

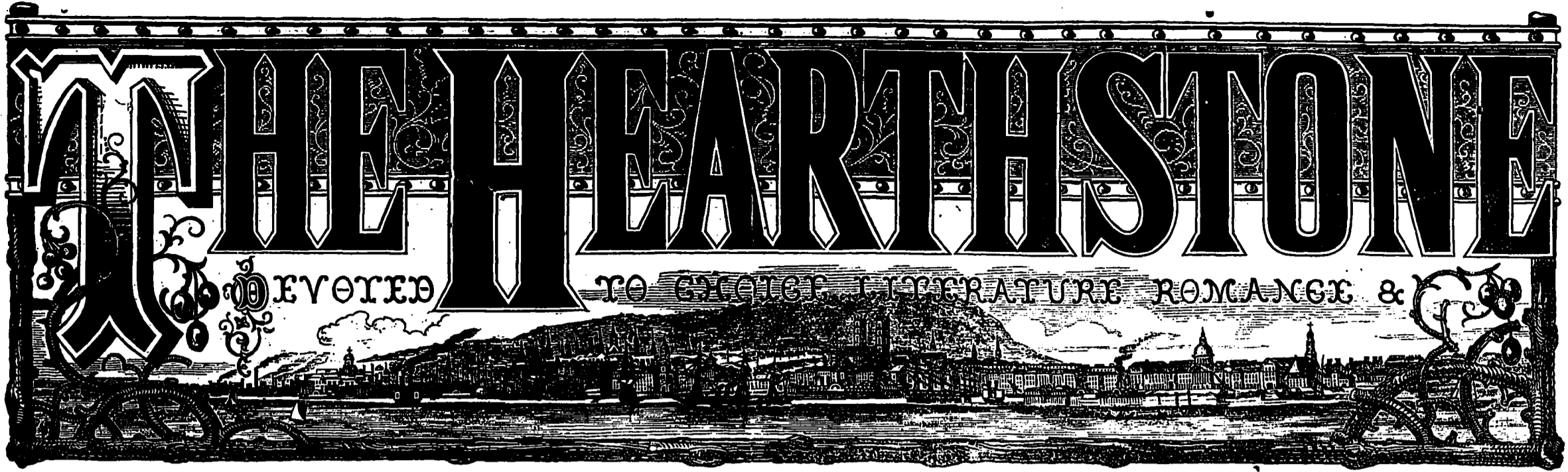
## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.



THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

A FABLE.

The birds once met—an ancient story reads— To choose a monarch. So they each agreed

Up sprang they then with one accord, and through Their native element like arrows flew;

Between his shoulders, unperceived till then, Sat perched in quiet ease the little wren.

Boston Journal.

For the Zenithstone.

A PERFECT FRAUD.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

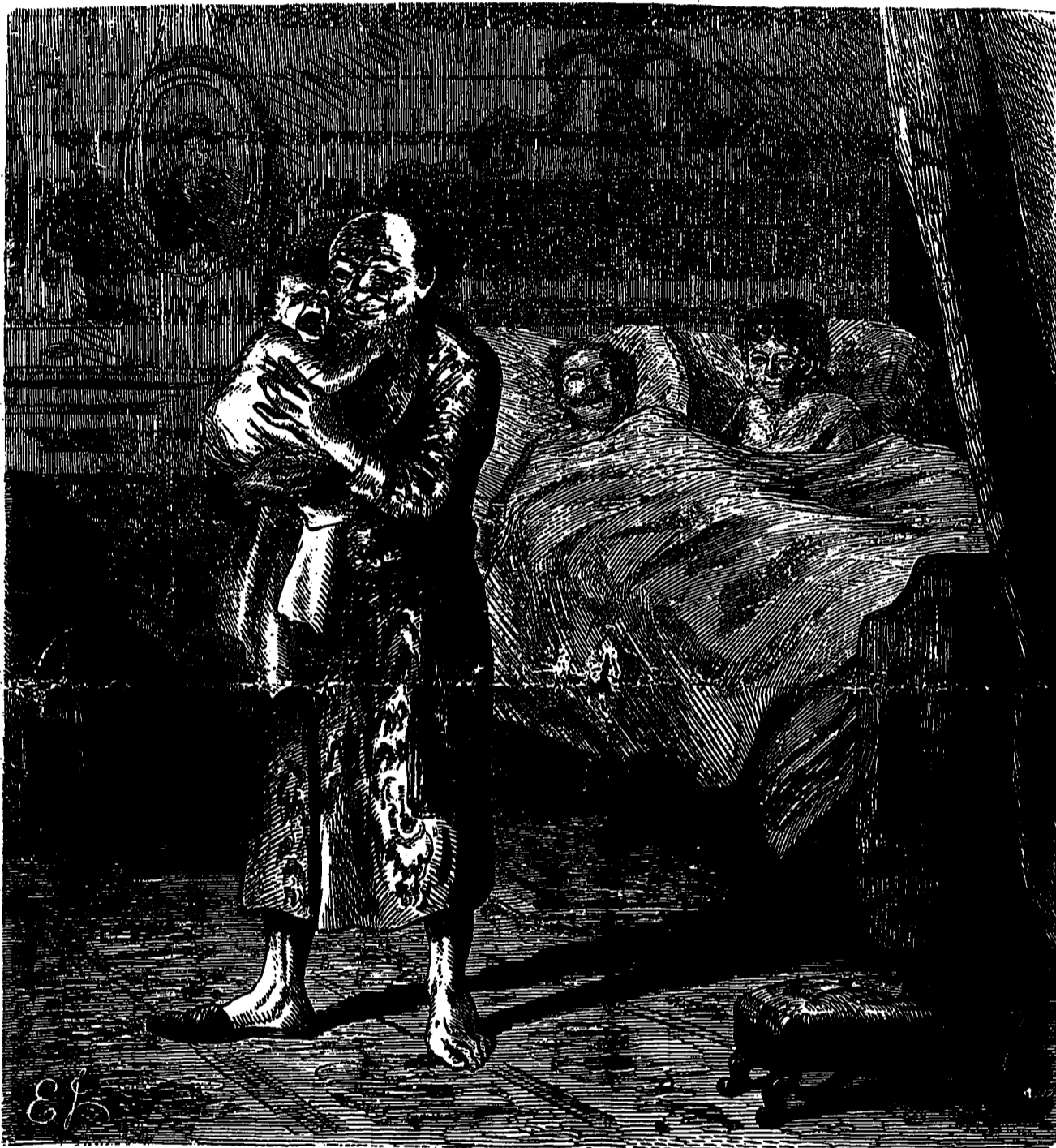
It wasn't much of a baby; there was no disguising the fact, that, taken on its real, actual merit as a minute representative of the human race the baby was a fraud.

Then in the matter of bulk; there was lots of ineipient bone; nature apparently meant, at first, to make it a big baby and so laid down a good foundation;

"We," you will say; "Who are 'we'?" "My wife and I" I reply using the title of Mrs. Stowe's last novel.

My father was a peculiar man; his name was Trayneh—Thomas Trayneh—so he said, and so he wrote it; but I never believed in the y and always wrote my name T-a-n-h

My father was a peculiar man; his name was Trayneh—Thomas Trayneh—so he said, and so he wrote it; but I never believed in the y and always wrote my name T-a-n-h



"IT WAS A TOUCHING SIGHT, VIEWED FROM UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES."

keeping had not improved his feeling towards me. When I left him he swore that he would never give me a dollar as long as he lived, nor leave me one when he died and I knew him well enough to feel quite sure he would keep his word.

DEAR SIR,—I always thought you a fool, now I am perfectly certain of it. What does a man in your position, travelling half the time, want with a wife?

Very respectfully yours, THOMAS TRAYNEH.

replied, revolved one equally angry in return and the upshot of the affair was that we had a regular quarrel, our customary visits of politeness were dropped and we did not meet for over a year.

When Gerty and I had been married about a year we had a baby. That was a baby. You can take my word for it, it was the prettiest, chubbiest, sweetest, most intelligent—well, never mind it was our baby, and that was sufficient to prove it was the finest baby ever seen.

Poor Gerty, it almost broke her heart; but she bore up as well as possible under the circumstances and would have got quite over it I believe if it hadn't been for the fraud which followed Harry's death; and this is how the fraud came to be perpetrated.

Of course, I felt well pleased at the good prospects of my boy and used to sit and look at him thinking how bright a future he had before him. Then the baby died and all my bright, beautiful castle tumbled to the ground.

In favor of the Deaf and Dumb Institute if he knew the boy was dead; because he would think that he had not kept his oath unless he put it beyond any chance that I should personally inherit any of his fortune, which I might do if he made an open will in favor of my children so long as I had none and many never have any.

But, there came the rub; I thought it would be only necessary to advertise in the N.Y. Herald for a "fine male child two months old, to adopt," to be perfectly inundated with babies; but there I made a mistake.

"What an ugly little beast," he said as soon as he saw the baby lying on Gerty's lap dressed in all the bravery of lace and muslin peculiar to babydom.

something about its being "the best we could do," or something else equally inebell.

My father seemed rather sorry that he had spoken so bluntly and patted Gerty kindly on the head and told her not to mind an old man who never thought any baby pretty.

After dinner my father sat for a long while talking to Gerty and playing with the baby; he was evidently taking a great fancy to Gerty and seemed to have got over his first antipathy to the little fraud.

The next three weeks were terribly trying to Gerty; the fraud behaved shamefully; there was only one strong point about the animal and that was his lungs; they were wonderfully developed and for those three weeks he yelled, on an average, about twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

He was actually getting fond of the baby! The first time I noticed this was the third day of his stay when he asked if he might be allowed to hold his "grandson." He strutted about as proud as a turkey cock holding the baby very awkwardly, the little fraud screaming like the mischief all the while.

It was a touching sight, viewed from under the bedclothes, to see that noble old man in his long dressing gown and his slippers, without any socks and evidently unaccountably cold about the legs, walk that baby up and down for nearly an hour until he had got him asleep.

At last my father made up his mind that he must stay in Demerara. He expected to be absent about a year and the day before he started he executed his will and did something I do not think he ever did before in his life, he made a speech.

Arthur, I am very glad I came to see you before I left the country. I met an old man and Demerara is not a very healthy place; I may never return; but I shall take away with me more pleasant memories than have I seen crowded into so short a space of time for many years.

I had never heard my father make such a long speech and I was naturally much affected. I deeply repented the trick I had played him and was on the point of confessing it, when the little fraud set up a tremendous squall and my father taking the baby in his arms walked up to the nursery with it and did not come down again that night.

The next day he called for Demerara. I had intended to get rid of the horrid baby as soon as my father had gone; but, hard as it had been to get him it was still harder to get rid of him, and it was nearly three months before I could induce an old woman in New York to "adopt" him, by giving her \$500. I then wrote a long, sorrowful letter to my father informing him of the death from small pox of my precious son—I am confident I called him precious—and despatched at some length on the grief of Gerty, who expected ere long to again become a mother.

It was two months before I got an answer. My father expressed himself very kindly about Gerty and showed sincere sorrow at the death of his grandson. He sent a lot of West India knickknacks to Gerty, and told me he had executed a new will leaving his whole fortune to be equally divided amongst any children we might have; Gerty to enjoy the same half life interest; and, in the event of her dying without children, all his fortune was to be devoted to



building and endowing a "Home for ugly and sorry-looking children."

I laughed at that part of the letter and felt pretty comfortable now; my fraud had succeeded and my father's fortune would be secured to the family after all; in two or three months Gerty would be again a mother and when my father returned I should be able to present him with a genuine grandson—or daughter—which vanity made me think he would not call, "an ugly little beast."

Three months after I stood beside a newly made grave in Greenwood Cemetery, a broken hearted man; for beneath the fresh soil lay all that was dear to me on earth, my own precious Gerty; and reposing on her bosom was the form of a little girl whose spirit had been long enough in this world to accompany its mother to a better land. My sin had brought its own punishment; the Doctors said that some serious strain on the nervous system had so weakened Gerty's constitution that she was unable to stand the fatigue of childbirth. I knew very well what it was; it was that horrid little fraud who had tormented her almost to death during the four months we had him; I knew it and in my heart I cursed the horrid little wretch, and myself for ever thinking of perpetrating such a fraud.

My father never lived to hear of Gerty's death; the Demerol fever carried him off before the news could reach him; and all his fortune went to build the "Home for ugly and sorry-looking children."

That's all my story. Perhaps you don't think it's much of a story after all? Well, I never told you it was, I told you at the beginning it was, "A Perfect Fraud."

#### THE BROOK'S MESSAGE.

BY KATE HILLIARD.

Little brook, that glideth through the meadows,  
Hurling past the clump of tufted reeds;  
Deen and quiet 'neath the alder shadows,  
Swirling round the tangled water-woods;  
Little brook, to me a happy presence  
In thy steadfast presence toward the sea,  
On thy constant waves a little message,  
Bear my love from me.

Seek him where those waves, grown slow and weary,  
Languish through the dull streets of the town;  
Where, instead of flowers, faces dreary  
Peer into thy mirror stained and brown.  
Tell him that beside thy crystal fountains,  
Where the shy bird dips and flies away,  
In the purple shadows of the mountains,  
Waiting him, I stay.

Tell him, little brook,—but whisper lowly,  
Lest the gossip breeze hear thee tell—  
That amid this mountain silence holy  
Quiet hearts may find thy lesson well.  
Tell him I am patient, though so lonely,  
For the brook, how soft and sunny hue;  
Tell him, however, how some one loves him—only  
Do not tell him who!

From the April Atlantic.

REPRODUCED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1908.

## TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

William Vallory was dumbfounded. He had suspected nothing, seen nothing. There had been a few accidental meetings at flower-shows in London. Hubert Walgrave had been among the young men most frequently invited to fill up the ranks at the Acropolis-square dinner parties; he knew a good many people in Miss Vallory's set, and had happened thus to meet her very often in the course of the London season. Then came an autumn invitation to Mr. Vallory's villa at Ryde; a great deal of idling on the pier, an occasional moonlight stroll, a little yachting—most fascinating of all pleasures; during which August Vallory, who was never sea-sick, looked her handsomest, in the most perfect marine costume that a French dressmaker could devise.

It was while he was on board Mr. Vallory's yacht, the Arion, one balmy August morning that Hubert Walgrave told himself for the first time that he was in love with August. She was sitting opposite him, making a pretence of reading a novel, dressed in blue and white, with a soft cashmere scarf floating about her tall slim figure, and a high-crowned hat with a bunch of white-and-blue feathers crowning the massive plaits of black hair.

"Why shouldn't I marry her?" Mr. Walgrave said to himself. "The notion looks preposterous at the first showing, but I really think she likes me—and she must marry me one. Her fortune would be an immense assistance to me; and over and above that, she is a woman who would help her husband to get on in life, even if she hadn't sixpence. She is the only woman I have ever really admired; perhaps the only woman who ever liked me."

At this stage of Hubert Walgrave's career he had no very exalted idea of that passion which makes or mars the lives of some men and counts for so little in the careers of others. He meant never to marry at all unless he could marry to his own direct and immediate advantage. If he married he must marry money, that was clear. The income which was ample for all his wants as a single man would be ridiculously small when set against the requirements of a wife and family. He was very positive upon this point, but he was no hearse-hunter. Not the wealth of Miss Klimanegg would tempt him to unite himself to a fright or dowdy, a woman who dropped her h's or was in any manner unrepresentable. Nor did he go out of his way to seek Miss Vallory. Fate threw them together, and he merely improved his opportunity. Of all the men she had ever known he was the one who treated her with most nonchalance, who paid least court to her beauty or her wealth.

Perhaps it was for this very reason that she fell in love with him, so far as it was in her nature to fall in love with any one.

So one moonlight night on the little lawn at Ryde—a grassy slope that went down to the beach—Mr. Walgrave proposed, in a pleasant, gentlemanlike, unimpassioned way.

"Of course, my dear August," he said in conclusion, "I cannot be blind to the fact that I am a very bad match for you, and that I am bound to do a good deal more than I have done towards winning a position before I can reasonably expect any encouragement from your father. But I am not afraid of hard work, and if you are only favourably disposed towards me I shall feel inspired to do anything—push my way to the woolstack, or something of that kind."

