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**VOLUME III.** 

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

TERMS, | \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 3.

BY MRN. HALK

"It snows!" cries the school-boy-" Hurrah!" and his shout.

Is ringing through parlet and hall, while swift as the wing of the swallow he's out, And his playmates have answered his sall:

It makes the heart warm but to witness their joy-Prond wealth has no pleasures. I trow, Like the rupture that burns in the blood of the boy, As he gathers his transares of enow;

Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs, While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

IT SNOWS.

"It renows!" says the imbecile..." Ah!" and als breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
White, from the pate aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushion'd chair.
Is wheeled towards the life-giving flame;
He dronds a chill puff of the snow-barned sir,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we
live!

"It snows!" shouts the Traveller - "Ile!" and the word
Has quickened his stood's lagging page.
The wind rushes by, but its how! is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face:
For bright through the dark storm his own home appeared;
Though leagues intervened, he can see
The clear glowing hearth, and the lable prepared,
And his wife, with their babes on her knee!

1) Lord! how it lightens the desolate hour
To know that our dear ones are safe from its power.

"It snows!" says the Belle—" Dear, how tucky!"
and turns
From hor mirror to watch the flakes fall;
like the lirst rose of summer her dimpled check

Like the lirst rose of summer her dimpled check burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
And visions of conquests, and splendor and mirth, Flont over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on the snow-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes sway:
I arn, turn thee to Hervyn, Interested for Johns,
I hat world has a fountain ne or opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow-"O God!" and her

"It snows!" cries the Widow—" O God!" and her sighs
lave stilled the voice of her prayer;
It's a burdon ye'll read in her tears-swellen eyes,
On her cheek pale with fasting and our o.
Tis night—and her fatherless sek her for bread,
But " He gives the young ravens their food"—
And she hopes, till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread.
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor widow! That sorrow thy God only knows
"Its a pitiful lot to be poor when it saws.

## THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE ACTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLERAVON."

CHAPTER IV.

WAYS AND MEANS.

By the time Mr. Robinson's remains had been transported to England, and the funeral obsequies performed, every one knew the terms of his last will. It was worded with the closest his list will. It was worded with the closest regard to technicalities, so that it would have been vory difficult for any one to find a flaw in it. There were legacies to a few personal friends as well as the servants who were with him at the time of his death, and some liberal bequests to various charities, in which he had taken a living interest. These were to be paid at once; and then all of his leaveners reconstructed. living interest. Those were to be paid at once; and then all of his limmonse property, not alaiready disposed of, was left in trust to three gentlemen, whose names followed, to accumulate until his natural helress, the only daughter of his deceased sister, should marry; at which time she was entitled to claim it.

This clause of the will struck all who heard it with surprise, for neither Mr. Melliss nor the solicitor entrusted to draw up the document had ever heard the testator speak of the relative whom he had made his helress. Who was sho? Where was ske? It might naturally be

sho? Where was ske? It might naturally be concluded, from the allusion to her marriage, that she was youthful. If so, under whose protection was she residing? or where was she roceiving the education necessary to fit her for the position her wealth would entiste her to assume? Questions these which every one asked, and no one was able to answer.

Mr. Robinson, though always cheerful and so-cial in his habits, had been a reserved man, who never made any allusions to his own affairs. It was supposed, on tolerably good grounds, that he went to India when very young, and by industry, combined with remarkuble business talents and energy, had worked his way up till his wealth grew to an enormous

He had always shown himself hospitable and concrously ready to assist any of his follow-countrymen whose efforts were less successful han his own had been. But not one amongst he young men to whors, during his residence in India, he had lent a helping hand, nor either of his few personal friends, could recall any person who claimed relationship with the nabob, or who had known him in his earlier life.

In this dilemma, Mrs. Broan, his housekeeper, was referred to. She had resided with him for many years, and was supposed to be the only corsonage ever honoured with his confidence, ifer unremitting attentions to her master during his last illness had thrown her on a bed of dekness, and Mr. Melliss, learning that it might He had always shown himself hospitable and

dickness, and Mr. Melliss, learning that it might be some weeks before she could travel, went to Pau te interrogate her. He came back none the wher for his journey. The old woman had little or nothing to toll. She testified a blind faith in the rectitude of all her master's proceedings; sturdly averring that he had a right to make his will and bequeath his money just as he liked best. For her own little annuity of twenty-rive



GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT .- See page 4.

## THE HEARTHSTONE.

pounds she was very grateful, and nevertired of The price of that pleture would keep me in telling of Mr. Robinson's goodness to her. But gioves for six months."

she threw no light on the mystery surrounding Sir Charles threw himself into a chair, yawnthe helress. Her master had never received visits from a lady, either young or old; nor, as far as she was aware, had he been in the habit of visiting any one beyond the acquaintances he had made at Pau. He had appeared extremely anxious for the arrival of Frank Dalton, saying more than once that when the young man came he must be left alone with him, for there was something to be explicitled! As this was a proof that he had not intended

any deliberate slight or injustice, Frank was comforted; for an uneasy feeling had possessed him that the youthful follow he had committed had been reported with exaggerations to Mr. Robinson, and intured his sister's prospects as well as his own. Still matters remained in the same case. The helress—how were they to find

But Mr. Melliss ridiculed the idea of there be-

ing any real difficulty in this.
"The lady is sure to put in her claims speedily, even though she may have been—as ap-pears probable—quite estranged from her eccen-tric relative."

For once, however, the astate lawyer proved at fault. Weeks went by, and the lady gave no signs of having become cognizant of Mr. Rob-

inson's death and her own accession to fortune, Mr. Melliss inserted advertisements in the daily papers, notifying the facts, and requesting her to call upon him. But these notices, though they were repeated again and again, and brought numberless applicants to torment the lawyer with their ingenious and false claims, received with their ingenious and latise chains, received no reply. The solledtor who drew up the testament now creating so much perplexity, averred that his client had been perfectly sane and colected at the time he was called. The doctor also vouched for this; and the fact that Mr. Robinson was of sound mind when he dictated his will, rendered the non-appearance of his nameless heiress all the more extraordinary.

numeless helress all the more extraordinary.
While these proceedings were pending, Frank and Rosamond were not ldle. Their own position was decided. They were left to their resources, and must resign themselves to this change of fortune as best they could. With all Mr. Melliss's professions of regret at the way in which they had been trented, it was easy to proceeding that his warrantee for many trented of the life. which they had been trented, it was easy to perceive that his warinth of manner was gradually cooling down, and that for a long time they had not been welcome guests to his lady."

"In fact, dear Rosie," said her brother, as lightly as he could,—"In fact, dear, we are already finding out that it is the way of the world to look coldly upon the unfortunate."

"Our true friends will not desert us, Frank."

The handed a little bitterity "Wivere are

He laughed a little bitterly. "Where are they, dear? Yesterday, in the Park, I met lady Mountnorris and her daughter. The Countess was barely civil, and Laura was too busy illriting

with a richer man to have a smile or a look for me. And yet a month ago.——" He gnawed his lip, and checked himself; the subject was to painful to be dilated upon. "You feel these funcied slights too keenly."

"100 feet tiese annered sagars too weens, said Rosamond, tenderly. "You are still an officer and a gentleman. We have no cause to be ashamed of our poverty, Frank:"

"I know it, dear; and as you regard the mat-

plans for the future. We must leave here, that is certain. I don't care to accept any more favours from Mr. Melliss. We will cat at our own table, Rosamond, even though we can only afford ourselves meagre fare."

"I am ready to do anything you propose, but I must not be a burden to you Fronk. I was

1 must not be a burden to you, Frank. I was thinking of writing to Madame Felippa, and asking her to try and procure me a situation as

" I'll not let you do anything of the kind, Rosamond," was the impetuous reply. "I know too well the dreary life you would have to lead. No, no, little sister; we will face our fate to-gether, and you shall not work for your llying while I can earn it for you."

"But, Frank, dear, I have always heard that

an officer's pay does not suffice to meet his own expenses. How, then, would you, with the most

rigid economy——"

But here Frank interrupted her, his handsome face clouded with vexation and shame. "Darling Rosic say no more. I have an ugly confession to make. I shall be obliged to sell my commission, for I have been dreadfully extravagant, and my dobts must be paid. When this has been done, I fear that I shall not have more than a hundred or two left,"

Rosamond, who had began to look very serious, smiled again.
"With two hundred pounds we may do a

great deal; for if am to be your housekeeper, sir, I shall be very economical. But what do you propose doing?"

Making use of my talents. Rosamond. I have always had a passion for art, and have painted, as you know, several pictures which artists with whom I am acquainted, approve my We must rent a cottage just out of town, and while you make the puddings, and keep the weekly accounts, I will work for fame

Young, hopeful, and enthusiastic, they set about carrying their scheme into immediate ex-ecution. Mr. Melliss shook his head at it, and proposed that he should endeavour to procure a clerkship for Frank, instead, but his offer was

rather disdainfully rejected.
"I have thought of this already," Frank said, "and made inquiries. But I find that, as a innior clerk, I shall only receive a very small sa-lary. Resamend and I cannot starve on fifty pounds a-year.'

"Some men of my acquaintance-good and clever men, too—contrive to support large families on as small a sum." responded the solicitor, austerely.

"Poor fellows, I pity them!" said Frank, ghtly. "I'll try to avoid the drudgery of the desk if I can, ch, Rosumond?"

She gave him back smile for smile, and the next day saw the brother and sister domiciled in a tiny cottage at Holloway, chosen because it contained a room that would serve admirably as a studio for the young artist.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE BARONET IN TOWN.

One of Major Colbye's favourite lounges when in town, was at the rooms of a celebrated pic-ture dealer, and here Sir Charles Tresilian found him one morning, soon after the latter had re-covered sufficiently from the effects of the railway accident to resume his usual habits.

The Major was sitting in front of a well-designed but somewhat crude study in water colours of a bit of woodland scenery, contemplating it in different lights, and so absorbed in his occupation that the Baronet had inid a hand on his shoulder before he heard his approach. "Good morning, Colbye. I shouldn't have

imagined that such a veritable sketch from Nature would please you, who profess to like no-thing so well as the shady side of Pall Mall. Are you thinking of purchasing?"

The Major arched his eyebrows "Don't be absurd, my dear fellow! Did you ever know me commit the extravagance of buying anything that would be of no use to me?

ing and sighing as if thred of the day already,
"Poor boy!" said the Major, glancing at him
over his shoulder. "Your benevolent impulses

"Don't feign ignorance, Charlie! What could it be but pure benevolence that kept you play-ing billiards till three o'clock this morning with

are too much for you,"

a sharper, who was bent on deceing you?"

"Please to remember that the said sharper
was introduced to me by you!" was the sulky

retort. "Po I wish to forget ? I did not guarantee his honesty; I only told you that he was a musing

and ingenious." . And left me to discover for myself that his

Ingenuity consisted in cheating flats."
The Major: miled provokingly. "You foolish youth; to have warned you would have been to insimuate that you are one of the simpletons be preys upon; and I hate saying rade things. Do you want to drive me to Greenwich, Charlle, and give men whitebalt dinner? I see your cabriolet is at the door,"

"I don't think my good impulses are strong

enough to carry me to Greenwich solely to oblige you," said Sir Charles, testily. "Would you prefer my going alone, and send-ing you the bill?" Major Colbye asked, in his lazy, drawling accents, c1 should decidedly like your society better than solitude, but Pli not bore you into going merely for my sake," The Baronet's irritability was vanquished at

"Pon my word, Colbye, your impudence would be unbearable if it were not so amusing. But if I must pay for a dinner, I may as well share it; and I cannot be more engaled with you than without you. So come along,"
"Would it be importinent to ask the last news from the Court of Lave?" Major Cobbye

usked, us, seated behind the Baronet's blood mure, they were dushing through the streets of

London,
"If you mean, am I still wasting my money on that pretty, fields danscuse, I answer no. There are but two classes of women, the silly and the cunning, and I am sick of both,"

"The lady-killer turned misanthropical at last! I say, Charile, how long will this mood last? Till another pretty face attracts you, ch? Apropos, I saw one of your old flames this morn-

ing."
"You might have seen a dozen for all I care,"
"You might have seen a dozen for all I care," Sir Charles answered, as he touched the spirited mare with his whip, and made her prance and

curvet.
"The dear boy is positively ill-tempered," was the Major's comment. "I thought my Charlie would have been pleased to hear that she is found; but I suppose that fancy, like many others, has passed away."

"Who are you talking about, Colbye ?" asked his friend, beginning to testify a little interest.
"Who but the rose of the rallway-station— "Who but the rose of the ranway sandon—the Dalton rose—the peerless flowerthat Charlie Tresilian raved about for three weeks, two days, and an odd hour!" Sir Charles was aroused now, and turned eng-

erly towards him.
"Miss Dulton! You have seen her? Where

-where?"
"When you have kindly permitted your ani-

mul to walk on four legs, as Nature designed her to do, I'll fell you. Thanks—that's decidedly an improvement! My life's precious to me, my friend, though you don't seem to think so."

"If you would but cease your foolery, and tell me where you saw her!" exclaimed the Baronet, his small stock of forbearence already exhausted.

"I shall have the greatest pleasure in satisfy-ing both your requirements," the Major blandly replied. "I saw Miss Dalton at the rooms of Monsteur Gall, standing precisely in the spot where you found me about an hour after she vanished. Could anything be more explicit than this statement?"

this statement?"

"You are sure you have made no mistake?
Did she see you? Did you speak to her?"

"And risk being given in charge as the ruffian who had insulted her on a previous occasion? No, no; I victimised myself for you once, but I have not the courage to volunteer such a markety of the property of the courage to volunteer such a markety of the section when the courage to volunteer such a markety of the section when the section of the courage to volunteer such a markety of the section when the section of the courage to volunteer such as the section of the section tyrdom again. I don't like pretty women to frown at me."

"But you tell me nothing about her. How did she look? Who was she with? Where is she

she look? Who was she with T where is she living?"

The Major sighed.

"What a cross-examination to inflict on a poor follow! I fave you no mercy? Firstly, she was pale, and her dress was shabby; gloves mended, skirts flimsy with much wearing. Secondly, she was alone, and thirdly I dou't couldy, she was alone; and thirdly I don't

know."

"And this is all you can tell me?"

"Not quite; for I overheard enough to know that her errand at Galil's was to ascertain whether the picture you saw me admiring has found a customer."

"Is it her's? If so, I will buy it."

"She claims a partnership in it, I dare say," answered the Major, "although she is certainly not the artist."

Sir Charles's eager looks suddenly fell.
"I understand you—she is married; I might
have guessed as much; and married badly, my sweet, delicate blossom !"

Major Colbye put his hand on the reins just in time to prevent their running into a chaise

"Really, my clover friend, your romance quite blinds you to the reality of the dangers we are incurring. For my part, I had rather Miss Dalton committed bigamy, than have my neck broke. However, her marriage is an invention of your own; I never implied anything of the of your own; I never implied anything of the kind. The painter of that picture—you ought to make me a present of it, as a token of your grateful sense of the trouble you are giving me. The artist, who has aroused your jealousy, is

Sir Charles stopped his horse, put the reins into the Major's hand, and leaped out of the ca-

"Excuse me if I leave you. Give me Miss Dalton's address, and enjoy yourself at Greenwich. If I do not join you presently, you must conclude that the claims of love are stronger

than those of friendship."

But, oh, most amiable and impetuous youth!"
his friend exclaimed; "I cannot tell you where
your charmer lives, simply because I don't cnow. Perhaps Galli can give you this much

"Thanks; I will apply to him at once. Adiou!" But Major Colbye wheeled the cab round, and copt by the side of the Baronet, who was striding back to town. "One last remark, my Charles. Before call-

ing on Miss Dalton, would it not be as well to be propared with replies to the questions of her brother? Artists are inquisitive sometimes, and Mr. Dalton might wish to know your intention in renewing your acquaintance with his pretty sister. If I might suggest-

"No!" said the Baronet, abruptly. "I had rather you did not insinuate the casiest way of compassing the misery of an innocent girl. I must and will see her. I cannot dony myself that grathication; but I'll not do anything of which ' muil have cause to be ashamed here-25.22

Major Cothyo smiled,
"As you please; but it is very certain that
you cannot present yourself at the Datons'
without some valid excuse, and must, therefore,
postpone your interview with the haly till she
comes to Gallis, which she will do to-mor-

"Are you sure of this?" Sir Charles demand

ed.
"Quitc. Galli has a purchaser in view—for himself—and she the picture, I mean, not for himself—and she is to call in the morning. As you cannot see her till then, why not dine with me as you originally intended I"

"But, for once, his persuasions were not suc-cessful. He went to Greenwich alone, and Sir Charles, in a hired cab, rode to Galil's, to ascertain the residence of the Daitons. Ho was informed that it was in Holloway, and to Holloway proceeded the Baronet, and recomolited the neighbourhood, feeling himself repaid by eatching a glimpse of Rosamond as the arranged the curtains of the windows to shield the eyes of her brother. of her brother.

Little dreaming whose gaze had so lately been upon her, Rosamond entered Mr. Galli's rooms on the following morning, with fluttering heart. Frank, at the very moment that he was grow-ing hopefull of success, and been seized with ill-ness, the result of excessive toil and anxiety. With all their care, their little stock of cash had diminished rapidly; and the young man, haunt-ed by a dread of seeing Rosamond suffer from absolute want, had toiled till his eyes grew hollow and his strength broke down. Even now that there were hopes of his recovery, his trou-bled sister saw that it was impeded by his men-tal sufferings. Irritable and restless, he would insist upon having his colours and pencils; then, as the nerveless hand refused to carry out his conceptions, he would fling himself back on his couch, with a despairing groun, and it needed all her tender sympathy to soothe him into

tranquility.

It was now that the hitherto untried girl showed herselt brave and resolute. Although the daily meal could only be procured by the sale of some cherished ornament, Rosamond never murmured, nor openly desponded. She was always so cheerful and energetic, that Frunk would foundly call her his sunbeam, and woulder what he should have done without her.

"The picture is sold," said Monsieur Galli, brusquely, as she entered his rooms, and half hopeful, half afraid, bent an inquiring look upon him; "and the purchaser wishes to have a companion sketch. But he is here; he will give you his own ideas concerning it."

He moved aside to make way for the gentleman who was negating forward to account Possessing forward to

man who was pressing forward to accest Rosamond. He did not know whata weight his words had lifted from her thankful heart; though even that scarcely sufficed to explain the start, the blush, the sudden trembling that assailed her when she found her hand clasped in Sir Charles

She had thought of him too much and too often for her own peace; but in the last few months she had been learning self-control, and there was a gentle dignity in her manner that kept the Baronet's transports in check. It was evident that she was not to be addressed in the backneyed terms of flattery and impertment familiarity.

"It has been hard to find myself foreotten." he said, gazing at her reproachfully, "Day after day, while I by unable to see you, I hoped to hear that you had inquired after my fate, but

always to be disappointed."

Rosamond had now railled her spirits. "Have we seemed ungrateful?" Forgive us. Circumstances have occurred which rendered it impossible for Frank to thank you personally for your kindness to me. The newspaper kept us in-

formed of your progress towards recovery."

"Than you have thought of me sometimes?"
the Baronet demanded, tenderly.

"Oh, yes; and of the unfortunates who were killed, and all our companions on that memorable tenance."

hible journey."
"Of all who suffered, but not of one especially. This is an admission which mortifies my vanity terribly, Miss Dalton."

"Why should it, sir?" she asked, gravely. "I cannot suppose that you rated your services so highly as to expect some tangible proof of my brother's gratitude."

"Youare right; but still I hoped to be thought

"Youare right; but still I noped to be unugued of with some of the deep and abiding feeling your image awoke in my own heart, said Sir Charles, with a glance into her face that made Rosamond colour more vividity than before,

though she answered quietly enough.
"You are very polite, sir, but I am too inexperienced in the usages of society to know
how to guage the worth of such complimentary

"Then you think me insincere; you do not believe that I have been longing to behold you? Unkind?" Is this your meaning?"
"I think I would rather hear you when Frank

Sir Charles felt himself folled, and bit his lip. He adroitly changed the subject.

