

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



STRATFORD STATION, G.T.R.

SHE WANTED BARGAINS.

SHE entered a Yonge street dry goods store, which, strange to say, didn't appear to have any "great sale" in progress. However, she didn't notice this, for she started right in for bargains.

"Got any of them two dollar curtains at fifty cents a pair, left?" she asked of a clerk at the door.

"No! nor never had any, I guess," he replied with a smile.

"Hain't you? Well, let me see your all wool dress goods sellin' at forty cents on the dollar."

"We have none at such a reduction."

"That's queer. Then jest show me the carpets you are sellin' below cost."

"We are selling our carpets at regular prices."

"Is that so? Ain't you got any prints, then, below cost?"

"No."

"Nor no mantles less than wholesale?"

"No."

"Then you ain't runnin' much of a slaughter sale, I fancy."

"We haven't advertised any slaughter sale," he answered impatiently.

"Well, I guess I ain't in the place I was lookin' for, but let me give you a piece of advice, young man. You won't succeed unless you sell 'em below cost. The days of fancy prices is over, young man, and jest don't you forget it." And she gathered up her basket and umbrella and departed.

IT WORKS BEAUTIFULLY!

The plan we call the single tax would never work, you say, And yet, behold, our landlords now work it every day; They put a single tax on land—it's what they call the rent, And manage to collect it, too, down to the smallest cent!

TA GAELIC SUPPER.

DEAR MAISTER GRUP,

HER nainsel will be going to tell you of a bonnie wee dinner that wass helt at Mister Webb's on ta Saturday of the last week whateffer. Ye've likely heard tell of ta Frasers of Inverness; weel, ta same Frasers gev a beautiful dinner, an' she'll neffer hear such beautiful speeches whateffer ata all. Och, man, but the dinner wass goot, (all but their wishy washey licht wines!). She'll say swears to her nainsel, for there wisna' as much Glenelg or Islay as ye cood smell, but then aall the big people will be turning their backs on ta goot old whuskey nowadays—ta Mayor Kennedy, ta Fraser o' ta *Mair*, an' mirofer Lord Aberdeen, whateffer. Weel, I'll shust dinna like it ava.

Weel, aboot ta shentlemans wha wass present. They kem from Windsor, an' Detroit, an' Petrolea, Barrie, an' Hamilton an' ither bit toons. Och, man, but ta Frasers are shust ta cream o' ta Heelans, an' aall the ithers shust Lowlan loons, whateffer. Peside, her nainsel wad ha' peen fair ashamed if she wass Porn a McLean or a McNab, but thanks be she wass porn a shentleman. Och, weel, I'll pe telling ye aboot a' the things they've taken, I mean honors in Leeterature, an Arts, Theology, Medicine an' she'll forgett what, but she's awfu' gled she's a Fraser whateffer. 'Ta wee lad Norman Fraser wass shust like a bit sperit himsel, as he danced ta Heelin fling. Och, weel, aall ta Fraser music an' tradeetions wis there, an' it wis a gran stramack. Did ye effer hear that Atam wass a Fraser? Deed aye, she'll pe a fery old family. She'll gif ye an old historical family song:

Ta Fraser had a son who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood by trinking up ta water,
Which he would have done I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture peen only half Glenlivet!

Weel, she'll no haf ony mair tae write aboot shust now whateffer, but hoping she'll hear from ye soon her nainsel will shust sign_hersell,

Ta Fraser.

NOT "HEAVENLY."

"Well," said Mr. Cobblewick, as he dandled his pair of babies on his knees in a vain effort to stop their squalling, "if Sarah Grand wants material for a book about the other sort of twins, let her apply here!"



A RISING LAWYER.

JINKS—"Young Fewbriefs at last stands some chance of winning a suit."

BINKS—"Glad to hear it. Got an easy case?"

JINKS—"No; joined a tailor's weekly drawing club."