



A TEMPTING OFFER.

LAURIER—"Give me charge of your affairs, madam, and I'll reduce that burden by at least two millions, right away!"

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

v.

HERE it is Fall fair time, an' the mornin' glory leaves are turnin' yaller, an' as usual we all let on we are so s'prised, jest as ef it hadn't come on us sudden every year sence we wuz born. That fair's goin' to be a big thing this year, an' I tell you I'm goin' to take in as much of it as I can get in several days reg'lar attendin'. Seems as ef the Council wuz kind of tryin' to run Mr. Hill 'bout who he's to get to work fur him. It's plenty easy to find fault, but it does seem's ef he ought to be let fix that hisself. It's all very well to say he's got to hire folks what's hard up, but sometimes there's reasons fur folks bein' out of work that ain't hard times. He's got to see his hired men are good at doin' his work; ef he don't something'll happen to his show an' he won't need any one to work. I guess he knows what he's about—Mr. Hill does. I've heard he's considerable of a pusher an' mighty good at plannin'.

On Sunday I went to hear Mr. Wallace preach, him that belongs to the Bloor Street Baptist church, an' that church wuz a dreadful restful place. Seem's ef it wuz built for worshippin' more'n fur show, an' front seats ain't so much a inch, I guess. I ain't a Baptist myself, but my grand-folks wuz both baptized, an' that kind of gives a Baptist streak to us. So the baptisin' place don't s'prise me nor make me chilly nor gaspy, seems real nat'ral. Mr. Wallace he jest talked Scripture, not the fancy kind of argusfin' style, but the kind that good folks live by. The people listened, an' I guess it wuz doin' 'em good. I've been to some churches that wuz mostly a millinery show, bein' a fussy lot of people in a awful fixed up place. I don't wonder there's so many of them sceptics when I see some of

the places where they're sot down to get their spiritual vittles. I aint sure its as charitable as might be, but it does seem to me like's ef those what hadn't a taste for the architecture of the place or a liking for fashions wouldn't get much to interest 'em nohow. I didn't; but of course I can't take in the highest flower stuff yet. I aint got my dictionary eye-teeth, nor I aint what they call a theolog, up to the Varsity.

There's somethin' strikes me as dreadful in the city, an' that's folks squanderizin' money what ought to pay their debts. There's women at seaside places, cuttin' round fit to kill, an' their dresses ain't got their makin' paid fur, an' sometimes the sewin' women had to get the findings an' trimmin's with their own good money. An' there's folks off pleasurin' what owe butchers, an' bakers an' grocers. They're the ones that are so s'prised when the storekeepers give up and fail. Aint it mean of 'em? Honest debts is an awful load to honest folks an' I pity them that owe more'n they can pay, but my sakes, it don't seem right to skite around and not go on scratchin' hard to give folks their own.

In the country they owe some store bills an' settle up when they sell the grain. Ef they go on owin' somethin' happens an' they lose their farms or their fifty-acre lots or whatever they've got. But here they move around an' don't pay rent, an' borrow from Peter to pay Paul, an' all the other 'postles, an' they keep borrowin', an' cheatin', an' failin' and gettin' the best of folks, an' it takes a long time fur anything to hurt 'em much. They're so dreadful cute in the wicked ways of hangin' on to what ain't they're own. They're worse than Becky Sharpe, which wuz a woman that lived on buyin' 'thout payin' but she was in a book.

Aint it queer how soon you get tired or things, even ef you've wanted 'em awful bad. There's somethin' saddenin' to me in watchin' how quick folks git used to theirselves after they've got rich, or built a big house, or got married or bought a garden hose, or even new clothes. One day they want somethin'—want it bad, right down to frettin' after it. Next day they get it, an' strut around feelin' considerable stuck up an' awful uncomfortable. Next day they're gettin' used to it, and begin to wonder how folks get along



A NIMBLE IMAGINATION.

FORTUNE TELLER—"Your husband will be rich, handsome and clever."

BROWN (to fiancee)—"By Jove! Wonderful! How did she guess it?"