



A CLOSE CALL.

SOLOBSKY—"I gum fery near hafin' me dose numbers vot drew der gapi tal brize dot Louisiana loddery at —"

WEINSTEIN—"How near you gum by dot?"

SOLOBSKY—"Vell, I hafe number von hoondert unt dirty eight, unt der brize number vos eight hoondert unt dirty von, by shiminy!"

HOW TO BOOM TORONTO.

"WHAT this city wants, gentlemen," said the big red-nosed man in a suit very much the worse for wear and beer stains, "is population and enterprise. I tell you the want of energy and push on the part of our officials makes me tired. What do they do I'd like to know but raise and spend the taxes."

"That's about all," said the melancholy reflective man, as he reached for another piece of the cheese. "They ain't no good."

"No, sir! Why this city, if we only had men in power with enough nerve and foresight to grasp our magnificent opportunities, ought to have a population of half a million. Look at Buffalo and Chicago and New York. If our people had the enterprise of the Yankees, Toronto would be as large a city as any on this continent, sir. Thank you, I think I will."

The latter apparently irrelevant remark was a reply to a personal question addressed to him by another of the party.

"Yes, as I was saying," continued the big man, setting down his glass with a sigh of repletion, "what we want is manufacturers and commerce and population. We must hold out inducements, gentlemen, for people to come and locate in our midst and occupy our vacant houses and stores. Now what advantages can we offer?"

"Might try beer and a free lunch. That ought to fetch 'em," suggested a fresh youth with a straggling moustache.

"What Toronto should do," said the speaker disregarding the interruption, "is to offer the unrivalled advantages of our situation absolutely free of taxation. Abolish taxation for everybody. Then we should see population

flocking in from all parts of the continent, and things would boom again. Talk about single tax. All nonsense. What we want to make this city great and prosperous is no taxes."

"But how would the expenses of city government be met?"

"No trouble about that whatever. Our credit is good. Let us borrow money. The European capitalists are looking for safe investments at low rates of interest. Let posterity bear the burden. It's only right they should. If by abolishing taxation we build up a city with a population of a million or two, who will benefit? Why, posterity of course. Why every consideration of justice and even ordinary gratitude indicates that posterity ought to pay for the development of our magnificent resources."

"I don't quite see how your scheme would work," said the reflective man, expectorating carefully in the direction of the cuspidor and missing it by about a foot.

"Nothing simpler, sir. What's the annual expenditure of this city? About \$1,500,000, I believe. Very good. Borrow the money, and spend it as usual. Next year borrow another million and a half and spend it. Next year do the same, and so on."

"But we should have a pretty heavy bill to pay at the end of ten or twenty years."

"Ah, I was waiting for you to say that. That's just where the beauty of my scheme comes in. Don't you see that our population will increase with extraordinary rapidity. If we offer absolute freedom from taxation we may reasonably expect that Toronto will grow at the rate of 30,000 per year. In ten years we shall have at least half a million population. The value of our property will have increased proportionately. Do you follow me?"

"I—I think so."

"Well, then, just in proportion as our assets increase we can take up our loans by contracting larger ones, because we shall have more security to offer. At the end of another ten years we shall have a million. Then we can borrow a lot more money on the head of our immense resources enough to pay off the old loans and give us a fresh start. Simple as A.B.C. The Keely motor of finance. Population gives you credit. Use your credit to get in more population. That gives more credit. More credit, more population, more prosperity and so on in a perpetual circle of continual development and progress. I have figured this thing down fine, but I grieve to say it, our public men are both chumps and pessimists. They have no enterprise, no broad-minded grasp of the magnificent potentialities within our reach, and seem contented to watch the industry and commerce, which should command the admiration of a continent, wallowing in stagnation. Lend me a quarter, will you, and we'll have another."

EMINENTLY PRACTICAL.

LADY—"Have you read 'What's Bred in the Bone,' doctor?"

DOCTOR—"No, but I'm glad to see that a popular work has been written on this important subject. Bread has a great deal to do with the bone, and Graham flour comprises the constituents which furnish the osseous substance to a much greater degree than when the bran is removed."

LADY—"But it's a story."

DOCTOR—"I beg your pardon, madam. It's a well-established scientific fact."