SKETCHES.

BY

DOM PEDRO.

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DEDICATION.

To His Japanic Majesty, the Micado of Japan :

DEAR BRO.

IT is with the sincerest regard that I dedicate this little volume to you. It has been no less a pleasure to me as to everyone else, to feel the delight of your majestic presence in our city, with all your glittering attendants and high personages of rank—that is when you paid us your first visit; but it must be confessed that during your latter visit here, the charm of your Japanic Majesty and suite has been more or less effaced by the emaciated appearance of your train of nobles and attendants. Your last appearance suggests to your many admirers that you had a long and weary journey,

and the roads were bad. Rather than dwell on a point that may vex your royal person, I will simply mention an opinion generally expressed, which is, that you have been personated to a very large extent by ambitious, but horribly crude, imitators, who have attempted to gain the confidence and dollars of a patient but critical public, but the scheme could not be worked to any great degree. I assure your Japanic Majesty that a successful reception awaits you, in the event of your coming in all your original costumery, and wit and wisdom of your imperial suite.

It was your Japanic Majesty's design, no doubt, in introducing Pooh-Bah, the chancellor of your exchequer, and the combined representative of your departments of government, as a fitting example to this young country, of what may be done in the way of political economy, and a source of relief to the afflicted tax-payer. Though fully appreciating your unselfish intentions, your Japanic Majesty's effort has come a little late in the day—just about one hundred and fifty years behind time. We can conscientiously state that all our institutions—from a school board up to the senate, are fully and completely represented by Pooh-Bahs: unlike your own trusted Pooh-Bah, ours find it no hardship to accept more than one

office, and constantly reach out for more—but from purely patriotic motives.

Your Japanic Majesty's reference to Ko-Ko and Fitti-Sing and others, when they are condemned by an unjust law, that you will have it changed next session, is timely. The trouble with our legislators is, that they do not change an oppressive law for a good one, or create progressive legislation at the next session, but allow retrogressive laws to remain in force from session to session, even unto the third and fourth generations. If your Japanic Majesty could devise some scheme for killing off some of the sessions of the legislatures and applying them to the law courts, you would accomplish an additional service to this country.

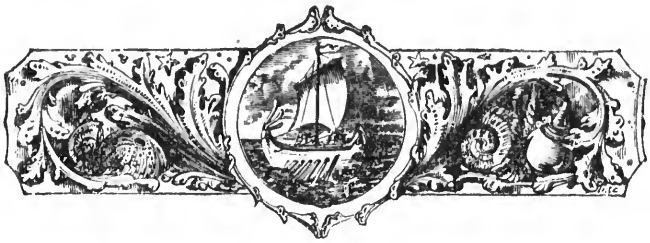
"Let the punishment fit the crime," is a maxim that can be justly attributed to your fertility of judgment. It is an open question whether the punishment fits the crime or not in this country—when the umbrella thief is at large and irresponsible drivers of vehicles dash along crowded thoroughfares, and whirl around corners, eternally endangering the lives and limbs of Her Majesty's subjects. Who is going to punish civic legislators for lack of promptitude in suppressing dangerous nuisances—in railway, general improvement, financial and sanitary matters, while the small boy is promptly jugged for two or three

years, for expropriating a bunch of red carrots, and at the end of his term be promptly turned out a first-class criminal? Who is going to punish the maker of criminal laws that only hit the ignorant and destitute? Perhaps your Japanic Majesty may think of some plan when next you pay us your annual imperial visit, that will rectify the mixed up affairs existing in this country.

Yours Fraternally,

PEDRO.

NOTE.—It is deemed best by the Author not to have "The Editor's Edition," or the preface to the Third Edition appended to these words. The reader will kindly not indulge too hastily in criticism that would reflect favorably on the Author.



OLD TIMES AT THE NEW FORT.

SECTION A.

AND INTRODUCTORY.

THE New Fort is about fifty years of age, so saith the chronicler. It is situated about three-quarters of a mile west of the Old Stockade Fort (or what is left of it), in the centre of what is called the Garrison Common. Its buildings forming a quadrangle and surrounded by a high board fence; the whole occupying about eight acres of good arable land. The main entrance to this Fortress is at the east side, and is accessible either by way of Bathurst Street and the Old Fort along the lake shore, or from the north by way of King Street West and Strachan Avenue.

If the visitor should wish to penetrate the interior of Toronto's great protector, he would have to consult the sentry who marches to and from the high posted gateway through the building, and the archway, some thirty feet distant, dressed in the uniform of the School of Infantry, red striped trousers, red coat and Scotch cap, well whitened belts, all denoting neat-

ness and order, pacing with short quick steps, and rifle at the trail. If the aforesaid sentry thought you merited his august permission, the visitor could at once go through the archway and pass the rack containing long and short rifles, on the right wall, bearing in mind, though, to walk with a strictly military gait. After passing through the archway, the mysteries of the New Fort would unfold before him. In the centre of the quadrangle is a square block of green sward, neat and trim, with a gravelled roadway, forming on its outer sides. The two storey stone building on the north of the green patch is the quarters of the Commandant, and office. The building is quite modern, gothic in architecture, with balcony in front. Directly opposite, at the south of the square, is a stone building, three times as long, plain, high steps leading into it, like the arches of a Chinese bridge, and crowned with a slate roof. Seeing orderlies passing to and from the Commandant's residence, it follows this must be the quarters of the general officers. The east and west sides of the square are flanked by long two storied buildings, similar to the last mentioned, only twice as long. The east building is devoted to the departments of kitchen, sergeants' mess, armory, storehouse, etc. The west twin for the canteen, the quarters of the privates, etc.

As the visitor follows the walk that leads past the southern building of the quadrangle, he abruptly steps upon Lake Ontario, which forms the extreme southern boundary of the Fort. No other guard but the lake-shore protects this part, except two or three pieces of heavy ordnance with their muzzles pointing lakewards, accompanied by a number of cannon balls, the size of foot balls, piled in conical sections. From this point of vantage looking south, there is a wide expanse of blue water, and an indentation in the shore can be seen in the hazy distance that is considered to be the mouth of the Niagara river, and farewell for ever to the American man-

of-war should it appear with its starry banner flapping in the breeze in the mouth of the Niagara. One shot from one of these long guns, and all is over; its shaken and battered hulk would be blown clear upon the pier at Lewiston.

The lake shore here makes a descent of about fifteen feet, and built up with stone neatly put together, in the form of breast-work. At the south-west angle of the enclosure, steps descend to the water's edge, where there are a couple of boat-houses, containing a couple of long boats. This completes the description of the New Fort, legitimate successor to the Old Fort.

The commanding position occupied by the New Fort, at the western entrance of Toronto harbor, aided by the sewage laden zephyrs of Toronto Bay, make it impregnable to the most daring enemy. If the enemy did not fall by the guns of the Fort, they certainly would succumb to the deadly aroma of the bay, that would meet the foe, and none would survive to tell what happened.

That part of the Garrison Common lying west of the New Fort, and forming the angle between Exhibition Park and the Lake—not a part of the Fort, but used by them, and the militia in general, and by name, the Butts—also offers a point of vantage, to keep off invaders, more by accident than the design of man. The trouble is, the soldiers do not discriminate between a friend and an enemy. Such bullets that do not hit the targets, or get buried in the mounds behind the targets, rake the lake shore beyond, and often find lodgment in persons who knowingly or unknowingly place themselves in line with the ranges, perhaps in the pursuit of pleasure or a stroll on the wharf for a little fresh air, or perhaps taking the shortest way home by boat. These very ignorant persons do not know what resistance the atmosphere offers to the force of a leaden bullet from a Martini rifle at five hundred yards. They are supposed to kill at the distance of a mile. It is the duty of the military authorities to

point out to those persons, who do not know any better than to live in the west end of the city, that it would be more comfortable if they wore armour without any joints in it while passing in front of the Butts, and at the same time the steamboat companies might build a new line of steamers, completely iron-clad with no port holes, and have the decks cleared when rounding for Dufferin Street wharf. Of course this comes expensive, and the population in that part of the city is increasing, but the militia can't help that; a fair warning is a fair warning. It only remains for the citizens who are compelled to use the lake front up there to be very careful and dodge the bullets, and recommend to the military people to put white feathers on their bullets to facilitate the dodging. For it is certain the bullets will not dodge the citizens.

If the citizens who have occasion to pass in front of the rifle butts, were confined to a certain class of humanity, there might be wisdom in retaining the butts for rifle practice. Among those who might be safely left to the mercy of stray bullets, are—aldermen who give away the interests of the city, gentlemen who lend money at five per cent. per month, on gilt edge security, bank wreckers, partisan editors, registrars that will not accept their fees, the politician who talks for the people and acts for himself; all annexationists, editors who never can be bought, merchants that sell below cost, haughty bank clerks, irresponsible civil service clerks, men who raise the prices of the necessities of life when times are the hardest, railway managers who want the earth and give nothing but impudence in return, and a host of others of a like quality;—but whoever heard of these persons being found in the neighbourhood of danger?

It is a choice whether the butts or the city should be removed. It is the duty of all peaceable citizens to find a new site for the city.

But this sketch has to do with events that took place in or about the year 1884, prior to the establishment of the

School of Infantry, when the household troops, or companies A and B of cavalry commanded by Col. D., Adjutant D., and Capt. D., were lodged, housed and fed within the sacred quadrangle of the New Fort, and will be enlarged upon in another section.

SECTION B.

THE STORM AND ITS EFFECTS.

ONE night while A and B companies, Body Guard, were quartered at the New Fort, the sky was overcast with dark masses of flying clouds, making in a north-westerly direction. The lake was agitated to its lowest depths by the fierce onslaught of the hurricane; while the breakers, as high as rows of houses, tumbled over each other in quick succession, and fell with a crash on the sturdy shore, like the distant boom of hundred ton guns. The wind shrieked, snorted and howled around the gables of the fortress. Scream after scream rent the air, as if a legion of demons were engaged in mortal combat with the elements, and flung against the unyielding sides of the quadrangle. It is certain, if they had been mortal, they would have been badly broken up.

In the building occupying the south side of the quadrangle, and while the tempest was at its greatest fury, the forms of soldiers could be dimly seen lying, rolled up in their blankets, in various attitudes of sleep, and the sentry pacing up and down the room to keep himself warm, as the wind whistles through the apartment.

The windows had the appearance natural to them after a siege; they were in a dismantled condition; not a whole

pane of glass was left in that part of the building. The warriors snoring on the floor, the sentry on guard, and nothing to prevent the rancorous wind from blowing through their quarters, looked like the conclusion of a great battle. But who or where is the foe!

The next morning was clear and calm, and the only traces of the storm visible were the muddy appearance of the inshore waters of the lake, and pools of water wherever they could find hollows to run into.

Private McGuzzle, while sampling his morning libation, at the canteen of the Fort, remarked that the boys were having a high old time the evening before at their quarters. What with singing, dancing, and joking, mingled with foaming schooners of beer, the ardent spirits of the boys broke loose, and charging on the windows with their swords, broke every window in sight as if they were imaginary foes. Tired after the slaughter of the window-panes, combined with the exhilarating draughts of brewer's tonic, each man threw himself on the floor, rolled up in his blanket, and soon all were snoring in unison with the storm outside, except Corporal Squad, an old soldier who had "seen times" in the regular army. As aforesaid, he stayed on guard the whole blessed night; the raid on the window-glass and the general disorder of the quarters impressed him with the belief that it was an actual bombardment, and that there were thousands of the enemy outside waiting to capture the garrison if the bold corporal once halted in his walk. We were awakened by his eternal pacing, and asked him to give us a rest, in the orthodox profanity of the day, and emphasized our request by firing at him hard-tack, boots, pouches, and anything we could lay our hands on; but he stuck to his post like a well-disciplined veteran and held the Fort against all comers.

After another round of "good healths," Private McGuzzle was sufficiently fortified to go further into the events of the night, when the bugle sounded for parade, and he departed in all haste.

As Private McGuzzle afterwards explained, there was a sort of rivalry between A and B companies, to such an extent that they were on the verge of war, many a time, when each company tried to outshine the other in drill and smartness generally.

While the troops were at drill, a searching investigation took place by the officers in command, as to the cause of the broken windows of the previous night. A company knew nothing about the affair, nor B. company. Whoever did the damages, would. as the Colonel said, be made a horrible example of, and he strode around looking fierce, and waiting for the criminal or criminals, to get on their knees and turn Queen's evidence; but no one offered to satisfy his longing to inflict knapsack-drill or brick-parade.

As Corporal Squad, with the rest of B company, occupied that part of the building where the windows were broken, they were naturally suspected of having a hand in the destruction of Her Majesty's Fortifications, but they one and all swore that they didn't know the first thing about it, believed it was the storm that did it. "But," said the Colonel, with a vicious smile, "Why didn't the storm break all the other windows?"

Corporal Squad, speaking for B company, tried to explain how the wind blowing between the two outer buildings, its force was at its greatest at their windows, but the Colonel wouldn't listen to it; the whole company were looked upon as guilty—it was a critical juncture, when Private McGuzzle spoke out, and said he thought or he believed that A company put up a job on B company to get even for some old grudge.

By such skilful parrying B company directed suspicion tc their old time enemies, A company. So opinion was divided; and it all ended by giving both companies a warning to desist in future, or the most vigorous punishment would ensue.

This was another stave in the barrel of wrath which A company had in store for B company on some future occasion. It remains to be seen how they got even. It also remains to be seen how the discipline, strictly impressed upon the troops, was adhered to.

SECTION C.

THE FRESH RECRUIT.

JAMES FIZZ was not a raw recruit, but he was a very fresh one. He had, prior to joining the Gov'r Gen's Body Guard, belonged to a corps of rifles, and owing to a disagreement with the command of that regiment, which consisted of uttering harsh language against our Queen and her loyal militia, while taking part in sundry manoeuvres on the sunny banks of the Niagara. James has a highly brittle temper, and from that cause alone, especially when subjected to the petty abuses of sub-officers, he lost control of his tongue and made use of remarks derogatory to his own regiment, and lavished encomiums on his confreres who signed the pay-roll of the men-at-arms of the neighboring Republic. His chief offence was in comparing American blue coat to the detriment of his own exclusive and incomparable corps.

Doubtless James had no intention of saying anything unpatriotic; the probability is he was filled up with American lager and conviviality, and in a moment of inspiration committed that offence for which the honors acquired by years of good conduct were snatched from him in so many minutes, and he reduced to the rank of full private.

James's heart rebelled at such ingratitude, and the regiment in which he was beginning to rise to unknown heights, he left to its fate, and quitted it for ever.

What James s motive was for joining the cavalry, remains an unsolved problem; perhaps it was to show to the world, and to his late corps in particular, that his days, as a man-destroyer, were not numbered, and that he was neither disheartened nor vanquished, and some day his rise would make them howl with envy. He did rise, too, and he also fell; but we will deal with that anon.

Private McGuzzle was an old acquaintance of James Fizz—or, as the boys with a due deference to brevity, called him—Jim Fizz. (It may properly be noted here that the language of the militia is bereft of that superfluous verbiage which is the special prerogative of the legal profession, and its almost inaccessible labyrinths. Though the word "brief" is frequently used, it does not shorten the verbosity, but simply puts all the forms of law affecting a case in an encyclopædia that can be carried around in a bag instead of an express waggon; on the other hand, military terms are precise and to the point) Therefore Jim Fizz was introduced to B company, by Private McGuzzle, without any formality or a state banquet.

Jim Fizz soon familiarized himself with our quarters, and it was not long before his true nature began to assert itself. He never allowed an opportnnity to slip that would get us all into trouble, while he would manage to wriggle out, and leave the rest of us to shoulder the responsibility. He had hair the color of a very ruddy sunset, an expression denoting both sagacity and absence of mind, nose and mouth that marked considerable curiosity, eyes with a long-range look in them, erect, spare figure, and there you have Jim Fizz.

The very day of Jim Fizz's introduction to the troop, there was ball practice at the Butts.

So many rounds are given to each man, and when the

firing is over it is the custom to return the unused cartridges.

Jim Fizz, as Private McGuzzle afterwards told the boys, had neglected to return his, and on returning to the Fort, found about a dozen cartridges in his pouch. What to do was a puzzle. If they were found on him it meant the guard house, sure.

There was an old wood stove in the room, and ranged around against the walls, were the iron bedsteads for the accommodation of the troop. All the old paper, dust and other combustible refuse, were stuffed into the old stove. On the top of this Jim Fizz dropped his cartridges, when no one was present.

After the boys were dismissed, they filed into the barracks, and were soon lounging about the room, smoking, chewing, spitting, arguing and having an easy and comfortable time generally. One of the boys had just lit his pipe, then opened the stove and threw in the lighted match—never dreaming what a mine was laid there. The old paper and stuff took fire—Jim Fizz was talking and looking at the stove in an absent sort of way. Suddenly he jumped up and made a break for the door, and when he got out, poked his head in again and said, "Boys the stove is full of ball cartridges!" Never was there such a stampede before; they all got out as one man. Col. Booker's retreat was nothing compared to it, and they banged the door after them. They went off to a safe distance and waited; there was'nt a long wait; bang, bang, double bang, then a whole volley, and all was still. We all rushed back again from one side, and the staff and A company from the other.

Our former deviltries placed us in rather bad repute with the officers. So they thought they had us this time. When they heard the explosion, they imagined the magazine had exploded, or a dynamitard had got within the sacred enclosure—it made a horrible noise.

Captain D. asked the meaning of all this and who was the perpetrator?

We told him we knew nothing about it, as we just rushed in to see what the matter was. Of course we could'nt account for it.

"However," he said, "this thing has to be stopped and discipline maintained!"

Private McGuzzle here spoke up: "I'll tell you just how it was Captain." We were outside cleaning our guns, and when we heard the bombardment we rushed right in and met you, and that's all there is about it.

The Captain did'nt take much stock in what Private McGuzzle said, but told us, "This matter will be probed right to the bottom, so prepare yourselves for court-martial before the Colonel to-morrow." Then the Captain, with the other officers and A company, left us to look after the ruins.

We turned into our quarters, and the sight that met our gaze was something thrilling. The plaster was knocked off the walls and ceiling in fifty places, and the fragments scattered all over the bedding. But where was the stove? The stove was smote hard; the floor was nearly paved with the pieces. And the stove-pipe looked as if it had been on a big spree and got all broken up.

Besides the stove, there was'nt much damage done; and that was'nt worth more than seventy-five cents for old iron.

The next day we were summoned before the Colonel, and underwent a severe examination; but nothing could be made of us; we did'nt know anything about the affair; how could we tell? We were outside cleaning our guns. (We knew Jim Fizz put the cartridge in the stove, but being one of our troop, we could'nt give him away.)

Jim being a new recruit, and looking so innocent and unconcerned, was hardly asked a question.

A company were on hand to say all they could against us; but we got off all right. All the same we were considered a pretty hard crowd.

We determined to get even with A company for the

part they took against us, and we were rewarded with a chance.

Next day, Private McGuzzle has on record, he went to see the paymaster, Major ———, to draw some money to sustain him through the rest of the camp—canteen incidentals, etc.

The Major brought up the subject of the stove explosion, and asked Private McGuzzle to make a clean breast of it, as he was sure he knew all about it.

But Private McGuzzle said he could give no information when he did'nt know himself.

