

A "Spanking Collection."

Here's a scandal that belonged to Caesar's mother, And a slipper from the ma of Bonaparte; This rod of Birch, believe me, is none other Than caused the Kaiser's child to learn to start. This ferule whacked the Father of His Country. Lord Nelson felt the fervor of this strap. The cane here shown, 'tis said, had the effrontery. On Willie Shakespeare's frame to lightly tap. Then down with the legends and myths of the past. From Balmung to foam Aphrodite, We're getting to cold realism at last— These dusted the Seas of the Mighty!

TWO OF A TRADE.

WANTED, Clerk in a Merchant's Office. Must be under twenty-five and of gentlemanly appearance. Apply to A. B., c. o. Housekeeper, 72A, Moorgate Street, E. C.

This attractive advertisement appeared in the columns of a leading daily newspaper one morning in June, 1898, and the reason for its insertion, and what came of it, I will tell in the lines that follow.

Business had been rather slow for some time with the fraternity to which I belonged—the brotherhood which, like the lilies of the field, "toils not, neither do they spin" (except when under the direction of a stern-visaged attendant in H. M. hotels), and we had come to the unanimous conclusion that we must achieve some brilliant stroke in order to set us on our feet again.

We were discussing the state of affairs one evening at my den in Soho, when of a sudden Bill Sturge, a thick-set, rufianly looking fellow, burst out:—

"Wot's the good o' talkin' o' crackin' cribs, an' sich-like, with the bloomin' coppers a-watchin' yer like hennythin'?" An' if yer do succeeds in havadin' 'em, wot d'yer get for yer pains? A few quids' worth o' silver, p'raps, or a kid's savin'-box stuffed full of farthings. No; bust me if I'll never go on that job agen. I've 'ad enuff of it to larst me my material."

We all smiled, for Bill had just retired from the obscurity of a certain institution at Portland, where he had been engaged for five years in consequence of a midnight expedition which had brought him no greater reward than a small money-box containing the sum of 2s. 7½d.

"Then what do you suggest?" I asked, when his indignation had cooled somewhat.

"Suggest? Why, jus' this. Let's fly a bit 'igher than wot we've done afore, and let's tackle a cheque job."

"You mean a forgery, I presume?" I asked, quickly.

"That's just what I do mean, guv'nor. You yourself are a mark on himatin' any-thin' under the sun—from Sir Enry Hirvin' down to the potman at the Red Lion. And a bloke wot can mimic voices can mimic 'andwritin', too, ses I."

"It does not always follow," I made answer; "but as a matter of fact, I believe I have a certain facility with my pen. A substantial cheque forgery—say for the sum of £3,000—would certainly be an admirable venture."

"Not 'arf. And now, if you'll listen to me for a bit, I'll show yer how the job can be worked. You've 'eard, I suppose, of Bartley and Braham, the big slissitors, o' Lincoln's Inn? Now, you pop off to them lawyers, and tell them to write me a letter demandin' payment, say, o' £20, doo to you."

"Go on," I said, wondering what on earth the fellow was driving at. "I am listening."

"Don't be in a 'urry. When I gets their letter demandin' this ere sum o' brass, I goes up to their office and pays the debt in gold. Wot 'appens then? Jus' this. That Bartley and Braham writes to you, guv'nor, hinclosing you a cheque for £20 instead o' sendin' you the coins paid in by me?"

"I follow that part of your plan most easily," I remarked, after a pause; "but what in the world has all this got to do with our proposed scheme?"

"Guv'nor, there ain't a new born baby as ain't more knowin' than you. Don't yer tumble? When once you've got the firm's cheque in your 'ands, you can set to work to copy their signature and all that. Hotherwise, 'ow d'yer expect to work the game?"

"I understand," I said, in a voice of admiration, "and, what is more, I congratulate you on your suggestion. Bartley and Braham must of necessity keep a huge balance at their bank, and a cheque for £3,000 would excite no surprise on the part of the cashier. We can go to work at once, and this very afternoon I will instruct the firm to write you the letter that you have suggested."

