

the Montreal Alderman thru some friend of theirs, come up to the city, and immediately, like Old Centaur on his horse's hips, find themselves seated on the hose-wagon. The fire brigade teems with them, and is, seemingly, none the worse for it. One in a while, when St. Eloi could not meet the demand, a Montrealer might slip in, but the "show" was all for the other crowd. The marvel is that the plough has not yet gone to rust in the fine little parish below Quebec. Eloi has hitherto been the patron saint of goldsmiths. He will have to shift to the Fire Department.

A Difficult Problem.

As to supplies, a horse dealer named Marien testified that he had paid over \$5000 in bribes to aldermen and officials, one of the latter — an ex-chief — having received \$1500 for his share in the course of eight or ten years. He had given horses as brides. Sixty dollar animals he had been advised to sell for two hundred — and this statement tallied with previous evidence showing that at least one of the horses at the Hochelaga School conflagration, where several children and a teacher perished, was blind. But all the profits went one way, and he had, years ago, ceased dealing with the City Hall. Marien was given the lie by the ex-chief in so far as this gentleman was concerned. Other dealers, still doing business with the department, swore to the honesty of the officials and aldermen, and to the rashness of Marien's charges. The proverbial veracity of the Horse Dealer, added to the proverbial integrity of the Alderman, makes this a particularly perplexing mix-up. Evidently a case of diamond cutting diamond. Over the apparatus the lawyers went rapidly. Petty gifts and loans were shown up, however, and the whole fabric of that department was little more