



THE KIND THAT FAKES.

"SAY, could you lend me a pair of pincers?" he enquired, earnestly, leaning over the desk of the confidential clerk in an up-town jewellery store. "No!!" "Pshaw! that's too bad!" ignoring the emphasis on the negative. "I need a pair badly. I got into a habit once of eating three times a day, and now it's making me hunchbacked carrying my teeth around, 'nd I'd like to borrow some tweezers to take 'em out—see?"

"Oh, don't be afraid, I'm not goin' to strike you for anything," he added reassuringly, as the clerk glanced comprehensively around. "I'm not begging. You can lend me five dollars, or give me a dime—whichever you like—and I don't mind tellin' you just what I'll do with it. I've a friend at the depot wha's too proud to beg. He got tangled up in a freight train this morning, an' I'm takin' up a collection for him. When we find enough of him to fill an oyster can we're goin' to have a funeral; like to have you act as bearer. The money in his clo's won't make him difficult to handle."

"Say, I'll tell you somethin' gratis; free gratis. Somethin' you'd never suspect. I'm a tramp. And I wouldn't be anything else for the fame of Marie Basket-shirof. Once I worked fer two straight years, an' I ain't got over bein' disgusted with myself yet."

"Say," he continued, deftly catching a coin, and turning to a man in the group that had gathered around him, "Where are you from, anyhow? Seems 's if your face had a familiar look" "I'm from Simcoe," the man said quickly; "know any of my friends down there?"

"Um—yes; think I must. I did thirty days at Simcoe last time I was there." The man from Simcoe shelled out, and the tramp started for the door amid a storm of laughter. He stopped by the watchmaker to remark contemptuously that he'd seldom struck a meaner crowd. "Only made sixty cents of it," he said. "That's too bad," the mechanic answered, "I was

thinking of asking you for a loan." "You do look hard up. Married, ain't you?" was the quick retort. "Well, I'll just give you a dime," and, diving into a pocket, he brought out a handful of coin that would have done credit to a barber's till. "I don't need this money, gentlemen," he said, gathering in the coins tossed from every direction, "but I'll take it to accommodate you. All I'm really anxious for is enough to give E. A. MacDonald a decent burial by-and-bye, and to drink a glass of lemonade to his memory at the World's Fair." Then, as he bowed himself out with the air of a Chesterfield, the little watchmaker, the clerk, the man from Simcoe and the silent jeweller himself fell to work once more, with secret misgivings as to the joys of which their eminently respectable lots were master. S. J. WEST.

SHE MEANT IT LITERALLY.

PILGARLIC—"Well, Snooper, and how do you get on with Miss Binscarth?"

SNOOPER—"Pretty fair. But I don't like to hear a girl use slang."

PILGARLIC—"You surprise me. I had no idea Miss Binscarth was addicted to slang."

SNOOPER—"Well, she said 'So long' to me when we parted last night."

PILGARLIC—"That's another matter. She probably meant it literally."

UNQUESTIONABLE.

PROF. MUDDLEBRAIN—"What, in your opinion, are the principal factors of crime?"

SAMJONES—"Male-factors."



SHE KNEW THE GAME.

COUNT PEDRO—"What! You will not accept of me my leetle present? Have you no hear-rt?"

HAUGHTY FAIR ONE—"Not this deal, and you may 'keep your diamonds!'"