And then, little by little, he induced Miss Vallory to admit that she was favourably disposed towards him—very favourably; that she had liked him almost from the first. That final confession was going so far as any well-brought-up young person could be expected to go.

"You have not been so absurdly attentive as other men," she said, "and I really believe I have liked you all the better on that account."

Mr. Walgrave smiled, and registered an unspoken vow to the effect that Miss Vallory should have ample cause to continue so to like him.

It was rather a long time before Mr. Vallory quite got over the shock occasioned by his daughter's astounding announcement; but he did ultimately get over it, and consented to receive Hubert Walgrave as his future son-in-law.

"I will not attempt to conceal from you that it is a disappointment," he said; "I may say a blow, a very severe blow. I had hoped that August would make a brilliant marriage. I think I had a right to expect as much. But I have always liked you, Walgrave, and—and—if my daughter really knows her own mind, I can hold out no longer. You will not think of marrying just yet, I suppose?"

"I am quite in your hands upon that point, my dear sir. My own desire would be to make an assured position for myself before I ask August to share my fortunes. I couldn't, on any consideration, become a dependent on my wife; and my present income would not allow me to give her an establishment which should, even in a minor degree, be the kind of thing she has been accustomed to."

"That's all high-flown nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Vallory rather impatiently. "If you marry August, you will marry her money as well as herself. As to waiting till you've a silk gown—well, you may do it if you like, and if she likes. I shall be glad to keep her near me as long as I can. But you will be as old as I am, I take it, before you can hope to win a position that would be anything like what she has a right to expect. She has made a bad bargain, you see, my dear Walgrave; and there's no use in you or me trying to make-believe that it's a good one."

Hubert Walgrave's dark face grew just a shade darker at this, and the flexible lips tightened a little.

"If it is so very bad a bargain, sir," he said gravely, "it is not at all too late for you to rescind your approval, or for me to withdraw my pretensions."

The great William Vallory looked absolutely frightened. His only child had a will of her own, and a temper of her own; and he had more than one unpleasant scene with her already upon this question.

"No, no, my dear fellow!" he answered hastily; "bless my soul, how touchy you are! Haven't I told you that I like you? My daughter's feelings are involved; and if she likes to marry for love, she can afford to do it. It will not be love in a cottage; or, if it is, it will be a cottage of gentility, with a double coach-house, and so on."

Thus Mr. Walgrave found himself accepted much more easily than he could have supposed it possible it should be. He was engaged to a young woman with three thousand a year in the present, and unlimited expectations of future wealth. It seemed like some wild dream. Yet he bore this sudden fortune with the utmost equanimity. Indeed, it scarcely surprised him; he made up his mind from the beginning to prosper in life.

Once, and once only, William Vallory ventured upon some slight inquiry as to his future son-in-law's connections.

"I have never heard you speak of your family," he said one evening, as the two men sat alone in the spacious dining-room—an apartment that was almost awful in its aspect when sparsely occupied—with a Pompeian claret-jug between them. "I need scarcely say how pleased I shall be to make the acquaintance of any of your people."

"I have no people," Mr. Walgrave answered coolly. "I think you must have heard me say that I stand quite alone in the world. August will not receive many wedding presents from my side of the house; but, on the other hand, she will not be troubled by any poor relations of mine. My father and mother both died while I was a youngster. I was brought up in Essex by a maiden aunt. She too has been dead for the last twenty years, poor soul! She was a kind friend to me."

"Your father was a professional man, I suppose," hazarded Mr. Vallory, who would have been gratified by a more communicative spirit in his future son-in-law.

"He was not. He lived upon his own means, and spent them."

"But he left you fairly provided for."

"He left me three hundred a year, thanks to the good offices of a friend who had considerable influence over him. The money was settled upon me in such a way that my father could not touch it. I should have begun life a beggar, if it had been in his power to dispose of the money."

"You don't speak very kindly of him."

"Perhaps not. I dar'ny I am somewhat wanting in filial reverence. The fact is, he could have afforded to do a good deal more for me than he did do, and I have not yet learnt to forgive him. He was not a good father, and, frankly, I don't much care about talking of him."

This was like a conversational dead-wall, with "No thorough-fare" inscribed upon it. Mr. Vallory asked no more questions. Hubert Walgrave was a gentleman—that was the grand point; and it mattered very little how many uncles and aunts he had, or if he were totally destitute of such kindred. He was clever, energetic, hard-working, and tolerably sure to get on in the world.

"I am not marrying my daughter to a drone, who would stick a flower in his button-hole, and live on his wife's fortune; that is one comfort," the lawyer said to himself.

He had, indeed, no reason to complain of any lack of industry in Hubert Walgrave. From the hour in which his engagement to Miss Vallory became a settled thing he worked harder than ever. That which would have tempted most men to idleness urged him to fierce effort, to more eager pursuit of that single aim of his existence—self-advancement. He wanted to win a reputation before he married; he did not want people to be able to say, "There goes that lucky fellow Walgrave, who married old Vallory's daughter." He wished to be pointed out rather as the celebrated Mr. Walgrave, the Queen's Counsel, and his lucky marriage spoken

of as a secondary affair, springing out of his success.

With this great end in view—a very worthy aim in the opinion of a man of his creed, which did not embrace very lofty ideas of this life—Mr. Walgrave had very nearly worked himself into a galloping consumption; and while going this high-pressure pace had been brought to a sudden standstill by that perilous illness which had led to his holiday at Brierwood. Skilful treatment, and a naturally good constitution which would bear some abuse, had pulled him through, and he was what our forefathers used to call "on the mending hand," when he went down to the old farmhouse, to fall sick of a still more troublesome disease.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"THE SHOWS OF THINGS ARE BETTER THAN THEMSELVES."

Mr. Vallory came in just before dinner, bringing a visitor with him—rather a dandified-looking young man, of the unmistakable City type, with faultless boots, a hot-house flower in his button-hole, carefully-arranged black whiskers, a good-looking supercilious face, a figure just above the middle height, eyes like August's, and a complexion that was a great deal too good for a man. This was the junior partner, the seventh-share man, Weston Vallory.

"I found your cousin Weston at the office, August," said Mr. Vallory, "and brought him home to dinner. You must excuse his morning dress; I wouldn't give him time to change his clothes."

"I always keep a dress suit at the office, and Pullman the porter valets me," said Weston. "I only asked for ten minutes; but you know how impatient your father is, August. So behold me!"

He kissed his cousin, and gave the tips of his fingers to Hubert Walgrave. There was no great affection between these two. Weston had fully intended to marry August, and had been both astounded and outraged by her engagement.

They dined at eight, and the banquet was not especially lively—a little over-weighted with attendance, and plate, and splendour; a large round table, with a pyramid of gaudy autumnal flowers—Japanese clematis and scarlet geranium, calceolaria and verbena—in the centre; four people scarcely able to see each other's faces without an effort, and three solemn servants waiting upon them. Mr. Vallory and his nephew talked shop. August asked her lover little commonplace questions about commonplace things, and gave him small shreds and patches of information respecting her stay at Ems. He caught himself on the brink of a yawn more than once. He thought of the dusky garden at Brierwood—the perfume of the flowers, the low music of Grace Redmayne's voice, the tender touch of her hand. He thought of these things even while August was entertaining him with a lively description of some outrageous costumes she had seen at Ems.

But presently he brightened up a little, and made it his business to be amusing, talked in, O, such a stereotyped way, like a creature in genteel comedy. He felt his own dreariness—felt that between him and the woman he was to marry there was no point of union, no touch of sympathy. She talked of Parisian dresses; he talked of the people they knew, in a semi-supercilious style that did duty for irony; and he was miserably conscious of the stupidity and narrowness of the whole business.

He remembered himself roaming in the gardens at Clevedon Hall—along the moss-grown paths, by the crumbling wall where the unprotected cherries ripened for the birds of the air, among the dilapidated cucumber-frames, in a wilderness of vegetable profusion, where the yellow pumpkins sprawled in the sunshine, by the great still pond overhung by a little grove of ancient quince-trees, in and out amidst waste, neglect, and sweetness—with Grace Redmayne by his side. Was it really the same man seated at this table, peeling a peach, with his eyebrows elevated languidly, and little cynical speeches dropping now and then from his thin lips?

August Vallory was quite satisfied with her lover. He was gentleman-like and uncomplaining, and had nothing kindly to say about any one or anything. She had no admiration for those exuberant hearty young men from the Universities, great at hammer-throwing and long jumps, who were beginning to overrun her circle—youths with loud cheery voices and sunburnt faces, hands blistered by rowing, and a general healthiness and joyousness, of aspect. They only bored her.

After dinner when Vallory senior and Vallory junior were playing a game of billiards in a room that had been built out at the back of the house over some offices, half-way between the dining and the drawing rooms, the fair August amused herself by questioning her lover about his life in Kent. It must have been infernally dull. What had he done with himself? How had he contrived to dispose of his time?

"Well, of course, said Mr. Walgrave dreamily, "that sort of life is rather monotonous. You get up and eat your breakfast, and walk a little and write a little and read a little; and, if you happen to be a man with that resource open to you, you smoke a great deal, and eat your dinner, and go to bed. And you hardly know Monday from Tuesday; if you were put in a witness-box you couldn't swear whether a given event happened at the end of the week or the beginning. But to a fellow who wants rest, that kind of life is not altogether disagreeable; he gets a honey-cumb for his breakfast, a dish of fresh trout now and then, and cream in his tea. And then, you see," concluded Mr. Walgrave, making a sudden end of the subject with a suppressed yawn, "I read a good deal."

"You read a good deal! When the doctors had especially forbidden work?"

"O, but it wasn't hard work, and I don't believe I did myself any good by it; I only a desultory kind of reading. I was a student about Cardium versus Cardium at Chancery case in which your father was to make a figure; and I read up some precedents bearing on it. There was a man in the reign of James II, who went in against his next-of-kin on exactly the same grounds. And I read a novel of Anthony Trollope's."

"There could be no harm in your reading a novel. You must have read all the novels of the season, I should think, in seven weeks."

"No; I did a good deal of fishing. I made the acquaintance of a jack that I mean to bring to terms at some future date. It wasn't to be had this year."

Miss Vallory asked a great many more questions; but it was astonishing how little Mr. Walgrave had to tell of his Kentish experiences.

"You are not a particularly good hand at description, Hubert," she said at last, somewhat displeased by his reticence. "If it had been Weston, he would have given me a perfect picture of the farm-house life, and the queer clod-hopping country people, with an imitation of the dialect, and all that kind of thing."

"If I were good at all that kind of thing, I should write for the magazines, and turn my gifts into money," replied Mr. Walgrave superciliously. "I wish you'd play something, August."

This was a happy way of getting out of a difficulty, suggested by a glance at the open piano.

"I'll sing you something, if you like," Miss Vallory said graciously. "I was trying a new ballad this morning, which is rather in your style, I fancy."

"Let me hear it, by all means."

He went to the piano, adjusted the candles, which were lighted ready, waited while the performer seated herself, and then withdrew to a comfortable easy-chair. Never during his courtship or since his engagement had he fatigued himself by such puerile attentions as turning over the leaves of music, or cutting open magazines, or any of those small frivolous services by which some men render themselves precious to their womankind. Indeed, in a general way, he may be described as scrupulously inattentive. If this girl chose to give him her wealth, she should bestow it spontaneously. There should be no cajolery on his part, no abasement, not the smallest sacrifice of self-esteem.

Miss Vallory sang her song. She had a strong mezzo-soprano voice of the metallic order—a voice that is usually described as fine—without a weak note in its range. She had been taught by the best masters, pronounced every syllable with undeviating accuracy, and had about as much expression as a musical box.

Hubert Walgrave thought of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the soft sweet voice singing in the twilight, "O, do you remember?" "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Light Guitar," and all Grace Redmayne's little stock of familiar old-fashioned songs. The ballad was something of the new school; the slenderest thread of melody, caked out by a showy accompaniment; the poetry, something rather obscure and metaphysical, by a modern poet.

"Do you call that thing a ballad, August?" he cried contemptuously, at the end of the first verse. "For pity's sake sing me *Una voce*, or *Non più mesta*, to take the taste of that mawkish stuff out of my mouth."

Miss Vallory complied, with tolerable grace. "You are so capricious," she said, as she played one of Rossini's symphonies, "there is no knowing what you will like."

She sang an Italian bravura superbly, looking superb as she sang it, without the faintest effort of distortion of feature. Mr. Walgrave watching her critically all the while.

"Upon my soul, she is a woman to be proud of," he said to himself; "and a man, who would sacrifice such a chance as mine would be something worse than a lunatic." The two lawyers came into the room while Miss Vallory was singing, and Weston complimented her warmly at the close of the scene, while her plighted lover sat in his easy-chair and looked on. He new very well that the man would have liked to take his place, and he never felt the sense of his triumph so keenly as when he was, in a manner, trampling on the neck of Weston Vallory.

"The black-whiskered scoundrel," he said to himself; "I know that man is a scoundrel, whom necessity has made respectable. He is just the kind of fellow I should expect to make away with his clients' securities, or something in that way. Very likely he may never do anything of the sort, may die in the odour of sanctity; but I know it's in him. And what a delightful thing it is to know that he hates me as he does, and that I shall have to be civil to him all the days of my life!"

And then, after a pause, he thought, "If I were capable of getting myself into a mess, there's the man to profit by my folly."

The unconscious subject of these meditations was leaning over the piano all this time, talking to his cousin. There was not much justification in his appearance or manners for such sweeping condemnation. He was like numerous other men to be met with daily in middle-class society—good-looking, well-dressed, with manners that could be deferential or supercilious according to the occasion. He had plenty of acquaintance who called him a first-rate fellow, and he was never at a loss for invitations to dinner. Only in those eyes of his, which were so like his cousin's in colour, there was a hard glassy glitter, a metallic light, which was not agreeable to a physiognomist; nor had the full red lips a pleasant expression—sensuality had set its seal there, sensuality and a lurking cruelty. But the world in general took the black eyes and the black whiskers as the distinguishing characteristics of a very good-looking young man; a man in a most unexceptionable position; a man to be made much of by every family in which there were daughters to marry and sons to plant out in life.

Mr. Walgrave allowed this gentleman to engross the attention of his betrothed just as long as he chose. He fully knew the strength of the chain by which he held August Vallory, and that he was in no danger from Weston.

"I believe poor Weston was brought up to think that he was going to marry me," she said to her lover one day, with contemptuous compassion. "His mother was a very foolish woman, who thought her children the most perfect creatures in the world. But Weston is really very good, and has always been quite devoted to papa and me. He owes everything to papa, of course. His father quarrelled with my grandfather, and got himself tumbled out of the firm. I have never heard the details of the story, but I believe he behaved very badly; and if papa hadn't taken Weston by the hand, his chances of advancement would have been extremely small. He is an excellent man of business, however, according to papa's account; and I think he is grateful."

"Do you? Do you think any one ever is grateful?" Mr. Walgrave inquired in his cynical tone. "I never met with a grateful man yet, nor heard of one, except that fellow Androcles—no, by the bye, it was the lion who was grateful, so Mr. Spectator's story counts for nothing. However, your cousin is, no doubt, an exception to the rule—he looks like it. Was the father transported?"

"Hubert! How can you be so absurd?" "Well, my dear August, you said he did something very bad; and I inferred that it was defilement of some kind, tending towards penal servitude."

"I believe the quarrel did arise out of money matters; but I should hope no member of my family would be dishonest."

"My dear girl, dishonesty crops up in all kinds of families; a dukedom will not protect you from the possibility. There are rogues in the peerage, I daresay. But I am not at all curious about Mr. Weston Vallory's father. The man himself is enough—I accept him as a fact."

"You really have a very impertinent manner of speaking about my family," Miss Vallory exclaimed under an aggrieved air.

"My dearest, if you expect that I am going to bow down and worship your family as well as yourself, you are altogether mistaken. It was you I wooed that sweet summer night at Ryde, not the whole race of Vallory. Upon that point I reserve the right to be critical."

"You seem to be quite prejudiced against Weston."

"Not at all. I will freely admit that I don't care very much for a man with such a brilliant complexion; but that is a mere capricious antipathy—like an aversion to roses—which I would hardly confess to any one but yourself."

