

MONTREAL

Vol. I.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

PRICE { FIVE CENTS OR SIX CENTS U. S. C.



MR. FOWLER GETS ARRESTED.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the
Scow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT IV.

ON THE TRACK.

SCENE II.

MR. FOWLER GETS DRUNK.

Time, September tenth, eighteen hundred
and seventy; place, Mrs. Grub's boarding-house
in St. Urbain Street.

Mr. Augustus Fowler, commonly known as
"Gus," stood before the cracked looking-glass
in his room in St. Urbain Street, endeavoring
to arrange his neck-tie to his entire satisfaction;
and at last, after fifteen minutes of hard labor
and great loss of patience, he found he had so

crumpled and soiled the delicate white muslin
cravat he had intended to wear, that he was
forced to abandon the idea of using it, and
content himself with a black "butterfly" which
had seen some service, but which possessed the
advantage of having only to be hooked on to
his collar button.

You may laugh, if you please to, at Mr. Fow-
ler for his clumsiness, but I tell you there is
more in tying a neck-tie than is generally sup-
posed. A neck-tie is generally an amiable
and well-disposed article of dress to manage,
that is when a man don't care much whether it
ties or not; a dexterous twist of the wrist, a
skillful use of the thumbs and fore-fingers, and
it falls into its place at once; but, make a com-
bination of love and a neck-tie, and the tie im-
mediately becomes a fierce and untamable
monster, obstinately refusing to be managed on
any terms, and slipping, twisting, crumpling,
and getting dirty in a most extraordinary man-
ner.

Mr. Fowler was in love, and—mind this is a
secret—he was going to see his girl. Is it any
wonder then that it took him so long to arrange
his neck-tie to his satisfaction: first it refused
to go under the collar at all, and, slipping from
his hand, fell on the floor, where he put his foot
on it and soiled one end; then it twisted itself
inside out and showed the seam to front, which
necessitated his untying it after he had accom-
plished what he considered a most successful
bcw.

It was a wonderful tie for getting up under

the left ear; you may have noticed that ties
seem to have a weakness for getting under one
ear, and that there is a great partiality shown
for the left ear; but this tie of Fowler's was as
much in love with his left ear as he, Fowler,
was with Bessie Sudlow, and persisted in getting
up under it so often that by the time he had
finished trying to pull it straight for the hun-
dredth time, the tie was finished too, and, hav-
ing lost all shape and semblance of a well-made
cravat, appeared only as a limp, crumpled,
dirty piece of muslin, which Mr. Fowler dis-
carded, and adopted the "butterfly," which,
being of gentle disposition, was more easily
managed.

It was half-past seven, and Mr. Fowler had to
hurry or run the dreadful risk of being late, and
so receive Miss Bessie's reproaches; he there-
fore endeavored to complete the remainder of
his toilette as speedily as possible.

His hair did not take him over five minutes;
it had been cut, and shampooed, and oiled, and
brushed, and curled, and puffed up to the last
point of exertion only half-an-hour before
by one of the St. Lawrence Hall barbers, and
Mr. Fowler had not intended to touch it at all,
but, in putting on a clean shirt, which he found
absolutely necessary, although extremely care-
ful, he had an accident; his collar button caught
in the puff over the left ear, entirely demolish-
ing it, and destroying at one fell tug the work
which it had taken a painstaking barber nearly
five minutes to accomplish. Mr. Fowler did
not exactly swear, but he gave vent to a guttu-

ral expression which sounded something like
an oath, and, as he tried again and again to re-
store that puff over the left ear to something
like its pristine splendor, he gave vent to various
expressions of impatience which did not sound
altogether like blessings.

At last the puff over the left ear was settled
to his satisfaction; his neck-tie remained snug
and well arranged under his collar; his wetting
habillments hung gracefully to his heels; his
shirt-front presented an unruffled space of white
linen, starched to the last degree of stiffness,
and ornamented with three small gold studs,
and he had nothing to do but to put on his vest
and coat and be ready to start.

Nothing else to do? Mr. Fowler remem-
bered, with a sudden start, and a cold shiver down
the back, that he did have something else to
do, and that something very important, and he
looked down at his slippered feet with a
sigh.

He had forgotten to put on his boots.
Now putting on a pair of boots, especially old,
well-worn ones, is not a difficult or dangerous
task; but, struggling into a brand new pair of
patent leathers—made tight to the leg to suit
the close-fitting trousers—is a very different
thing, and Mr. Fowler fully recognized the fact
as he gazed at the brightly shining foot covers
calmly reposing under the table, and despair-
ingly contemplated the probable consequences
to the stiffly-starched shirt-front, or the possi-
bility of bursting a button off his pantaloons, or
of totally annihilating his shirt-collar.