

bare footed sentinel at the fort, I brought up at a queer hotel or tavern where Artemus was in converse with the host. This landlord was a character—a fierce secessionist—a man of ragged views on all subjects—a type full of attractions for the taste of Artemus; and Artemus was drawing him out with all the cleverness of a well bred, cross-examining lawyer, never trespassing either politeness or good feeling.

We came together again at the supper table of the Occidental on the day of our arrival here, and I saw the humorist repeatedly during his sojourn. He was of more years and experience than myself; besides, I humbly felt the then crushing ignominy of being a "steamer arrival," with the wrinkles hardly ironed out of my clothes; but he was gentleness itself, displayed in a manner that could not but fascinate those brought into social contact with him. I can remember what an enthusiastic admirer Artemus had in the barkeeper of "I think—the Blue Wing," (it may be mentioned that Artemus was declining into consumption and used stimulants generously), and there was another man who seemed to appreciate him at his worth—Thomas Starr King. I remember the two having an interview and wondering which of the two prevailed in the matter of Christian character or of humor.

I went (on an autograph pass from Artemus—I wish I had preserved it), to attend the lectures; but I felt that Artemus was, like myself, among strangers, who regarded him coldly and, possibly, with a dull derision. Indeed, one puffy looking chap next to me stigmatized the lecturer at the close, as "a perfect humbug." It pained me, and I half wondered if his judgment was correct. It was not until Artemus was admitted to the sacred band that worked on the London *Punch*, for which I always cherished a sneaking admiration, that I became rooted in my faith in him as an American humorist with substantial merit in his aims and work.

Looking back to those days, and essaying to sum up the value of a man's work, I cannot see aught reprehensible in the literary or lecturing efforts of the whilom journeyman printer. He attacked nothing that did not deserve attack. He

struck no bludgeon-like blows at his antagonist. He was as tactful as if he had had the ripest training of University and society to polish his literary weapons. His wit was not meant to "burn up" the object thereof; it was rather like a quiet flame that melts the enamel into form fit for polish into a tender design in *cloisonne*.

Here, Mr. Editor, is a reminiscent common-place of days when John Phoenix had hardly left the coast, when Bret Harte was writing in all humility at two dollars and a half a column for good natured weeklies, before "The Luck of Roaring Camp" had been written or conceived; while the good-natured Jo Lawrence was a familiar face on Montgomery Street; while Webb had his paper; and before the scanty garden of Pacific Coast poetry had successfully striven against the "climatic influences" that Harte offered as an excuse for the bareness of the little *florilegium* he first published.

You will pardon me if I rather strainingly attempt to connect the stray humorist and lecturer with those earlier days of our literary life in San Francisco. He was something better than a writer or humorist. He was to the uttermost "a jolly good fellow."

COMMON SENSE.

In sincere and large-minded politics ideas and not offices are the matters of prime concern, remarks the *New York World*. The aim of every honest man in politics should be to win others to his way of thinking, because he believes that to be the right way of thinking, the way which best tends to the public welfare. We are all of us apt to forget this. We neglect the persuasive element in our oratory and in political writing. We are too ready to treat the political adversary as the public enemy, which he is not. We too often use against adverse opinion the weapons of scorn and denunciation, which should be reserved for the chastisement of dishonest and unrighteous courses. We too much neglect our opportunities of persuading others to our ways of thinking. We carry too far the simile which makes of a political canvass a "campaign," and of an election a battle.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

On Wednesday evening the Rossmore Club gave a surprise party to Miss Annie Lynch, at the residence of Mr. T. E. Dissette, 710 Dundas Street, city, where a very enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present we noticed the following:—Miss L. Ross, Miss D. Ross, Miss A. Cox; the Misses Jackson, the Misses Swift, the Misses Tingle, the Misses Dalton, the Misses Harrington; Miss Ditchsam, Miss Simmons, Miss Bradley; the Misses Gardiner, the Misses O'Connor, the Misses McClennan, the Misses O'Neil; Miss Cunningham, Miss Walsh, Miss Dee, Miss Weeks, Miss Morton, Miss McDonough, Miss Murphy; Mrs. Ross; Miss B. Brownlee; Miss G. Galt; Messrs. W. Ross, Bender, J. Young, —Murphy, W. Feather, W. Beatty, H. Pritchard, W. Ainsley, —Ainsley, A. Parr, Lusk, C. Simmons, H. Reid, Armstrong, Sirrell, Reed, Chambers, Simpson, Clair, A. Moore, W. Bradley, W. McKendry, McKim, McGinnis, T. Armstrong, A. Dorne, Christie Leadley, J. Bradshaw, C. Swift, Bell, Madill, Bird, Currie, Wells, Jarvis, J. Harper, Gardiner, Butchart, Hostetter; Miss E. Gibbons, Miss Fletcher, Mr. J. W. Nettleton. The Nepolitano Orchestra rendered delightful music, and dancing was indulged in until an early hour in the morning.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm—  
It felt as soft as cake;  
"Oh, dear," said she, "what liberty  
You printer-men do take"  
"Why, yes, my gal, my charming gal,"  
(I squeezed her some, I guess.)  
"Can you say aught, my love, against  
The freedom of the press?"  
  
I kissed her some—I did, by gum,  
She colored like a beet;  
Upon my living soul, she looked  
Almost too good to eat!  
I gave another kiss, and then,  
Says she, "I do confess  
I rather kinder sorter like  
The freedom of the press"

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

VOTE FOR  
EX-MAYOR  
**JAMES BEATY**  
FOR  
**MAYOR, 1892**

AND SUPPORT  
**Economy and Efficiency.**

An improved system of civic administration. An effort to obtain a new City Charter. Amongst other reforms, the appointment of civic business into a few permanent departments, controlled as to officials and service immediately by competent heads under suitable By-laws, but ultimately by the Council, the people's representatives as a body and not as individuals. Also the institution of a Board of Control, composed of the Mayor, the Chairmen of Committees (as ex-officio members) and heads of Departments, to suggest methods to Control, Reduce and Manage the Expenditure. Reduced Taxation, as far as practicable, consistent with the necessities of the city. With this view, retrench and moderate all controllable expenditures in every department of work and service. Equitable assessment and fair taxation on

all property and classes, and so as to promote the influx of capital. Utilizing to the best advantage city property and assets, and reduce the debt and encourage improvements. Equivalent value in work and material for monies expended. Business like financial arrangements to increase the credit and prosperity of the city. An effort to procure pure water and thorough drainage to protect the health of the citizens. To encourage manufacturing industries and induce the use of capital in the city, and thus provide employment. A readjustment of the local improvement system to render it fair and equitable in its operations. To establish a judicious relief system for paupers that will at the same time protect the citizens from street beggars. To establish a means of reformatory punishment for habitual drunkards. To provide reformatory restraints in cases of first offences of a trivial nature or for youthful indiscretions. Support an earnest endeavor to uphold the moral, healthful, financial and educational features of the Queen City.

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**G. S. MACDONALD**  
As Alderman for 1892.  
Nomination, 28th December, 1891.  
Election, January 4th, 1892.

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