Well, said the Major, I suppose you are quite willing to pay for the stove?

Yes, said Private McGuzzle, I am quite willing to pay my share.

"Well, McGuzzle, as this is a very serious charge, which, in time of war, would be enough to make the offenders, subject for target practice with ball cartridge, even under the ordinary rules of discipline, so I will charge you three dollars a piece for the old stove."

Private McGuzzle, retorted that "this was'nt war time, and he did'nt feel inclined to pay a dollar a pound for old iron. So far as discipline went, the boys were always ready to do their duty, within the hours set apart for drill instruction, according to the rules and regulations. But as they were volunteers and respectable citizens, they had a right to spend their leisure time in the enjoyment of their fancies, and would do so in spite of the pomposity and imitation of imperial arrogance of the commanding officers." Private McGuzzle stood upstraight in his five feet eleven inches, while giving utterance to his views, head high in the air, face flushed with conscious independence—assisted by ingredients from the canteen. Turned his blonde moustache to the right about, a well built soldier, not a slave to military despotism.

SECTION D.

THE RISE AND FALL OF JIM FIZZ.

THE same day Private McGuzzle had the interview with the paymaster, A and B companies had a competition in sword exercise. B company carried off the honors of the day, to the utter humiliation of A company. Their cup of vengeance was filled right up to the brim, with a froth on the top; and before the froth settled down they intended settling up with B company.

Private McGuzzle, Jim Fizz, Corporal Squad and the rest of the boys, were smoking their good night pipes, and donned their good night caps from the canteen. Then lights out and everyone tumbled into bed.

Shortly after an assortment of snores greeted the silence of the night. A disturbed warrior every now and then rose up and said, quit that, and made use of some vague threats, then went off to sleep again.

Jim Fizz was throwing boots, soap and other articles of toilet at the unconscious sleepers; having a good time by himself.

In the quarters of A company, there was a small council of war amongst its members, as to the means of getting even with B company for past offences. It was decided to make a midnight attack on their ancient foe. No sooner was it decided upon than it was carried out. So each man supplied himself with a knotted towel, and marched out with noiseless tread to the sleeping apartment of B company.

B company boys were still in deep sleep, and even Jim Fizz got through with his tricks, and was making

night hideous with the variety of his snorts, when suddenly the door was burst open, and in rushed the revengeful A company boys, and laid on their knotted towels with telling effect.

Before the B company boys could fairly realize the state of affairs, they were getting whacked in great style. As they wakened up to the facts of the case, they waded into the fray, and charged on A company, banged and pounded the midnight aggressors, and neither accepted nor gave quarter.

A company were in full retreat, with B company close on their heels, followed also by boots, belts and mixed profanity, when "guard, turn out!" was borne shrilly upon the night air. Shortly after, the guard came on the run towards the scene of the riot.

When both companies saw the guard they made a break for their quarters in opposite directions, but three of B company were captured and hustled into the guard house.

As they couldn't or wouldn't give an account of themselves, and the cause of the racket, they were sentenced to three days' imprisonment in the guard house.

On the last day of their sentence some of B company were on guard, and, in order to keep up the spirits of their caged comrades, they contrived to supply them with whiskey, tobacco and pipes, in large quantities. The prisoners had a high old time the rest of their confinement. On being released they were paralyzed with—the tobacco.

The Colonel was very wrath, and demanded to know who supplied them with the goods. But the boys were too full for utterance. The command could never find out, although the most minute inquiry was made—B company was the stuff that real soldiers were made out of.

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We must now turn our attention to Jim Fizz, whose career thus far has been barren of extraordinary events.

The third day after his commencement of a new military existence, he was promoted to the lofty elevation on the back of a horse sixteen hands high, in his horse-shoes. Like all high places, it is not easy to keep when you get them; as Jim found out to his sadness. His experience as a foot soldier in no way fitted him to acquire that easy motion in the saddle that gives comfort to the rider and delight to the spectator.

When Jim got promoted to such an unusual height—in other words mounted—he found it easier to ride a horse when on the ground than in the saddle. The horse wanted to go one way and he another. Jim was riding on the horse's neck oftener than on that place designed by nature and the harness-maker, as the proper place for a graceful rider; however, with much anxiety and contortions of his anatomy, he managed to keep in line with the troop—with the slight, but unimportant, exception of a yard or two.

Bulge up there in the centre;—came in clarion tones of command from Sergeant Bluster, as the steeds formed a half circle instead of a straight line.

"Where do you get that word of command?" said Captain D——to the Sergeant. "I never saw it in the manual."

As Sergeant Bluster was not very well versed in the nice technicalities of military law he made no reply, but got so red in the face that one could light a cigar on it. The boys snickered audibly—that was one on the Sergeant, who was fond of making a display of his authority, and was an old soldier.

After the drill was over Jim, more dead than alive, sought his couch—there to recover from his wounds, and resolved to retire from the cavalry—unless he could do his drilling with a horse and buggy.

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There is a zigzag path down the side of the declivity, leading to the lake, where every day the boys ride down to water their horses.

Jim Fizz's trials were not over yet. As Private McGuzzle and he were riding their horses down the hill —the rest of the troop on the top looking down at them— Jim Fizz's horse bolted forward, and dashed down the hill, as if he intended breaking his own and his rider's neck; Jim got as white as a ghost and embraced the horse's neck with considerable tenacity, while those above were yelling, hooting and laughing for all they were worth at Jim's Mazeppa-like career. As soon as the horse arrived at the water's edge he stopped short, and Jim was gracefully fired out towards the middle of the lake—like the leap for life in the circus—instead of an acrobat hanging by his toes to catch him, the chill waters of Lake Ontario received his unwilling person.

Jim swore under and above the water that he was done with military life, there was more liberty in being a civilian anyway. So when the garrison broke up he carried his high resolve into effect. Jim Fizz's name was therefore erased from the annals of martial fame.

So bright and vivacious a character as Jim Fizz's, and one whose genius is only equal to his energy for adventure, will find a fitting place in the chapter of human events on some future occasion.

Jim Fizz will no more appear in these pages. His military aspirations have been cooled by the cold waters of destiny, and the eccentricity of substituting a sweat pad for the regulation saddle—built of pig-skin.

SECTION E.

A COMPANY BARRED OUT—FROLICS WITH A CALF—A MILITARY BANQUET—CONCLUSION.

IT was the last day of the annual drill at the new Fort. Private McGuzzle, Corporal Squad, and a few more choice spirits of B company, were having a reunion at the canteen, and going over the events of the past few days, before they departed for their several homes, under the auspices of the usual bumpers.

When any members of the troops wished to go to town, to see their friends, or for other purposes, they had to get passes for leave of absence, and were required to be in at a certain hour, at which hour the gates close, and a sentry is placed at the wicket, near the big gate, to take the passes of the late comers. The absence of the pass meant the guard house.

One night about half a dozen of A company got leave of absence, and the same night some of B company were told off for sentry duty. About eleven o'clock, p.m., the fellows from A company presented themselves at the wicket for admission. (The B company sentry thought it a good chance to get even for the knotted towel business, and made the best of it.) "Well, if you want to come in, give me your passes," said the inside.

"We have our passes all right, let us in," said the outside.

"You can't get in here till you pass in your checks," replied the inside, firmly.

So they had to hand them in with a good deal of unwillingness, and with some threats of getting even later on; but they did'nt get in just then.

The guard came around to relieve the sentry, who put the passes in his pocket without saying anything about the A company men outside.

When the new sentry went up to the wicket (a L company man), the outside demanded admission, as they had handed in their passes.

"Well, I did not get any passes," coldly answered the new sentry.

The outside swore they had just passed them through the wicket.

"I guess you must have given them to the old sentry who has just been relieved," said the unsympathetic sentry. "I can't let you in without your passes; it's against the rules, you know."

The A company men thereupon swore, pleaded, bluffed, and shook their fists at the sentry, but it was no use; they could'nt make much noise, or they would have been run in the guard-house, so they had to prowl around outside the fence all night in the cold, chilly atmosphere, and the heavily falling dew.

B company considered the trick played on A company worth a week's pay, and they got no end of fun out of it.

. . . . . .

The next day, after the night scene at the wicket, Private McGuzzle was doing sentry duty. While he was tramping up and down, every now and then casting anxious looks in the direction of the canteen, where some of the boys were having a social, peculiar to canteens, two or three of B company came dashing around the corner of the building holding a calf by a rope, and the calf was kicking up its heels and bawling frantically, while the cow to which it claimed parentage was complaining in a deep basso, from its corral at the rear, at the rude way its family was torn from its side. As the calf and the boys disappeared around the building, for what purpose Private McGuzzle did'nt know, anyway, he did not interfere with the fun, it was hardly a minute after, when

the Grand Rounds, in command of Lieut. H——, came along in a hurry, having noticed some kind of a commotion in the quarter of the calf-abduction.

"Did you notice some men taking something around the corner, McGuzzle?"

"No, I did'nt," answered Private McGuzzle (who forgot to salute his superior officer), "I saw nothing at all—not even a beer waggon."

Lieutenant H. looked at Private McGuzzle in a very doubting manner.

"I will go and look around, if you like," said Private McGuzzle, "and see if there's any one around." He got permission and went around behind the stable, climbed up to the hay-loft, found a hole in the hay, and slept for three hours. Meanwhile his absence was noted, and the commandant was about to institute enquiries as to Private McGuzzle's prolonged absence, when our hero turned up, looking sleepy, and hay sticking in his hair and on his back.

"Well McGuzzle," said Lieutenant H., "how do you account for your absence from your post; this is very serious, indeed?"

"Well, I'll just tell you how it was," answered Private McGuzzle. "You told me to look behind the barrack and find out what was going on;" well, I could'nt see anything wrong, so I just got back. There wasn't a hole or corner inside the Fort that I did'nt carefully search, but could find no signs of disorder."

Lieutenant H. remarked to some of his brother officers that Private McGuzzle, he believed, was the biggest liar between the new fort and Quebec. He (Private McGuzzle) knew as much about the truth as a cow about stewed oysters.

. . . . . .

The military banquet held on the last night of the camp in honor of a certain officer of the Q. O. R. was a grand affair, in the words of Private McGuzzle, whose usual clear-cut style supplied all the details.

The banquet was given by the officers, non-coms and privates of A and B companies, Gov.-Gen. Body Guard. The table groaned with the weight of the solid eating materials, all that goes to make up a hilarious banquet; and the banqueters groaned afterwards.

Toasts were drunk to the Queen, the Army and Navy, the Colonel and to one another in great profusion. Toasts were the order of the evening. Speeches were made, songs sung, songs half sung, counter songs, mixed songs, and the beer circulated with great rapidity.

Sergeant Bluster rose up to offer a toast to His Highness the Emperor of the Sandwich Islands. "Beer, beer," shouted half-a-dozen banqueters, and a half-a-dozen pitchers of beer were held to him to fill up. Sergeant Bluster offered to sing a song. Beer, beer, give him some more beer. Sergeant Bluster struggled to his feet to relate how Tel-el-keber was taken. Give him some more beer, fill up old boy, till Sergeant Bluster was so full he could'nt hold anymore; and could hardly keep his eyes open. Whenever he attempted to rise some of the watchful banqueters emptied jugs of beer down his back till he swam in beer.

There was no end of beer that night; we must have chartered a brewery. It was a great night, and how it ended very few of us knew. The beer must have been drugged. There wasn't a dry spot on the floor. That was an old time banquet, said Private McGuzzle, as he remarked, "here's a go."

. . . . . .

The boys were pretty mad, said Private McGuzzle, when the paymaster deducted three dollars each from our pay for the old stove. A stove of that description could be bought for five dollars, new, which we had to pay fifty for. We resolved that if our pay was reduced, according to that figure, we would leave the Body Guard. We left.

It was some months after camp was over before we got the balance of our pay. The money was sent from

headquarters before we broke up, and left in the proper hands for distribution among the troops. For some unexplained reason it didn't reach us for a long time after —when it was the least use. There is no doubt the money was lying in the bank to the credit of the proper officer, and drawing interest. Perhaps the paymaster thought if the money were paid promptly we would set up a competition troop, or desert our country and join the Portuguese army. Whatever the reason was, we had to wait till it was the pleasure of the command to pay. If we had got the interest on our money, it would have passed—but we did'nt.

"Once more" to old B company, and "one" to the confusion of A company—and the canteen knows private McGuzzle and his loyal comrades, no more.

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The waves still lap against the masonry built shore. The guns still menace the invader. The bullets still fly at large on the Garrison Common. The quadrangular buildings of the New Fort have not deviated one quarter of an inch from their foundations since they were first built. But a change has taken place in the internal arrangement of the New Fort. All the high carnival sort of fun has departed with the volunteer troops. Everything now is orderly, regular and ominous of serious discipline. Every man is a machine, that acts with perfect accuracy, when the operator touches the button.

There, under the verandah of the building on the east side of the quadrangle, is a squad of red-coats marching towards the kitchen, in double file, every two men carrying a hand-barrow containing about five pounds of meat. These bearers of meat, are, by the military dictionary, called a "fatigue" party. It is ironically called *fatigue* because no one was ever known to get tired of that sort of exercise, unless the mere mention of it, tired them, which is a quite reasonable deduction, from the small amount of labor performed with so much pomp.

Whatever usefulness may be ascribed to the nucleus of our regular army, whose proficieney in military mechanism is beyond question, it is certain they are a very ornamental body.

It is rather tough on the citizen soldiers—men of the highest business intelligence—representatives of the electorate—men who know their importance as constituent parts ef the political and intellectual development of the country which they claim as the heritage of a free and sovereign people—to have suppressed every sign of social amusement and unconstrained hilarity, which are only too apt to break out in their old time glory at these annual musterings of the volunteer brigades.

If the military satraps imagine that the volunteers, when they cast off their fashionable and well cut tailor-made clothes, to crawl into regimentals cut out in a saw-mill, will lose their identity as civilians, and become machines, or conscripts, it is a mistake the commanding officers (military coxcombs) will have sooner or later to acknowledge, according as the volunteers improve in efficiency, and the consciousness of their responsibility as citizens and soldiers.

A free interchange of civilities and forbearance between the rank and file and the aspiring Cæsars for martial renown, will go a long way to cement the cordiality among the officers and men, and the well being of the state, which all have in common.

As Private McGuzzle would say: "Ho, for the volunteers, the fun-loving volunteers, the freedom-loving volunteers. the forage-loving volunteers, the bulwark of the nation!"

THE CRUISE OF THE PSYCHE.

ONE KNOT.

THE PSYCHE SETS SAIL—THE DESERTION—THE SECOND MATE FALLS A VICTIM TO SEA MALARIA.

"RUN up the mainsail, cast off the painter; luff, luff there, you lubbers!" hoarsely yelled Captain Filup, as the trim yacht, Psyche, of twenty tons burden, shot away from her moorings, at the foot of Simcoe-street.

The Psyche was formerly a steam yacht, but as coal was then, and still is, very high, her owners decided to sell the machinery to the highest bidder, and convert her into a double-masted schooner yacht, which was likewise done. She was therefore on an extended voyage to Frenchman's Bay, and other seaports betwixt Toronto and Cobourg, to renew her cargo if necessity demanded, in command of Captain Filup, with a crew consisting of first mate, Charley Soaker; second mate, Lapsus Linguæ, and a baker's dozen of men, including the ship's surgeon, and the cabin boy, Pierre Miquelon, all told.

The Psyche carried a mixed cargo of barreled lager, bottled ale, ten gallons of prime seven-year-old rye, and about a half a ton of ham sandwiches, plentifully bespattered with Keene's mustard.

As the Psyche was scudding along under a full head of canvas, with a rolling motion, and cutting through the swell caused by the ruthless island ferry boats, and showering up the spray like the froth on fresh lager, on a holiday, by her sharp prow, while rounding Queen's wharf, and directing the bow-sprit towards the open sea, sou-west by south. "Ahoy there, Pierre!" called the captain, "go below and find out what is keeping first mate Soaker and second mate Linguæ."

The first and second mates should have been above decks, to look after the course of the ship, as the chart indicated shoals off the north-west part of Hanlan's point.

The captain impatiently walked up and down, for it was his intention to go below to make an entry in the ship's log. Pierre suddenly appeared through the hatchway and said, "Oh, Le Filup, captaine,"—Pierre was of French extraction,—"Messrs. Soaker and Linguæ to me say, 'le captaine tell, the pot jack, they have them not got through the half, and le captaine tell him to le diable might go,' and they what you call the lager drink." "What!" roared the captain, and he staggered back, as if struck a mortal blow, then uttered a low moan. "I thought I heard sounds below, like the murmur of revelry by night. A mutiny, and the arms in possession of the crew! So they have cracked the cargo; they got there before me. I will be avenged. The Union Jack flies in these waters, or I am a ring-tailed sea serpent!" and his eagle eye swept the lake.

There were any number of crafts in sight, from a single lugger up to a three-masted schooner, not to speak of steamboats, all carrying Union Jacks, some carrying a dozen or two, in fact they were so thick that if a trumpet

were blown from the Psyche's deck, a Union Jack would flap at its breath. And a trumpet did sound, in a loud and prolonged blast, from the lips of Captain Filup, who ordered all hands on deck to man the pumps, but all hands were attending to the pumps below, and didn't budge.

The captain, maddened beyond all description, rushed down the hatchway, and found that his worst fears were realized. There, lying on the floor, alongside of a lot of empty beer bottles, with his head pillowed on a big bundle of sandwiches, was first mate Soaker, already unconscious; second mate Linguae sitting close to the table, laughing hysterically; the deep glow of his nose trying to o'er-match his hair, the liquid on the table, floor, and his shirt-front, appeared as if he spared not the lager, and just as the captain entered on the scene, he topped off with a very deep draught of seven-year-old. The rest of the crew, counting the ship's surgeon, were playing poker, and indulging in a sailors' hornpipe, and singing songs of the deep, such as "He's a jolly good fellow," "Blow ye winds, I oh!" "Hornpipes," though were in great demand, either from the bottle or the barrel.

"Avast there!" thundered Captain Filup, foaming with rage; "mutinous dogs! I will have you all swung to the yardarm."

The whole crew trembled and turned as pale as their potations would allow them, except the first and second mates; the first mate still kept to his trance, and the second mate went further into hysterics.

The ship's surgeon complained, that the first and second mates were the first to break into the cargo, and made the crew do the same, though much against their wills. The crew saw that the first and second mates wouldn't be likely to contradict them for some time to come, and in the meantime they would make an excuse to go ashore and abandon the ship, where there was so much peril of their necks. The opportunity soon came.

The captain being somewhat soothed, said he would consider the matter, and walked over to one of the half empty barrels of lager, and a long time did not elapse before he was full and the barrel a great deal emptier; he shortly became groggy, and went off in a stupor. The good ship, was then a prey to the winds and the waves, and to the contracted experience of Pierre Miquelon.

Now was the grand chance for the crew to get off. They mounted the hatchway like a shower of sky-rockets; to bind Pierre to the mast, cast anchor and lower the dingy, was the work of a minute, and in thirty more they reached the shore and liberty. Took the ferry boat over, and hid in the purlieus of the city for two months under assumed names, till the whole thing blew over.

TWO KNOTS.

