

EVENTS

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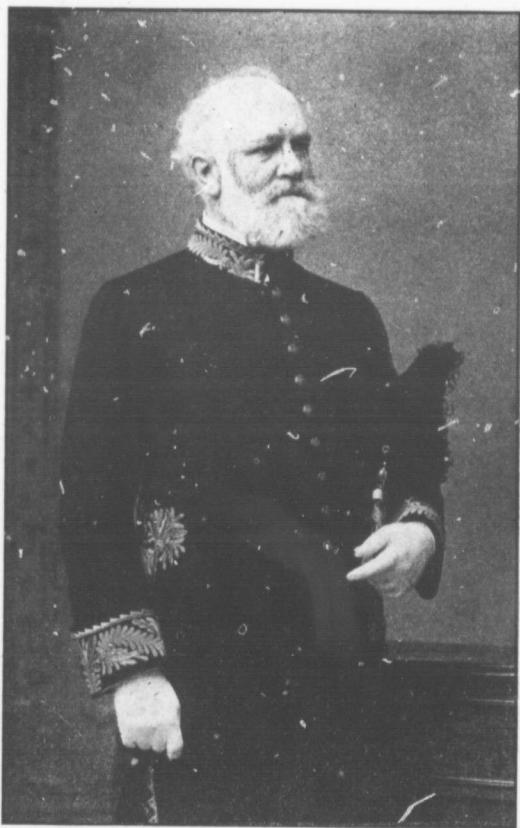
Epidemics in Canadian Politics.

WE have recently had three epidemics in Dominion politics—the Tarte epidemic, the Dundonald epidemic, and now the Blair epidemic. The prevailing cases have been marked by certain symptoms. First a seizure or violent convulsion. This is followed by a frenzy of display headlines in the press. The victim's pulse gets very high, the result being accompanied by, and largely attributable to, interviews and complimentary, even flattering, editorials in papers formerly hostile. After a while reaction sets in, there is a dangerous chill and finally the unfortunate man dies a political death.

Mr. Tarte went up in the air while the boss was abroad. He was brought to earth with a rude jolt, and lay there for a time a bit stunned. He was picked up by those who had denounced him as a corrupt and disloyal man, and given stimulating doses of sympathy and flattery which he took with his eyes shut. Then we had the Tarte epidemic in the Conservative press under full steam. He had carried Quebec for Laurier and now he would overthrow Laurier in Quebec. Mr. Tarte

had a powerful newspaper, too, and he was a clever speaker and a great organizer. With all this paraphernalia Tarte was going to knock spots off the Laurier Administration. There would not be enough of the government left to stoop out in a bucket. Today in the midst of the terrible campaign it is announced that he is politically dead and that instead of carrying Quebec against Laurier he is unable to carry even one seat for himself.

Then we had the Dundonald epidemic last summer. He was the officer employed and paid by the Canadian government to do what he was instructed was the spirit of the militia of Canada. Instead he sought to impose the ideas of a country with a standing army, to introduce as applied to the flower of the youth of the country the obnoxious system of conscription which in Europe has driven out good citizens to other countries and fixed an array of tax eaters on the backs of the unfortunate and industrious taxpayers. He wanted provision in the new Militia Act for a standing "army" of 5,000 men to be quartered in barracks eating and drinking at the ex-



EON. J. G. BLAIR

Resigned from the Chairmanship of the Railway Commission.

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pense of the farmers and other peaceful and industrious citizens of Canada. The government said "No, this is not Europe with its curse of militarism but a peaceful country spending its money in development and productive undertakings. We have got along very well as it is and you can't experiment on us." At this Lord Dundonald got mad and started in to abuse the government, choosing of course false ground from which to work. Well, the opponents of the government took him up and campaigned him to their hearts content, but as there was no bottom to it there is now only one opinion, that the Dundonald bomb exploded without hurting anybody except himself. We predict, however, that before this campaign is over one more Dundonald manifesto to "the men of Canada" will be published and exploited.

