

"In Halifax, madam. There are over four hundred and forty thousand in the province."

Mrs. Macartney was considerably staggered. "And do you have shops and hotels and churches?"

"All three, madam."

"I had an idea that Canadians sent to England for all the necessities of life."

"Just turn around, madam," said the Nova Scotian.

Mrs. Macartney had opened her mouth to make another remark, but the words died away on her lips.

Stretching along the western shore a busy, prosperous town presented itself to her gaze. Like all other towns it must be somewhat grimy and dirty in the light of day. At night, with the moon hanging over it and myriad lights flashing from the tiers of buildings rising one above another on the slope of a long hill, it was like a fairy city.

All along the shore were rows of wooden wharves running out into the harbor where there were moored ocean steamers, coasting vessels, fishing boats, ferry steamers, tugboats, and tiny skiffs, some of which darted gayly in and out among the wharves. Some of the ships were brightly lighted, and people could be seen moving about on them.

"Surely, surely," said Mrs. Macartney, turning to her companion in unfeigned amazement, "I have been misformed about Canada. One of its