



BLOOD-CURDLING.

Tramp.—If you don't gimme some money, I'll be compelled to do that which my very soul abhors!

Old Gent.—Great heavens, man! You will not commit murder?

Tramp.—No! I'll have to go to work!

people rush about. They remind me of the steppes of Russia! (steps of rusher.) How bleak Church Street seems now that the frost has stripped the foliage from the trees. But there is a Bleeker Street not far off. The police have donned their winter garb. Long fur capes would be suitable for pelisse-men. How goes the time? Thyme goes well with goose. The streets are in an ice mess. Another Chinese laundry opened out. But how can clothes be laundried here where there are no lawns to dry them on. What's this? 'Phenomanal attraction at Shattisbury Hall.' Let us go, as the fee is only nominal."

ON BEING ASKED TO DRINK.

"Thank you, I like a little pleasant-rye sometimes. Though not a lawyer I practice at the bar. Temperance folks say 'tis deadly poison. Well, bring me to my bier."

ON MEETING A FRIEND IN THE STREET AT NIGHT.

"Fine night? Yes, that is what you might call finite intelligence. 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank' of Montreal. Whither away? Wither away yourself and be blowed."

ON VISITING AN EDITOR.

"Aha! How's the moulder of public opinion? Mouldering away as usual, eh?—(Taking up scissors)—This accounts for your cutting, incisive style, I suppose. 'Tis an age of steal. You editors are always talking about your poverty—think you should be better paid and receive pensions when past work—yes, many of you ought to be pen-shunners. Put me out, will you? Well, if you do, I shall be very much put out about it. Ta ta!"

TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

VIII.

"I HAVE just run in to say good-bye," said the Fakir, as he entered hurriedly gripsack, in hand. "I'm off to Chicago. Going to seek a wider sphere of usefulness, so to speak."

The announcement created a sensation in the office. The staff suspended work and overwhelmed him with questions as to the cause of his sudden departure.

"And what about your great book enterprise 'Western Warblings?'" queried the assistant editor.

"Oh, I've sold out to another party," he replied.

"Collected all the cash I could on subscriptions and ads., and then sold out for a patent-right, some town lots in Manitoba, a silver-plated revolver and \$5 in cash. Could have made a couple of thousand more out of it I s'pose, if I'd have held on, but I'm tired of Toronto and it would not pay me. I can make more in Chicago."

"But what are you going to do when you get there?"

"Do? Anything, everything. Start a publishing house, run a society journal, found a new political party—just in time you know for the Presidential campaign—sell patent-rights, advertise my new hair dye and only reliable cure for warts, deliver temperance lectures, teach Volaptik in a course of half-a-dozen lessons, or delineate character by hand-writing. No trouble at all about finding plenty of first-class schemes. I'm in communication with a leading spiritualist medium there who gives seances all over the State. He proposes that I should follow him with a performance exposing spiritualism, and that we should whack up the profits on both shows. But I can't tell till I get there."

"Would it be convenient," said the cashier blandly, "to square up a little account you owe for advertising and small advances made from time to time before you go?"

"No," replied the Fakir firmly, "it would not. I'll send you my address as soon as I get settled and you can forward the bill. But meanwhile I will give you some valuable advice which, if you follow, it will be worth a hundred times the money. The secret of success is



"GENTLE SPRING."