The rest of our little party expressed their delight at the bold plan, and later in the day I called on Messrs. Bartley and Braham, introduced myself by saying that they had been recommended to me by a city firm, and thereupon instructed them to apply to "William Sturge, Esq., 322, Acacia Road, Winksworth," for the sum of £20 sterling, which I alleged was owing to me by him.

"Pitch your letter as strong as possible," I observed, "and no doubt it will elicit a satisfactory result. The man has the money, but won't part with it until he is compelled." Two days passed. On the morning of the third day the postman brought me a letter from the firm that ran thus:—

Dear Sir,—As instructed by you, we duly applied to Mr. William Sturge for the amount of £20 owing to yourself. He called at our office

this afternoon and paid the amount, which we now send you by cheque. Perhaps you will see that Mr. Sturge is put in possession of a receipt in due course.

Yours faithfully,

BARTLEY & BRAHAM.

The cheque inclosed was drawn on the London and Chelsea Bank, Temple Bar branch, and I perceived with delight that the name of the firm was not printed on top. The next move would be to obtain a blank cheque-book from the bank, and this proved an easy matter. Driving up to the establishment in a smart hansom, I opened a small account there, and received as a natural consequence the object of my pursuit. The cheques were identical in every detail with the cheque that I had received from Messrs. Bartley and Braham, and nothing remained for me now but to copy their signature until I was able to reproduce it to perfection—and then, all would be easy.

Three weeks passed. By the conclusion of that period I was in a position to write the signature of Bartley and Braham so skilfully that the firm themselves might have sworn to the same as genuine, and when Sturge witnessed my work he brought down his thick fist on the table with a thud.

"Blow me, guv'nor, if you ain't a puffed genius," he cried, enthusiastically; "but I 'opes you don't fink o' presentin' the cheque yourself."

"Why not?" I asked, quickly.

"Why not? 'Cos it might be dangerous. S'pose the bank should smell a rat an' ring up the slissitors on the telephone, wot then? No. We shall 'ave to get a bloke from outside to work that part o' the job, and the best thing you can do is to hadvertise in the 'Telegraph' for a clerk. Get 'old of the greenest chap you can find, send 'im to the bank, meet 'im on the way back at a cert'in spot, and take the oof. Then the job's done; and the sooner e're all out of Old Hengland the better."

"We should have to hire a City office in order to work the game," I said, hesitatingly.

"Why not? You can get a horfice for six bob a week if you don't mind being a bit 'igh up."

"Very good," I made answer; "you are certainly showing yourself to be a very Napoleon of ingenuity; and I shall take an office and insert an advertisement for a clerk at once."

It therefore came about that a week later, the advertisement with which this chronicle opens appeared in the newspaper, and no fewer than seventy-five young men presented themselves at the small office which I engaged in Moorgate Street in consequence.

Now, among the number there were many smart looking, young fellows, but these I did not consider for a moment. My object was to obtain an assistant whose simplicity was his strongest point, and eventually I fixed upon a sleepy-looking young man, by name Cyrus Jones.

He was certainly the most foolish clerk that the mind of man could conceive. He was rather deaf—put his hand to his ear when I addressed him—replied in fatuous monosyllables to my various queries, and altogether showed himself to be the very man of all others that I was seeking. His testimonials were perfectly satisfactory. They stated that he was slow, but reliable, and that his industry was undoubted.

"You may consider yourself engaged, Mr. Jones," I said, when I had perused the testimonials with much gravity. "I shall give you 25s. a week to commence with, and your salary will be increased if you give satisfaction. How will that suit you?"

"Thank you very much indeed, sir," he replied, speaking more confidently than he had spoken until that moment. "I will do my best to afford you every satisfaction in my power."

"You can begin your duties on Monday next," I went on, "at 9 a. m. sharp. Now, good morning; and be sure and be punctual." He left the office with glad step, evidently rejoicing at his success in having obtained the berth. Poor chap! Little did he guess, I reflected, that his occupation would, like Othello's very soon be "gone."

