

"I am very sorry, but I find I have only ninety-five cents with me; I shall have to owe you five.' 'Oh! that's all right,' says Mr. Druggist, with a genial smile, 'we'll call it square.'

"I thanked him then, and asked him what it was, saying that if I could use it I might as well have it. And with all the fervour of the accomplished salesman he informed me that it was 'the finest tonic in the world to give you an appetite!'

"'Exactly what I've been looking for!' I assured him. And I departed from the shop, the bottle under my arm, reeling with laughter like a drunken man.

"That evening, before I went to bed, I had a tonic cocktail! It was not at all bad. When I got up next morning, I had another. In the drawer of my washing-stand I found a very small withered apple, and so I ate my breakfast while I dressed!

"That day the gods were kind to me. I received ten dollars from a magazine for some sketches, and hastened to a restaurant on Granville Street."