

THE STAFF.

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THE RIVAL.

A smart-looking young man entered a store and asked for a bottle of ginger ale. The clerk gave him one, but he asked if they had any lemon sour, saying he would rather have that. He was handed a bottle, giving back the ginger ale.

After drinking the lemon sour, he turned to walk out of the store, but the clerk called out, "Here, come back and pay for that."

"But I gave you the ginger ale for the lemon sour," said the young man.

"I know," replied the clerk, "but you didn't pay for the ginger ale."

"Well, I didn't drink it," he said.

"Say, I'll give you a dollar if you'll go and play that trick on that fellow on the opposite corner."

"All right," said the man, as he moved towards the door, with the dollar in his hand, "but he just paid me fifty cents to come and play it on you."

Does anyone remember the time that Benjie went down to see Kellar. He was asked to step upon the stage. Kellar asked him if he would like to have a live pollywog extracted from his waistcoat pocket. Benjie said that he couldn't do it, but of course Kellar insisted that he could, asking Benjie why he said he couldn't. Then Benjie (the little darling) acquainted Kellar with the fact that he never wore a waistcoat.

Vigor, vim,
 Perfect trim.
 Force made him
 Sunny Jim.

A certain young man was arrested by P. C. Sheard, No. 23, for stealing a Persse. He hid in a Wodehouse, but was soon discovered. He was brought up before Magistrate Kingsford, and was fined one dollar and Costes.

Treasure Trove

—OR—

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

A romance of stirring adventure and startling surprises.

CHAPTER II. — APPREHENSIONS
VILE.

When Master Redbuckle found himself aboard the "Ghost," he was at once struck with the appearance of dirt and disorder, besides the evidence of small cannon, cutlasses and other instruments of sea-way lying about.

The smell of powder gnawed in his nostrils and so nauseated him that he lost no time in getting to his cabin, which surprised him beyond imagination.

On the walls were hung costly and magnificent silks, which intoxicated his sight by their very excellence. The sheen of precious metals blinked everywhere, while his feet sank into rugs the texture of which was unquestionable. Here a lion's skin stretched o'er a silk divan, there a brace of tigers' hides thrown carelessly over a couch of exquisite design, fashioned most likely by the eastern masters of wood-shaping. This most fascinating scene was illumined by an Egyptian swing lamp of beaten brass, which hung from the ceiling in the centre, casting a crimson glow o'er the room.

While Richard surveyed this vision, lost in admiration, he was rudely awakened by the sneering voice of Captain Kandy.

"You like it—no doubt, sir? There is to the left an apartment suited to the needs of your servant, Bowes."

Dick nodded his approval, and full of a thousand awful suspicions, he sought out his faithful Jerry, who had climbed to the poop-deck. How came it, he reasoned, that such a vile mannered and ill-clad person as Captain Kuttlefish should have his guest's cabin so richly fitted; there were rugs, he said, worth thousands, and the gold alone was a fortune. Already a horrible fear had possessed him, if such a thing as fear ever came within the lexicon of Master Redbuckle. "Pirates are common enough," he said, half aloud, "in these times on the high seas, and if our friend Captain Kandy is one