

## *Along The Front.*

the weather-checked vane of the roof. Where once the droning of the bagpipes re-echoed through the full length of the building, it is now the buzzing of the bumble-bee and the tenor singing wasps that we hear as they swarm around their hive-nests suspended from the rafters. Gone forever from the old tavern are the good times of yore, and like the business prosperity at the landing, they have followed the noisy rivermen down the stream to return again no more to The Front.

To describe the surviving enterprises at The Front—there are, first, the government post-office; then the buckboard stage line plying between The Front and the station to the railway two miles inland; and, lastly, the boat builder's plant in the bay. It would seem that the traveling public were charitably inclined toward the ancient buckskin mare and the driver of the mail coach, for daily the old nag is hitched to the buckboard; the canvas mail-sack is rolled up and tucked into the pocket of the driver's linen-dusterlike coat, and without ever a passenger to tax the strength of the old mare or the