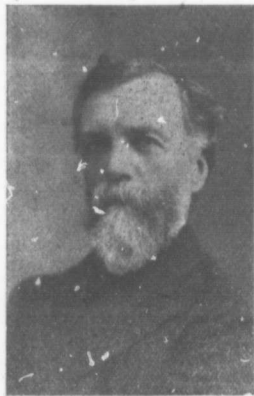
Then came the Blair epidemic, which has not quite run out in the Opposition press even yet. Mr. A. G. Blair was the premier of New Brunswick, supposed to be a Liberal but confessing to voting in one county for a Liberal candidate, and in the adjoining county for a Conservative. He held office by the grace of a majority of Conservatives in the legislature of New Brunswick. He was the head of a coalition government. He had sometimes curious allies. John O'Connor who took money from the binder twine combine to shut off competition so that the farmers might be "soaked" in price was one. Mr. "Dave" Russell is another. Mr. Russell has been known to the public as the manager of Abbey's Effervescent Salts. (no charge.) He has been a business partner of Mr. Blair's for years. Mr. Blair's stock in the Salts was not in his own name. That was we believe a perfectly legitimate business transaction. We are informed that recently Mr. Russell's cheques to Mr. Blair formed the subject of dispute between them. Mr. Blair claiming that they represented profits due on his investment and Mr. Russell asserting that they represented loans. This dispute seems to have been settled, but at best it is only part of the talk of men seeking for reasons for Mr. Blair's extraordinary action. Mr. Blair knows that his political or business affairs cannot now

be discussed aside from the name of Mr. Russell. But we are getting ahead of the subject. In 1896 after the Liberals had attained power, secured it without Mr. Blair's candidature in any constituency, he was offered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier the portfolio of Railways and Canals. He was provided with a seat by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In 1903 Mr. Blair chose to resign for a reason that will some day be revealed, but ostensibly because he differed with his colleagues regarding the New Brunswick end of the National Transcontinental Railway. It is idle to say that Mr. Blair was honestly opposed to the whole new railway scheme. He was, on the contrary, in favor of it as his public utterances show. Anyway he resigned and as the government thought his views on one subject of public policy would not disqualify him from making an efficient chairman of the new Railway Commission Sir Wilfrid Laurier once more offered Mr. Blair an important position, which Mr. Blair accepted in a published letter in which he had not a word to say against the government. By his acceptance of that judicial position Mr. Blair retired from public life. On the 19th inst. Mr. Blair announced that he had resigned. He read a long statement at a meeting of the Board which, in effect, said that he could secure more money elsewhere. In fact these were his actual words except that he used the word profit instead of money—but it's the same thing as we all know. Immediately the opposition press was seized once again with the usual symptoms. It was a sensation that convulsed the country. The wonder was that Mr. Blair allowed the sun to rise next morning. Mr. Blair's expressed desire to make more money elsewhere was "a knock-out blow to the Administration", it was "a bombshell flung into the Laurier camp"—that, of course was the Toronto News which never tires of trying to damage the Prime Minister. Just why Mr. Blair's desire to go with the C. P. R. or into more intimate partnership with Mr. Dave Russell should create a political earthquake has not been explained. He occupies today no other position than that of a lawyer going from one place to another in search

of profitable employment. These are his own words, not ours. He was very frank about it as he usually is. If, he said, I do not look out for myself nobody else will. Out of this we have an earthquake in politics that has, according to the opposition epidemic, shaken the government topieces.

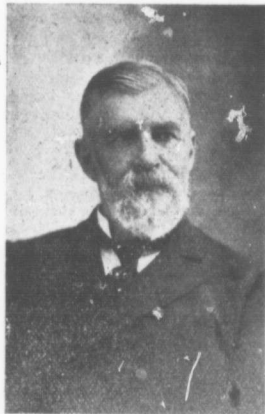
A curious thing about these epidemics is the effect on the morale of the Conservative. Its members are being fed on strong meat and they are liable to turn up their noses at the mild chicken broth served up by Mr. R. L. Borden. Mr. Tarte became

their leader in Quebec, Lord Dundonald in Ontario, "Bob" Richardson in Manitoba and so on—anybody but Borden. Tarte's the stuff, Dundonald's the real thing, and Blair, the erstwhile corrupt and incompetent minister, is the man to overthrow the government. Poor Borden! He deserves a better fate than to be despised by his own party. In the meantime most people will think that Laurier is not a bit frightened by all these epidemics any more than he was frightened by Tarte.



