

SPEAKING of taxation, notwithstanding that we are now docked on income, real estate, personal property and on everything we wear and eat, the public treasury is so poorly off that some of the most important and deserving of causes have to be refused needed help, or at best assisted meagerly. Take the Industrial Schools, for example—grand institutions that are engaged in picking waifs from the gutters and setting them on the road to good citizenship. Has the state any more practically useful work than this, of transforming incipient criminals into good and law-abiding tax-payers? And yet the Government of this premier province groans at giving \$1,000 per year to the school at Minico, where magnificent work is being done. Where can we get a fund for the support of this essential state-work?

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WE'LL tell you. Let us have a law such as they have in England—a probate tax of \$5,000 on all wills involving aggregate bequests of over \$50,000; and graded fees on amounts below that. Fix the figures in whatever proportion may seem meet, but haven't we here a plan by which these splendid institutions may be helped without putting the whole burden on private individuals? Many of our rich citizens depart to the better world without making any provision for these objects. It is a mere matter of forgetfulness, of course. But with such a law in operation, the defects of their memories would be nicely supplied.

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WHEN our sickeningly sycophantic Aldermen name a street after Gladstone or Bismarck and then write to the distinguished personage to tell him they have done so, do they as a rule get the customary mug-and-spoon of the traditional god-father by way of acknowledgement? If so, what becomes of the table furniture? We ask in the interest of an anxious public, knowing how necessary it is to enquire about spoons that may be left around the city hall.

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IT begins to look as if the glorious days of '49 are a out to be re-enacted in north-western Ontario. The alk in and around the Soo (by which phonetic inspiration they have shortened down Salt Saint Maria) is all of gold and silver and precious stones. The mining fever is breaking out all over Algoma and dreams of wealth are the order of the day and night. Our friends, R. T. Lowrey & Co., notwithstanding they are publishers, have been touched by the complaint, and, throwing off the air of simple content with a humble lot which distinguishes publishers, they have joined the wild race for riches. They lead the van, in fact. But they know a trick better than going into the mining business, at which only a few millions can be made in a year. They want a big scoop or nothing, so they have decided to start a new monthly publication to be called *The Nugget and Algoma Literary Journal*. Need we say we wish our enterprising friends success?

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THE London *Advertiser* declares that the platform of the New Party is simply that of the long established Reform Party, with the addition of a straight declaration in favor of Prohibition. Yes; it is too bad that those cranky temperance people are so impatient and precipitate in their action. If they would only "hold up" a couple of centuries or so the grand old party would probably give some consideration to the anti-liquor plank. It's too bad

THE *Globe* expresses astonishment and anger at certain members of the House at Ottawa who cried out "No! No!" when Mr. Barron declared that it was the duty of members to "consider Canadian interests even if they did conflict with those of Great Britain." The *Globe* will, no doubt, be glad to learn that the interjections were the result of a misunderstanding. The gentlemen in question are advocates of "Canada for the Canadians" and some of them would wade through gore to protect Canadian rights; they couldn't therefore have meant that Canada's interests were to be sacrificed for Great Britain's. But they misunderstood Mr. Barron. They thought he said John A's *not* John Bull's.

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REV. W. T. McMULLEN, of Woodstock, in a public letter says, "I am not in sympathy with those who advocate a painless death as the punishment of a brutal murder." Like Gilbert's "Mikado," this good gentleman believes in "making the punishment fit the crime," and he would be a very good man for the proposed office of public executioner. There is just a danger, however that under the guidance of his sweet and tender philosophy, we would shortly have a revival of the good old days of thumbscrews and racks. Isn't it wonderful how like to savages are some cultured Christians!



SYMPATHY.

She.—"I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Sissy."

He.—"Ya'as, in a railroad accident. I was saved but the dawg was killed."

She (shocked).—"What a pity!"

THE deputy-postmaster at Kingston was suspended on Saturday on the charge of abstracting money from letters. We object to hanging for small offences.

A YOUNG artist was showing a visitor a water-color sketch of his of a certain picturesque rural summer resort

Visitor.—A nice place to rusticate, eh? Is it a pretty place, this Zephyr's Falls?

Young artist (with dignity).—Sir, my picture answers that question.

Visitor.—Ah—um! On that recommendation I don't think I'll go to Zephyr's Falls.