The lovers frequently indulged in small bickerings of this kind, by which means Mr. Walgrave maintained, or supposed that he maintained, his independence. He did not bow down and worship; and it happened curiously, that Miss Vallory liked him all the better for his habitual incivility. She had been surprised by the attentions of men who thought of her only as the heiress of Harcourt and Vallory. This man, with his habitual sneer and cool off-hand manner, seemed so much truer than the rest. And yet he was playing his own game, and meditating his own advantage; and the affection he had given her was so weak a thing, that it perished altogether under the influence of his first temptation.

In the course of the evening there was a discussion as to where Mr. Vallory and his daughter should go for the next six weeks. The father would gladly have stayed in Acropolis-square, and pottered down to his office every day. There was always plenty of business for him, even in the long vacation, and it was nearer his heart than any of the pleasures of life; but August protested against such an outrage of the proprietors.

"We should have fever, or cholera, or something, papa," she said. "That kind of thing always rages out of the London season."

"The London death-rate was higher last May than in the preceding August, I assure you."

"My dear papa, it is simply impossible. Let us go to the Stapletons. You know it is an old promise."

"I hate staying at country houses; breakfasting with a herd of strangers every morning; and hearing billiard-balls going from morning till night; and not being able to find a corner where one can write a letter; and being perpetually driven about on pleasure jaunts; doing ruined abbays, and waterfalls; not a moment's peace. All very well for young people; but actual martyrdom when one's on the wrong side of fifty. You can go to Halsey if you like, August; I would much rather go to Eastbourne."

"In that case, I will go too, papa," replied Miss Vallory. "It's rather a pity you lent the villa to the Filmers; it would have been nice to have the Arion."

"You can have the Arion at Eastbourne," said Mr. Vallory. "I didn't lend the yacht to the Filmers."

"Very well, papa; let us go to Eastbourne. And Hubert can come down to us—can't you, Hubert?"

"I shall be delighted, of course, to run down for a day or two."

"A day or two!" exclaimed Miss Vallory. "Why shouldn't you spend all September with us? You can have nothing to do in London."

"My dear August, I came back to town on purpose to work. I can never do much good except in my own rooms, with my books of reference at hand."

He rather shrunk from the idea of Eastbourne—the half-mile or so of parade—the band—the dull narrow round of seaside life. Ryde had been very agreeable to him last year, though his life had been the same kind of thing; but to-night he thought of such an existence with a strange aversion. Indeed, it seemed to him just now that nothing would be so pleasant as to bury himself in his chambers, with his books for his sole companions.

"But it is preposterous to think of working all through September," urged August, with a somewhat heightened colour. "You really must come; the sea-air will do you a world of good. We shall have the Arion; and you are so fond of yachting."

"Yes, I am very fond of yachting; but I scarcely feel equal to the gaieties of a watering-place. I would rather vegetate in the Temple."

"But Eastbourne is not a gay place. It is the place of places for an invalid, if you still profess to be one."

"My dear August, if you command me to come, I will come, at any hazard to my professional advancement."

"Come and go just as you like, Walgrave," said Mr. Vallory. "You're quite right to stick to your books; that Cardium versus Cardium is a great case, and if you come out strong with your precedents, you'll carry everything before you—Don't be jealous of his work, August; he means to make you a judge's wife one of these days. Weston can dance attendance upon you."

"I don't dance," said Weston; "but I shall be happy to be useful to my cousin."

"And, by the way, Weston, as there's not much doing at the office just now, you might run down to Eastbourne to-morrow and see if there's a house to be had that would suit us," Mr. Vallory said coolly. "He had made the young man's fortune, and had a knack of ordering him about in this way."

Weston bowed. "I have two or three interviews for to-morrow," he said; "but I can make Jones attend to the people. I don't know that I'm quite up to a house-agent's duties; but I suppose I shall know instinctively the kind of thing you want."

"Instinctive fiddlesticks!" Mr. Vallory exclaimed impatiently. "Augusta will give you a sheet of paper with a memorandum of the accommodation wanted."

Mr. Walgrave smiled, congratulating himself upon his exemption from house-hunting.



He felt a malicious delight in beholding Weston Vallory, one of the most convicted men he knew, charged with those ignominious services, while he, the rightful slave, went free.

"At a quarter to eleven o'clock he wished his betrothed and her father good-night. Weston took his departure at the same time, bound for Charing-cross Station, whence a midnight train would convey him to Norway.

"Do you mean to walk home?" Weston asked, as the two men left the house together.

"I don't care much whether I walk or ride. If I see a hansom, I dressey I shall hail it. Are you going to walk to the station?"

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. WALGRAVE RELIEVES HIS MIND.

Mr. Walgrave dined again with his betrothed before the Vallorys left town; walked in the broad walk in Kensington gardens with her one afternoon; rode to Wimbledon with her one morning; and on Saturday had the privilege of seeing her off by the Eastbourne train.

Tullion only carried her mistress's dressing-bag, in case Miss Vallory should be seized with a desire to use her ivory-backed hair-brushes, or her ivory-glove-stretchers, or to write a letter between London and Eastbourne.

"How soon are we to see you, Hubert?" she asked.

"I think in the course of next week; but I had better not pledge myself to a given day. You may be sure I shall come directly I can.

"I cannot understand why you should not come down at once, and stay with us altogether."

"That is as much as to say you cannot understand why I am not an utterly idle man, my dear Augusta."

"You heard what your father said about Cardium v. Cardium."

In spite of all he had said to Miss Vallory, he did not work very diligently in the cause of his Cardiums that Saturday afternoon.

given to gaping before shop windows, made a dead stop at this, staring at the splendid follies meditatively.

"I should like to give her something," he said to himself; "something as—as a souvenir. I have caused her only too much pain; why should I not give her one half-hour of innocent pleasure?"

(To be continued.)

(For the Hearthstone.)

TEAR-DROPS OF SORROW.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

Tear-drops of sorrow are the pearls of the heart, the gems that come up from the deep fountains that overflow when the tender cords are struck by the rude hand of affliction.

What mysteries does a single tear-drop unfold, what tales of human suffering reveal, and how many hearts have been subdued by its magic power when all else failed.

Well, weep on sorrowing heart, for it is better thus. We know not, perhaps, what stirs the fountain, but it matters not.

Be not on, beat on, oh, woe thy heart, through sorrow and through pain; Amid the darkest earthly scenes Be thou in faith the same.

Be not on, beat on, and in for no Till life's sad journey o'er, For yonder, 'neath the lifting clouds There lies a brighter shore.

Be not on, beat on, oh, woe thy heart, Nor cease thy throbbings o'er; Till every doubt has passed away, And banished every fear.

Be not on, beat on, in joyous hope, Till life's last, thy chosen race, Has faded into shades of night, That ends in cloudless day.

DOGS AND RAILROAD TRAINS.

BY COLORADO.

Talk about instinct! See that dog coming across country! He is moving on an air-line—ward over his rough pathway.

"I don't wish you to idle; but at this time of year you really cannot have any serious work."

"You heard what your father said about Cardium v. Cardium."

In spite of all he had said to Miss Vallory, he did not work very diligently in the cause of his Cardiums that Saturday afternoon.

mere personal feeling, but there is a conviction in every drop of his blood and every hair of his hide, that there are bad men in charge now. Call it sentiment if you like, but you'll admit that it is, if you admit the thing itself.

"I remember a dog that lived upon the line of a road upon which I used to travel daily. His kennel stood directly behind the board fence which separated the road from his master's lot.

"I remember a dog that lived upon the line of a road upon which I used to travel daily. His kennel stood directly behind the board fence which separated the road from his master's lot.

Next is the side-saddle posture, or when a boy sits curled up upon the rear of the sled, with one leg under him, and the other projected backward for a rudder.

The upright posture, with legs extended over the sled, or carried forward between, and even in front of the runners, is the true position for the bold boy of the sled.

CHAPTER ON COASTING.

Henry Ward Beecher has written for the Ledger a chapter on coasting, in which he says: "Of all the positions, the worst, the most inexcusable is what used to be called the 'holly-lumper.'"

"Next is the side-saddle posture, or when a boy sits curled up upon the rear of the sled, with one leg under him, and the other projected backward for a rudder.

"I don't wish you to idle; but at this time of year you really cannot have any serious work."

and; and we find ourselves the heroes of the school.

Then who will forget when our pretty cousin wanted to take a cruise on our sled, and when our sisters, too, were the guests of promptly polite boys, and how the courtesy of the hill-side was shown to the girls as unobtrusively and disinterestedly as ever.

Perhaps the teacher was willing to show his condescension, and take passage on a double sled. Great was the hurrah raised for him, and elastic the yell universal, when, by a dexterous turn at the bottom of the hill, the sled went out from under him, and he made the few remaining yards of distance without help, and turned up quite like a heap of dirty snow!

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

How glass is produced by the addition of suboxide of copper to the glass. This ingredient can be got by adding nitric sugar in solution to sulphate of copper, then adding caustic potash in excess, then boil. The deposit of suboxide of copper is separated by filtering and washing.

It was generally supposed that the guano deposits in the Chincha Islands were the excreta of birds, but it is now thought that they are made up of the bodies of decayed animals and plants, and which are of marine origin. This supposition rests on the fact that the anchors of ships moored near those islands frequently bring guano to the surface.

An amusing danger threatens collectors of insects. It has recently been discovered that by dipping insects in a solution of arsenic, or exposing them to the vapor of arsenic, or sprays of potassium, some portions of the body are colored by the arsenic, while other portions are not affected.

A REMARKABLE example of Aphasia, or the loss of ability to express ideas by language—in this instance from forgetfulness of the words to be employed—was related by Dr. J. G. Glover, at a late meeting of the Society of the Medical Diseases, but still was unable to designate familiar objects by their right names.

CONSIDERABLE practical importance attaches to the question whether there are any infallible means for distinguishing the true edible mushroom from poisonous fungi, which can be clearly comprehended by persons who are not scientific botanists.

"I remember a dog that lived upon the line of a road upon which I used to travel daily. His kennel stood directly behind the board fence which separated the road from his master's lot.

FARM ITEMS.

THE MILKING-PAILS.—The old wooden milk-pail is very properly being altogether discarded by wise dairymen. The pails are easily kept perfectly clean, but for the most part they are filthy receptacles for success in making good cheese or butter.

OATS FOR LAMBS.—A correspondent of the Journal of the Farm says: "The importance of having lambs ready for market at an early period of the season is possible, in a manner which every farmer, who lives in the vicinity of the markets, understands, at the least ought to be known to all farmers."

EXPERIMENT OF DUCKS AND HENS.—Some interesting experiments have been made upon the comparative fertility of ducks and hens, as to the number of eggs from which the two larger number of eggs can be obtained in the same time.

FRESH COWS.—A correspondent of the Germania Telegraph thus pleasantly discourses upon this subject. "Though from a New England inn's standpoint it is equally applicable to Western men: Let me write a bit of farming, please, and tell you how we feed our cows and what is the result."

MONETON, N.B., November 8, 1875. PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS—Best family physic; Sheridan's Country Condition Powder, for Diarrhea.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

NET CARE.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one pint of hickory-nut meats, and flavor with vanilla or bitter almonds.

SQUASH PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—Take two tablespoonfuls of squash prepared as for the table, and one heaping tablespoonful of flour, stir them thoroughly together, then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little nutmeg, stir them all well together and add about an ounce of sweet milk, all well and strain into the pie. Make the crust as for ordinary pie. Bake slow.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Take seven heaping spoonfuls of Indian meal, two spoonfuls of butter or lard, a teaspoonful of molasses, and salt and ginger to suit the taste. Pour these into a quart of boiling milk, mix well and just as you set it in the oven pour a teaspoonful of cold water, which will produce the same effect as eggs. Bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

LIQUID POLISH.—The preparation of blacklead ready for use in a fluid state is a recent invention. The composition adopted consists of blacklead, such as is used for polishing stoves and for other uses—combined with turpentine, water, and sugar or saccharine matter, and the proportions which have been adopted to answer well are, to each pound by weight of the blacklead, one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, and one ounce of sugar; but these proportions may be varied, and in some cases all the ingredients are not necessary.

TO MAKE CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Reduce two ounces of chocolate (not sweet) to fine powder by straining, and add to it two spoonfuls of finely powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clear water and heat it over a fire until it runs smooth, and will not spread too much when dropped out of the vessel; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate. Mix well together two ounces of treacle, a third of a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, half a cake of chocolate grated, and a piece of butter as large as an egg. Boil about half an hour, pour in buttered pans, and just before it cools.

CURE FOR HEMORRHOIDS.—If not inflamed, the best remedy is to put on the bottom first a piece of linseed-oil plaster, and upon that a piece of leather, the last having a hole the size of the hemorrhoid cut in it. If inflamed, the hemorrhoid should be moistened, if it does not swell, and matter should not be allowed to form. It is treated as a boil, and the matter out with a needle or lancet. The following ointment is for an inflamed hemorrhoid: cod-liver oil, twelve grains; lard or sperm-candle tallow, half an ounce; three drams of castor oil; add a horse-hair to be rubbed gently on the hemorrhoid twice or three a day.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PUDDING.—Beat to a cream half a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it by degrees an equal weight of powdered loaf-sugar, cream and sifted; add first the yolks and then the whites of five eggs, which have been thoroughly whisked apart; then stir lightly in half a pound of the finest flour, and half a pound of raisins, weighed after they are stoned, and these ingredients, previously mixed, into a well-buttered mould, and bake the pudding for three hours. Serve with peach-sauce. A little powdered cinnamon, or the grated rind of a small lemon, may vary the flavour of this excellent pudding, and slices of candied fruit should be scattered rather thickly over the mould after it is buttered.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

YOKOHAMA Japan, is to be lighted with gas.

A MILLION dollars in gold weights about 1,000,000.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL'S European tour has already cost him \$300,000.

SIAM is becoming civilized, and its king has learned to wear shirts and sweats.

A HAMILTON man has invented a deodorizer steeper to measure his drinks with.

THE OLDEST newspaper in the world is the Journal Gazette, first published at Paris in 1719. It has been established over 300 years and is printed on silk.

A VERY convenient kindling wood is made in France from corn cobs, by immersing them in a mixture of sixty parts of molten iron and forty parts of air. They are sold in bundles at the rate of three or four for a cent.

A LOCAL dealer in medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of \$20,000 and a comfortable home left him by a lady who was only known to him by his coat and hat in his carriage. He is now a millionaire in the horse-and-carriage and on the ferry-hunters are requested to bear this in mind. Be courteous to a lady, and you may be remembered in her will. If she is a lady, of course she will have a will of her own—don't you see?

A GERMAN professor has made a curious computation as to the power of memory of a man and the amount of force he brings to bear in his performances. Heuring Rubinstein at a concert where he played wholly from memory, he counted the notes and found that he was able to remember them all. This power is required to strike a key was discovered to be two and one-fifth ounces, so that Herr Rubinstein exerted a muscular force during the performance, of ninety-four and half cwt. Herr Van Halow's piano is a harder touch and would have required a force of one hundred and eighteen and one-tenth cwt.

ANATOMY OF A PIANO-FORTE.—A writer has taken the trouble to give the actual material used in constructing a piano-forte. In every instrument there are fifteen kinds of wood—viz., pine, maple, spruce, cherry, ash, walnut, whiteoak, mahogany, birch, and birch, all of which are indigenous; and mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech, and rosewood, from Honduras, Cayton, England, South America and Germany. In this connection, also, are mentioned, elasticity, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty or individual qualities, and the general result is in voice. There are also used of the metal, iron, steel, brass, wire, gut, and gut wire, and lead. There are in the same instrument of seven and a half ounces, when completed, two hundred and fourteen strings, making a total length of seven hundred and eighty-seven feet of steel wire, and one hundred feet of gut wire (governing wires). Such a piano will weigh from nine hundred to one thousand pounds, and will last, with constant use, (not abuse), fifteen or twenty years.—Springfield Journalist.

QUACK COUNTRY.—The Indian medicine known as the Great Shoshone Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and also the strongest when spring after a long and inclement winter requires the pores of the skin and an alternative is required to prevent impurities from the body through the skin, and to keep the system in a healthy state. Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the safest, easiest and most efficacious means of attaining this desirable end, without weakening the most delicate or accumulating the most dangerous humors. The medicine improves the blood, becomes fluid and the secretions vitiated, this medicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter. It may fairly be said of this medicine that it does what it claims to do, and it really removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system.—2-14-1

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—The physician in every city and town where it has been introduced, and it is a thoroughly orthodox preparation.

