

THE BEEHIVE

VOL. 1.

MARCH, 1875.

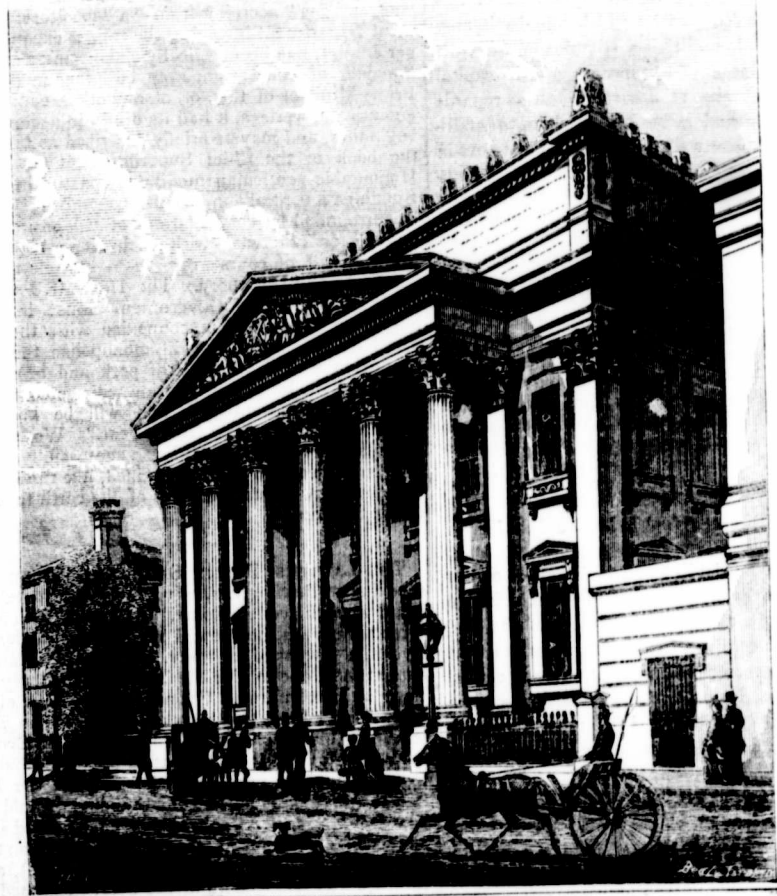
No. 3.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Postage paid on English and American Subscriptions at the Office of Publication.

5 CENTS PER COPY.

All rights reserved. All communications must bear the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications cannot be returned. Contributors will be remunerated according to merit. Possessors of suitable subjects for illustration will oblige by communicating with the Editor in respect to them.



THE BANK OF MONTREAL, AT MONTREAL.

THE
Bee  HIVE.

Vol. 1,

MARCH, 1875.

No. 3.

PRICE, - - - - - 5 Cents.

INTRODUCTION.

Canada has not hitherto been so fortunate as to find in its rulers men possessed of sufficient intelligence to recognize the importance of informing other countries of the condition of this, by means of illustration. With the example of the United States before them, one would have supposed that the heads of Immigration Departments might have learned that unlettered men at a distance would be less slow to believe in a photograph, than in what *even to them* may appear to be a fallacious pamphlet. But the fact remains that disreputable pamphlets have been scattered by the million, while more than one artist's offers of aid to the Dominion and Provincial Government, respectively, have been stupidly disregarded. It will henceforth be our province to fulfil the duty of showing other countries, by means of the pencil, some of the glories of this, both natural and artificial. We cherish the hope that the ignorance of this fair land so prevalent in the distant isles which colonize it, may by these means be dissipated, and that a stimulus may be presented to the transmission hither of European and other capital as well as labor. We shall aim at accuracy both as regards delineation and description, and as we lay no claim to infallibility, we shall be obliged to any friend to point out errors in either department whenever they may occur. As "THE BEE-HIVE" will necessarily find its way to spheres beyond the range of the prospectus which announced its issue, it will be well to quote the following passages therefrom:—"THE BEEHIVE" will represent the interest of all workers, and will aim chiefly at the social and national welfare of the people. No political party will have access to its columns, but politicians and their measures will be treated therein according to their desert." In the earlier numbers we shall give some prominence to the public institutions of the Queen City of the West, and we need hardly observe that in so doing we hope to demonstrate that Toronto merits that royal designation. As time advances, we shall enlarge the circle of illustration, until the dominion of our pencil so far resembles that of our revered Queen, that the sun will not set thereon.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL AT MONTREAL.

The Bank, a view of the head office of which figures on our frontispiece, was organized by a Company of Merchants, in 1817, and is consequently the oldest establishment of the kind in Canada. At the time it received its charter, its capital was £250,000. The Charter was renewed in 1837, and the capital was increased to £500,000. Its present capital is \$12,000,000 exclusive of a reserve of \$5,000,000. Like most Canadian Institutions, the Bank has passed through the ordeal of fire. The first building occupied by the Company was thus destroyed in 1820. The colossal sculptured figures on the pediment may be said to petrify the relation in which we all stand to the aborigines of the country. The arms of the bank are supported on either side by an Indian—one represented as in his savage state, the other points to the fruits of civilization before him,

by way of enforcing the argument he is maintaining with his friend. A stalwart settler and a British tar, figure in this representative group, surrounded with emblems of their respective callings; while literature and music, with a dash of the prophetic, possibly, put in a not very obtrusive appearance in the rear. It may be well to add that a Savings' branch of the business of the Bank, is conducted in a small adjoining building. With regard to the whole, we believe the history of the Bank affords an illustration of its motto "Concordia salus" and we trust it will continue so to do. The engraving of the Bank is from a photograph reduced by J. H. Noverre & Co., of Toronto.

EDUCATION ACT OF 1874.

A laughable farce was introduced to the notice of the Ontario Legislature during the session of 1873-4, bearing some such title as the above, and was favourably received. It doubtless has served the end intended, and was accepted by the credulous as a hopeful sop which augured well for the future. Alas for the faith that credits the mobility of vested interests! The Act has served one end, however (if we are credibly informed), apart from staving off the clamour of the book trade. The Attorney-General's attention having been forcibly directed to the "advantages" accruing from "a depository" in one Government Department involving the trifling expenditure of \$50,000 per annum, has been logically elaborating a scheme which, for grandeur of conception, may be pronounced worthy of the Prime Minister of this, or of any other country. Like most gigantic enterprises, it had its origin in a comparatively small beginning, and may be briefly described as taking a leaf out of the book of the Chief Superintendent of Education. The Honourable gentleman meditates constituting the Parliament Buildings a central sun of his economical system, which will be surrounded by constellations of "depositories," connected by rail or otherwise with each department. The Prime Minister will, of course, reserve to himself the supply of the law-books and stationery. The Hon. Mr. Pardee will appropriate the grounds of Government House, in order to go into lumbering operations in connexion with the Crown Lands. The Hon. Adam Crooks will monopolize the percentages in connexion with the supply of pork and beans to the immigrants. This latter constellation will necessarily connect itself with the immigrant-shed, and will be known as that of "Donaldson," or "The Great Bear." We cannot doubt that arrangements in detail will be so successfully effected, that our gracious Queen will be constrained, like the Queen of Sheba, to come from the utmost parts of the earth to see the wisdom of our Solomon.

THE LAWYERS' PATRON SAINT.—"And now because I am speaking of Pettifoggers, give me leave to tell you a story I heard when I lived in Rome. As I went with a friend to see some antiquities, he showed me a chapel dedicated to one St. Evona, a lawyer of Brittany. This lawyer came to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers of Brittany a patron. The Pope at first informed Evona that he knew of no saint who was not appointed to other professions, but in view of the entreaties of his suppliant, his Holiness desired Evona to go round the church of St. John de Latera blindfold, and when he had repeated a given number of Ave Marias, the Pope promised that the first saint he laid his hand on should be his patron. The Ave Marias being concluded, Evona stopped at St. Michael's altar, where he unfortunately laid his hands on the personage at St. Michael's feet (who shall be nameless), and before the bandage was removed from his eyes, exclaimed: 'this is our Saint: let him be our patron.'"

A VISIT TO THE MOHAWK CHURCH AND INSTITUTE.

The Church above designated is the oldest Episcopal church in Ontario, unconnected with the Church of Rome. It was erected by the British Government for the benefit of the Indians, at the instance of the late celebrated chief Thayendanegea (Joseph Brant). This chief was one, who, when British supremacy in this region was imperilled, contributed to "shed brooks of blood, on behalf of the English nation." His remains are interred in the church-yard. The church itself is a simple wooden structure; the interior of which is of more interest than the exterior.

As we approached the edifice, a troop of stalwart and swarthy youths—the sons of Indians on the neighbouring reserve—were wending their way from the Mohawk Institute, towards it. They took up their position on the left side of the church, on entering, and a corresponding party of girls placed themselves on the opposite side. This ancient custom of the separation of the sexes obtained with the other members of the congregation. Some of the latter put in an appearance during the reading of the first, and some during that of the second lesson—a degree of unpunctuality which probably would not have obtained, had a theatre or a market been in question. With the exception of the pupils at the Institute, the church is not now frequented by Indians—as they have a church more conveniently situated for their use. Opposite the entrance, one is confronted by three large boards, suspended above the communion table, whereon are recorded the Ten Commandments, the Lords' Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, in the Indian tongue. A dove, surrounded with most substantial rays, hovers above the Commandments, and cherubic faces, accompanied by dislocated wings, look on with more complacency than could have been expected under circumstances so distressing.

The service is conducted in English. The hymn-books have the English and the Indian translations on opposite pages. The Royal Arms of the time of Queen Anne, are suspended above the door, in a brilliancy of gilt, which would outshine the newest gingerbread horse we remember to have seen. By far the most interesting objects connected with this church are a Bible, and a Communion-service of silver, which were presented by the aforementioned "Good Queen." The service is emblazoned with the Royal Arms, and bears the following inscription:—"The gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and of her Plantations in North America, Queen; to Her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks."

