

THE SUN BEAM

Breathes there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own my native land. ERASTUS WIMAN.

VOL. 1. No. 1.

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ISSUED THE FIRST OF EVERY LAST MONTH.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR.

To the Eager and Expectant Public.

We do not make our error with the old and much-abused manifesto, that "we have come to stay," but will endeavor to remain on deck as long as is consistent with the state of the journalistic market, and the appreciation of the numberless subscribers who will have the pleasure or fatality, as the case may be of absorbing the varied—and it is to be hoped—original columns, dedicated largely to the Three Graces, "Patriotism, Mental Emancipation and Horse Sense. Let those who may be dissatisfied with the remarks herein contained, or with the general tenor of this paper, make it known to the chief editor, and his, her or their money will be refunded; provided of course that such demand or demands are made during banking hours, or that the director has not other and prior engagements.

Our Foreign Agencies.

Of our circulating agencies at Peking, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Herat, Honolulu, Madrid, Monte Carlo, Rat Portage and other foreign ports too numerous to mention—let anyone having complaint to make as to the want of courtesy—or a vague and indefinite honesty of our agents in their dealings with our foreign subscribers, and such punishment will be meted out to them as the construction of the different languages will permit; especially so of our Chinese agency. As our linen is in the deft hands of our laundryman, Loug Chin, it is desirable that great care be taken not to give offence to so numerous a nation, and any defection therefrom, will, if cabled or personally reported, be met by compelling our agent, in the transmission of Chinese Imperial Court News, to use that language for three consecutive weeks, and we promise that a recurrence of such impoliteness will be impossible.

All foreign subscriptions must be strictly paid in advance. Subscribers need not be over anxious to exchange their payments for Canadian currency. We will accept the current mediums of any and every country—from a shark's tooth to a Russian rouble, and be infernally glad to get it—but we draw the line at Portuguese bonds or Mimico Gas stock.

Our Poets' Corner.

It is usual for journals of high authority and wide circulation to provide a corner for soul expanding poets who chant of snowy wraiths, the early robin, and the up-lifting strains of the piano-organ; and we have no desire to depart from so cherished a custom. It has just slipped our recollection just where our poets' corner is located—it is either the Necropolis or Mount Pleasant. Anyway our readers may perhaps come across a plot of three acres of ground, situate in some sequestered part of Mount Pleasant, studded with monuments of a very modest and uniform size, each having inscribed thereon the favorite poem of the author beneath.

Poets need have no fear of violence or brutality—we have made our arrangements with the crematory and a one-horse express waggon, to convey their incinerated remains to their favored retreat; without pomp, without ostentation and without expense. The gardener at the cemetery will supply floral tributes and renew the sodding, when necessary, at so much per annum.

Our method of poet destruction is wonderfully simple, cheap and rapid. We simply read it to the editor, a few editorials from the different partisan journals of this city.

An Open Letter.

To the Hon.

DeCourcy Chateaubriand Mulligan

Honorable Sir.—If you only knew what a loss your retirement is to the Dominion, you probably would halt and reflect a slight amount, if not for your own sake; then for the five or six millions of people that compose the population of this great, but partisan-afflicted country. We admit, as general citizens, that we haven't the slightest conception of our individual or collective requirements. In fact, we do not know enough to go in when it rains. All we wish is, that you will take a leading part in our useless party politics. Our muddy intellects will be more than satisfied if you will only lend your mighty faculties to the utter discomfiture and obstruction to the party in power, and make the scintillations of your great master intellect out rival the gleams of the starry firmament or the sparks from an emery wheel.

What matter if you do not throw any light on agricultural, commercial and financial depression. We are not so unreasonable as to suppose your re-

sumption of the leadership of a great, but, somewhat threadbare party, will do the country any good. It is not that honorable sir; we admit we do not know enough to pound sand, or know enough to vote. All our cares; all our anxiety, are centred on your great individuality. Lend vitality and refulgence to a great, but much besmitten party, and we will be more than repaid.

Of course, dear sir, your lofty flights of intellectual and oratorical gifts are so wonderful and stupendous that we are quite lost in admiration, and are, in fact, so much so that we quite forget to act and think for ourselves. Oh, most mighty and potent gladiator of the political arena, be quick to regain your grasp of a sometime leadership, or in the interval we may forget our deference to party thralldom, and commit some act of progressiveness or national and individual advantage, that will harmonize with nineteenth century civilization, and then, oh great and gifted leader, you will suffer the pangs of sorrow and regret to your dying day.

Respectfully yours,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Answers to Correspondence.

LEUCY GRAY—Your writing indicates that you possess a very high temper and high cheek bones. Also, that you are more familiar with the broom and washing machine than you are with the pen. By fragmentary splinters of your handwriting, we should judge you had red hair, which should offer the consolation to you, that when kerosene is high you need have no fear of darkness. No, we do not think by dying your hair it will improve your temper, but it would be to our interest if you get your correspondence written by a typewriter.

R. LEWELLEN LIGHTHEAD—It is with great pleasure that we peruse your handwriting, and must congratulate you on its skillful mechanism and adaptability;—however, a word in time, we think, is sufficient. Beware, in signing documents, to not, in a moment of mental aberration, use other people's names, for which there is no legal usage; there is a long time between Sunday and the penitentiary. Try driving an express waggon, or assume the position of court crier, as a little profitable diversion.

POLITICAL ECONOMIST—(1) You are altogether in error. Political economy in practical politics is obsolete, and is only used in text books for public schools. (2) The reason the Street Railway Co. put stoves in cars for Sherbourne, Win-

chester, Church, Yonge, McCaul and Queen street routes, is because, passengers on those routes are made of porcelain, and people in the more congested, and naturally more profitable routes are made of common brick-clay. Can't you ask a less ridiculous question? (3) You ask why the Street Railway Co. are so particular in the requesting of the City Council to keep to the letter of the latter's agreement, while at the same time they (the Company), have a habit of overlooking a half dozen of the clauses of their agreement, which would confer considerable benefit on the citizens at large? Our reply is that it is only a whim of the Street Railway Co. Joint stock companies are generally afflicted that way. (4) The reason why the Street Railway Co. ask so much and give so little, and the City Council give so much and ask so little, is that the Street Railway Co. only own a limited number of streets and are ambitious, while the City Council own the whole town and can afford to be liberal. (5) You are wrong, there are no walls around this city, but there ought to be, to prevent the Ontario Government from giving us ten-cent legislation for civic liberty and fifty-dollar taxation.

Story of an Alcalde.

In a large town in the heart of Andalusia, there lived an Alcalde, who was noted for his military valor and his loyalty for his king; and whose trusty sword was ever ready to become besmeared with the gore of his ambitious neighbors, the Portuguese. This Alcalde was also noted for the large numbers of offenders against the law he could sentence to be banished, in the given space of two hours per day, and for the case he could guard a large salary, bestowed on him by the townspeople.

