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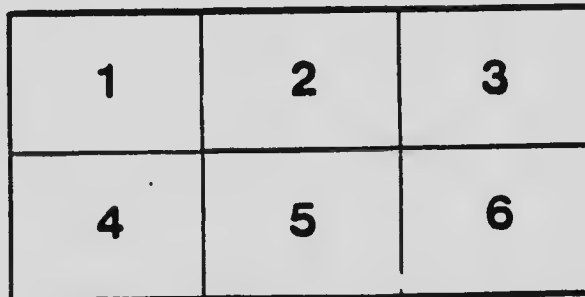
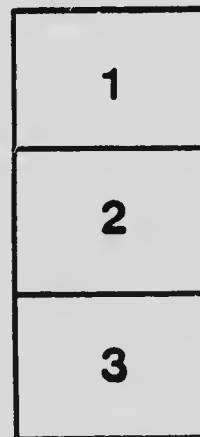
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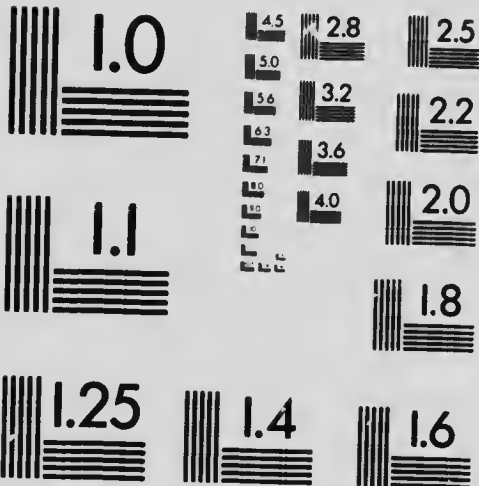
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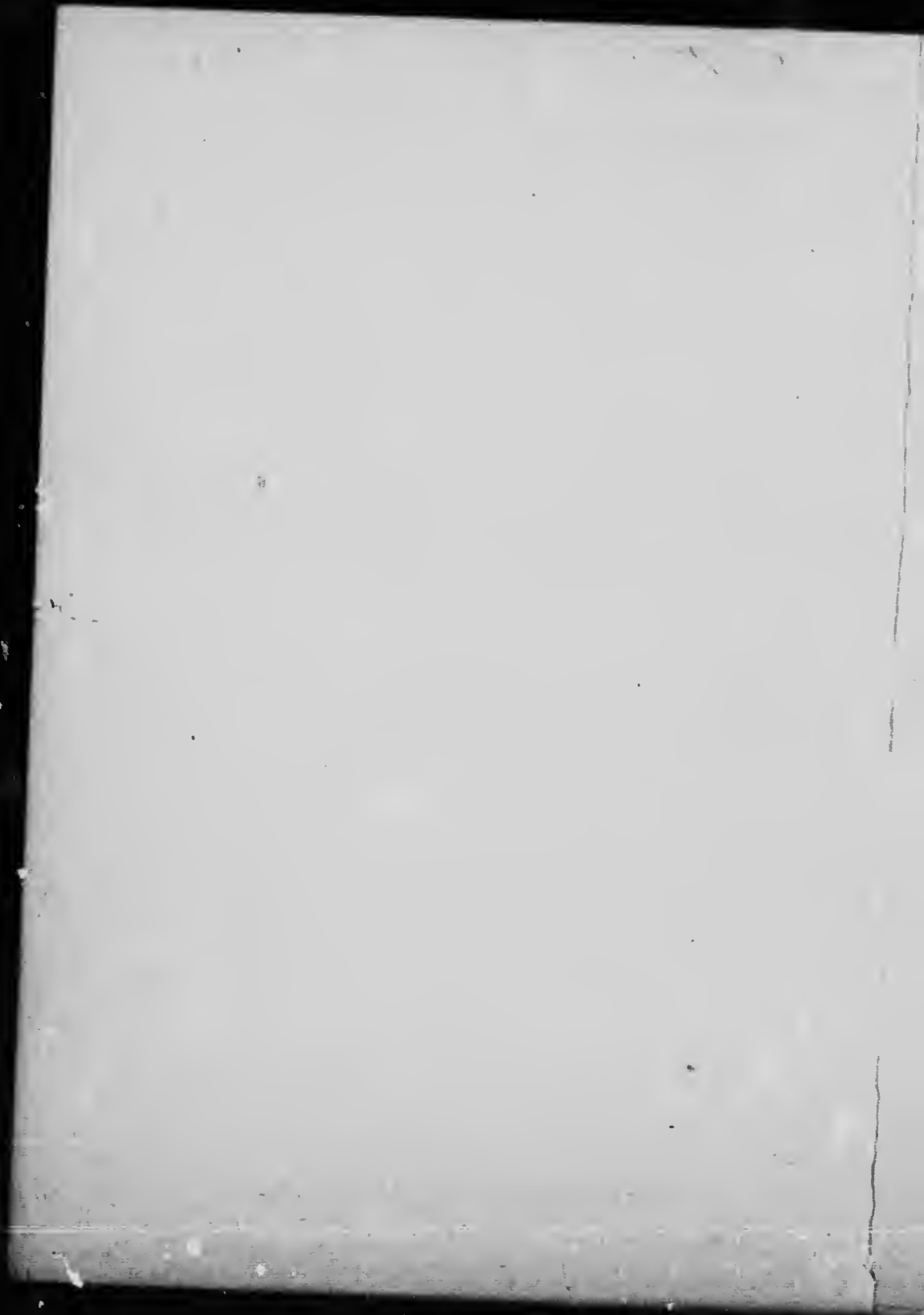


# COUCHER NIGHT

BY ONE  
OF THE  
BUNCH.

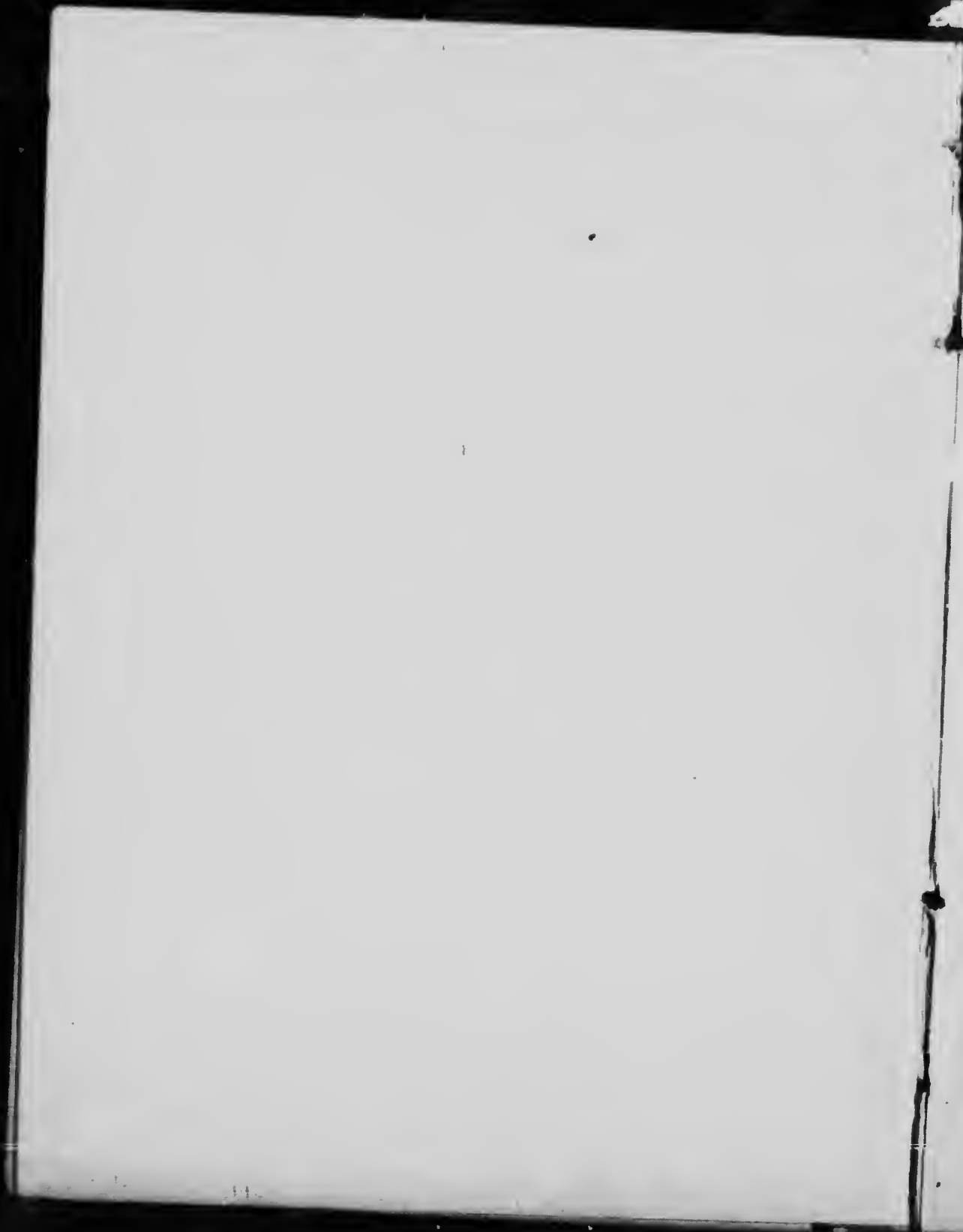
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THE OTHER NIGHT *BY*  
ONE *OF* THE BUNCH.

Some said, "*John print it ;* other said, "*Not so.*"  
Some said, "*It might do good ;*" other said, "*No.*"

JOHN BUNYAN.

PS8495

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1903

~~PAK~~

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## AN APOLOGY.

**T**HE OTHER NIGHT is simply the story of what transpired one night a few years ago, when a few of the boys happened to meet. The meeting gave rise to a spontaneous desire to indulge in a few high balls the inbibing of which resulted in the doings herein related.—

The members of the bunch are characters well known in Montreal.—

The Bell Cow is still on deck ; can still be seen around St. James St. every day during banking hours, he has lost nothing of his old time splendour except his side whiskers.—

The Bluff is still the same old Bluff.—

The Liar has forsaken his old haunts around Cochenthaler's Cigar Store, and has transferred his gigantic operations to Black Lake.—

The Poet has a nice little nest in the Government Building at Ottawa at \$30.00 per.—

The Slugger, has reformed and is now at the head of a large wholesale grocery business. Of course he is married now.—

The Doctor, is still the same, tasting the sweetness of Prosperity one day and the bitterness of adversity the next.—

Some of the places patronized by the bunch

have disappeared. Our old friend Steve has moved to a better world. Martin has moved up the Main. The Atlantic Gardens, Mr. Burdett and Trepazier have had to close owing to a new city by-law forbidding music in places where liquor was sold.—Peloquin's Hotel is still in full bloom and its genial host always ready and pleased to entertain the boys.—

As for the Main Street it is still the same and younger bunches are to be seen every day going over the same performance, and it will continue so to be as long as boys will be boys and have wild oats to sow.—

The author feels that he has no apology to express for the publication of this book.—It may shock the tender sensibilities of some, but then they are not forced to read it. Some of these stories may also shock the modesty of the goody goody kind who have to be good because they can't be otherwise, but those need not read it in public they can close the doors and learn the stories so as to be able to relate them at the Club.

*"Honi soit qui mal y pense"*

F. H. WALTLANG.

*Perpetrator.*

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Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears  
To-day of past regrets and future Fears—  
To-morrow ?—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo ! Some we loved, the loveliest and best  
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Conch of Earth  
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too in dust descend ;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—Sans End !

C AR-KHAYYAM.



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## ON THE MAIN STREET

**I**T was eight o'clock on the Main Street. It is quite possible that it was eight o'clock in a great many other places, but anyway, it was eight o'clock on the Main Street ; it was dark, but not lonely for many people walk on the Main Street ; among other people the Artist Liar of Montreal wandered aimlessly along. The Artist Liar was not in a very good mood ; he had had words with his wife, and had made up his mind to go on a protracted toot to get square with her. The Artist Liar wanted a

## ON THE MAIN STREET

drink, a *light summer drink*, but he was not selfish and would not drink alone, so he wandered on the Main Street looking for a congenial spirit. Congenial spirits are not rare in Montreal, so the Artist Liar did not wander far before running up against the Cheerful Idiot. The Cheerful Idiot enjoyed a reputation as a Poet, in fact, he was as well known as the "Poet" as he was as the "Cheerful Idiot"; it is much the same thing anyway.

The Poet had never written any poetry that any one had ever heard of except some doggeral rhymes for the boys, but he wore his hair long, affected a gait like Sir Henry Irving and had a lot of poetry stored away in his think tank which he let off with or without notice.

The reputation of the Artist Liar was on a much sounder basis than that of the Poet. The Artist Liar had systematically lied for years on a large

## ON THE MAIN STREET

scale to gain his high reputation. He was generally stoney broke, but was always, within a few days, of receiving a commission of half a million on the sale of St. Helen's Island to a large syndicate of New Zealanders, or he had just deposited seven million roubles to secure an option on the Arctic Circle.

Once a gentleman from British Columbia who was stopping at the Windsor Hotel was having a drink with a large fish dealer from Newfoundland. While enjoying their Coffin Varnish the conversation ran upon liars. Finally the British Columbia man offered to bet \$50.00 that he could name a bigger liar than the Newfoundland man. The latter took up the bet. Each man wrote a name on a piece of paper, and handed it to the bartender. The bartender was then instructed to open the papers and read the names thereon. "Why", said the bartender,

## ON THE MAIN STREET

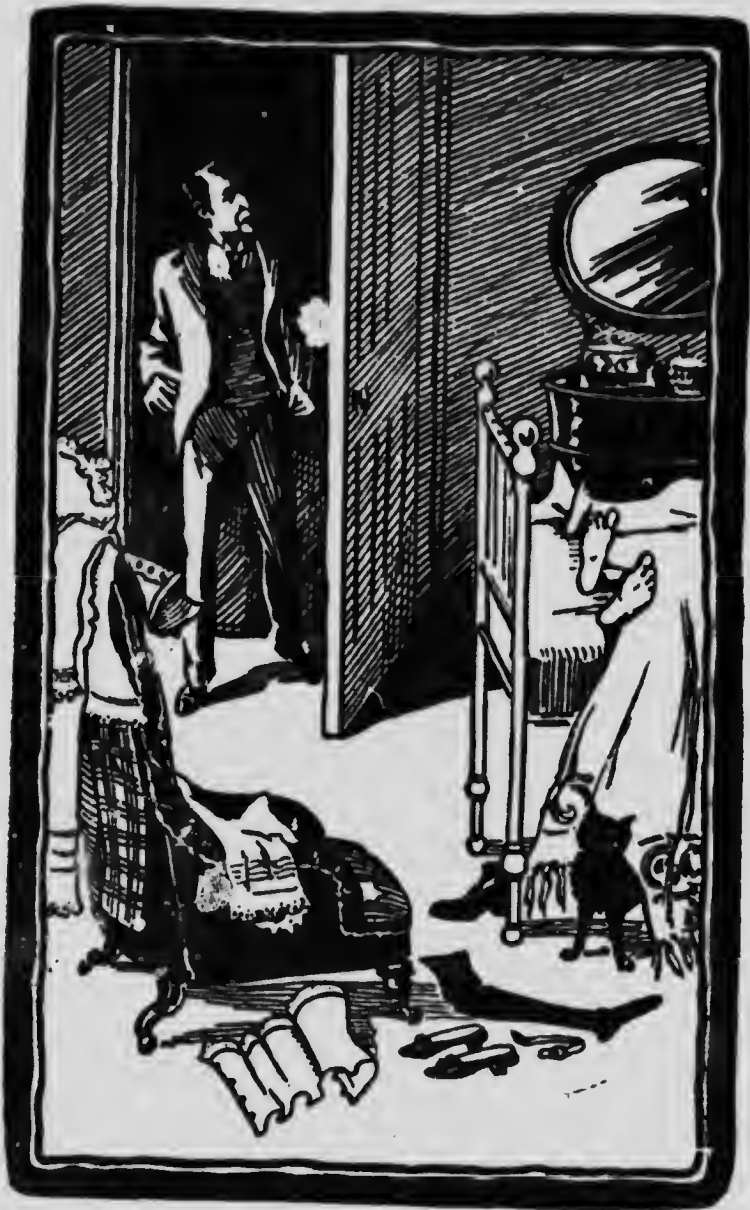
"you have each written the same name." It was the name of the Artist Liar and the bet was declared off.