PIERRE IS RELEASED FROM CAPTIVITY—THE FIRST MATE COMES OUT OF HIS TRANCE—THE SECOND MATE'S ENGAGEMENT BECOMES HARASSING TO HIM.

WHEN Captain Filup awoke from his stupor, he looked around fiercely, as a dim consciousness of what took place occurred to him. "Where are those pirates," he shouted," till I wipe the decks with them?" There was no response, save the flapping of the sails above. He became quite awake, and looked around. There was the first mate, Soaker, still in a profound trance, with his head nestling among the ham sandwiches. The second mate was writhing in the throes of mortal agony,

and in acute, agonizing tones, asked for a preacher to waft his soul up the milky way.

The captain, after piling a few nautical curses on the already startled soul of the second mate, made for the deck.

His first glance rested on Pierre, tied to the mast with a hawser. He was crying in lower Canadian French, and the tears rolled down his cheeks in such thick streams, that he could wring his shirt. His next glance was not long in ascertaining the fact that the ship was riding at anchor.

Before releasing Pierre from the mast he was supporting, the captain lit his pipe and walked aft to his cabin to consult his chart. As nearly as he could make out, dead reckoning, they stood due west from Hanlan's Point, in about six feet of water, and one hundred yards from shore.

While he was gazing shorewards, he fancied he saw a dark object rising and falling with the heaving of the water; it was the dingy floating towards the ship. When the captain started in search of a fish pole to capture the truant dingy, his eye lighted on Pierre, who had an idea that it was necessary for him to stay with the mast.

To cut the rope that held poor Pierre to the mast with a tobacco knife, was, to the captain, a work of love, and the duty of a protector.

So soon as Pierre was certain of his freedom, he fell on his knees, clasped the captain around the knees, and in grateful accents thanked his deliverer for his timely aid, in freeing him from a captivity forced upon him by the villanous mutineers. Pierre, then, while the captain fished for the dingy, crawled down below, passed over the form of first mate Soaker, and in the twinkling of a marling spike engulfed three schooners of his native French beverage, laager. While in the act of taking a fourth, he accidentally spilled some of it on the first mate's

face, which had the effect of recalling him from his lethargy. Fearful of being put in irons, Pierre scuttled up the hatchway.

The first object that met the dull eye of the first mate was the second, who was groaning and alternately doubling himself up into a sailor's knot. His face was ghastly, in fact he looked like one whose sands of life had reached the lowest ebb.

"Hello! Laps, old boy, what is the matter with you, can I do anything for you?" said the first mate, "here, take some of this," holding up a quart bottle of seven-year-old to Laps' nose.

Laps gave a gasp, and a shudder shook his frame, then he fell, with the death-rattle in his throat; but it was'nt, he was only expectorating sandwiches and miscellaneous beverages. So violent was his expectoration that he did not feel satisfied till he brought up his socks.

It is best to draw a veil over Laps' combat with his inner self, and proceed above decks.

Captain Filup sent Pierre down for the first mate to assist in getting the Psyche under weigh, as a good breeze had sprung up. So up came the first mate, like a man under the influence of a narcotic.

Once more the gallant Psyche was bounding o'er the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

The captain went below to make an entry in his log—it is worthy of mention that the faucet of the lager beer barrel was within a stone's throw of the log-book—after making a double entry, he enquired of the second mate how he was feeling, and did he want anything.

"Yes," moaned Laps, "I want a clergyman, and then the grave."

The condition of the second mate was becoming so serious, that Captain Filup thought it best to send him ashore, to be fixed up by the doctor; such treatment could not be had on board, as the ship's surgeon deserted with the rest of the mutineers. Accordingly the second mate was

carried upon deck, lowered in the dingy, and, accompanied by Captain Filup and first mate Soaker, was rowed ashore.

The Psyche, at this stage of the narrative, was anchored off the shore, due west from the Light House and the Lakeside Home, or Children's Hospital. So to the Children's Hospital the second mate was conveyed, groaning, and in low, gasping tones, asking the captain to send him a lawyer; he knew he was'nt long for this earth, and he was'nt going to have his heirs fighting over his wealth, and he wished to make his will.

The kindly matron of the Lakeside Home admitted the second mate, and had him placed in the care of the hospital physician and a nurse, to whose keeping we will consign him, with the hope that he may soon be able to return to his shipmates, and to the duties of second mate

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THREE KNOTS.

UNFULFILLED EXPECTATIONS.

WHILE Captain Filup and first mate Soaker were making their way in the dingy to the patient Psyche, to relieve the anxiety of Pierre (whose anxiety and terror was very great, lest the return of the captain and mate would take place before he completed the sampling of the cargo), another chapter in this memorable voyage, was eventuating on dry land, in that part of the city devoted almost exclusively to the profession of law and kindred avocations, where, if a man be wise, he will never venture in its jurisdiction with a heavy

wallet and a principle of justice to have vindicated, according to legal maxims and a very robust tariff of fees.

In one of many of the beautiful structures that adorn Slippery St., where the disciples of law have their securest lair, are a suite of elegant apartments, and on the glass door, inscribed in neat, black letters, the following warning: "Catchem & Holdem, Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Solicitors in Chancery—Office hours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.—Consultations not free."

In one corner of a room used as a clerk's and a general sitting-room, sat Tom Mainbrace on a very hard chair; before him frowned a non-intellectual writing desk, with an upper story of pigeon-holes, alphabetically arranged

Tom Mainbrace was a law student, that is, when the work of the firm relaxed a little, which did happen now and then. Christmas day and Sundays, were quite enough for any reasonable young man to pursue his studies.

As Tom was plying his pen with all the vigor he was capable of, in preparing a brief of about two hundred folios, to file that day (Saturday), two pairs of mortgages (in duplicate) and register, before four o'clock; make out bill of costs (a very long one) for Mr. Hardpressed, whose business is in a very tottering condition; copy to file, copy to keep, and copy to serve, fee on each. Two dozen letters to copy; make all the day's entries in the day-book, were a few of the day's performances that Tom had to wade through before he tasted the sweets of repose and the luxuries that a down-town boarding house invariably provides.

Tom Mainbrace felt that his conception of studying to be a lawyer, was certainly a delusion (if not a snare). He felt that he was nominally a law student, and practically a law clerk, and a factotum in general, and that the channels for ability were closed to those who are meagrely supplied with the "unearned increment;" and the aspirant after legal lore and cliential advantages—not born in the purple—has to be all nerve, two-thirds

knave, and be possessed of a nickel-plated constitution, with a modicum of intellect.

So far as Tom was concerned, he thought if he were a coal-heaver, he could'nt be any more worked, and not have the compensating alternative of the side-walk obstructionist, good wages. Two dollars a week for doing the work of a law firm, may be all right from the firm's stand-point, but devilishly rough on the "student." However, the legal union was too strong to resist, and Tom, like a great many more, could go farther and fair better, if they liked. There were any number to fill the strikers' places. (The type-writer has recently reduced the work of the "student," and has expedited business generally. But, from a client's view, does a letter written by a type-writer cost any less than it did formerly, or are legal costs reduced commensurate with modern facilities for carrying on the business of law? History hath not thus far stated in the affirmative.)

"Mainbrace!" called the senior member of the firm, Catchem, from the inner sanctum, in a voice of imperial archness, "here, I want you to deliver these letter to so and so, and wait for answers. On your way home to-night, you might take my bag to my house, and while you are about it, you might call on 'that man,' Hard-pan, whose weekly payment on the tin-plated cruet-stand is due, and tell him if he does not pay you 'there and then,' we will enter suit at once. We must get our costs anyway. Here's a car ticket, you can walk back.

"By the way, Mainbrace, next year, if you do the trifling tasks we give you to do, satisfactorily, we will raise your salary to two dollars and fifty cents per week."

Tom expressed his thanks and mumbled something about "kindness that ever will be remembered," and the condescending Catchem waved him out of the room.

Tom Mainbrace groaned, and administered sundry kicks upon himself, at the cruel destiny that placed him in such

a contradictory position. So, in brief, not a "law brief," he determined to resign his place as a law "student," and leave a vacancy for some happy youth who hungers after the law and servility.

Tom Mainbrace and first mate Soaker of the good ship Psyche were old chums.

Soaker had pictured to Tom the great time a sailor had, and good pay; plenty of grog, tobacco, and no end of fun at the various ports they touched, while supping their "White-label" in the little square room of the Sailors' Retreat on King-street, and Soaker had fired the imagination of Tom with yarns of hidden treasure at the bottom of the ocean, and brushes with pirates, and how he had seen a sea-serpent, so long that it was hard to get anyone to believe it. Soaker being a very amiable fellow, who loved his grog, related the story: "While we were bowling along, with a stiffish breeze blowing out our canvas, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, on Lake Erie, the man at the look-out sang out that there was something away ahead that had the appearance of a procession of logs. All hands (including the culinary artist), pressed forward, and as we approached the thing, which was off our starboard quarter, a hundred yards distant, it turned out to be a sea-serpent, going at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, and it took us just one hour fifteen minutes and seventeen seconds by the captain's stop-watch, to pass it."

All those in the room, except Tom, looked as men who had slight doubts of the extra seventeen seconds.

One of the tars, who was a frequenter of the Retreat, said it was hard to take that story down, but, he had seen lesser serpents, in countless numbers, crawling out of his boots and the stove-pipe hole in his bedroom; and curling around the foot of his bed, at one period of his life; he, therefore, would advise his friend Soaker to be careful how he mixed his grog.

The end of it was, that Tom Mainbrace, through such

brilliant allurements, agreed to join the crew of the Psyche, the next day (Sunday), and he (Soaker) would make arrangements with the captain to lay off Scarboro' Heights till Tom arrived. Another reason that in a great measure induced Tom to abandon the law, and to take to sea-faring life, was, as first mate Soaker 'whispered,' he, with some of the crew, intended tapping the cargo; and he could take his affidavit before a commissioner in B. R. that thirst was unknown on board the Psyche.

That, poetically expressed, was the cap sheaf to Tom's resolution.

Tom swore that if it were necessary he would turn pirate on the first occasion; at any rate he could see no difference between a pirate at sea than one in the profession he had chosen. If anything, the former is more respectable, as it takes more courage, and the chances of dangling at the end of a rope are, ninety-nine in a hundred, in favor of the rope; whereas the latter escape with honors and Q. C's promiscuously conferred on them.

FOUR KNOTS.

MORE UNFULFILLED EXPECTATIONS.

THE next day turned out to be as fine as you make them. Tom arose from his springless bed, when the sun was just taking a glance at the restless haunts of man, from his dazzling and golden bower, in the eastern horizon (the sun rises in the east, so a large class of people make out).

Hastily donning his clothes, and without taking any baggage (which he thought was unnecessary, as he

would be able to buy all he wanted, at the next port; as he was starting with a new life, he considered it the proper thing to start with a new outfit).

So eager was Tom to get away, that he would not stop to take a cup of fourth grade coffee, and a piece of steak, small, but mutinous, which his boarding house generally provides for its guests. All Tom's provisions, clothes and wealth, were centred in the Psyche—his hopes, his everything.

The streets were as quiet as a country village, as Tom let himself out of the front door. No coal cart, no street cars, no stentorian-voiced fish merchant, no banana and pea-nut princes disturbed the hush of the Sabbath morn, as Tom with light steps headed for the orient.

Several things were noticeable as our hero proceeded. The block pavements were shrunken, distorted, and about as comfortable looking as a corduroy road. The streets were covered with sparrows, the trees were full of them, even the sanctity of the churches was invaded by these chattering, feathered millions. The chirping of these sparrows seemed to disturb the refined ear of Tom, and he longed for the clatter of a street car, to break the monotony.

Nothing of great moment occurred to Tom during his walk to Scarboro' Heights. His soul was filled with exultation at the new life opening to him. So absorbed was he in these thoughts, that the law and all the pecuniary inconvenience connected with a law "student" were forgotten, even the trifling amount of his board bill was cast in oblivion. On! on! to Scarboro' Heights and the Psyche, was his mental cry.

While Tom was crossing the Don bridge, his nostrils were greeted by stench so powerful that he could only compare it to the drifting snow blocking up a country side-line, impassable without cutting a way through.

Looking around to find out the cause, he saw on his right about fifteen acres of flats covered with heaps of

manure, offal, and garbage of every description, dumped within twenty feet of King-Street.

And this is a go-ahead town! ejaculated Tom, and this is only one spot in a dozen. If I were a lawyer, I believe I would apply my legal learning to the suppression of such dangerous nuisances, but, whoever heard of a lawyer being interested in anything but his bill of costs. I am well out of it.

In the midst of these reflections, and while crossing the railway track, a G.T.R. train came thundering along at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, "schedule time," and came within three and one half inches of running over our hero, who, instead of ploughing the wide, wide ocean, might have been a subject for a post mortem, if it had'nt been for those few inches of space.

Tom turned around and shook his fist at the vanishing train, and muttered something about the railways providing gates for vehicles, and none for pedestrians, who, if they happened to have their thoughts diverted, stand a good chance of being sliced up into mince meat by these trains going through the heart of the city, at such a high rate of speed.

Tom thereupon resolved to never put his foot on dry land again, bristling with so many dangers and special legislation.

When the sun was about three hours high, Tom Mainbrace stood on the summit of Scarboro' Heights. To the west lay the beautiful city of Toronto; the church spires, tall public buildings, tall chimneys—dark volumes of smoke issuing from their tops and curling upwards, and lost in the deep azure of the sky—stand out in bold relief. A great city, growing up with the trees that are so numerous that at a distance it looks like a great public garden. The harbor all dotted with sails, and boats of every description, and the long crescent-shaped island, like an advance guard, resisting the encroachment of the treacherous waters of the lake.

It is a grand picture, and well worth the walk to Scarboro' Heights to witness, as the panorama of the island, harbor and city unfolds to the vision.

"Every rose has its thorn," quoted Tom, as he thought of his colossal salary of two dollars a week, and he resolutely turned his face to the deep blue waters of Lake Ontario, outrivalling the heavens for its depth of blue. Thin streaks of dark smoke, like the tail of a comet, could be seen afar over the lake, indicating the presence of a steamer gliding away to some distant haven. And here and there, with full canvas spread, was the stately schooner, like unto a great sea bird skimming the deep. Down at his feet on the glassy water, standing at ease, but fully half a mile from the shore, was the Psyche.

"Oh, glorious vision!" and Tom's heart glowed within him. (Tom did not know at that moment that he had but gazed on a phantom). He turned once more to the metropolis, where law reigned supreme—that is the legal profession and the horse car railway: Farewell, city of homeopathic boarding houses, park preachers and street rippers, farewell! I know thee no more; and with one last lingering look, and last wave of the hand, Tom struck down the bank and made for the wharf, and when he got to the end of the pier he waved his hand and shouted, but there was no response from the Psyche; again and again he signalled, still there was no sign.

"This looks darned funny," quoth Tom. "They must be asleep or (and a feeling smote him just where he lived), can they have tampered with the cargo. "I'll stake my kingdom they are as full as goats."

Tom, who was fond of his social beer, as well as hopped ale, had saved himself for this occasion; and the prospect of supplying the vacuum looked very dark. "If it should turn out as I fear," and a McKinley-like retaliation took possession of him, "I will scuttle the ship."

Tom's patience finally gave out, and he turned towards a boat house, a short distance away; and with his last

quarter hired a row boat. (It is not to be supposed that law students, without exception, are not plentifully supplied with wealth, though they do not always carry it about them, for the simple reason that they scatter it about with lavish hands, donate largely to the church, and invest much in government bonds, hence, etc.) After getting in the boat, and nearly upsetting only five times, Tom managed to lay to alongside the Psyche. "Psyche, ahoy," yelled Tom.

A head appeared above the deck of the boat. "Hello, young fellow, what you kickin' up such a row about?" said the head. Then another head hove in sight.

"Is first mate Soaker there?" asked Tom. "Don't know no such man," answered the head.

"Well," said Tom, much crestfallen, "isn't this the Psyche?"

"No, this ain't no Psyche." "Never heard o' the name afore," replied both heads.

Tom now began to feel bluer than the lake. "Didn't you see a yacht called the Psyche here to-day?" he ventured again.

"Naw, didn't see her at all, and we've bin fishin' around these here waters for the last three days." This is the fishin' smack Heron. Can't you see the name on the bow."

Tom looked in the direction indicated, and sure enough that was the name. He might have known the calling of the craft by the smell of anti-fresh fish that enveloped her like a halo.

"Foiled! castaway!" muttered Tom, as he dejectedly pulled for the shore.

After taking a keen scrutiny of the horizon, to see if there might be a chance of the Psyche looming up, but no Psyche loomed, to the value of the least coin of the realm, the iron entered Tom's soul and the tears broke loose from his eyes, as his thoughts principally dwelt on the Psyche's cargo, and the Sunday closing act.

"I will go back to the law!" he hotly exclaimed, as he hoofed it all the way back, on that blistering hot Sunday. But I will have relentless and implacable revenge. I will be a lawyer, ha, ha! my clients will suffer for this day's work."

And probably they did. Dear reader you should know.

Tom Mainbrace's connection with the Psyche now comes to an end; so his name is hereby scratched from the log, and we leave him at the door of his boarding house—so long in his affections.

FIVE KNOTS.

LAP'S CONVALESCENCE—HIS PHILANTHROPY—CAPTAIN FILUP'S VISIT.

When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be,
When the devil was well, the devil a saint was he.

WHEN second mate Laps was last heard of, he was an invalid in the children's hospital, in the care of the matron, nurse and physician. The first thing the doctor did was to make a diagnosis of the case, and Laps was carefully examined as to the cause of his condition. Laps groaned, and placed his hand on his stomach, and then told what he had eaten and drunk, which were seventeen glasses of lager, five whiskey straights, and about four dozen ham sandwiches, heavily encumbered with mustard, which last, Laps thought was the cause of his strange indisposition; what-else could it be? such a small quantity of liquor could'nt hurt a child. As to the sandwiches, he only took enough for three days, knowing that a famine

often occurred on shipboard, and he tried to get properly ballasted for the event—oh! blast that mustard.

The bland doctor—a description of this doctor is hardly necessary, more than to add that he was of the usual sort, plenty of assurance and an insinuating manner—quite agreed with the second mate, and immediately prescribed a mustard plaster, compounded it himself and clapped it on Laps' stomach. Laps received it with a frightful yell, and it was hard work for the doctor to reconcile him to his medicine; however, the mustard plaster and good nursing pulled him through to a state of convalescence.

The good doctor recommended Laps in future to avoid the treacherous mustard, and then left him to the tender care of the magenta-eyed nurse, and Laps felt as if he would always like to be a sick man, with such an angelic creature to soothe his hours and feed him on beef tea and chicken broth. The matron, too, could not have been kinder, if he had been one of the sick children.

In return for the unexpected consideration and care bestowed upon him, Laps would regale them with stories of his adventures at sea, shipwrecks, cast upon islands in mid-ocean, among cannibals, when he had a narrow escape from being served up for a banquet; with much disappointment and reproachful looks, the cannibals pronounced him too tough.

Laps would hold his listeners spell-bound at his o'er true and thrilling tales.

"One time," continued Laps, to his attentive and delighted audience, "we had a brush with pirates on Burlington Bay, slaughtered every one of them, without any of our crew receiving so much as a scratch; made a prize of the captured vessel, and divided the gold, silver and rich merchandize amongst us. My share was quite a bonanza. I have so much of that wealth on hand now that I don't know what to do with it."

