

Lively Times

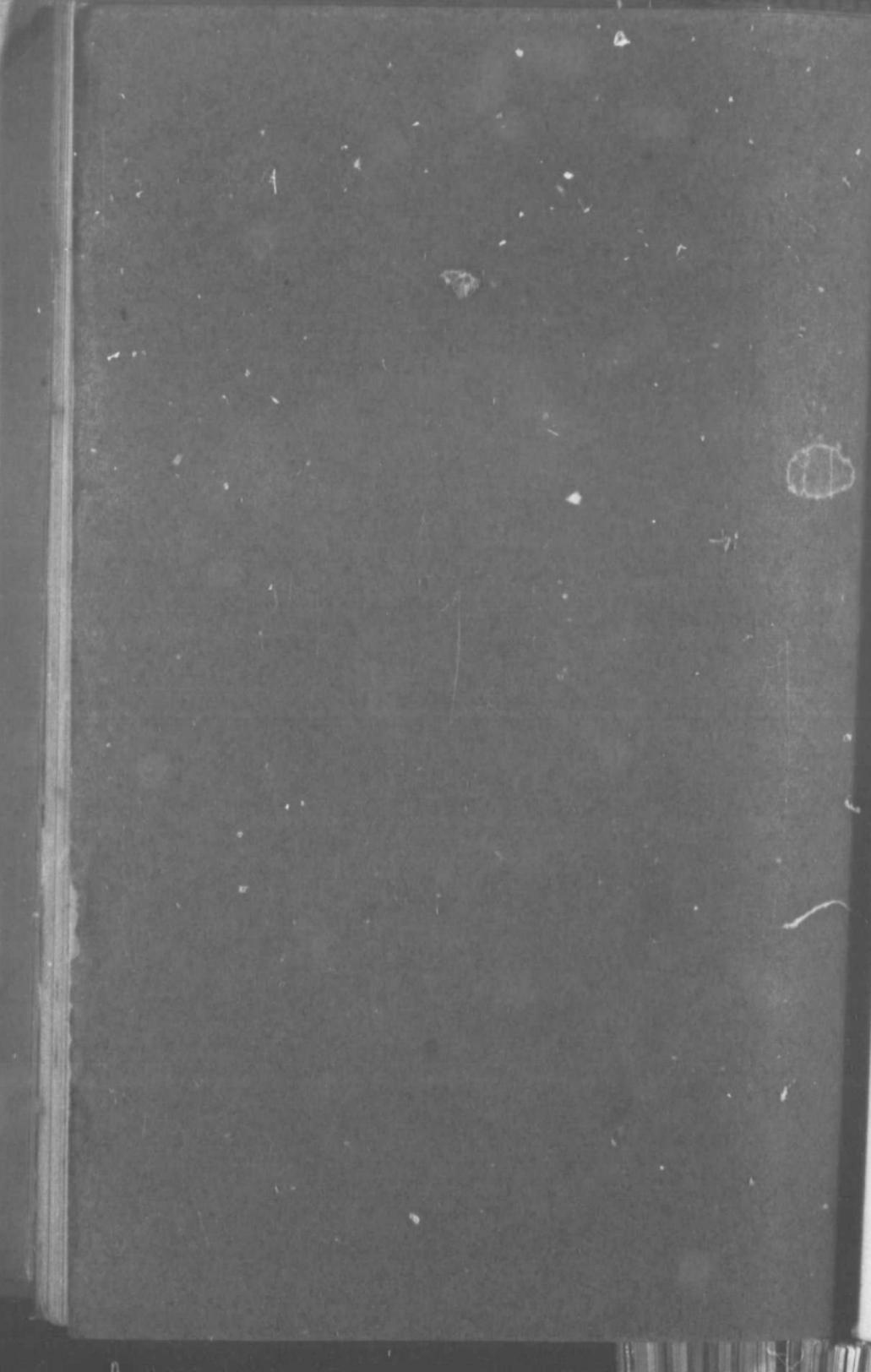
=====**on**=====

Lake St. Clair

and other yarns



By Judex E. J. B.



MADE IN CANADA

Lively Times on
Lake St. Clair
and Other Yarns



BY
JUDEX E. J. B.

1904

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada
in the year 1904
by ERNEST JOSEPH BEAUMONT
at the Department of Agriculture.

Memo.

The articles contained in this work are illustrative of certain phases of life in North America a few years ago. They are more or less true, sometimes more and sometimes less, and the reader is at liberty to believe them or not as he chooses. They are intended for perusal by the people at large; all can safely examine them. The Book has received the approval of many eminent persons, and has been Made in Canada.

JUDEX.

PRESS OF
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GALT, CANADA

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Lively Times on Lake St. Clair.



THIS is a marine anecdote. The tub left Detroit at five p.m., weather cloudy and warm, the crowd numerous, with the usual allowance of "each boy and his darling colleen." The brass band played in its most diabolical manner as we moved from the dock, and a lot of fellows who held a large quantity of American whisky yelled vociferously. The girls chewed gum and lollypops, and everybody was happy. I lit a cigar and gazed benignly on the gang, for I like to see people enjoy themselves. When the band had ceased its discordant shriekings, the City of the Straits was fading from our gaze and preparations were made for a dance. "The scene was animated," or what is called "animated," a number of colleens, who had been reposing on the bosoms of their fellows and eating lollypops, forthwith braced up and engaged in what is known as the "light fantastic," whilst a dozen or more fellows who held American whisky had a fight on the lower deck, and the row lasted until the Captain turned the hose on them and gave them externally more water than they had used

for several months. Personally I abstained from joining in any of these festivities and continued smoking. It is astonishing how much consolation a person can get out of a smoke. All at once there came a sharp flash of thunder and lightning and the boat shook like nervous prostration. I could see that we were in for festivities of another kind and lit a fresh cigar. It is astonishing how much consolation a man can get out of smoke. The whole thing was so unexpected that several girls never recovered that evening and remained in a "cotamose" state for the rest of the voyage. About two minutes after the flash of thunder and lightning it commenced to rain and blow, and in a remarkably short space of time the lake was boiling with rage. It is difficult to understand how a small lake, say 20 x 30, could get into such a state. The rain, instead of coming down straight, was driven by the gale horizontally under the roof of the hurricane deck, and when the ship rolled it looked as if we were about to be drowned in more ways than one. The music ceased, which was the best thing it could do, and the dancers collapsed and became indisposed. As I was balancing my body on a chair by the side of the vessel, a young fellow came along with a colleen and asked me if I would let her have the chair, and I did so. She was a forlorn-looking object and sat down with her head over the rail. I heard her say, "Oh, George!" or "By George!" or words to that effect; I suppose referring to the young fellow. In

her paroxysms she lost her teeth and in trying to catch them her hat blew off, taking with it a large quantity of horse hair and material used for stuffing mattresses. The sight was too much. I went to another part of the ship, lost in the contemplation of the frailties of human nature. As I was pacing up and down the deck, lost in the contemplation of the frailties of human nature, somebody addressed me by name. On turning round, I recognized the terrified form of an estimable woman who had done washing for me on several occasions. She asked if there was any danger. Everybody asks this question when the sea is rough. I told her that it was highly probable. She then asked me if I was not afraid. She said she was nearly frightened out of her life and didn't know what to do. I told her that she might live to stir up worse storms in the wash tub and assured her that she would preside at the scrubbing board for many years to come. A few minutes later a very pretty colleen rushed down and seized me by the coat. She said, "Oh, Harry, I've been looking for you all over," then, discovering her mistake, she released my coat and disappeared. Meanwhile the storm progressed like euchre. These storms are very numerous on the lakes and ponds of North America and cause our people no little annoyance. The Captain was besieged by a crowd of terrified individuals, who petitioned him to go back to Detroit, but the hardened pirate informed them that he would take them home in

