

voices. What a blessing that they have their meals at a separate table!

The breezes through the open door felt inviting and I stepped out, the gentlemen were standing in groups of one, with caps well pulled down and coats buttoned up, holding their cigars tightly between their teeth; it was apparent that they were not as yet on speaking terms with each other. One by one they began to file into the cabin, and advancing with an air of pompous solemnity the steward gave a secret nod to the more fastidious looking individual who at once made their ways to the set tables with more haste than grace. There is nowhere where a certain class of people push themselves forward and appear at such disadvantage as on a steamer at meal time. I have never yet discovered the particular virtue of certain places that seem to be the seats, but I have known persons go without eating rather than be put out of the place which they consider theirs by right; only one can sit in a chair, and when a dozen people have made up their mind to occupy it, it makes things rather unpleasant. Remembering my early Sabbath school lessons about low places, I waited until the gong sounded for the less favoured passengers, and found myself seated at the table with the bride and groom, the two lady friends, an elderly married couple and a lone woman who looked decidedly uncomfortable. The two lady friends spoke out loud at first, but gradually their voices became more subdued and finally not a word was uttered at the table. The elderly married couple had sat down to eat and right royally they fulfilled their mission. The lone woman was not up in the art of ordering from "cards" and fared badly. The meal was excellent, but the silence became embarrassing and we did not half enjoy it.

All night the fog whistle blew, and waking in the early morning hours, one could not help the flitting of horrible thoughts across the brain, visions of fearful collisions and ghastly wrecks danced before ones eyes in fancy, and individual wonderings as to the after results were the only pleasure obtainable from the sensations. No body could be found; would a tomb-stone be placed where all could read it? How would the awful news read in the papers, and how many, many people would remember that they had known us and speak of us to their friends! Oh, that individuality, we are so much to ourselves and so little to everyone else! The morning broke bright and clear and the fog whistle ceased, our thoughts vanished with the darkness, and morbid introspection seemed less pleasing.

No word was spoken at breakfast beyond a discussion between the lady friends as to what they should eat, and the orders to the waiter, the groom took just what the bride ordered and was saved the mental strain of ordering his own meals, the lone woman was hungry, I could see it, and broke the awful formality by passing her the plate with two pieces of bread and the one containing three crackers; she took them joyfully, and when I was giving my order seized the chance of sending for a steak, she had evidently understood that she must take her choice of one thing, and, after the fashion of good Scotch bringing-up, had decided upon porridge, the servings were small, but there was a little pitcher of genuine cream with each bowl, and that compensated somewhat for its scantiness.

The morning was hot and the gentlemen having spoken to each other ascended the hurricane deck, and stood like compasses across the bridge; the big American woman was talking to the English lady and her daughter; the lady friends had known a gentleman on board who brought up other young gentlemen as he spoke to them, and all were interested in Johnnie's measles and Ethel's whooping cough. The morning passed as Sunday mornings do on steamers. About half an hour before lunch no one was to be seen, but at that meal everyone appeared "washed up." The lady friends had entire different costumes; the bride wore a dainty silk waist in place of her cloth basque, the elderly ladies had left off their bonnets, and the gentlemen had brushed their hair and felt dressed. My courage began to ooze—could I sit through another whole meal and not say a word? My food would choke me, and I forgot to eat so busy was I thinking for something to say; people began to leave the other tables—where conversation had been going on—and I went too. We were passing through the docks at Saalt Ste Marie, more commonly known as the Soo Docks. I stood beside the English lady and her daughter, and ventured a few remarks—which did not seem to please her, and she looked at me as much as to say, "and who are you, pray?" I had learned my pedigree nearly off while adjourning in the States for a few years, it being expected of everyone there to have no objections to telling his family history, secrets, age and everything pertaining to himself and kindred; but my interest in the docks was too great to allow much talking, and I contented myself with drawing up to my full height and being intensely interested in all that was going on. We took a long

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