Here Laps' eye fell on some of the poor little waifs, the

deformities and disease of which they were the unfortunate victims, forgetting their afflictions and enjoying themselves in childish glee; happy in their innocence, and in the kindness and thoughtfulness rendered them by the christian and philanthropic founders of the institution. Yes, when Laps saw all this suffering his heart expanded with compassion. He said, "I know now, what to do with my wealth, I will build a new wing to this home and furnish it from top to bottom, and endow it for evermore."

"Noble young man!" said the matron, with uncontrollable emotion, "such generosity, such magnanimity. Oh! if every young man expressed such generous sentiments, and denied themselves of some of their pleasures, to lay the corner stone of undying and heroic philanthropy, for helpless and unfortunate humanity, what a different world this would be."

Laps wept copiously at his own sentiments, for they were new to him, and, if hereafter he did not carry out his promises to the letter let the generous reader consider the novelty of the situation, and the mutability of the pecuniary affairs of humanity.

Second mate Laps had some ground for offering to build a new wing to the Children's Hospital. At an earlier epoch of his history, he was paying a visit to a relation who lived in a remote hamlet called Eglington (now by the irony of fate designated North Toronto); he did superintend, build and constructa wing to a hen house, after the fashion of hen houses, and therein furnished it with roosts of sufficient length and breadth for the due reception and accommodation of such hens as required enlarged premises, and a greater degree of comfort to sing their lays.

In compensation thereof, for such construction, Laps to this day doth visit his relation, and supplies himself with a goodly number of eggs, tendered by grateful hens.

It is whispered by the said relation that Laps has

consumed enough of such eggs to purchase three shares of stock in the Toronto Gas Company (unlimited), and that is saying much.

Laps' design for building a wing to the Hospital, though his intention was sincere, was, as a matter of fact, based on ærial architecture, and arose from an exotic imagination, a grateful heart, and a mustard plaster. It is furthermore construed that he feathered his designs from the hens whose apartment he caused to be enlarged. Like a great many more, his edifices were built with the feathers of his imagination and a foundation of atmosphere.

Just when Laps had raised his sentiments to such a height of enthusiasm and liberality that they never could reach the ground, a double knock was heard at the door. The matron sent the nurse down to see who was there. We follow the nurse to the front door, which is opened and there stands Captain Filup, with his hands in his pockets, and a briar-root pipe in his mouth, puffing as only a sailor can. His raiment consisted of a rounded peaked cap, close fitting shell-coat, and a pair of trousers tailor made, but not tailor repaired. Tall and prepossessing, features somewhat weather beaten, and carried himself with easy nonchalance. In appearance he looked like a cross between a tramp and a jockey.

As soon as the nurse saw the captain, she said, "Oh! Mr. Sailor, your mate is very sick." She was probably ignorant of the exact office of Laps, or she would have said second mate.

After smoking a few rounds, the captain said, "Is that so? I wonder if Laps is going to take a trip to Davy Jones after all," and without saying another word he turned around and sauntered off to his dingy, which he got into, and leisurely rowed back to the Psyche, not once removing the pipe from his mouth, which he puffed in unison with the strokes of his oars.

On reaching the deck of the Psyche, the captain called to Pierre, whom we left toying with the cargo.

Pierre came up the hatchway with a flushed face and guilt in his eye.

"What you want for me Monsieur Le Captaine?"

"I want you to go to the second mate's father and tell him Laps is at the Childrens' Hospital very sick, but he will recover, and he better be looked after."

"Do you understand me, you son-of-a-frog-eater?"

"Certainment! I take the tumble," said Pierre.

Upon these instructions, Pierre was lowered in the dingy by the captain, without the assistance of the first mate, who had re-entered his trance.

Instead of sitting toward the stern of the boat, Pierre sat in the bow, and began to pull away. The dingy was'nt used to that sort of treatment, so it began to spin around like a top.

The captain roared to him to get in the middle of the boat, but it was no use, Pierre lost his head as well as control over the boat, the stern was sticking out of the water, and going round and round, forming little whirl-pools, which, if Pierre had fallen in, he would have been sucked under and seen no more.

The captain continued to yell at him, and laughed himself nearly overboard.

If Pierre had'nt been righted by some people in a pleasure boat, he might have found a watery grave, in a whirl-pool of his own making.

Such a nautical circus, was a most ridiculous feat to look at, but there would be no fun in reproducing it by an inexperienced person.

However, Pierre, after much labor, reached the shore, and continued on his mission of mercy, which deserves another knot.

SIX KNOTS.

PIERRE'S SUCCESS AS AN AMBASSADOR.

PIERRE had fairly got under way, on his excursion to the paternal roof of second mate Laps. The day was bright, and a fresh breeze cooled his brow, as he wended his way along the sidewalk that hugs the west shore of the island,—the sidewalk, the sandy beach, and the gardens fronting the variegated houses, which were considerably occupied by citizens, enjoying the refreshing breezes from the lake.

The Island presented the look of a gala day, filled with figures in picturesque groupings intermingled with variously shaded parasols, principally of the red, white and blue order.

Pierre's admiration of the Island cottages was immense, each house having its own lot, and each house seemed to be of a different style from its neighbor. Every dwelling revelled in a vine-covered portico or verandah, not a few were adorned with balconies, where the rich burghers of the city could be seen cooling off, after spending the day in the stiffling town with the thermometer at 100 in the shade. But one dark blot appeared to mar the enchanted spot, and that was the fantastic names hung up on the front of the houses, such as "Dolce Far Niente." "Looking West." (Pierre could'nt make out how one could look in any other direction, from that point.) Oh! what funny people these L'Anglais, thought Pierre. One house, as if to show its derision of the others, was labelled "No Name."

The Island frequenter, who promenaded in front of

these villas, which are an ornament to the Island, might have looked upon them as things of beauty and a joy fore ɔr, now looked upon them with a good deal of amusement and silent contempt, while a few of the public of fluctuating mental calibre, were either inmates of the asylum or found premature graves, in their attempts to get at the meaning of the nomenclature of the "fashionable" Island cottages.

As Pierre proceeded he was startled by the sight of an encampment; in every direction, no matter which way he looked, were tents. To the west, near the edge of the water, were tents; to the east, between him and the bay were tents, so thick that it was impossible to see the waters of the bay: to leave the sidewalk for a distance of ten feet, would be to fall over a tent-rope or stumble into private property, although called "public domain." The tent doors were invitingly left open, and the brand new furniture from Haircloth, Chintz & Company, lavishly displayed to the admiring public. The tents themselves had the manufacturers' names branded, on flags pirouetting at the top of the tent poles.

"What can all this mean? Is it a tinker's camp, or the encampment of a hostile army, preparing to make an advance on the island cottages, and tear down those names that make the people seek other channels for amusement and fresh air?"

No, not so; poor unsophisticated French boy, these people are squatting all over the island for pleasure. Mais foi, you would say, Pierre, "and this is called pleasure?" and so you might. People that desire camping out for pleasure don't usually pitch their tents in the midst of a densely populated summer resort. They might just as well camp out on King-street or Yonge-street, so far as carrying out the idea of camping is concerned.

Hurry as much as he would, Pierre could not make much headway (even though the second mate's life hung by a thread of the very finest spun), against the

contending tides of pleasure-seekers, that crowded the sidewalk—the campers and the faikirs held the rest of the island. He successfully passed the switch-back railway and roller coaster of faded glories, when his attention was attracted to a sharp-featured young man, standing on a chair, outside a big tent. The orator was plug-hatted, white chokered and dressed in black. In his right hand he held a loose bundle of one dollar bills, and in silvery eloquence pointed to the tent which contained (what was he going to say? the ninth wonder of the world? No!) the first and only wonder of the world.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, step right in; only cost you a dime. The very last time you will have the chance to see the truly extraordinary miracle—the very last," and a hurdy-gurdy within pealed out "Annie Rooney."

Pierre pushed through the crowd to gaze with the rest of the awe-stricken spectators at a piece of canvas, ten feet square, conspicuously set up alongside the tent, on which was painted in noisy colors, by one of the old masters, "The wild girl from Zanzibar." Besides the wild girl (the scene was laid on the sea-shore), there were several sailors dressed in very blue clothes. Miss Zanzibar, in comparison to the sailors, was about fifteen feet high, in her bare feet. The picture indicated that she was pursued by these tars to grace a highly intellectual dime museum, if captured, but she turned on her would-be captors, as has often the worm found occasion to do, and reached out for the foremost sailor whom she grasped by the right arm and wrenched it from its socket, and held it up on high, with jagged flesh, and the blood spurting out of the aperture created by this peculiar diversion. With the other hand she grabbed the doomed man by the throat; his eyes stood out as big as tea-cups, his hair straightened up like the hair on the fretted cat, and the scarlet gore rushed out of his eyes, nose and mouth in cascade streams. His mates stayed in the back-ground frozen to the spot.

The girl herself did not look amiable, and it must have cost a great many lives and a pot of money to capture her—it was a very tragic picture, and one not easily forgotten.

Pierre was brave (all French are brave), but this blood-curdling picture froze the very marrow in his bones; that wild girl from Zanzibar would haunt him to his dying day. With one piercing shriek he fled from the spot, as fast as he could past the "cane and ring fakir," past "the cocoa-nut and cigar racket"—three shots for five cents—past the "camera obscura delusion," past fakirs of every description, and of every clime. At last he reached the sheep pen, more dead than alive. His mission was now entirely superseded by his anxiety to get away from an island full of hallucinations and horrors. He was partially brought to his senses when the ticket collector at the gate of the sheep pen (sometimes, but erroneously, called the bull pen) asked him for his check. (Pierre looked upon all landsmen as sharks, and considered it the proper thing to get ahead of them, when the chance came.) "Oh, yes," said Pierre, "the mère has the check of mine; she is just behind me." When the ticket bull-dozer looked around, Pierre was at the other end of the wharf.

The cool air of the bay, though far from fragrant, helped Pierre to collect his scattered ideas; it occurred to him that he was to communicate to the second mate's père some intelligence concerning Laps' physical disability. "Oh, yes, yes; Laps, he at the childs' sick hospital," and it all came back to him, as per instructions of Captain Filup.

The old ferry boat, a very dizzy craft, a double ender, in due time reached Yonge-street wharf, where Pierre managed to disembark, without meeting with any fatality, and without further delay started up Yonge-street, fortified with the name and address of Laps' palatial residence, occupied occasionally by his parents.

We will introduce Pierre to Laps' father, mother and

sister, to whom he is tendering the information as to his (Laps') sickness, in the most graceful and direct style, in which the French are so pre-eminently gifted. "So Laps he sick at the childs' sick hospital; Laps, he very sick, but will not die." Seeing his audience look with considerable astonishment but no intelligence (for the simple reason that they never heard of such a person as Laps), Pierre repeated with emphasis that "Laps he sick at the childs' sick hospital; Laps he very sick, but will not die," then turned around abruptly and walked out.

"What in the world was that little Dutchman talking about?" asked Laps' father, as he turned around to glean some light from his family, but they understood Pierre about as well as he did.

So Laps might have faded away into the ghastly tenement of cold clay, and his parents utterly unconscious of his critical state.

Had Captain Filup launched a message to Laps' kin in a beer bottle, or on the whispering winds, it would have stood a better chance of reaching the proper goal, than by Pierre, who nevertheless thought he accomplished his mission to perfection.

Lapsus Linguae was not the patronymic of the second mate. The name was applied to him by his messmates for a habit he had of committing his tongue to matters where his mind did not, and often could not, follow; so treacherous and fluent, aided somewhat by irregular indulgence in grog, was that useful organ, that it was constantly antagonistic to the general purposes of his mind and heart. He was also considered to be very dangerous, and a villain of the first water, who was capable of any crime, and earned for himself the sobriquet of Lapsus Linguae, or Laps.

Laps had, in fact, a generous heart and a liberal mind, as was frequently manifested under various circumstances.

It is far easier to misunderstand a man than to go to

the trouble of probing his inner qualities, especially when that man is eternally tripping himself up by that most potent yet greatest enemy to man—the tongue.

SEVEN KNOTS.

PIERRE LOOKS IN AT THE SAILOR'S RETREAT—CONSTERNATION AT THE ILL-NEWS OF THE PSYCHE.

PIERRE thought as he had done so much for the second mate there was no great hurry to return to the Psyche, and as he would have to pass the "Wild Girl from Zanzibar" he found it necessary to get braced up with a nerve tonic, so he carefully picked his way in the direction of the Sailors' Retreat.

His appearance there called forth a buzz of enquiries about the Psyche, by the jolly tars who had friends aboard the cruiser.

Mr. Goodheart, the genial host of the Retreat, offered to Pierre, a steaming "Tom and Jerry," which was not long exposed to daylight, and Pierre proceeded to spin out his news.

He began by saying that the Psyche started with a good breeze, and prospects of a successful voyage, and that they no sooner got out of the harbor when the crew, led by the first and second mates, mutinied and broke into the cargo, and the captain's commands were set at naught; and when the captain went below to make an entry in the log, the crew seized the opportunity and him (Pierre) as well, and lashed him to the mast, and escaped to the Island in the dingy. How the first mate

was left behind in a state of somnolency superinduced by long application to the cargo. How the second mate made vigorous attempts to lighten the cargo, and succeeded, and took sick through an over-dose of mustard, and how he undertook to drown his grief in light cock-tails, and his subsequent removal to the Children's Hospital for treatment, and how the Psyche rose two feet in the water when he got away from her, and finally how he had just acquainted the second mate's parents of his awful condition.

Pierre now began to waver in his narration, and his English got dreadfully disarranged. He began to gesticulate wildly (the nerve tonic. was being over do ne, and informed his hearers that the Psyche was now at the mercy of the foaming breakers, and in the track of the steam-boats, and no one but the poor captaine to man her; the first mate was little better than a dead man.

Here Pierre began to wax into a state of coma; his perils on the water, and the spectre of the Wild Girl from Zanzibar, constantly before his eyes, were too much for him, and he unconsciously reclined on the shoulder of his nearest neighbor, and became of no further use to these adventures.

The Sailors' Retreat was by this time in a high state of ferment.

Mr. Goodheart, thinking every minute was fraught with peril to the ill-fated Pysche, said he would give everything he had in the world to save those boys, whom he had a paternal love for, and sent everybody in the place flying down to the bay to charter a tug for the rescue.

"Fifty dollars for a tug!" he shouted. He was not like some rash individual who would offer his principality or his dukedom—his was a more substantial offering.

Leaving Mr. Goodheart and his friends to carry out their pious undertaking, it will be necessary once more to turn to the tide-driven Psyche, whose light is gleaming at the mast head. Sounds of song come up the

hatchway with sorrowful cadence,—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," fittingly applied to the remnant of that once powerful crew.

"This is a pretty rough night Soaker," (a gleam of consciousness had once more taken possession of the jovial first mate), said Captain Filup, as he tossed off a schooner. "I guess I will go up and see how the light is getting on above decks—won't be long," then climbed the hatchway to the deck.

The night was dark, and the wind was wailing among the rigging. The waves were chopping around the Psyche, as if vexed at the obstruction to their white cap frolic. The lamp in the light-house was staring over the lake with a painfully steady glare; it stared so hard that the light at the Psyche's mast head was stared clean out of existence.

On looking aloft, captain Filup became aware that there was no light in the place where the light ought to be, and he began slightly to blaspheme.

He considered a moment, whether he should scale the mast and re-light the lamp or let her rip and take chances. He, however, did light his pipe and went below to consult the first mate about the matter.

"Shiver my timbers, Soaker, if the light has'nt gone out! What will we do? If we don't light up we run a good chance of paying a visit to Davy Jones before morning, as we are right in the track of the steam-boats.

"I am sure," complained the first mate, "I can't tell you what to do, I am at sea, but no sailor. I studied navigation at college, but I don't see how it can be applied out here in this nasty rough water. Suppose we take some refreshment, and let the light go till morning; I am getting horribly thirsty."

"All right, Soaker," said the skipper, "we'll scuttle another barrel."

"Another song, cap., a good old sea song first," said the first mate, then "Down on the Swanee River," was borne

over the water to the people in the cottages, who began to think there was a floating lunatic asylum anchored out on the lake.

After the song was finished, it was discovered that the cargo consisted only of empty barrels and bottles; there wasn't enough left to discolor the bottom of a glass.

Now the real peril of their situation began to stare them in the face.

It was some moments before they could find courage to look one another in the face; when their eyes met it was to read there, astonishment and horror at the unexpected calamity.

They sat down and smoked in silence, till they both fell asleep, and did not wake up till late the next morning, with bloodshot eyes and a horrible thirst in their throats.

The captain proposed running up a flag of distress, they might be picked up by some passing vessel, and saved from a fate worse than death—great thirst.

"A sail! a sail!" joyfully called the captain to the first mate, who was below turning up every barrel trying to get enough for an eye-opener, but without success.

"Whereaway," answered the mate, as he appeared on deck, steady on his sea-legs.

"There she is," said the captain, "about a mile in front of us, off our larboard quarter, making a west by north course, if the binnacle can be depended on."

It proved to be a Montreal steamboat—the Spartan, which whistled hoarsely for the Psyche to get out of the way. The Psyche was small, but not scared, and didn't move an inch, so the Spartan had to veer around towards the shore, in some danger of being foundered. As she rushed past the Psyche some tall swearing was heard on her deck at being put to so much inconvenience, on account of the Psyche.

The passengers all crowded forward of the boat to get a good look at the Psyche, and wonder what kind of

galoots were running her, and taking chances of being cut in two by the ponderous steamboat.

Captain Filup and the first mate were wondering too, but in an altogether different strain. They expected the Spartan would slow up alongside, and when it was known what a dry state they were in, would throw them a keg of beer. But the Spartan passed on, and gave nothing but the wash from her paddle wheels, which shook the Psyche so much that they had to hold on to the rigging to keep their feet.

They quite gave themselves up for lost, when a row-boat was seen to push of from the island and in a short time was alongside the Psyche, and the occupants clambered up to the deck.

The new-comers turned out to be some of the boys from the Sailors' Retreat, who, instead of waiting to get a tug for the search, took the first ferry to the island, and, as was seen, were the first to reach the distressed Psyche.

Fearing that the captain and mate might be perishing with hunger and thirst, they came amply provided with at least the necessary antidote for extreme thirst.

If the captain and mate had known how to pray, perhaps they would have offered up a prayer for the happy turn of events; but, not knowing how, they could only offer their thanks in deep gurglings, as the bottom of the bottle pointed skywards.

EIGHT KNOTS.

THE RETURN HOME—THE REUNION AT THE SAILOR'S RETREAT.

WITH the aid of the rescuing party, Captain Filup prepared for a start. The Psyche is bending gracefully under her load of canvas, and entered the harbor of Toronto once more, not much the worse of her voyage.

She is anchored at her old moorings, in the midst of her kindred craft, abandoned, and looking forlorn in her bare poles, with the noxious vapors of the poisonous waters, fanning her deck.

. . . . . .

In the snug parlor of the Sailors' Retreat are seated Captain Filup, First Mate Soaker, Second Mate Laps and their friends—not forgetting the genial Mr. Goodheart, whose face is beaming with pleasure, at seeing the storm-beaten veterans gathered around the familiar board, sipping plenteously of their grog, to make up for lost time, smoking their pipes and the effete cigarette, and spinning strange yarns of the deep blue sea.