HON. J. I. TARTE

Who announces that he will not be a candidate at this election



JOHN CHARLTON

Who retires from the representation of Norfolk

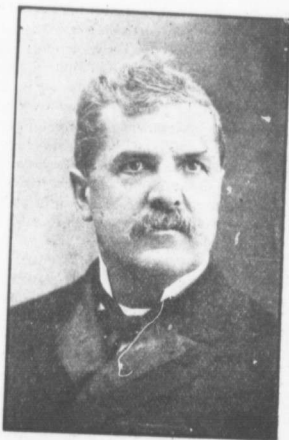
"Dave" Russell as a Bluffer.

ME. "DAVE" RUSSELL recently blew in \$15,000 on a wine dinner at his hotel at Caledonia Springs, Ont. He brought 150 good fellows from St. John, N. B., nearly a thousand miles by special train. Hon. A. G. Blair acted as chairman. It is presumed that he was not free to refuse Mr. Russell. At the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, next day, on the way home, one of the St. John men, being asked by a friend what it was all about replied: "Don't ask me. Nobody seems to know. It was a dream. But, we were given a royal time." Mr. Russell is now projecting another "dream" dinner, this time at the Windsor hotel, Montreal, in honor of Mr. Blair. He will, probably, first buy the hotel. He has just bought La Presse newspaper for a million dollars. It is alarmingly rumored that he and Mr. Blair intend to buy up the country and give it to Mr. Borden on condition that Mr. Borden gives them the contract to build his transcontinental railway for the government. But the richest thing about Mr. Russell, who owns two out of the four daily papers in St. John, N. B., is his offer to make an election bet with Mr. J. L. Payne and his confession that he is a bluffer. Mr. Payne is Hon. H. A. Emmerson's private secretary and he accepted Mr. Russell's offer to bet \$100 to \$50 that Mr. Emmerson would not have 100 majority in Westmorland county, \$200 to \$100 that he would not have 200 majority and so on up to 800. After the bet had been recorded Mr. Russell made his big bluff, namely, to bet \$2,000 that Mr. Emmerson would be defeated. A telegram from Mr. Payne to Mr. John T. Hawke of the Moncton Transcript is published as follows:—

St. John, N. B., Oct. 24—David Russell refuses to put up the money on his Westmorland wager; and says it was a mere bluff. I have challenged him to make it twenty thousand.

J. L. PAYNE.

Money talks, as Mr. Russell knows, and when he refuses to put up money on Mr. Emmerson's personal defeat he confesses that his cherished desire is not to be gratified.



HON. H. A. EMMERSON
Minister of Railways, candidate in Westmorland

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

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THE Ottawa Improvement Commission should be renamed. The Commissioners do not regard it as an Ottawa affair at all. Their idea is that it is a commission for the improvement of the Dominion in general. It is true that the work is being done in Ottawa but some of the Commissioners imagine that they have been improving Winnipeg or Montreal or Toronto. It is in this way that the Liberal government is being "done" by its ostensible friends. The Commission was made the subject of criticism at a Liberal meeting where the faithful were gathered together. From all that we can gather the sooner the government get a commission that is representative and common sense the better. If a public work is being carried on in Winnipeg the patronage of that place goes naturally to the place where it is being carried on. In Toronto a public work in course of construction is carried on by the local talent and the local artisan. The same in Halifax, but in unfortunate Ottawa the Commission as voiced by Mr. C. R. Cunningham and the engineer, Mr. Surtees, believe the work has nothing to do with Ottawa, and so the Commission is busy proving to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the country that it was a mistake to create it. At the present time there is a piece of work, the production of a booklet illustrated with half-tone views, showing what the Ottawa Commission has accomplished so far, about to be issued by the commission. The work is being given by Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Surtees to a small seven by nine firm in Montreal which is in no position at all to produce a work of this kind. Why is it given outside the city where the public work is being done? It certainly looks suspicious. Mr. Cunningham against the advice of the best friends of the government and the

party which the government represents says that the work cannot be done in Ottawa. But he was told exactly the opposite that the work could be done here better than by the obscure outfit in Montreal. He did not give any Ottawa firm a chance to prove to him that the work could be done in Ottawa as well as in any outside city. He seems to have some reason for sticking to the outside firm. The Ottawa firm did not offer anybody any inducement to get the work, and—well they were left. It is about time that the government gave some attention to this commission and secured some competent person to manage it. The Chairman is all right but he can't look after all the details and so far as Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Surtees are concerned they are excellent officials for the opponents of the government.