Among the many ties—the silent forces which bind the hearts of the various races of the Dominion to Great Britain, must be reckoned the relation of that Association, styled the New England Company, to the Indians. The name "Company" is apt to mislead, inasmuch as it is suggestive both of the possession and acquisition of dollars alone. The Company was incorporated in the 14th Charles II. (A.D. 1642), and was "established for the purpose of civilizing the Indians—advancing the Christian Religion among them, and imparting a good education, combined with all kinds of useful industrial training to the youth of both sexes of the Six Nation and other tribes of Indians." The Company's aim is to impart such an education as shall qualify its pupils to act as teachers among their own people, and at the same time to instruct them in the arts and practices of civilized nations; hence they have established the "Institute" referred to at the head of this notice. The Company began (as did the majority of Canadians,) with wooden shanties, and have now developed into a substantial three-storey house, capable of accommodating ninety pupils, and their staff of teachers—two of the latter are certificated. The "Institute" is surrounded by a farm of about three hundred acres; which, among other advantages, affords an opportunity for giving the boys instruction in practical farming, including the care of stock. Among the accomplishments of the girls,

sewing, knitting, washing and domestic work (not fancy work), occupy a prominent place. Among those who received their education at this institution and are now discharging their several duties in life, are a physician, a missionary, the present schoolmaster of the institution (who holds a first-class certificate from the Normal School at Toronto), a surveyor (at present professionally engaged in Manitoba), two interpreters to missionaries, a prosperous storekeeper (who vends his wares in the heart of the Indian reserve, hard by), most of the teachers on the reserve, and many who are farming from one to three hundred acres. Some of the latter possess abundance of stock and machinery. The property of the New England Company (including the Institute), has had the advantage of the supervision of a gentleman, who appeared to us to be exceptionally qualified to discharge the widely varying duties of his position. He is evidently a skilful administrator, and a good disciplinarian; possessed, moreover, of a vein of originality, refreshing to behold. One of his plans is to maintain what we may term a voluntary confessional, in relation to the rules of the Institute. Strange to say, the sons of Adam relieve their consciences frankly after this fashion; which, alas! is more than can be said for the daughters of Eve. Another fact which we take to be as rare as it is gratifying to learn, is the practice, on the part of the Superintendent, of keeping a record of the pupils (and doubtless more or less watching them), for four years subsequent to their leaving school. We visited the pupils during school hours, and can testify to their reading well, and answering questions fairly. They have been taught to sing with taste and feeling, so that there was not a trace of the nasal and mechanical drawl, so characteristic of the generality of schools. We must not omit to mention that the whole of the clothes of the pupils, (which are supplied by the Company,) are made by the girls, and both their own and those of the boys appeared to us to be excellently chosen. Evidences of skill on the part of the pupils were not lacking; we observed beautiful models of a plough and harrow, a huge bouquet of wax flowers, and some fairly executed drawings. The Indians have had but too many bad instructors from Great Britain, as one of themselves observed "they cannot swear in Indian—they must do that in English." We regard the Mohawk Institute, therefore, with the greater satisfaction, and sincerely desire that the aim of its founders and present promoters, may be carried out to the full. It will accomplish a work, nothing short of a miracle, if it succeed in teaching the Indians (to say nothing of their neighbours), that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black and long, his face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night, you can hear his bellows blow.
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell, when the evening sun is low.
And children coming home from school look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly, like chaff from a threshing floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church, and sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach, he hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir, and it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice, singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more, now in the grave she lies;
And with his rough hard hand he wipes a tear out of his eyes.
Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing, onward thro' life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped each burning deed and thought.
LONGFELLOW.

CORONERS.

The office of Coroner can be traced to the time of King Alfred, it is mentioned in Magna Charta, and in the reign of Edward III., was regarded as of so great dignity that a holder of the office was removed because he was a merchant. Coroners in Canada are appointed by the Governor, by commission under the great seal of the several Provinces. One or more Coroners are first appointed for each county, city, or town. When one county separates from another, the municipal law requires the Governor to name one or more Coroners for the junior county; their appointment takes effect on the day the counties become disunited. As one of the duties of a Coroner is to investigate the origin of fires, we think it well to state what are the practical hindrances to the discharge of this duty—they are resolvable into a question of dollars. In case of an investigation concerning a fire occurring in country parts, the allowance to the Coroner must be paid by the person requiring the investigation; that allowance is \$5 on the first day and \$4 for each of two subsequent days. A Coroner must be satisfied, before instituting an inquiry, that there is reason to believe a fire resulted from culpable or negligent conduct, or from design.

As the law now stands, no municipality is liable for a Coroner's expenses, unless the investigation be demanded by an instrument under the hand and seal of the mayor, or other principal officer of the municipality, and of at least two other members of the council. When investigating accidents by fire, a Coroner can exercise his discretion with regard to impanelling a jury, unless he is required in writing so to do, by an insurance agent, or by three householders resident in the vicinity of the fire. The Coroner's fees for fire inquests, in cities, towns, and villages, are \$10 per day, for the first day's inquiry, and in the event of the inquest being prolonged, to \$10 per day for two subsequent days. The person or persons requiring an investigation into the circumstances of a fire, are alone responsible for the expense of such an investigation.

THE PAPER MILLS, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

If "the consumption of paper be (as it is said to be) the measure of a people's culture," the intelligence of the rulers of Ontario half a century ago, as it displayed itself, in connexion with the manufacture of that article, is the more remarkable. It is about fifty years since the Government offered a premium of \$500 for the first sheet of paper that should be manufactured in the Province. As a result of this Governmental offer, the first sheet was produced at the mill of the late Hon. James Crooks, on the 26th of June, 1826. At that period, the head of the firm whose mill we have had the satisfaction to visit was engaged at Mr. Crooks' factory. A gentleman who first breathed the air of Canada when he was eleven years of age, as did the proprietor of this enterprise, whose arms have ached under the production of five reams per day of hand-made paper, can need no proclamation of his merit at our hands. The fact that he contrived to obtain twelve days wages out of six days labor has long since borne its fruit; the energy which produced such results will be the more intelligible if we add that he is of the same stock as that of Andrew Jackson and A. T. Stewart. Mr. Barber is not only master of the art of paper making, but is equally at home in the manufacture of woolen goods, and of machinery. He has, therefore, been wont to take a "pelt" of wool and convert it into cloth, by means of his self-made machine. At the present time the statutes of Ontario are printed on his paper, and he otherwise contributes to the enlightenment of the universe, inasmuch as he occasionally supplies the paper for "the Globe!"—at those times, as we presume, when that oracle doesn't fall to pieces in one's hands. In Mr. Barber's factory there is much to interest a visitor—he will perceive that due homage is paid to the primal paper-makers, in the conspicuous exaltation of three wasps' nests. We may observe by the way, that it is

quite possible Mr. B. may aspire to the distinction of supplying "the Beehive" with paper made from wasps' nests. The visitor may stumble over logs of bass-wood and pine without a shadow of suspicion that they are on the way to become constituent portions of his "daily Globe," not, of course, of the editorial department. It will not be known to all our readers that those rugged logs do nevertheless constitute as much as a fourth part of the material of which the paper is composed—this is accomplished by means of various appliances, involving the reduction of the bulk, the boiling, and otherwise preparing it by means of lime and soda ash. The latter ingredients are cast in to the liquor wherein the pine wood is boiled, in order to rid it of the resin—the liquor is ultimately evaporated and a heap of caustic soda is the result of the process.

Secluded and homely as are the outward seemings of this factory, it was the more startling to find oneself in the presence of a telegraphic apparatus on entering the office, and learn that three of Mr. Barber's sons are accustomed to work it.

We observed "the Mail" quietly reposing among heaps of printed rubbish in a corner, and cannot but reflect with satisfaction on the happy prospect which awaits it, of being ere long probably converted into "a Globe."—A halo of interest too surrounded the rags, as we were informed that pockets were occasionally reduced to that level, and that in one of the said pockets, paper, in the form of dollar bills, had found its way. At least one "young lady" whose vocation is to pick rags, "picked," at the same time, a pocket containing \$15. Gold and silver, we understand, are occasionally found in a similar manner.

With regard to the technicalities of the mill, we may add that it is furnished with three four-driver paper machines, of the respective widths of 74 inches, 62, and 48, and of the collective value of some \$27,000. These machines are capable of producing three tons of paper in twelve hours; the total power in use (water and steam) is estimated at "two hundred horse." The annual consumption of wood, for manufacturing purposes, amounts to some 2,500 cords; of rags, 700 tons, to say nothing of 200 tons of flax, tow, rope, and imported chemicals. Mr. James Barber (the sole proprietor of the mills) contemplates doubling his present manufacturing power, by the erection of another mill lower down the river.

THE PAWNBROKERS' SIGN.

It is commonly supposed that the three golden balls at our pawnbrokers' doors have no remoter origin than their use by the Lombard merchants who were the first to open loan-shops in England, for the relief of temporary distress. The Lombards merely adopted an emblem which had been appropriated to St. Nicholas, as their charitable predecessor in that line of business. "In the city of Panthera, there dwelt a nobleman who had three daughters; the nobleman experienced a reverse of fortune, and became so poor that he contemplated sacrificing his daughters to a life of infamy in order to obtain food for them. He often sought to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meanwhile the maidens wept continually, as they were without bread, and knew not what to do. When Nicholas heard of this, he tied a handful of gold in a handkerchief, and repaired by night to the house of the nobleman who was sitting alone and weeping. The saint attempted to bestow the money without being recognized, and threw it in at an open window where it is said to have fallen at the feet of the recipient. This little freak he performed three times, and it proved to be sufficiently interesting to the nobleman, to induce him to watch and to discover his benefactor. The three purses of gold, or as they now appear, the three golden balls, are to this day the recognized emblem of St. Nicholas."

ROGER DE COVERLEY.—The first printed edition of this tune appeared in 1685.

COFFEE.

Schehabeddin Ben, an Arabian author of the fifteenth century, attributes to Gemaleddin, Mufti of Aden, the first introduction of coffee-drinking into Arabia Felix. He tells us that Gemaleddin, who when travelling in Persia, saw some of his countrymen drinking coffee, and being unwell on his return to Aden, resolved to try the merits of it. He found that it relieved the headache, enlivened his spirits, and prevented drowsiness. He recommended the decoction to the Dervishes, to enable them to pass the night in prayer with less distraction. Lawyers and men of letters availed themselves of it. Tradesmen and artisans who worked by night followed suit. Bye and by, they who began by using it for special purposes, continued to drink it for its own sake. The inhabitants of Mecca held coffee in such esteem that they established coffee-houses for the public imbibing of the beverage. The earliest trace we have of it, in connection with Europe, is found in a letter written by a Venetian from Constantinople in 1615, wherein he tells his correspondent that, on his return he should bring some with him, as he believed it was unknown in his own country.

In 1657 we hear of one M. Thevenot, who had travelled in the East, bringing some coffee to Paris, and treating his friends with it. The first coffee-house was opened in Marseilles in 1671. In 1669 an Ambassador from Sultan Mahomet the Fourth arrived in Paris, and he made presents of this then rare berry to persons at court and in the city.

In 1652 a Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought a Greek servant to London, who understood the art of roasting and preparing coffee, till then unknown in England. This man was the first who sold coffee, and kept a house for the purpose, in George yard, Lombard Street.

The first mention of Coffee in our Statute books is in 1660 (12 Car. II. c. 24), when a duty of fourpence was laid on every gallon made and sold, to be paid by the maker. In 1675 King Charles II. issued a proclamation to close coffee-houses, but in a few days reversed the order. The houses were supposed to be promotive of sedition.

THE COTTON MILL COMPANY, DUNDAS.

Probably more people lie between sheets than reflect how they are produced. We are free to confess that we shall take a greater interest in our nightly surroundings, now that we have witnessed the intricate process of their manufacture. It has fallen to our lot to visit the mill of the above-named Company, which is a fine four-story building, extending to 230 feet by 85, with mechanics', carpenters' and machine shop adjoining. Some three hundred work-people are employed therein, and their collective wages amount to \$1300 per week; the wages ranging from \$1.25 for boys and girls, to \$15 for the most responsible of the workmen—62½ hours per week, or an average of 10½ hours labor per day, is given as the equivalent of the afore-named sums. The mill is worked by a Joint Stock Company, with that amount of success which has enabled it uniformly to secure first prizes at the successive Provincial Exhibitions, and to command 1 or 2 cents per yard in advance of other Canadian manufacturers. Nothing short of elaborate illustration would convey an adequate idea of the crowds of machines which occupy the various floors. One may observe that 400 horse-power is employed to drive them, and that one sees the cotton literally *blown* from mill to mill, and looking in its course like a torrent of snow, and again, after it has passed through a puzzling series of evolutions, it pours from amidst "the latest improvements" more in the appearance of a cloud than any object with which we can compare it. One of the facts we endeavored to commit to memory while passing among the many marvels of this establishment is, that a yard of our nightly wrapper contains in the warp 1888 threads. If any of our readers should happen to be sceptical on this subject, and be at the same time of an industrious turn of mind, by all means let them satisfy them-

selves by counting. We could, however, suggest a more beneficial mode of spending their time, and that is to pay a visit to this or to any similar scene of industry. For our own part, we only remember to have once before seen machinery of a character so intricate as to suggest the idea that it must be *directly* instead of *indirectly* connected with mind, and that was at the Royal Mint.