He adroitly changed the subject.

"You must be proud of your relationship to such a clever artist. Will Mr. Dalton oblige me by painting a companion picture to the gem I

"Frank will be very glad to do so," auswered Rosamond, herself forgotten in her loving auxiety to advance her brother's interests. "He has been ill: but to hear that his works are appreciated will do him so much good! He will com-mence the picture you wish to have as soon as he is able. Do you leave the choice of the subject to him?"

"Or to you," answered Sir Charles, who was admiring the lovely bloom that had risen into her cheek while she was speaking. "Pray do not let Mr. Dalton hurry himself; but at the same time, will you kindly hint to him that he is at liberty to draw upon me whenever it suits

## (To be continued.)

What is a Gentleman?—In the course of an address to the Leeds Young Men's Christian Association, delivred lately by the Bishop of Manchostor, his lordship said:

"Some peopls think 'a gentleman' means a man of independent fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not work hard for his daily bread. None of these things make a gentleman; not one of them, nor all of them together. I have known men when I was brought closer in contact with workingman, than, from my changed position, I am brought now, I have known mea of the roughest exterior, who had been accustomed all their lives to follow the plow and to look after horses, as thorough gentlemen in heart as any nobleman that over worse a ducal coronet. I mean I have known them as unselfsh, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as struthful, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as the total the boen cadly procitited, and what I want to tell you is that the numblest man in Leeds who has the lowest work to do, yet, if his heart be tender and pure, and true, can be, in the most emphatic sense of the word, 'a gonlleman."

M. Brown-Sequand experimented upon the stiffend arm of an executed criminal, by injecting warm blood into it; the muscles regained their contractility and their nerves their irritability. As the cutting off the blood is paralysis of nerve element, so a deficiency of blood is a cause of degeneration of nerve element. Follows: Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will cause the formation of healthy blood, and consequently increase nerveus power, induce vital activity in debilitated constitutions, and tone all the organs dependent for health on muscular or nerveus strength.

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER ..

He stood on his head on the wild sea-shore, And danced on his hands a Jig : I nall his emotions, as never before, A madly hilurious grig.

And why? In the vessel which left the bay lilis mother-in-law had sailed To a tropical country some distance away, Where tigers and serpents provailed.

He knew she had gone to recruit her health, And dootoshor rasping cough, But wagered himself a profusion of wealth That something would carry her off.

Oh, now he might look for a quiet life, And even be happy yet. Though owning no end of neuralgical wife, And up to his collar in debt. For she of the spees and curied false front, And black alpaca robe. Must pick out a sallor to suffer the brunt, Of her next daily trial of Job.

He watched while the vessel out the sea, And bumpishly upped and downed, And thought if already she qualmish could be Ho'd consider the edifice crowned.

He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin, Till she lectured him out of broath; And now, as he gazed at the zhip she was in, He howled for her violent death—

Till over the azure horizon's edge, The bark had retired from view, When he leaped to the erest of a chalky ledge, And pranced like a kangaroo.

And many a jubilant neaf he sent O'er the waves which had made him free, Then cut a last caper cestatic, and went Turning somers aults homeward to tea.

## CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," " WRECK-ED IN PORT," &C., &C.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV. VISITORS.

ALTHOUGH her mind was sufficiently made up as to the course which she would pursue, Madge thought it would be advisable to take amage thought it would be advisable to take coursel with Mr. Drage, and accordingly early the next morning she set off for the rectory. She intended to tell Mr. Drage that Phillip Vane was coming to Wheateroft on a matter of business, but did not think it necessary to explain what that business was, nor to acquaint the rector with the information which she had gleaned by unravelling the mysteries of the cipher tele-gram. It would be sufficient, she thought, to gram. It would be sufficient, and thought, tell Mr. Drage that she intended to keep herself

tell Mr. Druge that she intended to keep herself concealed during the time her husband was at Whenteroft; and, by every means in her power to prevent him having the slightest idea of her connexton with Sir Geoffry's establishment.

She found the rector taking his morning walk round the garden, with little Bertha trotting by his side. Directly she caught sight of Madge, the child rushed towards her, putting up her face to be kissed, and clinging to Madge's gown with both hands.

both hands.
"We were talking about you just now, Mrs.
Pickering," said the child. "I was asking papa
why you did not come back and live here. We
should like it so much, pa and I would, and it
would be so much more cheerful for you than
staying with that cross old gentleman at Wheatcroft."

"My dear Bertha," said Madge, with a grave smile, "I should like to be with you very n

smile, "I should like to be with you very much, but I cannot come."

"So papa said," cried the child, turning to Mr. Drage, who had just come up. "I suppose as papa cannot have you here, that is the reason he has bought a portrait of you?,

"A portrait of me!" cried Madge, looking towards the rector with uplifted eyebrows.

"Bertha, my darling, how can you be so ridiculous," said the rector. "The fact is, Mrs. Plekering, that when at Bireester the other day, I saw in a shop window a print of a saint's head, by some German artist, and I was so struck with it, that I could not resist purchasing it."

"Yes, and he has had it nailed up over the "Yes, and he has had it nailed up over the mantelpiece in his bedroom, Mrs. Pickering; and when I told him the other day that I

thought it was like you, his face grew quite red.
Didn't it, papa?" is with me, and can help me to frame my replies," said the young lady, so demurely that sense," said the rector, whose cheeks were burning; then as the child darted off, he turned to his visitor and said, "Have you any news, Mrs. Pickering, as you are away from home so

early?"
"I have indeed," she replied, "and strange news. Philip Vane is coming to Wheateroft!" "Good Heavens!" cried the rector. "That

woman has told him of your visit to her."
"Oh, no," said Madge, with a smile, "she has not told him; she will not tell him. She has determined to play the game out in her own way, and to run the risk of whatever future revela-tion may bring forth. No, Mr. Vane is coming with another gentleman from London to see Si

Geoffry on business."

The rector gave a sudden start, and a bright enger look crossed his face, but died away im-

nediately.
"He will be at Wheateroft then some little ilme?" he said, "He will pass one night there," replied Madge. "The distance from London is too great for them to return the same day; besides they have busi-

ness to discuss with Sir Geoffry which will probably take some hours."
"What do you intend to do?" "I intend asking Sir Geoffry's permission to remain in my room. In the ordinary course of events, a person in my position would not be brought into contact with company remaining

for so short a period in the house; and it is only through Sir Geoffry's courtesy and consideration that I take a more prominent place in the house hold. I shall retire to my room when they noid. I shall retire to my room when they arrive, and remain there until after their departure. The name of Mrs. Pickering, the house-keeper, will doubtless be mentioned occasionally, but is one which Mr. Vane has never heard of in connexion with me, and will convey to his mind no idea of me whatever. Do you

approve of what I propose doing?"
"Porfectly," said Mr. Drage, with a strangely
nervous and excited air. "It is most important
that your husband should not know of your prosence in this place. You feel tolorably certain that Mrs. Bendixen has not acquainted him with your visit to her?"

your visit to hor?"

"I feel quite certain of it," said Madge. "Her last words to me were convincing on that point."

"Then Mr. Vane will stay over the night at Wheateroft. Who is the other gentleman who

is coming down with him?"
"The chairman of the company of which Mr. Vano is the general manager.

"The chairman! Oh, then it is through him that the business will principally be conducted; and Mr. Vane is probably only coming down to be referred to on points of detail. Is he a man likely to walk out much while he is here?" "What an extraordinary question is said Madge. "I can scarcely understand what you mean."

"I meant was he fond of exercise? Some "I meant was he fond of exercise? Some men whose lives are passed in the City are delighted et every chance of getting into the fresh air. However, I only asked for the sake of something to say. I think you are perfectly right in what you propose, my dear Mrs. Pickering, and I would recommend you to take overy precaution that your intentions are not frustrated."

frustrated."

He spoke in a nervous, jerky manner, quite foreign to his nature, and half put forth his hand, as though about to wish her good-bye. It was evident that he was anxious for her departure, and the spoke of the spok so Madge, wondering much what could have so strangely moved her friend, took her leave. The rector accompanied her to the gate, and then, returning to his study, turned the kev in the lock, and, falling upon his knees, prayed long and forward.

and fervently.
When Madge arrived at Wheateroft she found

When Mange arrived at wheateroit say noting Sir Geoffry in a state of great excitement, "I have received a letter from these gentle-men, Mrs. Pickering," he said, "and they will be here at midday to-morrow. Very invurious follows for mon of business they seem to be too. Springside is too fur distant from London for them to complete the journey in one day; they must sleep at Bireester forscoth. Not the sort of men to lead a forced march through a jungled country, with the thermometer at fever heat. Deuced easy style this Mr. Delabole writes in too; says he has no doubt that, after I have perused the private papers which he intends bringing with him, and listened to all he has to say, I shall be convinced of the excellence of the undertaking, and that he shall carry away the deed of —— duly inscribed with my name. He speaks so confidently that the investment which speaks so condently that the investment which he proposes must be a very sound one, or else he must have but a poor opinion of my business qualifications. I dare say he thinks it will be easy enough, with specious words and cooked accounts, to got over an old Indian soldier; however, that will remain to be proved. You will be quite ready for the reception of these gentlemen, Mrs. Pickering, and will make them comfortable. I am sure "

"You may depend upon their being made perfectly comfortable, Sir Geoffry," said Madge. "There will, I presume, be no occasion for my being in attendance when they are here?"

"None in the world," said Sir Geoffry, prountly.

promptly. "I mean that I shall not be called upon to see them, and that I may keep to my room during their stay?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Sir Geoffry.

"But you know, Mrs. Pickering, that I am rather proud of you, and——"
"I am a little over-fatigued by my journey,

"I am a little over-fatigued by my journey, and am in such a nervous hysterical state that I dread any introduction to strangers, fearing I might absolutely break down. I.—"

"Don't say another word about it; you shall do exactly as you please, and no stross shall be laid upon you. Sensitive woman that," said the old general to himself, looking after Madge's retreating figure, "high-spirited, and all that kind of thing. Does not mind the people about here, but doesn't like strangers. Is afraid, I suppose, of meeting people who knew her in better days, and who would be ashained of recognizing her in her present position. Now I must once more look through the papers which Irving sent to me, and coach myself up in readiness to meet these gentlemen from the City."

me, and coach myself up in readiness to meet these gentlemen from the City."

I'unctual to its time, the train containing the two gentlemen arrived at the Springside station the following morning, and Mr. Delabole, hopping briskly out, called a fly, then turned back to assist his companion in extricating their luggage from the carriage. There were a few persons on the platform, for it was an early and unfushionable train; but amongst them was a tail, thin man, of stooping figure, dressed in a long clergyman's coat, who hovered round the long clergyman's coat, who hovered round the two strangers, and seemed to take particular notice of them—such particular notice as to at-tract Mr. Vane's attention, and induce him to inquire jocularly of Mr. Delabole "Who was his friend?" whereupon Mr. Delabole stared with easy assurance at the tail gentlemen, and told Mr. Vane "that their friend was probably a parson who had got wind of the rich marriage Mr. Vane was about to make, and had come there to draw, him of a little money for the local chari-

They drove straight to Wheatcroft, and on

their arrival were received with much formality and politeness by Sir Gooffry, who told them that luncheon was awaiting them. During the discussion of this meal, at which the three gen-tionen alone were present, the conversation was entirely of a social character; Springside, its natural beauties and its nuneral waters: the style of persons frequenting it; the differences between a town and country life, were all lightly touched upon. The talk then drifted into a discussion on the speculative mania which had re-cently inid such hold upon English society, then filtering off into a narrow channel of admiration for Mr. Irving and his Midas-like power, working back into the broad stream of joint-stock comfor Mr. Irving and his Midas-like power, working back into the broad stream of joint-stock companies and rapid fortune-making, and dnaily settled down upon the Terra del Fuegos mine. During this conversation, Sir Geoffry, as was his natural instinct, had given utterance to various caustic remarks, and what he imagined were unpleasant truths, all of which, though somewhat chafed at by Mr. Vane, were received by Mr. Delabole, who evidently acted as spokesman for himself and his friend, with the greatst anytic and wore replied to with the utwost est sunvity, and were replied to with the utmost coolness and good temper. The promptitude which his companion displayed in seizing upon every word uttered by their host as a personal matter was not without its effect upon Mr. Dela-When Sir Geoffry pushed his chair back from the table and suggested that they should adjourn to the library, there to discuss the object of their visit, Mr. Delabole said:

of their visit, Mr. Delabole said:
"If you have no objection, Sid: Geoffry, I think
that this question will be more likely to be
brought to a speedy conclusion if it is left to you
and I. My friend Mr. Vane is invaluable in all matters of detail, and when we come to them we can request him to favour us with sence; for the old saying of two being better company than three holds good in business discussions as well as in social life, and if you have no objection, I think the basis of any agreements which are to be made between our friend Irving. represented by you, and the company represented by me, could better be settled by us nlone.

Sir Geoffry bowed stiffly enough. "Whatever Mr. Delabole thought he should be happy to agree to. From the position which Mr. Delabole held in the City, it was quite evident that in such a talk as they proposed to have, he, by him-self, would be more than a match for an old retired Indian officer."

Mr. Delabole smiled at this speech. "There yas, he boped, no question of brains or ingenuity in it. If the stability and excellence of this investment did not by thomselves, persuade Sir Geoffry to advise his friend to embark in it—and he hoped to embark in it a little himself—no blandishments of his should be brought forward





to bring about that end. It was simply a question of confidence and figures, not by listening to compliments and blarney. He would willingly retire with the general into the library, while his good friend, Mr. Vane, would perhaps stroll about the grounds, taking care to be within call if his valuable services were required.'

His good friend Mr. Vane, who during lunche-on had been paying particular attention to some old and remarkable Madeira which was on the table, did not seem at all to relish the plan thus sketched out. At the first, he seemed inclined to make some strong and open remonstrance, but a glance from underneath Mr. Delabole's bushy eyebrows dissuaded him therefrom, and he contended himself by shrugging his shoulders and indulging in other mild pantomimic signs of dissent and objection, Previously to retiring with Mr. Delabole, Sir Geoffry, with punctilious courtesy, accompanied Mr. Vane to the hall-door; pointed out to him where were the pleasantest walks in the grounds, how best to reach the spots from whence the favourite views were to be obtained, and handed him the keys of the conservatory and the gates opening into the home park. Mr. Vane received all this polite-ness very coolly, inwardly determining to take the very first opportunity of revenging himself on Mr. Delabole for the uncoremonious treat-ment received at that gentleman's hands. Left to himself, Mr. Vane strolled idly about

the grounds switching the heads off the flowers with his cane, and cursing Delabole's impudence for having relegated him to the duties of the second flddle.

" Make the best of your time, my good friend," said he, stretching himself upon a bench shaded by the overhanging branches of a large tree, and shaking his fists in the direction of the tree, and shaking his lists in the direction of the house, "make the best of your time, to swagger and give yourselfairs, and show that you are the head of the concern; while I am, or am supposed to be, only one of its paid officers; for within a week or ten days at the outside, I shall be my own master, and if you attempt anything of that kind with me then. I shall be anything of that kind with me then. I shall be in a position to tell you my opinion of you in the very plainest language. Don't think I have not noticed of late, how very tightly you have drawn the rope which binds me to you! Telegraph for me when I am away, told to go here and there, to find out this and that, brought down here and shunted on one side, as though I were a mere clerk, whose business it is to make memoranda of what may pass between their excellencies. Oh, my good friend Delabole, you may take your oath I will not forget this. When once my marriage with Mrs. Bendixen is an accomplished fact, and I have the knowledge that I am beyond any harm which you could do me, then you shall taste the leek which you have compelled me so frequently of late to swallow. I will put my foot on your neek, as you have put yours on mine, I will—Hallon, whose this coming this way? One of the garadeners, I suppose? No, by Jove! the purson who was poking about at the station, and who seemed to take such interest in us and our moveseemed to take such interest in us and our move-ments. Wint can be want? He must be a friend of Sir Geoffry's and makes his way through the grounds as a short cut from one part of his parish to the other. He will see I am a friend of the general's, and will want to enter into conversation. I hate parsons, and shan't take any notice of him."

With this miniable resolve, Mr. Vane curled up his feet beneath him on the bench, pulled out a clgar, and was just about to light, it, when, glancing up from under the brim of his hat, he saw the tall figure of the clergyman standing

side him.
Philip Vane dropped the cigar, and sprang to

"Who are you?" be cried, "and what are you

There is no occasion for you to disturb yourself," said the new comer, quietly lifting his hat,
"My name is Druge, and I am rector of one of
the parishes in Springside. I am speaking to Mr. Vane, I believe ?"

"That's my name," said Vane, shortly, and resuming his seat, "though I cannot imagine how you knew it, unless you read it off my portmuntenu, when you were dodging about the sta-tion this morning."

"I knew it before I was dodging about the

station, as you are politely pleased to say," said Mr. Drage; "I know a great deal more about you, as you will find out, before this interview is at an end!"

"The deuce you do !" said Philip Vane, with a cyrical smile; "I did not know my fame had extended to these parts. And what do you know about me, pray, Mr.-----.... I forget your

"My name, I repeat, is Drage!"

"Drage — Drage," muttered Philip Vane.

"Any relation of Drage, of Abchurchlane?"

A most respectable man, holding a leading position in the City. My dear Mr. Drage, I am delighted to make your acquaintance." And he

" said Mr. Drage, but otherdo not think

and noted with astonishment the heetic flush in his checks, the brightness of his eyes, the mobile working of his mouth.

may say what you please," he said,
"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me. If you were in the City, your father's clerks could telr you what position I hold there. City men are careful in their representation, and of what they say of each other; but you are a

parson, and are privileged I suppose 7"

"I am a parson. It was in that capacity I became acquainted with the circumstances, the knowledge of which has induced me to seek out. You are about to be murried, Mr.

The dullest of laymen could have told you that," said Mr. Vane, again with a cynical smile; "the report was in the newspapers." "Exactly; but the point I am coming to has not yet found its way into the newspapers, though it will probably be published

And it is-

"It is that you are married already !" As Mr. Drago pronounced these words a chill crept over Philip Vane, and for an instant he felt as one stupefied and benumbed. But he speedily recovered himself, and looking his com-panion straight in the face, said :

"Either you have been befooled yourself, or yor are trying to make a fool of me. In the latter case a hopeless and dangerous experi-

"I should not attempt to put my wits in antagonism to yours," said the rector, quietly, "but facts have been said to be stubborn things, and the marriage register of Chepstow Church, with the signature of Philip Vane and Margaret Pierrepoint in one of its pages, is still extent!"

"Who told you of this?" asked Vane, breath-

ing hard and speaking low. Your injured and descried wife !"

"Is the woman who once passed under that name still alive?" asked Vanc. anxiously. "The lady who has the terrible misfortune to

hold that position," said the rector, drawing himself up and looking at his companion with infinite disgust, " is alive and well."

" And you come from her?"
" No, I am here on her behalf, but not with her knowledge."

There was a momentary silence, broken by Vane, who said: "And what is the your seeking this interview with me?"

"To warn you that I am cognisant of the position in you stand; to warn you against the commission of the crime which you contain the market." tem pla te-

"And to ask for a round sum to buy off the "And to ask for a round sum to day on the opposition of yourself and your interesting accomplice. Is not that it, Mr. Drage ?"

"You scoundre!!" said Mr. Drage, "Do you dare to address such language to me—a ciergy-

"If it comes to a question of language," said Vane, with a laugh, "I believe that 'scoundrel' is scarcely a term much bandled about in cleri-As a matter of fact, I have found

a bribe than the rest of the world."
"You shall find one at least who scorns to discuss even the possibility of such an arrangement. Let us bring this interview to a close; you will clearly understand my object in seek ing it. I came to warn you that if you persevere in carrying out this marriage, I will most assuredly hand you over to the law!"

many gentlemen of your cloth not less open to

"And I warn you that if you interfere in my business, I will kill you!" said Philip Vane, savagely.

