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London Advertiser

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London Welcomes Her Sons and Daughters

ARTHUR STRINGER MUSES ON OLD BOY MEMORIES

The Poet and Author in a Reminiscent Vein—The Pastimes of the "South London Gang"—The Swimming, Skating and Strawberry Seasons—Boyhood Life.

[Writen for The Advertiser by Arthur Stringer, author of "The Silver Poppy."]

We made up what was usually known as the South London gang. Our domain extended from the quiet waters of Pond Mills (which we firmly and soberly held to be without a bottom) on the east, to the Byron dam (except in chestnut gathering season) on the west. Our northern limits were never fixed. We generally ventured as far as opposing and hostile town gangs would allow, so that when we penetrated to the terra incognita of the north branch for sunfish and shiners and suckers, or trudged to the many-tented Carling's Heights to behold the wonders of a sham battle, all of us went secretly armed, either with slingshot, home-made dirk, or a soul-wearying pocketfull of stones.

Our year began, of course, with the opening of the swimming season. This was much earlier than you might at first imagine. In fact, a sunny day in April saw us disporting ourselves, sans clothing and sans care, on the flooded meadows of MacArthur's Flats, between the first and second coves, where the frogs first spawned, and the sun first took the lingering winter chill from the shallow and well-sheltered water. Sometimes it did, but not always, for if you scraped away the leaves on the north side of the cove hill, you could still find plenty of ice and snow. So, of a bright April afternoon, it took a heap of challenging and counter-challenging, a heap of bluffing and daring and "stumping," and talking about "cowardy-custards," before enough Dutch courage was aroused to enable us to part with our clothes. Then one of the gang would try the water with a hesitating big toe, and draw up his leg as though it had been stung by a hornet, and try it still again, with a still wrier face—and probably as he hesitated and drew back, someone approached him secretly from behind, and sent him in, head-over-heels. After threshing about like a porpoise, and blowing and puffing and

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grunting, he would clamber to his feet once more, and holler out that it was pie, and as warm as milk. So one by one we would venture in, and take our duck, with a gasp and try, dog fashion and then sailor fashion, and then probably have a glorious old pitched battle with spawning frogs (who naturally resented such conduct) or a mud-throwing contest (wherein we forgot all about our clothes, which lay on the bank nearby, and were usually a disgrace to a ditch-digger when we came to put them on).

But this, of course, was not the real swimming season for our gang. That came with the heat of summer, when flannels first began to itch you, and your feet felt like a pair of convicts when inside shoe leather, and patient and kindly and forbearing "Old Mack," of the Askin street school, found it hard to keep us from gaping dreamily out of the open windows, and the customary cryptic and pregnant fingers were held up, in the shape of a letter V, behind geography books and slates, and the hands of the clock seemed to crawl, oh, so slowly and sluggishly, toward the liberating figure IIII. Indeed, although neither the unsuspecting schoolmaster, nor the undreaming petticoated portion of the class knew it, we had already begun the secret and delightful and equally dangerous process of disrobing. Shoes were already unlaced, certain buttons were already loosened, so that when we sprinted, halloing and shrieking, from the school gate to the Wharncliffe road, and from the Wharncliffe down the Cove road hill, we should always adroitly shell off our things as we went. The result was (and by what magic we did it I can now scarcely explain) that by the time we reached the old swimming hole of the first cove, not one moment of precious time was lost in the tedious operation of disrobing. One rip at remaining buttons, one quick wriggle of the body, and there we stood, Adamatically naked, ready for our little sprint and plunge into the warm, yellow water that lapped so seductively on the soft sand and rippled and shimmered out among the lily-pads on either side of the hole.

