Pitch and Toss
or The Kurile Intel-ligencer

On the Northern Pacific Ocean.

January, 20. 1894.

Dedicated to

Commander Marshall & the Officers

of the Royal Mail Steamship

"Empress of India"

by the Editor & Staff of the

"Pitch and Toss."

To-morrow !

To-morrow ! !

To-morrow ! ! !

New Pacific Journal

"Pitch and Toss"

Edition de Luxe.

Send your orders early

to

The Editor care of the Purser.

R. M. S. "EMPRESS OF INDIA."

KULILE ISLANDS.

19th January 1884.

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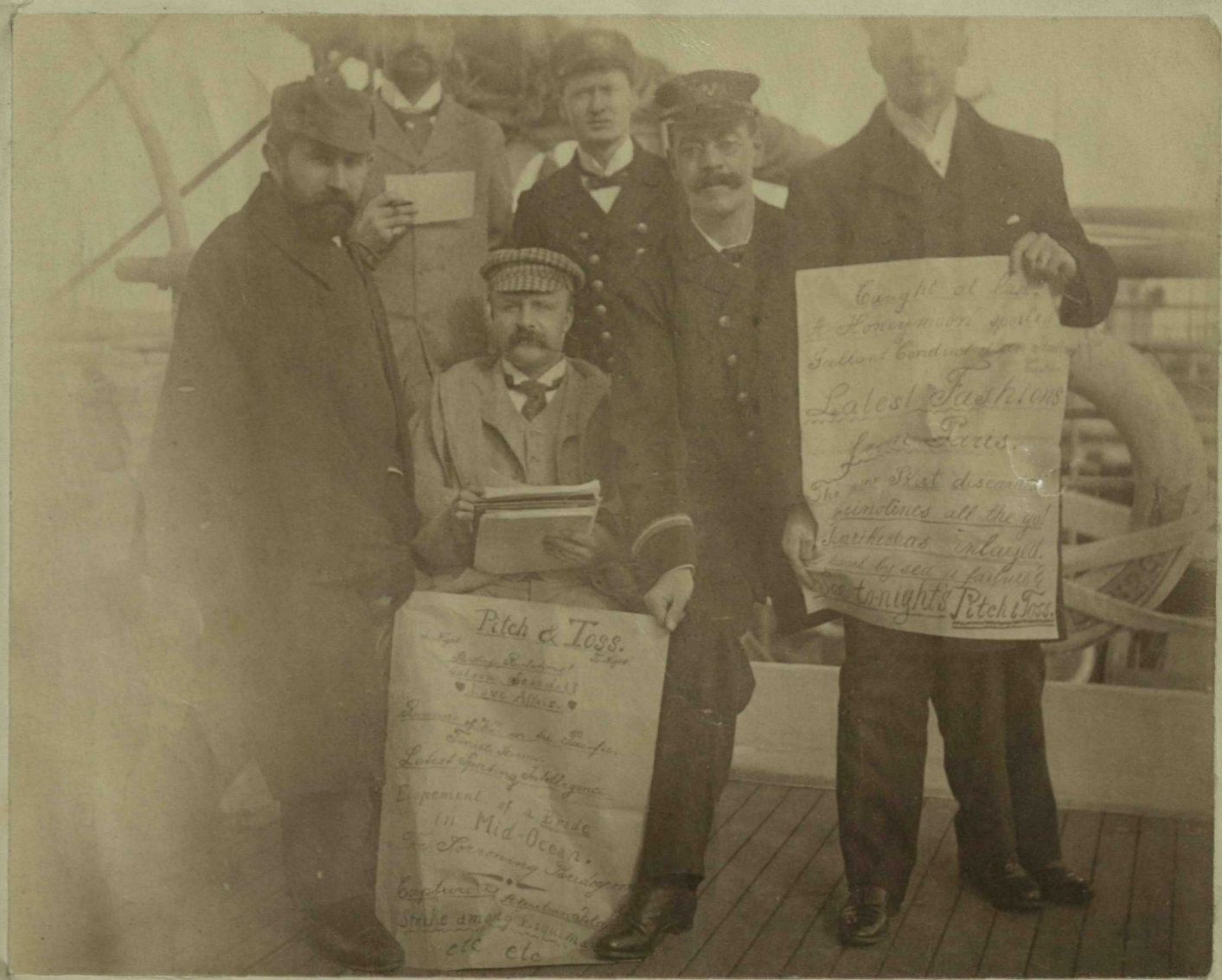
TO THE EDITOR.

Join we in our joyous chorus,
Here's our paper now before us.
See ! complete in every part,
Triumph of the author's art.
Eager we to scan its pages,
Wisdom from the pens of sages,
All for love and none for wages.
Read it for our delectation,
To complete our education !
Leader first and poem after,
Other pieces, food for laughter,
Careful studies each in season
Kept within the bounds of reason
Here's to him who heads the staff,
All our glasses let us quaff,
Render we our thanks in brief
To our Editor-in-Chief.



THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE
"PITCH AND TOSS."

LEADER.

A want long felt is about to be satisfied. Though the Pacific with its high seas and never-ending currents has been maligning its name for centuries, no serious attempt has ever yet been made to supply its ever increasing population with a newspaper worthy of the name. It is true that a so-called journal euphoniously styled "The Growler" made its appearance in the neighbourhood of the Aleutian Islands some few months ago. But it died of inanition before it was a week old and has left nothing but a name behind it—a name which needs only to be mentioned to excite ridicule. It has now been decided to place the Pacific and its inhabitants in possession of a paper which will be worthy of the name. No expense has been spared to obtain a staff of writers unequalled for brilliancy and novelty, whose style has gained for them the highest reputation throughout the literary world. The services of special correspondents have been secured at all the chief centres of civilisation and a war correspondent has been despatched to Africa to watch the hostilities between the Matabeles and the British. A special commissioner is now on his way to Siam to report on the embroglio in that country between the French and Siamese, and arrangements have been made to publish a

complete and graphic account for the benefit of our readers of the mid-winter fair at San Francisco. An art critic renowned for his delicacy and refinement of taste has promised to place his services at the disposal of the paper, and Jonocks, the crack sporting editor of the day, has just been engaged as we go to press. "*Pitch and Toss*" has been selected as the name of the new Pacific Journal; that name being considered most descriptive of the nature of the neighbourhood in which it is published.

"The Pitch and Toss" will be independent in every sense of the word. It will attach itself to no party and will steadfastly refuse to profess only one set of opinions. It will be always ready to consider all questions from every point of view, and, though such consideration may require much space and length of time, it will not on that account abandon its duty, but will persevere in its course until the truth is attained. "Truth" and "Humanity" will be the watchwords of "the Pitch and Toss" and to advance civilisation will be its object. With such an object in view and with so many able writers to aid in attaining it, there can be no doubt that "Pitch and Toss" will receive the support which is always accorded to what is really meritorions.

HARD HIT No. 1.

Strange indeed! His name corresponds with the highest rank in the French army. As a "Marshall" he might pose as Marshall McMahon, though he is an Englishman and a salt water fish.

He is ten feet in height, strongly built, from shoulder to shoulder three feet!

His *maritime bonnet* is remarkably small for his handsome head, revealing as it does his blonde locks, and without in any way affecting to disguise its centuries of existence. It is said to be the first cap, he wore as officer, and naturally he is proud of it; "Bandiera vecchia onor di Capitano" as the Italians say "The older the cap, the more honorable the captain" He is quite a jolly fellow; for everybody he has a jest or quillet; sunshine or rain, he is ready to swear *The weather is fair.* He pretends to be an expert cricketer, and with W. G. Grace's permission we shall name him the champion cricketer of the Pacific. With ladies he is always *galant*, without affectation, but he knows, that ladies like him especially when arrayed in gala uniform and adorned with decorations, but without the *Maritime Bonnet* (The British Museum is negotiating for its purchase.....) The interprising CPR may well be

proud to have such an Admiral of the fleet! and the Marshall is always certain to have a host of friends in all parts of the world.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—

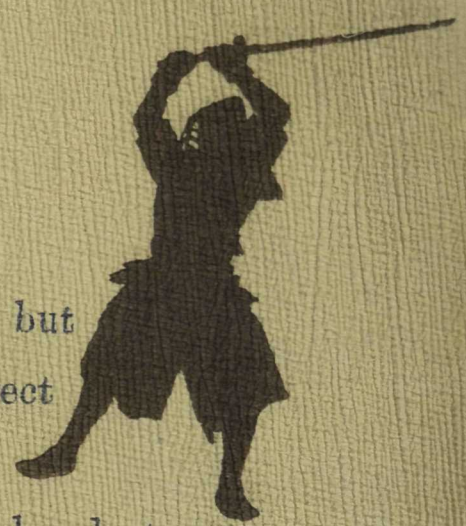
Hans and Oscar, two "Dutchmen," as all foreigners are indiscriminately called in the language of the forecastle, had been paid off from their ship in the Albert Docks and, while spending their hard earned dollars, began to think of the necessaries of life and accordingly wended their way to Petticoat Lane.

Oscar like a sensible man bought himself a "monkey pea jacket" while Hans invested all his spare cash in a silver watch.

Their money being all spent they signed Articles for a voyage to Valparaiso and continued good friends till one bitterly cold night off the Horn, when Hans, who was going on watch, met Oscar coming off, and thinking he might presume on their friendship said "Oscar, lend me dat monkey pea jacket"—"Ach! Hans" was the reply "go put on your watch!"—

They never speak as they pass by.—

THE COLONEL OF
THE "EMPRESS OF INDIA"'S
CHAIR RIDERS.



