



SELF-MADE, TOO!

*Future Father-in-law—Now then, my boy, make yourself at 'ome. 'Elp yerself to another glass of Bong Jolly, and 'ave a Marvilla cigar.—From Judy.*



Windsor, Nova Scotia, is one of the most lovely towns in Canada. It is situated on a ridge, or rather along a valley and up the sides of two slopes, starting at right angles from the river Avon. Its streets are shaded by fine horse chestnuts and elms, and its many beautiful residences are embowered in verdure. The Windsor dykes or grasslands lie in a wide amphitheatre watered by brooks and dotted with willows. Peace, fertility and natural beauty characterize the spot, and back of the town is the old Royal College now veneering its youth under the fostering care of President Willetts.

Windsor has always been a refined social centre. A few years ago Spa Springe, the homestead of the late Judge Bowman: Gerrish Hall, where Dr. Frazer and his fascinating daughters dispensed a lavish hospitality, and Fairfield, the home of the Almons, were scenes of English culture and fashion. These places, with the exception of the first, have passed into other hands. Yet there is still a good deal of refined gaiety in classic Windsor. Mrs. Willetts, the wife of the president of King's College, is immensely and deservedly popular. She is a lady of attractive manner, true kindness of heart and great tact. At all great university occasions she comes to the front with consummate grace. Her husband is not only a scholar but a polished and practical man of the world.

Professor Hind is a *savant* of world-wide reputation. His wife, the daughter of a colonel in the British army, is a woman of great talent and penetration. When the Professor is not busy in his conservatories and orchards, or in writing some scientific paper of wide and practical interest, he is never as happy as when he is entertaining guests at Sunnyside, his beautiful home. Both he and Mrs. Hind and their only unmarried daughter are full of wit and vivacity. They are fond of art and music, and intellectual elevation

as well as cheerful and genial kindness characterize their graceful intercourse with their neighbours.

Gerrish Hall is now presided over by Mr. and Mrs. William Curry. It is a fine old house, backed by a garden noted for its Bartlett pears. Here on occasion a crowded ball gathers young and old together in a scene of merriment which rivals the brightest of the times gone by.

The late George Wiggins, Esq., was one of the wealthiest country gentlemen in the town. Mrs. Wiggins lives in the old residence with her son, Mr. Stephen Wiggins, who lately completed his education at Edinburgh. There is a fine stable of horses and a dairy attached to this establishment which has an increased attractiveness from the presence of the two fair daughters of the house, whom Mrs. Wiggins has carefully educated in every grace and accomplishment under her own eyes at home. The daughter of the late Mr. Wiggins married the son of the Collector of Customs of the port of Windsor, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Brien are living in a beautiful house on the crest of the hill over which the main residential street passes. Mrs. O'Brien is a remarkably handsome woman, who was educated at Hellmuth College. She has hosts of friends, and she and her genial husband keep open house. Her five children do not absorb her attention to such a degree as to prevent her being a social leader. Nor must we omit Mrs. Robert Paulin, Mrs. Clarence Dimock, and the two generous and successful brothers, Messrs. Edward and William Dimock, who possess fine houses, exquisitely furnished and always opened to their friends.

The college is naturally a social centre. It is under the superintendence of the Church of England, and in Nova Scotia the Church of England has inherited the privilege which it originally acquired from the English Establishment. The garrison at Halifax and the fleet and dockyard send their representatives, and the conversazione is a scene, almost of unique splendour. The gay academic robes of scarlet, the parti-coloured hoods and caps are mingled with the red and blue and gold of the two services, and the costumes of Windsor's many belles are always tasteful and elegant. A military band discourses sweet strains, and in the week of Commemoration the ceremonies con-

clude with a ball, where the highest circles of the province are represented.

Windsor is decidedly a town where English ideas of society reign supreme. The principal physician of the town, Dr. Charles Gossip, was educated in the old country. Well do he and his family keep up the traditions of refinement thence derived.

I have lately been shown the portrait of a young Windsor lady which certainly, for profound and thoughtful beauty, excels anything I have ever seen. She is the daughter of a banker, Mr. Walter Louison, and is at present engaged to be married to Dr. Ryan, of the same town. He is to be congratulated on the superb beauty of his future wife, who looks as if she might have stepped out of the frame encircling some vanishing portrait of the Renaissance.

One characteristic of Windsor is its freedom from religious bigotry. The Rev. Father Daly was formerly private secretary to the late Archbishop of Halifax, on whose demise he sought the well-earned preferment of his presbytery in the quiet but delightful University Town. Well versed in the highest society of Halifax, he has proved a charming acquisition to the usual life at Windsor. He is a fine conversationalist, and all Windsors know how well he can entertain.

There is no pleasanter place than Windsor, Nova Scotia; no kinder or more open-hearted people; no more charming scenery. The college sheds over it a halo of learning and antiquity, and those who have visited it never forget the almost romantic fascination of its surroundings.

Dr. Maynard, the retired rector of the town, still lives there with his two daughters. He is a clergyman of a type too rare in these pushing and ambitious days. The spiritual tenderness of Keble are in him, added to the tact and delicacy belonging to the English gentleman. He has left his mark in the town by the building up of a large and flourishing congregation. The church erected during his incumbency is a model of what such a structure should be. I cannot mention his name without experiencing emotions of love and reverence.