After a time the townspeople began to murmur loudly because the Alcalde took so little time to the efficient and rational work of the court, while he did not relax his hold upon his corpulent salary. Upon hearing of the townspeople's murmurings, the Alcalde ordered them all to be impaled; and his wrath was exceedingly ferocious. The townspeople in great fear, said they had other taxes to pay and could not afford to die, but promised to make the Alcalde a costly present of an assistant, and add ten hundred doubloons to his salary, if he would let them off this time. The Alcalde haughtily replied, that he was subject to no one but the king, and he did not care a string of beads what the townspeople thought or did. He would

accept their increase of salary and assistant, but they must make an humble apology, and on no account open their chops again about his goings and comings. Then hied him off to Granada for six months, hunting up Moorish antiquities, and the court and his salary went on just the same, and it is so even unto this day—for the king doth regulate the Alcalde's appointment, and the townspeople do put up his salary, and they durst not murmur—for it is the law.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the TORONTO MAIL.

"We have just received a copy of a new monthly venture called the 'Sun beam.' If it had been hot weather we should have been complimented to receive "fly-paper" instead."

From the TORONTO NEWS.

"Things are pretty dull in Toronto, but the entry of the 'Sun Beam,' into public notice, is the cap-sheaf of commercial depression. Anyone wishing the plant and offices of an erstwhile successful daily, at bankrupt prices, may get this wish fulfilled by applying at Toronto News. We are about to emigrate to Mimico.

From the TORONTO WORLD.

"Our printing and publishing establishment, is for sale. When the 'Sun Beam' comes in it is time for us to go out and wither."

From the GRIFF, TORONTO.

"Our pretensions to wit and humor are a positive and irrefragable engine to our many subscribers, but what the drift of the 'Sun Beam' is, is quite past our comprehension."

From the NEW YORK SUN.

"After receiving a copy of a new monthly paper, designated as the 'Sun Beam,' the annexation of Canada is an undesirable condition of things. The policy of this journal is accordingly diverted into less doubtful channels."

From the LONDON (ENG.) TIMES.

"Canadian enterprise, is becoming a dominant factor, in our colonial possessions. A new paper has been started in a small town called Toronto, situate on the north shore of the Lake of the Woods; which paper is called the 'Sun Beam,' and speaks well for the go of the town. For the benefit of British emigrants, there is some talk of pushing a railroad northward from the populous district of Labrador to connect with Toronto."

From the PARIS FIGARO.

"The cession of Canada, to the British Crown, was after all a blessing in disguise. A copy of a paper named the 'Sun Beam,' and published at the Faubourg, Toronto, a small town within a few miles of the City of Quebec, has been received. It is well, perhaps, for the editor of this new paper, that British patience and forbearance, is proverbial. Parbleu, but it must be exceedingly strained at the present time."

From the PEKIN (CHINA) ANTI-AMERICAN.

"If the publisher of the 'Sun Beam' would confer upon us the great pleasure of a visit, we would demonstrate our appreciation in the manner most in vogue in the Flowery Kingdom. Our public executioners are growing uneasy and complain, that they get so little to do. Editors generally, are their special delight."

From the ST. PETERSBURG (RUSSIA) NOVOSTI.

"Poor Russia, burdened with famine, Jews, Nihilists and the Kreutzer Sonata, but the appearance of this new scourge the 'Sun Beam,' is a little more than we can bear. The foreign press censor is now on his way to Siberia for his outrageous neglect."

From the BERLINER ZEITUNG.

"We have just received a copy of the 'Sun Beam,' which enterprise has started in Toronto, South Dakota. If the American Government will consent to keep the 'Sun Beam' out, we will agree not to say anything more about allowing their pork to come into Germany."

The Country Press.

From the BERGAVEN INDEPENDENT.

"We have just lined our bear-trap with a copy of the 'Sun beam' published at Toronto. We flatter ourselves that the supply of bear skins will immediately be increased."

From the RECORDER, EGLINTON.

"We beg to acknowledge one of the first numbers of the 'Sun Beam.' It has always been our endeavor, or our hereditary impulse, to mistify our subscribers, and our success has been unprecedented. But the 'Sun Beam' is beyond the little intellect we possess."

From the RICHMONDHILL LIBERAL.

"It is our mission to clip from the modern newspapers and periodicals the

articles that go to make up our paper, without giving credit for the same though, unware of the fact, our rustic subscribers imagine we have a huge intellect, when we know differently. Should we flech from the 'Sun Beam,' a small uprising would occur in North York; and then we would have to fall back on our original calling, firing up on a freight train."

From the HOUS HOLLOW TROMBONE—Daily.

"We are in receipt of a copy of the 'Sun Beam.' Modern postal conveniences, have their disadvantages."

From the MIMICO DAILY GAZETTE.

"Toronto is afflicted again. We find the 'Sun Beam' effective in extinguishing our Gusher, but we fear it will drive capital away."

From the CHILLIWACK PROGRESS, B.C.

"We handed a copy of 'Sun Beam' to a passing band of Indians. It proved frightfully fatal. We think we have found the key to the Indian problem, in this Province."

From the HAMILTON SPEKTATOR.

"As we are making a crazy quilt, we are glad to announce that a copy of the 'Sun Beam,' is at hand. A paper quite in keeping with Toronto's best journalistic work. We invite all the other Toronto papers worked in our crazy quilt."

From the BUCHER'S CHRONICLE—East Toronto.

"We have received a copy of the 'Sun Beam,' and pronounce it rather inferior as wrapping paper, but may find it useful in collecting our subscriptions."

From the MARAHAN ECONOMIST—Triple Daily.

"With regret we announce to being made the recipient, of a copy of the 'Sun Beam,' just published at Toronto, fragrant with mysterious thoughts and inspirations from some incomprehensible source. Our sister city is welcome to our lavish sympathy."

Articles For Sale.

At less than cost.—Owner wishes to sell a complete set of burglars tools, including chart and anti-disturbers. Names of manufacturers stamped on the goods, and have been in constant use up to date. Reason for giving up business, is that owner desires to enter Dominion Politics. Apply for fuller particulars, in cog.

For sale above cost.—About one hundred choice orchestra and parquette seats in two or three opera houses. Parkdale, at from one dollar to three dollars and fifty cents apiece; worth about twenty-five cents each, and high at that. No intention to give value, secure your seats early. Eulogies can be had in all daily papers.

A golden opportunity.—Tenders wanted for fifty grindstones that have been subjected to some fifty years test. Guaranteed to be in excellent condition. Apply at City Hall.

A mace and three-cornered hat. As good as new. It is not known what the three-cornered hat is good for, but the mace might be useful in a Twelfth of July Procession, and for over-awing a lodge meeting or for splitting wood. Terms easy. Apply at Parliament Buildings.

About fifty thousand dollars worth of taxes against exempt property in Toronto for ten dollars cash. Apply to any man out of work.

For sale at half cost. Several life-size statues and one equestrian statue. Goods have been stored away for some time back awaiting popular demand. Demand appears too distant, so owners are obliged to sell or lose on the investment. Apply to some aldermen and magistrates.

Our Prize Puzzle,

Why do people go crazy over partigan politics? Why are lawyers elected as legislators, to frame costly laws, when the average citizen is burdened, already, with more statutory enactments than they know what to do with or pay for? Why do not the citizens demand laws that they can understand themselves? Why should any voter be exempt from a price for his vote, any more than those who handle the campaign funds?

To those who forward correct answer to the above rebus or rebusses; and 35 three-cent stamps, carefully enclosed in scented envelopes, will be entitled to one years subscription of the "Sun Beam." Also the following valuable prizes.

