

and the search had to be cut short. Neither the Commissioner nor the lawyers saw fit to go into other matters — and according to some, the more is the pity.

A Streak of Virtue.

At first sight, a brass-button looks very much like a brass button. This may be why the Commissioner turned to the Fire Department next. Several things go to make a fire service. There is the Apparatus, the Hose and the Man. Man was taken up first, and here the odd thing was discovered, that while the police had apparently all been appointed or promoted on their merits, the firemen had nearly all paid for their positions. Same aldermen, elected by the same people. Still, all the bribery here and none there. An alderman might be of Tweedite habits on one side of the line, and run business in Cato's own fashion on the other side. It has been pointed out in explanation that every applicant for a job on the police must swear he has paid nothing to get there — so that his lips are sealed henceforth unless he will confess to perjury — while the same oath is not required of the firemen. Be that as it may, why should it be necessary or unnecessary to bribe an alderman, according as he is on the Fire or on the Police Committee?

The St. Eloi Boys.

A handsome "strike" in that department was the St. Eloi firemen's factory. St. Eloi has grown big on the map thru the Montreal civic enquiry. Some men are born orators, others are born railway magnates. The boys of St. Eloi are all born firemen. From generations of "hayseeds", in that small parish of 1500 souls one hundred and fifty miles below Quebec, a sturdy race of men have sprung who will tele-graft a little money to