"Such a threat has no terrors for nie." said the rector. " Perhaps not," said Vanc, with a contemptuous glance at his companion's feeble frame; "however, I will find some decisive means—of

bringing you and your client to reason."

"Stay," cried Mr. Drage, "I did not come here to bandy threats, but simply to discharge: solemn duty. I will take no answer from you solemn duty. I will take no answer from you now, irritated as you are by the discovery that your real position is known to me. Think over what I have said, and save yourself from the commission of this great sin. If you have occasion to write to me you know were I am to be

Philip Vane hesitated for a moment, then

bowing his head, he said in a low tone:

"You are right. Do not think any more of
the wild words I uttered in my rage; leave me to think over the circumstances in which I am placed, and the manner in which I can best extricate myself from the danger into which I was

about to plunge. Leave me and—Heaven bless you for your kindness."

Mr. Drage looked at him with brimming eyes, and lifting his hat solwly walked off.

"That was the best way of sottling him," said Philip Vane to himself, as he watched the rector down the nath. "I must must his marriage lown the path. "I must push this marriage through at once, and make some excuse for hav ing it a perfectly quiet one."

(To be continued.)

(For the Hearthstone.)

## THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO. THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY REV. II. F. DARNELL.

PAPER L-"SPECTACLES." WHAT THEY ARE.

I have been giving some thought lately to the matter of "speciacies," In doing so, I have regarded them not so much from a philosophic as from a social and moral point of view. I find the subject far more prolific than I had at first supposed. How many things do we imagine that we have safely in our mind's grasp until we begin to analyze them, and find to our shame that we have only the shadow instead of the substance; and how many things do we think we can put into a mushell until we commence trying to pack them! I find this to be the case! From the common centre, spectacles, my thoughts seem to radiate in every conceivable direction, so that it is positively confusing; whilst before me is the dread possibility that when I have got through my thinking I only may be found to have circled the square instead of squar ing the circle. Here we have,—The origin of spectacles; the infinite varieties of spectacles actually in use; what bounds we are to set to the "genus spectacles;" the different purposes for which individuals make use of spectacles; aliat people did in that long and dark period when they were unblessed by speciacles; the when they were unblessed by spectacles; the advantages and disadvantages arising from the use of spectacles. Then, rising to a higher ground, (the moral aspect of the matter in hand,) we are opposed by a ray of more bristling pro-blems yet which we are invited to tackle. Is it essential to spectacles, (designed as they are supposed to be for the purpose of aiding or correcting imperfect vision), that they should themselves be visible and material? Has not anyprejudice, which wise taking no notice of the movement, "I do not think that you will be quite so pleased to make my acquaintance when you have heard all I have to say!"

Philip Vane looked hard at his companion, judgment as much as to his observation? asmuch as mental delusions and aberations are more serious than optical, ought we not to be even more careful in our selection and use as to the character of the one species of spectacles than

of the other ? I do not propose within the narrow limits to this paper to dwell upon all the points which I have here jotted down, nor do I propose even to touch upon them in the order in which the have been presented. I proceed simply to per down my thoughts in connection with this matter just as they entered into, and were altered through, my own mind. Whether those int be pleased to dignify them by the name of "thoughts," or complicently regard them but as the musings of some amiable lunatic who has deluded himself with the idea that he is a thinker, it is of course beyond my power to decide. Let it comfort me, should that be the case, to remember, that even philosophers have sometimes judged of each other, that when they thought they were thinking, they were only thinking they thought.

I have been impelled to the consideration of "speciacies" from my having observed of late how many of my fellow beings are in the en-joyment, of what I have heard styled, this "new sense:" as well as by the vast number and inflnite variety of these popular appendages which are offered for sale. I had often noticed this before in a general kind of way; but I determined at length to devote one leisure hour to a more perfect and practical consideration of the subject. I imagined I could best set about this in two different ways. First, I could recall to mind all those of my friends or acquaintances who were in the habit of wearing spectacles, and note, as far as I was able, the particular kind they wore; the end they had in view in wearing them; and how far that end in each case had been gained. Secondly, I could take my stand in a quiet corner of one of our crowded thoroughfarce, as if waiting for a friend or a public conveyance, and endeavour thus to arrive at a similar result by carefully studying each

gling with the human stream which surged continually through the busy streets of the capi-tal. My observation usually proving more re-liable than my memory, I deckled upon adopting the latter course. I tremble to think, modest as the latter course. I tremble to think, modest as I am with respect to my personal appearance, upon how many lenses I must have been temporarily photographed during that one hour!

The following is the result of my observations, and the conclusions to which they led me.

I found the wearers of spectrum.

I found the wearers of spectacles to be elegion."
In my engerness to note those who used them, I suppose I became for the time blind to those unhappy ones who possessed them not; for all at once it seemed to break upon me that it was I who was singular in being destitute of them, and not those in wearing them. Had I not been so interested in my observations, I verily believe

further, confined to neither sex, nor to any period of life; nor did they think for one moment of restricting themselves to any one particular form of this useful implement. The spirit in which it was worn was by no means the same in every instance. Some carried it triumphantly, and others timidly; some modestly, and others audaclously; some apologetically, and some jauntily. In each case, however, I fancled ected a sort of conscionsness of being " spec-

It was but natural that the venerable old gentleman who first passed me should help out his failing sight with their friendly aid. The silver hairs that glittered upon his broad, open brow, beneath his smooth and stapely hat, suited, and sufficiently accounted for, the appending ; as did the wrinkled forchead and feeble gait of that aged char-woman, bending her steps home-ward from the scene of toll which called for stronger and younger limbs than hers. But it did not seem natural they should east the incongruous shadow of distant age over that grace ful girl, whose feir check, delicate profile, and light, quick step, spoke rather of seventeen than seventy. This incongruity, however, attained its climax in the instance of a great over-grown, moon-faced lad of sixteen or therenbouts; who, with mouth agape, gloated through the double array of glass presented by the shop window and the large round panes planted upon his own countenance upon the cakes and confectionery within, Query: Did the exterd of the aperture displayed by his open mouth represent the degree to which the sweet-ments had been individually magnified by the double medium through which he contemplated them?

And now let me attempt to describe some few of the peculiarities which distinguished the different species of spectacles which were presented terent species of spectacies which were presented to my curious gaze, as those netually used and approved by my fellow beings. To begin with, there was the richly plated pair, (I think they were hexagonal), borne by the old gentleman before alluded to. The weight of those specta-cles, and the amount of workmanship expended upon them, must have been quite amazing. If the west organ of the wearr, but not been a the nasal organ of the wearer had not been a "noble Roman" that any general officer would have been proud to own, he could never have sustained that burden so patiently and heroleally as doubtless he had done the last quarter of a century. Who will say but that the nose did well, (as sung by the poet), to Incur all the expense and risk of litigation rather than be robbed of his title to an honour, the support of which devolves usually so entirely upon himself? So numerous and broad were the plated joints of the spectacles we are contemplating, extending rs they did across the bronzed cheek of the veteran ar beyond his ear, that I could not but think, as the profile moved past me, how closely it resembled a length of the mahogany flute which lay on a side-table at my chambers, and whose duicet notes had so often soothed my

adder hours, Immediately following these, the property of a young and pale-looking individual, probably a clerk in some banking house, came a pair with rims and fastenings of light blue steel; so slender in their make, and so completely obscured by ambrosial locks, that, save for the glittering glance they flashed upon me as they went, I should scarcely have been able to detect them. This variety I discovered to be very prevalent among a certain class of business men. Keen and practical, they simply wanted their specta-cles to see with; and had no fancy for carrying a single cause upon their nose, or indeed upon any other part of their person, beyond what there was actual occasion for. They evidently did not think it necessary to mount a pair of glasses weighing 64 oncessolely for the reason that there happened to be such a pair in their possession which their fa-thers or grandfathers had carried before them.
I could not but regard this as no small proof of strength of mind and moral courage. If it be considered something in these days even to be to a grand fath able to confess to a grant ather now much greater the priviledge, whilst adjusting these valuable relies of the past upon our patient nose to be able and claim, as if casually and with becoming nonchalence, "By the by, these were my grandfather's spectacles!" May there not be some connection between wearing one's grandfather's spectacles, and viewing with our grantfather's spectacles, and viewing with our grantfather's spectacles. grandfather's eyes the things of to-day? Is not he who is content to do the one, quite capable of doing, or likely to do, the other? The next variety of this universal article to

which my attention was drawn differed both in which my attention was drawn intered both in colour and form from any which I had noted in connection with the buman visage. I had in-deed observed spectacles similar to those expos-ed for sale in a shop-window which I passed almost daily on my way to the City. I had almost daily on my way to the City. I had however regarded them metely as a work of crt: a sample of what time and ingenuity could accomplish in that particular line; never supposing for one moment that it was ever serious intended that they should be worn. In fine I had taken it for granted that this extraordina-ry achievement in speciacles was to the opti-cian what those wonderful exhibitions in headgear which crown the barber's blocks were, to

him whom a facetious writer has stiled the " Hartist in air" ; or at any rate to be in the same calegory with the far-famed razors, constructed to sell and not to shave. But "incredible dictu!" a purchaser had been found. "Illi robur et æs triplex circa pectus erat." Moreover he word them with the air of one who thought he had the best in the bargain, and who was rather proud than otherwise of the decoration. But I must describe them. First, as to their colour, Now I had already remarked some variations in the shade of the glasses which were borne east me; but these were only of a faint and uncharacter. The slightest possible tinge only of blue or green detructing from the pure chrystal. These on the contrary were a deep. dark green. It was positive cruelty to carry such a pair before me just at a moment when my mind was full of this subject; when I wished to give it the fullest attention, I yet had but minutes in which to prosecute my inves tigations in each particular case. I was at once consumed with the desire to know how the orld and its contents looked from behind these extraordinary aids to vision. How did I appear how did everybody else appear, to this bold spectacled passenger as he passed me by, min- individual, who had as for as colour is concerned

thus stepped out of our world into another? If I blushed, (as I sometimes did), would be detect my weakness? If I turned dealy pule, would be

must have enjoyed a perpetual spring. He had but to adjust these wonderous lenses before his visage and he was in an Eden of his own creation. The dusty or mud-stained pavements of the City vanished at once. The walks were clad with verdure, and soft green mosses draped the beginned walls of the temples of Mammon, and I must have straightway gone off and purchased a pair, if only to keep me in countenance.

Those superior beings, gifted with the mow limits superior beings, gifted with the mow limits of larger whilst hold foresters, as in the sense of gazing through the mystic pebble upon the works of nature and of art, were, I perceived feature contactly auditoriary moved to and fro, arrayed in Lincoln green. moved to and fro, arrayed in Lincoln green. Clap a good overcoat upon that man's back, place a muffler around his neck, and than set him on the top of the Alps, or send him to winter in Canada, it matters not; you might change his country but not his clime. With those charmed spees on his nose, he would mistake even the tweak of Jack Frost for the sting of a mosquite; he could smap his fingers. In the face of the grin Ring of his beard of icicles; yea, thing him a shilling, as to a "Jack-in-the

green, and bid bim fool it at his will.

But in construction these spectacles were as remarkable as in colour. Not content with allowing the spectator to look out of what I suppose we may term, his front windows, our insenious friend, the optician, had also provided him with a window on scale side by whoring. him with a window on each side by placing an additional piece of glass at each exterior angle, which moved on a thoge, giving altogether a kind of ubiquitous expression to the contenance which was really something more than human You never seemed to be safe from that man's eye unless you were fairly behind his back. He rentinded you of one of those houses which you always pray may not fall into the hand of a prying neighbour; which standing at a corner a little in advance of the rest, and being windowed as above, not only commands the street run ing up directly opposite to it, but also both to the left and right of that in which it is situated. What an invaluable acquisition would these glasses be to the pedagogue! Wor he to the luck-less half breeched youngster who presumed to prank on the right or left wing of the watchfull ceneral armed with this terrible tundement Through the side window would the delinquent be at once detected, and bleed and burn as a dorious tribute to the achievements of science With a pair of spectacles such as these, even the esceing-round the corner" would seem to be no longer a indicrous impossibility; and should they came generally boto use, might we not look for the avoidence of many collisions a-foot or otherwise which are now of such fre-quent occurrence at our street-corners.

Time would fad me to dilate upon all the va-Time would fail me to dilate upon all the varieties of this useful invention, whose use I witnessed. There was the compromise between the eyo-glass and the spectacles. A species of impostor who, when he was off duty, dangled negligently upon the breast of the wearer; but who, when occasion required, suddenly showed himself the double-faced fellow he really was, and the trice was bright own and meaning and in a trice was jerked open and mounted upon his proper sent. In addition to this were a host of eye-glasses of every conceivable form and material, which I rank also under the heal of spectacles, from those set massively in gold to those in horn, or, (as I saw in one case) consisting of merely a round piece of glass pieceed with a hole by which a riband or slender guard was attached. Here, then, we have glanced over, only cursorily it is true, the entire field. We have traced the mightlest achievements in set ence and art, in connection with speciacles, down to the simple lense, the original and the essence of them all.

But a few words as to why people wear spec tacles. "Of course," you say, "to aid their vision. In many cases this may possibly be the case; but unless I am unduly cynical, or my knowledge of human nature is sadly at fault, it seems to me that in numerous instances we must look for some other solution yet. "Jerry," tsald a postman lately to a certain acquaintance (said a postman lately to a certain acquaintance who stood at his post waiting for a job) "here's a letter for you from your hoy?" Jerry took the epistle with much external composure, though his hand trembled visibly, for many miles of sea divided the father and son; but his presence of mind did not desert him. Taking out his spectacles from his pocket and putting them may be made to enough the advance of the contract seamed th them upon his nose, he merely scanned the address carefully, putting the letter by with the exchanation, "So it is, poor boy; that's his hand, and no mistake." Now, had I not known exactly how it was with Jerry, that he did not know B from a bull's foot, and that not one syl-lable of that letter would be comprehend until it was read to him by his wife, I should, of a blessed invention is that of spectacle means of these shabby glasses Jerry, before his little world, was able to hold his own as a man of fair parts; whilst, when driven in a corner, he could find at all times a convenient way of es-

cape, "he had mishid his spectucles."

When, moreover, I pause to think of the gravity which they import to the divine; the dignity with which they invest the bench; the air of shrowiness and sagacity they lend even to the naturally obtuse; and the Hon-hearted boldness with which they inspire the diffident; I cannot but think that we might with some show of reason place beside the old adage—
"None so blind as those who will not see"—
a new one that I have ventured to coin for the occasion,-" They are not all blind who wear spectacles."

So much for those useful aids by which man's failing vision is preserved to him at seasons when he would otherwise pass his days in a species of intellectual twilight, and be dependent wholly on the sympathy and assistance of others for all the delights of a keen observation, the enjoyment of reading, and the expression of his thoughts in writing; and which, if used at times, (as they doubtless often are) for other ends than those they were intended to subserve, are yet to be reckoned as one of the most blessed and beneficent institutions which have crowned the research and skill of man.

paragraphs as to the moral aspect of the matter. Viewed from this standpoint, who does not wear spectacles? And are they not as various in the colours with which they clothe the individuals or objects on which they gaze, as those we have just been considering, or as the temperament, disposition, and mental or moral obliquity of those who see through them. the politician puts on his spectacles (party spirit), and views through them the ranks of his opponents; if found in that unfortunate position a very angel of light would be to him the personification of all that is treacherous and lase. When for instance Mr. Bright looks through his at a British nobleman, what does he behold? "A bloated aristocrat," be he a very minnow in contrast with his own well "A species of vampire; developed person. "a sucker of the people's blood," And when in turn my Lord Dundreary languid-ly directs his golden eye-glass to the portly form

of the modern Penn, what is his judgment?
"A wascally demagogue! A wegular wepublican, you know!" In vain may we look for a true estimate either of ability or character when prejudice and party-spite distort and impair the vision. "Call her pretty," says the haly, once young but now passing into the sere and yellow leaf, " why she hasn't a good feature in her face!" Exactly so, my dear; but if you will be good enough to take offyour spectacles, (which I need enough to take offyour spectacles, (which I need enough to take offyour spectacles, (which I need scarcely tell you consist of an ill-natured envy scarcely to your country of an in-natured entry of charms no longer your own), you will perceive that the young buly in question has a sweetness of expression and a charm of manner, which those odious glasses would not permit you to see; and which may well account for the excha-mation of approval which attracted your tadig nant scorn

I might multiply illustrations ad infinitum, or ad nuisecum, but I forbear. It is not essential, however, that these specialess should always distort and deteriorate our mental vision. One proof to the contrary, and I have done, "My love," said a young husband to his winome bride, as he conducted her somewhat diffidently to her future home, "I have done my dently to her future home, "I have done my best to make you comfortable. It is but a poor place, but I trust we can live happy in It!" "A poor place, darling! Why It is the dearest little home that ever was; and what is better still, it is all our own. I shall be as happy as the day is long!" Dear little loving bride, shar-less the right black of engaledge time, her bear has the right kind of specificles upon her taper little nose. Long may she wear them! And as for you and me, dear render, whether we be adorned or no with those triumphs of the opticlan's skill and ingenuity to which I have altud-ed, may there be no spectacles before our mental vision but those which consist of that spirit of affection which purifies and beautifies all upon whom it looks and that lotter spirit of charity which ethinketh no evil," and ecovereth a multitude of sins."

H. F. D.

THE VIOLATION OF LAW.

BY HENRY WARD BERCHER.

Nothing can be more sure than that wrongoing—that is, the violation of the law inflxed in the material world, in our bodies and minds, in our social relations, or in society—is the cause of suffering and of disturbance in the indivalual and in the community, and the only cause. If there was no aberration from absolute law, there would be no suffering. Directly or Indirectly, all disturbance springs from variation of law. I do not now refer to the subject of resof law onsibility, of blameworthiness, of transmitted numities, with the long retinue of important infirmities, with the long retinue of important questions that goodong with that subject; I only state the universal fact that disobedience, and suffering as the consequence of it, go logether. It would be an await thing, universally to

be deplored, if we could bring peace and wrongdoing into inseparable companionship. It is a benevolent thing that God has made wrongbehavolent thing that God has made wrong-doing and suffering to be inseparably joined. For if men could violate law in nature, in themselves, in their civic and social relations, in the great spiritual realm, and pass without penalty or pain, good would be at a discount. Virtue would go uncrowned. It would be subs-tantially the abdication of God's government in this world. The sign or token of peace consists in the force and many and pains that follows. in the fears, and pangs, and pains that follow wrong-doing. And to make wrong penceful; to softer any man to bridge over the chasm, and continue to do wrong, and yet have peace, would be to set aside the divine moral govern-

ment among men.
All attemps to procure peace in this way are flusive and mischievous. And all the hymns and songs, and various dreams and prophecies, on this subject, are worse than useles, if they leave an impression upon the infud that by and by there is to come, by an evolution no more perceptible than that by which the sensons ad-vatee, a period in which God shall, by his own power, fill the world with peace. If there is any-thing that stands out in the listory of the world, it is that men are to achieve peace by earning it through righteousness. And yet there is no feet that nest more to be emulasized and ls no fact that needs more to be emphasized and

charified from inistickes and error, than this.

