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Tales and Sketches.

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE progress which the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association has made during the past year, has more than equalled the most sanguine expectations of its greatest friends. Commencing as a very insignificant organization, in the city January 1862 holding its meetings in the basement of the Temperance Hall, it has steadily and rapidly increased in both membership and wealth, until it has gained the prominent position it now occupies among the institutions of the city.

The project of a building had been before the brethren for some time, but the carrying of it into execution sprang out of the Indianapolis Convention held in June 1870, one of the delegates was moved under God to invite to Toronto, Mr. K. A. Burnell, an earnest association worker, to hold a Layman's Institute and advantage taken of the attention to the work of the association. The design of Messrs. Smith and Gemmill was approved with some modifications suggested by experience, and the work was commenced in the month of May. The above cut represents the building now in course of erection, on the corner of Queen and James streets.

The building will extend over an area of 120x70 feet, and will be three stories high, exclusive of the basement. In the basement a first-class gymnasium will be provided for the use of members of the Association, also several cellars, a kitchen and boiler room. On the ground floor will be three stores with ware-rooms attached, and in rear of these the height of the gymnasium is continued on the basement, on this floor is also the caretakers rooms. The first floor consists of a reading room, 43x38, the Library being arranged along one side with shelving for 6000 volumes, and the Librarians desk arranged so that he can control the reading room, and parlour. Secretary's room 12x14 Parlor 28x14, with laboratories, closets, &c. The large Lecture Hall 70x66 with a gallery at each end, and ante-rooms in an entrance to the Hall is 12 feet wide, leading direct from the street, also side entrance of 6 feet. The Hall will seat 1200 persons, the whole of this floor forms a suit of rooms. The second floor is devoted to offices, class and committee rooms, and passages to galleries. This floor is so arranged that it can be used by the Young Men's Christian Association if desired. The third floor mansard roof will constitute a Hall 56x43 with ante-rooms. This Hall will be for renting.

The outside of the building will present a handsome appearance when completed. It will be of white brick with stone and galvanized cap-pings, the heads of the corridors on the first and second floors being circular. A mansard roof in which will be dormer windows, and a tower 80 feet in height rising over, the main entrance will make an imposing appearance.

The corner stone was laid on the 4th of June by the President, Mr. John Macdonald, who spoke of the objects of the Association, observing that a stranger arriving in the city without friends, will find himself taken by the hand and welcomed heartily. A mother receives her son after a long absence and finds him imbued with new hopes, and new aspirations, he has been led to God by the Association, and what must that mothers feelings be towards it. After the Presidents address and the laying of the stone, several other addresses were made by Ministers and Laymen of the city. The building is to be ready for occupation on the first of December this year, and when completed will cost some \$41,000 an amount which it is to be hoped will be forthcoming before the building is finished, and that the Association may enter it free of debt. Some \$12,000 remains yet to be subscribed, we would strongly urge upon those friends of the society who have not yet subscribed, to send in their names to the Secretary Mr. Wilkie, who will be happy to receive their subscriptions which if sent in now will be spread over three years from next September.

The list of subscribers with amount subscribed we publish on our 5th page. To friends outside it is an interest to support such an institution, on account of those who are or may take up their abode in the city.

RACHAEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

M R. MORGAN did not go the length of prohibiting intercourse between the families, but if he had, I would not have considered myself bound by the decree. I went frequently to spend an evening with Lizzie and George, and it was on one of these occasions that I heard "provisions" mooted as the future field of enterprise.

"You see; Miss Noble," said George, "I mean to try to get a small shop in this district where I am known; when I went with the omnibus I was popular. Hadn't I a manner that pleased the ladies, Lizzie?"

"I never heard of it," replied Lizzie, gravely.

"May be, but it's true though," said George; "and lots of them will come to the provision shop—but where to get the provisions is the puzzle to begin with?"

"Oh," said Lizzie, "begin with very little and go on gradually, your expenses will be trifling; the shop-vent won't be heavy, and you needn't keep a shopman. I'll help you to keep the shop."

"Well done!" said he, "I think I see you fitting bacon and smoking over water—you would be a dear shopman—I mean an expensive one. While you are in the shop things are going to sixes and sevens here—the bairns with no one to look after them growing up to run away with any low fellow that might take the advantage of them—we'll have none of that, Mrs. Myles."