IN his editorial columns on the morning of October 20, 1904, the Ottawa Citizen says that "Tarte has gone". Is it possible that this is the same paper that insisted almost daily for a year or more that Tarte controlled the province of Quebec, that he had handed it to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and that Tarte's defection would mean the loss of Quebec to the premier? How true is it that time works wonders. Everybody acquainted with Canadian politics knew that Laurier carried his own province before Tarte had a seat in parliament. Laurier carried Quebec province in 1891. To say that Tarte did the trick in 1896 was mere nonsense. He was one of many forces making for a more sweeping victory in 1896, that's all. And so the Citizen has discovered that he has gone. In a letter to the press Mr. Tarte denies that he could not secure a constituency, but he is getting to be an old man now and his plea that he prefers repose may be accepted. There are some things that do not need to be rubbed in.

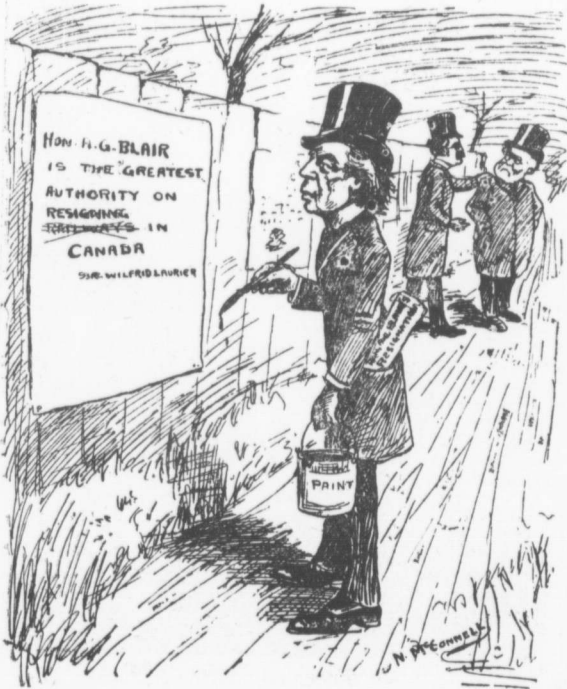
THERE never was a political leader treated so scurvily as poor Mr. Borden. He doesn't seem to count for much in the estimation of the Opposition press. The Conservative press pay comparatively little attention to Mr. Borden. They go wild

over a report that Lord Dundonald is coming to Canada to take part in the campaign. They are frantically joyous when Mr. A. G. Blair resigns. It seems to be a tremendous card for the party when Mr. Blair resigns. Mr. Blair does not seem to be happy unless he is resigning something, and if it is only to make the Opposition happy for a passing moment he should lose no time in taking a new job for the purpose of resigning it.

MAKE Nov. 1 Dundonald Day, shrieks the Ottawa Citizen, and half of its party prays "deliver us from our friends" The Citizen seems to have no idea what its up against. Perhaps Mr. Champagne will explain.

IN London Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been termed "the greatest statesman of Greater Britain". Hon. Geo. E. Foster applies "cheats", "swindlers", "fakirs", to Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues. Its a difference of opinion that makes a horse race.

A SLIGHT ALTERATION.



Sir Wilfrid:—"Oh, these typographical errors will occur sometimes."—Toronto News

Skilled Labor Needed.

THE following extract from the report of the parliamentary committee of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is taken from the October number of *Industrial Canada*:—

One of the most regrettable circumstances in connection with these conditions is the fact that so far as known, no steps have been taken by Parliament either to contradict slanderous reports concerning Canada or to relieve the stringency from which employers in Canada are suffering. The Department of Immigration while spending nearly a million dollars last year to secure desirable immigrants has laid down the exclusive arbitrary policy that mechanics are not to be invited to Canada and has carried the policy so far as to placard Great Britain with such notices as the following.—

WARNING TO EMIGRANTS.

