

has the book out. The two men look through the glass at each other, the reader at the number of the book, the librarian at the number of the reader. A glance is thus all that is necessary on the part of the reader to know whether he can have a certain book or not, and on the part of the librarian to know exactly who has the said book. The men use their books freely. They are great readers, and generally get through a thousand or two volumes a month. Among the most respected members of the library, and the most constant and varied readers of the service, was the late engine driver, Mr. Birse, who plunged into the frozen river with his hand on the throttle of his engine during a recent terrible night of snow, to save his passengers from instant and certain death. All honour to his memory. How fondly and reverently the librarian talked of him! Here are dormitories and coffee for wearied drivers coming in at night, and there hot baths always at command. The Boating and Yachting Clubs are famous for their oarsmen and sailing. The Rifle Association carried off the Minister of Militia's cup last year.

The Fire Brigade system is composed of one hundred picked men, divided into companies of ten, each with its captain and lieutenant and drilling every week. Day and night one company is on duty in addition to the regular watchmen, and little does the outer world know

of the incipient disasters that are nipped in the bud by their watchfulness.

In the workshops of Toronto, Stratford, Port Huron, Portland, Goreham, London, for the repair and the manufacture of cars and locomotives, the same system of Reading-Room relaxation and exercise is carried out. Clubs in all branches of athletics, for summer and winter, practise and compete with each other, and the events are always among the most popular of the season. The name, G. T. R. Crew, is enough to inspire opponents with the necessity of putting their best foot forward, and their great stalwart arms, that swing so well the heavy hammer in the workshop, are as dainty in their aim at the rifle butts as they are powerful in the sweep of the oar, the dip of the paddle, or the reefing of a sail.

Nothing that an intelligent interest in their welfare can suggest is left unthought of. The men love the service. They have been in it for years, and their fathers and grandfathers before them. Proprietors, too, in the neighborhood, many of them are, and if the company can boast that it knows little of the pay-day troubles that cast a shade over the surroundings of men in similar positions in other countries, they owe it to thoughtful arrangements and generous provisions that are unfortunately too rare elsewhere.

INDUSTRIA.



A MID-WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The snows outside are white and white :
The gusty flue shouts through the night :
And by the lonely chimney light
I sit and dream of Summer.

The orchard bough creaks in the blast,
That like a ghost goes shrieking past,
And coals are dying fast and fast,
But still I dream of Summer.

'Tis not the voice of falling rain,
Or dream wind-blown through latticed pane,
When earth will laugh in green again,
That makes me dream of Summer.

But hopes will then have backward flown,
Like fleets of promise, long outblown,
And Love once more will greet his own ;
This is my dream of Summer.

—WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.