

The Toronto Gazette.

"PRINCIPLES, NOT PARTY."

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

No. 2.

MAYORALTY ELECTION, 1875.

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for

A. T. McCORD,
AS MAYOR.

Election Monday January 4th, '75.

Central Committee Rooms

12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

[From the Sun, December 29th.]

The Mayoralty.

The electors will in a few days be called upon to decide who shall occupy the Chief Magistrate's chair during the ensuing year. It is a duty of no small importance, and one which every elector should consider well before casting his vote. We regret extremely that the morning papers have thought fit to introduce politics into the contest, and we believe the good sense of the electors at large will repudiate the advice of those papers in this respect. The candidates are Mr. F. H. Medcalf, the present occupant of the chair, Mr. McCord, late Assistant Treasurer, and Mr. Angus Morrison. We deeply regret that the last named gentleman intends going to the polls because, notwithstanding his great personal popularity, defeat stares him in the face. Mr. Morrison would make an excellent Mayor, but this year he cannot be elected. Twelve months from now we have no doubt that if he offers himself he will be returned, but as matters stand now there is only one course for him to pursue—retire. With Mr. Morrison out of the field, the contest would be between Messrs. Medcalf and McCord. Anyone who has attended the meetings of the Council during the year just closing, must admit that Mr. Medcalf has not been a successful presiding officer. He lacks that firmness of disposition which the Mayor should possess. Advancing years are also telling on the old war horse, and he should not be asked to again perform the onerous duties attached to the Mayor's chair. Honest all believe him to be, but so is Mr. McCord, and the latter gentleman is certainly superior to him in executive ability. For these reasons then we advocate the election of Mr. McCord. His election would be a fitting tribute from the citizens to one who has served them faithfully for nearly forty years. We trust that all who have the interest of the city at heart will unite upon Mr. McCord, and that his election will thus be secured beyond doubt.

Vote for

McCORD

and save the credit of the City.

A strong effort to have the next college regatta at New London, Conn., will be made at the meeting of the College Boating Association in Hartford next Wednesday.

Father Beckx, the general of the Jesuits, has been disputing with the Italian Government in the law courts over a rich prize. A short time back the Marquis Frederico Fagnani died in Turin, and left the whole of his property to the Jesuits for the purpose of building schools and colleges. The State, however, intervened, and claimed the estate under the law for the conversion of the church property. Father Beckx thereupon disputed the right of the Government to interfere, but lost his cause both in the court of first instance and in the court of appeal. He then carried the matter before the Court of Cassation at Turin, which last week decided against him.

A Midnight Visitor.

It isn't very pleasant, says the editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, when you are writing at your desk alone, about half-past twelve a.m., to look up and find that a large, ragged darkey, with a suspicious bundle and an aggravated club is standing beside you. The sense of suddenly discovering that your imagined solitude has been violated is uncomfortable and startling enough, but to experience that shock by such means as we have described is simply appalling. There wasn't a soul on the ground floor; the editorial rooms were dark and deserted, save where our lonely taper burned; the third story was given up to rats, and in his dizzy perch above the typo wrestled with our latest joke—and conquered, as we found next morning. It struck us that a temporizing policy was our only chance. We didn't know what the sable party wanted in particular. It was plain that he wanted everything in general; his hat looked like a scab, his trousers were a combination of inharmonious elements, joined only by such feeble bonds as strings and wooden pins; his shirt was a hopeless labyrinth; and his shoes the vision of a better world. As he made a sort of bow we heard his toe nail tear a splinter from the floor. But he only wanted hash. Think of it! at that hour, and under those clubby and terrifying circumstances, he only

A Hedge Schoolmaster's Lecture on Turnips.

BY CANDLE(SS) LIGHT.

Now Bhoys, The Lecture to-night will be on Turnips, and it's myself that ought to know all about it, seeing they give me a Leather Medal for finding out the best way to mash them. Now as the great men of haythen times, such as Harrystottle, Julius Sayer, and the rest of them always gave their lectures in verse, I will do the same, and thin you will always remember me and never forget the Lecture.

Turnips you Students want to know
The Way to make the minerals grow
You take a spade an axe or hoe
and cut down the weeds,
Then North and South you make a row
and put in the seeds.
You let them be for a month or two

Till the tops are nicely coming through
Then take them up and look all through
to find the Bug
Then put them back upright and true
and cover anug.

Now Students you may bet the drinks
The Turnip bug cut up high Jinks



THE RACE FOR THE MAYORALTY.

