

his daughter's or his wife's jewellery, behaving in a disgraceful manner generally. Yes; he "lives like a gentleman."

In clubs these "gentlemen" are numerous, hiding from each other, and from the respectable members, their vices, sins and meanness, and acting towards all persons in the outside world, of whose power to damage their reputation they have no fear, in a more disgraceful and coarse manner, as a sort of recompense. These club "gentlemen" are ever talking about what a gentleman should do, and what he should not do—what he should wear, and what he should not wear; in fact, they over-do the matter entirely. It is allowable, merely on account of their insisting so frequently on being gentlemen, to suspect strongly that they are Brummagem ware. Any real and veritable gentleman is so perfectly assured of his position that he has no desire to think of the subject; it is not necessary for him to parade himself, as those who "live like a gentleman" are obliged to do, in order to make people believe that they are gentlemen. They refuse to walk on St. James Street in a hat or a coat not *à la mode*; they will not drink any wine that is cheap, merely because it is cheap, no matter how excellent it is; but they will lie and break engagements, will get notes discounted which they never can meet, will swindle a person out of his money by false representation, and will repeat slanderous tales about good women as glibly as you please. To sum up: they will walk about in clothes unpaid for, will spend (in an ostentatious manner) money which does not belong to them, will violate every just and kind impulse, in order to live like gentlemen. They live a life of hypocrisy, a life of show and sham, and think of nothing but their own inordinately vulgar vanity. When they are with their "swell" associates, will give the cut to any honest man who does not come up to their standard of respectability, and will obsequiously toady to wealth and fashion. They have no proper self-respect or proper pride, and yet they live like gentlemen.

There is a great difference between this class and the class who *are* gentlemen. This latter is composed of modest, simple, trustworthy, quiet and unpretentious persons. They would rather appear in an old hat, would rather wear shabby clothes, would rather go without their dinner, would rather occupy rooms in one of the back streets of the suburbs, would rather have no friends or associates, than live such a life of hypocrisy and deceit. They have no desire to wear the badges of wealth and fortune, and feel at the same time that they are a daily living lie; their ambition is to *be* gentlemen; they do not care to live *like* gentlemen; but they do care to live gentlemen—not to be *like*, but to be the thing itself. This is their ambition and their determination.

It is an understood thing that the coat does not make the man. It is, as Wykeham said: "Manners makyth man." Manners in its broadest and best sense, the manners of the mind, and heart, and soul—your honesty, sincerity, truth, virtue and gentleness to others—and not limited to the ordinary social meaning attached to the word manners in every-day life. Pope says of these social manners:

. . . . "Manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

All the manners those that "live like gentlemen" have, are these social conventional manners, very proper and necessary in their way: but these do not make a gentleman. It requires a great deal more. Conventionalities of ten change and are to be strictly obeyed by every one out of respect to one's self and to others; they are necessary in order to maintain system and serve to make social life much more pleasant—but a knowledge and observance of them will not alone make a person a gentleman. We have to follow conventional changes but we can do it rationally and honestly—if we find we can not afford to live "like a gentleman" we are not justified in doing so—it is ungentlemanly to be dishonest. Further, those who live like gentleman have, as we said before, a habit of abusing their inferiors—inferiors in so-called position—and will swear at carters and haggle over a servant's wages, but will loose money in apparent good humour at whist with their compeers, and will not dare to say anything about its being too dear or too much.

As a farewell salutation to these club members who "live like gentlemen." Let them *be* gentleman and give up all attempts at and efforts after vain show and sinful sham. Let them refuse to toady blindly to frivolous fashion and to mere wealth, let them be natural and kind to all. Then and only then, will they be gentlemen and live like gentlemen in the true sense of the phrase and then every body will find pleasure and instruction in their company.

George Rothwell.

THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO, WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

No. V.

"I and my King" is the motto of the people of Toronto. Take care of number one; this was the principle that suggested the erection of new Parliament buildings for the Province at Toronto. Not so much that the new buildings were a matter of greater necessity now than two years ago, but it is to be always understood that the interests of the Province or Dominion are to be on all occasions secondary to the interest of local preferment. And though,

as a matter of course, we Torontonians decidedly rejoice in the fact that somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$1,000,000 are to be expended just under our noses, yet, though we are so sharp, we cannot help perceiving that the money is going to be largely thrown away. Some one says, "Question." Well, yes; that is the question, is the money going to be thrown away? or, perhaps, we are sly again. Ah! there is no knowing; Oliver is a cute boy.

