

manners, lives in Shelburne, and courteously showed me many of the interesting family papers he still possesses. Shelburne is now a small village, but its spacious, grass-grown streets, its Governor's mansion, its thickly strewn churchyard, tell the tale of its past glory. But although the "True Blues" left Shelburne, they scattered themselves through the Province, and there are hundreds of families who trace their ancestry back to the Pilgrim Fathers. "You can see they're 'True Blue,'" said a Yankee derisively. "Now they've gone to live in such a cold country as Nova Scotia they carry their colours in the middle of their faces!" And so the epithet "Blue-nose" stuck, although it is difficult to say why the nasal appendages of Nova Scotians should be of a more azure tint than those which are blown by the pocket-handkerchiefs of the New England folk—since the climate is about the same—if anything, less rigorous in the peninsula.

"Blue-nose," as I have already hinted, has long been a synonym for sloth amongst the Yankees; but now we hear of Blue-nose booms, Blue-nose "boosters," and Blue-nose hustlers. The "Flying Blue-nose" express, which runs from the Boston docks at Digby to Halifax, might easily give points to many American express trains, besides itself furnishing proof that the term "Blue-nose" is as acceptable to the New Scotlanders as Yankee (*i.e.* Anglais) is to the New Englanders, through whose less fertile homesteads the "Flying Yankee" rushes.

Before me as I write is a placard redolent of the new spirit, which is mingling with, yet not destroying the old:—