

## ECCENTRICITIES OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY HAYDON HOLME.

## II.

THERE is another member of the 'House' side of our boarding-house, whom we have not yet noticed. We must say a word about Sadie Lane; she was the younger sister of Hendryson's Miss Lane, of low stature, round as a beer-barrel, and with as much of a figure, sallow-complexioned, with bloodless lips and hair banged over her forehead like the strings of a floor mop.

The curiosity of her sex Miss Sadie had to a three-fold extent; it afforded us endless amusement to see her on the street; she slowly rolled along with a kind of vacant stare, stopping at every store window gazing at its contents, until she knew every article in it, and the marked price of every article off by heart. She would never pass an advertisement bill, a conspicuous sign-post, or a street car laden with advertising matter, but she would read out loud what was printed thereon; a man-fight, a dog fight, any kind of a row she would stop to see the end of; would spend hours leaning against the railings of some concert-hall, listening to what was going on; and whenever, or wherever, she saw a crowd, would be sure to add to its number; anything to see, she would see; anything to hear, she would hear. When in the house, Sadie never seemed to know what to do; she would sit for hours in one position, staring with uninterested interest at the cat, fire, or stove pipe, crooning with ceaseless monotony; occasionally she was visited by a gigantic specimen of masculine humanity, who had, to use an expressive phrase, 'a sort of hankering after

her.' Donald Robertson, the gigantic specimen, was about six feet high, with shoulders broad as a Dutchman's, strong as an ox, and with a voice loud and thunderous enough to waken the Seven Sleepers; alongside of her huge lover, Sadie looked most interestingly comical; when taking her Donald's arm, by holding hers as straight up as she could possibly get it, her fingers would just reach; his strides were so long that Sadie could not by any means keep up with them, and consequently was always an arm's length behind. Donald looked like a lumberous canal barge having a small boat in tow; he—Donald—when he came to see Sadie, would amuse her all the evening with shouting and laughing; he had a terribly powerful voice, and an always-present grin. Laughing and '*lunging*' were his only accomplishments, and both he could do to perfection; we never saw him but we saw his grin and heard him shout; he had one favourite word—we have forgotten it though—formed of a combination of the first syllable in the names of a number of people with whom he once camped a season amongst the 'magnificences' of Muskoka, and this word he would, when in our boarding-house, roar out with terrific thunderousness. He was a very good fellow was Donald, kind-hearted as a sister of mercy, a mass of good nature, and as thoroughly honest as the hanger-on of a travelling circus.

And now we may introduce the 'Opposition' party of our boarding-house.

Mr. Stitches, the law student, was