"That we shall not," said Lizzie, "they'll be better looked after, they'll not get wandering at their own sweet will as their precious mamma did."

"I used to feel like a fool, Lizzie, when used to trip down the omnibus steps in your dainty little boots, and alight on the ground like a feather. Then when you dropped the money into my great weather-beaten paw, out of a hand on which the pretty glove seemed to have grown, it fitted so exactly, I felt I felt—"

"Probably like an earthworm looking up at a bird of 'Paradise,' she said; "but you would know that birds of Paradise sometimes stooped to gobble up the worms?"

"I knew that earthworms never presumed to look at birds of Paradise, unless birds of Paradise first—"

"George?"

"Well, it's true, but I'll never tell. I once read an autobiography of what's called a self-made man—what I'm going to be you know—and in it he describes tully how his wife courted him. I could have sent my fist into the fellow's face. When I have made a plum I'll likely write my biography, but I'll not tell Lizzie, you may, depend on me."

"Miss Noble," said she, "pay no attention to the nonsense he speaks, he might have something more serious to think about;" then in a few minutes she said, "I wonder if any body will ever tell the children—I wouldn't like them to know?"

She said this with such simple earnestness that George and I could not help laughing. There is a charm about the simple sayings of acute, clever people that is not about the common run of simple remarks.

"I don't know how we'll manage about that," said George, "they'll come to know, as sure as eggs are eggs—see how my thoughts run on the provision business—you must be their sister, Lizzie as well as their mother, make them all your own, and then they'll tell you what they think of the man in the place of that papa once was, when he was very poor, before he was a great wholesale merchant, and kept his carriage."

"There now, George, take care and don't kick your basket of eggs; just look well to the shop, and as long as we can walk we won't need a carriage. I don't mean even to take a ride in the omnibus now; we must be thrifty, and you must be serious and think."

Certainly he must, about how to begin business for instance, without capital, for, as I conjectured

he had nothing but what he might have saved during the past few years, little enough likely, for, as might be supposed, Lizzie's ideas of economy were not over stringent.

If, reader, you are the outlook for objects to pity, don't select young people in necessitous circumstances; Lizzie and George seemed only pleasantly exhilarated; it was simply holiday excitement with them; he had faith, she had no fear, and they were much nearer their end than if, to use a popular expression, they had fretted themselves to fiddle-strings. Probably Mr. Morgan pictured them to himself sitting in blank despair, repenting their folly in dust and ashes, only waiting for ever so light encouragement—which he resolved they should never have; they had sinned of their own accord, and of their own accord they must own it—to humble themselves at his feet, and ask to be re-instated. He could not imagine their happy, hearty enjoyment—so independent of external circumstances.

Lizzie, her husband, and myself were still sitting talking when the bell rang, and we heard the patter of little feet accompanying the servant who went to open the door. Then we heard a voice we had no difficulty in recognising, say, "Bairn, has ye're mother nae mair sense than to hae the like o' you oot o' ye're bed at this time o' night? Whan's she to get a steek put in, if it's no after



the weans are in their bed? An' hoo are ye bairnikie?" said the voice to the little girl. "Kite yell—how ou?" said Lizzie the less.

"That's aunt Betsy," said Mrs. Myles; "what can have happened to bring her from home—nothing disagreeable, I hope?"

Miss Betsy Morgan entered with no evil tidings in her face certainly.

"An' hoo's a' w' ye?" she says, "I'm blythe to see you sae scanty like."

"I hope you didn't expect to find us anything else, auntie?" said Lizzie, as she settled the old lady in an easy chair, and took her bonnet and shawl.

"Well, Lizzie lass, there's never ony kennein' hoo ye're to find folk in this world."

"We haven't found the world such a bad one yet, Miss Betsy," said George.

"Aye, ye're young; ye'll maybe no say the same thing fifty year after this—no but that I've had a geycanny time o' mysel, being a single woman; but oh, let me keep yersel to yersel as ye like, ye will get mixed up w' folk, an, whiles get a sair heart or ever ye ken."

"Auntie, who's vexing you now—what's the matter?"

"I didna say ony body's vexin me—maybe somebody's plesurin me—what wad ye think?"

