

came the noble, steadfast laird, Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, wife and family. These brought their customs with them, so of course Christmas observances. It will thus be seen that Christmas and other customs came with the immigrants, and from the planting of that seed, the present Christmas observances have grown. In Scotland and America the day is much more observed than formerly; all did as they pleased—shooting, hunting, fishing and visiting being the chief recreations, and getting as good a dinner as possible, perhaps practise at the Beacon, a barrel riddled with bullets, and standing on a long pole. This beacon was a mark for ships. Another stood near the water to the north. Captain Sangster used to perambulate here, a telescope in hand, watching for the annual Hudson's Bay Company's ship, the signal being two guns.

No waits at night, no chimes, no bells, no Christmas carols, no pianos, in fact no musical instruments of any kind, save the bell of the Fort. On one occasion a dance and supper were determined on, but where was the band? Nothing but Mr. Tod and his fiddle existed. Mr. Tod, a good soul, peace be with him, ever ready to assist, assisted. Mr. Tod had a peculiarity; when playing he would cast off a shoe, and kept time by stamping the resounding floor with his stockinged foot. However, an employee came forth, "I can help you, sirs; give me a sheet of tin." He got it, and in a short time came back with a tin whistle, on which he played admirably. This was the band, and everyone enjoyed the dance and everything else. The band, too, was the orchestra at a night of private theatricals, in which J. D. Pemberton and Joseph McKay were the