

connected with their funerals have already appeared in the daily press, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. Immense numbers of people were present and showed by their demeanour how deeply they sympathized with the relatives and friends of the dead soldiers. On both occasions the streets and squares in the vicinity of the homes of the deceased were blocked with people, and all the way from the city to the cemetery the line of march was occupied by thousands of men, women and children, all intent in honoring the memory of those who fell fighting for their Queen and country.

The cemetery of Mount Pleasant will henceforth be a spot doubly consecrated in the hearts and memories of the people of Toronto, because of her soldier sons who rest there. They died in the forefront of the battle, nobly performing their duty, and all the honor with which a grateful country could invest their obsequies was theirs. They fell in a far-off land, but they sleep in native earth, where never foot of foe shall disturb "the grasses of their graves." Let it be some consolation to hearts that sorrow for them to remember how they died—that mingling with the tolling of their funeral bells there rings out from sea to sea a glorious chime of victory, won as much by them as their survivors—a nation's benediction telling that their sacrifice was not in vain.

VETERANS.

IN pursuance of our design inaugurated last month we approach No. 2 of the series of short papers on the lives of the older employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, our subject for July being Mr. Matthew Garvin, Assistant-Manager of the Company. Mr. Garvin's career has been a somewhat chequered one and the realities and sorrows of life commenced for him very early. The first of these was his birth. It is not on record that he made any serious objections to that event. Being so young the probability is that he was not in a position to offer any effectual opposition in the matter or he most assuredly would have done so. It is well known, however, that as soon as the state of his health permitted he fyled a most emphatic repudiation of the whole business. He considered the thing was a humbug; it had been done without his consent; he didn't think there was anything in it, any way, and he wished to take the earliest opportunity of disclaiming all responsibility in the matter.

These reproaches were conveyed, not in words of course, but in a series of yells and kicks and struggles, the like of which had never been heard or witnessed in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, where Mr. Garvin was born on February 25th, 1835. His father was a local preacher and in addition to his clerical duties worked a small farm. In 1847, that memorable year which saw so many of the sons and daughters of the green isle turn their faces westward to America, his parents resolved that they too must bid farewell to the land of the shamrock. They sailed from Belfast in July, when Mr. Garvin was twelve years old, bringing with them their family of seven children, of whom their son Matthew was the eldest.

The fever of '47 will be remembered by many of the older people of Canada. Each arriving vessel brought additions to the number of the sick who filled the hospitals of Quebec and other cities, until there was no further room, and in many cases the emigrants were obliged to continue their journey up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario without being allowed to go ashore at the lower ports at all. This was the case with Mr. Garvin, Sr., and his family, who first set their feet on Canadian soil at Cobourg. The country proved an inhospitable one to them. At home in Ireland they had heard of broad acres awaiting all who chose to claim them in that far-off land of Canada. They had dreamed dreams of a happy home in the new country, surrounded with smiling fields; the grain bending on its stalk; the cattle knee deep among the clover; while within was peace and plenty and contentment, such as poor famine stricken Ireland had long been a stranger to. Alas! for their dreams. Instead of broad acres they found only the narrow spot in which the father and mother were laid to rest in August, 1847, with one of their children by their side, all stricken down by the fever, which had attacked the whole family. Six of the children recovered, however, and four of them still survive. On his recovery the lad Matthew went to work for Mr. H. A. Massey, on his farm in Haldimand township, Northumberland, in the September following his arrival in the country. In 1851 Mr. Massey moved to Newcastle and Matthew came with him, and remained until March, 1852. During this period of nearly five years it sometimes happened that Mr. Massey and his young assistant cherished different views as to the proper manner of performing certain duties on the farm and in the shop, but both being of a