

"That Niagara Trip."

A lovely day, a large crowd (of four), and fine roads made this one of the finest trips (to use Eddie Scott's expression) that it has ever been the good fortune of the writer to take in. There was a large number of the boys down at the wharf to see us off, among whom were Archie Rankin (out on ticket of leave) and Geo. Begg. The last mentioned went as far as Niagara, and while on the road over he was compelled to go several times to converse with the fishes. He struggled manfully to retain the elegant lunch that he had eaten at starting, but it was no go.

Our high spirits so infected Scott and Jas. Miln that they made a break, chartered the *Lakeside*, and joined us in St. Kitts, on which bold and venturesome trip it was told that Jimmy nearly lost his grip on the lump in his throat.

The ride from Niagara to St. Kitts was enlivened by Sam Rutherford's cavort acts on his safety and Warren's header over a duck-pond, he fortunately escaping with one wet foot. Wilson insisted that we were on the wrong road until we came to the hotel where, on the 24th of May last, he had indulged in an overdose of ginger ale.

When we arrived at St. Kitts our appetites were tremendous, especially Sam's, and ample justice was done to the tea at the Grand Central. The evening was spent in rambling round town in company with "Corrigan," who showed us the principal features of the town. A halt was called at an ice-cream parlor, after which we strolled down to meet the *Lakeside*, and were delighted to hear "Scotty's" familiar if not very tuneful voice warbling "Near it." Accompanied by Scott and Scotty we adjourned to the hotel, where we were treated to a fine performance of the "Pearl of Pekin" by Signor Milnori, whose dancing was pronounced by Wilson to be very fine.

While dressing next morning Miln imparted the following crazy notion to the gullible set of critters round him: "Say, boys, let's make Hamilton for dinner and Cooksville for tea, and finish on Monday morning." A few murmurs of dissent brought out such an alluring account of roads and short distances that we were all "dead stuck" on the idea, and decided to try it. The road between St. Kitts and Beamsville is very indifferent, but under the inspiring influence of a good breakfast we annihilated distance, and after sundry stops for grapes and water, and vain attempts on the part of the Poet to find a few peaches, we arrived in Hamilton about 1.45,

too hungry to talk but still in the ring. Some of the party here thought that they had gone far enough, but after dinner concluded that Cooksville was too near and we had better make Toronto for supper. You all know the road from Hamilton to Burlington; how you meander down a hill as long as one of the "Kicker's" speeches, and then climb another just as long and twice as steep. The road was in very good condition, however, so we could not grumble much. At Burlington a slight difference of opinion arose as to which would be the better road, the Lake Shore or Dundas, which was settled by the captain declaring that we had better go north to the Dundas, and he forthwith led that weary band of pilgrims up two miles and a half of the vilest kind of side-line, only comparable to the 4th of York and Vaughan (ask Pease and Langley). Just after leaving Burlington we stopped at a farmhouse for a feast of delicious pears. We struck the Dundas Road at Nelson, and a small boy crushed us by the information that Cooksville was 18 miles further on. Pale but determined we started on, when suddenly we came to the top of an awful hill called by the local rustics the 12th, why we could not discover, unless it was on account of the 12 stars seen by Warren, who dismounted *à la* handlebar.

The following is an inventory of what he left on the side of the hill: 3 in. skin off right shoulder, 1 steak from palm of left hand, 1 funny-bone from right hand, and sundry exclamations in "Volapuk."

At Palermo they told us of another hill at Trafalgar, called the "Sixteenth," which was four degrees steeper than the last. Warren walked it.

As it was getting late we decided to have tea at Trafalgar (or Postville), where we received a hearty welcome from the jolliest host it has been my luck to meet. A humorous Scotchman is a rarity, but we found him, and will not soon forget the pleasant time spent in his company. While waiting for the moon to rise we enjoyed some A 1 cider from the landlord, piano solos by Scott, and "Comrades," as sung by Miln, fairly dissolved the audience in tears, while Miln was carried out—on a rail. The moon having "ripened," we bade our host a sorry goodbye and gently glided out of sight towards Cooksville, eight miles off, reaching it at ten o'clock. Every one was in bed, so we deputed Miln to arouse the landlord, which he did very effectually by shouting: "What ho! There's a lot of lunatics out here. Is this the Asylum?" Mr. King, on finding that we were harmless, kindly admitted us,