

Mr. Briggan said he wouldn't and retired as usual, leaving his assistant master of the field.

By a course of reasoning Mr. Briggan reached the conclusion that as Scroggs invariably did exactly opposite to what he (Briggan) requested him to do, the simplest way to get things the way he wanted them was to request their consummation as he didn't want them. This worked satisfactorily for some time, but by-and-by Scroggs, who was of a suspicious and distrustful turn of mind, discovered the mild deception that was being practised upon him, and jumbled things up worse than before.

Mr. Briggan had a sweetheart. How any one so modest and retiring as he had ever mustered up sufficient courage to pop the momentous question, remains one of those mysteries which time discloseth not. He had accomplished the eventful act, however, and was a very proud and very happy man. Mr. Briggan's sweetheart was an exceedingly pretty and amiable girl, with quite an unusual allowance of physical and mental grace, and she was also very poor. The nicest people generally are poor. Some little time before the date fixed for the wedding, Mr. Briggan very nicely and delicately told her to get whatever she required for her trousseau and preliminary housekeeping arrangements from his store, and accept it from him as a sort of wedding present. The young lady hesitated to do this for some little time, but being a sensible girl and appreciating to the full her practically penniless condition and the kindness of the offer and the delicacy with which it had been made, she at last concluded to take advantage of it. It happened that when she called at the store, Mr. Briggan was out, and it was Mr. Scroggs who waited on her. She made her purchases and took up the parcel to carry off, remarking,

"Just tell Mr. Briggan when he comes in that I got these things." Mr. Scroggs knew perfectly well who the young lady was, and moreover, had been instructed by his employer to give her anything she required without question; but his natural perverseness would not permit him to do it, so he snatched the bundle back rudely and remarked, "Can't do it, Miss. We don't give no credit here. Nothing goes out of this shop unless we get the money for it."

The wholly unexpected cruelty of the incident and the man's aggressive and insulting tone drove the young lady to woman's usual refuge, and she was right in the midst of a storm of sobs and tears when Mr. Briggan entered the store. His surprise at the scene before him was beyond expression. He asked the meaning of it, and as best she could his lady love related the story of what had occurred.

Mr. Briggan jumped across the walnut counter at one bound. He grabbed Scroggs by the throat, hauled him on the floor and went for him with the fury of a black squall. Finally he hauled him over the counter, dragged him to the door and kicked him down the steps to the sidewalk. Then he went inside, consoled his sweetheart, sent the boy off with her parcel, and proceeded to overhaul the store and get it in a shape he had been trying to get it in for years.

A week after Mr. Briggan was going through the books when some desiccated human flesh limped in on crutches.

"Good morning, Mr. Briggan," said the remnants.

"Ah! Morning, Scroggie. What can I do for you this morning?"

"I thought perhaps you wanted some one to sweep up and take the shutters down and help you with the sales on busy days."

"Well, I'll give you a show. Sail in and tackle it. Get around here at 7 o'clock sharp in the morning and sweep up."

Meek little Mr. Briggan runs his store himself now. Scroggs still works there. But Mr. Briggan invariably calls him Scroggie, while Scroggs salutes his employer respectfully and humbly as Mr. Briggan.

CECIL SWEET.

## DID SHE MEAN IT?

MR. JASSACK (*on his second visit to Canada*) - "Wather stwange weathaw for a Canadian Januawy, isn't it, Miss Ethel; so soft, you know?"

Miss Ethel.—"Yes; I've never seen anything like it since you were here before."

## "RELIGION."

ROBBY—"Man, John, I think the Sabbath is the finest thing on earth!"

JOHN—"How is it you have suddenly got such a veneration for the Lord's Day?"

ROBBY—"Man, ye see, ye canna be dunned on that day!"

## FREE TRADE ILLUSTRATED.



"Beg pard'n, sir, but have you any old clothes you could give to assist a poor man who is in distress?"



"Thanks; they're a beautiful fit; so long; ta, ta!"