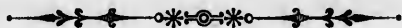


official who knew when to "break a custom." After tea, Tom and the President drove through the Park, while Wilbur and Hedley were seeing the North River boats and interviewing an enthusiastic Adirondack sportsman down town. Twenty-five cent drinks and fifty cent games of billiards will astonish any fellow who permits himself to forget that he is in the Capital of the Empire State, where the magnificoes "cut it rich." The train which left at 10.30 took us into Buffalo station at half-past seven, where a stately George-Frederick-Washington-Douglas style of waiter got us an admirable breakfast. Then on to Lewiston and per *Chicora* across Lake Ontario, home.



IT may have been noticed that we were greatly favored in respect of weather; the days were almost uninterrupted sunshine, the nights cool and clear: "Queen's weather," we Canadians would call it, for it has become a proverb that whenever the good Victoria has a pageant, or whenever, on the 24th May, her birth-day is to be celebrated, it is sure to be fine weather; "Club weather," the Dwight-Wimans termed it, for their outings have been nearly uniformly blessed with fine days. And the scenery!—Charming, charming day by day.

Were there no mishaps? None worthy the name. One curious auditor of our adventures wondered how we got on in a tee-total state such as Vermont, seeing that we were not all cold-watermen. "Didn't you miss your beer at dinner?" Hardly ever. The question recalled, however, a certain entertainment by the late William E. Dodge of the delegates to the Evangelical Alliance in his mansion, when, it is related: