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# The Weekly Visitor.



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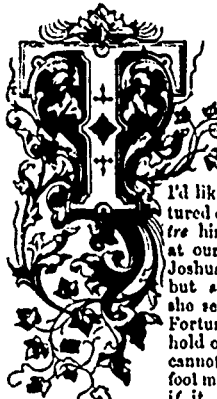
TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1864.

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## RUTH MORRISON.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.—CHAP. VII.—Continued.



HERE is no doubt, Marguerite, but you did her business cleverly."

"Not so cleverly, after all, that

I'd like to have ventured on it if *le maitre* himself had been at our elbow. But, Joshua, if you had but seen the letter she sent to Madame. Fortunately, I got hold of it in time. I cannot tell what that fool might have done, if it had come into

her hands. She enclosed a note from some uncle of hers in it, so I pitched them both into the fire, and sent her back a message of my own from Madame. A great thing to have her clear off, out of our way I can tell you; I wouldn't have that one here after to-morrow night's little work—no, not for a thousand francs. Demure as she looks, she's deep and dangerous. Bless yourself, you *pauvre homme*, that you haven't her scenting you out; she'd be worse than a detective."

The man shuddered at the last word. "Hush! for Heaven's sake, don't talk of those folks now," he said. "But, Marguerite, come to business, my good woman: tell me again exactly what you know of the captain's goings to-morrow."

"Why, I heard him tell Madame that he would be early in the day at Lisburn, at the Downshire Arms; that he was then going to the Black Swan—a public-house, on the road somewhere near Hillsborough; that he had

an appointment there with tenants, and was to receive rents; and that he would pick up the evening mail-car at Hanbridge, that carries the cross post along—I don't know where, but it would drop him, he said, as it passed, at Common Cross. And now mind:—"Let Marks," he said, "or one of the men, meet me there at half-past seven, to bring up my bag. But I don't wish it to be known, Marie, what way I am coming"—if I didn't laugh in my sleeve at this—"for the country is not over quiet, and I shall have a large sum of money that I must bring with me, as I should not be in time to lodge it in the Bank."

"You have it all put, my jewel," returned Marks, "and there never was anything so lucky: let me see," and he leaned over the fire, upon the chimney-piece, as if reflecting upon the information.

"Well," exclaimed the housekeeper, half angrily, after a few moments' silence, "sure, 'tis all plain sailing now."

"Yes, plain as day," said the other, looking up. "I must take care to be the one to meet my brave captain to-morrow night."

"Leave that to me; but see that you don't bungle the business; *le maitre* has his wits about him; remember that."

"Oh, the thing is simple enough now; trust me, I'll not put my foot in it, with such a fair opportunity. Everything turns out just as we could wish it; doesn't it! But stop a moment—goodness send he has left the *little persuader* where it always lies, in the drawer here;" and the pair walked across to the large secretary that stood at the opposite side of the room. Marks unlocked it with a key that he took from his pocket, and then there was a sound of different drawers being opened. "Ah, here it is;" and in a second or two the appalled listener on the sofa heard the peculiar cick which told it was a deadly weapon that the man was examining. "Loaded and all, by jinnin! Faith, the fellow little dreamed, when he was last loading this, that, as they say, 'he was cutting a rod for his own back.'" And a suppressed laugh broke from them both.

"But now," inquired Mrs. Montserrat, "tell me how you mean to manage. 'Tis safer to settle all here 'n the dead of night,

with no one to be the wiser, then to be seen talking together when people are about. Don't you think I was right to manage it so!"

"To be sure; you're always right, my dear! Well, when we come together from Common Cross, by the Oak Walk, as he always comes, I'll be behind as is most respectful; there'll be a little bit of a young moon up, I suspect, light enough for work, and not too light for mischief; and when we get to the loneliest bit, where the road turns, and the trees are the thickest just by the lake-side, why then"—and he cocked the pistol with a significant gesture. "Next I'll send this down to the bottom of the water, where it will tell no tale; and then I'll get at the tin, quick as a weasel would lick the blood of the rat he had throttled, and home like a shot, when do you be at hand to slip all the awag away, and then a story is easily made up of murder and robbery as we were coming home, and the fellow making off. Do you understand?"

"I do," returned Mrs. Montserrat, speaking with deliberation. "That might answer very well; but we must be prepared for all difficulties. Suppose now, that he sends you on before him."

"Well, if he does, sure and 'tis done all the same. 'Tis easy to lie by in the trees there where I say, and manage it as he comes up."

"Yes; but you might miss him; or you mightn't do for him outright; and 'tis only dead men, mind, that don't tell. And, Joshua, if you only hit him—if you didn't shoot him dead, he'd be an awful man, I tell you, to have the last bout with."

"Never you fear," replied the miscreant. "I'll put the grappling-irons in him. Let me but get good aim, and he'll not speak many words after; besides, 'tis a simple thing to silence him, once he's down. Then, my hearty, our course is clear; no one will suspect us. Just as well, though, as you say, that that unsafe-looking craft, the governess, is off the stocks. They'll be offering rewards, and all that sort of foolery. Missis, most likely, won't be for staying here. Anyways, you and I, after a decent time, when the hubbub settles down a bit, can be off quietly over the water with the needful, my dear" (and here he nudged the

woman with his elbow), "to made us engug in our old age."

"We may as well then," responded the house keeper, drawing a long breath, "just sweep off what's here now."

