

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

The N. P. appears to work well in Toronto, and yet perhaps there never was a time when so many houses were to let as there are now. Skilled mechanics of any occupation can find good work; and yet there is excessive building in the shape of tenement houses going on. The inference to be drawn is this, that there is a vast over-production, if I may be allowed the expression, of worthless untenable houses. The city is becoming stocked with trashy unsaleable houses. I say unsaleable, and they are unsaleable to any but the most innocent of purchasers, and yet, strange as it may appear, these innocent purchasers continue to buy these, what I have called, unsaleable houses. If these houses are unsaleable to any but greenhorns, and greenhorns continue to purchase, then the greenhorns are deceived, wilfully deceived into buying what appears to them excellent houses, but which, in reality, are all but actually unsafe. When there can be so much deception in the way of lath and plaster to cover defects in timber and brick-work, rotten joists, insufficient frost-proof foundations and bad mortar, surely a heavy penalty should be inflicted upon the extortioner who contemptibly glosses over these faults, making them appear to the unsuspecting sound and good. I do not allude to houses veneered with brick, for a purchaser indeed would be short-sighted who did not ascertain the thickness of his walls, but I allude to the fraudulent economy of the speculator who builds his fifty or one hundred houses with a foundation but eighteen inches under ground, when he knows that the frost is going to sink nearly two feet below that and undermine the houses. I allude to the base deception of the house-builder, when he builds his foundation underground of soft bricks and above ground to the underside of the plinth course of Kingston stone, so that purchasers are led to believe their houses are substantial, when in reality they are the reverse. I allude to the meanness of the man who causes the mortar of his houses to be made with as little lime as possible, so that the houses after they are sold will hardly hold together, the sand of the mortar having no stability, washing away with every rain that pours. I allude to the man who builds his Mansard roofs with too slight timbers, so that the occupants when the storm blows heavily, tremble in their beds. I allude to the man who glazes his large window sashes with German sheet glass, when he knows very well that the first strong puff of wind will blow the windows out. I say there should be some law to protect the unsuspecting purchaser from such frauds, or at least there should be a heavy penalty inflicted on the unconscionable speculator who thus wilfully defrauds. House after house of the above sort has been sold in this city with various startling results, at one time the whole of the front windows were blown in, at another time a window frame, architrave and sashes fell in with a crash with but the slightest provocation. The number of houses frost-cracked and otherwise is enough to build a Yankee settlement large enough and of a description in which Mark Tapley could enjoy himself for life.

Mr. Ussher may deny as he pleases and say what he likes in defence of himself; but I quote public opinion when I say that the ridiculous part of the mission which Mr. Ussher was about to undertake, viz: the proposed attempt to create secession from the R. E. Church of Toronto in his favour, and in that the Reformed Church of England is about on a par with the proposed consecration of that divine to the Episcopate. Does Mr. Ussher deny his intentions of causing secession in the Church? then, so far, as I am able to gather, not being a Reformed Episcopalian, what did he mean when a twelve-month ago he induced the so-called Bishops of the Reformed Church of England to lecture in Toronto in Albert Hall without the advice or approval of the resident R. E. pastor? If Mr. Ussher was not wise in his own conceit he would have understood then the impossibility of causing a split in a church where already, after a turbulent time, the members were being cemented together with the pastor in one great bond of unity. If Mr. Ussher is seeking his own aggrandisement let him become the Bishop of his own church and that little place in New Dublin, and for the sake of Christian decency, cease to wish to persecute a pastor and people who have been heroically striving to raise themselves out of difficulties brought on in a great measure by his unkind desertion. As the defender of the reputation of Bishop

Gregg, for which position he is naturally eminently qualified, he could not do a better thing than rescind his notification to his vestry on the 7th September, and permit Bishop Toke to proceed with the consecration of the Bishop of Saint Bartholomew's Church. So far as Mr. Ussher is concerned it is devoutly to be hoped that he will not again so far forget himself and his Christian dignity, either to bring a Bishop here to lecture to less than a hundred hearers (the result of Mr. Ussher's canvassing the R. E. parish) or propose to come himself to create disunion in a struggling church.

The Odd Fellows' procession, reception and concert were a grand success. The Most Worthy Grand Sir John B. Harman of San Francisco is a thoroughly courteous gentleman and an able rhetorician. Toronto has been honoured by a visit of the Sovereign Grand Lodge and she feels the honour. Forty eight bands were in the procession and everybody says the whole affair was very grand, and I suppose it was, as everybody looked particularly warm and uncomfortable in their funeral clothes. There can be no doubt about it the procession was the grandest that has ever been in Toronto, of course excepting always Barnum's, and it is but right the Odd Fellows should know it. This is the verdict of "public opinion" and "public opinion" is generally an excellent judge, but as a private individual I must confess I saw nothing particularly worshipful in it, beyond the specious advantage of a gaping crowd. I am sorry I am not with the majority, but I cannot help it.

The Exhibition is over; the halls are empty. Even the ancient log-cabin erected by the York Pioneers last year is deserted. Looking at the whole thing from a careful standpoint, now that the hurry and worry are past, one cannot help but being possessed with the idea that these exhibitions help better than any treaty can, to bind nations together in a closer bond of union. Our neighbours go home with kindly feelings towards their Canadian brethren, cemented closer to Canadian interests; and by Canadian interest trying to outstrip American prudence, a noble spirit of emulation is aroused that is bound at last to tell for the good of this mighty northern half of the Western world.

I should like very much to know what horse racing and bicycling racing and such like foreign sports have to do with the legitimate business of an Industrial Exhibition. Of course all these things add considerably to the attractions of the Exhibitions, but they certainly have nothing to do with the Exhibition proper.

The *Bystander* says that "Bennet went into the dock with the rope round his neck." The daily journals ought to take the hint in their reports of crime, and refrain from making undue allusions to the character of supposed criminals. Because Annie Broxuph was found drowned last Saturday week, and suspicion falls upon the husband, it is no reason why pains should be taken to show his disagreeable disposition and hasty temper. Charity should do so much for a suspected criminal as to at least let him have an unprejudiced jury.

The question is being pertinently asked—Who is responsible for all the impertinent posters we see around town with the inquiry, "Where are you going to, my brother?" or "Are you prepared for heaven?" or "Prepare for death!" or some such offensive sentence. These bills are posted on the lamp-posts, telegraph poles, sidewalks, curb-stones, the sills of windows of public houses, steps of churches, and are thrust into your hands on the street, and so you step into church—are slyly tucked into your pocket or under your arm—and are posted on the wharves and sides of ships, and actually on the cemetery fences. Who is responsible for it? I am told it is the work of the Y. M. C. A. If so, I think the young men of that excellent institution had better look into it. As the Odd Fellows' procession was in progress last Friday an enthusiast shouted out "Where are you all going to? to Heaven or Hell?" A bystander angrily told the evangelist to "Keep quiet! there's a time and place for everything." *Queen City.*