HARD HIT NO. 2.

A Colonel, not an American Colonel, but a real one in the British service. Erect with warlike look, a soldier every inch of him, he paces the deck up and down almost at brass band step, no easy task amidst the rollers of the Pacific.

Always faultlessly attired, he seldom appears in an overcoat. When he does wear one it is a Londoner, and from the shape of it, you can easily see that the colonel hopes to become something bigger by and by.

He is not too loquacious, but when you succeed in engaging him in conversation, you enjoy very much his interesting military anecdotes.

He belongs to the evening whist Club of "the Empress of India"

OUR HIGHLY EDUCATED LADIES.

Wonderful, how clever the young ladies are in our times, Did not one actually write in her Diary

"On board the Empress of India.

January 16th 1894.

Diem perdidi! (I have lost a day)."

Really she ought to marry a Doctor or a professor or a watchmaker.

GENERAL NEWS.

It is not true that the Empress of India refuses to take newly married couples on board. We have been requested to contradict the statement made by a contemporary that a prohibition against newly captured Benedicts has been introduced into the rules of the C. P. R. Company.

Captain Italiano is, we are glad to report, much stronger than he was last week. He has been able to attend to business in the Saloon once and has, we understand, resumed fencing against himself; oddly enough, *he always* wins.

The colonel had a most exciting ride in the Smoking Room last week. He took his rolls in grand style and stuck to his seat like a leech.—Many Happy returns of the day to

The Roll.	The High sea.
The Current.	The Cold.

which are regenerated daily. Such regeneration is seriously endangering some one's popularity with he ladies. Good looks go a long way; but the ladies also like fine weather. Change your course, then, before it is too late.

It is currently reported that, if the chief engineer would only wield his fire shovel as effectively as he does his porridge stick,

the good ship Empress of India would travel much more rapidly then she does at present.

HARD HIT No. 3.

He is the tallest of the passengers and has the longest overcoat, which he has only once worn, as he is the proud owner of a fancy mackintosh, a family relic left to his ancestors centuries ago.

He is never tired of walking and is gradually wearing away the promenade deck.

He feels as safe on the sea, as on dry land; a feeling due to his *special patent life shoes*, which he calls the twin Empresses.

He is our silent member and seldom speaks, but like the parrot he thinks a great deal. Lately he has become somewhat more lively, and was the promotor of a game, which many ears still remember owing to the delicate taps of the Marshall with the Maritime bonnet.

THE TRUTHFUL HAND-BOOK.

OR

The C. P. R. across the Pacific."
By a Chronic Grumbler.

Oh! ye gods mark the word! A charming voyage full of variety,—*say the Hand books*—Yes indeed we saw *nothing* morn noon or night, such a delightful trip! the ship's passages were so *nice* and *warm*, quite tropical in fact—it made such a contrast to turn into your cabin, the ports thickly coated with ice—your moustache, if you had one, in the morning was equally thickly coated with the same refreshing deposit—then ones feet! Oh! why after all perhaps it would be better to make no remarks about them, for you could not feel them—I mean your feet.—

Again the lovely peaceful nights deserve remark—they were heavenly—the delightful sensation of being violently thrown from side to side or better still alternately balancing yourself on your head or heels was so conducive to soothing one to sleep—quite apart from the lullaby of tons of ashes being thrown with heartiness down iron pipes every three hours—and then as dawn broke, how really cheering it was to find this benevolent company had provided yet one more insecutive to sleep—the steam was violently ejected through pipes too small for it—the sounds resulting gave one pleasure bordering upon an ecstacy—Then still impressed with the advantages of this much extolled route—advantages that showed themselves in the pallor of one's cheeks—You creep on deck—Oh yes! Your movements are fast getting aesthetic! A Glorious specimen of Neptune's sons greets you—whilst both you and he frantically clutch at all around you—with the words "Now. How does this weather suit you? Grand! Isn't it? To this you feebly gasp "No doubt it would be grand if she didn't roll so"—

"Roll so!" shouts he, "You can never satisfy passengers"

What a mistake he made—Satisfied indeed! was one not very far more than satisfied?

This was the "*good*" weather promised by the hand books—the morrow was the "*better*"—Standing impossible—wind—like razors—snow—frost, slush—roll—pitch and toss—each day more of it—each day worse.

Now how truthful was the hand book!

Is this not variety enough? Then meals! Can you understand it being easier to eat what was put before your opposite neighbour

—than that once placed somewhere near yourself?

No words can properly convey the all mastering beauties of this voyage.

The prayers of our whole party surely could be expressed in the words.

"Yokohama where art thou?"

HARD HIT NO. 4.

