



DOMINICK, THE DISHEARTENED.

E. B.—(with a squint at the sign-post.) It's sick and disgusted I am, a' home I'll go for good. Sure the nearer I approach to my destination, the farther off it is!

THE GREAT "IF."

REV. DR. LANGTRY is devoting himself to a plan for the relief of the prevailing distress, which is likely to prove effectual if it can in any fair measure be accomplished. He proposes to relieve the pressure of the Labor market in Toronto by giving all who are willing to take it an opportunity to settle down on a five-acre farm in the vicinity of the city. It is estimated that from an allotment of this size an industrious man can support his family comfortably, and there ought to be a sufficient number ready and willing to go on the land, to make a decided difference to the state of affairs in town. The great question is, how is the good Doctor going to get access to the land for the needy ones who are willing to try the experiment? If the single tax system were in operation it would be simple enough, but things must be dealt with as they are. The land all round Toronto is owned, and the owners will not allow their fellow-creatures to occupy and use it as a mere matter of charity. They want to be paid rent, and, according to Ricardo, the amount of rent they will demand is the difference between the value of this land and that of the best land that can be had for nothing. This means that the land owners will take all the five-acre farmer can make above a bare living, and out of the bare living they will have to pay the municipal and tariff taxes. Perhaps Ricardo's law admits of exceptions, and we may have land owners hereabouts who are willing to forego rent from motives of humanity. If so, Dr. Langtry's idea is an admirable one, and deserves the earnest support of all who have hearts to feel for the trials and tribulations of the poor.

CRITICAL.

"I gathered these leaves in the forest to-day,
While the autumn winds, whistling through them,
Sent them pattering down, golden, purple and brown;
An emblem of life, I send you them."
[G. W. Johnston, Upper Canada College, in the Mail.]

Oh poet, is that closing phrase the best that you can do?
If so, you ought to add a note—"with the accent on the *you*."

We are not talking quite so severely about Tammany as we used to here in Toronto.

THE MODERN DAMSEL

JUST NOW.

WHY, yes, 'tis true we maids are free,
We never more shall yearn to flee
To hymeneal shelter;
No more our hearts with love are torn,
Nor melt they now to lover lorn
As if in fiery smelter.

The problem for ourselves we've solved,
And to a higher plane evolved—
All by ourselves we've done it;
Into the world, with steady tread,
We've marched to battle for our bread,
And consequently won it.

And so we're free from Wellock's chain,
And men may woo and wish in vain
It's links on us to rivet;
We greet them with a haughty stare,
And as our nose doth sniff the air,
An upward tilt we give it.

What, never wed? you ask surprised,
Will not our edict be revised
On more mature reflection?
Well, single bliss I'll never rue,
And I, for one, that future view
Without severe dejection.

Yet, if one day there came along
Some one who'd sing the ancient song
In accents sweet and thrilling;
Some one with noble form and face,
A scion of Apollo's race—
Well, maybe I'd be willing.

AFTER A WHILE.

The day—the nuptial day is set,
The kindred soul I've truly met,
And we our troth have plighted;
Responsively our hearts do beat,
And hopes of fame that erst were sweet
Are now forever blighted.

Yet, tears for hopes I cast aside
A moment last, and then are dried
By thoughts of joys domestic;
Although, perhaps, 'twere well to say
My king is wearing somewhat gray,
His manner—unmajestic.

He comes not of Apollo's line,
His chest doth measure twenty-nine,
And winter makes him shiver;
No song hath he yet said or sung,
For he doth wear but half a lung,
And pads ferninst his liver.

John West.

A MANIA.

OUR esteemed contemporary the *World* has become such a monomaniac on the Sunday Car question that prudent readers now glance at the foot of each editorial article for the accustomed reference to "laws that were made for the Jews three thousand years ago," just as other wary ones look for the suspected sting of the patent medicine ad. It is a queer subject that the *World* man cannot twist into a text from which to advocate Sunday cars. And sometimes, of course, he makes himself a trifle ridiculous, as when he declares that Dr. Langtry's scheme of relieving the labor market by giving the people access to the land, settling them on five-acre farms, will fail unless the cars run on Sundays. "Sunday," says the *World*, "is the very day when our five-acre farmer would like to be in a position to get into the city to visit his friends," etc. What's the matter with the five-acre farmer's horse and wagon? But meanwhile the *World* may keep calm. We will have Sunday cars when they are necessary;—till then we can get along without them.