

Noel, of the Quebec Bank; Mr. Harris, of the Montreal Bank; the handsome member for Carleton; the dignified minister of the "Old Kirk," and his wife, the kindly "Mistress of the Manse"; the rector of Christ Church, with his hearty greeting; the genial and lovable pastor of the Free Church; "Dr. Van," as he was always called, strolling along and laughingly snatching a cap from the head of some urchin; Dr. Hill, driving down to visit the Water Street Hospital; and Dr. (now Sir James) Grant, in the prime of life and the midst of a growing practice; Col. and Mrs. Coffin, too, coming up from their picturesque home at the foot of the Locks. These, and many, many more, I see in my mind's eye, as they walked the streets in the olden days, when Ottawa was young. Nor must I forget a well-known figure, "Copper Johnnie," sitting at the end of Sapper's Bridge, with his cheery cry of "Copper, please!" Though the sidewalk was narrow, no one seemed to find him in the way, but dropped a coin, or at any rate a pleasant greeting, for him on passing.

There were no street cars, no granolithic pavements, no bicycles, no automobiles—people walked leisurely along, greeting one another in kindly recognition, for we knew everyone in those days.

Though a city in name, Ottawa had much the appearance of a huge village, but to those of us who had made our homes here, it was very dear, and however poor might be the streets and houses,