

**DEAD MOUSE IN TOBACCO.**

The Editor of "Knots and Lashings" has requested a more complete report of the Court of Inquiry, held last Saturday afternoon in the Orderly Room, and we will endeavor to oblige him. Owing to the fact that no notes were taken at the hearing, this report is made from memory, but the facts are substantially correct. About 1 p.m. on this afternoon, when the employees of the Orderly Room were sitting round, quietly digesting their elegant dinner of "Mulligan" of which they had just partaken, their quietude was rudely disturbed by the loud outcries of O. R. C. Samuels.

"It's a dirty trick, whoever did it. A joke's alright, but this is carrying the thing too far," and other similar remarks were hurled by the speaker, at nobody in particular and everybody in general. When somebody asked the cause of all the commotion, Samuels brought to light, a red painted tin box, containing some kind of a substance, which looked like tobacco, on top of which laid a poor little innocent mouse, sleeping the sleep that knows no awakening. Loudly did Samuels bewail the loss of about one-sixteenth of an ounce of tobacco, but little cared he, for the tragic death of the poor little mouse. His vociferous lamentations brought to memory the scene in the Merchant of Venice, where Shylock after discovering the loss of his daughter Jessica, who had also taken some of his money, paraded the streets, crying "My ducats, my ducats." In like manner, Samuels, walked in feverish haste from room to room, holding the tobacco box in his hand, and mournfully muttering "my tobacco, my tobacco." Seeing that the terrible crime had touched Samuels at his most tender point, it was decided to hold a Court of Inquiry, to ascertain if possible the perpetrator of the dastardly deed. Sgt. "Joe" Williams was elected the Presiding Judge. The first witness called to the bar of Justice was Corporal McPherson. The tobacco, box and the dead mouse were offered by Samuels in evidence.

"Did you see anybody put that mouse in Samuels tobacco box," asked the Judge.

"No. I did not see anybody put that mouse in Samuels tobacco box," was the answer of the witness.

"No more questions, you're excused," said the Judge.

The balance of the members of the Orderly room, were all asked the same question, and all gave the same answer, that they had not witnessed the commission of the crime.

At this juncture, Samuels remonstrated to the Judge, that there appeared to be a collusion among the witnesses, and intimated that they were not all telling the truth, but the Judge refused to entertain his plea, and roundly censured the complainant for questioning the veracity of the witnesses.

After due deliberation, Judge Williams handed his decision down, which was to the effect, that as nobody had seen anybody place the mouse in the tobacco box—either it had been placed there by some unknown person—or, the lid having been left off the box, the poor deceased little animal had climbed into the box, become overpowered by the pungent odor, emanating from the rank tobacco, which the complainant inflicts upon the members of the Orderly Room, and after several useless attempts to escape from the poisonous fumes, had curled up his tail and toes, and gone "West."

Samuels did not seem to be very well pleased with the verdict of the learned jurist, and we are informed intends in the near future to take an appeal to a higher court.

The same night, a member of the gang, who nightly cleans the Orderly Room was somewhat surprised, when Samuels presented him with a nice red tobacco can, with the words, "Want some good tobacco, I've got plenty more." The recipient of this unaccustomed outburst of generosity, after sniffing the contents was heard to remark to a companion "Blime me, it smells like h—l, but its a long time till pay day, I'll take a chance." The next morning he reported to the M. O., and the following day the epidemic of the "flu" broke out, but we would not venture to say, that these two occurrences had anything to do with the unsolved mystery of the mouse and the tobacco box.

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