CH

ing a basket of apples, of which had sold almost all, and but few ned. Over her shoulder she held k of chips, which she had prob- gathered at some new building. was now taking home. The sack vidently tired her, for she stop- o shift it to the other shoulder. out the apple basket on a post, ed the sack on the footpath, and to shake the chips together. le she was doing this, a boy in ged cap rushed up to the basket, an apple, and made off as fast could. The old woman saw him, round, and caught him by the The boy struggled to get free he woman held fast with both , and at least she knocked off his nd caught him by the hair. The screamed and the woman scolded. tin did not even wait to stick his nto the table; he threw every- on the floor, ran out and stumbl- the steps, dropping his specta- s he did so. When he got into treet, the old woman was boxing oy's ears and swearing and tening to give him to a police- and the boy was struggling and ming. "I didn't take it. What ou hitting me for? Let me go." rtin ran in between and separat- em; then he took the boy by the and cried, "Let him go, little r; forgive him for Christ's sake." forgive him so that he won't it till next spring! I'll take o the police, the rascal!" tin tried again to pacify the old n.

him go, little mother; he won't again. Let him go for Christ's

old woman let go; the boy tried away, but Martin held him

k the little mother's pardon," he "and don't do it again. I saw ake it."

boy began to cry, and asked the man's pardon.

at's all right. And now here's ple for you. Take it," and Mar- ok an apple from the basket and t to the boy. "I'll pay you, little r," he said to the woman. u'll spoil him like that, the ras- said the woman. "He ought to warded so that he couldn't sit for a week."

ah, little mother," said Martin, may be right in your eyes, but d's sight it is not right. If he be thrashed for taking an apple, must be done to us for our

old woman was silent.

Martin told her the parable the king who pardoned one who him a large sum, and how the then went and persecuted a who owed him a little sum. The n listened, and the boy also still and listened.

d bids us forgive," said the old r, "else we should not be for- Every one must be pardoned, specially children, who have no standing." The old woman shook ead and sighed.

s," she said, "that is all very , but they've got a dreadfully

en it is for us old people to them better," said Martin.

at is what I say," answered the oman. "I had seven children, ly one daughter's left now." she began to tell him how she with her daughter, and how grandchildren she had. "I very little strength left now, ill I toil on. I am fond of the en, too. No one loves me as as they do. Annie will not leave hen I am at home. It is always imother," "dear grandmother, ng grannie," '—and the old wo- was quite overcome.

course, she said, looking at the "he is only a child, God bless

tried to lift the sack to her der, but the boy ran up and

t me carry it, little mother; I oing your way."

old woman shook her head, et him take the sack.

y went down the street together, he woman even forgot to ask n to pay for the apple. Martin nzing at them for a long time, istening as they went along g to each other.

en they were quite out of sight, nt indoors, found his spectacles e steps, where they lay unbroken, t up his awl, and again sat down rk. But soon it grew dark, and uld no longer put the thread into les; then he saw the lamplighter oy to light the lamps in the , and he thought, "I suppose it be time to light up."

he trimmed the lamp, hung it up, ontinued his work.

sently he finished the boot he een sewing. He turned it round, d at it, and saw that it was well So he put away the tools, swept e clippings, gathered together his s and awls and leather, took the lamp and placed it on the

n he took the Gospels from the and tried to open them at the he had marked the evening be- with a strap of leather, but they d at another place. Then Mar- ddenly remembered his dream of ight before, and he had hardly ected it when he seemed to hear se behind him, footsteps in the He turned and looked. In the corner people seemed to be ng—dim forms he could hardly out.

a voice whispered in his ear, in, Martin! Don't you know

o is it?" said Martin.

s I," said the voice.

the form of Stephen came out the dark corner, smiled, and van- like a cloud; and there was no here.

d this is I," said the voice again, he old woman and the boy ap- , smiled and vanished.

tin's soul was filled with glad- He crossed himself, put on his oles, and began to read just the book had opened. At the ning of the page he read:

as an hungered, and ye gave me I was thirsty and ye gave me I was a stranger, and ye took "

at the bottom of the page he

smuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ve done it unto me."

