

The Youth's Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.
(Continued from Page 139)

The poor Savoyard's feelings were so overcome, that he could not find words to thank his protector, but his filled eyes proclaimed more than language could have expressed.

The fact is, that Monsieur Dumentil had unexpectedly come into the possession of considerable property but a few days before this event, and he was now anxious to devote it to useful purposes. Accordingly, he at once purchased the house he lodged in—it being for sale—and had resolved to convert it into a manufactory, which he intended to establish, for the purpose of giving employment to poor people.

Seppi and his philanthropic friend had not proceeded far on their way to the tailors' shop, when they unexpectedly met several policemen, having charge of a person dressed in the height of fashion. Seppi, at sight of him, uttered a cry of astonishment; for in him, he once again, immediately recognized the individual from whom he had received the base money to exchange, and whom he had left standing near his Marie. Monsieur Dumentil rushed forward, and, overtaking the constables, begged them to stop a moment, whilst he questioned the man upon the subject. This they did instantly, saying, they had him in custody for counting false money. Monsieur Dumentil then asked him if he knew anything about the sister of that lad, whom, of course, he must recollect as the one he had sent, on a certain evening, to get a gold piece changed.

"Not I, indeed!"—I took no notice of the little girl," replied the man; and persisting in his ignorance, Monsieur Dumentil was of course obliged to give it up, and the party resumed their progress with their prisoner. Thus poor Seppi was again left in painful doubt and anxiety.

It is now, however, full time that we should seek around for little Marie, and ascertain what has been her fate since her separation from her brother.

In vain did she continue to await the return of Seppi; and after sitting on the step in the most anxious and painful expectation, she at length rose, and proceeded across to the shop, to inquire about him: they, however, only told her, that they had left him in one of the streets some distance off, and, as it was so dark, they supposed he had just missed his way. Alas, poor Marie!—what was she to do? Tired, and almost fainting with hunger, she could hardly drag her legs along, loaded as she was with the burly-gurdy and the marmot, sobbing her poor little heart out. She walked on, as well as she could, down one street and then another, but all in vain, nowhere could she find Seppi. Some boys, happening to pass, she asked them if they had seen a little Savoyard boy about; and one of the young rascals replied, Yes, he was sure he had seen him in a street a little way off. She then said: "Oh, will you just take care of my burly-gurdy and the marmot, while I run after him, for you see I can scarcely walk with such a load!"

"Oh, yes," says one, kindly, "I will take care of them till you return. But you must make haste after him, for he was walking very fast."

The unsuspecting girl lost not a moment, but, giving both to the boy's care, hastened, as fast as possible, in the direction given, and, when, there, looked everywhere around, calling out, "Seppi! Seppi!" but she received no answer. Poor Marie, finding it in vain to wait any longer, slow returned to where she had left the boy with the burly-gurdy and the marmot; but, on coming there, looked in vain for him. Her eyes searched everywhere around, but it was useless, for boy, burly-gurdy, and marmot, had vanished. Ah! now, this last blow was too much for Marie. She had lost her brother, and now she had lost what was to procure her food—in that great, strange city! Ah, what tears of sorrow and lamentation

the poor afflicted girl shed, when she thought of her wretched, forlorn state!

It grew later and later, and casting her tearful eyes once more around her, in despair, she caught sight of a lady, who had just stopped before the door of a large house, and rang the bell. She was attended by a female servant, or companion, who held in her arms, carefully wrapped up like an infant, a little lap-dog. Marie rushed towards the lady, and exclaimed, beseechingly, "Ah, for Heaven's sake! dear, dear lady, pray, pray take pity on me, do take me in with you, and give me a crust of bread, and a night's shelter in any corner of your house. I am trembling all over from fatigue and hunger. I have lost my brother Seppi, and only arrived in Paris this evening!"

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE QUESTIONS.