We find record of the same errors and mistakes in the history of the earliest days of the Christian dispensation. Then there were men that cried, "Peace! peace!" as if peace was a fabric that could be bought at the store and made into garments of any patern desired; as if it was not a thing that could only be obtained through the outworking of moral conditions, And God said, "No peace shall there be to the wicked." In other words, wickedness is utterly incompatible with a condition of harmony and peace. And all attempts to produce peace. ny and peace. And all attemps to produce peace to the individual confirm this truth. Taking the whole run of human life, they that have a life based upon moral elements, will have the fruit of that life-peace and joy; while they that have not, will not. No device can make it

anette, by customs, by hiws, by expedients and rules of politoness, though they are not useless and are not to be scoffed at, are yet but pallintives of the universal mischief of schishness. The collisions, the disconforts, the trritations, the pains, the sorrows which belong to men's experience, may be more or less managed and prevested from running to extremitles by these expedients of social life; but after all, there is at one cause and one cure.

Whatever tends to produce moderation in

communities of men; whatever tends to produce a positive and active state of kindness windever tends to produce practical justice and real recitinde, tends to cause a deep and per-manent peace. Whatever tends to neglect them, or overthrow them, tends to produce inharmony. When these elements are neglected, or verthrown, no possible substitute for them an be found. Peace must come from natural and moral laws, and not from any artificial socleties or inventions of men.

An ingenious mothod of defrauding their customers, it seems has lately, been adopted by certain intelligent tradesmen. Their weights are not "unjust," but their scales are placed on a loping board so that they tell against the purchaser. At the Sessions liouse at Nowington last week, among many tradesmen who were summoned for having unjust weights and measures in their possession, a fruitore was charged with having his scales in the position referred to ready for weights. In reply to the Blench, the inspector stated that the scales were correct when placed in the proper position, and under these circumstances the magistrates said they could not convict. There was no doubt the public were defrauded by the position in which the reales were placed, but in such cases the public must look out for themselves. It was not the first time similar cases had been brought under their notice, nor can there be any doubt that it will not be the last: for it is obviously an immense boon to dishonest tradesmen to allow then to adopt a system by which they can freely cheat without bringing themselves within the pale of the law. An ingenious mothod of defrauding their custom-

An exchange tells that at "twenty years of age Le-land Stanford arrived at California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to busi-ness, he has accumulated over ten millions."

A GENTLEMAN once met a very quiet newshey sell-ing newspapers. "Is there any news?" enquired the gentleman. "Lots o' news," replied the boy, "but nothing to hollor."





# The Wearthstone.

Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1872.

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It Snows. By Mrs. Hale,-To-morrow. By Abby Sage Richardson.-In the Tunnel.-His Wife's Mother.

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onng Lavlies! young mon! with very little exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and pocket \$8.00 for your trouble. THE ENGRAVING WILL BE READY BY THE

20th OF DECEMBER.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

GEORGE E DESBARATS, Montreal RATHER UNFAIR.

It is rather disheartening when one has set out in what is felt to be the right course, to have some would-be wise critic, either from not done and lay sins to our charge which we cle, has done with regard to us. The editor, in lights. liquor by the glass is better and more Christian curse, wherever it may go."

uutritious food for the mind; pleasing and We have steadily and persistently endeavoured in what they consider trilling matters. to provide matter which was proper to be read with profit and advantage by the youngest and most innocent; and for evidence that our efforts have been successful, we can refer to the hundreds of complimentary notices we have received from the Canadian press, and to our subscription list which has increased since we changed the tone of the paper more than the entire circulation of the N rthern Journal. We have no doubt that the editor of the Northern Conrnal is well posted in "retailing but liquor by the glass," as he speaks of it so glibly and familiarly, and if he cannot show any greater powers or discerement in journalism then to compare us to the trashy American periodicals which we are striving hard to supplant by pure. healthy literature, we would advise him to throw down the pen and return to the glass he seems to know so much alout.

## ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

In the present age when the rage for photographing is so great, and the cost of having a ew cartes de visite taken so small, it is quite a rarity to find any person, except amongst the very poorest and lowest, who has not at some time or other been "taken," Almost every town or village bossets its photographer, and nearly every school girl has saved up her pocket money in order to have a dozen viguettes or ferryotypes taken. Grim old maids whose soury aspect one might well suppose would turn the stomach of the camera, if it had one to turn, seem to take a fiendish delight in having their features reproduced and distributed amongst their frionds; bright-cycd little maidens, staid matrons, venerable dames, crudite lawyers, sapient doctors, learned divines, the steady man of business and the dissipated man of pleasure, all seem to take pleasure in having their features perpetuated on paper, glass, metal, china, or some other of the numerous surfaces on which the perfection of modern photography has made it possible to take a picture. The desire to see one's own face produced in a picture is a very pardonable pride, and is conducive of little, if any, evil; indeed, photography is in very many instances of the greatest use in disclosing crime and bringing the criminal to justice. Having photographs taken amounts to nearly a mania with some people-especially young girls-as collecting them does with others. We knew a young lady in New York who, during her last year at Twelfth Street School, had a photograph taken almost every week, sometimes having a dozen, sometimes more copies taken. These she distributed freely amongst her schoolmates and others, and we venture to say that some of her friends had tweaty or thirty different pictures of that young lady; it was a perfect mania with her to have her picture taken-she was rather pretty-and her greatest delight seemed to be that she should be able to say to any friend she met, "I've just had a new photograph taken; do you think it is like?"

Now this young lady was only a sample of a very large class of young ladies, and we are going to preach a tiese sermon to them, not very long and not severe. Does anyone ever think what becomes of all the photographs, as well as all the pins, pianos and other things that nobody ever seems to be able to tell what does become of them? It is of course a great comfort to disent friends, or relatives to have "the coun-

terfeit presentment" of these they love or esteem; but the great mass of givers and receivers of photographs care very little about each other, and the photograph receiver frequently carries it about in his pocket for a few days malice or ignorance, blame us for what we have and then consigns it to the waste basket or some spare drawer, where odds and ends are have not committed; yet this is what our kept; or if he happens to be a smoker, will neighbor the Northern Journal, in a recentarti- | cut it into thin slips to serve as eigar or pipe

the course of an article on a lecture by Mr. Young ladies ought to be very careful about David, editor of L'Op nion Publique, says, "We | giving their photographs, especially to gentlewould say to Mr. Desharats that retailing bad men in our repertorial days when we had to visit some queer places and witness some business than distributing N w York Ledge s strange sights we have seen photographs of through the country to corrupt and debase the very estimable young ladies in places and unpublic mind and especially to mislead the im- der circumstances which would have caused agination and soil the purity of those who are them to cry with shame and vexation had they to be the mothers of the next generation. Let | been aware of the use which was made of their the Hearthstone with its large circulation be photographs. We remember an extremely strict lifted up so as to be a blessing rather than a young lady acquaintance of ours who once gave her photograph-after great persuasion-Now, if the editor of the Northern Jon a l to a very intimate gentleman friend for his had seen a late number of the HEARTHSTONE locket; a few days after it was found lying on which we don't think he had; or had read it - the thor of a billiard room, adorned with a which we do not believe be did; or had been kage inked moustache, and further embelished able to understand it, if he did read it, -which with an immense cigar, artistically executed is doubtful; he would have seen for himself with a pin. The gentleman was not, perhaps, that what he lays to our charge is just precise- much to blame in this instance as probably ly what we are not doing, and that his would-be : the photograph dropped out of his locket accistrictures are, therefore, rather uncalled for and [descally, Now young ladies, for your little unnecessary. We confess that when the HEARTH- is rmon; have your dear fittle phizes photoare see was first started there were some objestigraphed as often as you please, but be extremetionable features about it; but since then both by careful to whom you give them, even among the Proprietorship and Editorship have been your lady triends; we have often seen gentlechanged, and we think we can safely assert that | men sporting photographs of ladies in their the tone and character of the paper have been beckets, or showing them triumphantly to their entirely reconstructed, and very materially friends, the originals of which would have clifted up," as our friend calls it. During the been shocked to know into whose possession few months we have had the paper, our sole their pictures had fallen; of course the young effort has been to furnish good, wholesome, Ladies had given them to bely friends who had, in turn, either given them to the gentlemen, or agreeable in its style; pure and innoxious in | bent them to be copied - a thing very often its mondity, and elevating in its tendencies, done by people who are not overscrupulous

#### PROOFITAGING INDUSTRY

The people of Portland, Me., have taken a

very decided step towards making that city a grand manufacturing centre, by passing a Bylaw in their C mmon Council exempting from numicipal taxation for ten years all approved manumeturing enterprises started there. This is a large premium to offer a manufacturer, and will doubtless attract a great deal of new business to the city, and ultimately increase its wealth and importance very materially. While admiring the enterprise and energy of our sister. ity, it would be well if some of our Canadian cities followed her example and began laying the foundation stone or a grand manufacturing centre in our own Dominion. The Province of Quebec seems to have been specially intended by nature as the workshop of the world, and it is only want of energy and bad legislation which prevents its being so. Nowhere can be found a place more peculiarly suited for a manufacturing centre than the city of Quebec with its immense water power and its almost boundless supply, within easy distance, of the three grand essentials to manufactures, coal, iron, and wood, But Quebec does not stand alone in this respect, there are dozens of other places throughout the Province similarly, although not quite so bountifully, supplied by nature; and unless the Ancient Capital bestirs herself, some more enterprising rival will wrest her opportunity from her. We believe that the era of a grand career of manufacturing prosperity is about to dawn on this Province, and that at no distant day. The short-sighted, narrow policy of the Government cannot, much longer resist, thu force of But Quebec does not stand alone in this respect, ment cannot much longer resist the force of Public Upinion which is day by day, and hour by hour growing stronger in favour of an equitable protective policy, which will foster our own industry, and raise Canada from the humiliating position she now holds of being the great market for the "oust off," second-ban I manufactures of England. In a few years-it may be in less than one-Public Opinion will have completed its victory over the mistaken Free Trade policy. and the career of this Province as the manufactory for this continent will have commenced, and well will it be for the city who has prefited by the example of Portland and offered special and particular advantages to manufacturers for ettling within her limits.

## EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CREAT BRITAIN.—The health of H. R. H. the rince of Wales continues to improve and his tenants at Sandringham lately delivered to him a congratulatory address on his recovery.—The carrying of the English and American until which has lately been done by the Gioin line, will probably be restored to the Cunard line; the service has been very unsatisfactory of late.—The English press generally comment at length on the murder of Jim Fisk and attribute these frequent cases of lawlessness to the laxity of the Courts and the weakness of public opinion.—The American style of ours will shortly be introduced on English railways.—A terrible explosion took place in a coal mine at Oakwood Wales on 10th inst. and twote men were kiled.—The London Times has taken advantage of the reconnense of the Florida and Harnet to "point a meral" with regard to the difficulty experienced by the British Government during the American war in proventing such vessels as the Alabama & Silting out.—The brig desic Lone was found by some French faberman near Catais on 11th inst., abandoned; it is supposed that their was a mutiny on board and that the mutineers loft the vessel in the boars, to escape consequences and have been drewned as nothing ans been heard of them.—Mr. Millbank M. P. for North Yorkshire hardenounced Sir Charles Dilke and promises to call on him to repeat in "cardiament his declarations with regard to the Crown and the Government.—Small pox is increasing in Dublim.—Gence Iludson, the English railway king, who, a quarter of a century ago, was vorth untold millions, and controlled countless lines, died in England on the 16th of

December. In his later years he was was supported by a pension from his friends.—The Queen will probably open the next ressum of Parliament in person, and the House of Lerds.—The Queen has presented to the Chicago Library a copy of her books—thanks to the kindly and practical sympathy of Tom Hughes, who has presented for the library a goodly selection of works from living English authors.

Tom Rughes, who has produced for the library a goodly selection of works from living English authors. United States,—John C. Reenan, the ex-pagilist, has returned to New York and demands an investigation into the charges against him with reference to stealing the vouchers from the Comptrollers office.—A singular and fatal accident occurred on 13th inst. at the Long Island Brewery, at Third-ave, and Rergen-st., Brooklyn. Frank Citrain and John Quin were ongaged in shaking a barrel of stacked line, whon it suddenly exploded with a loud report. Gilrain was bending over it at the time, and the head of the barrel struck him under the chin, completely severing his head from his body, and killing him instandy. Quin was blown into the air several feet, and sustained probably fatal internal injuries. The head of the barrel struck the beams in the ceiling mine stands austained probably fatal internal injuries. The head of the barrel struck the beams in the ceiling mine went through the floor into the collar.—The laborers in the rains of the Pacific Rotel, Chicage, came upon a wooden chest, somewhat moulded, which, on being broken open, was found to contain \$20,000, in gold, silver, and nichel coin. There was nothing in the shape of paper money in the box; nor anything to prove the identity of the owner.—The official statement shows that the National Banks of Chicago lost by the fire \$1,00,000. They are left, however, in a condition of entire solvency.—A war is being waged between the Sashouss of Tammany Hall and the General Committee; the latter lately called a meeting in Tammany Hall leaders always have preferred darkness to light.—Gen. John Cochrane, President of the City of New York on account of the resignation of Mayor "Hant" of Aldermen, has become acting Mayor of the City of New York on account of the congration of Mayor "Hant" of Citical. removing the gas fixtures. Tammany Hall leaders always have preferred darkness to light.—Gen. Jobn Cochrane. President of the Board of Aldermen, has become acting Mayor of the City of New York on account of the resignation of Mayor "Hauf" of "Ring" ealebrity; and it is now changed that Cochrane is a tool of Hall and Tweed. He certainly was a strong Tammany man a few years are and agreat supporter of the "Host"—Charles P. Perry, a distinguished citizen of Hoboken N. J., who was mayor of the city at the time of the draft riots in New York in 1833, committed saicide by shooting himself through the head on 10th inst. Cause domestic inflicity.—Sprager, Colburn, & Co., one of the largest dry goods foldsing houses in New York failed on 10th inst. liabilities over \$1.070,000.—Rev. Iv. Po Sola, Jewish Rabba and professor of Hebrew, Metill College Montreal, opened the proceedings of the House of Representatives Washington, by prayer on 9th inst. he is the first foreigner who ever performed this service.—The Thorndyke factory for making cluster fabries was barned at Lowell, Mass., on 9th inst., loss \$50,000.—Fisk's brain weighed 53 ounces.—A boy 13 years old namod Hedge peth shot his mother at Mount Carnel III., on 8th inst. hos seems and professor of Methyland Prancisco.—Stokes, the nurdorer of Jim Fisk, has his cell in the Tombs, No. 50, degandly carpeted, papered, but his lawyers keep up the old story of "extenuating circumstances;" bets we feely offered 100 to 50 that he will not behang.—There are it present welve for my whom have been condemned to death more than six months ago, but the executions have been stayed by legal quibbling and will probably never take place.

on tegal quibling and will probably never take places.

Canaba.—A project has been started to construct a narrow gauge railroad from Port Burwell northward to Southampton on Lake Haron.—One dollar bills altered to tens are in circulation.—Manitoba compt ins of irrocularities in the mails.—Mr. John W. Haig was killed at Garranoque on 10th inst. He was engaged at the school house catting same wood with a circular saw driven by herse power; the raw suddenly broke and a piece struck Mr. Haig in the breast, causing instant death.—The Governor Goneral, Sir John A. Mellemid, and Sir George Etienne Carrier, have received the decoration of the Order of Isaballa from the King of Spain, in recognition of their services in represent the Cubin oxiodition.—Parliament will not meet until 27th February, and then not for despatch of business.

Prayon.—There are an immense quantity of vacount

runry, and then not for despatch of business.

Frayon.—There are an immense quantity of vacant dwellings at present in Paris.—It is said that the Bois de Hologne, which was almost entirely destroyed during the war, will be partially restored by replanting it with forcet trees of lifteen years growth.—The committee of the Assembly has decided to restore the sequestrated estates of the Orleans Princes.——The new tarill imposes the following duties:—On wood, 89 frames per 100 kilogrammes; cotton. 4 fr. a.v.: resin. from 1; to 7 frames; copper, 15 frames; cheeve. From 15 to 18 frames; hops, 60 frames.—The Committee of the French Assembly have reported adversely to the proposal to return to Paris.—The cuttle disease rages in the departments of the Oise, Calvados, and Eure.

SPAIS.—The meeting of the Cortes has been post-

Calvados, and Eure.

Spain.—The meeting of the Cortes has been postponed until the 3th inst.—Reinforcements continue to be sent to Caba.—Differences have arisen in the Cabinet with regard to the policy to be pursued in Caba and the appointment of Marchal Coucha as Captain-General of the island. The departure of the latter from Cadix has consequently been deferred.—The Papal Lectation is to be again established in Madrid.—The name of the Pope's Nuncie in Spain has not yet transpired.

In a y.—The Papal is about to said an altimation to

## A CHANCE FOR AN INVENTOR.

The American Builder for December, published by Charles D. Lakey, 100 South Sangamon Street, Chicago, appears on our table as fresh and boautiful as though there had been no fire and no wholesale destruction of the appliances by the aid of which it was formerly issued, This monthly has always been one of the most welcome of our exchanges, and we congratulate its editors upon the viscilly of an enterprise that could sustain such a shock and still survive. As a specimen of the many good things in it, we xtract the losiowing, major the title given

up new devices for churns, washing machine, and the like; but they setdom trouble their heads about any fin; rovements in the art of building. Architects never invent. They invarably follow in the path of precedent, and are happy just in the ratio that they succeed in doing things as they have been done by others.

"If inventors would examine into our present system of building with a view to making need-ful improvements, they would put money in their purses. Just now, we need some method for protecting warehouse windows; a system, too, which shall guarantee the closing of iron shutters, and not the leaving of them open one night in the year, and that night the one when the dre comes. Then, too, we want the street fronts protected by these iron shutters; and they are so unsightly that it can be done by no or i nary method. Here, then, is a plan; and the first man who gets ready the papers can secure the patent:

Let plain iron shutters (cast iron of sufficient thickness will answer) be constructed and placed in the brick work, which is to be so lidd that the shutters shall slide laterally. Arrange for the construction of a series of shafting whate the building is going up, which shall be worked from the engine that is used for holsting. When the store is closed for the night, the engineer, by the simple action of a lover, draws a solid sheet of iron over every outside window and doorway, save the one by which he leaves the building. Such a building, with a roof of stone, concrete or iron—providing the architect has not loaded the cornices with wood—might be considered nearly proof against fire from the outside."

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY MENRY WARD BEECHER.

Some one writes to us that he is studying at a law school; that, besides knowledge of law, he is desirous of attaining the art of oratory, and he asks that we will give him such advice as our

experience may suggest.

We can hardly hope to be of much services to the inquirer. We do not know his temperament, his disposition, his attainments, his habits, all of which would modify any instructions likely to be of benefit. It is personal that peculiar ad-vice that each man needs, and that must be given by some one who knows the circumstances

of the applicant.
Some general hints, applicable to all young aspirants for public speaking, may answer a

1. The earlier one begins to practise public speaking the better. For although the gift, in point of fact, developes late in life, it is only in the case of these who have a streng, though it may be, dermant talent for it. No man has learned any art until he can practise it spontaneously, without conscious volition,—If this proves true in music, in drawing, in the dance, or graceful posturing, it is even more apparent in oratory. Parents and teachers should encountered to the control of the age children to narrate, to converse—for storytelling and fluent conversation are essentially of the same nature as oratory.

2. The habit of thinking on one feet's is invaluable. Great orations may be prepared with claboration and study, not alone in their sub-stance but in form. Such we know to have been

the preparation of orations which continue to be read from age to age. But for the purposes of American life, one must be qualified to speak well without labortous preparation of language, and this can only be done when one can command his thoughts in the face of an audience. The faculty of doing this is greatly belied by an early and persistent practice. Aspirants for oratorical honours, without neglecting the sovere preparation of the study for especial occasions, should lose no oppor-tunity of speaking off-hand. One should not be downent at failures. They are often the better downent at failures. They are often the better for the student than success. He who goes to school to his mistakes, will always have a good schoolmaster, and will not be likely to I ecome either idle or conceited.

