

The Toronto Gazette.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 2ND.

THE TORONTO GAZETTE is a Campaign paper, to be published during the present Municipal and Parliamentary elections, strictly independent, belonging to no party and controlled by no candidate.

It will be published Tri-Weekly: Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and CIRCULATED GRATUITOUSLY.

As we shall carefully circulate 5,000 copies each number, or 15,000 copies per week in every section of the city, besides at all the hotels and public places, merchants and business men can see at a glance that this little paper is decidedly a VALUABLE ADVERTISING MEDIUM. We will receive a limited number of select advertisements at the very moderate charge of 10 cents per line per week.

For advertising space or other business, address the publisher, care of BELL & Co., Printers, 13 Adelaide Street East.

If you want a peep into the future study our cartoon on the first page.

A cure for dyspepsia, cast your vote for McCord, and you will sleep the sleep of the blessed.

Electors! remember Monday, January 4th, is election day, and Toronto expects that day that every man will do his duty. Vote!

On election day the polls will be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Let every elector, poor or rich, do his duty and vote out old "Square Toes."

Defeat old "Square Toes" and show the whiskey ring that they cannot control the city of Toronto nor dictate laws and conditions to its electors and people.

Mechanics and labouring men of Toronto, do your duty on election day and VOTE. We can roll up a majority of fifteen hundred if you will do your duty.

The autocrats of the whiskey mills have issued their orders to Mr. Angus Morrison. Will he barter his manhood and degrade himself by obeying their behests and becoming a creature of their will? We think not.

Ladies! if you value the privilege of walking the streets of Toronto without being insulted by drunken ruffians use your all powerful influence with your husbands and friends and see to it that they go to the polls and vote for McCord.

Gentlemen electors of Toronto, do not say that you have not the time to attend the polls and vote for a decent city government. Do try and spare ten or fifteen minutes from your business on election day, and do your duty like men and good citizens.

Although there are nearly 14,000 voters in Toronto there are rarely more than 6,000 votes polled at any election. What are the other eight thousand electors doing during election day that they cannot afford to devote ten or fifteen minutes for the good of the city? Awake, gentlemen, awake to your interests and save the credit and prosperity of the city by taking some interest in its municipal affairs. Vote like men and good citizens. Vote! Vote!!

An English clergyman in Calcutta has announced his intention of forming an anti-evil speaking society. He considers that the shameful habit of evil speaking which prevails among the European community ought to be entirely done away with. By way of practicing what he preached, the reverend gentleman, in the course of his sermon, vowed his intention to abstain henceforth from scandalizing his neighbors.

OUR NEXT MAYOR.

The official course which Mr. Medcalf, as Mayor of Toronto, has seen fit to pursue, in defiance of the feelings and wishes of the largest and most interested portion of our citizens is, to say the least, most imprudent and censurable, and his more recent acts and declarations indicate a determination on his part to administer the government of this city after a fashion of his own, and apparently with the sole purpose of catering for and pleasing a certain class, a class who have little or no interest in the welfare, prosperity or progress of our beautiful and enterprising city.

No respectable citizens who listened to Mr. Medcalf's address to the crowd who gathered about the City Hall during the nominations on Monday last, but must have felt pained and grieved, if not actually insulted, at both the language and behaviour of the man who represents this city in the capacity of its Chief Magistrate. His address was nothing but the vainest egotism and defiant unblushing effrontery. He had no excuses to offer for his shortcomings, no apology for outraging the feelings, and insulting the people's representatives in the persons of the delegation who waited upon him some weeks ago. On the contrary, he added insult to injury by sneering at the influence and power of the respectable portion of the community, and defiantly anticipating a triumphant victory over all opposition. This was most evident from the way he pandered to the taste of the "unterrified and unwashed," who had congregated to applaud him while insulting every other gentleman on the platform. Mr. Medcalf's assurance, egotism and insulting defiance can only be compared with that of the once famous, (or infamous), "Boss" Tweed, who, when charged by the citizens' committee of New York with gross corruption, insolently and defiantly replied "well, what are you going to do about it?" But, in spite of his boastful power and influence, his ability to control any election, and his popularity with the whiskey ring and rowdy element, at the very following election the citizens very effectually showed him "what they were going to do about it," by thoroughly and completely routing him at the polls, and finally consigning him to the penitentiary. So much for "Boss" Tweed. And although no one can or would for one moment cast any reflection on Mr. Medcalf's honesty or character as a man, it is patent to all that he has signally failed to do his duty as the Chief Magistrate of this city, and the course which he has seen fit to adopt, must and will merit the same rebuke which an outraged people gave the would-be autocrat of New York.

If the signs of the times and the opinions of thinking men are any indication of what may be the result of the approaching municipal election there can be but little doubt that Mr. McCord will be our next Chief Magistrate, to which we add a hearty Amen. There seems to be a general uprising of the masses, rich and poor, merchant and mechanic, irrespective of party affiliations or religious belief, who are quite tired of the incompetency of the present Mayor, and who are determined upon securing such an honest and proper administration of the city government as shall reflect credit alike upon its officers and its citizens. It is high time that the rate-payers of Toronto should adopt some means to check the course of crime and immorality which besets our city at the present, and which threatens to seriously impair our credit and prosperity. And our public servants must be taught to understand that they cannot perpetuate this power in defiance of the wants and wishes of the people, and that the people who placed them in power, can likewise remove them by the same means.

