

sive and hair denuded cranium with a red handkerchief. "My line aint talkin'—I'm a practical man—a self-made man I may say—I agrees with wot the chairman have mentioned an' so far as a five dollar bill goes, why count me in. Not as I ever knowed Perkins, but this 'ere move is in the interest of the city, an' anything as is in the interest of the city I always helps along."

Loud applause followed, during which the orator subsided with a self-satisfied look due to the impression that he had perceptibly advanced his chances of parliamentary nomination by his display of public spirit.

"Mr. Splurgeon," said the Chairman, "I need hardly introduce him to this audience, as his reputation is doubtless well known to all."

Mr. Splurgeon was a young lawyer who had, so every one said, a brilliant future before him, and in the meantime earned a precarious living by Division Court practice and dickerings in patent rights. He was excessively vain of his eloquence and never lost an opportunity of airing it, having lost several cases in the Division Court for no other reason than that he would persist in haranguing the court to an unreasonable length and interspersing his speeches with quotations from Shakespeare.

"The evil that men do," said Mr. Splurgeon, impressively, "in the words of the great dramatist, lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones. So let it not be with Perkins. No indeed. Shall it be said of Canadians that they are so base, so sordid, so unworthy of the heritage of their sires, that they permit those great and glorious names which erstwhile towered resplendent as the noon-tide sun, to go into the dark repellant shades of oblivion unwept, unhonored and unsung? Oh, shame, where is thy blush! But yesterday, to quote the great dramatist again, and Cæsar might have stood against the world, now none so poor as do him reverence! Gentlemen, among the earliest and most cherished recollections of my childhood is enshrined the memory of the noble efforts of Hiram G. Perkins to uplift our common humanity, to—advance, as it were, to forward those great and worthy objects which go to make a nation grand and sublime in the onward march of destiny."—(Loud applause.)

After several other speeches a resolution was unanimously adopted organizing the committee, and pledging all present to support the movement. Subscription lists were opened and the advertising fakir was authorised to make a general canvass of the city.

The meeting was on the point of adjourning when Mr. Whitehead, an old and respected citizen, entered, and on learning what had been done asked permission to say a few words.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "I meant to have got here before, but was unavoidably detained. I always like to help any good move, but before I give you my subscription there's one thing I'd like explained. Who was Perkins, anyhow?"

There was an awkward silence. Houstler looked at Graglurch, and the latter shook his head and looked at Splurgeon, who in turn stared into vacancy. Everybody seemed dumbfounded.

"I simply ask for information," continued Whitehead, "I want to know who was Hiram G. Perkins? I'm an old resident, as your know. I have lived here sixty years and used to know everybody in the place, but I never until the last few days heard of this man you want to get



### PRESENCE OF MIND.

MRS. PRYER—"How is this, John? I find in your vest pocket a slip of paper. It says: 'Messrs. Gapin & Chore—Send up a bottle of Pommery for my type-writer.'"

PRYER—"There you are, with your ridiculous jealousy. Don't you know that Pommery is the only oil that will keep the machine in order? I never saw such a woman as you are—never."

up a monument to. Now, will somebody who knew him personally tell us who was Perkins, and what did he ever do?"

Again there was an interval of silence.

"I—I didn't know him personally," explained the Chairman, "In fact I know nothing about him except what I read in the papers."

"Same here," said Graglurch.

"I think I have been laboring under a misapprehension," said Splurgeon. "The memories of childhood are sometimes deceptive."

"We've been hoaxed," said several, "give us back our money."

But the canvasser, who had collected half-a-dozen subscriptions, had disappeared. The meeting broke up in confusion.

The next day the newspapers announced that the whole thing was a hoax, as on enquiry it was found that no Hiram G. Perkins had ever existed.

"You owe me ten," said the Cynic to the Optimist. "Didn't I work it as I said?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "it was a failure. The intelligence of the people nipped it in the bud."

"But they organized the committee. Confound that old mischief-maker of a Whitehead! What did he want to give the thing away like that for?"

### MERE FRIENDLINESS NOT APPRECIATED.

WAITER—"That is a very mean old fellow who just went out."

GUEST—"Why, I thought he was very kind to you. Didn't I see him shake hands with you when he came in?"

WAITER—"Oh, yes, but it was simply a shake of ordinary friendship. There was nothing in his hand."

### A TRANSPARENT JOKE.

SHUTTER—"How did you like being fixed up for the winter?"

WINDOW—"I never felt more paned in my life."