THE BAPTESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.

Od, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang
To keep the bairn's baptesement all sae lang.
Supposin' the fiver, or some quick mischance,
Or even the kinkhosh, whup it all at once,
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains
Of unbelievers and unchristen'd weans—
I'm sure ye never could forgie yourself,
Or cock your head in Heaven, wif it in nell.

Weeshit, Meggie, weeshit! name not the wicked place,
I ken I'm wrang, but heaven will grant us grace,
I havana been undimindfu' o' the bairn,
Na, thoct on't till my bowels begin to yearn.
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found,
Our minister is anything but sound;
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands
Than trust a bairn's baptesement in his hands.
I wadna say our minister's depraved;
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved;
He vesits the hail' parish, rich and puir;
A worthier man, in worldly ways, I'm sure
We couldna hae; but, Och! wae's me, wae's me!
In doctrine points his head is all aoley.
Wif him there's no Elect—all are the same;
An honest heart, and conduct free frae blame,
He thinks mair likely, in the hour of death,
To comfort ane than a' your bible faith.
And e'en the Atonement, woman, he lighties so,
Its doubtin' whether he believes't or no!
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and wide,
And whether saved or damnd' we canna tell,
For every man must e'en redeem himself!
Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;
"Wherefore," says he, "lie in your graves sae lang?"
The speerit is the man, and it ascends
The very instant that your breathing ends;
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,
Though a' the horns in Heaven should rook and rair!
Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Barr's deil,
As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;
But to the doonricht Satan of the Word,
Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard,
And he'll he treats sae brief and counts sae sma',
That it amounts to nae sic place ava.
O dear, to think our payers and holy chaunts,
And all the self denings of us saunts,
Are not to be repaid by the delight
Of hearing from that region black as night,
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!
'Twill never do, guidwife; this daft divine
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours and mine.

Ye're richt, guidman, rather than hands like his
Baptesee the bairn, we'll keep it as it is—
For aye an outlin' wif its kith and kin—
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!

Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there again
Our minister's the erringest of men.
Original sin he almost lauchs to scorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all
The curses of a veesionary fall—
Yes, "veesionary" was his very word!
Baptesee our bairn! its morally absurd!

Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism be,
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never dee.
If Providence, for ends known to itself,
Has ower us placed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providence will keep us richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht.

Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and wrang;
Trust Providence, but dinna sat ower lang
In idle hope that Providence will bring
Light to your feet, or any other thing.
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as trust,
While idle folk gets naething but a crust.
So says this heathen man—the only truth
We've ever gotten frae his gravel-less mouth.
Let's use the means, and heaven will bless the end;
And, Meggie, this is what I now intend—
That you and I, the men's morn'g go forth
Bearing the bairn along into the north,
Like favoured ones of old, until we find
A man of up-right life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,
Fit to baptise a weel-born bairn like ours.—
Now then, the parritch—flesh man'e'en be fed—
And I'll wale out a chapter—syn'e to bed.

Eh, but the morning's grand! that mottled gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.
But Meggie, lass, your getting tired I doot,
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak' it time about.

I'm no' that tired, and yet the road looks lang;
But Andra, man, what do you mean to gang?

No very far; just north the road a wee,
To Leuchars manse; I see warrant there we'll see
A very saunt—the Reverend Maister Whyte—
Most worthy to perform the sacred rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfect as the Word itself;
Strict in his goings out and comings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Except original. You's the manse, Wf him.
There's nae new readin's o' the text, nae whim
That veicates the essentials of our creed,
But scriptural in thought, in word, and deed—
Now let's walk up demurely to the door,
And gie a modest knock—one knock, no more,
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some ane's here,
Stand back a little, Meggie, and I'll speir
If Maister Whyte—Braw day! my lass, we came
To see if Mr. Whyte—

He's no at hame!
But he'll be back sometime the nicht, belyve;
He started off, I reason, about five
This mornin', to the fishin'—

We're ower lang here—come, Meggie, come awa,
Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;
A fishin' minister! And so discreet
In all his ministrations! But he's young—
Maybe this shred o' wickedness has clung
This lang about him, as a warning sign,
That he should never touch your bairn and mine.—
We'll just hand north to Forgan manse, and get
Auld Doctor Maule—in every way most fit—
To consecrate the wean. He's a divine
Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne,
Ere we were born; in doctrine clear and sound,
He'll no be at the fishing! I'll be bound,
Wae's me, to think the pious Maister Whyte
In catchin' troots should tak' the least delight!

(To be continued.)

WHITE GLOVES.—The practice of giving white gloves to Judges at maiden assizes is one of the few relics of the symbolism observable in the early laws of all countries. Its origin is to be found in the circumstance of the hand being regarded as a symbol of power. By the hand property *changed hands*; hand joined in hand to strike a bargain, matrimonial or other-wise. That this symbolism should have been transferred from the hand to the glove is but natural, and it is in this transfer that we trace the origin of the white gloves in connexion with a maiden assize. At such an assize, no criminal has been called upon by name to hold up his hand; no guilty hand has been held up; British judges have therefore been accustomed to receive a pair of white gloves after the rising of the court.

GIRL'S HOME—GERRARD STREET, TORONTO.

As it falls to the lot of comparatively few to see more than the outside of such a building as that which is the subject of this notice, we have thought it well to introduce our readers to the interior. Some seventeen years ago, certain ladies, whose sympathy exceeded the limits of their own circle, exerted themselves to erect this beautiful house. They adopted the plan of canvassing the city by house-row, and by dint of penny subscriptions contrived to raise the sum of \$7,000 towards a building fund. Thrifty housewives as they are, they invested the successive hundreds of dollars as they received them in a building society, and by such means contrived to pay the rent of temporary premises, amounting to £50 per annum. The prudence of the ladies insured the confidence of wealthy neighbours, and one was found willing to grant the site for the new building, while others contributed sums ranging from two to five hundred dollars.

The Home does duty not merely as a home for such as are literally orphans, but for the children of those miscreants who love the bottle more than their offspring, and who consequently place their children in a position more deplorable than that of orphans. The writer has had the satisfaction to personally inspect the Home, which appears to be a model establishment, both as regards cleanliness and convenience. Indeed, when one learns that a council of seven ladies (elected from seven and twenty) assembles weekly to deliberate upon the affairs of the institution, and to watch its progress, it can scarcely be otherwise. Not content with this weekly supervision, the members of the committee take it in turn to pay daily visits to the Home, in order to "ascertain from the matron the behaviour of the children, as well as whatever may be requisite for them and for the house." It appears that no fewer than 180 girls were inmates at different periods during the past year, and 90 are in residence at the present time. Eight of the number were adopted during the year, and one would imagine that many a childless home might be rendered brighter by its occupants pursuing a similar plan with regard to the children. The lady managers maintain written communication with the girls who quit their roof, and receive some highly encouraging letters from them.

In view of the selfishness of average employers, we venture to think it would be well to secure *confidential personal communication* with the children who quit their roof, at least once in six months; but we may observe that the children are instructed to regard the Home as a place to which (in the event of receiving unkind treatment) they may at any time return.

It is gratifying to observe how extensively the community at large sympathizes with this labor of love. Foremost amongst those who stepped in at a time of need were the Oddfellows, who were *eccentric* enough to present the Home with the proceeds of a concert, amounting to \$540. Then we hear of the Philharmonic Society contributing from the proceeds of its harmonious performances, \$152.50. The Volunteers are so chivalrous as to devote a surplus from their fund of \$103.75. They who indulge in the national game of lacrosse have repeatedly contrived to play into the hands of the ladies with great effect. The City Council comes to the rescue with a grant of \$500, and the Government with \$320. The editors of several papers print gratuitously for the Home. Two clergymen, the physician, and eighteen tradesmen freely give of that which they respectively possess; and other donors of goods, clothing, and money may almost be designated "legion." Not the least interesting among the latter figures a group of seven Sunday Schools.

The scholastic instruction of the orphans is judiciously confined to the house, and that conveyed on Sunday is entrusted to a feminine superintendent. The girls take their share in the important business of scrubbing the floors, and the little ones they learn to sew, cook, and assist in the laundry, and in a word, are qualified for the duties of after life.

To return for a moment to the subscription list, we are free to confess that the modest endorsement of "A Friend," "Thanksgiving Donation," &c., which attaches to no inconsiderable number of subscribers, is a feature which possesses special charms for us.

Last, but not least interesting of the donations, comes "3 bags turnips, 2 bags potatoes, 1 barrel of apples, &c., &c.," and all this "from friends at Highland Creek." May the turnips be multiplied, and all other supplies, according to the necessities of this glorious institution.

SHAKESPEARE AND DEER-STEALING.

Deer-stealing was not only a common offence, but was considered venial in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the year 1585, nearly all the cooks'-shops and ordinaries in London were supplied with stolen venison. With an eye to the law of demand and supply the Privy Council required the Lord Mayor to prohibit the sale of venison to the cooks of the time. His Lordship's reply is subjoined:

"Right honourable, where yesterday I received letters from her Ma'ties most honorable privie counle, advertisinge me that her highnes was enforced that venison ys as ordinarie sould by the Cookes of London as other flesh, to the greate distruction of the game, commaunding me therby to take severall bondes of XL the peice of all the Cookes in London not to buye or sell any venison hereafter, upon payne of forfayture of the same bondes; neyther to receive any venison to bake without keeping a note of their names that shall deliver the same unto them. Whereuppon presentlie I called the Wardens of the Cookes before me, advertisinge them hereof, requiringe them to cause their whole company to appeare before me, to thende I might take bondes according to a condition hereinclosed sent to your Ho.; whoe answered that touchinge the first clause thereof they were well pleased therewith, but for the latter clause they thought yt a grate inconvenience to their companie, and therefore required they might be permitted to make their answers, and alledge their reasons thereof before their honore affirmed above, that the Tablinge howses and Tavernes are greater receyvors and destroyers of stollen venison than all the rest of the cittie; wherefore they craved that eyther they may be likewise bounden, or els authoritie maye be geven to the cookes to searche for the same hereafter. I have therefore taken bondes of the wardens for their speedy appearance before their honers to answer the same; and I am bolde to pray your Ho. to imparte the same unto their Ho., and that I maye with speede receive their further direction herein. And so I humbly take my leave.

"Your honors to commande,

"THOMAS PULLYSON, Maiar."

London the xith of June, 1585.

THE CRIPPLE TRADE.—We recently saw a crippled boy take \$3 in silver (his days' earnings), to be exchanged, and we learnt that he had taken \$4 the previous day. This speaks well for the boy's exertions (in fiddling), and for the Canadian heart. There is however a class of cripples who prefer trading in their infirmity, to doing such work as their remaining limbs enable them to perform. There are few who could not sell papers, and were they to take a hint from some of our prosperous store-keepers, they might embark successfully in the vulgar smut of Yankeedom. The public will, however, be discharging a higher duty to themselves and in society, if they take the trouble to reflect before they impulsively respond to the chronic wail of any stray cripple who may cross their paths.

