

I am afraid I'm rather glad the missis aint at home just now cause she asked me the other night when she was reading the paper about Pariseen fashions « why do you blush, Dad ».

Search me, boys, what could I say I mumbled something anyhow, though if I had said the ywere peculiar, so peculiar that some young ladies had'nt any at all, well, she'd beat me on the bean. The smile at old Dad's sally was general.

We had casualties at nearly every place we went to and only six of the party out of 20 got back to the hotel on time. The last cargo but one came back quite undignified in an old four wheeled growler... 4 inside, one beside the driver, one on the roof, and one on each door step, and one trotting in the rear. Any how we made the grade and were all up at 6 a.m. the next morning, beakfasted at 6-30 and were on our way back by train at 7-30 a.m.

We came back in luxury in 3 hours and turned out on the 2-30 pm. parade, just a little s-l-e-e-p-y— that's all.

Well fellers Im going to bed. It does one good to recount the old times over again and I only wish you could have participated in our joys of the old times.

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## MELEE

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It happened in this way. Madame Derrimont owned a cat. Madame Beamont kept chickens and a terrier. The former would not hear of the latter's suggestion to share the cost of anything heavier than a picket fence, which was severely taxed to keep the efforts of the terrier in a state of armed neutrality towards the cat. War was in the air. The cat came after the young chickens. The dog retaliated. Fast, high-pitched and furious was the conversation between the two neighbours. Each blamed the other's domestic animals for uprooted plants, spoilt washing and damaged fence.

The cat arrived home on Monday, minus a half a pound of fur.

This animal warfar had wrecked the fence. But Madame Derrimont refused to give her neighbour satisfaction, by consenting to outlay the moiety of a stronger boundary. Words, even notes, availed nothing. Fight there must be. Suddenly the method of warfare became obvious to Mme Derrimont. She must have a member of the canine family also. No sooner said than done. But here the good lady erred. Her choice of a canine gardian was a comely lady dog. The terrier thus gained a fiancée, and made good his suit. There was no longer war, there was peace. Now Madame Derrimont has a little family of dogs. She argues her choice was not wrong. But the state of her garden belies her contented smile.

J. P. S.