



MAKING A HAUL.



TORONTO, January 30, 1891.

The death, after but a week's illness, and that apparently not severe, of James Hector Maclean, one of the editors of the *Toronto World*, and a brother of Mr. W. F. Maclean, the proprietor and editor-in-chief, has left a gap in journalistic circles that will not readily be filled. The ability, pluck, journalistic genius and educational fitness for their task that have distinguished the brothers Maclean in the conduct of their paper, have ensured to it the success it now enjoys, besides winning for the young men themselves the regard of the public. Toronto has lost so many clever young journalists within the last three years that the list has become formidable. A younger brother of the *World* editors died very suddenly about a year ago, so that the family have scarcely recovered before they are again stricken.

The *Evening News* lately gave a very clever thing, sent them by a Toronto gentleman. It is the "opening address, spoken at the Lyceum Theatre, (sic) Toronto, Jan. 26, 1847." The address was taken from a copy of *The Albion* of February 20, 1847, published at 3 Barclay street, New York, and called, in a sub-title, *The British Colonial and Foreign Weekly Gazette*; price \$6 a year. Why the address appeared in an American paper is not explained; probably because it was good. The writer's name is not mentioned.

Though the address is too long to give in full, a few verses will show its merit.

"Welcome, kind friends! who wish the new-born year
Return to smile upon our efforts here—
Whom laughing Thalia's voice once more recalls
To grace Lyceum's bare and whitewashed walls.

Would we might boast a hall (as others do)
More worthy of the Drama—and of you;
But till Toronto rears a Covent Garden,
Extend to all discomforts here your pardon.

Remember, 'tis not every one is able
To build a Pit and Boxes—in a stable;
Convert a coach-house into such a clean room,
And of a hay-loft make a pleasant Green Room!

In short, it is a somewhat puzzling feat
To turn a Mews into a Muse's seat!
But never mind the want of Paint and Gilding,
And judge us by our acting—not our Building."

In the last verse the rhymers says:

"I hear *Besnard's* impatient—I am certain
That's his brogue swearing at me through the curtain."

And again:

"And if to some of us some error's fall,
Wait for *Besnard*—he'll make amends for all."

Can any of your readers tell us who *Besnard* was? The genius of appreciation waits to put the name thus enshrined upon her list, where it is not given to every actor's name to stand.

A funny hit is given in the ninth stanza, funny in the light of later developments.

"And smiling, Oluns yields—to rich Miss Coutts,"
(Who, by the way, I'm told by old Miss Blab,
Is wavering 'twixt Napoleon and McNab!)

Is it Canada's famous McNab that was intended by the humourist?

I see that the visit of the Premier this week was taken advantage of by the Dominion Trades' Congress to press upon him the matter of free books in our public schools. The York County Council passed a resolution at its last meeting condemning the proposition *in toto*. There are, however, two sides to this question. The state undertakes to educate every child within it, and has the power to enforce the use of such text-books as it may appoint. In the past it has put this power into exercise with a vengeance, ordering new text-books, and revised editions of the old, until it is, as cheap in England to pay the regular fees of a high class school, and buy the books as well, as it is in Canada to maintain children at our public or free schools. The management of our Education Department of Ontario in this particular, makes it impossible for the younger children of a family to succeed in turn to the books used by the elder, even though by promotion the elder may have had to get the books for the new class within a year; the consequence is, parents in comfortable circumstances find the education of their children a heavy item in their expenditures, and the poor find it almost impossible.

If the state had to pay for the books used in its schools, it would soon enter upon more economical methods. And if the books are found free, the cost will have to come out of the taxes; there will be no charity or inequality in it; and fewer books will be discarded because of some fashionable whim that tickles the fancy of our *soi-disant* grammarians and geographers.

Moreover, it is possible that cheaper production will ensue, and the wise British maxim be understood, that cheap teaching and expensive text-books undo each other.

It is satisfactory to learn, on Mr. Premier Mowat's authority, that our Minister of Education is in favour of free text-books.

It is not often that the animal kingdom plays a prominent part in our amusements. Once a year a circus comes this way, stays a couple of days, is crowded to suffocation, and then leaves us the posters to feast upon. The Grand Opera House, however, has this week been the theatre of display of a wonderful company of educated horses, twenty-five in number. Professor Bristol has had an unqualified success with them here, which is not to be wondered at, since among our citizens we count T. C. Patterson, whose efforts certainly gave the first important impetus to the improvement of Canadian horses; Dr. Moorehouse, the owner of the famous jumper Rosebury—isn't seven-and-a-half feet straight jump wonderful? Dr. Campbell and Dr. Smith, with a following of ladies and gentlemen that takes in a large proportion of the very highest classes.

The resignation of Mr. Edward Fisher from the leadership of the Choral Society has caused universal regret. Mr. Fisher's connection with the society, as its conductor, has been of long standing, eighteen years, I believe, and nothing less than the demands upon his time from other and imperative musical duties would have forced the acceptance of his resignation. He is succeeded by Signor D'Auria, who has rapidly won himself a high position in musical circles, and under whom the society will certainly maintain the reputation it has reached.

The Caledonians had a gran' time o't on Burn's birthday, singing, dancing and flinging, both positively on the platform and figuratively all over the hall, under the presidency of Mr. Robert Swan, one of our oldest, most honest—and that's saying a great deal in connection with coffee—and largest grocers.

From the *Scottish-American* the *Mail* takes a communication relating to Burns and Bishop Skinner, the son of the author of 'Tullochgorum,' from which the lines, following quite in the vein of Burns, to whom they were addressed, is all I must give you.

"Sae, canty plowman, fare-ye-weel,
Lord bless ye lang wi' hae and heil,
And keep ye aye the honest chiel
That ye hae been,
Syne left ye to a better beil
Whan this is deen."

The Imperial Federation meeting in the Auditorium last night was a grand success. The floor and first gallery were filled—nay packed—with the best people of the city. The seats of honour in the gallery were occupied by the Government House party in evening dress, Miss Marjorie Campbell, in plum-coloured velvet, half-high, looked very elegant.

Principal Grant was the speaker of the evening, and delivered a brilliant and logical speech in advocacy of Imperial Federation. But much disappointment is generally expressed that more time was not allotted to Dalton McCarthy, the retiring president of the league. It would be well if speakers remembered that audiences have their rights, and that when four speakers are announced, the audience would like to hear two at least.

Meyerbeer's *Marche Indienne* from *L'Africaine*, to be given by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the splendid band of the Queen's Own, at the Pavilion, and Gilbert and Sullivan's latest and, as some say, best, "The Gondoliers," at the Grand Opera, are the chief musical events of the coming week.

The Royal Yacht Club Ball on Wednesday at the Pavilion promises to out-run both. The decoration of the Pavilion has been going on for several days already, and many adaptations have been made in order to provide a handsome supper-room and other convenient apartments. The conservatory will be thrown open for promenading, and among its gigantic palms no doubt many cozy nooks will be found.

The ice is gone again, and skaters are feeling as cheap as the rink-owners.

S. A. CURZON.

A NEW FORMULA.—Little Johnnie united the tails of his two pet kittens. He added the extremes—which was mean.—*Ashland Press*.