Second Mate Laps recovered from his deadly illness and took the ferry back to the city. Before leaving his preservers at the Children's Hospital, he acknowledged their many acts of kindness to him, and promised faithfully to return soon and lay the corner stone of the new wing which he intended to build. . . .

We find him at the Sailors' Retreat, forming part of the reunion, which was kept up till a very late hour. When it breaks up, and the members, uncertain in their bearings, and without chart or compass, are tossed about

on the heaving streets, fitting strange keys in strange key-holes, often stranded against the beacons that are scattered along the highways and by-ways, to light up the way of the wandering mariners, tossed about by the foaming lagers and other chemicals.

NINE KNOTS.

CONCLUSION.

CAPTAIN Filup and his erstwhile subordinates First Mate Soaker and Second Mate Laps, no more follow the adventurous career of sea rovers, but are regular attendants of the Sailors' Retreat, and if they do not pace the deck of a clipper vessel, and listen to the music of the rolling deep, or engage the pirate in mortal combat they nevertheless splice the mainbrace to the tune of "He's a jolly good fellow."

The Psyche has mysteriously disappeared from the scene of her last and celebrated cruise, narrated in the foregoing knots. To the reader is left the task of tracing her destiny.

Can the reader see any resemblance in her to the Mojeska or Macassa, of the Hamilton Steam-boat Co.'s Line? These boats appeared in Toronto harbor, soon after the Psyche had vanished.

There may be, though, a difference in point of size, which may go a long way to dissipate the suspicion that Hamilton had pressed her in an unguarded moment into her service, to assist in making some money for that town, as passenger boat between the two ports.

Rumor, the dizzy creature, has it that the Psyche, having inbibed a taste for carrying cargos, consisting entirely of grog, is engaged in exchanging samples between Prescott and Sackett Harbor, without the novelty of contributing to the revenues of two Christian nations. Wherever she may be, or however circumstanced, this story with all its imperfections, has come to an end.

Should Captain Filup ever take it in his head to take command of another Psyche, the narrator will be glad to enrol himself as one of the crew, and will guarantee never to desert the ship while the cargo holds out.

THE TRIALS OF A SPOILT CHILD.

PART I.

I WAS a spoilt child, and I may say without fear of contradiction—a badly spoilt one. Ever since I opened my eyes on the sunshine, the grass, the flowers and the green apples of this fair world; up to the advanced age of a dozen years, I was pampered, petted, candied and otherwise made a fool of by my too indulgent parents, who delighted in nothing so much as keeping the cold breath of the outer world from shrivelling up my delicate person. So tenderly was I nurtured that I was not permitted to walk before I reached the ripe age of eight years, for fear, as my dear mother expressed it, of getting bow-legged. When the weather was warm and bright I was provided with a nurse and perambulator, and whenever the dark-browed clouds threatened rain, or there was a chill in the atmosphere, I was promptly hurried into the house and fixed up in a richly carved high arm-chair beside the window, to watch the sturdy urchins on the street making their blood circulate, playing tag and other animal exercises that unrestrained children love to indulge in; while I, the

child of too much parental solicitude could only look on in silent agony and pine away like a snowdrift, at the first warm breath of spring. Such good care was taken of me that I was reduced to a mere skeleton. If such a thing occurred as surviving my bringing up I would be laid up with hopeless dyspepsia, or have the life bothered out of me by dime museum men to travel as a living skeleton.

Never shall I forget when my nurse towed me through the public parks in a perambulator, how I was the observed of all observers—that is by other nurse girls and the babies in their care. It seemed to me that every infant seemed to stare at me with wide open eyes, as only infants can stare, and every nurse to laugh at me, at the strange sight of an infant of my size. My heated imagination interpreted their looks to say, "oh, what a guy." Wherever I appeared amongst the small army of nurses and perambulators I was called the infant Patagonian, and my looks favored the name.

In my outings, accompanied by the triumvirate, the nurse, perambulator, and self, what pent up feelings of anguish and longing crowded into my infantile bosom are better to conceive than to describe. Why can't I be allowed to throw stones at the windows of the empty houses as we go along the streets; make mud pies, steal apples, stone dogs and cats, fight with other boys, get licked, whistle, yell, and help create a pandemonium as all other boys do in the excess of their animal spirits, and grow healthy and robust. But no such rewards gratified my wishes; I was wheeled home, spoon-fed and packed away in my crib for the night to dream of fishing and swimming and setting dogs on to fight. But alas! dreams that never were to be realized in my juvenile career.

After the eight years of nursing allotted to me I was placed on my feet. It was considered by my fond parents that my legs were strong enough to support my precious

frame. (It did not take very strong limbs to support what was left of my frame.) I was cantered up and down the carpeted floor, and in the course of a few months I could stand alone without falling. For four more weary years such watchful care was bestowed on me that if I looked out of the window at a rain storm I was sternly rebuked for the carelessness of my health. Algernon James St. Augustine was reserved for something better than the common lot, so must have extraordinary care taken of him. In a moment of abandonment I ventured to look out of the open door at the falling rain, when I was seized from behind and ruthlessly yanked into the dining room and a fire made expressly to prevent me from catching the croup—though it was midsummer.

But all things come to an end. My mother died—though fond and foolish—no one in this world I missed more. In the course of time I received a step-mother to finish my education, whose government provided the last straw to round off my misery. Being brought up so carefully, every whim gratified (except those childish longings before referred to), I was faced too abruptly with the altered state of domestic rule inaugurated by my amiable step-mother, whose reversal of the system under which I was trained caused the extremes of parental rule to develop into open rebellion on the part of the subject under discipline. I had no reason to believe that the proverb representing step-mothers as part fiend and the other part made up of the cantankerous side of human nature, was a traditional myth, at least that was my experience of them.

PART II.

SHORTLY after the acquisition of my step-mother, my father was taken from this vale of tears, and I was practically an orphan. It is probable that my step-mother was the cause of his early demise. For what man is proof against the rancor and exactions of a step-mother who makes up her mind to undo the domestic usages and habits of a life-time in a few hours? Something must succumb during the reconstruction.

Alone! alone! was the feeling that took possession of me. Weak in mind and body, and at the mercy of my step-mother, whose vigorous application of authority was soon to assert itself. One morning I was to do some menial act from which my proud spirit revolted. I can't exactly remember what it was. It was winter time and plenty of snow on the ground, I am sure of that. I think I was ordered to clean the poodle and comb him down with a course toothed comb, or to shovel off the snow. However, the object of my bringing up was contrary to such service, and I know that I mutinied and was remorselessly cast into a room in solitary confinement with nothing but cold victuals to eat, the door locked and left in utter amazement mingled with despair and sentiments of revenge at the unlooked for and suddeness of my imprisonment. My long suppressed nature came to the surface at the bidding of passion, aroused by the indignities heaped upon me. I calmly viewed the situation and the weather, too, from my window that looked out upon the street, and found there were two or three feet of snow upon the ground and still snowing.

I came to the cold resolution to escape if I could. No more would I be ruled by the iron rod of a step-mother, who dared to refuse me the freedom of the pantry, there to steep my soul in preserves and mince pie. I will make my escape from this window or die in the attempt. Now comes the epoch in my life. A real drama in one act. The one great stroke of genius that I can look back on with pride—so quickly formed and as quickly carried out.

We lived in the extreme west end of the city of——— which is situated about fifty miles east of the city of Hamilton, and noted for the diversity of its piety. In the extreme east end lived my grandmother, to whose affectionate presence my thoughts were directed like the needle to the pole.

The window of the room in which I was exiled, as I said before, overlooked the street, and in the first story. My intention was to drop down from the window a distance of six or seven feet, and make a wild rush for liberty and my grandmother's. Some such idea of escape must have presented itself to my stepmother, for the only garments that were accessible were a pair of trousers and a thin shirt which I had on. My feet were bare, my hands were bare, and my head was bare, but I was implacable. My early years had such uninterrupted indulgence I could not brook so rude a check whether it was reasonable or unreasonable. So I boldly got out of the window—it was eleven o'clock at night—dashed down the street, thinly clad and without shoes or socks. It was a terrible run, fully three miles. I did not stop long enough to know whether my feet were freezing or not, but swept on as if there were a dozen Indians on the trail, or a ward politician after a vote; on, on I went, past lighted lamps, past policemen who did not notice me, and if they did probably took me for the drifting snow. The falling tears froze as they fell down my cheeks; I was nearly exhausted before I got half way. But I was game,

so I ran as fast as I could, which was the only way to keep my feet from freezing. I did not seem to feel anything much, so desperately intent on reaching my grandmother's house. I got there at last, knocked at the door, and disturbed the family slumbers. When the domestic came to the door, which was only partially opened, she gave one look and a yell of terror, and fled to the interior, leaving the door ajar. Without more ado I rushed in and began to blubber, which roused my grandmother, who came into the room and was nearly scared out of her wits. My hair was full of snow and wherever it could lodge on me. They took me for a ghost or an escaped lunatic at first. With much suffering from aching fingers and toes from contact with the warm room after coming through the snow; and sobbing I managed to tell what occurred. My kind old grandmother was not long in putting balm on my wounded feelings. Nothing was too good for me to eat, I was indulged in all the excesses that kindness could bestow, sympathised with lavishly, and stowed away in a nice warm bed.

My grandmother, kind soul, had grave doubts of my sanity, and small wonder at it. Who but a crank would think of going through three miles of snow at midnight in such a garb. In my eyes it appeared a very heroic adventure, but then a great many crazy acts are handed down to posterity as heroism. Anyway the doctor was called in to see if I was a proper candidate for the lunatic asylum, but I was only censured and told not to ply any such eccentricities in the future. Thus ends a very thrilling chapter of my history which was painfully realistic.

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PART III.

THE scene is changed. After the episode of the beautiful snow it was thought best by my grandmother that I should taste the sweets of country life, so the following spring I was dratted to an unknown region some twenty miles away from the metropolis where my infantile years met with such peculiar phases.

The life I led in the country was altogether the opposite of my existence in the city. The skeleton I took with me from town began to form on it the habiliments of flesh—in other words I waxed fat. The diversity of country life was a constant source of delight to my youthful fancy, the landscape clothed in the green dress of opening spring, the budding trees—oft quoted before,—the usual number of birds were singing in their umbrageous boughs (including the "early robin"), the hill sides and level fields were occupied by busy yeomen, singing blithely as they "gee and hawed" their horses, plowing, harrowing or sowing the seed which is the mainspring of society and the axis of party politics on which either rise or fall; but which the honest yeoman swears he never gets back out of the ground.

Why do I linger on this subject. I stayed in the country five years or more, I easily fell into the ways of the youths of the rural districts; helped drive home the cows and helped to milk them, and when I was not hoeing potatoes or binding wheat in the field, I was lying under a tree reading or sleeping with a dog by my side to bark at the flies, varied by frequent excursions to the bush, shooting or fishing as the case might be. But if I remember rightly, reclining under a shady tree was my

favorite pastime, and gossiping with the boys at the village hostelry, where bad grammar and bad whiskey entered largely into the political and agricultural debates of the youthful and matured patrons of the bar of the village tavern. If the village inn did not hold out a pressing invitation to the neighbors to make use of its assembly room and take advantage of the privileges of mine host to smoke and chew tobacco and spit on everything but the spittoons, and talk on every subject but temperance, and quench their arguments with questionable beer and the weakest of whiskey; I ask where would the agricultural youths go evenings to unload their pent-up smartness?

After the trials and tribulations of my misapplied childhood, the country was to me paradise unalloyed, but the only thing that I could not take to was work. The inertia caused by the long repressed yearnings for outdoor exercises, which the very poorest family can supply their children, was the root of my antipathy to much manual labor. Another and a powerful reason was that my parents, before they took leave of this world, were considerate enough to leave ample means for my maintainenance and every other legitimate purpose which I might think it proper to devote it to. So I was not compelled to work hard, and I didn't.

The scene is again changed. Once more I tread the paths where I was mostly pushed around in a perambulator, painful associations of my childhood; the victim of a step-mother's tyranny; of my great break for liberty through three feet of snow at midnight in my bare feet and subsequent cold, But why need I stir up the ghost of sad memories. Let them rest. I consider the effort too great for my comfort.

The country agreed with my health, with all its drawbacks. When I arrived in the city I was so weighted with flesh that I could hardly walk. I hadn't absorbed large quantities of fresh eggs and new milk for five years for

nothing. The hens could never get enough eggs together to hatch any chickens. I have no doubt it was a great relief to them when I left.

I immediately joined a crack lacrosse club, a rowing club, a crack regiment and a social club. With all these advantages I managed to reduce my person to a fighting weight, but not without a considerable reduction of my patrimony. I was fashionable, easy-going, considered handsome and enjoyed fun with the rest of the boys; saw everything there was to be seen of life in a social sense, and in a matrimonial light I was considered a good catch, and was eventually caught without any particular effort on my own part.

About the age of twenty-two I became a married man, and in two or three years after I was a widower with one little baby girl on my hands. Once more I was plunged into grief. All who seemed to think the most of me did not stay long in this life.

What to do with the child was a great puzzle to me. I was not much more than a child myself in the way of family responsibility. As, however, money, of which I had a plentiful supply, would do anything (except bribe a ward politician), my little daughter found ample accommodation and instruction in a good family, and at the age of six years she was placed in a convent in a large city not many leagues from the town of Hochelaga.

My name, as was before mentioned, is Algernon James St. Augustine, but it was not treated with much favor among my acquaintances, who cut it down to plain "Jim," and that stayed with me.

When my infantile daughter began to lisp she always called me Jim, whenever I went to see her. Such unaccountable familiarity was a great source of amusement to my friends. But I never tried to correct her; to point out the propriety of addressing her only surviving parent in a manner suited to young ladies of her tender age, was furthest from my thoughts. In fact I did not think

of it at all; rather liked it. It seemed to me a restoration of the affection denied me when I was an infant.

While walking along with a friend in the city of M—— I thought it a good time to go and see my daughter at the Convent of ——. Being agreeable to him, off we started and were ushered into the presence of my daughter by the Mother Superior. As soon as my daughter saw me she said, "Oh! there is Jim," and cordially embraced me and lavished those endearments upon me, natural from a fond child to a fond parent. Meanwhile the Mother Superior was standing by laughing so she could hardly speak, and my friend did not know what to make of the visit; so on taking leave he expressed some doubt of my parentage to the little girl. "Well," I said "come on back again and I will ask her," So back we went. I said "Are you not my daughter, Louise?" "Of course I am, Jim, good-bye, Jim, etc." My friend was convinced, not without being amused at the grotesqueness of the whole affair, and the Mother Superior laughed from the time I went in till she bade us adieu at the door. That makes two spoilt children through the hereditary taint of parental indulgence.

Why I am relating all this is more than I can make out. It is an unusual effort on my part, and I am getting tired, which is probably due to being perambulated too much when I should have been skipping about in my childhood.

In conclusion I might add that I represent a sad warning to indulgent parents who have the care of children Without commenting on the obedience, duty, and respect which all children should be early taught to render their parents, there is a corresponding duty to be observed by the parents. To pamper a child by eternally gratifying its desires, and its desires can only be gratified by everything it sees, and denying it those advantages which are the foundation of its future health and usefulness in the world, that is, association with other children, enjoying

their games and exercises, even if it is a little rough, which is very often the case, and a certain amount of contact with the elements, which instead of being dangerous to the health of children are the best means of developing hardy constitutions.

O! ye mothers and fathers, take a lesson from the poor, whose children grow up healthy and strong and the backbone of the nation, by the absence of those luxuries that are continually heaped upon the children of the rich, whose constitutions are broken before they are able to speak, and whose ambition, energy and usefulness are only artificial. It often occurred to me that if children could only speak as soon as they are born, they could give a few pointers to their parents as to the training up of a child. But there is one thing I can tell without the aid of a physician—the last thing a child requires are luxuries to build up health, as much as a young calf wants ginger-bread or caramels.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

FRAGMENT THE FIRST.

ONE bright and balmy day in June of this present year, A. D. 1890, I was strolling around the wharves along the Esplanade, watching the movements of the boats garnished in their spring suits of paint, steaming fitfully as if impatient to start on their annual trips up or down the lakes or bays. And the schooners, with sails set, lazily ambling about waiting to be towed out to the open sea by the nimble tugs that puff and steam in a very business-like manner. There are signs of bustle and activity all along the water front. The season for summer excursions, sea-sickness and over-crowded boats is fairly begun. The guileless ticket fiend assures you of the comforts of your state-room, which you pay for for your own use, and find when well out in the lake that the innocent ticket seller has, by some strange freak of absent-mindedness, sold two or three tickets to other passengers for the same state-room. The rest of the trip is a hideous nightmare.

At the foot of Yonge-street there is a wharf called Milloy's, with a large freight-shed on it facing the bay, and used for storing pig-iron, tar and other rough merchandise of the lake-carrying trade. In passing an open door of the storehouse, a crowd of dock loungers were observed forming a semicircle about some object or objects which appeared to be at first sight a flock of sheep or drove of hogs, driven up in one corner of the freight-shed awaiting transhipment to some lake port; but upon closer inspection they turned out to be about fifty children, averaging ten years old, about three-fourths girls and the rest boys, neatly dressed in plain garments of a dark uniform, sitting on the rough, dirty floor in a triangular group placed in rows. A couple of ladies were moving amongst them. One of them was apparently a nurse, and the other appeared to have the entire charge of the children, and a larger girl dressed in the same uniform as the children, probably an assistant. For the most part the youngsters kept up a juvenile babel of conversation. Some were crying, and the others looked timid and scared. The ladies soothed those that were in distress and kept order that was admirable.

What are the children doing in the dark corner of a mouldy old freight shed? A strange place for a picnic party. From the way the dock loungers and freight handlers stand, stare and throw off jesting remarks as they would on so much live stock penned up in the cattle market, it would appear as if they were some sort of an importation. That tall lady dressed in black, with dignified but mellow countenance, is Miss Rye, and these are children waifs taken from the squalor and vicious districts of Old London, Liverpool and other congested places, placed in institutions of training and usefulness; and by the philanthropy and energy of this high-souled lady hundreds, if not thousands, of these children have been brought to Canada and placed in homes where industrial and educational advantages are to be had, and

become intelligent men and women and good citizens. The early impressions of childhood are proverbially retained through life. If some of these unfortunate orphans, grown to be men and women in affluence and in positions of trust and honor, were to compare native children, from the very poorest to the wealthiest, where the best comforts that wealth and enterprise could produce are bestowed on all alike, and solicitude and care mark every step, with their own unsettled infantile days, shipped and transhipped and stored in a freight shed for the curious to stare at and the ignorant to laugh at: the consolation to be derived from such retrospection would bring no great measure of comfort in it, and the opinion that a high standard of civilization exists in this country would not be strengthened by the accommodation offered the waifs brought out here through the heroic efforts of the philanthropic lady before mentioned.

