



NICE POSITION FOR A "TEMPERANCE" JOURNAL.

street past the *Mail* building, which called forth many expressions of admiration from them.

"I should think," remarked Bramley, as they halted for a few minutes before the large red brick edifice, "from what I have so far seen of Canadian newspapers, that the *Mail* is about the best of the lot. I have been much struck by the deep research and erudition displayed in some of its leaders, or editorials, as I see they are usually called out here."

"Well, I myself think the *Mail* is an excellent paper—for the colonies, you know," said Coddleby, "and its various departments are admirably conducted, but——"

"Yes, you're right, Algernon," interrupted Yubbits, "its sporting news is one of its best features, and I intend to subscribe regularly for the paper. I never saw anything better than the *Mail's* sporting columns—almost equal to the *Referee*."

"H'm," muttered Bramley, "it may be so. What do you think of American literature in general, Crinkle, old fellow," he continued.

"I have hardly given the matter a thought," replied the gentleman addressed; "I have read the *Mail*, and I regret to see that it pays so little attention to poetry; I think there should be a poet's corner in every paper."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bramley; "I agree with you there, Crinkle; there *should* be a poet's corner, as you remark, and the average newspaper poets should be condemned

to stand, in disgrace, in that corner. Such atrocious trash as the stuff that passes for poetry in most newspapers should never be published. Crinkle, I hope your advent to this country may be the beginning of a new era in Canadian poetry. I trust that you will publish something of your own in some of the Toronto journals, in order that people may see what true poetry is."

"I may do so," returned Crinkle, modestly, "in fact, such is my present intention. But, come, hadn't we better be moving on? Yubbits will be getting a crick in his neck if he stares up at that flagstaff much longer."

Acting on this hint, they proceeded on their way, turning up Yonge street, and then along Queen to Jarvis, up which thoroughfare they strolled at an easy pace, greatly admiring the many handsome residences on their way.

"Now, probably," remarked Bramley, "the majority of these very fine houses are the property or at least the residences of tradesmen—harberdashers, drapers, ironmongers and the like; what puzzles me is to conceive where on earth such people get the taste displayed in the laying out of their gardens and grounds."

"My dear Bramley," said Coddleby, "I believe some, nay, a great many, of the Canadian tradesmen are, in every respect, gentlemen; many of them are men of very high culture and intelligence, and you must not, for a moment, compare them with the majority of the shopkeepers in England. I am beginning, already, to think