safety, or get drowned in the attempt. Some of these captains are intensely egotistical and will not go back for anything. We can scarcely blame them, for if they granted the petition of every sea-sick sinner, they would never land anywhere at all. The only dry places on the boat were the small cabins on each side, and they were not capable of holding more than 25 girls, to say nothing of children in arms. In one of the cabins they were singing. This is often done during storms and is a justly commendable practice, and is alleged to be efficacious in preserving ships from going down. Wishing to find out in what part of the lake we were supposed to be, I asked the Captain. He said that he did not exactly know, but expected to find out next morning at daybreak. I felt greatly relieved and went on smoking. He further stated that if we didn't strike something before daylight we might strike something else, or words to that effect. After delivering this oracular information he put about one quarter of a pound of tobacco into his mouth and gave orders to go straight ahead. By this time more than half the people on board were in a nauseous condition, but there were no signs of the gale subsiding. The wild excitement which seized the passengers at first had now given way to blank despair, and I counted thirty-four fellows hugging thirty-nine girls in one part of the upper deck. They had resolved to die together. It has been alleged that you can hug a girl on a steamboat who positively

cannot be hugged anywhere else. I lit another cigar as I contemplated this last scene of the frailties of human nature. After rolling around in the lake for three or four hours we saw a light-house, always a welcome sight to the weary seaman. In half an hour we entered what is known as "The Canal", and by this time the weather had cleared up and our diabolical brass band commenced shrieking triumphantly, more gum was chewed, and people gradually recovered their spirits excepting the fellows who held American whisky. They had lost all the spirits they contained. We arrived at a place called Sarnia at 3 a.m., or thereabouts. The band flared up as the boat reached the dock, and the undersigned lit a cigar and proceeded to his domicile. The above yarn is guaranteed to be more or less true.



He Owned Lots of Farms.



THE conductor came along and asked him for his ticket. He was a pompous looking individual with a red face and looked like a broken down auctioneer in bad circumstances. He was apparently asleep and as the conductor shook him by the coat sleeve he simply turned his head and waved his right hand in the air and relapsed into his former dead-head pretended slumber. "Ticket, sir," said the conductor again, shaking his coat sleeve.

"Go away, conductor," said the man with a flourish of his arm, "I travel free." "Oh, you do, eh? and who the dickens are you?" asked the conductor.

"Never mind who I am, I own property round here, and the company owes me for two thousand cords of wood which they never paid for. I guess I'll have to take it out in travelling."

"Show me your pass, sir."

"I hain't got a pass; I own lots of farms around here, and don't need one; I'm the wealthiest land-

owner in Kenedy, and I'm going to travel on this road dead head."

"Oh, you are eh?" said the conductor. "Well I want your fare, or off you go right here in the swamp," and the conductor prepared for the ejection of the "dead beat."

"Look here, conductor," said the man, "I left my pocket-book at home, but I'll give you a due bill for the amount. I own lots of farms around here and you needn't be afraid you won't get paid."

He must have owned considerable property, as the train had travelled ten miles since he first told the conductor he owned lots of farms.

"Can't do it," replied the conductor. "The rules of the company are not to let anybody ride free without a pass. You'll have to walk the rest of the way."

The sponge passenger shewed no signs of moving, so the conductor stopped the train, and calling two brakemen, they hustled the unfortunate land owner off the train, and as he fell into the ditch he yelled: "I own lots of farms around here, and I'll spend every cent to prosecute that blooming road, by Judas, if it takes the last nickel I've got."

And he got up and wrung the moisture out of his clothes and wondered if he could persuade some farmer to trust him for a bed in the hayloft until he got paid for the two thousand cords of wood for which he alleged the Company owed him.

Moving the Court.



IT was in a primitive law office in the swamps of West Lambton and the lawyer was busily engaged in conversation with a client concerning a law suit which had been tried the day before in an old frame court house down the "concession."

"Well," said the man of law, lighting his cigar and throwing a quid from his mouth, "there's only one thing for you to do, and that is to move the court for a new trial."

"Move the court, eh?" queried the client.

"Yes, that's the only course open to us if you are not satisfied with the verdict, and if I were in your place I would do it."

"How long do you s'pose it would take?" asked the client.

"Well, that depends on circumstances. Come in to-morrow at ten o'clock and we'll take the necessary proceedings. I'm very busy at present. Bring in three or four of the witnesses; I shall require them in making the motion."

"Shall we bring a team?"

"Yes, bring two or three if you like," and the lawyer ejected a waterspout of tobacco juice into the waste paper basket and the client closed the door and went home.

Next morning at ten o'clock he appeared at the court house with six witnesses, three teams, 126 yards of rope, eight rollers, four jack screws and a windlass, and asked if it was time to move the court.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but what under the sun is all this machinery for?"

The client and the witnesses looked at each other.

"I thought you said for us to move the court?" queried the client.

"So I did, but it's the judge, not the court house that we have to move."

"The judge, eh? Well then I've brought all this truck here for nothing. One team would do to move the judge, I s'pose; fetch him out."

It took the lawyer one hour and a half to explain to the client that "moving the court" meant petitioning the judge to grant a new trial, and not moving the court house or the judge bodily, and that they might as well take all the apparatus for moving buildings back home with them.

And when the joke was told to the judge, he granted a new trial at once, and said that a man who would take so much pains in moving the court deserved to win his case, and a new trial was granted accordingly.

Mrs. O'Flannigan's Witches.



PATRICK O'Flannigan is a very estimable son of Erin and, wishing to raise some bacon for Christmas, he brought home a couple of pigs the other day and left them in the back yard. Now, one of the pigs had quite a human air about it (a person often sees human pigs), and when Mrs. O'Flannigan went out with some feed it sat bold upright on its hind quarters and looked at her. "And shure," said she, "the baste stood on its hind feet and looked at me like a choild. And shure, I thought it was a witch, so I did, an' I tuk up a broth uv a stick an' knocked out its brains, an' when Patrick came home I tould him it was a witch he had brought me, and not a pig at all, at all."

Mr. O'Flannigan's speculations in the pig line not being very successful, he brought home some poultry, a rooster and three hens. Now, the rooster was an inquisitive animal and when Mrs. O'Flannigan went out "Shure it looked at her, so it did," and she thought it was a witch, and she picked up a carving knife and would have done the rooster serious bodily harm but for the appearance of her daughter-in-law, who had come for some potato broth. "Arrah, now,

mother, what are yez doin' to the hins?" said she.

"Good day to ye. I'm after settling this witch uv a poultry. Yer father sent him here, an' shure I belave he's a witch, so he is. He looks at me loike a choild, the crathur."

"Maybe ye might giv him to me?" said the daughter, coaxingly.

"Give him to ye! What would I do that for? Shure and wouldn't he bewitch the children with his brazen looks and maybe devour them."

The rooster stretched himself out and flapped his wings.

"Shure, now, he's standing on his hind feet, the baste. Be careful, or he'll fly at ye."

After a good deal of struggling the rooster was bound hand and foot and placed on a block. Mrs. O'Flannigan then got the axe, fearing the carving knife might not prove powerful enough, and uttering divers imprecations against witches, endeavored to cut the rooster's head off, but it was rescued in time by the daughter-in-law and taken from the premises. Mr. O'Flannigan's efforts to establish a farm yard have proved unavailing so far and he is now trying to get some animals that won't look like witches and stand on their hind feet.