O, pellucid and perfumed waters: O, sun-bathed and tree-shaded and vine-clung swimming cove of countless youth, where shall I ever look upon your like again? Where shall advancing age and ever narrowing years again find any such fountain of laughter? lights, such gay and careless disporting in the mellow afternoon sunlight, such untroubled floating between an azure heaven and a peaceful earth, as we drifted about on your calm and restful bosom, sagely smoking punk to keep down fever and ague, and ever keeping a lazy eye on the hollow log where our clothes had been secreted, so that the Pipe line gang wouldn't come and "chaw-beef" on us! I have bathed in the turquoise waters of the Mediterranean; I have dipped into the Atlantic at Long Branch and Manhattan Beach; I have attempted a few of the more famous "bads" of Germany and Austria; I have puddled in those glorious mountain pools at Banff; I have taken my duck in the historic and azure-tinted Adriatic, where I walked the same white sands that bore the imprint of Prince George of Greece and the Kaiser's own children, and German counts and Russian princesses, and more barons and marquises and titles than you could shake a stick at. But to one and all of them I say, decidedly and contemptuously, pooh! What are they to that old swimming hole of the first cove? What are their exotic sun-parlors and drying-rooms to the soft blue clay and the skin-soothing yellow sand where the elm branches swayed so sleepily over the gently sloping cove banks? There wasn't an ounce of water in them all from Abbazin to the Adriatic half as inviting as the lukewarm ripples of that stagnant and musky-smelling corner of MacArthur's farm, where the great trees leaned over the basking sun-fish and the wild grape ran to the water's edge, and the wild strawberries grew thick, and the musk-rat furrowed the face of the mercury-like pool with his upthrust nose, and the placid mud-turtle sunned himself on the mossy log-ends, and the blue jays called across the hollow afternoon, and there was nothing to think of beyond who could bring up the deepest bottom, and who could make the longest dive, and who could smoke the most wild-grape vine and not get sick, and who could lie the longest in the open sun, and not get dizzy, and who could tie the tightest knot in the shirt-tails of opposing "gangs," with now and then a random thought as to whether or not it wasn't about supper time, and an empty feeling somewhere about the pit of the stomach, and a firm conviction that you could eat a full set of parlor furniture.

But the cove was not the only place where we took our dip. Sometimes we wandered up to Clark's bridge, where we usually had a fight with the local gang, and got sadly licked, and sometimes we tried Pond Mills. Not infrequently, too, we would straggle out the Grand Trunk track as far as the cove bridge, where we would watch the bigger youths of the London West swimmers essay frightful dives from the bridge abutments, and wonder if they were ever going to come up again, and marvel if the day would ever come when we ourselves might venture such a headlong leap. Then we would point out to one another the scene of the Victoria disaster, and puddle about in the shallower and safer water, and wait until the afternoon express came thundering down the grade from Komoka, whereupon we would line up beside the track, and dance wildly up and down, quite barbarously and quite unashamed!

The one regret of our South London gang was the fact that the circus always showed in the north end of the city. I remember, once, on our way up to the circus grounds, being told to climb up and look over a certain board fence. For if I did so, I was told, I would get a sight of Old Nick Wilson. I mounted the fence, brazenly enough, but all I saw was a benevolent-looking, clean-shaven old gentleman sedately hoeing his trim little back garden. We thereupon threw a few handfuls of green tomatoes at this somewhat startled and justly indignant old gentleman, for we knew it would be many a long day before any of us would ever show a nose in the great high school building on Dufferin avenue, where tradition maintained he presided with iron hand. Old Nick, however (and heaven keep and guard that kindly, forbearing, good-hearted and ever-loved old pedagogue!) in the end unconsciously got even with us, for when we did come under his sway, and beside him struggled over the Pons Asinorum of the Fifth Proposition of the First Book of Euclid, we found that he openly and undisguisedly looked on all South London pupils as farmers. Thus, when late (which often enough happened), I would be blandly cross-questioned as to whether or not I had to get in the hay before leaving for school, or if the cows had broken through the gap and kept me late, or if I had been shocking-up oats too long. All of this, of course, was very uncomfortable and very unwelcome—but who could long remain at odds with Old Nick, whose sternness was only skin deep, whose passing rebuff was only the salt that kept school life sweet.