MONETON, N.B., November 8, 1875. PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS—Best family physic; Sheridan's Country Condition Powder, for Diarrhea.



The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

Every body sending a club of 5 will also receive one copy of the Family Record. Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate FREE.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher, Montreal.

No. 16. CONTENTS.

STORIES.

IN AFTER-YEARS. By Mrs. Alexander Ross. Chap. X. THE BUTTER END. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Chaps. XII, XIII, XIV. THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. By the Author of "The Flowers of Glenavon." Chaps. XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI. THE WATER BARRIS: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A. Chap. VI. A PERFECT FRAUD. By J. A. PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL.

OUR NEW STORY. Extension of time. The Cat-o-nine tails.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

The Bumptown Papers. By James Bumpus. Teardrops of Sorrow. By Dr. Norman Smith. Superior Bad People. By Lizzie Branson.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

My first Earthquake. By Mark Twain.—Dogs and Railroad Trains. By Colorado.—A Chapter on Coasting. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

POETRY.

The Eagle and the Wren.—A Patient Creditor.—The Brook's Message. By Kate Hilliard.—The Wind and the Rose. By John G. Saxe.—The Old Man in the New Church.

NEWS ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. WIT AND HUMOR. HEARTHSTONE SPINNS. MARKET REPORT. \$30,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. (See Eighth Page.)

OUR NEW STORY.

On the fourth of May we will commence a new and very interesting local story by Mr. J. A. Phillips, entitled

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The scene is laid in Montreal and the incidents relate to every day social intercourse; the story will be splendidly illustrated with pictures of Montreal and can scarcely fail to be highly interesting to our readers.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

We would call the attention of all our readers who are trying for one of the GRAND PREMIUMS in our prize list, as advertised on eighth page, to an extension of time which we have been forced to make.

These extra prizes were originally intended to be awarded on the 15th April, but we have received so many complaints from parties competing complaining of the shortness of the time that we have decided to KEEP THE LIST OPEN FOR THE WHOLE YEAR, and to award the four grand premiums to the four persons who shall have sent us the largest numbers of subscribers up to the 31st day of December next; this will embrace the whole year and give everybody a fair chance. The premiums will be awarded and forwarded to the winners of them immediately after next New Year's Day. This change does not, of course, apply to prizes for a specific number of subscribers, these remain as before and the prize will be forwarded immediately on the receipt of the specified number of subscriptions. Parties who are working for prizes and have sent in a few names are requested to close their lists as quickly as possible.

THE CAT-O-NINE TAILS.

The young man, Arthur O'Connor who committed such a mad assault on the Queen on 29th February has been tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labor, and to receive twenty lashes. Of course, an effort was made to prove that he was insane.—Every body is insane now-a-days who attempts to commit murder. His father was examined and testified that he, the father, was nephew of Fergus O'Connor, and that several members of his family besides prisoner, were insane. The accused, he stated, was very studious when a child and fell into bad health, from which he had suffered ever since. The prisoner was wounded in the head in the year 1866, and received injuries which rendered him insensible for some time. The medical testimony, however, went to show that the prisoner was perfectly sane, and the jury consequently brought in a verdict of guilty. The sentence is not a heavy one and we think most people will regard it as a just one, especially the application of the cat-o-nine tails. Some fanatics attempt the lives of eminent personages only for the sake of attaining a little notoriety; and it is the safest means of deterring them from their mad attempts to let it be distinctly understood that they shall receive a good sound flogging as a preliminary punishment. There is something very repulsive to a would be notorious individual in the knowledge that he will certainly be tied up like an ill-behaved dog, and have a good flogging administered to him. There is nothing noble or inspiring about it; none of the interest which attaches itself to an execution, or a long term of penal servitude, or of solitary confinement, surrounds a good dose of the cat-o-nine tails. The prisoner simply receives his twenty or thirty lashes, and the general verdict is "served him right."

We remember in our early days when we were out in the West Indies, that at one time the island of Barbadoes got into a terrible condition on account of the immense number of robberies, and fires which were constantly occurring. There was a regular gang of thieves—darkies—who would fire a plantation almost every night and steal what they could during the excitement and confusion. The leader of this gang was an immense burly ruffian who had spent the greater portion of his life in gaol, indeed for several years he was never known to be out of gaol for a longer period than six weeks at any one time. The gaol was crowded almost to suffocation and a new one had to be built. About that time a new Governor of the island was appointed, Col. Reed, an old soldier and an excellent officer of the Government. After his arrival he paid the customary visit to Grenada, and on the night before his return to Barbadoes there was a very large fire, and the leader of this gang was caught with some stolen goods on him; he was strongly suspected of setting the fire but that could not be proved. When the Governor arrived next day, he heard of this new outrage, and drove from the lauding to the gaol. There were then about four hundred prisoners in the gaol nearly all for robbery at fires; he caused them all to be collected in the gaol yard, had the old triangle moved from its time honoured place in a corner of the yard to the centre of the enclosure, and ordered the leader of the gang to be strung up and thirty-nine lashes administered. When ordered to strip the fellow refused, saying he was a free man, that flogging was for slaves, &c., and that no one could order him to be flogged. The Governor heard him very quietly, and then ordered a file of soldiers to seize him up, and stood by while the cat-o-nine-tails was vigorously applied. The man bore his punishment very quietly, and when released walked up to where the Governor was standing, and said very quietly, "Now I know, your's a Gubner, an' I never comes back here no more so long as you's Gubner of de Island." He kept his word, and during the four years Reed remained Governor he was not once arrested. A few more of the gang were flogged also, and the result was that when Reed went to Malta there was scarcely a dozen prisoners for theft in the gaol instead of four hundred.

We by no means advocate general and indiscriminate flogging, but a judicious use of the whip is frequently very useful. There is one class of criminals, very common in Montreal, to whom we should very much like to see the cat-o-nine-tails applied, and that is the wife-beaters. It is hard to conceive of a more cowardly brute than one who will take advantage of his superior strength to inflict corporal punishment on the woman he has sworn to "love and cherish;" and the punishment is worse than a mockery to the poor woman, for it not unfrequently falls on her. The man is fined or imprisoned—sometimes both—and the woman has frequently to pay the fine, or exist as best she may for the two or three weeks the "bread-winner" of the family passes in gaol. It would be much better just to take him into the back yard, seize him up, give him two or three dozen and let him go. He would not beat that woman again in a hurry; and others, warned by his punishment, would think twice before they assaulted their own wives.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS.

BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER V.—ON THE STRIKE.

REMAIN me, a melancholy and disheartened, middle-aged gentleman! I fully intended to write something funny this week, but how can I? A vast domestic affliction has fallen on me, and all the fun is knocked out of me. My family has struck. Yes, every Man Jack of them, Mrs. Bumpus included, has struck, and our domestic life is in a state of revolution. You see it is all caused by the Nine Hour Movement and the Toronto printers' strike. As soon as we heard of the Nine Hour Movement, my eldest boy, Nathaniel, aged ten, the smartest boy in Bumptown, gravely informed me that he was a workman, and that he, therefore, represented "labour"; that I was a newspaper writer and, therefore, represented "capital," (which is quite a mistake I assure you,) and that he did not intend to be ground down and have his "soul worked out of him"—I quote his own words—to enrich me. He needed, he said, more time to "improve his mind," and, therefore, he only intended to go to school four hours a day in the afternoon. Of course, I objected to this summary suspension of his studies, but Seraphina Angellina (that's Mrs. Bumpus) came to his assistance; she wanted to strike too. She said she was a workman—I could not quite understand how she made that out—and she did not mean to be a domestic slave any longer; she meant to assert her rights—she frequently does, and to some purpose as a general thing. She did not mean to slave, and worry, and bother the whole day long; she meant to "strike one blow for freedom"; she has struck it. Then the servant girl, she wanted to "improve her mind," and because I could not persuade her that "Sunday" did not come twice a week, and that her "day off" was not twice a week, she was a "blasted aristocrat," a "grinding capitalist, living on her blood and bones"—I quote her own words—and finally she struck. Then Seraphina Angellina, Jr., my little four-year-old pet, declared her mind needed improvement, and so she struck, and I was placed, much against my will, in a position of antagonism to my whole household! How can I try to be amusing? I am sitting at my open window, watching how the various members of my family are improving their minds; and I will tell you how they are doing it. There is Mrs. Bumpus walking up the opposite side of the street, perched on top of a pair of high-heeled boots, with an unsightly bump, which she calls a "Dolly Varden," sticking out over her lips, and something that looks like a small ten saucer, with a stiff red feather projecting from it, perched on top of several pounds of somebody else's hair, which Mrs. B. insists in putting over her own ample locks. Mrs. B.'s method of improving her mind appears to be simple, as it consists principally in looking into the shop windows and eye-balling the dresses of passers by. I am afraid she is also improving her mind by indulging in a little quiet flirtation with two young fops who have been bravely propping up the telegraph post at the corner for the past half-hour, and who appear to think that an old gentleman on the wrong side of fifty—Angellina always says sixty, but I tell her she is fifty—has no business with a pretty young wife on the right side of thirty—Angellina says twenty-five, but I am sure she is wrong. Then there is my son and heir, Nathaniel, the pride of the house of Bumpus, engaged in a lively game of marbles in the cross street, with three scrubby-looking boys whom I strongly suspect of being newsgobs or bootblacks, and who seem to be rapidly reducing the pride of the house of Bumpus to a state of bankruptcy on the marble question. Nathaniel might be improving his mind, but he certainly is not improving his clothes by kneeling on one knee in the mud to "knuckle down," and I sigh as I think of the high price of dry goods. As for the servant girl, she is standing by the arched entrance, improving her mind with the assistance of the greasy boy who has two or three times squeezed her round the waist, as if to discover how fast she is improving. Seraphina Angellina, Jr., is up-stairs in the nursery, solemnly sitting, with her best clothes on, in a tub of water, improving her mind by trying to wash the cat, to which pussy strenuously objects, and a lively scrimmage is imminent. The house is in a state of confusion and neglect, for the servant refuses to work unless I submit to the Nine Hour Movement, and Mrs. B. still remains "on the strike," and will perform no more arduous duties than walking about the streets or playing on the boys' noses. I am determined to improve my mind in my own house, but what can I do? This nine hour folly has turned Angellina's head, and until she gets it turned right again I must remain a wretched Bumpus; so you must excuse me from trying to be funny this week, and I will try to do better next.

For the Hearthstone.

"SUPERIOR" BAD PEOPLE.

Yes; and this is a world teeming with such according to some cynics who look on the masses of humanity with distorted vision, whilst others plead always for mercy, to the extinction of justice. True a goodly number of those considered holy and pure by their brethren, if their secret character were analyzed by the "Code" of the gods' noses, would be found to be arch-hypocrites. The man who professing christian faith, master may be of a large establishment and yet pays his employers starvation wages, what is he? but a bad man, although superior by education. The poor girl with a sewing machine at labor from dawn till night for the pittance of fifty cents "per diem" and then if an extra spool of thread is asked for—on account of its inferior quality—is immediately charged with self appropriation and the cost deducted from her work. And in the endeavour to make up for losses stitches a short time on the Sabbath, at first with closed shutters and blinds down and rage stuffed in the key-hole and the poor thief covertly designated by courtesy a comforter—folded four times thick, for the machine to stand upon in hopes of deadening the sound, but after a time as harsh usage causes harsher feelings and her better angel deserts her, these precautions are done away with and the poor creature is designated as a "Bad girl" by those who only regard appearances. But is she not more sinned against than sinning, who would not rather work than starve? Her employer may even on that holy day attend public services, be a class leader or superintendent in the school, and conform to all christian usages, and yet I say at the judgement his sins will weigh down the scale, when placed on a balance with the poor oppressed. Far from advocating Sabbath-breaking I would that all should remember that "man was made for the Sabbath not the Sabbath for man," and he who oppresses the poor, even robs them of their just deserts what is he? and methinks if his worldly prospects

could be bettered by deserting the banner of sanctity, such an one would not hesitate to pray and ask aid of the hosts of "Hell" just as soon and with as little compunction as he now in words asks the Divine aid. A strange sight you may think to see one on his knees entreating the "Good" Devil to assist him under his banner, only give him his desires, health, wealth and a long life and the hereafter—he craves naught about—Blaphemy, some may say, to even surmise such a case—but you mild go-between's it's equally true, as it's shocking—how many in this world of ours are slaves to "Mammon" and that is only one of Satan's weapons.

Look at our religious sects—how many backsliders are amongst the number, and the one who has tasted and drank at the fountain head only too willingly turns his back and deserts its service, what is he but bad?

Then again the tradesman employing a number of clerks, and who upon engaging, stipulates that each one shall appear well dressed—for the credit of the store—even as respectable as himself. But the salary (its more generous) than wages—may be only a pittance. What can that young man do? To appear in threadbare garments were the signal for dismissal, yet it takes his all, for board, washing, and mending. And so the young man fails, satisfying his conscience by just helping himself to some trifling article at the station his master would wish—besides Master and Smith only eat the same, and thus the strict probity of the mother's darling is jeopardized, through the inferior morality of man, whose is the sin here? surely he who judges as mercifully as just, will know how to condemn. Another may employ married men, and their salary be no more, than one minus the matrimonial ties—no account of a wife and growing children are taken into consideration—that is his business says the unscrupulous man, he agrees to serve me for so much, how he lives is no affair of mine. But if you detect him taking some minor article of pressing need to his family, then, it is your affair—he may plead a father's love, and even urge stern necessity, but your heart is as a stone, he is given over to justice and branded through life as a thief but in the eye of God the tempter ought to take the place of the tempted. "Some may and will argue the tempted ought to be strong in the hour of temptation, yes; that right, fits us all, the pith of the matter is in truth, rigid, moral training, but as long as the employer with all his advantages of religious and social training is not possessed of sufficient christianity to withhold the temptation—so long will young men and women fail. "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire." The poor sin from stern necessity, but the rich lack that excuse.

But sufficient has been said in connection with this class, hoping, that even the word of a "fool may profiteth some." Only in my experience of the world where one bad person is discovered, two truly good individuals arise to counteract the influence of the former. The evil he felt of envying and joy—to those who will rightly seek it—Ye rich or poor in this world's goods, bear a conscience void of offence and that pure sunshine of the soul shall be yours.

LIZZIE BRANSON.

MY FIRST EARTHQUAKE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

A month after I landed in Sacramento I enjoyed my first earthquake. It was once which was long called the great earthquake, and it is doubtless so distinguished till this day. It was just after noon, on a bright October day. I was coming down and down, and there was a heavy grinding noise as of brick houses rubbing together. I fell up against the frame house and hurt myself. I knew what it was now and from mere reportorial instinct, nothing else, took out my watch and noted the time of day; at that moment a rattle and still severer shock came, and as I reeled about in the pavement, trying to keep my footing, I saw a sight! The entire front of a tall four-story brick building in third street sprang out like a door and fell sprawling across the street, raising a dust like a great volume of smoke. And here came the bang—overboard went the man, and in less than a twinkling I can tell it the vehicle was distributed in small fragments along 800 yards of street. One could have fancied that somebody had fired a charge of chair-rounds and rags down the thoroughfare. The street car had stopped, the horses were rearing, and plunging, and passengers were pouring out at both ends, and one man had crashed half-way through a glass window on one side of the car, got wedged fast, and was squirming and screaming like a mangled madman. Every door of every house, as far as the eye could reach, was vomiting a stream of human beings; and almost before one could utter a word and begin another there was a massed multitude of people stretching in endless procession down every street my position commanded. Never was solemn solitude turned into teeming life quicker. Of the wonders wrought by "the great earthquake," these were all that came under my eye; but the tricks it did elsewhere, far and wide over the town, made toothsome gossip for nine days. The destruction of property was trifling—the injury to it was wide-spread and somewhat serious. The "curiosities" of the earthquake were simply endless. Gentlemen and ladies who were sick, or were taking a sleaze, or had dissipated till a late hour and were making up lost sleep, thronged into the public streets in all sorts of queer apparel, and some without any at all. One woman who had been washing a naked child ran down the street holding it by the ankles as if it were a dressed turkey. Prominent citizens, who were supposed to keep the Sabbath strictly, rushed out of saloons in their shirt-sleeves, with brilliant-cues in their hands. Dozens of men, with necks swathed in napkins, rushed from "barbers' shops" lathered to the eyes, or with one cheek clean shaven and the other still bearing a hairy stubble. Horses broke from stables and a frightened dog rushed up a short attic ladder and out on to a roof, and when his scare was over had not the nerve to go down again the same way he had gone up. A prominent editor was flying down stairs, in the principal hotel, with no check sheet, and exclaimed "Oh, what shall I do! Where shall I go?" She responded with naive serenity—"If you have a choice, you might try a clothing store!"

