

began to file past the smoking-room windows, cards were abandoned, drowsiness disappeared—but no man dared to follow : male chaperones were not needed. The scene in No. 6 was almost dramatic in intensity of quiet as the splendid pageant passed along its aisle. "The boys" were partly awed and partly shamed into unwonted stillness. Awed, because they had never before seen our ladies "dressed up." Shamed, because No. 7 had got the start of them and organized the first afternoon tea. Still, their mother wit flashed with its wonted quickness, and on the return of the ladies, behold an organized welcome, the bazoo-psaltery-sackbut-and-tin-trumpet band performing, the remaining dwellers mounting the seats and hurrahing. The rock-bound poet of the day had written and drilled the boys into singing a stanza something like :

" Good bye, ladies, you've gone to visit Seven ;
But now you're coming back to Six,
You're coming back to Heaven."

In the interval the fair ones had been served in Car 7 with the tea, cake, candy, conversation and music, which items we are given to understand make up the usual programme of afternoon teas in the cities ; and great was the delight of matron and maid therewith. The duration of the function is the best evidence of its welcome character, for it was almost dark when the dear creatures dispersed to their homes.

As we grew better acquainted it became possible for the 166 inhabitants of Drummond town, as a wag christened our train in compliment to the excellent President of the C.M.A., to fraternize the