

SAM SLICK AND HIS CREATOR

(Continued from Page 6)

"Reason even in roasting an egg."

"Stranger, he is small potatoes and few in a hill."

"That they make such a touss (bother) about."

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"He actilly looked like the little end of nothin, whittled down."

"Gettin' a wrinkle on his horn."

"He's a whole team and a horse to spare."

"Don't teach your grandmother to clap ashes." (Take lye off for making soap.)

"Hums a hymn through his nose to the tune the Old Cow died of."

"Straight up and down like a cow's tail."

"Lammed him wuss than the devil beating tan bark."

"She fell into a conniption fit."

"Shoot your grandmother."

(Meaning fancying you have discovered what everyone has known long ago.)

Sam is ready for a joke at any time. It may be for the humor of the thing, or it may be a pun (sometimes a very vulgar one) or even just a bit of nonsense. Here are a couple of puns:

"Like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had none, whipped a leg of mutton into the oven and took it out fish; says he, 'It's 'changed Plaice' that's all and 'plaice' ain't a bad fish."

"The horse who was advertised as too 'heavey' for a man who never travelled less than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds and the man purchased it thinking the word was 'heavy.'"

Here is a little bit of fun:

Conrad Corncob, a prominent politician in Maine raved about the territory claimed both by New Brunswick and Maine and then said, "dulce est pro patria mori" "What in natur is that" says I, "General,"—"Why," says he, "It's a sweet thing to die for one's country." Well, I don't know," says I, "What you may think, but somehow or another, I kinder think its a plagy sight sweeter thing to live by one's country, and besides," says I, "I don't translate that ar' latin line that way at all,—and this is the way I turn it into English, 'Mori,—the more I get, pro patria, by the country, dulce est, the sweeter it is."

"Well, my man," says the Clergyman, patting on the shoulder a stout junk of a boy about 16 years of age, "Can you tell me what is the chief end of man?" "Yes, sir," said he, "To pile and burn brush."

"No, it ain't," said his sister.

"Well, what is it, dear?" said the Clergyman.

"Why the chief end of man, sir, is his head and shoulders."

The bride, who getting married, mixed the Marriage Service with the catechism and when asked, "Will you have this man to be your wedded husband," answered, "Yes, by God's Grace, I will, and I humbly thank my Heavenly Father for having brought me to this state of salvation."

"Expected Thorne brought an action of defamation agin me, to Slickville, for taking away his character, about stealin the watch in Nova Scotia. Well, I jist pleaded my own case and—sais— "Expected's character, every soul knows is about the worst in all Slickville. If I have taken it away, I have done him a great service, for he has a smart chance of getting a better one; and if he don't find a swap to his mind, why no character is better than a bad one." Well, the old Judge and the whole Court

larfed right out like anythin; and the jury without stirrin' from the box, returned a verdict for the defendant."

Or a sheer bit of nonsense:

"Ax us this, Master, if that house cost five hundred dollars, and a barrel of nails five dollars, what will a pig come to? Do you give it up? Well, he'd come to a bushel of corn."

He loved a "wise saw" as he called it—wisdom boiled down to a pithy expression which would stick in the memory. His books are full of them but we can only quote a few:

"Brag is a good dog, but Hold Fast is a better one."

The meat that's at the top of the bar'l is sometimes not as good as that that's a leetle grain lower down: the upper and the lower ends are plagy apt to have a leetle taint in 'em, but the middle is always good."

"Make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seein' him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society. More honest than traders, more independent than professional men and more respectable than either."

"A good darter and a good housekeeper is plagy apt to make a good wife and a good mother."

All trades have tricks but your own."

"A bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it."

"A college education shows a man how devilish little other people know."

"A joke like an egg, is no good except it is fresh laid."

"The world is like a baked meat pie; the upper crust is rich, dry and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy and underdone. The middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavors the whole."

He was a Tory of the old school and held the old-fashioned Tory view of politics as thoroughly and as unflinchingly as Rudyard Kipling does today, using the terms current in the early Nineteenth Century. Responsible Government was his particular abhorrence and one sometimes gets a little tired of his monologues on this point. Notwithstanding this, his good hard common sense makes some of his political disquisitions fit modern conditions and ideas. Here are a few of them:

"Besides I guess we are as far from perfection as when we set a roarin' for it. You may get purity of election but how are you going to get purity of members."

"If you were to listen to the weak and noisy critters on both sides, you'd believe the House of Assembly was one half rogues and the other half fools,—If they knew more of each other, I guess they'd lay aside one half their fears and all their abuse. The upper class don't know one half the vartue that's in the middlin and lower classes, and the taller classes don't know one half the integrity

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