Political economists and other native philosophers might say that native industries must be protected. The native product in the children line must have the first consideration. Of course we know that these imported children are made upon the same plan as our own, and are capable of appreciating the sweets of good quarters and pleasant surroundings just as our own would; and they are, in a like manner, susceptible to cold and disease through exposure to the elements, irregularities, and poor accommodations in transit. No doubt, too, these orphans are well trained and at the proper age develop into serviceable assets of the Dominion, and help to build up a strong nationality. Again, the fortitude, perseverance and disinterestedness of the lady undertaking this great project are creditable in the highest degree. Great praise has been and is given, in the abstract, for the good service she has done the country. But we must draw the line at further concessions to these children. If any of them get sick we have a children's hospital, and the facilities for getting sick are open to them from the

Atlantic to the Pacific. Our money must go in support of the heathen in China and Central Asia, and to supply piano-organs to able-bodied Italians who make life a burden with their soul-destroying music; also to entertain members of the Royal Family and suite, as well as a long procession of other distinguished visitors, which takes a big lot of money, of which more hereafter.

FRAGMENT THE SECOND.

HAT great commotion is this? Our good city of Toronto seems to be greatly agitated about something. What can it mean? Has confederation begun to part in the middle and sent back for repairs, or has the T. B. club gone to nought; or can it be possible that the city intends to enact a by-law to create a Sunday railway service for those that cannot find means to hire a Victoria, or buy one with a coachman thrown in, to meet a popular demand? No, it can't be that—that would be too comfortable for the public. Why do all the people gather around the window of the three-ply daily paper and block up the pavement, and half the roadway? Have the city council decided to make up their minds to lay down a solid stone roadway on the three principal streets? that would be expecting too much. Let us hasten thither and see what is the matter. From our own "special cor respondent"—for the benefit of the reader it may be opportune to state that the six different dailies have their own "special correspondents." So far as his correspondence is concerned he is plural, but when it comes down to meal time he is singular, and often eccentric. But let

us gaze at the bulletin—12 o'clock edition—Hail! the glad tidings! Joyful news from the "west" by way of "East" India. His Royal Highness Prince A, alias Duke of C., and Her Royal Highness Duchess of C., et al. and suite have made up their royal minds to return to their native hopyard, old England, *via* Hong Kong and the Dominion of Canada. Oh, sacred route! in italics (uncover.) The surging onlookers take off their hats as one man. Rule Britannia issues forth from that dread instrument, the piano organ, in front of the opposing journal across the way. That settles it. Those who survived that fatal music were hurried away in the ambulance. Six o'clock edition.—"Special, etc." Their Royal Highnesses have arrived at Hong Kong. The Governor, Sir Infinitum, of that torrid fortress read an address of welcome to their Royal H's', beautifully engrossed and framed in gold lace and crested with sapphires. After a lapse of five hours their Royal H's were borne away to their man of war ship on stretchers. The same special tells us that ten operators of the commercial cable a San Francisco were fatally stricken with paralysis at the sixtieth paragraph of the Governor's address. To-morrow's edition—5 p. m.—"Special" from Victoria, B. C.—Their Royal Highnesses and suite have arrived here. A deputation from the city council waited upon their Royal H's when the Mayor read an address of welcome. Later—His Royal Highness Prince A and consort are prostrated at the residence of the Lieut.-Governor, the Prince's right hand is slightly affected with paralysis. A grand ball and banquet had been specially arranged by the Lieut.-Governor. The disappointment and loss through their Royal Hignesses' indisposition were considerable. However, the Province is good enough for the loss. The physician No. 1 of His Royal Highness communicated to the Prince's Equerry Sir——, that the Prince desires that his loyal subjects will refrain from sending him letters of condolence and sympathy, as, combined with

the address of welcome, they will cause a relapse, and perhaps an early demise of his royal person, and he further suggests that there will be a great saving in postage by complying with his gracious request.

Next after to-morrow's edition—3 p.m., Calgary, N. W. T.—The citizens of the town, Mayor and Aldermen, turned out in mass to greet their Royal H's at the depot. The station master ten miles west wired to operator at Calgary to keep the main line clear. The train is in sight, the Mayor opens the address of welcome, of loyalty and fealty, a passage is cleared to the triumphal arch, with the words "Welcome to Calgary." On came the royal train with terriffic speed. The Mayor—three cheers—hip, hip, hurrah! By the time the second cheer was given the train thundered by and was lost in the eastern horizon. Six o'clock edition.—The people of Calgary called an indignation meeting and openly avowed their intention of severing connection with the empire and running a monarchy of their own; tore down the words "Welcome to Calgary," and substituted the word "Secession" on the arch.

Four days' hence edition—Special from Winnipeg—Addresses of welcome were prepared at both Regina and Brandon to their R. H'es. The royal train put on even greater steam and rattled past those places at a very great speed. The Prince acted very nervously till those places were left far astern. Those towns now breathe secession. His Royal Highness was heard to whisper to his royal consort, "My Nemesis is still before me; Winnipeg is near at hand." 12 p.m. edition—For twelve miles westerly every telegraph pole is flying a Union Jack and bunting. The Prince and suite have arrived and are escorted to Government House. The order of procession was as follows: First, the Premier, Civic Officials, Mayor and Aldermen, all dressed in buckskin, belts containing fire-arms to suit the caprice of the individual owner, sombreros and top boots, mounted on

Indian ponies. Next, the royal carriage containing their Highnesses and the Lieutenant-Governor. Next, twelve more carriages containing the suite. Following came the City Police, Fire Brigade, City Volunteers, a detachment of cowboys and a batch of Indians filling up the rear. Their Royal Highnesses were addressed, welcomed, balled and banqueted, and driven through the city and shown the various institutions. Two p.m.—The Prince and consort retired very much prostrated. The Prince's jaws particularly so.

A week from to-day's edition—5 a.m.—Their Royal Highnesses and suite left before day-break in a private carriage with sealed doors. Rumor has it that the Prince remarked to the Lieutenant-Governor that Winnipeg must have made some money during the last twenty-five years to be able to have such a turnout.

From next week's edition—3 p.m., *en route* to Toronto—The Prince to his royal consort: "Please hand me my medicine. I am very feeble and fast breaking up. If I have to go through another address of welcome instead of the procession and a speech from me it will be my funeral. Is there no way of getting out of this? I have it. Call in my valet. 'Henry, I want you to do me a favor.'"

"I will endeavor to comply with it, your Royal Highness."

"Well, it is this, I want you to personate me at the reception, though you do not look exactly like me, but as the only knowledge they have of me is by a wood-cut in the various papers, they will not easily find out the deception. There is no possible risk. On the same ground your wife can personate my royal spouse. So go and prepare, and I will communicate the fact to my followers in waiting. I am getting tired of this thing. Why don't they let me pass through the country without these horrible addresses of welcome? I don't want their expression of everlasting loyalty; I don't get a tenth of

it at home. If they want to lavish their money on something why do they not erect some building to comfortably house the little children brought over here by the noble efforts of a single woman? These children come from the same part of the empire as I do, and are just as good citizens. They can be put to good use here and grow up with the country. I don't need any money from the people here; I made all I want in India. Gentle consort we had better take a street car and go up to the Humber for a few days, where I can have a quiet smoke. A street car will afford us the best means of seeing the city, as its speed is just right to examine everything in detail. If we can only keep this up till we reach Quebec there will be a chance of our getting home in fair health."

Six o'clock edition—This is a live journal—Their Royal Highnesses arrived and were met at the Union Station by a large concourse of people, including his Worship the Mayor and the Reception Committee. The Prince looks singularly well and robust. After the address of welcome was read the Prince was escorted to the Government House, entertained royally; no expense was spared. Next day—3 o'clock edition—The city is *en fete*; the stores and dwellings are gaily bedecked with flags and bunting. Soldiers, firemen, policemen, societies, etc, paraded; bands played; levees, receptions and banquets were in endless profusion. Later—Their Royal Highnesses left for the falls by special boat, where an address of welcome has been laying idle for the last two months.

Next day's edition—12 a.m. edition—It is wonderful how well their Royal Highnesses stand the strain. They seem never to get tired. Later edition—Their Royal Highnesses and suite have taken the night train for Montreal. Toronto feels slighted that their Royal Highnesses did not stay a week or two. We have not half shown our loyalty.

5 o'clock edition—From our Special Correspondent—An important change has been effected. The franchise of the Buffalo B. B. club has been given to Montreal. We will show the Frenchmen what a curve is.

DOM PEDRO.

LETTERS TO POLITICONIUS VERACIUS.

SCUTARI, 2nd Oct., 1890.

To POLITICONIUS VERACIUS,
Rue Rip Van Winkle,
Pachalic of Londonderry.

GREETING:

Oh, VERACIUS! *Son of the great and eternal Bacchus!*

MANY days have mingled with the past since I have received a message from thee. The camel train hath passed my tent thrice times two without bearing a message from you. Methinks thou hast fallen in with a crowd of infidel christians and led into the crooked paths of politics and cigarette smoking. The great Allah preserve thee, as thy mind is most erratic.

Veracius, in my last scroll to you I said I would speak of your grand bazaar, or, in the words of your countrymen, the exhibition held once a year by the sheik of the city. Lo! it is a great affair and money

doth flow into the coffers of the sheiks like unto a mint. Caravans come from all over the country—even from that dark and political ridden country that lies at thy southern extremity—to yield up their tributes to your great city, and carry off all the boodle they can lay their hands on. Allah! It is a great scheme and there are a great many cords attached to it. But, O learned Veracius! there are many unseen and unused wells that the heads of the exhibition may tumble into, if they light not up their way with a torchlight procession. The Koran doth say that that which caused the angels to fall may overtake the sons of earth without leaving out the exhibition sheiks.

Most Trustful Veracius, the merchants and traders of the hills and cities of the interior cry aloud to Islem and the sheiks for more room for their wares, and the great populace cry in a loud voice for more sitting room in the grand pavilion, where horses and jockeys disport themselves in the ring; where men and women in red jackets and peaked caps caper around on horses adorned with red and white and blue tickets, and do attempt to jump over an imaginary fence, and running dogs and fierce bicycles; the side-show in front of the grand stand, wire-walking wizards and contortionists of every size and color, bands of music and all that gladdens the multitude and takes away their sequins. Woe, woe to the exhibition if there is not more room. The pilgrims from afar cry with one voice "more room." And the sheiks put their heads together and answer "Allah is great, and we give much thanks for the success of our scheme." But, alas! and their faces did assume the proportions of a spade, "we have made but thirty-one thousand sequins, ($70,000), and we cannot enlarge the space till we make two hundred thousand sequins more." And O, Veracius! the exhibition sheiks did utter a vow that when next year's bazaar takes place, in addition to the fee for the dog show, grand pavilion and the shekels for looking at the pasteboard city

of Pompeii destroyed every day for six consecutive days, they intend charging the multitude twelve shekels for breathing the fresh air of the lake. Verily the sheiks have struck a mine and are going to work it for all it is worth.

O, Veracius! hang thy head in shame for thy mammon-worshipping brothers. The rising young Arabs, or as you say, the young urchins of the city and the hired boy from the rural glades are sorely aggrieved with a great grievance. After hoarding their hard-earned shekels and gathering up what loose ones that were kicking around during the preceding summer,—O, Veracius! Out upon those barbarous christians, the young urchins and the hired boy paid their shekels at the gate, expecting to see all the sights, and that is all they wish to see—for the same money—lo! they have only begun to pay. The poor hired boy has to take the side-line home on foot. Instead of the exhibition being the Mecca of their hopes, it is their dead sea fruit of despair.

The scribes of the city have shouted out in anger and called down the wrath of the Koran upon the great military sheik at Ottawa to yield unto the exhibition sheiks (without bachsheesh) the military common adjoining the exhibition ground. But the military sheik answered with a mocking laugh, and referred to the local military sheiks, who swore by the bones of Mahommed that they would never yield up the garrison common to the impudent citizens of your great city. Yet, O Veracius, these sheiks mostly belong to the same city, and when the local military sheiks go to direct the shooting at the targets that are up against the exhibition grounds they never pass that way, but these unbelieving sheiks reach the shooting ground by way of West Toronto Junction and North Toronto, and say among themselves "If we do not keep away from the front of the guns we have no guarantee that Allah will preserve us."

And O, Veracius! the local military sheiks do again

say that if we do not have a few base-born civilians to shoot at once in a while, how are we to have proper practice? What if we do kill one occasionally, it shows our proficiency.

O, Veracius! I fear thy safety. Invoke not the wrath of thy military rulers. Do not let thy footsteps lead thee to that part of the city where they use leaden bullets. The Koran cannot protect thee.

O, Veracious! friend of my youth, and enemy to thyself, there is a section of land on the other side of the Rue Dufferin, just on the western boundary of the exhibition park, and skirting the lake, from whose banks can be seen the fig and orange groves of Grimsby. In the words of the great prophet and the wise precepts of the Koran, why don't the exhibition sheiks go westerly and take up this piece of land lying west from the Rue Dufferin and build them a mosque and connect it with a bridge from the main building. For, by the great mosque of Omar, if they do not think less of their own wallets and more of the comforts of the multitudes, it will be a second Pompeii, and buried under the ashes of their golden expectations.

I will write you anon, O Veracius! about things I have seen in your christian country.

And now, O Veracius! may Allah keep a watchful eye upon thee as I know thou requirest the necessary power to keep an eye upon thyself.

Thy Friend,

MOUSSA BEY.

SCUTARI, 4th Nov., 1890.

To

POLITICONIUS VERACIUS,
Rue Rip Van Winkle,
Pachalic of Londonderry.

O VERACIUS !—the terror of thine enemies and thyself included.

I (myself) thy friend, with the protection of Allah attended the chief Mosque of thy City, or the Temple of the City's Government, in the language of the unbeliever called the City Council. O holy prophet ! it was a queer affair. The Cadi sitting on his high-backed chair, with very large white gloves on, under a dome like the entrance to a sepulchre of a pious mussulman. In the middle of the room were gathered all the sheiks of the council. Surrounding a square table were the scribes taking down all the wise sayings of the Great Cadi—Abdul-El-Tighthold—which flowed constantly from his lips. But, O Veracius ! What with the walking in and out of the mutes carrying papers, and the murmur of the sheiks, conversation, to visitors it is anything but an easy matter to hear at all the great words of wisdom. Oh ! Great Crescent of the Orient ! Why do they not speak one at a time instead of half a dozen at a time, and against time. Allah is great, and your Mosque is a great temple of wonders.

The council chamber of the sheiks is square with pictures of past Cadis, hanging on two sides But O Veracius ! let me murmur unto you, the faces of those pictures have a look of great agony and exhausted spirits as if their souls were chained to the canvas—a look of

an infided unbeliever, who has his choice between the Koran and the sword. There are two marble mantels on each side of the chamber near unto the portals, where tall dervishes stand with their turbans on, and looking very uncomfortable, to keep strangers from disturbing the noises made by the sheiks. On the top of these mantels are placed heathenish images of cavaliers with naked swords in their hands. On the corner of one mantel is a virgin holding up in one hand a flambeau. It must be one of the foolish virgins, for it was not lighted. And O Veracius! it never will receive any light in the sheiks' chamber of civic government. On the right of the canopy of the Cadi's throne is a large picture of the Sultana of India, and on the left upon a stand is the bust of a great ruler whose ashes are hidden away in the mausoleum of his ancestors. High up in the left hand corner of the chamber is a weird and paganistic inscription, in these bombastic words, "Toronto the Queen City of the west, situate on the north shore of Lake Ont." O Great and Learned Veracius! there is more poetry than truth in that assertion. Verily O Veracius! if thou wan'st to go from the eastern gate of the city to the western on a Sunday to worship at the mosque of thy friend, or to read the Koran to a sick mussulman, thou mightst utter language that the Koran does not call for, at not being able to go without a great strain on thy shoe leather, breaking up thy physical structure, and allowing cold snow to form on thy piety. No, by the Great Caliph! it is not the Queen City, but the Queer City of the west.

I must not fail to mention, O Veracius! the place above from where you look down upon the seething legislation, you call the gallery. Do not, O Veracius! sully our friendship in the future by calling it a "gallery." Call it a dove cote, or a break in the wall.

The bubble of conversation still kept on among the sheiks in the Council Chamber, when the Cadi rose up

from his throne and waving a paper in his big white glove, cried out to the sheiks in a quick voice, yum, yum, yum, carried, and then handed it to the mute, who cried out hoodle, doodle, doodle, carried. Then the mute picked up another paper, and in the same voice, hunkey, monkey, flunkey, carried, and the heedless hum of the sheiks grew apace. Thus did the Cadi hold up in the great white gloved hand a paper seven times, and once and in a cabalistic tongue, cry carried, and thus did the mute likewise. And I, O Veracius! was carried into the land of Nod and dreamt that the sheiks of your City Council for 1890 were carried to that place where the devout followers of Islam never penetrate.

Why do all those sheiks jump upon their feet at once, glare and talk hotly at each other, and the Cadi with his white glove in the air, command in the name of the Prophet for order, and there is no order. Allah is great, and can penetrate into the motives of his children. But it is not vouchsafed the sons of man to fathom the Council sheiks. Each one seems to have his own cimeter to sharpen. O Veracius! your sheiks want unanimity, they want decorum, they want to be gagged, and they want the bowstring. (We have in the country of Islam, both unanimity and submission to order. The Koran teaches it and the sword enforces.) There is a great battle in words about whether the nomadic merchants of the City should cry out their bananas, peanuts, grapes and other fish in a high pitched voice or in a low minor key. It was agreed after much wind was spent to make the sidewalk dealers set their words to music, and give affidavits not to try and make noise enough to drown the Salvation Army or the unauthorized parades of the fighting fife and drum bands.

After the Cadi had "carried" some more papers, the question of the new mosque of contention at the head of of the Rue Bay. The architect, O Veracius! contracted to plan the building and superintend the construction

from the ground up to the topmost minaret for many thousands of sequins. But lo, when the contract was signed he wants your City to furnish competent assistants at a great price, while he goes and looks after other temples for much gold. It is a great game, O Veracius! Oh, Allah! it is a great game. By the Great Caliph, this young architect must have planned all the registry offices in the Province. But of what are your sheiks composed of, O Veracius! Do they work for your City or for this very young architect? 'Tis most perplexing, O Veracius! Your Cadi has great generosity, and some of the sheiks are most friendly to him, for they yielded unto the juvenile architect in part, and agreed to pay one half for his assistants. But the other sheiks did not like it and disputed the point, but they are very narrow, O Veracius! and do not read their Koran. (Under the just and pious rule of the Sultan, the bastinado, the bowstring and the sword, never failed to make a mussulman carry out his contract.) The mufti was referred to by Sheik-ul-Hassan Red Whiskers, who said the mufti agreed to that the council were legally entitled to pay the architect twice. But, O Veracius! does your Koran say so? Sheik Vokalim-El-Junketter, smiled and placidly moved to have the matter referred back. And, O Veracius! it was referred back to the mufti. By the Great Departed! the words "carried" and "referred back" do not have much time for refreshments among the sheiks of the Council.

But O Veracius! I weary you—my message is almost at an end. A few more questions were brought up of no particular importance. O patient Veracius! Your sheiks are awfully long-winded and speak much at each other, but not to one another. Verily they know not the meaning of decorum. They, O Veracius! should take lessons from an infant class. The Sheik Hard-El-Hitter from the Great Cathedral Division, accused the sheik engineer and other sheiks of buying materials for the

City without sufficient competition. The Cadi defended the sheik engineer, and pointed out a clause in the Koran in his support, but Sheik Hard-El-Hitter was not satisfied.