Martin understood that his had not deceived him, that had indeed come to him that nd that he had indeed welcomed

Dr. Grenfell Afloat—His Wonderful Work

By Wilfrid Grenfell, in Halifax Chronicle

Once again we are running down the "Labrabor," Northward Ho, in company with as fine a fleet of schooners and as gallant a crowd of British seamen as ever piloted their hazardous calling in Atlantic waters. The whole world is just below the horizon and these "fishing grounds" are all in all to us just at present. The season is "won'erful late" here. Bulks of snow still reach to the landwash in all the shady parts. The caplin, a bait fish which usually reaches the rocks in June, calling in the big codfish from the deep water, are later than I have ever known them before—certainly three weeks behind time. When we made our first trip to the Gulf of St. Lawrence late in June there was hardly a fish ashore all the whole length of the Straits of Belle Isle. Anxious hearts, indeed, they were that everywhere sought to know "the news of fish." Only a few had been taken in deep water, and what could be the meaning of it? It seemed to us the meaning was plain enough. The late ice was keeping the water so cold that the fish could not, if they would, come in to less than 30 to 40 fathoms. As we were not taking the temperatures at the bottom, we cannot say for certain now, but the use of self-registering deep sea thermometers should save much anxiety and much loss of time.

Our late superintendent of fisheries, Mr. Adolph Neilson an exceedingly talented Norwegian, told me that in Norway the fishermen regularly employed these inexpensive instruments, for they knew that below 34 degrees codfish will not feed, and below 32 degrees they cannot live, and so must move on. On our return we were glad to hear they had not only "struck in in places," but that the hook and liners were doing "all they wanted," and the fish in places were in larger quantities than even our older fisherfolk had ever known.

Often we are asked, "Why don't you induce people to leave Labrador and seek more remunerative industries in other countries at hand, such as the northwest?" The answer is there are more fishermen on our coast this year than for many years past, more than I have ever known—more schooners built, more fishing schooners purchased and added to our fleets from the declining Nova Scotia and Gloucester fisheries. There is something attractive as well as remunerative to the Anglo Saxon genius in deep sea fishing and its wild, open life—distant may the day be when our race ceases to be imperial on the high seas, and prefers to deserve the title of a race of shopkeepers. Yet there are many submerged families we would move, if we could afford to do so. However, we are glad that at present everything promises good prices for our "staple," and no more eager crowd ever haunted the Casino gambling tables than are now seeking their fortunes out of these reluctant latitudes. For over 40 years the same game has been played over here—times and fashions and tastes have changed, but the demand for this particular denizen of the deep only increases, and the career of Labrador codfish is apt to be just as exciting in 1907 as ever it was when hunted by the Basques and French four centuries ago. There are high taxes, however, put on our fish, both in Europe and America, and as it is the food of the poorer classes, this is especially hard, and justifies the cartoon of the codfish dangling well out of reach of the poor man standing on tiptoe below it, but easily reached by the priests and squires.

A Dentist, Not a Bishop.

In the evening a boat crowded with men and women came alongside—they had rowed for some three miles across the bay, where they lived. They had seen our flags and had mistaken us for the bishop of Newfoundland, who was said to be cruising in White Bay. They had gathered a crowd to come and be confirmed. I was much flattered, and they much disappointed. All I could do for them was to take out a few of their teeth!

Two of the chief nurses of the famous John Hopkins Hospital, having volunteered for a summer's service, we allotted each one hundred miles of coast, with headquarters at the biggest settlement. Both have been doing admirable work along hygienic and truly Christian lines. One had been directing the installment of such homely things as drains, for she found much trouble accruing from the habit of taking the drinking water from the stagnant pools behind the houses. Indeed, I had to learn how well nurses can handle spades themselves. I now put no limits to their attainments. Besides performing a host of kindly and invaluable acts of thus teaching, helping and nursing one nurse had just seen a poor lad with meningitis (tubercular of course) through his last illness. Yet the poor father told me in a flood of tears, "Thank God for the nurse. What would we have done without her?" This nurse, through pressure of work I had removed to one of our hospitals. At one cottage in her district a little later I found it necessary to advise operation for removal of adenoid growths and tonsils in a child. To my great amusement and no little satisfaction, the mother replied she did not "know how she could have it done without a nurse." Vistas of the past, when myself and odd members of my small crew had so many times formed the whole talent at operations of much more importance, ran before my eyes.

So well fitted had these nurses come, that we were ungallant enough to trespass upon their supplies—for Labrador does not abound in pharmacies, and at our last case we had scarcely been able to finish for lack of ether.

A Derelict.