When the Artist Liar met the Poet he proposed immediate drinks; the Poet was never known to refuse a drink, so they moved into Steve's.

As soon as the Artist Liar had a sip of his *light summer drink* he whispered in the Poet's ear "I tell you, my boy, I have the biggest thing on that Montreal has ever heard of. I have an option on the Atlantic Ocean, and a large syndicate of millionaires in New South Wales formed on purpose to buy my rights to extract gold from it; biggest thing that ever; they have deposited already seven and three quarter millions as earnest money.

The Poet apparently never listened to one word of this news but replied;

"Look here, Liar, talking of big things, just listen to my lines on things?"



THE LONELY WIFELET



## ON THE MAIN STREET

### THE LONELY WIFELET

"She was a lonely wifelet,  
"And she lived in St. John's wood.  
"She lived in strict retirement,  
"As a Vicar's daughter should.  
"And scattered round her boudoir  
"Were her bracelets and her rings ;  
"Her peignoir and her petticoats,  
"And lots of other things.  
"It is a letter from her husband  
"Written in a pique,  
"I've got to go to Liverpool,  
"And won't be back this week.  
"Now, for a lonely wifelet,  
"She did not seem so sad ;  
"In point of fact, she murmured :—  
"I believe I'm rather glad".  
"For a friend from the country  
"Had come to pay a call,  
"His hat and stick and overcoat  
"Were hanging in the hall.  
"His visit was expected  
"And a friend old memory brings,  
"They talked old times, old loves,  
"And lots of other things.  
"When lo, it was her husband ;  
"He returned to town that night.  
"He saw the hat and overcoat,  
"He did not think it right,  
"His visit was NOT expected,  
"And a husband never rings.  
"Now she is stopping with her mama ;  
"And he,——— with other things."

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## THE CONSPIRATION

**T**HE Bluff stood on the corner of Dorchester Street and the Main chewing a tooth-pick and taking a tumble to himself.

The Bluff was alone; he had no one to talk to, and when the Bluff had no one to shoot off his mouth at, words got congested in his attic, and made him uncomfortable. Every one knows the Bluff; he is a short man of uncertain age, with a face the color of a russet apple; shabby clothes; a battered physique and a strong thirst; he has a fluent flow of speech, but a men-

## THE CONSPIRATION

tal horizon that could be photographed on the head of a common pin. The Bluff was always either dead broke or he had a wad big enough to choke a cow ; to-night he was flush ; he wanted a drink and could pay for it. He didn't have to wait for anybody, so he meandered into Steve's where our friends the Artist Liar and the Poet are refreshing. The Poet was giving the last lines of his first offence when the Bluff walked in ; he waited till it was finished, then : immediately broke in without any salutation :--

"Well, say, by cheese crust, if I can't come in and have a drink without running up against a couple of stiffs like you fellows, I'm travelling in hard luck, but now I'm caught, the easiest way I can protect myself against your poetry and your dod gasted lies is to feed you on drinks until you can't speak, and I've got the dough to do it with too, see." "What'll ye have," and

## THE CONSPIRATION

without waiting to give anyone a chance to say anything he continued "Well, say, I've had the greatest piece of inspiration you ever saw. Yesterday didn't have a cent; went home thirsty; went to my room; sat down at my drawing board; got my "T" square and compasses and started to draw like blazes; didn't know what the hell I was going to draw but just started in, see? Well, by godfrey, I went on drawing till half past one this morning; didn't have a bite to eat since the morning; my temperature was 108 1/2 and my pulse 88; well, I tell you, when I got finished and came to, I had been unconscious for seven hours. I had the whole of the plans and specifications complete for the finest idea for a patent automatic self adjusting hair cutting machine you ever saw. I tell ye it's great; do away with barbers. A man wants his hair cut; walks in; takes a chair; drops ten

## THE CONSPIRATION

cents in a slot in the arm of the chair ; throws back his head ; closes his eyes, and before he can open them his hair is cut and brushed : he's clean shaved ; mustache trimmed ; his boots are shined, and he is out on the street with a printed ticket in his hand giving his weight, the time by the sun, the day of the month and the year. Say ! I went this morning to Palmer's, laid the whole thing before them, and in fifteen minutes I had \$1000. in my pocket, deposit on option of sale for thirty days at \$750,000."

"When the Bluff finished, the Liar threw himself on his neck and wept. Between his sobs he said : — "Bluff, it's a damned shame to call me "Liar" while you live. I am no more entitled to it than you are to be called handsome.

The Bluff paid no attention to this little compliment, but ordered drinks. The Poet and the Liar had had one

## THE CONSPIRATION

drink while the Bluff had held forth on his patent, but he had been so busy he never noticed it until he came to settle. He settled, then commenced to flow again, but the bar-tender called him down saying "You'll have to keep the peace or git," "See?" But The Bluff was started and could not be choked off. "Say," says he, "Have you heard the latest about keeping the peace?" "Just new, listen."

"A certain Michael Flannigan became enamoured of a Jewish girl and married her. After a while Mike's wife, whose name was Rachel, tried her best to coax Pat to be circumcized and become a Jew. To this Michael objected, but Rachel kept up the attack until Mike was driven to drink. Mike came home one night paralyzed, and when he came to, he was horrified to discover that he had lost what is technically known as the prepuce. Rachel had called in the Rabbi during Mike's

## THE CONSPIRATION

insensibility and had had him circumcized. Mike, very indignant, went to consult a lawyer, and according to advice, had the Rabbi and Rachel arrested for assault. The case came up and the Judge gave it as his opinion that all he could do was to bind the prisoners over to keep the peace. When this judgment was given Rachel began to shed tears. The Judge, who was kind hearted, asked her why she wept. She replied, "Oh God of Israel, how can we keep the piece when the cat ate it."

"Say, Liar, ain't that a corker?"  
"Well," says the Liar, I can beat that on the piece business. "You know Sam, the Jew traveller? Well, one day, as the train was just pulling out of the C.P.R. depot, Sam made a mad dash down the platform, and just succeeded in catching it. An Irishman was standing on the rear end of the car, and as Sam climbed up the steps

## THE CONSPIRATION

he remarked to the Irishman between gasps for breath "I just caught it by the skin of my teeth." Irish looked at him with contempt and replied, "It's a gud job for ye, ye didn't have to catch it by any other skin, ye circum-sized son of a gun."

The Poet leaned his elbow on the bar and his head upon his hand, and looked sad, and would, no doubt, have quit right there if a new acquaintance of the Bluff's had not turned up, and given him another victim to pour his words into. As the Bluff started with "Well, say" on the new arrival, the Liar and Poet made their sneak.

When the Poet struck the street he threw up his hands towards heaven in a tragic manner and exclaimed "Ah, Godt Louis, why am I so weak? Why don't I strike this Bluff dead at my feet. "That's a hell of a poor rhyme, Poet," said the Liar; "feet" and "weak" is rotten rhyme." "That rhyme is good



## THE CONSPIRATION

enough considering the object. Look here, Liar, if I had the enormous rush of words to the mouth that that microcephalus idiot has, I would never work." "Do you claim to work," asked the Liar. "Well, I work as much as I must, and as much as a gentleman should."

As the Poet and the Liar walked along chatting they became aware of a majestic specimen of the genus homo bearing down upon them under full sail. The specimen aforesaid was the observed of all observers, and no wonder; his silk hat reflected a thousand electric rays; his high shiny collar and plenteously displayed shirt bosom shone resplendent; his long suit hung to within a foot of the ground; his trousers were carefully pressed, and had the crease prominent; his little feet were encased in little patent leather shoes, and he wore white spats, in fact, he was a sight.

## THE CONSPIRATION

Our two rounders, the Liar and the Poet, immediately recognized this apparition as the "Conooser." Of all the young old sports in Montreal, the Conooser was certainly "The Bell Cow." As he acknowledged the hail of the Poet and the Liar, he combed his beautiful whiskers (he sported a lovely pair of curtains) that the crowd might see and admire.

The Conooser was as well known as any town pump; nightly he paraded the Main; he was a great favorite among the boys on account of his choice collection of Contes Drolatiques, and of what he called his "bun muts." The Bell Cow knew the pedigree of every one who had ever been on the turf in Montreal, New York, Boston, Lachine or Laprairie. He knew every story that had ever been told or at least he claimed to. When ever he told one, it was new; if any one else told a story he would remark "Yes, I

## THE CONSPIRATION

always liked that story." Tell the Bell Cow how young he looked, and he would buy till the cock crowed and tell every story he had ever heard, and make a lot more as he went along. Knowing his failing, of course, the Liar immediately told him how he looked like a three year old, and asked who had made his vest, and related how many people had said he was the best dressed man in Montreal. These gentle compliments had the desired and expected result on the Bell Cow. He loaned the Liar a dollar and a half without a murmur, and proposed adjournment from the street to Martin's Moist Goods Emporium and Stag Hotel. As the beautiful trinity rolled down the Street, the Bell Cow in the middle, the Poet on the outside and the Liar on the inside, the Bell Cow related how the Conductor on the C. P. R. car had mortified Billy when he was on his wedding trip. It seems

## THE CONSPIRATION

Billy was sitting in the parlor car beside the new Mrs. Billy engaged in a very earnest conversation regarding the probability that the war in China would raise the price of matting when the Conductor came in and remarked that he would examine tickets, but Billy was so engrossed in trying to make the position in China clear to Mrs. Billy that he did not hear the Conductor. When the Conductor came up to him, Billy had to be tapped on the shoulder; this brought him from China to the Parlor Car, and he fumbled around his pockets and produced the envelope which he supposed contained the tickets and turned again to Mrs. Billy and continued to expatiate upon the horrible possibilities in China. The Conductor opened the envelope and examined the contents which proved to be Billy's marriage certificate; then he tapped Billy on the shoulder again and handing him back the enve-

## THE CONSPIRATION

lope remarked "Young Fella, this may entitle you to a ride, but not on the C. P. R.," "I guess that's true," said the Liar when the story was finished, "and it was Billy who had his rooms next to the Guzzler in New York, and the Guzzler says he heard the bride call to the groom, who was in the next room "Are you ready, Billy?" "Yes," answered Billy, "in a minute." Five minutes passed the bride sweetly called again "I'm ready, Billy." "Hell," grunted Billy, "what have you to get ready."

"That reminds me," said the Bell Cow, "of the story of my friend Stella." Stella just married, is pressed by her friend Dora to tell her what she thinks of a man as a husband; wants to know, in fact, how it felt to be married. "Well, Dora," Stella says, "I can tell you the sensation is most heavenly, but the position, dear, is most debasing." "Well," said the Poet, "I

## THE CONSPIRATION

know that Stella myself; she used to work in an office, on Notre Dame Street before she got married. I heard this good one myself the other day.

Clara and Tessie were good bosom chums. They went to a Convent on Rachel street together, and often when alone they had wondered about the mysteries of marriage and they made a solemn compact that when they got married each should relate to the other the experiences of the first night. They both got married on the same day. Clara married Mr. Frank Jones and Tessie married Mr. Gus Brown, and they went on their honeymoon together. The night after the first night, Clara sat in Tessie's room in a New York Hotel; (Jones and Brown were probably at the bar) "Well, Mrs. Jones, said Tessie, "are you ready to exchange confidences,?" "Oh, yes dear, I am quite ready," says Mrs. Jones, "but if you don't mind I

## THE CONSPIRATION

would rather you would relate yours first." "All right, dear," says Mrs. Brown, I'll tell mine, and I can do it in a very few words. After we came home I went up to bed. I left Brown, the dear man, down stairs some where. I got into the bed and waited. After a full half hour, I heard cautious steps in the hall; I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. Gus came in very quietly on tip toes, turned down the gas, went behind a screen and undressed himself, and appeared in a great long night gown. He came to the bed and looked at me, took the chamber into the clothes closet, and as noiselessly relieved himself; came to bed; kissed me then turned over and went to sleep; there's Mr. Brown for you." Oh dear, said Mrs. Jones, "I never heard of such a thing. I assure you Jones is a very different kind of man. I hardly had time to get into bed, when Jones' noisy and heavy steps accom-

## THE CONSPIRATION

panied by loud joyful whistling declared plainly that Jones was coming along the hall; he came boisterously into the room, banged the door, locked it, sat down on the edge of the bed took off his boots and threw them to the other end of the room, tore his clothes off and threw them all over the place till he stood stark naked in the middle of the room and the gas blazing too; took the chamber and put it on the floor, and made water standing up, whistling a tune all the time, then he put on the jacket part of his pyjamas (it only reached to his navel) and he marched over to the bed, pulled down the clothes and said:—"Now Mrs. Jones we'll trouble you for that brand new affair of yours we've heard so much about."

By this time the trio had arrived at Martin's and the Bell Cow was elected. Silence reigned long enough for three gin fizzes to be absorbed, then



## THE CONSPIRATION

the Poet had the following bright idea ;  
"I propose," said he, "that any one of this trinity who desires to relate any incident or experience, or tell any story shall afterwards pay a round of nose-paint." The Poet was a deep thinker ; he knew the Bell Cow would want to relate three stories to every one that either he or the Liar would, and consequently he would get five drinks and pay for three. "I have great pleasure in seconding that proposition," said the Liar, "and I further propose that we go back and gather in the Bluff who has a large wad in his pocket and is anxious to spend : he will soon be too drunk to know how to talk and we can bear with his hot air for a while." "Girls" said the Bell Cow, "I like your proposition," and as the Bluff owes me twenty-five, and will probably pay me under the influence of strong drink, and perhaps lend me fifty besides, I have great pleasure in sec-

## THE CONSPIRATION

ending the second proposition of my esteemed fellow the Liar." So it was ordained that the Bluff should be crucified. Now to crucify a party requires first that the party shall be found (man, people have escaped crucifixion by failing to turn up) and as this tale unfolds it will transpire how very closely the Bluff came to escaping being crucified; also what a very expensive operation a modern crucifying is.

