

in the carrying of this mail, and all for the sum of two hundred and nine dollars, that is to say, at the rate of about three cents a mile, over all sorts and conditions of roads, in storm and shine, through winter draughts and snows, through spring mud and freshets, through summer dust, through dark and light, and rain and hail and sunshine. The team has to be stabled and fed at Thurso, and the driver has to have his dinner there. The entire day is consumed in the going and returning. Besides this, there is the wear and tear upon the rig and horses, and the responsibility the driver has of being answerable for the safe delivery of the mails.

Up where he lives, the mail-man, who contracted by tender to render this mail service for four years, at \$209 a year, is considered a very rich man. Perhaps he is, but the reader can draw his own conclusions.

Half-way between the "Farm" and Thurso is the village of St. Malachie and from this point the country, sloping by gentle gradations towards the great and blue river Ottawa, seems to throw off gradually the picturesque wildness of the mountain, and to assume the soft garb of a pastoral country. The view was broad and varied now, and the landscape toward the great river was dotted with fair farms and woods, and snuggling cottages. Behind us rose the great granitic face of the sphynx-like hills; and over all, gleaming on river and creek, shining upon the leaves and grain still wet with the last night's shower, and turning far-off fields and meadows into a thousand shades of green, shone the great sun.

Before we reached St. Malachie, with its Roman Catholic chapel, whose little bell calls across the quiet landscape to the good people of that region, we passed a number of men doing sta-

tutory labor upon the road. Farther on, a single rig, with a girl and young fellow in it, came toward us, and turned up a side road which we had not yet reached. The girl waved her hand to the men we had just passed.

"Good mor-r-ning!" she cried, gaily.

The men did not reply for a few moments; but when they did it was in a united and mighty chorus of good-natured derision. The girl tossed her head in humorous defiance, and laughed; and the men roared again.

When we reached the side road, and glanced up it, I saw the meaning of it all. The unoccupied seat space, due to the close proximity of the girl to her companion, left no doubt in my mind that they were a newly-married pair, doubtless returning from a brief honeymoon, or perhaps from the good curé's. I wonder how a city bride would like such a reception from her male acquaintances as that rustic one got at the hands, or rather mouths, of those sturdy fellows who were mending their roads?

A little way out of Thurso we crossed the Blanche River and saw the Edwards lumber cut filling the stream from bank to bank for one mile and a half to the Ottawa. I suppose there must have been one hundred thousand logs in that drive; and they constituted an impressive sight, and an unanswerable testimony to the magnitude of Canada's great industry. These logs ran, in worth, apiece, from two to twenty dollars; so that there must have been half a million dollars' worth of logs floating in the river on that fine summer's morning, soon to be towed to the great and busy mills at Rockland above, and to be converted into that great necessary,—lumber.

Thurso at last, and the great river! And then in one brief hour—home!