

some years before. They had not a single relative on this Continent. Two of these orphans have been provided for by a respectable virtuous establishment, the third is still in my family. After the close of the American war I was employed with the late Capt. Studholm in conducting the locations for the Loyalists, emigrating from New York to this Province.

Mr. S. D. Street, the writer of the foregoing memorial was the ancestor of the Street family in this Province, the father of Judge Frederick Street, of John Ambrose Street, an eminent lawyer, and of the Rev. S. D. Lee Street, who was for forty years Rector of Woodstock. The Chaplain of the Legislature and the Collector of Frederickton are grandsons of Samuel Denny Street. Mr. Street was a native of England who studied law

in London, but finding his work as a barrister uncongenial came to America and became an officer in the Royal Fencible Americans. His regiment was stationed at Fort Howe in St. John prior to the coming of the Loyalists in 1783. The memorial which is addressed to the King, seems to have been written about that time. Mr. Street practiced as a barrister in this province, and was a representative of Sunbury in the Legislature. He was a reformer and an associate of Mr. Glenie in his efforts to reform the Constitution. He became a member of the Council of the Province, and died at Burton in 1830 in his 79th year. He survived every other member of the first Council of the Province as well as every other member of the first Bench and Bar.

NEAR THING.

FATHER: "What, help you with your algebra! Never! The idea of your teacher expecting me to do her work! (Great Scott! That was a shaver!)"

A REMARKABLE PENCIL.

"Daddy," said a boy to his father, "I've got a pencil which will write green, purple, crimson, or any color you like."

"Not the same pencil, my son."

"You daren't bet me a sixpence it won't, daddy."

"I'll give you a sixpence if it will," said the old man.

The youngster dived into his pocket produced the stump of a common lead pencil, and wrote on a piece of paper the words—"magenta, green, crimson, purple," etc.

"There, daddy, say it won't write any color you like now. Fork over that sixpence."

BOUND TO FLOAT.

PATRICK: "Shure Moike, if this bloomin' auld boat was to sink, how would yez get ashore?"

MICHAEL: "It's meself that would float on me face, begorra."

PATRICK: "Yez have the face all roight, Moike me bye, but what would prevint it from sinkin'?"

MICHAEL: "The Cork that's in it, yez haythen!"

HIS MARRIED NAME.

"Can any one tell me why Sau! was called Paul?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. After a long silence Johnny answered, "I guess it was because he got married."