

ed like a dustless cleaner. George was in the upper berth, so he reached down and gave the snorer a slight pressure under the chin. The snoring ceased suddenly and then a raucous voice asked, "What time is it?" George told him it was three o'clock. Half an hour later the snoring was louder than before. George struck downwards again.

"What's the matter?" growled Stitt. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"My father used to tell me," said George, "never to go to sleep with a lie on my conscience."

"I don't give a hang about your conscience."

"Well, I told you just now it was three o'clock. As a matter of fact, it was three-fifteen."

"Oh, go to . . . !"

George says he hasn't gone yet. And I do not believe there's a man anywhere who would like to see him go. For he is deservedly the most popular man in the Dominion. That would be a pretty strong claim for one who had never entered public life. But I cannot make it as such, for George Ham was at one time a sort of *Pooh Bah* in the city of Winnipeg. He was an alderman, a school trustee, a licence commissioner, and the registrar of deeds. I am not sure