

noon in December he went off with his gun to shoot duck from the beach off Beacon Hill, which was the common practice in those days. Having shot one or two and not being able to get them any other way, he stripped off his clothes and swam out after them. This was a very bold thing to do, as the water is so cold there, and especially in December. It is supposed he got the cramps or got caught in the seaweeds where the ducks were shot from, and so was drowned. Not coming home at his usual time, search was made, and having been seen going to Beacon Hill, it was there the searchers found his clothes and gun on the beach that evening. The poor father seemed heart-broken, for he would not leave the spot, but walked up and down all night calling "Edwin! Edwin, my son!" In the morning they recovered the body under the seaweed. Great sympathy was felt for the parents, and I well remember the funeral on a snowy day, and the unusual number of friends who attended the funeral in the old Quadra Street Cemetery. The granite monument is still to be seen there.

In the view of Government Street in the early sixties here produced, may be seen marked with a X Theatre Royal. In this building, which then was used for theatrical productions, concerts and lectures, I heard the Rev. Morley Punshon, then president of the Wesleyan Conference, I think. He lectured on Macaulay, and was reciting from "Lays of Ancient Rome" when the fire bells rang, and in less than five minutes there were only a score or so left of his audience. He stopped an instant, proceeded, but finally stopped for good, saying that it was the first time he had ever had to stop one of his lectures for a fire. But when he was told that it