

Charles Dudley Warner, describes it very well in his interesting little brochure entitled 'Baddeck; and that sort of thing.'

There is a record of one of the gatherings, at which a very eloquent man, Rev. Peter Maclean, officiated, at which there were 10,000 persons present.

The great Mecca of the Cape Bretoner, as well as of the 'Islander' is the 'Boston States.' I met one yeoman of an inquisitive mind, who interrogated me as to my travels. I then asked him as to his wanderings. He replied: "I hae not travelled far, but my eldest brother Hughie has been as far as Turo; (Truro) and my cousin Dugald has been to the Boston States; as for myself, I have been to Gabarus and the Big Intervale." I never found out exactly where the B. I. was.

Loyalty to the Crown is deeply imbued in the Highland Scot, and everywhere were to be seen decorations for the coming visit of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught. I venture to say that in no other portion of the Dominion did our Governor General receive more heartfelt demonstrations from the populace.

After visiting the Bras d'or Lake district I journeyed by motor car to the beautiful Margaree country, famous for its salmon fishing. I saw the home of Senator McInnes, afterwards Lieut. Governor of British Columbia; also the birthplace of the new Archbishop of Toronto (according to press reports) Rev. Dr. McNeill; and last, but not least, I met an old gentleman who confided to me that he was the father of the world famous beauty specialist, Madame Yale, who has visited Ottawa and lectured in the Russel theatre on more than one occasion. Truly, the 'bluenoses' are a versatile people.

In an obscure little village in Cumberland County I met two young men, each rather remarkable

in his way, but neither of whom will probably ever be heard of in the great outside world. One had the gift of avoirdupois and the other that of grey matter. The first was the station agent at this wayside spot, and noticing that he was pretty large, I asked him his age and weight. He told me that he was 28 years old and weighed 450 pounds. I said 'You mean 350.' 'No,' he answered, 'I mean 450.' I intimated to him that at that rate he might easily weigh six or seven hundred by the time he was fifty. He answered that this was his great dread. He had a special chair built to hold him. His height was very deceptive. He informed me that he was 6 feet 3½ inches in his stockings. 'I can still dance a little' he said, smilingly.

The second young man was a veritable electrical wizard. He was running a little candy and fruit store. After I had had a lemon sour he asked me if I would like to see his Marconi apparatus in the rear. I acquiesced and he escorted me to a back room where he had installed all the paraphernalia of a wireless station. In the yard was a very tall mast. He told me that on the night of the 'Titanic' disaster he "gathered up" all the news, which he retailed round the village, to be met on all sides with incredulity. Next day the papers corroborated him. I asked him what commercial advantage it was to him and he replied that it was merely an item of expense. Frequently when he became interested in any piece of news which was 'going through' he would 'butt in' to make some inquiry, and was promptly told by the company to 'keep off.' It was indeed an interesting hobby.

Need Obvious. — Lady: "No, I don't want no brushes nor no laces." Pedlar: "Here you are, madam! Grammar for beginners — only sixpence!"