"We return now to our muttons," as the Bell Cow would say. Acting towards the laudable end of putting it into the Bluff, our three worthies started on the return journey to Steve's hoping to discover that the Bluff was still holding forth there, but on arrival there and cross examination of the bar-keep, it appeared that the Bluff had stayed only till he had got his second breath, then he had started out, the bar-keep thought for Herb's, where he

## THE CONSPIRATION

intended hitting the slot machines. There was nothing to do but have another drink, and continue the pursuit. Nobody had evinced any inclination to tell any story so the choice of victim to relate something interesting and settle was left to the fate of the toss. The Poet was the victim, and out of revenge he elected to recite a poem before the drinks were served; while the Bell Cow and the Liar stood thirsty the Poet gave :—

### THE SCHEMING MICROBE

A microbe sat on a maiden's lip  
Right on its kissiest part,  
And, murmured, "I'll work that  
Young man off in the highest style of art.  
I'll send a raging colony careering  
Through his veins,  
And shall soak his system with  
A choice lot of Ptomaines."

"Oh, I'm of the choleric sort.  
And the epidemic brand,  
And you may bet the victim  
Knows whenever I'm on hand,  
For I raise rumpus in his guts  
Like a slowly bursting bomb,  
Which only ends, as a general thing,  
When he reaches kingdom come."

## THE CONSPIRATION

Now, he that the grizzly microbe  
Had in its measly pizend mind  
Was a nicish, youngish laddie  
Of the hottest blooded kind,  
Who loved this youngish, sweetish girl  
With an incandescent vim,  
Which only found an offset  
In the way that she loved him.

Well, on the next sweet Sunday night  
This nicish youngish man  
Was seated on the self same chair  
With his darling Mary Ann ;  
And I hugged her till he nearly busted  
Her precious diaphragm,  
And kissed her sixteen hundred times,  
With the zest of a battering ram.

The Microbe had been swapped at least  
One thousand Times ; and when the young  
Man left, the onary beast  
Was still with Mary Ann.  
When her beast was gone she finished up  
By kissing " Puggy wee,"  
And next day, that devoted pup  
" Most died of diarrhee."

"I would just as soon have paid for  
the drinks myself as have listened to  
that," said the Bell Cow. "I disagree  
with you three," said a stranger who  
stood listening, "that poem is an illus-  
tration of the strange and mysterious

## THE CONSPIRATION

ways of Providence, and to show my appreciation, I have great pleasure in offering to pony up this round myself if you allow me." "Well, piss or come off the pot," said the Bell Cow, "don't waste so much time in politeness. We have a friend to do this evening, and we have yet to find him, and if you will pay the cab to Herb's, you may come along with us." "Whiskers, I'll go you," said the stranger. "One drink one me, and off we are to do your friend. As a preliminary, allow me to introduce myself to you, I am the Stayer from New York.

"A philosopher of Montreal, called 'Joe Beef,' interrupted the Bell Cow," once said "never put off till to-morrow the man you can do to-day; his friends or relatives may come and rescue him." "So let us hurry."

Drinks were hurriedly mopped up, and the new quartette hustled into a cab.

## THE CONSPIRATION

"Did I understand you to say that you were the Stayer from New York?" asked the Bell Cow of the stranger. "That's me," replied the stranger. "You will find yourself the Stayer who didn't before you get done with us," said the Liar.

"Be that as it may, Mr. Liar, I should explain that I am the Stayer because I sell corsets for the firm of Pushem, Good & Quick of New York; not on account of my staying qualities; I am sure I would take a back seat compared with you Cannucks. Corsets or stays are the specialty of my firm. We make a greater variety, and sell a larger quantity than any firm on God's Green Earth. Why, hell, we can take one of your slob shaped women from the *Petit Nord*, with her person hanging all over the place, and with a pair of our corsets make her look like a tailor-made Juno. We have corsets for high

## THE CONSPIRATION

titts, low titts and no titts at all ; big titts and little titts ; we can supply a corset that will allow a lady to wear herself in any position she desires without discomfort." "Talking of corsets makes me think of linen, and linen reminds me of a story ; perhaps you have heard it?" however here it is.

"A minister of the Gospel got married, and on the first night when he found himself beside his new wife, he asked her, "Elizabeth, is it your will that we raise up children to the honor and glory of God?" "Yes, John," meekly replied his new wife. "Well, Elizabeth, lift up the linen in the name of the Lord."

"I always thought that was a good story," remarked the Bell Cow.

"I see you are one of those ducks who never hear a new story," replied the Stayer. "Well, I'll have another go at you just for luck." Did you ever hear this one?

## THE CONSPIRATION

"An Irish girl, called "Maggie," just arrived in New York, was fortunate enough to meet Mary O'Toole who had been a friend of hers in the old country."

Mary was got up regardless of expense ; silk shirt waist, feathers, and all the rest of it. After exchanging greetings Maggie looked Mary from head to foot and exclaimed "Well, now Mary, but yer got up foire ; ye must be doin' mighty well, and phwat are ye doin' to be able to put on such stoile ?"

"Oh, I'm wurkin' as chambermaid in a gran hotel."

"And phwat wages do ye get at all ?"

"Tin a munth, but, sure, I make a grate deal more thin that."

"How, fer the Lord's sake ?"

"Oh, well, there's lots o' foine men come to the Hotel, an' shure, they do be givin' me money."



## THE CONSPIRATION

"Well, but Mary, shure if that's what yer at, y'll git into trouble some day, I don't know."

"Ah, go on wid yer, I know better than that; whin ever I goes to a feller's room, I know what to do."

"An phwats that, will ye be tellin'?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, when yer with a man watch him, an' when he closes his eyes, do ye just pull yerself away from him suddint."

Not more than eight months after this, Maggie and Mary meet again. Maggie has evidently benefited by her lessons from Mary; she is dressed beautifully but she is much altered in shape for the worse, which Mary immediately percieves.

"So, she says, says she, "Glory be to God, Maggie an' phwat hev ye bin doin,? Be the Powers look at the belly on ye."

"Yes," says Maggie, "I believe ye."

"Well, but Maggie, didn't I tell ye

## THE CONSPIRATION

to pull yerself away when he closed his eyes?"

"Ah, the divil, fly away wid ye and yer pullaway. Shure, girl when he closed his eyes I was stone blind meself."

"But that is not as good as this one," continued the Stayer.

"A German went into a toy store, and asked the lady clerk to show him some "leetle drooms." Dutchy was shown the drums; chose one suitable in size and price, and ordered eight.

"What," said the lady behind the counter, "eight drums," you must have a large family."

"No," replied Hants. "I haff no large vemily, gott, but I am German, an' dere is seven leetle German boys vat plays mit me leetle poy, an' so I gif dem a droom each."

"Oh," exclaimed the nice lady, "you are German."

## THE CONSPIRATION

"Yah," replied Hants, "I am German."

"There is a little German in me," said the lady clerk wishing to be friendly to a good customer.

"Iss dot so? Vell I giff him a droom too," says the good natured German. Lady faints.

"To show you that I am honest, Mr. Stayer, I'll admit that those are new omes to me," remarked the Bell Cow.

"There is one remark that I think I ought to make at this point," said the Poet, "before you go any further Mr. Stayer, I think you ought to be informed that before you joined the bunch we agreed among ourselves that any one who told a story was liable for a round of drinks, and as you are now in for three rounds, perhaps it were only honest to advise you of the penalty."

"Your honesty asserts itself rather

## THE CONSPIRACY

slowly Mr. Poet," answered the Stayer, "you allowed me to get stuck for three drinks before speaking. I suppose ignorance of the law is no defence, so I'm in for it, and I'll settle, but only on condition that you all take three drinks at one shot."

"Well, that seems fair," said the Liar, "considering the mean advantage we took of you."

By this time cabby had drawn up before the billious colored sign which announced to the thirsty that Herb was licensed to retail things spirituous and fluid. The Stayer settled with the Jehu, and invited him to join in, and our four friends, and Baptiste, the cabby, entered Herb's. Bar-tenders are not, as a rule, easily astonished. They are notoriously self possessed, and serve out damnation with a calm and generally sad expression of countenance, but Billy, the bar-tender at Herb's, was forced to allow his face to assume an

## THE CONSPIRATION

expression of astonishment when the four rounders ordered three drinks each at one clip, and he murmured "What d'ell are ye giving us; wholesale? Never mind whether it is wholesale or retail, Billy," said the Bell Cow, "but just serve the gentlemen their poison." "Is de cabby in dis?" inquired Billy. "Yes," replies the Bell Cow, "whatever he orders, give him three doses. Baptiste ordered his national drink "Whisky Blanc." Billy took a tumbler and measured three good ordinary drinks into it and pushed it towards him. "What de hell your doing?" exclaimed the Jehu? "Giving ye yer drink Frenchy," answered Billy, "Ye ordered white whiskey, an' there it is, three doses; whoever drinks with this push, takes his medicine three doses at a slap, see?"

"Is dat so," asked Baptiste turning to the Stayer. "That's what, Baptiste," if you drink with us it is three at a

## THE CONSPIRATION

time, and you have to tell a story on top of it; you don't have to drink if you don't want to.

"Well, dat's de bess one I never see," remarked Baptiste, "I drink fer sure, but I never see de chose de même."

"And the story, cabby", said the Poet, "Don't forget the story; you'll have to tell a story afterwards."

"Storee?, what's dat I doant know, I know de store, but the store-ree I doant know diss.

"Story is une histoire comique, Baptiste," explained the Poet, "and we expect you to tell one."

"Is dat so?, une histoire, ver well, I tell you one fer sure, an' the bess one you never before see. Salut Messieurs," says Baptiste, and pop goes the three doses of whisky blanc down his well tanned old gullet without ever a wince.

In the meantime the quartette had

## THE CONSPIRATION

gone outside of their triple barrelled drinks, and Bill the bar-tender was giving up what information he had relative to the whereabouts of the Bluff, who, it appeared, had parted with several dollars to the slot machines, and then had gone to Martin's.

"Well, lets have one story out of Frenchy, and then we'll meander up to Martin's," proposed the Stayer.

"Yes, out with your storee, Baptiste," said the Bell Cow, "before that three decker that you have assimilated knocks your brains out."

"Neffar mine fer the brains out," said Baptiste, "she doant come out fer sure wit tree whiskee blanc" I tell you the store-ree about de fren off mine what's call his name François Xavier Leblanc.

"Leblanc shes work on the woods fer the winter and when the spring time she's coming Leblanc she's come at Montreal for have the good tam

## THE CONSPIRATION

on its monee, and you bet she's have the good tam also. She's tell to me what she's do like dis; Well, ba gosh, I'm have de beg tam en ville, Montreal, she's the fine plass, an ba gin flin an brandy .ell, she's got de fine womens dere. What you tink, the first nite I'm there, I'm walk on de Rue Ste. Catherine. I'm buy de cigar, de bess one fer fy cen, an I'm walkin an walkin'. B'm bye nice leetle gal she' spick me "good heaving I'm say "very much oblige, tank you," She's say "You come wit me? Fer sure she's the nice women I'm goin' wit her right away. She's de most beauty wan I neffer see, plenty style, walkin' like de turkey, nice rosy cheek an curl its hairs, and de fine building. I go fo its house, walk up stair, go on its room mek it sit on ma knee, an kiss it an kiss it? Well you knows de whole thing. I'm stay dere de whole nite ba gosh she's have de fine bed,



## THE CONSPIRATION

soft and white, an de carpette on de floor an de boss rideau on de window, fer sure its fine plass an, oh hell, when she take its clothes, (she's have de nice clothes) but when she's stan dere on de carpete wit nottings on juice de lettlet chemise I neffer see nothings like dat before ; she's juice like what you call hangel. Well I stay dere all nite, an' in the morning, I'm lay dere on de fine bed, de sun she's comin' up; I'm not slip, but de eye she's close. After some tame the leetle girl she's getting up very quiet, very tranquil; she's look me, I doan't say notings. I tink perhaps she's kiss me. No she doan't kiss me any; she's get up very quiet; she's go on my clothes; she's go on my pants and take de money off the pawquette. Ba gosh I haf forty-tree dollar dere, but I doan't say noting, but juice look by the leetle crack I'm ope on the eye. Dan she's tak my money an go on the window. On the window

## THE CONSPIRATION

dere's de very nice flower on the big pot. She's liff the flower pot, put ma money on de window, den put the flower pot on de top ma money. I doant say noting me. Den she's come on me an push me an kiss me, and spik me fer wake up, lazy man, an laff an' be very gay. I doan't say nothings. Den she say "You have leetle drink?" Oh, yes, I have leetle drink, an all de tam I tink ob ma money on de flower pot. Very soon I dress ma-self, den I say "Leetle girl, you go an see some one's not dere, so I go hout, get some breakfast, an' I come back. All right, very well, she's goin' out an close de dore fer see some one's not dere, an very quick I liff the flower pot, and put my money on my pawquette. Very soon she's come back. I doant's say noting; juice kiss it good-bye au revoir, an gone 'way. I tell you dat's de bess tam I never haff, but I am ver sorree for wan ting. "An

## THE CONSPIRATION

what de hell's dat I ask it," an he say "Ba gosh, I'm very sorry I'm not dere fer see dat leetle girl when she's liff dat flower pot."

"Nothing slow about Jean Baptiste as a raconteur" and nothing mean about his friend Leblanc," said the Poet. "Now let's hustle up to Martin's and catch the Bluff before he changes his course. All hands mount the cab and away.

"That three-ply drink seems to be getting its work in on you, Poet," said the Liar, "Won't you walk as far as Martin's?"

"Not another step do I walk to-night; from this on everything is charged to the Bluff; come Baptiste herd yer load into the cab and away, away! to horse!!

"Look here, Poet, you must call yourself down, don't let the fire water get away with you so soon in the evening," said the Bell Cow, as he stepped last into the cab.

## THE CONSPIRATION

The Poet gave a couple of wild hoops which stirred the whole street and standing up in the cab, as well as he could, falling first on one and then on another, declared in a loud voice that he was "heap big Indian, and could eat railroad iron, and followed with:—

"I'm drunk ; I have taken my liquor neat.  
"And there's no one to guide my circuitous feet,  
"As I stagger about the town.  
"Oh, Bacchus, I call your behavior unfair,  
"For I carry you cheerfully everywhere,  
"And you pay me by knocking me down.

