

"What! is there no liquor to be got there?" asked the somewhat astonished passenger.

"Plenty of liquid or liquor, if that suits you better. But there is no wet groceries—nothing that will make drunk come, only what is kept in the drug-store for medicine," was the answer.

"Well," said the dandy, "it must be a dogged, dull, doleful, domain of dunces."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, my friend. It is the most go-ahead town in all the country; and a more wide-awake and energetic lot of people are not to be found anywhere," said the driver.

"Has there never been any liquor sold there?" inquired one of the passengers.

"Not legally. There may have been a little sold slyly, but none openly."

"That is a singular circumstance, surely," said the man with the big watch.*

When the stage came to the town and drew up at one of the temperance hotels, the passengers were politely invited to enter. Two neatly furnished sitting-rooms—one for ladies and one for gentlemen—were nicely warmed and lighted for the comfort of the guests, until the ringing of the bell called them to the dining-room.

When they entered this room some of the passengers expressed their surprise at the ample spread before them. They had not expected to see such a display

* It is said that the founder of the village of Parry Sound, started it on Prohibition principles, and up till this time no license to sell intoxicants has been granted.