Then there followed a ransacking of different drawers in Captain Sinclair's secretary, a rattling of silver and sovereigns, and the rustle of notes, with occasional remarks and exclamations. During all the preceding conference, Ruth remained perfectly motionless, overwhelmed at this marvellous revelation of villainy, and so absorbed in the thought of the danger hanging over Captain Sinclair's head, that she had not yet even realised what her own position might be, if she were suddenly discovered by the two conspirators. It was only as they were closing the secretary, and evidently preparing to decamp, that this startling thought rushed upon her. She had, now and again, cast a glance upon them as they stood with their backs to her both at the fireplace and secretary; but except as she did so, she instinctively kept eyes close shut, as if in sleep; while her very breathing seemed stifled from the attention that she was constrained to give to every syllable they spoke. Now one silent, earnest prayer for safety rose from her throbbing heart, as she felt what she might expect if they found her, with their horrible secret disclosed. Already the butler and housekeeper had reached the door; Mrs. Montserrat had her hand upon the lock, and was still saying something to Marks, but either in so much lower a key, or Ruth's extreme agitation as the moment of peril was passing, deadened her hearing. Whatever it was she did not catch it until the words:—"Recevez, recevez; give me the key," when the housekeeper returned quickly across the room. She had not advanced many steps, when, by her stopping suddenly, dropped the key from her hand, and ejaculating in a trembling whisper: "Mon Dieu!" Ruth felt, for she dared not open her eyes, that the dread discovery was made. A dead silence, in which seconds seemed expanded into hours, ensued. At last, Marks, while his teeth chattered in the extreme of alarm, asked:—"What is it! For God's sake, what ails you!"

There was no reply; but the tall figure moved swiftly to the sofa, and Ruth felt the panting breath of her enemy, and knew that the terrible eyes were glaring upon her like those of a beast at bay. Marks stole trembling to her side. "Mon Dieu, la gouvernante!" was the quivering ejaculation.

"Is she asleep!" inquired the other, and his ash lips could scarcely form the words, so great was his fear.

"Asleep or awake, it matters not; whatever brought her here, she sleeps her last to-night," and the voice that sealed her doom sounded in the ears of the unfortunate listener more like the hiss of a serpent than a human utterance. "Give me that," and she stretched out her hand for the pistol that Marks still held.

"Are you mad, woman! A shot in the house at this hour of the night!"

"True—true; you're right. Stay, I know what will do," and with the same swift, noiseless motion, so habitual to her, she passed to the sideboard, at the other end of the long apartment followed by

Marks. Ruth cast one despairing glance towards the door, but saw that escape was hopeless in that quarter, as the murderers were directly between her and it. Mrs. Montserrat softly opened a drawer in the sideboard, and, after a brief search, took out a long sharp-pointed steel kept there, and used for sharpening knives. "Listen to me now," she said in a fierce, commanding whisper, turning to Marks:—"When I give you the signal, do you instantly gag her with this—and she handed him a handkerchief—and seize her hand at the same time; I'll manage the rest."

"Oh, but stop a moment," remonstrated Marks; "let us not have more bloodshed than we need. God bless me, 'tis horrible; may she be asleep!"

"How can we tell? Remember, she may know enough by this time to hang us both. See, too, man," she continued; "better to have her out of the way entirely. If we sink her body to-night in the lake, we'll be far off before it comes up, again, and they'll think she made off. Besides, I have more reasons than one for wishing her off my road."

"I tell you, Marguerite, we had best let her live, if she's asleep; it's an awful thing to bring so much blood upon one's self."

"Do you want, you fool, to have the rope round your neck?" answered the woman, with irritation. "Besides, I'm not asking you to do the job; I'll do it myself."

"Well, just try first if she's asleep, can't you," returned the man; and he drew her over towards the sofa again. Every sentence spoken, though hardly above the breath, was distinctly audible to the terrified listener. She lay hopeless, passive, an almost unbreathing form; an icy horror seemed to pervade her whole frame; with one despairing effort at self-preservation, she remained under the semblance of the deepest sleep, and that was all that she could do; she felt it to be her one sole chance.—They both bent over the all but inanimate figure, watching for the quivering of an eyelid, or a flush upon the pale cheek, that might indicate the consciousness of their presence. "Feel her pulse," whispered Marks. Most fortunately, she heard him, otherwise, no doubt, a violent start would have betrayed her, when the long, cold snake-like fingers crept up her hand, and pressed upon the wrist; over its beating poor Ruth could have exercised no control; and she imputed it only under Providence, to the still clam of despair, that a wild fluttering there did not at once disclose that her sleep was feigned.

"She certainly is asleep," muttered Mrs. Montserrat.

"Then come here a moment," earnestly re-joined Marks; and the two slowly retired, putting out the candle, as it seemed to Ruth; and for a considerable time she heard the indistinct murmur at the door, when the sound of its gently closing reached her relieved ear, and she concluded that she was alone and in darkness. Yet still she lay quiet, while now a cold clammy perspiration broke out at every pore; and the lifting of the pressure of the last hour brought back so tumultuous a throbbing to her heart, that it became well nigh insupportable. She was just