COMFORT FOR IMMIGRANTS.—Dogs, in possession of a bone do not usually extend much consideration to onlookers without one. Curs of this description were not extirpated so early as were the wolves from the settled districts of Canada: they are however rapidly diminishing.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

As we desire to familiarise all classes with good poetry, we shall not apologise for introducing that which possesses greater charms than those of novelty.

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin Town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher,
His mother was a Brady,
His aunt was an O'haghnassy,
His uncle an O'Grady,
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir;
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bog,
And banished all the varmint.
So success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmint masters,
But there he put his dear fore foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop
Slap dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses,
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whi-key;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
So success, &c.

O, was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir,
For there St. Patrick planted turf
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, maagra, ma' store,
And cabbages—and ladies!
Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a darling saint O!
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He's a beauty without paint, O!

HENRY BENNETT.

THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.—The thistle of Scotland does not appear to be traceable to an earlier date than to the reign of James III., in an inventory of whose jewels, thistles are mentioned as part of the ornaments. The motto "*nemo me impune lacessit*"—no one excites me with impunity—does not appear until James VI. adopted it on his coinage.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "GROG."—Admiral Vernon was the first to require his men to drink their spirits mixed with water. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough *grogan* cloak, and thence obtained the nickname of *Old Grog*. Thus originated the name *Grog* as applied to rum and water.

FLAGS.

Standards or flags, as connected with the movements of large bodies of men, are of so remote an antiquity that we can trace them to Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs, to four of the tribes of Israel also, as borne by them during their sojourn in the wilderness. The insignia of the tribes of Judah, Reuben, Ephraim and Dan, were, respectively, a lion, a man, an ox, and an eagle, according to Rabbinical tradition; and this would appear to gain credence, so far as concerns the former three, by a reference to the blessing of Jacob and Moses upon the tribes (Gen. xlix.: Deut. xxxiii), and is remarkable as corresponding with the symbols traditionally connected with the four evangelists.

The Egyptian ensigns consisted of representations of their favourite animals. The flag of Persia is white, and according to Xenophon, bore in his time a golden eagle with expanded wings; it was fixed on a chariot, and thus conveyed to the field of battle. The circumstance that it should have been unfurled in connexion with the recent visit of the reigning monarch of that ancient kingdom to the metropolis of England is interesting, as characteristic of our era. In the earliest period of Roman history, a bundle of hay or fern is said to have been used as a military standard; and this was succeeded by bronze or silver figures of animals attached to a staff, of which Pliny enumerates five: the eagle, the wolf, the minotaur, the horse, and the boar. In the second consulship of Marius, 104 B.C., the eagle displaced the other symbols and retained its position at the head of the legions down to the time of the later emperors.

Each cohort had also an ensign of its own, consisting of a serpent or dragon, woven on a square piece of cloth, and elevated on a gilt staff with a cross-bar. Under the emperors professing Christianity—that which is known as the *Tabarum*, or standard of Constantine, was substituted for the Imperial standard. It was designed to commemorate the Emperor's putative vision of the cross in the sky. He is reputed to have seen this vision on his way to attack Maxentius, and they who reflect on the extent to which the rulers of the world imbrued their hands in the blood of Christians during the first three centuries, will not give too much credence to the alleged conversion of the Emperor at this "convenient season." The standard adopted thenceforth, however, consisted of a long lance, with a short transverse bar attached to it near its extremity, so as to form a cross. On the point of the lance was a golden crown, sparkling with gems, and in its centre the monogram of the cross, with the initial letters of the name of Christ. From the cross-bar depended a square purple banner, decorated with jewels, and surrounded by an embroidered golden border. The cross thus finally displaced the eagle, and they who would understand the import of a symbol will do well to glance at the diadem of the several sovereigns of Europe, upon which this emblem of the cross has historically descended. They will then, perhaps, realize the *governmental oneness* of the kingdoms of Europe with the Roman Empire, whence it will be easy to trace the rule of Gentile nations backwards through the Grecian, Persian and Assyrian monarchies to the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Persecution of Christians on the part of Emperors had the contrary effect to that intended, inasmuch that "the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church." Patronage then supervened, and posterity will not be slow to pronounce whether of the two influences has been and is the more pernicious. There is a black flag held sacred among the Mahomedans, of which something must be said in passing. It consists of the curtain which hung before the door of Ayesha, one of the prophet's wives. This most sacred relic first came into possession of the followers of Omar at Damascus; subsequently it passed into the hands of the califs of Bagdad,

and was ultimately brought into Europe by Amarith III. Not to say more about it, it appears to be necessary to observe that it is preserved in a chapel in the interior of the seraglio, where it is guarded by several emirs, whose vocation is supposed to consist in offering prayer.

The standard taken from the Danes* by Alfred of England, and the Oriflamme, originally that of the Abbey of St. Denis, which eventually became the standard of France, must not pass without notice.

The *Battle of the Standard* was so named from the circumstance that a ship's mast, bearing on its summit the consecrated host, was elevated on a wagon in the centre of the English army at the battle of Cattan Moor (1138), wherein the Scots were said to have lost 10,000 men. A white flag is recognized throughout the world as a token of peace (sometimes connected with the exhibition of the *white feather*); a red flag as indicating defiance; a black flag denotes a pirate; a yellow flag usually signifies that the vessel which bears it is in quarantine.

This brings us to an ensign that more immediately concerns us—"The meteor-flag of England":

"The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

The history of the construction of the above-named piece of bunting is not known to every one. The flag of St. George of England, consisting, as it did, of a red cross on a white ground, may be regarded as the foundation of the "Union Jack" of the present day. Prior to the union with Scotland, it floated as the sole ensign of Britannia's rule. It now denotes the presence of an Admiral of the White Squadron. Three years after the ascension of the English Throne by James the first, the red cross of St. George was, by royal ordinance, commanded to overlie the diagonal white-on-blue of St. Andrew. James was wont to subscribe his name "*Jacques*," hence, in view of the union of the two Crowns, we have the origin of the "Union Jack," two hundred and sixty-eight years from the present time.†

By the further blending of the diagonal red-on-white of St. Patrick, we have Great Britain's ensign of to-day, as established on the union with the Emerald Isle in 1801.

With regard to the Royal Standard, it may be well to remark that the groups of three lions in the first and fourth quarters represent England, the isolated quadruped in the second quarter represents Scotland, and the harp is the harp of Erin.

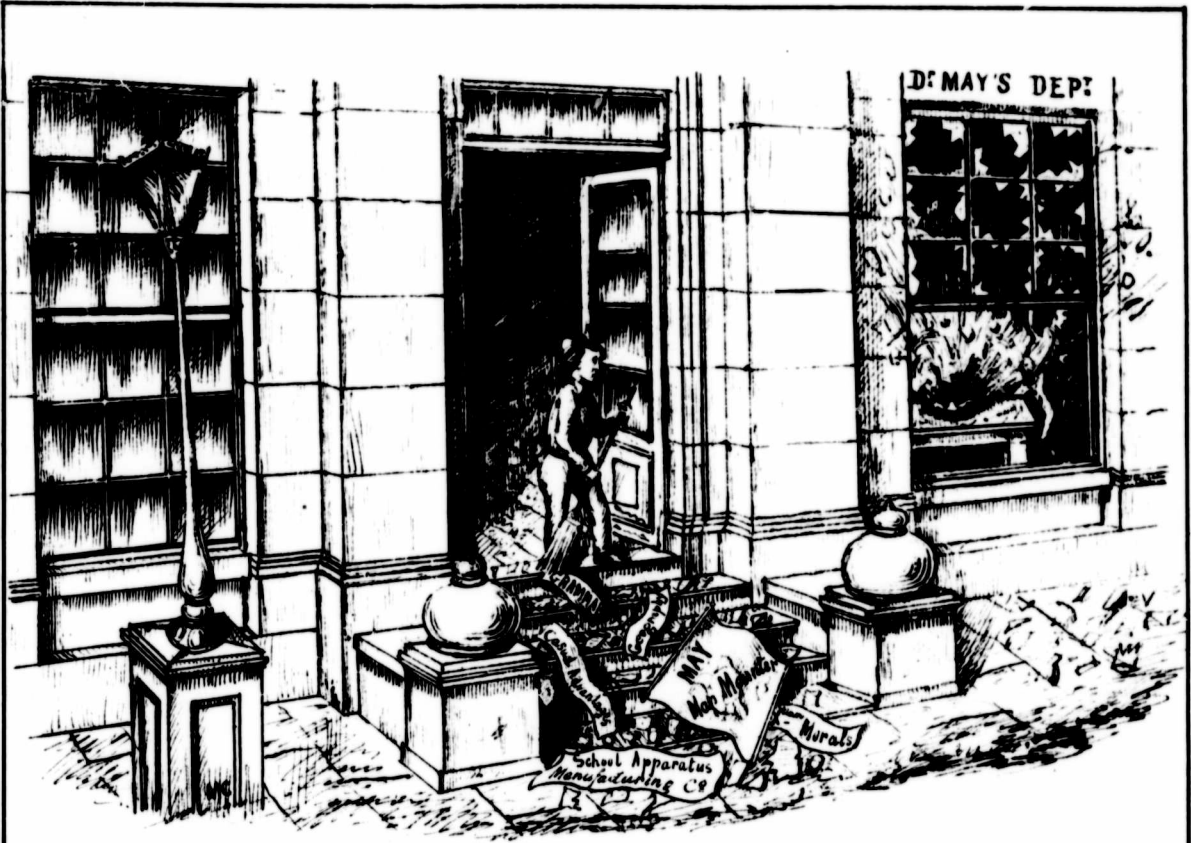
The Standard of Upper Canada, which is surmounted by the Crown and is blended with the "Union Jack," consists of the anchor, sword, and axe, bound together by a wreath of maple leaves, and supported on either side by a cornucopia. No merchant vessel is allowed to hoist the "Union Jack" unless it is bordered on all sides with white, equal in breadth to one-fifth of the breadth of the "Jack" itself, exclusive of such border.

It only remains to add, with regard to the "Union Jack," that it is displayed at the main top-gallant mast-head of the ship of the Admiral of the fleet, and it is entitled to a salute of seventeen guns. The *ensign* of the several squadrons of red, white and blue, is worn at the mizen peak, or from an ensign-staff at the poop, or the taffrail. In addition to the proper flag or pendant of the officer in command, the "Union Jack" is worn for display at the bowsprit end. When hoisted at the fore top-gallant mast-head, it is the signal for a pilot; at the mizen top-gallant mast-head, it denotes that the ship has the guard, which is relieved after twenty-four hours by any other British ship-of-war that may be present. The "Union Jack" at the mizen peak, announced with a gun, is the signal for a court-martial on board.

The jealousy with which the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty regard any violation of the foregoing rules will be gathered from the circumstance of their having issued a circu-

* This banner was emblazoned with the emblem of the raven, and the Danes cherished the tradition that if victory awaited them a crow would intimate as much by alighting upon it; but in the event of defeat overtaking them, the flag would droop motionless.

† Another theory, however, traces the "Union Jack" to the *jacque*, or surcoat, charged with a red cross, anciently worn by English soldiers. Possibly, the two ideas may be blended in the "union."



SCRUBBING DAY AT THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

PROFESSOR MAY has determined to celebrate the anniversary of the explosion of the 30th January, by a general and physical illumination of the Educational Department. Nothing could be more felicitous than the graceful allusion involved by this decision, to the nature of his aim when experimenting on his naphtha. As the Professor was born to triumph, we expect to see "CASUAL ADVANTAGES" radiating from colored lamps above the portico. The language of Holy Writ will also (as is meet) be made to do duty on the occasion, hence it is not surprising to learn that "By this craft we have our gain" will figure prominently.

