



### ONE MORE SIGN NEEDED AT HANLAN'S POINT.

#### A PARABLE WITH A POINT.

ONCE upon a time there was a wealthy gentleman whose estate had been a good deal mismanaged by his stewards and other servants. He was continually changing them, but complained that he found it difficult to get faithful service, as those he appointed to look after his business seemed to prefer to look after their own interests. One reason of this, perhaps, was that most of them received no pay, as he seemed to think that the honor of working for him ought to be sufficient, and many of them pretended to think so too. But it was noticed that a good many people who weren't particularly solicitous as a general thing about honor were very anxious to get positions in this gentleman's establishment, and some ill-natured people at times hinted that they managed to pay themselves pretty liberally for their services. The old fellow was always grumbling and complaining of being neglected and robbed, but it never seemed to strike him that he couldn't expect people to work for nothing.

Well, one day the old gentleman received a large legacy which, if carefully managed, ought very considerably to have increased the income from his estate. But he got into a great state of mind over the carelessness and alleged dishonesty of his servants and feared to entrust them with it, and some of his friends who were always advising him said, "Don't, on any account, trust those fellows with a cent—they'll rob you sure." And while he was hesitating what to do a banker came along and said, "You see, this money is only a source of trouble to you. You'd better make me a present of it." "Why so?" said the gentleman. "Why, to prevent those rascals in your employ robbing you. They are just itching to get at that money—as if they hadn't made enough out of the estate already."

"Do you really think they'll rob me?" enquired the old man nervously, for he hated the thought of being plundered.

"Of course they will. Everybody says so."

"Why, then," replied the gentleman, "I guess I'll give you the money. They shan't have it, anyhow."

So he handed the banker the bag of gold and went off chuckling to himself at his smartness in having outwitted his greedy servants.

And all his friends praised him for his great shrewdness. For there is little doubt that if his servants had had the

chance they would have got away with some of the money. He lost it all as it was, but he had the satisfaction of giving it away himself.

But the old man's sons were highly indignant over the affair and had the old man put in the Lunatic Asylum as being incapable of managing his affairs.

APPLICATION.—If the City of Toronto gives away the enormously valuable street railway privilege for fear of being robbed, the Mayor and aldermen ought to be sent to the same institution.

#### A HIELAN WAR SONG.

(DEDICATED, WITH PROFOUND REGARD, TO THE GAELIC EDITOR OF "THE MAIL.")

THA e na ni bronach nach urrainn creutair mar an duine, a tha uidhimte le buadhan reusan agus ard aigne bno laimh a Chruiththearr, deoch a ghabhail a'm meassarachd, gun daoraich no tuasaid, ach mo thruaighe! tha iad gann a'n aireamh a chuireas an lamh 's an teine gun a loisgeadh.—Mail.

Awake! For the hour for action draws nigh,  
Oh rouse from your slumbers ye patriot band!  
The bronach nach urrainn rings out its wild cry,  
For the creutair is raging abroad in the land!  
Can it be that a loisgeadh would shrink from the fray,  
Or his sinews relax in inglorious repose  
When even the buadhan stands proudly at bay  
And tha uidhimte rallies to combat our foes.

Is the blood of the Gael by no memories stirred  
When the proud name of Chruiththearr is blazoned abroad?  
Does agus ard aigne speak vainly the word  
In recalling the field where his blood was out-poured?  
Shall the bho laimh no longer be heard on our hills  
Where the stranger deoch ghabhails now lord it supreme?  
Let us cherish the hope that our bosoms now fill  
That meassarachd will soon pass away like a dream.

Then rouse ye thruaighes! No longer lament  
Or in apathy pine for the days that are fled!  
Soon chuireas an lamhs to their wrath will give vent,  
And the daoraich no tuasaid be scattered or dead.  
For the reusan is pealing aloud, and its call  
Will be heard by the aircamh both near and afar,  
Let "tha iad gann!" our loud war-cry appal,  
Our treacherous foe as we rush to the war.

#### THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

AULD HAWKIE himself was not a more interesting specimen of the *genus* Scot than is Sandy, the auld body wha, wi' his fiddle 'neath his arm, or whiles up to his shoulther as he scrapes the strings an' dances a lilt, is now perambulating the streets of Toronto. I ran across him the other day on Isabella Street, where he was playing and dancing in the midst of a circle of delighted boys. The jig being finished,—an' it wisna ower lang, ye ken, on accoont o' the het day—the old fellow indulged in some serious discourse with the youngsters, directing profound glances first at one and then another while he gesticulated gracefully with his right arm. As I approached and stood to watch the game, he came toward me followed by his troupe of young friends. "A'wm just tellin' thae boys," he explained, "that they maun stan' tae their word. This ane,"—indicating a young darkey—"is a good color an' will aye stan' true, I think." "What do you propose to do?" I asked. "We're gaun tae rob, ye ken. We'll tak they twa houses ower yonder, an' turn the folk oot an a'th'll be oor camp, an aye nicht we'll gang oot tae rob a' roond aboot, an' as awm the chief aw'll hac maist o' the money we get, an' a' these laddies 'll hae their share. Them wha gie me money or wha *hae* gie'n me money, we'll no rob their hooses, but a' ithers we'll rob, ye ken." "But what about the police?" I asked. "The polis?" echoed the