[The above sketch was not concocted by the undersigned, but was dictated by a colleen, who alleged that it was true. It is inserted in this book with all due respect to the Irish race in America, and the Editor hopes to be forgiven.

JUDEX.

Military Science in Petrolea.



IT is now four years since I joined the 1st Battalion of Petrolea Swamp Rangers. Four years ago last winter I entered the Regiment as Ensign, and I am still, at the time of writing, in that condition.

As I was unacquainted with military science, I had to go through a pretty stiff examination, something like the following. It took me three hours to prepare for it :—

Do you know a battle field from a base ball ground? (Memo: Football was not in vogue at that time, or they might have said "football" instead of "base ball").

Explain the difference between a revolver and a pepper box.

State the difference between a review and a Scotch Reel.

Would you know the difference between a gun carriage and a derrick if you saw them apart?

What are the advantages of firing with your eyes shut?

Could you distinguish between a tank waggon and a piece of artillery?

I found some difficulty in answering these questions correctly, but the Board of General Managers passed me and said that I should rank as Ensign. I had some faint idea that the duties of an ensign were to carry into battle a coloured pocket handkerchief stuck on a pole and I am still of the same opinion, having never been into battle except with some boys who were filibustering on a melon patch.

On the 24th of May the 1st Battalion of Petrolea Swamp Rangers turned out for parade. Nearly every able-bodied man in town was present and a great number had to bring umbrellas to keep off the rain. The rest of them didn't require umbrellas, their clothes were too greasy for the rain to penetrate. The girls we left behind us were looking on as we assembled on the Main Street and as this was my first appearance as a fighting man I felt highly flattered. When they took off their false hair and waved it in the breeze—a deep spirit of patriotism alone prompted this action—and the boys cordially returned this salute, the officers keeping time with their umbrellas.

When everything was ready, Colonel O'Malley, the Field Marshall, took his place at the head of the column and gave orders to advance. "Umbrellas to the front! Forward march!" The boys stepped out in lively style regardless of the rain, which continued to pour by the pail full. The band, which consisted of a man with a barrel organ, mounted on a lumber waggon drawn by two cows, struck up a fine piece of

military music, composed for the occasion, and the girls stood on the sidewalk and cheered. I have never seen anything like it since. I have heard of great reviews in Germany, but I doubt if they could come up to this.

A number of patriotic ratepayers having donated some mounted oil tanks, Col. O'Malley put the boys through a series of artillery movements, but one of them, which had gas in it, suddenly blew up and there was the quickest artillery movement that ever took place in the history of modern warfare. I had my umbrella blown over a four-acre lot, whilst the atmosphere was filled with oil tanks and umbrellas. The band likewise suffered severely. This incident made some of the boys feel cast down for a while, many of them landed on their backs, and the Colonel said that he never felt so thoroughly prostrated before. This finished the artillery movements and the boys were put through the setting-up drill. The next exercise was interrupted by about half the regiment leaving the ranks to go to a fire, and the other half stayed until somebody announced that a fifteen hundred barrel well had been struck at a place called Pithole, and then everybody cleared right off the field. The ratepayers of Petrolea are no doubt experts in drilling wells, but are somewhat deficient in drill military.

The McDoodle Family of Petrolea.



A SHORT time since I had occasion to go to Petrolea and I stayed at the ranch of one Mr. McDoodle, a wealthy oil operator and a deacon in one of the "leading churches." It was late in the evening when I reached the McDoodle shanty, and I retired at once to a virtuous two dollar bedstead in the spare room. I was not aware that Mr. McDoodle had a large family, but I soon found it out. Three of the McDoodle children were taken sick in the night with cholera infantum, produced by eating citrons, and had to be rubbed all over with coal oil and vinegar, applied with pain killer and red pepper. I never listened to such well-trained family singing before, and the chorus was perfectly deafening when Mrs. McDoodle applied a soothing syrup of crude oil and molasses. I got very little rest that night. Next morning, whilst I was dressing before a looking glass large enough to see three square inches of shirt front at a time, I was startled by a loud punching at the door, and a voice yelling for me to "come to breckfust."

I replied: "All right, I'll be down directly."

The punching ceased for a minute and then commenced again, supported by another exhortation to "come ter breckfust."

"All right, I'll be out immediately."

This ought to have satisfied any ordinary person, but it failed in this case. The pounding continued. "Mother says you're ter come to breckfust."

"Tell her that I'll be there in half a twinkling."

"You're to git up, it's 5 o'clock. Mother wants to get breckfust."

"Well, tell her I'm coming, you confounded son of Belial." I must apologize to Mr. McDoodle for using this phrase, but I was somewhat annoyed.

"Brucey! Brucey!" shouted a voice from somewhere in the lower part of the house, "what are you doing up stairs?"

"Well, he won't come ter breckfust," snorted Brucey.

He stayed there until Mrs. McDoodle came up stairs and smote him on the left ear with a dipper. To use a slang phrase current at that time, she put a tin ear on him, and then he left to have a quiet howl in the old clothes closet.

At breakfast I became acquainted with the McDoodle family, eight boys and one girl, none of them over nine years of age, and they acted as if they wished to make a lasting impression on me. They wished to leave a mark of their esteem and it was not

their fault that they did not succeed. I moved out of range just in time to escape the contents of the coffee pot as it fell off the table during a dispute over a piece of bacon. Mr. McDoodle stated that in future he would have each piece of bacon weighed in presence of the family, as these disputes were growing a little too numerous for his peace of mind. At dinner this idea was carried out and worked well, only they couldn't get the pieces all the same shape.

We came very nearly having the premises burned down while I was there, and if the hired girl had not displayed great presence of intellect Mr. McDoodle would have been put to the trouble of suing an insurance company.

A fire had recently taken place at the "Great Buzzard" oil wells, a short distance from the McDoodle ranche, and the boys thought that they would like to have a conflagration of their own. The back part of the McDoodle lot was three inches deep in oil and grease where they were in the habit of playing "oil operator" and other clean pursuits, and they set it on fire to pretend it was an accident caused by carelessness on the part of the engineer. When the conflagration was extinguished the McDoodle property had the appearance of a desert, and the house, which had been originally white, was the color of a very dirty stove.

Surly McDoodle was a boy of gloomy temperament and because his mother spanked him with a sucker

rod for plotting a domestic rebellion and putting sawdust in the porridge, he retired to the woodshed and attempted an act of *filio de se* by shooting himself in the diaphragm. The jury brought in an open verdict of attempted murder whilst labouring under an attack of acute indigestion.

I cannot enter into details and portray the McDoodle family in all its domestic minuteness, because I could fill a book as big as the Canada Directory, and as soon as I had transacted my business I departed from the village which contains, or did contain, one of the liveliest families in the Dominion, namely the McDoodle family.



The Sewing Machine Agent's Experience with the McTaffys.



