



THE OLDEST CAST IRON BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. (See page 618.)



I doubt if there is a more pleasing spot in the whole of the Maritime Provinces than Edgehill—the site of the church school for girls in Windsor. Occupying the crest of the highest hill in the town, it commands a panoramic view of most beautiful country for miles in every direction, extending out beyond King's College and across the wide marshes to the base of the great blue hills which frame the prospect wherever the eye may turn,—crossing the river, and including a stretch of rich hill and dale almost to the very foot of grim old Blomidon, and then to the southward sweeping out over the beautiful and historical old parish burying ground, and the new cemetery, and on to the hills again. I doubt if anywhere a more suitable and attractive situation could be found for an institution of this character; if natural conditions have any influence in moulding the natures of our young sisters, then beyond doubt Edgehill ought to turn out the most amiable, cheerful and healthy lot—both mentally and physically—of young people to be found in these degenerate days. Young ladies who attend this institution are singularly fortunate, if they could only know it; every young lady who eats caramels and reads romances is bound to have moods, and here is material for the indulgence of every variety known to female fancy. Should the opposite sex be the subject of her reverie, she has only to glance her eyes to the westward, and they fall naturally up on the old college cricket ground, and she can now and then catch faint sounds of the voices as they are borne to her on the gentle west wind—perhaps even detect the voice of the one who is responsible for this particular mood. Or, if she is of such a tender age as scarcely to aspire to the contemplation of a full-blown collegian, with cap and gown, she need but move her eyes two points to the southward, and they are abruptly captured by the buildings of the collegiate school, with its commodious and cheerful play-ground. Should her meditations be of a more serious mould, and the vanity of the things of this life be in contemplation, in full view one hundred yards below her lies the Roman Catholic burying-ground, which cannot but

assist reflections of a grave character. If on the other hand her bent should be of that frivolous nature which is more usual in young ladies of a certain age, she can join the Shakespeare Society, where they dance and sing, and have just as good a time as Shakespeare himself would have had in such charming company. If lastly, which, however, is very seldom the case, she should be in that state of mental imbecility which is able to search out and enjoy the charm of such things, she can regale herself with the “personal” columns and notes of the local papers. By all of which it is easy to see what peculiar advantages are within the reach of the fortunate Edgehill scholar. The corner stone of the new building will be laid with the usual pomp and ceremony on June 23rd. The school is in a most flourishing and satisfactory condition.

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Full three weeks later than usual, but none the less welcome on that account, the fleet have arrived and the gay and festive “season” will forthwith commence; in Halifax the much neglected civilian will be more in the shade than ever, for the kind-hearted Halifax fair ones will regard it as only their duty to soothe the loneliness of the poor tars who are pining for the girls they left behind them in Bermuda; and the threads of life will be taken up where they were dropped last summer when the sailor boys left for the South, and another block of the summer pattern will be woven alongside that which was woven in the winter; and behold, such is the benignity of Fate, the two patterns agree with one another in the main comfortably. This is the “Bellerophon’s” last summer here; she will be succeeded by the “Hercules,” a mighty man-of-war, as the name betokens, and as powerful again as the present flagship. Beside the flagship there are the “Canada,” “Pylades” and “Thrush,” the latter commanded by Prince George. The “Bellerophon,” “Canada” and “Thrush” will pay their annual visit to Montreal and Quebec about the middle of July; after their return, Prince George will take the “Thrush” home, when it will go out of commission.

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Windsor’s great gala day of the whole year is Dominion Day; Christmas Day, New Year’s Day, the Queen’s Birthday and Thanksgiving Day are all very well, and are usually observed in a mildly joyous manner; but the grand event to which the town and the country, for miles around, look forward, from year to year, and yearn for with eager soul, is Confederation Day. The maiden who can only afford one

new dress a year, gets it for Dominion Day; she who cannot afford a new one, makes over her old one for the same event, while every swain, who is worth calling a swain, arrays himself gorgeously in store clothes and a new cambric tie, and proceeds to town intent on the dissipation of his savings in the deadly lemonade, and pop-corn and toy balloons. When the first of July began to have a national significance, a certain patriotic gentleman, who commonly went by the appellation of “Carrots,” took upon himself the whole burden of providing entertainment for the multitudes who flocked to town. With this intent he was in the habit of erecting a “greasy pole,” and luring numbers of confiding countrymen to the ruin of their waistcoats and nether garments by the statement that there were four dollars on the top of the pole for the man who could climb to it. I remember on one occasion, a great many years ago, how some wicked, designing men took a long board, and placing a young ragamuffin in position around the pole, proceeded therewith to hoist him to the much coveted top, first instructing him to be sure to “clinch” the money when he got there; but the wicked men were careless, and they hoisted the ragamuffin so high that he fell over the other side and came down so quickly that he forgot all about the money. “Carrots” used also to provide a greased pig for swift men to run after; and they would run, and, sometimes, when they fell and hurt themselves, they would swear, and the man who could catch the pig could keep him; but the pig was usually a knowing animal, and made a bee-line for “Carrots” back yard which was his sanctuary,—and generally this part of the entertainment was inexpensive to the provider of the sports. Then there were races, and dancing, and in the evening a promenade concert and fireworks. But this was a long time ago, and he that was called “Carrots” does not live in Windsor now, and I dare say there are very few who remember him or his green plaid nether garments. His place now-a-days is filled by the Windsor Amateur Athletic Club, and on the ensuing Dominion Day this energetic organization will provide a programme of amusements that will cast the one I have detailed quite into the shade, though I venture to predict that there will not be half as much genuine amusement as the greased pole and pig afforded to the then-simple multitudes. A long list of trophies has been provided, to which a large number of “Esquires” have contributed; in reading over the list again, as published in the local papers, I see the names of two Presidents figuring prominently; one is the president of the College, the other is the president of the Cotton factory. “Carrots” would be very much struck at this contrast with his simple old list of sports.