

## WANDERINGS OF A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

### No. II.

If there is any more rain to fall, I wish it would hurry up and come down quickly. Jupiter Pluvius has pursued me relentlessly ever since I left Ottawa. The other day when on U. S. soil—or rather a U. S. bottom (I was crossing in a steamer to a Canadian Island) I asked an old man if he had ever seen a season so wet and cold. 'Wa-ll' he replied, 'Yes. When I was six years old, one summer the birds all went south, thinking' it was winter.'

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"That was 82 years ago," replied my friend—before Jim Blaine's time." Everything in Maine dates back to the 'uncrowned King'—James G. Blaine.

There has been a rather strenuous political contest going on down here in New Brunswick, and in addition to the inquiries of some of my rural chance acquaintances, mentioned in my last letter, I have occasionally been asked if I was 'electioneering'. Apparently well to do farmers inquired anxiously if there would be "anything coming, this time." I answered that everything in my line was going and nothing 'comin.'

Truly the Yankee is commercial to a degree, even in church matters. On a beautiful Sunday morning recently I started out for a good tramp. I crossed over to the U. S. side and was proceeding along when, as I was passing a large church I was hailed by a gentleman standing in the doorway. "Wouldn't you like to come in to our service, stranger?" he asked. He was clad in a conventional frock coat. His head was bare. In his mouth he held an enormous black cigar, which he puffed vigorously. He added, "we've got a right fine entertainment. We've a soprano what was

considered way up down to Bangor, and the preacher don't go stronger than eight minutes any Sunday."

I answered that I was afraid his church wouldn't coincide with my views. "Why" he replied, 'we can suit anybody. We're a Union church.'

"But I'm a good Dogan" I retorted, and passed on.

I do not think that anywhere along the International border do the two nations come together so intimately as in St. Stephens, N.B. and Calais, Maine. The little bridge which separates them is no longer than our own Chaudiere bridge. The ladies visit and revisit each other. A belt line street car crosses and recrosses the river, and it is difficult for a passenger to tell which country he is in, half the time.

The secretary of the St. Stephen Golf Club, who took me out to their beautiful links, told me that about half of their membership was drawn from the American side.

On a couple of recent Sundays I took long walks to neighboring towns, where I took lunch, before returning. The natives seemed to marvel at my powers. Several came and peered at me when in the hotel. There were frequent pointings and nudgings, which were very amusing.

I met an Englishman who joined me in my walks on one occasion. He was a great pedestrian, but we had a most discouraging experience. It rained hard — a cold, dispiriting rain. We had also been misinformed as to the distance we had to go. After tramping for several hours we enquired of a Yankee as to how far it was to the next town. He replied "six miles." We went wearily on for some time, when we met another native. This one informed us that we were *eight miles* away. My friend was an optimist and whistled cheerily as we trudged on. After a half hour's further walk we met a third yeoman and inquired the distance, to our destination. He answered "eight miles." I sank down,