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THE WORLD, 18 King Street East, Toronto.

THE TORONTO WORLD, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1887.

PERSONAL LEAVING FOR THE SEASON, AND SUMMER TRAVELERS, CAN HAVE THE WORLD DELIVERED TO THEM FOR \$1 PER MONTH.

MAKE THE CITY MORE ATTRACTIVE.

Toronto is essentially a summer city, a resort for those who fly in quest of pleasure or health from the sun-stricken streets of New York, Boston and other American centres.

Mr. Wm. Abbott "a great railway magnate from London, (Eng.)," has been giving his views to a Globe reporter.

And being in the service of the Grand Trunk as a professional wrecker his duty is to "take down" all he can do the Grand Trunk's only rival, the Pacific Syndicate.

Mr. Abbott says in effect the Grand Trunk will double-track the road to Montreal, give faster trains, and adopt the two-cent a mile rate.

The editor of the Milton Champion should come into town and be treated by the female fakir on James street.

The Champion is hardshell grit; it can see no good in hearing both sides of a case; it thinks a journal which permits liberty of expression traitorous.

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ORANGE-CATHOLIC VOTE.

WHAT "SPECTATOR" SEES WHILE ENTRANCED IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

The Tendency of Political Parties—Need of a Strong Union—A New Party to Arise Out of the Old One's Ashes—A Vision—Two Strange Bales—Description of the Auctioneers and the Buyers—Made in a Whirlwind—Orange and Green.

It is a source of once of pleasure and of gratitude at this time when one sits at the table of the paragon press to hear above all the hubbub, the calm, wise words of warning of the philosopher who stands above the conflicting factions and interprets the meaning and the tendency of things.

I was grateful, and I am sure the better classes of citizens were all grateful, at reading the timely words of warning uttered recently by Dr. Goldwin Smith on the grave evils which have entered into our political system—like the legion of devils into the swine—and of the evil tendency of our party politics.

I believe that regret is general, that the occasions on which we can have the counsel of a man like Dr. Goldwin Smith are not more frequent than they are.

We have now reached an important stage in our social and political development; for our young nation is now as it were forming her manners which, whether they are good or evil are likely to be enduring.

Most of those who seem to have talents as writers among us are drawn along in either the one or the other of the great party currents, so that an opinion they may give, or a note of warning they may sound on a public question, may be taken with a fair degree of suspicion.

But Dr. Goldwin Smith is living in our midst and while soaring far beyond the influence of party, knows well all the ways of party. His opinion upon whatever subject formed are held first perhaps to any writer, through Europe, and notably England.

I am not now writing mere eulogy of Dr. Smith—that from me is not necessary; but I say at this important time when principles are becoming subordinate to party and public honor to a great for power and plunder the advice of a man like him to us would be golden.

I think, could Mr. Smith spare the time, it is the duty now of all aspiring young men who do not care to walk in the soiled ways of older politicians, in aiming towards a higher ideal, to endeavor to get that gentleman's co-operation.

I do not deny that there are sentiments in the press who stand above conflicting parties and sound the alarm, for the World is a creditable instance in point, but the World wants assistance in its work.

I cannot shoulder the burden alone; I think the time is coming on at a galloping pace when a new party is to arise out of the old parties; a party instinct with new life, with distinctly national aspirations, with young blood.

When Sir John's earthly usefulness is gone, and in nature's course men and leaves have a time to fall, and cannot survive that inevitable period, the conservative party becomes a helpless mob.

But surely the other party have not the governing staff. Mr. Blake is intellectually a great man, but he is wanting in courage, and his party within it the fatal elements of discord, disloyalty to each other, and disintegration.

We want a new party whose aim shall be national. We want an educator, and that we can only find in a press, in a journal respecting and understanding the mission of party, but teaching the duty of the politician.

Connected with such a press, or such a journal, a pen like Dr. Goldwin Smith's would be a boon just now to this country that would be impossible to estimate.

I shall return to this subject again, and proceed now to tell your readers something I think pertinent to the present condition of political parties.

WHAT I SAW IN A VISION.

I rambled out of the city the other afternoon to seek out a solitude where I could give myself up to contemplation.

Having found a suitable spot I gradually became absorbed in contemplation, and, forgetting my surroundings, a vision rose before me which I shall now endeavor to explain as far as I can recall it.

Methodically I stood in a huge auction room, where from the bustle that I saw and the anxious faces, I concluded that a sale of an important character was about to take place.

When the hour for the sale arrived the commotion had grown into a boisterous turmoil, and from where I stood alone I had an opportunity to study the appearance and the actions of all the parties.

