

May that day soon come. (Uproarious laughter and cheering.)

The choir having sung with much feeling, "I know a Bank," ex-Cashier William Ledger, secretary of the camp, addressed the meeting. Why, he asked, should not all smile and be happy? Why should we be sorrowful? We have left that kind of thing behind. (Laughter.) Some had called him a dishonored Bill. What of that? He would be taken up some day. Let those sorrow who choose, he would not. He had come to Canada for a good time, and nothing short of a sudden journey back should prevent him having it. The secretary closed his remarks with the announcement that the camp would remain open for two days, and he hoped all would enjoy themselves.

Mr. Algernon Scuttlewell, a smart and prim-looking bank teller, was the next speaker. He rose, he said, to represent those of his class, at all times a most jovial class of men, but on an occasion like the present, the very quintessence of good humor and devilry. As he had always been considered an excellent vocalist over the line, he might say the leger line, if they did not bar out an attempt at a pun, he would, with their permission, sing a little lay appropriate to the present happy occasion.

Mr. Scuttlewell then sang from notes in a telling manner a song to the tune of Sally in Our Alley, of which the following was the first verse:—

"Of all the countries we love best,
There's none like fair Canada;
Where all is peace and joy and rest,
Ouvrivaling old Grenada.
When safe our lot, we clear the deck
With haste to some appalling
For nothing can our ardor check,
When Canuck friends are calling."

At the conclusion of his song, Mr. Scuttlewell was the recipient of rapturous applause. Several speakers followed, the burden of their remarks being the superiority of Canada as a dwelling-place over the United States. So strong became this feeling that when one of them ventured to whistle the "Star Spangled Banner" he was hooted down and bade take a back seat for his impudence.

The meeting closed with the choir singing, "What is Home Without a Dollar?"

The evening's gathering was devoted to five-minute speeches, when a number of the smaller luminaries of the profession shed much light upon the dark phases of a bank official's career.

Tremendous enthusiasm was aroused when the chairman rose and said:—"Dear friends, I have just received a telegram which reads: 'Expect me to-morrow. Circumstances have arisen which give me this heartfelt opportunity of visiting you. THEPHANIUS THUMBS.'"

"I need scarcely tell you that Thephanus Thumbs, Esq., is, or was, the president of the celebrated Shinville Sliding Bank. His presence, I am sure, will prove an inspiration."

The meeting then adjourned.

Everybody appears remarkably free from constraint, and gaiety is apparent everywhere.

Second Day.—The proceedings opened with a conference of workers, at which such questions as "How best to arrange matters so as to leave home as quickly as possible with the largest amount of money?" and others of a kindred nature were discussed at length, and many startling plans suggested.

At two o'clock a platform meeting was held with President Thephanus Thumbs in the chair. After the choir had sung "Parting and Meeting," the chairman addressed the audience. He complimented them upon their excellent camp ground, and regretted that he had been unable to attend the day previous, but those before him knew full well that in these affairs no one knew what a day may bring forth. (Hear, hear.) However, now that he had come, he was here to stay.

Already he had begun to admire the Dominion, the feeling curiously springing up as he crossed the mighty Niagara river. He had, as it were, been drawn at sight to it.

Mr. Alexander Alimony, a hastily retired cashier, next spoke for twenty minutes upon the benefit of a flight into Canada with \$20,000 belonging to some other person in your wallet, and roused his audience to a high pitch of excitement with his fervid utterances.

As a relief to the minds of the audience, the chairman asked all to join in a little song, "Over the Border Line," to the tune, "Over the Garden Wall," well known to most present. He would line out the verses. The following was the chorus:—

"Over the border line,
In weather rough or fine,
Oh you may bet, we'll never forget
The time our hands on the bank notes met,
A happy time, but we'd soon to get,
Over the border line."