He was pacified a little by the time Martin's was reached, and was able to get out of the cab without falling out which showed that he was far from being a case yet. To get out of a cab gracefully and safely while under the influence of a jag is a difficult feat ; it is nearly impossible to come to a conclusion whether it is better to poke your head out first or to put your feet

## THE CONSPIRATION

out first, or whether to sneak only one foot out, but the safest, although rather inelegant method, is to slip your backside from the seat to the floor of the cab and from thence to shuffle out as gracefully as you may. The Poet did not find it necessary to follow any of these methods; he jumped jauntily out, much to the relief of his friends, who began to fear that he was just beginning to get a skate on.

All the art critics of the Main Street were in Martin's Picture Gallery when Jean Baptiste dropped his load. The Poet stepped in first, threw the swing doors open, held one of them open, and as the Bell Cow passed in he announced in a loud voice "His Grace, the Dook of Buckingham," much to the amusement of the assembled Art Critics.

"You damned fool, you're drunk," murmured the Bell Cow.

And the Bluff was not there. At

## THE CONSPIRATION

least, that was what the rounders were informed by the bar-keep, but the Poet, who had disappeared, was suddenly heard shouting at the top of his voice "Eureka, Eureka"; his voice came from the neighbourhood of the door whereon is a sign declaring "Here's where Niagara falls," so the Liar and the Bell Cow immediately made a break for that place, and there, sure enough, discovered the Bluff on the throne, the Poet affectionately embracing him. The poor Bluff had gone to sleep in the W. C. for want of some one to talk to. He soon had some one to talk to; he was dragged out, put in shape, and he professed to feel as good as new, although he did not look it.

During these operations the Bell Cow had been busy with his mouth in the bar-keep's ear, with what intent, will hereafter transpire. The Bluff was presented to the Stayer; the Stayer was presented to the Bluff, and it was

## THE CONSPIRATION

immediately discovered that the Bluff when in New York had once met a man, whose name he had forgotten, who had mentioned that he had bought a dog from the Stayer. The Stayer remembered distinctly having once owned a dog; this was enough; the Bluff and the Stayer felt like old acquaintances, and quarelled over the question as to who should pay the next round. The Stayer, finally, goodnaturedly gave way, and the Bluff set 'em up with an „X” from his still ample wad.

“Sorry,” says the bar-keep, “but have to give you all silver.”

“Let her go in silver,” says the unsuspecting Bluff.

Now it is a well established fact that the most unsuspecting of human beings are those who have a very high opinion of their own cleverness; the Bluff was one of this class, he was perfectly satisfied that he was, as he would express it himself “a damned

## THE CONSPIRATION

smart fellow," and it was very damp wheather when he got drowned; and, notwithstanding, the many times that he had got left, he still held by the opinion that he was at all times, and under all circumstances, quite able to take care of himself. We are to see how much he was justified in his opinion.

"Bluff," said the Poet, "I met your friend, the Stayer, for the first time in this joint a short time ago, when he declared himself as "The Stayer from New York." Our fellow loafer, the Liar, remarked that he would prove the Stayer who did not stay if he travelled with this combination. The Stayer seemed to have doubts on the point, so I made a small bet with him that I would produce a sport who would put him to sleep. To the end of winning his money, we have sought you out; now will you undertake the pleasurable undertaking of drinking the



## THE CONSPIRATION

Stayer blind? If you are declared senseless by the Liar and the Bell Cow before the Stayer, I, of course, lose. Are you feeling fit, old hoss, or will I have to seek another champion? Speak, you sot?

"Why, Poet, did you ever hear of me quitting?" asked the Bluff "It's a go, and I'll make this corset selling sport think he's been drowned."

"Oh, look here, Poet," interrupted the Stayer, at the same time judiciously dropping an eyelid to show that he was on the conspiracy against the Bluff, "I cannot stand for this; it is like robbing a blind man to allow this bet to go; the Bluff is more than half drunk now."

"What's that?, Me drunk?, Mr. Stayer, you either intent to insult me, or you are trying to hedge."

"Well, if you put it like that," replied the Stayer, "we'll have to let the bet stand; your blood be on your own head."

## THE CONSPIRATION

"Now, that this little matter of business is settled," said the Bluff, "I begin to feel my thirst asserting itself again, and to show there's no ill feeling I'll stand for a round."

"Not at all," said the Bell Cow, "that is against precedent; there must be no promiscuous buying; we must inform you, Bluff, that the regulations for to-night are, that no one is responsible for drinks unless he spins a yarn."

"If some one don't spin pretty quick, I'll dry up and bust," said the Bluff, "You fellows seem to be like the lillies of the field, you toil not, neither do you spin. How is that?"

"Good enough to allow me to buy?"

"No, it's not good enough, but it is bad enough said the Poet, "so you can consider yourself it."

The Bluff enjoyed displaying his wad so again settled with a bill, and again received his change in chicken

## THE CONSPIRATION

feed. The Poet at this point broke out in a fresh place, and delivered:—

### WHAT TH'ELL BILL

She war the best the camp produced,  
An' fellers, ye ain't goosed,  
An' had no goosin', an' never will,  
For God's raked in poor Lady Lill.  
There war a standin' bet in town  
That there wan't no Greezer what could  
Brown her to a finish, any style.  
An' no bloke ever made the trial,  
Till Short Pete, the long haired Galoot  
Came wanderin' in from Scroggin's shoot,  
An' won it; he 'sprized us all.  
He wan't so very big or tali,  
But when he took it out thar,  
An' thrum it across the bar,  
We 'Lowed that Lill had met her fate.  
But it wan't no use backin' out that late  
So we arranged ter have the mill  
Behind the hotel on the hill,  
Where all the boys cud get a seat,  
An' see the half-breed take his meat.  
Lill's start was like the gentle breeze,  
That sters the noddin' Cypress trees.  
But when she hit, she screwed for keeps,  
An' layed her victims out in heaps.  
She guv short Pete a lively mill,  
And wore the grass all off the hill.  
She tried her twists and double bunts,  
An' other movements known to cunts;  
But Pete was with her every trick,  
An' still kept lettin' it out thick.  
Once, only once, Lill missed her shot.  
Then short Pete had her on the spot.  
But she died game, jest hear me tell she had her  
boots on when she fell. But what the'ell Bill,  
What the'ell?

## THE CONSPIRATION

"That reminds me of the one they tell on the occasion of the visit of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in London," said the Bell Cow.

"When Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was in London, it created quite a sensation, and crowds visited it. It was quite the thing to get up a party to visit it. In one of these parties of ladies and gentlemen was a sweet young thing who had been in America, and so posed as an authority. She volunteered to act as showman to the party, and when the American Indians came to be seen she explained to her friends, "The Indian, you know, is quite a character; he hates to talk, you know, ha! ha! to show you how funny they are I will converse with the Chief; "So the sweet innocent thing goes upto the big chief, her friends crowding around so as to lose nothing of the fun.

"Oh," says she "You are the chief."?

## THE CONSPIRATION

"Ough," says Mr. Chief.

"See," says the sweet thing, "he does'nt want to talk, but I'll make him."

"Mr. Chief, are you married?"

"Ough," again replies the man afraid of work.

"Mr. Chief, how many wives have you?" perseveres Miss Sweetness.

"Thirty," says the chief.

"Oh, you terrible man; thirty wives; what do you do with so many wives?"

"Push," replies the Indian with disdain, as if there could be any doubt on that head.

Miss Sweetness is rather thunder struck and hastens to cover up the horrid word as quickly as she can by immediately asking another question.

"Mr. Chief, are you hostile?"

"Ough, hoss style, dog style, any style," says Mr. Chief misunderstanding the drift of the question. The

## THE CONSPIRATION

bunch moves away quickly to examine other things.

"That's very likely to have happened," said the Liar. "I've heard things as bad. I'll give you one that I will swear is a fact for I personally know the dramatis personae."

"A friend of mine belonged to the 65 times and while with that regiment during the North West Rebellion was out foraging one evening just before dusk, and he happened on a little log hut in a little clearing. In the yard was a healthy specimen of an Irish-woman in bare legs leaning over a wash tub washing. My friend was a great joker, so he walked quietly up behind the washerwoman threw her clothes up over her head and — — Bridget never stopped washing, and never said a word till he had finished then without turning, she remarked:—

"I hev not seen yer face, an' I do

## THE CONSPIRATION

not know yer name, but ye've done me a power of good; I'm here every Thursday."

"Perhaps you Canucks never heard the one about Cohen and his traveller Jones," said the Stayer.

"A wholesale clothier, named Cohen, had in his employment a slick Christian commercial traveller named Jones. While the traveller was on a trip Cohen made a change in his business by taking into partnership Mr. Levi.

Levi comes down to business one morning and finds Jones in the private office sitting in an easy chair his feet upon the desk, a cigar in his mouth and reading the morning paper.

Levi and Jones had never met before, and Levi in an indignant tone demanded of Jones "Who are you.?"

Jones feels that some low Jew is asking questions that are not his business, so he promptly replies "Go to hell," to Mr. Levi's question.



COHEN LEVI & JONES



## THE CONSPIRATION

“Levi is greatly indignant, and waits in the public office till Cohen arrives, and tells him how he has been insulted. Cohen says “Oh, dats is our traveller. I’ll go see him and explain,” so Cohen goes into the private office and says to Jones:—

“Look here, Mr. Jones, you haff insulted Mr. Levi, who is my new partner, and I vant you to apologize.”

“Oh,” says Jones, “Levi is your new partner and you want me to apologize to him, Eh! Well, you can kiss my arse.”

“Vell,” says Cohen, “You haff now insulted me an’ I vill see about it.”

And Cohen goes to Levi and relates how he was received, and says further that he believes he will have to part with Jones.

“Vait a minit,” says Levi, “let’s go and see vat he hass done; de book-keeper can giff us de figgers.”

So they both go to the book-keeper

## THE CONSPIRATION

where they discover that Jones has, in one year, sold \$130,000.00 worth of goods, and that his salary and expenses have amounted to less than \$6,000.00. Levi takes out his pencil, and after figuring a while, he says to Cohen:

"Vy, Cohen, dats is a lot of goods, and it cost less than five per cent to sell dem."

"Vell," replied Cohen, "Vat are you goin' to do about it?"

"Vell, Cohen," answers Levi, "I tink I vill haff to go to Hell, and you vill haff to kiss his arse."

And so they piled them up in the same old way, never forgetting the house.



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## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

**T**HE Atlantic Garden is another place. Why it is called "Garden" it is impossible to say; certainly, it is not a flower garden, although it might claim to be called a fruit garden. The "Atlantic" division of its title is equally obscure; perhaps it signifies "wet," for, like Martin's, the Atlantic Garden is in the "wet trade." But in addition to that attraction it offers a vaudeville show to its patrons. On its programme it calls itself a "Theatre," and it is a theatre as far as it goes, which is about as far

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

as a copy of the Saturday Star would be towards covering a ten acre field.

The Atlantic Garden was in full swing; the indicator announced that the eleventh item on the programme was in progress. The orchestra, which consisted of a large bunch of black and curly hair pawing a hard luck piano, and a sickly youth sawing at a violin, was getting in its work, and making the galvanized iron walls ring, playing an improvise on the Belly Dance while a lady of uncertain age in white tights accompanied by her mother in red tights represented Faith, Hope and Charity. This beautiful and instructive chromo is generally represented by three ladies but they improve things in the Atlantic Garden. A large white anchor hung in the middle of the stage representing Hope. Charity hung on to Hope on one side and Faith on the other. The audience could take this to indicate that the two

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

ladies still had Hope, although neither of them looked as if they were entitled to it. The old thing was probably hoping for a scuttle of suds after the show, and the younger one for a raise in salary or a new mash with a soft heart and a long purse; who can tell?

Into this Temple of Art poured our five rounders; the manager was foxey and spotted them as a good thing so immediately escorted them to a box where they were as comfortable as could be expected, considering they were all about three sheets to the wind, and the box was not much bigger than a cab; the button was pushed, and the manager was invited to have a bowl which invitation he had much pleasure in accepting.

While the waiter went in search of the refreshments, the Bluff, who sat in a corner, closed his eyes in a resigned way, and permitted himself to float off into an amber dream, in which he

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

continued until rudely awakened by the Poet calling upon him to settle for the drinks. The Bluff was so dead sleepy that he forgot that he had bushels of change so he changed another "X," and the Poet instructed the waiter to bring himself a drink, and the change in silver. Having handled this matter to his satisfaction, the Poet smilingly proposed a toast :—

*" Here's to the tree of life,  
Which girls delight to span.  
It lies between two stones  
Upon the Isle of Man.  
Here's to the little vine  
Which around the tree doeth twine ;  
It flowers once a month,  
And bears fruit once in nine."*

The waiter returned at this juncture with a tray full of change, and received a generous tip from the Poet out of the Bluff's money ; then the balance was slipped into the Bluff's pocket. The Bluff slept on.

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

"You have dealt so generously by that waiter," remarked the Stayer, "that I believe he ought to relate something to enliven these deathly living pictures, after which we will wake up the Bluff to pay another round."

"That's a good scheme," said the Bell Cow, "and I suggest that we each tell a yarn all round, and if the Bluff persists in sleeping during the proceedings, that he be waked up only after each tale to settle and take his drink."

This course was considered advisable in every way, and the waiter foreseeing generous tips agreed to furnish what he could towards the entertainment.

These little arrangements were made in good humor, and with much laughter at the expense of the Bluff who slept on innocent of the fact that his crucifying had commenced.

Two persons in the next box to our party apparently took great interest in



## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

these proceedings, and made their feelings apparent by sundry kicks and knocks on the partition, and by making encouraging remarks such as "Soak him," "He has no friends," "You're the stuff," and so on. Finally a head appeared over the top of the partition, and after greeting the party with a broad grin of vacuous benignity delivered itself as follows:—

"Girls, I don't want to make any kick at your coming in and disturbing me and my friend in our enjoyment of this display of talent, but I cannot sit by and see my friend the Bluff done by such a heartless and unprincipled band of tarriers as you fellows, and have no hand in the proceedings. Am I invited, or do I climb up here and fall on you?"

The Bluff slept on.

The waiter was for having the intruder fired, but as he proved to be only the Slugger, he was invited to

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

join the caucus and to bring his friend and chairs. The waiter hustled in two more chairs, and with difficulty found a place for them, and in a moment appeared the Slugger accompanied by no less a party than the Doctor. The advent of the Doctor was greeted with such noisy enthusiasm that the mob in the pit called for order. The Doctor had earned his popularity, not by good works, but by being a bold man. You know the Doctor. He is a fat blonde little man, ; he has so sweet a smile that he could claim to be innocent on it ; he has a constitution like a young bull calf, and nerve enough for a sewing machine agent.

"My opinion is," said the Bell Cow, "that the action of the Slugger, in forcing himself and his disreputable companion upon we gentlemen is nothing short of blackmail."

