

church on the American side of the road, while the preacher's house and the grave yard were in Canada.

At a point of the road, the highway curved, and the International line bisected a large barn, diagonally. In the nearest Canadian town, hay was selling that day at \$12 per ton, while in the adjacent United States town it was worth \$18. The barn in question was full of hay. It occurred to me that the owner of that barn would require a good deal of spiritual grace to prevent him shifting a little of the hay from one side of the barn to the other.

At another point, the line ran exactly up the centre of the road. I asked myself the question "supposing a crime (such as murder) were committed on that road; who would have jurisdiction to try it—Canada or the United States?"

Speaking of smuggling, a custom officer told me that women were the great transgressors in this respect. He said that a lady who would scorn to do some of the things which "mere men" were guilty of, such as swearing, drinking, or gambling, would think nothing of concealing dutiable goods in the numerous folds of her gown and thus get them across the line. His verdict was that they were all "free traders."

Arriving at an hotel in a town of 2,000 persons, I observed a notice in my room, as follows: "All noise, and other games, must be quiet after 11 p.f."

One night some commercial travellers spilled a lot of tacks on the floor of the halls. The penurious proprietor ambled round in his bare feet about 11 o'clock (to see if the lights were put out) and his language when he trod on the tacks was most edifying—to say the least.

Many persons whom I met were anxious to know my business. One man asked me if I were a priest. Another suggested that I was "buying lambs." I assured them both that I was neither in quest of lambs, spirit-

ual or temporal; but beyond that maintained a discreet silence.

To show how small the world is, I may say that in one small town I met, in one afternoon no less than three old boyhood acquaintances, none of whom I had seen for a dozen years. One was a preacher; the second was travelling for a whiskey house and the third was endeavoring to sell dynamite to the contractors of a new railway. Each in his way was more or less mixed up with 'fire.' When we four got together in the hotel and began to recount old incidents it was very amusing.

I shall 'infect' some more wandering on you in my next.

Yours truly,

"VAGRANT."

THE BLESSING OF TOIL.

Thank the kind unkind fate that forces you to toil. Unyielding need has booted many a man into success—wealth—fame.

Gaunt necessity has wrung undreamed of results from many a brain; the thorn-pricks of need have energized many a hand; the perilous climb makes sure the foot.

The primrose path ne'er made a man; adversity oft has made the slave a king.

The thinker's brain, the athlete's arm, the master's power are yours — are you but forced to toil.

Thank fate for the pressing need—the relentless urge—the toilsome way—that gives you power.

Kind is the fate that makes WORK your lot.

—*Business Magazine.*

"Much business this morning?" said a chemist to his assistant. "Yes, sir," replied the man. "There's been six old women in to look at the directory, I've obliged eight people with postage stamps, and I've changed a sovereign!"