

looking in at the window upon the scene, and, in his own peculiar way, drawing his conclusions therefrom.

"Oh! ho!" thought he, "Mrs. Dominion you think that you have got them all right, but you'll soon find to your cost that your troubles have only commenced, and before long, instead of finding the members of your household united, you will have them fighting like cats and dogs, the end of which will be your family compact knocked into a cocked hat. Haven't I some experience in such matters? It is true I have no sons, but I have worked my farm on equal shares, which is better than on the principle of brotherly love, and look at the result? Why only the other day one half of my partners kicked up a row with the others, and I thought at one time during their quarrel that my whole house would come tumbling down upon my head, and if Mrs. Britannia had carried out her interference a little further, I certainly would have been half ruined. Perhaps it is just as well I did not induce Bunsy and Sandy to come over to me just now, for when they break with their mother (which they certainly will do) I will get them without any trouble. They're two fine boys are Bunsy and Sandy, and I do not mean to give them up so easily as Mrs. Britannia imagines. And then there is Toby, he has not yet joined the family circle. He is very young, but there is every prospect of his becoming a stout lad if properly cared for, and he will certainly be of great use to me if I get him. Besides all this, there is Columby, a sort of *protégé* of Mrs. Britannia's, whom she wishes Mrs. Dominion to adopt. Poor old lady! she has so many children she doesn't know what to do, and there-