

professor of the P. W. C. in the days of "auld lang syne."

It was like this:—

Prince Edward Island, area 27,174 square miles, coast line (say) 600 miles. If the shores crumble away at the average rate of 30 inches per annum, what year, month, and day, will see the last bit of red sard-stone ground into powder?"

I must have been a tender-hearted boy, for that sum made me so sad I never could work it out. I used to stroll along the bank in front of Government House, and, as tree after tree of the little birch grove tumbled over the cliff, thought how much more woeful our fate than that of the old-world empire mourned for by Byron (or was it Macaulay).

His lament was:—

"Rome, Rome, thou art no more, as thou hast been."

while ours would be

"Abgeweit, thou art no more, thou art no more at all."

For our "home on the wave" would have become our home beneath the wave.

Even the Bushman from New Zealand, after making his famous soliloquy on the broken arch of London Bridge, flying across seas by the aero-motor rapid transit line of the twenty-ninth century, and finding not even a fragment of the Hillsborough Bridge to perch on (in fact no Hillsborough remaining but Hillsborough Bay) in order to examine the relics of our once flourishing civilization would have to make use of the submarine service.

This, though, was my thought "not now, but only when a boy." For, whether it was that the new Victoria Embankment cut off that melancholy object-