

of the celebration tells us, "there will be a salute of twenty-one guns, also a *feu de joie*. In the afternoon the volunteers of the —th Battalion will be exercised and drilled by Captain Lawkins. Also in Cook's field, cricket and base-ball matches, races of all kinds, including hurdle and sack, patting the stone, and other diversions too numerous to mention."

But we can't have everything; so we decide to forego these somewhat vulgar pastimes and join Captain Lawkins in his inspection of the volunteers.

This, with the grand concert in the evening, at which we are promised a great deal of both native and foreign talent, followed by a torchlight procession (not the talent, remember) and a magnificent display of fireworks, we wisely consider will be sufficient. From time to time we are reinforced by fresh arrivals, so that after dinner quite a respectable procession sallies forth on pleasure bent.

Upon arriving at the ground we find the centre of an admiring and appreciative crowd, the captain and his men, the former reciting his usual Queen's Birthday harangue, previous to commencing the exercises. As this officer forms, I may say, the most prominent character of the day, from sunrise, when he seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth until night, when, with his own hand he shoots into the heavens the last rocket, he might have a sentence to himself.

For appearance, our captain and reeve, both offices being united in him, is a short, slight man, with a sharp, wide-awake expression of countenance which, combined with the agility of his movements, reminds one forcibly of a rat or weasel.

But it's astonishing what there is in that man; he is a veritable *multum in parvo*.

All the year round he is reeve, and deals out justice with an impartial hand, besides managing the affairs of the village to the satisfaction of all whom it concerns. On common week days he is our principal grocer, buying and selling to advantage—a fair, liberal dealer, yet, like Moses Primrose, never the man to sell his hen on a rainy day. On Sundays, in a suit of good

black, he attends church three times regularly, leading the choir with equal energy and devotion; and on Dominion Day, the twenty-fourth, and other high days, such as receiving an illustrious guest, and entertaining the same with all due honor.

"A trin-band captain eke is he."

Each day finds him in the spirit of its particular duties. To-day he is all military fire and enthusiastic loyalty; to-morrow when I go in for the week's groceries he will rush up to me with the whitest of white aprons pinned before him,

"Good morning, Miss Athol. Fine morning this, though not much in the way of business, to be sure. Country people all in yesterday—we can't expect much to-day. Got some lovely butter, though, this morning. And here's something new; I just said to myself when I got it, says I, 'There's one person in this town that knows how to appreciate a good article, and that's Miss Athol'; beautiful for cakes, pies, biscuits, in fact every kind of pastry." So supposing the article in question was procured expressly for me, I order a package of Queen's baking-powder with the other things.

"And how do you feel after yesterday's exertions? What a beautiful day we had, to be sure; and didn't my men do splendidly, though no wonder with so many nice young ladies looking at them. But I always think, Miss Athol, that you and I are the first to get back again into our old jog-trot after a holiday, ye know; nobody to look at us this morning would guess how we'd been a kickin' out of the traces yesterday. Here you are bright as a bee and gay as a lark out the first thing doing your shopping, looking as fresh as the new-blown rose if I may say so, and I, myself, have been running round here all morning like a good one. Just up to the ears in eggs, butter, and lard" (that remark of Mr. Lawkins is not to be taken literally).

But to return to the volunteers whom we have left broiling under a hot sun all this time. I don't pretend to understand military tactics, but I find that the enjoyment of our volunteers' manœuvres does not depend entirely on a knowledge of the same.