We picked up in this district also another derelict to our orphanage. The father being of the tribe who can only work under orders, like a private soldier, was quite incapable of supplying his own initiative. So the family had drifted into hopeless poverty and squalor. The mother was blind from scrofulous ulceration of the eye surface. Two naked half-starved boys were ranging the landwash. A tiny ricketty baby girl was moaning piteously from want of nourishment. They had lost two boys since last I saw them, presumably from lack of nourishing food. The help they had had from ourselves and the government, had only left them again almost as destitute as primeval man, only without his capacity to prey on dinosaurs for dinner with the natural rock weapons which nature affords so abundantly here. The mother we took to the hospital, the girl baby we handed to the care of our cooperative storekeeper to be "washed" according to Mr. Dick's famous advice. The man and eldest boy we fitted out to go fishing. It is a simple process. One barrel of flour, two gallons of molasses, one tub of oleo, a little tea, and as a luxury, some fat pork, three dollars' worth of oilskins, some boots, lines and hooks, a drop of tar and piece of oakum for his only available old punt, and a dive into our old clothes bag. The last member of his family, we "lugged un orf" to the Orphan House. Hope once more lit up our poor friend's features with his new outfit and when he returned from the westward trip we had the great joy of hearing he had ten quintals of fish. If he goes on at that pace, by the time the season ends he "won't want ne'er a bit for the winter."

The Doctor's Winter Work.

Our western hospital is now nearly finished. We carried down some painters and a couple of fishing carpenters. Our own folk are too busy with fish to help at this time of year, and we want to get into it before winter. The wind being strong ahead we are punching for a hundred miles into the short steep seas the gulf knows so well how to afford, and a more unlikely looking crew than our "finishers" appeared after the first two hours it is difficult to imagine. For the Strathcona sits low in the water, and is a wet boat under the circumstances, and like riding bicycles, one's confidence only comes with experience. The doctor's winter journeys from this base had been somewhat curtailed by shortness of dog food. Also he lost several good dogs, especially one early in the season. This dog broke into a stove and gorged on salt meat. The result was an inordinate thirst, tension, and subsequent death. Despite that fact, the doctor had covered 182 miles in three consecutive days, and he had kept up our reputation, so I had nothing to say against him. As his wood came from ten miles to the east and his dog food from fifty miles to the west, his team had little rest even in slack times, between long trips.

Here we lay for Sunday, and in the evening, as it was calm and warm, all the fisherfolk, almost to the latest baby, gathered on the rocks over the quiet harbor, and we had prayers in the open air. The glorious sunset behind the blue islands that form the harbor gave our auditorium the incomparable pomp of evening for a covering, and the fisherfolk in their picturesque garbs lent a setting which vividly recalled one's childhood visions of the scenes enacted around the Galilean lake. We had two cornets to lead the singing, and the sound of the stentorian voices that pealed forth, in familiar melodies over the still sea below was by no means unpleasing to the ear. Before we had finished, the gleams of the northern lights were already enhancing with their unearthly rays the glories of the calm, sub-arctic night. Even the mosquitoes did not trouble us. These are the bane of the land lubber's life in Labrador. As Whitburn says in his log, their use in nature's economy is to keep the idle moving. He certainly might have added they serve to test the language control of the best of Christians. A well known doctor who is assisting me on the ship this summer has noticed that unlike the African culicide, they have their proboscis always straight out ahead, so that flying straight at you, he says they have the advantage over their kin of wasting no time sitting down and feeling around, and therefore do not risk being flicked of too soon. Indeed, I found him calculating the penetrating capacity.

A Talking Machine for the Natives.

For a rendezvous for last Sunday we ran into a little settlement very far removed from the notice of any visitors except a stray fishing schooner. The houses are perched on the edges of steep rocks which drop into very deep water, and to get anchorage we had to run right in under them and haul our stern in by cables passed around two rocky pillars. On Saturday night we all gathered in the generous parlor-kitchen of an old fisherman, a splendid white-haired old sea warrior. Having laboriously hauled our gramaphone and records up the cliff, we had the great pleasure of watching our friends listen to its wonders for the first time. At first, when on a record a bell suddenly sounded or a man's voice called out, the front row stiffened up unconsciously, exactly as when one first feels an electric shock. It is hard to see beyond that row in our little Labrador auditoriums. The second stage was marked by the entire first row facing about and grinning in a superior sort of way at the second, to see if they were sharing the emotions caused by the magic box and duly appreciated by them. Lastly familiarity began to breed enough contempt for the magician to permit them to beat time with heavy boots when the Coldstream Guards band played them a polka—which was greatly preferred to Caruso, Melba or Patti, who I should say would not get wealthy on our coast. Still Caruso's loudest notes had a familiar smack of the forepeak about them which appealed to the more musical amongst us.

