

ing a young lady among the number, I asked were she a teacher, and she said she was. Noting my glance of surprise about the lecture room, she being very quick of intuition, said: "Oh, these are the rainy day girls, the younger set are too afraid of water," and I was reassured of all I had heard of Toronto's pretty school marns.

With Toronto's ideal situation, with her people so full of civic pride, with her educational, artistic and musical advantages, and amid such surroundings, is it any wonder that I find the charming Queen all, and more than I had been led to expect before coming? Is it any wonder that I am in love with her? Come ye who have never seen her, and answer the questions.

I had thought to tell you all I wished to say about Toronto in one little chapter—I couldn't tell you all did I write a library. But in the next edition of "The Real Cobalt" I shall make you think that it is "The Real Toronto" of which I am telling.

I have already been called to account for not bringing "The Colonel" with me. I'm going to send for him, and you will know what we both think of "The Queen"; and later she may be booked in along with others of Canada's great ones—Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa—of which we have been pleased to write.

I am always sorry when I reach the end of a book I am writing. So many of those I have known, while collecting its material, I may never see again—our paths are so divergent. And yet, the one great compensation is, the remembrance that we have met.