We have been very much gratified by many of the answers sent in to the Prize Questions, both for the care with which they are written, and the correct taste displayed. One young Miss, in Sayer street, says.—Dear Sir, I have searched my files carefully since your last number and really cannot find anything to materially alter the answers sent you in my last. I have added a few additional references and beg to submit them to your kind consideration." We feel a sort of regret that Miss H did not secure the prize as a reward for so much labour—Answers have been received from J. C.—C. C. L.—W. C.—H. J. R.—Miss A. H.—E. F. L.—T. B.—J. W.—D. D.—R. H.—W. S., Galt.—Miss J. T.—W. J. J., Kingston.—E. L. Ayr.—F. S.—R. H. H., Montreal.—Miss A. T., Flora.—T. N.—Miss M. J. T., Kingston.—W. J. R.—Miss J. C.—H. J. R., in all twenty-three. Miss Agnes Tytler, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, William Cameron, Francis Nisbet, Charles C. Latham, James Wright, William Smith, and W. J. Rattray, have each answered five out of the six questions, although not the same five. We wish to give another opportunity, and if this fails to produce the desired end, we must, in justice to all parties, publish the correct answers in our next, then each will be enabled to see where the deficiency has been.

Since the above was in type we have received other three communications,—from Miss J. P.—J. W., and a very interesting one from J. B., Montreal. We have not however been helped out of the difficulty yet.

ENIGMA, No. VII.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 8, 2, 3, 4, is an instrument of martial music.
My 4, 6, 3, 7, 1, is used as a means of defence.
My 5, 3, 8, is of a silly existence.
My 2, 3, 5, is a distilled liquor.
My 2, 6, 2, 7, 1, is part of a moveable and useful machine.
My 4, 6, 3, 2, 7, denotes grief, lamentation, and sorrow.
My 7, 6, 4, is a part of speech, frequently used, in a modern, and polite language.
My 4, 6, 2, 7, denotes a particular period of time.
My 2, 6, 1, is the terror and dread of youth.
My 8, 3, 7, 1, 2, 3, 4, is a shoal and dangerous Bay on the coast of Ireland.
My Whole, is the name of a poet and historian, who resided in a spacious and splendid Cave in Scotland. Agathos.

NOTE.

There is a noun of plural number,
A rest and peaceful slumber—
Now any noun you chance to take,
By adding a will plural make
But if you add an a to this,
How strange the metamorphose is—
What trouble is, is so no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

S. W. F. W.

Advertisements.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,
LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, & CHILDREN'S
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

BEGS to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him, and trusts that by continuing to manufacture Goods of the Best Quality, in merit a continuance of public support.

J. C. begs to inform his numerous customers, that in consequence of the Re-building of his present premises, he has

Removed to 78, Yonge Street,
CORNER OF ADELAIDE ST.,

Where he has a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of every description and size, which he will continue to sell off, until he returns to his old stand; and in order to dispose of the whole, he has put them down to THE LOWEST PRICE. All orders promptly attended to.

Toronto, March 27th, 1852.

REMOVAL!!

CONFECTIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THOMAS McCONKEY

IN returning his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and patrons, for their liberal and generous support extended to him during the past and former years, would beg leave to inform them that he has leased the premises lately occupied by MRS. ELIZABETH HUNLOP,

No. 58, KING STREET,

And having fitted it up in the most modern and elegant style, he will be prepared to execute all orders in his line of business, with promptitude, neatness and dispatch.

T. McC. having engaged a cook who is unrivalled in his profession, flatters himself that his cuisine will always be found of the most recherche description, and such as will satisfy the taste of the most fastidious gourmand.

Suppers and Dinners furnished on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Lunches—Consisting of Soups, Coffee, Hot and Cold Meats, ready at all times.

T. McC. is now in receipt of a splendid lot of Spring Shell Oysters, and will continue to receive them regularly to the close of the Oyster Season.

The prices of T. McC.'s Old Establishment adhered to.

Toronto, April 8th, 1852.

No. 21

Who'd have thought it—Noses bought it.

IRISH SNUFF!!

THE Undersigned has now on hand and will be constantly supplied with, a quantity of that well-known article,

LUNDY FOOT'S HIGH TOAST

Or Irish Blackguard,

To which he invites the attention of connoisseurs and the Trade

In 3lb Tin Canisters and 4lb Bottles.

R. C. McMULLEN,

Church Street,

Toronto, March 19th, 1852.

15-19