"The only objection I have to your opinion," answered the Doctor, "is

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

your improper use of the term "gentlemen." However, that has nothing to do with the purpose in hand ; Waiter, bring drinks, a little gin and sugar for the sleeping gent. It is seldom, boys, that you hear anything instructive. I read a little article in a Medical Journal to-day which I am sure will interest you :—

"A sister of Charity had a tape worm. When we have what we cannot love," says the proverb, "we must love what we have," but the nun and the proverb differed in opinion. The expulsion of the anchorite worm was decided on. A physician was called in and prescribed kousso, that fourth of July for tape worm ; but alas the kousso failed. "Ah, sister," said the physician to the religieuse, "when kousso fails we must use the male fern on you. The nun blushed scarlet and timidly made answer, "The male fern, heavens, in that case doctor I must have

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

a special dispensation from the Bishop.

"Damned if I see where the instruction comes in," said the Poet.

"That's where you are short on perspicacity," answered the Doctor, "Let's have some of your wisdom?"

"Well, how is this? Impromptu, too."

"What is life? A deal of scheming and endless fretting, trying to live on twice what you're getting."

"Very touching," said the Doctor, "and apropos of touching, just wake the Bluff up a minute, throw this gin into him; let him settle and go to sleep again."

The Bluff did not disappoint anyone; he took his gin, handed out a "V," and immediately dropped back into his Rip Van Winkle.

"Now, waiter, vamoose and get our change, and come and give us that narrative you owe," said the Bell Cow.

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

The atmosphere furnished by cigars and cigarettes in the compass of the small box was a beautiful grey; the Bluff smoked vicariously, and slept on.

The waiter was an Americanized French-Canadian, a common type of his class, suiting himself to all circumstances, seeing and hearing nothing but what was intended for him.

After the ceremony of dropping the Bluff's change into the first pocket that could be found was performed, the waiter gave the following:—

“François Xavier Houle had a daughter whom he was very proud to marry to the son of an old friend, Joseph Arthur Trudeau. The young couple slept at the house of Houle the first night, and the next day when Houle showed up at the village general store he was very much the worse for wear. He was haggard and used up looking, and smoked his pipe in

THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

sullen silence. The store-keeper, an Irishman, addressed Houle "Well, Franswa, yer lookin' rotten; ye were full last night, I warrant ye?"

"No, I'm not drunk any," replied Houle.

"Well phwat ails you?," demands Pat.

"Well," relates Houle, "last night am hav de mos bad luck I never see, you know ma girls he's mek marry las night to de young feller Trudeau, an he's slip on ma house. Well, you know, ma house she's not very big wan so Marie Louise an her feller Trudeau she's slip on de room not ver big, juice nex de room where I'm slip wid de ole woman; juice leetle partish of the hemlock board mek de wall of it's room an ma bed she's on one side de partish and de bed Marie Louise she's on de odder side de partish. Ver well, we all goin de bed, dat's all right. Ver soon that feller Trudeau he's do

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

something an ba gosh de bed she's commence mek noise ; skreek, skreek, an de ole woman she's push me it's elbow an say "François, you hear dat noise," an sure not mor'n four minit de bed de odder side de partish she's meke de skreek, skreek again an ma ole woman she push me an ba gosh I mek it again ; for couple of time I good an strong like a beef ; dats all right ; den I'm goin' fer slip ; but I doan gets no chanz for slip fer sacre before fifteen minit de bed on de odder side de partish she's commence agen skreek. skreek, an de ole woman push its elbow on ma side an call me François, François. Cheese Krist, I mek it agen ; well, dat's all right, but dat sacre bed she is goin lak dis de hull nite effery twenty minit. I'm sure I mek dat terteen time. About fave o'clock I'm sleeping, tired like bogger, an whan de bed de odder side de partish she's commence again skreek

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

skreek, an de ole woman push its elbow on ma side an cal me François, well, ba gosh I'm mad lak tagger ; I'm jump hoff de bed an I'm knock on de partish like hell, crack, crack, crack, an I'm spek " Louise, Louise, what de hell you doin' dere, ba gosh, you doan tek care, you kill your modder."

"Drinks now waiter, same as last, not forgetting the corpse," said the Poet. "Next, I think, it is up to you Stayer ; we have not heard from you since that very expensive three you gave us."

"That's so," said the Bell Cow, "and don't waste time ; every man in his turn. *Tempus fugit*, and we have places to go to yet."

"I'll give you the one about Mrs. O'Toole," said the the Stayer.

"Mrs. O'Toole and Mrs. Rooney lived in a tenement. Mrs. O'Toole lived upstairs and Mrs. Rooney lived downstairs. Mrs. O'Toole was hang-



## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

ing out of her window having some words with Mrs. Rooney, who was hanging out of her window underneath. The quarrel grew very bitter, and says Mrs. O'Toole to Mrs. Rooney "Sure, if I hed a face like you Mrs. Rooney, it's me arse i'd just as soon stick out of the winder as me face.

"Oh, do ye say that," says Mrs. Rooney.

"Well, I kin tell ye Mrs. O'Toole that I did that same, an' I was sitting with my arse out of winder when Murphy, the poliss man, passes by, and sez he, "Good mornin' to ye Mrs. O'Toole, an' when did ye move downstairs."

After this there were more drinks for which the Bluff continued to pay.

"Now, Slugger, we'll listen to you," said the Bell Cow.

"No, you wont," answered the Poet.  
"I have one right on tap, and I must

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

get it off before I forget it; let the Slugger ponder."

"A few days before Lent, Pat an his ould woman sat by the fire; Pat smokin' his Pipe and the ould woman mending. The ould woman sez to Pat, sez she.

"Do ye know that Lent do be comin' on Pat?"

"Well," says Pat, "An what of it."

"Oh, nothin'," replies the ould girl, "but I thought ye might be givin' up, somethin fer Lent."

"Now, phwat wud I be givin' up, a poor man like meself," says Pat.

"Oh, I don't know, says Bridget, there's Dooley next dur, sure an' he be givin' up smokin'."

"Well, Bridget," says Pat. "I'll tell ye wan thing, an that's not two, if I do be givin' up somethin', it's not the pipe I'll be givin' up."

"Maybe, ye cud give up somethin' else."

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

"Well, Bridget, if yer so minded that I shud give up somethin' fur Lent, oi'll tell ye what'll do; I'll give up family duty; do you sleep with the childer, an oi'll sleep be meself,"

"Very well, Pat," agrees the mistress.

So the arrangement was carried out; Pat slept by himself, and the ould woman slept with the children. All went well for five nights, but on the sixth Pat was laying a-sleep when a gentle tap on his door announced that some one wanted to get in.

"Who's there," calls out Pat.

"It's me," answers the voice of his ould woman.

"Well, and phwat is it ye'll be after now."

"Nothing," says the ould woman, in a very weak voice, "only Dooley do be smokin' again."

One more shot was then dumped into the Bluff, then the Slugger interested the gang with a story.

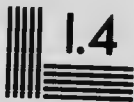
## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

“Ma fren Mr. Smith she’s de mos droll man; she’s stopin’ on ma house on de campagne. Madam, ma wife she’s vere much de Anglish. One day happen I’m go en ville fer some business. I’m leave Mr Smith on ma house, an’ when I retour I’ look fer Mr. Smith; I can find him nowhere; I’m look for madam, I can find neither. I’m go on de boudoir for ma wife; try de door; no response; I’m look on de keyhole; what do I see me? Mr. Smith on top of Madam; vere good; vere good. I don’t mak no disturb; I go ’way. I come back; try de dore; she’s lock more yet; I’m knock on de door; no response: I’m look on de key-hole; what do I see? madam on top of Mr. Smith. I mek no disturb; Mr. Smith is de man d’honneur; it will give me satisfaction I go ’way: I come back; knock on de door, no response; I call “Madam, its me, ope de door;” no response; I look on de



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

keyhole; what do I see; nothings; Mr. Smith pee on my eye."

"Now, Bell Cow, give us one of your selections," said the Liar, "and I'll compose one in the meantime."

"You can do that," said the Bell Cow, "well, I will relate the tale of a Missionary and the Big Chief."

A good Christian single lady with lots of dough was anxious to labor in the Lord's Vineyard. She was of the opinion that a few North American Indian souls would be very acceptable to the Lord, so she hired two young Christian devorers of the female sex to come out to America, and save the heathen. These two young mamals, after looking over the ground in an Indian Reservation decided that the Old Indian was too tough a proposition, and that the only show they had to make Indian angels was to tackle the young and tender Indian; so they opened a school and commenced the Jesus business.



THE CHRISTIAN LADY AND THE INDIAN CHIEF



## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

The reports of these young women to the main female guy in London did not altogether suit the old girl; she could not believe that the adult Indian was as tough as her agents represented, and she decided to come to America, and investigate on her own account. In due time she came, and examined the schools, and expressed the opinion that the big Indian could be brought to the Cross, if properly handled. The two young teachers could only say that they knew what was what; and that if the old gasaboo did not believe them she could tackle one of the chiefs herself, and see if she could make even a dint in his soui. So the good old Christian Lady hied her to the wigwam of a big bad chief called "Heap Hot Dog," and addressed him in this wise:—

"Good Mr. Chief I have come all the way over the great water from the country of the Good Mother to bring

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

you to Jesus; Jesus loves you Hot Dog."

Hot Dog looked the old lady over carefully and replied "No, no," big chief Heap Hot Dog too wicked."

"Oh, no," sweetly came from the stick.

"Oh, yes," insisted the chief. Big chief lie; Big chief steal; Big chief drink fire water; Big chief get much drunk; Big chief fuck, fuck squaw; fuck school teacher; fuck dog; fuck cow; fuck hen."

"Oh, dear, Oh, dear," exclaimed the lady.

"No deer," explained the Chief "deer run too fast.

Then drinks once more, and the Bluff still settles; still is filled with silver and still sleeps.

"Waiter, better bring seltzer for the corpse this time," said the Doctor, "or we will kill him before we are finished with him," and bring a syphon of soda at the same time; we may need it."

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

"Now, Liar, spin your original production, and after we have enjoyed it, we will wake the Bluff with the aid of the syphon."

"If you do, there'll be a riot "re-monstrated the Bell Cow.

"The Doctor must not be interfeered with when treating a patient," said the Poet, "Now, Liar, we wait your good pleasure."

The Liar then proceeded to tell how a Dutchman who kept a country hotel had many complaints from his guests because he did not have a W. C. in the house instead of the old fashioned privy.

Dutchy did not wish to go to the expense necessary to make the change; and when an Irish drummer complained, the following conversation took place: "Look here, Dutch, I'll shake yer place, if yer don't get in a water closet instead of that pit yez have out there; sure, this morning whin I wint out there I was damn near ate up by the flies."

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

"Vell, me frient, vat time vas you out dere?"

"About ten o'clock."

"Oh, vy didn't you vait till twelve? den all the vlies vould have been in de dining room."—

"That's a funny story, Liar," your claim that it is original, is funnier, but now, "said the Doctor," fondly caressing the syphon of soda "Clear the decks for action."

All hands now stood up on their chairs or sat on the backs, and put their feet on their seats. The Doctor then calmly removed the Bluff's hat, and pressed the key of the syphon, which immediately liberated a refreshing stream of cool soda upon the sleeping Bluff. Things happened at once; the Bluff jumped about three feet in the air and yelled "hell" so loud that the lady who was in the act of posing on a gin box as the "Statue of Liberty" enlightening the world, with the aid of

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

an American flag, fell of the box; sprained her ankle and fainted; the pit jumped to their feet as one man; waiters flew in all directions; the proprietor and a couple of peelers jumped the short stairs four at a lick; everybody was excited except the Doctor who continued to bathe the Bluff with the soda until the syphon was emptied; while the Poet rolled on the floor in convulsions of laughter. The Liar, the Bell Cow and the Slugger held the Bluff down. The poor Bluff's relief was only in language, and this he used with great fluency and force; everybody came in for some words; the air was blue and smelled of sulphur. The Doctor never lost his nerve, and when the proprietor, two policemen and half a dozen waiters crowded around him in the passage leading to the boxes, he calmly handed the empty syphon to one of the waiters, and addressing the proprietor said: —

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

"Sorry sir, to disturb the equanimity of your Theatre, but one of the gentlemen in the box took a fit. I am Dr. Slamme. The syphon of soda was the only restorative available and I used it, and the patient is doing well. Here's my card; if there's any damage send the bill to me. Send for a cab and please disperse this crowd (and sotto voce to the Bell Cow.) Stop that damned fool Poet, from laughing so loud."

The Bluff went. The Doctor's calm and business like talk and appearance carried conviction to every one except the waiter, who had supplied the syphon; he had doubts but judiciously kept mum, and was generously rewarded therefore.

Comparative quietness was finally somewhat restored, although the Bluff continued to make some rather boisterous remarks. Notwithstanding various explanations offered him of a pacifying nature he refused to be com-

## THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

forted, and swore divers kinds of revenge on the gang in general, and against the Doctor in particular.

When the rounders emerged from the Atlantic Garden, a large crowd of the curious greeted them. Seven is a large load for a cab, so the Doctor sat with the cabby, where he was a butt for the wit of the crowd. Somebody with unique ideas of fun kindly handed him a ripe tomato in the ear which made the Bluff once more comparatively happy. Fearing that the neighborhood was getting rather too warm, cabby was urged to get up as quick as might be. So did our friends drive away in state to other scenes where we shall presently encounter them in their last effort to drink everything in sight and keep sober.

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## TOM BURDETT'S

**T**OM was a nice lad; he went to Archambeault's School, and, in the course of time, like a great many other lads, he grew up, but unlike a great many other lads, he encouraged a practical frame of mind which led him to conclude that there was a time for gaiety, for frivolity, but that the most important thing to attend to was the making of money. "First make money, and all things shall be added unto you," saith the philosopher. Tom inherited this tract of mind from his worthy mother, who



## TOM BURDETT'S

was the Widow Burdett but who was popularly known as "French Mary," at least, the place she kept was known as "French Mary's." For twenty-five years Mrs. Burdett kept the "Central Music Hall," and a few years ago when she died, she left the comfortable sum of \$85,000.00 to be divided between charities and her relations. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Tom fell heir to the Music Hall, and to-day it is one of the wonders of Montreal, and is referred to as "Tom's" or "Tom Burdett's." Tom's bar is the largest in Canada, being one hundred and two feet long, and his shelves display over \$6,000.00 worth of choice wines and liquors. Seven hundred persons visit his place daily, and he gives away one hundred plates of soup per day. Because Tom keeps a theatre of the "Sawdust-on-the-floor" variety, don't think that Tom is any slouch;

## TOM BURDETT'S

not any. Off his bar he has a spacious and up-to-date dining room, and a modern kitchen under the direction of a real French Chef. You may have seen the Music Halls of Gotham; the Cafes Chantant of Paris, and the Casinos of London, and think you have seen the whole thing, but if you have not seen Tom's, you are away off your button.