"I would be very glad indeed," said Lizzie.

"Well it's e'en so—fulsh folk, nae doot, w' an awfu' want o' worldly wisdom, throwin' awa a gude gaun, weel payin' business, and landin' themselves on the parish—it's nae joke."

"It's a sober truth," said George, with possibly a squint at a pun.

"The soberer the better," said Miss Betsy; "ye wad wonder hoo the likes o' me hears tell o' a thing; wad jist cam' off an' errand to see what ye're goin to turn ye're hand to next?"

"George thinks of going into the provision business," said Lizzie, "and I was offering to be his shopman, but he won't have me."

"Weel, I wadna say but what he's richt in no ha'in' ye in the shop ye wad aye be gicin' far ower gude wecht, an' ye wad be by ordinar' lovin' w' the paper an' the string an' that things tell on a business; no to say that if a woman looks after he hoose an' her bairns, she has handlin' entuch with out keepin' a shop; but it's no a bad thoct the

provisions—folk maun aye hae provisions, an they're aye rinnin' dune; but ye wad need to take tent hoo ye gie credit—I'm no ower fond o' thae bits o' pass-books, there's ower mony o' them gaun about."

"I doubt," said George, "I'll have to ask credit before I give much."

"That's it noo—I jist thoct that," said Miss Betsy, "but it'll no do—it'll jist no do, ye maun gang to the market w' the siller in ye're pouch—it's a wonderfu' advantage."

"Wonderful," said George. "I'll have to take the omnibus again, and try if I can find a fat purse in the bottom of it, that nobody claims; that's my likeliest chance of such an advantage."

"It would be better than stealing pocket handkerchiefs," put in Lizzie. "Miss Noble felt shocked and alarmed at your dishonesty, George. I don't think she is over fond of you playing with her scissors yet. You had better put them down."

"Certainly," said George, and I really think he blushed.

"Noo, that's some story o' what ye'll ca' the auld times, I'll warrant," said Miss Betsy. "Ye wad break a crookit saxpence atween ye, na doot. Aweel, mair fules has dune that in their day than you, and no aye for luck either," and Miss Betsy strangled a sigh in the birth. Was there some romantic tale, with Miss Betsy for its heroine?

Those keen, dark eyes had probably done execution in their day, and the handsome face, though withered now, and the figure that must have been graceful before years bent the shoulders and made it stiff, had in days past attracted the admiration of many a man.

"But," she went on, "we're away frae the bit—Lizzie there kens I seldom speak without reason, an' what I was gaun to say is this—I'll gie ye the siller—an' I daursay I'm may be an auld gowk for doin' but I'll gie ye it; gin ye lose't—an' ye may—for prosperity's no the promise of the New Testament—I'll fend, an' gin ye doob't I'll get it back. I'll no say it was easy come by; few folkken I hae sic a posy—the feck o't was left by an auld mistress, mony a year sin'—eh, she was a tashous body, an' muckle I put up w', w' nae expectation o' gettin' a bawbee mair than my wage. Naething ever pleased her; but she was a gude body for a' that. It's an auld sayin', that grace will bide where neither you nor me wad like to bide—an' I've warrant she's gotten a' things to her mind noo. Weel, that'll gang its length in the stockin' o' ye're shop. Ye've come oot like Abraham, no kennein' where ye was gaun, and there's five hundred pound to ye," and she laid a cheque for that amount on the table. We were all struck dumb for a minute; then Lizzie silently kissed her aunt, and George said, "I feel your kindness deeply, but I don't think I can take it—I can't take it."

"W' at for should nae ye tak' it, if I've made up my mind to gie ye't? I canna say I've aye had an easy mind w' sae muckle siller lyin' by an' sae mony toll ill aff—a body's no to hve here aye, an we canna tak' it w' us. I'm glad o' sic a gude use to put it to. I approve o' the provisions. My certie, whan ye come to dee, as ye will some day for a' sae far awa' as it looks—ye'll find the meal pocks a hantel safter cod to lay ye're head on than the whisky casks." The argument was quaintly put but it was forcible—George took the money, and began business at once.

