



HE WANTED A TEST.

WOMAN OF HOUSE (to tramp)—“Why don't you follow some calling?”

TRAMP—“Madam, you just hustle around to the house, put a good square meal on the table, and then call me, and judge for yourself whether I'll follow it or not.”

GROWING INTELLIGENCE OF THE MASSES.

THE following letter appeared in a recent issue of the *Mail*:—

SIR,—On Thursday evening last I happened to be passing the factory of Firstbrook Bros., King street east, and was grossly insulted by a gang of hoodlum employees who happened to be standing in the archway of the building, who used every insulting epithet they could possibly level at me. This, I may say, is a common occurrence in the city to those wearing Her Majesty's uniform, and it is high time some notice was taken of it by the civil authorities.

Yours, etc.,

A SOLDIER.

TORONTO, April 29th.

This is one of the most encouraging indications of the growth of a healthy public sentiment on the subject of militarism that we have noticed for a long time. The masses are beginning to recognize instinctively that the red-coated loafer, who, in order to get an easy living undertakes to do any dirty work in the way of butchering his fellow men that a corrupt and rascally government may have on hand is only deserving of contempt and insult. The “hoodlums” know that they are taxed to keep up a set of swaggering dudes and conceited popinjays whose uniform is the symbol of their readiness to become murderers at the word of command. They know too that in the case of any civil disturbance they themselves might as likely as not be the victims. Why should they not let these lazy swash-buckling bullies know what they think of them? We admit that it would perhaps show a little better taste to refrain from epithets, and treat the passing soldier to a philosophical disquisition on the wickedness and absurdity of the military system, but there are obvious difficulties in the way, and possibly the

“hoodlum's” rough and ready fashion of giving utterance to his opinions is the only one adapted to the barrack-room stage of intellectual development.

A CHUMP CANDIDATE.

THE low grade of intelligence and ability of the men elected at the dictation of party caucuses to represent Toronto in the House of Commons is notorious, and frequently the subject of disparaging comment. It is not, of course, to be expected that under the party system we can send men of the highest class, but there is really no need that they should be chumps or non-entities. The reflections so often made on the calibre of our city representatives are naturally directed against the Tory machine, inasmuch as it is responsible for them, but how much better are the Grits likely to do, judging from their last nomination? Ald. J. K. Leslie, in addressing the nominating convention, characterized the United States as the meanest nation on the face of the earth. What sort of a representative of the intelligent people of Toronto is the man who, in the vain attempt to deodorize his party from the savor of annexationism, could make use of such an expression?

W. F. Maclean may not be all that could be desired as a candidate, but at all events he is not a fool, and would not disgrace us by senseless clap-trap of this sort.

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