The first correct answer, will be awarded one solid gold watch, gold chain and locket containing a picture of the "Business Men with the Business Plan" together with several paragraphs of "Grip" humor.

For the second correct answer, will be given, the Esplanade Problem with privilege to fill up the excavations in the block-pavements of a number of streets in the north eastern portion of the city. An old plan of a trunk sewer will also be

bestowed upon the lucky winner.

For the third correct answer, will be actually given away, a Street Railway Franchise, Sudbury to Yokohama—with the right to use the trolley and storage systems combined—i. e. so desired.

To the fourth—A valuable offering in the shape of a position of Admiral of a Fleet of Iron Clads, patrolling Ashbridge's Bay, and a connection pipe with the distillery.

To the fifth—That fine piece of property called "Burlington Mountain," including the little hamlet of Hamilton, situate at its base. Any lawyer would draw out deed for a trifle of twenty-five dollars and disbursements—Torren's Title. This, of course, includes Burlington Bay.

To the sixth—We offer a consolation prize—Three vacancies in the United States Congress and an Army Pension. Also a ticket to Washington at lowest cut rates.

Seventh—The privilege to pay any legal and justifiable indebtedness assessed against you, before competing for these prizes.

Eight—This will be an exceptionally good drawing—A permit will be granted to the winner to refrain from elbowing his way through a crowd of sight-seers, regardless of sex or condition—but will not exempt such person from getting a surreptitious punch on the ear.

Ninth—This prize is calculated to inspire awe and general satisfaction—A diamond (eighteen horse carrot), projected on a solid band of gold—that had never been put up more than three times. Also an iceberg of pure Arctic ice, anchored off the coast of Newfoundland, and a pass for a trip around the world, which will be accepted on any of the Island Ferry Boats, during the coming summer.

The Next Twenty Thousand Competitors will get the "Sun Beam" for a whole year for one dollar in advance—They will also get our sympathy.

The very last one who sends us a correct answer and the thirty-five three cent stamps, and the second to the last and so on; will be the worst sold.

We were about to offer the whole City of Toronto as one of the least of the drawings; but, other rival institutions have offered it a number of times—so to even up we offer a "Grand Michael Angelo Piano," with Italian and monkey thrown in.

Prize winners will kindly send in their answers as rapidly as possible, so that

prizes may be awarded not later than the first of June—and, that the proprietor may be able to buy a small lake in Muskoka, with a log, chateau thereon, which he has in view.

Very Gawey.



It is the pretty waiter-girl—
She's one among a score;
And 'tis not that I love them less
But oh, I love her more!
Down to the festive board I sit;
She stands behind my chair;
I catch the slight suggestive cough
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty waiter-girl
She hath a pleasant voice;
Of clops and steaks, of fish and fowl,
She biddeth me make choice.
I ponder on my little joke
While fingering the menu;
Then: "If I were to order duck,
I might, perhaps, get you."

Her eyes are on the table-cloth;
Their glance, it is severe—
"Dr, would I call for venison,
'Twere you again, my dear."
She wears the lefty lock of one
Who searcheth the top shelf;
"Pray, do not ask for 'osee," she said,
"For you might get—yourself."
—Boston Courier.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

Quebec is to have 1000 electric lights.
Chattanooga has 572 telephones in use.
Lenox is to try the electric light next season.

Vienna has put electric lights into its palaces.
Memphis has kicked out the street car mule for electricity.

An electrical gyroscope has been devised in Paris and applied to show the rotation of the earth and to correct ships' compasses.
Electrical mining apparatus and the magnetic treatment of iron ores are exciting no small degree of interest among mining engineers.

An iron elevated railroad, much like the New York pattern, six miles long, is now in process of construction in Liverpool. The cars are to be operated by electricity.

An electric welding machine for making chain cables is among the latest applications of electric welding. It has been found possible to weld two links at the same time.

The Electrical Review is led to exclaim: "Seven hundred million dollars added to the wealth of the country by means of electricity, and nineteen-twentieths of this in the last ten years! Just think of it!"

Miss Percy Goodyear, daughter of the late M. W. Goodyear, was struck by lightning recently. In relating her sensations Miss Goodyear said that without any preliminary warning she felt suddenly as if submerged in roaring waters and with the sound of a cat-tact in her ears. Her next memory was when consciousness returned.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

A Kansas Girl Who Believes Herself to be Another Person.

Dr. Richard Hodgson is preparing for the next issue of the London Journal of Psychical Research an exhaustive paper on the case of Mary Vennum, and it is a strange story. Mary Vennum, is a young girl, a real flesh-and-blood heroine, living to-day with her parents in Rollins County, Kas., and in the present clothed in her right mind. But in her 14 years she has lived two lives, two separate, individual existences.

For almost a year this girl lived a double life and ate as an entirely distinct personality. It cannot be said that she thought she was this other girl into whose individuality her own had been transferred, for she was that other girl. The Mary Koff whom she became and remained for nearly twelve months had died several years before. Yet where her life had been broken by death Mary Vennum took it up, continued its interrupted duties, went to live in her old home and could not be dragged away.

She strongly resembled the dead girl, and in pity they let her live in the Koff household, hoping, too, that she would be cured in time, for they thought that she was suffering from a disease.

Her story finally got abroad, and it has puzzled no end of students of such phenomena. Finally Dr. Hodgson, who is Secretary of the English Psychical Society, had his attention called to the girl. He had gone carefully step by step over Mary Vennum's whole life and not only authenticates all the strange details of this tale of transformation, but has gathered much additional material, which he will weave into his treatise.

Mary was subject to cataleptic fits; after one of these she didn't know her parents and began to talk of things about the Koff house and articles in it that her parents knew nothing about. The Vennum family took the girl to the Koffs, as she was always pleading to be taken home.

There she stayed perfectly content. From the moment she stepped inside the door she treated all the members of the household as old acquaintances. She understood all their peculiarities as if she had been reared among them. She was perfectly familiar with every piece of furniture and every chair and picture, and seemed in every way happy and contented.

Though she had never even visited the house before, she immediately recognized every object that had belonged to the dead girl, and called it her own. One day she ran through the house several times as though looking for something, and she afterward said to M. S. Koff: "Mother, where is Gyp? I want to see him. I am afraid he has not been properly cared for."

Gyp had been the favorite pet of Mary Koff, and had been buried eleven years. His name had never been mentioned before Mary, and the Koffs never remembered to have spoken of him since their acquaintance with the Vennums.

Dr. Hodgson claims that he can verify the story with the best of testimony. He regards the affair as a remarkable case of thought transference, and explains it thus: "The girl was suffering from frequent and acute attacks of catalepsy. While in this condition she was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Koff. She reminded them forcibly of their departed daughter, whom she resembled very much.

"Their daughter had died of the same disorder, and had displayed the same symptoms. What could be more natural, then, if thought transference is ever

possible without the aid of the senses, than that the intense feelings toward their absent daughter, just aroused, should impress her personality upon the cataleptic child? And when the communion between the different minds has been once established independent of the senses, what should hinder its continuance for an indefinite period?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Age of Maturity.