As the last notes died away a commotion was observed in the back part of the audience, and a shabbily-dressed, heavy-featured man made his way to the platform. When he reached it these words fell from his lips:—"Gentlemen, wot I wants to know is this, wot can you do for me? I'm no bank president or cashier, I'm a gentleman of fortune. Latterly I've lived retired from the world, and am short of the needful. Who'll help me? We're all brothers in misfortune, only I've seen the inside of a jail and you haven't." The highly polished ones looked aghast at the man who dared to address them thus, but not for long. Half a dozen athletic bank clerks seized him and deposited him outside the camp ground, where he soon lost all interest in the proceedings and, as a matter of principle, made for new pastures.

This unlooked for incident so unsettled the audience that it was deemed advisable to close the meeting.

A confidence and consolation meeting was announced for the evening, but your commissioner believing his mission accomplished, departed to attend the Convention of Enthusiasts for the Preservation of Catskins held on the Catskill Mountains.



THE DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

Tomnoddy, after profound study, hits upon a plan whereby he can "see a man" between the acts without running the risk of being shut out, in accordance with the new order in force at the Grand Opera House.

A young hopeful just in from school cries out:

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

OCTOBER.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

Now is the season of the sere and yellow leaf. This is a poetical expression much used by bardlets. It is now that the leaves begin to fall, and the fall begins to leave. It is now that the erudite prophet of the Bond Street church pores over musty, yellow parchments delved from the catacombs or elsewhere, with the view of holding forth to his congregation during the long winter months. As we see the great doctor thus studying these ancient leaves from antique tomes, we have yet another instance of the "sere and yellow leaf."

The air of October is, as a rule, cool and bracing; and staid and steady citizens feel its rejuvenating influence. History tells us of this peculiar effect of the atmosphere, for it was during the month of October, two hundred and sixty years ago, that Sir Walter Raleigh, usually so serene and collected, lost his head entirely, and though he was anything but a stupid man, he seems to have been a bit of a block-head. Never a very great epicure during his life, his last moments were in keeping with his simple tastes, for, having been served with a cold chop, he died. Cool and collected when living, he was cold when the two portions of his anatomy were collected and stowed away in a vault, his vaulting ambition being thus satisfied. Sir Walter is known to have entertained a strong affection for the Irish race, who reciprocated this sentiment, especially the Murphies, of whom he made a complete "mash." He seems, however, to have treated these latter somewhat hotly at times, for he is related to have frequently ordered them to "go to pot." These Murphies appear to be an unhealthy race, for even to this day they break out in "boils." Everyone has probably heard how Sir Walter became a favorite of good Queen Bess. For fear that there should be some of my readers who have not, I will briefly relate the story. On the corner of King and Yonge Streets was a large pool of mud. This in itself was an extraordinary thing, mud being a rarity in Toronto. Queen Elizabeth, who was returning along King Street from the Civic Parliament in the City Hall, where she had listened in amazement to the eloquence of the gallant aldermen, came to the mud-puddle mentioned. She paused and took a few steps backward in order to make space for a little run to gain impetus for a spring. Sir Walter Raleigh, then but a humble contributor to GRIP, immediately stripped off his ulster (regardless of the fact that the deficiencies of his wardrobe were thereby exposed, and that the populace were made aware that he had on naught else but a collar, an undershirt, and a pair of long boots), and throwing it across the muddy spot, thus enabled his sovereign to pass over clean-shod. The young man was at once taken into royal favor, the Queen procuring for him the post of royal associate editor of GRIP, and it is to this fact that he owed his untimely fate, for, publishing one day a sketch about a plumber and a goat, the Queen was so incensed thereat that she ordered the unhappy editor to be at once decapitated. "Would that instead of being deprived of my head," exclaimed poor Raleigh, "I could be supplied with another. I should thus be a double-headed editor-ryal." His wide-brimmed hat with drooping plumes was taken from him and a little white cap given him to wear at his execution. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "do you always thus strike off an editorial heading in small caps?" "We do," was the reply. "Well, then," answered poor Raleigh, rallying himself for a final effort, "I think that by thus spilling innocent blood you choose a mighty poor method of increasing the circulation," and laying his neck on the block, he fell asleep.

October, being the tenth month, takes its name from the Latin word *octo*, eight.