

to death, he is riding this country to death, and if we could make him drunk enough to fall off, even the most advanced temperance men could find no fault in that.

My grandmother, she is troubled with religion and wind like Charles Lever's heroine, wanted me to start this paper at Hamilton—she thinks that Toronto is an awful bad city. Arch-Bishop Archibald to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed she goes so far as to say that saintly gentleman 'taks thro' his hat. While I am willing to admit that this city is not exactly modelled on the New Jerusalem, still it is the best city in the world, admitting at the same time that it is not half as good or half as bad as its friends or enemies claim. The only thing that's wrong with Toronto is that it appears to be the thrashing floor for the whole crop of hypocrites, swindlers, hoodlers, gamblers and professional hars raised in Canada.

My religion teaches me to hate the Devil and all his works. Now as a hypocrite is the Devil him-self and swindlers, hoodlers, gamblers, and professional hars are all his works, I will make war on them from the start and before I quit I will capture Port Arthur, take Wei-hai-wea, burn Peking, and blow their protested paper fleet out of the water.

I had a dog once that was no good for anything but coons. He couldn't trail a hide-wagon, but he would tree a coon if he had to follow it all the way to Ireland, and then he would camp under that tree and hunt for fleas and amuse himself generally—he had a streak of humour in him—till that coon came down.

There are several hypocrites in Miss Toronto's corn patch, and we will endeavour to make them take to the woods.

I never received as much advice in my life as I got this week. There are thirty or forty people in the outer sanctum now, waiting till I get through with this article, all of them eager to give some advice, but when I find myself running short of horse sense I will go to my grandmother, on whom I have depended for advice and socks during the past decade.

I will make this paper aggressive and agreeable, bold, breezy and bright, cool, collected and concise, daring, deliberate and defiant, earnest and essential to the man of the world.

I went up to the newspaper graveyard the other day and found it full, in one corner was a fresh made mound. The tombstones over the graves made profitable reading. Here are a few of the inscriptions—"I bit off more than I could chew," "I had too much to say and didn't know what I was talking 'bout," "Corporations have no souls," "I didn't attend to my business," "I couldn't stand prosperity," "I got the swelled head," "I should have started a saw-mill, not a newspaper, etc."

It was a sad visit and there will be more of them up there before long, but this paper will be alive and always in evidence. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, with these few remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I will take my seat.

Said he: "Yes, Khan, I've quit drinking. There are so many blundered amateurs at it now it makes me tired. I went into Cocktail's saloon the other day and it was full of young fellows havin' what they call a big time, and I went out disgusted and swore off for a fact. I felt lonesome when I went in to have a snifter. I don't meet any of the old gang any more. Some of them are up in Mount Pleasant with their toes turned up, and I often wonder if they don't think its a long time between drinks. One of them got up and come down town the other night. He hid his coffin behind the Mossey monument and as he had been laid out in his best clothes instead of a shroud, he looked pretty presentable only he had no hat. I lent him one. When I first met him he was prancing along in front of the old Yorkville town hall. He was glad to see me, poor old chap.

"Says he, 'I wish't I'd a died a chinaman,' says he." "Why," says I. "Because," says he, "then they would have put some money in any clothes, but I've been all thro' all my pockets and I can't find a son." I lent him a bill. All at once he took up a side street as fast as his legs would carry him. He rattled as he ran. I overtook him at last and pinned him up against a wall.

"What's the matter with you," says I.

"Oh, Swapsy," says he, "I've got 'em again"

"Nonsense," says I, "you're all right, you're as sober as a deacon.

"No, I ain't," says he tremblin' all over, "I saw a street car buzzin' past and it had no horses on it.

I thought I'd have a fit it sounded so funny. When I explained the trolley system to him he shook his head sadly and said times was changed. We went down town and his spirits went down as fast as we did.

He didn't know anybody—the big new buildings dazed him. We went into half a dozen places, but he didn't know the bar keeps. He looked sadly round in search of a familiar face.

"I wonder where we would find Fred," says he.

"In the penitentiary," says I.

That staggered him a little, but he pulled himself together and wondered where Frank was, I told him if he would come down early in the morning he would see him scrubbing out Mc-Soaker's bar-room. He changed the subject hastily and enquired after Ted. I told him that Ted had skipped the country suddenly and was dying of snake bites and a change of diet somewhere in Mexico. The corpse seemed considerably moved at this and muttered a refrain of Auld Lang Syne, "The whiskey head must go." He looked very sad and asked me who the young squirts were who were drinking brandy and marachino at the far end of the bar. When I told him he was sadder still.

"Why," says he, "I uster dance that nearest one on my knee. I went to school with his mother. She was a pretty girl. I was best man at her wedding. I will speak to this young man."

Corpse laid down his glass and I went up to Chappie and I laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you know that the whiskey head must go," he said in sepulchral tones.

Chappie's eyes bulged out like tompons, the cold sweat broke upon him, his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered.

"Up to Mount Pleasant cemetery," said my friend, "it's nice and quiet up there. It's cool in summer and warm in winter. You don't wake up every morning with a splitting headache, fur on your teeth, and Vesuvius inside. You'll miss a lot of fun I'll admit. You never see any of the boys or girls, but you never miss them. There you lie undisturbed and it gives you a long time to do some solid sensible thinking. You will have to pay no more board, compliments, regards, bar bills, tailor bills, attention, or anything like that. Come along with me. There is a nice grave next to mine with a sunny exposure, and it will be just the thing for you—come along."

The Chappie uttered a maniacal laugh and rushed wildly into the night. The rest fled in different directions. The bar keep politely requested me to take my friend out and fumigate him, "fill his pockets with chloride of lime," says he, "and let the wind blow through his whiskers." I took him back to Mount Pleasant, shook the snow out of his coffin and tucked him in. Do you know that he was as happy as a clam. Says he, "I'm real glad to get back. A feller never knows when he is well off.