If you go up St. Lambert's Hill; along Notre Dame Street as far as St. Gabriel Street, and go down St. Gabriel as far as the corner of St. Paul, you will hit Tom Burdett's. It was this course that the hack, containing our friends, steered; they hit Tom's; they couldn't miss it. The cab drew up at the corner, which was a simple matter. Unloading was not quite so simple. The Doctor was comparatively sober considering the rest of the bunch, but he found that he was quite incapable of transferring himself from his perch on the hackman's seat to the

## TOM BURDETT'S

sidewalk without aid. He succeeded, however, by allowing the cabby to descend first, and then grabbing him around the neck, and allowing the rest of his body to follow as best it might. Having performed this difficult feat, with only a slight damage to his shins, he assisted the cabby to drag the Bell Cow and the others from the dark interior of the cab to the street. Then the bunch rolled down St. Gabriel street and fell into Tom's bar-room.

Everyone was in a different stage of jag. The Bell Cow was pretty steady on his pins and dignified, but was rather thick in speech; being unconscious of his deficiencies, he was elate, yet calm.

The Liar was fluent of speech, but had lost his appreciation of distance; he had to be assisted to a light otherwise he would either burn his nose or he would not come within a foot and a half of the end of his cigar; and

TOM BURLETT'S

when he came to a step he lifted his leg high enough to step over a Newfoundland dog. The Poet suffered from alternate fits of sadness and gaiety. The Bluff was such a damned fool at all times, drunk or sober, that it was difficult to gauge exactly in what state of drunkenness he was unless he slept. The Slugger was looking for trouble and looked it. The Stayer professed a strong and everlasting friendship for everybody, and was continually affected to tears.

The language of the Bell Cow became rather décolleté, and he cracked jokes that should not be heard this side of Chicago. Indeed the gang was demoralised, (if such a thing can be imagined), but not knocked out.

The Bluff began to assert himself again; he offered to bet anyone ten to one that the Bell Cow could relate ten stories without stopping, and without repeating any that had already been

TOM BURDETT'S

told, allowing one minute for cogitation between each story. The Poet took up the bet; the Doctor was made time-keeper, and the Slugger held the stakes. The Bell Cow started to relate the Story of "Mistaking or Indian for a Squaw."

"During the rebellion in the North-West, a young friend of mine went up with the 65th Chasseurs. After being in the wooley west for a while, he began to get horny, and confided his state to an old hunter who told him that all he had to do was to wait till he saw a squaw, show her a dollar, and she would relieve him gladly.

"The tender-foot was very much pleased to think that a new kind of tail was so cheap. He went immediatly to a quiet spot on the road, with convenient bushes nearby, where he hoped to enjoy a grass lunch, and waited. Presently a hustly looking squaw, wrapped in a blanket, hove in sight;

## TOM BURDETT'S

the tender-foot waited till she came up, then showed his dollar; made signs towards the place where his trousers opened and pointed to the bushes. The squaw grinned assent, and followed the tender-foot into the bush. When a quiet spot was reached the tender-foot placed his dollar on an old stump and trotted out a fair sized gut-rummager. The squaw fumbled among the folds of her blanket, and produced a dollar and placed it beside the tender-foot's dollar; then to the astonishment of my friend, opened *his* blanket and produced a fine specimen of tickle gizzard, several sizes larger than the tender-foot's, and with a grin of satisfaction remarked "White man not in it Big Indian takes money," and suiting the action to the words gathered in his own and my friend's dollar and walked off." —

The bar-tender was called upon to note that that was number one. Time

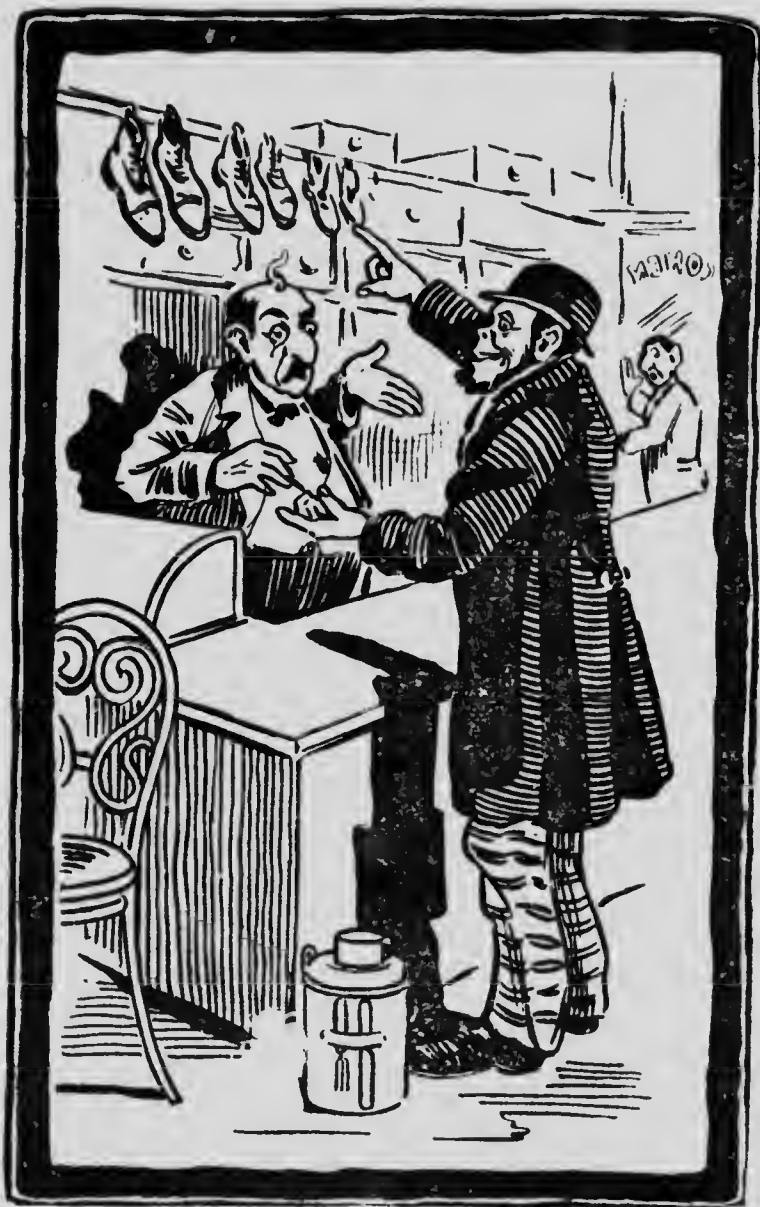
TOM BURDETT'S

was called and the Bell Cow followed with "Gimme a pair o' nines."

"A certain Jew, who kept a boot store, advertised that he would give any one a pair of boots for 50 cts., who could answer a conundrum that he would give. Pat saw the ad., and immediately goes to the Hebrew's store. "Phwat's that," says he "about me giving ye 50 cts., an if I can answer ye a cundum, ye'll gimme a pair o'boots." Here's your 50 cts. now give us yer cundum till I win me boots of yez."

"Vell," says the Jew "Vy am I like a tog ?

"Whoy are you like a dog?, Glory be to God, because yer a son of a bitch, gimme a pair o' nines."



"GIVE ME A PAIR OF NINES."



TOM BURDETT'S

The barkeep marked two. Time was called, and the Bell Cow with a little hesitation, sprung the yarn of "The Vivandeer."

"Bill and Tom were a couple of cockney pals. They knowed hefer-think, they did. They was havin' a pint o' 'awf an' awf" together one night, and Bill was sitting a readin' o' a noose paper, all about the "bleeding war." Suddenly Bill exclaims "Say, Tom, 'ere I'm readin' about the war, and it sez as 'ow the Vivandeer was along with the sodgers. Now I'd like to know what the bloody 'ell a "Vivandeer" is. "Why," says Tom "don't-cher-know wat a Vivandeer is?" Wy, it's one o' them girls as goes out with the sodgers an' carries a flask." "Ow," says Bill "Is that wat it is, I allus thawt them girls was "whores de combat."—

The barkeep chalked three. Time was called and the Bell Cow gave a Scotch story for a change.

TOM BURDETT'S

"A Scotch regiment was out early in the morning for inspection. McTavish, the seargent-major was the officer in charge. He walked up and down the line with eagle eye; suddenly he stopped before Sandy MacPherson and demanded "MacPherson, what' a the maiter with yer kilt." Sandy salutes and replies "Got a cock stan' Major." McTavish's order was prompt and to the point "MacPherson, retire three paces to the rear; dole yerself off, an' put a married man in yer place."—

The barkeep called "four." "Time," said the Doctor. The Bell Cow got a little mixed, either by whisky or design; he wandered among words that had no meaning talked about "when he was in London the other day; how he took the elevated to the Palais Royal on the corner of Thirty-third street and St-Ann's market, and when he woke up the cat was asleep on his

TOM BURDETT'S

chest." The barkeep called "five," and as the Bluff did not kick, everybody let it go at that. The Doctor called "time" but the Bell Cow was as dumb as the silent tomb. He started to cough, and said something about having a "frog in his throat," but the conditions did not make any provisions for "frogs in the throat" so the bet was declared won by the Poet, and as he gathered in the money, said, "Listen to this boys, I heard this last Sunday.

"A High Church Clergyman, of the very "ha ha" style delivered the announcements of meetings for the coming week as follows:—

"Dear Brethren, I beg that you will note the following meetings will take place during the coming week:—

"On Wednesday afternoon, there will be a meeting of the picnic committee in my study; those ladies giving cake will please come at two o'clock,

TOM BURDITT'S

and those ladies giving milk will please come at three o'clock.'

"On Thursday evening, there will be a concert in the school house in aid of foreign missions, among other items on the programme, our favorite soprano, Miss Jones, will render "Put me in my little bed," accompanied by Mr. Smith."

"On Friday evening there will be a meeting of the Dorcas Society in my vestry; those ladies using the needle will please come early and get their work in."

"Next Sunday, being the first Sabbath in the month, there will be baptisms of children at the North End Mission and baptisms of children at the South End Mission; in fact children will be baptised at both ends. In my own church there will be baptism of four adults and three adultresses.

"We will now close by signing that beautiful hymn, "Little Drops of

TOM BURDETT'S

Water ; Little Grains of Sand." As our organist has something wrong with his organ I will call upon Miss Jones to start "Little Drops of Water."

The Bluff was not satisfied, he wanted to make other bets ; he stated to perform feats of strength ; he would put wrists down with anyone. Now the slugger was the champion "putte : down " of wrists, so a match was arranged between he and the Slugger. The Slugger made short work of the poor Bluff ; he twisted his hand, then he knocked his knuckles so hard on the counter that Mr. Payette, the manager at Tom's, said he thought he ought to be paid at least fifty cents for damage to the bar.

Then the Poet thought of something, and he offered to be ten to five that there was not a man in the party who could beat him at a hand spring or standing on his head, and to illustrate his meaning he turned a rather

TOM BURDETT'S

clumsy somersault on the spot. This started the Bluff again, and he said "When I Was in the American army I was the best all around athlete in four regiments. Of course I am out of training now, but I'll bet a dollar I can stand on my hands and put my feet on the bar."

"Well, let's see you do it," said the Poet.

The Bluff immediately proceeded to demonstrate that he could both turn a hand spring and stand on his head. He buttoned his coat across his chest. Although he failed to connect with the hand spring he finally succeeded in getting his feet up in the air long enough to empty his pockets of their load of silver which poured out over the floor in every direction. The effect of this was, of course, magical. There was a beautiful scrimmage immediately; sailors from the theatre audience, bums about the place, and even a

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Dutchman and an Irishman, who were doing their turn on the stage, took a hand in. The bell cow and the Poet were very happy; they had waited patiently all evening for the Bluff to arrive at that stage in his jag when he would perform feats of strength and agility, and to that end, had connived at loading him with silver. During the scrimmage a tall lank male gentleman ran foul of the Slugger. As soon as they became unscrimmed they said things to each other, and, in a minute, and exhibition of sparring was in progress. The lank gentleman stood up stiff and gawky, with his docks stuck out awkwardly. The Slugger did some very handsome foot work and fancy swings and cuts in the air, keeping the while well out of range. The lank gentleman, making no offers, emboldened the Slugger to come chassaying in a few feet, and then the lank gentleman let fly one of his lurch hooks like

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a streak of greased lightning and caught the Slugger a clip on the proboscis that made him look forty-three ways for Sunday, and landed him sitting down very hard on the very hard floor. Mr. Payette, at this moment, followed his large stomach covered with a brilliant vest, into the bar, and although his face bore its customary smile, the Doctor thought it well to hastily prevent further hostilities.

Although little has been said for some time about drinks, it must not be supposed that the bunch neglected the interests of the house and that they had quit. Drinks are taken for granted; to relate each drink taken as an event would be most monotonous. After a little the Slugger asked the lank gentleman to hit it up with the gang, which invitation he amiably accepted; he bore no malice.

"Your combative friend," said the



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lank gentleman, reminds me of the story of "Dat Bogger Wilson," Which I will tell you if you have never heard it, and it will give no offence."

"No one takes offence in this crowd," said the Doctor, "so let her go."

"Well," said the lank gentleman, "Moise Dufresne had suspicions that his wife was not straight, and believed that she was getting mixed up with one Wilson.

He describes how he realised that his suspicious were well founded.

"One day, hafter dinner, I'm spik my wife an' tell I'm goin' an village, but I doant go on the village any at all. I'm goin' in the barn an' wait dere fer watch see what's he goin' fer do. Hafter a little while my wife she's goin' troo de fields, straight fer de bush; dat's all right. I wait leetle while more an' b'm bye dat Wilson. she's come up de road an' she's goin'

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on de bush, I'm spik maself " vere good, vere good." We see some tings. I wait some more an' after wile I'm go quiet on de bush maself. I'm vere tranquil ; mek not any noise. I'm crep ver slow on de bush ; de first ting I hear some spik an some laff ; dat's my wife and that bogger Wilson. I'm creap leetle fudder and peek an peek on de bush, an' very soon I see my wife ; she's dere ; dat bogger Wilson she's dere. He's mek the foolish on ma wife. I'm mad lek tagger ; I can wait very long so I jomp up an' yell like hell " Hi Hi, wat you doin' dere." I think he is fright ; not a got tamn bit ; dat Wilson, she's jomp up an' when she's see me, she's chase me like de devil. Ba gosh, dat Bogger Wilson he's de good man fer fight, but he can't beat me no foot race.

Some other outsider was then reminded of a card story.

" Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and Mr.

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and Mrs. McTavish all "heclan bodies" were sitting at a four handed game of cards. McPherson's right hand was a good deal of the time under the table; so was the left hand of Mrs. McTavish (McPherson wore kilts). McTavish several times showed that he was annoyed by these manoeuvres and finally remarked "Ma wife, an' you McPherson, I joost wish ye wad keep yer hans ontop o' the table. Yer foosterin' about underneath, nae only interferes wi' the game, but it gums the cairds."

