



NINE MILE RUN, NEAR HALIFAX.



HE discovery of the remains of the blacksmith's shop near Grand Pré has brought great delight to the hearts of those romantic folks who believe the tale of the sweet and constant Evangeline to be a matter of history. There are people from whom the beauty of the charming poem would be marred, if not entirely spoiled, did they know that the imagination of the poet supplied the data for the romance; the rest of us, to whom poetry and fancy are dearer than history and fact, are contented with one most lovely idyl, and care not whether or no it has its foundation in absolute verity. To our mind the learned professor of history at Acadia College was too easily frightened out of one of his statements in his address at the late celebration at the University. In speaking of Grand Pré he remarked, that "had there been no Longfellow there would have been no Evangeline." At this a somewhat officious Doctor interposed with the correction that Grand Pré and Evangeline were historic long before Longfellow was born. Professor Jones then excused his remark on the plea of its being a *lapsus lingui*; what he had intended to say was that without Longfellow there would have been no history of Evangeline. Prof. Jones would have done better we think, to hold his ground. There is little doubt that the modest and faithful maid of Grand Pré was a creature of the poet's imagination, true to reality as may have been the scenes and situations which he describes. The discovery of the blacksmith's forge is certainly a great piece of circumstantial evidence, but even it would fail to make assurance entirely sure.

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I fear that women are not a success in politics; they cannot understand some of the simplest laws of procedure that must of course be observed by officials of a party. They have some sort of an idea that a public servant should do his duty to the people, without regard to hangers-on and the understood system of give and take, which alone is at the bottom of a nation's prosperity. Women are too stupid for politics! There is a woman now who is mayor of a town in Kansas,—Kiowa, is, I believe, its

name,—who is endeavouring to do what she thinks is right in discharging the duties of her office; and thereby shows, of course, her inefficiency and want of political acumen. First of all, she cannot be made to understand why the people need saloons, so she has had them all shut up, and is as adamant to the entreaties and threats of her friends and enemies. Her husband was interviewed by a committee of the business men of the town, and begged to use his influence, but his efforts were unavailing, and the inhabitants have had to betake themselves to the springs of the

deadly fluid, water, if they would not die of thirst. A political deal, too, seems to be beyond the range of her comprehension, even when most lucrative reasons are urged. She cannot be made to understand that matters of revenue and not order and law, are what should most occupy her attention and influence her actions. Consequently, of course, Mrs. Mayoress Paxton will be requested to retire from the field of her labours, to make room for a man who understands the business, and will see his real duty more plainly. Take warning, fair friends of Canada, mix



APPROACH TO QUEENSTON BY THE ROAD FROM NIAGARA,
(BROCK'S MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE)