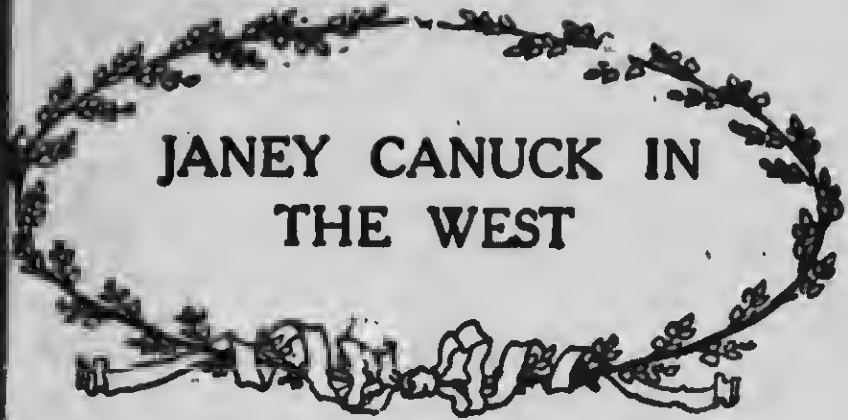


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JANEY CANUCK IN THE WEST

I

WESTWARD HO

When I forget thee,
Land of desire,
My hands shall be folded
And my feet not tire.

K. TYNAN.

"I THOUGHT I was a Christian," said Gail Hamilton,
"but we've been moving."

It seems that ever since Mother Eve got notice to leave, moving has meant a domestic cyclone. This is what I said to the family, as I surveyed our household penates done up in "big box, little box, bandbox, bundle," to say nothing of crates, barrels, bales and baskets; but the family were too busy to pay any attention to me. They fail to appreciate the appalling fact that I shall have to locate all my books on new shelves. When, anon, I go to the fourth shelf, fifth book from the north side, to get *The Scarlet Letter*, it will be to find *Pearson on the Creed* or *Jevons's Logic* in that identical spot. It means a moving of all my mental images—a changing of my geography, so to say. What a lot of knowledge runs to waste in the world!

In no way is your weakness of character so revealed