

MY CANADIAN SWEETHEART;

OR,

AUNT TABBY'S SUMMER BOARDERS.



ON an afternoon in early June I came home from down town to find my mother in tears and my two sisters in a condition of dignified but unmitigated wrath.

The innocent cause was a copy of the *Tribune*, which my mother held in her clenched hand.

"What's the matter, anybody dead? Has your banker defaulted? Has the fashion editor for-

gotten to mention our last night's party?" I exclaimed, in alarm.

"Worse than that," sobbed my fond parent; "read for yourself." It was a modest little five-line notice, hidden away in the wilderness of the *Tribune's* advertising pages, to wit:

Summer Boarders Wanted.—A few select persons will be received at Twin Islands Farm House, Lake Memphremagog. Address for terms and send references to Mrs. Tabitha Cobb, Newport, Vermont.

"Well," said I, throwing the paper on the table; "I don't see anything very terrible about that. Now, I think it is a right jolly idea for the old lady to amuse herself with."

"Gerald Cobb! what do you mean?" cried my mother, jumping to