



TARTE-AMYOT;

In commemoration of a late parliamentary episode.

talks about paragraphs and sub-sections in the Bible. He's kinder oncertain in his temper and has been onsteady in his politics. Well, he's been having a fuss with Mr. Tarté. Seems' if Mr. Tarté was shifty, too, but if he's seen the error of his ways, that's to his credit. I s'pose there aint any two men in the whole concern who could give each other so much information as them two. They know it all; know where the skeletons is and whose got the key of the cupboard. But then, they shouldn't be so sassy about dragging in big sums of money and missing horses. Such goings on go agin the dignity of Parliament, and reprimanding newspapers and toting witnesses up to the brass bar won't even it up.

The way some folks stop cars is queer. There's a good deal said about women waving their umbrils, but if you've got one it's as good a way as any. Some men folks most turn their backs on the car and wink with their off eye. That makes the car men mad. Yesterday we was whizzing down to Rockcliffe and a man stopped on the sidewalk and went through some sign business that might mean most anything, and didn't seem to be done special for the men on the car.

"D'ye vant this car?" the motor-man yelled out, kinder going slow. The oncertain looking men nodded and got on, and the motor-men growled out that "Some folks take you fur a mind-reader."

I guess he's right, and if mind-reading goes with these places I think their wages ought to be riz.

SUSANNAH.

#### THE SUNDAY CAR QUESTION.

THE following correspondence was probably intended for an esteemed one-cent morning contemporary of ours, but in the absense of explicit information on the point we think it our duty to give it the benefit of a more than local circulation.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—I want to thank you for your noble efforts to secure for the down-trodden citizens of Toronto the boon and blessing of Sunday cars, though I have no hope personally to enjoy the same, as I have but a few more days to live. I die a victim to the tyranny of the majority here, as forced confinement to an unhealthy house on Sundays has shattered a once powerful constitution.

Yours etc.,

INVALID.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,—Your devotion to the cause of the toiling and sweltering masses deserves all praise, and I for one

wish you to know that your good work in trying to get us Sunday cars is appreciated. I am looking earnestly and hopefully for the Sunday when I can take my family for a belt-line ride, sitting like free citizens with our feet up on the dashboard and each of us reading the *Sunday World*, printed, published, and sold to us on Sunday, as the name implies, and not on Saturday night as at present. Go on with your noble work.

Yours,

LIBERTY.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—As a scientific man I wish to draw your attention to an important fact which has a direct bearing on the Sunday car question, but which, strangely enough, you have heretofore overlooked. Have you noticed, sir, the alarming prevalence of *deafness* in the rising generation of Toronto? No doubt you have. You are also undoubtedly aware of the demonstrated fact of science that the *disuse* of an organ tends to the elimination thereof. What can be clearer, then, than the inference that the cars of Toronto people are going out of use because of our oppressively quiet Sundays? Unless we are to become a community of deaf persons *we must have Sunday cars*. Nothing else that I can think of will avert the terrible catastrophe which threatens us.

Yours,

PHILO JINKINS, F.R.S., A.SS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am afraid most of the really religious people of Toronto misunderstand your motives in agitating for Sunday cars, and consequently do not appreciate them. I am an exception to this rule. I want Sunday cars in order that I may go to church, and that is what you want them for chiefly, I am sure. As it is, I never go to church, as it is against my principles to walk there. By way of protest against the present tyrannous arrangement, I spend the greater part of each Sunday just strolling round, and it gives me a peculiar pleasure to walk past the door of every church I come to. But, sir, the strain on my religion is getting serious. I can feel my piety gradually giving way, and I'm afraid if we don't get the Sunday cars soon, I will never use them for church-going purposes when we *do* get them. So I say, hurry up with your agitation!

Yours truly,

CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

P. I. SUN I

THE *Sun* (organ of the P. I.) resents the classification of the party papers. It refers to the leading measures advocated by the Patrons and says the Patrons who betray the trust imposed in them and obey the party whip will be disowned by the Order and handed over to the enemy.—*Despatch*.

In other words this P. I. Sun is Rough on Rats.

#### THE COW AND THE DOG-IN-THE-MANGER.



DO YOU SEE THE OATP