

well known and of too much general interest to necessitate my even speaking of it. The peculiar adventures in the Labrador Peninsula, and the particularly peculiar relations he came to bear to two Governments and some great commercial forces I may tell you about later, when it would be safe. He is still a good deal the same; quiet, resourceful, and kind to the point of self-sacrifice. His wife commands her friends with the same imperious sway—and her friends are legion; the charm of her impetuous unconventionality is as strong as ever, and she keeps the now grovelling “gang” in a reign of terror, for they know that what she does, that must they do, and they never know what she is going to do next. They’ve become quite ostentatious in giving Christmas trees, and boat-sails, and drives, and such unlike entertainments to the poorer children of the town, and all to the tune set by Mrs. David Wilson. All sorts of distinguished people, which Caribou has before only read about, come and visit at the Wilson’s, and indicate that they are pretty thoroughly human by going in—as far as they may be able—for everything that the younger Mrs. Wilson goes in for. Needless to say they are kept busy.

Henderson is still, as he is likely to be, the manager of the Northumberland boats. He spends a good many evenings in some one of the three stone houses on the hill. He is still single, and the only