

came up exhausted, "by no means. In Russia, my dear madam, it is necessary to break the laws before being arrested, here no such preliminary act is necessary. In Russia the police are the servants of the people, here they are the masters."

"But why —?" I began, when Miss Doolittle gently put her hand over my mouth, and whispered, "Be calm, my dear, this is not the Ambitious City remember, this is the Submissive City." Whereupon I grieved aloud, and Mr. Samuel Doolittle smiled and closed his eyes for the space of two seconds.

As he did so a McCaul car came up, and Miss Doolittle held up her closed parasol, as also did I. Mr. Samuel likewise used his cane violently, but the driver appeared to be in dreamland, for he did not take the least notice of us, but drove past. "Never mind," said I, "the conductor will see us from behind and stop."

"There is no conductor," growled Mr. Samuel, proceeding to run in the middle of the road after the car, shouting and waving his cane and trying to whistle as best he could with his short breath. We also followed, shrieking, and waving our parasols frantically at the retreating car, which, however, was deaf and blind to our distressing efforts to reach it. At last, a newsboy, with the precocity of his class, took in the situation, and inserting two fingers into his mouth whistled so shrilly that the car stopped instantly. Too late, however! Poor Mr. Samuel Doolittle in his head-long race to catch the car did not observe that it had stopped, and on rushing forward, head downward, came into collision with the rear end, knocking himself senseless at one fell blow. In another two seconds he was bundled into the patrol wagon, rolled off to the police station and registered as drunk and disorderly!!! "Oh! oh! oh!" I cried, stamping my foot "how can such things be?"

"When you live in Toronto as long as I have," said Miss Doolittle, "you will learn to be resigned."

But I replied, emphatically, "Never! Why do you not make the Street Car Co's stick to their contract to have conductors on the cars?" "Impossible, we are a people who have been taught submission."

After Mr. Doolittle had paid his fine at the police court we had him conveyed home in a cab and I myself sent for the doctor to dress the wound in his head. There had been a slight concussion, he said—the consequences might or might not be fatal, but the one thing needful, and what he insisted on was, *perfect and absolute quiet* for two days at least. Miss Doolittle and myself assured the doctor that not a fly would be allowed to buzz in his hearing. We gave the poor gentleman a little light refreshment and in the early evening as he was lying in a nice light sleep—his forehead being swathed in cold water cloths, and we softly fanning him, and making signs to each other, not daring to speak lest we should disturb him:—suddenly—loud as the crack of doom, a large drum began to beat immediately under the open window. With a frightful cry the poor gentleman sprang up in bed, trembling and shaking—the drumming kept on, and when I went to the window to see the cause of this demoniac noise, I saw a crowd of men and women singing and waving tambourines. It was the Army. Of course nothing could be done—I myself had vainly protested against this awful drum in Hamilton—I felt I could not expect to gain in Toronto the protection we had been denied in Hamilton. I, too, have become infected with the spirit of submission so characteristic of the people of Toronto—but, dear John, I cannot stay in this city one minute longer, than to see my poor dear friend, Mr.

Doolittle conveyed to the cemetery. My floral tribute which lies now upon the dear man's coffin, is a cushion with the one word *Resignation* in purple immortelles in the centre. After the funeral I shall have it embalmed and kept as a souvenir of Toronto.

SUNG TO A POPULAR AIR.



W HERE are you going my pretty maid?
To Mrs. Dewdney's reception, sir, she said,
To meet Mr. Royal, sir, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
If you have a "permit," sir, she said.
Who will be there, my pretty maid?
All our first families, sir, she said.
First in what sense, my pretty maid?
In a whiskey "scents" kind sir, she said.

Are the ladies cultured, my pretty maid?
What do you mean, kind sir; she said.
What men will be there, my pretty maid?
Men who labor, kind sir, she said.
What kind of labor, my pretty maid?
Storing whiskey, kind sir, she said.
I cannot go with you, my pretty maid—
Nobody asked you, sir, she said, sir, she said,
Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

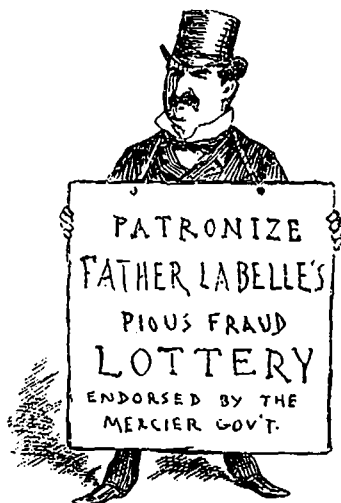
THE WOBBLING "WORLD."

Look here upon this editorial, which reads as if it might have been from the pen of Erastus Wiman:

The people of the West are as anxious to be served by the Canadian roads as the Canadian roads are to serve them. Ask the business men of St. Paul and Chicago if they are willing to drive out the Canadian roads and wear again the shackles of the New York controlled roads! Not by a great deal.

And then upon this, which appears in next column:

The country still lives and prospers; and the necessity for Canada's commercial annexation to the States does not appear so very pressing after all.



NICE BUSINESS FOR A RESPECTABLE GOVERNMENT.