

ON a liberal basis, Mr. Jenks' services to society are worth \$10 per week, which is \$520 per year. Suppose society throws in \$480 as a bonus to encourage poor Jenks, that individual ought to feel that he was treated very decently indeed, as everybody agrees that nobody is entitled to anything he doesn't give value for. Well, at \$1,000 per year, it would take Mr. Jenks about forty-five years to get into what are called comfortable circumstances, provided he were able to save say \$400 per year. Yet this same Mr. Jenks is driving about in his private rig, and living in fine style on one of our fashionable streets.

* * *

DOES burglarizing on the sly, perhaps, guesses the reader. No; he is a very decent and well behaved man, and "makes" his big income by a process which society yet regards as honest. He doesn't work, because he doesn't need to. He allows certain other people to work; and they pay him for the privilege. Hence his big income. He is what you might call a ground-hog; that is, he lives on ground rents.



SHORT-HORNS AT THE FAIR.
(EXHIBITED PRIVATELY).

BENEATH THE MAPLE TREE.

A GENUINE CANADIAN STORY.

PREFACE.

I WRITE this story in order to fill a long felt want. "Dollars?" Go to, Smart Aleck, of a verity thou art too flip. Not so, otherwise would I pander to the unhealthy popular craving for articles on the tariff and ministerial reconstruction through the columns of the *Globe* or *Empire*. But inasmuch as certain sap-head beg pardon, I mean sapient critics assure us that we have no native literature worth shucks, and as shucks are quoted at ridiculously low figures at present, there being better material for the stuffing of mattresses, I have determined to produce a first-class Canadian story. The title alone ought to sell it, being racy of the soil and appealing to national sentiment.

CHAPTER I.

"The bed-bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same." —*Ibid.*

'Twas a beauteous summer's morn. Nature was in one of her gladsome moods. The robin sung in the maple tree.

[That's enough description; now I've got to bring in the characters. Wish I knew who they were * * * Thank you, I don't mind if I do. My intellect seems to want stimulating.]

Macdonald Brown Cartier Watson walked reflectively along one of the back streets of Toronto. Born at a period of political excitement, he was burdened with this excessive nomenclature to perpetuate the memories of these giants of the forum. He was a Canadian of Canadian extraction. His ancestors had fought in 1776, 1812 and 1837. One of his second cousins was out in the Fenian raid, and his uncle by marriage was in the Red River Expedition. It may be as well to inform the reader that in 1776—No, I don't think it necessary to go into that affair. The reader can if he likes consult an encyclopedia. [What in thunder is to come next? Best begin a new chapter.]

CHAPTER II.

"He who by his biz would rise,
Must either bust or advertize."

—*W. Caiger.*

At the period of which we write comparative tranquility prevailed. Sir John Macdonald ruled Canada by virtue of [his lofty genius—bribery and corruption]. The reader can take whichever of these phrases he prefers. Ald. Baxter represented St. Patrick's Ward in the City Council. Prof. Goldwin Smith wrote letters on the Irish Question. School Inspector Hughes rode the Protestant horse in the newspapers and Orange processions. Peanuts retailed at about five cents per small pint. Coal was \$6 25 per ton. I mention these details, which to some may appear irrelevant, because it is just *minutiae* like these which give *vraisemblance* to a story. [They also help to pad out when you don't know what else to say.]

Macdonald Brown Carter Watson stopped before a log house on Jarvis Street!! [But it must be a log-house I tell you. It's ever so much more Canadian than brick.] At the door beneath the vine-clad portico a beautiful girl with her golden hair done up in fragments of the *World* was washing clothes. Our hero raised his hat and remarked:

"Good morning, Miss."

"Good morning."

"Allow me to introduce to your notice," he continued, deftly drawing a small parcel from his pocket, "an article indispensable to every well-regulated household. It is a combined fly-catcher, potato-masher, nutmeg-grater and flower vase. Can be used if desired as a cuspador. Push this little spring and it becomes a boot jack. Turn the knob and it reveals a corkscrew attachment. This wonderful invention for the absurdly low price of one-quarter of a dollar. Used by all the crowned heads of Europe. Testimonials as to its efficacy from Dr. Talmage, President Cleveland, Harry Piper, the Duke of Westminster, Hon. Edgar Dewdney, and others too numerous to mention, and only twenty-five cents."

'Twas an impressive scene. The long dark hair of the youth, thrown back, disclosing a massive intellectual forehead, the agitation of his mobile features, his low, thrilling earnest tones, contrasted with the statuesque pose and nonchalance of the maiden as her jewelled hand toyed with a bar of soap, formed a tableau rarely surpassed by the ablest productions of—of—of the Ontario Society of Artists. [If I was to mention any names all the other fellows would be jealous.]

"Only twenty-five cents," he repeated pleadingly.

A shadow flitted athwart her countenance, "Alas," she exclaimed, "financial embarrassments consequent upon the suspension of the Central Bank"—

"Say no more," rejoined the youth, "I too have suf-