"Galloping Consumption" and Why.

Some guides arrived next morning to carry us to see a sick woman a couple of miles further down the coast, where a few families lived in a cleft in the rocks which formed a harbor only for their small boats, the great part of the climb was really beautiful, for the narrow valley was filled with spruce, birches, and an occasional mountain ash, clad in all the fresh verdure of our spring. But round the settlement the whole countryside was one bleak wilderness, for "a man from the south'-ard" had a year or two ago been down to prospect, and amused himself in spare moments by watching the blazing bark of birch trees that he had fired. These he had left to spread or not, as for many square miles the blackened countryside looked an abomination of desolation. The inhabitants to escape had all to take to their boats and one family lost their house and everything in it. Three grown girls were gathering flowers on the hill as we walked along, and their keen eyes soon spied strangers coming in their direction. Whereupon, much to our amusement, they all took to their heels and skipped away down the mountain sides, like a herd of mountain goats that had winded one.

Nearer the settlement we came alongside a blue frocked lass, the hue of which resembled the flutter of color we had seen. From her I got the explanation: "Us didn't know who we was a coming." The woman lay in a tiny section screened off from the general room of the cottage, the case was "galloping consumption." The room was full of the results, as well as of odds and ends of the many useless articles that the poor so often cling to. The corner was also the repository for supplies, crockery, pans and even broken food on open dishes. The window did not open and the whole might well have served for either a dustheap or a "scullery." Yet the rest of the house showed evidence of tidiness and care, when the poor patient had been able to "mind things,' and the two unkempt children, whom the neighbors in the rush of the busiest part of the fishing season could scarcely find time to "see to," showed signs of having been well cared for not so long ago. If a pirate or any visible desperado did one hundredth of the damage the unseen bacillus does, every soul would volunteer for service against him, whatever sacrifice it might cost. Why is it that, not only in religion, so many respond to conviction by the eye rather than by the ear? Is it really less liable to error? I doubt it. Is the devotee of ornate ritual a more practical foe to sin than the Quaker or the Puritan? I doubt that also. But this mission is interdenominational, and no method must go untried.

The fleets have not altogether escaped losses, as might be expected. The ice has accounted already for at least two good vessels. One, the Loraine, a French vessel, was crushed between the huge masses of ice and sank so rapidly that the crew of eighteen men had only just time to escape in their dories, to be picked up eight hours later by another schooner. The rapid currents in the Strand raise nasty overfalls when the tide changes and runs against the wind. Thus every year claims some victims from our number. One young friend had fitted out for the fishing a little schooner this year with his cousin on a first venture. They were out together in a dory hauling their trawl or long line last week, when a cross sea caught her under the counter and over she went. Both held on for a moment, and then one let go. The other, in the water though he was reached, the trawl buoy to which he was himself clinging, over to his friend, but he failed to get him to take hold. Later, he was himself found clinging unconscious to it, and was rescued by another passing dory. He told us he wakes up suddenly now and sees the capsized dory and the whole scene passes before his eyes. Two other poor fellows were running their dory in through the narrow entrance to the harbor in which their vessel lay, when a curling sea flung her upside down, and this polar ocean claimed another victim towards the tribute it exacts as the real price of fish.

Of late our own work has kept us very busy, even medical and surgical ailments on this long coast, where no proper help is forthcoming, share with the codfish the peculiarity of the recurring decimal. Fortunately for the young American volunteer surgeon at St. Anthony, where we have one of our little hospitals, we ran in from sea in the little mission steamer, just before the arrival of the mail boat. For she landed so many patients, gathered on her way down, that besides filling the spare beds, two enjoyed open air treatment on the veranda and two the floor of the convalescent room, while our little hospital on board took the convalescents waiting her return visit to get to their homes to the south of us. These people are learning that deformities like club feet can be cured, and need not leave a man useless as a sailor for life; that incapacitating accidents like hernias, caused by hauling in heavy net anchors in the bent position, etc., are amenable to modern surgical methods even in Labrador. These and similar cases we welcome, for we can see results for our labor, which lack of knowledge or conservative lack of faith in modern scientific methods can't impeach.