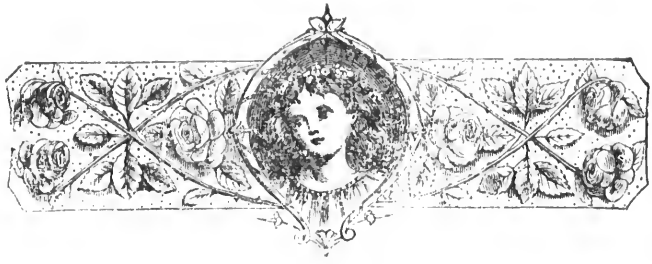
Stay with me, O Veracius! till I speak of the Great City of the Sultan, the Cream City of the earth, the Sublime Porte, the Great Sultan—Islam—the light of the earth, though the Grand Vizier (devout mussulman) does not allow any competition within the limits of the Koran. All the privileges belong to the faithful followers of the sacred person of the Sultan. If any man aspired to compete against the orders of the Grand Vizier, what would be the result, O Veracius? He would be put in a bag by eunuchs and fired out of a ten storey castle into the Bosporus. The laws of the Koran are strict, O Veracius! and must be obeyed.

O Veracius! a few more words will finish. Why does the Cadi, at a certain period in the proceedings, put on his turban, or, as you would say "plug hat?" Is it a custom of the council? The Cadi acted as if he had to put it on. If it is a custom, it is a great custom, and, O Veracius! it is a great "plug," and not an ornamental nor useful custom of the Cadi's, unless, O Veracius! it could be used to terrify the sheiks into a method of debate and good order. It looks fearful enough for that purpose.

O Veracius! When thou writest me again, tell me the meaning of the plug hat racket of the christian Cadi's.

Take care of thyself O Veracius! and read the Koran every day, and Allah will provide for thee if thou hustlest.

Thy Constant and Patient Friend,
MOUSSA BEY.



RATIONAL CLUB STORIES.

THE RATIONAL CLUB.

IN the second storey of a tall brick building, situated on a busy thoroughfare; where the jingle of the cow-bells on the street car horses is heard every three minutes; and the shriek of the locomotive is heard on allsides, in that part of the highly moral city of Toronto called the "Flowery Suburb," erstwhile Parkdale, and occupying nearly the whole flat, is an association of Parkdale citizens, under the name, style and firm of the Rational Club.

Parkdale, alas! has stepped down from her lofty commercial eminence, and has become incorporated with her hated rival the city of Toronto. Her past municipal greatness has been merged into that of an outlying ward of the all-absorbing city. But her monumental prestige will ever live in the breasts of the patriotic Parkdalians. Once each year she sends three representatives to help swell that incongruous mass—the city council—significant for misrule, mismanagement, oligarchy, anarchy, and everything else but sound policy and liberal and

progressive ideas; on which, by comparison, Parkdale can look back with pride, and rest content with her past achievements.

At least there is one institution she can still claim great credit for, and that is the Rational Club.

This club was not created for the purpose of ruining (financially and physically) its members. Its rules and regulations are simple and beneficial, which are:—

(1) That any respectable person, irrespective of pedigree or political creed, is eligible.

(2) That the objects of the institution are recreative, instructive and moral.

(3) That excessive drinking, treating and intemperate and profane language are forbidden, and offenders liable to fine and expulsion.

(4) That the club was not designed for the profit of its promoters.

The club chambers are divided into several departments, the reading room, smoking room, library (containing works of abstract and practical science, literary productions of the most pronounced and instructive authors), debating room. Another room is subdivided into small compartments, and the members present, after the business of the evening is over, split up into small sets and adjourn to these compartments for refreshments, which are supplied from the store-room (there being no bar), both liquid and solid; and the profits devoted to the maintenance of the library, and for supplying newspapers and periodicals, etc. Though liquor may be ordered by a single member it is chargeable to all of the consumers included in the order.

In one of these compartments were Bob I——, Colin McK——, Ernest L—— and Hubert M——, sipping their nut-brown ale. Bob I—— was elected to tell a story having a foundation of fact and personal adventure, ghost and fish stories were tabooed in the Rational Club.

"Well," commenced Bob, "my story relates to personal

experience in the far Western states, and will be entitled, 'Surgery in the Far West,'" which will occupy a separate chapter.

SURGERY IN THE FAR WEST.

SOME years before the period of my story, I was engaged in the office of a large commercial establishment in the city of Toronto, but owing to long application to business, the severe strain on my constitution compelled me to lay off for a while and recuperate my shattered health.

About this time I received a letter from my uncle, who practised medicine at a place called Reno, in Kansas, inviting me to go out there and visit him.

Having a taste for surgery which never was gratified, I concluded to pay my uncle a visit, and wrote to him to that effect. Having in view the desire to gratify the craving for surgical operations, and to regain my health, I packed up my dry-goods and other bric-a-brac, and started for Reno the next day, where I arrived in due time, much invigorated by the trip, and cordially welcomed by my uncle and family, and pressed to make my stay there a long one.

Reno has a floating population of about three thousand, made up principally of miners, cowboys, rancheros, bronchos, faro bankers and greasers. Society out there would, at that time, be able to stand a little polish.

The sheriff was the busiest man in the place, and in order to fill his numerous engagements he had to hustle. Not only was the sheriff in great demand, but lynching parties were also a great feature of the town.

The reports we get here in the east of cowboys using their revolvers to bore holes into their fellow-citizens, in order to preserve their dignity as citizens of the great republic, and frequent scraps in faro banks and saloons were, to judge of the subjects left with my uncle to cut and patch up, are not in the least exaggerated.

Well, to make a long story short, I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations in getting my thirst for surgery gratified.

My uncle kept a drug store as well as pursued his profession of physician and surgeon. His son, who is a lawyer, had, on the contrary, no desire either to witness a surgical operation or hear of one, and studiously kept out of the way, when a subject was hurried through the drug store into the surgery behind.

Even surgery will pall on a person when one puts in fifteen hours a day cutting, sawing and lancing. When my uncle found that I took an interest in the science, he very considerately allowed me to assist him in the operations, and I had not been there three days before I had my hands full.

Every night and every day the faro bank, the saloon and other institutions necessary to the high pressure civilization then in vogue in the west, supplied their share of subjects for our exertions. One subject with a bullet lodged in his shoulder or skull, another with his face and arms slashed with a bowie knife; what with the probing, and sewing up of cuts, all my faculties were brought into full play. At first I enjoyed the work and thought I was in luck to get such a grand opportunity to develop my powers, but when the operating room began to look like a slaughter house, it struck me that I was only learning the butcher business, which I could have just as well learned in Toronto.

Surgery, as it was practised in Reno was not what I expected. I didn't go there to be a butcher, and didn't make a long stay. I did not entirely recover my health,

but thought, in justice to myself, it would be better for me to preserve what I had, and I didn't know at what moment I would become a fit subject for the knife of a surgeon.

Canada may have disadvantages not possessed by the the United States, and may not be so wealthy, and so populous; nor have so great a name and fame in the world, but there is one qualification she can claim, and one that has no fictitious value, and that is, "law and order." I want to live in a country where my person is respected, and not be a mark for bullets while pulling a handkerchief out of my pocket. So in conclusion, Canada is good enough for me.

The members highly commended Bob for his discretion in leaving so exciting a town, and the next member elected for a story was Colin McK., who related the following chapter, entitled an "Indian Legend."

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

OWEN SOUND and the neighboring villages, ten years ago, were not as they are at present, thriving railway and agricultural places of wealth and prosperity, and surrounded by well tilled fields and well stocked farms, intersected by serviceable roads; but, at the time I speak of, though not so very long ago, the country was one wide district of timber, with crooked and uncomfortable roads; villages consisting of probably a blacksmith shop, sometimes a post office and the never-failing countryside inns; the Indians were the greater prat of the population, and the hungry-eyed wolf was an old and venerated settler.

Between Hamptonville and Owen Sound, a distance of twenty miles, wound a very uneven and jagged road—a narrow defile through the bush and tangled woods and stretches of swamp that lined the roadway for many miles. Upon this road I used to navigate the ship-like motion of the old-time stage, unaccompanied by the tally-ho and the huntsman's shout, as the gay fox kicked up the dust into the eyes of his pursuers as he sought his cover.

The Indians of Manitoulin Island and those belonging to the Owen Sound district used to hold an annual camp-meeting to worship the Great Manitou, after the Indian style, which they called the "Great Spirit." At any rate, they not only imbibed that spirit which embodies immortality, but largely indulged in that other spirit of a more material kind, and their devotions could be heard miles away from the place of worship, like the shrieks of lost souls consigned to everlasting torment where the thermometer never falls below the boiling point.

This year the Indians held their camp not far from Hamptonville, and the Great Manitou and other spirits were in great demand.

When I was making up my load of passengers at Hamptonville towards evening, a big load of Indians, driven by a rival stage-coach, pulled up to the tavern and unloaded to give the red men a chance to start a pandemonium with fire-water; though, strictly speaking, whisky was forbidden fruit to the Great Manitou worshippers, yet they managed to get enough to fill the surrounding country with war-whoops. The stage of Indians got away before I did, but one Indian, considerably inspired by the great spirit, was making the welkin ring with his war cries, and curdling the blood of the spectators by his sun-dance.

The proprietor of the "Hamptonville Indian Heater" asked me if I would take the Indian on top of the stage with me; not wanting to offend, though disliking the

idea of offending the genial dispenser of fire-water, I consented. So the whooping and gesticulating Indian was planted beside me on the box, and with a crack of my long whip off we started.

The rain had been falling the night before, and pools of water had collected in the hollows in the road.

While going down a slight incline I applied the brakes, but for some reason or other they did not work properly, and I stopped the horses, got down the side and remedied the defect; while so doing the wild-eyed denizen of the Canadian jungles looked at me very suspiciously; the grating sound caused by the brake had a peculiar effect on his superstitious understanding; thinking, perhaps, that the unfathomable pale face was about to pull the string of some infernal machine and fling him into the happy hunting ground without benefit of clergy. When I again mounted the box my copper-colored companion was just in the act of drawing a tremendously long knife from about his person somewhere. As quick as thought I hit out straight from the shoulder, and, before the Indian got his dagger out, landed him one behind the ear, and over he went, head over heels, into the pool of water in the road, and I lashed the horses and left the red devil in the rear.

It was just in sight of the hotel where the incident took place, and when I looked around the noble red man was standing knee deep in the mud, brandishing his knife and whooping like a fiend; while the hangers-on at the tavern looked on with a good deal of surprise and amusement.

"Hallo, there," said one of the passengers, "what's all the racket about?"

I told him the circumstances, and he wanted to know if I had a gun; he would soon settle the d——d redskin.

I didn't have a gun, as I never found occasion to use one, but after the affair with the Indian I made it a

point to carry one; and had the chance presented itself I would not wait long in deciding what to do.

The Indian, in my opinion, is a very queer animal, and more ornamental than useful, and the wild west show is his proper sphere. So far as civilizing the Indian is concerned, in addition to supplying the means to till the soil, if mechanics and an insight into the fine arts were thrown in his way, his superstition would be somewhat reduced, and the man who happened to display a patented reversible shirt front or a new carpet-stretcher would stand a better chance of escaping the tomahawk or scalping knife.

A vote of thanks was given to Colin McK—— for his short, but thrilling narrative, and the choice of another story fell to Ernest L——, who began as follows: "What I know about country hotels."

COUNTRY HOTELS.

THERE is no doubt in my mind that the country hotel can stand a great deal of remodelling, according to modern customs and convenience. If a man wishes to know how his ancestors used to think and live, let him take a trip to a country hotel; there, even unto the present hour, he will find the facilities for comfort for man (the beasts are well taken care of), and the habits of modern life, thrown back about fifty years, to the time of the old pioneers. Except railway towns the hotels are little in advance of the more rural part, the inducements held out for unalloyed comfort are almost an unknown quantity.

A great feature of the country hotel is the bar—if there were no bars there would be no country hotels,—and its worst feature too. During my travels through the country, and they have been extensive, I have often found it necessary to take a little ardent spirits, not on account of a strong desire for it, but to restore the flagging tissues of my nervous system. But, how can I picture my disappointment when the agricultural bar-tender would hand me a glass of stuff—called in the country whiskey—but which tasted as much like whiskey as stagnant rain-water; it is simply horrible, and the rural scenery loses all its charms, and one's thoughts becomes profane, and he longs once more for one goblet of the city brand before he dies.

I guess I have sampled nearly every country inn within a radius of fifty miles from Toronto, but with few exceptions the liquors are vile, and the taste of the villainous drugs lingers long in one's mouth, and a gloomy and depressed feeling of the mind as if some great calamity were about to take place, or one lost a bet "on a sure thing." No wonder the country people flock to the city.

To most men who travel through the country a better brand of liquid refreshment will be hailed with joy, or, if not, why let the country hotel keep a supply of wholesome cider and milk; the traveller will know his life will be safe.

Another old landmark of the country hotel is the cold storage department, in the country called bedrooms, (properly refrigerators). One night in a country hotel bedroom is sufficient to give one a chill for life; its opposite is the over-heated sitting room, without ventilation, and kept as hot as a furnace. One has his choice—either stay there and get cooked, or go to your bedroom and get frost-bitten. Literature is plentiful enough, but one gets tired of reading about "credit sales," and last year's circus posters, so temptingly strung up in the bar-room. No one blames the farmers for selling out and seeking

the conveniences of the city. The liquor of the country hotel is sufficient cause to depopulate the whole rural districts.

One night in the keen month of February I was taking a trip to the town of N——, up that ancient toll road, Yonge street. The wind sweeping over the fields making loud wails among the leafless trees, was cold and penetrating, and by the time I reached the silent hamlet of Thornhill it was midnight, and I was stiff and benumbed with the cold. I stopped before a hotel where the only light in the place was glimmering, and pondered whether to tempt Providence, by seeking a draught of something hot and potent to quicken my frozen circulation. A gust of wind that whistled around the building, and nearly took my breath away, made me take the dread step of testing their spirituous and malt liquors, which country hotels are licensed to sell, but it is a meaningless term. The front door opened to my knock, and I was ushered into a well-lighted and comfortable sitting-room; everything bespoke cheerfulness and inviting; the table was well supplied with newspapers and periodicals on current topics of the day. Could this be a country hotel? I asked myself. It was certainly a novelty to see plenty of good reading matter in a country hotel; it was like tasting the luxury of a city hostelry, and one could hardly believe it otherwise. My surprise was still heightened when a glass of genuine whiskey was placed before me. The effect of the unusual quality of the refreshments in a hotel in the country was almost too much for me and I nearly swooned, but with the aid of a good "stiff un'" of brandy (which was actually pure), I was completely restored to my normal condition and was prepared to do justice to a liberal meal.

The dining-room, though not very large, was well appointed, comfortably warm and well ventilated; the walls were tastily decorated with interesting pictnres, and the table was a paragon of neatness, arrangement

and cut glass; the viands were of sufficient variety and quantity to suit the most fastidious. Everything about this hotel was in accord. It was an oasis in the desert of dreary and inhospitable country hotels. The proprietor is a genial and business-like Englishman, who understood the meaning of good accommodation "for man as well as beast," and long may he reign.

One solitary day in midsummer, when nature was all abloom, and the golden grain were bending their heavy heads before light puffs of wind, that stirred the yellow fields like gentle billows on the emotionate waters, and the stretches of woods decked out in their vivifying greenness and sylvan beauty, and the streams bubbling and reflecting the noon-day sun, as they meandered off beneath overhanging copses of natural shrubbery behind the grassy hill-side, dotted with cows and sheep, and lost to sight—the richness of the landscape and the smell of the new-mown hay here in the county of York was an actual paradise, chastened and mellowed by orchards, teeming with fruit, and beautiful farm houses, pretty churches and a pellucid atmosphere—myself and a friend were gently driving along towards the town of M——m, thinking, of course, that a town which could support electric lights and a newspaper, and having the advantage of railway facilities, could reasonably provide every accommodation, but we were doomed to failure.

We put up at a very pretentious hostelry, setting forth in glowing letters, "The Tremont House;" it might have been so, but the interior was bare, though spacious, and the furniture hard and wooden; the sitting room, bar and office walls were covered with large placards containing pictures of "stallions sired by such and such," and prize bulls. The dining room was desolation itself; very large and very bare and comfortless, well-lighted and clean. Half a dozen long pine tables covered with the usual plain delf, much chipped; abundance of food, but monotonous. To crown all was the invariable and soul-destroying country hotel green tea.

The country hotel-keeper has a great deal to answer for in the next world. Let him visit a rural burying ground in his neighborhood and there witness his work, and be warned in time; every gravestone will rise up in accusation against him, with a terrible array of epitaphs, probably in these words: "In memoriam" John —— departed this life unexpectedly; he partock of a cup and a half of green tea in a country hostelry. "Sacred to the memory" of———died in the fulness of his youth from the effects of one glass of country whiskey. "In memory of ———, struck to death by a chill in a country hotel bed-room." "Sacred to, etc., ———, died of insanity caused by the want of something to read at a country hotel."

With the boundless stores of the products of a fertile region at its very door and at bottom prices, it is strange the country hotel cannot supply the best accommodation in the market, and be a treat for the tired and harrassed city folks; but instead, they are the worst specimens of hotels in the world.

So ends "What I know about country hotels," said Ernest L——, as he wiped the beer froth from his moustache. The subject was duly filed for future reference, and they adjourned to the Rational Club assembly room for the benediction.

PERILS OF A HAY-FORK MAN.

IN the gilded bar of a down-town restaurant was a group of customers taking their six o'clock refreshments, when the subject of hay-fork men was brought up.

"I tell you what, boys," said Jack Straybird, as he put the finishing touch to a "John Collins," "Billy Roper is a corker; oh! he is the 'star' of the country; now, if he can't discount everyone in selling 'goods to farmers it is a caution.

"I had a little experience in that line myself," continued Jack, "with Billy Roper, for about three months, a couple of years ago, when times were a little slack. I got about fifty dollars a month and expenses as an assistant, and two hundred dollars more to keep my mouth shut. I made money them times and don't you make no mistake. You can just figure on what Billy made if I could make that much; oh! he is a dandy.

"As near as I can remember, it was one night late in October when Billy and I were seated in a buggy drawn by a pair of 'goers,' the rain was coming down in bucketfuls; the roads were so muddy that the wheels sunk right up to the hubs. Billy was as cool as you make

them, and the way he made them horses go made my hair straighten. On we went, through the mud and rain, in the ditches and out of the ditches, through pools of water and swaying from one side to the other like a lugger in a gale. Billy swore at and lashed the horses till they fairly flew along. I said, 'here, Billy; if the rig breaks down we're likely to get our necks broken.' All the satisfaction I got was 'to h—— with the rig;' and he laid on the whip more.

"About half a mile to the rear we could hear the yells of the farmers, hot after us with pitchforks and shot guns." ("Cigar for you, Sir? Did you say No. 2 straight, Jim? all right.") "Well, as I was saying, the farmers were not far behind us (and you bet they had some good horse-flesh, but we distanced them, though). If them farmers caught us it would have been all up with Billy and me. Oh! but they were mad. They found, after Billy had taken their 'orders' and had their notes in his pocket for about five hundred dollars, that they were 'hay-forked,' and made after us and struck our trail and did'nt give up the chase till their horses gave out. If it had'nt been for Billy's nerve you can bet your straight dollar it would have been a cold day for the hay-fork business.

