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sometimes," and he laughed, obviously amused at this joke.

Bindle slipped off the tail-board and joined the man, who had returned to the pavement.

"You evidently seen a joke wot's caught me on the blind side," he remarked casually.

"A joke," remarked the man; "a whole van-load of jokes, if you was to ask me."

"Well, p'raps you're right," remarked Bindle philosophically, "but if there's as many as all that, I should 'ave thought there'd 'ave been enough for two; but as I say, p'raps you're right. These ain't the times for givin' anythink away, although," he added meditatively, "I 'adn't 'eard of their 'avin' rationed jokes as well as meat and sugar. We shall be 'avin' joke-queues soon," he added. "You seem to be a sort of joke-'og, you do." Bindle turned and regarded his companion with interest.

"You mean to say you don't know wot's inside that there van?" enquired the man incredulously.

"Carved-oak dinin'-room furniture, I been told," replied Bindle indifferently.

The man laughed loudly. Then turned to Bindle. "You mean to say you don't know that van's full o' gals?" he demanded.

"Full o' wot?" exclaimed Bindle, coming to a dead stop. His astonishment was too obvious to leave doubt in the man's mind as to its genuineness.