Interesting Experiments at Hypnotizing Animals, Fowls and Reptiles

Everything that relates to the occult has an acute interest in these days, and hence a more than usual importance, from the popular standpoint, attaches to recent experiments in the hypnotizing of animals.

Some at least of the phenomena of hypnotism were observed in ancient times, and it is in no way surprising that they should have been attributed to the supernatural. Even nowadays they are rather a mystery for which science has been unable to offer any adequate explanation.

The hypnotizing of a hen is an experiment that dates back to a period centuries before Mesmer was born. It is easily accomplished by holding the bird's beak to the ground and drawing from the end of it a straight chalk line. This being done, the hen will remain in that attitude, perfectly rigid, for many minutes.

The idea formerly entertained was that the hen mistook the chalk line for a piece of string, and so believed itself unable to escape. But this notion has been proved a mistake. If the hen be placed in any abnormal attitude—on her back, for instance—and restrained from moving for a few minutes, she will, though gently released thereupon, be unable to move a muscle for quite a while.

A guinea pig treated in the same way, though vigorously resisting for a time, will presently become helpless and rigid, lying motionless after the restraining hands have been taken away. It will thus remain for five or ten minutes, seemingly unconscious; but a quick movement in front of its eyes or a high squeaking noise will cause it suddenly to jump to its feet, as alert as ever.

The phenomenon seems to be hypnotic—in other words, partaking of the character of an artificial sleep. Young alligators are subject to the same sort of influence when laid on their backs and compelled to remain for a time in that unusual posture. The same is true of frogs. But in either case the creatures are promptly restored to full consciousness by blowing sharply upon their noses. Oddly enough, under such conditions, the skin of the frog turns paler, and its heart-beat and breathing becomes feebler.

A lobster, if stood on its head and held in that position for a short time, resting upon its big claws and antennae, loses consciousness and, though released, holds the attitude for a long time. It does not easily wake up again, even if thrown into water.

Most striking of all experiments in this line are some that have recently been made with the "naje-haje"—an exceedingly venomous snake native to northern Africa. It is a mighty fierce and lively creature; but, if grabbed and held behind the neck, it becomes rigid and harmless. A quick motion in front of its eyes, or blowing on its nose, restores it to its customary activity and ferocity.

This is the kind of snake which since earliest times has been used by the snake charmers of Egypt. The magic-worker to-day, as of old, picks the serpent up by the back of the neck, handles it freely, lays it down and presently restores it to life by his breath or the pass of a hand. This is perhaps worthy of note in connection with the biblical story of the rods which Aaron and the professional magicians of Pharaoh's court transformed into snakes.

Animals subjected to this sort of treatment seem to suffer a suspension of will. Experiments of the kind have been successfully tried on the octopus. Dogs and cats do not respond satisfactorily. The best subject is the hen.

THE GRAND FINALE OF THE UNIVERSE

PROPHECIES CONCERNING END OF WORLD.

Theories of Several Famous Scientists Set Forth in This Article.

A well-known scientist has lately been suggesting that the end of the world may not be so far off as we think. Let us look at a few similar predictions made during the past few years.

For half a century past it has been noticed that the size of the icebergs in the South Polar region has been increasing. A berg, 580 feet high and three miles long, was noted by Captain Smithers, of the Edmond. Later, the barque Scott passed bergs over 600 feet high, while the crew of the Agnita saw a mountain of ice towering above them to the astonishing height of nearly 1,000 feet above the sea level.

It was calculated that the total thickness of this latter iceberg was 9,312 feet, or upwards of a mile and threequarters!

Knocked to "Kingdom Come."

Certainly, very large icebergs have been more numerous in Southern latitudes than ever before was known, and this is caused by the fact that the South Polar regions have grown steadily warmer. The bergs floating far to the northwards have caused unparalleled cold snaps in South Africa and South America. In Buenos Ayres there was recently a heavy snowstorm, an occurrence never before known in that latitude.

What does all this imply? According to Professor Lewis and other British scientists, it means that we are on the verge of a second Deluge. Another flood will destroy a part, if not the whole, of the world.

The ice-cap at the South Pole is fourteen hundred miles across, and of enormous thickness. Supposing the climate of the South Pole is really growing warmer. What will happen? Why, this ice-cap will crack and break, and a flood such as man has never seen will surge out on every side and sweep over the low-lying lands of the Southern Continents.

