

"Ain't I driving you to Piccadilly Circus?" he asked. "You didn't say you wanted a *short cut*?"

"There's Sydney yonder," concluded the Nova Scotian, with the glass to his eye, "and we might be at Halifax this evening. There is the gleaming Bras d'Or, and the trout streams of the Mira River, and my wife and children are on the pier at Sydney; and I'm sailing on and on a thousand miles to Montreal, and then a thousand miles back by rail, because the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the Government of Canada, and 'all the powers of the air, and the water, and the road' don't know that I want a *short cut*."

Of the nine Canadian Provinces stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard, the one of which Englishmen might be expected, from its origin, its proximity, its history, and its resources, to know most about they know least. This is a puzzle I have often had to explain. Go down into Kent or into Wiltshire, and you will find villagers talking glibly of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The ale-house wiseacre can give you off-hand all the salient peculiarities of the Far West. I have heard a farm labourer near Westerham expatiating upon the grazing lands of the Bow River, and the duties of the mounted police, five thousand miles away, never forgetting to refer to the Canadian Pacific Railway—*tout court*—as the C.P.R. To hear him one would suppose he had already made his venture into those far occidental regions of the Empire; but no! it was only in prospect, when he had "saved up a bit more."

"Why in the name of common-sense do you go so far?" I asked. "What's the matter with Nova Scotia?"