

tained also the little hand-press on which the paper was printed. A person who might wish to see the editor was forced to pick his way through a line of stands and cases at which stood the coatless printers who set the type and prepared the forms for the press.

The day was chill and raw. A heavy wind from the south-west stirred the waters of the harbor and hurling itself with fury against the front of the building made the timbers crack and groan as if in paroxysms of pain. A driving rain fell in sheets on the roof and drops of water which leaked through the shingles fell on the editorial table, swelled into little rivulets, and, leaping to the floor, chased each other over the room, making existence therein uncomfortably damp. As I wrote away in spite of these obstacles I was made aware by a shadow that fell across my table of the presence of someone in the doorway. I raised my eyes and there stood a female—a rare object in those days, when women and children were as scarce as hen's teeth, and were hardly ever met upon the streets, much less in an editorial sanctum. I rose to my feet at once, and removing my hat awaited results. In the brief space of time that elapsed before the lady spoke I took her all in. She was a woman of scarcely forty, I thought; of medium height, a brunette, with large coal-black eyes, a pretty mouth—a perfect Cupid's bow—and olive-hued cheeks. She was richly dressed in bright colors with heavy broad stripes and space-encircling hoops after the fashion of the day. When she spoke it was in a rich, well-rounded tone—not with the nasal drawl which we hear so much when across the line, and which some Victoria school-girls and boys seem to delight in imitating in spite of the efforts of their teachers. Taken all in all I sized the lady up as a very presentable person.