Monday morning came in due course, and with it arrived the new clerk. I invented some work for him to perform—postponing the cheque business until the following Wednesday. He discharged the simple duties which I intrusted to him with great accuracy, though his work was certainly distinguished by painful slowness.

On Wednesday morning, towards eleven o'clock, I summoned him to my side and said, carelessly:—

"Oh, just run round to the bank with this cheque, will you, Mr. Jones? Bring me the amount in £100 notes, and don't be longer than you can help."

He glanced at the cheque and reached for his hat. As he went towards the door I called him back.

"Stay," I cried, in the same careless tone; now I come to think of it, you had better not bring the money back to the office, but meet me outside Charing Cross Post Office in an hour's time. I have to go down to my house-agent's at Putney and make a large payment, so that the notes will come in handy. Do you understand?"

He nodded slightly and, without another word, went down the stairs.

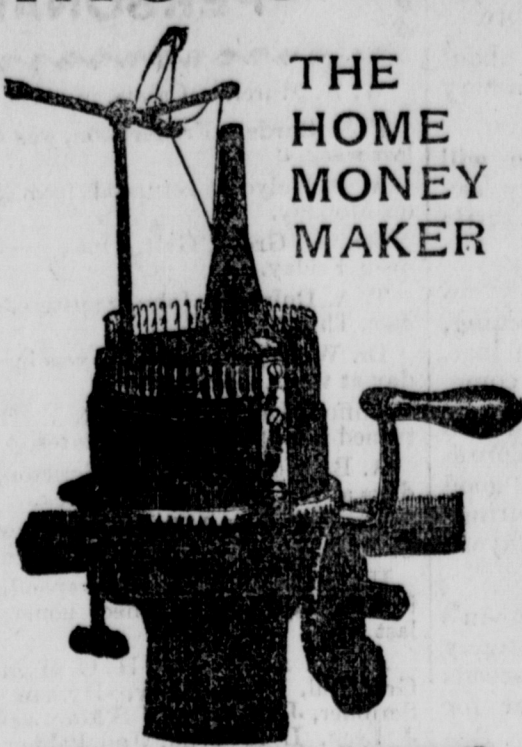
All had gone admirably up to this point. It was obvious that the simpleton suspected nothing as to the falseness of the big cheque, and if the bank people proved equally innocent I might rely on having £3,000 in my possession in the space of another hour.

Nevertheless, it was with a heart that beat somewhat more swiftly than usual that I took up my position outside the large post-office at Charing Cross and waited for the clerk's approach. Presently I was joined by Sturge and the other two men who comprised our gang, and the four of us turned our eyes anxiously towards the post-office clock, watching the minute-hand creep slowly round.

"E's a bit late, ain't 'e?" asked Sturge, when the clock registered fifteen minutes past twelve. "I 'ope nothin' ain't 'appened."

"He may have lost his way," I replied, with a laugh; "he is idiotic enough to do so." I spoke lightly, but I confess that a slight shiver of anxiety was beginning to assert itself in my being. What had occurred? Was it possible that the bank had suspected the forgery, communicated with their customers, and detained the clerk? If so, immediate inquiry would be made by the police at the

More Home Knitters Wanted



Machine weighs 17 pounds. It is more wonderful than a sewing machine, just as durable, and higher speed.

THE HOME MONEY MAKER

To Work at Their Homes Under the Direction of

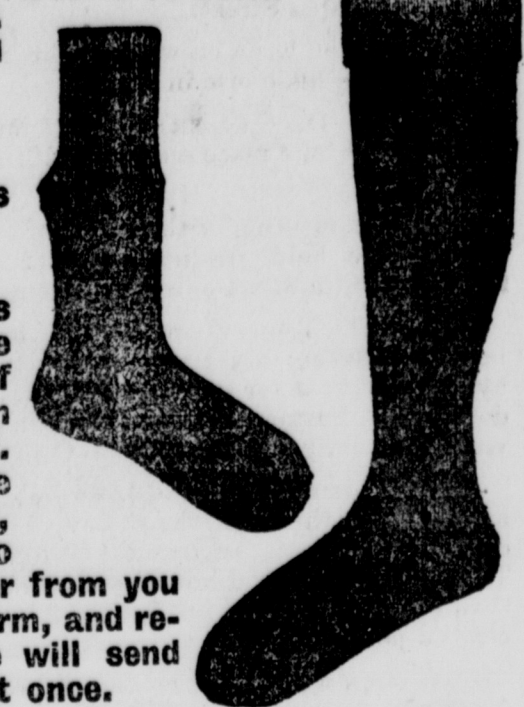
THE PEOPLES KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

McKINNON BLDG. TORONTO.

