

turn up, although it might reveal some practical solution to our last perplexity,—‘How the demon of disruption got into the Ladies’ Aid,

If you cared to ask the man at Cobalt, you might hear quite interesting details of the work among the crowd of mining men. You might hear how ‘Jerry from Kerry’ stole the church organ. It was late one night a few weeks since, our missionary returned to the canvas manse in the corner of the big tent, to find the organ gone. Next morning early, in its quest he sallied out, and after some inquiries found the missing property in the Opera House. It had been pressed into the service of a touring company which had played the previous evening to a delighted audience. In less time than it takes to tell, the air grew warm—the police and magistrate were interviewed with small practical satisfaction, so by a mutual understanding the sum of \$10 was deposited in the coffers of the Kirk and the organ restored to its proper sanctuary.

Or you might hear—why, almost anything at Cobalt. Here in our writing we are rudely interrupted by the vulgar notes of some hoarse thirsty throat in the darkness without our tent ‘How dry I am, How dry I am, — only knows how dry I am.’ Well we believe you, unseen friends; yours is the rude sentiment of Cobalt, this thirsty temperance town. Water, bad and scarce,—Regal beer just now forbidden by reason of an infringement of the liquor act, whereby ‘Regal’ had been inverted into ‘Lager’ with 6 per cent. of alcohol, and truly Cobalt is a dry, dry town despite Laurentian water at 40 cents per half gallon.

A pathetic little story comes from a nearby town where they have a license. The wee bairn of the hotel was very ill indeed. Little hope was entertained of its recovery and all went softly in that home. The bar was closed and the minister was called in to christen the helpless little mortal. Surely enough, there was a reviving—but only for a week or two and then to pass away from all this sphere of cares. The grief of all was very real—the bar was closed again—and a sorrowing little cortege followed to the grave. As we turned homewards, our path lay hard by the hotel, where we found sitting on the shady side a melancholy looking man who removed a chew of tobacco from his cheek to ask us, “Say, mister, when can I get a drink?”

Although we lacked authority, we took upon ourselves to say that no drinks would be sold that day. ‘It was baby’s funeral.’

At Haileybury, 5 miles further north, Rev. J. A. Donnell, M.A., is the minister, admonishing the public conscience by the shore of Lake Temiskamingue and woe betide the tradition-bound soul who chances to fall foul of J. A. D’s ‘facts incontrovertible.’ And our Kirk-man here has found much encouragement in his work. His first wedding was a decided ‘uplift.’ The minister was on the tennis court when Benedict called him aside, in faltering tones—“I say, sir, could you marry me?” “Why, yes,” says J. A. D. with that reassuring smile, “that’s a simple matter”—simple—ye gods we should say and yet complex enough withal, to judge by all this din of hammers on the new manse now in construction.) “But have you the