In old days our ancestors dreaded comets, because they did not understand them. Our fathers knew more about them, but feared them because they supposed their heads to be solid, in which case a collision would mean disaster to our planet.

We are now aware that a comet is a nebulous body, and, therefore, that even if one did hit us, end on, it would not knock a hole in the earth's crust, nor thrust us unceremoniously out of the way.

But Monsieur Mamille Flammarion—the well-known French astronomer—has suggested a horribly possible suggestion—namely, that comets may be composed of noxious gases, which, if they came in contact with our atmosphere, would poison it, so that all life would be extinguished.

The chemical composition of comets is as yet imperfectly understood, but it is easy to imagine a comet bearing gases in its train which would absorb the nitrogen in our atmosphere.

Gassed by a Comet.

The result would be that we should be left to breathe pure oxygen. Oxygen quickens the circulation and the mental and bodily activity. But an over-dose of this gas is fatal, and having once inhaled it, man and all living things would die in raging fever.

During the Coal Age the atmosphere of this earth was heavy with carbonic acid. It was not fit for man to breathe. Only fish and reptiles flourished in the hot, steamy swamps and stagnant air. Gradually the giant growth of vegetation absorbed the noxious gases, the sky cleared and the atmosphere became fit for warm-blooded creatures.

At present man is busily engaged in grubbing up the coal which is composed of the vegetation of carboniferous times. Also, in cutting down the forests which still absorb the superfluous carbonic acid. Every scuttle of coal which is burnt, and every match which is struck, uses up a portion of our supply of oxygen.

An eminent British scientist recently declared that the world's oxygen is gradually getting used up, and the air getting fouled, so that the time is in sight when we shall revert to the carboniferous era.

Man will grow puny and finally disappear, while gigantic fish and reptiles will once more regain the supremacy. Slimy, repulsive-looking reptiles similar to those of prehistoric times would inhabit this world again.

If mankind gives up the present wasteful use of coal—coal-burning alone is destroying 1,600 million tons of oxygen every year—and takes to using electricity for heating as well as for lighting purposes, here again we are confronted by unknown dangers.

Already the seasons seem to be changing. Thunderstorms, especially winter thunderstorms, are becoming more and more frequent, and this seems to be caused by the interference with the electric currents of the earth and air.

A Cold, Cold Earth.

What, then, will happen when the tax upon atmospheric electricity is a hundred or a thousand times greater than it is at present? Will fruit trees bloom in January, and snowstorms ruin our August harvests? Will thunderstorms become of daily occurrence and of tropic intensity? One well-known meteorolobist is convinced that this is so. Let us hope and trust that he is mistaken, and that the sun, our great source, not only of light and warmth, but also of electric power, will be able to rectify the meddlings of man with the mysterious, unknown forces of Nature.

At present the energy of the sun is so great that if all its heat could be concentrated upon this planet, ninety seconds would suffice to melt all the ice at both Poles, and another eleven seconds to evaporate all the water in the world into steam.

Yet the sun is shrinking—at what rate is not exactly known. Professor Barnes has declared that the process is far more rapid than we have any idea of, and considers that in a very short time—geologically speaking—we shall begin to feel the decrease of heat.

The picture he draws of the earth's condition when the sun dies is appalling. The water will turn to a flinty material harder than stone, resembling rather diamond than anything else. The air will solidify and fall as rain, which, collecting in hollows, will lie in mirror-like pools, smooth for ever, because there will be no wind on that dead earth when all the atmosphere has been liquefied by remorseless cold.

The sun will rise and set dull red, like a lump of half-cooled molten iron, and the stars shine brilliantly in the dead black sky.

How the Mirage Mocks the Traveller

One of the most celebrated mirages is that which is observed now and then from the neighborhood of Glacier Bay, in Alaska, where, in the distance, above a vast sheet of glacial ice, a city is seen as if suspended in the air. It has buildings of beautiful and imposing architecture, tall churches with spires and buttresses and many streets of houses, plain to the view.

This is the so-called Silent City of Alaska. The Duke of the Abruzzi saw it a few years ago when he visited Alaska. Many attempts have been made to photograph it, but for some reason unexplained, without success. Some persons have gone so far as to declare that it is a view of the city of Bristol, in England.

Irregularities of ice formation, plus imagination, doubtless account for the strange vision—an uplifting of the supposed scene being attributable to mirage. Optical illusions of this kind are not uncommon in Arctic and Antarctic regions.

