

" Oh, how well I can remember  
When death stared us in the face;  
It was early in November,—  
'Twas indeed a fearful case.

" All our stores, you see, were gone, Sir,  
Save two plugs of T. & B.  
But with wits, tho' starving, keen, Sir,  
These we brewed in place of tea.

" When the plugs were brewed and gone,  
We our horses fricasseed [Sir,  
Then the dog, a spotted spaniel,  
Helped our appetites to feed.

" After that for six long months, Sir,  
Hearts we kept from blank dismay;—  
We subsisted day by day, Sir,  
On the Manual of Survey.

" For we ate of its provisions,—  
Tho' the fare was rather dry,—  
Every clause fulfilled its mission  
As we hunger did defy.

" Once again that I was lost, Sir,  
Ne'er a Manual had I;

Then I felt of hungers pangs, Sir,—  
Tho' I cried none heard my cry.

" Home I thought of, wife and children,  
Till a lump rose in my throat,  
I was saved ! I swallowed *that*, Sir,  
Tho' it wasn't *table d'hôte*.

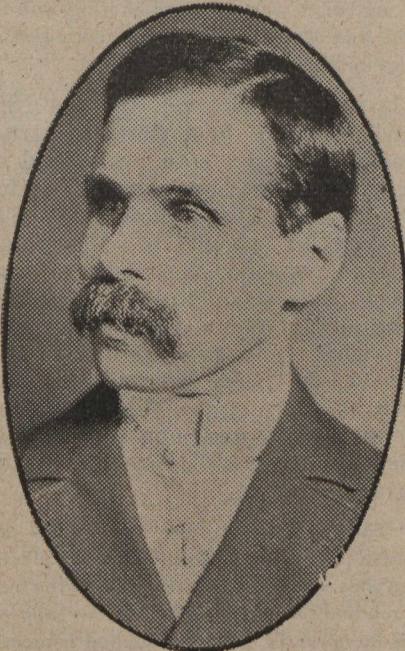
" Talk of cold and frost and ice, Sir,  
In the wild and woolly west;  
Ofttimes whisky frozen hard, Sir,  
We have chopped and chewed with zest.

" Talk of equinoctial blizzards ! —  
Oft' I've seen big chimney stacks,—  
Wells were they blown inside out, Sir,  
By the mad Chinook's attacks. "

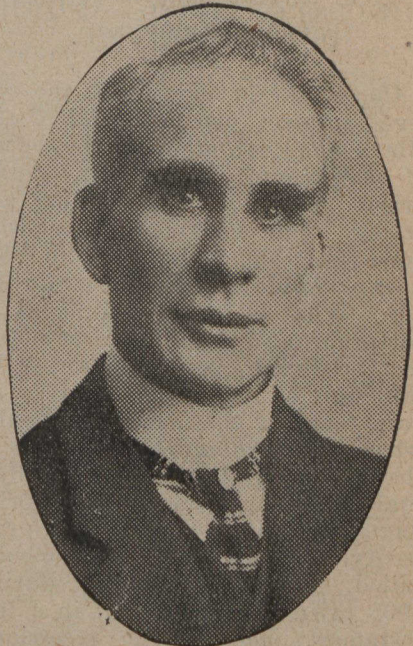
Many another high flown story,—  
Stories that would make one weep,—  
Told the Surveyor, old and hoary,—  
Some would make one's flesh to creep.

But at last the stories ended.—  
Stories tall and stories steep,—  
Till the interest quite diminished,—  
For the listener was asleep.

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ALDERMAN A. E. CARON,  
Vice-Pres. Ottawa C. S. Association.



ALDERMAN H. S. CAMPBELL,  
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(Cuts by courtesy of the Ottawa Evening Journal.)