about to rise from her recumbent position, when again the door opened, and though there was no light, there was the rustle of a tread on the carpet, and the sound of a hand feeling for something on the floor. It was Mrs. Montserrat, seeking for the dropped key. In a few minutes, her search seemed successful; she stood immovable for a brief period, as if to satisfy herself that the sleeper had not awakened; and then went out as silently as she had entered. A considerable time elapsed before the poor creature, who had been subjected to so fearful an ordeal, dared to move either hand or foot. Her excited imaginations conjured up a thousand terrific phantoms in the silence and the darkness of that room. Again and again she fancied that she could detect Mrs. Montserrat's stealthy step returning, or feel her hot breath; or she was convinced she caught the low whisper renewed behind the door; at last, raising herself into a sitting posture, and peering into the dense gloom, she slipped off the sofa, and groped her way to the fireplace. There was not now a single spark in the grate, so she searched in the usual place for the matches, and lit the candle; it was ten minutes to three by the timepiece before her. Glancing once more with a shudder round the room, she went out into the hall, crouching down like a hunted thing, that would flee anywhere for shelter. "I must," she thought, "make my way back to my own room; but I wish I was safe up those stairs." As rapidly as she could, she hurried on, and with difficulty suppressed the scream that rushed to her lips, as her own elongated shadow fell upon the wall before her at a turn of the stairs. After a careful survey of both her own apartments, she locked the outer door, and leaving the candle alight, for she could stay no more in the dark, she threw herself again upon her bed, to try and think over the awful past two hours, and consider what course she could take to provide for Captain Sinclair's safety. A thousand different thoughts and plans whirled through her brain, but one determination was ultimately fixed upon; to see Mrs. Sinclair, at all hazards, before leaving the house, and to tell her exactly what she had heard; and if this failed in making the necessary impression—if she were incredulous to so astounding a tale, as with her prejudices and impressions, she very possibly might be—then, to make her way direct to the captain himself, and put him on his guard. Somewhat calmed when she had thus settled upon a definite course, and retaining no single concern for herself or her distracted affairs, she lay on her side, with her eyes fixed upon the window, looking out into the darkness, and waiting until it was time for her to get up, to see Mrs. Sinclair, and then to leave that dreadful house for ever.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Ruth lay in a dreamy trance of thought but not asleep, when a knock aroused her. It was a servant, who called out that it was time to get up, for that the man with the ear would be round at the door immediately. She found it no easy task to complete her toilet that morning; pins dropped from her cold and trembling fingers, and in her confusion, she could find nothing she wanted. The unsnuffed candle had nearly burned to the socket, and gave

but a flaring, uncertain light; and her heart beat tumultuously at the thought of the coming interview with Mrs. Sinclair, and apprehensive doubts as to its result.

"I must try, at all events," she exclaimed, as she finished her dressing at last, and issued from her room with her candle in her hand. She turned up the second short flight of stairs, and advanced towards the door of her late employer's bedchamber; she was in the act of opening it, when Mrs. Montserrat, gliding from what quarter Ruth knew not, but pressing in between her and the door, confronted her, with the old sneering and defiant smile wreathing her lips. "And what does Mademoiselle mean," she asked in a grating whisper, "by attempting to disturb Madams at such an hour of the morning as this! Madams, who is so poorly, and in fact extremely ill from all she went through yesterday."

Ruth, though at first startled and unstrung, and, considerably embarrassed at this unexpected apparition, recovered her self-possession almost immediately. "I wish so much, Mrs. Montserrat, to see Mrs. Sinclair," she replied. "I wrote to her yesterday, and—I wanted to speak to her about that letter, for I only got a verbal refusal to it. Ruth felt, as she was speaking, that the eye of the woman was literally going through and through her; all she said was at random—the first thing she could think of. "Baby," she added, "she might relent, and allow me to stay on until Captain Sinclair returns."

"No use, Mademoiselle—no use. I can't possibly allow Madams to be disturbed."

"Well, Mrs. Montserrat," rejoined Ruth, growing more determined as she felt the importance of the attempt, "I must see Mrs. Sinclair, and I won't be kept out by any one;" and she made an effort to get by the housekeeper, and force her way into the room.

"Upon my word," ejaculated Mrs. Montserrat, now eyeing her antagonist with a suspicious, alarmed look, "we'll take care of that;" and driving Ruth forcibly aside, she quickly and softly turned the key in the door at which they were standing, and deliberately put it into her pocket.—"Come, now, if you please, and raise no more of your disturbances in the house," she added in an angry voice; and putting her hand rudely upon her shoulder, she compelled Ruth to go down the stairs before her.

Seeing that there was no use in resistance, and judging it safer, for the present, not to awaken any suspicion, she yielded, without further parley, to the housekeeper's violence.

On the stairs, they met Marks coming up; a significant glance passed between the two. "Bring down her things, will you, at once," said Mrs. Montserrat to her accomplice; adding something in a whisper that Ruth could not hear.

The hall door was open, and the car already at it; but it was a strange driver—not Patsey, as Bridget had promised. While the housekeeper and Ruth was standing in the outer hall waiting for Mark's return, the former shading the candle from the cold blast with her hand, Bridget suddenly burst open the door leading up from the lower parts of the house, and hastened into the hall with a large bowl of tea, and some bread on a plate. "There, Miss Morrison!"

she exclaimed indignantly. "She would not let me call you, nodding towards Mrs. Montserrat; and she wanted to hinder me seeing you at all; but, miss, I have brought you a drop of tea, and a bit of bread, and, for God's sake, take it before you go out this cold morning; wish, God help us!" exclaimed the poor, sympathising girl; and the feary tears began to gather as she looked upon Ruth, and beheld the seared, white expression of her face, with the dark circles under the large and unnatural-looking eyes.

Mrs. Montserrat said nothing, but cast a frowning look upon the housemaid that spoke more than words, and which the other returned with a scornful toss of her head.

"Indeed, Bridget," said Ruth, "I am greatly obliged to you, but I could not touch bit or sup;" and her sad, hollow voice went to the very heart of the servant.

