

much money. But when some shark comes along with a gold brick scheme that promises you impossible things, you roll your money into it like flies crowd around a poison-plate. Some of you fellows would deserve to get bitten good and hard if it wasn't for your wives and children—they would suffer the most over it.

Andy Bonehead—Aw that's alright for you to talk soft that way, you pale-faced— (Biddy bounds forward and shakes her fist at his nose.)

Biddy—Don't ye dare say another word or call the gentleman another name or I'll scratch yer old black eyes out d'ye hear?

Coulson—Well at any rate you promised us 30 per cent. the first year, 60 per cent. the third or fourth year, now how do you account for that?

Hartley—I did and I stand by my statement and if you don't believe me read..... where the Bible says that if we give up anything in this life for the Lord's sake we shall receive an hundred fold more in this life. Do you believe the Bible? Now I just want to say that every dollar you gave me is in the bank and I'll just hand it over to Mr. Whyte here and if any man wants his money back he can have it on one condition that is that he makes the cheque out in his wife's name, to have it for herself and to spend it as she likes. But I hope that you will leave at least half of it for Mr. Whyte to build that new community building and have those new recreation grounds and the swimming pool and picture shows he is trying to put over and that your young people need. But remember the cheque is to be made out in your wife's name. They are to spend it as they need it at home or anywhere else, see?

John Farmer and Angelina Beaver—(Jumping up and shouting) Hurrah! We're going to get it at last. Hurrah! Hurrah!

John Farmer—Say Mr. Hartley, you're a gentleman. I lied to my Dad the other day to help Angelina out when she was collecting for this business and I made up my mind that if Dad didn't help out in this swimming pool business, I'd slide out his best hog next week and sell it and give the money. But now it's all jolly Mr. Preacher. Mother'll give me the money, won't you mother? Isn't that jolly, Angelina?

Harry Coulson—Gee whiz, and I see where we get a car and the girls can have a new piano in next week. Ha! Ha! And you bet I'll get some new togs, too. Mother'll give us the cash I bet. Say Gov'nor, I don't care if you soke Dad for a few more thousands if you let us in on it that way. Gee whiz, but if it don't look like Christmas every day to me. Good-bye preacher, I'll go tell the