



### A "PACIFIC" ANSWER.

BLAINE—"Here you, Canada, drop them seals and git out. It's a low business for a nation that pretends to be decent to be poaching on a neighbor's property."

SIR JOHN—"Quite so; but why don't you talk like that on the Atlantic coast? Meanwhile, it so happens that this open sea is not your property."

### THE RACE FOR BILLS.

BY EDGAR FRESHUS.

#### CHAP. I.

"I WISH you a happy New Year, sir," remarked the servant, green of livery, who entered, bearing coffee and fruit, holding out his hand for the expected tip. The reader will see by this style of commencement that this is a story of high life.

"Put it there!" replied Roland Misfit, pretending to mistake the object of the servitor, and extending his own hand. It was humiliating to a man of his birth and breeding, but it saved a dollar, and dollars had become an object.

When the flunkey had retired, Roland proceeded to read a few dozen letters from his creditors. In his eyes was the expression of one prepared to meet Fate and outwit it.

He was a bad and *blasé* man, but his features represented good stock, good breeding, good taste, good looks, Gooderham & Worts' best—every kind of goodness but the proper one.

He had been travelling for ten years and come home in a state of fiscal depletion.

#### CHAP. II.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked Jones, the novelist.

"Utterly ramollescent," answered Roland.

The novelist carefully jotted down the word for future use.

"Why don't you marry an heiress?" he asked. "F'rinstance, there's Justine Dunsally—father worth ten millions."

At the mention of the plutocrat something from the past came back and called him there. As he couldn't go, he turned his attention to the re-past. They were eating a Demidorf salad beneath a sky which was a dome of opal and sapphire blent.

Justine Dunsally was plain. She had a resolute mouth, especially when wrestling with oyster stew or ice cream, and enchanting snuff-colored eyes. But lovable she was, indeed. She was one of those who could turn sympathy into a garment and take refinement for a wreath. But as her father was a millionaire, she did not need to dress in such cheap and flimsy material.

Her companion was a little old feather-headed person, absurd and lovable. Mrs. Metagain was a *wahlverwandtschaft*. This is German. She gave herself the airs of a *princesse en couches*, which is French. It is foreign expressions like these which give tone to a work of fiction.

Roland got introduced to Mrs. Metagain, and solidified himself by admiring the Family Tree preparatory to grafting himself thereupon.

#### CHAP. III.

Roland soon discovered that he had a rival in Dr. Guy Thoryoung, Justine's cousin. He was a scholar, but lacked the one fibre which differentiates the hero from the herd. But as there is no particular demand for heroes, this made no difference. A hero is an anachronism. Moreover, he did not wear veneered shoes, which was in bad form, you know.

As Roland reached the pavement after sitting up with Justine one night until he heard old man Dunsally get out of bed and put his boots on, a man hurried to his side. It was Guy.