

mind, who swear by ginger wine and lemonade. Poor fellows, ruining their health, or why do they require so often to obtain a medical certificate; once carry that quarter sheet of foolscap in their pocket, bearing the symbolistic letters, "I D,"—they all seem addicted to cramps and *colliwogs* in the abdominal region, demanding instantaneous internal treatment through the medium of a powerful medicine.

I notice the medicine must be of a palatable taste, for, like the urchin who was blessed with a huge supply of sugar previous to taking his powders, fond remembrance of the first instalment generally induces a call for a little more physic.

Another advantage this same written moral reputation confers upon the owner: when asked to "smile," they, with intense satisfaction, produce the magic lines and assert that they don't drink, in fact are temperance men; but feeling a little squeamish, something they eat for dinner not agreeing with them, don't mind if they take a small decoction of brandy, just to settle things. Good presence of mind, my boys, when that same thing will produce brandy every time you are sensible enough to be temperate on all such common drinks as beer, whiskey, etc. These practitioners are old travellers, thoroughly posted on all the *ins* and *outs*; difficult as a weasel to catch asleep; immense in the line of practical jokes; ready at any time to get off the last new thing on an acquaintance, but slippery as an eel if the individual should undertake to retaliate. These guerillas are muchly suspicious, and are as wary to bite as any trout that ever wore out the patience of the angler.

Well, let us clothe such motives with the mantle of charity. If the disease is of a contagious character, there is a danger of our becoming infected, so let us act unto others as we would they should do unto us, if *us* were placed in the same cold-water predicament. And now, while inculcating charity, the author asks from his brother "knights of the road," their kind consideration and lenient judgement upon the contents of this book. Those who commence these pages with the expectation of reading a work of fiction, and following out some cunningly devised plot of romance, will be *muchly* mistaken.

These lines are merely the record of the sober realities of a commercial travellers' every day life, interspersed with anecdotes and