

have in preparation a biography of this famous man, containing our personal recollections of the deceased, and a cabinet photograph of him, which all who knew him intimately pronounce excellent.

A TOURIST'S TRIP THROUGH NEW GLASGOW.

Surely among the many tourists that pass through New Glasgow, there might be one among them that would write a description of a trip through it; but as I have never seen such an article, I will write one myself, that will do for all tourists hereafter to copy from.

Jumping out of the cars, you see a large number of people standing or sitting on the station platform, with cigars or pipes in their mouths, and you would say on looking at some of them, "so far there is not much life in New Glasgow;" but on coming out on the streets you can see many persons hurrying to and fro, carrying valises to some boarding house or other.

Very soon after leaving the station, you come in sight of Provost Street, the principal street in the town, and if you have been away for a year or two and have just returned, you cannot help noticing a change at most of the corners,—street lamps and plenty to hold them up, although strangers would almost need a lantern to find them. You follow down the street further and very soon come to a lot of young people crowded around an old organ grinder who is accompanied by a playful monkey. You leave him and just pass a barber-shop, in which are a great many loafers, and from which large quantities of smoke issue. You soon

come to the end of your journey through Provost Street; but there is one point of interest and that is the building of the new Post Office; here you have a sample of busy life, where there are men hurrying to and fro with mortar, cement and other things used in building.

On leaving Provost Street, you notice three roads, pause and consider which ones you will take. Take two of them, first, the one on the right hand side named George Street. On following up that one, you see to the right, a large Livery Stable; well, that suggests a good idea,—hire a horse and carriage and go down the other road of the two before mentioned and then you will be satisfied if it is factories in particular you would like to see. The first one you come to is the Glass Factory. On entering, you see boys and men working with glass everywhere and you can see large pots of it built in a great brick chimney resembling a bee-hive. After seeing all the sights there, you walk out and take a rove around a remote part of the town, called Trereton. Here you see many human beings of a different colour and language from yourself, these are Germans and Bohemians employed in the Glass Factory as glass blowers. After visiting the Steel Factory and Forge, factories of as much importance as the Glass Factory, you drive back to the stable from which you got your horse, pay your money to J. W. Church, Proprietor, get your picture taken by A. I. Rice, have a good lunch at the Hotel Vendome, shoot your hat and buy a new one at R. Grant & Co's., take a first-class ticket for Boston, and bid the folks farewell.

—ALLAN O'NEILL.