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## THE GOVERNOR.



ONE night, some months ago when Parliamentary business dragged slowly on and, Members and Senators alike were taking life in the free and easy style common enough when no matter of importance is on hand, I chanced to stray into the private room of Senator Perley, now of Wolseley in the North West Territories, and formerly a resident of the Province of New Brunswick.

I had often enjoyed the pleasure of the Senator's company, and had, on more than one occasion, listened to his most entertaining stories. On this particular evening, however, he was more than usually interesting; and, before I had been long with him, he somewhat abruptly inquired if I had ever heard of his dispute in days gone by with the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. I replied that I could not recollect having done so, and, settling himself in his easy chair, the Senator in his own inimitable manner proceeded with the following story which I have here undertaken to repeat, since the somewhat unusual nature of the circumstances add so much to the interest of a true narrative.

It was still the custom at such a comparatively recent date as the early years of Canada's Confederation to look upon those in high places with

perhaps a little more awe and reverence than is usually the case in these more degenerate days; and, whether for this or other reasons, certain it is that the Honourable L. A. Wilmot, an early Lieutenant-Governor of my native Province, was a shining example of that haughty exclusiveness and even arrogance which to his mind at least was thought should characterize Her Majesty's Representative.

In earlier days, he and my father had been friends; the former, as a leading lawyer at Fredericton, and the latter as a member of the Provincial Government, and in this way I was not quite a stranger to the honourable gentleman.

At the time of which I speak, I was engaged in the occupation of farming some miles up the St. John's River above the Provincial Capital, and my business frequently brought me to that Town. One day, on board the little steamer then plying between various points on the river, I happened to meet the Governor and we soon became interested in the topics of the day. Just as I was leaving the boat the Governor said "By the way, Mr. Perley, if you should have any turkeys on your farm of which you would care to dispose, I should be very glad indeed to have you send me a couple, as we have difficulty in getting any at this time of the year."

"Why, Yes," I replied, "I expect