

# The Observer.

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## Observations.

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The death of Sir John Macdonald has left the Dominion Cabinet without a "Mac" at the council table. How the machinery of this country is going to run along smoothly without a "Mac" to oil up the wheels is a problem for the great Conservative party to take into its gravest consideration. Government without a "Mac" in an English speaking country is an impossibility, and sooner or later Premier Abbott will find this out to his cost.

But among the aspirants for political elevation at the present moment there does not seem to be a single "Mac." This may be the reason why so few of the aspirants get there and have to live on the honey of hope deferred, and find it hard on the digestion. For instance, there is N. Clarke Wallace, who finds himself a big gun out at Woodbridge quilting-bees and forthwith thinks he has a claim on a Cabinet office. There is also that learned pundit Davin from the wild and woolly west, who flings Greek in mouthful across the floor of Parliament, but who is an Irishman with all that the word implies. Being Irish he must have a grievance, and his grievance is that he is not a Cabinet Minister. But if either Wallace or Davin had "Mac" to their names they would have been Cabinet Ministers long ago.

Seeing that the "Macs," who are a large and respectable minority of the people of this great and glorious country, no longer have a representative in the councils of the nation, it will not be out of place to look around and find if there is a likely "Mac" to be had. To be suitable he must be young and represent the younger element in the party, eloquent to adorn his country, practical to keep up the traditions of his race, and if possible not a limb of the law.

There is just one man that will fill that bill and he is W. F. Maclean of the *World*. There is not a bigger fighter in all Ontario for his inches than Mr. Maclean. He has built up a daily paper by sheer ability. He is a man that the Conservative party might well feel proud of. W. F. Maclean and his paper the *World*, are greater factors to-day in Conservative politics, than any other Conservative combination of either brains or cash in Canada. It is the duty of the Conservative party, now that so many constituencies are open, to give Mr. Maclean a chance. To talk about Meredith as a representative of Ontario in the Cabinet is nonsense. Meredith, although an able man, has a poorer following in Ontario than any

other Conservative I know of. Even Clarke Wallace could bring more influence from Ontario than Mr. Meredith.

Then there is McCarthy, who might be the "Mac" in the Cabinet but who will not. He would be the best man available, but after him comes W. F. Maclean and nothing but the jealousy of the gaud of "literary" amateurs that clusters around the *Empire* keep him from getting there.

It is told of Mahomet that upon a visit he was about to pay to Paradise, he had the offer of numerous conveyances, such as fiery chariots and winged horses, but that he preferred to go there upon an ass. This inclination may seem singular but it is precisely the same spirit that prompted the Conservatives to ride to glory on the *Empire*. A greater specimen of the long-eared animal, figuratively speaking, than this paper it would be hard to find.

When the *Mail* gave up partyism and struck out on independent line, a few of the Conservative sore-heads made up their minds to start a paper. They had the *World*, and Maclean was doing the best work the party has had done for it since, but they were not content. The first proposal was to buy out the *World* and run it as the party organ. If the *World* was bought the Macleans, who are born journalists, wished to remain on it, but this would not suit the small knot of sore-headed political journalists, who were at the head of the movement and who desired fat offices for themselves.

Maclean and the *World* was shunted and with a big flourish of trumpets the *Empire* was started for the ostensible purpose of killing off the *Mail*. But the *Mail* has proved to be tough killing. Why, the *Empire* as it is run, could not kill off a hardy annual like Ayer's almanac, let alone a daily. The people want news the same as they want cloth. They are willing to pay for it and they do not care a continental in whose shop it is manufactured.

The *Empire* might have killed off the *Mail* had it been properly managed, but when it started every partizan newspaper man in the country struck it for a job and got one. To start with the editor, Mr. Creighton's knowledge of newspaper work did not extend beyond the realm of cross-road journalism. He might do to edit a weekly printed with apple butter on a cider press, but a daily in a metropolitan city was too big a quart for his pint measure experience. To make matters worse he was too old to learn, and as a consequence, the *Empire* is the bogey of its friends, the laughing stock of its enemies, and a public nuisance.

Mr. Creighton is so wrapped up in Owen Sound and the surrounding country, that he has not yet realized that he is living in a big city. Like the

man who lives in a barrel, he knows nothing except what he sees out of the bung-hole. His horizon does not extend beyond washing ink-rollers, and taking cordwood for subscriptions. If an Owen Sound farmer loses a cow, he can have a paragraph about it in the *Empire*, but when the Lieut. Governor had a paralytic stroke, the *Empire* was blissfully ignorant until it read the news in the columns of a contemporary.

A matter of much surprise for those who know something about newspaper work, is how it is that the stock-holders of this ridiculous sheet, allow their good money to be blown in such a hilarious fashion. The money spent in trying to build the *Empire* on a rotten journalistic foundation, would have made a great paper out of the *World* with Maclean at the head. The day is not far distant either, when the party will have to look to the *World* as its organ, and the sooner W. F. Maclean is taken into the councils of the Conservative party the better for that party.

W. F. Maclean is the "Mac" wanted in the Dominion Cabinet. He is young, eloquent, energetic, and as an Ontario man is quite capable of holding his own with any blue nose politician that the Maritime provinces can produce, either in wisdom, energy, or with tongue or pen.

The *Empire* is not a newspaper but merely a very rusty party machine; it has not at the head of any one single department of the paper a man qualified for his position either by experience or education. I "names no names," but the editorial writers on the *Empire* are simply drivelling incapables, with neither ideas, style, nor grammar, while their departmental editors are so many young prigs who part what hair they have got in the middle and curl their moustaches with the curling tongs of their sisters or their Sunday girls. It is to be hoped for the credit of Toronto journalism and the well-being of the Conservative party that the *Empire* may soon expire of inanition.

So the Rev. W. A. Hunter wants us all to "strike at the Devil." All I can say is that I pity the poor old Devil if he is to be knocked about by clerical toughs, like some of those who are now, like W. A. Hunter and Hugh Johnson, trying to interfere with the legal expression of the will of the people. What a sorry kind of an ass a man must be to trouble like this because it is proposed to do here in Toronto what is done in every other city in Europe or America.

The conductor on a very slow Toronto street car said, the other day, "Madame, your boy can't pass at half fare; he's too large."

"He may be too large now," replied the lady; "but he was small enough when we started."