

I reasoned that people who take their bodily cleanliness so seriously must be a great people, and I still think so.

One day my Finnish maid had a visitor, a man of perhaps forty years of age, with a rugged, weatherbeaten face and the dress of a lumberman come to town, who has just had a shave and a haircut and is a bit uncomfortable in a starched collar. I thought, of course, that he was one of Hanna's admirers, for she had many, but he told me that he had come to see what sort of people we were and to find out how his countrywoman was faring at our hands.

I was somewhat doubtful of this fine-looking gentleman in the blue suit. I knew from past experiences that foreign girls have often been bitterly deceived by their own countrymen in Canada who shamelessly take advantage of the girls' ignorance of our laws. I knew one girl who believed she was legally married because her countryman had shown her a "paper" and told her that was all that was needed in Canada. The paper turned out to be an overdue tax notice. So I scrutinized Mr. Emil Milander carefully and I wished that the head of the house were at home for his judgment of men was much better than mine.

But I need not have doubted. Mr. Milander was all that he appeared. He had been in Canada for five years; had a farm on the Athabaska, lived alone, and gave himself a holiday each winter in the city, visiting his Finnish friends. He told me that he was older than many of the Finns who had come to Alberta and he tried to give them good advice, which was much needed, for, he said, there are black sheep Finns, too, many of them, who in this new country often forget the good religious training they had from their fathers and mothers.

I asked him to come back again for I wanted him to