It is medicine, and especially preventative medicine, that makes the peropatetic physician feel like a man on the treadmill. One can afford to laugh at the faith which cures a stye in the eye with the touch of a gold wedding ring on nine consecutive days. Styes don't last so very much longer, anyhow, after the painful stage is reached. One can laugh at a potato, such as I saw yesterday, solemnly sewn in canvas and slung around a man's neck for rheumatism. Even a quid of tobacco wadded tightly in a gaping cut might be allowed to pass, and I verily believe a man who had shot his hand to pieces by his gun going off while he was loading the other barrel saved himself from bleeding to death by plunging it into his flour barrel. Certainly it was a trouble forty-eight hours after to clean the wound, but there was nothing wicked about the procedure. But what can even a medical missionary say for a prayer meeting held in a tiny room crammed to the doors, with every window and vent tightly shut and everyone spitting till in the vitiated atmosphere women are fainting and men are pouring with perspiration from every pore. After years of work, it is heart breaking to watch the ritual still observed when the trouble is a "cough." The patient is coddled in hot, airless, sputum-infected rooms and cabins; then possibly a few bottles of "beef, iron and wine" from a trader, and in the end always the empty seat. There is no man harder to persuade than a sailor to open the window a few inches. There is no making him see that they may mean drawing his foot back many years from the graveyard. Despising hygiene of all sorts, even when the disease is well established, the victim is satisfied to suck all his hope from the mouth of an old patent medicine bottle.

This question must leave the doctor's domain and become a social one here as elsewhere—as a travelling priest who joined us yesterday to get north on his parochial rounds is even now sitting on the rail pouring over our "New Cattechism"—a series of questions and answers, not relating so much to "Who gave me my name," but "What must I do if anyone spits on the floor?" My friend on the rail, I am glad to say, has become enthusiastic, and is going to add this sermonette to the church teaching in his schools. I have a similar promise from the travelling Methodist ministers, and from our neighboring Episcopalian missionary, who lives about seventy miles to the west of us, so the infection seems to be spreading nicely.

A few mornings ago I spent with a fisherman building an open-air shelter for his boy. The sunny side of his cottage served as a back, and some of the punt's sails with some unbleached calico made excellent roofing. We like the showiness of these sermons. Not a few minds are more practically impressed by what they see at a service. My hunting tent is also on loan to a consumptive—somehow it seems a more dignified use to put it to, in an effort to save rather than destroy animal life. Still it has been an agent in obtaining the wherewithal to bring light to famished eyes on more than one occasion.

An Old Favor Returned.

We had "brought up" in a harbor in which we hoped to build a small open air consumptive shelter as a centre for some two hundred miles of coast. The plan was made possible by a strange coincidence. While travelling last winter in America I was the guest of an elderly man. To my intense surprise he suddenly said: "For over forty years I have been anxious to do something for Labrador, in fact, to discharge a debt, and, I will tell you why. I fought as a Union soldier through the War of the Rebellion, and was wounded before Gettysburg. Recovery was slow, and convalescence so protracted I was ordered to take a voyage to sea. So I found a fine Gloucester fishing schooner going to the Labrador fishery and secured a berth aboard her. We anchored in a spacious harbor called Bonne Esperance and started fishing, and, having nothing to do, I wandered about ashore. One day I walked as far as Belles Amour and spent the night. I had long before discovered the crew were all Confederates in sympathy, but I was surprised and dismayed on returning next day to find they had calmly sailed away and left me. They had gone east and were certain to put in and try for fish somewhere along the straits. I had nothing with me, but what I stood up in, every cent I owned was aboard, and I felt I must overtake her if there were any way possible, so I started off and ran along the hillsides. There is no fore shore, the water being deep to the cliffs. For several days I kept at it. I had no money, no food, and no spare clothes. And one day I had to wade and swim five ice cold rivers. Ragged and destitute as I was, I could scarcely expect anyone to believe I was a gentleman taking a holiday. But it taught me one great lesson of the kindness and generosity of the poor. I was housed, I was fed, I was dried, I was clothed, for one morning, starting off against wind and cold and sleety rain, my host of the night actually gave me his own oil coat and trousers, a valuable possession to poor fisher folk in Labrador. It so fell out that on reaching Red Bay, to my infinite joy I saw my schooner. She had struck a rock while entering the harbor and had her forefoot now hauled up for reparing. My former companions expressed neither pleasure nor surprise at my reappearance amongst them, though they must have known I had not come that long journey on an electric car, I never had a chance to pay back the kindness of these people. I should like to do some useful thing for their children." I promised to let him know.

Some Who Need A More Favorable Environment.

