

provinces is larger than Ireland, and its chief town, if you shut your eyes, would make you think that you were looking at Dublin itself. Sure, I feel like the Queen of Sheba," and with a comical twinkle in her eye, she turned around to see who had laid a hand on her arm.

Her son Patrick stood before her. "And I feel like King Solomon," he exclaimed; "so many unruly ladies to take care of. Miss Delavigne won't come below to look after her traps. Mamma, will you come and point out yours to me?"

"Indeed, no, my son," said the lady amiably; "you weren't here just now when I wanted you, and I had to apply to this gentleman," with a bow to the Nova Scotian. "I'm going to see further sights," and she waddled toward a better place of observation.