

I know here as yet; the former, you know, is the man that got me my job. He put my name down yesterday for a member of "The St. Andrew's Society;" the subscription is one dollar per annum, and the avowed objects of the Society are the finding out and assisting of needy or unfortunate Scotchmen. I did not join on account of any charitable feelings toward my countrymen, but simply for the purpose of making acquaintances. It will all help in making general enquiries about the country. Besides, who knows if I may not be in want of a kilt myself some day. (When I send you a photo' of myself in full war paint you'll know I am hard up again). Talking about clothing matters, I do not think they are much, if at all, more expensive than in England. You can get a very good great-coat or a suit of clothes for ten dollars, though of course that is mostly in the ready-made department. I asked to-day what a coat like my ulster would cost, and they said from 20 to 24 dollars, equal from £4 3s. 4d. to £5. The price in Gateshead was £4 10s. So it seems that clothes made to order are very much the same, and ready made are perhaps rather dearer. I got a fur collar put on my monkey-jacket, which cost 7 dollars; it's a good deal, but I may be able to do without a fur cap, as the collar when turned up comes nearly up to the top of my head; it's just about six inches deep of beaver skin, which, being a light brown, looks simply swagger on my dark brown coat. We have had a taste of winter here lately, and though the thermometer did not go much below 10 or 15 degrees under freezing temperature, the wind, which blew hard, cut so sharply that I felt certain that when it got 40 or 50 degrees colder I should feel very glad I had got a warm animal on my throat. There was about two or three inches of snow which nearly all thawed before it froze. The snow fell on Tuesday, then it turned to rain, which continued in a regular down-pour till Wednesday morning, by which time the streets were a sight to behold. Spark Street, the principal mud path in Ottawa, looked like a canal of pea soup. It was covered from one end to the other with about three inches of liquid mud. One enterprising shop rigged up a canoe and moored it to the side walk, all decorated with flags, and with