8. Public speaking means business, or o ught to. Although there is a great deal of fancy talking, after-dinner speeches, complimentary speeches and religious exhortations, all of which are meant to fill up time, yot public speaking, in its nobler aspect, is an attempt to gain some definite and important end by the use of reasons and persuasions. When a num society his potentions. persuasions. When a man seeks his neighbour persuasions. When a man seeks his neighbour for a business conversation, he knows just what he wants, and he setties with himself by what method he will get it. This is the very gentus of a good preparation for a speech—to know definitely what you wish to gain of an audience, and the means by which you propose to secure it. All true oratory is greated by expedience. it. All true oratory is practical psychology.

4. A man may speak deliberately or even slowly, but no man can succeed who speaks besitutingly—who goes back on a sentence and begins again. Such a speech is like a shying horse or a balking mule. At all hazards, the young speaker must learn to push on—to keep a current moving from beginning to end of his ad-

dress. If you drop a stitch don't stop to take it up. If you stumble on a word, let it go. Don't go back to it. Keep right on, no matter what happens, to the end. Momentum is of more suppose, to the end. Momentum is of more value than verbal accuracy. Of course the best speech is that which is full of good substance, expressed by the best language, and fluently uttered. But while one is learning, he should never let himself he tripped up by a word, or the want of one. Jump the gap; run over the mistake. Keep right on. It will be time enough the next endeavour to profit by the experience

of mistakes,

5. If one is slow of thought, duli of feeling, very cautious and secretive in nature, without that talent combativeness, which tends to pro-ject one's mind upon another's, or if one be excessively sensitive so that a misteke gashes like a lancet. It is not likely that he will succeed as

## GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.

Studies of children are always pleasant sub jects for contemplation, and the engraving which we publish on our first page this week gives a quiet little home pleture of great beauty. It is evidently holiday time and Grandman man is a person of great importance to the juvenile fra-ternity who associate her visits with visions of toys, sweets and other presents dear to the heart of childhood. Doubtless the expected vithoroughly discussed in the nursery and several shrowd guesses and half-expressed hopes made as to what Grandmamma would bring for each. And now she has come, and the children gather round her in glad welcome; while the mother places the old haly's chair comfortably and wheels it near the fire, the oldest girl, intent on the duties of hospitality, is removing her house and one little follows. removing her bonnet, and one little fellow, whosoanxiety cannot be restrained, has lifted up the edge of the bandbox. In which the treasures are known to be, and is already exploring its contents. The picture is homelike in its concep-tion and execution and takes us back to the days of our childhood when we too anxiously awaited Grandmother's Visit.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

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## THE HEARTHSTONE.

TO-MORROW.

BY ABBY SAGE MICHARDSON.

Out on the beach a maiden sits;
With absent eyes and parted lips
She watches the waves hapidly up,
And marks the track of the white winged ships;
Half awake and half in a dream
She notes the gulls sail screaming by,
Feels the wind blow her yellow hair,
And counts the clouds in the changeful sky.

A ship in her dreams sails fair and fast,
Nearing and nearing the port at home,
Crowding all sail as she cuts the waves,
Leaving behind her white swirls of foam.
She sees on the deck her lover stand,
Dreaming like her of the tender hour
When he shall clasp and hold her his own,
Heart of his heart, of his life the flower.
She muses thus till the sun goes down.
Till sky and waves have in twilight kissed,
And a cloudy moon shores overhead,
Like an opal set in a ring of mist.

To-morrow," she murmurs, with quickoned pulse Rising to loave the wave-washed strand,
"Another day of waiting and hope
Before his vessel shall greet the land,
Fly, dim night, through the trackless sky,
liasten, O sun, to your morning place;
The glad dawn bring that will rise on mo,
When I shall look in my lover's face."

Over the sea the storm-cloud hangs,
Wrapping his vessel in black cellpse.
Round and round fly the screeching gulls,
Deoper and deeper the strong prov dips.
No eye sees how the bark goes down;
No car lists to the good ship's knell,
Soft on her pillow the maiden sleeps,
While her lover's lips waft their last farowell.

Morning dawns with resiest glow,
Tinging the waters with coral and gold,
Nor in sea nor sky is a whisper heard
Of the secret the white-topped billows hold.
Day after day the maiden will wait.
Month grow to year ere her watching he o'er
For a lever who never will come to land.
For a ship which never will touch the shore.

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

## POOR MISS FINCH:

A DOMESTIC STORY.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

September 1st -I am composed enough to return to my Journal, and to let my mind dwell in a little on all that I have thought and felt since Oscar has been here.

Now that I have lost Madame Pratelunge, !

have no friend whith whom I can talk over my little secrets. My aunt is all that is kind and good to me; but with a persen so much older than I am-who has lived in such a different world, and whose idea seem to be so in away from mine—how can I talk about my follies and extravagances, and expect sympathies in return! My one confidencial friend is my Journal-I can only talk about myself to myself, in these pages. My josition feels sometimes like a very lonely one. I saw two girltelling all their secrets to each other on the sands to-day—and I am afraid to envie.

Well, my dear Journal, how did I feel-after longing for Oscar-when Oscar came to me? It is dreadful to own it; but my book lock-up, and my book can be trusted with the truth. I felt ready to cry-I was so unexpectedly, so

horribly disappointed.

No. "Disappointed" is not the word. I can't find the word. There was a moment—I hardly dare write it: it seem so atrociously wicked—there was a moment when I almost wished myself blind again.

He tock me in his arms; he held my hand in his. In the time when I was blind, how I should have felt it! How the delicious tingle would have run through me when he touched me! Nothing of the kind happened now. He might have been Oscar's brother for all the effect he produced on me. I have myself taken his hand since, and shut my eyes to try and renew my blindness, and put myself back completely as I was in the old time. The same result still. Nothing, nothing, nothing.

result still. Nothing, nothing, nothing t
Is it that he is a little restrained with me
on his side? He certainly ist I felt it the moment he came into the room-I have felt

I can only account for it in one way. The restoration of my sight has made a new creature of mo. I have gained a sense—I am no I never suspected until Oscar came here. Can the loss of my sense of feeling be the price that I have paid for the recovery of my sense

When Grosse comes next, I shall put that question to him.

In the meanwhile, I have had a second disappointment. He is not nearly so beautiful as thought he was when I was blind.

On the day when my bandage was taken off for the first time, I could only see indistinctly. When I ran into the room in the rectory, I guessed it was Oscar rather than knew it Oscar. My father's grey head, and Mrs. Finch's woman's dress, would no doubt have helped anybody in my place to fix as I did on the right But this is all different now. I can see his features in detail - and the result is (though I won't own it to any of them) that I and my idea of him in the days of my blindoh, so unlike the reality ! The one thing that is not a disappointment to me, is hisvoice, When he cannot see me, I close my eyes, and let my ears feel the old charm aigain—so far.

And this is what I have gained, by submitting the operation, and enduring my imprisonment in the darkened room!

What am I writing? I ought to be ashamwhat am I writings I ought to be assami-ed of myself! Is it nothing to have had all the beauty of land and sea, all the glory of cloud and sunshine, revealed to me? Is it nothing to be able to look at my fellow... creatures-to see the bright faces of children smile at me when I speak to them? Enough of myself! I am unhappy and ungrateful when I think of myself.

Let me write about Oscar. My nunt approves of him. She thinks him handsome, and says he has the manners of a gentlemen. This last is high praise from Miss Batchford. She despises the present generation of young men. "There is no variety, no dis-tinction among them," she said the other day.
"They are all mechanical copies of each other. In my time, I used to see young gentlemen. I only see young animals now; well-fed, wellvashed, well-dressed; riding animals, rowing animals, betting animals—nothing more."

Oscar, on his side, seems to like Miss Batchford on better acquaintance. When I first presented him to her, he rather surprised me by changing colour and looking very uneasy. He is almost distressingly nervous, on certain oc-casions. I suppose my aunt's grand manner daunted him.

f Note .- I really must break in here. Her nunt's "grand manner" makes me sick. It is nothing (between ourselves) but a hook-nose and a stiff pair of stays. What dannted Nugent Dubourg, when he first found himself in the old lady's presence, was the fear of discovery. He would no doubt have learnt from his brother that Oscar and Miss Batchford had never met. You will see, if you look back, that it was, in the nature of things, impossible they should have met. But it is equally clear that Nugent could not find out beforehand that Miss Batchford had been left in ignorance of what had happened at Dimehurch? He could do nothing of the sort—he could feel no assurance of his security from exposure, until he had tried the ground in his own proper person first. The risk here was certainly serious enough to make even Nagent Dubourg uneasy. And Lucilla talks of her nunt's "grand manner!" Poor innocent! I let her go on .- P.]

As soon as my aunt left us together, the first words I said to Oscar, referred (of course) to his letter about Madame Pratolungo.

allah has been sent back from London to the rectory. The Dimchurch doctor (who attended. witness) is settled in India—as you will see, if you will refer to the twenty-second chapter. The London doctor with whom he consulted has long ceased to have any relations with his former patient. As for Herr-Grosse, if he appears on the scene, he can be trusted to shut his eyes professionnally to all that is going on, and to let matters take their course, in the onry interest he recognises—the interest of Lu-cillu's health. There is literally no obstacle in Nugent's way—and no sort of protection for Lucilla, except in the faithful instinct which persists in warning her that this is the wrong man—though it speaks in an unknown tongue. There! my mind is relieved. I may let the entry in the Journal speak for itself.-P.1

September 2nd .- A rainy day. Very little said that is worth recording between Oscar and

me.

My aunt, whose spirits are always affected by bad weather, kept me a long time in her sitting-room, amusing herself by making me exercise as well. my sight. Oscart was present by special invi-tation, and assisted the old lady in setting this new seeing-sense of mine all sorts of tasks. He tried hard to prevail on me to let him see my writing. I refused. It is improving so fast as it can; but it is not good enough yet.

He made a little sign of entreaty, and looked lit is to get back -in such a case as mine-to which is still to come. the exercise of one's sight.

Oscar, and who might have proved an awkward of Oscar-and so it may all come right in the end. It is all wrong enough now. He put his arm round me, and gave me a litte tender spaceze, while we were following Miss Batch
He considered a little—and then turned the ford down to the dining-room this afternoon. Nothing in me answered to it. I should have felt it all over me a few months since.

Here is a tear on the paper. What a fool I am i Why can't I write about something

I sent my second letter to my father to-day; telling him of Oscar's return from abroad, and taking no notice of his not having realied to my asked instead of ms not naving replied to my lasted. It is not to take notice, and to let him come right by himsetf. I showed Oscar my letter—with a space left at the end for his postscript. While he was writing it, he asked me to get something pered; "and i will live at Ramsgate if you like the control of the which happened to be un-stairs in my room. When I came back, he had scaled the envelope —forgetting to show me his posteript. It was in those werls, there was something that start-not worth while to open the letter again; he led me—I ... not describe it—in his hole and fold me what he had written, and that did just manner when he said them. I made no answer

(Note-4 must trouble you with a copy of what Nigent really did right. It shows why ourselves to think of? he sent her out of the room, and closed the cuvelope before she could come back. The portcript is also worthy of notice, in this resp I notice here what a dreadfully difficult thing that it plays a part in a page of my narrative Thus Naporal writes, in Oscar's name and

brother's landwriting no obstacle in his way. A close similarity of handwriting was-as I have.

I think, already mentioned—one among the other triking points of ressemblance between the

O Dian Mr. Freen, shootha's letter will have told you that I have come to my senses, and that I am main paying my addresses to her as her allianced husband. My principal object in adding these lines is to propose that we should forget the past, and go on again as if nothing had happened.

" OSCAR."

Unless I add a word of explanation, here, you will hardly appreciate the extraordinary skil-fulness with which the deception is continued by means of this posteript.

Written in Oscar's character (and represent-ing Nugent as having done all that he had promoo on the sands." However, he said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. I did particularly wish it. So we went.

There were chairs on the beach. We hired two, and sat down to look about us.

All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wish it. So we went.

There were chairs on the beach. We hired two, and sat down to look about us.

All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. So we went.

There were chairs on the beach. We hired two, and sat down to look about us.

All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wishe necessary apologies and expressions of regret from a man engaged to his daughter, who had left her as Oscar had left her no matter how the circumstance might appear to excuse him. The curt off-hand posteript signed "Oscar" was the very thing to exasperate the wound already inflicted on Mr. Finch's self-esteem, and to render it at least probable that he would reconral, what would happen

when it was too late to alter his mind. Findto permit Lucilla to inform her father of hisarrival at Ramsgate, he was now obliged to run the risk of having that important piece of domestic news communicated—either by Mr. Finch or by his wife—to no less a person than myself. You will remember that worthy Mrs Finch, when we parted at the rectory, had askked me to write to her while I was abroad-and you will see, after the hint I have given you, that clever Mr. Nugent is beginning already to walk upon delicate ground. I say no more: Lucilla's turn now.—R.1

S. ptember, 3rd,-Oscar has (I suppose) forgotten something which he ought to have included in his posteript to my letter.

More than two hours after I have sent it to the post, he asked if the letter had gone. For the moment, he looked annoyed when I said, Yes. But he soon recovered himself. It mattered nothing (he said); he could easily write again. "Talking of letters," he added, "do you expect Madame Pratolungo to write to you?"
(This time, it was he who referred to her!) told him that there was not much chance, after what had passed on her side and on mine, of her writing to me—and then tried to put some of those questions about her which he had once already requested me not to press yet. For the second time, he entreated me to defer the discussion of that unpleasant subject for the present-and yet, with the most curious inconsistency, he made another inquiry relating o the subject in the same breath

"Do you think she is likely to be in corres-

new self, I hope and believe, with time—and pondence with your father, or your stepmother, that will accustom me to my new impressions while she is out of England ?" he asked. " I should doubt her writing to my father,"

He considered a little—and then turned the talk to the topic of our residence at Ramsgate

" How long do you stay here ?" he inquired. "It depends o Herr Grosse," I answered.
I will ask him when he comes next,"

He turned away to the window-suddenly, as if he was a little put out.

" Are you tired of Ramsgate already ?" I

pered; " and I will live at Ramsgate if you like-for your sake." Although there was everything to please me

6 Why should we not be married at once? he naked, 6 We are both of age. We have only

(Note:--Alter his words as follows : + Why should we not be married before Muclame Palin a page of my narrative tolungo can hear of my arrival as Konegae less, in Osem's name and character, to the tector of Dinnel urch. (He would find the imiliation of this brother's handwriting no because it is to marry him before any discoveries can herethe's handwriting no because the product of the configuration of the her sufficiently recovered to leave the ansatz

> <sup>9</sup> You forget,<sup>9</sup> I answered, more surprised than ever; <sup>9</sup> we have my father to there of It was always arranged that he was to meey us at Dimehmeh."

Os ar smiled-not at all the charming smile Lused to imagine when I was blind!

"We shall wait a long time, I am aband," he said, " if we wait until your father marries

"What do you mean T' I asked. "When we enter on the painful subject of Madame Pratolungo," he replied, "I will tell you. In the meantime, do you think Mr. Finch will answer your letter ? " I hope so."

" Do you think he will answer my proscript T' "I am sure he will !"

The same unpleasant smile showed itself again in his face. He abruptly dropped the conversation, and went to play his p quet with my

All this happened yesterday evening, I went to bed, sadly dissatisfied with somebody. Was it with Oscar? or with myself? or with both?

It with Oscur 7 or with myself 7 or with both?
I fancy with both.
To-day we went out together for a walk on the cliffs. What a delight it was to move through the fresh briny air, and see the lovely sights on every side of me! Oscur enjoyed it too. All through the first part of our walk, he was charming, and I was more in love with him than ever. On our return, a little incident oc-curred which aftered him for the worse, and which made my spirits sink again. It happened in this way. I proposed returning by the sands. Rams-

gate is still crowded with visitors; and the ani-mated scene on the beach in the latter part of

the day has attractions for me, after my blind life, which it does not (I dare say) possess for people who have always enjoyed the use of their eyes. Oscar, who has a nervous horror of erowds, and who shrinks from contact with people not so refined as himself, was surprised at my wishing to mix with what he called "the mob on the sands." However, he said he would

All sorts of diversions were going on. Mon-keys, organs, girls on stilts, a conjuror, and a troop of negro minstrels, were all at work to amuse the visitors. I thought the varied col-our and bustling enjoyment of the crowd, with the bright blue sea beyond, and the glorious suishine overhead, quite delightful—I declare I felt as if two eyes were not half enough to see with! A nice old lady, sitting near, entered sider his intention of himself performing the into conversation with me; hospitably offering marriage ceremony. In the event of his refume biscuits and sherry out of her own bag. me biscuits and sherry out of her own bag. ignorant of which was Nugent and which was Oscar, would officiate in his place. Do you see lady vulgar; and he called the company on the | Oscar, to my disappointment, looked quite disit now?
But even the eleverest people are not always capable of providing for every emergen"mixture of low people," he suddenly cast a cy. The completest plot generally has its side-hook at some person or thing—I could not at the moment tell which—and, risine, placed hims if so as to intercept my view of the promasterpiece. But it nevertheless exposed the in made on the sunds introductely before me. I writer to a danger which (as the Journal will happened to have noticed, at the same moment, tell you) he only appreciated at its true value a hely approaching us in a dress of a peculiar colour; and I pulled Oscar on one side, to look ing himself forced, for the sake of appearances at her as she passed in front of me. "Why do you get in my way?" I asked. Before he could answer the question the lady passed, with two lovely children, and with a tall man at her side. My eyes, looking test at the lady and the child-ren, found their way next to the gentleman and saw, repeated in his face, the same blackblue complexion which had startled me in the face of Oscar's brother, when I first opened my eyes at the rectory! For the moment, I felt eyes at the rectory! startled again, more, as I believe, by the unex-pected repetition of the blue face in the face of a stranger, than by the ugliness of the complexion itself. At any rate, I was composed enough to admire the lady's dress, and the beauty of the children, before they had passed beyond my range of view. Oscar spoke to me, while I was looking at them, in a tone of reprouch for which, as I thought, there was no occasion and no excuse.

"I tried to spare you," he said. "You have yourself to thank, if that man has frightened

"He has not frightened me," I answered-

sharply enough.
Oscar looked at me very attentively; and sat

down again, without saying a word more.

The good-humoured old woman, on my other side, who had sien and heard all that had passed, began to talk of the gentleman with the discoloured face, and of the lady and the children who accompanied him. He was a retired Indian officer. The lady was his wife, and the Indian officer. The lady was his wife, and the two beautiful children were his own children. It seems a pity that such a handsome man

should be disfigured in that way," my new ac-



HE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES IN PLAYING CARDS WITH MY AUNT, THAT SHE DISMISSED VIM FROM THE GAME IN DISGRACE.

Why should we spoil the pleasure of our first meeting by talking of her, he said. "the is so inexpressibly painful to you and to me. Let us return to it in a day or two. Not now, the state of the transfer of the other to-day?—after the state of the transfer of the other to-day?—after the state of the state of the other to-day?—after the state of the stat

Lucilla-not now !" His brother was the next subject in my mind, to write with so few mistakes in making my I was not at all sure how he would take my letters! It is nevertheless true that I did misspeaking about it. I risked a question however, for all that. He made another sign of memory to inform my eyes which was which His brother was the next subject in my mind.

with your aunt, and that Madame Pratolingo had gone abroad to her father. Is Mr. Finch well? Is he coming to Ramsgate to see you?" I was unwilling to tell him of the misunder-

standing at home. "I have not heard from my father since I have been here," I said, " Now you have come

back, I can write and announce your return, longer the same woman. This great change and get all the news from the rectory, must have had some influence over me that

> tion to my writing to my father. dealy, and looked at me again.

"There is very little chance of his coming here." I answered.

I was obliged to refer to the family quarrel. still, however, saying actaing of the unjust manner in which my father has spoken of my

" As long as I am with Miss Butchford," I being friends again. Do you object to my writing home to say you have come to Ramsgate?"

"I" he exclaimed, looking the picture of astonishment. "What could possibly make you think that? Write by all means—and leave a little space for me. I will add a few lines to your letter."

