

cannot be hugged anywhere else. I lit another cigar as I contemplated this last scene of the frailties of human nature. After rolling around in the lake for three or four hours we saw a light-house, always a welcome sight to the weary seaman. In half an hour we entered what is known as "The Canal", and by this time the weather had cleared up and our diabolical brass band commenced shrieking triumphantly, more gum was chewed, and people gradually recovered their spirits excepting the fellows who held American whisky. They had lost all the spirits they contained. We arrived at a place called Sarnia at 3 a.m., or thereabouts. The band flared up as the boat reached the dock, and the undersigned lit a cigar and proceeded to his domicile. The above yarn is guaranteed to be more or less true.

