

addition to being an enthusiastic lecturer and a successful physician, he is the author of a book entitled 'The Alpha and Omega of the Pipe.' It is prescribed by the Council of Public Instruction." Going to a book-shelf Mr. Daniels took down several books. "That is an interesting pamphlet of Mr. Young's on 'The Art of Imagination,' and this is a book by Mr. Balcom, the result of his science studies, the title is 'Cribbing in the Light of Recent Scientific Researches.' Here is a treatise on 'Physiological Psychology,' by Mr. Ferguson. You would be interested in it; he locates the bump of perpetual motion. This," showing me a number of volumes, "is a work of Mr. Davison. The title is, 'A complete Confutation of all Atheistic Theories.' Mr. Cohoon is among the eminent medical scientists of to-day. He has discovered the microbe of Indolence and its destroyer, *Birchibus Switchibus*. By his invention of an instrument by which severed limbs can be restored he has bestowed an immeasurable boon upon humanity. He is, I believe, now travelling.

I then ask Mr. Daniels about himself, and learn that after graduating from McGill, he indulged his fancy for solitary roaming by a journey round the world selling a famous Hair Restorer, his own preparation. He had amassed a considerable fortune and was now pleasantly settled. With pardonable pride he told me that the burgesses of the corporation had recently elected him mayor. I congratulate him on his prosperity and am about to depart when he directs my gaze to a window. "Do you see that cluster of buildings? They belong to a university of which Dr. Davison is the honored president. Prof. Blackadder is at the head of the mathematical department, his lectures are well attended, and the enthusiastic spirit of the teacher never fails to inspire the pupils with a deep love for the most prosaic problems." Bidding Mr. Daniels good-bye, I glance at my charm.

The scene in truth does marvellously change. From the land of balmy breezes and flowery fields I pass into the frozen North with its sparkle of frost gems and broad expanse of immaculate purity. The blood in my veins congeals, it grows dark, but soon the lights of a large city appear; the change continues until the doors of a large house open before me. I enter; the warmth and light cheer me. I learn that preparations for a concert are about completed. In a person who enters wrapped in furs I recognize with delight Mr. Cohoon. The pleasure is reciprocal. He tells me that he and Mr. Balcom have charge of arrangements for concerts throughout the globe, and that this is the first to be given in this latitude, which is 89° 59' north. I express my astonishment and ask how this part of the world became habitable and the concert feasible.

"Well, the credit is due to our class-mate, Murray. He conceived the plan of utilizing the Northern lights and with unrivalled perseverance imbued his fellow men with the practicability of the scheme, and you behold the result. Balcom and I have fine times, meet with some strange episodes, and the maidens of every clime are enamoured of 'our pretty boy,' but strengthened by the beams of the 'Colchester Sun,' thus far he has been impregnable. I expect he will soon settle down with his satellites. His business ability is extraordinary, his wealth already baffles calculation. I enjoy travelling around. We often meet