Then every body helped every body else upstairs to the boxes of the theatre where evorybody bought a flower for their button hole from one lady, and every body bought a drink from another lady. In answer to one of these pushes given the buttom came a female; the Bell Cow said she was a billious half-tanned specimen of impure humanity; the Poet said he disagreed with

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this description, and he would rather call her a beaming gossamer winged thing with an azure hazel gentleness in her eyes, and a china pot rose bloom upon her cheeks," for which description he was at once unanimously declared liable for the drinks.

Then the little curly headed Yildiz, who sells the fried potatoes, was sent for, and he appeared in a nice clean apron, and smoking a cigarette; he was told to bring hot fried potatoes all round, and to keep on doing so as often as he could tell a story with every round of potatoes, and as long as someone would pay. Nice hot fried potatoes with plenty of salt are a fine thing, and help to keep up your thirst.

The Slugger was on his last legs, and at this period in his drunk he always swore off. He now said to his friends "Well, boys, I'm going to screw me nut. I'm feeling a little squiffy, and I'm going to get up an' get,

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and I want to tell you right here that this is where I quit. This let's me out ; no more on my pate ; no booze fer me ; I mean it."

This harangue was greeted with roars of laughter which a comedian on the stage flattered himself he had provoked. Everyone had heard the Slugger hold forth in this style before ; it was a regular stage in his jag.

"Don't get serious, Slugger," said the Doctor, "You are all right ; sit down ; you know you cannot shake the gang ; no one quits alive ; is that right boys ?"

"Well I guess yes," said the Poet speaking for everybody. "Shut up, Slugger, and let's hear what the Yildiz has for us while we eat these few fried potatoes."

The Slugger knew it was useless to insist, so sat down meekly. The little Yildiz, with comic accent and gesture started his story.



IKEY & COHEN

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" Isaac Silverstone had an old friend, one Moses Cohen. Cohen had a fine daughter called Rachel, and Silverstone's son Ikey became engaged to Rachel, much to the satisfaction of his friends. Ikey spent nearly every evening with Rachel, and everything was lovely until one night Ikey arrived home in a very delapidated condition. His eye was black, his nose was bloody, his coat was torn, and his collar was busted. When his father saw him he held up his hands and exclaimed:—

" Huly Moses, Ikey, were haf you been ? "

" I haf been over to Cohen's, " replies Ikey.

" Vell, but Ikey, who treat you like dose. "

" Cohen did it. "

" But vat did you do, Ikey ? "

" I neffer did a ting, fadder. Cohen he comes all at vonce, and he knocked

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me about, and trew me oudt."

Cross examination of Ikey brought forth no further information so Silverstone went over to Cohen's to inquire and he received the following explanation :—

" Vell, Isaac, you and I was allus good frends, an dat is all right ; your son, Ikey, is engaged to marry ma girl Rachel and dat is all right. Ve vas ole frends. Ikey comes over effery night an sits with Rachel, and dat is all right. Dey vas goin' to pe marrit, an' to-night Ikey comes over, an after a vile I dinks I goes an' looks an' see vat dey vas doin', an I goes an peeps by de crack in de door, and Ikey had his arm around Rachel, and he vas kisin' her, and dat vas all right, dey vas goin to pe marrit ; an' pretty soon Ikey he put his hants up Rachel's clothes, an dat is all right, dey vas goin' to be marrit. An bye an' bye Ikey pulls up Rachel's clothes an putz her



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on de sofa, and he takes open his trousers an' he does tings to Rachel an' dat vas right, dey vas goin to pe marritt, but ven dat dirty son of a gun goes an vipe his doodle on my huntrid dollar curtain. I jump right in an knock de peddle right oudt of him.

"That reminds me," said the Bell Cow.

"I'll be everlastingly horned swog-gled," interrupted the Bluff, if I sit here and listen to the Bell Cow tell anything. He ran dey when he lost my ten dollars to the Poet; now let him stay dry."

"The gang should not lose the drinks on the Bell Cow because you feel sore," replied the Doctor. "Let the Bell Cow relate," and the Bell Cow started;—

"A French Canadian just returned from his wedding trip fell into the hands of a couple of pals who insisted upon knowing from him his experien-

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ces of the first night. Jean Baptiste of course was rather backward in giving information of such a private nature, but allowing himself to be led to a saloon, drink soon loosened his tongue, and weakened his discretion. His relation was as follows :

“ Well, fellers, you doant tell some one I tell you de whole ting. De first-ting, you know, I go on de house ma fadder-in-law ; she's live on St. Césaire, and pretty soon we go to Monsieur le Curé, and he's mak us de marriage. After dat ma waff and meselt an de frens we goin' on de hotel ; we eat souper and after we goin de salon ; we mek leetle dance ; leetle drinks ; leetle musique, an' hav de tam very pleasant ontil about half past leven an half den de peup she's all goin' home ; an Minette, dat's ma wafe an meself were dere on de hotel ; so I kiss it leetle and spik fer go to bed perhaps. I lik fer give it a chanz so I let it go to bed

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loan an' I smoke leetle pipe fer 'bout fifteen minit, den I take ma boots fer not mek noise, an I'm goin' up ver quiet. I'm ope de doore an' look in Minette she's tere on de bed she's close its eyes fer make pretend she's slip. I'm goin on de room, and ver quick I'm lock de door ; I'm tek ma clothes ; I'm kill de lamp, an' go on de bed ma-self. I'm very excite ; I'm go close fer Minette ; I'm pass ma hand on it up and down ; ba gosh I'm ver excite. I'm kiss it many tam ; an pass my hand an kiss it some more. Den I spik Minette for do some ting. Ba gosh, she push me 'way, an say I'm very huree fer dat, am kiss it some more agen, an de firs ting am dere on top Minette : Am push like dis ; ad am push like dat ; I'm ver excite : I'm pushin' ba gosh fas like de hell ; den dat's mos beautifull pain she's pass on ma harse ole.

" I'm reminded of one by that," said

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the Stayer, "in Scotland, in ancient times, when a lad was caught in the awful crime of adultery, he was chained to the church door on Sunday, and the good parson preached a sermon on the "awful crime of Adultery." During one of these sermons, the parson made the following remarks: "Dearly beloved Brethren, and sistern, I canna understan' hoo ony man can be guilty o' the awfu' crime o' adultery. If it was fer the pleasure o' ane year I could understand it; if it was fer the pleasure o' ane week I could understan' it; if it was for the pleasure o' ane day or ane 'oor I could understan' it, but foof an awa,'— I canna understan' it ava."

"Pretty near time you were remind-  
ed of something" said the Bluff to the  
Poet.

"Yes, that' so," he answers, "we  
have not heard from the Stayer since  
we allowed him to rattle off three on

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us, and then stuck him for three rounds."

"Well" said the Stayer, "Here's another?"

"Two old Scotch cronies, Jack and Sandy, coming out of church one Lord's day, were discussing the merits of the ministers sermon of the awful crime of adultery, when Jack suddenly says to Sandy, "Hoot mon, Jock, were ye ever mairit?" "Na," replies Sandy, "but the Lord's been often guid tae in me dreems."

The Yeddiz was then trotted off for more fried potatoes, and when he brought them was invited to give another selection. He was much tickled in being in so much demand and readily gave the following:—

"A Jewish girl being unfortunate enough to get in the family way, and when her father discovered it he cross-examined her, and the following dialogue tooke place:—

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" Now, Rebecca, tell me who vas it. Vas it Cohen ? "

" No, fadder, it vasn't Cohen."

" Vell, now Rebecca, vas it Levi ? "

" No, fadder, it vasn't Levi ? "

" Vas it Rubinstein ? "

" No, fadder, not Rubinstein."

" Vas it Silverman ? "

" No, fadder, it vasn't Silverman ? "

" Vas it Lazarus ? "

" No, fadder, it vasn't Lazarus ? "

" Mein Gott in Himmel, who vaz it. I must know who it vas ? "

" Vell, fadder, it vas a syndicate."—

During the tale by the Yeddiz, a very loud voice coming from somewhere outside, could be heard bawling :

" Yuppe, Yuppe, sur la Rivière,

Vous ne m'entendez guère,

Yuppe sur la Rivière,

Vous ne m'entendez pas."

" Some French Veal must have pains in his inside," remarked the Doctor.

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" Oh, no, " explained the Poet.  
" That is the talent across the road  
at Trepanier's ".

" What " ? another place so close,  
and we have not seen it ? " enquired  
the Stayer. " Let's go over and take  
it in ".

" Yes, let's take in Trepanier's ".  
acquiesced the Slugger, hoping to be  
able to make his sneak on the way  
over.

" I'm game ", joined in the Bell Cow,  
" but you fellows will have to keep  
very piano over there or some tough  
mug will declare war ; it's a tough  
joint ".

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## TREPANIER'S

**T**REPANIER'S is the real thing in the way of a free and easy. No boxes there ; no stage to speak of either ; just one large room with chairs and tables down each side, and an elevation of about a foot at one end to do duty as a stage.

The stage is bare of carpet and furniture of any kind, except a hard working piano of the upright kind, on which a gentleman in shirt sleeves, wearing a cloth peak cap operates. The chairs, tables and sad lace curtains are probably those that were there fifteen years



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ago, the walls were papered once in  
the long ago.

"A gentleman of athletic build wearing a sleeved vest meanders round and slugs anyone who gets too gay out into the street. This gentleman has a very thick neck, and unless you have more neck than he has it is inadvisable to monkey with him.

This place used to enjoy the title of "Tommy Bayle's". The programme here is not furnished by paid talent as in Burdette's; it is furnished by volunteers from the audience as the spirit moves them.

The gentleman at the piano was in the act of pulling a few bunches of notes out by the roots as the introduction to a song by a gentleman in a red flannel shirt when the rounders waltzed in.

The Slugger was along, having failed to carry out his intended manoeuvre.

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As the gang sat down around a table, the Bluff offered to make more bets ; he would bet any one that there was not a man in the crowd who had gall enough to get up and sing a song ; no one saw fit to take the bet.

A neat looking female, dressed in black, relieved only by a white apron and cap, came and took the order for refreshments ; red shirt continued his shouting ; he had a voice like a fog horn. The Bunch were beginning to show signs of having reached their limit ; some of them would probably have gone to sleep if the singers had not been possessed of such lusty voices, and the piano killer had not been so muscular.

To accurately describe all that happened at Trepanier's would be impossible ; things started to look up a bit when one of the waiting ladies, Miss Bomani, started to sing an original song entitled "Maisonneuve" ? Miss Boma-

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ni was evidently popular with the audience, and perhaps would have been popular with the bunch if her song had been in English, and had been less than ninety verses long, but after the thirtieth verse it got monotonous, and the coatless gent pushed the piano too far in the interludes between the verses. This acted on the gang's nerves and made them irritable.

"Let's get out", said the Bell Cow.

"No, not an out", said the Poet.

"I'll stay here till that song is finished, if it has a thousand verses."

"Well, I suggest," said the Bluff  
"that one of the girls be told off to  
"bring a round of drinks every verse."

"That's a damned original idea,"  
replied the Doctor. "Call a wench."

Whether the management was aware of this arrangement, and in consequence instructed Miss Bomani to keep her song, or whether the generous encores of the tough mugs stimulated

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her to greater efforts, it is impossible to state, but she certainly kept it up until the rounders were paralyzed.

When she ran down, the Slugger had drowned his desires to quit, and volunteered to sing a song, and as he stumbled up on to the platform, was greeted with tumultuous enthusiasm. He went over to the piano gent, and holding on to him around the neck attempted to give him the air in the ear so that he could catch the key and fake an accompaniment. After several trials, the piano gent seemed to catch on and the Slugger started in. but broke down after a few bars. He very noisily and rudely attributed his breakdown to the piano killer, and expressed the opinion that the said gentleman could saw wood better than operate the piano. This naturally irritated the piano killer, and he retorted that the Slugger "could not sing any more than a bleedin' owl".

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To be compared to an owl is annoying, but to be compared to a "bleedin' owl" by a cockney sailor who is pounding a piano in a French "free and easy" is something that no gentleman can listen to and keep cool. The Slugger did not keep cool; he got excited and thumped the piano killer in the ear. The piano killer sent in one on the chest of the slugger, which sent him off the platform backwards and landed him sitting down on a colored gentleman on the front row. The man with the sleeved vest and the thick neck now appeared, and proposed to do things, but the Doctor's smooth tongue pacified him, and no doubt all would have been well if the Poet had not got up on one of the tables and started "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears".

The crowd would not stand anything like that. A mug, with a bandanna handkerchief about his neck in lieu

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to get of a collar, asked " Who cut yer mouth ". Someone else asked " Who'se yer barber ". Others said such things as " Close yer face ". Why don't ye get yer hair cut " ?

The Poet continued in a loud voice, making himself heard above all the din, but when he came to " bury Caesar " some one tipped the table, and simultaneously a large strong section of a free lunch Bologna sausage came sailing through the air and soaked the Bell Cow's silk hat. In his wild effort to save his tile, the Bell Cow got used rather roughly. The Poet fell off the table on top of the man with the sleeved vest who threw him somewhere among tables and chairs and rough men. The Doctor could no longer keep things quiet, but had to defend himself, as there seemed to be a general inclination all around for every body to get mixed up with everybody else. The Doctor wore long boots, and finding

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that he had to become aggressive, drew one of them off and got into the game, wielding his long boot like a tomahawk, knocking brains out right and left, notwithstanding that people were treading upon his unprotected foot.

The gentleman in the sleeved vest, at this stage of the proceedings, had the Slugger by the collar in one hand and the Bluff similarly in the other ; the Doctor turned upon him waving his long boot. Sleeved vest projected a foot with intent to catch the Doctor in the stomach, but at the same instant some one fell against his remaining foot and down he went with the Slugger and the Bluff at the same time receiving the heel of Doctor's boot on the bridge of the nose.—

Policeman No. 41144 stood pondering on many things on St. Paul St. within a block of Trepanier's. Suddenly his ponder was interrupted by a

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noise ressembling very much that of a coffin walking up stairs. Before he could form an idea as to the cause or whereabouts of the noise, an apparition came towards him hopping along with an irregular step ; the apparition was hatless and seemed to be in a hurry to get some where. When this weird something got up to No. 41144, he addressed it in this wise :

“ Fer the love av Heaven, Doctor, an phwat are ye doin' hereabouts wid no hat an' only one boot ; yer up to no good if I know ye at all ”.

“ No talk, Bobby ” replied the Doc. “ get me a cab quick as the devil will let you, and get a couple of other policemen, and come and rescue my friends from a joint here where they are paralyzed and are getting slaughtered.”





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## PELOQUIN'S

**F**ROM Trepanier's the bunch made a quick shuffle for a cab and although none felt as if they could meet their assessments the Dr. had a little of the need-full left so he hollered "Peloquin." At that magic word the Jehu gave the push the rubber once more and being satisfied that it didn't look much like a misdeal he obey'ed the Dr's command and steered his antiquated equine towards that congenial halting place.

The inside of that cab looked like an ambulance carting the remnants of a championship football match.