There is a famous mirage called "Fata Morgana," which on occasions is seen from the neighborhood of Reggio, in Italy. Here the effect produced is due to a layer of heated air, which by refraction of light brings into view a distorted picture of the far-away Sicilian shore. To the Italian peasant it appears as a city, with palaces, towers and minarets—the mysterious home of the fairy Morgana.

William Scoresby, the Arctic explorer, describes a similar mirage which he beheld from off the coast of Greenland. He writes: "The general appearance of the coast, as viewed through a telescope, was that of an extensive ancient city, abounding in ruins of castles, obelisks, churches and monuments—a grand and interesting phantasmagoria."

A feature of Arctic geography which appears on all the maps is Crocker Land, which Perry though he saw from a mountain peak in Grant Land.

The troops of Napoleon when he was in Egypt were rather frightened by mirages. And during the recent war the British in Mesopotamia were obliged on at least one occasion to stop fighting because of the confusion arising from an illusion of the kind.

As everybody knows, mirages are very common in hot desert regions. A layer of warmed and rarefied air serves as a mirror, reflecting objects above it. Thus, reflecting the sky, it may produce the effect of a sheet of water, the unsteadiness of the heated air lending ripples to help out the picture and render it more deceptive.

You Find Your Own

Once where a prophet in a palm shade lay,
A traveller stopt at noon one dusty day,
And askt, "What sort of people in this land?"
The prophet answered, lifting a happy hand:
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort?" the traveller snorted—"knaves and fools!"
"Well," said the prophet, "When your fervor cools,
You'll find the people here the very same."

Another stranger at the dusk drew near,
And paused to ask, "What sort of people here?"
"Well, friend, what were the people whence you came?"
"Ah," smiled the stranger, "they were good and wise."
"Then," cried the prophet, laughing in his eyes,
"You'll find the people here the very same."

—Edwin Markham.

The Child in Me.

She follows me about my House of Life;
(This happy little gnost of my dead youth!)
She has no part in Time's relentless strife,
She keeps her old simplicity and truth—
And laughs at grim Mortality,
This deathless Child that stays with me.
This happy little ghost of my dead Youth!)

My House of Life is weather-stained with years—
(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay.)
Its windows are bedimmed with rain and tears,
The walls have lost their rose, its thatch is gray.
One after one its guests depart,
So dull a host is my old heart.
(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay!)

For jealous Age, whose face I would forget,
Pulls the bright flowers you bring me from my hair
And powders it with snow; and yet—and yet
I love your dancing feet and jocund air.
I have no taste for caps of lace
To tie about my faded face—
I love to wear your flowers in my hair.

O Child in Me, leave not my House of Clay
Until we pass together through the Door,
When lights are out, and Life has gone away
And we depart to come again no more.
We comrades who have travelled far
Will hail the Twilight and the Star,
And smiling, pass together through the Door!

Round the Corner.

Why be afraid of what is round the corner that you never turned? There may be a beautiful adventure hidden there. It is a poor, dull soul indeed that is not stirred by the lure of what might be waiting for us did our little, pitiful fears not halt and hold us back.

Roads that fly straight as a bee's way from a town to a town are not the most fun to travel. Give us ever the winding route so that we may not see how far we have come, how far we still have to go. Let us have curiosity piqued and pleasant surprises promised by the changes of direction.

Who would have the highway of his life a perfectly straight course, with never a deviation. It would not be interesting. We should pine for variety and picturesqueness. "God's idea of beauty is a curve"; and Nature had a reason when, in obedience to the Master Mind, she designed her trees in green cascades of circularity and set her rivers winding round their bends and gave us the sickle of the new moon or of the ocean beaches or of the graceful forms of fruit and flower and the human frame.

Even so in life's journey, we learn that it is rarely possible to go exactly straight from point to point. It is like dancing in a crowded ballroom: one must constantly defer to the fact there are others present. Their movements inevitably affect and direct our own.

If each man made his earthly pilgrimage in solitude profound and wide, he might make his pathway as direct as he chose. But—thank God for it—our membership is in a multitude, who have a right of way that is equal to our own; we may not assure ourselves a footing or a passage by crushing them in the mire. We cannot go where we would and we cannot turn the corners, like heedless motorists, without thinking of the rest.

Remembrance.

