

They said that Dumaresq had in some mysterious way, a pull with the government.

Farther up the St. John river, at Woodstock, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Arthur H. W. Hay, the wealthy, well-dressed and portly proprietor of a large departmental store. His success in business had been even greater than I had anticipated, although even in Wolfville, his devotion to all mercantile branches, especially book-keeping—and book keepers—had been very noticeable.

Attracted by the rumors of the fame of the law firm of Bill & Dodge, my next stopping place was Winnipeg where those two clever class-mates of mine had established a legal practice second to none in British North America. Their specialty was in criminal cases, and Bill's merciless handling of witnesses, who all stood in mortal terror of him, and Dodge's eloquent pleading which no jury could resist, had won them every case placed in their hands. Dodge's natural eloquence was greatly improved by the special course in elocution which he took while at Acadia—and afterward.

The whereabouts of the rest of the class it took me some time to ascertain, but at last after patient and prolonged investigation I was able to locate them all. Vince—Rev. J. O. Vince—was the head of a large and flourishing family and pastor of the Metropolitan tabernacle in London where his fame as a pulpit orator was second only to that of its illustrious founder.

Elliot was the master of a singing school at Gaspereau and was respectfully addressed by all who knew him as Professor. To those who had had the pleasure of listening to the college choir during the year of '98 and '99, his success in this profession gave no surprise.

Hardy was the pastor of a neat little church in Western Nova Scotia where he was adored by the female portion of his congregation and affectionately regarded by the young people, to whom, between the intervals of religious teaching he was accustomed to give instruction in French and German. He still persisted in parting his hair in the middle.

Baker, whose ability would have opened to him, had he wished it, the pulpit of any church on the American continent, had chosen rather to give his life to the service that was ever close to his heart even while at school with us, and was doing a noble though unrecognized work among the poor of New York.

Roach, as I heard from many sources, had been lured from the ministerial pathway by the beckoning fingers of Art and had made a great name for himself. His delicacy of touch made his work with a whitewash brush inimitable, and his boldness and originality lent a charm to a patent medicine advertisement that was irresistible.

Bishop, as I discovered after considerable trouble, was a journeyman Methodist parson during the camp-meeting season and at other times of the year devoted his attention chiefly to agricultural pursuits.

Now, and last, comes Clark,—Jeremiah S. Clark,—and fain would I be silent concerning this sorrowful end of his career but duty bids me sternly—Forward ; for the list must be completed. After his graduation Jerry entered upon missionary work among the Nova