



BEES WILACKS.

THE DAILY NEWS.

MR. BEE.—I claim to be a sincere friend, and as such mean to give you a piece of my mind without nonsense or circumlocution. What is the use of a friend if not to tell us our faults faithfully? Well, I see you have been trying to poke fun at the *Daily News* because it has the exclusive privilege of publishing the Sheriff's advertisements. Now, I tell you honestly that I consider this a piece of small spite on your part. You envy the *News*, that's all, and have a sneaking wish to deprive it of this nice little job, but you can't come it. The Sheriff knows you too well, and knows the *News* too well to make the exchange. I take it that the Sheriff is a humane and philanthropic person, who has no desire to expose the tribulations of his customers any more than he can help; and do you suppose he is going to take away his notices from a quiet, unobtrusive paper, the very existence of which is almost a debatable matter, to give them to a noisy, pretentious chatter-box, which forces itself under everybody's nose, as you do? Why you foolish thing, the only objection to the *News* is that some one sees it, and if everybody saw it, of course the Sheriff would have to transfer his advertisements to the *Citizen* or *Times*, in which case there would be a chance that at least a few persons would be none the wiser for his proceedings. You'll get them when all the other papers are defunct, not before; so you keep quiet, and don't be everlastingly buzzing about as you do—I'm ashamed of you.

Then, honey, you entirely overlook the advantage to the public of a paper like the *News*, and I assure you that but for the peculiar office it fills in the community, some persons would be sadly put about. Let me illustrate. If you have lost anything and don't want to find it—a memorandum of your debts for instance—by all means advertise in the *News*. If you have found anything valuable that you do not wish to restore to the owner, but at the same time desire to be in a position to say you advertised it, send the notice to the *News*. In a word, if you want a safe hiding place for anything, commit it to the care of the *News*, it will be safe from impertinent eyes. Why, man, there is no office like it in the city! There is no danger that the editor, compositors, pressman or devils will blab, for the proprietor is his own editor, his own compositor, his own pressman, and which is best of all, his own devil! Any secret you commit to the *News* is therefore as safe as a pearl in an oyster. And would you deprive Ottawa of so convenient a repository of private matters? Don't do it: I would not if I were you.

THE OTTAWA TIMES.

I observe, Mr. BEE, that your able contemporary, the *Ottawa Times* gave, as in duty bound, a fine glowing account of the festivities on the Queen's Birthday. (See *Times* of Saturday, the 26th ult.) which he closed thus:—

GENERAL REMARKS.

"The Mayor and Corporation reviewed the Firemen on the ground, and at the close

said, Gentlemen, &c., &c." I need not repeat the admirable oration of "the Mayor and Corporation," as, no doubt every man and manikin, boy, tomboy and hobbledehoy have read them, but must express my sympathy with the poor Firemen, for after the great fatigue they had gone through, with only "a dollar a-piece for refreshments," it was entirely too bad to oblige them to listen to fifteen or twenty speeches from "the Mayor and Corporation." It was very proper for the Mayor to prelect, and his Worship would have been wanting to himself, and untrue to his reputation as an elocutionist of established fame, if he had suffered the auspicious occasion to pass unimproved; but I repeat it, "more in sorrow than anger," however, it was too bad for the Corporation to insist upon following the Mayor, and keeping the wearied men standing there several hours—for I must suppose it took at least a couple of hours before each of the Aldermen and Councillors had said his say. Then what appears to me particularly cruel was, that "the Corporation" should all make the same speech as the Mayor. Now, if the speeches had been varied a little, and had embodied some attempts at wit, there might have been some excuse; but that "the Mayor and Corporation" should each and all recite the same discourse, and oblige the Firemen to stand there until the last member had finished, was—well, I can't find words to characterize the act without transgressing my rule, so I shan't swear at them. I really am astonished, however, that the Firemen stood the ordeal, and must say that, after that, they can stand any amount of damp and smoke. It shows the good discipline they are under. But, on second thoughts, perhaps the "Mayor and Corporation" all spoke at once—of course that would alter the case—but that they all spoke is beyond doubt, if what the *Times* says is true, for "the Mayor and Corporation said, Gentlemen, &c., &c."

THE CITIZEN.

You must be aware Mr. Busy-Bee, that of late your excellent and high-toned neighbor, the *Citizen* has been giving a deep and earnest attention to Theological subjects, and that he is fast becoming the medium through which the religious views of the various sects are to be ventilated. That way we shall have a very valuable *ge* indeed. But the *Citizen* is not satisfied with opening its columns to polemic divinity, he selects choice and edifying extracts, which must go far to impress his readers with the profound interest he takes in these solemn matters. Among other selections I noticed one, on Saturday last, taken from the *Brighton Observer*, headed "A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLASPHEMY," which has gone the round of the religious press in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, until every Church and Sunday School has felt its awful influence. It appeared in several of our Canadian papers over a month ago, and might therefore be said to have done its duty when the *Citizen* reproduced it. There was, (not to put too fine a point upon it) a little awkwardness in the reprint, owing to the rather unpleasant circumstance that the utter falsity of the account had been demonstrated for some weeks,

a fact which had become known on this side of the water. Indeed, as I am given to understand, a gentleman who had made known the terrible judgment to a Sunday School in the City five weeks ago, thought it his duty last Sabbath to explain that the statement was a fraud, and the pious horror of the lying narrator a counterfeit. You will find a contradiction in several English papers, and notably in the *Saturday Review*. There was no boy Richardson, as stated, so he could not be struck blind; and there was no playing at "Cat and Dog," so there could be no swearing. There were, however, two or three boys walking out in the fields, one of them named Jeffrey, and in coming home he complained of not being able to see. He had probably got the vertigo, or some such temporary affection. His friends escorted him home, but before he reached his father's house he was quite better. This is the story, Mr. Editor, and I again repeat, it was a pity the *Citizen* should have disturbed the deep impressions made by the fable, for had he not reproduced it at so inconvenient a time, few persons would have found out that it was a falsehood. Just turn to the *Saturday Review*, and you will see how it polishes off the authors of the "pious fraud," and what marvel.

THE EVENING POST.

The *Evening Post*, referring to the *Times* in its usual friendly and complimentary manner, describes that paper as "the most fossiliferous of all existing fossils." I should really like the *Post* to inform me what kind of a fossil a fossiliferous fossil is? I am inclined to think that it is in the very nature of fossils not to be productive of anything; but a fossiliferous fossil, if it means anything, means a fossil which produces or yields other fossils. Your contemporary might as well talk of *auriferous gold*, or *carboniferous coal*. His expression reminds me of one employed by a well known physician in one of our Canadian cities. That gentleman had a theory that Cholera was caused by the presence of certain minute insects in the air. He accordingly announced to a friend his opinion that the "cause of Cholera was insectivorous." This is a fact, though it has never been published before.

LE CANADA.

A few days ago some inquisitive mortal asked the editor of the *Post* what he thought of a city contemporary, who did not mention a word about the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The question, no doubt, has been a stunner: for, the poor *Post* has not yet recovered consciousness to reply to the query. It is very likely it would have stunned the Sparks Street fossil also had it been propounded to him; but, imagine the thunderbolt that would have been responsively launched by the Sheriff's back-street organ were it appealed to. My own opinion of the Canadian journalist who allowed the glorious celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday of the 24th ult. to pass by without chronicling its success and enthusiasm is, that he is not burdened with loyalty, and, as a consequence, is as unacceptable a possession in a loyal community, as would be a scabby sheep in a healthy flock. Newspaper men in Canada