To Fill Large Contracts—Good Wages Easily Earned.

We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple, and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide, requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of Workers let us hear from you promptly with the Contract, order form, and remittance, as a guarantee, and we will send machine and outfit to begin work at once.

A Pair in 30 Minutes



OUR METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS

We wish to secure the services of families to do knitting for us in their homes. Our method is the same as adopted in England. We are the introducers of this plan and the largest knitting concern in Canada.

After long experience, we have been able to produce an Automatic Machine by which all kinds of seamless knitting is now done by our Family Machine, thereby enabling anyone of ordinary intelligence to quickly learn to do the work from the instruction Guide. All we require is that you use the machine according to directions. The Machine being made expressly for this purpose, and the operation so simple, it cannot possibly make a mistake in its work. The great demand now is for Bicycle Stockings, Woodmen's Socks, and Motormen's Mittens, and as we are unable to supply the demand, have taken this method of advertising for more help.

The large export trade to the North-west Territories, British Columbia, and the British Colonies, furnishes an unlimited demand for our goods, and, with the combined operation of the many families we are employing, together with the large amount of knitting we are able to turn out, by which we save rents, insurance, and all other expenses, enables us to undersell any manufacturers of this class of goods, and we have sale for all the knitting we can have turned out.

The price we pay for finished bicycle stockings is \$10.00 per hundred, or at the rate of 10c per pair; for women's socks, 5c, and motormen's mittens, 12c a pair. All other work in proportion to size.

The machine can be operated by any one of a family, and at our prices any energetic family should be able to sustain themselves comfortably, and in time be a source of independent comfort.

Our plan is to send out each machine to beginners with a sock or stocking partially knitted, and remaining in the machine ready to be continued, and also enough yarn to knit one pair of sample socks or stockings and a simple and complete instruction Guide, showing how the work is to be done. When the samples have been finished and returned to us satisfactory, we send a quantity of yarn, which you knit and return likewise when finished. We prepay charges on all work one way, and our workers pay return charges. The work, as we have stated, is simple and rapid, done in a minute. We have many persons now in our employ who can knit from twenty-five to thirty pairs of socks or stockings a day, and where the time of a family is devoted to the work, you can readily see that \$15.00 or \$20.00 per week can be easily earned.

We furnish our workers all the materials, yarn, etc., free, and everything that is necessary for the work. We are furnishing the machines only for the exclusive use of those desiring to take employment with us, who must, in order to become a member, send us this Contract Order Form, properly signed by them, and at least one good reference, and remittance accordingly, to give us the necessary assurance that the quantities of valuable yarn we may send from time to time will not be wasted or misappropriated. Our interests are mutual, and this confidence must be established if we are to succeed. We guarantee fair dealing and prompt payment for work, so do not ask us to deviate from our terms, as we cannot make a distinction with one and not another; besides, we are doing an extensive business, and must be governed by business principles.

The manufactured price of the machine is \$15, and positively will not be sold to any others than those who will agree to do knitting for us. If at any time after you commence you wish to discontinue, we will take back machine and refund the amount paid for same, after deducting cost of our expense only.

There is a Large Demand by the Trade for this class of work. Our workers can depend upon it year after year, and if you engage with us (whole or spare time) we will keep you supplied with work as long as you do satisfactorily for us and return it promptly. We entrust our workers with large quantities of valuable yarn, and as we give references as to our honesty and integrity, we must ask

"That is my name," I made answer. "Who gave you the communication?"

"A gent wot came up to our office, and said we should find you watin' outside Charing Cross Post Office."