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The Bluff seemed to have no clue as to where he was being steered, he had a half nelson hold on the Bell Cow who was trying to forget it all. The Poet was 18 Karat fine and in order to keep his lamps bright was endeavoring to convince the Liar to float a company to utilize fireflies for the purpose of lighting the city and told him he was losing good money every day he kept out of that deal. The Liar however was occupied with other thoughts, he had a hungryness to subdue and other feelings also so he told the Poet in a voice which resembled a cross between a cackle and a moan to go back to the Piney woods and fade away.

As for the Dr. he looked like a pretty bad risk for life insurance, in the shuffle at Trepanier's he had lost one boot, one of his lamps was fast retiring from active service the result of a too close connection with some one's

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fist and as he complained of pains in his main works the result of the liquid taken at Trepanier's he handed to the Slugger a line of talk usually represented by a row of stars in the magazines.

Taken as a whole the bunch looked like as if it had been backed into a siding and forgotten.

Meanwhile the Jehu had steered his rig out of the city limits without meeting with any attempt from any of the finest to flag him. He was now steering towards Back River through roads of orthodox dirtiness and of the muddiest muddiness. The bunch was doing a Rip Van Winkle of the finest water, except the Dr. who was trying to talk the legs off an iron pot but his line of talk must have been pretty lonely for he too soon fell in a swoon as the rest of the bunch.—

Here we are boys said the Dr. as he pulled legs and arms out of the cab

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and what the hell is the matter with you guy's have'n' you had enough sleep considering the small doses of dope you've been inbibing. Come out, brace up and get happy, the kitchen mechanic is just now busy preparing victuals wherewith to refill your empty bunkers.

At the mention of victuals the Liar woke up and in his mad rush out of the cab, broke the door which he instantly settled for with the Jehu.

The Dr. had now completely emptied the cab of its contents and after a little stretching and brushing up the bunch did'nt look half bad.

Our host Mr. Peloquin was at the door ready to greet the bunch and although he felt as if he would be handling a hard proposition he did his best to conceal his feelings and with a broad smile on his face and a fancy hand shake representing the grip of 52 different lodges welcomed the bunch at Peloquin's Hotel.



PELOQUIN'S

## PELOQUIN'S

Now anybody who has had wild oats to sow knows Peloquin's Hotel, but for the benefit of the few uninitiated who have kept off sowing their wild oats till now we will give an idea of what Peloquin's Hotel is like.

Less than seven miles from Dominion Square, beautifully situated on the shores of Back River, surrounded by a well wooded Park, is situated a large comodious and beautifully equipped hostelry, kept by a man whose name is a household word to the people of Montreal. All the boys know Mr. Peloquin, he is about as obliging a man as you ever allowed your orbs a vision to rest on and he certainly knows how to steer the boys to a pleasant time and to give them lessons in the epicurean art of doing away with a warm bird and a cold bottle.

Peloquin's Hotel is noted for its table—the very best the Montreal markets afford prepared by an experienced

## PELOQUIN'S

chef and served so daintily as to tempt the most capricious appetite has made the splendid reputation of Pelouquin's Hotel. ble.

It is a rest to the weary, a place to cure the blues—and reader if you don't believe the bunch just see for yourself.

On entering Pelouquin's the Slugger made a B. line for the bar followed by the rest of the bunch and after giving the glad hand to the bar-keep commanded the bunch to belly the bar. The bunch responded to a man.

Cob webs had accumulated in the throats of the bunch which gave rise to an incipient brown taste which had to be got rid of and the first round of Kilmarnock did it.

The Slugger was waking up beautifully and was now getting very much talkative in fact, he was just beginning to tell the bunch and the natives assembled in the bar how he once put to sleep an ex ringer with a timely



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uppercut accompanied by a solarplexus blow, when the Bluff proposed a second round which spoiled the Sluggers expose of his slugging exploits.

The Liar meanwhile had no doubt forgotten the compact entered in at Martin's early in the evening for he gave the following in order to clear his throat.

A rather Sorry specimen of a horse was being driven in a hansom along the Strand one day, the cabby was faithfully lathering him without being able to get any amount of speed out of him. Another cabby passing by offers advice to the first cabby in this wise.

"It im on the cock Bill."

"It im on the cock."

"Go to ell ye bleedin idget," answers Bill "oi'm Savin that fer Ludgate Hill."

Of course after this offense the Liar was it with a capital I and he had to set up drinks for the push.

The Liar did it nice and seeing our

## PELOQUIN'S

host Peloquin entering the bar called upon him to relate a story knowing that he would thus get even with some one. Mr. Peloquin is not a story teller but he compromised by reading to the bunch the following taken from a New York sunday paper.

**Real Estate for Sale or to Let** A beautiful country seat with swell front centrally located on the Grand Junction, a little below the milk depot. The property is capable of improvement, and is well adapted for a young man of pushing and enterprising habits. If properly managed the original investment will be increased immensely within one year. The premises are ample in depth, and have a beautiful exposure in front. They were designed some nineteen years ago by an able architect, and show the results of great pains and labour. They have been constantly improving from the first, and three years ago underwent a thorough overhauling when the present owner was married. The vestibule was enlarged, a central column was erected in the main entrance and an inner partition was removed, so that ingress and egress were greatly facilitated. The alterations rendered the interior much more spacious and accessible, and the surroundings so attractive that it has been a much frequented resort ever since. A fine shrubbery which was planted about six years ago, has become so luxuriant as to embower the entire portico. Among the attrac-

## PELOQUIN'S

tions of the premises is a hot spring of mineral water, said to contain medicinal properties.

The whole is in perfect running order, and well adapted to suit any young man of uprightness and probity. The present tenant holds a nine months lease, which will expire shortly, when he will vacate, and the owner is anxious to secure some one to take the establishment, as, owing to the recent death of her husband, the place is likely to suffer for the want of a man to keep it in its present condition. The locality is pronounced unusually favorable for children. Parties of good standing will be permitted to examine the place, but those wishing to open negotiations will surely be expected to leave a deposit. For permits to enter, or any further information, apply to Herr Center Elysian Fields, Pitholde Road, Mars Hill, Middlesex, near the Navel Station.

That settled it, Pelouquin had by reading that extract been thereby initiated in the bunch and the initiation fee could be nothing less than wine so wine it was. The bunch proved itself a new wrinkle on our host and the initiation fee put him back a few plunks.

But the dinner had been forgotten by all except by the Liar whose last kick proved strong enough to bring the bunch to the little private parlor which

## PELOQUIN'S

had been specially prepared for their reception.

In passing from the bar to the little parlor the bunch ran up against one of the coolest propositions that ever, in the form and shape of a well known land mark the Shaver an emblem of the 160<sup>th</sup> per annun proposition. The bunch was on to him in a minute. Most of them had had things to do with him before.

The Bluff knew him, he knew what he was there for, a note of his was due that very day and had to be paid.

The Shaver is not a bad fellow after all, he is a thin haggard looking specimen with mournful nails and taking ways who imported himself from Ireland years ago to collect the surplus salary of young clerks whose income is not sufficient for present needs.

He had lent about a year ago five dollars to the Bluff and had collected

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ever since for said privilege the sum of \$2.50 per month.

The Bluff was flush tonight and offered to settle the whole note with interest but the Shaver being touched by the delapidated condition of the said Bluff told him that all he wanted was the interest and as for the capital he was welcome to its use for a few months more.

This settlement pleased the Bluff so much that he brought the Shaver to the bar, settled for an other round of drink and the Shaver departed from Pelouquin's contented after having given its following :

### THE PARABLE OF THE WAYSIDE TRAVELLER

#### II. CROCODILE IV CHAPTER

1. And it came to pass that a young man journeyed in the way and passed through a village called Montreal, which is nigh into the City of Lachine.

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2. And he tarried there awhile and rested at the house of one called Stanley, and drank of the wine of the country. One of the damsels more fair than any he had hitherto beheld, accosted him and said unto him : Whither goest thou I pray thee ?

3. And he answered and said unto her, to the town of Ottawa, to take unto myself a wife. And she said unto him : "Are not the damsels of Montreal more fair than those of Ottawa ? Nay even those of Lachine ! Tarry with me this night I pray thee." And he did suffer himself to be led by her unto the Temple called The Royal where they did hear the songs of the Priests of the Land.

4. And he did covenant with the damsel for Twenty Pieces of silver, the price charged or expected by the damsels living on or about Montreal.

5. And in the morning he arose to depart, and she said unto him, friend,

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where are the Twenty Pieces of silver which thou didst covenant with me for?

6. And he lifted up his hands and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Silver and gold have I none, but that which I have, have I given unto thee." And she said unto him: And that which I have, have I given unto thee, go thou hence and consult the apothecary. And in five days he wept bitterly.

Here endeth the first lesson.



As the Bluff had allowed his friend the Shaver to depart after telling the above Sunday School lesson without paying for a round of drink the usual penalty agreed upon by the bunch he was unanimously elected. It, and was

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requested to comply with the rules and regulations of said bunch. But the Bluff failed to accept the verdict without a kick and he was allowed as a compromise to relate a story himself and this is what he narrated.—A German once bought a farm, made a payment on it, and gave a mortgage for the balance. Things went against Dutchy and the mortgage was foreclosed and he was evicted. While Dutchy had the farm he had carted considerable manure on to it and after he was evicted he proceeded to remove the manure which he had sold to another man. The possessor of the farm protested Mr. Dutch and stopped him claiming the manure was part of the farm. Dutchy took the matter to law, his claim being the manure was personal property. The court however thought differently and Dutchy lost his case, the judgement being that manure was real estate and could



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not be seperated from real estate. When the judgement was rendered Dutchy was in court. he jumped up and asked the judge if he could ask some questions to the court, permission was given and Dutchy asked :

“ Vell your hona vat do you call manure personal broberthy or real estate ? ”

“ Real Estate ” said the judge. “ Vell now fer de two times Mr. Judge vat do you call oats, bersonal broberthy or real estate ? ”

“ Personal property ” said the judge.

Vell judge can you tell to me how iss it dat a horse eats bersonal broberthy evacuates real estate.”—

The dinner was getting chilly and the bunch did not show any intention of parting with the bar for a while. The Liar however, whose now depleted pantry was crying for the eats corraled the bunch and succeeded in bringing the lot to the eating room.

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Things happened in that little parlor, things which the waiter only could relate but he has kept mum to 'his day so we'll have to forget it. Speeches, toast and snatches of song accompanied by the occasional popping of corks from wine bottles and by lost chords from the piano showed that there was something doing and that the bunch was certainly making a joyous pastime of it.—

Then somebody turned off the sunshine and ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀  
❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

It is the next morning after "the other night". A cab full of human beings stands before the door of the Bell Cow's house. The cab is more than full for legs and arms are overflowing from the windows. A top boot lies on the cabby's seat.

The cabby is interviewing the maid

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at the door. He says "Do Mr. Bell  
Cow live here."

Maid:—"He do".

Cabby:—"Is his lady in".

Maid:—"She is".

Cabby:—"Would ye plaze ask her  
to come and pick her baby from the  
bunch." \* \* \* \* \*





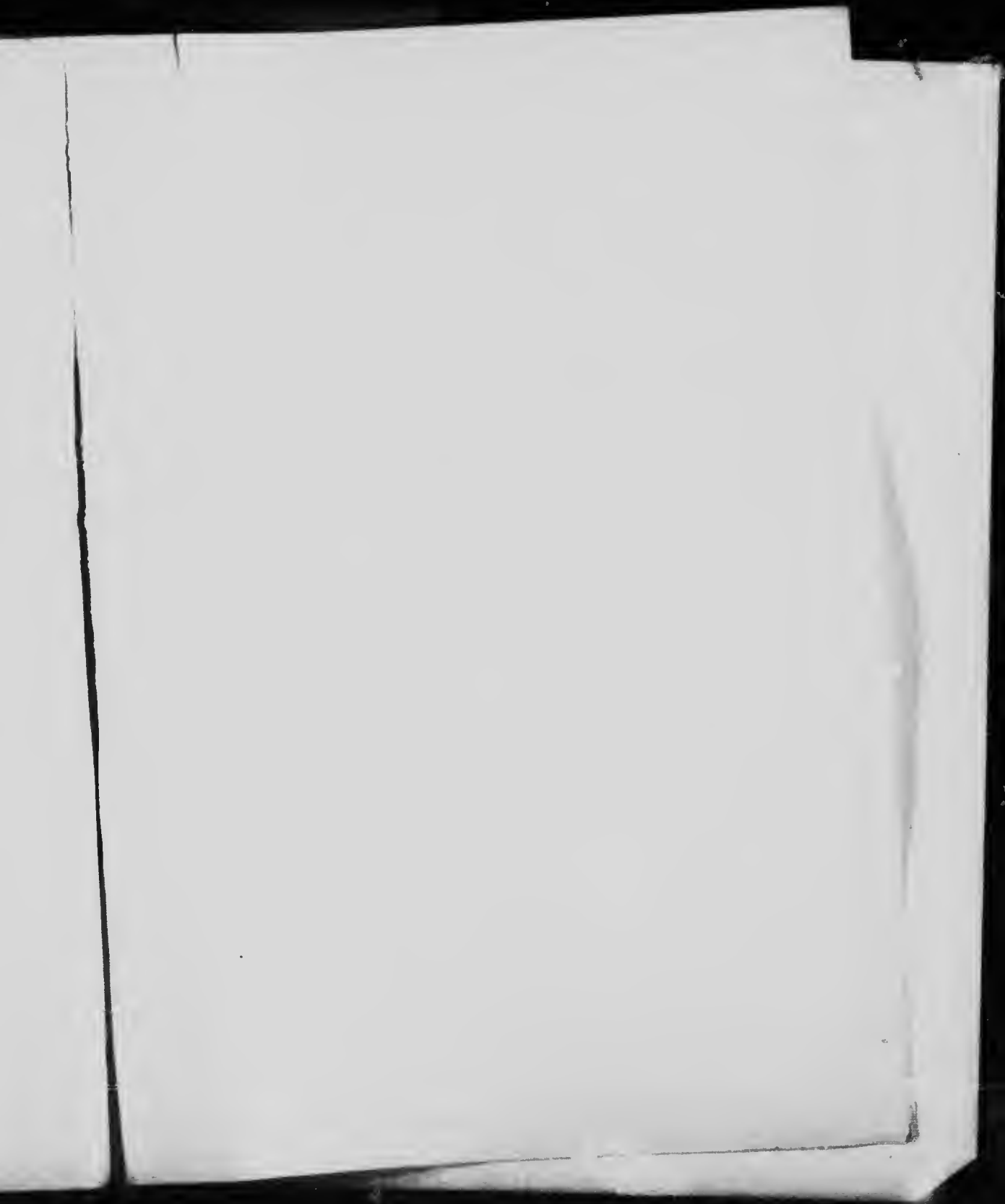








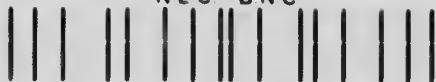








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