HIBERNIAN JELLY.—We learn from the Police Report that an "Eminent Irish Barrister" has been reduced to a jelly. We are privileged to announce that this new industrial product will be canned forthwith. It would be superfluous on our part, to commend this gentleman, in a gelatinous form, to the taste of an appreciative public. We will, however, recommend speculators in Irish moss to sell out with all convenient speed.

SAINTE CRISPIN.—This renowned Saint was distinguished for his works of charity. Such was his benevolence that he was wont to steal leather in order to make shoes for the poor. Experience precludes the possibility of our doubting the genuineness of the apostolical succession to which some of his disciples can lay claim; indeed the successors of the Saint may be said to have improved upon the example of their patron, for they have illustrated the maxim that charity should begin at home.

CAVE OF ADULLAM.

With a view to acknowledge our indebtedness for certain illustrations of "smartness" on the part of some of our neighbors, we have established the above-named "cave." Past favors connect themselves with the names of Wm. Hamilton, senr., Iron Works; A. J. Somerville and — Robins, Dominion Saw Works; and F. B. Gullett, Red Granite Co.

DECAYED SMUGGLEBS.

A distinguished senator, by way of delicate recognition of past and present mercies, has in contemplation the erection of almshouses for the above-mentioned interesting class of our fellow mortals. The building is to adjoin the new church at the corner of Gerard and Jarvis streets. Long may these ancient worthies live—like Greenwich pensioners—to "fight their battles o'er again."

How to connect the Speaker of the Ontario Legislature with a great scandal—Oil him!

HOW TO ERECT A CHURCH.

It is not with regard to architectural detail, but with respect to the financial aspect of the question, that we hope to illuminate our readers. We write not as theorists, but as men whose theories have been reduced to practice, practice which cynics possibly may designate "sharp." We will so far take our readers into our confidence as to assure them that the following narrative is authentic, although, in its delivery, recourse is had to figurative language. They will naturally infer that what has been accomplished admits of repetition, and hence will be instructed "how to erect a church." It is, as we have observed, with the financial aspect of the question that we have to do, and further with the time honored axiom (so well appreciated in commercial circles) "first catch your hare, then cook him." It so happened that a band of gentlemen, regarded rather as orthodox evangelicals than as sporting characters, resolved not merely to have a day's courasing, but to combine business with that exhilarating pursuit. Being men of experience, they were necessarily conversant with the habits of their game, and aware of its tendency to *double*, they therefore laid their plans accordingly, and turned up the object of their pursuit hard by a "Bay tree." Cheque books, it is true, are not usually regarded as suitable ammunition for a chase of the kind, yet such was the foresight of our sporting friends on this occasion, that not only were they equipped for their exploit, but fortified with cheques in great variety. Utterly superfluous therefore was the plea, on the part of the game of "no money," "no cheque book"—the former averment was a stale joke, the latter was prudently anticipated. In vain did *pass* endeavor to escape from his "many friends" at either door, on the plea of consulting as his wont, his better half; his friends, lineal descendants doubtless of "the judicious Hooker," had taken the precaution to fix a chair at these places of exit, but they would of course be delighted, to see the better half, and were eager to ring the bell, and not less intent on having a sign manual to the extent of \$2000 before *anyone* quitted the apartment. Devout worshippers must in a new country make up their minds to pay for their privileges, inasmuch as "the piety of their ancestors," if they had any, has left no substantial traces—churches therefore must be built, and they must be erected in a style commensurate with the wealth of those who bow the knee therein. In-*exorable* logic! "Save me from my friends"—Alas! that clemency is so rare a virtue! In the present instance, a compromise was effected, and the intrepidity of our sporting friends was rewarded by one of their cheques being filled up to the extent of \$1000—with an accompanying stipulation however, that not another should be solicited until the arrival of the millennium. This little incident has no doubt been duly recorded in the chronicles of the cathedral church of St. James.

[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

lar relating to the habit of certain yacht owners, of flying the colors of the clubs to which they belong, without having obtained the proper warrants from the Admiralty. The Lords of the Admiralty therein request that yacht owners will at once apply for warrants to fly the colors of every club to which they belong. They further direct attention to the 105th section of the Merchant Shipping Act, which is subjoined:—"If any colors usually worn by Her Majesty's ships, or any colors resembling those of Her Majesty, or any distinctive national colors, except the red ensign usually worn by merchant ships, or except the "Union Jack" with a white border, or if the pendant usually carried by Her Majesty's ships, or any pendant in anywise resembling such pendant, are or is hoisted on board any ship or boat belonging to any subject of Her Majesty, without Warrant for so doing from Her Majesty, or from the Admiralty; the master of such ship or boat, or the owner thereof, if on board the same, and every other person hoisting or joining or assisting in hoisting the same, shall for every such offence incur a penalty not exceeding £500; and it shall be lawful for any officer on full pay in the Military or Naval Service of Her Majesty, or any British Officer of the Customs, or any British Consular Officer, to board any such ship or boat and to take away any such Jack, Colors or Pendant; and such Jack, Colors or Pendant shall be forfeited to Her Majesty."

Having written this much on the subject of Standards, I will conclude by suggesting that they who display such bunting in the streets, would at the same time exhibit uncommon sense, were they to weight it with sand, or otherwise, and so prevent it from fouling.

FOOD OF THE ENGLISH WORKING-CLASSES IN 1683.

Lord Macaulay, when portraying the state of England at the period of the accession of James II., tells us that meat viewed in its relation to wages, was "so dear that hundreds of thousands of families scarcely knew the taste of it... the great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley and oats."—Hist. Eng., Vol. i., p. 418, 4th Ed.

We have, ourselves, lived in a village where some did not taste meat from Christmas to Christmas.—Ed.

A book entitled "The Accomplished Lady's Delight, in Preserving, Physick, Beautifying and Cookery," gives us an insight to the repasts of the upper classes in 1683.

"A BILL OF FARE FOR A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE ABOUT CANDLEMAS.

"*First Course.*—1, A Pottage with Ham. 2, A Chatham Pudding. 3, A Fricacie of Chickens. 4, A Leg of Mutton with a Sallet. Garnish your dish with Barberries.

"*Second Course.*—1, A Chine of Mutton. 2, A Chine of Veal. 3, Lark Pye. 4, A couple of Pullets—one Larded. Garnish with Orange-slices.

"*Third Course.*—1, A Dish of Woodcocks. 2, A couple of Rabbits. 3, A Dish of Asparagus. 4, A Westphalia Gammon.

"*Last Course.*—1, Two Orange Tarts—one with Herbs. 2, A Bacon Tart. 3, An Apple Tart. 4, A dish of Bon-chritien Pears. 5, A dish of Pippins. 6, A dish of Pearmain."

The fare proposed for "fish days," would not to every mind, be suggestive of fasting. Twelve dishes are enumerated for the first course, and sixteen for the second. Who would not go in for Lent in the olden time?

REGISTER OF CROMWELL'S BAPTISM.—In the Register of All Saints' Church, Huntingdon, occurs the following record of the birth and baptism of Oliver Cromwell:—"Anno Domini 1599, Oliverus filius Roberti Cromwell, generasi et Elizabethæ huxoris ejus natus vicesimo quinto die Aprilis et Baptisatus vicesimo nono ejusdem mensis". Then follow the words "England's plague for many years," written in a different hand.

"THE CANADIAN DOMINION."

BY CHARLES MARSHALL.

CHAPTER III.

THE "HABITANS."

I was ushered one morning into the reception room of the Laval University. One end of the handsome apartment was occupied by two paintings, not badly executed, and the space for a third. In the centre appeared the Holy Virgin, robed in fair white and pink, standing on massive clouds that hung over the long line of the city and shipping of Quebec. The painting on the right was a full-length portrait by Pas-qualoni of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, in gorgeous robes. The vacant space was for Her Sacred Majesty Victoria, Queen of the British Empire. "The Blessed Virgin, the Holy Father, and Her Majesty, they are our three patrons," the attendant explained to me.

I was presently conducted by many corridors up to the private apartments of the Abbe Brunet, to whom I had letters of introduction. "Entrez, Entrez!" cried the good father from within, at the knock of my guide.

The door opened, and discovered the holy father, razor in hand half way through the delicate operation of shaving. Wholly unembarrassed, the Abbe welcomed me heartily, and proceeded to give me all kinds of information, with such breaks as the employment of the moment necessitated.

The French population of Canada, he assured me, was prosperous, contented and eminently loyal. On the cession of the Province to England, the integrity of their institutions, social order, language and religion had been secured to the inhabitants; England had scrupulously respected these treaties, and has won the attachment and gratitude of the people. They had no cause of discontent, and prospered to the extent of their ambition. The Confederation of the Provinces had been attended with one great advantage to the French race. Formerly, while Upper and Lower Canada had been united under one government, there had been a constant struggle for rule between the two Provinces, the occasional diversity of interest and the general difference in religion often causing strife and ill-will, and leading sometimes to a political "dead-lock." All this was changed, the Province of Quebec, like that of Ontario, had now its own local legislature, and unseemly strife for power had now given place to a wholesome rivalry in advancing the general good. I have subsequently met on all sides with confirmation of these statements.

At two o'clock I found the Rev. M. Laverdiere, Librarian of the Laval University, in readiness for me. We took one of the quaint Quebec cars, and drove to the Custom House landing stage. Here we were joined by another priest, M. Roussel. We descended a perpendicular ladder to a boat waiting at the quay. In a few moments we rigged the sails, pushed her off, and were speeding before the wind on the wide St. Lawrence. The little yacht was the private property of M. Laverdiere, in which he and his brother priests were accustomed to make excursions thirty-five miles down the river to an old chateau under Cape Tourment, the summer resort of the professors and students of the university.

The day was perfect. Gleaming waters, with rafts and shipping, fair hill-slopes dotted with farms and villages, the magnificent pile of the mountain city, a heaven overspread with fleecy clouds and full of sunlight, made up a scene of enchantment. We passed along the channel between the Island of Orleans and the north shore, till the chalupe grated on the shallow bottom. We crept in closer and closer below the magnificent Montmorenci Falls. The wind grew perverse and coquettish, changing its mind every moment. It was an odd sight to watch the two tall thin priests, in their long black robes buttoned to the feet, and their tall black beaver hats, made for dignity rather than convenience, managing the boat, nevertheless, with a skill that would have done credit to prac-

tised sailors. We lifted a wooden plank in the stern seat, and produced a repast which I considered one of the most delicious I had ever eaten. It consisted of cold ham served on white bread for plates, and of excellent claret drank from a piece of delf as a loving cup. We lay in the sun, and talked and sang; then the wind, tired of coquetry, pretended an absurd modesty, and left us altogether. We reefed the sails and took to the oars. The tide was changing and our progress was slow; evening fell, and we doubted if we could reach our destined resting place for the night. The wind laughingly took pity on us, let us put in our oars, and carried us swiftly, without pausing once to take breath, on to the picturesque village of Chateau Richet.

On the further shore we cast anchor. Two of us stripped and plunged into the delicious waters. Then we sped straight across to the village. M. le Cure, with smiling face, stood on the shore to welcome us. We walked through the village, touching our hats to the salutations of the pleasant-looking people, and pausing at times for talk.

A simple but most hospitable supper was prepared for us at the cure's house. Good-natured gossip about church matters and the affairs of the village finished the day.