The Immigration Branch of the Canadian Government desires it to be distinctly understood that individuals and organizations sending out mechanics to Canada, are not approved of, nor in anyway connected with the Canadian Government.

J. BRUCE WALKER

Canadian Government Office,
52 St Enoch Square.

The enquiry may well be made: why should manufacturing industries or skilled workmen, as a class, be discriminated against in the policy of Dominion immigration? Industries have been established here at enormous cost. They give employment to a large and increasing number of our population. They are a

source of wealth to the country. Many of them are competing at a disadvantage against foreign competitors. Is it not reasonable to expect that when sufficient labor cannot be procured in Canada, and when large amounts are being expended by the Government to induce immigration, that the Government will, at least not discourage the immigration of skilled workers required in Canadian industries.

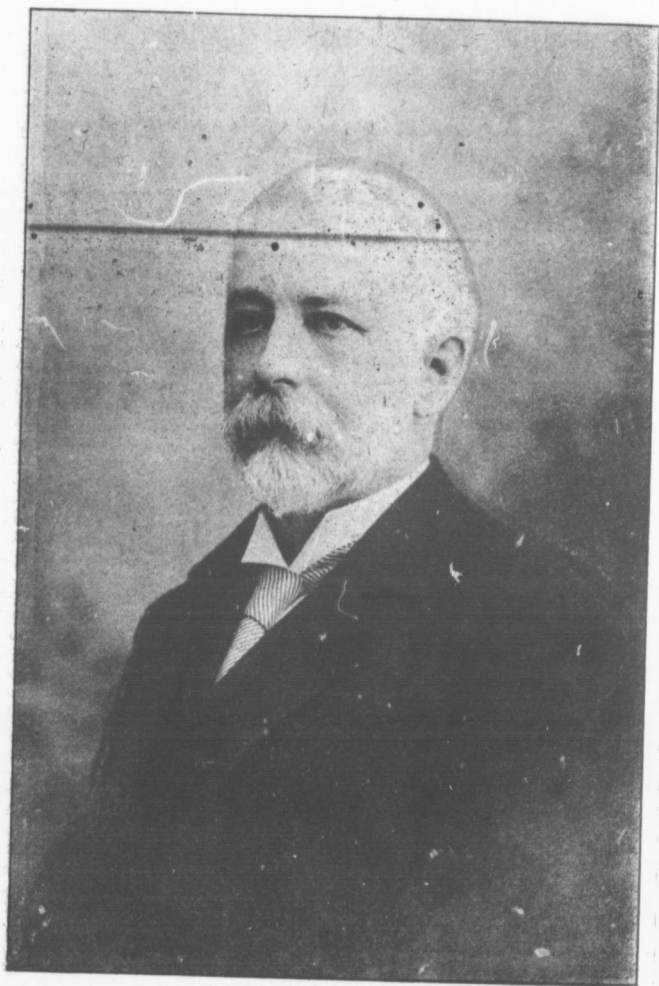
Dealing with this aspect of the labor question, your Committee beg to submit the following recommendations to be forwarded to the Dominion Government, and to the members of the House of Commons.

1. That the Dominion Department of Labor as such should give equal consideration to the needs of employers and employee, that its exclusive system of labor correspondents should be abolished, and that it should, as far as possible, be constituted in policy and practice, an impartial tribunal to advance the interests of all classes in the Dominion.

2. That provision should be made for the lawful importation of skilled mechanics from any other country, provided that the help required cannot be obtained in the Dominion.

3. That the Immigration Department of the Dominion Government should encourage and not discourage the emigration to Canada of the best classes of skilled workmen from other countries, provided that these workmen are required in Canadian industries, and cannot be secured in Canada.

The report states that in January last members of the Association—only a small part of the total employers—required 6,717 hands.



H. N. W. S. FIELDING
Minister of Finance candidate in Shelburne Queen, N.S.

From Keats to Austin.

