

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

with me for life. Trudging on a town was reached, and here in the yard of the station I fell in with five poor wretches, alias bums, under stress of weather, and who like myself, were looking for a freight train and free rides. Questions as to pecuniary ability were freely put and unreservedly answered, and a collection was taken up which realized eighteen cents, and my honest looks evidently telling in my favor, I was entrusted with the expenditure of this munificent and tempting sum. Bread, cheese and onions formed the bill of fare, and furnished but a slim meal for a hungry quintette. Before the conclusion of the repast, rain commenced to fall, and I made for a side-tracked empty car, and rolling myself together therein speedily fell asleep. A rude awakening followed. "Git up! git up!" sounded in my ears, and the town constable, big with the importance of position, and half afraid of a tramp, told me that I must "git up an' git," for there were burglars around, loafers were not allowed, and every stranger must move on. My impulse was to resent this impertinence, and it didn't require the readily tendered advice of the station agent to encourage me to kick against the orders of this blustering Jack-in-office. So I didn't budge, while Bumble did. Rain continued to fall heavily, and as the box car wasn't billed to leave on outgoing freight, and a "quarter" still remained in my pocket, I invested in a bed and a sound sleep at a third-class hotel up town. Rising at sun up, I trudged breakfastless to the station, and waited around until nine o'clock, when a freight bound east pulled in with two empty box cars. Looking into one of them, a funny sight met my eyes. Half a dozen "travellers," in varying costumes and attitudes, several tin cans of the growler order, sundry

hunks of bread, a large ham bone, and broad grins of different capacity, told me that my next trip need not be of the solitary or altogether hungry character. A heartily expressed welcome induced me to enter, and my confession that a knowledge of printing was one of my accomplishments, and my ready response to the name of Jack,—the professed occupation and assumed cognomen of nearly every other traveller being of such character,—secured my immediate recognition as one of the b'hoys. The crowd was a jolly one, and the experiences related were an eye-opener to even me; but our trip was brief, for after a twenty miles run, I was reluctantly compelled to change cars, so as to continue on the route selected by me. I hadn't confessed my want of food before we stopped, and my pride prevented me from doing so when I left, but even yet I look back with longing to the half loaves of bread left with the laughing, merry bums.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(FROM THE KINGSTON NEWS.)

The race of the day, and a race that knocked the foregoing in the "cool shade" was one between two punts, the "Letter B" and the "Gadabout." The "Letter B" was commanded by Harold Clarke, aged 9, and Herbert Clarke, aged 7 years. The Gadabout was manned by W. Dennison and J. McWaters, who are about ten years of age. The course was from the Asylum wharf to a buoy off Ross's point and back, and the Lake Ontario Yachting Rules were strictly adhered to. Owing to a mutiny on the "Letter B" she lost her head, but her sails were hauled to, and she quickly forged ahead. The Gadabout drifted, and could not get around the buoy. The Minstrel came in the "Letter B's" course.