"Take it, Miss Morrison, darling," she whispered, "if it was only to spite her; 'twill do her good; any ways ttry the drop of tea"

She so far yielded as to drink a few drops of the hot liquid, and felt a little warmed and refreshed by it.

"Did you sleep a bit at all last night?" asked the housemaid.

Ruth knew that the woman standing at her side was watching her reply, for she turned instantly as the question was put. Wishing to divert from her mind any lurking suspicion she may have had, she answered:—"Oh, I had one good sleep that refreshed me a great deal, though it was not in bed. I went down to the dining-room to ascertain the hour; I thought it was late, having forgotten to wind up my watch, but I found that it was only a little after one; the fire was still burning, and I was so cold that I remained below, and fell asleep on the sofa there for I don't know how long."

"Poor thing! God help you!" replied Bridget.

Mrs. Montserrat appeared relieved and satisfied at this colloquy, for when she passed out to the door with Marks, as he brought down Ruth's luggage, she whispered to him:—"All right; no fear." They both remained out side, and peered in earnest conference with the driver, while the things were being settled on the car.

"Tisn't Patsey, after all," said Bridget; "that fellow wouldn't let him go." She had no time for more. Ruth bade her a hearty adieu, when told all was ready now. Marks and Mrs. Montserrat remained watching her from the door, until a turn in the avenue shut out the car from view. One long look she cast back at the place that had been, in one sense, her home for more than a year past. How much of discomfort and trial she had borne during those thirteen months—not, however, without some gleams of sunlight breaking through the black clouds of recollection. Fondly, she thought of the little ones, and with grateful love dwelt upon that last touching farewell. Then came the overwhelming, terrifying remembrance of her protector's danger, and the rest of the weary, wretched drive to Newry was wholly occupied in deliberation upon what she should now do, foiled as she had been in her first attempt at saving him. The current of her thought was left free from

any disturbance by her driver—a stout, curly man, who never opened his lips during the drive, but occasionally eyed his companion advance across the car from the side he occupied. Of him, however, the poor girl thought little, she was pondering on the best course to pursue, and trying to recall the route she had overheard Captain Sinclair was to take.

"How foolish I was," she thought, "to say that I wanted to speak to Mrs. Sinclair about the letter, when I remembered that wretch said she had intercepted it, sure that alone would have made her keep me out. Reach him I must, at once; yet now I cannot remember one or two places they spoke of, Lisburn I recollect distinctly; he has to be early at the Downshire Arms. But where was he to go from that! Dear—I don't know what ails me! I can remember nothing."

At no time conversant with the names of many northern towns or places, her brain was completely bewildered. A kind of maddening confusion made her forget the next minute what was clear and distinct to her just before. She kept repeating 'Lisburn' to herself over and over, for fear she might even let go that one clue, and was still endeavouring to call up some more of the forgotten details, when she was startled from her reverie by the driver breaking silence as they were entering the town, by saying, in a rude, coarse tone:—"I suppose I've to drive you to the coach-office!"

For a moment or two, she was so confused that she could not answer. "No, thank you," she said at last; "to the hotel please."

"Why, sure, you're going to Dublin!" "Yes," responded Ruth; "but I am not well enough to go on yet; and I must stop first at the hotel."

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE POWER OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of William Hutton, that a countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, often passing his evenings from home, which made her feel very unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband.

The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile."

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

For The Weekly Visitor.

**CLASSIC STORIES.**

MBCXXXIV.

**THE INVASION AND BURNING OF ROME BY THE GAULS, B.C. 390.***(In Verse)*

The city proud stands in the sun  
Clothed with the victories it has won  
Trim'd with the triumphs of the past  
But destin'd so not long to last  
Its temples, capitol and towers;  
Its palaces and shady bowers;  
Its glory—all—so bright, so gay,  
May be o'er long clean swept away.  
The Sabine virgin's rape forgot;  
King Tullius sad and dreadful lot;  
Lucretia's death, Virginia's wrong;  
Oppressions practised by the strong;  
All cry aloud. They wake the skies  
To vengeance, and imploring rise  
To God the King, before whose eye  
Accursed deeds can never die.

A rumor thro' the busy streets  
Ruses greeting every one it meets  
It counsel's fear; it stirs up dread;  
It tells—a storm breaks over head.  
Wild consternation spreads around  
Prayers, shrieks and wails—a mingled sound

Rise on the air—while chiefs command  
The young to save their fatherland.  
Some raise their voice; some beckon sore;  
Some urge; some plead from door to door;  
Haste home! prepare to steel they come!  
The foe—the Gaul's past! Clusium!  
Warriors prepare! your country call!  
Go meet the foe without the walls!  
Your stations take on Allia's bank  
In solid mass and serried rank!  
They march obedient and they form  
The city's great last hope—forn  
They face the invader and they die  
While Brennus shouteth "Victory!"

The Romans beaten now retreat  
The Gauls rejoice in their defeat  
And onward press—no mercy there,  
"They come the country all to share."  
Onward ye brave! ye victors on!  
We'll rival yet a Marathon!  
What can withstand your potent arms!  
Or who o'ercome your dire alarms!  
Onward! subdue your leader wills  
The city proud that crowns the hills—  
The Seven Hills of Rome shall fall,  
And yield its spoils up to the Gaul.  
Breathless they rush; the walls they near;  
They listen; not a sound they hear;  
All's still as death—the open gates  
With ready entrance them awaits.  
Entering they wend their wond'ring way  
Thro' empty streets—all treasure lay  
At their command—Terror broods o'er,  
Dismay stands in the empty door.