The statistics gathered by the United States Sanitary Commission concerning the height and other proportions of nearly a quarter of a million of soldiers appear to indicate that young men are not, on the average, physically adult until they attain about the age of twenty-eight years. In this connection Professor Shaler says: "It seems to me clear, from my observations on young men in Harvard College, that they do not, on the average, attain the full measure of their mental powers until they are at least twenty-five years old. My observations have inclined me to believe that the reasoning capacities, or at least those involved in carrying on difficult trains of thought are not at their strength until this age.

THE AFFABLE WOMAN.

If She Were More Numerous the World Would be Brighter.

If woman could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in commonplace daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, this would be a far brighter and more agreeable world. Nine-tenths of the gentlewomen one knows would no more address an unintroduced female than bite off a bit of their own tongues. Not once in a blue moon do they dare converse with their servants, the clerk behind the counter, the chance companion of a railway journey, or even the lady who has dropped in to call on a mutual friend. Awkwardness and timidity, with a sense of alleged well-bred reserve, seal their lips to every form of communication. In their shyness and stupid fear of furnishing an opportunity for undue familiarity, they go through life like oysters, as far as those outside their narrow circle are concerned. But thank Heaven! there is a woman, and her tribe is increasing, who realizes all of the beautiful opportunities and rights the gift of speech gives her. She can afford to talk to her domestics about any and everything, and cement their affectionate respect with every word uttered. Her kindly recognition of the shop girl and fragrant pleasant gossip across the yard stick is a wholesome break in the clerk's dull day. To sit beside a respectable female for an hour's train travel, and not exchange greeting as two human beings touching in their journey of life, would confound her kindly nature. She is sure of her dignity and, strong in its integrity, affords to do what possibly a less fine-grained nature shrinks to essay. Her friendly, well chosen words are as far removed from volubility as her cordial manners are from gush. Recognizing the power of speech as the most potent of spells for removing dull, unlovely discontent, embarrassment, and loneliness, she is free with worthy thoughts graciously expressed. It is noticeable that such women never leave drawing-room, kitchen, shop or coach that every other creature of her kind present does not acknowledge to herself the supreme excellence of courtesy above all other feminine characteristics.

Foreign Correspondance.

Moscow, Russia Apl. 2nd., 1892.

TO IVAN BOODLEWICH,

TORONTO, CANADA.

HAIL, DEAR BRATIYA:

I am greatly pleased to hear of the great strides you have taken in the politics of your country, and especially of your success in gathering in large quantities of roubles. The best indication of your worth, is the opposition to your advancement, shown by the mojooks or pesantry, of your country. I quite sympathise with your holy vow, to get one hundred thousand roubles, no matter by what means, or from whom, before you quit politics and seek the quiet of one of your fortresses to enjoy your honest earnings. It is a great pleasure dear Ivan, to note that your grand efforts are appreciated by the Boyars of your country who are about to invest you with the Royal Insignia of Gubernator for a rich Province, and the splendid emoluments belonging to it, and then the hope of your life will be attained. Be not sparing of the knout Ivan, lest the common people get insolent, by showing them too much clemency, they are born slaves and ingrates.

It is with much sorrow, dear Ivan, that I communicate to you the horrible famine, now devastating Holy Russia, brought on by the accursed Jews. I cannot begin to describe the pious horror and rage of our countrymen, fanned by the priests of our holy religion, at these tchortoff (devils) of Jews, who have stolen our money and who have bewitched our soil, so that they get the best crops and have monopolized all our commerce, and stolen our brains, and left us nothing but vodka and ignorance. Our most Holy Tzar, Boyars and Gubernators of our Provinces, have placed restriction upon the Jewish mostchenicks (scoundrels) exacted fines and levies from them, suppressed their education, religion, confiscated their property, made them decant from their religious vows, herded them together, and in every way that human ingenuity could devise, heaped torture scorn and tribulation upon them, but even then their villainous spells, agricultural and commercial industries would break out, but ah! Ivan what with the knout, Siberia and expulsion to the pork-eating Germans, our land will be released from the curse and the horrible famine will accompany it.

There is much yet to be done Ivan, before these Jewish dogs are exterminated or banished, but for your barbarous British instincts, we might expect more sympathy from your dominion, in so holy a cause as the expulsion of the Jews. It is a matter of great pleasure in official circles here, that there is one exception in Canada to that greatest of all fallacies, popular opinion or sentiment found in our sole agent in your dominion, Gospodeen Goldwinoff Smithysoff whose zeal and opposition to Jewish comfort and aggression is appreciated by all patriotic Russians, and

there is talk here too amongst the Boyars of inviting Goldwinoff to accept a responsible post in the Empire as Znaackar (village prophet) a position which he will adorn with credit to himself and the Empire.

Although it is the wish of our mighty Empire to do honor to so distinguished a Jew baiter in the employe of Russia, yet with a certain proviso, Gospodeen Smithysoff is welcome to the high and fitting position of Znaakar, which is that any allusion to the annexation of Holy Russia, to contiguous countries such as, Austria, Germany or China, unless Russia holds the winning cards, would be highly offensive, to Russian prejudices, though only a nominal punishment may be inflicted upon Gospodeen Smithysoff for the first offence leave of absence to go to Siberia for a hundred and some odd years, for the second a Russian Bath and a dose of American politics, yet it is a duty every Russian owes to his God, his country and the Tzar, which in all cases is religiously obeyed.

Dear Ivan, I am gratified to be able to give my approval of your suggestion for a Canadian National Emblem. Promises for the People, Spoils for the Politicians, and poverty for the Country. Your Boyars too might not inaptly, be called political Tzars in which they enjoy certain advantages over our most Holy Tzar that is an autocrat, gives less trouble to our fellow countrymen the nihilists, than if there were a large number of Tzars like your own. It would be a grievous sin in us, to cause the nihilists to go to the unnecessary trouble of plotting to blow up about a thousand Tzars instead of one, besides look at the expense, it is hard enough for zealous Russians to buy black bread, it would be extreme distress to buy dynamite too.

Please address your answer, Ivan to the Kremlin where I will be found kneeling on the sacred steps, in devout supplication, to have the Jews thrown out of Holy Rusia, and afflict the Germans, Austrains, English and Americans, ten times as much as they have us.

In my next letter dear Ivan, I will speak of the plans and aims of our most Holy Russian Empire.

You need not fear the independent or partisan press of your country, Ivan, they do not represent public opinion, and will not interfere with your administration. It is the mojecks and common people that will give you most trouble, lay on the knout and let loose frequent hands of tax-collectors, give thanks to our successful ally Goldwinoff Smithysoff in crushing Jews, excuse my haste I must hurry to the Kabak for my evening vodka.

Your Great Friend,

PETROFF BREAKOFF

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- Foreign Correspondance.
Meditations of a Would-be Suicide.
Canadian Ruins.
Short Sketches, etc., etc.

PEKIN, CHINA, (VIA CANADIAN PACIFIC).

APR. 10TH, 1892

To GIN SLING & CO.,

CHINESE LAUNDLAY,

Tolonto, Ontaleco.

