

unknown always holds its terrors for me. I suppose it is an instinct inherited from prehistoric ancestors. Our Norse forefathers always recommended a man to make sure who or what lurked behind a door before he ventured through. One of my chief "phobias" has reference to my travelling companions. Shall I find myself cribbed and confined for weeks in some ship's cabin with, say, three Bolshevists—uproarious, alcoholic and unwashed? I am aware, of course, that such a misgiving is idiotic, and I only make this personal confession to you, Mr. Editor, in the strictest confidence. In point of fact, I invariably find my companions one of the most pleasant and interesting gifts of the journey. My trip to Australia was no exception.

After bidding you farewell at the Union Station, Toronto, I found myself seated next to a young American business man of the college-graduate type. It did one good in these days of faction to hear him speak with unfeigned admiration of the Canadian commercial men with whom he had dealings, and to listen to his praise of the British Empire. And when we touched on deeper themes, it was with mingled feelings that one heard him tell with a sad and wistful regret of the atrophy of those higher senses which creeps upon those who are engaged too exclusively in the buying and selling of this world's goods. He had been to San Francisco, and he gave me advice which later I was to find of much use.

After Chicago my companion was a young Armenian, born in Syria. He had come to