

ing interviewed, made some interesting observations. He said:—

"To the uninitiated, the problem would seem to be one simply of carrying a stated number of persons down town in the morning and of taking the same number back up town at night. The number, it might be suggested, ought not to vary from day to day. But several factors enter to disturb this hypothesis. Rainy days drive a great many persons to the surface cars who ordinarily go on the elevated trains. A foggy day will leave the express trains on the elevated roads only half filled, and pour an added lot into our cars. On bright, sunny days, a great many men who are in business down town and who do not live too far up, walk both ways. There are enough of these to make a variable element."

There is no doubt that dirty weather also adds to the discomforts of patrons of the Montreal Street Railways. Yet, even on a sunny day, during the busy hours, our cars are crowded to the platform steps, and thousands of men, each contributing fully thirty dollars per annum to the company, have long since abandoned the hope of securing a seat in exchange for a fare. We decline to accept the "rainy days" excuse of this New York official. The present system can and must be improved upon, and the first step in the right direction will be the adoption of the European method of putting up a sign when the cars are filled. Then, when the cars whirl by without stopping, people will seriously insist upon the holders of these valuable franchises making their roads thoroughly efficient by increasing the number of cars and providing the power to propel same.

A Critic of Figures.

In our issue of last week we reviewed the Budget, and the Hon. Mr. Fielding's speech thereon. The figures quoted were accurate, and our dispassionate observations made from the thoroughly independent, impartial, and non-political standpoint we always occupy when considering questions of national import. Yet an evening contemporary objects strongly to having the facts and figures in connection with the Budget presented in a fair and honest fashion for examination by those who are free from political bias and not blinded by extreme partizan heat. We are accused by our neighbour and critic of making "a great handle of these amazing and mystifying percentages." Now we did not make any comment upon the percentages. If facts and figures amaze and mystify our contemporary, he should avoid controversy over same.

Treasure-Trove.

What a romance could be woven around the strange discovery made by William Jingles, a farmer living near Bridgeville, New Jersey. While engaged in tearing down an old house on his place a few days ago, he took down a stone chimney which had stood a century or more, and found embedded in it an iron box 7 by 9 inches in size, which upon being pried open was found to contain a considerable quantity of silver and gold coin.

A good deal of the coin is foreign, and its real value is unknown, but it is variously estimated at from one to two thousand dollars. How the money came there is not known, but it is thought to have been hidden away from the Tories, who in Revolutionary days often raided that part of New Jersey.

With such material always at hand to stimulate the fancy, novel writing would be made easy. However, although we are assured by the modern user of slang that money talks, this gold of a dead and gone past is silent as to its history, its owner, his fate, heirs, executors, administrators and assigns. It seems a pity that it is as it is. Instead of being made the subject of a thrilling story, this coin must be left to jingle in the pockets of a possibly prosaic New Jersey farmer, whose only regret will be that he cannot recover the compound interest on this valuable deposit.

Our Streets and Aldermen.

And the mud and slush thereof remaineth unto this day, and no man taketh it away,
THE EDITOR.

Despite the indignation of a grip-stricken multitude of citizens, regardless of the remonstrances of the medical profession against such reckless imperiling of the public health, unaffected by the legal notices of action served upon them by disorganized transportation companies, unmoved by what they must surely see and hear when wading to and from the City Hall, the mayor and thirty-four aldermen of the metropolis of Canada remain inactive in a matter of the utmost importance. It is humiliating in the extreme, it is most injurious to the trade and reputation of the city, to have its business practically suspended, and its safety from fire and flood endangered by the apparent inability of city fathers to devise some means of preserving the health and cleanliness of Montreal. Where is the wisdom said to be found in a multitude of councillors? It is useless to sit down and talk, talk, talk so volubly about helplessness, no funds, etc., etc. The City Council does not realize that the care of our streets is about the most important service required of them. Why do they not arouse themselves to a sense of the filthy, business-blocking, fever-breeding condition of the city? Something must be done, even if they find it necessary to vary the appropriation of money for some other purpose of lesser importance. Surely our representatives at the City Hall do not wish to see a body of indignant citizens taking charge of the streets, and incidentally of negligent and inattentive aldermen.

Not a Republic.

In the United States papers, we find frequent references to the Transvaal as having a form of Government similar to that of their American sympathizers. It is, a gross abuse of language to call the Boer system republican. However, our neighbours are learning the truth from some of their own countrymen, one of whom has recently declared that, under the sway of Paul Kruger, equal-