

'You're a pair of blokes!' he cried impudently.

The old man turned upon him.

'You may go!' he said angrily. 'And go at once, and don't come back! Do you hear?'

The boy slunk away. The old man again addressed himself to Peter.

'It is my dog,' he said; 'I'll show you. Pinkie! Pinkie!' he called. And the dog, lifting its head from Peter's jacket, looked shamefacedly into his master's eyes. Seeing a welcome there, he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms into those of the old bookseller.

'Now do you believe he belongs to me?' inquired the old man, laying his wrinkled cheek on the head of the little truant. 'Do you like books, boy?' he asked, after a moment.

'Very much, sir,' replied Peter.

'There are plenty of them here,' said the man—'second-hand, principally; but interesting most of them. I know you like dogs. I have two passions in life—books and dogs. I think we shall get on together. You may come to-morrow. I will pay you four dollars a week. The bicycle doesn't cut much figure, when all is said. I guess I can rent one, if we need it, until I see how you do. I'll nurse up Pinkie. His foot is not broken; he'll be all right in a day or two. Come in the morning.'

'Thank you, sir!' replied Peter. 'I'll be sure to come.'

'You see,' said the old bookseller, as he accompanied the boy to the door, 'I'm very fond of fox terriers especially. They're the most intelligent animals you ever saw; affectionate, too, and very companionable; but they have the bad habit of running away for days at a time. I never saw one that didn't. They always turn up again, though, unless they're run over and killed, as Pinkie might have been this morning; or stolen, as no doubt he will be some day, for he is always following customers. However, now that he will have a young companion, one that he likes besides—for I can see he likes you—perhaps he may be satisfied with those little jaunts without going so far afield. I really believe—what is your name, my boy?'

'Peter, sir—Peter Smith,' answered the boy.

'I really believe, Peter, that he gets lost; that he does not wilfully remain away. I have great hopes of him from this time forward, Peter. I feel almost certain he will stay at home, now that you are coming. What do you think?'

'I'll do all I can to keep him here, and see that he doesn't run too far away,' said Peter. 'And I'm very much obliged for the place.'

'It was the dog that did it. Thank the dog,' replied the bookseller. 'I'll expect you at half-past seven in the morning. You will have to sweep out the shop and dust the books, and learn to wait on customers a little when I am absent. If you love books, as you say you do, you will soon learn your duties in that line. I'm sure we shall get on. And now I'll have to put some witchhazel on Pinkie's foot, before customers begin to make their appearance. Good-morning, Peter—good-morning!'

'Good-morning, sir!' responded Peter blithely, as the heavy door swung behind him. And, thanking his good fortune, he hastened home to tell his mother the welcome news that he had not only found a place, a master, and a playmate, but that all three were just as he would have chosen them, if it had been given him to choose.—*Ave Maria.*

A FELLOW-FEELING

Our friend Smyth went out to luncheon, and when he got seated at the table in the restaurant he found that he had left his glasses at the office. So he couldn't read his newspaper. And then when the waiter brought the bill of fare, Smyth couldn't read that, either. So he squinted at it a minute and then handed it back to the waiter.

'Here,' he said, 'you'll have to read this to me.'

The waiter grinned sympathetically, and shook his head.

'Sorry, sir,' he whispered; 'but I ain't got no educashun neither!'

JUVENILE HUMOR

The following gems of unconscious juvenile humor are deserving of attention by all collectors of 'howlers': 'Rizzio was an Italian who invented ice creams and got killed by them.' 'Doomsday Book is another name for Paradise Lost.' 'Simon de Montfort was called Simple Simon. He formed what was known as the Mad Parliament—it was something the same as it is at the present day, but not quite.' 'Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the man who invented frisky policy and goes about wearing an orchard in his coat.' 'A focus is a thing like a mushroom, but if you eat it you will feel different from a mushroom, for focusses is fatal.'

THAT OBLIGING GUARD!

The train was about to depart, when a stout old lady ran on to the platform in haste. The obliging guard pounced upon her, fairly lifted her into the carriage, and, as he slammed the door, the train steamed out of the station.

The first stopping-place was thirty miles up the line, and when the train arrived the guard observed the old lady stepping out of the compartment in a state of boiling indignation.

'You very nearly missed it, mum,' he said.

'Missed it! You silly fool!' fumed the old lady. 'I didn't want to come by it at all. I simply wanted to post a letter in the late-fee box on the train. And now, perhaps, you'll tell me who is going to pay my fare back. Talk about the intelligence of man! I'd rather have a donkey to deal with!'

CORNERED

A solicitor who is noted for his egotistical bearing recently retired to a quiet Devonshire village for a month's rest, and his air of superiority aroused the curiosity of the 'daft' resident of the place, who made up his mind to investigate the matter without delay.

One morning he coolly 'buttonholed' the proud man of parchment, and, without further parley, boldly asked him why he was so 'stuck up.' The solicitor smiled.

'Well,' said he, 'I am a member of a most honorable profession, and that naturally makes one feel a little proud.'

This explanation did not satisfy 'Daft William.'

'It's all very well what you say,' said he, after a brief reflection; 'but tell me what a lawyer can do.'

'Oh,' replied the other, anxious to humor his interrogator, 'for one thing, he can draw a conveyance.'

'Draw a conveyance!' exclaimed Willie, in disgust. 'Why, that's nothing. Any donkey can do that!'

The lawyer moved on.

FAMILY FUN

An Easy Trick.—If you possess a strong magnet you can perform a very startling trick. Hang up a sheet of paper. Draw a hook on it with a pencil. Immediately behind the sheet, at the point where the hook is drawn, place your magnet. Now tell your friends that you can hang on this hook a key or steel ring, or any small iron or steel object with a hole in it. They will not believe you, of course. All you need to do is to place the steel or iron object over the picture of the hook and the magnet will hold it. The object will appear to have been hung on the hook. You can have a confederate behind the scene to remove the magnet, and then ask someone to try to hang up the object. He will fail. Then, having given a signal, he will replace the magnet, and you can do the trick again.

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