

dress which, by the way, was a strange one for a politician was on "Woman's Influence" and in justice to him it must be said that he displayed a thorough and intimate knowledge of his subject.

The exercises of the two following days possessed but little interest for me as the participants with few exceptions were total strangers. The obsequies on Wednesday morning were conducted in a most dignified and pompous manner by the new president, Dr. E. H. Simpson whose election to that office the year before after a distinguished literary and pedagogic career on both sides of the water had given universal satisfaction. The only other item on the program in which I was interested was an address at the close of the exercises by the Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, editor of the *Maritime Baptist*, published at St. John, N. B. This influential organ of the advanced religious thought of the Maritime Provinces was started under considerable difficulty in 1905 and had attained its present position only after strenuous and uninterrupted exertion on the part of its promoter. It is now bracketed in Baptist affection with that other famous periodical the *Messenger and Visitor*. After saying this, any further comment on the value of the paper is entirely unnecessary. I was present at the conversazione that night in the hope of learning the whereabouts of some of the boys whom I had not yet been able to locate and was successful beyond my expectations, for in one corner of the room all the members of '99 who were present held an informal re-union, and from their reminiscient remarks I gathered material enough to direct my peregrinations for some time.

As a result of what I heard the next morning I was at St. John. The first object that drew my attention was a titanic bridge that with two great spans leaped the harbor at a spot a little above where the old ferry used to cross, providing passage-way for railways, trolleys, carriages and foot passengers innumerable. This triumph of modern engineering, only finished a year before, had placed the name of its designer and builder, Mr. E. C. Harper, among the foremost men of the century and had gained him the honor of knighthood from the hands of a grateful government. I was not at all surprised at this, knowing his work at Acadia, and the difficulties under which he labored, for he would have done far better there had not his room commanded a clear view of the back windows of the Seminary. That's an awful handicap for a man.

With the exception of the bridge and a considerable extension in radius, the city had much the same appearance, or rather, disappearance, for it was foggy as usual, as it had twenty years ago. At Fredericton, my next stopping place, the chief objects of attraction were the new and magnificent Parliament buildings, where my friend Farris swayed the rod of empire. These buildings had been erected under the government of the former Premier, Mr. Emmerson, and splendid as they were in design and execution, yet they had given considerable dissatisfaction to many of the New Brunswick sore-heads. As far as I could understand, the ground of their complaint lay not in any fault in the buildings themselves, or in the price—or two prices—paid for them, but in the fact that the contract had been given to a Halifax architect by the name of Dumaresq.