"Say, does'nt it just beat everything what a lot of suckers there is in the country; it would surprise you. Billy had them farmers sized up in great style. He gave them all the taffy they wanted, and he got their notes. You bet Billy never used to visit the same district twice, but one time he did it and it was a close shave.

"It was just this way: Billy was passing a fine brick farmhouse, he thought he had'nt been there before, but he had, when there was only a small frame house on the place, so he walked in to get an 'order,' as soon as he saw the farmer he recognized him at once as one who had given him an order before. Billy was paralyzed, but he never lost his head. He happened to have grown

a beard since he was there before, and the farmer did not drop.

"'Well,' said the farmer, 'I was 'hayforked' once before and I am getting a little ascared about them goods.'

"'Oh!' said Billy, 'I quite agree with you, there are some unprincipled agents going through the country trying to do up the farmers.' Then Billy started to taffy the house, barn and stock, and I am a dude if he did'nt take another order for a hundred dollars. Say, was'nt that slick?

"Did I tell you how Billy was arrested at a city about twenty miles from Chatham?" asked Jack of some of his auditors, as he served the third round of liquid refreshment. "Billy was taking orders in the county of Middlesex, with considerable success; he held quite a lot of promissory notes for 'seed oats,' but he was followed and nabbed in London, and led into a cooler to wait his trial for fraud. The farmers were after blood this time and intended to have it. Say, boys, it did look dark for Billy, sure. But Billy was a match for them all, bar none.

"The night before the trial a lot of farmers who gave away their good names were talking the matter over in the bar of the hotel, thinking they had the bars up this time on Billy for sure. Just then a fellow came in the bar, a little groggy, and called for drinks, and asked the crowd up. While they were drinking the stranger began to talk about Billy, saying he had the ——— by the hair where it was short, and intended making things lively for Billy Roper; at the same time he pulled a bundle of papers out of his pocket and holding them out, said, as well as he could with the 'jag' he had on, 'I'll put him away for ten years, you can bet your neck." The farmers wanted to know all about it, but this chap would'nt give anything away unless they put up ten dollars apiece to help pay the expense of the court.

"The farmers bit and chipped in their ten dollars each and asked no questions, (say, boys, men that will pay over good money like that ought to get it in the neck every time). Anyhow the case came on next day, and the fellow that collected the money from the farmers got up and swore, as a witness for the defence, that those farmers bribed him to give evidence against Billy, and he proved it right there. Well, the charge was thrown out and the costs of the court and a fine were levied from the farmers.

"If they were'nt the sickest agriculturists in the country, then you can call on me.

"There is'nt a lawyer in this town that can upset Billy; they would like to, but he's just too slick for anything. (Gentlemen, I'll just take a cigar).

"One time Billy was stopping at the American Hotel, some time ago when they used to do business at the old stand. He was standing talking to the clerk in the office, when a stranger stepped up to him and drew him apart for a minute, it was the sheriff of ——— county, and Billy was invited to go back with him on the next train west.

"Say, you'd think a man in that position would give himself right away; but, say, Billy was equal to the occasion, instead of wilting he asked the sheriff to have a drink, as if he had just met an old friend (and nobody there knew the difference). Well, the sheriff looked at his watch and then at Billy (Billy was got up regardless, diamond breastpin and silk tile), and said as he had some time to spare before the train started, he thought he would indulge. Well, the fact of the matter was, that in about half an hour the sheriff was filled up to high-water mark. The sheriff said Billy was the best fellow he ever met. Billy thought it was about time to keep an 'appointment,' so he asked the sheriff to excuse him for a minute as he wanted to go upstairs to write a letter.

"'Certainly, certainly,' said the sheriff. So Billy went into the hall and out of a side door, and in about ten minutes after he was moving away from the wharf on the *Chicora*, and about the time the sheriff realized the situation he was comfortably lounging in a hotel in Lewiston.

"You can't beat that record," said Jack, as he wiped off the bar. "Say, Billy Roper is a 'star,' he's a 'specialist;' now, I tell you, he ought to be in parliament. He made $20,000 in less than two years from the farmers.

"People talk about the hay-fork men being crooked and all that sort of thing; but say, boys, them farmers is a 'mark,' and it ain't natural for a man to pass it without trying a shot. They call hay-fork men sharks and swindlers, but what about the men that discount hay-fork notes? I know a man, not fifty miles from this corner, who paid twelve hundred dollars for two thousand dollars' worth of notes, and collected every cent; and I can point out others will buy all they can find, and know how they were got.

"Eleven o'clock, gentlemen; good night; it's closing hour. Say, I'm talking straight, for a fact."

JACK STRAYBIRD.

AN EXPEDITION TO LAKE COUCHICHING.

SUTTON-ON-THE-BLACK-CREEK.

IF the reader is not already acquainted with the location of Lake Couchiching, he or she might extend his or her geographical knowledge by first looking up Lake Simcoe, then it will be seen that the lake with the double-barrelled name lies at the northern extremity of Lake Simcoe, and divided from it by a narrow neck of marsh land, cut in two by a channel connecting the two lakes. The word "Couchiching" is pronounced by eminent authority to be an Indian word, and was used by the aborigines to fence in the lake that struggles under so vast a name. Lake Couchiching is about one-fifth the size of Lake Simcoe, but what it lacks in size is fully made up for by its colossal appellation.

Before proceeding any further into the circumstances implicated in the following exploits and adventures, it will be necessary, in the interest of veracity and posterity,

to make an affidavit, not so much to adorn the tale, but as a guarantee of good faith; besides it is becoming the custom amongst journals of any standing in society to make sworn statements of their circulations, which at once stamps them with the seal of righteous business, virtue and self-laudation. And who has the assurance or is lacking in self-respect to challenge the motives of such public benefactors?

County of York To Wit. } I, W. Leonidas Gunwad, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York and State of Ontario, snipe-shooter and pot-hunter, make oath and say as follows:—

(1) That I am one of the parties alluded to in the following expedition, and was personally present and did collude and conspire to start out on the said expedition, which I have ever since regretted.

(2) That I am personally acquainted with the location of Lake Couchiching, and deplore its christening.

(3) That I do know that good healthy ice can be obtained from the said lake for the hauling.

(4) Under the Act made and provided for the suppression of voluntary and extra judicial oaths (blasphemy not mentioned).

Sworn before me at Toronto, in the East Riding of York, this 10th day of Dec., 1890. } W. Leonidas Gunwad.

Septimus Fatfee, *a Commissioner in H. C. J.*

Sutton-on-the-Black Creek in some mysterious manner sprang into existence in the heart of the township of Georgina, and is about three miles south of Jackson's Point on the southern shore of Lake Simcoe. The main street is quite a busy thoroughfare, and is flanked on either side, for about a quarter of a mile, with stores representing all sorts of wares from a spool of thread up to a bear-trap. Judging by the amount of business done

at the two hotels that adorned the town, it certainly was marvellously lively. But the pride of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek is its society, so intensely select and exclusive that no one without a highly burnished escutcheon could ever enter within its sacred temple or even breathe the same atmosphere. The common townspeople of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek dare not speak, only in tones of great deference and eyes cast down, of any members of the aristocratic circle of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek. Notwithstanding that society take part in supplying boots and shoes and ready-made clothing to the lower classes, and exchanges crockery and glassware and other merchandise for butter and eggs, and supply powder and shot and fish-hooks to the Indians of the neighboring islands of Lake Simcoe, and also are pleased to operate the saw and grist mills that occupy both sides of the Black River, otherwise the Black Creek, situated at the north end of the town, yet a line must be drawn somewhere and pulled taut or the ever-presuming encroachments of the common people would sadly mar the rank and culture of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek.

No artisan, or assistants of artisans, such as those who attend the graduated process of building a house with supplies of materials essential to the permanency and gravitation of the building, otherwise brick and mortar; even those whose fathers and grandfathers may have been disgraced by the name of artisan, were rigidly excluded from the sacred circle.

Anyone aspiring to be enrolled amongst the elite of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek must be able to establish, for a dead certainty, to Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek's "Four Hundred," minus three hundred and sixty, that his grandfather has captured at least fifty musk-rat skins and twenty skins of mixed coon and fox, properly dried and salted.

The following incidents that happened at Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek go a long way to show the ultra tone of the town:—

Away back in the seventies society in Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek was flattered with a visit from Col. Robert D——. D. A. G., but among the lowly called "one-eyed Bok," who was making his annual inspection through his military district.

The colonel was a jovial man and well charged with anecdotes, and could entertain a crowd all day and two-thirds of the night; he did not seem to notice any difference in the station of the people so long as they were decent and could appreciate his yarns. A certain Capt. Stifneck kept a general store on the opposite side of the street from the hotel, and, amongst other things, dealt largely in axe handles and rusty bacon. Capt. Stifneck paid a visit to Col. Bob, who was hugely entertaining a crowd in the back parlor, and complained very indignantly that a certain lieut. who held a commission in the same regiment which he (the capt.) distinguished by his presence, had the presumption to claim social recognition at the hands of his brother officers. It was simply scandalous, said Capt. Stifneck, and his face showed deep disgust and horror at the bare possibility of an obscure lieut. daring to insinuate himself among the elite of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek, and the crowd, very much awed, perceptibly fell back.

"I have always found," said Col. Bob, "Lieut. —— an efficient officer and a credit to your regiment, and can see no earthly reason why he should'nt command as much respect as any other officer in the volunteer force."

"But, you know, my dear col., he is only a journeyman painter, and it would be very shocking."

"Oh! is that all? Why, capt., I remember, some years ago, in Toronto, when I bought cabbages from your mother in the market." The coarse peal of laughter that followed the colonel's remarks was simply outrageous. The captain was suddenly called away to serve a customer with a box of axle grease.

Society writhed under the sting inflicted by the bluff

colonel, especially when it was so unexpected, but other indignities were yet in store for them.

A few miles to the south of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek there dwelt a certain Dr. B——, high up in the veterinary line. Though holding independent views on questions of a social nature, still he was an acknowledged member of the elite of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek, and had the entree of the best houses. But, on one unfortunate occasion, he committed an offence for which the select few of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek never forgave him.

One evening after the doctor had administered some medicine to a sick horse and had paid his respects to some of the exclusive, he was riding homeward in his buggy, and at the outskirts of the town he overtook a man, trudging along with dinner-pail in hand, who was just returning from his day's toil. The doctor obligingly pulled up and asked the degenerate son of labor if he would like to ride, which was gratefully accepted, and they both cherrily passed the time away till they reached their several homes.

The humane action of the doctor was noted by a group of his set, and it was speedily circulated among society, which thrilled the whole colony with horror and amazement at the idea of one of their number giving to a "workingman" a ride in the same carriage. They probably thought, as Mark Twain did, "that the workingman was so much waste raw material," and a fitting vehicle for his convenience was a dump-cart.

This last affront was past forbearance to society at Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek, and the doctor was severely reprimanded for this bad breach in the social laws. It was simply an outrage and never had a precedent.

It was no use for the doctor to say he did'nt think it was any harm to give a lift to a tired man who had put in a hard day's work; nor was it any use for the doctor to say it was no more than common courtesy to be obliging to everyone, irrespective of creed or conditions; nor for him

to say it was his own horse and buggy, and he could and would do as he d——d pleased, and get mad and go home with defiance in his eye. Society was mortally offended, and the doctor was ostracized. The wires of communication were cut down, so to speak, and the doctor shortly after sold out and sought pastures new where he is doing well, none the worse for his expulsion from the select of Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek.

This was society at Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek in its palmiest days—the exclusive, the high and lofty of the world, when my story opens.

How society manages to survive the intrusion of the railway that accidentally found it, with all its accompaniment of vulgar baggage, and freight and soot-colored train hands, one cannot conjecture without a shudder.

THE EXPEDITION.

It was about the middle of October, the trees were putting on their brilliant garb of Autumn, the blood-red maple leaves were gently fluttering in the breeze. The robins were pluming themselves up, waiting for the summons to start on their cruise to southern climes. The crows were soaring overhead in countless thousands, and continually changing positions, and making the little birds tremble with their eternal cawing. It was one of those bright days when the sun was sleepily looking down through the hazy atmosphere. A sort of day that would delude one into the belief that the earth was a perpetual paradise.

Five or six young fellows were discussing a plan, in the bar-room of S——d's Hotel in Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek, of an expedition to Lake Couchiching, to spend a week or two hunting and fishing—a decision in the affirmative was arrived at, and we—that is I, W. Leonidas Gunwad—and several others, made active preparations for the start. In a very short space of time we

filled a half-bushel basket with crackers and cheese, ham sandwiches and a dozen apple pies, as big around as the top of a cheese-box, which the good lady of the hotel supplied us with, in the hope, no doubt, of being amply repaid, in the way of salmon trout and black duck and such other game as might come within the reach of our trusty fowling pieces. My companions secured a sufficient supply of liquids, calculated as an antidote for despondency and rheumatism, and a pack of cards.

Guns, ammunition and fishing tackle were also provided; but, not absolutely necessary to a hunting and fishing voyage.

In addition to the persons already mentioned, we were accompanied by one Captain Spanker, who had sailed the high seas both man and boy for twenty years or more, and also knew the bearings and tides of Lake Simcoe from Kempenfeldt Bay to Lake Couchiching, and from Jackson's Point to Beaverton. Captain Spanker undertook to conduct the voyage from start to finish.

The question of getting a boat was settled by Mr. Highroller, the proprietor of the Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek flour and grist mills, who kindly volunteered the loan of his yacht, which was stationed at Jackson's Point.

Having completed our preparations, we started up the uneven road towards Jackson's Point. To me was allotted the carriage of the provisions and a double barrelled gun (my arm aches when I think of it), my companions carried the other refreshments, also guns and fishing tackle. After an hour and a half's weary toil through stunted bushes, sandy waste and rocks, encouraged by inspiration from a bottle covered with wicker-work, we finally reached the summit of a steep hill-side that formed the shore of Lake Simcoe. Looking northward over the rippling blue waters of the lake, Barrie could be seen reposing gracefully and gently sloping down to the edge of Kempenfeldt Bay. In the filmy distance to the east

and to the west, islands, covered with timber, the indentations in the shore, everywhere fringed with autumnal foliage, the ducks, divers and other water fowls saucily floating on the water near the shore, made an enchanting picture—a feast for the gods. What a paradise it would be for the summer resorters, if they could find boarding houses that did'nt charge six prices for hash that would disgrace the menu of a down-town soup kitchen. (Moderate prices and wholesome diet at summer resorts are but a dream.)

Turning down the hill we reach the wharf, designed as the landing place of Jackson's Point. On one side of the wharf was a twenty-five by thirty freight shed, and on the other side was the yacht of about the same length, her sails furled and idly rolling in the water.

Captain Spanker told us that Mr. Highroller had been thoughtful enough to provide the yacht with a well ordered ballast, which consisted of forty bags of flour, which would serve that purpose till we arrived at Lake Couchiching, when we could leave it at a friend of his there. Considering that the fish and game we acquired, of course we would have no further use for the flour as ballast.

We could not help but appreciate the kindness of the miller, and proceeded to load up with the ballast. By the time we finished that part of the business, it was nearly sun-down, so we decided to postpone the voyage till next morning. It occurred to some of us that there appeared to be something wanting in this voyage, the imagination seemed to be in a very disturbed state. As we could not make out what it was, we covered the ballast with a big tarpaulin blanket, to keep off the dew. After partaking of cheese and crackers and a few angles of pie, also some chagrin, self and companions spread ourselves on the top of the ballast for the night, using a sail for a counterpane. Companions—without self—did not neglect to [illegible] "night caps,"

In the night the wind changed, followed immediately after by a drizzling rain. Waking up suddenly, about three o'clock in the morning, it was discovered that a small stream of water, which a crease in the sail collected, was softly flowing in my right ear, also saturating my hair. The wind was moaning amongst the trees on the shore, and whistled around the thirty by twenty freight shed, and made creaking noises in the rigging of a stone-hooker that was chained to the end of the wharf. The waves were hitting the shore with considerable force; then the horrors of our situation broke upon me. I could hear the snores of my companions hard by. I did not fear the yacht breaking the chain that attached her to the wharf, but that she might take the wharf and freight shed away. However, fearing the worst, I pulled the sail over my head, forgetting to see if my companions were exposed to the same kind of treatment, and went off to sleep again.

SECOND DAY.

The morning broke boisterous and unlovely, companions were astir early and using select profanity at the style of weather we were getting. Self got up and partook of seme more cheese and crackers and another angle of pie. Companions partook sparingly of same—but made up for it in generous libations of drouth-destroyers. Companions smoked, self did'nt (it would make self sick.)

Seeing there was no chance of a start that day, we erected a temporary pavilion or marquee on board the yacht, out of sails, and beguiled the whole day in playing euchre, with sundry calls on the crackers and cheese—not omitting the pie—the wicker-work vessel was no mean factor in our diet. We had our guns charged with powder and duck shot The lake was lashed into a fury, the white-caps were bobbing up in every direction.

Long columns of black ducks were whirling about in every direction, but just out of range. It was very tantalizing, and the ducks seemed to be aware of our harmlessness. It was consoling to think we would get even with them before our voyage was over.

Once more there is a demand for sandwiches, crackers and cheese and pie; due regard is paid to the less substantial but fictitions refreshment indulged in by companions. Euchre again up to a late hour, then we all make our beds on the ballast with canvas for covering; the flying clouds overhead, fitting symbol of fleeting anticipations of the pleasures of hunting.

THIRD DAY.

Finds us at the old stand with bright weather, marred by flying scud and chilly wind. Captain Spanker ascends the rocky headland or point to have a look at the weather, looks about an hour and a half and reports "roughish," but will make the attempt.

We find that there remains less than a half peck of crackers and cheese, including one pie and a sprinkling of sandwiches; we are comforted by the expectation of roast duck and roast muskilunge, covered with ashes, when we reach the north shore of Lake Couchiching.

We make a start at last and point directly for Lake Couchiching. The ballast acts well—could'nt act better. But we don't seem to be very far from the top of the water. Everything runs beautifully. We are making twelve knots an hour, and are just off Georgina Island. Fancy pictures—in the middle of the silent-wooded island, is a long, low school-house, in a space just cleared away, enough to admit the school and play ground covered with stumps, and Indian graves marked by wooden headstones, which the Indian boys use for games of leap-frog, and hide and seek. And the patient and hospitable school teacher treading his way from his little log-house on the

solitary shore to the sylvan Indian school-house in the heart of the island, where one Indian word is a long as a dozen of English.

Our boat about this time seems to be slowing up for some reason or other, when it is found the craft has sprung a leak. All hands at the pumps; the pumping continued for half an hour, during which time we make one knot and a half. Captain Spanker orders the boat about which is done, and we sadly make for the place of beginning. The last pie is eaten and the last drop of brain food is drained from the wicker-work case, when we step ashore, and wend our way towards Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek, leaving the captain the pleasure of unloading the ballast.

Like the way in to Sutton-on-the-Black-Creek, the way out is or was extremely mysterious, and it would be a hopeless task to find it without a compass and an Indian guide.