In the morning we went to see—and seeing, to admire—the new church of stone just erected through the indefatigable exertions of our host. The walls of the interior were still bare, showing the lines of the great stones; the open timber work supporting the roof was all exposed. I am not sure that I succeeded in proving to my friends that my admiration of the effect was sincere. M. le Cure listened at first with incredulity and then with pity to the expression of my strong abhorrence of plaster. They meant to get the whole place finished off smooth and white as soon as ever they could, he assured me, and then when they had funds enough they might fresco it with columns and cornices of marble.

We went to inspect, too, the alterations in progress at a large stone house below the church, to fit it for an educational establishment, under the management of the Sisters of the Society of Le Bon Pasteur. This was also one of the pet projects of our kind host. "M. le Cure is a very good man, and we all love and respect him very much," said one of the villagers to me; "but what with the new church and the new convent and other things, he burdens us heavily and keeps all the village poor."

A little sparkling stream, coming down from the Laurentian chain forces for itself with difficulty a way into the St. Lawrence at this spot, and makes the Falls of La Puce prettier than their name.

At eleven a.m. we resumed our course. There was more sun and wind than on the previous day, and we reached Cape Tourment quickly. With all sails set we drove the little chaloupe as far as she could go into a swamp of waving rushes on the river shore. Then with our light baggage in the hand, with boots off, and with trousers (and robes) rustled up above the knees, we waded cheerfully through the sludge to the firm land. This was the ordinary means of disembarkation at this spot. Half-an-hour's walk by pretty French homesteads and through a scented pine wood led us to the Chateau Bellevue, a long, square, massive mansion, built of the dark limestone of the district. We were received literally with open arms. At dinner we sat down to a well-furnished and tastefully appointed table. In the reading room I found a large collection of religious periodicals, mostly French, but among them *The Tablet*. A quaint old billiard board, evidently much used, stood in one of the great rooms.

Twenty of the professors and about as many students are accustomed to spend the summer vacation here. One party had gone away this day fishing; another to make the ascent of Mount Tourment. Two priests coming home from some religious duty splashed to hat-top in mud from a swamp, were received with hearty laughter. The whole company showed an extraordinary gaiety of heart, simplicity and kindness.

Half a dozen of us strolled out into the noble woods surround-

ing the cluster of buildings. We came presently to a small shrine, erected by some pious brethren to the honour of St. Joseph. A white plaster image of the saint himself stood inside, profusely decorated with vivid artificial flowers. I was informed that the figure was taken within doors in the winter, to save it from being cracked by the frost. Further on, we came to a still prettier shrine, erected to our lady; but unfortunately the frost, or some strange lack of care, had slightly interfered with the regularity of the Virgin's features.

The glory of the day was still undimmed when M. de Laverdiere and I got into one of the small springless carts of this country, and were driven to the woods by a man sitting on a kind of undeveloped splash-board, with his legs stretching forwards on to the shafts. The roadway wandered across country and into the cool depths of the forest, over most irregular ground, filled with blocks of stone, and broken with gaps and ruts.

"As this car has no springs" said my kind friend, "I fear the jolting will shake you."

I suggest that the motion might be beneficial to digestion, or to the liver, or to something or other inside us.

"But if you would like to ride easy" he resumed "don't hold on to anything at all, but let your body go freely with the motion of the cart."

I tried this plan, and found the exercise quite exhilarating.

During the ride M. de Laverdiere advised me on no account to omit a visit to the Church of St. Ann, which I should pass on my way home on the morrow. It was the only place of pilgrimage in all Canada, he explained,—being the chosen spot for the performance of miraculous cures. He kindly informed me of the whole supernatural history of the place; how a little child had received the honour of a heavenly vision on the identical spot where the church now stands; how this was repeated a second and yet a third time, when the Virgin commanded the child to tell the people of the village that a church was to be built in that place; how, when the church was ready, the first beggar threw away his crutch in the midst of a great assembly of people, and so became the first of a line of cured cripples which remains unbroken to the present date. The priest proceeded to tell me of a number of extraordinary and interesting cases of cures, some of which he had heard of from actual spectators. And then he argued philosophically on the great question of miracles.

"It showed absurdity" he said "and what was worse, a tendency to infidelity, when people urge that the cures of the church occur through occult, but simply natural causes. Some cases there might be of that order but all were not.

"For instance, when a man with a shrunken limb, in which there remains no use or life, suddenly stretched it out sound and well, or when a man stone dead is brought back to life, what power can have done this short of a true miracle? Must not a cause be always sufficient for the result?"

We left the car in the heart of the woods, and proceeded along a faintly-traced pathway, till the roar of falling waters told us we were near the object of our search. A magnificent spectacle burst upon our sight. A rapid stream, breaking its way through the dark woods, and from pool to pool among masses of jagged rock, suddenly cleaves for itself a narrow chasm, over which you may spring if you have an iron nerve, and then falls, broken into a thousand fantastic forms of spray along the steep face of the rock, into a deep gorge of horrid darkness.

I do not know the volume of water; I forgot to guess the height—it may be two hundred feet. Figures are absurd in the estimation of the beauty and grandeur of a scene like this. I only know that the whole impression of the scene was one of the most intense I have ever experienced. The disposition of the mass of broken waters is the most graceful conceivable. The irresistible might of the rush of the fall, the stupendous upright masses of black rock that form the chasm; the heavy fringe of dark woods all around; the utter solitariness and gloom of the scene all aid to impress the imagination. An artist might prefer this spot to Niagara.

The precarious footway down which we climbed half-way to the bed of the gorge was fashioned by the labour of my companion in former days. Climbing back and beyond the Falls we reached a sheltered pool, and bathed in the icy waters. We were careful to avoid the current. Swimming back to our dressing-place the priest indicated the spot where one of the students had recently been drowned.

We drove back through the wood a new way. Then, with sincere expressions of regard, I left the priest, and walked on to the inn, like an auberge of Brittany, that stands by the long wooden bridge crossing the St. Ann river, on the route to Quebec.

Of course I visited St. Ann's Church in the morning. There were at least thirty crutches suspended in the church, the grateful offerings of men who needed them no more. One thing struck me painfully; the crutches were too much alike, and were not old and picturesque enough.

I walked back to Quebec by Chateau Richet and Montmorenci, visiting many of the houses and talking with the "habitans," the term by which the French Canadians are known.

The division of inheritance being the rule here, the separate holdings are comparatively small. The nominal extent of the holdings rarely falls below ninety or a hundred acres, but a large part of this will probably be unfit for cultivation.

The disposition of the land along the St. Lawrence is very peculiar. The divisions have been made longitudinally, leaving to each holding a frontage on the river. The present farms, therefore, are about two acres wide and fifty deep. This arrangement must increase the difficulty and labour of working; but it is attended with an odd advantage. The farmsteads are all built on the line of road that traverses the country; an unceasing succession of villas, cottages, and barns stretches from Quebec to St. Anns', and I know not how far beyond. The people are social and everyone thus has the advantage of near neighbours.

The houses of the "habitans" are generally well-built, wholly or in part of stone, and afford abundant evidence of comfort and prosperity. Many of them are surrounded with verandahs or balconies of wood; and some are decorated artistically with porches and terraces, and painted to the best effect with low colours, pricked out with deeper tints at the mouldings and ornaments. Flowers often grow on the window-sills or before the door.

The scene by the winding roadway is often eminently picturesque. By the side of the pretty dwellings, or in the rear, stands the larger building of the barn. A team of good horses is being put to the strongly built market-cart. An old fashioned plough lies rusting in a mass of tall weeds, discarded in favour of an improved implement. Screened by some large stones, there blazes in the open air a fire of wood, over which hangs a great black cauldron for washing or cooking. Sometimes you see also an oven for baking, built out by itself in the garden, near almost every door a streamlet trickles down from the wooded heights, affording the ready means for that peculiar kind of washing with a stone or wooden beater which the Frenchwoman especially loves.

The houses inside are neat and orderly, and are comfortably and sometimes elegantly furnished. In very many a cottage sits the old grandmother, with dreaming eyes but busy hands, before the picturesque, murmuring spinning-wheel. And not unfrequently the house-wife may be seen at work at the antiquated but still useful hand-loom. The people showed me with pride the stuffs they wore, and boasted their superior durability over city goods.

"But Mademoiselle has hurt her hand I fear," "Ce ne fait rien" the girl answered, gaily, proceeding to wind round the cut hand a long piece of linen.

She allowed me to assist her in the delicate operation, and then sat at the loom, making the shuttle fly from hand to hand with astonishing quickness.

"How very fast you work!" I exclaimed. "Ah yes; I do not like to be slow, and besides I have so much work to do."

"But, Mademoiselle, why so?"

"I have twelve brothers and sisters, and they all want coats and dresses. And, besides, I like to have a piece over now and then to sell."

The French Canadians are, as a race, cheerful, frugal, pious, and eminently industrious. They make admirable settlers in a new country. They have overspread and reduced to cultivation a vast extent of country which would scarcely have attracted other settlers. They cling to the historic soil of the Lower Provinces, and push backward their settlements deeper and deeper into the backwoods, adding parish to parish till the saint's names from which they name them are well-nigh exhausted. Recently they have begun to occupy the upper regions of the noble Saguenay River, and have formed large settlements round the inland lake of St. Johns'. And still they swarm, and extend, and colonise, and help to build up a great prosperity for the future.

For, beyond other staples, the great product of French Canada is children. An amazing quantity swarm along the travelers' route. Families of twelve, fourteen, sixteen, are not uncommon. A family of children under nine in number is below the average, and is deemed insignificant.

The "habitans" have settled both sides of the St. Lawrence down to the ocean. If the climate is severe in the winter, it is at least delightfully cool and invigorating in the hot months of the year.

Each summer, their picturesque villages suffer invasion from Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and all the cities of the Dominion. The wealth, and beauty, and fashion of Canada crowd to these delightful spots, and constitute a brief and brilliant order of existence midway between the extremes of dull reserve and extravagant gaiety of the English and American watering-places. To many a wearied frequenter of the well-known *baths* and springs of Europe, the wilderness watering-places of Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Cacouna, with their wild scenery, their falls and mountains, their excursions, picnics and balls, their duck-shooting and plenteous fishing, would prove a welcome change after Trouville, Wiesbaden, Bagnieres, or Long Branch, and well repay the long voyage to reach them.

At Murray Bay the visitor is, unwittingly, in an old settlement of Scotchmen, who have become so identified with the French among whom they settled as even to have forgotten their own language.

Charming Cacouna claims the first place for fashion and gaiety. Here we talked politics all day and danced all night, breaking up however at ten o'clock, for Canada keeps very proper hours. Here we were initiated into the mysteries of bowls, and saw with unfeigned admiration young girls of the fairest type of grace and beauty make successful "spares" and "strikes."

No lover of the picturesque could wish to find a more wildly romantic spot than Tadoussac. And to increase his interest, here stands the little wooden church built by Champlain, two full centuries ago, the oldest church in Canada.

By Tadoussac the St. Lawrence receives the deep, cold, black waters of the Saguenay. A hundred miles up this romantic river lies the great lake of St. John. The visitor to this northern continent should not fail to pass up at least as far as Haha Bay, through the magnificent scenery of this river, a precipitous gorge cloven in the Laurentian Mountains. Above Haha the prospect opens, and the land begins to be capable of cultivation. At the time of my visit a vessel was being laden here with lumber for Australia.

