

it, and see what a place for business it is: the centre of the Province; the natural capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy; the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States; the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone, and grindstone; the dykes — but it's no use talkin'; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock-maple tree: stick 'em in anywhere but eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin' fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it, we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin' of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, 'O we are too poor and too young.' Says I, 'You put me in mind of a great long legged, long tail colt father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin' post. He was colt all his days — always young — always poor; and young and poor you'll be I guess to the eend of the chapter.' ”

On our return to the inn, the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, became very tempestuous. It rained for three successive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey was wholly out of the question. I deter-