He hails from London, and is quite English you know!

He is three persons in one.

Look at him in front, and he recalls the *very* fresh-man of Cambridge. Glance at him side-ways and you fancy yourself in the presence of a high church curate. Remove his cap and reveal his bold pate and behold the business man. He is rather a masher, and is fond of smiling. He is also rather inclined to tell the same story every hour—but he means no harm, so we forgive him. He plays whist and 's going to discover Japan.

FALLACIES.

1.) Dear Charlie. If your Ahma tells you a story of Red Riding Hood, you must not imagine, that your aunt E. in her deck costume is meant; because she is not to be devoured by a wolf.

2.) My dear Mr. W. if you hear a man denounce himself a socialist, don't conclude, that his whole Gladstone bag is full of dynamite.

3.) If you hear the Captain and Chief Engineer discuss a point of base ball, you must not necessarily anticipate that both will draw a revolver and shoot each other immediately.

4.) If you see Mrs. L. continually wear a straw hat, don't jump at the conclusion, that spring has set in at last.

5.) If Lieut R. takes his meals on deck don't take it for granted that he fancies himself under an Italian sky.

6.) If you listen to Mr. S.'s outspoken insular prejudices, don't presume that he is always right.

7.) If you see the Colonel balance himself so cleverly on a Rattan chair, you must not think that good riders never fall off.

8.) If you watch a lady reading novels aloud to her husband in the Library, don't conclude that she wants to lull him to sleep.

9.) If you are not upon the Editorial staff of the Pitch and Toss, don't take if for granted, that you have no wits whatever.

HARD HIT NO. 5.

Our friend is a globe trotter, well known in London, especially at the Continental—He plays the piano and smokes good cigars. He knows a great deal about British India, and can tell you positively the best brand of cigars to be got at Madras. He is fond of reading, and the CPR library has been read by him already twice. He umpires at cricket, but not well, being too *impartial.*

He has a special affection for a white hat, which he never removes. His friends like him, and we wish him no harm.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

The sentence. "He kissed me" passed by a high school girl: *He* is a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, a gentleman pretty well fixed, universally considered a good catch.

Kissed is a verb-transitive, too much so:—regular, every night; indicative mood, indicating affection; first and third person; plural number and governed by circumstances.

Me—Oh! every-body knows me.

HARD HIT NO. 6.

Mr. B. THE COSMOPOLITE.

Quiet by nature, his character does not show his nationality. This may be due to his having been born between Germany and France.....however he says that if ever Germany goes to war with France, he will become cosmopolitan.

He is always genial, a model of politeness, and is ever ready to stand a *cocktail* to any of his fellow inhabitants of the "Empress of India."

At table he does not speak very much, to passengers or to waiters. Notwithstanding his silence, the China-boy quite understands he has to bring the whole *blooming* lot from no. 1 to number 24, excluding 25 and 26 solely because he does not like tea and chocolate.

He is an excellent guide to Japan knowing everybody from the Mikado to the Jinrikisha coolie, and everyone likes him.

THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN.

She was slight and fair and winsome, and when she looked at you straight with her great blue eyes, while the wind tossed the ringlets which strayed from beneath her yachting cap you were apt to forget everything except the sweet picture before you.—He, well, he was only an officer on board the great liner which regularly carried Her Majesty's mails between no man's land and the Cannibal Islands and had nothing to live on but his pay, while she was the reputed heiress of a great Manchester cotton manufacturer.

There was no doubt they were carrying on a most outrageous flirtation, it was patent to everyone on board, and to a staid and middle aged bachelor like myself, it was positively dangerous to walk around the deck of an evening. Once I had possessed, as I thought, a quiet corner where I could smoke my postprandial cigar in peace, but alas! one evening as I approached it I was warned off by the gleam of an expansive shirt front over brass buttons, and a rippling laugh that told all too well who were occupying my favourite seat. And they did not restrict themselves to one seat nor to one time of the day, any quiet corner was liable to be occupied by "that couple"—a corner in the saloon during the dreamy two hours after tiffin when repose seemed to have settled down on all the other passengers: a cosy corner in the drawing room after Breakfast, even when every one else was on deck enjoying the fresh morning breezes: a quiet seat in the shady corner just forward of the bridge after dinner. Certainly he

seemed to be a very idle young officer, also she appeared to enjoy his society, to put the thing mildly.

Most of us no doubt had watched the dawning development and decline of an ordinary common or garden ship flirtation, as spectators of course, but to even the most experienced of us, not to say the most callous, it soon became evident that this was rapidly becoming more than were "frivoling."

He made no secret of his admiration for Her, whilst it was whispered amongst the ladies that she had met her Ideal in Him: and so the rumour went round and in going round, no doubt gathered and grew, and hints grew broader, and smiles would be seen when her name or his came up in conversation, so that when finally one day it was told to seventeen several people as a dead secret, that there was an engagement entered into, nobody felt very much surprised, the men only passed flippant remarks such as "Lucky bargee!" and the ladies only said "Ah! really?"