Vote for

McCord

and secure plenty of good, wholesome water.

Good Intentions.

'Tis said that—well, a certain place is paved with good intentions. That is the reason, we presume, why so many good fellows are getting a roasting down there.

But good intentions never saved a man; nor will it carry an election. Sympathy, kind promises, and enthusiastic resolutions are of little or no avail unless backed up by deeds and earnest work. And unless the multitude of good friends who have promised to support Mr. McCord set to work at once and in earnest, they will neither help the good cause nor do themselves justice.

The time for talking and resolutions has now gone by. There is but a little time between now and election day (Monday next), but much can be done even in that short time, if our friends will only work in earnest. Our only hope now is hard, earnest work. We must work without rest, without cessation—work day and night—work with devotion and earnestness in the good cause. Recollect, good friends, that nothing but VOTES can carry an election: therefore, what we most need are voters and those who can bring voters up to the polls on election day.

If one-half of those good friends who have expressed themselves favorable to the election of Mr. McCord, and are anxious for an improvement in the administration of our Municipal Government, will only use their influence and devote a few hours of their time on Monday next to bring up tardy and apathetic voters to the polls, they would do a real and lasting service to the people, and we could sweep the election like a tidal wave, and give the death-blow to official arrogance, incompetency, corruption, and crime.

Now then—a good pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!

A teacher who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, upon being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

Game of various kinds has been very plentiful in St. Louis this year. Kansas grouse sell for \$1 a dozen; quail at 40 to 50 cents a dozen; rabbits, the same price, and squirrels, 25 to 30 cents. A wild turkey of the largest size costs about 30 cents, and venison sells by the carcass at 3 cents a pound.

Every true American is born in a fever, lives on dyspepsia, and seeks relief in death at every railroad station, ferry, and crowded thoroughfare.

Chicago papers state that their lake tunnel diggers are continually striking sulphur springs. And yet the reckless impiety of the Chicagoans continues unabated.

Vote for

McCord

And suppress Crime in this, the Queen City of the West.

"For twenty long years," says a New Jersey paper, "the wolf stood at this poor widow's door." To keep a wolf standing that long is nothing less than cruelty to animals, and the attention of Bergh is called to the circumstance.

There was a desperate fight between two blind men in a Milwaukee asylum the other day, the names of the combatants being Welsh and Feeley. They pounded each other for a long time, their blindness being no hindrance to the effect of the blows, because, although it prevented accurate aim, it also prevented dodging. At length Welsh got Feeley's thumb in his mouth and bit it nearly off. Feeley would not have an amputation, and the wound gangrened, finally killing him.

Franklin on Second Marriage.From *Biglow's Life of Benjamin Franklin.*

Who would have thought the following from the pen of Dr. Franklin, and at the age of seventy-four? It is to Mme. Helvetius:

"Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening that you would remain single the rest of your life, as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian fields, I was asked whether I wished to see any person in particular; to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers. "There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbours and very friendly one towards another." "Who are they?" "Socrates and Helvetius." "I esteem them both highly, but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him; he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government of France. "You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Mme Helvetius; yet she loves you exceedingly. I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find. She is not, indeed, altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense, and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me. Stay here a while and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are for her. She has had several good offers, but refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely, but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable. But do not the Abbe de la Roche and the Abbe Morellet visit her?" "Certainly they do; not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance." "If you had gained the Abbe Morellet with a bribe of good coffee and cream, perhaps you would have succeeded for he is as deep a reasoner as Duns Scotus or St. Thomas; he arranges and he methodizes his arguments in such a manner that they are almost irresistible. Or if, by a fine edition of some old classic, you had gained the Abbe de la Roche to speak against you, that would have been still better, as I always observed that when he recommended anything to her she had a great inclination to do directly contrary." As he finished these words the new Mme. Helvetius entered with nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend, Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly: "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades and return to this good world again to behold the sun and you? Here I am. Let us avenge ourselves!

A Neapolitan Musician has invented a piano attachment whereby the notes of extemporised music are registered on paper.

Among the luxuries of a new hotel in San Francisco will be a band of twenty performers who are to be regularly attached to the house.

The Arab chiefs of Algeria have subscribed 200,000 francs for a jewelled decoration for the tomb of Louis Napoleon, to show their devotion to his memory.

Some of the leading theatres in Germany propose to put a stop to the system of recalls, and of throwing bouquets and wreaths on the stage during the progress of an opera or a play.

A man from the States opened a drinking saloon in Victoria, Vancouver's Island, and his very first hour's experience was lively. Six Indians filed in, with great gravity. One of them took a position at the right of the proprietor, behind the bar, with an uplifted scalping-knife, and another stood at his left, with a musket. A third poured six tumblers full of whiskey, and the fluid was silently run down six throats. Then the solemn patrons fled out.