It is impossible to say how his answer relieved mu. It was quite plain that I had stu-pidly misinterpreted him. Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes I shail I ever beable to depend on you as I could once depend on my touch? [Note.- I must intrude myself again. I shall

burst with indignation, while I am copying the journal, if I don't relieve my mind at certain places in it. Remark, before you go any farther. how skilfully Nugent contrives to ascertain his exact position at Ramsgate-and see with what a fatal unanimity all the chances of his persontaing Oscar, without discovery declare themselves in his favour I Miss Batchford, as you have seen, is entirely at his mercy. She not only knows nothing herself, but she operates as a check on Mr. Finch-who would oth rwise have bined his daughter at Ramsgate, and have instantly exposed the conspiracy. On every side of him, Nugent is to all appearance, safe. I am away has made me, before I met Oscar? I should in one direction, Oscar is away in another. Mrs. have had no blind memories and prepossessions Finch is anchored immovably in her nursery; to get over then. I shall become used to my

seeing so well, too, as I do now, and being able

To-day's experience has also informed me that I make slow progress in teaching myself to judge correctly of distance.

In spite of this drawback, however, there is nothing I enjoy so much in using my sight as looking at a great wide prospect of any kind-provided I am not asked to judge how far or how near objects may be. It seems like es-caping out of prison to look (after having been shut up in my blindness) at the long curve of which lead me to fear that he saw some object the beach, and the bold promontory of the "I suppose you would like Mr. Finch to come here?" he said—and then stopp a suddenly and looked at me again makes a toil of my pleasure. It is worse still when I am asked about the relative sizes of ships and boats. When I see nothing but a Oscar cemed to be wonderfully interested boat, I fancy it larger than it is. When I see about my father. "Very little chance?" he the best in comparison with a ship, and then repeated, "Why?" lock on the boat, I instantly go to the other exceeds and the yit smaller than it is. The s tiling this right still vexes me almost as keen-ly as my standers vexed in some time since when I saw my fir t hor candenrt from an upper window, and took it for a dog drawing a said, "it is useless to hope that my father will wheelberrow! Lost me ach: in my own defence come here. They are on had terms; and I am that both horse and eact where figured at least afraid there is no prospect, at present, or their five times their proper size in my blind fancy -which makes my mistake, I think not so very stupid after all.

Well, I amused my aunt. And what effect did I produce on Oscar ?

If I could trust my eyes, I should say I pro duced exactly the contrary effect on him—1 made him melancholy. But I don't trust my ves. They must be deceiving me when they tell me that he looked, in my company, a mop-

ing, unxious, miserable man. Or, is it, that he sees and feels something changed in Me? I could scream with vexation and rage against myself. Here is my Oscarblind. Contradictory as it seems, I used to understand how he looked at me, where I was unable to see it. Now that I can see that he myself, Is this really love that is looking at me in his eyes? or is it something else? How should I know? I knew when I had only my own fancy to tell me. But now, try as I may, I can-not make the old fancy and the new sight serve me in harmony both together. I am afraid he sees that I don't understand him. Oh, dear! dear! why did I not meet my good old Grosse, and become the new creature that he



quaintance remarked. "But still, it don't matter much, after all. There he is, as you see, with a fine woman for a wife, and with two lovely children. I know the landlady of the house where they lodge—and a happier family you couldn't lay your hand on in all England. That is my friend's account of them. Even a blue face don't seem such a dreadful misfortune when you look at it in that light-does it,

I entirely agreed with the old lady. Our talk seemed, for some incomprehensible reas in, to irritate Oscar. He got up again impatiently, and looked at his watch.

"Your aunt will be wondering what has become of us," he said. "Surely you have had anough of the mob on the sands, by this

I had not had enough of it, and I should have been quite content to have made one of the mob for some time longer. But I saw that Oscar would be seriously vexed if I persisted in keeping my place. So I took leave of my nice old lady, and left the pleasant sands—not very willight.

willingly.

He said nothing more, until we had threaded our way out of the crowd. Then he returned, without any reason for it that I could discover, to the subject of the Indian officer, and to the remembrance which the stranger's complexion must have awakened in me of his brother's

face.

"I don't understand your telling me you saw that man," were not frightened when you saw that man," he said. "You were terribly frightened by

" I was terribly frightened by my brother, when you first saw him."

" I was terribly frightened by my own imagination, before I saw him," I answered. " After I saw him, I soon got over it."

"So you say!" he rejoined.

"So you say!" he rejoined.

There is something excessively provoking—at least, to me—in being told to my face that I have said something]which is not worthy of belief. It was not a very becoming act on my part—after what he had told me in his letter about his brother's infatuation—to mention his brother. I ought not to have done it. I did it, for all that.

"I say what I mean," I replied. " Before I knew what you told me about your brother, I was going to propose to you, for your sake and for his, that he should live with us after we were married."

"Oscar suddenly stopped. He had given me his arm to lead me through the crowd-he dropped it now.

You say that because you are angry with me l' he said.

I denied being angry with him; I declared once more that I was only speaking the truth.

"You really mean," he went on, "that you could live confortably with my brother's blue face before you every hour of the day?"

" Quite comfortably, if he would have been my brother too." Oscar pointed to the house in which my aunt

and I are living—within a few yards of the place on which we stood. "You are close at home," he said, speaking

in on old mussled voice, with his eyes on the ground. "I want a longer walk. We shall meet at dinner-time."

He left me-without looking up, and with-

out saying a word more.

Jealous of his brother! There is something unnatural, something degrading in such Scalousy as that. I am ashamed of myself for thinking it of him. And yet what else could his conduct mean?

[Note.—It is for me to answer that question. Give the miserable wretch his due. His conduct meant, in one plain word-remorse. only excuse left that he could make to his own conscience for the infamous part which he was playing, was this—that his brother's personal disfigurement presented a fatal obstacle in the way of his brother's marriage. And now Lu-cilla's own words, Lucilla's own actions, had told him that Oscar's face was no obstacle to her seeing Oscar perpetually in the familiar in-tercourse of domestic life. The torture of self-reproach which this discovery inflicted on him drove him out of her presence His own lips would have betrayed him if he had spoken a word more to her at that moment. This is no speculation of mine. I know what I am writing to be the truth.—P.] His own lips

It is night again. I am in my bed-roomtoo nervous and too anxious to go to rest yet. Let me employ myself in finishing this private record of the events of the day.

Oscar came a little before dinner-time; hag-

gard and pale, and so absent in mind that he hardly seemed to know what he was talking about. No explanations passed between us He asked my pardon for the hard things he had said, and the ill-temper he had shown, carlier in the day. I readily accepted his excusesand did my best to conceal the uncasiness which his vacant, pre-occupied manner caused mo. All the time he was speaking to me, he was plainly thinking of something elsewas more unlike the Oscar of my blind remembrances than ever. It was the old voice talking in a new way: I can only describe it to myself

As for his manner, I know it used to be always more or less quiet and retiring in the old days; but was it ever so hopelessly subdued and depressed as I have seen it to-day? Useless to ask! In the by-gone time, I was not able to see it. My past judgment of him and my present judgment of him, have been arrived at by such totally different means, that it scems useless to compare them. Oh, how I miss Madame Pratolungo! What a relief, what a consolution it would have been to have said all this to her, and to have heard what she thought of it in return!

There is, however, a chance of my finding my way out of some of my perplexities, at any rate—if I can only wait till to-morrow.

Oscar scems to have made up his mind at last to enter into the explanations which he has hitherto withheld from me. He has asked me to give him a private interview in the morning. The circumstances which led to his making this request have highly excited my curiosity. Something is evidently going on under the surface, in which my interests are concerned—and, possibly, Oscar's interests too.

It all came about in this way. On returning to the house, after Oscar had left me, I found that a letter from Grosse had arrived by the afternoon post. My dear old surgeon wrote to say that he was coming to see me—and added in a postscript that he would arrive the next day at luncheon-time. Fast things that it could produce. (Ah. dear! I thought of Madame Pratolungo and the Mayonnaise. Will those times never come again?) Well—at dinner, I announced Grosse's visit;

adding significantly, "at luncheon-time."

My aunt looked up from her plate with a little start—not interested, as I was prepared to hear, in the serious question of luncheon, but in the opinion which my medical adviser was likely to give of the state of my health.
"I am anxious to hear what Mr. Grosse says

about you to-morrow," the old lady began. "I thall insist on his giving me a far more complete report of you than he gave last time. The recovery of your sight appears to me, my dear, so be quite complete."

" Do you want me to be cured, aunt, because you want to get away? I asked. "Are you weary of Ramsgate?"

Miss Batchford's quick temper flashed at mo out of Miss Batchford's bright old eyes.

"I am weary of keeping a letter of yours," she burst out with a look of disgust.

"A letter of mine!" I exclaimed.
"Yes, a letter which is only to be given to you, when Mr. Grosse pronounces you are quite yourself again."

yourself again."

Oscar—who had not taken the slightest interest in the conversation thus far—suddenly stopped, with his fork half way to his mouth; changed colour; and looked cagerly at my aunt.

"What letter?" I asked. "Who gave it to you? Why am I not to see it until I am quite

Miss Batchford obstinately shook her head three times, in answer to those three questions. "I hate secrets and mysteries," she said impatiently. "This is a secret and a mystery—and I long to have done with it. That is all. I have said too much already. I shall say no more.

All my entreaties were of no avail. aunt's quick temper had evidently led her into committing an imprudence of some sort. Having done that, she was now provokingly determined not to make had worse. Nothing that I could say would induce her to open her lips on the subject of the mysterious letter. "Wait This was till Mr. Grosse comes to-morrow."

the only reply I could get.

As for Oscar, this little incident appeared to have an effect on him which added immensely to the curiosity that my aunt had roused in me

He listened with breathless attention while I was trying to induce Miss Batchford to answer my questions. When I gave it up, he pushaway his plate, and ate no more. On the other hand (though generally the most temperate of men) he drank a great deal of wine, both at dinner and after. In the evening, he made so many mistakes in playing cards with my nunt, that she dismissed him from the game in discrete. disgrace. He sat in a corner for the rest of the time, pretending to listen while I was playing the piano-really lost to me and my music buried fathoms deep in some uneasy thoughts of his own.

When he took his leave, he whispered these words in my ear; anxiously pressing my hand while he spoke:

"I must see you alone to-morrow, before Grosse comes. Can you manage it?"

" Yes." " When?"

"At the stairs on the cliff, at eleven o'clock."
On that he left me. But one question has pursued me ever since. Does Oscar know the writer of the mysterious letter? I firmly believe he does. To-morrow will prove whether I am right or wrong. How I long for to-morrow to como l

(To be continued.)

PAPER CLOTHING.—In civilized countries the manufacture of paper into various articles of clothing has only been the business of a very brief period, but among barbarous people it is an industry that has been cultivated for years. With us the cuployment still remains in its infancy, and it has taken us many years to master the difficulties attending its introduction. At first, our manufacturers comfined their production almost entirely to collars, ents, frills, and similar minor articles pertaining to the wardrobe. Prejudice being in a great measure overcome, our inventors extended the area of production to many fubrics of universal use, but requiring greater strength and plinbility than those worn about the neck or arms. The garments made by this process failed to answer the requirements of our day, and were not received with general favour. At this juncture of affairs, it remained for an English inventor to solve the difficulty, and give us a really serviceable paper fabric. It is a mixture of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk and skins; the inter flax, jute, houp and cotton. Those articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, are bleached, and then felted by means of appropriate machinery. The mixture of these substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and attendth. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as weven fabrics, and makes as strong a seam.

as readily as woven fabrics, and makes as strong a soam.

This paper is of a very serviceable nature, and is made into table-cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, quilts, curtains, shirts, skirts, and various other articles of dress. The petitionts made from this felted paper are of very elaborate design and of wonderful heauty. They are either printed or straped, and bear so close a resemblance to linen or cotton goods of like description as to almost defy the scrutiny of the ablest experts. The stamped open-worked shirts display a delicacy of pattern that it would almost be impossible to imitate by any ordinary skill with the needle. Initation blankets and chintz for bods, furniture, or curtains, are also made sheaply. Embosed table-cloths and liqued angelian sheaply into a paper, so closely regemble the genuine damask linen as to be palmed off upon the unsuspecting as the genuine article.

In tiernamy, paper napkins have been used for several years. Their cost is but a triffe, and they pay for themselves, before they are required to be cast aside.

cast natio.

Felted in per is enpable of being made into lace, fringe and trimming, and for these several purposes it is unequalled in point of sheapness and durability. Imitation leather is also made from the same material, which is porfectly impervious to water. It is soft and phiable, and is a very useful fabric for covering furniture, making into shoes, for belts, and for many other purposes.

In China and Japan, paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants. It is very cheaply produced there, a good paper cont costing only ten contawhile the expense of an entire suit is limited to 250,

while the expense of an entire suit is limited to 250, OLD MAIDS.—Old maids are found in clusters in quiet country towns; they are, as a rule, both genial and sociable beings, who give pleasant parties when they are rich, and are invited to parties which they make pleasant when they are poor, who spends wooks at a time, senictimes even months, in other people's houses, yet save themselves from the reprench of being parasites by rendering services which are far more than the equivalent of the little they consume for their bodily sustenance, and the room they occurrently in the mansion. Old maids keep house for brothers who are widowers, or married sister swho are their own account but placed by the very fact of their leisure in a position to render great services on occasions when their help may be required.

The round figures of the vallend interest recognitive.

left me, I found that a letter from Grosse had arrived by the afternoon post. My dear old surgeon wrote to say that he was coming to see me—and added in a postscript that he would arrive the next day at luncheon-time. Fast experience told me that this meant a demand on my aunt's housekeeping for all the good

IN THE TUNNEL.

Riding up from Bangor, On the Pullman train, From a six weeks' shooting In the woods of Maine, Quite extensive whiskers, Hannyl superhylo as well.

Empty sout bohind him, No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide;
Enter agod couple,
Take the hinder sent;
Enter gentle maiden,
Unwitted section rator gentle maic Beautiful, petite.

Blushingly she fatters:
"Is this sent engaged?"
(She the need couple
Properly enraged.)
Student, quite eestatie,
Sees her ticket's "through,"
Thinks of the long tunnel—
Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter, While the cinders fly, Till that "student follor" Gets one in his eye; And the gentle maiden Quickly turns about— "Any 1. if you please, sir, Try to get it out?"

Happy "student fellow"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper—
"Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz! ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness,
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight, Darts the Pullman train; Student's beaver ruffled Just the merost grain. Maiden's hair is tumbled, And there soon appeared, Cunning little car-ring Caught in student's board. Harvard Advocate.

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## FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO

WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaborian.

CHAPER V. (Continued.)

The priest reflected a moment.

"Suppose you were seen," he said at last,
"and arrested, for arrested you might be, what
explanations could you give to account for your
presence at the Reach at that hour of the
night? Bosides, you would find everything
scaled up, and were you to break the seals it
would appear as if a robbery were committed.
An inquiry would immediately be instituted.
Ten to one you would be traced. And then
No, no! you must act in an entirely
different way. Everything you do must be done
openly. You were in no way implicated in the
rising. Your name is upon none of the lists of
proscribed, and your liberty is entirely unrestricted. Your best plan will be to go to-morrow
morning to the notary, and openly take possession of your inheritance. Take up your residence at Corcoran's farm, and make no secret
of it."

"What, father!" auswered Annie, endeavour-

of it."
"What, father!" answered Annie, endeavour-

"What, father!" answered Annic, endeavouring to repress a shudder, "live in Corcan's house all alone?"

"Certainly, my child," returned the priest.
"I can only see advantages in your doing so. With a little precaution we can communicate with each other without dunger. We will fix beforehand upon a rendezvous, where Farmer Byrne will meet you two or three times a week. And then in a couple of months, when the neighbours have become accustomed to your presence, we will move Mr. Somerville to your presence, we will move Mr. Somerville to your house. The change will do him good, for his convalescence is greatly retarded in bis present

uncomfortable quarters."

"But what will people think of my taking possession of the property of a man who was no relative of mine?"

relative of mine?"

"What do you care for what they think,"
said the priest. And after a pause he added,
"In any case, my poor child, it is absolutely
necessary for you to leave this house, and to go
somewhere where you will be your own mistress—and alone."

At the last words Annie became as white as a

sheet. It was evident that Father Mahoney knew her secret. For a moment she was obliged to lean against the wall to prevent herself falling.

The priest took no notice of her embarrass. ment, and closed the interview by adding. In a decisive tone, "There is no help for it, go you must."

The next day Annie Mosley made her appearance at Portrush, and after going through the necessary forms, was duly installed in Cor-She found everything exactly in the condition Corcoran had described, and her first care was to remove a portion of the money concealed in the bedroom, and to transmit it by Farmer Byrne to Father Mahoney. After the months of trouble she had lately

gone through, the quiet life at Corcoran's was inexpressibly welcome to Annie. Following Father Mahones's advice, she lived quite alone, but frequently went out, in order to accuston out requestly went out, in order to accustom the people of the village to her presence among them. During the day she occupied herself with the housework and her sewing, and in the evening met Byrne at the rendezvous fixed upon by the pricet, where she received news of Mr. Somerville's condition. Could she only have heard from Frederick, she would have been happy. She could not understand his prolonged silence. She would have written to him, had she known where a letter would find him, but since the day she had heard of his departure for St. Malo, she had received no intelligence whatever of his movements. And it was just at this time that she needed some one near to help her in the crisis through which she was about to

In this extremity she bethought herself of the physician who had attended her at Ballina-kill. He had told her to come to him when she was in trouble, and he would do all in his power

to help her. To him she wrote, stating her condition and reminding him of his promises. Four days after Dr. Tait made his appearance, and for a fortnight remained at Annie's hous closely perdu. When he left, one morning be-fore daybreak, he took with him, wrapped up in his cloak, a male child, whom he had pledge himself to care for as if it were his own

Thus the crisis passed, and Annie resumed her ordinary life. Fortunately not one of the neighbours had the slightest suspicion of what

CHAPTER 'VI.

On leaving St. Killan's Ludy Coleraine dis-played a calmness that astonished, if it did not even deceive, Lord Scarborough. By an im-mense effort of will she succeeded in hiding unmense effort of will she succeeded in hiding under a dispassionate exterior the flerce rage that was seathing within her. Her indomitable pride inspired her with something of the heroism of the giadiator who foll dying in the gand of the area with a smile on his lips. She had made up her mind that as she must fall, she would at least fall gracefully.

"No one shall see a tear in my eye, or hear a completit form my lips." she said to her futher.

complaint from my lips," she said to her father one day. "Cannot you do as much?" On her return to Shandon she frightened the

servants. They had expected to see her worn out, broken down in mind and body. Instead, they found her more imperious and exacting than ever. Her first order after her return was to forbid them speaking of her as Lady Coleraine, under pain of instant dismissal. One day she overhead an unfortunate house-

mail after the forbidden name. Within an hour the poor girl had left the castle. The servants were all indignant.
"My hely can't expect us," they said, "to forget that she is married, and that her own husband put her in the fix she is in."
How could she expect it of them, when she

How could she expect it of them when she could not forget it herself. Night and day the remembrance of that fatal day haunted her, when she had passed in one short hour from bridehood to widowhood. Still she porsovered in her resolution of bearing her troubles bravely. She always appeared richly dressed, and did her host to soom gay and careless. Out the Student hest to soom gay and careless. best to seem gay and careless. On the Sunday after her return she even made her appearance at church. Then, for the first time, she saw the uselessness of all her efforts to hide her mortification. The last straw will break the horse's back, and the last indignity broke her resolution.
Instead of being received by her acquaintances as she had expected, with looks of mingled surprise and hatred, her appearance was the signal for a general litter that no one took the pains to conceal. She even heard muttered jokes on her condition of maiden-widow that entered like

This last insult was utterly unexpected, and

This last insuit was utterly unexpected, and she vowed to take her revenge. Her father was only too ready to back her, and for the first time in their lives father and daughter agreed.

