

of Western life are so vivid and so humorous. From living with the rough pioneers of the West and the lumber camps he has acquired much of their directness of speech and crispness of expression, and the stories he tells of his own ups and downs are rich in colour, with a touch of pathos. He says, in his quiet English voice, that makes you think he has never been in a less civilised place than a London drawing-room :

"It seems to me that I have been 'broke,' as it is called, in half the towns in the West. But I think my Vancouver experience was perhaps the funniest.

"I remember I had a room, payable weekly in advance, on—I forget the name of the street—a meal ticket with thirty cents still remaining on it, and ninety-five cents in money.

"In order to make the meal ticket last as long as possible, I was eating just one meal a day, and had been doing so for ten days. And meals, in a cheap Vancouver restaurant, one cannot conscientiously describe as luxurious.

"By the afternoon of the eleventh day (I always took my one meal in the afternoon), besides feeling hungry enough to eat my boots, I felt reckless. I decided to 'blow in' the last of the meal ticket on one meal, and did so. It wasn't much of a meal! When I left the restaurant, my worldly wealth consisted of exactly