I noticed that there were two auctioneers, each with something to sell, and that around each auctioneer were collected two parties, hostile to each other, in preference to the price to be offered in preference to the other.

The one auctioneer frequently brought the auctioneer behind the door and solicited him to sell to them there, but before he could decide the other auctioneer would break in upon the first, and a general hubbub would follow.

Sometimes when the disputants would worry the auctioneer I could hear him try out with desperate energy. "The highest bidder takes the lot." One of the auctioneers was a large-sized man, probably about 35 years of age.

His eyes were a whitish sort of blue and his hair and whiskers were red. He had an air about him, as if he was important, and he was very important.

He had a ticket in his hand and upon it was written what he had to sell. I saw the words—"THE ORANGE VOTE."

action-room I saw a band of mighty-looking men. They were huddled together in a flock, and had several banners and gonfalon flying over their heads, upon which I read such legends as these: "Manhood's Rights," "Freedom of the Franchise," "Annihilation of the Pope" and sundry others.

The noble body of men, I learnt from an attendant who passed me, was waiting to be "knocked down" by the auctioneer. I also learned that the price went into the pocket of the auctioneer, and that the drove of men outside had nothing to say about the sale.

At length the red-haired auctioneer went upon the platform and said, "Now, gentlemen, here's your chance—the orange vote offered for sale. Capital things as the elections are coming on. Whoever gets it is sure to win every time. How much am I offered for it? Then began the most extraordinary bidding I have ever seen; something like a picture of three or four hungry dogs trying to get possession of a small bone.

One of the chief bidders there was a colossal man whose feet rested upon the earth and whose head was beyond the clouds. He had glasses upon his eyes and a look of lofty purity upon his face. He had the ten commandments and divers mottoes about political purity, the freedom of the franchise and honorable dealing pasted upon his back.

Under his coat I saw the edge of a dagger glisten, and I was told he, too, had stabbed his Caesar in his day. He bid several times in a mysterious manner and offered several mysterious "considerations" for the "vote," but it was not knocked down to him.

Then I saw another anxious bidder. He was a stubby, purdy sort of a little man, with spectacles on too, and a very long upper lip. He was preaching a loud sermon about purity in politics, and between different passages would turn around to offer a bribe to the red-haired auctioneer for the "vote."

But as he did not offer enough on either bid the auctioneer cried out, "Is this all I'm offered for the orange vote?—mind gentlemen it isn't every one you can get a whole orange vote to buy. Once more—How much am I offered for it?" Then I saw a sly old man, with a peculiar grin upon his face, advance and "catch the speaker's eye," at the same time that he performed a sort of "dumb show."

The old man had curly locks and his face was ridiculous like one of Punch's cartoons of Lord Beaconsfield. A juvenile looking politician, whose face seemed to me to indicate little of vice or virtues sidled up to the cartton of Disraeli and taking the cue from the latter made a sign to the auctioneer, whereupon he cried out, "Third and last time—and, rising his grand master's truncheon, shouted out—"Sold to Mr. Meredith."

At this moment a deputy officer from the flock of orange men poked his head into the room and asked, "Have we been sold yet," and on being told "yes," asked to whom; and receiving his reply went away hurrahing for Mr. Meredith and British freedom.

THE SCENE CHANGES.

The sale had no sooner ended here than turning my eyes I saw another large drove of people, also meeting for the purpose of an auction, resembling in attitude a flock of sheep. Over their pen I saw a sign-board and on it the words "The Irish vote for sale." Every now and again one of the creatures in the pen would get outside the railing; but there was a huge, burly-looking Irishman there with a bundle of inflammatory papers under one arm, and a pike in his hand; and with the latter he would prod the refractory wretch back again to the pound.

I heard him say in a loud voice, "I may tell ye again that I am here executive in his grace, and for the good of the church. Remember this when ye come from. Down with orange tyranny—vote for a government that'll give ye fair play. In to-day's issue of my paper you will see what is best for ye." Then I turned my eyes to the auction platform, and had not to wait more than half a minute when I saw a high functionary, "preceeded by acolytes" mounting the auction stand. He was a Hibernian. He had a court suit upon him—"the first worn in the last 200 years"—and on his legs were silk stockings of a purple hue.