THE MS. of Keats's *Hyperion*, which has just been purchased by the British Museum, is a document of the greatest interest to all who are really interested in poetry. It was probably intended for the press, but in writing it out Keats was inspired with so many revisions, which appear upon it, that it was never sent to the printer. The world has no right to see poems which a poet never intended to be published, for that may do harm to his reputation; but no harm can be done if it is allowed to witness the very process by which a masterpiece came to be what it is. Keats, unlike Shelley, who rushed from one poem to another too quickly to revise, and unlike Wordsworth, who generally revised for the worse, was often best inspired when he came to reconsider what he had written. The Times gives some examples of his revisions and it is interesting to note that the best of them are changes from the general to the particular. The tendency of his mind was always towards the concrete. He was not content with a vague image, but worked it into something more definite, and with each touch gave it a quicker life. Thus "Far from the quiet noon and evening" becomes "Far from the quiet noon and eve's one star." There are samples of the same kind of improvement in others of his poems, particularly in "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." Thus to trace the process by which a great poet has produced his beauty ought to be a valuable lesson in art and taste.

both to other poets and readers of poetry.

The Poet Laureate recently addressed a society in Leeds. He was not in a cheerful mood. He asked the question "What is progress?" and, without answering it directly, hinted that whatever progress might be, it was not to be found in most of the things over which the daily Press is accustomed to exult. Primary education fails to please him, for reading, writing and arithmetic will not teach rustics how to handle a bullock. That is certainly true. The Laureate notes with shame that most of his countrymen are opposed to conscription. He was himself the eye-witness of the crushing of France in the Franco-Prussian War. France was certainly crushed, but since her army was raised by conscription that fact is hardly an argument in favor of the teacher. Everyone will agree with Mr. Austin when he says that the theatre is in a bad way, and every journalist will certainly feel himself flattered by the statement that the higher journalism is one of the precious and noble possessions of the British Empire. Literature, he thinks, has been dethroned from its supremacy among the arts by painting and music, which are more sensual and less intellectual than great poetry. He has nothing to say against Socialists, except that they will never capture the fortress of the Unknown. Finally, he tells us to put our trust in the poets, who are the true optimists and the only people who know what we ought to admire.



A HUSKY YOUNG POLICY

Papa Maclean (proudly): "He's the best one in the country, Borden, so just let him howl."—Toronto News.

A Sea Lawyer.

Written by W. L. ALDEN.

"DON'T hold," said Captain Tarbox, with the sailor's notion that lawyers are no better than sharks. I've reason to know better. Three is lawyer Twiggs of our town, who had the settling of a dead man's estate worth nigh on two hundred thousand dollars, and when he got through he handed over to the widow pretty nearly five thousand dollars, when he might have grabbed the whole of it without letting the widow have a share. And I believe that there are a good many other lawyers that are every bit as honest as Twigg himself.

"If you talk of sea lawyers, I'll admit that they are the biggest scoundrels outside the legislature. Of course, you know that a sea lawyer is the sort of a chap that spend all his time in talking to his mates about the rights of sailors, and making him believe that a sailor's most precious right is never to do any work. For cheek and general cussedness there is nothing to compare with a sea lawyer.

"I had an experience with one of that sort when I was with Captain Pratt in the Seabird—or, come to think of it, in the Colchester. We were coming to the westward, and were well on with the eastern edge of the banks, when we sighted a small boat about three miles on the starboard bow there being a light breeze from the southward at the time, and very little sea on. We kept the ship away till we came up with the boat, and one of the hands jumped into her, and made her fast to the tizzen chains. She was a ship's quarter boat, and was fit to carry thirty men, but she had only one passenger. He was a sailor, by his clothes, and was lying in the stern sheets, asleep, or dead, leaving the boat to drift whichever way she chose.

"Finding that the man was insensible, we rigged a whip, and hoisted him aboard. The old man examined him the moment he was over the rail, and said that he was alive, but nearly dead with starvation. 'Carry him below, and lay him on the cabin locker,' said the Captain. 'Be mighty careful with the poor chap, for there's very little life left in him. Tell the steward to bear a hand and get some beef tea, and some blankets, while I overhaul the medicine chest.'

"I asked the captain if I should hoist in the boat, but he said we hadn't any room for her, and that after I had examined her I should cast her adrift. There was nothing in her except five biscuits, a bottle with about two fingers of brandy, her mast and sail, two pairs of oars, and an empty breaker of water. I noticed that a name had been scraped, by accident or otherwise off her bow, but I thought I could make out the letters 'gi' and the end of a swallow-tailed flag that had been painted alongside of the name. I had her cast adrift, and after we had braced on the yards and put her on her course again, went below to see how things were getting on—the second mate being in charge of the deck.