At length; the Forum fall in view.  
In chairs of state, in purple hue  
Sits eighty aged councillors—  
A sacrifice—yet worshippers.  
The gods! the gods! the heathen cry  
Come let us worship or we die!  
They nearer come, o'er those who led  
The sight inspires with solemn dread.  
But one roars daring than the rest  
Patrius' beard upon his breast  
And pluck. This insult roused his rage—  
The Gaul stands stricken by the sage.  
Then from the Gauls all reverence fled  
Then lay the old man with the dead  
They fall upon the rest surprised  
And offer them all sacrificed.

Fire the city! Haste, let it burn!  
Shouts Brennus—then your strong arms  
turn

Against the Romans sly patrol  
That guards the teeming capitol  
Eight months with vigor watch they keep  
Nor day nor night finds all asleep.  
Yet all in vain, Quirinus will  
Set them at stern defiance still.  
The houses burn; the smoke ascends  
To heaven in curling wreaths it wends.  
The city lies in smould'ring heaps.  
The exiled Roman sighs and weeps.

O Romulus, the city falls!  
Fierce foes tear down its tow'ring walls;  
Its mansions burn'd lie in the dust;  
Discord's reward away accurst.  
Roll, Tiber, roll! thy sad'ning wave  
Sweeps silent o'er the hero's grave;  
Thy trembling surge; thy yellow tide  
Palling thy country's patriots, hide.  
Roll, Tiber, roll! hide this disgrace  
Wash high thy banks and leave no trace  
Of tyrants' deeds, or frae or sword  
Or Brennus—proud and haughty lord.  
He's gone! he's gone! the price is paid;  
The gold's received; the ransom's made;  
Yea! Brennus and his horde is gone;  
But Roman fires still smoulder on.

**Agents for "The Weekly Visitor."**

MATHEW EAST,.....Kilnelburg  
W. H. Cox,.....Montreal  
L. C. McKinstry,.....Montreal  
B. W. POPE,.....Collingwood  
Mrs. M. E. DUNN,.....Richmondhill  
JOHN COOK, Dep. Registrar,.....Newmarket  
J. H. Miller,.....York Mills  
E. H. Bacon,.....Rockwood  
T. G. Porter,.....St. Catharines  
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JAS. A. E. DICKSON,.....Spearside P. O., Eramosa  
Wm. FIELDS,.....Enniskillen P. O., Darlington

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1. When you change your residence please send us word.
2. When you do not receive your numbers regularly please let us know.



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME III.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1864.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

L. C. McK., Montreal.—I have sent you a copy regularly, but as you have not received, I have mailed another set. Send your last mentioned.

A. M. A. Newburg.—Received for eight more. Sent as directed, also sent you the missing numbers.

J. G., Edmonton.—Your money was received, and papers sent. In case you should not recover Nos. 4 and 5, I have again mailed them to you.

W. F. Enniskillen.—Received for eight copies.

J. B., Kramosa—200.

☞ The "Queen City" and "Ivy" Lodges B. A. O. G. T. intend holding a Grand Union Pic-Nic on the Queen's Birthday, at Carleton. A splendid Band will be in attendance, and all sorts of games will be kept up during the day. Further particulars will be given next week.

The Sunday afternoon Religious Temperance meeting is still held in the Temperance street Hall. The services are commenced at 4 and concluded at 5 p. m. Attend

☞ Chester Temple, I. O. G. T., intend holding a Pic-Nic on the banks of the Don, on the Queen's Birth day. Further particulars in our next.

☞ We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. J. Rawe, Photographic Artist. His gallery is 137 King St. East, opposite J. G. Beard & Sons.

The list of officers of the Toronto Star, Yorkville Star, Chester, Eglinton Rescue, & Great Eastern Temples I O G T, will appear in our next, having been crowded out of this issue.

To the Editor of The Weekly Visitor.

Permit me to give your readers a few lines on the state of the cause of temperance in Newburgh:

In the Spring of 1850 Newburgh Division No. 77 S. of T. was organized in the old Academy, and held regular weekly meetings in that place, and then—Broke down! NO—built a Son's Hall, in which they have held their meetings ever since. Females were admitted soon after the Div. removed to the Hall. This Division has never been reported delinquent in the Grand Division since it was organized. The average attendance after the novelty of the thing passed off, though not great, has been steady, and is now on the increase. A few of our Charter members are still in attendance at the stated meetings, and a goodly number in and out of Newburgh have kept their pledge inviolate. The officers for the present term are W P—Bro. Hamnal H. Deroche; W A—Bro. John Parley; R S—Bro. George Paul; A R S—Bro. George Stickney; F S—Bro. D. B. Stickney; T—Bro. Thomas Scott; Chap.—Bro. G. Bakins; C—Bro. Charles Moore; I S—Bro. Bowen Aylsworth; O S—Bro. G. M. McMullen; P W P; John B. Aylsworth. The old society here which went down after the Son's first flourish, is reorganized, and has held its third monthly meeting, it has over one hundred names to the pledge. The officers are President—R. S. Clark; Vice President—W. Briscoe; Secretary—J. P. S. West; Treasurer—Mr. Caldwell; Executive committee—Mr. Brethour, John Keok, Peter Wease, T. G. Lusher & P. H. Carcallan. The Sons and the old society working in unison give the friends of the cause good reason for encouragement.

