

When the Dawn Breaks and the Shadows Flee.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

NUMBER 21 Avenue Sainte Jeanne d'Arc has nothing characteristic about its architecture which distinguishes it from its neighbors, numbers 19 and 23, on either side, or, indeed, from any of the other houses in the block of ten, numbered from 13 to 31, which adorns the locality. In the opinion of its proud and fortunate owner—who is also its architect and working-builder—the block is a triumph of art and an achievement of finance, making possible the possession in miniature of castellated luxury for the modest rent of fifteen dollars a month. It has plate-glass panes in its oak-grained hall doors, and its fronts are solid limestone, topped with galvanized iron cornice fashioned with embrasured openings along the whole terrace and finished off at either end, and in the centre, with an extra foot or two of turret all painted to match the color of the stone! What matter, then, if the houses squat close to the ground—of which each covers but fifteen feet of frontage and about twenty-five in depth, and aspires to a towering of but a short storey and a half—are they not all "self-contained" in every sense of the word, and have they not the undoubted right to flaunt their superiority in the faces of the mere brick and wood-embellished tenements which occupy the corresponding lot across the way, and command but twelve dollars monthly?

The Avenue is one of the tentacles of the civic octopus which is slowly stretching its whelming arms over the surrounding country, gathering field and farm into its