

Cal war dolin' out th' dope in tins an' scoopin' in th' dust. He war a bad un, war Cal, 's bad's thar made.

"S I was sayin' afore, we war all drinkin' an' playin', when th' door open'd an' in walks a young man, an' he war a preacher, not much fer looks, but say boys, he had a great pair o' eyes.

"Ev'ry one war surprised, but Cal, he war angry, so he makes fer th' parson an' he sez, 'We don't want no d— devil-dodgers 'bout here, so git.' An' th' parson, he sez, 'I'm hungry, Mistar Hardin', an' yer wouldn't turn a darg 'way if he war starvin', would yer?' Say, if yer only could ha' heard th' soft way he spoke, it war great. But Cal, he swars an' sez, 'This ain't no d— rest'rant, an' yer ain't got no licanse 'bout with no foddar, so good-bye!' 'I havn't tasted anythin' fer th' last twelve hour, an' it harts, Mister Hardin', says th' preacher.

"At this Cal thinks o' a big bluff ter spring, an' so he sez, 'Hungry are yer, wall jew-drop 's all we have ter sell, so I'll give yer a pull.' An' he crossed over ter th' cask, an' th' boys grinn'd an' spoke nasty things ter th' parson, an' some one throws a quid at him, but he just stan's 's quiet an' meek 's a sixteen year school-garl, but them eyes o' bisn! I tell yer boys, th' war fast cuttin' tracks in my in'ards.

"Yar must understan' we war all crowdin' roun' starin' at him.

"Wall Cal, he breaks through th' gang with a tin o' dope in his paw, an' tells th' preacher ter drink, but he sez 's par'lite 's yer'd wish, 'Bad tar drink b'far eatin', yer know.' War Cal mad? Wall I reckon. So he cuts loose an' swars awful, an' slidin' his han' ter th' left side o' his belt, he sez, 'Yer'll drink or sneak, see?'

"What d'yer s'pose come off next? Why, that thar young man, what 'peared no more 'fensive 'n a codfish, took that tin o' bug-juice, an' without no fuss, nar nothin', pours it on th' floor, an' sez, 'Not thirsty, Mistar Hardin', thank yer.'

"It war a clean case o' man 'gainst beast, an' th' man war makin' th' runnin'.

"When he saw'd th' juice go, he war white-hot, an' out comes his gun, an' he lets go at th' preacher, an' if it hadn't been fer Black George, guess my yarn be 'bout done; but Black George knocks Cal's arm up an' sez, 'Don't shoot 'while yet, old pard, let's have some 'musement farst.' An' that poor young man got whiter'n Mandy's apron a' Sundays, but he didn't 'pare a bit skared.

"Then Black George arsd' what he could do, an' he sez, 'I don't drink, but I have sang some.' An' th' boys all larfed, an' Cal yalps 'This ain't no d— camp meetin', an' we don't want none o' yer — — —.' An' then Cal, he lets out a string what made th' air soggy.

"Wall, at this stage o' th' game I flips in my ante, an' 'I sez, 'What d'yar say ter a song mates!' An' th' boys all hollared 'Let's have it.' So some of us stayed with Cal an' some puts th' parson on a keg, an' Big Bill sez, 'None o' yer psalm-singin' fer us, see? We wants somethin' perty nifty, thats what!'

"Say boys, 'twas more'n wonderful ter see th' way that thar preacher handl'd hisself; yer 'o's well thought it war a Tea-Social he war at. When he starts ter sing th' boys war awful nois'some, an' some flipped cards at him an' made remarks, but when thar saw 'twar a niggar song, th' war more quietar. Yer see, none o' us had counted on a parson singin' niggar songs, an' so we war a bit surprised.

"Wall, when he stops, th' boys war a bit more respect-ful, 'cept Cal, and he keeps swarin' wars'n afore. But Black George had him t' hand.

"What follard nex' 's goin' ter stay right with me till I croaks—sure thing. Yer see, he had no show ter give his voice full swing in th' niggar gabrish, but when he lets out with his voice 's clear 's runnin' warter an' 's sweet 's clovar, it war great, I tells yer, an' I had a quar feelin' t' my back-bone. But when he sings 'bout a home beside

th' Sea, an' other things, why I forgot I'd kill'd my man, an' evar war th' brac'lets, an' ev'rythin', an' I could see th, old folks an' Lizar Jane, an' I'm darn'd if my eyes didn't leak. An' when he struck th' thard varse, even Cal war peaceful. Boys, I tell yer that young man had a magic voice, it war smooth an' prickly like, an' it went ter th' spot, an' he didn't sing no hymns neithar.

"He saw'd he had us when he got done singin', an' so he sez, 'I want ter tell yer a yarn; I'll be 'bout five min'ts.' An' so he started to talk an' calls us mates, an' when an hour passed he war still talkin', an' us listenin' —."

Here old Jake would stop, light his pipe, and hum a tune of which he was fond.

ARTHUR P. BODDY.

AN ADVENTURE.

An old Oxford man describes the following adventure with an "irreproachable" member of the police force:

Two belated men from Oxford
Members of a nameless College,
Lost their way geologising,
Reached the town long after midnight
Past the lawful hour of entry
By the gateway of the College.
But they did not rouse the porter,
For they knew the dean was wrathful
And had vow'd a weighty vengeance
On whoe'er knocked in belated.
So they gat them round a by-way
Where a wall divides the College
From intrusion of the vulgar.
Just above the wall was growing
An ancient elm tree that stretched downward
A great branch, whose head was nestled
In a tree in the enclosure
Thus affording means of entrance
To the artless man belated.
"Mac" had climbed the wall and sitting
Helped the "Fluffer," struggling upward,
When a Bobbie, a policeman,
Irreproachable policeman,
Came upon them round the corner,
And exclaimed: "Gent's I have caught you,
You're a pretty pair of wall-flowers."
Then he paused and seem'd to linger,
And he said: "P'raps I'd not see you,
See you over any wall get
If I happened to be looking
In the opposite direction
And my back was turn'd upon you,"
Quickly Mac cried to the Fluffer
And exclaimed: "O fellow Fluffer,
Have you any coin about you?"
And the Fluffer from his pocket
Drew the "bob," the silver shilling,
And the piece of six, the "tizzy"
And the piece of four, the "joey,"
And the double-bob, the florin,
And he strewed them on the pathway.
And the Bobbie, the policeman,
Irreproachable policeman,
Turned his back and gently whisper'd:
"Somebody has dropp'd some money,
I am lucky to have found it."
So Mac, the philosophic smoker,
And his friend they call "the Fluffer"
Got across the wall securely,
And the Bobbie, the policeman
Did not see them getting over
For he happen'd to be looking
In the opposite direction
And his back was turned upon them.

A MERRIE 'UN.

Rev. W. F. Webb, of Banff, was present at the Alumni meeting. He is making an appeal for men and money for the diocese of Qu'Appelle.