

THE BAND OF BOODLE MAKERS.

To the Editor of the

"NORTH-CHINA DAILY NEWS."

SIR,—Yesterday there appeared a letter in your issue *re* H.C.L. and to-day an announcement by the Ice Guild. Is there any connexion? or I should say: Is it cause and effect? I will leave it to your readers.

During the past several years the price of commodities and all kinds of labour has been forced up. Do you know who did it? I.—We.—who started the vicious circle in which all you Shanghai cattle are now milling? Was it the exchange? the increase in taxes? debased coinage? Huh! There is no cohesion among your consumers, and you never will be able to get together, much less form guilds to counteract ours. We have guilds for every conceivable thing, and we strike first and strike hard. Is there any among you (excepting you, Sir) with enough grey matter in his brain box to beat our scheming?

No, Sir, you are one and all welcome to your puerile attempts. We laugh at your efforts and shall continue so to do. We are the indispensable, and we dictate.

For we sow not, neither do we reap nor gather into barns, yet—we are gorged. Firms may come and firms may go, but we go on forever. And you pay, pay, pay.

For we are the honourable Guild of Bandeleros, and.

I am, etc.,

ONE OF THEM.

Shanghai, March 15.