

was about to retire, the lady came puffing into the corridor and announced that she had not been able to get a berth.

"Why, there's one right here for you," said George, without any pretence at gallantry, as he pulled aside the curtains of his own berth.

The lady, little suspecting that she was compelling an honest man to sit up and play poker all night, slept serenely in the berth until morning. That was well enough, but sometimes fate will not let well enough alone. And in this instance Farrer stood for fate. He knew nothing about the fat lady, and therefore, to ill-use a Baconian phrase, he hied him hence, in the gray of morning, and, pulling apart the curtains of the Ham berth, shouted: "Get up, you old villain! Last call for breakfast!"

One should not infer from this that George Ham has always slept on the bumpers, for on one particular occasion he shared the stateroom with the late William Stitt, General Passenger Agent. George says Mr. Stitt was the heaviest snorer east of the Kootenay. And Mr. Stitt used to say that George Ham was the easiest liar this side of Ananias. However that may be, George's revised version of the stateroom affair is that Stitt snor-