

THE SUN BEAM

Breathes there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own my native land. ERASTUS WIMAN.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR.

To the Eager and Expectant Public.

We do not make our paper with the old and much-abused manifesto, that "we have come to stay," but will endeavor to remain on deck as long as is consistent with the state of the journalistic market, and the appreciation of the numberless subscribers who will have the pleasure or fatality, as the case may be of absorbing the varied—and it is to be hoped—original columns, dedicated largely to the Three Graces, "Patriotism, Mental Emancipation and Horse Sense. Let those who may be dissatisfied with the remarks herein contained, or with the general tenor of this paper, make it known to the chief editor, and his, her or their money will be refunded; provided of course that such demand or demands are made during banking hours, or that the director has not other and prior engagements.

Our Foreign Agencies.

Of our circulating agencies at Peking, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Herat, Honolulu, Madrid, Monte Carlo, Rat Portage and other foreign ports too numerous to mention—let anyone having complaint to make as to the want of courtesy—or a vague and indefinite honesty of our agents in their dealings with our foreign subscribers, and such punishment will be meted out to them as the construction of the different languages will permit; especially so of our Chinese agency. As our linen is in the deft hands of our laundryman, Loug Chin, it is desirable that great care be taken not to give offence to so numerous a nation, and any defection therefrom, will, if cabled or personally reported, be met by compelling our agent, in the transmission of Chinese Imperial Court News, to use that language for three consecutive weeks, and we promise that a recurrence of such impoliteness will be impossible.

All foreign subscriptions must be strictly paid in advance. Subscribers need not be over anxious to exchange their payments for Canadian currency. We will accept the current mediums of any and every country—from a shark's tooth to a Russian rouble, and be infernally glad to get it—but we draw the line at Portuguese bonds or Mimico Gas stock.

Our Poets' Corner.

It is usual for journals of high authority and wide circulation to provide a corner for soul expanding poets who chant of snowy wraiths, the early robin, and the up-lifting strains of the piano-organ; and we have no desire to depart from so cherished a custom. It has just slipped our recollection just where our poets' corner is located—it is either the Necropolis or Mount Pleasant. Anyway our readers may perhaps come across a plot of three acres of ground, situate in some sequestered part of Mount Pleasant, studded with monuments of a very modest and uniform size, each having inscribed thereon the favorite poem of the author beneath.

Poets need have no fear of violence or brutality—we have made our arrangements with the crematory and a one-horse express waggon, to convey their incinerated remains to their favored retreat; without pomp, without ostentation and without expense. The gardener at the cemetery will supply floral tributes and renew the sodding, when necessary, at so much per annum.

Our method of poet destruction is wonderfully simple, cheap and rapid. We simply read it to the editor, a few editorials from the different partisan journals of this city.

An Open Letter.

To the Hon.

DeCourcy Chateaubriand Mulligan

Honorable Sir.—If you only knew what a loss your retirement is to the Dominion, you probably would halt and reflect a slight amount, if not for your own sake; then for the five or six millions of people that compose the population of this great, but partisan-afflicted country. We admit, as general citizens, that we haven't the slightest conception of our individual or collective requirements. In fact, we do not know enough to go in when it rains. All we wish is, that you will take a leading part in our useless party politics. Our muddy intellects will be more than satisfied if you will only lend your mighty faculties to the utter discomfiture and obstruction to the party in power, and make the scintillations of your great master intellect out rival the gleams of the starry firmament or the sparks from an emery wheel.

What matter if you do not throw any light on agricultural, commercial and financial depression. We are not so unreasonable as to suppose your re-

sumption of the leadership of a great, but, somewhat threadbare party, will do the country any good. It is not that honorable sir; we admit we do not know enough to pound sand, or know enough to vote. All our cares; all our anxiety, are centred on your great individuality. Lend vitality and refulgence to a great, but much beamitten party, and we will be more than repaid.

Of course, dear sir, your lofty flights of intellectual and oratorical gifts are so wonderful and stupendous that we are quite lost in admiration, and are, in fact, so much so that we quite forget to act and think for ourselves. Oh, most mighty and potent gladiator of the political arena, be quick to regain your grasp of a sometime leadership, or in the interval we may forget our deference to party thralldom, and commit some act of progressiveness or national and individual advantage, that will harmonize with nineteenth century civilization, and then, oh great and gifted leader, you will suffer the pangs of sorrow and regret to your dying day.

Respectfully yours,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Answers to Correspondence.

LEUCY GRAY—Your writing indicates that you possess a very high temper and high cheek bones. Also, that you are more familiar with the broom and washing machine than you are with the pen. By fragmentary splinters of your handwriting, we should judge you had red hair, which should offer the consolation to you, that when kerosene is high you need have no fear of darkness. No, we do not think by dying your hair it will improve your temper, but it would be to our interest if you get your correspondence written by a typewriter.

R. LEWELLEN LIGHTHEAD—It is with great pleasure that we peruse your handwriting, and must congratulate you on its skillful mechanism and adaptability;—however, a word in time, we think, is sufficient. Beware, in signing documents, to not, in a moment of mental aberration, use other people's names, for which there is no legal usage; there is a long time between Sunday and the penitentiary. Try driving an express waggon, or assume the position of court crier, as a little profitable diversion.

POLITICAL ECONOMIST—(1) You are altogether in error. Political economy in practical politics is obsolete, and is only used in text books for public schools. (2) The reason the Street Railway Co. put stoves in cars for Sherbourne, Win-

chester, Church, Yonge, McCaul and Queen street routes, is because, passengers on those routes are made of porcelain, and people in the more congested, and naturally more profitable routes are made of common brick-clay. Can't you ask a less ridiculous question? (3) You ask why the Street Railway Co. are so particular in the requesting of the City Council to keep to the letter of the latter's agreement, while at the same time they (the Company), have a habit of overlooking a half dozen of the clauses of their agreement, which would confer considerable benefit on the citizens at large? Our reply is that it is only a whim of the Street Railway Co. Joint stock companies are generally afflicted that way. (4) The reason why the Street Railway Co. ask so much and give so little, and the City Council give so much and ask so little, is that the Street Railway Co. only own a limited number of streets and are ambitious, while the City Council own the whole town and can afford to be liberal. (5) You are wrong, there are no walls around this city, but there ought to be, to prevent the Ontario Government from giving us ten-cent legislation for civic liberty and fifty-dollar taxation.

Story of an Alcalde.

In a large town in the heart of Andalusia, there lived an Alcalde, who was noted for his military valor and his loyalty for his king; and whose trusty sword was ever ready to become besmeared with the gore of his ambitious neighbors, the Portuguese. This Alcalde was also noted for the large numbers of offenders against the law he could sentence to be banished, in the given space of two hours per day, and for the ease he could guard a large salary, bestowed on him by the townspeople.

After a time the townspeople began to murmur loudly because the Alcalde took so little time to the efficient and rational work of the court, while he did not relax his hold upon his corpulent salary. Upon hearing of the townspeople's murmurings, the Alcalde ordered them all to be impaled; and his wrath was exceedingly ferocious. The townspeople in great fear, said they had other taxes to pay and could not afford to die, but promised to make the Alcalde a costly present of an assistant, and add ten hundred doubloons to his salary, if he would let them off this time. The Alcalde haughtily replied, that he was subject to no one but the king, and he did not care a string of beads what the townspeople thought or did. He would