

POINTERS.

WHILE Mayor Howland is engaged in one corner of the Augean stable, perhaps it is difficult, without being cross-eyed, to see into the other. But there is a loose box, as it were, that demands his attention; to wit, the Police Commissioners' Star Chamber. There is no valid reason why the proceedings of this body should not be reported to the public. The people do not buy a pig in a poke in any other public department; why should they in this?

ANOTHER thing his Worship can and should attend to has been a crying disgrace to the city for some years. I allude to the hordes of children of tender years who run the streets till twelve o'clock at night. Little boys, and worse, little girls, from six to twelve years of age, ostensibly selling newspapers, but in reality begging, and in other ways qualifying for a criminal career, congregate nightly about Yonge, Adelaide and King Streets, running in and out of saloons, doing the "crying act," smoking, swearing and tossing coppers.

THE police, when spoken to, say they are powerless to prevent it, that a special by-law is necessary, and that they would gladly enforce such legislation. Cannot Mayor Howland attend to it?

AND this puts me in mind of another thing. Corner loafing is largely on the increase, with its concomitant evils of insulting remarks, and assaults to and on inoffensive passers by. Adelaide Street, for instance, near the Grand Opera House, is a favourite resort for the "reckersthayers," as Uncle Heimrod calls them. Are the police unwilling or unable to make them "move on?"

TORONTO "is getting a big boy now," and the sooner we abandon the village style of doing things the better. I am constrained to this remark in view of the present mud and the coming dust. So long as one man, under the title of City Commissioner, is expected to do the work of five, we may expect rapid alternations of dirty boots and watery eyes. I do not know an American city two-thirds our size that does not make me blush when I compare it with ours. There the street cleaning is done by contract, and as a matter of fact is done twice as well for half the money. Are our city fathers too much frightened of a beggarly score of votes in each ward to try the system?

IT is the fashion nowadays to abuse the street car and telephone companies. In view of our recent and present experiences, wouldn't it be as well to "let up" on that for a while?

THE bathing season is now coming on, and no one is a more enthusiastic votary of the natatorial art than myself. But at the same time I must rise to remark that as the Island is part of the city, and is becoming year by year more thickly settled, it is time that a police patrol of sufficient strength were organized to keep the beach free from the crowds of men and boys, and, I blush to say it, girls too, who in the past have exhibited more of the human form divine than was either necessary or decent.

A COVERING from neck to knee should be insisted on, and the feminine bathers should not be allowed the use of so hollow a mockery as a cotton night-gown. I am sure the west-end residents will bear me out in this statement, and that the police department will receive their thanks, with mine, if the matter is attended to. Will it be?

WHILE we are talking of the Island, I will express the hope that the License Commissioners will grant no license for anything stronger than lager or native wines. Some people hold that such distinctions cannot be enforced. This is all stuff; let it be distinctly understood that the first breach of the law will ensure forfeiture of the license, and I am persuaded that no dealer will put himself in the position of losing his living. Verily, it is better to regulate this traffic by law, than to allow it to run riot, as it did last year, and defy the law.

THE GALLEY BOY.

HIS DEATH-BED.

"Andromeda, where is Andromeda?" groaned George Adolphus as he turned restlessly on his pillow. George was dying. The doctor had just left, after telling his sorrowing friends that poor George Adolphus could not possibly survive the night.

The lights were turned low, the attendants spoke in whispers and walked to and fro on tip-toe, fearful of disturbing the sufferer. Everything betokened the presence of that all-powerful king to whom all humanity bows—Death.

Poor George Adolphus had been but a short time ill. He was an auctioneer, and had manfully withstood all the rebuffs of Fate until "knocked down" by an irate customer. His usually forbidding aspect was now softened and refined by the ravages of dread disease.

Of course when he called, Andromeda was near at hand. Knowing that he must soon die, she had been waiting for the "bid."

"Andromeda," he murmured feebly, as she leaned her head down to his pallid face, "Andromeda, I am not long for this world. I will see you in the sweet buy and buy."

And as she raised her beautiful angelic face, her soft hazel eyes suffused with tears, she murmured in sylph-like tones: "Going, going, gone."—*Rambler*.

WHY HE WEPT.

A San Antonio darkey was on trial for stealing money from a house on Soledad Street. Julian Van Slyck, the attorney for the prisoner, in his address to the jury, said:

"Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing \$300 that was in the same bureau drawer. If he was a professional thief, he would have certainly taken the pocket-book."

The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client.

"Why do you weep?" asked Judge Nooman, who was on the bench.

"Bekase I didn't see dat ar pocket-book in de bureau drawer," was the reply.

Everybody laughed except Van Slyck, the attorney for the defence.—*Texas Siftings*.