

## NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

Yes, there was no doubt about it, Mr. Hipocon was very ill. He had taken ten grains of quinine, and he had placed a mustard plaster on his chest, but to neither the pills nor the plaster had the disease succumbed. He was very hoarse this morning, very hoarse indeed, and he complained of a terrific pain in his right lung.

Mrs. Hipocon was out of town. She had gone to Scarborough to spend a month, and the fact that she was absent made Mr. Hipocon doubly nervous about his condition.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "I should go off suddenly with pneumonia while Mrs. Hipocon is away! It would be simply dreadful. I have always thought of her as one of the chief figures in the group about my bed, whenever I have pictured in my mind's eye the scene of my dissolution, and I'm not going to have that ideal spoiled now."

Thereupon Mr. Hipocon, who was living in a flat, got up and rang the bell for the porter.

"Now, my man," he said, "look sharp, there's no time to lose. I may die while you're in the room. Get me a sheet of paper out of my desk there, a lead pencil, and a book to write on. I want to send a telegram."

The messenger obeyed, and Mr. Hipocon wrote:

"Come home by to night's train. I am very ill."

Mr. Hipocon counted the words. There were only eleven with the telegraphic address. That allowed another for the same money. Being determined to get the full value, Mr. Hipocon added "dangerously," and sent the man off in all haste.

"Um! Ah!" Mr. Hipocon grunted. "That's done at any rate, and Annie will be here in the morning." Then he stopped, as a new idea germinated of a sudden, in his brain. "In the morning! Gad! Sure enough! That train gets in at—let me see! Why its scarcely daylight! Six forty-five. I can't let Mrs. Hipocon come from the station at that hour without an escort. I must send some one to meet her. Whom the devil shall I ask to go?"

Mr. Hipocon's domestic acquaintances were not very numerous. In a business way and at the club he knew men by the hundred, but of these, those that had met his wife were exceedingly few.

"It's rather a delicate thing to ask a fellow to get up before dawn to do you a favor of this sort," he soliloquized, "but I fancy Harry Wilrake, who is a rattling good fellow and would go out of his way at any time to serve a friend, would only be too delighted. It's never happier than when talking to a pretty woman, and Helen is about as pretty as they are made, now-a-days. I think he would be charmed to—" and then Mr. Hipocon's reveire took a sudden turn. "Wildrake!" he exclaimed aloud, "Why demme, this cold must have affected my brain. How could I ever have thought of Wildrake for such an errand? Great Northern Station—seven A. M.—pretty woman—Wildrake—cab. Never in the world! Wildrake, old boy, you're not in it!"

Then Mr. Hipocon racked his brain for another candidate for the honour.

"Ah!" he said at last, "I have it. John Sobersides. A married man with a wife who dotes on him. John is just the fellow. There's no danger of John compromising anybody, cab or no cab. John will do it, I'm sure. I'll send John a note at once. Poor old John! He—gad, there's the objection. And it is an objection. How stupid of me not to think of it before! Why John and Helen were once engaged to be married. It would look bad under those circumstances. I fancy John won't do. Confound it all! Who the deuce is there?"

Mr. Hipocon ran over in his mind a dozen names before he hit upon Freddie Gaygun.

"Freddie's a mere boy, but I know Freddie would get up at any hour to serve me. I'll ask him. He'd look on it as a lark, and I'm sure nobody could say a word about impropriety in this case. Yes, I'll send for Freddie. Why, he'll be simply delighted—delighted! Ah, I wonder if he wouldn't be too much delighted!

What was that Helen told me he said to her once at an afternoon tea? I laughed at it then as ridiculous; but—well, that was in a crowd; if he should say the same thing in a close cab, why—Oh, well, that settles it, Freddie won't do, either."

Another dozen names were run over unavailingly, and then Mr. Hipocon thought of a fellow club man—Culpepper—a nice, quite sort of a chap with high ideals, whom he had once done a favor for and who had told him that he would like an opportunity to return it. Of course Culpepper didn't know Mrs. Hipocon, but Hipocon would describe her so there could be no mistake. Yes, he should send for Culpepper. He could not remember his office address, but he would despatch a note to the club that evening.

Now that it was settled at last, Hipocon felt much easier; he would look over the morning paper for awhile, and then take another nap.

The *Daily Tattler* was lying on his bed, and as he picked it up, his eye met the glaring headline: "Eloped with his friend's wife."

"How suggestive!" he remarked, and he started in to read, only to run from interest to astonishment when he discovered that the eloper was none other than this very man Culpepper.

"Well, well!" he commented, "that settles it. I'll describe Mrs. Hipocon to a messenger boy and let the messenger meet her."

Mr. Hipocon left word that evening to be called at six A. M. That would give him ample time, he thought, to send for a messenger and and despatch him, but the messenger was somewhat tardy, and it was well on to a quarter past the hour when he presented himself. Mr. Hipocon had been expecting a small boy, but the individual that came in response to his signal was a tall fellow, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and rather a handsome face. Mr. Hipocon looked at him closely.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eighteen," was the response.

"Ah! Well," Mr. Hipocon went on, "on second thoughts, I shall not require you."

And as soon as the lad was well out of the room, Mr. Hipocon sprang from the bed, jumped into his clothes, and rang for a cab. Five minutes later, in spite of his threatened pneumonia, he was on his way to meet Mrs. Hipocon himself.

## THE "NEW GAME" OF GOLF.

I read in a weekly contemporary the interesting fact of a "new game asserting itself," meaning "golf." New game, forsooth! Oh, shades of MacKenzie, McAlpine, the Moncrieffs, the McPhersons, come forth and squelch this "Visitor" for applying the word "new" to a game with which all the traditions of your country are intermixed. How is it that a Nova Scotian—a dweller in New Scotland—should perpetrate such a solecism as to designate this, your national game, as "new!" If this is true, verily your country must indeed be in its first youth even now, and yet this cannot be so, for even I, who never did see a great deal in the game, can trace it back to when it was played on St. Andrew's "Links" (that, "Visitor," is the name given to the ground whereon it is played), about the year 1100. "Visitor" says he is indebted to a "lady correspondent" for the novel ideas he prints in respect to this new(?) game. "Visitor," take my advice, have nothing to do with "kittle cattle" in the matter of manly sports. Lady correspondents may be very useful in fashioning the dress to be worn by those of their own sex who are sportively inclined, but as critics of a game such as golf, they get a little "off their base!" Again, lady correspondents, I notice, always advocate short skirts. So it goes without saying that lady correspondents are not blessed with feet that require a number 8 boot, nor ankles which, if we were speaking of a horse, we should describe as "gummy!" With reference to golf, "Visitor" says "as long as you can totter, no age is too great for you to wield the crook!" Crook! what on earth is this?