Whisky sandwiches are the popular beverage. They are composed of a layer of water, a slice of whisky, and another layer of water on top.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—Letters from Lone Pine, Cal., say the whole of Owens' Valley has been moved southward fourteen feet. Over 7,000 shocks had occurred to date and they will continue, but not with sufficient force to do any damage. The earth-quake of March 26 hurled immense rocks down cliffs into the Valley of the Yosemite, smashing great piles into splinters, but destroying nothing of consequence of the Valley. An Indian runner brings a despatch from the mouth of the Colorado River which says the earthquake caused immense waves to roll up the Gulf of California, breaking the schooner Alonzo Drako from her anchorages.—A terrible accident occurred on 10th inst., on the Midland Railroad near Hackensack, Saddle River bridge gave way and precipitated the train into the river. A brakeman was instantly killed and twenty five or thirty passengers taken from the wreck more or less injured.—The Ohio River has risen twenty feet and is still rising.—A fire broke out in the Licking River, and 125 coal boats, containing over one million bushels of coal, were swept away.—The report of Dr. Evans, the abolitionist, being received on bail is confirmed.—A Baltimore man tried again as witness against him cannot be found.—The Mormon conference have, by unanimous vote, re-elected Brigham Young President of the Church, Geo. A. Smith and Daniel H. Wells, Second Counselors, and Orson Lyda President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.—The Grand Opera House, and adjoining buildings on 23rd and 24th streets, N. Y., are now the property of the widow of James Fisk.—Bauch & Sons bono phosphate works on Morris st. wharf, Philadelphia, were entirely destroyed by fire on 9th inst. Loss about \$100,000, covered by insurance.—A Baltimore despatch states a report that the committee in the case of Rev. Dr. Huntton, will show a degree of criminality on his part seldom known.—An 8th inst. during a row in a grocery store in Wilkesbarre, Pa., between Stimms and Hockett, the proprietors, beat Thomas Gilchrist so badly that he died next morning. The murderers have been arrested.

CANADA.—The third annual meeting of the Toronto New-boys Home shows that institution to be in a flourishing condition.—The Toronto 65-cents has been sold out by the Sheriff.—The Grandfather Railway is expected to be open to Quebec by Monday next which will greatly relieve the wind famine as regards the route to Montreal.—A Baltimore man has asked to be relieved and his resignation was on the eleventh inst., accepted by His Excellency. We understand that it was tendered once before in the autumn of last year. The Government of the Province will be administered by Judge Johnston until a permanent appointment is made.—Lieut. G. A. B. has been appointed as a member of the Order of Isabella by the King of Spain in recognition of the energy displayed by him and the Department of Justice last year in preventing the departure of a filibuster expedition from Canada in aid of the Cuban rebels.—Caldwell and McFarlane convicted of causing the death of Geo. Brown, builder, were sentenced on 10th inst., Caldwell to years in penitentiary, and McFarlane to a term of common law.—The St. Lawrence is rising rapidly and altho' the river is unusually low there are grave apprehensions of a flood at Montreal, as there is a large quantity of anchor ice in the lower part of the rapids which may cause a jam at Victoria Bridge and as a natural consequence Grifflintown would be inundated.

SPAIN.—The Captain-General of Catalonia informs the Government by telegraph that bands of armed Carlists have appeared near Barcelona. Flying columns have been sent in pursuit of them.—In Galicia an attempt was made to shoot the Governor, his brother who was by his side was wounded, but the Governor escaped unhurt.—Fuller returns of the recent elections for members of the Cortes are received and the list stands as follows:—Mineralists, 21; Radicals, 62; Republicans, 62; Carlists, 28; Opposition Conservatives, 22.—Madrid journals all publish articles condemning the Government for having prevented the departure of a filibuster expedition from Catalonia under pretext that a truce only and not peace exists between that country and Spain.—The Government of Catalonia report that the Carlists have which appeared in the Province of Barcelona numbered 900 men and that the leader was a prominent member of the International Society.—Internationalists are active in Spain and there is reason to fear that they are organizing a movement which will declare itself simultaneously there and in other countries in Europe.

ENGLAND.—The rumour that the Foreign Office had received a despatch from the United States which promised a solution of the question of indirect duties was pronounced by authority to be untrue. The report was first published in the "Morning Post" and was copied and widely circulated by the evening papers. Its contradiction produces a general feeling of disappointment.—The Morning Post repeats a rumour which it gave on 8th inst. that Napoleon had borrowed £15,000,000 in London, but the truth of the rumour is authoritatively denied.—Lord Dufferin, the newly appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of India, will sail for Quebec on 25th inst.—The Grand Jury at the Old Bailey, returned a true bill of indictment against the Tichenborne claimant, charging him with forgery and perjury.—Mr. O'Connell addressed a public meeting at Norwich on 10th inst. He declared a change of ministry was needed. The only way the workmen could get power was to embarrass those who had it. The meeting was orderly.

FRANCE.—Thiers has formerly declared the order, requiring persons entering France to have passports, abolished. Henceforth, travellers will be regarded at the frontiers, and no tax will be levied there, nor will they be subject to the scrutiny of civil officers while en route in the country.—The report of the French departments on the Spanish border has been instructed by Government to arrest all Spanish refugees and send them to the Basque provinces for detention. They have also been ordered to stop all packages going to Spain, containing cartridges or powder.—There is no truth in the report that has been current here that Rother took three million francs to the Emperor Napoleon at Ghent.—There are now in the prison of Vera 200 men and twenty-two Communists under sentence of death.—The jury painters of the annual exhibition have rejected two pictures sent in by the artist, the Communist, on the ground that the public fund has disqualified him from competition with honorable men.

ITALY.—The Pope will hold a consistory on the 29th inst. for the preconization of a number of Italian and Polish bishops.—The Pope has refused to execute a sum of money which was offered him by the Italian Government. His Holiness in declining the gift declared that when it became necessary for him to accept sums as a means of subsistence he would only receive them from the Catholic world.—The committee to provide for the erection of a monument to the memory of Joseph Mazzini has been organized with Garibaldi as President.

MEXICO.—The voluntary subscriptions of French residents in Mexico towards the payment of the war indemnity to Germany now amount to \$4,000,000. A preliminary session of the Congress was begun on the 28th, when Valle, a Jurist, was elected President. Congress will try to create a Senate and make the President the successor of Juarez in case of his death or resignation to prevent Mr. Lerdo from occupying the Presidency.

GERMANY.—Forty-seven thousand women of Alsace and Lorraine have addressed a petition to Bismark, in which they ask that their fathers and sons may be exempted from service in the German army for a year.—The new university of Strasbourg opens on the 1st May, and grants will be required to provide for the scientific establishments connected with that institution.

TURKEY.—A telegram from Constantinople brings intelligence that the city of Andrius had been visited by an earthquake, causing terrible loss of life. The despatch states one half of the city wholly destroyed and that 1,500 persons lost their lives. Great distress prevails in that portion of the city and the remaining inhabitants are sadly in need of assistance.

PORTO RICO.—The elections in Porto Rico for the Cortes resulted in a victory for the Spanish. The Conservative party by extraordinary efforts, succeeded in electing 117 of 125 members.

CUBA.—10,000 troops landed at Santiago de Cuba from Spain.

THE "TICHENBORNE CRAW" is an English relation of the Grecian bond.

An old man in Detroit has played 98,000 games of draughts in the course of a checkered career of 93 years.



A PATIENT CREDITOR.

You owe me, Nell, a little sum. But you needn't pay, you needn't pay; For it may chance your powerful home I'll pass some day, I'll pass some day.

And then, as one who begs for alms (Not asking pay, not asking pay), I'll plead, "I'm hungry for a smile," Then go my way, then go my way.

Another day I'll open your door, All pale and wan, all pale and wan: "I'd like a little interest, dear," To help me on, to help me on.

And yet again I'll halt to beg: "I'm cold, my dear, I'm cold, my dear: A kiss would warm me through and through." Perhaps you'll hear, perhaps you'll hear.

Then, Nell, if owing still your debt, You grant me these, you grant me these, I'll give you a receipt in full. Down on my knees, dear, on my knees!

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1888.)

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER X.

Agnes pressed one finger on her lip, as she looked with supplicating eyes in the man's face; he understood her; the few servants now left in the Castle, spoke unreservedly to each other of the cruel way in which Sir Richard treated his grandchildren.

"They have run away," thought he, "and I shall not be the one to stop them." "Goodbye," said he aloud, as he turned on his heel, and running down the bank, touched his hat to his master, as he said: "It is a woman and her little girl, who are waiting for the carrier's cart to Aberdeen, they come from Rottlie's farm, and had just sat down when the carriage turned the corner."

"I thought as much," was Sir Richard's dry reply, as he instantly drove on, scarce giving the groom time to vault into his seat. Agnes heard the man's words, and Sir Richard's reply, and bowed her head in praise to God for this second deliverance.

The carriage was out of sight, the noise of rolling wheels, and horses' feet had died away, and Agnes, once more alone with the silent night, tried to raise her sister's head from its recumbent position, so that the sweet breath of heaven might blow upon, and recover her, the girl opened her blue eyes, and heaving a deep sigh asked her sister.

"What was it; was I asleep, did I dream something about Sir Richard coming to take us back?"

"You have not told me your dream," replied her sister, avoiding a direct reply. "I cannot say what you dreamed, but here is Adam with a cart, so we will soon be beyond Sir Richard's power."

The twins were soon seated in the cart, Adam driving as fast as the Shetland policy would trot.

The day was dawning as they took their way towards the farm of John Longman, the late occupant of the Haddon Arms; the sun rose amid a flood of golden crimson, edged with light fleecy clouds; it seemed to the long pent up girls, as if the crimson sky reflected in the sea below, while above the fringe of snow white, woolly clouds, protected it from the dull gray beyond, was the very gate of heaven; the rapid motion of the light cart through the fresh morning air, seemed to impart new life to their fainting spirits; the sweet forest leaves, the opening wild rose, the bluebell ringing out, the lark rising from her grassy bed, singing her morning psalm, and soaring as she sang; all spoke of opening life and joy, telling to the souls of the children, as no spoken words ever could, that to those who walk in His ways, the life that God hath given is happiness.

The twins were received by Mrs. Longman with a pleasant face of welcome, and after reposing for some hours, in a softer bed, and more pleasant room, than they had known for many a day, they were regaled with cream, fresh eggs, wheaten bread, honey, every delicacy the farm could afford; while old Adam stood serving them, with all the ceremony he would have used in their father's Castle.

From Mrs. Longman they learned that Lady Hamilton was in London, where she had gone on a visit to Lady Morton some months past; she did not know her address, all she knew was that Lady Morton's town residence was in Belgrave, that the Duke of Richmond, Lord Salceon, Countess Clara, and several other nobles, friends of Lady Hamilton, lived in the same vicinity; she had been there herself for a few weeks, while she was lady's maid to Lady Hamilton (a position she had held from early youth until her marriage) but it was long ago, and she had now forgotten the little she had learned of the place during her brief sojourn.

This information decided the girls in the course they would take, they would go to London, and seek out the only friend on whose advice they could rely, as being the wisest and best for them to follow; in Agnes's heart lay an untold hope, that from Lady Hamilton she would learn why they had never heard from, or seen Arthur Lindsay in all the weary weeks and months of the past year.

It was advisable they should travel with all secrecy, until the vicinity of Haddon Castle had been left in the distance, and even while in Scotland, they could not consider themselves safe; they therefore with the advice of John Longman, resolved that they would travel by night to Aberdeen in the Carrier's wagon, which belonged to Longman, and which he drove regularly twice a week to the city himself.

The wagon was a covered one, and he would so manage as to exclude all passengers except the two young ladies, thus preserving perfect privacy, while were they to go by the mail coach, they would at every stage be liable to be seen and recognized; arrived at Aberdeen, they would at once go on board a schooner, now lying in the harbour, of which Mrs. Longman's brother was the skipper.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the day which brought the twins to the farm, they were jogging comfortably along inside the Alford and Aberdeen carrier's cart, special arrangements having been made for the ease and convenience of the young ladies, with as

much care as would have been used had they been possessed of all the influence which was theirs in the past year; Adam sitting with his nephew in front.

The rocking motion of the cart, formed a soporific for the weary children, and sleeping soundly during their journey, they awoke next morning to hear the shouting of sailors, and voices of the sea-faring folks on the wharf at Aberdeen.

They were fortunate in the time of their arrival, the Skeelby Skipper was just about to weigh anchor as John Longman went on board to tell the Captain, of the passengers he had brought with him.

"Oh man!" said the honest seaman, "I have no place on board for women o' any kind, let alone ladies of their rank; there's a big passenger-ship in the harbour the noo, and the morn the new Steamboat 'll be in, they'll get every accommodation on the one or the other, it's better for them to wait and go with one o' them."

Longman told a part of their history, and the need there was for secrecy in the movements of the young ladies and their attendant.

The sailor stood with feet wide apart, both hands stuck in his trouser pockets, and with

they were born; some folks think he's mad yet."

"It's like enough," replied the chandler, "I heard of his being in our Hospital, and giving them a thousand pounds for their trouble; I would like to help the poor things to get out of his grip, I wish ye had just said it was poor folk that could not pay in a passenger ship, the Captain would have taken them himself if ye had said that at the first; ye say th' ye're going to Lady Hamilton's, and old Adam's taking care of them?"

"Oh yes, they're going straight to Lady Hamilton's and Adam is to stay with them there," the carrier added this to make his care stronger in the eyes of the owner.

At this moment a pretty young girl of sixteen, put her head in at the door, so as just to show her head and shoulders, saying,

"Father, you're wanted in the shop."

Longman seized the occasion, as a favorable time to urge his suit.

"How would you like MacClashan, that your father were mad, and had a chance to be taken up that bonnie lassie in a room with plastered iron shutters?"

"Deed I would na like it at all, especially if

"Oh yes," replied the sailor, I can give you the direction of a nice place, a real genteel house, where Miss Sticheum the mantua maker bides when she comes up to town for her patterns, she was here two months ago, and I was up there seeing her, and I saw the mistress of the house, a real nice like woman with a brown silk dress, and ribbons in her cap; she lives in the heart of the city, and yet her house is in a nice quiet place off the street."

The mate sought his berth, and in due time returned with a slip of paper torn from a memorandum book on which was written, Mrs. Cox, Thieves' Inn, Holborn, which he delivered to Adam, telling him that Holborn was the name of the street, and Thieves' Inn the name of the court in which were ten or a dozen large houses, the third one of which was occupied by Mrs. Cox, adding, "There will be plenty of cabs on the wharf, to take you up there at once on our arrival."

The next morning they touched Horn's Wharf and bidding a kind goodbye to all on board, in half an hour afterwards they found themselves carried along amid the whirl and din of London streets; the shopwindows piled with all sorts of goods for luxury, use,

"In that case, Mr. Sticheum," replied Mrs. Cox, drawing herself up to her full height, which was very diminutive and unprepossessing at that, and stiffening her compressed lips until they resembled two faded salmon-coloured cords—

"In that case we always require the money to be paid down before possession is taken of the apartments."

"And you do wisely," replied Adam, taking a prudent view of the matter, and not in the least offended. "I'll just pay the cabman for his trouble, and then I'll settle with Mr. Cox."

"My George is not at home forenoon or afternoon; he is studying the law with Mr. Catchem, of Cecil Street, Strand, and besides him I'm a lone woman. My late lamented husband died when George was only a year old, seven-teen years ago; she stopped to leave a deep sigh, and then resumed in a brisk tone, "so I take all the money myself."

"Very right," was Adam's reply, scarcely knowing what part of her speech he was answering.

