

wer, hut went off for his overcoat, while I rushed to the office to inspect the register, and this is what I found,—“Mrs. Benson, the Misses Benson, Toronto, Canada.” So they were Canadians. “It is well,” I thought.

We floated lazily down the Canal towards the music hoats, all strung with gaily-coloured Chinese lanterns. The music, though not of the best, was sweet, and the surroundings were enchanting. We did not stop at the music hoats, hut, as I passed, I saw the gondola with Mrs. Benson and her daughters. We went as far as the Doge’s Palace, smoking in silence, then I said: “Let us turn, Jim, and go back to the music.”

“All right,” said Jim, “I suppose you want to pursue your acquaintance with the newcomers.”

“Yes, I do,” I replied, after telling the gondolier to turn. “I think we might be able to help them to do Venice; we know it so well, and they might be at a loss; it would be great fun to take them about.”

“I don’t see the fun,” replied Jim. “I thought we were leaving Venice in a day or two.”

“Oh, there is no great hurry, is there? for another week,” I asked. “I say, Jim, they are Canadians, and their name is Benson.”

“So you found out, did you, old man? I must say you are very curious; how did you do it?”

“I followed your advice and looked at the register; here we are”; I signed to the gondolier to draw in beside the Benson’s gondola as we threw away our cigars. It was refreshing to watch their delight; how they clapped their hands after each song, and