

Janey Canuck in the West

to you as in moving. Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber, you find heaps of stuff that ought to be burned, but you have not sufficient stamina to apply the match. You dilly-dally, vacillate, and halt between two opinions.

Things are expensive in the West, you argue mentally; they have not been kept the proverbial seven years; and so, because of the vague possibilities of vaguer needs in a problematic future, you cumber and incommode the present.

To move means a review of your whole life. Inside one little hour, you laugh, swell with pride, cry, grovel with humility and burn with indignation as the fingers of still-born projects, dead joys, or foolish frolics reach out and touch you from the past.

There are compensations, though. Things get cleaned up. You lose fifteen pounds of absolutely useless flesh. There is the secret and blissful consciousness of remc. . . mountains and making things happen.

It is a big flit we are taking. The moisture in my eyes is purely the result of smoke from the engines.

Blessed old Toronto, the home of our love! You have been good to us. I cannot forbear kissing my hands to your charm and beauty. To live with you is to be happy ever after.

At five p.m. we found ourselves—the Padre, our two girls and myself—on board the *Athabasca*. She is a great white swan without a neck. They tell us she is well-found, and handy in a storm. I don't know though. When I am aboard ship, I never have time to look at anything but the engines—and, incidentally, the dining-table. The pistons, wheels, belts, and shafts that strain and sweat and growl under the driving steam are an endless mystery to me. The greedy,