Coming back, the steamer lies, a mere nutshell, under the precipitous range of Cape Trinity, to let the traveller judge of the height of the cliffs that make this river gorge.

The scene is scarcely to be surpassed for stern magnificence. The mass of rock towers sheer above to a height of 1,500 or 1,800 feet. The broken mountain-shores, fringed and tasselled with clusters of pine, give their dark reflection to the cold, motionless waters. No sail or canoe or trace of life is visible. Silence and awe rest on the wonderful scene.

I have indicated but a few of the points of interest in the French province which would be sure to repay the English traveler here. The artist would find perpetual occasion for his sketch-book. The geologist must come here to study the oldest known formation of rock. The whole country seems a sporting reserve. And to all kinds of visitors the simple and gay mode of existence of the inhabitants, older in style than the French of the old country, offers a pleasant subject of study. To the Englishman, concerned with some anxious thoughts for the future of the British Empire, a personal persuasion of the loyalty of this million of his fellow-subjects of another language may be found an agreeable re-assurance.

"Pray tell me, Sir George Cartier," said a lady in an English drawing-room "pray tell me what you mean by a French Canadian?"

"Madam" replied the witty baronet, "he is an Englishman who speaks French."

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.—Why the nine of diamonds is so called:—"When I was a child, (76 years ago) my father used to explain the origin of the above-named card being styled 'the curse of Scotland,' thus: That it represented the cross of Scotland, which in the Scotch pronunciation, had become 'curse.' St. Andrew is (or possibly was) the patron saint of Scotland; he is said to have suffered on a cross in the form of the letter X. The arms of the Earl of Stair are in the above form"—A. L.

MATCHES SUPERSEDED.—In certain atmospheric conditions, to look for a match is a work of supererogation. By walking across a Brussels carpet in slippers or boots, and in such a way as to slur the foot upon the carpet, one's body will be found to be sufficiently charged with electricity to light gas, by applying a finger to the burner. Any one can test this, (as we have done with the thermometer at 66) by applying his finger to iron or to any other conductor. We apprehend the ease with which electricity can be produced, as thus illustrated, may account for many an explosion in coal mine and powder magazine.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.—In a bill of fare, bearing the date of 1683, occurs the name of a dish, itself the eighteenth of the second course, styled "an umble pye." This dish was made from the "umbles" or entrails of the deer, and was doubtless inferior to the "brave venison pasty" of the first course. The "umble pye" therefore, became typical of that aspirated dish which most men are called on to digest, sooner or later.

GRACE'S CARD, THE SIX OF HEARTS.—At the revolution of 1688, one of the family of Grace, of Courtstown, in Ireland, raised and equipped a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, at his own expense, for the service of King James, whom he further assisted with money and plate, amounting, it is said, to £14,000. He was tempted with splendid promises of royal favor, to join the party of King William. A written proposal to that effect was sent to him by one of the Duke of Schomberg's emissaries. Indignant at the proposal, the Baron of Courtstown seized a card, and wrote the following answer thereupon—"Go, tell your master I despise his offer! Tell him that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow!" The card happened to be "the six of hearts," and to this day that card is generally known by the name of "Grace's card," in the city of Kilkenny.

REFORM AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—Gentlemen who have occasion to call at the several offices connected with the above-named establishment, will in future be received in the order of their arrival, and not in that of their presumed importance.

The slightest possible exercise—jumping at conclusions.

CAUTION TO IMMIGRANTS.

The state of the law in Ontario is such, that it allows starving men to be sent to prison as vagrants. This notice will be continued until an alternative is provided, less inconsistent with justice.

The Library and Reading Room of University College are open to the public from 10 to 5 o'clock during the Session, and from 10 to 1 o'clock during the Summer vacation. The Session extends from October to June.

There is also a free Library in connection with the College of Technology, *up stairs*, open only on Saturdays from 2 to 5 o'clock, and from 7 to 9.30; on Tuesdays, from 7 to 9.30. A class for French and Mechanical Drawing is held at the same institution, gratis, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 9 o'clock. Other classes are held in the College, of which information can be obtained from the Librarian.

The Reading Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Queen street West, and of the Church Union, in Toronto street, are also free.

TREBLE your orders for TREBLE's shirt,
You'll treble the joy of TREBLE's heart,
Since treble labor and treble pains,
To TREBLE's coffer yield treble gains.
TREBLE your orders for TREBLE's collars,
TREBLE will speedily treble his dollars,
TREBLE once more for TREBLE's ties,
TREBLE'll pronounce you treble wise.

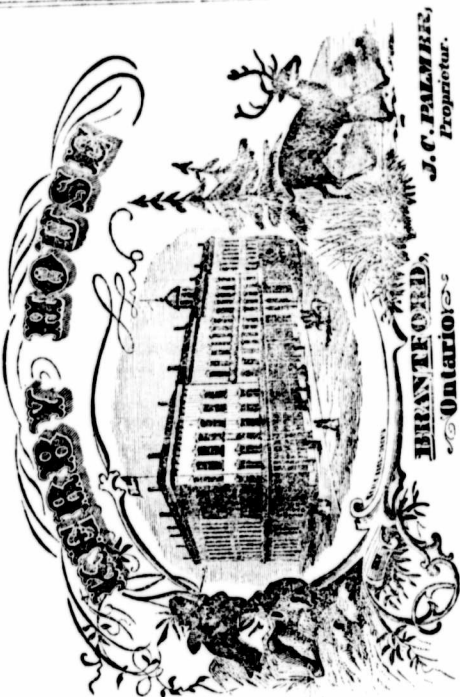
NOTICES.

Immigrants who have arrived within the past two years, and have grievances to record, are invited to address the Editor briefly. The name and abode of the writer are indispensable.

The Editor is glad to receive information as to the rate of wages, and relative cost of board and lodging from all parts of this continent. Address, Box 2642, Toronto.

THE traveller, especially if he be a "Britisher," who reaches Toronto by the Union Station, will find himself confronted with reminiscences of the British Court. So soon as he quits the platform, he will see the apex of the Station roof surmounted at either end by the Royal Arms, he will find himself bounded on the North East, by the *Queen's* hotel, and on the North West, by *Marlborough House*, a small view of the latter establishment, the younger of the two, he will see in our advertising columns. It is no more than is due to the lady who presides over it, to observe that if he take the twenty steps which will bring him to her door, he will find himself in a well-appointed hotel, and will feel as much at home as if he were basking beneath the smiles of any English lady. If he come from the capital of the Dominion, he will doubtless rejoice to recognize in the person of the landlady, the former hostess of the late D'Arcy McGee.

THE BEEHIVE can be obtained, by order, of all booksellers, and at railway stations. Any irregularity in delivery by post or otherwise, is requested to be reported to the publishers, Rogers & Larminie, 22 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



BRANTFORD.
POPULATION 10,000.

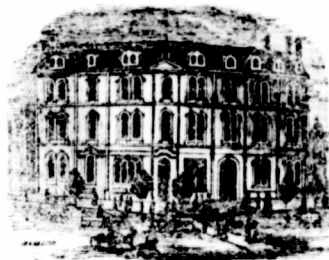
As a SUMMER RESORT, Brantford offers inducements and attractions for the Tourist and invalid not found elsewhere in Canada. For drives and scenery, the town and immediate surrounding country are rarely equalled on the continent. There are ELEVEN MAGNIFICENT DRIVES, along which the scenery of river, hills, woods and valleys is unsurpassed:—

1. To MOUNT VERNON; seven miles.
 2. To MOUNT PLEASANT; five miles.
 3. OVER GRAND RIVER, around TUTORIAL HEIGHTS; six miles.
 4. To LOVEJOY'S PICNIC GROVES and Fishing Banks, two miles.
 5. To BLUE LAKE (a bottomless lake of deep blue water) and grove; seven miles.
 6. To BOW PARK, the Model Farm of Ontario, owned by Hon. George Brown; four miles.
 7. To PARIS, the Harper's Ferry of Canada, and one of the most picturesque villages on the Continent; six miles.
 8. To the NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, a grand structure, rarely surpassed for beauty of site and architecture; two miles.
 9. To the MOHAWK CHURCH, where the Indians of the Six Nations worship, and undoubtedly the oldest church edifice in the Dominion. Near it is Brant's Grave and Monument; four miles.
 10. AROUND PROSPECT HILL, which gives a commanding view of Grand River winding through the distant Valley, the Mills, Factories, and a complete panorama of the town situated on the plain above the river, and the distant heights of Tutelar, which form a semi-amphitheatre around Brantford; two miles.
 11. To the INDIAN RESERVE, the home of the Indians of the Six Nations, where Chieftain Brant, the great Indian warrior and sage lived and died, and on which are located the world-wide famed Sour Springs, from which flow sour water impregnated with iron, pronounced possessed of extraordinary curative qualities, and have been the Indians' panacea for all ills during the last four centuries; six miles.
- Brantford, fortunately, is so centrally located on the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways, that either Buffalo, Niagara Falls or Toronto can be reached in about two hours—several trains each way daily. Sulphur and other mineral springs abound. Boating and fishing on Grand River are excellent. Brant Avenue, with its many splendid residences, is one of the finest streets in the country. Our Dry Goods Stores are first-class and are not excelled in the country for large and fresh importations of silks and every fine fabric worn. It is the cheapest market in Canada for first class and rich goods, including silks, velvets, jewels and all articles of luxury. There are fourteen churches in the town; society is superior to that of other inland places; the public buildings are superior, and living more reasonable than to be found elsewhere in Canada. THE KERRY HOUSE, recently purchased by Mr. J. C. PALMER, formerly of New York, but of late one of the most popular hotels in the Dominion, was originally built at a cost of \$150,000. It has been improved, improved in all respects, and appointed with every modern convenience. It contains two hundred rooms, grand salon and parlors; has attached PALMER'S HALL, 120 x 50 feet, elaborately appointed with stage machinery and scenery; here all entertainments and balls are given. There are other inducements and attractions not necessary to mention, which, added to those given, certainly will make Brantford a superlatively popular summer resort.—BRANTFORD DAILY NEWS.

SCARTH, COCHRAN & CO.,
STOCK BROKERS,
(MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE),
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
33 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

W. B. SCARTH, R. COCHRAN.
REFERENCES—JAS. STEVENSON, Quebec Bank, Quebec; Dominion Bank, Toronto.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,



UNION RAILWAY STATION, TORONTO.

M. A. TROTTER,

(Formerly of Ottawa, and subsequently of the St. James' Hotel),
PROPRIETRESS.

HARDWOOD!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

I have now on hand 10,000 cords of first-class Hardwood, Beech and Maple, and will deliver to any part of the city at \$6 per cord. Have also stored in Coal House a full assortment of all descriptions of Hard and Soft Coal, which will be delivered dry and clean at lowest rates.

P. BURNS.

Office and Yard, Corner Bathurst and Front Streets.

A. HUDSON,

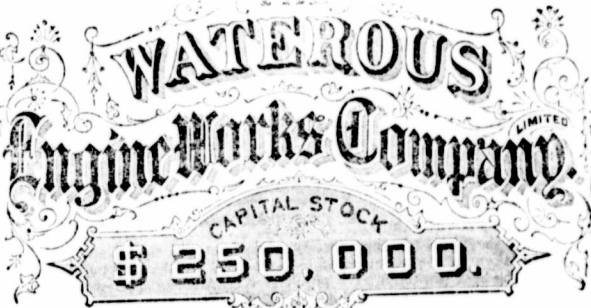
MARKET STREET, BRANTFORD,

DEALER IN

Newspapers, Magazines, Books,

STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, ALBUMS,

CHROMOS AND OTHER PICTURES, &c.



