crows, the wild turkeys and some other birds.

The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians.

The mantis is a navigator. He rises and lowers his wings, and casts the anchor and other nautical evolutions.

The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodman.

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

The little white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The East India ants are horticulturists. They make mud India, upon which they feed their young.

FARROW'S PURGATIVE PILLS.—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for Horses.

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MUFFS.

There are a good many people in the world who never give themselves a fair chance. Their unalloyed abilities and virtues remain hidden even from themselves, and less worthy men rush past them in the race of life. To the class of being belongs the muff. His speech may be good and his intellect, being full of logical argument and brilliant rhetoric; but it will appear tame and tame, because delivered badly. It is equally certain that he makes a mess of the dramatic performance in which he is engaged. He loses his cues, forgets his part, stammers and stumbles, and betrays his nervousness by the awkwardness of his gait and his sheepish appearance. In every part of his life which is judged he seems a muffed man. When people chuckle at the muffs, they fancy they are laughing at him—as, no doubt, in many instances, they are. Whenever there is a murrain, he feverishly imagines that he has done something wrong, or that there is something amiss with his dress. And he has the unfortunate knack of making it evident to every body that his mind is haunted by these torturing doubts. Yet, for all this, the muff is by no means a fool. Given him work which he can perform when no one is looking on, and he will get through it sweetly and smoothly. He would rather be set to work to think in his study than to be set to work to perform in the presence of his fellow-men. He is his mission to follow rather than to lead. He is ever ready to support any reasonable scheme, but it is rarely indeed that he comes out in the character of the proposer of one. He has no faith in his own individuality or power, and so he likes to shift responsibility on to the shoulders of his fellow-men. He is generally willing to do anything for a good body of any body, but he never looks for a return. He is kept up to the mark, his weakness of character and his generosity are, of course, traded upon to a very large extent. He is too often made the tool to help forward other men's schemes, and his resources are used to a great extent. When he is so employed, he more frequently than not, never gets a reward, for the simple reason that it is not known what he has done. Those who use him know their own weakness, and he through his own weakness is not likely to be any more successful than the muffs. He is only interested when people take advantage of his weakness, and destroy his self-respect by bullying and riding roughshod over him.

It is often a matter of surprise how many muffs manage to get married. But they frequently do so. Doubtless, they endure much mortification before the altar. It is not to be denied that this can only be conjectured, for the muffs rarely marry very quiet until such time as it is publicly declared that he is engaged. He receives the congratulations of friends on his good fortune, in a bashful, deprecatory manner, and objects to have the subject dwelt too largely upon. He will say nothing which will commit him, or may be turned into ridicule, for, of all things in the world which he dreads most, ridicule is that thing. It pains him as much as the lash does the garroted man. To this may, no doubt, be traced the fact that, invariably, when he marries, he marries in haste, and is generally a victim of the "muff" in the matrimonial market. He is only interested when people take advantage of his weakness, and destroy his self-respect by bullying and riding roughshod over him.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Rev. D. T. De Witt Talbot, in Brooklyn, and Rev. J. S. Willis, in New York, preached special sermons on the life and death of James Pisk, June 14th.

Rev. Mr. George H. Herworth, of New York, has just published a book, "The Heartstone," which is a translation of the German work of the same name, by Dr. P. P. I. The book is a translation of the German work of the same name, by Dr. P. P. I. The book is a translation of the German work of the same name, by Dr. P. P. I.

FAIRM ITEMS.

To Tax-Surveyors, Swiss.—When the tide on a smooth, rounded hill, made for the purpose with two levels on one end, and the other end resting on the steeply rising slope, the tide on the hill will be found to be higher than the tide on the level. This is due to the fact that the tide on the hill is higher than the tide on the level.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Aunt to a young man.—"You are a fine fellow, but you are a little bit of a miff." "I am, Aunt, but I am not a miff." "You are a fine fellow, but you are a little bit of a miff." "I am, Aunt, but I am not a miff."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

The Baltic Sea.—Some careful soundings of the Baltic Sea have been made by the steamship "Polaris." The greatest depth of the Baltic Sea is found in the Gulf of Gdansk, where the depth is 720 feet. The shallowest part of the Baltic Sea is found in the Gulf of Danzig, where the depth is only 10 feet.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

As honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

Religion.—To believe that religion will cease to exist, is to believe that man will cease to be human.

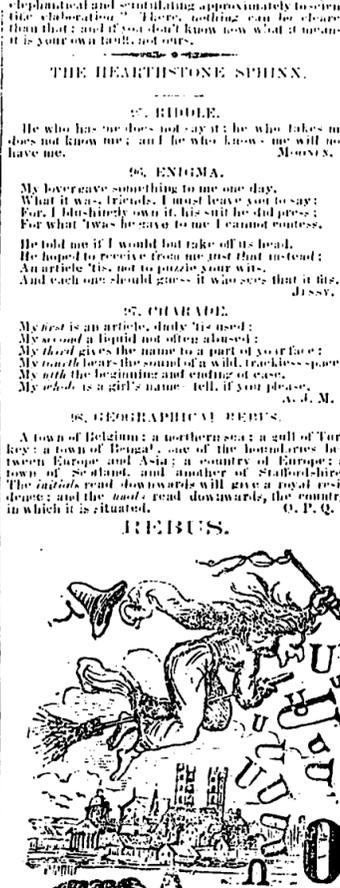
HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

How to make a good custard.—Take one quart of milk, strain through a colander, and add one ounce of butter, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of flour. Beat the mixture well, and cook it in a double boiler for one hour.