“ I DON'T want to sell another sewing machine this side of the river if I have the same trouble as I had with the one I sold to the McTaffys. They were an influential family, and when I got a resting place for a machine in their household I thought it would open up a trade with all their relations; for, mind you, they were related to everyone that attended the same meeting house. I never knew any family have so many relations before, and I calculated to clear about five hundred dollars before I got through with them. I took a machine there in a light wagon with two horses; I was bound to do things up stylish to give them a good impression. I didn't want them to think I was a one-horse sewing machine agent, not much. I spent two hours the first morning instructing them, and I left ten pages of further instructions when I went away. You'd think that was sufficient, wouldn't you? Yes! well it wasn't. Before I had eaten two spoonsfull of hash, their hired girl came

to say that the check spring was wrong, and wanted me to go over there immediately and fix it. Well, I went aver there and fixed it up and oiled it, and gave them a patent ruffler in the bargain, to ruffle a night gown for the eldest daughter. And how did they repay me? Why, they sent two of the youngsters to ask me for the loan of some tools to unscrew the throttle plate. Did you ever hear of such things? But that ain't all; I found the hired girl sewing up a hole in the door mat, which her fellow had made by coming to see her so often. Sewing it up with the machine, and complaining that it wouldn't work. No wonder it wouldn't work. Before I took the machine away from that house I went to fix it upwards of between 90 and 100 times. I was called out of prayer meeting and from my aunt's funeral to do it, and never a day passed but what I had to leave my meals to leave my meals to attend to their confounded stupidity. It seemed as if they couldn't learn to run the thing, and I had to allow my deputy agent to remain on their premises for a week just to attend to it for them. The machine ran splendid in reality, but they were everlastingly trying to use it for purposes it was never created for. I believe they used it for chopping sausage two or three times, and I know the children played fire engine with it. The family used to come in regiments all times of the day and night through hail and rain, thunder and wind. I've secreted myself in the pantry to get out of the way. I had to get in in a

hurry sometimes, and then the crockery would get broken. How they can imagine where the profit comes in, I don't know. I guess you never sold sewing machines? Well, don't try it; it's worse than peddling fish. I lost 40 lbs. in weight just running after them. I hope I'll never have the same experience again. My deputy says so, too, and he's a man that will keep his word. Good day."



Ten Gushing Goslings.



THE legal light sat in his legal office lighting his pipe. This is a fact and not a pun. The legal light smoked pipes most of the time and used a pair of scissors to cut the tobacco. The Clerk or Clerks, as the case may be, did the writing and he smoked. A stranger came in and gave instructions for a chattel mortgage upon the following goods and chattels, and it covered the most varied assortment of farm stock that was ever heard of. This is the schedule :

- 2 concurrent cows—red and white.
- 1 mustangulous dobbin, 15½ hands high.
- 2 concurrent horses, 15 hands high.
- 1 das pherd, called "Shim".
- 1 roaring bull.
- 5 hoggish pigs.
- 20 miscellaneous fowls.
- 8 quacking ducks.
- 1 amorous drake.
- 1 lumber waggon—without lumber.
- 1 flying phaeton, with black and yellow stripes.

- 1 proud peacock.
- 1 Persian Tom cat.
- 1 snorting sow.
- 1 fanning mill for hot weather.
- 10 gushing goslings.

As the practice of law involves the drawing of many peculiar documents, the Clerks collected the usual fee and said nothing.



“Jennie Rumble.”

A Marine Anecdote.



WE had been sailing in a mist for two days and I suppose that is the reason why we missed our way. (Joke, after Artemus Ward). In the afternoon of the second day the captain calculated on making the entrance to Georgian Bay, and seeing land in the distance took it for Cape Hurd. We kept on our course. At about 4 p. m. the mist lifted and a strong breeze came up, bringing with it a heavy thunderstorm. The captain discovered that he was about thirty miles out of his way, and drifting rapidly on Manitoulin Island. In a few minutes quite a heavy sea got up and the rain came down by the pail full. The captain changed his course and ran with a beam sea towards Cove Island. I began to get scared. The Jenny danced furiously (that was the name of the ship) and went down on her beam ends, and I hung onto the capstan. I wanted to stay on deck, but the rain drove me into the cabin. I sat down near the cook stove with my head over a pail and tried to think, but my stomach got the convulsions and any seaman

will tell you what followed. The captain appeared on the scene and asked me if I was feeding the fish. I tried to smile and told him that if the thing continued much longer I would myself be food for the fish. I tried to smile again and hung on to the stove. I made up my mind that if ever I got back on dry land I would lead a better life, and go to Sunday school. I decided that if I were spared I would visit the sick, and if necessary go to Africa as a missionary. I vowed that I would go to prayer meeting, give up smoking, and stop bathing on Sunday. Then I got sick again, and for an hour and a half or thereabouts sat with my head over the pail. I felt a fearful goneness in my bread basket, and made numerous affidavits that I would never go to sea again. When some people are sea sick they don't care whether they live or die, but I wanted to live, I wanted a chance to lead a better life, and felt sanctified every time my stomach heaved. It is astonishing how easily some people are sanctified.

I shall never forget the pitying look of the cook as he gazed cross-eyed upon me, with a pipe in his mouth. He said: "You wan't to look out, the captain's going to heave the maindeck overboard." I was too sick to care, as I was heaving very heavily myself.

"Captain's going to take a reef in the foremast," said he, "You'd better get up and lend a hand."

I went on heaving.

"They're going to put a splice in the keel" said

he again getting off a cross-eyed grin when he thought I didn't see him, I was really very sick and could not appreciate his jokes. I paused in the middle of a severe spasm and said: "Look here, Mr. Hash, I may be sea sick and scared, but you can't make me believe that they're going to throw away the deck. Leave me in peace."

"There won't be but a very small piece left of you if you continue in that style much longer," said he, and he disappeared into the pantry. I took some "stuff" to give me an appetite for tea, but it made me worse. I laid down and tried to feel well. I tried not to die, and I succeeded, but I could not cheat myself into the belief that I wasn't sick. At about nine o'clock we entered Georgian Bay and got into smoother water, and feeling very sanctified I took a drink of the captain's "stuff" and went to bed.



Experience as Fireman.



THE circumstances under which I became connected with the fire brigade were somewhat peculiar.

I had been attending a temperance meeting one evening, and after taking two girls home I had occasion to pass the firemen's hall on my way back. Noticing that the building was lit up, and hearing the sounds of revelry within, I drew near and went up stairs. I was immediately welcomed by about half a dozen firemen, who were uncorking beer in the lobby, and so I went in and spent a very pleasant evening till about two o'clock in the morning. I afterwards became a member of the North Ward division of the Brigade. At the first fire I attended I made a mistake and got into the wrong division on the lee side of the flames, and the fellows on the other division squirted water over the building right on top of us, and between the fire and the smoke and the wind and water I came pretty nearly going home. When the fire was extinguished and the different divisions got through fighting with the hose, we reeled up and adjourned to neutralize the effect of the wetting by soaking our insides

with "pop" and other beverages, then some of the boys reeled off. After whooping along the streets and yelling for awhile we all went home; and so ended my first experience. In our brigade the number of officers and men was about equally divided, the balance, perhaps, would be in favor of the officers, and on any important occasion, such as a conflagration at a cow shed, the whole town council would take command of the brigade, assisted probably by a dozen or two of intoxicated loafers. At Jackson's fire there were 116 officers, drunk and sober, to 36 men; and there was one individual in particular, a stranger, who alleged that he had been at all the leading fires in the United States, who would insist on commanding our division. He was drunk, and the last seen of him was when the boys turned the hose upon him, and he was knocked stern foremost through a board fence. For all practical purposes every man was an officer and did as he liked. My particular forte was reeling up the hose after fires. I could do it splendidly. I could reel hose with any man in the company, but when there was any unreeling to be done I generally left it to somebody else.

I will illustrate the way our brigade worked at fires.

Scene: A fire at Jackson's boarding house. Fire men, officers and intoxicated loafers all busy swearing, throwing water, squirting and smashing things generally.

Foreman of division, speaking to two members of company : " You fellows take an axe apiece and go up on the roof and cut a hole near the chimney."

