

done, and spent the sessional indemnity just as judiciously. In this connection I am glad to learn that Returning Officer Stephens did his duty in connection with the election, and was not gully of the partizanship with which he was charged.

Now that Parliament is in session I would suggest that some member on the government side ask for a little information as to the treatment of workmen by the C. P. R. in the North-west. From a letter recently received from an ex-employee of that corporation, I clip these sentences referring to their dealings with men who were not amongst the strikers: "We were turned out in the cold, without a place in which to put our heads. The hotels, shanties and section rooms all being crowded, some of the men went and put their things into a disabled car, but a clerk, accompanied by an armed policeman, drove them out, not allowing them even this frail shelter, and telling them if they said a word they would be arrested; that it was all in their hands now, and they would do their duty. But we cannot expect anything better when the likes of Egan, an Irish American, has full control. When there is a good situation on the road Egan sends to the States for his disloyal brother Irishmen to take it, and sends them passes as well."

## LETTERS TO EMINENT PERSONS.

No. 1.

TO MAJOR MICHAEL WILLIAM O'RAFFERTY, T.K., C.V., B.A.

SIR,—You are the makings of a bad old man. I tell you this at the outset, so that when you read my letter you will not be carried away with the idea that it is going to be a bucketful of soft soap you're about to be treated to. As a matter of fact, sir, and I say it as one of your countrymen and a neighbor for some years, if it is a bucketful of something you want, the stuff ought to be tar, good and sticky, followed by a bag of feathers, good and white, to relieve the darkness somewhat.

But to formally and unprejudicedly give your record, let me begin at the beginning. You were born one time—I believe. The precise date, I will bet all the wealth on my clothes, not a soul in the world knows. The precise place in this city, I will bet all the coin I can borrow, not a soul in the world cares. As to the latter statements perhaps I should qualify it by excepting your parents' landlord, who is said to have lost four months' rent and had the door and cupboard of a room used for firewood, while your folks enjoyed the shelter of his select-peopled tenement somewhere on Dummer or Duchess or Stanley or Sayer-streets. But that you have been born is an historical fact. It is also a most lamentable fact. The criminal records of this city bear testimony to the former statement. Your life all along, and the impossibility of its being anything but worse, for the rest of the time, is the most handy evidence I can produce in support of the latter statement. I have given you titles, but they only go back a certain few years. Very early in life you were a T. K. From the day you stole the last bar of your poor mother's scrubbing soap and traded it with a beggar boy for a plug of nasty chewing tobacco, you were entitled to the order of "Tough Kid." One year later, just after the dawn of your eighth birthday, you clearly won the distinction of "C.V.," for you became, and have since continued, a Confirmed Vagabond, morally speaking. You used to go down to the wharf fishing with other ward boys and made it a practice to steal all the bait you could lay your hands on. If you did not have luck you stole the other boys' fish. You stole them anyway,—if the other boys

happened to be smaller than you. You then, rather than bring them home to your sick father, got whiskey for them at an unlicensed groggery—and drank every drop of it yourself. There was both a dishonest and greedy nature exemplified. When you grew old enough to gamble you marked cards and skinned greenies; you would sneak away the chips of the other players; you would act as runner for the dive; when given charge of the bar you robbed the owner of the place; and at last you gave the den away to the police. "R.S." was then your duc, and you are a Rank Scoundrel still. At last you were obliged to do a little honest work as Bricklayer's Assistant, hence the "B.A." Your assistance was of so questionable a character that every job you took only lasted one day and cost a shovel or two to your employer. Finally, after having signally failed in earnest endeavors to establish yourself in a York-street cellar, you fled to the States, taking a new name and another man's wife with you. You and she started a Private Medical Dispensary, and in a few years amassed a large fortune. Returning to this country you lived in style, got yourself a name and eventually fame. Those who now call you "Major," think you are an officer who

never smelt powder. They do not know you were a prominent leader of the Fenian invaders, and only escaped death and arrest by dressing yourself up in the clothes of which you robbed a poor widow. That was the glorious commencement of your military career. Your villainies are hidden from the world at large, but those who know you best hate and despise you and would cheerfully see you hung. I am one of such. As you see by this truthful expose of your infamous life, there is a Nemesis on your track. I will say no more to you but leave you to the justly-earned horror and scorn of a public who are now fully apprised of your vicious nature and atrocious deeds.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

All that is cracked up to be—flour.

The board of trade—retired merchants.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King-st. W., Toronto.



OUR GRAND OLD MAN CELEBRATES HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.