DEAR GIN,

Me velleo mucheo mad, me feel like kelleo something. Chinaman cant travel out of his own countlee. Chinaman cant go to Canada unless he pay fifty dollees. Chinoman cant go to Untitled Stlates at allee, if he do he gette five lees in Singee Singee, and if Chinaman is in Untitled Stlates, he have to getee natalized or go to Singee Singee allee samee. Chinamen feelee like kickee himself allee ovel le spinee. Chinaman wontee go backee on his joss Melicannan have too many goddees, Chinaman wolkee allee timee and savee money, Melicannan dontee work at allee and wastee his money wantee len he wantee kickee Chinaman out and Melican Conglessman blakee law and makee muchee money. Chinese Mandelin blakee law and getee his headee cuttee off Chinaman makee laws befolee Untitled Statle was bolnee. Melicannan intellee in oveybloody business, Chinaman lookee after his own business and he has allee he can do.

Chinaman must gettee even wif Melicannan. Chinaman go Untitled Stlates, Melicannan shootee him, lynchee him, mobbee him, finee him and jaillee him. Melican Missionaries come to China to teach Chinaman chrisstiany, when Melican mans needee it alle at homee, ten thousand Chinamen fallee uponce Melican missionaries and cuttee them all up in slices and bunlee allee Melican missions then chinaman waitee for fleshee batchee Melicannan gettee madee and wantee fightee China. Chinaman dontee caree a cussee. Chinaman can affold to losee couple millionee Chinaman when Untitled States cance onlee loseee tence thousand melicannans. Melicannan no gooddee fol anything buttee spendee monee and dlink whiskey and lagel beel.

Chinaman like Canada velleo well Canada treatee chinaman whitee. China man will not blakee le laws if he gettee treatee allee lightee, allee Chinamen has againt Canada is that Canadlians lot floss the pool to givee to le lich, while melicannan lob floss oveybloody China man likee Canadlians becausee they mindlee theil ownee business, Melicannan makee sick, he is so flesh and thinkee he know oveything.

Goodee bye Sling givee my lovee to Uuu Sung and Ham String. I askee Joss to day if rightee to killee Melican missionaries, and Joss say killee away and dont hotekee youl work. Chinaman ask Joss if it allee rightee to puttee poison in le tea fol le melican market, Joss say goodee enough, Chinaman will gettee even wif Melicannan befole a glato while, joss knowee what he talke about goodee bye Sling, goodee bye: ten thousand Chinaman comee to Canada this

spring to set up business in le laundlay inee, and open up nicee opium joints fol Canadlians to havee a goodee timee.

Yours Velly Truly,

HANG BANG SLOO.

IMPERIAL COURT STR. JOGLAPHIKL.

Meditations of a Would-be Suicide.

One morning early, of a polar April morn, 1892, and while the rising sun was vainly trying to put a little heat in the keen frosty air a young man of some four and twenty, or perhaps four and twenty and a half years, stood alone upon a lofty precipice over-hanging Ashbridge's Bay, which forms the eastern arm of Toronto Harbor. His locks were long, tangled and raven in hue, and were blown in many elfin curls and twists by the tempestuous breeze that swept the rocky range forming the north shore of Ashbridge's Bay. His coat tails flapped in unison with his uncombed locks, and the spring overcoat that enveloped his meagre form looked as if it had gone through not a few financial transactions with its owner's banker, of the three golden balls. His face bore traces of mental torture: was pale and haggard, and encumbered with a week's growth of barber's neglect. His eyes had a fixed and stoney glare as they were bent searchingly on the repulsive waters beneath.

Notwithstanding, that the young man stood above the confluence of an overflowing sewer, and the decomposed liquid that unceasingly flowed from the cow byres, in the sky-blue waters of the bay and change it into a dark rusty brown, and the compound and hydra-headed gases arising therefrom, curling around his features and having a tendency to give him the much needed slave, and finally lodging in his dilated nostrils with almost fatal effect. He seemed to be quite unconscious of the malarial-charged atmosphere, and appeared to be determined on self-destruction, either by asphyxiation or drowning.

Ten years ago to-day he murmured, I was a happy youth, revelling in a good appetite and several suits of clothes; while my indulgent parents had their hands full to provide funds for the household expenses, and not hurt my feelings in asking me to pay a proportion for my maintenance and education. I have not hurt their feelings since, either, by referring to the matter. Ten years ago to-day I dropped into a good situation as deputy collector for the Ontario Campaign fund, at ten dollars a week; in a fatal moment I became ambitious for wealth and fame—wealth first and fame was bound to follow. During that emotional insanity I invested my hard wrought earnings in Louisiana Lottery tickets, only reserving enough for my billiard and laundry bills, righteously thinking that my board and lodging at home, and my tailoring account could stand till I struck the

lucky number—they have stood just ten years up to twelve o'clock to-night. What would I give to recall those anxious years? What would my friends give to recall the confidence they placed in my honor to repay their many little financial favors, now for the most part outlawed? Yes, all those mistaken years and lost dollars when I might have made a pot of money on the Gutenberg track (emphasizing his remarks by lifting off the ground about a hundred weight of uncalled for lottery tickets, neatly tied in smaller packages with blue tape and alphabetically arranged). Before I take the final plunge (all at once the would-be suicide became aware of the lethal capacity of the vagrant gases, then hurriedly tied the stone around his neck, which was to bear him forever from the allurements of the lottery of life). I write on the back of this bundle a warning to young suckers and old fools, to halt and reflect before investing in Louisiana, Quebec and Patagonia wheat and pork margins, hooks all baited with fly young brokers and elegantly chased quotation tickers. "Weigh goods before paying cash." "A hundred dollars in hand is worth five thousand in Chicago wheat." All is lost, honor included.

Now, O Neptune, god of the dirtiest water between here and the Humber, prepare to embrace a colossal gudgeon. Just then, out of the chaos of gases, a voice sepulchral and threatening yelled out in demoniac glee "Ha, ha, ha; Neptune took sick at the stomach and went up the Don for fresh water."

Well by the shades of Beavis and Redway, if this doesn't beat everything Neptune has has my sympathy. I guess then I will have Ashbridge's Bay all to myself. Hold, stay! do mine eyes deceive me, or does it take an opera glass to tell that that object heaving gently in the billowy waters is a dead horse with a decayed dog rampant alongside, and a lot of aromatic fish forming a halo around with their white stomachs glistening in the morning sun. I would not lack company there that certainly would not be the bourne from which no traveler ever returns, when the festive anglers come down here in the warm season to catch the diseased catfish and sore backed perch, and perchance get their hooks in my fungus-covered clothes, and by the same trait hook towed to the morgue and packed away in chloride of lime and other disinfectants, awaiting identification and speedy interment. No I guess I will take the same route that Neptune did and seek some unsoiled pool to find a sarcophagus for my remorse up the Don.

As the young man stopped and debated with himself, a bright idea seemed to cross his turbulent thoughts, for a wild burst of laughter issued from his lips, which echoed and re-echoed among the cliffs and caverns of the rock-bound bay and died away amongst the cattle byres.

Ha, at last; I am a made man! I came here to lose and have found what, a fortune. Let me see, for nearly a mile north of Ashbridge's Bay there is a large population who are bound to take

some sort of a fever this coming summer together with the people from other parts of the city who will come here to fish and for pleasure, a floating population so to speak, who are bound to be affected with malaria, perhaps typhus as well, they will all need medicine, and I am going to supply it give it a name and they will all rush for it and my fortune is made. It is a long causeway that has no angle in it. How would Ashbridge's Bay antidote do. Boil a lot of thistle roots, pitch in these old lottery tickets for the required bitterness, and flavor with some cheap whiskey, presto, pack away your bullion and nobody will be the wiser nor better for that matter, then I will invest in brewery stock and live on my wealth for the rest of my days. With these new thoughts surging through his fertile brain the young man's step became elastic once more and his ambition soared aloft, as he bounded from crag to crag and reached the beaten paths of commerce, intent on supplying a panacea to a disease stricken district at one dollar per bottle, sold by all leading druggists.

