

From this moment I was a traveller. I said good-bye to the Agent under whose care I had been for nearly three weeks; was taken by my new master; comfortably placed between the pages of a very affectionate letter; registered at the post office and then commenced my journey to Montreal in the care of the Mail Clerk of "The Continental Limited." From Montreal I was sent down to Quebec where I joined the White Star-Dominion liner "Megantic" and eventually found myself at Liverpool, a port I heard was agog with all kinds of mercantile craft and far busier than any place it had been my fortune to see during my short lifetime. It was certainly a striking contrast to the peaceful tranquility of Wayagamack, where I was first brought into existence, and Vermilion, where I had had such an easy time. Because of this newness of things, I wanted to see as much as I could, but being shut up in a letter in a mail sack, hampered me greatly. While I was thus musing on the changed conditions, some one came and lifted the bag I was in, took it off the boat and placed it with other bags containing other registered letters into a special conveyance. The next thing I knew I was being driven through the streets of Liverpool to the Post Office. There I was separated from some of the other mail and was quickly driven to a big station, placed on a special mail train and was soon speeding along. Of course, I did not know exactly where Plymouth was situated nor the way I should have to go to get there; but I soon discovered I was on an express bound for London, and it seemed to me no time was wasted in reaching that city. I arrived in the capital in the early hours of the morning and was immediately transferred to the General Post Office.

What a place this was to be sure. I never saw so much mail together in my life before. The letter I was in lay on a heap for a while—but only for a while. A hand shot out and grabbed it; someone shouted, "Plymouth-ten-thirty-Paddington" and the next thing I knew I was being sent whirling along on an automatic chute eventually to land in a special sack marked, "Registered-Plymouth;" and for the moment I was left there. While waiting, it occurred to me that the fellow upstairs had shouted "Plymouth-ten-thirty-Paddington," and I figured that wherever Plymouth might be, I would leave a station called Paddington at 10.30. This proved to be the case, because within 15 minutes of 10.30 that morning, I found myself placed in the mail van of "The 10.30 Limited"—a fast train of the Great Western Railway which goes to Plymouth without a stop—a distance of 227 miles.

On my arrival at Plymouth post-office, I discovered that the post-master was none other than the father of the girl to whom I was going and who, through me, was soon to leave her home for one of her own in far-away Vermilion. There were some twenty letters in the bag I was in—all registered—and the venerable postmaster commenced his work. After dealing with nine of the missives, he picked up the envelope addressed to his daughter, and when he saw it, he gave an involuntary start. Well he knew what that letter meant and also why it was registered. He was about to part with his only daughter—but as the old gentleman said—"what has to be must be."

So I was delivered to the girl, and she was all joy and skipped over to the post office to cash her Canadian National Express Money Order. As I finish this narrative, I am being turned over to the clerk who, after stamping me profusely, puts me to one side where I must take your leave—the girl meanwhile going to her home from the post office with £50 sterling, which she takes immediately to the local shipping office and books her passage to Vermilion, via London, Liverpool, Montreal and Winnipeg, via the Great Western Railway of England, the White Star-Dominion Line and the Canadian National Railways.

St. Paul's Secret

When Charles II. failed to keep his word

ONE hears a great deal about the structure of St. Paul's Cathedral and very little about the library of St. Paul's. This library contains many books and documents connected with the present building. But perhaps the most interesting document—certainly the most interesting at this time of day—is the record of a royal promise of a subscription to the building fund of St. Paul's. It is written in the hand of Charles the Second, the wording being as follows:

"I will give one thousand pounds a yeare. Whithall.

"CHARLES R.
"20 March, 1678."

Now, the Cathedral accounts for this period seem to be pretty thoroughly detailed. Some are signed by Sir Christopher Wren, and the minutes of the chapter record receipts being sent for other subscriptions to the fund. But oddly enough there is no record of any receipt being sent to the Merry Monarch. It is, of course, possible that he was more interested in St. Paul's of Covent Garden, which is nearer Nell Gwynn's original haunts, and so forgot his pledge to aid the building fund of the Cathedral.

Sentenced for a Sermon

The library contains objects which make a more direct appeal to the antiquarian. Here are found the seal of Richard De Beames, who was Bishop from 1108 to 1128, and the seals of many of his Norman successors.

Here are manuscripts dating as far back as the eleventh century: words and music of Gregorian chants written in the fourteenth century, and a catalogue

of the original library as it existed in 1458. A great part of this library was destroyed by fire in the sixteenth century, and little of it survived.

Then there are Elizabethan plays as "Plaied by the children of Paules and the Blacke Fryeres," and following them such works as Middleton's "A Tricke to Catch the Old One: as it hath often been in action both at Paules, the Blacke Fryeres and before his Majestie," this having been printed in 1616.

There is a tract relating to Henry Burton, rector of St. Matthews, in Friday Street, who, for preaching a sermon, was sentenced to stand in the pillory of Palace Yard, Westminster; to lose his ears; to pay a fine of £5,000 to the King, and to be imprisoned for life. He endured most of his sentence, but was released by Parliament in 1640.

While You Wait

At an all-night non-stop ball recently held at Covent Garden Theatre, London, a hosiery stall, where lady dancers could renew their silk stockings, was a popular feature.

This was only the beginning of a new campaign for ballroom comfort. Before long we may look for the introduction of a cobbler's stall, at which dancing pumps will be soled and heeled while you wait, and a beauty bower where missing eyebrows will be replaced, damaged complexions repaired, and roofs re-shingled.

Something must be done, too, by way of first aid for men. A collar-stud stall, the attendance of an expert bow-tie, and a machine for taking the wrinkles out of wrecked shirt-fronts without removing the garment are urgent necessities.