The cabman having been dismissed, it was at length settled that the young ladies were to have the best front parlour with the two bed-rooms off, at a rate of two guineas per week, while Adam was to pay one guinea a week for his room, because he insisted on sleeping on the same flat with the young ladies, instead of going up to an attic, which when Mrs. Cox found he was the servant, she supposed he should do.

Mrs. Cox's family consisted of herself and son, a youth verging on eighteen years of age, rather short and chunky, with pale blue eyes, whom his mother on all favourable occasions, declared with a sigh to be remarkably good-looking, just the image of his dear departed papa.

The youth was talked of by several young ladies of his acquaintance as being a very clever, very, he having, on several occasions, been inclined to favour the damsels in question by sending to them, what he chose to denominate lyrics written by himself, thereby making their ears tingle, and their eyes twinkle with delight, at the idea of numbering a poem among their intimate friends.

The young man was supposed to be studying law, under the superintendence of Mr. Catchem, that worthy regularly calling on Mrs. Cox every three months to be paid the quarterly instalment of the premium, which she was too poor to pay in one sum, and on these occasions ravishing the good lady's ears by commendations of her son's talent for law, and assuring that he, Mr. Catchem, would not be at all surprised to see him one day on the wool sack.

The maid of all work, Susan, completed the establishment. The latter personage had been in Mr. Cox's employment for the past six years and ten months, and intended, if possible, to be married when she completed her seven years' service, not that she had decided who was to be the happy man, nor had she yet seen any one who seemed disposed to tempt her to forsake her state of single blessedness, but as she sagely observed to the lodgers who were in her confidence.

"It's an old saying, there's a change every seven years. I was seven years with Mrs. Buckle in the Strand, after that I was seven years with Mrs. Thompson on the other side of the Inn, and now I'm nearly seven years here, and I'm sure I won't leave misses to serve another, for I'm just as comfortable as I can be, so what change can it be but marriage?" To which her listeners generally assented, and poor Susan, with her forty years, spare figure, and bleached out, plain face, worked up with renewed vigor and cheerfulness, fully believing that the consummation so devoutly to be wished, was near.

(To be continued.)

HERE is what they sing at public schools in Vermont to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors all joining in the chorus:

If anything on earth can make A great and glorious nation, It is to give the little ones A thorough education. Chorus—Five times five are thirty-five, Five times six are thirty, Five times seven are thirty-five, And five times eight are forty.

HERMIT CRABS.—One of the many curious things living in the sea is the hermit crab. Its head and claws are covered with shell the same as other crabs, but its body and tail have no better protection than the covering of skin, except that at the tip of the tail there is a hard little instrument like pincers.

The poor little creature is in constant danger of being attacked in the rear, and in such a case is taken at a disadvantage. So he scurries about until he finds an empty shell, and if it is the right size he thrusts himself into it all but his head and legs, and makes himself at home, travelling about with the shell on his back, the pincers at the end of his tail holding him firmly in the shell. If the first shell he finds does not fit, he travels about the beach looking for another until he comes across one which suits him. This he lives in until he outgrows it, when it is necessary that he should leave his house and find a larger.

These crabs are called hermit because they live by themselves. If you chance to meet there is sure to be a fight, until the weaker one gives up. Notwithstanding their quarrelsome disposition, and solitary ways, these crabs sometimes make friends with the Clank Anemones, a curious kind of fish, which are frequently fastened to the shells of hermit crabs. The anemone has a certain affection for them. When about changing his shell, the hermit crab has been seen anxiously moving his friend to his new shell, and even pressing him down with a claw to fasten him on. Another, having failed to move his friend after many efforts, rather than give him up, went back and remained in the old out-grown shell.

BLUMBERG HORN.—Nashby, Petroloum V., says:—I commenced being good at a very early age, and built myself upon models. I was yet an infant when I read the affecting story of the harking down of the cherry-tree by George Washington and his manly statement to his father that he could not tell a lie. I read this story, and it filled me with a desire to surpass him. I was not going to allow any such boy as Geo. Washington, if he did get to be President, to excel me in moralities. Immediately I seized an axe, and cut down the most valuable cherry-tree my father had; and more, I dug up the roots and cut the branches, so that by no means could the variety be re-produced; and I went skating on Sunday, so that I might confess the two faults and be wopt over and forgiven on account of my extreme trustfulness. The experiments were, I regret to say, partial failures. I was very much like George Washington; but the trouble was, my father, didn't resemble George Washington's father, who was essential to the success of my scheme. "Did you cut down that cherry-tree?" said he. "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet." I answered, striking the proper attitude for the old gentleman to sled tears on me. "But he didn't shed."

He remarked that he had rather I told a thousand lies than to have cut down that particular tree, and he went on "till I was in a state of exasperating ravenousness. My skating was no less a failure. I broke through the ice that Sunday, and was pulled out with difficulty—with a boat-hook. As I lay back for a month with a fever, I didn't have a chance to get the Washington remark, but I thought that George Washington was one boy of a million and I was another.



OUT AT SEA.

eyes and ears start to take in the story, he seemed rather disappointed when the carrier stopped his narration, inquiring abruptly.

"An what then?"

"Well I just want you to take them to London out of the power of their grandfather; who I have told you has been very bad to them."

"And what's the lads?"

"Their sweethearts that made all the stramash, there's never much anger comes between a man and his bairns, but for the like of that."

"There's no lads in the question, the old man was so bad to them after their father's death, that they've run away, and they're going to a lady in London that kens them well, and will be glad to see them; the old man is married again, and has a young son, and he's tired of the young ladies."

"If that's so, why does na he let them go?"

"Well, it's the laird of Haddon Castle, that's their grandfather, and you know well enough they're a proud lot, he would rather have them locked up in the Castle, than the common folk would know his affairs."

"Whew!" said the sailor, a low whistling when, "ye wad hae me to take Sir Richard Cunningham's grand daughters and rin off to London with them, what think ye wad my owners say to that?"

His last words showed Longman the plan he had best take to ensure a private passage to London for the girls; and he at once asked,

"Where will I find your principal owner?"

"Do you see that shop with the figure of a jolly tar at the door?" pointing as he spoke to a little shop close to the wharf.

"I do, only a few hundred yards off."

"Well if that man says the word, I'll take ye'er ladies an give them my own cabin into the bargain."

"Come with me Captain, and tell your owner who I am."

The sailor accompanied him to the shop, and presenting his friends to Mr. Mac Clashan introduced him as.

"A real decent man, the Strathlock carrier, and my cousin."

The shopkeeper was a respectable elderly man, with a face denoting both sense and benevolence, and Longman requiring to speak with him in private, was shown into a little parlour at the back of the shop.

He saw that getting a passenger in a trading vessel was going to be a more difficult thing than he at first supposed it to be, and he told his story in the best possible way to secure the good graces of the ship-chandler, for the objects of his care.

"It's a risky job, I fear," said his hearer as he ended his narration. "Who is the grandfather of the young ladies?"

"Sir Richard Cunningham, that was, so long mad, and came back when nobody was looking for, or wanting him; they say he made his escape from the mad house; he was in my house at the Haddon Arms, as mad as a march hare, and frightened all the women and children. Only a few weeks before he came home quite the gentleman to heir his land for the second time; and he's done little good since, turned off all the old servants, and every lease that's out, he turns off the old farmers that's been on the land since

my own head was below the ground, and no one else to take her part; we canna make a worse of it, if we dinna make a better; so ye'll as well take them up to London wi ye Captain, and there's no use telling anybody on board that ye have Sir Richard Cunningham's grand daughters for passengers." In another hour the Skeelby Skipper with the twin girls and Adam on board, was out at sea; and the ship, with a spanking wind in her favour, was "walking the waters like a thing of life."

The girls were delighted with their sea life, a brisk wind drove the ship onward; they had neither ache nor all, only very hungry, a feeling which had not troubled them in their late pent up life; no sickness came near them, they were on deck from morning to night, and delighted Adam's heart by the sight of the roses which every hour seemed to grow brighter on their cheeks; the sailors glorying at the hearty way they ate the sea biscuit and salt beef.

On, and on went the ship, the girls walking the deck, watching the waves and sky, and enjoying themselves as they fancied, they never had done before, saying to each other a dozen times a day.

"A beautiful thing is a ship."

On their fourth day at sea, the Captain told Adam that in another day and night they would be in London.

"Can you give me the direction of a genteel lodging, where I can take the young ladies, till I find Lady Hamilton's house?" was the old man's answer.

"No, I know nothing about lodgings common or genteel," was the brusque reply of the sailor, "and another thing that I wish you would keep in mind, don't tell me anything where ye'er going, or what ye'er to do, when ye'er out of my ship; it would have been my better for yourself, if ye had kept ye'er own counsel, and not told me who you was, or your ladies either."

The Captain meant kindly, and he was not slow to perceive that Adam was hurt by what he conceived to be an incivility on his own part to his passengers, and he quickly added.

"My first mate kens more about London city by many a far, than I do, and can recommend you to a good house, hostelry, or lodging, either that ye like; but it's my advice to ye, to settle the young ladies with Lady Hamilton, with all convenient speed, it's a kittle thing to deal between the man and his bairns, and your old master has na the best name in the country; if he catches them afore they're in Lady Hamilton's hands, I would not wonder if he would clap you up between four bare walls, for the part you had in bringing them here."

Adam well knew there was much truth in what the seaman said, and he determined to get about finding Lady Hamilton's address as soon as possible; but the first thing was to get a proper place for his charge, until Lady Hamilton could be made aware of their arrival; and even after she was found, Adam had his misgivings as to the course Lady Hamilton might pursue towards girls who had left their grandfather's house, without his knowledge or approval, accompanied by only an old man servant; there was a possibility of her looking upon the story of their ill usage as half a myth.

Adam put the same question to the mate, and was quickly answered in the affirmative,

and toll, more now passing before their eyes, than they in their simplicity, had fancied was contained in the whole world. The various dresses of the passers by, soldiers of the Guards in their uniform, turbaned Turks, selling charms and beads, Chimmens, Negroes, handsome carriages, in which sat beautiful ladies, each of whom seemed grand enough to be the Queen, or at the very least a Duchess or Countess, were passing every moment, the scene around them changing continually.

"One hour of which," as Margaret expressed her feelings in answer to an observation of her sister's, "would afford sufficient material for thought during a whole lifetime."

The cabman at last drove out of the street into Thieves' Inn, landing them at number three, where the name, Mrs. R. Cox, stared them in the face engraved on a great brass plate.

The travellers looked around for the crash of carriages, the hurrying men and women, the din of the busy street, it was gone, they had left it behind them; only a few yards distant were the hurrying multitudes; here besides themselves there was only one little girl, in a battered black bonnet, a scanty, torn shawl, carrying a jug of milk, and making her way towards the further end of the Inn.

The door was opened by Mrs. Cox in person. They knew this by the description of the lady's dress, a brown silk gown, with ribbons in her cap. Adam descended from his seat beside the driver, presenting the address given him by the mate, at the same time informing her that he had received it from a friend of her late lodger, Miss Sticheum.

The wizened face of the little old maidish looking woman brightened up as she spoke.

"Oh, yes, Miss Sticheum, of Scotland; very glad to see any of her friends, always paid well and gave little trouble."

Mrs. Cox, in her enthusiasm at seeing Miss Sticheum's friends, which proceeded mainly from feeling that there were at least three lodgers arrived at a time her house was almost empty, seized Adam's great horny hand and shook it heartily in her little skinny one, inquiring if Miss Sticheum was in her usual health and spirits.

Which question Adam, in his confusion at shaking hands with a lady in a silk dress whom he had never seen before, answered in the affirmative.

The two girls were now handed by Adam, with the utmost ceremony, from the cab into Mrs. Cox's parlour, the lady herself lingering in the passage to see that the trunks would not be placed too near the wall. Her surprise and disappointment were visibly depicted on her countenance when she found that the new lodgers, as she already mentally called them, had no such accompaniments.

Adam came to pay and dismiss the cabman; the lady stopped him.

"Sir, before you send away the cabman, it is best we should understand each other. Where is your luggage?"

"I have none, madam."

"The young ladies' trunks?"

"They have none, madam, only this," and he displayed to her horrified gaze the bundle, which now contained the soiled linen belonging to the girls.



THE OLD MAN IN THE NEW CHURCH.

They've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into a new one. There's paintings on the windows, and cushions in each pew. I looked up at the shepherd, then around upon the floor. And thought what great inducements for the drowsy ones to sleep.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF OLESTON."

CHAPTER XXXIII. (Continued.)

Rosamond assented, with a painful blush. How foolish her jealous fears and suspicions appeared, now that these trifles, from which they had grown, assumed a new aspect!

always preferred to seize the present moment, and you shall not so easily escape me as you have hitherto done." "Mrs. Breen will think we are mad!" said Rosamond, her confusion increasing.

CHAPTER XXXIV. AN ARRIVAL.

When the young lady and her faithful attendant reached their lodgings, the house opposite, where Frank resided, was closely shut up. Not a light was visible in the windows of the room he had occupied, and they were obliged to conclude that he was either snatching a few hours' rest, or that he had already joined Mr. Lester, to avoid any chance of his departure in the morning being witnessed by his sister.

slumbering Alle; and Rosamond gently opened her curtains, and stood at the window, and watched for the dawn.

CHAPTER XXXV. AT MR. LEVY'S.

In the obscurity of the dingy back parlour Major Colbye paid an exorbitant price for permission to enjoy soliloquy, North remained unnoticed while he advanced and greeted his friend. Constrained by the presence of the young lady, Lord Glanore hesitated to put any questions to him concerning his arrest; and, refusing the chair offered to him, stood debating whether he should announce her presence or leave her to do so herself.

CHAPTER XXXVI. HOW IT ENDED.

Rosamond Dalton willingly accompanied her brother to the secluded college to which James Trevelian had taken his devoted daughter. They arrived at an opportune moment. The heartless aristocrat had accidentally encountered an old acquaintance, and had not been able to resist his entreaties to accompany him to town.

some face—"and I will not attempt to conceal that, in my gratitude and ignorance, I exalted him into a hero. My aunt heard of my accident, and wrote for particulars. My reply revealed to her the state of my feelings, and she sent for me to come home. I went, to learn from her lips that this Major Colbye, whom I had been investing with every noble attribute, had been the destroyer—the murderer of my father!"



me? She must be the most selfish creature in the world if she can resist my Kathleen when pleading for her poor, down-trodden, oppressed father!

This note his grieved and disgusted daughter burnt as soon as she had perused it. No one else must be permitted to know how low he had fallen, and how utterly unsuccessful her efforts to reclaim him had proved. Two heart-stricken to find relief in tears, she was sitting on the floor in front of a fireless grate, with her head resting on the cushions of a chair, when Frank and his sister entered unannounced. The servant-girl, finding that there was but little chance of obtaining her wages, had helped herself to the contents of the larder, and departed, so that Kathleen was absolutely alone when her friends arrived.

She could no longer oppose to the entreaties of her friends the assertion that it was her duty to remain here. The father for whom she had sacrificed her own happiness, had robbed and deserted her; and but for Frank's unswerving affection, she would have left herself alone in the world.

While Rosamond gathered together her few articles of wearing apparel, Frank soothed and caressed her. He owed her some reparation for the doubts he had been nourishing; and, with resistless impetuosity, he insisted that she should at once permit him to prove his regret by giving him a title to protect her from persecutions.

Kathleen pleaded for time, and reminded him that in wedding her he wedded disgrace, but to such objection he could not be induced to listen; and Lord Glanore, who, with Norah and the Major, joined them as soon as they arrived in town, strongly advocated his ardent wishes.

As your nearest male relative, dear Kathleen, he said, "I may be allowed a voice in the affair. Frank's devotion certainly deserves the reward he prays for; and your father's future, as far as he deserves aid, shall be cared for by me. Don't let his but conduct cast a blight upon two lives—your own and your lover's. Recollect that my cousin has positively repulsed your daughter's attentions, and put it out of your power to do anything more for him."

Still Kathleen hesitated, but it was for Frank's sake more than her own. She had nothing to give him but her love; even for her trousseau she must be indebted to the kindness of friends; and while her heart swelled with a grateful sense of his disinterested affection, her pride revolted at the obligations forced upon her.