Having added that no answer was required the messenger strolled away, and I broke the seal with trembling hands.

"It looks like Jones's handwriting," I murmured, half to myself and half to my companions. "What on earth can he have to say?"

They peered over my shoulder at the writing, and then a low groan of mingled amazement and disgust burst from the lips of all of us. For this is what the letter said:—

Boy Messenger Office, Temple Bar.

DEAR BOSS,—It was exceedingly kind of you to ask me to go to the bank this morning to cash a cheque for the really respectable sum of £3,000, for you thus put an opportunity in my way which I have not been slow to utilize. I duly cashed the cheque, but I find that a pressing engagement on the Continent will prevent me from having the pleasure of handing the notes to you—an inability which doubtless you will regret far more than I do.

It may interest you to know that the testimonials which I exhibited to you a few days ago were written and signed by myself. I may add that during the past few months I have accepted a variety of clerkships, all of which I abandoned, as none of them gave me the opportunity of handling such large amounts of cash as I desire to experiment upon. It has been reserved for you, my dear Boss, to favor me with the opportunity in question, and, believe me, I am very grateful.

Adieu and, likewise, farewell, your respectful clerk, CYRUS JONES.

P.S.—You need not trouble about my half-week's salary.

For some moments we were too much dumfounded to utter a single word. Sturge was the first to recover himself. After giving vent to his emotions in language which might be described as picturesque and pointed, he said, slowly:—

"I'm blowed if I don't fink it's a case of wot the poet calls 'Diamond cut diamond.' And somehow we all felt sure that Sturge had hit the nail on the head, for were we not two of a trade, when all was said and done?"

And that is the story of what came of our advertisement for a gentlemanly young clerk, and that is why we did not obtain our £3,000 after all.

To cure a Headache in ten minutes use Kamfort Headache Powders.



A Bicycle fitted with Dunlop Tires is held in higher estimation because its maker put a perfect finish on it. You can have Dunlop Tires with "the thickened tread" on any wheel you buy—no extra charge.

Moorgate Street office, and I rejoiced to think that I had acted on Sturge's advice and not remained at that place for the reception of the money.

St. Martin's Church pealed the half-hour, but still Mr. Cyrus Jones did not put in an appearance, and by this time keen anxiety was depicted on all our faces.

We held a rapid consultation in low tones. Sturge recommended that we should abandon our position outside the post-office.

"For it's like this," he said, emphatically. "If hennythin' has gone wrong—and the clerk 'as given the game away—they'll not only send a tec round to Moorgate Street, but they'll start takin' observations round this spot as well, so the sooner we chuck this 'ere position, the better."

There seemed deep wisdom in his cautious suggestion, and we were about to quit the place when of a sudden a small but smart-looking boy messenger strolled up and scrutinized us with intelligent eyes.

"I have a note here for a gentleman dressed in a grey frock-coat, wearing a 'igh hat and tan gloves," he said, addressing me; "and if your name is Mr. Vincey, sir, then the note's for you."

LADIES WANTED

To start one of our Parisian Model Trimmings. They are trimmed with Follage, Flowers, and Silken Crepe, and are the style to be worn this Spring. We are giving away a limited number to advertise our new line of Roman Gold finish Stick Pins, set with Jewels. Simply send us your name and address and we will send you 2 doz. pins, which sell at 10c. each, return us the money and we will give you one of these lovely trimmed hats nicely packed in a box, for selling only 25c. pins. All we ask is that you show it to your friends. Write at once, and be the first in your locality. THE MAXWELL CO., DEPARTMENT 14 TORONTO



FREE



Bristol's BIG STORE.

Dry Goods. Clothing. Boots & Shoes. Groceries. Hardware. Lime, Brick, Crockery, Glassware.

All New and Fresh Stock.

FRED. A. PHILLIPS, Bristol.

A certain Irish politician, lately condemning the British Government for its policy concerning the Income-tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

No stable is complete without a supply of Bentley's Liniment. Cures strains, sprains, bruises, lameness, inflammation, etc. Two sizes 10c. and 25c. Full directions with every bottle.