

out over the New York and Chicago Railway Post-Office line on Train No. 35, and that it is to be opened on the second section of the journey. R. P. O. lines, it should be noted, are named not at all after the railways they run over but according to the points between which the clerks on them work. The Red Letter is all but ready to enter upon the second stage of its journey, and we, observer and guide, to transfer our attention from one great branch of the postal service, the post-office proper, to a second, the Railway Mail Service. It only remained for the pouch to be "locked out," thrown upon a truck, trundled across into the railway station, weighed, shot down an elevator to the lower level, and heaved with a succession of other pouches into the bright oblong of light which marks a doorway in the side of the long black bulk of Mail Train No. 35.

Number 35

As the pouch, to which we have tied a red tag, disappears into the car, it is nearly nine-thirty. The conductor, conning his watch, walks the length of the train, the last truck-loads of pouches come at a run down the platform to the proper cars, the last pouches are piled aboard, and, prompt to the second, 35 rolls out, carrying tons of mail matter to be spread out fanwise over the country and beyond, from Alaska to New Orleans, from New England to the Far East.

(To be continued. The next installment will give a close view of the Railway Mail Clerk in action.)

Not What He Meant.

Algy: "I find that motoring agrees with me much better than horse riding."

Genevieve: "Well, you look much better in a motor-car than you do on horse-back!"

* * *

A Genius Disguiser.

"Who is that young woman—the one that continually bubbles over with gaiety and giggles at everything?" "She is a poetess. In deeply melancholy verse she is thought to have few equals!"

* * *

"According to his Folly."

Jones came up to town one morning with a bruised and swollen forehead. His friend Briggs showed considerable curiosity as to the cause of the injury. "How did it happen, old man?" he asked. "Collided with the hat-rack last night," said Jones shortly. "Accidentally?" asked Briggs. "No, Briggs!" replied Jones sweetly. "I have every reason to suspect that it attacked me purposefully!"

* * *

"Uncle! Uncle!"

Mr. Nat Goodwin, the well-known American actor, was once the victim of an amusing incident in the theatre. In one of his parts he had to come on the stage with a coat over his arm and call out loudly, "Uncle, uncle!" According to the book, he should have received no reply, but one night one of the "gods" answered him with, "All right; I'm coming in a minute! How much do you want on the coat?"

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