However, Frank would not listen to any more refusals; and Lord Glanore, in the most delicate manner, engaged Norah and Rosamond to select an appropriate trousseau for his little kinswoman. Within a week she was quietly married at St. James's, the happy Frank, starting directly after the ceremony for Ireland, whither her bridesmaids and Allice likewise accompanied her, the Viscount and his friend speedily following. By a strange and startling coincidence, the tidings of James Trevelian's death in a street row reached Lord Glanore just after the ceremony, but he wisely kept the secret till Kathleen recovered her health and spirits, and could bear to hear it with sorrowful resignation.

Mrs. Carroll was delighted when the party arrived. A glance showed her that all was well between Rosamond and the Viscount; and Norah, though still unusually quiet, smiled so tenderly at the Major's droll speeches, that she shrewdly suspected another wedding on the tapis there.

Some discussion arose as to where the bride and bridegroom should take up their abode for the few days they proposed remaining in Dublin, before taking possession of their own house at Killybeg. Mrs. Carroll insisted that Rosamond and Norah should stay with her, but her house was not large enough to accommodate them all.

"Allice will go and ascertain whether our old lodgings are empty," said Frank; but Allice with a look of curious significance, shook her head. "This very well the rooms were for a makeshift, but not for the proudest bride of the season. Master Frank; and sure there's illigant villas to be had not far away that's more fitting to ask your friends to come and see ye in."

For once the young man eluded at his comparative poverty, and bit his lip while she was speaking; but quietly recovering himself, he answered good humouredly, "You forget, Allice, that we cannot afford to launch out into any extravagances."

"I'm not so sure of that," she said, nodding her head sagaciously. "May be Miss Kathleen gave ye more than her hand when she married ye. I've a notion that my dear old mother's will comes into effect now; and that Mr. Robinson's mysterious heiress is found at last. Every one looked astonished; but Allice, wiping away a few tears, went on.

"Deed, my dears, it has been a troublesome secret to keep; but I was sworn to be silent till Miss Kathleen married. And now everything has turned out just as the master hoped it would when he left Mister Frank the house in (Galway, close to the miserable woman that pretended to shelter the orphan, but made her life a burthen to her."

"Kathleen the missing heiress?" cried Frank, flinging speech at last. "How can it be? Explain yourself, Allice."

a corner by your hearthstone for old Allice, as ye've, God bless ye for it, for ever since I came purtending poverty to the cottage in Elloway?" "Nay, Allice," Rosamond interposed, with a blush, "have you forgotten your promise to Lord Glanore?"

"Sure, dear, I've not, and I'm heartily thankful to his lordship for his offer; but I'm thinking that if he has you, he'll be quite content; and my heart clings to the little lady that has the blood of my old master in her veins!" "Thanks, dear, kind old Allice, thanks," exclaimed Frank.

So it was settled that Allice should remain with Kathleen and Frank; though, by-and-by, when bonny boys and girls blessed the union of Rosamond and her noble husband, she was as often to be found in their nursery as in the one over which she held undivided sway.

When the Viscount led his English Rose to the altar, Norah gave her hand to Major Colbye. Miss Delany strongly opposed a marriage which would separate her from the only creature for whom she felt a spark of affection. But the Major's regiment was under orders for India, and as Norah would not be left behind, she wrung from her aunt an unwilling consent.

From this time forward, Miss Delany never quitted her farm. She refused the civilities which Kathleen, generously compassionating the lonely woman, would have offered to her, and devoted herself to getting and saving money. Norah and her husband, never the most provident of couples, would often have been thankful for a little pecuniary assistance from their wealthy relatives; but she never proffered any, and it was to Kathleen they owed the magnificent gifts that often came across the sea. When Miss Delany died, it was found that she had amassed sufficient property to warrant Major Colbye in selling out, and bringing his lady back to her own country. Though still the eldest of men, he contrives to be a most devoted husband, and often declares that there are but two in the world who can rival him in happiness—his old friend, Glanore, and Frank Dalton.

To them, life is a time for work as well as enjoyment. In their different spheres, they continue to effect much good to those about them. Charles Trevelian, Viscount Glanore, still thinks with compunction of many wasted hours in the past, and dates his redemption from the hour when his Rosamond first bloomed on his view; while Frank—his conscience untroubled by such painful memories—still playfully calls his pretty Kathleen by the name under which he first learned to know her, the Lady of the Sharnocks; declaring that, to the spell lurking in the magic leaves which bound her hair, he owes all the happiness and prosperity of the life her love dignifies and blesses.

THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

A little red Rose bloomed all alone In a lonely spot, by the highway side; And the Wind came by with a pitying moan, And thus to the flowerlet cried:

"You are choked with dust from the sandy hedge, Now go what a petrel's wing I find, I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge, And let the breeze come through!"

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!" Said the Rose in a deep dismay; But the Wind is always rude and rough, And of course he had his way.

And the breeze blew soft on its little red Rose; But now she was so afraid, For the naughty boys—her ancient foes— Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the Wind, when he came again, And looked at the trembling flower, "You are out of place; it is very plain You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be," said the shuddering Rose; "No sorrow I ever had known, Till you came here to break my repose; Now please to let me alone."

But the will of the Wind is as strong as death, He plucked her up with his mighty breath, And away to the town he flew.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride For a rose so weak and small; And soon her leaves on every side Began to scatter and fall.

"Now, what is this?" said the wondering Wind, As the Rose in fragments fell; "This pretty stem is all I find— I am sure I meant it well!"

THE WATER-BABIES.

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

But the Gairfowl had grown so old and stupid that when Tom asked her the way to Shiny Wall, she could not tell him, and he had to wait until there came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens; and Tom thought them much prettier than Lady Gairfowl, and so perhaps they were; for Mother Carey had had a great deal of fresh experience between the time that she invented them (the Gairfowl and the time that she invented them). They fitted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skipped from wave to wave, hitting up their little feet behind them so daintily, and whistling to each other so tenderly, that Tom fell in love with them at once, and called them to know the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you. We are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends us out over all the seas, to show the good birds the way over all."

Tom was delighted, and swam off to them, after he had made his bow to the Gairfowl. But she would not return his bow; but held herself bolt upright, and wept tears of oil as she sang:

saw a very curious sight. On the rabbit burrows on the shore there gathered hundreds and hundreds of hoodlerkers, such as you see in Cambridgehire. And they made such a noise, that Tom came on shore and went up to see what was the matter.

And there he found them holding their great canoes, which they hold every year in the North; and all their stump-orators were speecheing; and for a tribune, the speaker stood on an old sheep's skull.

And they cawed and cawed, and boasted of all the clever things they had done; how many lambs' eyes they had plucked out, and how many dead bullocks they had eaten, and how many young grouse they had swallowed whole, and how many grouse-eggs they had flown away with stuck on the point of their bills, which is the hoodlerker's particularly clever feat, of which he is as proud as a gipsy is of doing the hokynary; and what that is, I won't tell you.

And after a while the birds began to gather at Allfollowness, in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air; swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, herons and garguys, snows and gossamers, divers and loons, grebes and doves, and ducks and razzibills, gannets and petrels, skuas and terns, with gulls beyond all naming or numbering; and they paddled and washed and splashed and combed and brushed themselves on the sand, till the shore was white with feathers; and they quacked and cackled and gabbled and chattered and screamed and whooped as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer. All you might have heard them ten miles off; and lucky it was for them that there was no one to hear them but the old keeper, who lived all alone upon the Ness, in a turf hut thatched with heather and fringed round with great stones slung across the roof by bent-ropes, lest the winter gales should blow the hut right away. But he never minded the birds nor hurt them, because they were not in season; indeed, he minded but two things in the whole world, and those were, his Bible and his grogue; for he was as good an old Scotchman as ever knit stockings on a winter's night; only, when all the birds were going, he toddled out, and took of his cap to them, and wished them a merry journey, and a safe return; and then gathered up all the feathers which they had left, and cleaned them to sell down south, and make feather-beds for stuffy people to lie on.

Then the petrels asked this bird and that whether they would take Tom to Shiny Wall; but one set was going to Sutherland, and one to Norway, and one to the Spitzbergen, and one to Iceland, and one to Greenland; but none would go to Shiny Wall. So the good-natured petrels said that they would show him part of the way themselves, but they were only going as far as Jan Mayen's land, and after that he must shift for himself.

And then all the birds rose up, and streamed away in long black lines, north and north-west, and north-west, across the bright blue summer sky, and their cry was like ten thousand pecks of homs, and ten thousand pecks of bells. Only the puffins stayed behind, and killed the young rabbits, and laid their eggs in the rabbit-burrows; which was rough practice, certainly; but a man must see to his own family.

And as Tom and the petrels went north-eastward, it began to blow right hard; for the old gentleman in the gray great-coat, who looks after the big copper boiler, in the Gulf of Mexico, had got behind-hand with his work; so Mother Carey had sent an electric message to him for him to get his cap to them, and now he was coming, as much in an hour as you can get to in a week, puffing and roaring and swirling and swirling, till you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began. But Tom and the petrels never cared, for the gale was right about, and away they went over the crests of the billows, as merry as so many flying-fish.

And now they came to the edge of the pack, and beyond it they could see Shiny Wall looming, through mist, and snow, and storm. But the pack rolled horribly upon the swell, and the ice giants roared and roared, and leapt upon each other's backs, and at a given signal among them, lest he should be ground to powder too, and was the more afraid, when he saw lying among the ice pack the wrecks of many a gallant ship; some with masts and yards all standing, some with the seamen frozen fast on board. Alas, alas, for them! They were all true English hearts; and they came to their end like good-knights-errant, in searching for the white gale that never was opened yet.

But the good mollies took Tom and his dog up, and flew with them safe over the pack and the roaring ice-giants, and set them down at the foot of Shiny Wall.

"Where is the gate?" asked Tom. "There is no gate," said the mollies. "None," cried Tom; "but I must find it."

"None; never a crack of one, and that's the whole of the secret, as butter follows the plow, than you have found to their cost; and if there had been, they'd have had killed by now every right whale that swims the sea."

"What am I to do, then?" "Div under the floe, to be sure, if you have pluck."

"I've not come so far to turn now," said Tom; "so here goes for a header."

"A lucky voyage to you, lad," said the mollies; "we knew you were one of the right sort. So good-by."

But the mollies only whistled sally, and we can't go yet, we can't go yet, and flew away over the pack.

So Tom dived under the great white gate which never was opened yet, and went on in his black darkness, at the bottom of the sea, for seven days and seven nights. And yet he was not a bit frightened. Why should he be? He was a brave English lad, whose business is to go out and see all the world.

And at last he saw the light, and clear clear water overhead; and up he came a thousand fathoms, along clouds of sea-moths, which fluttered round his head. There were moths with pink heads and wings and opal bodies that flapped about slowly; moths with brown wings that flapped about quickly; yellow-shrubs that hopped and skipped most quickly of all; and jellies of all the colours but the world that neither hopped nor skipped, but only dawdled and yawned, and would not get out of his way. The dog snipped at them till his jaws were tired; but Tom hardly minded them at all, he was so eager to get to the top of the water, and see the pool where the good whales lay.

middle of them and wink at the fairies; and I dare say they were very much amused; for anything's fun in the country.

And there the good whales lay, the happy sleepy beasts, upon the still oily sea. They were all right-headed, you must know, and finners, and razor-backs, and bottle-noses, and spotted sea-uncleams with long ivory horns. But the sperm whales are such ragging, ramping, roaring, rattling fellows, that if Mother Carey let them in, there would be no more peace in Peacepool. So she packs them away in a great pond by themselves at the South Pole, two hundred and sixty-three miles south-south-east of Mount Erebus, the great volcano in the ice; and there they batt each other with their ugly noses, day and night from year's end to year's end.

But here there were only good quiet beasts, lying about like the black bulls of sheep, and bowing every now and then jets of white steam, or scolding round with their huge mouths open, for the sea-moths to swim down their throats. There were no trawlers there to thrash their poor old backs or sword-fish to stab their stomachs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ice-sharks to bite lumps out of their sides, or whalers to harpoon and lance them. They were quite safe and happy there; and all they had to do was to wait quietly in Peacepool, till Mother Carey sent for them to make them out of old beasts into new.

Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Mother Carey.

"There she sits in the middle," said the whale.

Tom looked; but he could see nothing in the middle of the pool, but one peaked iceberg and he said so.

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, "as you will find when you get to her. There she sits making old beasts into new all the year round."

"How does she do that?" "That's her concern, not mine," said the old whale; and yawned so wide (for he was very large) that there swam into his mouth 913 sea-moths, 15,814 jelly-fish no bigger than pins' heads, a string of sardine nine yards long, and forty-three little ice-creams, who gave each other a jangling pluck off round, necked their legs under their stomachs, and determined to the decency, like Julius Cæsar.

"I suppose," said Tom, "she cuts up a great whale like you into a whole shoal of porpoises?" At which the old whale laughed so violently that he coughed up all the creatures who swam away again very thankful at having escaped out of that terrible whalebone net of his, from which borne no traveller returns; and Tom went on to the iceberg, wondering.

And when he came near it, it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne, she swam away, out and out into the sea, millions of new-born creatures, of more shapes and colours than man ever dreamed. And they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of the sea-water all day long.

He expected, of course—like some grown-up people who ought to know better—to find her sulphur, paving, fitting, stitching, cobbling, bustling, filling, planing, hammering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to make anything.

But, instead of that, she sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself. Her hair was as white as the snow, for she was very very old—in fact, as old as anything which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong.

And when she saw Tom, she looked at him very kindly.

"What do you want, my little man? It is long since I have seen a water-baby here."

Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

"You ought to know yourself, for you have been there already."

"Have I, ma'am? I'm sure I forget all about it."

"Then look at me."

And as Tom looked her into her great blue eyes, he recollected the way perfectly.

"Now, was not that strange?" "Thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more; I hear you are very busy."

"I am never more busy than I am now," she said, without stirring a finger.

"I heard, ma'am, that you were always making new beasts out of old."

"So people fancy. But I am not going to trouble myself to make things, my little-dear. I sit here and make them make themselves. You can't see any more, indeed?" thought Tom. "And he was quite right."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SEVENTH of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity. A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest continuance in its lowest estate.

Sometimes it is like a window curtain; it pleases an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light. The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

The difficulty in life, is the same as the difficulty in grammar: to know when to make the exception to the rules.

Happy the child who is suffered to be, and content to be, what God meant it to be—a child while childhood lasts.

It is no advantage to have a lively mind if you are not just. The perfection of the penitentiary is not to go fast, but to be regular.

The efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives for performing it.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other folk will talk so, whatever they ought to do.

If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get better and repent. But opposite temper to temper, pile on the fuel; draw others into the scrape, and let one bad word be followed by another, and there will soon be a conflagration.

Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and sorrow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence. We shall go from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in, to go no more out for ever.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air of the breeze that rocks the flowers; upon the rainbow that retires to the spirit of its light; upon the leaf in the desert; upon every pebbled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live by its light. He has written, "None live without me."

MAKING a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home, and Heaven," and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle breeze that soothes by the pillow, the crystal dew that is drawn dry, the flowers that are not home the fairest name for heaven. We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never fade.

A LEAF from the tree by a funeral pile, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who knows from its fellows? Who is said that it is gone? Thus it is with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are struck with grief when a loved one is taken and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal dew is drawn dry, the flowers are dead, the stern gate of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted springs, and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the sepulchre without making a single step by his footstep.

LOVE at First Sight.—A FABLE.—A woman was walking one day in a park, and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? My sister is much prettier than I am." The woman answered, "I am in love with you, why do you ask another woman?"

WIP AND HUMOUR.

SLACK.—The witless man's wit. A LITTLE Boy defines snoring as letting off sleep. A PAINFUL Weakness.—Parloving a garrotter. PARTRIVELY Speaking.—Using the Irish language. MOTO FOR GIGGLES.—Honest tea is the best poison.

WHAT STATE is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-h-o-h.

Those who visit the 'nunts of dissipation often whirl-up at their uncles. Of course you have seen a rope walk, but did you ever see a magic lantern slide?

The servants in the bathing establishment of Linnæus are spoken of as senseless. To TRAVELLERS.—The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

MOTHS.—An instrument to some people of rendering ideas as audible and of rendering virtues invisible.