After the opening of the swimming season, the next great event of the year was strawberry time. Just to the south of our domain lay many vast acres of this delectable fruit, Kettlewell's, Stevens' and countless others, and there all the small boys that could foregather in that odorous suburb were given one cent a quart for picking. Just why any deluded fruit-grower ever paid half a hundred voracious and gluttonous small boys to invade his berry patch was always a mystery to me. It is true we picked a few quarts, the most of us, but the quarts and quarts and quarts which we devoured, before so much as covering the bottom of our first box! And we never had the heart to let any especially big and ripe one get past us. One grower, indeed, ordained that only really needy boys should be employed in his patch! Weird and touching were the tales of poverty, the histories of want and destitution, which the sons of opulent and quite well-to-do citizens carried out to that must have appeared the most pauper-ridden city suburb in all Canada.

Later in the summer we haunted the Rifle Range, between the two coves, and zealously gathered old bullets from beneath the targets, and time and time again ran wonderful risks of being shot, and caused no end of worry and trouble to the target markers. The lead thus harvested we put through a dilapidated old bullet-mould, which was always spitting hot metal into our faces and burning our fingers, and in the end was used as ammunition for our pirate ship, with which we fondly but fruitlessly dreamed of some day capturing the White Sulphur Springs bath house.

Of the circuses which we used to hold in Colonel Leys' barns; of the way we used to stone the city dogcatcher; of how we put a hornet's nest in a certain Methodist cleryman's front hall; of how we raided and ravaged neighboring orchards; of how our deep-laid plot to swim in the Springbank reservoir was frustrated by a caretaker, who sent us speeding citywards with only a pair of trousers apiece; of the crazy and leaky canoes and death-traps dignified by the name of boats with which we daily tempted Providence on one of the two river branches or one of the two coves; of how a certain Delaware farmer always awaited our autumnal quest for the succulent chestnut with a shot gun and two bull dogs beside him, and of how we frustrated his most artfully-laid plans for entrapment; of what we did on Hollowe'en, and the countless troubles that arose therefrom; of how, in winter, we made the cove hill into an ice-covered toboggan slide, and the Duchess avenue mill pond into an open-air skating rink (admission to same, twenty pins), and of the snow forts that rose and fell in deadly combat, and of the maliciously "iced" back door steps, whereon many old scores were wiped out, and of the home-made ice boat that took us through the cove, and all but drowned the pack of us—of these, and of many other things, I should like to tell you, but alas, space sternly forbids.

Yet as I sit and think of that old South London gang and its doings, of the old faces and the old doings and goings-on, the thought often comes to me that the boys of the present degenerate decade never have the same good time as we of the older days. I may be sadly astray in this—but I have appearances, at least, to bear me out. The old times were the good times, and the old boys were the rare boys! And if, to be young in heart, to cherish and remember the happier springs and summers of careless youth, to be simple and open-spoken and direct, to be as care-free and as laughter-loving as the jealous gods will allow—if this is to be one of the Old Boys, may it please heaven to keep me always among their ranks!

ARTHUR STRINGER.

Spirit of Old Boys' Reunion Fills Air; Streets Decorated; Visitors Arriving

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"It is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

Today the spirit of the Old Boys' reunion fills the air. The streets in all directions are gaily decorated.

Brilliant-colored bunting and flags of all nations, with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes predominating, greet the eye on all sides.

Richmond street, from the Grand Trunk depot to the custom house, is being converted into a dreamland of colors.

Dundas street, from the west end to Queen's Park, is decorated, and everywhere men are busy adding beauty to the present brilliant scene.

At the corner of Dundas and Richmond street the eyesore caused by the construction of the new Bank of Commerce building is being relieved by Parks Commissioner Pearce, with the aid of green cedars, the bank paying the cost.

Since early morning the streets have been thronged with people. Crowds of sightseers have been out taking in the scenes, while a great number of strangers have found it necessary to walk, some in order to secure meals and rooms to their liking.

Secretary McCann has been besieged with callers all day. A stream of inquiring humanity fills the city hall at all hours and seeks the office of the genial secretary, for the purpose of having railway certificates signed or of looking up relatives or friends. Indeed, Mr. McCann is a walking bureau of information just now. But as usual he is always found good-natured, and no one goes away without being attended to.

Downstairs in the arcade, carpenters are busy putting up booths for the visitors to register. "Chicago people register here," "Cleveland people register here," and so on say the signs. The counter is a little high, but what of that? Mr. E. J. MacRobert is in charge of this part of the proceedings, and if any cannot reach the high counter he is big enough to give them a lift.