Thus there are some things in this world which will even disenchant a person from premeditated suicide. Let the traveller seek the nothern shore of Ashbridge's Bay if he have courage, and there read the above legend, cut deep on the flinty surface of its perpendicular cliff.

Ancient Canadian Ruins.

Far away in the interior of Canada, far from the busy haunts of real estate speculators, a weary wayfarer sat with his feet resting on the balcony, in the house of a hospitable friend. The house was of the style called "Romanesque" situated on the western bank of a tumultuous stream, whose source could probably be traced to the mountain recesses, in the interior. The noise and the dashing spray of the sparkling water were a fitting contrast to the quiet of the evening, and yon crumbling walls and turrets of a feudal castle, and the neglected, and grass-grown palisades, moat dry with a gaping breach, marking, no doubt, the position of the draw-bridge, which has often responded to the martial commands of the Warder of the Keep, "up draw-bridge, down portcullis," while all the force of the besieging enemy was brought to bear on its capture and its subjugation, and the battle cries of St. George and meery England, and of St. Andrew and Bannockburn, intermingled with dying groans, and the play of battle axes and swords upon the mailed warriors. The shaveling monks, crucifix in hand, kneeling down beside some battered soldier, offering absolution to a shivering soul before the last spark of life was extinguished, like millions who have gone before and the myriads that have since been reduced to nothingness. Fancy might people the winding road that leads right up to the gates of the castle, with a noble array of warriors in complete armor, upon prancing steeds, plumed

knights accompanied by their squiremen, bow men, pike men, armorers and banners and bannerets, with their battle axes, spears, helmets, breast plates etc., flashing a thousand lights, in the rays of the sun. While triumphant they cross the now lowered draw-bridge to take possession of the hard won castle. Fancy too can see the remnant of that noble band of defenders, with bowed heads and lowered crests, yield up the ancient possessions and proud chivalry to their stronger foes, but who are mercifully put to the torture, and such thumb-screws, and rack which the castle may contain are devoted to their special entertainment, together with such other means to produce human agony as the genius of the invaders may suggest or thrust into some mill dewed dungeon built expressly for conquered knights and their retainers, so far below the earth's surface, that the only light they ever get are a few sparks coming through the fissures connecting with the seething chaldron, situate in the bowels of the earth.

All these things the tired traveller's fancy saw, while the gentle wind swayed the willows that spread their branches afar over the dancing waters, there almost under the balcony on the green shaven lawn three or four prettily dressed children were sitting in a row on as many large round objects, globular in form, painted a beautiful scarlet. Again the old crumbling walls, and broken parapets, are peopled with different beings, here and there groups of persons in fashionable guise are standing discussing the ruins, and pointing up to some battle-scarred turret, to show from what vantage point the besieged could pour down upon the besiegers, boiling water, rocks and their maledictions, causing great carnage and retaliation. Here and there, too, may be seen amateur artists sketching the massive and historic remains, which when sold to the victim will have such heavenly scenery and display such modern architectural skill, that one might travel all over the known earth and not find its counterpart. Just then the Grand Trunk N. & N. W. division express shot across the castle's palisade and clearly clove in twain the occlusion, and what intensified it was, that the children began to roll their red seats over the lawn which on inspection proved to be pumpkins, fallen from the neighboring trees. So very cold water was thrown on the efforts of the antiquarian, searching for Canadian ruins.

It must be confessed, though reluctantly, that the ruin referred to, was and is, an old grist mill adjacent to the town of Newmarket, Ont, which had been subjected to a conflagration, leaving nothing but bare walls and a tall chimney, together with mill-race and a fruitful loss of funds. If it had not been for that monstrous modern invention, the express train, the antiquary might at least have found and handed down to posterity the site and remains of a ruin, teeming with tradition and a historic epoch, food also for romantic inspiration also used for

applying a one-horse town with light which is promptly extinguished when the curfew of Newmarket rings at 10 p.m. and people getting off the late train wrap their heads against the town in their efforts to reach their several destinations unrelieved by a light from a single window.

The nearest approach to a Canadian ruin, that the antiquary, has so far unearthed, is that majestic ivy-covered and complete ruin, the Liberal Party of Canada, whose traditions and policy, will be a source of great marvel and approach, for many, many generations until even the very site of its fruitless struggles will be effaced.

A Good Investment.

We understand that the Ontario Nickle Mountain Mining Company, still have a number of their shares on the market.

They claim to have the richest nickel deposit in the Sudbury District and of vast extent.

The Company is composed principally of Toronto gentlemen, who have for the past few years been engaged in prospecting for minerals and having discovered and acquired their rich and extensive deposits and having done all the necessary preliminary work in opening up their mines in a way to prove conclusively the immensity and richness of their nickel and other mineral deposits, propose to go into active operations as producers in the very near future.

It is claimed on their behalf as shown by their prospectus, that the profits of nickel mining are enormous. They demonstrate that their profits are certain to be not less than twenty one per cent. per annum on their whole capital, under the most adverse circumstances; while under favorable conditions and circumstances, over one hundred per cent. per annum will be made. No doubt all the shares, will shortly be taken up.

Any information required, will cheerfully be given by Ald G. S. Macdonald, Sec Treas., 21 Victoria street, Toronto, where prospectuses of the company may be had on application.

The President of the Company is Ald. J. Knox Leslie, now, a candidate in the East Riding of York for the seat made vacant by the death of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

Skirmishes From the Camp.

Redford C. was born and brought up in a city not more than a stone's throw from West Toronto Junction, by a painstaking mother who, was also a strict disciplinarian of the Methodist Church. So rigid was her discipline, that Redford was obliged to attend church twice each Sunday, including communions and Sunday-school class as well. Every evening of every week Redford had to attend class or missionary meeting connected with the church, and such time as he did not devote to the private school, he had to fill in with moral and religious exercise, and every method was adopted to mould him into a model Christian and scholar. Every effort was put forth to separate him from the common rabble, and successfully too, up to the period, when Redford reached the age of nineteen or twenty years. It then dawned upon Redford, that he was getting too good and not fit for the polluted earth; and began to chafe under the iron rule of his mother; even while conducting a Bible class at Sunday-school, he showed a disposition to rebel at the restraint, which was manifested by his banging one of the boys in his class over the head with a Bible, for not being quickly imbued with Bible truths, accompanying his impressions by sundry quotations from a language not recognized by the Church. In fact Redford, longed for a more earthly style of life, which he speedily attired himself with, and began to chew tobacco and swear, plenteously and ferociously, shocking his mother's sensibilities exceedingly, but for that, Redford cared not, so he began to get as tough as he possibly could, and he did not lack such aids as the Noble Ward could supply, at a moment's notice, in abundance. By the time Redford reached his majority, it would be impossible to find a clean spot in his moral character, with a microscope. Strange to say Redford enjoyed the change immensely, and drank whiskey regularly and spontaneously, without the slightest regard for his future state. Redford was jovial and belonged to the gang. At one period Redford disappeared from his usual haunts and did not turn up for a year or two, when he did he was singularly reticent about it, his hair too looked as if it had been cut in a fashion, not according to ordinary street wear. However, it is at the annual volunteer camp we find him at his best.