HUMILIATING FOR HUMANITY.—The greatest mark finds a match in a little bit of wood tipped with brimstone.

Why is an heir-apparent to a throne like an umbrella in dry weather?—Because he is ready for the next rain.

I CAUGHT her softly by the arm—my gentle blue-eyed Kate. She squealed: "Let go, you careless fool; you hurt my vociferate."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Ladies will dress their heads this season with anybody's hair but their own. Months are to be worn slightly ajar.

STOCKING CALCULATIONS.—All over the country the clock is now striking six. The women are out in the streets, the public cry after it they stop.

LUCKY.—A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your papa has got so many legs."

The woman will probably become a ladylike accomplishment, owing no doubt, to the revolutions in the Tichborne case. Judy knows a lady who can not only crochet beautifully, but she can talk too.

NOT HIS FABLE.—Waiter (to cook): "George, gon in No. 3 says as his potatoes ain't good—says as 'em all got black eyes in 'em." George (read man Patrick): "Bedad, them, it's no fault of mine. Sure the spuds have been tighther after I put 'em in the pot!"

A LEGISLATOR in Missouri estimates the dog crop of the United States at 21,000,000. Each pup, he says costs a year, making a total of \$106,000,000. It would buy 1,311,000,000 chickens. Of these 16,000,000 are annually and bite 10,000 people, furnishing about 30,000 items to the local reporters.

Why is meant by hearing false witness?—was one of the questions at a late examination of the Windsor Infant School. A little girl replied, "It is, when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amid a general titter, in which he could not help joining. The pupils in London are very vigilant. If you hear anything stolen you run after the thief and bring him back for identification. If the stolen property is found on him, they clamp off his hand on your door step. By paying a sum equal to half of it, of course you can do your own killing and keep the body.

A JUDGE in Iowa attempted to settle the disputed ownership of a calf, Solomon-fashion, by depositing the animal midway between the residences of the contending parties, and asking the direction it took. The calf, who was not posted in the Scriptures, looked at his tail and bounded over the fence, and was in the next township before the counsel had time to note the area of Jude and.

More Post-ives.—Confidential Intelligence—"That young person" having called upon the Under-Home-ward's Situation; "But she says, M'm, she haven't a Character from her Last Place."—Misses:—And excuse me to take her without a written Greeting? Good Gracious Mrs. Roberts has the Woman her Intellect?—Housekeeper:—"Well, M'm, she have something tied up in a Bundle!"

A YOUNG gentleman entered the Adams Express office not long ago, and desired to send a package of letters to a young lady. The clerk, wishing to know the risk, inquired what they were worth. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then, with melancholy air, replied, "Well, I can't say exactly now; for I was so thoughtful that they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

A HONORABLE exclamation says a fancy farmer of Scott county, Ky., has built a \$2,000 hog pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam and lighted with gas. The troughs are of mahogany, and the troughs are furnished with Philip cushions. Whenever a hog is led out to execution chloroform is administered. This must be the same farmer who reported to the news columns of My cutting operations have been as follows: My outfit have eaten an my crops, and my hired men have eaten up my cattle."



# THE HEARTHSTONE.

## THE HEARTHSTONE PUZZLE.

### 120. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals, if read down, will name an author of renown.

- You'll often see this in the sky, And always when a shower is nigh.
- A land where warm the sunshine smiles, And one of the West Indian Isles.
- The place to which a maid belonged Who fought for France, her country wronged.
- This will a sure foundation form; Dreaded by sailors in a storm.
- The sweet to many in summer time Through this, and summer garland twine.
- A verdant isle, of Britain part, Its people of a generous heart.
- A means of justice, of olden time On many a country village green.

C. H. SMITH.

### 131. CHARADE.

The beginning of friendship, of love, or of hate;  
The first look of a tree is *green* in this state;  
Or a shrub, or an herb, or a flower.  
My *net* is an article sometimes seen;  
My *third* is in yellow but never in green;  
My *whole* is a neighbouring power.

C. H. S.

### 132. SQUARE WORDS.

- An island belonging to England; to aid; extensive; a wild animal; vigilant.
- Swiftly; heathen; a deputy; a light boat; to embark in.
- A German state; to worship; birds; to build; birds' houses. An expression of contempt.
- Predatory invasions; a river of Palestine; empty; a receiver.
- Exceeding another in age; a woman's name; a coin; to destroy; taxes.

THOMAS LEWIS.

### ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 11.

121. PUZZLE.—Floor; roof.  
122. CHARADE.—Shrimp.  
123. CHARADE.—The letter E.  
124. RHYME.—Babalava; (Grand); Anne; Pal-ziel; Isabella; Count; Edward; Ave; Boanar; An-lan-lan.  
125. PUZZLE.—Orlo; P; Royal; Earl; Senn; A; Toad; Exile; Sevenoaks;—Dresses; Pyramids.

### MARKET REPORT.

#### HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

11th April 1872.

Market quiet. Wheat was quoted firmer in the West this morning, but prices were without alteration. Liverpool rates were without material change, as per latest cable annexed:—

	April 11.	April 10.
Flour	25 0 0	25 0 0
Red Wheat	10 8 0	10 8 0
Red Winter	11 8 0	11 8 0
White	11 8 0	11 8 0
Barley	27 9 0	27 9 0
Oats	10 0 0	10 0 0
Peas	40 0 0	40 0 0
Pork	40 0 0	40 0 0
Lard	40 0 0	40 0 0

Business was quiet on 'Change this forenoon, and operations were in small compass. Quotations are without alteration, with the exception of ordinary Super, which are quoted a trifle firmer in consequence of scarcity. Extras quiet. Fancy in limited request with sales at \$6.00. Strong Bakers' Super in fair supply; transactions at \$6.15 to \$6.25, according to brand. Ordinary Canada in moderate demand at \$4.00. No. 2 and lower grades steady. Bag flour quiet. Receipts reported by G. T. R. 1,300 bushels.

Flour, 48 lbs. of 100 lbs.—Superior Extra, nominal \$9.00; Extra, \$8.25 to \$8.50; Fancy, \$8.00 to \$8.10; Fresh Super (Wheat) 100 lbs., nominal, Ordinary Super, (Canada Wheat), \$8.00 to \$8.00; Strong Bakers' Flour \$8.10 to \$8.20; Super from Western Wheat (Welland Canal), nominal, Super City brand (from Western Wheat), \$8.25 to \$8.30; nominal; Canada Super No. 2, \$5.45 to \$5.50; Western Super, No. 2 \$5.00 to \$5.00; Fine, \$4.85 to \$4.95; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Patents, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Upper Canada Flour, \$4.00 to \$4.00; \$2.75 to \$2.80; City bags, (delivered) \$3.00 to \$3.00.

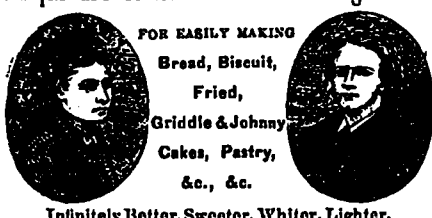
Wheat, 48 bushel of 60 lbs.—Nominal. Corn, 48 bushel of 56 lbs.—Steady, at 40c to 40c. Oats, 48 bushel of 32 lbs.—Steady, at 24c to 24c. Barley, 48 bushel of 48 lbs.—Dull at 50c. Cheese, 48 lbs.—Firm. Factory Fine 14c. Lard, 48 lbs.—Steady, at 17c to 17c. Butter, 48 lbs.—Firm. Firsts, \$7.50 to \$7.50. Second steady. Firsts, \$8.50; Second \$8.00. Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs.—Market quiet. Recent sales were at \$5.50 to \$5.75, according to weight.

CATTLE, per bbl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.80 to \$5.00 according to quality. BUTTER, per lb.—Market dull and nominal. Store packed Western 32c to 35c; Dairy Western, 30c to 32c; Choice Dairy, 28c to 29c. PORK, per bbl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet, but firm. New Mess, \$15.50 to \$15.75; Old, \$15.25 to \$15.50; Thin Mess, \$14.00 to \$14.50.

### "THE HEARTHSTONE" IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAL:

- Adams.....141 Main Street.
- Bell.....103
- Boucher.....278 Main
- Bennett.....192 St. Antoine.
- Bronnan.....19
- Chapleau.....14 Notre Dame.
- Clarke.....222 St. James.
- Clarke.....17 St. Antoine.
- Chisholm.....Bonaventure Depot.
- Cockburn.....110 Wellington.
- Cooke.....102 Rue de la Paix.
- Collins.....803 St. Catherine.
- Carvalho.....625
- Carvalho.....418
- Carvalho.....102 Bonaventure.
- Dawson & Brothers.....St. James.
- Dawson.....Place d'Armes Sq.
- Dorion.....468 St. Marie.
- Dawson.....304
- Doutre.....209 Notre Dame.
- Damaris.....280 St. Catherine.
- Elliott.....825 St. Joseph.
- Elliott.....625
- Galt.....107 St. Peter's Hill.
- Holland.....512 St. Marie.
- Hills Library.....606 Dorchester.
- Humphreys.....801 St. Catherine.
- Kelly.....619 Craig.
- Kirby.....899 Notre Dame.
- Lavell.....Chabot's Square.
- Maro.....156 St. Antoine.
- McIntosh.....316 St. Catherine.
- Murray.....365 St. Catherine.
- Oppenheimer.....489 St. Joseph.
- O'Meara.....Public Market 812 St. Catherine.
- O'Meara.....872
- Perry.....101 Main and Craig.
- Payette.....141 Notre Dame.
- Pickup.....Francis Xavier.
- Paizo.....84 Bonaventure.
- Prout.....654 St. Catherine.
- Roy.....654 Dorchester.
- Rae.....300 St. Joseph.
- Stafford.....612
- Smith.....415 Wellington.
- Thibodeau.....394 St. Marie.

### Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder



Infinitely Better, Sweeter, Whiter, Lighter, Healthier, and Quicker than can be made by the old or any other process.

Prepared by McLEAN & Co., Lancaster, Ont.

## 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.

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
1	120	A SINGER Family Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, in a blackwalnut polished Cabinet case, with cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$70.00	A Lady's Watch, with Gold hunting case, superbly enamelled and set with diamonds—a most beautiful jewel and excellent time-keeper. Price, \$70.00
2	100	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine (GROVER & BAKER STITCH), silver plated, in a beautiful blackwalnut Cabinet with drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$50.00	A Lady's Watch, in Gold hunting case, beautifully enamelled. Price, \$55.00
3	90	A SINGER Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, 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
4	80	A SINGER 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
5	70	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, (GROVER & BAKER STITCH) silver plated, blackwalnut table and cover. Price, \$35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, enamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, \$35.00
6	60	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, (GROVER & BAKER STITCH) same as above, but not plated. Price, \$30.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold and enamelled cover. Price, \$30.00
7	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
8	30		A Silver Hunting Lever Watch, first-class in every respect. Price, \$15.00
9	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.

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.

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.

**FIRST GRAND PREMIUM.**—For the largest number of new subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 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

**SECOND GRAND PREMIUM.**—For the next largest number of subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872: A Splendid 6 octave double-reed Parlor Organ, C Scale, in Solid Walnut Case, Sunk Panels, Richly Carved, No. 1 Ivory Front Keys, Music Closet, Four Stops, Bourdon, Melodia, Viola, Piccolo.....Price, \$155.00.

**THIRD GRAND PREMIUM.**—For the next largest number of subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872: A beautiful Single-Reed Parlor Organ, in Solid Walnut Case, Richly Carved, Sunk Panels, No 1 Ivory Front Keys, with Music Closets.... Price, \$100.00.

**FOURTH GRAND PREMIUM.**—For the next largest number of subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872: A fine Single Reed Parlor Organ, in Solid Case, Sunk Panels, Elegantly Carved Ornaments, name-board finished in jet and gilt.... Price, \$65.00.

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. Subscriptions taken for the HEARTHSTONE 1871 and 1872 for three dollars, (including Trumbull's Family Record and the splendid Engraving given to every subscriber for 1872) will be counted as one and a half subscription, in the competition for the prizes and GRAND PREMIUMS.

Send in subscriptions as fast as obtained, and that parties may receive the paper at once. Give the correct name and address of every subscriber. Use Bank drafts, Post Office money orders, or register your letters when remitting; otherwise the money is at your risk.

All subscriptions will be reckoned from the 1st January, and the papers so sent, unless otherwise specified.

All who wish to canvass with greater speed and more success, should remit us \$1.00 for a copy of the Presentation Plate.

### 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.

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.

### THE HARP OF CANAAN.

Second Edition Revised and Improved.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST POETS ON BIBLICAL SUBJECTS AND HISTORICAL INCIDENTS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

COMPILED BY THE REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, AUTHOR OF

Cyclopedia of History and Geography, The British American Reader, The Battles of the World, &c., &c.

SELECTION OF CONTENTS.—Historical Incidents of the Old Testament, The Creation, The First Sabbath, Adam's First Sonship, The Garden of Eden, Eve's Recollections; Adam, where art Thou? Cain, where is thy Brother Abel? The Deluge, The Subsiding of the Waters, Jacob wrestling with the Angel, The Seventh Plague of Egypt, The Passage of the Red Sea, Samson's Lament for the Loss of his Sight, David's Lamentations over his Sick Child, Absalom's Choral Hymn of the Jewish Maidens, The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

The whole containing over One Hundred and Fifty Choice Poems.

No Library complete without one. Single Copy, 75 Cents; by Post, 10 Cents extra. Liberal reduction to Societies, Libraries, Schools, &c., &c.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher.

1 & 3, PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL, Q. 15 1/2

### A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.

ALL THE ORGANS AND TISSUES OF the body are constructed and nourished by the blood which holds in solution the material of which are made bone, muscle and nerve, and distributes to each its proper proportion. To insure perfect formation of this vitalizing agent, there must be complete Digestion and Assimilation. When these functions are deranged there will be Dyspepsia, the food will be imperfectly dissolved from insufficient gastric juice, the blood will become watery and deficient in fibrin (the vital principle), and the whole system undergo degeneration from purverted nutrition: diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Heart and Lungs, with Nervous Prostration and General Debility result, and the constitution is broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases. To enable the Stomach to digest food, and to supply the waste going on from mental and physical exertion, Dr. Whelan's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calcium is reliable, and permanent in its effects. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.

### TO TRAPPERS, HUNTERS AND SPORTSMEN.

HOW TO SCENT, BAIT, TRAP AND CATCH THE FOX, WOLF, BEAR, BEAVER, OTTER, FISHER, MARTIN, MINK, COON AND MESSKAT.

Also, how to dress Deer-skins, and skin stretch, and the skins of all the above animals. The best modes for setting the traps are plainly explained. The scents are the best known. The receipts for dressing pelts and skins are the best yet published. All the above receipts sent promptly by mail to all who apply for them, for one dollar, plus your letter. Address P. PENNOCK, P. O. Station, P. O., Leeds Co., Ont. 3-5

### Academy for Young Gentlemen.

English, Classical, and Mathematical. DAILY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT.

Rev. C. FREDERICK STREET, M.A., Principal, ASSISTED BY EXPERIENCED TEACHERS.

Number of pupils limited. Pupils admitted a Boarders in the residence of the Principal. 2-12

MRS. CUSKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:—No. 215 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 10-22

### GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

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

For sale at all Drug Stores. Price 25 cents per bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. 2-24

### 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.

Price 10c per 100, or from 11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity. LEGGO & Co. 310 ST. ANTOINE STREET and 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL. Montreal.

### WINTER'S AMUSEMENTS.

MAGIC LANTERNS &c. A Magic Lantern with condenser lamp, and reflector showing a disk of three feet in diameter. A box containing one dozen magic slides (38 subjects) sent free to any part of Canada, Price \$2.50. For larger kinds see Catalogue.

MICROSCOPES. The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalcules in water, cells in paste &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object, Forceps, Spare Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$3.00 sent free. H. SANDERS, Optician, &c. 103 St. James Street, Montreal. (Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

### C.—C.—C.

CHILDREN'S CARMINATIVE CORDIAL THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY FOR

TEETHING PAINS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP, RESTLESSNESS, &c.

For Sale by all Druggists. DEVINS & BOLTON, Chemists, Montreal. 2-30-22

THE HEARTHSTONE is printed and published by Geo. E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.