

We were close friends during the three years of our stay in Norland. This friendship was intensified probably by the fact that Mr. B.'s mother's family name and my own were the same. The influence of the home-life in Mr. B.'s family no doubt told for good on the children, though the only one we knew intimately did not always manifest the quiet dignity of that home.

DR. HARRY BEAUMONT.

Dr. Harry had struck the great West in one of its wildest moods. Boom days in Winnipeg made boom days for Manitoba. The breeze blew far and wide over the prairie. I have heard of a prosperous town being advertised by flaming hand-bills in Ontario, which was supposed to be situated on the site of old Pilot Mound. The slough close by was turned into an imaginary lake, on which ran imaginary boats for the convenience of the populace of said imaginary town. And so the excitement ran largely over the entire province. Naturally a young man with the blood of the Emerald Isle in his veins, constantly coming in contact with such conditions, would be likely to be carried away from the quiet dignity and Christian influence of the home. He took on something of the manner of the wild and woolly West. To those who did not know Dr. Harry intimately, his apparently reckless speeches and brusque manner gave the impression of heartlessness. There could be no greater