

demoralising effect produced on a peaceable body of men by a snorer in camp.

And so the game went merrily on, until from nearly every tent in three lines there came a succession of catcalls and cock-crows after each Gasperian snore that woke up the whole camp, notwithstanding an occasional feeble protest and an—

"I say, you fellows, turn it up. This is a bit too thick. It'll soon be time to turn out, and I haven't had a wink of sleep."

And to add insult to injury, if old Gasper didn't add the following note to his report next day:—

"There was considerable noise in the officers' lines from 1.30 a.m. until 4.0 a.m."

During the rest of the camp Gasper never went out after dark except under an escort, and all our best laid schemes to lure him to a quiet spot and murder him failed.

I have only come across one snorer who could beat Gaspar, and I have spoken of him elsewhere, but the narrative may bear repetition.

I had been for a trip to the Ardennes, and on my way back I decided to "do" Ostend. Now Ostend is one of the pleasantest seaside towns of the world. With plenty of money, plenty of fine clothes, and plenty of time, a fellow can enjoy himself fairly well there. But if the same calamity befalls him as befell me, the happy associations of his month's holiday will be rudely dispelled at one fell swoop.

A hundred pleasant promenades on the far famed Digue, a hundred runs of luck at the roulette or rouge et noir tables in the Kursaal, and a hundred charming swims with the fair young creatures whose bathing costumes are none too profuse—all these pleasures are but a faint recompense for the agony the passengers of the Bittern endured during the ill fated night on which we set sail for Old England once more. Lest the too fastidious reader should misunderstand me, I should explain that the weather was fine and the sea exceedingly calm. We had nothing to fear on that score. But there was a man aboard who caused twenty erst while happy souls more excruciating agony than could be effected by the worst attack of mal de mer—a man for whose life blood twenty of us craved ere the first streak of dawn.

The boat was not an extensive one, but there was a large passenger list, and so it came about that twenty-one of us were supplied with "fit-up" beds in the dining-saloon. Some were on couches, some on chairs, some on tables, and others underneath. But we grumbled not. About midnight the majority of us retired, and in less than a quarter of an hour were all fast asleep. But our slumbers were not to be of long duration. About 12.30 a.m. there came sailing across the saloon an ominous "Hng—aw—aw!"

The very lightsleepers turned restlessly over on to the other side. Just when they were dozing off again it was heard once more—"Hng—aw—aw!" Another restless turn, a slight cough or two, and then another "Hng—aw—aw—aw—awph!" more vehement than its predecessors.

This last one woke about a dozen fellows, and drew forth three or four muttered imprecations. For a few seconds the silence was only broken by the hard breathing of the snorer, and the tired sleepers began to hope for the best. Then came a terrible one! "Hng—naw—aw—aw—awph!"

This time every impromptu bedstead began to creak, and it was plain that the only man in the saloon who was sleeping was the gentleman with the well-developed nasal organ. Several "sofas" were surrounded by curtains. Some of these were pulled on one side, and two or three wild and haggard faces peered out into the semi-darkness, whilst their owners asked anxiously—

"Which one is it?" "Where is he?"

"Hng—naw—aw—aw!"

"That's the one! There he is!"

"Where? Where?"

"Yonder on the two forms, The old man with the bald head and iron-grey whiskers."

"Hng—aw—aw—naw—awph!"

"Hold 'em up!" shouted one man. "Chuck it, old 'un!" yelled another. "Dashed old fool!" growled a third, in a decidedly nasty manner.

"Hng—naw—aw—aw—aw—aw—aw—awph!"

The effect of this last snore was electrical. It started very softly, gradually increased in tone, until about the middle when the crockery-ware in the kitchen began to rattle, and then gradually descended the scale until it died away into a gentle sigh of satisfaction. Everybody was now sitting bolt upright. Twenty flaming tempers were up to 130 above boiling-point, and twenty hitherto peaceful citizens wondered whether under circumstances a coroner's jury would convict them of wilful murder. The old man with iron-grey whiskers slept peacefully on, noting not that twenty pairs of eyes were on him, whilst twenty pairs of hands eagerly grasped twenty pillows.

"Hng—aw—"

"Bang" went the pillows. They caught the sleeper at all angles, some on the feet, some on the chest, but the great majority clear on the face.

Those fellows rejoiced secretly. At last, they thought, we have vanquished the old sinner. But imagine their discomfiture, their terrible rage, when the old gentleman lazily lifted his arm, removed one pillow that impeded his breathing, and in twenty seconds afterwards gave vent to a soft little "Hng—aw—aw" that gave promise of what was to come.

A consultation was held, and it was decided by nineteen votes to one—(I was the one; if there was going to be any manslaughter I wished to be out of it) to push him off his bed at the commencement of his next snore.

**GALLEY EIGHT**  
The fellow nearest to him was deputed to do the pushing. We had not long to wait.

"Hng—aw—"

"Plump!" Over he went, bed, form, pillows, and all. We were as silent as the grave. Not a man spoke. As we listened eagerly for the resentment which most men would show at such unceremonious treatment, there came from under the de-

bris the most delightful little snore of contentment.

(He still slept on!)

This was the last straw. Several fierce-looking men, with hearts quite cowed, slunk up on deck, there to pace up and down for the three weary hours till daylight. Those who remained below sat on the sides of their beds, and collectively and individually cursed the sleeper to their hearts' content. Every time he snored, a curse and something more substantial was thrown at him, and a particularly lively snore brought down a shower of articles upon him that varied from a Gladstone bag to a walking-stick. Sometimes, for a couple of minutes together, he would breathe easily, and nothing could be heard save the "dab" on the deck above of the discarded "quid" of the look-out man. But the intervals were never of long duration, and one by one the weary watchers made their way upstairs.

At six o'clock, when the steward went to call the passengers for breakfast, there was only one man in the saloon. With some difficulty he extricated himself from the mass of bed and baggage that surrounded him.

"Sleep well, sir?" asks the steward.

"Shplendid, mein fren! Shplendid! I vos go to bed at twelf o'clock, and I vos not wake until you call me. It appears I haf an oxident and fall off mein bed, but I vos not know dot."

And he couldn't understand why everybody scowled angrily at him at the breakfast table.

LEYSON T. MERRY;

Capt. 4th V.B. Essex Regt. in the Volunteer Gazette.

## SCOTTY'S DILEMMA.

### An Episode of the Toronto Highlanders Games.

Everyone in this part of the country has, of course, heard all about the 48th Highlanders games which were held at the Rosedale grounds last Saturday. Well! I was there, along with about three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other people. I had just finished giving some advice to the assistant-surgeon of the Grenadiers regarding a snap shot he was trying to get at the C. O. of the "kilties," when I noticed an old Scotchman, dressed in the kilt and accompanied by a Skye terrier and an Inverness accent as thick as my wrist. He was strolling about with a "far away" look in his eyes as though he had lost his best friend. Suddenly he espied a group of three lusty Highlanders who were watching the antics of Major Henderson's trained monkey. Immediately his face brightened up, his eye sparkled and he made straight for "the soldiers three." I was interested in the old fellow and watched him closely. At a few moments' conversation with his newly found friends he turned away with a puzzled expression on his wrinkled and weather-beaten face and approached a policeman, who was standing near. I could not hear what he said nor the reply made by "the finest," but the old fellow had such a dazed and woebegone look in his face, as he turned away, that my curiosity was aroused, so I walked briskly down the field, overtook him, and asked him if