J. Cockshutt,
PRESIDENT.

John Fischen,
VICE PRESIDENT.

C.H. Waterous,
MECHANICAL MANAGER

George H. Wilkes,
SECRETARY & TREASURER



SAMO & JOHNSTON,
WHOLESALE
Cabinet Manufacturers
AND
UPHOLSTERERS.

WAREROOMS, 187 and 189 Yonge St.
(Eight Doors North of Queen Street)
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
FACTORY YORKVILLE.

We would respectfully intimate to the trade that our facilities for the manufacture of

CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS

are now unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the Dominion; and our Factory being under the personal supervision of our Mr. THOS. JOHNSTON, (for seven years Manager of the Bowmanville Furniture Manufacturing Company), whose reputation and abilities as a Draughtsman and Artistic Designer is unexcelled in the Provinces, enable us to supply the Trade and the Public generally with

**DRAWING ROOM, DINING ROOM, BED ROOM
AND LIBRARY FURNITURE,**

And in fact almost every article in our line of manufacture in the latest and most fashionable European and American Styles, and at prices that we feel certain will defy competition.

We would also beg to intimate to

MASONIC, ODD-FELLOW, ORANGE, FORESTER

And other Society Committees, that we make a specialty of getting up

FRATERNAL SOCIETY LODGE-ROOM FURNITURE,

Carved in accordance with the most approved and appropriate designs, and unsurpassed both as regards elegance, utility and economy by any establishment in the Dominion.

Having leased the handsome new store immediately underneath

ALBERT HALL, YONGE STREET,

In addition to and adjoining our already large and commodious premises, we now possess unsurpassed facilities, by possessing three extensive warerooms, 40 by 120 feet each, filled with one of the most extensive stocks in the

**CABINET AND UPHOLSTERING LINE OF GOODS
IN THE DOMINION.**

While the almost endless variety of designs and styles, and the great care taken in the selection of well-seasoned woods, and by employing only the best workmen, give purchasers unusual advantages in making their selections of household or other furniture at our warerooms—advantages which few other establishments have been able to hold out heretofore in this country.

We would respectfully solicit a call and examination of our stock from both citizens and visitors, as we feel convinced that all will find it to their interest, both as regards economy, price, and styles of goods, to make their purchases at our establishment.

The fullest satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

Remember our Wareroom address,—

187 & 189 Yonge Street, under Albert Hall.

JAS. H. SAMO.

THOS. JOHNSTON.

JAMES & CONNOLLY,
ARCHITECTS,
Temple Chambers,
TORONTO.

DR. S. ZIMMERMAN,
DENTIST,

Graduate of the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania Dental Colleges.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—346 JARVIS STREET,
A FEW DOORS ABOVE CARLTON ST., TORONTO.

BARGAINS UNSURPASSED

A GENUINE SALE OF DRY GOODS at a Great Sacrifice
during the Enlargement of Premises at

MEAKIN & CO.'S
348 YONGE ST., CORNER OF ELM.

M. & Co., during extensive alterations have resolved on Clearing Out their Winter Stock **AT A GREAT SACRIFICE**, in order to make room for their Spring Goods, a portion of which has already arrived. Among the articles to be sold off forthwith will be found Blankets, Counterpanes, Towels, Broad Cloths, Gloves, Shirts, Wool Shawls, Wool Scarfs, Wool Ties, Warm Hosiery, Dresses, Flannels, &c.

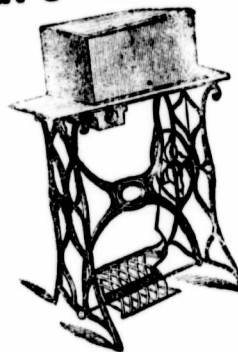
N.B.—Having engaged a first-class Cutter, we are prepared to take orders for Gentlemen's and Juveniles' suits, etc. The Style, Fit, and Make will be found quite a desideratum.

Please favor with an early call,
Our splendid Stock to see;
Our prices are unparalleled,
First-class the quality.

Our Towels and Broad Cloths don't forget,
In these we do abound;
None better can you get, my friends,
In all the City round.

MEAKIN & CO., No. 348 YONGE STREET, CORNER OF ELM.

LAWLOR'S
CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES



BOTH FOR
FAMILY & MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

ESTABLISHED IN CANADA, 1861.

HEAD OFFICE IN ONTARIO:

Toronto: No. 77 King Street West,
E. C. EVANS, Manager.

BRANCH OFFICES:

QUEBEC:—No. 22 John Street. ST. JOHN, N. B.:—No. 32 King Street.
HALIFAX, N. S.:—No. 119 Barrington Street.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY AT MONTREAL.

CANVASSERS WANTED FOR THIS CITY.

THE BEE HIVE!

FAMOUS FOR

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

The Bee-Hive is on King Street.
 The Bee-Hive's number is 165.
 The Bee-Hive is 2 doors below East Market Square.
 The Bee-Hive is famous for Cheap Dry Goods.
 The Bee-Hive is noted for its fine Millinery.
 The Bee-Hive's Jackets are very stylish.
 The Bee-Hive sells Ladies' Underclothing.
 The Bee-Hive makes Dresses.
 The Bee-Hive is everybody's Store.
 The Bee-Hive is a very busy place.
 The Bee-Hive's cells are full of Dry Goods.
 The Bee-Hive is, in fact, a wonderful place.
 The Bee-Hive has Shirts and Drawers at 75c. each.
 The Bee-Hive has 6 lb. Blankets for \$2.95.
 The Bee-Hive has Canadian Sheeting at 11c. a yard.
 The Bee-Hive's advice to every one who reads this advertisement is to PATRONIZE the Bee-Hive Dry Goods Store.
 The Bee-Hive's advice to all who have not subscribed for THE BEE-HIVE paper is to do so at once.
 Issued monthly, 5c.

JOHN CHANDLER,

THE BEE-HIVE!

165 King Street East.

End Door below East Market Square.

508 QUEEN STREET WEST,

TORONTO.

Buyers come to LAILEY'S Store,
 Because they've purchased there before;
 Again they come, and yet again,
 Like chickens to the parent hen.
 Come they for Pants, or for a Vest,
 They know they'll have the very best;
 Neighbour and friend have told them the same,
 Declared they would be entirely to blame,
 If, bound for Toronto early or late,
 They imprudently passed 508.
 Discreetly they act on good advice,
 Discover they purchase their goods at a price,
 Which, yielding to LAILEY a speedy return,
 Leaves them well contented, him nothing to learn.

J. YOUNG,

UNDERTAKER.

No. 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DOMINION LINE OF STEAMSHIPS!

This Line is composed of the following first-class, full-powered, Clyde built Steamships, and is intended to perform a regular weekly service between Liverpool, Quebec, and Montreal in summer, and fortnightly between Liverpool and Boston in winter.

	Tons.		Tons.
Montreal,	3250, (Building).	Texas,	2350, Capt. Laurenson
Dominion,	3200, Capt. Bouchette	Mississippi,	2300, " Wrakes.
Ontario,	3200, " French.	Quebec,	2200, " Bennett.
Vicksburgh,	2500, " Roberts.	St. Louis,	1824, " Reid.
		Memphis,	2500 tons, Capt. Mellon.

These vessels have very superior accommodation for Cabin and Steerage Passengers, and pre-paid Tickets are issued at reduced prices to those desirous of bringing out their friends.

Sailing from Liverpool every WEDNESDAY in the summer, calling at Belfast Lough to take cargo and passengers.

RATES OF PASSAGE—Cabin, \$60.00; Steerage, at the lowest rates.

Through Tickets can be had at all the principal Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Offices, and of local Agents in the principal towns in Quebec and Ontario.

For Freight or Passage apply—In Havre, to GENERALSTAL or to WASHINGTON FINDLAY; in Paris, to F. N. GILBERT, 5 Rue Scribe; in Hamburg, to AUGUST BEHRENS; in Bordeaux, to M. M. FAURE FRERES; in Christiania, R. RAFFELL, 4 Store Strandgate; in Copenhagen, to P. M. KOLLE, 18 Sankt Annæplades; in Bergen, to MICHAEL KROHN, Consul; in London, to MOWBRAY & JAMIESON, Lombard Chambers, 17 Fenchurch street; in Belfast to HENRY GOWAN, Queen's Square; in Liverpool, to FLINN, MAIN & MONTGOMERY, 24 James St.; in Quebec, to W. M. MACPHERSON; in Boston, to TRAYER & LINCOLN; and to

DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,

Exchange Court, Montreal.

J. E. PELL,

General Passenger Agent, 78 King Street East, Toronto.

"TWIN BROTHERS"



DRY HOP YEAST!

Universally acknowledged the only reliable Yeast in the Market.

Beware of Counterfeits and all other worthless Brands.

FACTORIES:

WATERLOO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, PEORIA,
 New York. Michigan. Illinois. Illinois.

AND

93 Front Street, Toronto, Ontario

T. L. BUCKLEE,

Manager.

CHINA HALL!

Sign of the Big Jug (Registered).

GLOVER HARRISON,

Importer of China, Glass and Earthenware,
 Plated and Fancy Goods, Table Cutlery, Bust and Parian Marble Statuary,
 Bohemian Vases, &c.,

No. 71 King Street East, TORONTO.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

I will give to the first of my lady customers who will bring or send to me a correct solution of the following Puzzle, a Set of Jewelry; to the first gentleman, a Set of Gold Studs; and to the first Miss, a nice Set of Ear-rings. The solution of the Puzzle to be enclosed in an envelope, which will be numbered in the order received, and on the day after the Queen's Birthday, May 25th, 1875, the envelopes will be opened, and the prizes awarded to the successful persons.



The attention of the public is called to my assortment of

Watches, Clocks & Jewelry,

Embracing Fine Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks of all kinds, Gold, Silver and Plated Chains, Gentlemen's Gold Signet Rings, Wedding Rings, Ladies' Gem Rings, Gold Keepers and Silver Rings, Bracelets, Pins, Studs and Sleeve Buttons, Fine Sets of Jewelry, Real Jet and Rubber Goods, Meerschaum and Briar Pipes, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c., &c. All goods warranted as represented. Particular attention paid to repairing.

W. ASHALL, Watchmaker and Jeweler,
286 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

SMITH & GEMMELL,
ARCHITECTS,
Millichamp's Buildings, Adelaide St. E.
TORONTO.

BLAKE, KERR & BOYD,
BARRISTERS, &c.,

Millichamp's Buildings, Adelaide Street, TORONTO,
Opposite Victoria Street.

EDWARD BLAKE, Q. C. J. K. KERR. J. A. BOYD.
J. W. FLETCHER. WALTER CASSELLS. W. B. MULOCH.

RIDOUT, AIKENHEAD & CROMBIE,
IMPORTERS OF
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE,
KING AND YONGE STREETS,
TORONTO.



COSMOPOLITAN LAUNDRY,
170 Bay St., Toronto.

Travellers accommodated on the shortest notice. Waggons call at the Hotels every day.

LUNN & CO.

CHAPPED HANDS!
MILLER'S
PREPARED GLYCERINE

Makes the hands, however rough or sore, smooth, soft and white; and also
REMOVES TAN AND SUNBURN,
So prevalent at this season of the year.

HUGH MILLER & CO.
167 King Street East, Toronto.

Published for the Proprietor, by ROGERS & LARMINER, 22 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.