

ninety-five cents. It was raining that afternoon—as usual.

“I had a friend to whom I wished to telephone. On Hastings Street, near Granville, a kindly, philanthropic druggist plied his trade, and upon more than one occasion had allowed me to use his telephone, free of the customary nickel. A nickel loomed big to me at that time. With a nickel one may buy an egg, sometimes—even in Vancouver! I hastened to the kindly druggist and begged the use of his telephone.

“‘Sure,’ said he.

“The telephone stood upon a counter, upon which also stood divers bottles. In order to use the ‘phone I laid my umbrella upon the counter, and in doing so had the misfortune to knock a bottle from it to the floor. It was a big bottle, and the neck only was cracked, so that hardly a spoonful was lost.

“‘By Jove!’ I exclaimed, ‘I’m awfully sorry.’ ‘Don’t worry,’ said the sympathetic druggist, ‘it will only cost you a dollar.’

“‘Is that all?’ said I, drawing out my ninety-five cents, which I counted carefully, though, God knows, I was exactly and painfully aware of the amount. Then I said, with what I hoped resembled the fine manner of a millionaire, shocked at discovering so little change in his pocket :