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themselves, so long as the regular quota in each was not exceeded, and they applied for a transfer order at his desk. Soon he was flooded with applications for change to the widow's boarding-house, and, upon enquiry, was informed that it was the most quiet and orderly of any, while the meals in variety and cooking were what Delmonico's was to ordinary eating establishments.

The requisitions for supplies for that "number" contained some items not on the ordinary list, but were honoured after due consideration. Soon rumours of a new style of hash served up once a week at the widow's floated about the location, and even foremen called for transient meal tickets to try it, and envied were the men who held vested rights as regular inmates there.

The end of the month, with its tabulated statements, came round, when the figures indicated that the most economical and satisfactory results were from the widow's house. The second month confirmed such conclusion, when her rate of payment rose to the head of the list and continued there to the end of the work, netting her a very nice monthly income. She confidentially explained to the steward that the result was due largely to that famous hash, which, by being sweetened with maple sugar and flavoured with spices, enabled her to use the last scrap of every kind of food material on her premises without cloying the men's appetites.

She did not call for her monthly pay until the cashier entered a complaint against her that he could not close his monthly accounts according to rule. Word from me to call at the office brought her there in Sunday attire, including her before-described full dress hat. When the rule was explained that she must regularly draw her money, she complied, but only to bring it to me, to request me to personally care for it during her term of employment.

An amusing scene took place weekly. The widow was a regular attendant Sundays at the Roman Catholic missionary church some distance away, when she might be seen wending her way thitherward with her overshadowing perennial hat, only equalled in tinge of red by her own cheeks and those of her three girls walking de-

purely by her side. At a respectful distance behind her would follow a platoon of a score, more or less, of men, dressed in the height of canal fashions and all animated by evident intentions not to be far from her when inside the church, while the crowds outside the edifice formed in ranks to let her pass through, with special marks of consideration. Not a breath was heard against her, maintaining respect from all, and woe would have betided the man who had been reported to the fifty brawny Irishmen in her "number," as molesting her in any way.

One day, after the widow's reputation had become quite established, she, with her headgear in position, called on me in the same room as before, to confide to me that she had been asked to marry by not a few of the men, and of them all she thought most favourably of Patrick Flynn, who had been selected as caretaker for her in the first instance, but, after pondering well on the subject, when she had almost said yes, the memory of her dear departed husband, with his good character so well certified to, came over her, and she had told Patrick, like all her suitors, once and for always, that she would never be known otherwise than as the widow of Michael Phelan. Again came the tears as a tribute to his memory, with the remark that in case I heard she was to be married I would know to the contrary, in advance.

The widow dropped in very quietly at my office at a later date, and when energetic measures were taken which nipped in the bud an impending strike, many were the surmises where I had obtained the information upon which to act. Its value to my principals, under circumstances too intricate to be detailed here, could hardly be over-estimated.

But the time arrived when the last gang of workmen were finally paid off, and a settlement of the widow's account showed over \$600 to her credit. When handing it to her, I said, "No doubt you will take this snug sum and return to Montreal and open a nice boarding-house?"

"Oh, no," said she, "when this canal is opened, business must go to the other end of the lake, and I am going with it to a place they call Superior City, and have engaged my passage by the next boat!" All that I had to