"The captain and the steward were standing over the rescued man, who was lying on his back, and looking pretty red in the face for a dying man. Pratt had the man's jaws pried open with the handle of his tooth brush, and was trying to pour some medicine down his throat. All at once he choked, and sat up, and after coughing a spell, says to the old man in a good strong voice, 'What's this infernal skylarking? Are you trying to murder me?'

"'Keep quiet, my poor man,' says Pratt. 'We've rescued you, and if you just take this medicine, and lie still, you'll be all right in a little while.'

"The man looked at Pratt for a minute, and then he says to the steward, 'Who's this putty-faced fool, and what does he mean by his impudence about rescuing me?'

"'I'm the master of this ship,' says the captain, 'and we've just picked you up and saved you from an awful death.'

"'Picked me up, have you?' says the man. 'Who gave you liberty to interfere with me?'

"'You'll feel better presently,' replied Pratt, who was as patient a man as ever stepped. 'After you've had a sleep, and some food, and sort of generally calmed down, you can go forward and turn to.'

"'Where's my boat?' demanded the chap. 'If you're sober enough to know what you did with her, perhaps you'll tell me.'

"'I've cast her adrift,' says the old man, as patient as ever. 'There wasn't anything of value in her, and I couldn't have my deck littered up with no more boats.'

"'So,' says the man. 'You've been and stole my boat, and you've been and kidnapped me, and then you've the impudence to talk about my turning to, and working your beastly ship for you. I'll see you and your ship—'

"'Hold on!' says I. 'Don't you pay out any more of that. If you haven't common gratitude, you can keep your mouth shut.'

"'And don't you give me any of your lip, Mr. Mate,' answers the man. 'You and that preaching old ass are nothing but a couple of pirates. You've stopped my boat on the high seas and took me forcibly out of her and you've scuttled her, or sent her adrift, which is the same thing, and now you're wanting to make a slave of me. If that ain't rank A1 piracy I'm a Dutchman, and I'll have the law on you.'

"'You'd have died if I hadn't picked you up,' says Pratt, and what the fellow said about piracy startled him considerably.

"'O! Would I?' said the man. 'Can't a gentleman go a-fishing in his own boat

without being insulted by being accused of starving? I'm a man that owns his boat and takes her where he pleases, which is more than you can do with this rotten old hooker.'

"'Where were your fishing lines?' asked the old man. 'You weren't on the Banks, and you didn't have any lines in your boat.'

"'Probably you stole the lines,' replied the man. 'You'll find that you'll have to pay precious dear for robbing and maltreating William Burrows, Esq.'

"I said to the captain that the man was half drunk, and that the sooner he was bundled into the fo'c'sle the better.

"'Don't you shove your oar in while I'm conversing with this idiot,' says Burrows, addressing himself to me. And then he turns to Pratt and says: 'You forced me aboard here for your own infamous purposes, and I calculate to stay here for mine. You'll give me the best stateroom in this yer cabin, and the best grub you've got, and see that I get the best treatment that any of your passengers get and mebbe when we get to New York I'll be willing to compromise with you, provided you will pay me heavy damages. If you don't do as I say, I'll prosecute you for piracy, and if you're not hung as you deserve, you'll get ten or twenty years. Is anybody in that stateroom?'

'With that the man tries the door of the nearest state-room, and finding it empty—for we had no passengers that passage—he stepped in, telling the steward to call him in time for dinner and to bring him a stiff glass of brandy and water. He half shut the door, and then he turned round again and said to the steward: 'What's the name of the pirate who thinks he commands this ship?'

"'My name is Pratt,' says the old man, 'and I'll—'

"'Spratt, is it?' says Burrows. 'That's a name too big for the likes of you. So long, Spratt, and remember what I've said to you.'

"'Pratt was by this time as mad as I ever saw him, but he tried not to show it.

"'What do you make of the man, Mr.

Tarbox?' says he after he had puffed a while at his cigar.

"I'd make a spreadeagle of him if I had my way," says I.