Nevertheless, the voyage came to an end as all things do, but no one ever heard an official announcement: several of the ladies had tried to pump Her mother but she was as impenetrable as the Sphinx, and so we came to the conclusion that if an engagement did exist it was not supposed to be any concern of ours. And so the community that had existed for so many weeks on board the steamer was broken up and each went his own way and about his own business or pleasure.

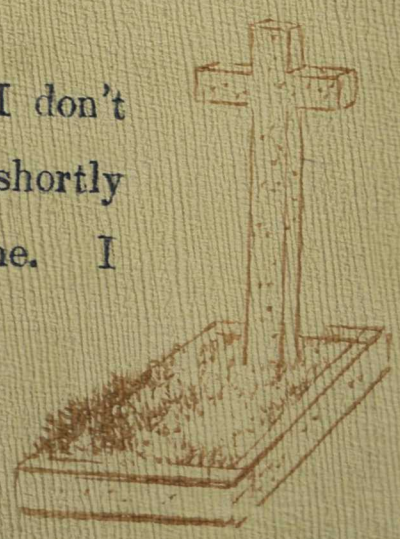
A year afterwards having finished my business abroad I once more found myself by a lucky chance a passenger by the same steamer on which I had come out, and was very warmly welcomed

by many of my old friends amongst the officers. Few of them had been changed but I missed the face which I had seen so often alongside a fair girlish one, and catching the Doctor in a confidential mood one evening I asked him what had become of our friend. "Ah! poor chap, he died three months ago. You remember that girl he was so spoony on when you travelled with us last. Well it seems he was really very much attached to her and used to write her pages upon pages and send her forget-me-nots and all kinds of pretty things, and when we got back on our return voyage after three months he was eagerly looking for a letter from her and he got one, it was a duplicate of this," handing me an envelope which I found to contain a silver edged card inscribed as fellows :—

Mr. and Mrs. de Crompton Smythe
request the honour of your company at the
Marriage of their daughter Eleanor Mary
Gertrude with Reginald Marmaduke Iones
at Sc. Peter's Eaton Square.
Monday June 6th.

R. S. V. P.

And so he died? "I said." "not from that surely?" "I don't know" said the Doctor, anyhow he took a fever and died shortly afterwards and I sent her a photograph of his tombstone. I thought she might like to have it as a trophy"—



HARD HIT NO. 7.

THE "DEUTSCHER."

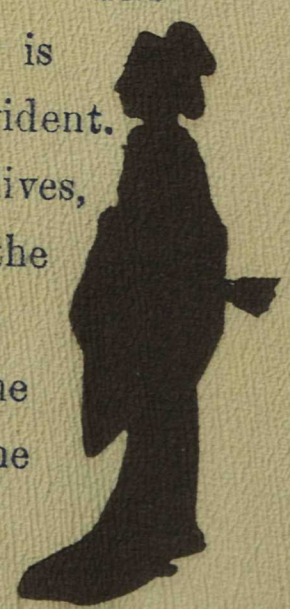
He has spent six years of existence in London, but you will at once know that he is a native of Bismark's land. He feels proud of it, so proud that he thinks that nowadays nothing superior exists outside his "Faderland." Is it music? The operas of Beothoven, Mozart and of Wagner are the best to be heard! Poor Rossini, Donnizetti, Verdi, Mascagni are not in it, even with a German brass band.

I fear "the professor" has never studied the statistics of the deaths caused by Wagnerian performances, and I am much afraid that unless a stop is put to German music the human race will soon become extinct. Is it science? *Germany was and still is at the head of all nations.* In discussing with the "professor" any question you are heavily handicapped as he is a walking encyclopedia, and is invariably right.

There is one subject on which we can agree with him: "The German Beer being the best in the World"—His company is pleasant and instructive, and his good nature is always evident.

His special and favorite subject is Japan where he lives, but curiously we found him profoundly ignorant on the subject of Japanese ladies—

His next trip to the "Faderland" will be in the character of coelebs in search of a wife. We feel sure he will play that role well and successfully.



POETRY.

Adamson is our engineer
  With manner abrupt and tones severe.
He has little blue devils, called Midnight Revels.
  Who wake all the passengers up; I hear!

There was a young man called Blum,
  Who took up a good deal of room.
But so nice was his way,
  That we all join and say,
Far away may he be from his tomb.

There was a good gent, called Wilks.
  He's a dealer in Satins and Silks.
Oh! 'e aint? Then I'm wrong,
  But it helps on the song,
As nothing will ryme with Wilks.

