

Further Extracts From Willie Green's Diaries.

[Covering the period of his entry into business life].—
 Edited by A. C. BLACK (III).

Willie Green writes to the Editor thus:—

"I must beg the pardon of the ACTA readers for not submitting my diary before this, but there were so many drawbacks that I never expected to be able to send it at all. The chief one was, that Geo. Gooderham in a fit of jealous rage destroyed my manuscripts, but we are friends once more, and I bear him no malice whatever. Another reason was, that I broke my pencil so often and could not always get anybody to sharpen it. Thank you heartily for so kindly undertaking to see these pages through the press.

I have gone through many experiences since I saw you last and have at length reached the terrible ordeal of work. I am now the chief stamp lickier in a firm, and between licks I manage to scrape up a few lines here and there.

Sunday:—Got a sad letter yesterday, telling me to report for work, 8.30 Monday morning. How I wish that the letter had miscarried! But I'll get even, for it is a cold day when Willie Green gets left. Attended church in the morning and called on Miss Z—in the evening. I asked her father for her hand, and in escaping from his wrath, Towser, (the pet bull-dog) inserted his teeth in my new suit just as I was scaling the fence, but I escaped without further injury.

Monday:—Wake up at 8 o'clock and barely get down to business in time. I am set to work folding circulars. Go home at 3 o'clock because of sick headache. Folded about 100 circulars, so you can imagine how I worked. Feel better at supper and go to opera in the evening.

Tuesday:—Another day of hard labor before me. Wake up feeling rather tired from the effects of last night. Half an hour late for business. Sent to collect bill. Not received very kindly and am thrown down the stairs. Have to be carried home in an ambulance.

Wednesday:—Cannot possibly go to work. Almost dead from pain. About 11 o'clock feel better and get up. Receive invitation to party at 4 o'clock, and at tea I am surprised how well I feel, so make up my mind to go. Have a glorious time. Don't get home till 2 a. m.

Thursday:—Late again, Get a lecture from the boss. Reminds me of old times, when Mr. Williams used to scold me for being sick.

I am getting to be a living skeleton on account of the cares of business. If it keeps on, I will have to go to Europe for my health. At 1 o'clock I was sent to the end of the city on business. Coming back the car breaks down in front of ball grounds. Couldn't miss the game between Sarnia and London. Sarnia wins. Get back to the store at 5.30. Sprung the old story of the car breaking down.

Friday:—My 2nd cousin's great grandmother buried. Go to the funeral in the morning and attend the races in the afternoon. There is nothing to relieve your brain from care and worry like a holiday.

Saturday:—Get down late again. Stick some stamps, and clean the windows. Just think of it! I am told that the boss wants me. I thought I was going to have my salary raised, but to my astonishment I am informed that my services are no longer needed. I thank him and walk off with a light heart. After all there is some pleasure in this world. By the way, "I won't be back next week"

The Wreck of Doolittle's Perfectshp.

A Fragment.

Next morn he told the Principal,
 And loud and long spoke he;
 And ere he left the office, Will
 A prefect ceased to be.

"O Russ, I cannot soak the Kids
 When they talk back to me!"
 But Russel answered, "Never fear;
 Just send them up to me."

"O, Cookie, I can't go down town,
 I am no longer free!"
 "That does not matter, Willie dear."
 "Just give your cash to me."

* * * * *
 An hour later Cooke met Gurd,
 Who said to him "How go?"
 But Russel answered never a word;
 He'd wrecked *his* ship also.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V).

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