Two members of company, in chorus : " Go to bed."

Foreman : " Go up now, or, by Judas, I'll make you jump."

Members of company : " Oh, stop yer mouth organ ! Go up yerself."

After a good deal of argument they don't go up, and the foreman goes away to give other directions.

Chief of brigade, addressing some other members of company : " Get a ladder and climb up on the roof. There's got to be a hole cut. Quick now."

Other members of company, to chief of brigade : " Go to blazes ! We ain't going to spoil our clothes."

Chief of brigade, to foreman of division : " Will you send somebody up there ? It's got to be done now."

Foreman : " No I won't ! Those fellows will stay right here. I want them."

Chief : " By the jumping Judas, you'll send them up, or I'll have you impounded."

Intoxicated loafer, under the influence of " pop " and other beverages : " Wazzer row ? Let me run this thing. Get out !"

Mayor of town, appearing on the scene carrying a by-law : " Here now, none of this. I'm boss here. Go into the house and take out the cook-stove."



I GUESS I'LL RUN THIS FIRE.—WH-O-O-P!!

Intoxicated loafer : " I guess I'll run this fire.—
Wh-o-o-p ! Bust in the window sash ! "

The mayor and town council, and board of trade, and a number of private citizens now take command of the brigade to the exclusion of the officers, the branchmen turn the hose on them, and everything gets mixed. The division foremen get fighting with the chief, and the intoxicated loafers fight the town council, and the private citizens "go for" the board of trade, and the firemen squirt water on the crowd, and the north ward has a conflict with the middle ward, and the fire gets the start of everybody.

That's a specimen of the practical work of our brigade, but sometimes the programme is varied a little to suit the occasion.

Whenever the brigade held a ball or a re-union, there was sure to be a fire. On one occasion the girls turned out and subdued the flames. It was a grand sight to see them manipulating the hose carts. They handled them like baby carriages, and when the branchmen turned on the water three or four of them were knocked endways, and the rest nearly drowned. The chief who was under the influence of "pop" and several other beverages, and whose head was a little "off," was present on the occasion, and harassed the proceedings by calling off a cotillion : " Grand right and left," " Balance all," " Swing yer partner." " Join hands and forward all," and such like phrases, till a deputation was formed to take him home. The girls did

nobly, and when the fire was over, reeled up the hose and went back to the ball singing "Pull for the Shore." They were nearly drowned, but refused to take anything.

Our brigade did not own a pet dog. Most fire brigades you read about have pet dogs who climb up ladders and rescue old women and children. I have seen a great many pictures of dogs carrying youngsters in their teeth out of burning buildings, but I never saw anything of it in reality. Probably the brigade will get one when they have enough money in the treasury to pay the tax.

I spoiled two or three suits of clothes, putting out people's fires, and this in addition to having to buy my own "pop" and other beverages after fires, set me against the thing; and after a glorious career I sent in my resignation and retired covered with mud.



The Hash Slinger's Chorus.

A Maritime Ballad.



When the boat is rolling on the billows,
When the wind is howling down the lake,
Hash, sling hash.

When the girls are lying on the pillows
And the cook is busy with the cake,
Hash, sling hash.

When the dinner bell is tinkling in the cabin,
When the mate is looking through a glass,
Hash, sling hash.

When the tourist is consuming ginger beer
And the engineer is eating lemon pop,
Hash, sling hash.

When the steward is examining the baggage
And the captain takes a walk upon the deck,
Hash, sling hash.

When the cabin boy is cutting up the cabbage,
Let the waiters sing in chorus
Slinging hash.

When the boat is dancing in the storm
And the plates and dishes roll,
Hash, sling hash.
As the tables crash around the cabin,
Hear the cooks and waiters singing—
Hash, slinging hash.



The Experiences of a Ghost.



THINGS being somewhat quiet in the northerly part of the Town, I undertook to enliven it with a ghost so as to break the monotony.

Accordingly I constructed a ghost out of a tur-
nip, a newspaper and a nightgown, and went forth to
make things lively. I had a successful run for several
consecutive nights and chased quite a number of rate-
payers. The ghost took very well and succeeded bet-
ter than I anticipated. I chased a boy with a milk
pitcher until he fell down and spilt the milk, and I
popped up from behind a fence and scared two women
into hysterics. I rushed out in front of an old woman
and tripped on a nail in the sidewalk and fell into a
mud hole, and she tripped over me and fell over my
back and knocked the wind right out of my ribs. I
never heard anybody yell the way she did, but I didn't
stop to listen. I decamped with the ghost in a dam-
aged condition and went into dry dock for repairs. I
scared some boys who were returning from a show,
and I imagine that their pockets must have been filled
with hickory nuts from the rattling that took place

when they ran. I was afraid that it might alarm the neighborhood, so I only chased them for two blocks.

I scared a cow and several teams, and frightened a minister as he was going home after a temperance meeting. I scared everything that came along and created an immense sensation. I was having a splendid "run", as the theatre fellows say, and felt cheeky enough to scare a locomotive. I became too cheeky and pretty nearly came to an untimely end. The ghost part of me got completely annihilated, but I escaped alive. It was in this wise: I had just returned from chasing a ratepayer, and being flushed with victory I got behind a fence and waited for a fellow who was whistling in the distance. Pretty soon he came up and when he came alongside the fence I lifted up the ghost and yelled. The fellow stopped for a minute and swore like sixty. I noticed that he had something in his hands which afterwards turned out to be a pair of stogie boots. He swore again and let me have one of the boots, but it only fell against the fence. He let me have the other one and it struck the ghost, and before I had time to say anything he opened fire with a pistol. He fired twice, and seeing that things were getting complicated I gave up the ghost and fled. He fired again and I sought refuge in a woodshed. In about five minutes I emerged and made tracks for my boarding house by a circuitous route. I went to bed early that evening, but got up several times in the night to examine my

person and make sure that it did not contain two or three bullets. I was not exactly scared, but I thought it would not hurt to make sure anyway.

A day or two afterwards as I was looking over the paper I was attracted by the following item:—

“GHOSTLY VISITOR.—For the past three or four nights the north portion of this city has been thrown into a state of consternation by a nocturnal visitor whose chief aim was to chase unprotected females and innocent Sunday School children. For several evenings the unusual stranger was very successful, but last Thursday night somebody came along bolder than the average run of mortals and his ghostship came to grief. We are informed that the individual referred to threw a couple of old boots at the apparition, and drawing his revolver fired with such an effect that the supposed phantom threw up the ghost and, uttering a frightful yell, jumped over a four-foot picket fence and fled behind a wood pile. The identity of the supposed ghost is known, notwithstanding the lady's night gown with which it was attired, and we caution the party not to assume that character again or he may not get off so easily.”

When I had finished reading the item I didn't actually feel alarmed, but at the same time I should have liked to have been out of town. I kept quiet and refrained from speaking on the subject, but shortly afterwards the editor of the paper came into the office and asked me if my nerves were settled yet. I told

him I thought so, and he gave me a lecture on the evils of the ghost business and advised me to depart from my sinful ways. I have not played ghost since then, and when I want to do it again I shall go out of town to some place where there are no newspapers.



Forcing a Moustache.



I CONCEIVED the idea of growing a moustache in the spring of 1876 in company with a young fellow named James, with whom I was boarding at the time. We both conceived the idea through an advertisement which appeared in a "sporting weekly" to the effect that by using Professor Dumott's Beard Elixir a moustache and beard could be produced on the smoothest face within twenty-one days, or money cheerfully refunded. Our faces were pretty smooth, scarcely rough enough to tickle a girl's cheek, and we determined to apply the "forcer" vigorously. Professor Dumott's elixir turned out to be a gross swindle and we wrote to him claiming the one thousand dollars that he offered to give to anybody who was not satisfied, and received per mail a cheque duly endorsed with the words "Go to."

