

and of neat-handed Phyllis waiting upon their moods and orders, crept over counsel and court, filling their hearts with compassion for the hard-working sons of toil, who would be unduly deprived of the delights of hay-making and of the sweet odors of the clover now in bloom, if they were dragged all the way from Port Elgin to Walkerton, there to be kept in the dry and dusty town until their turn came to testify. Besides, it was fair to presume that some of the expected witnesses were as yet innocent of knowledge of evil, and if they were brought to Walkerton, they would be likely to be contaminated by contact with the wickedness of their neighbors, and might not go home quite sober.

These considerations caused court and counsel disinterestedly to decide to adjourn to Port Elgin. An early breakfast enabled the party to take the train, which landed them in Port Elgin in time for luncheon.

Here some one suggested that the "inning" was a *gast-haus* kept by a typical German, whose ample proportions and absence of waist indicated economy with good living, and gave delicious promise of generous fare to weary, way-worn travellers.

"Improved" off the face of the earth is that dear old inn; gone where the good Dutchmen go is that dear old host; married again is his then youthful yet buxom frau, who now presides at the table d'hôte of a distant village, fondly frequented by fishermen who tell tales of mighty catches, and by commercial travellers, whose catches are more melodious, although some of their tales are not more savory than is meet.

Trooping into the *gast-haus* came our travellers, whose early breakfast and ride through the green fields and leafy woods had given them appetites kings might envy. Some of them ordered tankards of lager, which they held foaming to their lips, and drained in one appreciative gurgle; but as

some of the party were so wicked as to be unable to further load their conscience by drinking beer, they instructed the landlord to procure milk for them.

It was yet too early for luncheon, so the Court at once commenced on the dull round of question and objection by counsel who, on both sides, were afraid of possible and not altogether improbable developments to the detriment of their several clients. The usual dry details of dirty doings persistently presented fell flatly, but we had one variation which was more interesting than usual. It appeared that one of the more active of the canvassers for the defeated candidate was an iron-founder and machinist. He had called upon a *haus-frau* who controlled the votes of her husband and of two sons, all of whom left their worldly affairs to her good management. She poured out the tale of woe and wrong most volubly in her broken English as follows:—

"Mr. Schmidt, he kooimt to mein haus und him ask voe mein Hans vas, und Dirck und mein Adolf. Mein Hans vas in der felden und Dirck vas in der schtable mit der gows, und mein Adolf vas droonken. Hans und Dirck und Adolf nicht spreken ainglish me. Herr Schmidt nicht sprach deutsch mit me; Schmidt sprach mit me for vote mit Siegel; me not vote for nodings, me. Him say him nicht want for mein vote, Him vill dass Hans und Dirck und Adolf fight mit Siegel. I shust tells him 'mein Hans und mein Dirck und mein Adolf vork mit der plow und der oxen und nicht fight einmal mit Siegel, Nein! Nein!' He sprach 'nicht fight.' 'Vote, vote,' him said. 'Nicht fight, neider vote; he vork,' I tells Schmidt. Schmidt put him hand in ein him pocket und pull out vun roll von silber moneys und him tell me das ist fünfsig thaier, und him ask 'vote mit Siegel?' Den he go to mein bureau und open de drawer und steek der roll von silber moneys in der drawer und shust take mein key