

THE KHAN'S WEEKLY.



THE BUSINESS END OF IT.

This paper will be published weekly. It will be sold for 5 cents a copy—subscription price \$2.00 a year. No dead heads. I haven't got any friends. My grandmother will be the only person who will get a copy for nothing. Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE KHAN,
18 King Street East,
TORONTO.

I MAKE MY BOW.

Concluding that I had hung my offspring to the Newspaper Crocodiles of this city about long enough, I decided to go it alone, and here I am. After seven or eight years experience writing for the newspapers I found that I was taking it out in glory and I can recommend it as the very best anti-fat on the market to-day. My journalist employers, however, lived somewhat better than I did, as it was a case of dog eat dog with them, but even that is not a fancy dish and it becomes monotonous, but worse than all it gives the boarder a lean and hungry look. Of course they hadn't the money and you can't take breaks off a highlander, and as most of them were frowsy and a few of them in a condition which rhymes with drowsy, I talked the matter over with my grandmother and it is chiefly on her advice that I have made the venture. I don't know whether you all know me or not but you soon will. I am not going to follow the lead of some of my journalistic brethren. Instead of trying to run the country, I will run this paper. If I make any money out of this venture I won't build an hospital or buy a seat in parliament with it, but I will generously increase the salary of the sporting editor (who is myself), the dramatic editor (who is also myself), the woman's kingdom editor (me also), the religious editor (same party), the type-writer girl (also myself), in short I will spend it freely on my employees so that the whole staff (which is myself) can have better clothes, eat at the Rossin House and smoke a better brand of cigars. You see I am perfectly fair and above board in this matter, and you are at liberty to inspect my books at any time if you can find out where my office is. I am going to try and get along without a circulation liar. Several gifted and experienced

was offered to enter my employ, but I couldn't think of depriving the other papers of their invaluable services. To the long-suffering business man or merchant I have this to say, that if anybody, no matter in what disguise, should come into your store and claim that this paper has a larger circulation than all the other papers in town combined, you will oblige me by killing him at my expense; he never will be missed.

My grandmother—she still retains all her faculties, the Lord be praised—has advised me to take over the Empire building and plant, and I think I will as soon as they get the Hoodoo out of that unfortunate building. This will enable me to break down semi-annually with more eclat.

My grandmother—she is a sensible old soul—has advised me to let politics and religion alone.

My grandmother is right.

There is not a feud in any family, community, society, hamlet, village, town, city, district or territory—I repeat it, there is not a feud but had its beginning in political rancour or religious hate. I am not going to ask you what church you belong to, it isn't any of my business; I won't ask you which way you vote, that isn't any business either; I simply want you to laugh and cry with me—laugh when I hang a calf skin on the rear-end limbs of some people you wot of—weep when the jack-ass lames the lion. The Old Man of the Sea is riding this city

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