After this we got a recipe out of a cookery book and made a bottle of sticky stuff, which, somehow or other, got used up as cough mixture by the hired girl, who thought she had the consumption.

Next we got a druggist to make up a prescription

and took a quart bottle each and used this for two weeks. But one night when there was a cat fight in the back yard, and I hadn't anything handy to throw, I sacrificed James' bottle of moustache forcer and let the cats have it right in the middle of their performance. I don't know whether it hit both of them or not, but a few days afterwards I saw a cat prowling round the premises with hair a foot long, and I concluded that one of them had received a dose. I tried to catch that cat, my idea being to travel with the moustache forcer and run a show in connection with the cat and make a fortune, but I never could get hold of it.

By this time my moustache was about quarter of an inch long and my friends seeing the struggles I had to force it up, advised me to try a number of simple remedies, and a Petrolea man said kerosene oil was a splendid thing for curing bald heads, and advised me to try it. I tried kerosene, but the first time I smoked a cigar my moustache or what there was of it caught fire and frizzled up. However I consoled myself with the thought that the ashes might act as fertilizer for a future growth.

I paused in my wild career and tried shaving for a while, and then I let her sprout again under new management. I obtained two gallons of a mixture and applied it every half hour. One gallon I kept in the office and another at my boarding house. The proprietor thought it was cider and treated a farmer

to a horn, and the farmer now says he'll sue the proprietor because he is choked up with hair and can't eat.

The anxiety of mind and wear and tear of body consequent upon forcing my moustache began to tell upon my system, and I became round shouldered and bilious and lost my appetite. I had one consolation, however, to keep me up, and that was that the moustache was growing at the remarkable speed of one twenty-fourth part of an inch in four weeks. At that rate in twenty years I would have one pretty nearly a foot long. My ambition could soar no higher. Time was all that was needed.

James' moustache got ahead of mine ; he used to get up three or four times every night and apply the forcer. He went in for a beard as well and had a larger acreage under cultivation, consequently it required more fertilizer. He used two quart bottles a week and overdrew his salary fifteen dollars to pay for it. It cost a dollar a pint and evaporated as soon as it was laid on, and James found that his salary was evaporating also and stopped just in time to save himself from bankruptcy.

I think we tried twenty-seven different kinds of "Elixir". My moustache eventually came to a melancholy end for one so promising. When it was about four months old I slept one night with the window open and the frost killed it so badly that I had to

now it before going down to breakfast. After this misfortune I gave up the business and let the moustache struggle on of its own accord.



The New Cow.



THEY have a new cow at our boarding house. It is a strange looking animal without horns and its legs are too long for its body. It was put in the stable for safe keeping and the door was fastened. I happened to go to the stable, but I was not aware that they had a cow concealed there. I was somewhat surprised and rather taken aback, for as soon as I opened the door the infamous animal made a charge and knocked me on my beam ends. When in that position I saw one of the boarders approaching, evidently not dreaming of danger.

"Look out, Bill, for the cow!" I yelled. Bill did look out, but he was not quite quick enough. He won't look out again for some days, at least if he does it will only be out of one eye. He wears a large patch over the other. The cow handled him without gloves, and he never speaks of it now without using strong language.

But to proceed with my tale. I arose out of the snow and mud and approached the animal, which was butting at a picket fence in vigorous style.

“Co-boss, co-boss, co-boss,” said I, holding out a handful of turnips to the infuriated beast, but she was not to be coaxed, she tried to “but” me, but I moved away just in time.

“Co-boss, co-boss,” I said, approaching her again. “Co-boss; hang the cow, she ain’t like other cows; co-boss.” I got rather nearer than was necessary and she launched out a side kick and hit me square in the stomach. I then turned to go into the house to get some medicine, with the cow after me. Just at this time the boarding house keeper appeared on the scene with two farmers who had come to buy a sewing machine needle (memo: The boarding house keeper sells machines and needles), the cow turned its attention to them and made a charge like the cavalry at the battle of Bull’s Run. They cleared out of the way and the hilarious cow went crashing into a fence. It didn’t get right through, though, and it was so firmly wedged in that it couldn’t back out. We let it remain there until it had cooled down somewhat, and then put it in the barn, where it amused itself for the rest of the day and during the night by howling and kicking the stalls to pieces. It will cost the boarding house keeper in the neighbourhood of sixteen dollars to repair the damage done by the cow, and he has instructed his solicitor to sue the vendors for damages, as the thing was warranted to be quiet and tame, and unless heavy damages are awarded, the case will be carried to the Supreme Court regardless of expense.

The Practice of Law.



THE study of law is an interesting one and profitable for the mind, but the practice is peculiar with some practitioners. I had the fortune or misfortune to study with a remarkable practitioner, and his methods were peculiar. If a special conveyance had to be drawn, he, instead of getting to work at it early in the day, would sit in his chair smoking pipes, till 4 p.m. I have no objection to persons smoking pipes, in fact I do it myself, but if I have anything of importance to attend to, I attend to it first and smoke pipes afterwards. At 4 p.m., or thereabouts, he would collect a number of law books on his desk for reference and start on the conveyance—say a lease or a will. After writing a few lines he would stop and read them over and strike out half of what was written. Then he would go on writing and altering and once in a while consult the law books. All at once he would burst out violently and use bad language and then go on writing, with bursts of profanity at intervals. At or about 4.30 he would be thoroughly “worked up”, and after swearing at everything in the office, would

throw all the law books on to the floor with great imprecations. This operation would ease his mind and pipes would be smoked again. Some time afterwards the document would be completed and if the unfortunate Clerks could not understand it there was more profanity and so on and so forth. He was one of the most remarkable practitioners in the west and eventually became a Bencher.



He Paid the Money into Court.



IF the reader of this yarn ever gets sued by his tailor or washerwoman and wishes to pay the money into Court, let him profit hereby.

We were sitting in the office one afternoon, when a somewhat verdant looking client walked in. Said he, addressing the proprietor, who was smoking pipes.

“ I've been sued and want some advice.”

“ What's the trouble ?” said the “ prop ”.

“ Well, I owe a man twenty-five dollars ; he says it's fifty, and I can prove that it isn't. What shall I do ?”

The proprietor advised him to pay the twenty-five dollars into Court and a document was drawn up to accompany the cash.

“ Take this paper and the money and pay it into Court. You know where the Clerk's office is.”

The man accordingly departed. In about a week he came to the office again.

"Well," said the proprietor, "did you pay the money into Court?"

"I left it there," said the verdant client.

"Who did you see?"

"I didn't see any person."

"Didn't see any person? Why, who did you leave the money with?"

Mr. Verdant Client looked surprised and said that he left the money in the Court Room.

"Left the money in the Court Room! Great Scott! what did you do that for?" and the proprietor waxed warm.

"You said," replied the V. C., "that I was to pay the money into Court, and I paid it into Court."

"Well, that beats all! Go up to the Court and see if the money is there. Whereabouts did you leave it?"

"I put it on top of the Judge's pulpit."

"Great guns," "that's like the man who moved the Court for a new trial with a team of horses. You should have paid it to the Clerk at his office. Go up and see if you can find it."

The man went up, but he didn't find it; it was hardly probable that he would; it is conjectured that some roving official saw the money, and having put it in his pocket forgot all about it. At any rate, the V. C. never saw it again.