There was a young man called Bellers,
  Who is one of the best of fellers.
He has very small feet.
  And is altogether petite.
And what more would you have? will you tell us?

HARD HIT NO. 8.

THE PURSER.

He is a finely built man with soft and winning voice—his duties no doubt are heavy—heavy indeed! but never very definite—in no case however did they interfere with a positively poetic flow of delightful murmurings to his righthand neighbour, at breakfast—lunch and dinner.

Did the great company select him for this *important* post? Knowing how healing were the properties of sweet sympathy to the sea-sick stricken softer sex.

How potent are the influences of gold lace and gold spectacles to match!!

And he had a birthday too!

THE THIRD OFFICER.

He is the third by rank, the shortest of the lot, but also the bravest and the cockiest.

He knows every spot of the Pacific, and when the officers of the Empress of India are in doubt as to where Japan is, his advice is always asked, and China is reached.

When on duty he uses a pair of stilts. He is popular with the ladies, has a merry hearty laugh, and is universally pronounced to be a "good little chap."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

"Pitch and Toss."

Sir,

Your honour's humble servant craves indulgence while he attempts to set forth that he is a poor man in agricultural behaviour that much depends upon seasons for staff of life. He therefore prays that you will favour upon him, that you will take him into your saintly service in any menial position from "subeditor up to the "devil," that he may have some permanently labour for the support of his soul and his family wherefore he falls upon his family's bended knee and implores of his merciful consideration to a condemnable miserable like yourself. That your lordship's honour's servant was too much poorly during the late frosts and blizzards of Winnipeg and was resuscitated by much medicines, which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your humble servant, whose means are already circumscribed by his large family of five female women and three masculine, the

last of whom are still in arms. In addition to this the continued chilly winds from the Aleutian Islands and the unwarranted and unpleasant gymnastic feats of the ship in tumbling, turning hand springs, balancing itself on the port side of promenade deck without upsetting, have to a tremendous extent interfered with cogitation and the proper workings of his indigestion, that your honour's condemnable was officiating in several capacities during past generations, but has become too old and too emaciated from the vicissitudes of sea life for expousing hard labour in this time of his bodily experience, but was not a drunkard nor thief nor swindeller, nor any of these kind and was always pious and affectionate to his numerous family, consisting of the aforesaid 5 female women and three masculine. That your generous honour's lordship's servant was entreating the captain for employment on the ship for removal of ice, fogs, winds etc. but was not given the position, therefore I pray that your lordship will give me a position anyone valuable staff or as collector of news for your advertising column for which kindness your lordship's poor servant will in duty bound ever pray for your lordship's longevity and for the advancement of that most extinguishable paper the "Pitch and Toss"

Yours meekly.

Baboo.

HARD HIT NO. 10.

A MASON.

A Mason he is, but he does not belong to any lodge. He has good blood in his veins and comes from the country that beats creation.

This is his 500th trip to Japan; He with Commodore Perry made the treaty in 1854. He is a nice chap; outspoken and without guile, he well represents the land of Washington. Recently he has become a Benedict, and seems to enjoy the situation so much, that he seldom appears in public. True, he is a member of the Morning Whist Club, when he is amassing a larger fortune than he already possesses, which means a great deal.

He will be glad to hear that we are favorably disposed towards him.

POETRY.

We have a professor on board
  In whose brain much knowledge is stored
But one cannot resist
  His bright efforts at whist;
At the end of each game he has scored.

There was a young man named Riccardi
  Who at sailing was not very hardy
He had meals on the deck
  Thus prepared for a wreck
In case they should find him too tardy.

Col. Berkeley is also on board
  And we want him to lend us his Sword
For these noises at night

Would cause anyone fright
If they knew how the engineer snored.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Inspiration in the Smoking Room:
"God made man!
Then he made woman as a companion to man!
Then God felt so sorry for poor man!
So he made Tobacco!!"

It pleases women when we say
Their cheeks are like the Bright Red Rose,
And yet a man will turn away
When told the same about his Nose.

I asked an American gentleman
"How he liked the Ruins of Pompeii?"
He (just returned from a continental tour) said "Not very well! they are so dreadfully out of Repair!!"

Conclusion! after Studying "Casabianca."
"The boy stood on the burning deck!—Because it was too hot to sit down."

I am very dry!! The oyster murmured when the tide was out.

HARD HIT No. 11.

THE HONG KONG MAN.

Who is he? What, don't you know him?

He, the most popular man in this and the other world! . . . Your name, . . . age . . . profession, . . . your debts if you have any . . . your private marks . . . . are all written in his magic book. Yes, Sir, he is the Registrar General, and Honorable too! . . . .

He is a Scotchman, not English and sometimes to remember it, he wears a real Scotch cap very rich in colors, which he bought at Halifax.

His habits as a Registrar General are in him a second nature, so that after a few hours of conversation he knows everything about you, and has you registered in his mind if not in his book! . .