George Myles went home with me to Honeycomb House that evening, but beyond the gate he couldn't go, nor could I ask him to go. It is a very dreary thing the breaking up of family intercourse from whatever cause. People come round to your door every little while professing to mend the finest china and crystal so that it shall be as strong as ever, and noflaw, be visible—some good people try the same thing, and flatter themselves they have reached the same result in reuniting the shattered fragments of a broken friendship, but whatever they may say or think, neither article is perfect as at first; you must use them gingerly, take care—a drop of hot water, or cold—an inadvertent word, and lo, crack! They go to pieces in your hands again. No, to never break them that's the best and only plan.

I don't think Fanny had n' issued no much, for although her papa and David had been out during the evening, Dr. England and Charles Brown had been in; they had not left when I re-

turned. As I looked at, and listened to Charles Brown, I thought that even the doctor might admit that his rawness was gone and replaced by a manufactured article of a high order.

Fanny and he were brisk on total abstinence topics; the doctor sat by and said nothing. I gave them Miss Betsy Morgan's comparative view of the provision and spirit trades in her own original terms.

"It's very true," said Fanny; "it may turn out that this change may be for George's worldly advantage, but I consider him a kind of martyr for the cause."

"Martyr!" I said; "look at Dr. England—he is just forming his mouth to say 'bosh.'"

"I was forming my mouth to say, I am a teetotaler," said he with comic gravity.

"You?" I said. "Oh, doctor, don't say you are anything so absurd because one man makes a beast of himself is that any reason why you and I should, not take what will do us good?"

"No reason at all," he said; "but if I can prevent a man making a beast of himself by my abstinence, that's a reason why I should abstain."

"Your reason and your no reason shave close," said I; "female intellects are hardly equal to such nice hair-splitting—is your conversion recent?"

"Not very—why so?"

"Because I wonder we haven't heard of it before?"

"I'm not a very public character, but if you had been much interested, I daresay you might have made the discovery."

"We are much interested, and you ought to be making the round of the city. If you and Mr. Brown were to gigantic selves as specimens of what can be done on water-drinking, I think it might do good."

"I don't know—big things are seldom good for much but to be looked at. We would need some noble little spirit to point us out and illustrate us—what do you say?"

"That we'll think over it."

SPRAY FROM LONG BRANCH.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

(The whole being recounted in a letter from Abalom Fitzgerald, to his friend Bob.)

DEAR OLD FELLOW: Well, I'm back. It's all up with me! No more chance in that quarter. I'll never show my face before one of them again. The Keese girls, I mean. No, sir, I tell you, the fates have ordered otherwise. They've taken me in hand this summer (the fates not the girls), and a precious mess they've made of it! Such a chapter of accidents you never heard of. I went the other day, as you know, to Long Branch, expecting to meet them there (the Keeses), and so I did meet them, with a vengeance. In fact, at their special request, I put up at the same hotel. Got in their set last spring through Morris Tibbs—Shanky Tibbs, you remember, the butt of our school days. Same fellow. Old Keese is in the kerosene line. Made his heap some time ago. Well everything was in apple-pie order. Two weeks' vacation from the store, new suit of clothes, latest cut, everything complete, even to a shawl-strap and umbrella. Extra allowance from the governor in my pocket, and no pimples (pimples you remember are my bane.) Everything lovely and serene. Old Keese cross, but confined mostly in doors with the rheumatism. Mamma Keese dressy, radiant, and complacent. Young ladies Keese, angelic! Things promised gloriously but they took a turn. Bob, there's no use putting too fine a point upon it. In less than a week I was made to appear a fool, an ass, a coward, and an idiot. As I said before, the fates were in it. In the first place, three drawbacks or marplots came upon the scene in the shape of a trio of spooney, well dressed, nimble-tongued fellows from Boston. Of course they had letters to Papa Keese, and at the old gentleman was an invalid, they consoled themselves with lavishing their confounded attentions on his daughters. Miss Grace, dear girl, didn't take to them particularly. She soon pronounced Marplot I tiresome, Marplot II tedious, and Marplot III a bore. By the lack of variety in their characteristics, you can judge what nonentities the fellows are. Well, to my story.

I pass over my bathing adventure. Suffice it to say, the sad sea waves have benighted it ever since. No use in telling you about it. How I coaxed the girls to wade along with me close to