It is evening and we are even now running on to catch the mail steamer, so I must close. At 4 a. m. today we took in tow the large barge and left for an island to take in trees cut for firewood last winter. On the way we called at a whaling factory, and sent on for operation, a man with appendicitis. On the way we had visited a tiny cove to see a sick child. The father had been out fishing since 1 a. m., when I arrived, and no one was astirring. The child, a boy of seven, with meningitis (tubercular, of course) was lying staring into vacancy. The lamp lit overnight, was still alight on the table, and the mother was asleep in her clothes on the hard floor. In a corner on some rags was a bundle, which proved to be two little girls asleep. The small kitchen was neglected and poor, and the remains of dry bread and molasses on the table, with a bit of cold codfish showed where the head of the house had made the meal that was to prepare him for a day's work. He was fishing single handed with hook and line. To make matters worse, the poor woman was expecting an addition to the family. She roused from her heavy sleep to find the doctor, clad in oilskins and sea boots, making a cursory inspection of the laddie. It was pathetic to see her trying to feed him on "soft bread." "It's all us can reach to just now, 'cos Tim's bad off after last poor summer." We sent the medicine, which was invalid food, in bottles and cans, to be taken four times a day at first, and after that, unless we saw him again, at regular meal times. They would have more faith in that way. This is the kind of family we would like to be able to place in "a more favorable environment."

Men born equal? That is rot.
Leastwise, friend, in size they're not;
The man who gets the blackest eyes
Gets them 'cause he's undersize.

The New Canadian Meat Inspection Regulations

Ottawa, Aug. 26.—Regulations governing the inspection of Canadian meats, based upon the meats and canned foods law of the past session have been approved by order-in-council, and are to be brought into force on Sept. 3. They contain, as the minister of agriculture promised, most stringent measures to guard the export trade in Canadian food products against even the suspicion of those who purchase the goods. The inspection of the packing houses will follow the several stages in the process of manufacture from the time that the animal is slaughtered to the time that the sealed tin leaves the factory, and severe penalties are provided for the punishment of any who attempt to evade or to defy the wishes of the Canadian parliament in this important matter. The meats and canned foods law of last session was one of the most fully discussed and considered items of legislation of the whole session and laid down the main lines on which the regulations for the inspection of these products are based. These regulations follow, broadly speaking, those which are in force in the United States, but will, it is hoped, be somewhat simpler in their enforcement.

Appointments will be announced at once of the individuals, forty in number, who have been chosen as inspectors to enforce this law. These men have already been given a special course of training so as to fit them for the work they have to do, and if the instructions are fully observed, it is difficult to see how anything of an injurious nature can escape detection at their hands. The health of the animals must be passed upon by competent authorities before the animals are slaughtered. The carcases of those affected with tuberculosis or other dangerous disease must be condemned and destroyed. The carcase which is not fit for acceptance as meat, but which is suitable for rendering into tallow or lard, may be passed for these latter purposes. But provision is made for all carcases or portions so marked must be cooked by steam for not less than four hours.

The regulations allow of the holding of animals or of carcases as to the condition of which the inspector may not be fully satisfied. The keys of the suspect pen and of the condemned pen in all packing houses will be in the hands of the government inspector. The latter must be provided also with all necessary accommodation on the premises for the prosecution of the duties with which he is entrusted. The stamp of the Canadian government inspection will be a crown with the words "Canada, approved." Care is also to be taken by the steamship and the railway companies that they do not carry for export any of these food products subject to government inspection which do not bear the authorized certificate of purity. The shipper, also, in all such cases will be required to provide a certificate that the goods he is exporting from Canada have been duly inspected and stamped.

The regulations provide in part that:

"All establishments having inspection shall be suitably lighted and ventilated. All appliances, such as tables, trucks, vats, machines, containers, etc., must be kept clean and sanitary. All steps in the course of production shall be carried on carefully and with strict cleanliness, and under the supervision of an inspector. Rooms in which carcases, parts, or products thereof, are prepared, shall be frequently whitewashed or painted, and shall contain facilities for cleansing all equipment. Employees of the establishment engaged in handling foods must be free from tuberculosis or other communicable diseases, and must observe such general rules as to sanitation as may be deemed necessary by the inspector in charge. No carcases or parts thereof entering into the production of food, shall be allowed to come in contact with anything that will contaminate or deteriorate them.

"The yards and pens belonging to, or used in connection with, any establishment shall be maintained in a clean, comfortable and sanitary condition, and shall not be used for the fattening of swine or other animals, nor shall any offal or other refuse from the establishment be utilized for feeding purposes. Inspectors in charge of each establishment will suggest to the manager or owner any needed changes in the sanitary conditions, and will be required to report weekly to the veterinary director-general as to the general observance of this section. Inspectors are authorized to refuse inspection if sanitary conditions are not observed.

