

## THE UBIQUITOUS HUMAN HOG.

He is indigenous to no one clime, of no particular country and peculiar to no nationality,—he is to be found everywhere and among all kinds and degrees of people. I have watched him, his modus operandi, his methods in the lumber camps of Maine, among the roustabouts of the coasts,—I have seen him and suffered from him in the South and have heartily cursed him in the West. I have seen him exercise his porcine proclivities in gatherings of clergymen, capitalists, politicians—among laborers. Therefore, it was with no surprise that I found our friend, the Ubiquitous Hog, among the men stationed at the E. T. D.—rooting and grunting and knocking to the same old tune and in the same old way!

It would, perhaps, place too heavy a burden on the credulity of the reader, to state that this species of "human" actually resembles the hog from a purely physical standpoint; but certain characteristics, unseparable from both, leads me, after seeing the former and suffering from his depredations, to think irresistibly of the four-footed hog.

Three friends and myself coming up from the States, arriving in the parade grounds wandered around in the gathering darkness, awaiting our dispositions. Running true to form, we immediately asked questions, ("Rookie"-like), wise and unwise, germane and otherwise. The Fates ordained that we should choose the local human "cousin to the hog" as our fount of information. Information we certainly did get, diffuse, full, complete,—and then some more! We had just finished a tedious, perspiring and dusty all-day ride and needed refreshment. At best, a recruit on his induction into a camp, is peculiarly susceptible to first impressions and we were no exception to the rule. We arrived tired, hungry and dirty. We let loose terrific verbal volleys anent food, bed and baths. And he, heroically brought up his heavy artillery in answer. Never a helmeted Hun choose his point of attack better,—never was artillery fired with greater eagerness. And thus, he advanced upon us!

Beds! Already, I could feel my joints creak. Unconsciously, in unison with him, we rubbed our hip-bones, as he gave us a tragic "movie" of the ravages to be wrought by the racks he described as our beds. Our minds travelled back,—back to the horrors adorn-

ing the annals of the Spanish Inquisition!

The food! Here my vocabulary fails and I gasp as I recall the words painting the dire picture he wrought. We, shudderingly, listened to his harrowing narrative of the ravages wrought at the Mess and to the horrors of kitchen-fatigue. We, at once, placed the regimental cook in the infamous category along with Catherine de Medici, Catherine of Russia, the Borgias and the other expert poisoners of history. "Food!" he wound up with an agonized moan "Food!—it's simply rotten!" I am sure, however, that his eloquence and dramatic ability would actually have convinced us of the possibility of such a state of affairs.

Baths suggested themselves to us,—but we had heard enough and also seen enough. Even the rapidly gathering darkness failed to hide the dirt caked in the creases of his bull-neck, or to soften the too evident fact that soap and he were not on speaking terms. How indeed could there be "baths" in this depot after what we had heard and seen? How indeed? Evidently his oratorical ebullitions were meant as a prelude to our asking him over town for a drink. If so, he failed in his object, soon drifting away to "enlighten" other such as we.

Doubtlessly he sprayed his venom and his vindictiveness among the first group that he met, changing the subject, however, from beds, etc., to "tight-wad recruits". In this he was unjust so far as we

were concerned. Gladly, yea willingly, would we have bought him a drink, but alas, we were too utterly flabbergasted to buy ourselves one. The Lord knows our poor nerves called loudly enough for a stimulant after such an encounter!

As before stated, we were utterly tired. Then came our first surprise. We were actually conducted to hot and cold showers! We revelled in such a treat to poor dusty travellers such as we were. Suspicion of our informer began to dawn upon our minds, and things looked brighter. And then came our beds! We had plenty of good warm blankets and a good dry place to lie in.—What more does a normal and healthy body desire? It is the ease—softened frame that wails for the downy mattress and fluffy pillow.

In the morning—how refreshed we were and hungry—ravenously hungry. Nerve-racking recollections of our friend of the previous night still disturbed us. And, too, we met him in person. There he was, among the first to bump the marker on the breakfast parade. For a man who had had so many narrow, soul-stirring, escapes from that murderous cook, he seemed particularly anxious to renew acquaintances with that individual.

Interestedly, we watched him. Reaching his place at the table, he hastily scanned the array. His eyes wandered over the table as he mapped out his plan of campaign. Ere the final note of the bugle had died away, and while still standing



PUSHING HIM IN AGAIN.

—"World", New York.

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