

Canada bordered on the Pacific," she returned dubiously. "How near is it?"

"Just three thousand six hundred and sixty-two miles away, madam. The continent lies between us."

"Oh indeed," with relief; "and Canada you say extends all the way across."

"Yes, madam."

"And it is made up of different provinces?"

"Yes, madam; they have been confederated."

"And this one is called Nova Scotia?"

"Yes, madam."

"And how large may it be?" cajolingly; "half as large as one of our Irish provinces?"

"Madam," trembling with indignation, "Nova Scotia, with the island at its northeastern extremity, has only about ten thousand square miles of area less than all Ireland with every province in it."

"Bless me!" she exclaimed in unmitigated surprise. Then after a long pause, and with less assurance, "The island, I suppose, is Newfoundland?"

"No, madam," dejectedly. "Newfoundland is away to the northeast of us—a two days' voyage from here."

Mrs. Macartney, a trifle abashed, decided to abandon the somewhat dangerous ground of Canada's geographical position, and confine herself to general remarks. She started out gallantly on a new career. "This a fine place to live in, I sup-