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

wanted ten cents for hash! He explained that he wasn't a grasping man; things looked a little rocky just then, but he didn't mind. Summer was coming and clothes were no object; all he wanted was a plate of tripe and onions in some quiet place, and he'd wag along very well after that. He said he knew we were a good radical—graceful tribute to a clean shirt and shoe-fly cuff buttons!—and insinuated that two bits would make life very pleasant for him at that particular juncture. We don't take any credit for the act of giving that darkey half a dollar. In the revulsion of feeling, in the joy of finding him disposed to peaceful compromise, we resigned a fifty cents fraction with something very much like eagerness. After all it wasn't such a bad thing to see his hungry eyes light up, and mark the expectant joy with which he struck for Poydras Market.

Vote for

McCORD

and reduced taxation.

The notorious Spanish brigand chief, Diego Paz, who is charged with upwards of thirty assassinations, has been captured at Lamoriciere, in the province of Oran.

At night he gets into the chinks
for a quiet smoke,
And turns them into Curling rinks
D'ye see the Joke.

Now to kill the varmint in their nest
You take a roller, a cracked one's best
And roll it over East and West.

Till they've had enough
And the chunks are all together prest
Hic quantum suff.

Turnips thus grown are always sold
For very near their weight in gold
It is a fact as I've been told

Indeed indeed
Such Turnips when they've been well rolled
never run to seed.

The Lecture is over, now to prayers
May we be guarded from all snares
From Slandrons tongues and moral scares
now I'll get back
And keep my Watch upon the Stairs
For Farmer Ma.

Tom Hood is now accused of being a cremationist, because he said, shortly before his death, that "he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood."

Bridget Abroad.

Nothing, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, would more tend to an improvement in the present relations between "mistress and maid" than that the former should learn to "know her place" better than at present. With a view to instructing her in this, we give publicity to the following wholesome rebuke to a mistress who had in an unguarded moment suggested to a newly-engaged housemaid that a railway station at which she would arrive was "only a short walk" from the house, and that a "donkey-cart would be sent for her luggage."

Madam—I received yr letter and the characters quite safe, but when i come to read at the end of your sending a donkey-cart to meet me i feel horror-stricken; it as entirely set me against the place, and what with the restriction on Dress i fear that i shall never be able to abide to your rules, for i have never gone without rings in my ears since i was 4 years old. Difrent other little things i have thought over it seriously since i sent yr letter away, and when i went to Lady—s to live the coachman and groom were both sent to meet me with a splendid spring cart, and when i went to Mrs.—s to live the carriage was sent to the station to meet me and the under-housemaid and a cab was ordered to take our luggage. i never heard anything so poverty-stricken as sending a donkey-cart, i am quite took against the place, and if i come i should never do myself any good, and then it would only be giving Mrs.—s a bad name and putting you to a great expense, and also putting you out of the way to be changing again so, altho i always dress very neat and plain but at the same time i do not like to be under restriction as to what i may be allowed to wear and what i may not and i think much better for me to be candid, I am Madam your Humbly servant

MARY JANE—

Vote for

McCORD

and close up the houses of ill-fame.

Pure Girls and Impure Boys.

Girls, in treating dissipated young men as equals, do a wrong that they can scarcely realize. Such men should be made to feel that until they redeem themselves, until they walk with correctness and honor in the path of right, good people will stand aloof from them. Girls who respect themselves will not be seen with such young men and will decline to receive them on the familiar footing of friendship. It is a mistaken kindness to poultice when caustic is needed, and I am inclined to think that a little sharp decision on the part of the young girls of to-day would go far to correct the general looseness of morality among young men. — *Women's Journal*

Bendigo, formerly a well-known prize fighter, and champion of England, delivered a religious address, on Nov. 29, to a crowded audience, at the London Cabmen's Mission Hall, at King's cross. The reporters state that Bendigo, who is now sixty-three years of age, "stands as straight as a dart," and his address is described as "simple, though coarse." He said he was the youngest of twenty-one children, and his father dying when he was thirteen, he was placed in the workhouse. He began fighting when he was sixteen years of age, and gave it up when he was forty.

The Prussian Cross Gazette publishes a letter from St. Jean de Luz, stating that M. Dupressoir, formerly lessee of the gaming tables at Baden-Baden, is negotiating with the Spanish Government for permission to establish gaming tables in the principal towns of Spain. He offers 25,000,000 francs for the concession, which the correspondent believes he will gain.

Style.