

word. I told him, and handed him my half of the paper, which he pieced with his own and I got my money, some of it in very greasy bills. I lodged it in the Bank of Montreal. "Beware the awful avalanche" ought to be painted on the street corners in the spring, for a ton from the high roofs, of solidly frozen snow, would smash a man into jelly. One day I wanted to draw some money and being almost too late to get to the bank before closing time, I had to run so fast that the perspiration rolled off my head in streams in spite of the sharp frost. I had the cheque ready drawn and presented it at the counter. Bank clerks are prim and dudish models of propriety in business hours, and eminently so, those of this great bank. Judge of my surprise when the paying teller began to snicker, and his hand shook so with suppressed laughter that he could hardly count out the money. Eye-language passed from clerk to clerk and all looked at me and faintly tittered. I was getting mad at their rudeness and seeing the Manager (Christie, I think,) passing I asked him in an angry and harsh voice, whether his clerks were paid to insult depositors. Instead of reprimanding them, he gave a little laugh, and thus encouraged, the whole office burst into a roar. I was fairly raging by this time and shouted at them that I would expose them in the newspaper. The laughing burst out worse than ever till some actually cried—an irresistible crack of cackling. I was speechless with fury. The paying teller handed me a pocket mirror. O, horror! No wonder they laughed. I myself joined them, till I shook again. In my fast running the perspiration streams had dissolved the green dye out of the lining of my felt hat. The beautiful emerald green sweat had frozen as it fell, and from the points of whisker tufts over my ears, were two huge bright green icicles, while small green lines were down my forehead. I was worse than Tittlebat Titmouse with his purple hair in Warren's story.

After various wanderings to Toronto and along the Intercolonial, I settled in Fredericton, a slow, dull town, in the middle of June, from when till the first week in September, the heat, day and night, was suffocating. I nearly drove my landlady to the lunatics with an Indian skull which I bought and put under the bed, and of which she was in mortal terror, being a superstitious New Englander. I left for Minneapolis in the fall, trying to get to Winnipeg but the stage horses were laid up with the epizootic and a seat in an Indian dog team would cost a hundred dollars. After residence in Toronto and Meaford, I migrated to Parry Sound, took up a free grant, got sick of it and settled in Bracebridge. Here I met George Eddington, son of Col. Eddington of Argyllshire, who was drowned with Mrs. Shackleton of Chatham when crossing the Atlantic in the Florida.

I published a sketch of the Free Grant districts, which was embodied in an official volume, and wrote the descriptive matter of the Muskoka Atlas. My history in these districts has already appeared in the "Muskoka Sketch." When in Bracebridge, through the influence of E. F. Stephenson, of whose journal the Free Grant Gazette, I was local editor, and backed by a large petition from the leaders of both political parties, I was appointed Government Immigration Agent. One summer's day, we had worked the edition off on the Washington. The form was still on the bed and the ink on the types. In came a group of well-to-do immigrants—John Bull, Mrs. John and a bevy of buxom Misses Bull, with the Sussex bloom on their cheeks and of various ages, tapering down to a toddling tot.