

both countries indiscriminately, I found it quite impossible to distinguish the Newfoundland from the Norwegian.

The places of ostensible resort in Canada are already numerous, and are confined for the most part to the lake region and the Maritime Provinces, with an intermediate region along the course of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. Attractive scenery and convenient access probably led to their first choice, and custom and hotel accommodation did the rest. It is usual to speak of the Canadian summer resorts with a certain degree of complaisance; but as a matter of fact the entire country is a vast summer resort. Though unknown to fame, the farm in the backwoods, the primeval forest, and the river at the frontier are resorts of inestimable value. The advertised resort indicates a social usage, and gives promise of a definite menu; but from the standpoint of physiological therapeutics has no other significance. To appreciate the Canadian summer, taken simply as a summer and regardless of resorts and conventions, it is necessary to familiarize one's self with the same season as it exists in the southern portion of the continent.

In the cities of the plains the temperature in July rises for many days in succession to 105 and over. During a summer's residence in Nebraska I painfully remember this period of protracted heat, which was so great that the brick-paved streets exploded with loud detonations, casting the bricks in all directions. There was no breeze, and fortunately, for any movement of the air only served to put in motion the suffocating alkaline dust that whitened on the banks of Salt Creek or was strewn in hot powder on the shores of Salt Lake. A little shower was gratefully designated by the newspapers as a million dollar rain. Too listless to move, and with a sense of fulness in the head, I think I felt more sympathy then for the ten thousand as they marched through the deserts of Persia than I ever did when I was construing the Anabasis. As far as I could see lay the endless prairies, parching in the fiery heat, with no rising hill or leafy tree or limpid rivulet; but only the brazen sun above, the baking mud beneath, and the ocean more than a thousand miles away.

In the large cities I have found the conditions quite as distressing. New Orleans is more endurable during the summer than Chicago, and San Francisco is more pleasant than either; but in Boston the humidity of the air renders the heat almost insupportable; while the contiguous resorts on the coast confer in the long run no more permanent ease than does the momentary application of cold to a fresh burn. In New York the heat seems to bring with it an even greater depth of despair. This is partially due to the fact that, in the matter of space, this city is architecturally constructed upon the frugal plan of a chiffoniere. It is nothing more or less than a huge piece of furniture in brick and iron; and