Last night, as I was standing in a crowd,
I saw a face I had not seen for years;
A face I'd thought forgotten long ago,
And buried with my youthful hopes and fears.

I met him suddenly, and in a flash
My measured life changed to a whirling state,
My very footsteps faltered on the path
That years had made so simple and so straight.

The heavy walls I'd built to hide my pain,
In but a single instant fell away,
And left me helpless in an unknown land,
Groping through endless inky nights for day.

Twenty thousand priests serve in the temples of Bangkok, Siam.

No Mistaking His Wife.

An old farmer couldn't really believe that people who were miles apart were able to converse over a telephone wire.

One day his wife went to a distant friend who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the farmer sought shelter from a thunderstorm in the house of a neighbor, who also possessed a telephone, and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise.

Following instructions, the farmer put the receiver to his ear and, after the usual preliminaries, shouted:

"Halloa, Jane!"

Just then a flash of lightning struck the wire, and he fell to the floor under the force of the shock.

Rising to his feet and shaking his head wisely, he said:

"It's wonderful. That was Jane right enough!"

His Price for His Vote.

Mrs. Lloyd George is exceedingly proud of her clever daughter Megan, and recently she told with great gusto the story of how, when barely nine years old, the little girl worked early and late canvassing her father's constituency during a hotly-contested election.

To one old fellow (said Mrs. Lloyd George) who had been employed at Carnarvon Castle for fifty years, she asked, speaking in her and his native tongue:

"Please will you vote for my father?"

"Indeed I will," was the reply, "but you must give me a kiss if I do."

"Ah," said the little miss, with an arch smile, "but that would be bribery and corruption!"

Men and Trees

Trees talk to us of strength. Did you ever watch an oak or an elm battling with a storm? It is worth watching. As one blast of wind followed another, the tree was ready. A branch might break, the top might be carried away, but the body of the tree stood firm. It had been preparing for that battle, for years. Far below, the roots, like military reserves, were called for special duty. A thousand, a million of them, spreading in all directions, were holding the trunk firmly in its place. That is a symbol of the strength of the man whose trust is in God. The roots of faith and trust go far into the bosom of God "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." "God is our refuge and strength."

Trees become strong by resistance. A furniture manufacturer states that the March winds make the best grain, and the grain is developed when the tree springs back after a gust of wind. People who are never called on to resist, are under-developed in character. A young man who was in France with the army, recently had this told of him by his pastor. He was a sergeant, and his captain was an immoral man, openly and brazenly. The sergeant rebuked him for the example he was sitting his men. No non-commissioned man is supposed to reprimand an officer, and it went hard with the sergeant. He was reduced to the ranks, and life was made miserable for him. He bore it in grim silence. One day his captain sent for him. Said he: "I've been thinking about this and the way I've treated you. I'm going to live straight after this. To-morrow you take your old place, as first line sergeant."

Do the Years Bring Progress?

Trees grow. It is an impressive moment when a tree is felled, and you count the rings. The record of each year's growth is there. No year has been left out. There have been no "off years," and no idle ones. Looking back can we say that each year has added to our growth? Or have we stood stationary? There are people, not a few of them, who have not grown a particle for twenty years in anything except age, and they will deny even that. They have the same notions they had years ago. They have not broadened, greatened in any particular. Such persons may well go to the nearest oak and learn one of the great lessons of life.

A tree grows because it remains in one place. A squash vine wanders aimlessly over the ground, but the oak, the elm, the white pine attain height. A tumbleweed will travel farther in a season than a tree will in a hundred years. The tree devotes its energies to travelling upward. It specializes in altitude. And trees for that reason are the symbol of aspiration. They get the far look. They typify large and high ideals. As Joyce Kilmer said, "A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts its leafy arms to pray." An eminent writer says that the present generation is prone to wander in the direction where the greatest excitement lies. We are not given to steady, upward development which creates the finest manhood. The trees in our front yard will teach us better.

Seasons of the Soul.

