

our way to Coboconk to catch the train for Toronto—then to Quebec, where we were to take the s.s. "Empress of Britain" for the Motherland, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, to be gone six months, all well.

Here, before closing, I would like to say that my father was born in the year 1818, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, both of his parents being children of U.E. (United Empire) Loyalists. My mother was born in the township of Uxbridge, near by the city of Toronto (then called "muddy York"), her parents removing there from Pennsylvania, she being of the good old Quaker blood, and proud of their quaint ways. Little wonder we in our home should be so attached to each other, born of two such distinct opposite natures, one coming from the Glengarian Scotsman's home, where the Highland Fling, the Sword Dance, the Scottish Songs and Histories of Scotland (you know they were Highlanders) were delighted in as they gathered round their blazing pine logs in the long winter evenings, and were often terrorised by the Indians in those early days on the St. Lawrence—my father's mother was taken once by the Indians in their hideous war paint, she having a little baby in her arms, and strapped to an Indian pony, while her husband was at the front—the other, my mother of modest demeanour, the fair young girl from the quiet fireside of devoted and affectionate parents. Our lives were bound by cords of love, and when in after years we were separated by many miles, some on the broad prairies, some in foreign lands beyond the sea, others making their homes on the