

"It's so quiet and peaceful here—I am content to stay," he rolled over on his side. "I wouldn't go back—and live—down town again—" he yawned, "not fer—not fer a good deal. This is solid comfort—bah—that was rotten whiskey—oo—oo—ough! What time is it—bah, as late as that—time everybody was in bed. Shut the door—I mean the gate after you—and wake me early—wake me early—early—early in the morning—I want to—see—Somebody."

And he fell asleep.

The city wants a first-class palace hotel and there is no place in the city so suitable as Government House grounds. They are the right size, convenient, beautiful and central. There is one thing in favor of this site, it is covered with trees. An architect and a builder may erect a building, but they can't grow a tree. It looks as if this handsome property was intended from the very first to be the site of a grand hotel, to give this city a world wide reputation.

The Why and the Wherefore.

It is contrary to the law and order of a perfected universe that any person should die young. The death of a child is a slur on our civilization, and should be looked on as a crime. When a child dies an inquest should be held and a searching investigation made, and the cause or causes of that death traced back, till it was discovered what drunkenness, vice, laziness, gluttony, foul air, bad food, oppression, neglect, envy, hatred, malice and a uncharitableness had to do with it. There is no good reason why a child should die—there is no good reason why a young man or a young woman should die just at the time when after vast expense they have been reared to the age of manhood and womanhood. If every child born unto the world is worth two thousand dollars to the country, then every young man of twenty-one years is worth \$100,000 to the country, and a girl of eighteen is worth, say half a million.

Therefore you will see that if a child, a young man and a young woman die every week in Toronto this city loses directly and the nation indirectly the sum of \$602,000. This is sufficient to make the judicious grieve. And yet the dullest of us know that the fields and swamps, the mountain sides and forests, the jungles and sea shores are covered with plants which were placed there for the healing of the nations. The man dying of some baffling disease daily treads on the plant which would cure him in a day if he only knew it. The medicine may lie in the petal of its modest flower or in the lobe of its unconscious leaf, but that petal or that leaf is the healing finger of God. And why are these secrets not divulged to us? For this reason—that for ages, almost since the dawn of time we have been in the habit of turning the blessing and the gift of God into a curse. That's the reason.

If the curtain were lifted to-morrow and the plant pointed out which would check consumption all the plants of that species would be bought up by a wealthy syndicate, they would patent the medicine, they would forbid any person from planting, cultivating, harvesting, marketing, or in any way using that plant without first buying from them a patent, and they would get out an injunction against some dying wretch to prevent him from drinking a decoction made by his heart-broken mother from a few plants secretly gathered in the fence corner by his crippled sister.

The Lord kept the great North-west hid for centuries hoping that when we did find it out that we would use it wisely. No people on earth ever had such a chance as we had—such a glorious gift. What did we do with it? We filled it with debt, disorder and discontent; with mortgages and meanness; with

railways and rascals; with cities and suffering, and the devil simply shifted his quarters from happy Ireland and holy Russia, and settled in our great North-west, where every day he walks up and down seeking whom he may devour.

I am under the impression that the Lord will not give us any more big chances until such time as we know how to use them. Medicine shouldn't cost a cent, and as soon as we know how to use it for the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow men then and not till then will the flower and leaf and seed pod speak with tongues. When that time comes nineteen-twentieths of the doctors in this city will have to go and work for a living, and thus swell the ranks of producers, and our young men instead of being converted into cock robin doctors will learn to plow a straight furrow and lay a good line drain.

A Family Resemblance. Young nephew—Recently a father, exhibiting the lid to rich but crusty uncle. "Don't you think he resembles me?"

Rich but Crusty Uncle—"Yes, very much indeed—I see that he has a soft spot in his head."

Ye Grandmother Is Sympathetic.

My Grandmother, she always liked the boys, and she was a gay old girl in her time—sympathetic with the University students, and so do I. My grandmother says this is not Russia. While there are a few abledodied jays in the University, still the body of them represent the young idea and modern thought of our country, and wish them success with their tilt with the Holy Inquisition in Queen's Park. Tearing down old sixteenth century monstrosities is better work than ripping up old sheds or disreputable fences here and there in the city. My grandmother thinks they will win their point if they don't get gay.

A Young Man's City. This is a young man's city if there is one on top of the earth. It is full of young men of the best calibre, aggressive, enthusiastic, irresistible. Whether it is the very best thing for the nation at large is hard to say, but there is no doubt that the Queen City is sucking the brains of every village and town in the country. They are here from London, Strathroy, Windsor, Goderich, Mitchell, Seaforth, Clinton, Wingham and Kincardine from St. Thomas, Ingersoll, Woodstock, Princeton; from Hamilton, Dundas, Gait, Brantford, Guelph, Berlin, Milton, Peterboro', Whitby, Ottawa, Cobourg, Port Hope, yea, verily, from every hamlet and village and town in Ontario has contributed its quota of brains, energy, hustle, and go to this city.

The Green Goods Victim. It is all very well for the law to protect the imbecile, the weak-minded and the mentally blind, but it looks like prostituting the courts to use them for the purpose of avenging the cause of the half-witted would-be crooks who fall victims to hay fork and green goods men. The courts are not expected to furnish greedy Yahoos from the country with brains. I sat in the Police Court the other day and heard a youth from the country coolly admit that he had come to the city to buy green goods; that he had paid \$190 of good money for \$1,000 worth of bad, and then wanted the court to punish the bad bad men who had fleeced him. This downy duck should be locked up for safe keeping. If the fool-killer would make a tour of this country, all the crooks would have to go to work and earn their living by honest labor. Any blackleg in the city will tell you that there is a fool born every minute, and without them the lawyer, doctor, bailiff and blackleg would starve to death.