"All portions or products of carcases, prepared for food and packed in cans, or similar receptacles, or in any package, shall be subject to inspection during the whole course of preparation and packing; and all such cans or receptacles shall be marked, unless otherwise ordered by the governor-in-council, with:

"(a) The initials of the Christian names, the full surname, and the address, or, in case of a firm or corporation, the firm or corporate name and address, of the packer:

"(b) A true and correct description of the contents of the package. No can, receptacle, or package subject to inspection shall be marked with anything which falsely represents the quantity, weight, contents, or date when contents of same were marked.

"These requirements shall be embodied upon a trade label, duly approved by the minister, having thereon in addition to the crown and the name and address of packer and description of contents, the crown and the words "Canada, Approved," and the number of the establishment.

"No carcase, or portions thereof, other than those bearing the words "Canada, Approved," and which have passed inspection as fit for human consumption, will be allowed to enter any of the establishments in which inspection is maintained. Carcases, portions, or products thereof, shipped from the United States and marked "United States Inspected and Passed," will be so admitted, but to guard against possible deterioration, they must be reinspected in this country. The same condition is attached to meats imported from any other country.

Sausages, canned meats, and portions intended for cure, shall be prepared only from carcases or portions which have been marked "Canada, Approved," and which on reinspection are found fit for food. Their preparation and packing shall be supervised by an inspector, who must not allow the use of any fixture, appliance or receptacle to be used in the production of food products unless the same is clean and sanitary. No food product shall contain any deleterious substance, drug, dye or preservative.

In the first clause of the regulations it is provided that the word carcase is to include cattle, swine, sheep, goats and poultry. The law is made applicable to all abattoirs and packing houses in which the foregoing meats are prepared for sale beyond the limits of Canada or of the particular province in which the packing house is situated. In other words, the law applied to interprovincial and to export trade in these products. The regulations in question will not apply to establishments in which fish, fruit or vegetables are prepared for food for export. Although these latter are not subjected to the same rigorous oversight as the meat products it is distinctly stipulated, however, in the Meats and Canned Foods Act of last session that all goods of this class prepared for export must be sound, wholesome and fit for food, and that all others will be subject to confiscation and destruction.

The World-Renowned Royal Irish Constabulary

The following article from the pen of Katharine Tynnan, appearing in the Daily Mail, gives the following somewhat amusing account of that world-renowned force, the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The Royal Irish Constabulary, of whom there are some ten thousand—it used to be thirteen thousand till the days of Mr. Wyndham's retrenchment—policing the peaceful Irish villages, are physically a magnificent body.

They are beautiful to look at, farmers' sons to a man, brought up to pure air and simple living, sound, wholesome, not a taint in them from head to foot, and six feet odd of them every man. I saw a detachment of them last year at the Kingsbridge station on a very hot day. They were carrying their great coats rolled about their bodies, a stupid cruelty on such a day. They were sweating profusely, and must have been most uncomfortable, but they were beamingly amiable. As one caught the soft smile and heard the soft brogue, one's heart warmed to them. "Kindly Irish of the Irish," they were uncommonly good to look at.

Of the Olympians

The Dublin Metropolitan policeman is the most Olympian of mankind. He occasionally soars to seven feet or more, and he is broad in proportion. He awes by his size, like St. Peter's at Rome. When he makes a pretence of directing the traffic he stands in the middle of the road, and even in Horse Show week the two tides of traffic are obliged to part and take either side of him. He suggests that collision might be disastrous—for the thing that collided with him. But he is not amiable. One has to go round the corner to enjoy the laughter the first sight of him after an absence provokes. He respects the law as exemplified in himself.

With this country brother of the R. I. C., the case is different. Personally, I have never found them anything but extremely amiable, even when they come riding a bicycle behind you on the footpath and ask you if you wouldn't mind, miss, if you plaze, stepping into the road and letting me go by."

There is just one thing to be considered about them: they are soft, as to physical condition. A little less flesh and a little more muscle would be vastly in their favor as a military force. They have absolutely nothing to do, except to take walks and make love to the girls. Every ragged village of a couple of score of inhabitants has a police barracks and three or four of these fine fellows. They make an oasis of their barracks in the slatternly villages. You shall know a police barracks by its spotless whitewash and its well kept garden. A little gardening, a little patrolling, just enough to keep them in health. I lived in Ireland for a quarter of a century midway between two police barracks, and I can't recall a single instance in which they did police work. I don't know if they still attend on the arrival of the trains at the railway stations in Ireland and scan the passengers with an absurd air of Fouche or Sherlock Holmes, or whether the custom has passed away with the troubled times. They must have been a cause of wonder and amusement in those days to the strangers within our gates.