When the brigade camped its quarters at Holland Landing, Redford C. and his companions from the Ward were select privates in No. — Company of the 12th, Batt. of York Rangers, and formed what is called the "Corps de Cook," or Cook's Brigade, that is those who took charge of the bonillion department (fly-blown-soup), sewed up in semi-circular canteens, often encrusted with gangrene, formed themselves into a select "Corps-de-Cook." They usually turned their coats inside out, and wore canteens on their heads, and burnt cork faces; they always had a pet snake, pet crow, or squirrel as the case might be, their music was of the most hideous pattern, consisting of fifes, drums, tin pans and tin horns, everyone playing an air to suit himself. They presented a most grotesque appearance, and were popular with both the town and camp, and many is the civilian and the officer they led up to the canteen to supply the drinks.

Redford was commander in chief of this imposing brigade, and led it with honor to himself and the drinks for them all.

How the rank and file will rally around a chief they like and respect, is best illustrated by an incident that befell Redford while in command of the Cooks' Brigade.

All the time that Redford was absent from his home, his mother never ceased to remind him of the paths that lead to salvation or destruction, always without the slightest effect. Though one of her efforts did effect Redford in a degree not expected by him. Redford, while at camp, received from his mother a nice little Bible, accompanied by a letter imploring him to use it at divine service without fail, and he would be much benefited both in body and in soul. Redford took a large chew of tobacco instead, and lent the Bible to one of his subordinates, who though more profanely brought up, yet showed signs of religious convictions. The next day or two after, his companion returned the Bible with the information that while turning over the leaves he found five twenty-five cent shimplasters which he intended giving back to Redford, but while his resolution was warm he met the boys, and told them about it, and in an evil moment he was led into temptation, and they went and braced the canteen to the last cent.

Redford was simply furious, and threatened to lick the whole crowd, but he eventually thought otherwise.

Here was a Bible question which agitated his nature profoundly. He set himself to work and turned over every leaf of his Bible carefully, from the beginning to the end, and the truth dawned upon him that his search was in vain, so he swore both loud, deep and continuously.

A bright summer sun was shedding his almost vertical, and scorching rays upon the picturesque bank of the Niagara; showing the lines of white tents and the battalions of volunteers in their brilliant uniforms, going through their annual brigade manoeuvres, sweating copiously and getting their faces peeled in his unmerciful glare. The bands play, the artillery dash from point to point and the cavalry wheel and counter-wheel; while the delighted spectator looks on the gaudy scene, occasionally changing from one tired foot to another. The broad, blue waters of the Niagara river, dotted with lively crafts, flow out into the deeper blue of Lake Ontario. The star-spangled banner waves over Fort Niagara on the American side, as if throwing out a permanent challenge for some one to come and get licked. Niagara-on-the-Lake, embosomed on the Canadian side, amongst peach, plum, cherry and other fruit-bearing trees, breathes the cooler air of the lake, at two dollars a head, and looks complacently at the steamboats unloading their cargoes of soldiery and excursionists, upon the dock, crowded with curious idlers, which is a time-honored custom of the town. (For the benefit of the ignorant, it is as well to state that Niagara-on-the-Lake, is not anchored out on the lake, as many suppose, but is firmly built on the land, near enough for advertising purposes).

Redford C. was among those who took part in the annual camp at Niagara, and worked hard and conscientiously in the Cook's Brigade, and he it here stated, that he was eminently successful, for there was not a canteen in the whole brigade nor their civil counterpart in the town that did not contribute their nightly or daily offerings of sunstroke antidotes, to himself and corps, not of course of being reimbursed by patriotic civilians or by such volunteers that were largely endowed with funds. It is much to the credit of the volunteers who attend the brigade camps, that they were never known to have any money when the camp broke up. They spared not the money if they could beg, borrow or misappropriate it, for the martial glory of their country.

Redford had been in receipt of a letter from his devoted mother, to the effect that by the next steamboat he would receive a hamper; which might serve as an agreeable change from the exceedingly luxurious rations, shovelled out to the volunteers three times per day. Redford felt thankful for the news, and anticipated the delightful revelry of a carefully packed hamper. Being the chief officer of the Cook's Brigade, he thought it due to his dignity to go down to the boat unattended, and receive the goods, and then seek some cool and sequestered spot, there to regale his ample longings in a dainty repast. While he was debating with himself where the chosen spot would be to hold his private picnic, the steamboat had arrived, and it so happened that some half dozen members of his own corps were standing on the wharf when it came, and chancing to see Redford's hamper they undertook so take it to him, but by the time they reached the first shady tree, they got tired and sat them down to rest and take a peep at the contents of the hamper, in fact they went further, and started to sample the whole business, and in the midst of their destructive labors Redford came hurring by with fond anticipations clearly imprinted on his face. he stopped just when the boys were opening a can of lobsters and breaking up a mince pie, the sight of which sharpened his appetite so much that he asked for a piece of fruit cake and some cold chicken that they had just started on but no, the boys were too busy to pay the least attention to his request. He stood there and watched them with watering mouth and hungry eye, till they polished the last chicken bone and would't give him a mouthful.

Redford, after hurling a lot of profane remarks at his subordinates, told them they might go to some tropical climate as he was going after a hamper of his own.

When he found that the boys had received his hamper, and he watched them in acute agony eat it all up; his profanity was both compound and lengthy. He by degrees got over his surprise, and applied himself to his regular duties. He knew that he would have done the very same thing under like circumstances.

One thing however was effected by his mother's care. Redford, became impervious to religious sentiments and doctrinal injunctions from thence and for ever.

It is not quite certain whether the above points out a moral or not; but a little alloy in inculcating religious obligations in youth such as, going a fishing, making mud pies, climbing trees and a few free and rough and tumble fights may be of some service to the cause of religion.

While on the subject of hampers, a little incident in connection with the late North West Revolt, may adorn these pages. A young fellow in a commercial way was relating to a knot of interested listeners, how he and some friends of his at Montreal, sent up about fifty dollars worth of choice cigars, to several of their friends in the Montreal Artillery, but after the "war was over," the artillery friends said they never got any cigars; but they noticed that the staff officers seemed to be enjoying an unusual supply of fragrant "Havanas," "Terra del Fuegos," "Bronchos," "Paders," "Madres," etc. When the friends found that the officers collared the whole invoice, they got very mad, when everyone knows that the rank and file have not any privileges which the officers are bound to respect, it is quite clear that these civilians were grossly unreasonable and presumptuous.

Just let the reader, picture to himself a whole detachment of privates smoking fifteen cent cigars, while moving their guns in position to obliterate a clump of half breeds. Fancy the feelings of the officers in command, the officers were quite right in appropriating any stray luxuries that came along—while examining parcels that might contain traitorous newspapers and rebel dispatches. The dignity of the commissioned officers must be maintained. If any foolish people wish to send the word to any of their friends, acting as full private, let them send blackstrap and clay pipes which is quite good enough

for the pack mules that make up the rank and file.