THE HEARTSTONE SPHINX.

Who has the best of it?—The man who takes me does not know me, and he who knows me will have me.

REBUS.



ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

1. ANSWERS TO CHARADES.—Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.

2. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—1, 177-25 gallons to be drawn from first cask; 1, 019-25 gallons from second cask. 2, 122,880 miles, the distance required.

3. CHARADE.—Vice.

4. REBUS.—Plantagenet.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

The pass of St. Gothard was the most frequented of all the routes across the Alps until the commencement of the present century, but as it was not practicable for vehicles, it was gradually deserted after the construction, by Napoleon I., of the road over the Simplon. The loss of traffic induced the cantons through which the route passed to construct a carriage road quite as good as that on the Simplon. The work was commenced in 1820, and finished in 1822, and it is one of the greatest monuments of engineering skill to be found in Europe. In magnificence of scenery, the St. Gothard is superior to all the passes, unless we except the Simplon. To the merriment of the traveler, it will, therefore, be 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 traffic would be diverted to France. For military and strategic reasons, it was, also, felt that equally good facilities ought to be provided on the other side of Switzerland, and all of the ne-

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Flour, # bbl. of 196 lbs.—Superior Extra, nominal \$0.00; Extra, \$8.20 to \$0.00; Fancy, \$6.10 to \$0.00...

Market inactive. Quotations for wheat in the West this morning were without material change.

Table with columns for Jan. 31 and Jan. 30, listing various commodities like Flour, Wheat, and Corn with their respective prices.

The market was dull this forenoon, and operations were limited. Quotations in above list represent the present asking rates of holders...

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

WANTED.

The "Hearthstone," for 1870. Any person having a copy of THE HEARTHSTONE of Vol. 1, No. 11, is requested to forward the same to Edward...

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...

ANY ONE who suffers from Dyspepsia undergoes slow starvation, for it matters not how much food is taken, nor how good it may be...

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LIQUOR Labels are now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, AND ALL AT VERY MODERATE PRICE.

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement.

A RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY! THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

ALL PRIZES! NO BLANKS!! THIS IS A BONA-FIDE OFFER WHICH WILL BE CARRIED OUT.

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 full price of a year's subscription, Two Dollars.

Table with columns: Prizes, Number of Subscribers required at \$2.00, The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number, Nos., If you send, You will receive either, Or.

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.

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...

THE FOLLOWING GRAND PREMIUMS

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

- FIRST GRAND PREMIUM.—For the largest number of new subscribers sent by one person before the 15th April 1872.—BE THAT NUMBER WHAT IT MAY,—ALL HAVE A CHANCE: A Grand Square 7 octave Piano-Forte, rosewood case, rich mouldings, and of the finest tone. Price, \$400.00

It is evident that one person may, not only win a GRAND PREMIUM and ONE of the prizes on the first list, but SEVERAL of the latter; either by working for them successively, or by taking two or more prizes of less value, equivalent to the one represented by the number of subscriptions sent.

Those who prefer canvassing on CASH TERMS ONLY, and who do not wish to compete for the GRAND PREMIUMS, can take advantage of the club terms offered elsewhere. These offer more immediate profit, but exclude from obtaining prizes, or competing for the GRAND PREMIUMS.

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 subscriber his copy of the engraving.

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.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

OPENING OF THE AUTUMN CLASSES. Gymnastics, Boxing, Calisthenics, &c., &c.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM RICHARDSON begs to give Notice that he will open the above Hall the first week in October, for the purpose of teaching the Art of Self-defence, Boxing, Vaulting, Leaping, Trapesse, and other branches of Gymnastics.

TERMS VERY MODERATE. WILLIAM RICHARDSON. N.B.—Private lessons in Boxing, &c., at any hour named by appointment.

Academy for Young Gentlemen. English, Classical, and Mathematical. DALY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT.

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

NOTICE THIS!! I WILL send ONE DOZEN of the best Pens in the world, with a neat holder, by mail for twenty-five cents and a three cent stamp for postage.

A SUPERB HOLIDAY PRESENT. The Princess Louise Jewelry Case, containing a beautifully fitted brooch, pair of earrings, necklace, pendant, pair of sleevelets, chain ring, and lockets.

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the city of Montreal, licenced by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada.

WINTER'S AMUSEMENTS. MAGIC LANTERNS &c. A Magic Lantern with condenser lamp, and reflector showing a disk of three feet on wall; A box containing one dozen comic slides (30 subjects) sent free to any part of Canada, Price \$2.50.

CHILDREN'S GARMINATIVE CORDIAL THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY FOR TEETHING PAINS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP, RESTLESSNESS, &c.

POSTAL CARDS. Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively in circulation among many of the principal Mercantile Firms of this City in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' Notices to Customers, &c.

FOR RASHLY MAKING Broad, Bisquit, Fried, Griddle & Johnny Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c.

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