

A WOMAN'S VISIT TO A PEAT BOG. PLENTY OF FUEL  
FOR CENTURIES TO COME. A VISIT TO THE  
NEWINGTON PEAT WORKS.

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After an early breakfast, which to a woman living in chambers, with the aid of a gas stove, was a thing of despatch, a woman journalist, a fair-haired teacher in a Ladies' College, and a bright, joyous enthusiast with the breeziness of a Canadian prairie characterizing her, set out from Ottawa on a tour of investigation.

At the Central Depot a train on the Ottawa and New York Railway was boarded, and the party was augmented by the addition of five scientific men: a geologist, a chemist, and botanists and entomologists—men whose names are household ones in Canada.

It was a mid-October morning, a morning with the wine of joy in it, clear, mellow, with the faint scent of frost in the air. With Lampman we sang—

"Silvery-soft by the forest side,  
Wine-red, yellow, rose,  
The Wizard of Autumn faint, blue-eyed,  
Swinging his censer, goes."

The scientific men were armed with botanical cases and kodaks, the weaker sex with lunch boxes, and magazines, which were never opened until the return journey.

The officials of the Ottawa and New York Railway were polite and attentive, the cars ran easily, and after a pleasant journey of perhaps an hour and a half, the neat little station of Newington was reached, forty miles from Ottawa. Here wraps were deposited, and a walk of over two miles on the rail-tracks was taken.

With jest and good-humoured raillery, here and there in spots, little earnest discussions on the plants, insects, and birds discovered in passing, were indulged in. At last the tall chimneys and brick walls of the Newington Peat Works were seen in the distance, and, following the switch on the railway track, we came to our destination. Here we were met by the energetic president, Dr. Spencer, and his efficient manager, Mr. Gray, who were kindness itself in explaining all about the works. A number of