

THE KHAN'S PAPER

On the street I hear the people shout,
The Khan's again' to get a paper out.

Some say "stop," and others "go ahead,"
Some say 'twil live—some say 'twil soon be dead.

To tell the truth, my friends are very nice,
They flock around me and they give advice.

I call to mind when they all talk en masse,
That fable true, "the old man and his ass."

And wonder if I got a paper out,
Just like the one my comrades talk about,

The complex press would give a paper birth,
Like nought in heaven, the earth beneath or the waters
under the earth.

I do not hark as I the croakers pass,
Remembering what befell the old man and his ass.

A Nut to Crack. Suppose there are three snakes, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, all of the same size, and six inches long. No. 1 takes No. 2 by the tail, No. 2 takes No. 3 by the tail and No. 3 takes No. 1 by the tail, and each swallows one inch of the other every hour for six hours. What will be the consequence at the end of six hours?

Send in your answers to "The Snake Editor," The Khan's Paper, 18 King street east, Toronto.

Give Us Warm Houses. The present cold snap demonstrated one thing and that is that there are thousands of houses in the city of Toronto that are not fit habitation for white men after the mercury drops below zero. Balls of brick and colored mud, warped lumber and rubble stone and held together with shingle nails and paint they are fair to look upon but within they are filled with shivering mortals who can't keep warm. I know a house which rents for \$40 a month and you could riddle bull dogs through it and the inmates had to stay in bed a whole week to keep from freezing to death. Further if that house were moved bodily into the middle of a ten acre field the first good wind would blow it down and great would be the fall thereof. Nothing in the world prevents it from tumbling down and burying a worthy family in its wreck but the fact that it is sheltered from the wind by surrounding houses and thus escapes. To sit near the window means pneumonia, to sit near the door means congestion of the lungs and to sit with one's feet on the floor means sudden death.

I firmly believe that people have died and others will die in stylish houses of draughts and cold who would have been alive and well to-day had they been in an Indian tepee. Their lives were sacrificed at the altar of selfishness and greed by hungry and soulless speculators who ought to be relegated to Dante's favorite inferno which was ribbed with ice. Most of these houses are only fit to live in during warm or moderate weather. There are rows of houses in Toronto which are death traps in more ways than one, but the chiefest of their faults is that they are cold and full of draughts. of the thermometer were to drop to 40 degrees below zero some night half the population would freeze to death in their beds. There ought to be an inspector of dwelling houses in the interest of the many who pay rent.

Next week E. H. Sothen at the Grand, a high class performance, "1492" to-night. Don't let it out of the city without seeing it.

Wedding in High Life.

She was poor but proud. She was born in the Eclipse, and she was rigged in an Empire gown. She was not pretty, but she was big—that is there was a lot of her. She was always going to a Party, and she invariably cast a Georgian Bay, smoked whitefish and buckwheat pancake halo over the scene. The Mail, a gay old Buck, never liked her, and after a waltz with her he would confide to his set that she had had porterhouse steak and onions for supper. He was always turning up his nose at her anyway. And now he has gone and married her. I was at the wedding, and they played the Dead March in Saul as the couple came up the aisle. My grandmother says that he won't be good to her, This is sad. She says that he will relegate her to the back kitchen, and that she will never be permitted to show her good-natured old nose in sassety. She will make over her Empire gown and wear it at the wash tub, while the gay old Buck will figure as a single man and break her fond old heart with his gongs on. It is not the first time that the gay old Buck has kicked over the traces and smashed the dashboard, and the old lady will have many an anxious night of it. Still she was lucky; she was like old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. The larder was empty and her dog was hungry. As it is now the one has a kitchen and the other a kennel.

Jimmy Stephens.

In order for the readers to fully appreciate the remarks that I am going to make it would be well for him to read the following excerpt from the Toronto World always a reliable paper, of Thursday morning, published in the christian city of Toronto, February 7, in the year of our Lord 1894, in the 58th year of Her Most Gracious Majesty's reign and when the thermometer was 20 degrees below zero:—

"Discipline with a Vengeance.

A great deal of unfavorable comment was heard in police circles yesterday on the action of Inspector Stephen in respect to P. C. Redford. Shortly after noon yesterday Redford was leaving his home in Elliott street to report at No. 1 station for duty, when the premises adjoining his dwelling caught fire. As the officer's wife was seriously ill with typhoid fever, he waited a few moments to see the outcome of the blaze. His fears were soon justified when the fire communicated to his own dwelling. He at once telephoned to the station the state of affairs, and though his wife was dangerously ill, and the house in which she lay was in flames, Inspector Stephen ordered him to report for duty at once. Redford did so, but his fellow-officers think he would have been justified in disobeying his superior's orders in remaining where he was to look to the safety of his wife."—World.

Jimmy Stephens is gradually giving this city a pain. His fides acetates, Mr. Archibald, who won eternal glory and renown a few weeks ago, by having a poor old woman fined \$10 and costs for selling a cigaret, is an angel of intelligence and mercy compared to this merciless martinet, a man without a smile, but nevertheless with a high imperious soul, he hath a soul, which may possibly wear the stripes of provost major in the Archangel Michael's Imperial guard. The above extract from the World is the hardest piece of reading I have had to do for a long time. My grandmother is sadly puzzled over it, as she has always looked upon Jimmy Stephens as a saint of the first magnitude. I am afraid that Jimmy takes after the order of good people who used to burn folks at the stake, burn their eyes out, pull out their toe nails and trifles like that. That policeman's wife might burn in her bed, but Jimmy Stephen would do his duty. This exaggerated sense of duty is what led astray two other wise estimable people, namely, John Calvin and Bloody Mary. The policeman's wife escaped a roast, but Jimmy Stephens hasn't.