"Yes," said Lord Shandon, when his daughter spoke to him on the subject, "I will teach Lord Scarborough what it is to counive at the escape of a condemned criminal, and then to insuit a man in my positiou. I will ruin him, and bring him humbled to my feet, see if I do not."

Unfortunately for the fruition of his schemes of vengeance Lord Shandon had been losing time. For three days after the scene at St. Kil-

of vengance Lord Sanadon and been losing time. For three days after the scone at St. Killan's he was confined to bed; and three days more were taken up in drawing up a long report which was intended to achieve the humiliation of his quendam ally. This lost time had been well employed by Lord Coleraine and Lord Scarborough, with what result we have already seen. Lord Scarborough was publicly thanked and re-warded, while Lord Shandon's action was cen-sured by the Home Government, and he him-solf was stripped of all the public offices he held.

held.

When the news of his rival's triumph and his own humiliation reached him, Lord Shandon nearly went mad with rage and mortification. The thought that he, the skilful schemer, the wary plotter, had been overreached in a matter of such vital importance to himself, was intensed by humiliating. That he had been everreached. of such vital importance to himself, was intenser humilinding. That he had been overreached he had not a doubt, but by whom? Not Lord Scarborough. He was not capable of such a masterpiece of finesse. By whom then?

Lady Mary could have answered that question. Like Annie Mosley she divined at once that Lord Coleraine was the master spirit that directed the course affairs had taken.

And knowing the man, understanding his nature, she felt sure that he had some other metive in acting as he had, than the mere satisfaction of humiliating Lord Shandon. What that motive was, her jealousy suggested at once; to please Annie Mosley, and obtain her forgive-ness, and that of her friends.

"Ah!" she cried, as the thought flashed upon her, "she can do what she likes with him, and as long as she lives I must hope in vain. But,

patience!"
Patience! that meant vengeance. Vengeance she was determined to have, though she knew not yet how it could best be obtained. But she had already in view a man, who, she thought, would be a willing instrument in her hands. This was no other than Ryan.
Since the execution of Mosley and Corcean.

Since the execution of Mosley and Corcoran. Pat Ryan had taken up his quarters at St. Killian's Abboy. This had been purely a precautionary measure, for his life among Lord Scarborough's servants was none of the most pleasant. But he felt that outside the Abbey grounds his life was not safe. The people of Portrush were, to a man, furious at his botrayal of Mossunsion to induce them to put out of the way a man who had disgraced himself and the neighbourhood by his countless acts of lawlessness and butality. Added to this, Geogheghan's threat

was still ringing in his ears.

In the Abbey kitchen he was received by the servants as though he brought a contagion with him. His food was given to him as to a dog, and at night he was forced to sleep in an outhouse, as the men refused to let him even into the stables. Still he supported all the indignities heaped upon him without a murmur. He even thought himself fortunate in being able to

purchase his safety at that price.

After his rupture with Lord Shandon, Lord Searthorough, acting on the advice of his son, gave orders that Ryan should be turned out of the house. But the old poacher, on the servants uttownting to enforce this command, refused point-blank to go until he received his dismissal from Lord Scarborough in person. His answer was carried to his lordship, who asked to see Ryan immediately. On his making his appearance he was told by the Marquis never again to set foot on the Abbey grounds on any pretext. Money was offered him, which he refused, and gathering together the few duds he possessed, he made up a bundle, and at once left the house. As he stepped over the threshold he was overheard by one of the servants muttering that if ever he came across a Scarborough after nightfall he'd make cold meat of him.

fall he'd make cold ment of him.

Expelled from the Abbey, Ryan returned to his own house, where his wife and two sons were still living. Here he spent his time in drinking and sleepling, now and then sallying forth to the Abbey or Shandon Castle grounds to induige in a little clandestine sport. People passing by his cottage towards nightfull would often hear the sound of hives intermingled with often hear the sound of blows intermingled with often hear the sound of the rest and curses. It was Mrs. Rybn the two boys beating Ryan, and endeavouring to two boys beating Ryan, and endeavouring to No one know, not even had been done with get money from him. No one knew, not even his wife and children, what he had done with the blood money he had received as the price of Mosley's betrayal. It was supposed he had buried it sombwhere, but no one could say

Such was Ryan's history, as Lady Mary heard it from the head gardener at Shandon. This was evidently the man she wanted. The next thing was to get at him without exciting sus-

nicion. He hunted in the Shandon grounds. Why not watch for him? A little perseverance and a good deal of promonding was all that would be necessary. Sooner or later she must

come upon him.

Lady Mary at once decided upon this programme. Day after day for two weeks she pa-

gramme. Day after day for two weeks she patroled the woods with Miss Macartney, the poor rolation already mentioned, who thought that her niece had decidedly lost her reason.

At last she met with success. One fine afternoon towards the end of May she espied the man she wanted sneaking along an open track with his finger on the trigger of his gun. This was a precaution Ryan invariably took when he was cut. Not that he was afraid of the keepers, but he seemed to see Geogheghan behind every tree, with his knife raised ready to strike.

On seeing Lady Mary he was about to slip into the thicket when she stopped him.

"Mr. Ryan," she cried.

The Poacher hesitated a moment, stopped, and finally grounded his gun.

and finally grounded his gun.

In the meantime, Miss Macartney, pale with apprehension, began to expostulate with her nicce.
"Good gracious! what are you calling that

horrid man for?"
"Because I want to speak to him," returned

the younger lady, ungraciously enough.

"But, my dear Mary, you do not mean to say

that—"" I must, that is the long and the short of it."
"I must, that is the long and the short of it."
"But I cannot allow it. What would your father say?"
"Never mind what my father or any body

else would say. It has got to be done. And so, aunt, you will oblige me by keeping watch while I speak to him. If you see any one coming call me at once." As usual, poor Miss Macartney resigned her-self to the will of her imperious niece, who,

without another word, advanced towards where Kyan was standing, "Well, Mr. Ryan," she began in her most winning tones, "have you had good luck to-

day?"

"What do you want with me?" said Ryan,
abruptly. "You want me to do something, I

know.

know."

Lady Mary had some difficulty in disguising the disgust with which his coarse manner inspired her.

"Yes," she returned, still smiling sweetly, "I want you to do something for me."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is a very small thing I am going to ask of you. It will give you very little trouble, and you will be well paid."

"That's all very fine," returned the man, "but people don't come to me for little jobs of that kind. Ever since I tried to serve the government as well as I could, and in the way the posters set forth, everybody seems to think they mont as well as I could, and in the way the post-ers set forth, everybody seems to think they have a right to come to me, money in hand, and ask me to undertake all kinds of villalnies. Come now, I know what it costs us poor people to listen to you rich ones. Go your way, and I'll go mine, and if you have any dirty work to do, do it yourself."

do, do it yourself."
So saying he threw his gun over his shoulder,

so saying he throw his gun over his shoulder, and was walking away, when a sudden inspiration selzed Lady Mary.

"Liston," she said, coldly.

"My reason for stopping you was that I knew your history. I thought you would be only too glad to serve one who like yourself better the reals of Scarbonney. who, like yourself, hates the whole Scarborough

The new tactics had their effect. The old

The new tactics and their elect. The our poacher stopped.

"Yes," he said, "I should think you had reason to hate them, after the trick they have played you. Something like the trick they played me, only in your case you will be reconciled in another month, and then good-bye, Pat

Ryan's cut adrift."

"Reconciled!" returned the girl, with an angry stamp of her foot, "never."

"Well, perhaps not, Suppose I were to do what you want of me, what then?"

"I will give you anything you ask, money, land a lowe." land, a house

"Much obliged, but it's something else I want,"
"What is it? Make your own conditions." Ryan paused a moment, and then began

Ryan paused a moment, and then began gravely:
"Well, you see I have enemies, one especially. But nover mind, I'il tell you the whole thing in half a dozen words. I don't feel safe in my own house. My sons thrash me when I'm drunk, to make me give them money. As for my wife, she's quite capable of poisoning my whiskey any day, and between the three of them I am in mortal fear of losing my money and my life. I can't live like that. Promise me a home life. I can't live like that. I'remise me a home at Shandon Castle after the job is done, and I'll do anything you like. At the Castle I shall be safe, and I can drink as much and as often as I please without being bothered. But, understand, I'm not going to be treated by the servants as I was at St. Killan's."

"Yery good." said Lady Mary, 4th shall be

"Very good," said Lady Mary, "it shall be "Swear on your hopes of salvation that you'll do it.

" I swear it." The tone in which Lady Mary said this reassured Ryan. Bending towards her he said, in a hoarse voice:

" Very well. What's the job?" (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

ENGLAND has 32,623 broweries.

THERE are 3,061 languages spoken in the world. HOLLAND spends more for tobacco than for bread. Cons starch makes the best paste for scrap-books. Gillott, the pen-man, began life as a seissors

Or the seventy-four United States Senators, fifty are lawyers. THE 24 letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,430,360,000 times.

THE first house over built in Nobraska, is still standing on the banks of the Missouri. THERE were manufactured in the United States last year over a half million sewing machines. One hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago

It is said that 42,500 bales of cotton are used every year by the indies—to add to their attractive appear-

DEFECTIVES SAY there are \$10,000,000 of counterfeit mational bank notes in circulation in the United States.

More than 000,000,000 of steel pens are manufac-tured in Sheffield, England, annually. Over 600 tens of sheet steel is made in that city each year, for this purpose alone.

In Manilla, twenty-five thousand women and girls work at eight making, at average wages of seven cents per day. A girl getting ten cents is considered as making a rapid fortune. Electricity is employed in some of the French theatres to transmit signals, such as the time of the music, from the leader of the orchestra to musicians stationed behind the scenes out of his view.

THE consumption of spirits in the United States Inst year was about eighty-five million gailons, or over two hundred and thirty thousand gailons per day; giving an average of two and a half gailons per annum to every man, woman, and child in the States. As the women and children don't usually drink, the men must have done their share of the drinking pretty liberally to make the average so heavy.





## THE HEARTHSTONE.

#### MARTHA PHILLIPS.

SHE was dead; an old woman, with silvery hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forchend, and snowy cap thed under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle

about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired lands, crossed with a restful look. That was all.

Who, looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romaner, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long ago?

Fifty years she had lived under that roof a farmer's wife. If you look on the little plate on her coffin lid, you will see "Aged 70" there; and she was only 20 when John Phillips brought has home, a bride. her home, a bride.

A half-century she had kept her careful

watch over dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that full to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttoniess shirts or undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and seedding wife. His trim, tidy Martha had been his pride; and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted some times of the model housewife that kept his home in order.
But underneath her quiet exterior there was a

story that John never dreamed of, and would hardly have believed possible had he been told. She did not marry for love. When she was 19, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their little village, and that summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village

artist, and fell in love with the simple vittage girl, and won her heart; and, when he went away in the autumn, they were betrothed. "Pill come again in the spring," he said," "Trust me, and walt for me, Mattle dear." She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time, if need be; and, with a kiss on her cutyering thes he want away.

quivering lips, he went away.

Muttle Gray the not tell her father and mother of her love, for they had no liking for London folks, and had treated Paul none too hospitably when he had ventured inside their

Spring-time came, and, true to his word, Paul returned; he stayed only a day or two

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy, to study," he said. "I shall be gone two years, and then I shall come to claim you for

my bride."
They renewed their vows, and parted with

they renewed their vows, and parted with tears, and tender, loving words; he put a tiny ring on her finger, and cut a little early tress from her brown hair; and, telling her to be always true, and wait for him, he went away. The months went by, and Mattle was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so that she might be worthy of her lover, when he should return to make her bis wife.

"It must be about the time he is to start,"

she said to herself one day.

And by and by, as she glanced over a newspaper, her eye was attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride, instead of

coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul, Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!" She covered her face with her hands, and wept

bitterly.

An hour afterwards, as she sat there in the twilight, with the fatal newspaper lying in her lap, she heard a step on the gravel walk; and, looking up she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had, of course, received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working-furmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough-would give her plenty to

Now, he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; for he took a chair, and, seating himself beside her, after a chair, and, scating infiscit beside her, after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath, began, in his business-like way, to converse. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her; would she be his wife? His manner was hearty enough; there was no doubt he really wanted her-would rather marry her than any other woman he knew; but that was all.

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but as she let fall her eyes from the crim-son-hearted rose that swang from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines

Married!" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him. If I marry him, I can be a true wife to him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were eyes, and answered quietly, "Yes, I will be hausts you, and the sun never ceases to make

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was all settled, and they were married that same summer. People thought she sobered down wonderfully: more than that, nothing was said that ould lead any one to suppose any change had taken place.
Yes, she was sobered down. She dared not

think of Paul. There was no hone ahead. Life was a time to be filled up with something, so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got so wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to horself, "I must work harder; plan and fuss, and bustle about as other women do, so that I may forget, and grow like John."

Two years went swifty by. A buby slept in the little cradle; and Murtha—nobody called her Mattle but Paul—sat rocking it with her foot as she knitted a blue woollen stocking for the s father. There was a knock at the half-

I have got into the wrong road: will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped

She rose to give him the required direction but stopped short, while he came quickly for

" Paul !" " Mattle !"

Ilis face lighted up, and he reached out his arms to draw her to him. With a surprised pained look, she drew back.
"Mr. Gardner, this is a . Gardner, this is a most unexpected

meeting. "Mr. Gardner?" he repeated. "Mattle, what

do you mean?"

"I nit call me Mattic, if you please," she replied with dignity. "My name is I'nillips."

"Phillips!" he cchocd. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this

time for another woman's husband?—that I was keeping my faith with one who played me false so soon?"

"Played you false! I have not. I am come as I promised you. The two years are but just past, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattle

was trembling like an aspen leaf. For but he was contented with his lot.

unswer, she turned and pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her, with white face and folded arms,
"Tell me why you did this! Didn't you love

me well enough to wait for me?"

Sho went and unlocked a drawer, and took out a newspaper, Unfolding it, and finding the place, she pointed to it with her singer, and he

"What of this?" he asked as he met her questioning, reproachful look. "Ch, Mattle! you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not marriad, nor in love with any one but

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked, in an eager, husky voice.

And then, as he replied, "It is true," she gave a low groun and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! It nearly broke my

heart! I didn't know that you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you; but 'twas there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married

With bitter tears, she told him how it all happened. With elemened hands he walked to

happened. With elenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopped beside the cradle, and bent over the sleeping child. Lower he bent till his lips touched its wee forchead, while he murmured softly to himself, "Martle's baby."

Then he turned, and, kneeding before her, said, in a low voice, "I forgive you, Matthe; be as happy as you can," He took both her hands in his, and looked steadily, lovingly, into her face. His lips twitched convulsively as he rose to his feet. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God-bless you!" He turned, as he went out of the door, and

saw her standing there in the middle of the room, with arms outstretched. He went back, and, putting his arms round her, pressed one kiss on her cheek, then left the house, never

And she went down on her knees beside her sleeping baby, and prayed for strength to bear her great trial. They never saw one another again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters romember her as a loving and devoted mother, her grey-headed husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was a woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewsfe as ever was," he said, as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking down on the peace-

ful face.
And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor ever dreamed of the sorrowful load she had borne through life,

#### A JAPANESE ROMANCE.

Our cosmopolitan age, so eager for new commercial outlets, will also acquire new sources of intellectual interest. Our European literature will lose nothing by issuing from its somewhat restricted horizon. Already the cotemporary poetry of Germany has been enriched with many a jewel drawn from the mexhaustible stores of Persia and India; but the extreme Orient is still an untouched mine. Prom the little that has been given to the world, we take the following Japanese story, which is quoted by a Dutch author, Dekker, in his "Max Havelaar."

### THE STONE-CUTTER.

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, be worked much gained lit-tle, and was not at all contented with his lot. "O, if I could only be rich enough to rest,

"It sheeped himself in a kirimon of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel intercepted it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a kirimon of soft silk.

It hungened that the emproon passed by

It impened that the emperor passed by.
It was preceded by herelds on foot and horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavallers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with

"What good does it do me to be rich?" murmured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and my head protected with a golden parasol? Why am I not the em-

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the emperor. He and an escort of cavallers before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense

parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with his ardent heams dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, fatigued his eyes.

"It is no great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day ex-

you feel his power! But if one could be the

sun!"
"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel
asked. For he had become the sun, and he
darted his beams up and down, right and leit
and all around him. And he scorehed the herbage of the earth and the faces of princes upon the carth.

now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun and prevented them from falling upon the

carth's surface "There is strength," cried the sun-

cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud!

"Very well!" said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accom-

The new cloud placed itself haughtily plished. between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers and water-sponts to fall on the lands, so that the torrents burst their bounds and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock delied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the beliewing waters beat it in their fury the rock yielded not, but the foaming water

"A rock, theu, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place." " You shall be," said the angel. And he was transformed into a steep, un-

shaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun. indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished at his feet a

man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with those instruments, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting

What is that?" cried the rock; " has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that

"Have your will," said the angel; and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-outter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much and gained little,

#### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

## HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

UNDER the general title Sundries, Marion Harland in her capital text-book for housewives gives some good practical hints, a few of which we copy for the bound of inexperienced housekeepers:

good practical hints, a few of which we copy for the benefit of inexperienced housekeepers:

Knivks.—Clean with a soft flannel and Bath brick If rusty, use wood-ashes, rubbed on with a newly-out bit of Irish potato. This will remove spots when nothing clso will. Keep your best set wrapped in soft white paper; then in linen, in a drawer out of damp and dust. Never dip the ivory handles of knives in hot water.

Cleaning Pors, Kettles, and Ting.—Boil a double handful of hay or grass in a new iron pat before attempting to cook with it; serab out with sone and sand; then fill it with cold water, and let it boil half an hour. After this, you may use it without fear. As soon as you empty a pot or frying-pan of that which has been cooked in it, fill with hot or cold water (but is best), and set it back upon the fire to scald thoroughly.

Now time should stand near the fire with boiling water in them, in which has been dissolved a spoonful of soda, for an hour: then be secured inside with soft-sone; afterward rinsed with hot water. Keep them clean by rubbing with sifted wond-ashes, or whitening.

Copper utensils should be cleaned with brickdust and flannel.

Noverset a vessel in the pot-closet without cleanand winds it the fire it, it

and finned.
Noverset a vessel in the pet-closet without clean-and wiping it thoroughly. If grease be left in it, it will grow rancid. If set aside wet, it is apt to rust.

and wiping it thoroughly. It grouss he left in it, will grow rancid. If set aside wet, it is ask to rist.

Silver.—Wash, after each meal, all that is soiled, in very hot soft water, with hard soap. Wipe hard and quickly on a clean towel; then notish with dry flannel. If discolared with egg, mostard, spinnels, or beans, or by any other means, rub out the stain with a stiff troethirush and silver soap.

After rubbing with a stiff lather made with this, wash off with hot water, wipe and polish while hot. There is no need for the weekly silver cleaning to be an event or a bugbear, if a little care and watchfulness be observed after each meal. Silver should never be allowed to grow dingy. If Bridget or Chlos will not attend properly to this matter, take it in hand yourself. Have your own soap-cups—two of them—one with common soap, the other with a cake of silver soap in the bottom. Have for one a more, for the other a stiff brush—n tooth-brush is best. Use yourseftest towels for silver.

Besides being clean and easy of application, the silver soap will not wear away the metal as will whiten or chalk, or plate-powder, however finely putverized.

Weater Cluxy and fit asy—The right and only

ing or chalk, or plate-powder, however finely pulverized.

