

house. After ascending a spiral stairway and finally finding the right clerk, Grigson listened to these words:

"You will have to go to the 'Long Room' of the Customs Office on Front Street, and there make a customs entry, before you can get the parcel."

Grigson mentally repeated a few words from the Sanscrit, and ran feverishly to the place indicated.

"Have you an invoice for this parcel?" queried the clerk, there.

Grigson guiltily admitted that he had not. Also, he could not definitely say what the contents of the parcel were.

"Then you must go back to the King's Warehouse, and ask to be allowed to examine the parcel."

Grigson was in a frantic state by this time. The twenty minutes were almost doubly past, and he could picture Mrs. Caswall seated in the bank, and waiting—horribly calm and terrible. He rapidly pronounced a few of the names of the present Russian generals, to relieve his feelings, and galloped back to the King's Warehouse.

"I cannot let you examine the parcel without an examination warrant," said the clerk affably.

Grigson felt like the fall of Port Arthur, and staggered back to Front Street to obtain the warrant. How he got it made out, how he filled out a duplicate himself, how he got them both "manifested," Grigson could never afterwards truthfully tell, for by this time he had entered into a trance, and the only thing that was visible in his visual consciousness was the misty form of Mrs. Caswall looming large and forbidding, like some stern Nemesis.

In some mechanical fashion, he managed to find his way back to the King's Warehouse, where his warrant was merely initialed by the clerk, who then directed him once more to the Express Department of the Customs to make the examination.

Whether the contents were gold from Ophir or beer from Milwaukee, Grigson was in no condition to tell. He had a wild, haunted look and tottered in his gait. His appearance was a hybrid one, partaking of lunacy and senility.

He sank down upon a chair in a state of collapse. He wondered why the clerks around him did not send for a doctor. But they thought he was merely intoxicated, and coldly reminded him that he must go back to the "Long Room" and make a customs entry for the parcel, which was carefully tied up again and taken away from him.

Outside the door, he totally forgot where the "Long Room" was. He had desperate thoughts of playing off as a blind man, and offering a small boy a dollar to lead him to it. However, he pulled himself together and oscillated up Yonge Street.

An old joke came to his rescue. He remembered that the disastrous fire which devastated Front Street did not cross Yonge because it could not pass the Customs. Yes, now he remembered the "Long Room" was in that building upon the corner of Yonge and Front. He wobbled up the steps and fell inside the door.

Then he crawled up to the clerk and tried to

explain. The words would not come, so he took out his pencil and tried to write them.

The clerk mistook him for a lead-pencil vendor, and yelled savagely that he "didn't want any to-day."

This frightened Grigson into a state of trembling volubility and pseudo-self-command, and the clerk soon learned in the choicest of English that the dangerous-looking gentleman wanted to make a customs entry, and make it quick.

"Have you the necessary papers upon which to make the entry?" was the next query.

Grigson smiled an insane, glittering smile, and said that he rejoiced exceedingly to say that he had not.

"Well, we do not supply them here. You will have to go out to a stationery store and purchase the documents to—"

At this point, I firmly believe Grigson was about to commit hara-kiri, but kind hands were laid on him and his desperate impulse was frustrated. A crowd gathered around him.

When he was calmed down a little, they began to reason with him, and finally persuaded him that he didn't want to make any old customs entry—not he.

One jolly fellow slapped him hard on the back, saying, "You're alright-alright, old chap! But don't you think you'd better be gettin' home."

Another person said it was a shame to see such a nice little man drunk, and so early in the day, too.

A third said that the man was certainly clean crazy, and that it was their duty to hold him and telephone for the police.

However, Grigson managed to get outside the building, although followed closely by the crowd. Then, he determined to get away from them, and to this end suddenly started up Yonge Street at a tempo that might be termed, *Allegro molto e furioso*. The pack came in full cry behind.

But the fleetest steeds of Arabia could not have competed with Grigson just then. The spirit of his bye-gone college days seemed to pass into him, and with a cry "Rah for Varsity" he neatly dodged two policemen, upset a banana-stand and knocked down several old ladies, in true farcical style, and finally rushed panting, perspiring, hatless, and mud-bespattered into the Bank of Montreal, and fell on his knees before Mrs. Caswall.

It is here, gentle reader, that we shall draw the time-honored veil over the scene. But the old curtain has done duty for so long that you may be able to discern through one of the peep-holes of the rotting fabric that Mrs. Caswall did not fail to box the ears of Henry Grigson, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., etc., in true old-fashioned motherly style.

Later on, when the relations between the pair became somewhat less strained, Mrs. Caswall condescended to explain, that she merely expected Henry to leave the card at the Express Office and request the clerk to get a Customs broker to look after the matter for her.

Grigson, since that time, has been experimenting with a chemical compound which is guaranteed to restore hair to its pristine hue. But there are yet many "silver threads among the gold" as the result of that baleful morning's dire work.

Edmund Hardy. D.V.