

Gravy a la cochon.
Potatoes—Irish.

Entrées :

Butter *et* cheveux.

Bread Pudding, West India currants and N. B. flies.

Extras :

Stewed Tea, Dried Cheese and Biscuits.

And all this sumptuous repast at the moderate rate of 25 cents a head. What better could you expect for the money?

Dinner over, and those of our party who smoke having finished their pipes, we began to look about for the road which would take us to Fredericton. The road was not to be seen, however, the spring freshet having completely covered it to the depth of four or five feet. Now the question arose, how were we to get across? On explaining our difficulty to one of the villagers, he settled the matter by kindly offering to take us across on a barge, in tow of his little steam launch. It is needless to say we jumped at the offer. Shortly afterwards ~~we~~ three travellers and *our* horses were on board the barge in tow of the launch, and heading for Wilnot's Landing, a distance of about two miles from Oromocto. Here, after some difficulty, we managed to land. Ten miles more and the "Celestial City" would be reached. A short walk alongside our horses, just to drive away little existing stiffness, and we were once more in the saddles prepared for the remaining journey. As we drew near Fredericton many friends were passed, nearly all of whom greeted us with the words, "Why, where on earth did you come from?" After imparting the called for information, we proceeded on our way.

Arriving in the city, the three equestrians were a source of a deal of interest to the lookers on. And there is no reason why we should not have excited some curiosity,—dust-stained and sun-burnt faces, dusty clothes and muddy looks, horses covered with the white foam of perspiration; No. Three with big white slouch hat pulled down over one eye (whom the small boys in derisive shouts called the cow-boy), looked anything but respectable; No. One's back looked slightly doubled up, having lost at Oromocto the use of his "relaxer;" the legs of No. Two's horse moved as if they had been built without joints. Yes, we were green-looking specimens, there is no doubt about it. Thirty-two miles had just been covered on a dusty road, and under a hot sun. An hour or two's rest, a dip, and a good solid tea (however minus the ham and eggs) soon set us on our feet again.

The following morning, Tuesday, May 26th, we bade farewell to No. One, and sorry indeed were we to part with his genial countenance. We bade farewell at the barrack gate, No. One turning his horse's head for the homeward trip to St. John, while No.'s Two and Three crossed the Fredericton bridge en route to Newcastle.

(To be continued.)

The vacancy on the Council of the S. M. G. A. caused by Miss Ruel's resignation has been filled by the nomination of Mrs. G. C. Coster.

OUR NEW ORGAN.

A Tale of Sixty Years Ago.

Our young 'Squire had arrived, and everybody in the village was talking of him, his appearance, his sayings, his travels,—for he had made the "grand Tour" with his tutor, and had seen France and Germany. How would he care to settle down in the little village of Ferndale, far removed from the coach-road to London, and inhabit the Grange, which had been shut up since the old 'Squire's death? Among the opinions quoted was one that astounded us all. He had been asked how he liked our church-music, and he had replied—yes, actually replied—that he had not been aware of any "music" at all in the church. Well might the villagers be puzzled, for Ferndale was proud of its church-music, which was noted for miles round in the county. For the last thirty years it had been managed by three of the fathers of the village; indeed it was not possible for our people to conceive of music without the personages of Mr. Botts the miller, Mr. Vokins the school-master, and Mr. (usually called "Daddy") Muster the cobbler. The miller's instrument was the trombone, and great was the interest of the school children each Sunday morning as they saw it extracted from the green baize case, fixed together, and tried,—somewhat to the disturbance of preliminary devotions. And during the performance of the Psalm (for this was the day of Tate and Brady), how solemnly the tube was taken off and shaken, before the last verse. Mr. Botts was a deliberate man in all his ways, and usually kept at least half a bar behind his comrades. As his instrument was the most powerful, they were compelled to wait for him when the interval became embarrassing. The school-master played upon the flute, and was supposed to be the finest performer upon that instrument in Europe. At the village ale-house, he had been heard to hint mysteriously of rich offers received to play at concerts at the Shire-town. How proud we felt of our countrymen and of his self-denying resolve to remain with his own people.

Daddy Muster the cobbler, however, was the most popular member of our orchestra. He performed upon the violin, and was in great request upon village festivities, as well as for the solemn duties of the church gallery. It is true that the preparatory tunings needful before each delivery discomposed the somewhat flickering attention of the school children, but then they invariably aroused one or two elderly members of the congregation from unseasonable slumbers, so something was gained.

Then there was the singing of the children to complete the whole. The 'Squire had been observed to start, and assume a rather puzzled expression when he first heard their efforts; but we all said that they did the greatest credit to their teacher, Miss Biggs, who instructed them "by ear," as she said, and was herself entirely self-taught, as she boasted with much reason.

Such being our musical resources, it was very painful to find that the 'Squire, whose favorable opinion had been