A. M. A.

An Example.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER SENT BY DOCTOR J. W. KERRAN, PROVINCIAL DEPUTY OF THE BRITISH GOOD TEMPLARS, TO M. C. GOWAN, W. G. A. OF SAID ORDER.

Enclosed you will find \$2.50 to be presented on behalf of Keystone Lodge No. 269, to the Boys Home. Will you be so kind as to present on our behalf. Allow me to give you the history of said money. There is in our neighbourhood a tavern. The keeper of said gin shop was in the habit of selling Whiskey on the Sabbath contrary to law. "Keystone Lodge," instructed their W C T to take

legal proceedings against him for said offence; he was fined \$20 with costs, \$10 of which came to our Lodge, but as we had entered three charges against him and only one was sustained, we had to pay costs in the remaining two. One charge was selling after hours on Saturday evening and the other, not having proper accommodation. However we had a nett fund of \$2.50 which we have much pleasure in presenting to the Boy's Home, hoping it will act as an example to other Lodges to go and do likewise.

QUEEN CITY LODGE NO. 112 H. G. T.

The officers elect of this Lodge were duly installed last Friday evening, for the current quarter. The installing officers were Bro. N. C. Gowan W G S, Sister Iredale G W D M, Bro. P. H. Stewart Pro. Dep., and Bro. Samuel Bell P W O T.

W C T—Bro. J. Thompson; W Y—Sister R. Westlake; W T—Sister Cynthia Haldon; W C—Bro. Westlake; W F S—Bro. Wm. Sheppard; W S—Bro. B. Loeman; W M—Bro. Geo. Daniels; W I G—Bro. J. Healty; W O G—Bro. John Wilson W R H S—Sister M. A. Fallow; W L H S—Sister E. Westlake; W D M—Sister M. A. Iredale; W A S—Sister J. Loeman.

Bro. Samuel Bell took his seat as P W C T; after which the officers elect delivered short addresses, and thanked the members for the honours conferred upon them.

JESSE KITCHUM LODGE, H. A. O. G. T.

The following officers for the current quarter were duly installed last Friday evening. Bro. Pettigrew, D T, assisted by Bro. Swanson, acted as the installing officer. W C T—Bro. J. J. Williams; W Y T—Sister Simmons; W T—Sister Leach; W F S—Bro. Limoro; W S—Bro. Emtery; W C—Bro. Unitt; W M Bro. J. Beatty; W I G—Sister C. Barnes; W O G—Bro. B. Smith; W R H S Sister Perry; W L H S Sister Williams; W A S—Sister Smith; W D M—Sister McDougall; Bro. Simmons took his seat as P W C T. This Lodge has made rapid progress considering its many drawbacks, now numbering 45 good members.

YORK MILLS LODGE, H. A. O. G. T. NO. 186.

The following are the officers elected for the current quarter.

W C T—Bro. W. Armour; W Y T—Sister Allisn McGlashan; W T—Sister Bessie Harvey; W F S—Sister Emily Horsey; W S—Sister E. J. Horsey; W M—Bro. William Paterson; W I G—Bro. Joseph Stewart; W O G—Bro. Hugh Taird,

W R H S—Sister M. H. Horsey; W L H S—Sister Anne McGlashan; W A S—Sister Mary Armour; W D M—Sister M. A. Munros; W C—Bro. T. W. Elliot. Bro. J. Stewart took his seat as P W C T. They were duly installed by John B. Miller, P D, assisted by James Armour, D T, of the Lodge. After which an excellent lecture was delivered by Rev. Joseph Markham, of Scarborough.

KEENA LODGE, B. A. O. G. T. — The following is a list of the officers appointed at the Quarterly meeting, on Thursday last. W O T, Bro. D. Rupert; W Y T—Sis. S. Vance, W Chap. Bro. J. Pike; W S, Bro. A. Laignan; W T, Sis. E. Goodlow; W F S, Bro. G. Jones; W M, Bro. W. Highlands; W I G, Sis. A. Rogers; W O G, Bro. W. Goodfellow. The prosperity that has attended this Lodge is really gratifying. There are now about 125 bona-fide members in the Lodge, and the average attendance is very large, showing a creditable interest in its affairs by the members. Harmony pervades all its business, and much moral and social as well as intellectual good is being done through its operation.

ENNISKILLEN DIVISION, NO. 117. SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

On Friday evening, April first, the following officers were installed for the current quarter, by Bro. Wm. Fields, D. G. W. P.; Bro. Wm. Clemence as Grand Conductor:

W. P.—Bro. Wm. McLaughlin; W. A.—Bro. M. English; R. S.—Bro. J. Gallagher; A. R. S.—Bro. Wm. Salter; F. S.—Bro. James Shaw; T.—Bro. Wm. Bigham; Chap.—Bro. Wm. Clemence; C.—Bro. W. Stanton; A. C.—Bro. John Pottery; I. S.—Bro. John Preston; O. S.—Bro. Wm. Fields; P. W. P.—Bro. E. J. Tale.

ALEXANDRA DIVISION, NO. 182, S O F T.

On Monday evening, April 4th, the following officers were installed, for the current Quarter, by Br. Wm. Fields, D G W P; Bro. Wm. Clemence as Grand Conductor:

W P, Bro. John Ranton; W A, W. Shelton; R S—Bro. Joseph Shaw; A R S—Bro. James Smith; F S—Bro. P. Hempin-stall; T.—Bro. W. Hall; Chap.—Bro. R. Shaw; C—Bro. Thomas Hestran; A C—Bro. George Bates; I S—Bro. Thomas Potter; O S—Bro. Wm. Wallace.