Paradise for Dogs

They were very frequent visitors to a certain delightful farm house under the Dublin mountains which housed my happy girlhood. The decanter and glasses were always produced, and I can see now the gigantic figures and the amiable faces, can hear now the "Well, sir, here's health," which preluded the toss of the tumbler. They were occasionally there on police business. There were the "summonses" for the dogs being unmuzzled. They used to be blushing apologetic when they produced these, and full of sympathetic denunciation of a neighboring gentleman brought up in English ways whose unmuzzled dogs being a provocation to the unmuzzled ones caused the trouble. The bench of magistrates, who were our own personal friends, used to fine us 6d., with apologies. For years and years no one ever paid a dog license in that part of the country, and the dogs increased hugely in number. You should have heard us on the government when some busybody disturbed that happy state of affairs.

My father had a wide tract of land, and occassionally something or other disappeared and the police were sent for. They would pay several visits, two or three of them in a bunch, and the decanter would be produced on each occasion. The police never had any suggestions to make, although they were invariably sympathetic, and I don't know that any result ever came of their investigations. They used to have a chat, a glass of grog; perhaps they would visit the gardens, and go away with a few plants or cuttings. I don't think we ever expected any result; and I wonder now why we should have sent for them.

I remember once it was that the dairy door, leading to the farmyard, was forced every night and about two gallons of cream abstracted from the pans. No one noticed that contemporaneously a St. Bernard dog and a pet pony were waxing fat, till one morning, someone being up earlier than usual, they were caught red-handed.

Irresistible Cabbages

Another time, in a year of heavy frost over England and Scotland, cabbage being worth its weight in gold, we happened to possess a field of it, worth about £500. Every night a few heads were abstracted. The police paid us numerous visits, scratched their handsome heads in bewilderment, drank many glasses of grog and we got no nearer to discovering the thief or thieves. My sister and myself happened to be out in a twilight of dense, dripping fog. One saw nothing till one was close to it, and then men showed themselves as trees walking. There was hardly any one abroad but ourselves. Suddenly there loomed through the fog three gigantic figures—too late for flight. They were the police sergeant and two constables, and their arms were full of cabbages.

They stared and we stared. Then they burst into great roars of laughter. "For goodness sake don't tell your papa, ladies," said the sergeant. We all laughed, and my father laughed when he heard the story. We said nothing directly, being a sensitive as well as a humorous nation, but my father never could refrain from sly allusions to cabbage on the occasion of other domiciliary visits, which used to make the warriors choke into their glasses and wear a bashful grin for the rest of the visit.

I could tell twenty such stories, but at this moment the R. I. C. are presenting themselves in a serious aspect. Farmers' sons from the Midlands and south and west of Ireland, they are almost to a man Catholic and Nationalists. Their lives afford them abundant scope for reading the newspapers, and the police pensioner is very good material for a political firebrand. In the Land League days we used to wonder how long the R. I. C. would stand the evictions. Long, long ago we prophesied what is happening today, for the revolt of the R. I. C. has deeper roots than the discontent with the rate of payment. Read the telegrams of sympathy to Constable Barrett: "Sick of herding graziers' cattle," "The grabbers' herds are willing to assist you," and so on.

How will it end?

Ingenious Use of Photography

Before the days of books, parchments became so costly that economical scholars erased more or less perfectly what had been written, and used them a second time. In this manner some highly interesting and valuable manuscripts have been lost to the world. But in many cases the ancient characters are still faintly visible. Twice used manuscripts are called palimpsests, and many modern scholars have strained their eyes in the effort to decipher the original writing.

Of late years photography has been successfully applied in Germany for this work. The color of the faded ink of the older writing on a palimpsest is script. A photograph of such a manuscrapt was made through a yellow screen. The result was a negative on which the old writing was barely discernible, being a little darker than the background, while the later black writing was found to appear distinctly as white letters.

Next an ordinary negative on a bromide plate was made, and from this was produced a transparent positive on which both writings appeared dark and about equally distinct. Then the transparency was surperimposed on the first negative, so that the dark letters of the latter writing covered the light letters, representing the same writing in the negative. They were thus eliminated, being indistinguishably merged with the general dark background produced by the combination of positive and negative. But the earlier characters, since they were dark in both cases, appeared in the combination intensely black and distinct.