"All that yarn about his having gone a-fishing can't be true," says the Captain.

"My notion is," says I, "that the fellow stole a boat from a ship that can't be very far from us. He calculated that he was near the Newfoundland coast, and he didn't have time to lay in any provision to speak of."

"How's a man going to steal a ship's boat at sea?" asked Pratt. "Were all hands asleep when he lowered her away?"

"It ain't my business to explain the details of crimes," says I. "He's a thief as well as a liar, and if I'm not mistaken, he called you Sprat."

"That hit the old man where he lived, for he was mighty proud of his name."

"I don't like the man," says he "but what he said about piracy sounded a little alarming. I'm a family man, if I get into trouble I shall lose my ship."

"That talk about piracy was all rubbish," says I. "The boat wasn't his, for he stole her, and if he didn't consent to come aboard here it was because he was too drunk to speak. Leave him to me and I'll promise to have him in the fore-cabin inside of ten minutes, doing his work, and giving us no check beyond the ordinary!"

"Wait till after dinner," says Pratt, "perhaps the poor chap is a lunatic, and the best thing we can do is to humor him. It's a great affliction to be a lunatic, and maybe when he's had a good dinner he'll come to his senses and remember my name."

"Please yourself," says I. "This is your ship, and I'll try to keep my hands off the scoundrel unless he gets too insulting to live."

"When dinner came Barrows came out of his room and sat down opposite to me, and began sneering at the victuals. Neither of us said anything to him but when he ordered brandy Pratt braced up and said that no wines nor liquors could be served to passengers unless they were paid for on the spot. The fellow growled, and made remarks about old women, but he

couldn't help himself. When he ordered a cigar Pratt handed him one of his own, for he was that tender-hearted that he couldn't see a fellow-creature suffering for tobacco.

"Mind you send a box of those into my room, Sprat!" says the man after he had lit his cigar, and that was all the thanks Pratt got for his kindness.

"He went on deck after dinner, leaving Burrows below. Pratt was feeling gloomy at having been called 'Sprat' a second time, and I took pity on him."

"See here, sir," said I. "I'm going to have that fellow out of the cabin in double quick time, if you give me permission."

"But there mustn't be any violence used," says Pratt. "He may be a lunatic after all." So I promised not to use any violence, and I went back to the cabin where Barrows was sitting with his cigar in his mouth and his feet on the table.

"Says I: 'You're a smart liar, but you forgot one thing when you told that yarn about going a-fishing!'"

"What did I forget?" says he.

"You forgot that I knew the boat we took you out of. That was a boat that you stole from the Swallow-tail liner Eagle not two days ago."

"That's a lie!" said he. "But I could see from the look of him that I had hit the mark."

"The Eagle will be in port about the same time as ourselves," says I, "and I'll hand you over to the police for stealing the Eagle's boat the moment we are berthed. In the meantime you'll go forrard and turn to, and if you don't do your duty, and if you give the officers any of your cheek, you'll go to hospital for a spell before you go to gaol!"

"You're a gang of pirates," says he, "and I'll have the law on you if I get to New York alive."

"Which you probably won't do, unless you put a stopper on your tongue," says I. "Now get up and go forrard, where you belong or take a licking right here!"

"The fellow glared at me a minute, and seeing that I meant business, got up without a word and went forrard. We didn't have much trouble with him during the

rest of the passage, though he generally did carry a black eye or so that I or the second mate had to give him. He bolted the minute the ship touched the dock, and that was the last of him.

"As it turned out I was right about the boat having been stolen from the Eagle. She lay at the same pier with us while we were in New York and I saw that their port quarter boat was missing. Naturally the mates didn't care to admit that a boat had been stolen under their eyes, but

there wasn't any room to doubt that it had been done. I asked lawyer Twiggs one day if what the captain and I had done was piracy, and he said that there wasn't any denying it, and that if the fellow had prosecuted us we would have been in a hole. That Burrows was the smartest sea lawyer I ever met, and I shouldn't be surprised if he stole the boat with the full intention of getting himself picked up while drunk, and then accusing his rescuers of piracy, and getting a cabin passage to New York."



BUMPS FOR THE BABY

Papa Laurier—He's just about the biggest load I ever pushed.—Toronto World.