

the truth; pie-  
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ht, I never take  
sticate, and the  
make it disap-  
ny martyrdom;  
htly sing, "Oh,  
me enthusiastic  
the spirits up.  
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e pouring down  
ur wind-pipe is  
of "tangle-leg,"  
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and cannot be  
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ption; but for  
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After two weeks of back country experience, I drive into Owen Sound with a joyful anticipation of the good things in store, a clean well aired bed, and a healthy bill of fare. Although the Sound is like the places I have just visited, away back in the wilderness, its central position, large trade, and enterprising inhabitants, have combined to build up a town inferior in appearance to no other place of its size in the Province. The accommodation I met with at the hotel was a decided improvement over the previous fourteen days. The comfortable bed I occupied upon the night of my arrival, led me to a lengthened indulgence in the same, not making my appearance before 9 a.m., for which disgraceful conduct I received a broadside at the hands of the landlord, and a grumbling complaint about providing any breakfast for people who were too lazy to come down at the proper hour. A desire to give credit when it is due, leads me to speak favorably of the accommodation met with; but I decidedly object to say one word in favor of the proprietor, or recommend one friend to the hospitalities of his "hostelrie." He is one of those self-conceited, dogmatic specimens of humanity; in their own estimation, always right, prepared to back an opinion with a volley of oaths that would do credit to a South Sea pirate, and for services rendered, is ever ready to inflict a charge, before which, that of the famous Six Hundred pales into insignificance. With him there is but one way to avoid getting fleeced—never ask for your bill when leaving, if you know his proper rate yourself. Count up the number of days you have tarried, and tender him the amount from daily experience of this sort of thing. He thoroughly understands the delicate allusion, and like most men of his stamp, when he finds he cannot cheat you, he invariably apes the jolly-good-fellow line of business, anxious to accommodate regardless of expense.

In connection with the above remarks, I introduce no initials, or name the man I have alluded to. He will be known by the above description to every guerilla on the road; to the opinion of the majority of whom I am willing to defer the truthful correctness of my remarks, while his many victims in our ranks, I doubt not, will declare that I have not been sufficiently condemnatory to do justice to his character.

It was on the occasion of my first visit to Owen Sound that I