

certain practical politicians being interested in the sale of the Asylum land, which Mr. Mowat would do well to set at rest by giving some half reasonable excuse for the action he is about to take. Is it that the poor depleted treasury needs ready cash to save the Province from bankruptcy? Let us hear from you, Mr. Attorney General.



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MR. J. ROSS ROBERTSON has added one more to the obligations under which he has placed society. He has succeeded, by a detective device of his own invention, in capturing a couple of lads who have for a long time been carrying on the business of stealing morning papers from front doors on Sherbourne Street. The boys were arraigned at the police court, when Mr. Robertson appeared, and asked the magistrate to deal leniently with them. This was perhaps due to the *Telegram*

man's proverbial good nature, or it may have been in accordance with the poet's dictum—"a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." John Ross may have considered what would have been his fate long ago, if some of the American story-writers had put on detectives to catch little Canadian publishers who made a habit of pirating their works.

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IT is a settled thing that Mayor Clarke is to have a second term, and before the end of that time it is not unlikely that the real estate speculators will hear something drop. It is probably not known to the average citizen that, as the law now stands, speculators are permitted to open new streets to benefit their own pockets, by selling off the new frontages thus created, and that *the city pays them in cash for the road allowances thus granted.* This accounts for the innumerable streets running in all possible directions, without regard to symmetry or sense. It also accounts for the presence at the city hall of a large staff of book-keepers necessary to keep track of the accounts opened with these private speculators. Mayor Clarke rightly says that the city is now carrying on the business of a Loan Society—something it has no right to do, and he proposes, if possible, to put an end to the system. More power to his elbow.



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ALL that is wanted to complete the *Empire's* premium bust of the Tory Chieftain is an inscription on the base reading: "This is Sir John Macdonald!" As a picture of the Premier the *Empire's* bust is a beautiful and instructive anomaly.

THE BOY, OH, WHERE WAS HE?

THIS is a cold fact and comes from Paris, Ontayreoo!

Said a gentleman to the little six-year old son of a River Street baker, whose shop is near a butcher's shop: "Well, Joe, and what are you going to be when you grow up? A baker or a butcher?"

"Neither," piped the lad, without a moment's hesitation. "I'm going to be a minister—there's more money in it!"

DE MISTAKES OB SCRIPTURE.

MISTAKE No. 1. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." De mistakes ob de Scripture, deahly belubed bredren, am many an' noom'rous. Dey am also berry dang'rous—case why? It makes de infidels say 'taint true what's in de Bible. Now, it am my mission to pint out dat it am all puffedcky true, only it am a mistake. De proof readers an' printers in dem yar ole days when de Bible wor fust printed wern't much, any way. And yet, belubed bredren, considerin' dese yar Scriptures am 'sposed to be 'spired by Divine troof, it am a mystery how dey ever cum dar, 'less as I said befo', day am mistakes. Dat fact am clar as mud, and dis chicken am going to demonstrate dat dis mawnin', sho's yo bawn. De most stupendous mistake in de hull book am found in de words ob my-tex—"De arf is de Lawd's an' de foolness deroff." In dis yer tex', my bredren, dere am a most important omission to be found. Dat omission 'sists ob one syllable only, but dar lies all de difference in de wo'ld. De proper rend'ring ob be tex' and de only way de tex' can hab any possible meaning in dese yer days is—"Dearf is de *landlawds'* and de foolness deroff." De arf belongs to the landlawd, every bit of it, and de landlawd rents it out fo' us po' faderless chillen ob de Lawd to live on. No, my bredren, de Lawd don't own a square inch ob land in Yurup nor Ameriky, as I know it b'blongs to de landlawd, de speclater, and de land-grabber, and dere ain't nary an inch left fo' de Lawd or His po human chillen. His po' hun'an chillen hab got to lib in ten'ment houses, thirteen families in a house, an' ten ob a family in a 'partment whar' dere ain't room to whip a cat in. Case why? "De arf is de land-lawd's," its acres am his, and de Lawd's po' chillen may go hang. De landlawd's wife and daughters distribute tracts among de po' people, tryin to make em good, but yo don't catch em 'stributing de acres round. Ef dey would sling round de acres 'mong de po' people like dey do tracts, de millenium would come afore dey had time to get into dere Sunday go-to-meetin' close to celebrate it. And yet, belubed bredren, such is de wickedness ob human natur, dat some ongrateful sperrits in dat dar crowd from de slums look all round and see all dat miles and miles ob empty land, and de debil puts it in dere heart to ax why is it dat it takes all dis land to hold one man and his chillen; an' we an' our chillen doan own but a cubic inch a piece, an' den am piled up one on top ob de oder like coolies in de hold ob a slave ship—eh? Dey want to know if dis yere land-lawd aint a human critter like dareselves, an' ef we are all chillen ob de same parent, like de tracts say we am, why He gives all de house room to two or tree ob His chillen an' lets de oder get so badly crowded up dat both soul an' body get mildewed. And dey wants to know, too, how dey calls dereselves followers ob Christ, when Christ didn't own a single acre of land. To all dem dar absurd questions dere am but one answer, "De arf is de *landlawds'* and de foolness deroff." It am a millioncholy fact but it am de troof, an' dis am a pointer for de nex' revision of de Holy Scriptures. We will now sing de Psalm, "De arf belongs unto de Lawd." All de friends will please jine in and doan forget to tack on de missin syllable to de Lawd.

JAY K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

THE Red River Railway wants to cross the C.P.R. line. They are playing cross-purposes. It is usual to find some one buried at cross-roads.