

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



SOLICITOR GENERAL CURRAN.

ACCIDENT OR SLAUGHTER?

*Dedicated to Certain Ill-Directed Directors of a Money-Making Public Company in Montreal.*

THEY put gold lace upon the caps  
Of the men who take the cash,  
But don't put safety guards in front  
To stop the human smash.  
A man, child, woman, Gentile, Jew,  
The cars can swiftly kill,  
But *they* mind not a life or two  
As they do a Council bill.

They put gold buttons on the coats  
Of the "bosses" of the car;  
Who order you "go front"—"get off"—  
"Can't stop"—"Stay where you are"—  
And seldom stops the fares to take  
Till a jump proclaims the smash;  
While the people wonder why the brake  
Stopp'd not the awful crash.

The cars will stop when engines rush  
To quench a fatal fire;  
On "lection" days when voters crush  
To see which "man" goes higher;  
But when alone a child runs out  
To cross the Queen's highway,  
They never stop, although a shout  
Can't blow a child away.

The summer cars are decked with gay  
Designs; in winter tide  
The stove to keep the cold away  
Is each "gold button's" pride;  
A shelter built for drivers green  
To save them from the storm;  
But not a guard in front is seen  
To save the falling form.

Should one of those who hold the power  
Be slaughtered by a car,  
You may depend within an hour  
A telegraphic "par"  
Would see an order sent for "nets"  
Such "losses" to repel,  
But if a fellow creature gets  
His death-blow—Ring the bell!

*P. Quill.*

FRASER'S COMING TEST.

HON. MR. FRASER has been made incumbent of the united offices of Inspector of Registry offices and Inspector of Forestry. We are pleased to know that the people's Chris. is in good enough health to justify him in accepting the duties involved, but he must not flatter himself that he is going to have a very soft snap so far at least as the Forestry branch of the business is concerned. We understand that the Registry office inspection can be done quite easily in a month or so each year, and involves no very severe strain on a man of Mr. Fraser's ability, even if not in robust health. But it is different with the Forestry business, when it comes to writing the annual reports. Mr. Fraser is not known as a literary man, and his predecessor, poor R. W. Phipps, set a very high standard in the writing of these blue books. They were positively great as literature, abounding in racy descriptions, eloquent appeals and poetic flights. Fraser can't afford to have the critical finger of scorn pointed at him by failing to keep up the standard, so he must get his pen—heretofore used, so to speak, at plough-horse work, trained to the Pagasus style of thing. We would suggest that he lose no time in placing himself under the private tuition of Mr. William Houston, and take a thorough course in Belles-lettres.

A—"What breed of dogs do your neighbors keep?"

B—"I don't know, but they are what I call *bore* hounds."



DESTITUTION.

GAMIN—"Say, Jimmie, look at them swells. Spent all their money for clothes, and got to git along on one pair of eye-glasses between 'em!"

*—Once-a-Week.*