

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

The *Orange Sentinel* of last week contains an ingenious article on the "Montreal Censor," cleverly written by one of our prominent and rising Divines, for which the *Sentinel*, a journal of some small pretension, should and is truly thankful. It is a perfect God-send for a paper like the *Orange Sentinel* to reap the advantage of such a spicy editorial, written by one who knows right well how to war with both pen and tongue. It is beautiful to listen to our Rev. friend waxing eloquent on warm 12th's of July when the thermometer is at 90° as he descants upon the glories of the becoming unpopular Orange institution; the rhetorical burst is simply superb. But this marvellous outburst against the SPECTATOR's speculations on the qualifications of the ministry is rather tame and puerile, and amounts to nothing, being simply additional evidence of the truth of the aphorism that two of a trade seldom agree.

Toronto for a very large number of years back, has been the theatre where Orangemen from all parts of the Province have congregated as each succeeding 12th of July approached, to hold a grand celebration, and throw mud at their religious opponents the Roman Catholics, though for what particular object has never yet been determined. This year the Orange institution has seen fit to go back upon this time-honoured custom of Toronto celebration, and in accordance with the wishes of a portion of the body, the decision has been arrived at that Hamilton shall be the place of rendezvous; accordingly the grand affair is to come off in that ambitious city. The meaning of this innovation is a mystery, but it is generally supposed that the growing feeling of disfavour of such processions in Toronto, especially when it is remembered that the "Young Irishmen" forebore to walk on the 17th March, is in a measure the cause of this alteration in the annual programme. However it may be, there certainly is a feeling in Toronto that the moral benefit arising from these party processions is appreciated better in the breach than in the observance of the parade.

A few weeks ago I attacked the City Council and officials for favouritism and incapacity; I should like to include the Commissioners having authority over the granting of saloon and tavern licenses. It is next to impossible, if one is not of the same political cast as the authorities, to obtain a license, or even a renewal, no matter how good a man's past conduct may have been. As an instance, and this is but one of many: A poor man, incapable of doing hard work, has been holding a license on Edward street for the past four years or so, a man of good conduct and exemplary in every way; he has never had his license crossed, nor has there been the least broil or harsh word heard in his hotel since he entered the place. During the past four years, by industry and good conduct and courtesy, qualities not always met with in a tavern-keeper, he has managed to make his hotel known, and make both ends meet. This last month, however, the Commissioners have seen fit to withdraw his license for no earthly reason. So obliging and diligent to make his house respectable has this man been that two ministers in the vicinity sent recommendations of his integrity to the Commissioners requesting them to reconsider their determination, but without success. This man has now to remove, and though unfit for labour, must find some other means of earning a living. What makes this injustice so transparent is the fact that a new license has been granted over the disqualified tavern-keeper's head, but to a man whose views are in accord with the Commissioners.

The Government has granted \$7,500 to dredge the western channel of Toronto harbour. It is supposed that Toronto must supplement this by a like amount. Every year this extraordinary work continues; it is extraordinary and unnecessary, for a jetty could be so constructed in the western channel as to permanently stop such vast accumulations of large stones and sand from the island. For some reason or other the Harbour Commissioners won't see through this, for of course, their services would not be required if the harbour were made permanently safe. I suggested this jetty to one of the Commissioners last summer, and his answer was that he believed it would answer every purpose. Of course it would answer; it has answered in Boston

and other places, and in an especial manner in Bermuda; a pier to stop the encroachment of refuse in the western channel of Toronto would settle at once and for all this difficult question of annual dredging.

Several of the Aldermen have been making themselves officious in employing and discharging city labourers at pleasure. It appears certain foremen in their returns show that several workmen were working for the city when in reality they were employed privately upon other work. The Chairman of the Board of Works says "Too thin;" yes, it is too thin. This sort of thing has been going on long enough. This constant playing into each other's hands amongst city officials and outsiders is proverbial; but, for the sake of the credit of the city, there should at least an attempt be made to curb the rein of corruption.

It matters little how many steamboat accidents occur in foreign waters so long as we are safe from collision and the like. The fashionable steamboats Chicora and Rothesay ply daily between Toronto and Niagara, both leaving within a few minutes of each other. The Rothesay is supposed to burn nothing but wood, but when the boats are out in the open lake, stern to stern, the black smoke pouring out of the Rothesay's funnel tells a different tale. I am given to understand that coal oil is used to get up steam in these serious racing contests. Already the collisions between the different steamboats, although slight, have been numerous. What guarantee have we that the steamboats of Toronto are exempt from a serious accident more than those of New York, as instanced in the Seawanhaka disaster?

Justice descends upon its victims in Toronto quick as the flash of its sword. Edwin Meagher two weeks ago was a porter in the General Post-office; to-day he is a convict in the Kingston Penitentiary. A young man of the Depository of the Ontario Education Department was, within a week or so, for the crime of purloining books, furnished with a cell in the Kingston Penitentiary. Where is our Customs House defaulter? "Oh!" it is said, "he made good his deficiency." Yes, and our Education Clerk would have made good his deficiency; Meagher would have done the same, and a host of others. There is something radically wrong in the working of the Post-office when a porter can have access to the letters in such a loose way, and justice to be just should strike others as well as Edwin Meagher.

The Raikes centenary is making considerable stir amongst Episcopalians. Last Sunday it appeared as though Barnum's circus had come to town; express and pic-nic vans from all parts, making the streets lively with their green and gold banners waving, passed through the town to the cathedral. Torontonians are not over consistent; with stones and sticks and revolvers, they make things generally lively for Papist pilgrimages, but when the Episcopalians, with rattling cars and express waggons and stupid banners, parade the streets, behold! we have entered on a new era in Sabbath School teaching; and—well the whole affair was very successful.

The police force and the minor force of detectives are useless institutions in the Provincial Capital. It has become a slang phrase amongst the uncouth to say "it is placed in the hands of the detectives." After the latest burglary or stabbing affray news, the above suggestive sarcasm invariably appears in all the journals of the city, and the public at large are gratified thereby. "It is placed in the hands of the detectives," and there it remains. In looking over the record of reported crimes in the police register, it will be found that seven-tenths of the arrests are "drunks," and that more than fifty per cent. of reported misdemeanours and crimes absolutely remain unpunished. Burglary after burglary has taken place recently; robbery upon robbery, and no arrests made. Whether it be \$15,000, in broad daylight, from the Inland Revenue Department, or a safe burst with gunpowder in the silence of the night, the thieves stalk at large, and if captured at all, Toronto detectives are the last men upon the scene. About all the return the citizens receive from the force, beyond the satisfaction of knowing there is such a force employed, is the frequent repetition of the above sentence, "it is placed in the hands of the detectives."

Queen City.