

TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

CHAPTER I

“ Oh, leetle Bateese wat for,
Oh, leetle Bateese wat for,
Oh, leetle Bateese
Wat for you grease
Mine leetle dog's tail wit tar.”

THESE words, sung to a monotonous and unbeautiful tune, smote the ears of the occupants of a train as it suddenly came to a standstill before a lonely wooden structure in the province of Quebec. As the engine blew off steam the invisible singer roared anew, as if in opposition,