When he returned to the office the proprietor, who was smoking pipes, explained that paying money into Court meant paying it to the Clerk and not leaving it on the Judge's pulpit.

Fee, \$2.50.



The Sewing Machine Man.



The life of a sewing machine agent is not all sunshine. He has to contend with numerous difficulties, including obstinate females. He has to expend "dough" for editorial puffs and take turnips in trade. He has to keep a sumptuous table, for if any one has at any time purchased a machine or perhaps a few needles, they expect to "sponge" on him from that time henceforth. The sect known as "Grangers" are the worst ; one of them will call in to get a needle for his wife or mother-in-law, and he will come just at dinner time and wait around until he is invited to stay. Indians are good "spongers", but they are never invited to stay ; they wait in the hall until victuals are brought out, and they show their approbation by a few grunts, and when they have eaten as much as they can carry, they invariably ask for more. The sewing machine man has excellent opportunities for what is or was commonly called "sparking". If he sees a colleen that he wishes to become acquainted with he enquires where she lives and goes there with

a machine, ostensibly for the purpose of making a sale, but really for the purpose of "sparking".

At another time he will pay much attention to some fair damsel, and when he has sold a machine to her or to a relative or connection, he will ruthlessly cast her aside. As a general thing, though, the agent is honest and will not commit himself more than is necessary to effect a sale. Sometimes he is sanctimonious and attends revivals and Sunday School picnics and other festivals, and usually manages to do something in the way of business to help to pay the collection. A frequent mode of procedure is as follows: He harnesses up a mustang and light waggon and issues forth with a couple of machines and proceeds to a place where he thinks a machine is wanted or where he thinks the people would like to inspect one, in five cases out of ten if he can get them to inspect he will talk them into buying. If he comes to a house where they have a lot of children he gives them candy and takes them on his knee and calls them pet names, and I am informed that this method succeeds better than any other; it takes a little time, but it is sure. Occasionally the children daub the machine with sugar or grease; this, of course, is unpleasant because the children are liable to get spanked and it retards the sale. Large sums are spent in candy and one agent informed me in confidence that between candy and "spongers" the profits were very small indeed, in fact he found it necessary to hire a man to make the

candy, it was cheaper than buying it, but still the expense was great.

The agent occasionally meets with an accident and gets thrown from his waggon, but if he can only light on his cheek he is all right. (This is a bad joke, but it is true).

There is an anecdote of one who was travelling by night on a very bad road with a deep ditch on each side. Suddenly the horse stumbled and the whole gang—horse, waggon, agent and machines went crashing into the gully. The agent was underneath, with the other things on top of him, and he stayed there till some "Grangers" came to the rescue. He was pretty badly shaken, but nevertheless had wind enough left to sell a machine.

Every agent has his particular machine and alleges that it is better than any other. Probably it is. Many people imagine that lawyers are the worst individuals in the community, but they might alter their opinion if all the dark deeds committed by sewing machine agents were known.

Memo :—This article was written some years ago, and I understand that the sewing machine man has reformed and is now a very exemplary person. January 1st, 1904.

An Annexation Scheme That Did Not Annex.



I went out walking with her that night and I got worked up and "kind of" proposed. I wanted somebody to walk out with on moonlight evenings and I thought she was the one. She would have been the one if the business had been left with me, but I was not the one.

I "kind of" proposed. She smiled gently and said :

"No, George, I am friendly with all, intimate with a few, and I love one."

Said I, "Well, Emma, you can believe me when I say I wish I was that one."

She said she was sorry, but she was afraid that this would be our last walk together.

Neither of us got the least alarmed, everything was said deliberately and without any of the gush you read about in romances.

I intimated that I should be happy to go out with

her as a friend, my idea being to make myself something more than a friend after a while. She guessed my thoughts.

"I don't think you would be contented to remain a friend," said she.

"I should be perfectly willing to remain so, provided there was a prospect of promotion," said I.

She said there was not, but that she had great pleasure in refusing me because she knew I wouldn't take it hard like some fellows. She knew I was cool and that I would not refuse my hash and commit *felo de se*. I squeezed her arm a little and told her that I would take it straight, but for all that there wasn't a girl in all North America I thought as much of as I did of her.

We were silent. Then I said :

"I regard everything in this life as passing away like molasses out of a barrel when the tap is left open. It may be sweet, but it passes away. The governor always cautioned me against getting excited, and I intend to take his advice."

She looked at me and replied :

"I can compliment you on your coolness. I think you are the coolest person I ever met. I think you are too cool."

The fact was she would like to have seen me feel a little worse than I did, and I thanked her for the compliment. There was no threatening language

used, as in novels, or any rash declarations. I continued to squeeze her arm until we arrived at the front gate, and then, after bidding her good-night, I went down the street to collect items for the newspaper. That was the second time I had been blighted that year and it was only the month of May. Goodness only knows how many more times I would have been blighted if I had kept on, but I turned my attention to more rational pursuits.

P. S.—The first item I got on going down the street was that of a person who had jumped into the river because a girl wouldn't have him.



The Ancient "Milwaukee" and a Fair Passenger.



The ancient "Milwaukee" left Oswego for Kingston one fine evening in August many years ago with the writer and a number of other passengers. The wind had been blowing down the lake all day and there was a heavy sea running. The moon shone brightly, but did not reduce the waves which rolled the ancient "Milwaukee" about in a most unceremonious manner.

Among the passengers there was a good looking little girl, called Mamie, with whom I had become somewhat acquainted. On account of the sea it was necessary that Mamie should receive consolation. This I was prepared to furnish, at least I might have been prepared to furnish, if I had been in a fit state to do so. As we were sitting as close together as circumstances would permit of, it became apparent to Mamie that I was not as lively as I ought to be, and a reason was asked for, the answer to which was not satisfactory.

By this time the ancient "Milwaukee" was well out in Lake Ontario with a beam sea running against her and the crockery and other utensils and furniture in the cabin were suffering severely. The moon continued to shine, but that did not relieve my feelings. At last it became necessary to state that it was time to go to bed, and on the intimation thereof to Mamie, she burst out laughing—to use a peculiar phrase, for it was I who felt like bursting—and said: "I know what's the matter with you. Well, you'd better go," or words to that effect. On being released I started for my bunk and went to bed, but not to sleep, for the reason that the ancient "Milwaukee" was kicking up her heels too violently.

After a while a tremendous racket arose, and the furniture and other things in the cabin were apparently having a dance to the accompaniment of screams and shouts and other noises too numerous to mention. After this I must have become insensible as I remember nothing more until the boat arrived at Kingston early in the morning. I then felt better, and on making enquiries as to the racket before mentioned was informed that some of the passengers, including Mamie, were endeavoring to make for their rooms, but had great difficulty in doing so.

I was also informed that none of them had been killed or even injured, which greatly relieved me, as Mamie was really a nice looking girl and I should have

been very sorry had she sustained any damage. Mamie and her ma left the boat at Ogdensburg much to my regret and the regret of others. I have not seen her since, but if she comes across this yarn she will no doubt remember the circumstances. The yarn is also guaranteed to be true and can be verified by statutory declaration if necessary.



Row at the Sewing Machine Agent's House.