His company is charming, and especially when the sea does not agree with you; you find in him a friend who with his laughter and cheeriness makes you forget the pitching and tossing of the steamer.

He is a polyglot and speaks the language of Dante and of Confucius equally fluently. He is an ardent admirer of the Chinese, and we believe the Chinese have a weakness for him. They are a strange race.

He is a good sport, plays cricket, baseball, football and made a good fight against the Marshall with the Maritime Bonnet for the sea cricket championship. He belongs to the Morning and Evening Whist Clubs, and seems to like winning. . . .

He was formerly the unlucky editor of the Growler. He is married and is considered specially fortunate in that respect, but he requires keeping well in hand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted. A dining saloon free from motion; apply to Ricchiardi.

To *Despose* of a pair of legs warranted not to tire of walking, apply to Wilks $^{c}/_{o}$ the Editor.

Riding. Chair riding taught on the most improved principles, apply "The Colonel" Smoking room, who keeps the charot ready night and day.

Wanted. A Graphic reader apply the Captain $^{c}/_{o}$ the Editor.

To Let. A dinner seat in the saloon: well situated with a fine outlook apply "Italiano" $^{c}/_{o}$ the Editor.

For Sale. An umbrella, with strong handle useful as a nose rapper apply Adam and Son $^{c}/_{o}$ the Editor.

Wanted. Companion, by a newly married lady; must speak French fluently; Address "Lonesome" $^{c}/_{o}$ Purser.

Lost on board the Empress of India, tortoise-shell comb, finder may have the honor of placing it in the ladies hair. Finder please return to Purser.

Bald heads ! ! Bald heads ! ! Attention ! !
Wonderful hair restorer, warranted not to fail.

Improvement noticed after one application; Testimonial received from Kobe states that a man having spilled a bottle on his downstep one night found a beautiful hair mat the next morning.

Ask for Magic hair restorer Purser Empress of India.

MATRIMONIAL.

A fast young man with sporting proclivities and nothing a year is anxious to meet with a young lady of means who will be willing to reform him and turn him into a model of the domestic virtues.

"A reformed rake makes the best husband" apply 98887 "Pitch and Toss" Office.

Don't all speak at once.

WANTED A WIFE.

Must be young of vigorous constitution, sound in wind and limb, with an unlimited amount of Capital as the applicant desires to prosecute scientific investigations relative to the discovery and safe navigation of the north pole.

Appearance no object; apply at once to Professor R. Tokio.

HARD HIT No. 12.

OUR MEDICO.

Born in the British Empire, but not in England, as his accent tells you, he is young in years and not over ripe in experience. Still he is a happy jolly fellow.

A smile childlike and bland, and a never ending flow of good spirits are his special characteristics.

Early in the morning, late in the evening and even when he goes to bed, so rumour says, he wears his much loved uniform. He is par excellence the swell of the ship! His professional ability undoubted, for is he not a member of every learned medical school and college throughout both hemispheres? Still it is said that his prescriptions invariably fail. It is however only fair to state that he soothed many a fair lady, and what does he care for men? . . .

He is a singer, pianist, good companion and as he is still young, he has plenty of time before him for studying medicine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Honeymoons. Those about to honeymoon should apply to Blumason and Co. who can supply parties with particulars. (Two fond couples).

Companion Wanted. A Lady not finding her husband in the companion way is desirous of meeting a companion in her way, who, however, should take care not to get into her husband's way.

A Bargain. The whole chances of a first rate whist player offered at $50 cash. Immense profits a certainty. For particulars apply to the Captain c/o the Purser.

HARD HIT No. 13.

L'ITALIANO.

An Italian in form and look, he is an indifferent sailor, being more suited for riding horses than ships. He says he is connected with every newspaper in the world. We feel sorry for the papers, they evidently do not know our friend as well as we do. He walks on the deck with a swagger worthy of a life guardman. . . . . He likes al fresco meals. . . He says he can fence, unfortunately we have to take his word for it.

He is good nature personified, is a modern Mithridates, speaking all the languages known and unknown. . . . . He is a typical Italian, light hearted and gay, a lover of a joke, full of fun, and has a pair of remarkable eyes, which however he cannot use. He was once in the cavalry, but the horses threw him, so he has taken to elephants, and is now on his way to Siam to play the part of pacifier between the French and Siamese. We shall be sorry to part company with him.

Viva Italia! . . .

MISSING WORD.

After the trip is over,
Where will my sweatheart be ?
Will she remember my yearning
And her flirting with me ?
Surely my heart will be broken,
If another man kisses her lip ;
Then why should'nt I ———— her
After the trip.

Applicants should stand in the gangway A from 5 to 6 P.M.