The tree is a parable of life. In spring it puts forth new life. In summer it bears its burden of fruit, or spreads its shade for the tired traveller. In autumn, it ceases toil, drops its leaves and prepares for rest. There is no haste, no hurry, and there are no regrets. Everything is done at the proper season. And there are the seasons of the soul. Neglect them, and the loss can never be fully replaced. There is the season of childhood, when religious impressions remain, are planted in the soul. Then comes the age of adolescence, when most of life's great choices are made. And adulthood follows fast, with its burdens and its toil. Trees exhibit forethought, frequently to a far greater degree than their human neighbors. When autumn comes, they prepare for winter. Firs are warmly clad, while deciduous trees drop their leaves, so that with naked branches they may, like athletes, wrestle with the winds and blasts of February and March. The sap recedes to a large extent, into the inner parts of the trunk and the root system. Thus prepared, they can say to Father Winter, come on! Let the winds blow, let the blizzards rave, let the mercury descend, we are ready! I say, humans are not all as wise as that. They do not prepare for the inevitable. And a man is a fool, he is a simpleton, who, knowing that death, eternity, are before him, makes no preparation to that end. The dumb immovable, unfeeling tree in yonder field exhibits more intelligence than he.

Trees speak to us of eternity. They are solemn. They have their own language, in which they seem to converse of the mighty matters of life, death, and immortality. The oak roars, elms and maples speak out plainly, while the tall white pines whisper to each other in a tongue that has no oaths, and contains no unclean thoughts. They are like a race of clean men, whom sin has not marred. "The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree," says the Psalmist.

In the Days of Old.

How did they do it, those old fellows? Take a novel by Thackeray, for example. It is monumental. Looks as if one of them would be a life work. The mere penning of it appals a modern man. Yet Thackeray turned out volume after volume as if time and energy were interminable. And his work was practically perfect. No slovenliness, no carelessness, no haste, no guess-this-will-do-ness. To-day we have every accessory to speed, every time saving device, all knowledge classified and compendiumed and stored in convenient libraries. But where are the Thackerays? Or the Goethes, Dickenses, Hugos and Balzacs?

Men of their day were compelled to waste time. A journey of a few miles took all day, or several days. A dinner involved sitting up all night and drinking one's self under the table. A message to a friend was not a 10-word telegram, but a beautifully penned and excellently expressed essay. Such letters were preserved and handed down. Later they were put into print. How many letters have you written which will be handed down? And how would you like to have the best leter you ever wrote put into print? Chances are that if you write more than two pages you apologize. And you sign it, "Yours hastily."

The men of the ox-cart days did things thoroughly and well. In the days of the wireless, we "have no time."

Demolishing An Island.

A famous Dickens' relic will shortly be no more. Jacob's Island, Bermondsey, England, on which stands the residence of Bill Sikes, of "Oliver Twist" fame, is going to be demolished.

A rural mill-stream once flowed past the home of the famous crimester, and one approached the house by means of a rustic bridge. Now the mill-stream has disappeared for ever, and horses and stables hold sway in Bill Sikes' home.

Jacob's Island itself has a most interesting history. Fairs and picnics used regularly to be held there. Trees, grass, and flowering hedges, making the scene a truly rural one. Now all is dilapidation, and soon only the old plans of Jacob's Island, carefully treasured within the sacred precincts of the Bermondsey Town Hall, will remind us of its former glories.

Work is to be resumed in the old copper mines of Finland, which were discovered in 1757 and operated in a primitive manner for 130 years.

Three Hundred Years of the Lovely Bermudas

Early in the sixteenth century one Juan Bermudez, sailing from Spain to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, had the misfortune to be shipwrecked in a group of islands thitherto unknown to Europeans. They lay in latitude 32 degrees 15 minutes north and longitude 64 degrees 50 minutes west, and apparently were exceptionally popular with the Fate which marks some mariners with disaster. Henry May, an Englishman, came to grief among them in 1593, and Sir George Somers, Virginia bound, had a similar fate in 1609. The name of Bermudas perpetuates Juan's ill fortune; Somers was given to the islands as an alternative name, but is seldom if ever heard nowadays. These lovely isles with their mild and equable climate are known to thousands of Canadians, and on them has been celebrated this year the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the House of Assembly, said to be the oldest representative political body in the British Empire after the Mother of Parliaments herself.

Sir George Somers established the first settlement on the islands, but he died before he was able to carry his project fully into effect. In 1612 the islands were granted to an offshoot of the Virginia Company, and Henry More headed a party of sixty settlers. Tobacco was the first money crop raised on the islands. To-day Bermuda potatoes, Bermuda onions, Bermuda lilies are familiar all over this country. The castor oil plant grows without cultivation on the islands, a fact of importance in medicine and in aeronautics, for castor oil is a lubricant of high utility in aircraft.

