

WHAT HE WANTED.

"This is a newspaper office, isn't it sir?" asked a sallow-faced pimply cheeked, cadaverous, gaunt, foot-in-the-grave young man, opening the sanctum door and pausing. "It is," we said. "Look at my tongue," he continued, thrusting about nine inches of a substance resembling a decomposing fungus out of his mouth, and stepping towards us. "Look at that." "Good heavens, sir," we exclaimed,

recoiling involuntarily, "this isn't a hospital. What dy'e take us for any way?" "Wait till I tell yer," replied the warmed-up-corpselooking party. "My liver's out o' jint; my left lung's par'lized; my heart only beats when it takes a notion; my kidneys is mighty small putaters; my gizzard—" "Hold, hold," we said, "what is all this to us?" "What do we care whether you're suffering from hydrocephalus of the diaphragmatic aponeurosis or the pip, or the botts, or—what in

thunder d'ye want, anyhow?" we roared, our righteous indignation being thoroughly aroused. "Keep cool, sir, keep cool," responded the dead-come-to-life: "I was told this was a newspaper office, and I thought as I required such a thing—" "Such a thing as what? A newspaper office?" we gasped. "No, not 'zackly," replied the visitor, but I thought you might furnish me with a patent inside!"



THE CHASE AFTER CHANCE.

It is humiliating to a Canadian journalist—especially to one residing in the Province of Ontario—to be obliged to raise his voice in protest against a flagrant and well nigh universal outrage against the plain law of the land. Yet such a duty is now incumbent on every journal that pretends to have the welfare of the community at heart—the duty of denouncing the further toleration in our midst of the evil spirit of gambling which has sprung from the London Masonic lottery. How it came to pass that the handful of Masons in that city were permitted to deliberately over-

ride the law of the country, is a matter which the authorities will be called upon in due time to explain—and lacking a perfectly satisfactory excuse (which we boldly say cannot be given) we trust those authorities, whether Grit or Tory, will be visited with condign punishment at the hands of all respectable voters on the first opportunity. However, the illegal proceeding was permitted, and for weeks and months the people of the country were excited by an appeal to their cupidity and greed, which in thousands of cases proved irresistible. At length the shameful

business came to a head and burst, scattering the virus of gambling in all directions. The infection has "taken." Lotteries are now all the rage, and unless prompt measures are taken to put the law in force, we are doomed to witness an exhibition which no patriotic Canadian can look upon without disgust and shame. We demand the immediate intervention of the officers of the law to stop this scandalous traffic in chance before it grows another day. We make this demand in the name of decency and in defence of our country's good name.