The following solutions have been received :

Love - - - - - - - - - -	Adolescens
Forget - - - - - - - - -	2nd Officer
Propose - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Mason
Snob - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Sutchbury
Marry - - - - - - - - -	Col. Berkeley
Bury - - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Berkeley
Marry - - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Blum.
Osculate - - - - - - - -	Boor.
Cut - - - - - - - - - -	Jack the Ripper.

The correct solution is :

Then why should'nt I **woo** her
After the trip ?

RIDDLE.

(2 syllables.)

My sweatheart was so kind and nice,
She gave the *first* to me ;
Whether that includes the *second* too,
Remains for me to see.
If so, I'd be the happiest man
That ever on earth can be.

The poems I once wrote to her
She keeps under the *first*,
Because they from the *second* came,
Not 'cause they are well versed.
If I would read a few to you,
For laughter you would burst.

Now please, dear reader, tell me, what
The *whole* word may design ;
For that it is not far to seek
You 'll easily divine.
It is an honourable man,
Smart, gentle, strong and fine.

Solutions received :

Hand purse - - - - - - - -	An American
Rose hand - - - - - - - -	Y.
Lockheart - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Blum Mrs. Mason

Correct solution :

LOCKHEART.

The prices given for correct solutions were:

A sewing machine to Mrs. Mason.

A portrait of the Queen to Mrs. Blum.

RIDDLE.

What is that which we see every day?

That the Queen rarely sees?

That God never sees?

Solutions received:

Mrs. Mason: Self.

Mrs. Blum: Self.

Correct solution: An Equal.

SPORTS AND PASTIME'S.

The weather during the past seven days has been everything that the most ardent sport could desire. Cloudless skies, bright sunshine, a gentle heave, a sea without a ripple, what more

could the clerk of the weather do for as! As a result of his favours, the inhabitants of the Empress of India, one of the largest floating islands in the Pacific, have been having an excellent week's sport with gun, cod, bat, and ball. The King of the Island held a battle in the store-room, one of the most valuable properties on the Island, and well worthy of a visit. He succeeded in bringing home to his Castle a goat's head, which now keeps guard at his door, a shoulder of ham, a ton of biscuits and a string of saussages. His Majesty also presided over a fishing party in Refrigeratadom. There was excellent sport. Old Halibut and middle-aged salmon were caught in large numbers, and the King himself made a splendid catch in the shape of a ten years old herring, which every one declared must be the oldest inhabitant of Refrigeratadom—(We hope it is *Ed.*). In the middle of the work there was a cricket match between the supporters of Mr. Twin-Screw of Michtermuchty and Mr. Tearhairs of Worcester. Mr. Twin-Screw was in grand form with bat and lung especially the latter, though the recent accident to his nasal organ rather interfered with his line of vision. He made an excellent score-aduck both winnings and shouted enough for a hundred. Mr. Tearhairs Cowled well and would have made runs if he had not tried to make himself so tall. His cheery laugh, which is truly wonderful considering his size, kept every one in good humour except one of

the players, who would try to turn a cricket—ball into a living thing by saying it could be "dead." This was of course preposterous and he was requested to desist from such utterances. A shouting match then took place. Mr. Twin-Screw won with only half his mouth open, much to the disgust of the player who talked about the dead ball. The batting of the Colonel was a sight to behold. Nothing to equal it has been seen since Mr. Tearhairs made his three centimes. The Colonel was finally given out though he never moved his bat. An unjust decision on the part of the umpire. True the ball hit his wicket, but then he never moved his bat.

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Master Charles Stewart Lockhart and Chinese Nurse
Miss Gibbs
Mr. and Mrs. Mason
Rev. Syle Way
Mr. and Mrs. Blum
Mr. Stutchbury
Miss Marks
Dr. Riess

SHIP'S OFFICERS.

O. P. Marshall, R. N. R.	Commander.
Henry Pybus, R. N. R.	1st Officer.
E. Beetham,	2nd Officer.
H. H. Bellers, R. N. R.	3rd Officer.
F. Payne-Gallwey,	4th Officer.
F. J. Sweeting,	Jun. Fourth.
J. Adamson,	Chief Engineer.
J. E. Macrae,	Purser.
H. A. Bruce, M. D.,	Surgeon.
Basil Hoch,	Freight Clerk.
T. W. Walker,	Chief Steward.
Mrs. Wheeler,	Stewardess.

SHIP'S RUNS.

Tuesday	9th	January	304	Knots.
Wednesday	10th	,,	336	,,
Thursday	11th	,,	346	,,
Friday	12th	,,	335	,,
Saturday	13th	,,	327	,,
Sunday	14th	,,	309	,,
Tuesday	16th	,,	346	,,
Wednesday	17th	,,	346	,,
Thursday	18th	,,	361	,,
Friday	19th	,,	319	,,
Saturday	20th	,,	342	,,

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