

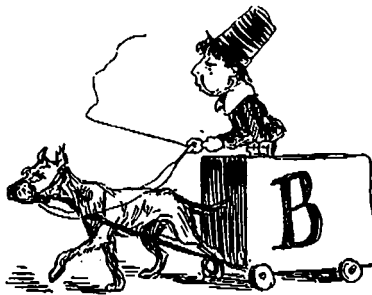


"CONDEMNED!"

Roundtown.—That's the new steamer "Cibola." Fine craft, isn't she?

Our Poet.—Er—I don't care for her. She won't rhyme to anything, doncher know.

A FRESH AIR DREAM.



ILLY RAGTAG, a little boy who lives in a stuffy ally-way in one of our crowded districts, was told about the Fresh Air Fund by the Kind Lady who distributes tracts in that vicinity. She explained how all the good people of Toronto

are contributing money to send the poor little girls and boys who live in the midst of squalor to the beautiful green fields of the country for some holidays when the hot weather comes on. Need it be said little Billy was delighted—enraptured? He couldn't think of anything else all that day, and when at night he crept into his miserable and dirty bed, he kept on thinking of it, and when he fell asleep he had a queer dream about it. He dreamed that, along with a great crowd of little pale-faced children like himself, he was carried off in the grand railway train to a wonderful place, the like of which he had never seen. He thought it must be fairy land, with its trees, and flowers, and green field, and bright blue sky. "This," said the Kind Lady who was in charge of the party, "is where you are to spend your holiday. Now, my little dears, take your fill of the delicious fresh air—it is free, free!" But just then a terrible voice bellowed out, "Not much it ain't!" and a great big Demon came forth and stood in their path. "Where did you pick up such a cranky notion as that?" he went on, glaring fiercely at the Kind Lady. "The air free! ho, ho, ho!" and he laughed horribly. "Why," said the Kind Lady, "do you mean to say it *isn't* free? I never heard of such a thing before." "Didn't, hey?" Where did you come from—the earth I'll bet." "Why, isn't this the earth?" asked the Kind Lady, still more astonished. "I thought so," mused the Demon. "No, ma'am, this is Saturn. The earth is off there," and he pointed up at the sky. "I see how it is, and I'll excuse you under the circumstances,"

he proceeded, "but the sooner you go back the better it will be for you, as at present you are trespassing." "But we're on the public road, aren't we?" the Kind Lady asked, with alarm. "Yes; but you're breathing air that belongs to Bungaloo Bungaloo, Esq. He owns thirty-six acres of it just here. Got it in a straight deed from the king, and I'm his overseer. Take my advice, now, and get out." "But—but, I don't understand it at all!" sighed the kind lady, looking very much puzzled, while all the frightened little boys and girls put their hands over their mouths, so that they shouldn't steal the air. "No; coming from the earth, you wouldn't," said the Demon; "they're a little slow on that planet, I believe. But what is there strange about it?" "Why, it seems such a queer thing that anybody should claim to own the air, which the Creator made for all," said the Kind Lady. "But why not air as well as water?" queried the Demon. "Or water either," she replied. "I never heard of anybody claiming to own water." "Didn't, hey?" said he, "why Mr Bungaloo owns 2,380 acres of that ocean there," and he pointed to the sea. "Dear, dear! I never heard of such a thing!" said the Kind Lady. "Air and water *we* regard as two elements of divine creation which are essential to human life, and not for a moment to be looked upon as private property. It is simply monstrous, sir!" and the Kind Lady looked indignant. "Well, what do you say about *land*; do you permit private property in *that*, which is just as much an essential element as air or water?" "Oh, land is different," said the Kind Lady with some hesitation. "Not at all," said the Demon. "Your landlords, what do they do? Simply charge you rent for using land. Here, our air-lords charge for the use of air, and our water-lords for the use of water. Where's the difference? But my time is precious. Air in this vicinity is at present bringing \$25 per foot. If you like to buy enough for your picnic you can go ahead; or I'll rent you enough for the day at fifty cents per breath, counting sixty breaths to the minute."

Just then little Billy woke up in a cold sweat, and began thinking out his dream. We hope some bigger people will think it out, too.

THE MIMOCO BOYS.



HEY had a glorious time up at the Victoria Industrial School at Mimico on the Queen's Birthday. A train-load of city teachers and pupils went out on a visit to the happy boys who are rapidly being transformed from gutter-snipes into bright, intelligent and useful members of society in that excellent institution. The little fellows were delighted to greet their visitors, and show them all the clever work they are doing under the guidance of Mr. Hendry—and it was certainly enough to open the eyes of some of the city folks who had been victims of the popular theory that there isn't much good in the average street Arab. We know of nothing more refreshing, physically and intellectually, hereabouts, than a visit to this school, which is easily reached by train or horse. The only thing likely to qualify the visitor's pleasure is the thought that the rich Government of Ontario treats the Institution in a disgracefully niggardly manner.