Washing China and Glass.—The right and only neat method is quite simple and easy. Ringe the greasy plates, and whatever is sticky with sugar or other sweet, in hot water, and transfer to a larger pan of very hot. Wash glass first, next silver, then china—one article at a time, although you may put several in the pan. Have a mop with a handle; rub upon the soup (over which the water should have been poured) until you have strong suds; wash both sides of pour hand, Draining leaves streaks which can be felt by sonsitive finger-tips, if not seen. If China is rough to the touch, it is dirty. Hot, clean suds, a dry, elean towel, and quick which, leave it bright and shining. Roll your glasses around in the water, filling them as soon as they touch it, and you need never crack one. A lady did once explain the dingringes of her gobelets to me by saying that she was "afraid to put them in hot water. It rots glass, and makes it so tender! I prefer to have them a little cloudy." This is literally true—that she said it, I mean. Certainly not that a year's soaking in hot water could make glass tender.

A Michigan arithmetician computes that the num-ber of clothes sent to the sufferers by the forest fires in that State would furnish each man with about two hundred pairs of old pants and one hundred pairs of old boots.

#### FARM ITEMS.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A distinguished Parti physician rays — I believe that during the recent years after the thoracted the tenny extract in the counterfrees a secrific to the material property of the property

The folling of a bell is like the prayer of a hypocrito-it is solomn sound by a thoughtless tongue. It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty. To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, it is worth some sacrifice of individual will.

Sormstay is like a window cortain—it pleases us as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

To flatter porsons adroitly one must know three things—what they are, what they want, and what they want other people to think they are.

FALSE happiness renders menstern and groud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

WHATEVER teaches the boauty of goodness, touches the heart with pure emotion, is religious in its tendency, and only needs embracing in its true spirit to be religious in its result. FLATTERY is an ensuaring quality, and leaves a

very (angerous impression. It swells a man's ima-gination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to doting upon his own person.

SENSUAL pleasures are like soap bubbles, sparkling, evanescent. The pleasures of intellect are calm-beautiful, sublime, ever-cadaring, and climbing up the borders of the unseen world.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. A coarse, rough nature at home be-gets a habit of roughness which cannot be laid aside. SATIBLE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with

It is quite the fushion to drop now and then a lump of picty into personal conduct, but too often there is little care to "work it in." A life properly seasoned with grace has a uniform flavor.—[.]I. W. Buecher.

Beccher.

It is not enough that we wish well to others. Our feelings should clothe themselves with corresponding actions. The sirfus which has no outlet been one a stagmant pool; while that which pours itself ar in the running stream is pure and living, and is the cause of life and beauty wherever it flows. THINGS YOU WILL NOT BE BURKY FOR.

THINGS YOU WILL NOT HE BORE For hearing before judging. For thinking before speaking. For holding an anary tongue. For stopping the ear to a tattler. For being kind to the distressed. For being patient to all. For asking purdon for wrongs. For peaking ovil of no man. For being courtoous to all.

For being courtoous to all.

Do your own thinkins. Yes that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weight what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false notions, and in cradicating unprofitable and viegous ideas, and in time making you better men and women. What you thus gain from surroundings, you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be, that you will do your share in the giorious work of clevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

Shadows.—No human footstons have ever ver

clevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

Shadows.—No human footstops have ever yet trodden in a pathway leading through perpetual sunshine. Shadows belong to the earth-life, shutting out the blue sky of delight, and purpling all the golden fields of gladness, their raven wings are spread at times, ever every human life. The shadow reveals the substance. The shadow of the eak lies darkly over some lonely wouldend nook, while its branches are kissed by the sunlight and the breeze; and shadows upon human lives reveal the existence of a something above or beyond that holds the gleam of the Maker's own glery, and it southed by the breath of His choicest good, howseever little of this great truth our servewful souls divine.

#### WIT AND HUMOUR.

A PRITTY hood-Childhood. A Funsion Tale - The cat's.

"Max over-bored -an editor. Eastly pearl-A baby's tooth. OPERATIVE Spinners Spiders,

A CRACK corps-The barglar's. A Finan of Labor - A brick-field, RELATIVE beauty-A pretty consin.

Laxy Services - Barrowed sermons Tue Foot Guards - Boots and shoes. PRESENTED at Court-Being sued for debt.

Curv-Does a dumb man always keep his word? How to keep your Head Clear- Shave your hair

Whits Boss Tweed disappeared, he was a non est

man at last.

How should you address a man who had lent you forty pounds?—As "my xi.-lent friend."

Wito are they that cannot resist, the temptation of sugar plants?—Those who succently (suck) all. Owing to the high price of rent in New York, the Hear's African correspondent has moved to Brooklyn.

The latest sentimental ballad a sweet thing-is "Bory your deer in the garden. It will make the grapevine grow."

The entire assets of a New York hankrupt were use children. The creditors did the handsome thing, and let him keep every one of them."

A westers journal offers this inducoment: "All subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-class obituary notice in case of death."

A Untry to policeman poisoned a dog. His master—the dog's "twisted his car" the policeman's "and he now wears his eye; the man does—in a sling.

A MAN from San Francisco, who had not heard of the Calengo fire, arrived there fast week. After looking at the ruins he turned to a stranger and asked: "How long did the earthquake last, old sport?"

A Stranger Tay, Medically agreements of his

A Strangury Tree-Macheth's presentiment of his approaching defect is finely indicated by his acknowledging the odds to be angulast him, when he remarks sadly to his friends, "Lay on Machell"

A Little how was recently presented with a toy transpet to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his "little hed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here gran ma, you blow while I pray!"

and trumpet to ms grandmonter, saying, "tree grandma, you blow while I pray!"

A CAYR Chicago Post says: "On? lynx-cycd assistants report this morning that L743 people slipped down yesterday on the periddious side walks. Of these L540 were men, 463 women, and 200 miscellaneous. The table shows that over 300 landed on their chows: the others sat down. Of the entire number, L742 of them swore—131 andibly."

CAR girls stand a collega course of study? Mrs. Stanton thinks they can, and says: "I would like you to take L300 young men and face them up, and hang 10 to 20 pounds weight of clothes on their waisls, erch them up on 3 inch heels, "cover their hands with ripples, chumons, rats and mice, and stick 10.500 hair junes into their scalps: if they stand all this they will stand a little Latin and Greek."

A 88ETHEAR young collection confronted an old

stand a little Latin and Greek."

A SECTION young collegian confronted an old Quake with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker. " bors thee believe in France?" "Yes. Though I have not seen it. I have reen others who have. Besides, then is plenty of proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe any thing thee or others have not seen?" "No. to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see any body that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

A partity model cosmitted of the second context of the second contex

any?"

A PRETTY good story is told of a citizen of Elizabeth,
N. J., who went to the cars on Thanksgiving day to
see his daughter off. Having secreted a cart for her,
he left the car and went round to her window to say
a parting word. While he was passing out, the
daughter left the sear to greak to a friend, and at the
same time a prime-looking lady who occupied the
seat with her moved up to the window. Unaware of
the important changes inside, our venerable friend
hastily put his face up to the window and harricedly
exclaimed: "One more kiss, sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella
caught his seluctive lips, accompanied by the passimate injunction: "Seat, you grey-headed wretch."
He 'scatted.

The failure to nick no the avent we see the

The failure to pick up the exact words pronounced by mother, or to understand what they mean, is often the result of die lectic peculiarities. There is an old story of an Aberdeen man in Edinburgh, who, when awakened during the might by the policoman's rattle, threw up the window to ascertain where the fire was Hailing a man who was harrying along the street below, he crist out:

Hailing a man who was harrying along the street below, he crisi out—

"Far ces't?" Aberdonian for "Where is it?"

"Far East, is it?" said the man, and at once herriad back in the direction from which he had come.

Before many minutes he re-appeared, harrying the same way as at first, when the Aberdonian, thinking he was returning from the fire, called out—

"Far was't?" said the man angrily, "it's not-ther far east nor far wast, but in the Coogate."

## THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

92. ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. I have two casks, one containing 8 gallons of wine and 10 gallons of water; and the other? gallons of wine and 5 gallons of water. What quantity must I draw from each cask to yield a compound of 12 gal-lons of wine and 12 gallons of water? W. R. All.Ford.

2, A light-house, 60 feet in height, is observed to subtond an angle of 30 degrees from a saip at som; and the angle of elevation of the elimination which the lighthouse is erected is also observed to be 15.5. What is the distance of the ship from the chiff, neglecting the effect of curvature?

93. CHARADE. My first is but five, my second, is one.
In my third one hundred will be.
My fourth is in cake, but never in bunn.
In my whole great evil you'll see.
M. E. P.

94. REBUS. My 3, 9, 11, is an insect. My 7, 6, 1, is an opening. My 5, 8, 4, is a number. My 2, 6, 5, 10, is turily or s My whole is a Savon United

7, b, t, is on our of the first of the first



ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 1. ILLUSTRATED REBUS. -- I am not lazy; but was born

ST.-WOMAN'S AGE.-Cour-age. 2. Poli-age. 3. prb-age. 4. Cabb-age. 5. Vint-age. 6. Saus-age. Parson-age. 8. Poer-age. 9. Carri-age. 10. Mar-age. 11. Lugs-age. 12. Vicar-age. 13. Cribb-age.

Illustrated Rebus answered correctly by Fritz.







POLAR BRAR.—The present Czar of Russia is

teototalor.

NEMO.—"Owen Meredith" is the mam de plume of Robert Bulwer Lytton, son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, better known in literature as the author of 'Bulwer's' novels.

SHOFMAKER.—The patron Saint of shoemakers is St. Crispin; he was born in Rome but travelled through a large portion of France carning his living by making and selling shoos.

ABRAHAM WILSON, THOMAS DOWNEY.—You omit to name your postoffice. We shall be happy to comply with your wishes, if you will only be business-like and let us know where to send your premium plates.

GARDEN SPORT.—Croquot is by no means a modern

CARDEN SPORT.—Croquet is by no means a modern game altho' it has only got into fashion within the past few years. It was played in England about 250 years ago and was then called "Pail Mail;" the game being almost identical with the present one.

Modern Sensation.—Mrs. Bloomer, the originator of the "Bloomer Costume" toned down a great deal after she got married and had something useful to do. We believe she is now living very quietly in a little town in Kansas, U.S.; has resigned the breeches o her liege lord and is occupied chiefly in rearing a large family.

Sorutator.—The best time for study, we have always found to be, is when the stomach is empty and the brain consequently perfectly free in its action; say from 5 to 8 in the morning, before breakfast; or after 10 at night. The best time for composing is when you got an idea in your head; if you never get an idea, never try to compose; you may make up your mind nature never intended you to go into the business.

DUSTROES.

II. C. UNBRIDGE wants to know the cause of pimples on the face and a cure for them. Pimples are caused by impurity in the blood, frequently—especially when off the face—superinduced by bud whiskey; in this latter case we recommend as a cure "Take the piedge." In all other cases the only cure we know is to live mederately and temperately and restore the blood to its state of purity by slight doses of soda, oream of tartar, or other cooling and puritying medicious.

cines.

MILLINES.—We do not know of any cheaper and better power for driving sowing machines than a small calorie engine; the outlay would be considerable, probably \$400 or \$500, but the expense of running would not be over fifty or seventy-five cents a week, and one ongline would supply power for fifteen or twenty machines. We would advise you, however, to write to some Patont Agent—Munn & Co., Now York, for instance—as they may have some cheaper power for driving sewing machines than we know of.

#### MARKET REPORT.

#### HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

The weather doring the early part of yesterday was very cold. It afterwards became milder, but this morning the frost is again very sharp. Therm. at 7 a.m. 1° below zero.

FLOUR.—Only a rotall business doing at prices within range of our last quotations.

Flour. & trl. of 1961bs.—Superior Extra, nominal \$0.00; Extra, \$5.40 to \$6.50; Fancy, \$6.25 to \$0.00; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Super. Canada Wheat, \$6.65 to \$6.10; Strong Bakers' Flour \$6.20 to \$6.40; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) nominal. City brands of Super (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground numinal. Cluddlings, \$4.40 to \$6.50; Politreds, \$3.25 to \$3.55; Upper Canada Bing Flour, \$7.100 bs. \$2.85 to \$0.00; City bang, (dolivered) \$3.10 to \$3.12;

Mincket dull. Wheat was quoted a shade easier in the West this morning. Liverpeol rates are without change, as per latest cable annexed:—

Jan. 13.

Jan. 12.

				13					12.	
		3.	p.	m.		1.	25	p.	m	
	8.	d.		8.	d,	8.	d.		s, d	
Flour	26	0	Ø	30	00	26			<b>30</b> 0	0
Red Wheat	11	3	Ø	11	9	11	3	0	11	9
Red Winter	12	0	0	ÕÕ	Ò	12	Ō	0	00 0	Ō
White	ÕÕ	Õ	0	12	9	12		ø		
Corn	ŎŎ			31	ğ		00			
Barley	ÕÕ		ä	3	š	3			ŎŌ O	
Onte	2			2					2 1	
Pons	41		ō	00	ō				<b>0</b> 0 0	
Pork	ōō				ō				59 Ŏ	
Lard		š	40	ŏŏ	ŏ				ŏöŏ	
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## WANTED.

## The "Hearthstone," for 1870.

Any person having a copy of THE HEARTHSTONE of Vol. 1, No. 11, is requested to forward the same to Edward do B. Kestin, No. 1 Place d'Arnes Iliu, Montreni, and a suitable reward will be given for it. THE HEARTHSTONE OFFICE, January, 1872

A manner thinker says that many people will be astonished when they get to heaven to find the angels laying no schemes to be made archangels.

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

Academy for Young Gentlemen. English, Classical, and Mathematical. DALY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT. Revd. C. FREDERICK STREET, M. A., Principal, ASSISTED BY EXPERIENCED TEACHERS.

Number of pupils limited. Pupils admitted as Boarders in the residence of the Principal. 2-43z

GRAYS 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 Voor-lorgans. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution.

tion.

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

## NOTICE THIS!!

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

A. ABRAMS. Box 141j, Mouranal

## RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

#### **DOLLARS** THIRTY THOUSAND

TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

#### ALL PRIZES! **BLANKS!!** NO 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 Subscribed required at \$2.00.	The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number. $\begin{bmatrix} 2 \\ D \end{bmatrix}$		
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		
2	1	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine (Grover & Baker Stitch), silver plated, in a beautiful blackwalnut Cabines with drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$50.00	Price, \$70.00   A Lady's Watch, in Gold hunting case, beautifully enamelled. Price, \$55.00	
3	90	lock, &c. Price, \$50.00  A Singm 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 Stygen 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, black- walnut table and cover. Price, \$35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, cnamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, \$35.00	
6		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		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, a 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 linest 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 15th April 1872,—BE THAT NUMBER WHAT IT MAY,—ALL HAVE A CHANCE:

A Grand Square 7 octave Piano-Forte, rosewood case, rich mouldings, and of the finest

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, so that parties may receive the paper at once. Give the correct name and address of every subscriber. Use Bank dralts, 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 All who wish to canvass with greater speed and more success, should remit us \$1.00 for a copy of the

## Presentation Plate. O ONE WHO SEES THE ENGRA

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.

#### G. J. HUBBARD, OPTICIAN,

299 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 290

HAVING had many years' experience as an Optician with the most colebrated manufacturing firms in England, he bogs to draw attention to his well selected stock, comprising Spectacles and Eye Glasses to suit all sights for general use, reading, far-seeing, and for defective vision. Telescopes for Inland and Sea travelling, Field Glasses for extended ranges, specting, shooting, etc. Microscopes for Quarts, Gre, Botanical, Essaying, and Scientific perposes. Barometers and Thermometers on improved principles. Compasses adjusted and fixed. Opera Glasses of Parisian manufacture. Surveying Instruments, Chains, Poles, Flags, etc. Stereoscopes and Views, and a general associance of Optical Goods always in stock. Magic Lanterns, Dissolving Views. Slides in great variety; these can be obtained for Charitable purposes, Drawing-room entertainments, and School Troats on reasonable terms. Gauging implements, Hydromoters (Sykes' and others), and weights soid, adjusted, and corrected on the shortest notice.

G. J. HUBBARD,
Optician to the late Honorable
East India Company,
299 Notre Dame Street, Moutreal.

DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA.

THIS elegant and agreeable preparation is a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, being composed only of ingredients that enter into the formation of the system, and in such carefully adjusted proportions as are readily absorbed and assimilated. It supplies the waste constantly going on from the decomposition of tissues, as the result of physical and mental exertion, preventing Nervous Proetration and General Deblitty. Its action is porely physiclogical, building up the constitution in the same manner as our daily food. It has been used in private practice with eminent success in the treatment of Chronics Wasting Diseases, depending upon deprayed nutrition and impoverished bleed. It acts immediately on the stomach, invigorating Direction. Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood, energising the nervous and muscular systems and all the vital organs. Sold at \$1.00; 6 bottles, \$5.00.

Wost End Dollar Store, 435 Notre Dame Street. Your choice of all articles in Jewelry. Jet, Nickel Street, Goldino, Cutlery, Crockery, Basket-work, Writing Desks, Albums, Fans, Umbrellas, Canes, Resors, Brushes, Cruet Stands, Lockets, Bracelets, Soarf Pins, and every article for use, keepsake, Souvenirs, Birth Day Gifts, &c.. &c., YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR, OR FIFTY CENTS, OPPOSITE RECOLLET HOUSE.—2-42 m.

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted wall hours.

been in practice ever fitteen 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., Professov, &c., McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of McGill aid given.

All transactions strictly private.

RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

## A SUPERB HOLIDAY PRESENT.

The Princess Louise Jewelry Case, containing a partifully plated brooch, pair of carings, nacklade, pendant, pair of severelets, chaste ring, and looket.

FREE BY POST FOR 50 CENTS.

One sent froe to the getter up of a club of six.
The neutost set everoffered to the Canadian public.
Address
RUSSELL AUBREY,
Give your full
address.
Box 341 i P. O.
Montreal.

WINTER'S AMUSEMENTS.

## MAGIC LANTERNS &c.

A Magic Lantern with condenser lamp, and reflector showing a cisk of three feet on wall; A box containing one dozon comic slides (36 subjects) sent free to any part of Canada, Prico \$2.50. For larger kinds see Catalogue.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instru-ment is warranted to show animaloules inwater, eets in paste &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with ashromatic lenses. Test object Foreps, Spare Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$3.40 sent free. H. SANDERS, Optician, &c. 163 St. James Street, Montreal. (Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

MICROSCOPES.

TIRE!! FIRE!! FIRE!!
Patented in Great Britain, America, and all the principal countries of Europe.
POCKET PENGIL LIGHT,
Exactly like a Pencil Case, but containing a Lead (or "Lighter,") which lights like a match every time it is struck. One Lead (or "Lighter,") may be struck or relit in this manner about twenty-five times, and, when finished up, another Lead (or "Lighter,") may be inserted without the least trouble. —Everlasting! Requires no preparation or trouble! Will continue to light every time it is struck! It is not affected by damp! Cannot be blown out! Yet may be extinguished in a see ond! No sparks! No danger! Invaluable. to every-one!! Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of Fifty Cents. A. ABRAMS, Box 1414, Montreal.

CHILDREN'S CARMINATIVE CORDIAL THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY

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

For Sale by all Druggists. DEVINS & BOLTON, Chemists, Montreal.

A PIANO FOR FIFTY CENTS.

On SATURDAY, the 10th day of February next, a GRAND DRAWING will take place at Montreal for a SQUARE ROSEWOOD FLANO, from the celebrated Manufactory of MUZIO CLEMENTI, Cheap-tide London

a. SQUARE ROSEWOOD PIANO, from the cele-brated Manufactory of MUZIO CLEMENTI, Cheap-side, London.

Each Subscriber of Fifty Cents will receive a ticket by return poet, entitling him or hor to participate in the drawing.

The name of the successful drawer will be an-nounced in the Hearmstone of February 17th.

The Piano will be carefully packed and forwarded to its dostination immediately after the drawing.

This is one of the greatest chances offered to get a good Piano.

Send for tickets at once.

ALFRED EWBANE.

Address P. O. Box 491, Montreal.

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.

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