For, you will perceive, nobody questions the fate of Provincialism. "Aye! there's the rub." We Torontonians are quite agreed that Provincialism is a failure (this in confidence: we rather rejoice in the fact, and are quite gay over it. Four or five of us gather at the corners of the streets on warm Saturday afternoons and laugh over the fate of Provincialism, and wonder how soon Toronto will be the Capital of the Dominion). We Torontonians have an eye to the main chance, and "I and my King" steps forward and presently will request that His Excellency will be pleased to remove his quarters to Toronto, so that the people of Ottawa may have the Rideau Hall for an "Art Gallery."

The following conversation I overheard this morning amongst a gang of labourers:—

"And so we're agoing to git a bran new Parliment buildins at last, Mike."

"At last!" Mike says sharply. "At last! Why, isn't now's the verry toime to 'rect 'em, man? D'ye moind Tiddy cum from Quebec this last week, and he says they're in a divil of a state there."

"Who's in a divil of a state, Mike?"

"Who?" says Mike contemptuously. "What a question from you who knows sich a heap o' politix. Why, the Quebecers, to be sure; who else?"

"An' what fur, anyhow?"

"Gad! didn't yez know there's going to be no more of these here Provinces, and so we're going to have the Dominyun Parliment here in Toronto?"

"Who says so?"

"Who says so? Faix! it's nobody says so; there wont be nary a word about it ontill the buildins is nigh built."

"Niver hearn the furst word about it at all, at all."

I have received so many communications from persons who want to know where they may find in the guide-books or directories descriptions of some of Toronto's buildings being the finest in the world, that I resolved to give two or three instances; but, as I have no right to take up the space of the SPECTATOR in such a profitless way, I shall only give one instance. An anonymous communication elegantly expresses itself:—

"I don't see as how you have got any sort of call for saying the English Cathedral spire has been claimed to be the loftiest in America, I can't find it anywhere. I guess your authority is all in your eye, and at any rate a city that has produced a Hanlan has got good reason to be proud, your letters are all rot."

To satisfy the incredulous, I will quote from the Toronto Directory of 1875, just after the spire and additions were completed:—

"The building which above all others is the most conspicuous is St. James' Cathedral with its new spire and adornments. The spire is the tallest on the continent, 318 feet in height. As it now stands the Cathedral is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world."

This remarkable Cathedral was erected in 10 months. I ask the intelligent readers of the SPECTATOR if such ignorance and conceit are not truly deplorable? Does not such wilful ignorance call for the severest censure?

But, perhaps, above all the conceits of Toronto and entirely putting them in the shade, is the great conceit of Toronto's press. To mention the name of the great Grit organ, the *Globe*, is sufficient, without comment to show how utterly beyond the bounds of reason the bragadocio element has obtained the supremacy over intelligence and common sense in the glorious and far-famed Queen City of the West.

Not to multiply instances of the egotism and conceit of Toronto has been the object of these papers, but to attempt in a mild degree to show how shockingly vain glorious we are over the most trivial affairs, to show how proud we appear to be in institutions in which cities of this and other countries excel and far surpass us, and not to too greatly ridicule our follies more than sufficiently to prove their existence.

My next paper shall conclude with a few more illustrations of the "conceit of Toronto," and then, so far as I and the "conceit of Toronto" are concerned, my pen, like that of Cervantes, shall take its rest.

Herbert G. Paull.

P.S.—There has been some talk that in one of the principal streets of Toronto traces of macadam had been found some two feet below the surface of the street. Such is an unmitigated falsehood, and a scandal. It is almost impossible to discover even a small pebble on any of the roadways leave alone macadam on one of the principal streets, and I am very glad, on behalf of the city fathers at this time, to have the opportunity to refute such a calumny of the city.

IS IT NOT A REMARKABLE FACT that infidelity has no hymns; that out of all the productions of human genius, all the rapt utterances of song and melody, it cannot claim a single one? Unbelief is a dead and lifeless thing. It hath no power to stir the depths of the heart or to evoke one noble aspiration. Hope dies when its cold breath is felt; joy withers and expires.