

hand-shakes, with deafening cheers the young man boarded the train, and bowing his acknowledgments with that same pleasing manner as the youth had done to his remaining companions when going home for the Christmas holidays, brought the words to my memory, "A leader of men."

The political aspect of the country had changed, the B. C. question had been before the people for months, the papers were full of it. Men discussed it at all times and in all places, from every point of view, even the women were becoming politicians over it, (Heaven help us when they do), the House in session, every member in his seat, the galleries overcrowded, all classes and creeds were represented in the eager listening throng, anxious to hear, not a part, but every word that the silver-tongued orator had to say that night. The last member had spoken late in the afternoon, and now, the leader of the Opposition was the only one to hear from, and the one that all wanted to hear.

Just 5 to 8, at eight o'clock he'll speak. The minute hand had not time to move from the numeral twelve, when the stillness was broken by words which rang out clear and silvery like melody on the evening air. "Why! he has talked over four hours, how quickly the time passed! And now the vote is being taken," anxious moments for many, and as I scanned the bevy of ladies in the Speaker's gallery, I noticed one in particular, whose face wore that same sweet expression, as I had seen on the young lady who said good-bye so gaily to the manly man at the little railway depot. "13 to 107"—and the very stones echoed the vote "13 to 107."

Not many months after, that this event in Canadian history had taken place. I was walking with an old lady in one of the public thoroughfares of the city, and as we were about to cross the street towards the Post Office, some boys came running along, shouting something which sounded like "here he comes," and looking to see who was meant by he, I saw a tall gentleman, (the same who had talked for four hours which were as so many minutes to the eager listeners), and as he passed, we stood for a moment, and near us, a young girl whispered to a youth at her side, "He is a gentleman to his finger tips, and you know he is not rich." Of course manners maketh the man.