Outside the sober stone face of the city hall is illuminated with brilliant bunting, with a generous smattering of flags—here the Union Jack, there the yellow flag of Scotland and there the rampant and green flag of Ireland, with the hound and the sunburst and the dear old harp may be seen. Over the arcade are the words "Welcome, Old Boys," which will be illuminated by electricity at night. Everywhere as far as the eye can reach, beauty decks the streets.

On Dundas street the decorations include all the national emblems from the Union Jack to the white and blue colors of King George of Greece. Surely, London never saw such times as these. With nobody looking forward to a big time until Monday, the city is already alive. Hotels are being besieged for accommodation and rooms in private houses are at a premium. As soon as the location of a room in a private house is sent in, it is snapped up by a lucky person amongst half a dozen accommodation seekers. Wily visitors with an eye to safety and inconvenience are wiring ahead for accommodation, and places are being reserved for them.

All morning the visitors poured in in straggling parties, and the probabilities are that by nightfall 2,000 or 3,000 strangers will have arrived in London.

All is expectancy now. Everybody is waiting for Monday. "If the rain only keeps off—if Monday is a dry day." The big parade will be a cure for eye trouble. Nearly all the arrangements have been perfected by Grand Marshall Walter Bartlett, and if the different bodies will keep to the time and places assigned them, the procession will move like clock work from the market to Queen's Park at 1 o'clock. The wealth and the beauty of London will be seen in this parade. It will be well worth coming miles to witness.

As to what will take place for the entertainment of the guests all are well aware. Monday afternoon the big parade will be held to Queen's Park, after which the sports programme will be pulled off. There will be fireworks in the evening and a dinner will be tendered the visiting mayors of other places by the city of London at the London Club. The remainder of the week things will be found well arranged and there will not be a dull moment from Monday till Saturday. The following official programme has been handed out by Secretary McCann.

Saturday—Combined band concert Forty-eighth Highlanders and Seventh Regiment at armories.

Sunday—Arrival of contingents at all railroad stations.

Monday—Grand parade at 1 p.m. to Queen's Park, where programme of sports will be run off, with big entertainment and fireworks in the evening. City of London banquet at the London Club.

Tuesday—Regatta. Big programme of sports at Springbank.

Wednesday — Military Day—Sports and military contests at Tecumseh Park in afternoon and evening. Bands in attendance.

Thursday—Picnic of Irish Benevolent Society at Port Stanley. Bands in attendance.

Friday and Saturday — Quoiting tournament.

BRAKEMAN HAS ARM TORN OFF

Arthur Cox, of Hamilton, Falls Under a Grand Trunk Car in East London.

Horace Arthur Cox, a young brakeman in the employ of the G. T. R., had one arm torn off while engaged in shifting cars in the East London yards early this morning. Cox fell beside the tracks, one arm going across the rails and passing under the wheels of a moving car. He is now in a precarious condition, but there is a probability of his recovery.

Cox is a native of the old country and came out to Canada just a short time ago. He came to this city and entered the service of the G. T. R., with headquarters in Hamilton. His run was between Hamilton and Sarnia. This morning he was breaking on a way freight in charge of Conductor Cameron. About 6:30 a.m. the train reached East London from Hamilton, and Cox was told to take some cars out of the chemical works siding. It was while engaged in this duty that the accident occurred.

Cox was riding on the step of one of the cars. It is supposed that as he was alighting his foot slipped. At any rate, he fell and lost his arm between the shoulder and elbow.

Dr. Drake was summoned and had the unfortunate man removed to Victoria Hospital. Cox is a bright, intelligent young man, and a general favorite among his fellow employes. Everything possible is being done for him.

Later accounts say that Cox was knocked off the train by a switch to which his back was turned. Cox has been boarding at the corner of Adelaide and King streets, when his duties caused him to stay over night in this city. He was conscious after the accident and acted very pluckily.

"Save the arm, if you can," he said to the doctors, as P. C. Lucas carried him to the ambulance.

Assaulter Hanged.

Ruston, La., Aug. 5.—Bob Burton, the negro who entered the residence of Mrs. Wells one night a few months ago, and attempted to criminally assault one of the women of the household, was hanged in the parish jail here yesterday. Burton confessed on the scaffold.

