WHO SAID FAKE? n guilty of some og six menths, or have been written on the premis void were they of application to any par ticular time or place. Perhaps the most manifestly faind yarn of the lot, however, was the tale about Guillauz, the Prench flying man, being interviewed on Monday last. Guillaur's English vocabulary consists of about 11 words, and as he had gearraly set foot at Spencer-street when the "Erald" came out with the chat, that would have ranked as smart work if there was anything in the tale to indicate that the cloud-man had even seen the "Yerald" acribe. The interview, on the other hand, was simply, in new words, a reiteration of the yarn that is hashed up to apply to every fresh aviator— that the earth looks funny from the clouds, that flying is safer than alcoung, that the aviator has no fear, and that the visitor already feels so much at home that he would rather be dashed to pieces here than anywhere else. All this piffic, and nothing re, is supposed to have been told to the Yelp' by the non-English speaking Frenchman in language that reals like man in language that reads like having been prigged from a similar literary lurk elsewhere. Anyhow, whatever it is and whosever it is, it is pure empty word-spinning. The idea of Guillaux, who grades himself as the most experienced flying man unkilled, having to quote Grahame White's opinion of what the sensation of flying is like is too funny for words. There are ways and ways of doing secretains. A jing ways and ways of doing averything. A liar is a howling failure unless he is a finished lier, and similarly fake journalism is ghastly in its results when the faker is only commencing his apprenticulity.