**M. NASMITH,**  
372 Yonge Street,

Manufacturer of Bread, Biscuits, Rolls, Hams, Yeast cakes, Confectionery, &c., &c.

At an evening party a few days ago, the following question was suddenly asked by a young lady, to the great consternation of all the guests. Pointing to a dish which had lately contained a mixture of a certain shell-fish with a certain vegetable, she said, "Why is that dish like the shell of a lobster that my sister Sarah had for supper last night? Because it is all that remains of a lobster! Shall had."

Sickness should teach us these four things:—What a vain thing the world is! What a vile thing sin is! What a poor thing man is! What a precious thing an interest in Christ is!

There is a great demand, says a Yankee paper, for a species of plaster which enables gentlemen to stink to their business.

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For The Weekly Visitor.

## HALF AN HOUR AT A STREET CORNER.

Reader, did you ever stand at a street corner for half an hour, waiting for a friend, or lazily loitering about killing time? If you have, you will be familiar with the multiplicity of things which I will attempt to recount, and in which I have the heartfelt satisfaction of being experienced. Turning round from a cursory survey of a linen-drapers' window, my optics were greeted by the sudden appearance of a slop wagon, steaming like a back kitchen on a washing day: the crows might have had a mortgage on the horse while the wheels performed their circuitous duty, obliquely, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. The *Bluvia* survived the vehicle; and I looked again up the muddy street, down which were coming a strange jumble of cabs, omnibuses, carriages, buggies, and street cars, interperored with a proportionable number of ash men and wheelbarrows—my sight at intervals being obscured by tall, gaunt figures passing before me. Twisting my orbits longitudinally to get a view of the sidewalk, elbowing a colored whitewasher, and innocently stepping on a lady's dress at the same time, an avalanche of humanity nearly overwhelmed me—forms long and short, fat as aldermen, or slim as churchwardens, streamed along—faces full and broad—faces elongated and stringy; plump, chubby-faced creatures, with flabby cheeks and double chins, hobbling by. Old weather-beaten, paleled women, smelling strong of whiskey; and Stanley-street interpolate with the liveried, straight-laced citizens of Jarvis-street. Men in blue aspects and buck-skin mittens, supported by legs encased in mouse-colored breeches, and the whole surmounted by dog-skin caps, and tassels made from the skins of other equally docile quadrupeds. Barristers and ministers, "stiff with starch and arrogance," and looking as punctilious as though they had just emerged from a bandbox. Roxy, apple-faced damsels, fresh from the country, briskly pace the planks, their arms laden with their maiden purchases. Puny news boys, with numerous air-holes in their garments, utter their sonorous ditties. Corpulent butchers with faces as red as their beef; millers with chalk-colored eyebrows and flowery outfit dusting all and sundry in their way; fat tavern-keepers with big seals to their watch guards, thrifty mechanics in mutual gangs, with dirty faces, trudging home to their wives and pancakes. The thin-shelled aristocracy also indulge themselves, and rustle their silk against their rival's satin—their heads crest as horse

dragons, the circumference of their crissoline too much to be credible, and their Lilliputian, would-be China feet being modestly exhibited every opportune time. In short, I saw, dispensing with ejectives, men, women and children of every age and station; here a face beaming radiant with joy or success; there a phiz creased out of its legitimate shape;—physiognomies as long as kitchen towels, or as broad as Cheshire cheeses. Hats too, like their owners, of all sorts, shapes and sizes—wide-awake, stove-pipe, and perk-pie, being the predominant trio. Hair resembling the heads attached—mousy and fuzzy, or sleek and oily, coarse and fine, like the combs wherewith to rake it. Hoods, like the hair fastened thereto, as varied as the vegetable kingdom; plump, jolly heads on good substantial shoulders; calculating heads like mental arithmetics; Lincoln, Brougham, wedge-shaped heads; fat, circular, Dr. Johnson heads. Brows, moreover, conspicuous by their convexity—long-combed and furrowed—with dark, scowling or bright, open eyes to match. Thus, every day this tide of confusion rolls along—a vast panorama, with living figures—a mammoth play, rehearsed every day, with some change in the actors,—the great universal medley of city life.

MALCOLM.

## TO OUR COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS

To parties who will act as our Agents we will allow a commission of one sixth on the original price, that is to say we will supply copies at TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS PER QUARTER. We also send to clubs

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15 do do	2 00
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☞ All communications must be pre-paid.

## To Advertisers.

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☞ Please make a note of this, and forward your announcements.

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For The Weekly Visitor.

## Reflections and Researches.

NUMERALS III.

### PHILIP AND THE PHILIPPIOS.

Philip II., of Macedonia, was sent in his youth to Thebes, for three years, as a hostage, that a certain compact should be adhered to.

When in that city, he stayed in the house of Epaminondas, and there received a Greek education. Here he also obtained a complete knowledge of the great jealousies existing between the various Grecian States.

When the compact for which he was held a hostage had expired, he returned to his native land, where he was appointed ruler over a small territory.

An infant being upon the Macedonian throne, the empire being invaded by the barbarous tribes of the north, and two other claimants to the throne having arisen, Philip soon assumed the position of protector, conquered both pretenders, caused the barbarian invaders to retire with precipitation, and was himself proclaimed king.

His life-object now became the subjugation of the Persian empire. This was a great undertaking, and he must needs first secure the co-operation of the Grecian States; but so contentious, jealous, and fickle were they, that he saw the necessity of conquering them first, and then be able to draw what assistance from them he needed, as his word would then be law.

