



JOLLY FOR JONES &amp; CO.,

WHO ARE GOING TO THE ISLAND IN A DUG-OUT TO SEE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS, AND NOW FEEL THEY MUST TUMBLE IN.



THESE ARE THE PRETTY GIRLS LOOKING ON.

### "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

For several months annually, Canada is excessively cold. Nobody denies this. Everybody feels it. The Dominion, it is true, has not yet attained the nipping, piercing, cutting, biting, burning frigidity of an Arctic winter, but it frequently produces a very fair imitation of one. Of course, in the Arctic regions, the joke is carried too far. Travellers, for instance, on opening a bottle of Sherry, find it more fitted for a knife and fork than for the customary wine-glass or tumbler. The mercury also freezes in the tube of a thermometer, and declines to be the slave of meteorological science. Or the vapour exhaled from the lungs of sleepers crystallizes into stalactites on the canvas of their tents; and when sighs and snores are thus consolidated into ice, they are chopped off with hatchets and removed in buckets. Thank goodness! we have not yet come to that! Hitherto we have not even been obliged to wear goggles of wire,

glass, or gauze to protect our eyes from the blinding cold, nor do we ensconce our noses in gutta-percha cases delicately lined with warm black velvet.

Nevertheless, the stubborn fact remains that, during several months annually, Canada is excessively cold. By the friendly aid of wools, furs and flannels, mufflers, wristlets, and gauntlets, we are enabled to brave the attacks of unrelenting Jack Frost; but, after all, it is a tough battle, and those who are too poor to purchase the requisite armour are sorely wounded, and too often succumb.

The object of this long exordium is to heighten the pathos of a "local item" from the *Daily News*—an item that, brief as it is, reveals a case of unparalleled cruelty, upon which it is needless to comment. Our readers shall judge for themselves of the paragraph in question:—

"WINTER CLOTHING.—The police force have been served out with their winter clothing. This morning each man received a new and substantial pair of Wellington boots."

Horrible! most horrible!! Has it then come to this, that in the 19th century of the Christian era, and in a bleak country like Canada, the winter clothing of a hard-working body of civil officers is confined, by a heartless economy, to a pair of Wellington boots for each man? Tell us not in palliation of this almost fiendish cruelty that these Wellington boots are new and substantial. We unhesitatingly assert that new or old, patched or substantial, these boots constitute too scanty a wardrobe for men who are exposed night and day to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." On this point we fearlessly take our stand, and appeal to the sympathies of an enlightened and charitable public. Why, even the half-civilized savage, whose favourite summer costume is straps and spectacles, or a cocked-hat and spurs, would be more heavily clothed during an African winter! But we will say no more at present. We would fain hope that *there is a mistake somewhere*. Let the Mayor and the Chief of Police look to it.