

opportunity in Canada than we would have in Jamaica.

I wish here to mention a few of the little unpleasant things one comes in contact with, such as scorpions, centipedes, frogs, land crabs and fleas. The scorpions are quite plentiful, but, fortunately, it is rare that any one is stung by them; the frogs are immense in size, almost enough to give a fellow the nightmare to think of them; then there is the land crab, that crawls into your house and rattles his metallic-sounding legs—the appearance of the thing would almost send a nervous woman into hysterics, and I assure you they are abominable to look at. I have three little closets off my room, and one night I heard a peculiar sound in one of them. I opened the door, and there was one of those crabs—well, I got a stick and demolished it, while the cold chills fairly ran up and down my back. I came out and heard a similar sound outside my window. I looked out, and there was another of the creatures, rattling along on a projecting board towards the window. I got a stick and sent it sailing to the ground in a hurry, thinking as I did so of the lines of the song, "They are after me, they are after me." It certainly looked like it. Last, but not least is that awful pest, fleas. I killed four one morning, six the next, about twelve the next, and the next count was 25 between supper and breakfast. Then I began to get discouraged, so now I just take my clothes to the window and shake them before putting them on. Monday morning last, about 2 a.m., one of these fleas got in the right sleeve of my night-shirt, and, getting desperate, I concluded the thing could have the whole shirt if he wanted it, so I pulled it off and hung it up and went back to bed without it. In the morning I looked in one end of that sleeve, and Mr. Flea promptly jumped out at the other. I hunted high and low for him and

could not find him, but he found me in about ten minutes after I went to bed the next night. I got out, lit the lamp and after him again, and found him, but he jumped like pop-corn in a frying pan and got away. I went to bed, but not to sleep, for that pesty flea came back during the night and worried and bit me until in desperation I got up again, searched the bed carefully, but found him not; pulled off my night-shirt, carefully searched that, with no better success:

"Oh! wouldn't I like to catch him,

Oh! wouldn't I like to see,

Oh! wouldn't I give him particular fits—

That fellow that's after me!"

Just then, in a last effort, I put my foot on the bed, and here he was, sitting quietly above my ankle. He got "particular fits" all right, and I got a little sleep for the rest of the night. One gentleman, whose word I have no reason to doubt, said he killed over 200 by actual count in one night in Kingston, and he said when there was a high wind it sometimes blew them from one house to another.

I am not writing these articles for the benefit of parties who have \$10 a day to spend for hotel, carriages, etc. No doubt such persons would escape many of the annoyances I have mentioned, and have a fairly enjoyable time; but I am writing for the benefit of the man who has been contemplating coming here to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and such a one, if he comes to this neighborhood, will find things as I have represented them, unless his skin is a good deal thicker, and his eyesight much poorer, than mine.

I notice the comments of that fellow with the York County "nom de plume" in his hat on Mr. Morrison's article re "Canadian and West Indian Honey in the British Market," and the "high Canadian tariff," and all I have to say