THE WEATHER.

Tomorrow—Cooler.

London, Saturday, Aug. 5.

Sun rises..5:10 a.m. Moon rises..10:10 a.m.
Sun sets...7:37 p.m. Moon sets...10:25 p.m.

Toronto, Aug. 4—8 p.m.

Local thunderstorms have occurred today in Manitoba and in Saskatchewan, and a few light scattered showers in the peninsula of Ontario. Elsewhere the weather has been fair.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 54—64; Edmonton, 60—78; Calgary, 40—76; Qu'Appelle, 54—76; Winnipeg, 58—78; Port Arthur, 50—66; Parry Sound, 58—84; Toronto, 52—72; Ottawa, 56—78; Montreal, 60—78; Quebec, 52—80; St. John, 52—70; Halifax, 52—82.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, Aug. 5—8 a.m.

Today—Fresh to strong southerly to southwesterly winds; decidedly warm; thunderstorms this evening and tonight.

Sunday—Fresh to strong westerly to northwesterly winds; clearing and a little cooler.

Monday—Fine.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations.	8 a.m.	Min.	Weather.
Calgary	46	44	Clear
Winnipeg	62	58	Clear
Parry Sound	64	62	Clear
Toronto	64	58	Clear
Ottawa	64	60	Fair
Montreal	68	56	Cloudy
Quebec	66	60	Cloudy
Father Point	60	68	Clear

WEATHER NOTES.

Thunderstorms have been general from the Qu'Appelle valley to Lake Superior, and a few scattered showers have occurred on the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario. The outlook is for fine weather in Manitoba and the Territories, and for numerous thunderstorms in Ontario and

RUSSIANS CHECK JAP ADVANCE

Two Columns in Northern Korea Halted by Muscovite Vanguard.

Godzyadani, Manchuria, Aug. 4.—Dispatches received from Korea report that the Japanese have begun a simultaneous advance from Kuanchoderi against the Musariet and Piatsabang passes, but both columns were checked under pressure of the Russian advance detachments. The Russian losses, the dispatches say, were insignificant.

Japanese warships are reported to be cruising off the mouth of Peter the Great Bay, on which Vladivostock is situated, their lights often being visible from Russian islands.

Chinese arriving from the south say that the Japanese are most active in establishing trade relations in Southern Manchuria, that over a score of large business houses have been established at Yiakow and that 5,000

HAD CLOSE CALL FOR THEIR LIVES

Workmen Were on Roof of Barn That Collapsed in Storm This Afternoon.

During the storm of this afternoon a number of workmen engaged on the construction of a livery barn on the premises of M. J. Harris, 446 St. James street, had a close call for their lives.

The storm came up very suddenly, the wind blowing a hurricane. On the building at the time were four men. Two of them succeeded in reaching the ground, but the other two, Frank Harris, a son of the owner of the barn and a man named Madden, were still on the building when the storm hit it.

The structure collapsed in a moment and both men were buried under the wreck. Harris escaped unhurt, while Madden received only a slight bruise over the eye.

The storm played havoc with some of the decorations downtown. All things considered, however, the decorations are standing the wear and tear very well.

PREMIER LEAVES FOR HOME

But Will Be at Quebec to Welcome Prince Battenburg.

Ottawa, Aug. 5.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier left this morning for Arthabaskaville. He will return on Aug. 22. The Premier will be in Quebec on Thursday next to join Earl Grey in welcoming Prince Battenburg. The Hon. Mr. Oliver left on the Imperial Limited for the Northwest yesterday.

WINNIPEG BOYS LEAVE

Large Party Leaves Prairie Capital for Local Celebration.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 5. — Minister Pokotilow, with Secretary Rojestvensky and party, connected with the Russian peace commission, passed through Moosejaw last night over the Soo Line en route from Vancouver to Chicago, and thence to Portsmouth, N. H.

One hundred and fifty-nine London Old Boys left for the great gathering at the Forest City.

WHEATLEY DINES RETURNING HEROES

The Seven Acquitted of Whitecapping Charge Given a Rousing Reception.

