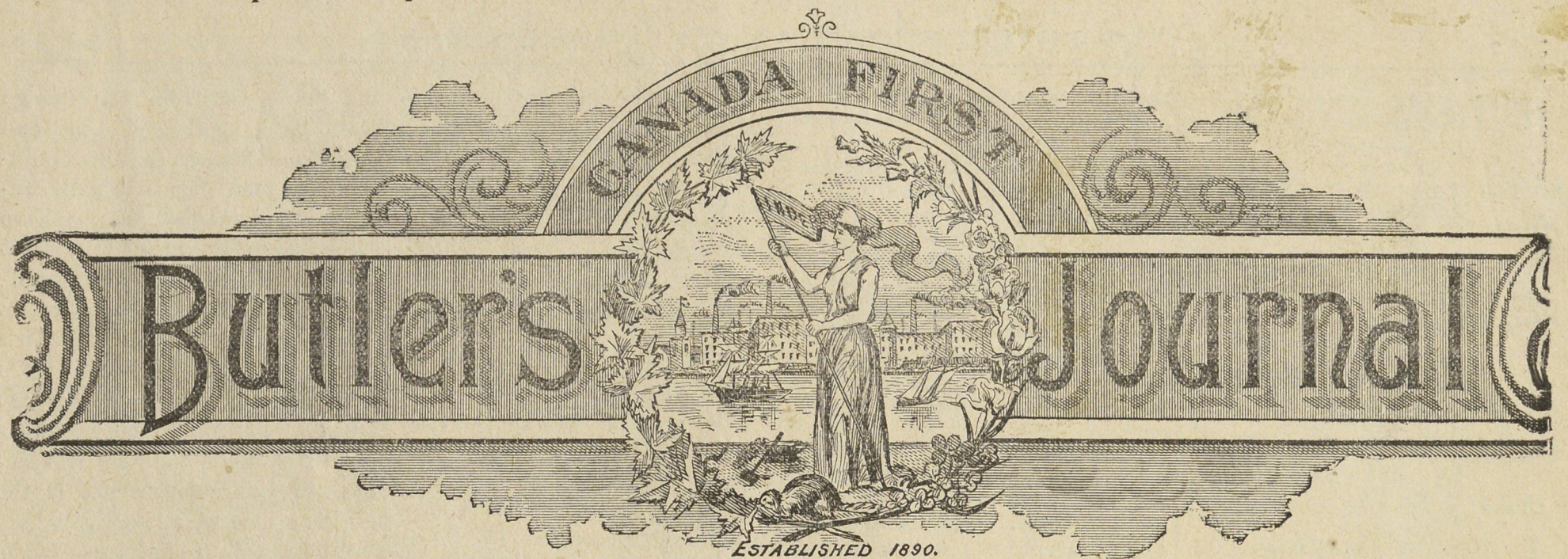


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We copy from Mr. G. E. Fenety's recently published work:—"The Life and Times of the Hon. Joseph Howe;" a few of the best anecdotes appearing in the appendix of that book, which go to show that the people of these Provinces down by tee sea, while considered by outsiders as slow and plodding are by no means deficient in a sense of humor.

EDITOR JOURNAL.

**A General in Disguise.**

When General Coffin resided at Westfield, in the neighborhood of the Nerepis, N. B., (say 70 years ago,) Sir Howard Douglas, the Lieut. Governor paid him a very unexpected visit. Now the General was an amateur farmer, and he worked with his men from early till late, among burnt stumps and clearing up. When the Governor arrived on the ground, he came suddenly upon the General, who was begrimed with smut and resembled a labourer of the dismal type, and thus addressed him, "my man, is General Coffin at home, or about here?" The General without looking up replied:—"I think he is sir, in the house there, and you might walk in, and if he is not there just take a seat and I will go and find him." The Governor went in at the front door and the General in the back door and up stairs as fast as his legs could carry him, and at it he went, washing and doffing his labourer's clothes and donning his military garb, sword and even spurs, all of which did not take him many minutes, and then he marched down stairs and into His Excellency's presence with the air and dignity of one who had never done a day's work in all his life. This may be called military strategy worthy of a Buonaparte.

**The Rat Tarrier.**

Another of Doyle's jokes was made on one occasion when the house was in session. An honorable member was declaiming bitterly against a fellow member, who had promised him his support in a certain measure but had backed out. At this moment a terrier dog had found his way into the room and barked frantically, to the great disgust of the speaker and sergeant-at-arms. "Put him out, put him out," was the universal shout, whereupon Doyle rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, the dog means no harm, he only smells a rat."

**Kill-Kenny.**

It is related that Sir Edward Kenny had a dinner in his home at Halifax, at which Doyle was present. In taking a glass of wine the host swallowed a piece of cork which happened to be in the glass, and it came very near choking him, whereupon after the danger was all over, one of the guests remarked, "you came very near going to Cork that time, Kenny." "I think," said Doyle, "it came nearer to Kill-Kenny."

**He Wished to be Kept Alive for a Couple of Days Longer.**

One of our well known politicians, who was about dying, and very anxious about the result of the Dominion elections, begged of the doctor to do all that was possible to keep him alive two days longer, by which time the result would be known, when he thought he would die happy.

**The Halifax Robbing Room.**

Over the Barristers' door, when the court was held in the Province Building, the words "Robbing Room" were inscribed upon a sign board. Some wag added another letter B, so it was made to read Robbing Room, which annoyed the lawyers very much. When Doyle came along he remarked: "no wonder at the annoyance, for the sting is in the Bee."

**The Grid Iron and the Mason.**

At the Masonic Hall in Halifax, kept by Mr. Sutherland, say seventy years ago, there used to be a great deal of cooking done in the kitchen, and a great deal of feasting done by the Masons up stairs. On one occasion a young man was a candidate for the honors of Masonry and the knowledge of their secrets; but as the hour for the initiatory steps to be taken had not yet arrived, the aspirant thought he would in the meantime explore the lower regions to see what things looked like, going into the kitchen he espied a large grid-iron over the red hot coals, preparatory no doubt to the cooking of a beefsteak. His curiosity and suspicion were quickly aroused, and so he asked the person in charge, "what that big grid-iron was for?" The answer was, "I understand a new Mason is to be made to night and it must be made red hot." It did not take the young man long after that to find his hat and coat.