

American city is far behind the times in the matter of lettering the streets. Take Paris, for example. After countless experiments the city government came to the conclusion that the only satisfactory way of marking the names of streets where strangers can read as they run was not on the street lamps nor on small strips of wood or tin on house corners, but on permanent metal plates attached to the corners of houses. These plates are very large, the letters are half a foot or more in length and are raised. These letters are painted white, while the background is painted in cobalt blue, which enables one to read the name of the streets at night as well as in the daytime with little difficulty. Every sign also indicates by appropriate letters what arrondissement or ward the street is in, so that there can be no mistake about the political subdivisions of the city. When a man moves into another quarter of the city, he has only to go to the nearest street corner and look at the sign to find out in what ward he is living. Signs on lamp-posts are all right in their way, but the lamps are often broken, and a small sign on a house corner is 99 times out of 100 invisible to the naked eye."

No doubt there are many Conservatives who are disposed to regard the recent destruction of the building in which the *Toronto Globe* was published as nothing more nor less than the anger of an offended higher power, as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah in the days of old. It is pleasing to note that the *Toronto Empire*, the organ of the Conservative party in the Dominion, did not take this view of the matter. Scarcely had the ruin of their enemy's house been completed before the *Empire* offered the *Globe* shelter, and the *Globe* people decided to accept the offer of the *Empire*. This is regarded by the *Hamilton Spectator*, and other

Canadian newspapers, as a demonstration of the fact that, however widely they may differ in policy, the friendship of the journalistic brotherhood is strong enough to enable the gentlemen of the *Toronto* press to promptly and cheerfully lend a helping hand to a political enemy in distress.

Fires, like death, they say, are often angel visitants, in that they remove much of the dross that is allowed to accumulate during the days when the prejudices created by political partisanship are given full swing.

This, however, does not deprive the *Empire* of the right to crack a few jokes at the expense of the *Globe*. For instance, the morning after the fire the great Conservative organ inquired: "Will our contemporary at the other end of the office please note that if Mayor Kennedy's advice regarding the purchase of fire engines had been taken our best office chairs would probably not now be occupied by Liberal editors. We make no complaint. Neither do the chairs. In fact only a profound love for truth inspires this present writing."

And again:

"Yesterday, owing to circumstances over which no one has any control, an invasion of Liberal journalists took place at this office. They came, they saw, and they—sat down, or stood when the chair supply ran short. It is understood they brought a full set of Liberal principles with them, but these were not visible to the naked Conservative eye. With a skill born of long practice the aforesaid principles were put into proper shape and will, it is rumored, appear in this morning's *Globe*. As for the journalists themselves they appeared to be even as other men are, genial, good-tempered under misfortune, and animated by a desire to be as Conservative in manner and as Liberal in opinion as events would permit. No weapons of any kind were drawn—on either

side. There was nothing to indicate an imminent outbreak of hostilities, but only a keen desire on each side to imagine what the other was going to say in the morning. This will be made known in the regular way, no previous rehearsal, so to speak, having been permitted. Even the occasional courtesy of "an advance proof" was mutually omitted, so that the enterprising correspondent who sometimes informs a marvelling public that "the *Globe* will say so and so to-morrow" has the entire field to himself. The desire to remark that the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together" was strong, but is believed to have been unselfishly resisted, both from motives of personal consideration, and also with a view to possible future operations to which the quotation would not be applicable. In brief, the invasion was of a peaceful character unmarked by resistance, unsustained by bloodshed. Up to an early hour this morning all was serene, and no outbreak anticipated, even when we express our undiminished confidence that Mr. Kennedy will win."

Once more:

"The Happy Family is now on exhibition at the *Empire* office on Adelaide street every lawful evening."

Does not the above go to prove that although the Liberals may differ with us in political matters, "we are, after all, the same people."

"Fair Play," a correspondent of the *Times*, draws attention to a most heartless act of inhumanity. Ireland has generally been supposed to be the home of the cruel landlord, but if "Fair Play" writes what is true we need not go so far as the land of the shamrock to bestow our sympathy. In short, the story of "Fair Play" is as follows:

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