CURRENT TOPICS IN A CLAM SHELL.

A Study in Evolution.

That portion of our Civil Service, the City Hall, affords to the student food for considerable thought, if not recreation; in its complex and somewhat antiquarian methods.

Probably the most important part of the civic machinery is its official heads and stratified clerkships—First, the growth and development of permanent clerks; these are divided into two classes—those who are closely connected by ties blood, with civic rulers, who have a strong pull and keep the wires well assorted—these comprise the under clerkships, and does not necessarily imply that any great amount of education should go with them. The only qualification necessary, is sufficient tact to express no opinions, but those that have prevailed from times immemorial. Then we come to the lesser or grosser element of civic employes—such as caretakers, messengers, etc., whose positions are obtained through the same process, only in a less degree. These pay great deference to the clerks and upwards in a ratio corresponding to the importance of the official—and in time these become permanently entrenched in the confidence of their official chiefs.

Thus, step by step, by not obtruding their personal convictions, these messengers, clerks, etc., become firmly rooted, and by becoming familiar with the different pulleys, ropes and fine wires of civic works, they command the situation and increased salaries. As time ripens, they rise to heads of departments—making sure to fill any

voids, with such assistants as will meet with their views, and have some affinity by blood or marriage—then when they retire, properly bonused, a beneficent council, for their efficient and long services, they feel as if they had fulfilled their duty, by providing for posterity of their own lineal descendants.

Such in brief is a synopsis of the permanent staff of that wonderful and noiseless civic machinery. There however, is another branch of this service, of a rather transient nature, consisting of temporary clerks or aids. These are but one class, helpers, when there is any rush of business and generally confined to copying. These helpers for the most part, are men who have had lots of business experience but out of their regular employment. They are composed of book-keepers, merchants, etc. Now these temporary helpers positions in the departments are indirect contrast to the permanent staff. Their work is for the most part piece-work for which the tariff is not excessive.

These again are appointed by means of the same set of pulleys and wires and may be advanced or repelled, by the departmental clerk, in charge of their work according to the bond of friendship. Those of them as are thus favored arrange to do a large proportion of work and of course far exceed others in the salary list consequently, when the list comes up in the civic estimates, the largest earnings are in obvious disproportion to the lowest. Then a wise executive cut down the tariff, regardless of the fact that while aiming to cut down those who make the most, they economize at the expense of the less favored, but more conscientious clerks.

The student of modern civic legislation and departmental customs, will also observe—the nice poise of departmental usage. The temporary clerks having no connection with the permanent clerk or chief clerk, is switched on

to an easy book—when working at books—and thus have a great advantage over one who gets a harder book to work at. He gets through his book quickly (the number of books is limited) and is favored with another one, thereby getting twice or thrice the amount of work and probably four times the pay.

The temporary clerks also indulge in day work, and they indulge in it as long as they possibly can without worrying it any.

No doubt, it is a considerable problem to the student what becomes of those temporary clerks (with the exception of a possible few that become permanent ones by having an unusually strong leverage). Well, during the process of evolution, they are sent out with express wagons, to assist the express men to deliver the voters' list, which lasts but a few days. After that they are appointed to the scavenging department, to gather up garbage in the back lanes of the city, and those who don't get dumped in the Cremator, probably find pasture in scraping the city streets, or get appointed as dog-catchers.

The student may now follow the course of evolution with a perfect certainty of finding the large number of book-keepers, druggists, Brokers and merchants who annually disappear in the ranks of the scavengers and street cleaners and where the temporary clerks leave off the permanent clerks begin.

ADVERTISE

IN THE

"SUN BEAM."

VOTE FOR J. K. LESLIE

EAST YORK ELECTION.**Reform Convention.****J. K. LESLIE, NOMINATED**

Perhaps the largest, most unanimous and enthusiastic reform convention ever held in the East Riding of York, was the one held on Monday last at Marlham, for the selecting of a candidate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the lamented death of the late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. The village was quite astir with the large influx of strangers, and the town hall was filled to overflowing, for there were representations from every part of the riding. It was a spontaneous gathering too, for no cards or circulars had been issued, simply the announcement of the meeting made to the officers of the local organizations had been sufficient to bring this large representative gathering together, and the spirit of determination to win seemed to animate every one. A special train left the Union Station taking the different stations on the route. On arriving at the hall no time was lost in proceeding to business, the first thing being the regular annual business of the Association. Mr. J. C. Clark occupied the chair. On calling for nominations the first name mentioned was Capt John Knox Leslie, which was received with rousing cheers, others nominated were H. R. Frankland, John Richardson, Jos. Tate, E. Schoff, Preston, J. H. Mackenzie, J. T. Moor, John Brown, J. S. Willison, J. Gibson, ex-Ald. Hill and Crosley. All these addressed the meeting in turn, those of them having a personal acquaintance with Ald Leslie, having made that acquaintance while clerk in York township or as an alderman of the city, or from residence in the same neighborhood, spoke very highly of his ability and honesty and fitness to represent

the constituency in parliament. The remainder addressed themselves to questions of political moment, and all retired in favor of J. K. Leslie.

Mr. Leslie in rising was received with great applause all present rising to do him honor. He said that he had not been desirous of the nomination, though he fully appreciated the honor that had been conferred upon him so unanimously, but it having been represented to him that he was probably the best man to carry the constituency, he had thought his duty to lay aside personal considerations and take up the standard of the party. He paid a very high tribute to the noble character of the late member, the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. He also thanked those who preceded him for the kind things they had said of him, and if elected he would do all in his power to deserve the confidence placed in him, and to prove himself a worthy successor of the noble statesman who had preceded him. He then dealt with the question of trade. He contrasted the state of the country in this respect before the adoption of the National Policy, with what it is now, and he said that he would leave the census and trade returns to say whether what had been promised as the result of its adoption had been realized. While the farmer had been made to pay 35 per cent more for implements and other requisites, had he obtained a better price for his produce? Were the number of factories increased around us, and more mechanics receiving a higher rate of wages in proportion to the greater cost of the necessaries of life? Had our population increased to the extent it was said that it would? The census returns would show we had not retained the number of people that the natural increase has given us, to say nothing of those that had been brought here by a large expenditure of money. He was not op-

posed to reciprocity of trade with the United States, but he was of the opinion that the best market for Canada was the British market, and what he was prepared to advocate was free trade with England. If we have this the government at Washington may pass what restrictive measures they please, and it would be a matter of indifference to us. With free trade with England, the United States would soon see it to be to their advantage to obtain like privilege. He was proud of being a British subject, and he had no desire to seek protection under any other flag, Annexation was not an issue in this contest, neither is it likely to become an issue at any rate for some time to come. He was in favor of the appointment of a railway commission to settle difficulties on a fair and just basis. He was in favor of appointing a commission to investigate the workings of all combines. The men who contribute to huddle funds are of combines. He rated the Government for their hoodling transactions, and for taking back after the elections, men who had been discharged before for dishonesty, and paying their salaries for the time they were out. He was pleased of having been the choice of such a large and respectable gathering, and he hoped that the relations so pleasantly commenced would long continue. He accepted the nomination. At the close of this speech the meeting went into the work of organization. The special tram returned about half past seven o'clock.

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