I had been absent from the village for several days, out on a tour through the county selling "Fire Kindlers", warranted to light a stove without the use of coal oil. Price, one dollar, with full instructions how to use it. Business had been dull in our law office, so I thought I would sell fire kindlers and earn an honest dollar; it was better than sitting in the office smoking pipes and talking politics. I was fired with a desire of ameliorating the condition of the masses when I started out with the fire kindlers, and I burned with zeal as I thought of the profits that would accrue. However, I returned to my boarding house, the abode of sewing machine agents and others, and as I drew near to the edifice I heard loud voices in angry dispute. Entering by the door (memo: I sometimes entered by the window) I discovered my boarding house keeper's sister and her mother arguing with a strange female. She was an entire stranger to me and I did not wish a more intimate acquaintance. I thought she was full.

"That machine is 20 years of age if it's an hour. You cannot cheat me," said the woman, swinging herself around with excitement.

"My dear," said the sewing machine agent's sister's mother, "we don't intend to cheat you; I'm very sorry that you ar'nt satisfied, but I have nothing to do with it."

"Where is that man? I want to see him! I'd like to have his black whiskers in these hands." (The woman was evidently there for the purpose of making it interesting for the scalp of my boarding house keeper). "Where is he?" she shouted, with a hungry expression on her countenance, "because I want to see him."

"He's out at the revival meeting now and won't be back until late," said the sister of my boarding house keeper, "so you needn't wait for him."

"Well, I hope he'll get converted, for he needs it. I guess I'll wait. I'll wait if it takes all night," said the female, shoving a parcel under my boarding house keeper's sister's nose.

"Take that parcel away, madam; you ought to be disgusted with yourself," said my b. h. k.'s sister.

"I'm disgusted with that sewing machine, and I'll sue him for damages," yelled the female.

"Look here, mum," said I, "you'd better not sue him, unless you wish to pay fifty dollars for costs, for he'll lick you as sure as guns!"

"And who might you be?" shouted the woman, getting ready to shove the parcel into my stomach.

"Well, I'm a law student and I'm just now selling fire kindlers for a living; that's who I am," I replied.

The person gradually became less violent, and after waiting a while got up and left the house, but before doing so she kicked over a sewing machine and did considerable damage to an organ. We were glad when she went out, but, of course, did not mention the fact to her.

The machine in question, sold by my boarding house keeper, was all right, only she had been trying to mend shoes with it. We have since the events mentioned above sold her a fire kindler, and her husband, a very respectable ratepayer, says that he has now two fire kindlers in the house, one more than he actually needs.

Jan. 1st. 1904. Is it possible that the strange female referred to in the above narrative was the forerunner of the "new woman" that we have heard so much about.

Slinging Hash.

A Marine Anecdote.



To a numerous list of accomplishments I last summer added that of waiter on a steamboat. I didn't wait on the steamer as much as on the passengers, although I have known some very respectable people to wait on steamboats when the boats have been late. I picked up the profession rapidly, but not so rapidly as I picked up broken dishes. The first morning at breakfast I managed to carry one cup and a saucer in each hand, but before I had been in the business a week I got so proficient that I could carry fourteen and break nine in a single journey from the pantry to the cabin. A very expert waiter I am told will sometimes carry ninety-six, but I have never seen it done. At dinner there were generally eight or nine kinds of meat—"Fish, roast beef, roast mutton, roast veal, roast pork, roast heart, corned beef, goose pie," and occasionally after taking six or seven orders I managed to get the plates mixed and would probably give fish to a young lady who had asked for goose pie.

"Waiter!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Bring me a cup of tea and I'll give you 5 cents."

"Sir," said I, "would you like the loan of 10 cents when you play poker to-night?"

I obtained the tea for him, but he never offered me 5 cents again. I was somewhat annoyed at the insinuation.

The second night on board troubled dreams disturbed my rest and I could not understand what kind of meat one of the passengers wanted. I went over the list and thought he asked for frog's liver, a dish we never kept in stock. I woke out of my sleep, yelling, "Fish, beef steak, pork steak, mutton chop, veal cutlet, ham and eggs," and the passengers, thinking that it was breakfast time, jumped up in a hurry. It was only, however, 2 o'clock, a.m. There were five waiters on board, including myself, and to use the language of the lakes, it was a caution the way they "slung hash". I used to admire the cool and easy manner in which the head waiter would walk down the cabin during a heavy sea and "sling hash" all over the floor. Nothing seemed to disturb him, it was his duty to "sling hash", and if it got slung a few yards the wrong way it did not make much difference, except to the passengers who happened to get it down their backs. I saw three cups of tea go down a woman's neck one after the other, but they went through her mouth first.

The kitchen was just underneath the pantry, and in the ceiling of the said kitchen there was a trap door through which the cooks handed up the hash to the waiters. "Stand by for corn bread," "stand by for ham and eggs," "come and see us," "stand by for roast beef," these were some of the phrases used by the waiters when they wanted anything and immediately a sea cook would appear at the trap door with the required hash and hand it to the waiters, who would sling it on the table or on the floor as the case might be. It fell to my lot to wait on several very troublesome females, one especially who was having some annoyance with her baggage, revenged herself by acting as disagreeably as she could to the waiters. I detested the looks of that female, and it required a great deal of self-denial on my part to refrain from spilling tea down her back. There were two or three others with babies, who were continually asking me to get soothing syrup and cholera medicine and various other compounds that I knew nothing of. The principal medicines carried on steamboats consist of three things, which are applied for all forms of sickness, namely, camomile pills, pain killer and cocktails, and if these remedies fail to take effect the patient has to get along the best way he can. Most of them prefer cocktails.

Quarter of an hour before each meal the steward rang the dinner bell as a notice for the passengers to take their "bitters", and then you would see them

filing up towards the ice-water tank for the purpose of concocting divers beverages, which they would drink with great relish and depart again, drawing their handkerchiefs across their lips after the manner of people who indulge. There was a lasting fragrance about the ice-water tank, which could be observed for a considerable distance.

Clearing the table after dinner was the hardest work we had to contend with; it was worse than giving half a dozen women the wrong tea. The divers mixtures that people used to leave on their plates surpasses belief. The quantity of food thrown away after each meal would feed a good-sized boarding house, and the rejected pudding and mutilated pie would feed a herd of goats. The boys were always glad when a storm came up because nobody could eat anything and it gave them a rest, but when the passengers recovered from the effects I generally observed that the boys paid somewhat dearly for the rest. The air on Lake Superior is calculated to give people an appetite, but it is nothing compared with the appetites they get after recovering from the effects.

The greatest scene of destruction I think I ever witnessed on a ship was one day at dinner when a waiter bound down from the pantry to the cabin with a heavy load of hash, collided with a waiter bound up from the cabin to the pantry with a miscellaneous cargo of empty plates and dishes. The shock was felt all over the boat and for the space of ten minutes the

greatest consternation prevailed, many people believing that the engine was about to explode. Amongst the passengers I may mention the names of "Eagle Eye, the Scout," "Little Thunder," and Mary Ann Shaw, and they all developed very good appetites during the voyage.

Waiting on a steamboat is not easy work if the passengers are numerous and healthy, and I congratulate myself that I am not permanently in the business. I would rather be a sea cook or something else if I had to follow a nautical career.



Memo.

If the foregoing yarns are duly appreciated by the ratepayers and others residing in Canada and elsewhere, it is possible that the author may cause some more to be concocted and published. However, it all depends on the ratepayers and others, and should the said ratepayers and others prove inimical, the editor will certainly not concoct any more yarns, or cause them to be concocted. A Dios for the present. After writing the above, the editor thinks that whether the yarns are appreciated to not, he may continue to concoct them.

Memo Again.

The Editor claims no literary merit for any of the foregoing yarns and it would be useless to criticize them for want of it. He also asks the reader's forgiveness for any and all slang phrases therein.