



A FAMILIAR OUTLINE.

THE QUIZZICAL MAX.

NO happier thought could have occurred to a Celt than that of getting up a comedy-lecture in which he would criticise the Anglo-Saxon in the latter's own language and to his face; and to no more competent Celt could this idea have occurred than to the gentleman now so widely known as Max O'Rell. The inspiration, being acted upon, has resulted in an entertainment which gives unlimited amusement to the English-speaking man all over the world, while at the same time it supplies its clever proprietor with a vast amount of fun, travel and hard cash. The audience which greeted Max O'Rell at Massey Hall on Monday evening had to all appearance as enjoyable a time as it is possible for people to have with any regard to their buttons and other frail fixings. The French humorist was in splendid form, and notwithstanding that many of the good things were said in his former Toronto lecture, everything seemed fresh from start to finish. At the hands of such a genius a bill of fare consisting of chestnuts only would go down with most audiences as a veritable banquet.

THE DETROIT MARVEL.

THERE is a gentleman in Detroit named Owen—Dr. Orville W. Owen. In his house he has a couple of large cylinders placed close together, like panorama rollers, and upon them is fixed a long web of cotton. Upon this cotton are pasted the pages in regular order of the complete works of Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Spencer, Burton, Greene, Peel and Marlow. By means of a cipher which he claims to have discovered in the Shakespeare plays, Dr. Owen has deciphered from this web a continuous, coherent story in blank verse, written and hidden by Sir Francis Bacon, who claims to be the real author of all the books referred to. Already three volumes of the story have appeared, and the fourth is now announced. Included in the contents of the fourth is a complete tragedy in five Acts entitled, "Mary, Queen of Scots," which is declared by the New York *Herald* to be "surpassed in dramatic fervor by nothing in the Shakespeare plays." The volumes may

be obtained from the Howard Publishing Co., of Detroit, price 50 cents each. That the prodigious claim made on Bacon's behalf can be true is unbelievable, and yet, if untrue, how are these volumes of consecutive, coherent and highly poetical matter to be accounted for? That is the literary question of the day, and a shrug of the shoulders does not answer it satisfactorily.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(From an early issue of the *World*.)

THE latest from the seat of war in the east is that the Japs will not attempt for the present to reach the Chinese capital. The journey is a long one and the roads are bad. It would be a great convenience just now to the invaders if there were Sunday cars, but China happens to be in that respect as far behind the age as Toronto.

We think we may with all modesty claim for the *World* a good share of the credit for the present boodle investigation, and we hope it will go on until the crooked Aldermen are all exposed and cleaned out. The good name of Toronto is at stake, and to retain that good name before the world we must have honesty and uprightness at the City Hall. There is only one thing more essential, and that is Sunday cars.

The revolution in New York City by which Tammany has been downed, and a new era of purity and good government inaugurated, has been credited chiefly to the patriotic labors of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. No doubt that gentleman and his allies deserve high credit, but the real reason of the marvellous overturn is just a little below the surface. It was unquestionably the ballots of the common people that did the business, and Dr. Parkhurst no doubt first awakened public opinion on the subject, but all would have come to nought if the people had not met together down town to discuss the questions involved. Most of this discussion was done on Sundays, when the citizens had leisure, and *they got together, be it noted, by means of the Sunday Cars*. If Toronto wants its Tammany upset, let it clearly understand that *only by having Sunday Cars* can the work be accomplished.

RUBENSTEIN, the great pianist, is dead. He ranked as one of the greatest—if not the very greatest—player of his time, and besides being a notable artist he was a man of charitable impulse. The illness from which he died was the result of wear and tear to his constitution occasioned by his frequent trips abroad. He visited Toronto some years ago and if he spent Sunday in this city—a point upon which we have no precise recollection—and over-exerted himself in walking to the distant parks, it is morally certain that his demise was indirectly due to the unreasoning prejudice of those of our citizens who are dead set against Sunday cars.



BLACKMALE.