

THE HONOURABLE A. R. ANGERS.
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.

cluded to forgive Bill Flinn for telling such lies. He does wish, however, that Uncle John would get tired of those blood-curdling chuckles, and of saying in hollow tones:

"I smell, ha! ha! I smell two little boys and one little girl."

Halifax, N.S.

Feeding an Ocean Greyhound.

On the "City of Paris" there are sixty firemen, who feed the fiery maws of forty-five furnaces that create steam in nine boilers. Fifty coal passers shovel fuel from the bunkers to the furnace door, and the firemen toss it in. There is something more than mere shovelling in firing. The stoker must know how to put the coals on so that they will not burn too quickly nor deaden the fire. He must know how to stir or poke the fire so as to get all or nearly all the heat out of the coal. Service in the fire-room is divided into six watches of four hours each. The fireman works and sleeps every alternate four hours. After the first day from port, two out of every six furnaces are raked out to the bare bars during the first hour of each watch. Thus, in a voyage, all the furnaces are cleaned once in twenty-four hours. The steam goes down a bit in the hour, while the cleaning is going on. The stokers shovel into the furnaces fifteen tons of coal every hour, or 360 tons a day. The ship usually takes in 3,000 tons at Liverpool or New York, and has between 500 and 800 tons left when she arrives at the other side. The engineers' department is entirely distinct and separate from the firemen's. On the "City of Paris" there are twenty-six engineers, including hydraulic and electrician. They are educated in single shops on shore, and a certain number of them go on ships every year. They are all machinists. So, whenever the machinery breaks down, they know how to repair the damage. In case the chief engineer should be disabled, any assistant could take his place.—*Scotch Paper.*

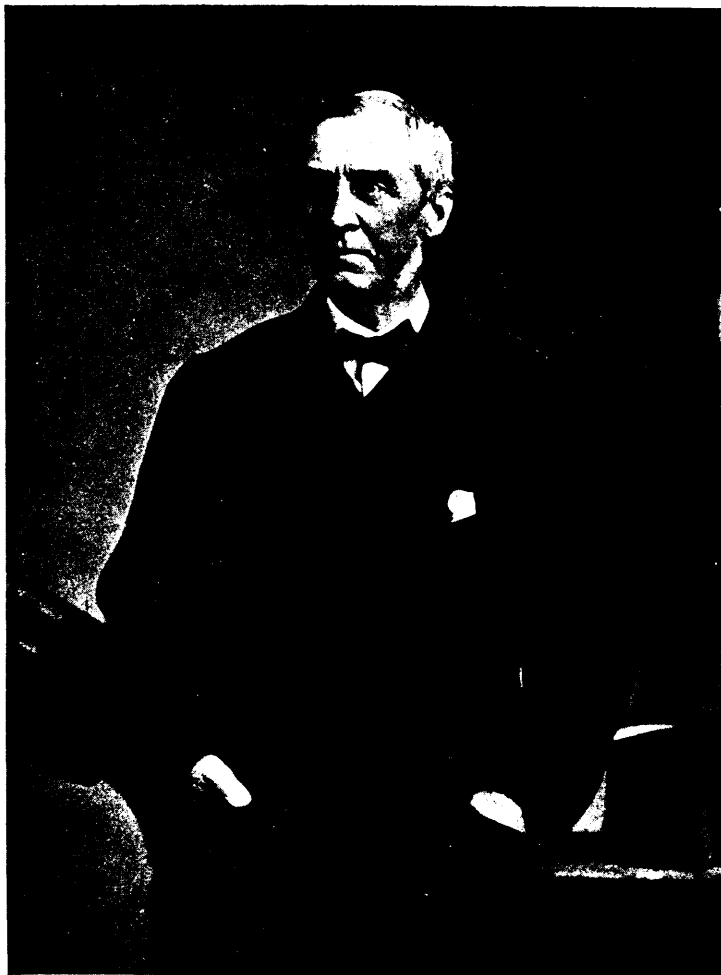
mouthful stuck in his throat, and he durst not look up, for Uncle John sat right opposite, and regarded him with a stare, only varied by one of those insulting winks, whenever he could catch Tom's eye. In through the open door came wild whoops of delight, ear-piercing notes from some heathenish toy, and peals of laughter from the three children.

At last Mr. Leslie said gravely, "Tom, if you have quite finished your breakfast and meditations, tell us what you saw and did last night. Every bit of it, mind." So Tom told all.

Mrs. Leslie drew a hurried breath and also sighed at several places in the narrative, especially when Tom told how he had pretended to be asleep at eight o'clock, and how the children had slept for hours down stairs without proper wraps. She did not seem half so much impressed at Tom's description of the unmentionable person, but simply turned to Uncle John and said, "Ah! I see now why you wanted my boa and that brimstone"; and then Uncle John gave another of those fiendish chuckles, and winked at Tom so hard that his eye-glass fell into his cup of coffee.

When Tom had finished the doleful tale and was wiping his eyes, Uncle John said: "Tom, you are a very careless child, and not half so smart as you think. When you were going to corrupt the minds of those infants and make them disbelieve in Santa Claus, you looked into the hall to catch listeners, but you quite forgot the fact that my favourite spot for reading is that chair in the bay window of the library, where I was sitting at the time with the curtains drawn. I did not let your mother know anything about it; but when at ten o'clock your father and I went into your rooms to get some stockings—for Santa Claus, of course—why, then, we knew what you were doing. There was no danger of your getting cold, with the hall stove and those quil's to keep you warm."

When Tom saw the silver-plated spring skates, the rink tickets, cricket bat, story books, and other delights Santa Claus had brought him, he felt so much better that he con-



MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.