Wheatley, Aug. 5. — The homecoming from Chatham of the seven men acquitted on the charge of having taken part in the whitecapping of Thomas Dulmage, was made the occasion of much rejoicing here. A large number of people met the party at the station and escorted them to the village, where supper was spread at the village hotel by the women of the place.

WILL RUN LATE CARS

The London street railway has decided to decorate its cars for the reunion with a Canadian flag on each car, attached to the trolley pole.

The car service will be continued each night an hour after midnight. Double fares will be charged after 12 o'clock.

Manager Carr stated today that the pavement between the rails on Dundas street between Adelaide and Lyle will be completed by Monday, so that all

HOW LONDON OLD BOY MADE A GREAT HIT IN EARLY 60'S

Mr. Thomas Martindale, the Philadelphia Merchant, Recalls an Amusing Incident of His Youth—London's First Orchestra and Its Visit to Ingersoll.

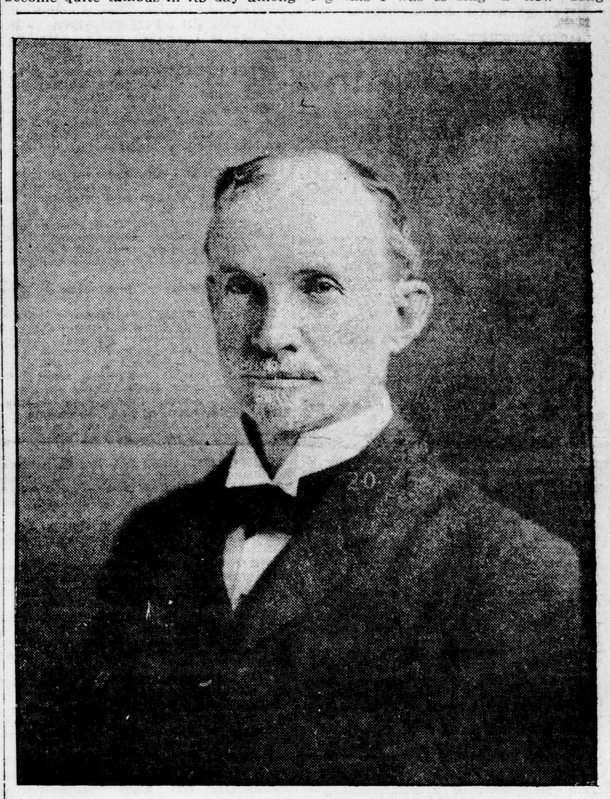
He was rather a slender man of possible 30 years of age, with hair hanging down over his coat collar in wavy folds. He had a decidedly august look and was of somewhat erratic and brusque temperament, but one of those men of whom when you meet one on the street you mentally remark, "Here is a man out of the common run of men." Such a man was Louis H. Rink, who came to London town in the early sixties and started work as an organist and musical instructor. I think he was the first organist for the Hellmuth Institute. He was the nephew of the great Louis H. Rink, a German organist and composer of considerable renown in Europe. After he had been with us for a while, he discovered that there was neither a professional nor an amateur orchestra in the city, and with commendable energy he soon gathered around him the nucleus of an amateur orchestra that was destined to become quite famous in its day among the people of London and Middlesex County. He was a remarkably good instructor—very patient—had a happy manner of getting the most out of his pupils and, being a fine musician, it was not long before the young men composing the orchestra took such an interest in it and had practiced so faithfully that they risked a public appearance in the Old Mechanics' Hall on Talbot street.

William J. Mackintosh was the first violin, John Maher and his brother, Isaac Waterman and Bert Chadwick, second violins (we were strong on second violins); Sam Chadwick played the cornet, and we had a double bass player, a trombone player, a couple of flute players, first and second clarionet players and a drummer, all of whose names have passed from my memory. I played the first clarionet, and being at that time possessed of a fairly good tenor voice, I occasionally sang one or more songs at our concerts to vary the programme. As an emblem, we wore a silver maple leaf on the lapels of our coats with our title "The London Germania Society" engraved upon it.

