

ment. I may fairly say that for over six weeks in Canada, I was the victim of the United Empire Trade League.

In our schoolroom days we learnt that St. John is the capital of New Brunswick, and Halifax the capital of Nova Scotia. In the weariness of a hot study and the drowsiness of a summer afternoon, we may vaguely wonder of what use this, and much else that we learn, will ever be to us. It is pleasant now to have knowledge triumphantly vindicated, and geography by personal visits made easy.

Lying on several peninsulas formed by the river of St. John, the harbour, and the Bay of Fundi, the city is surrounded by water. You cannot be many minutes in the town without hearing of the fire of 1877, that great epoch in local history. Beginning in a blacksmith's shop, it destroyed nine miles of streets and an entire portion of the town. We were shown the one building that was left untouched in the midst of the conflagration, and for what reason no one has ever been able to ascertain. The town was rebuilt with red sandstone, granite and brick. It looks so handsome and substantial when compared to the wooden cities of Halifax and other Canadian towns.

The Mayor (Mr. Peters), the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Robertson), met us at the station