

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

BOYS AND GIRLS:—

Did you ever travel on a railroad? Isn't it fun? Variety, some one said, is the spice of life. Perhaps so, and if so, where is there a bigger spice-box than a first-class car on a first or second-class road? I have tried both kinds of road, and largely varied sorts of car, and in my day have seen many spicy things, and am now able to declare that ahead of everything funny stand the doings of railway travellers. There are as many kinds of them as there are changes in a kaleidoscope, and if they are not so attractive as the multiform productions of the optical wonder, in some respects, they surpass them in others. There are several distinct types more pronounced than the rest, and a small space will be sufficient for an enumeration of some of them. Amongst them are the people I don't like, and the people I do. Let us take the bitters before the sweets. Imprimis, I don't like the fellow who comes into a car with an air of all possession, if not of all possessed, and making for the central and best seats, turns down with a ferocious bang the back of that immediately in front of the one selected, and thus imprudently appropriates four sitting spaces instead of one, and makes the settlement sure and perpetual by piling his baggage promiscuously thereon. I don't like the impudent air with which he lyingly tells successive passengers looking for sitting room that these seats are "engaged," and sends them in search of others less favorably situated. I don't like the woman who enters a car with a bang, fussily takes possession of every sitting space within reach, and who, aided and abetted by some slavey in trousers, piles up a small mountain of parcels, satchels, umbrella, rain cloak, bird cage,

bonnet box, lunch baskets, and sundry other "goods and chattels," not forgetting the goloshes, who brings three female friends, in addition to the male something already enumerated, to "see her off," and who pushes up a window to its utmost extent, and who chatters volubly with other friends on the platform, at the top of her voice, and with a thorough exposure of her mental and social equipments. I don't like even the more modest woman who find the cars "stuffy," because they have walked too fast to reach them, and think it therefore necessary, despite incoming dust, cinders, smoke and raw atmosphere, to open a window every five minutes or so, and subject to draught, annoyance and dirt more delicate women sitting behind and before them. I don't like the fiends who suck oranges, and deposit the rind upon the window sill, or who devour bananas with fierce zest, and throw the sticky slimy skins upon the floor. I don't like that other fiend, the tobacco devourer, who chews a piece from a large black plug, and whose jaws work with tutti frutti frenzy, while the floor is made the recipient of the superfluous saliva. Much as I love children, at proper times and places, and wouldn't care to live on the earth if they were all taken off it, I don't like that misconducted family of two or three, who so often travel, and run from end to end of the car aisle, and with sticky paws catch at seats and dresses as they pass to and fro, and become veritable representations of a lower sphere than ordinary children are supposed to reach. To be sure there is consolation, now and then, in a collision with some projection, but a howling chorus is another of the things which it isn't pleasant to hear even from erring juveniles. I don't like the young "hawbucks" who tramp