We were a very particular lot of youngsters, as far as money was concerned, inasmuch as we decided not to play for lucre, but for a worthy charity we were willing to do what we could to help it along. We, therefore, of course, had many, many requests for our services. It so fortuned that after we had progressed far enough to play such overtures as the "Caliph of Bagdad," "Don Juan," "Zampa" and "Tancredi" together with such descriptive pieces as the "Anvil Chorus" with the accompaniment of anvils and hammers and the "Sleigh Bell Gallop" with sleigh bells and whips, that we were asked to give a concert at Ingersoll for the benefit of the poor of that town, who were suffering severely from the effects of the hard times and the very severe cold of the then passing winter.

Seated in an open sleigh and hauled by four horses, we started from London at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a day that betokened nothing in the way of weather to interfere with a pleasant trip to Ingersoll, seventeen miles away. As I was to sing at this concert, I put a couple of raw eggs in my pocket to help clear my throat before starting on that eventful journey. Our calculations were to reach our destination at about 6 o'clock, then we would have plenty of time for supper and afterwards to stroll around the town and be in the hall in good time for the commencement of the concert at 8 o'clock. "But the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee." A half hour had hardly passed by after we started before a sudden blizzard arose. The snow and sleet came down in blinding masses and it was not very long before the horses were floundering around in a considerable depth of soft flakey snow. To make matters worse the driver made a wrong turn know how far we had to retrace our steps before we were set "straight."

Between the blinding snow and the howling storm and the temperature, which had suddenly turned very cold, we did not reach the town hall in Ingersoll until a few minutes after 8 o'clock. So, without supper, we had to make our way as best we could to the platform. I say "make our way as best we could" because neither before nor since that time have I ever seen such a mass of people so crowded into a building as I saw on that night. The window sills were full, the aisles were full and there was a lot of people sitting on the edge of the platform, so that it was with extreme difficulty that we made our way to the stage. We opened the concert with the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore"; we had a little anvil with us and a couple of hammers and the rendition of the piece called forth much applause and an encore was demanded and given. Following this I was to sing a new song which had just come out and which would have its first rendition in Canada at that concert. It was called "No Irish Need Apply." In England someone had advertised through the London Times for a servant and had put a notice at the bottom of the add, "No Irish need apply." This line had given the song writer an opportunity to compose the song, wherein it was shown that when England wanted a man to conquer Napoleon or when Sir John Franklin's body was to be found, or when any great deed was to be performed, she did not say "No Irish need apply," but readily called upon the Irish, and the Irish were always very willing and in every case able to do the work. Hence the man who found Sir John Franklin's body was not an Englishman but an Irishman and the man who conquered Napoleon at Waterloo was also a native of the Emerald Isle.



THOMAS MARTINDALE.

The music was catchy, the words were witty and forceful and the song made a great hit and was often sung for two or three years after it came out. I stepped forward to the front of the stage and the orchestra behind me commenced to play the introduction, when all at once I was greeted with a burst of hand clapping and applause that tickled my vanity beyond measure but when it came to my cue to sing I couldn't make myself heard for the cheering and yelling, so perforce I stopped—held up my hand and thus obtaining silence, said that "I had no knowledge that my reputation as a singer had preceded me so far away from London as Ingersoll, but they couldn't tell whether I deserved the applause they were giving me or not unless they gave me an opportunity to prove it by singing 'No Irish Need Apply,' the song assigned to me on the programme." I then motioned to the orchestra to play the introduction over again. They started, but before it was finished, Lewis H. Rink ran up to me and in his impetuous and nervous manner said, "You big fool, you. Look at your coat tail!" I looked and was horrified to find that the two raw eggs which I had been nursing carefully since leaving London had broken in my frock coat pocket, probably from the crush in getting to our places, and as I had walked about the stage, the two yellow yolks and the accompanying mass of albumen had been trickling in a steady stream in somewhat wavy fashion down to the floor, and even at that moment the stream of yellow and white was still sinuously falling to the stage, and when I turned my back to the audience, they saw it even more plainly than when I was facing them. I need not say that there was no singing for me that night for upon my every appearance the audience went off into fits of laughter and applauded in such a vociferous fashion that Brignoli himself, had he been there, could not have made himself heard. So both the pieces