

a pile of credentials that I had brought over from the old country, I proceeded to the office. On my arrival at the door, I was a little surprised at finding the other Irish passenger aboard the *Egypt*, who had also come in answer to the advertisement. This gentleman was a tailor, and had been traveller for a large firm in Dublin; and he was now bemoaning his fate for having foolishly given up a certainty for that which might prove unremunerative. We both entered the office together, but I had the luck to obtain the first interview with Mr Davit, whose duty, it seemed, was to engage the staff. After some inquiries on the part of this member of the firm, and no end of explanations as to how I was to carry out my duties, I was finally engaged as a canvasser for a *Child's Illustrated History of America*, which was being published in weekly numbers. My canvassing ground was to be across the river, at Jersey City, and my wages \$15 per week. In order, however, to be in receipt of so large a weekly stipend, it was necessary for me to get some thirty subscribers every week, for this "The grandest *Child's History of America* ever brought before the public," and in the event of my failing to obtain the afore-mentioned number I was to receive no pay, and my time and trouble would go for nothing. This rather one-sided method of working for a living appeared to me not to be quite a fair deal. However, I made up my mind to give the business a trial; so, taking the three copies of this wonderful work handed me by Mr Davit, I quickly made room for the tailor, and, leaving the office shortly afterwards, I found myself in Jersey City.

Although Davit had given me no end of instructions as to how I was to proceed on my mission, when it came to the point I was quite at a loss how first to commence the task set before me. After wandering about the streets for over an hour, I came to the conclusion that I had better either take action or return to my hotel to dinner. Seeing some