

## A LIVELY HALF HOUR.

IMMIGRANTS, ACTORS AND A NAVAL OFFICER TAKE A HAND.

They Were English, You Know, and Were in for a Nasty Time, but They Couldn't Get Through the Gate—Wherein the Officer Erred.

"Mr. Collins, come! Man got supper and won't pay—come—Mr. Collins, come!" and Maggie, who is one of the best known people about the I. C. R. depot, caught hold of officer Collins by the coat and endeavored to pilot him in the direction of the restaurant, in which effort she resembled a very small tug boat towing a four masted ship, more than anything else.

This was the first of a very exciting half hour at the depot, Monday evening. The man who wouldn't pay for his supper was still in the restaurant. He was one of the 37 immigrants who had arrived in the morning, and had been painting that part of the town in the vicinity of the depot a bright vermilion hue, all day.

"I'm not going to pay for it, you know," he assured the officer, when requested to settle up. "This is a—of a blooming country, anyhow, if you can't get a bite to eat without paying for it."

"Come now, settle here or I'll lock you up," threatened the officer, while the men enjoying a good hearty meal at the tables, seemed delighted with the entertainment thrown in.

"All right, you can lock me up if you want to, you know," said the immigrant, whereupon the officer hustled him out into the street.

The crowd that had been watching the affair wandered off in all directions, and the officer was walking towards the gate, when the front door opened and eight or ten immigrants burst in with a whoop-la that astonished everybody. They all had a hold of each other, and were shouting like fine fellows, while some puffed away at large pipes, in bold defiance of the notices stuck up all over the building. They pulled and hauled at each other, and sang out at the top of their voices, and the appearance of the officer seemed to have no effect on them.

They were not the common run of immigrants, if they were immigrants at all, for most of them had been in Canada before, and had arrived by the *Polynesian* at Halifax, bound for different parts of the West, after a visit to the old country. Three of the party were in the show business, having come from England to fill engagements on the Pacific coast, and one was a naval officer on his way to join a vessel in the Behring sea service. But they were all one when full of Pond street syrup, and a more boisterous lot never struck the depot.

"We're going through 'ere to our car," said one of them in answer to the officer's query. "We can't get through? Queer thing if we can't. Come on boys."

And one of them, before starting off, began a stump speech on the officiousness of some police officers and the beauties of Vancouver Island, which could be heard in all parts of the hall. Then he started to go in the direction of the gate. But he didn't get very far. Officer Collins caught him where the short ribs are generally supposed to be located, and there was a foot race to the front door, which was won by the immigrant by about two feet. The rest of the crowd looked on in wonder and admiration. The orator poked his head in at the door two or three times and then stayed outside.

But this did not end the excitement by any means. In fact it was only the beginning, for a short, stout man, with short black whiskers, a light overcoat, and an officer's cap, began to spread himself in great style. He wanted to get through the gate, you know. By all things blooming, he had come through that way in the morning and what was to prevent him from going through now. The obstacle sat in a chair and coolly rubbed his brow with his hand. But he wasn't cool very long.

"Now, see 'ere, I'm going through this 'ere door to the car."

"I say you're not. It's against the rules."

"Well, 'ow am I going to get to the car?"

"Go around the yard."

"But, I don't know the way, I'm a stranger 'ere. Let me through; my ticket's paid for, you know."

"So's mine!" chimed in one of the actors, with stripes and crown on the arm of his coat, as if this was a most unusual occurrence.

"Well, I don't care whether it is or not. You'd better keep quiet or go out of the depot," said the officer, warming up. "You immigrants, have been making trouble all day."

This statement brought things to a climax.

"I'm no immigrant," said the loud individual, getting indignant, "I'm a government officer, and I want to go through."

"I don't care if you were ten government officers, you'll stay where you are."

Upon this the government officer began to take off his light overcoat, and the crowd confidently expected to see him strike the police officer. But he didn't.

"Give me my coat," he said to the actor with the ornaments on his sleeve. They exchanged.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONALS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

The government officer evidently felt a good deal more important with his short jacket and ornaments, and he certainly looked much better. Standing off and throwing his hands in the air, as he was perhaps accustomed to do on the deck of his vessel, he repeated his determination to go through, and caught hold of the door. But he wasn't on board ship, nor in command of anything in particular at that time, and he couldn't do as he wished. Officer Collins caught hold of him. So did Officer McDonald who put in an appearance about that time.

But although they pulled and hauled at him the government man did not let go his hold on the door, and excitement reigned supreme. Then a big English immigrant with a very full face and short black whiskers took a hand. He caught the navy man and gave him a jerk that made him stagger, and he kept him on the run all the way to the ticket office.

"Let me go, I don't know you," said the officer, who evidently wanted to disclaim all acquaintance with the immigrants.

"Yes, let 'im go," said the actor, who had worn his uniform coat, and was evidently anxious to see a rumpus, while the little curly headed tight rope walker tried to keep him out of it.

The immigrants now felt themselves so much inferior to the government officer that they let him go in disgust, but the excitement was at an end for the present. All hands were cooled down somewhat, and a compromise was effected by officer McDonald consenting to show the Englishman where to go after he got outside the building.

Then everybody wanted to know who the man with the uniform was, and the immigrants gave their opinion from an English standpoint, which was to the effect that the greatest crime he had committed was in allowing a civilian to wear his coat. Although his being called an immigrant, was enough in their opinion, to aggravate him to the point of committing murder, the fact that his coat had been on the back of another, long enough for him to lose his identity, was something that struck their loyal souls with horror, until one radical ventured to assert that there were plenty of immigrants as good as he was and that if it wasn't for such high strung officials as him, there might not be so many immigrants. This met with the approval of all.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet or which was the pepper. Anyhow it takes a good lot a pepper to kill moths, on'y they shouldn't a made such a fuss over it. They all said they're blinded, but I guess it was somethin' the matter with their noses, 'cause they made such a time what you'd think they're all goin' to bust. Some people can't do nothing without gettin' excited, anyhow, 'cause if Mrs. S. hadn't a swung the tippet around and hit the boss right in the face, jest as if he wasn't sneezin' bad as any of 'em, he wouldn't a fell against the stove and burnt himself, 'cause when he did he wanted to get away as soon's he could and jumped one foot right into the pickle barrel. Gosh! there's a awful splatter, but it wouldn't a been so bad if he'd took his time to get his foot out again, 'cause he upset all the pickles when he did, and the wom-n said what their dresses was ruined. Then accorse they wanted to get outer the way of the boss, and upset the soap what hadn't no wrappers on it, and then went and stepped on it, just as if it wouldn't make 'em slide like fun, and they went round just as if it was a skatin' rink with a lot a clarinettes for a orchestra. Accorse Bill and me didn't say nothin' except for 'em to keep to the right, and 'cause that's where the soap and pickles was, the boss made a rush for me and Bill, on'y we jumped over the counter, and got out without upsettin' anything, except the show case and the scales, and some bottles a candy, which pa hadter pay for. Bill didn't pay nothin', but he didn't git no wages.

## DOING A GOOD TURN.

The Boys Try an Experiment on Moths, Which Operates on Somebody Else.

Some people don't know when a fellow's tryin' to do 'em a good turn, 'cause that's the reason why Bill don't work in the grocery store anymore now. It was just a cause me'n him tried to kill all the moths what was in his boss's wife's fur tippet what she left in the store. I guess what it would a been all right if the boss hadn't that what we're tryin' to kill him too, also all his famerly and the women what was with 'em; 'cause when Mrs. Sugarsand went to put the tippet on all the pepper flew out, and there's so much of it what you couldn't tell which was the tippet