The Thesalians soon gave him an admirable opportunity to get his finger into Grecian affairs, in an application to him for help against the tyrants of Phere. Only too glad that so excellent a chance had been offered for the furtherance of his ambitious and selfish designs, he quickly came with a large force, and soon gained the freedom of the Thesalian cities; but the crafty king still left the tyrants in the country, that there might still be occasion for his aid. The Phocians having espoused the cause of the tyrants, Philip was again applied to, when he completely subdued that nation; but he remained in Thessaly, and ever after treated that province in every respect as a Macedonian territory.

Soon after, by various intrigues, he brought about a war between himself and the Locrians. Under the pretext of conquering these, he brought a large army down into that part of Greece, and after he had subdued that nation, he marched against, and took Elatea, the fortress and key of Boeotia.

This last unprovoked act clearly showed to the other states of Greece, that Philip

had a deep plan to ensue against their freedom. Then were unveiled to them all the intrigues and pretences of the crafty king, just as the sun shines forth after bursting out from behind a dark and gloomy cloud; so, now that the scales had fallen from their eyes, these states realized that their commonwealth was in danger, and that their subjugation, and, perhaps, their enslavement, was not only meditated, but actually carried out by the Macedonian monarch.

It was in this emergency (when the Athenian State was in danger of being totally wrecked—when the citizens were almost on the eve of being compelled to acknowledge themselves tributary to the barbarous nation of the north, and its tyrannical king), that there stepped forward a man of Athens, who forcibly presented to them their folly—who showed them how different was their state, and their policy, from that of their ancestors—who pointed out, in vivid descriptions, the poor state of defence in which they were, and the malignant insolence and almost invincible strength of the enemy, and energetically earnestly urged them to arouse from their indolence—to shake off their sloth, and step forward boldly to do their utmost to avert the evil which was pending over them.

Then it was that the greatest of all Grecian orators made the halls of Athens ring with his irresistible eloquence; stirred up the smouldering fires of patriotism in the once sturdy and invincible Athenians; caused them to loathe the very name of Philip; to abhor and detest the very idea of his tyranny; and to grasp their swords as in days of old, and rush to the army, there to fight for the liberty of their country, and for the overthrow of the insolent tyrant.

Then it was that the great, the immortal Demosthenes did, by his consummate eloquence, so present the state of the country before the eyes of the people, so paint and describe the character of their Macedonian enemy, so persuade and entreat his audience to raise up and save their country from ruin and devastation, and themselves from slavery,—that they, no longer hesitating between duty and inclination, between the call of patriotism, and those of self interest, cried out as but one man,—“Let us march against Philip; let us fight for our liberties; let us conquer—or die!”

“Burne by the tide of words along,  
One voice, one mind inspire the throng,—  
‘To arms! to arms! to arms!’ They cry:  
‘Grasp the shield, and draw the sword;  
Lead us to Philip’s lord:  
Let us conquer him—or die!’”

But alas! what is an army without a general? Had there been a general at this

time as earnest, as patriotic, and as skilful, and practiced in his profession, as was Demosthenes in his occupation, how different a tale would it be our lot to tell. But “facts are stubborn things;” and it is a fact that for want of a skilful and practical general, all the efforts of the noble Athenians were in vain. In vain did they rush to the national standard, and march forth, willing to sacrifice themselves for their country;—they had so long courted luxury and indolence, that there was not among them a competent general, and so they fell, and along with them went the noble orator, the immortal Demosthenes.

“Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone—  
Wast from thy native country driven—  
When tyranny eclipsed the sun,  
And blotted out the stars of heaven.”

Ignominious defeat caused the nation to hang down its head, and it then became a tributary nation. Since then it has never held up its head among nations as before. The grand army rayed against Philip, being beaten, the country soon yielded to his sway, and acknowledged his sovereignty. Philip having accomplished the conquest of Greece (his secondary object), next proceeded to make necessary preparations for the carrying out of his primary project, viz: the invasion of Persia.

But ere he could have these arrangements all concluded,—ere he was ready to start out on his expedition,—his preparations received a sudden check, in his death, which he met as a tyrant deserves;—he was murdered in cold blood, by the hand of an assassin.

Thus did Philip reap the just reward of his deeds.

As he had gained all his conquests—all his accessions of power and territory by intrigue, by deceit, by false representations, and by strategy—so his assassinator, by the same means, gained his point, and the great monarch was ushered into eternity. As he had always found his enemies surprised, and unprepared, and himself unlooked for; so, at the time when he was called upon to “shuffle off this mortal coil,” he was in the midst of a worldly enterprise, and had entertained no thoughts of death, the messenger came to him an unexpected, unwelcome, but irresistible visitor. So did he pay for his injustice in life, by being unjustly dealt with at his death.

As he was treacherous as a warrior and a statesman, so he fell by treacherous hands.

His bread being cast upon the waters, returned after many days. He reaped the fruits of what he sowed—but he did not expect it.

This is worth remembering, and in this life we should always bear in mind the “Golden Rule;” “Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.”



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fidence of all who need a Worm Remedy.

Signed,

James Watson, Merchant, Weston.  
John Clegg, Yorkville.  
Thomas Wilson, Louis St., Toronto.  
Wm. Cochran, Centre St., do  
Wm. Taitton, Queen St., do  
Mrs. S. Porter, Queen St., do  
Michael Furlong, Queen St., do  
George Bell, Queen St., doWholesale Agents in Toronto, LYMAN, ELLIOT,  
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