In the fortunate Bermudas there are no reptiles to alarm; the indigenous small lizard is not even dangerous in appearance, and the green turtle is translatable into delicious soup. Of birds and fish the islands have a splendid store; Bermudians would not starve to death even should the importation of meat cease.

The original capital of Bermudas was St. George, on the island of the same name, founded in 1795 and incorporated three years later. Sir James Cockburn changed the seat of government to Hamilton, on the Main Island, founded in 1790 and incorporated in 1793.

Although a Spaniard's name distinguishes the group of islands, England speaks from most of the units composing the Bermudas; the Main Island, St. George, Paget, Smith, St. David, Cooper, Nonsuch, Watford, Ireland and somerset being typical The population shows steady growth. Its people wear with pride the distinction of being the oldest self-governing colony in the Empire.

HERRING HARVEST IN THE OLD LAND

THE MOST "BRITISH" OF FISH.

Pursued by Thousands of Boats as it Journeys South in the Autumn.

When the cool winds of autumn chill the air, the herring, the real British fish, journeys south to warmer waters, and lays its eggs near the coast, says a London newspaper. The herring forms the chief fisheries of the United Kingdom, and it is estimated that 2,200,000,000 herrings are landed in Britain during one season.

Hundreds of fishing craft sail out from northern and southern ports to reap a harvest amongst the shoals as they travel down the east coasts of Scotland and England. What a mixture of craft there often is following the shoals on their journey, strangers most of them to the different districts, except at this autumnal harvest of the sea.

Following on behind the smacks come the steam-trawlers, and only by yielding up their catches can the fleet keep up with the shoals. In rough seas the transhipping of the fish is no easy task, and not a few nasty accidents happen. The work is very often carried out at night with the aid of artificial lights, so it can be imagined how precarious the task of transhipping becomes. With the swaying trawlers, false shadows are thrown by rigging and hulk, baulking the fishers when throwing the cases aboard.

In Little Rowing-Boats.

In the small rowing-boat, low in the water owing to the cargo piled amidships, the men leave the smack's side. At every pull of the oars, the boat rises, then sinks in the trough of the sea with a resounding crack, like that of a pistol shot. Then strong arms are needed to prevent the open boat from being battered to pieces against the steel plates of the trawler's side. With wonderful balance, one of the fishermen stands in the rocking craft, waiting his chance to throw the cases aboard at the proper instant. It takes a keen eye and a quick hand to throw the heavy cases, when both boats are rising and falling alternately, rocking-horse fashion.

At Yarmouth and Grimsby at this season of the year, many visitors come from the North. To listen to the merry laughter and chatter as they wend their way from the station, a stranger would imagine that they were pleasure-trippers. Ere long the stranger would discover his mistake.

The sound of clogs ring upon roadway and pavement; no mere pleasure-trippers these, but Scottish fisher-lassies, who have followed their menfolk down by train to help in the harvest. With their broad scots accent and colored shawl wraps, they are personalities to be remarked upon.

Scottish Lassies.

When the fish is eventually brought into port, the women busy themselves at the cleaning troughs, being dressed for their task in oilskin aprons and clogs. These industrious women are never idle, as, strolling to their work, busy hands are employed with knitting needles and wool, making "woollies" for the bairns at home.

Out of the harbors round our coasts the creak of the block is heard, and as the sail moves up the mast, the setting sun strikes upon the brown canvas, turning them into sheets of glowing red. The smacks move out of the harbor under the freshening evening breeze. As the morning mists begin to lift, they silently glide into port, the water practically washing the gunwale, the gleaming fish covering the deck planking.

Once alongside the quay, the derricks are soon at work hoisting the result of a night's catch. The shining heap grows with every additional basket, and soon, in the brightening morning light, silvery rays flash out from the mass of herrings.

Hustle and Sale.

What a change of scene! 'Tis as though a magic wand has been waved over the inner harbor, causing those who were asleep to come to life. A short moment before you could have heard the lap of water against the walls of the harbors; now the air is filled with clamoring voices, banging of casks, and the [illegible] and their assistants [illegible]. Wherever one looks there is to be seen fish being counted, weighed, and packed into barrels to de despatched about the country. As the last wagonload rattles away to the station, the splash of water from the hose is heard, accompanied by the swish of mop and brooms, as the quayside and market is cleaned in readiness of the morrow's harvest.

The Open Road.

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaint, libraries querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road. —Walt. Whitman.

TORONTO