His right hand was bound up in flossy silk swathings, and he would let no one come near it; "for," he said, "with that poor hand I'd shake the hand of royalty, and till the Divine essence shall have faded from my palm, it shall not touch ruder flesh." Then before beginning his work he asked a benediction in latin words with Irish quantities. And taking the "shepherd's crook" in his left hand he announced that his intention was to "sell the Irish Roman Catholic vote, without reservation to the best bidder. The last time I sold this vote," said he, "I knocked it down to my friend here (the Disraeli Cartton), because he gave me a good price for it. Now, however, the case is an altered one; and the same stake is not at issue, so I shall follow the honorable custom—sic erit in principio, et nunq, et semper et in secula seculorum—of selling him who gives me the best remuneration." Then an acolyte produced a huge list, and the dignitary in silk said, "The votes I shall sell are on the roll. There's Jimmy Doyle, Paddy O'Rafferty, Con O'Keegan, Tim Dooly—and was proceeding to rattle off the rest of the list of the names of those in the pound, when the little Cromwellian gentleman with the upper lip said, "We won't trouble your grace with the list; I know what's there." "Then how much am I offered for the lot?"—and he glanced to the left and said—"give me an offer." And forthwith the little Cromwellian man conveyed a paper into the left hand of the auctioneer, which the latter read. "Once he rose the 'crook' aloft and said, "One, two, three, and last time," when there was a sudden rush like unto the animals at the zoo, when a piece of flesh is thrown through the bars and three honorable Irishmen, lately made such, the big, purdy pike-headed, the young politician with the expressionless face, the old man who is the parody on Disraeli, all cried out with

one voice, "For God's sake, stop, your grace," but down came the crook and "sold" said the archbishop—"to Mr. Mowat." A scene of the most indescribable confusion then followed, and one of the Irishmen ("honorable") ran and whispered some fierce words in the auctioneer's ear. Then I saw the crook go up again and heard the auctioneer cry out, "Silence, gentlemen! I sold hastily. Others have something to say in this sale as well as I, who am only a poor bishop. The sale was postponed." Whereupon there followed hand-clappings by the one party, and moaning by the other party. The red auctioneer and he in court garb went away together, and I heard the sound of corks as if expelled by long-pent-up gases coming from the room where they entered; and while the factions in the auction room yelled and wrangled, I went out by the impounded Irishmen who asked me as I passed, "Do you know Mowat if they have sold us yet?" I said "No," and passed out of the place, whereupon I awoke.

Mr. J. W. Mansen, of Waverly, Ill., says: The St. Jacobs Oil is the grandest medicine for rheumatism I ever saw. I have frequent attacks of this disease and nothing does me good except the Great German Remedy. I commenced using it about a year ago, and would not be without it for anything. I have a brother-in-law, who, if it is possible, has greater faith in this great curative medicine than myself. It cured him of a terrible attack of rheumatism, and he swears by it.

It is a peculiarity of campaigns, remarks the fat contributor, that they don't remain closed for any length of time but are continually being opened by somebody. It would be a good thing for this country if the campaign could be closed—hermetically sealed—for a few weeks, and a penalty of fine and imprisonment imposed upon any man who dared to open it.

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RICHIELETTA BOAT TRIP. Sir: About as can be of the steamers of Ontario roy clock on the mlt, six passenger wharf of the line to Toronto. After the wharf for about steamer, the Span hope, hitherto alm Trunks, were got of the passengers com amid the pouring mer were round ager onto. Notwitha monstrances of the wharfings she con that was the last of the theory, which is namely, that the mto too small. This side from the fact into within fifty fe into an historical bo, that this is by so that similar tricks them, and in all upon their own stre of their unfortunate so again. In this enagers were ladie; duct on the part of all the passengers enable them to return nably they had fric were likely to be wise they would hav able. It is there a disgraceful fact as

FACT AN. Experience is the s Edison wants all n dant invention in the Although carriage young ladies still "e The ground-hog is nati. We have been ground. The majority of r stag party more than putations. If a man marries th assume that his second "That's a 'queer' said the plausible citi Jeemed a counterfeil Fox hunting at Ne an Alderman saw ruu calling it a buffalo hen Kentucky's State a when a fellow gets so (his) pie," that is suff was there. Laureate Tennyso poem, which is to app Century. Why not twentieth century. The new Duchess of one of the richest mer in a dress of a seventy-five cents a y A St. Louis coun policies on the liveo paying five cents a w the child dies. "So co Paich expects some port, even though it Seine is a tortious No and then, though the trip up the river it is proposed to dred enough for ocean stea to Poissy, making the feet wide and over 10 feet deep bottom. A fifty feet below the pre the amount of fall be the sea. From this will bring vessels up t The cost of the enter \$50,000,000.

Lizzie Hammond, San Francisco hotel, fourth story room wne to be attempted. o climbing out of th the ground by means that passed by juw she had descended m burnt her hands as th and she was compelle her body bottom has two parallel walls, b by the fall, but the ph her neck was disjoin been by hanging. Th set her neck back in now have hopes the strong constitution may

Among the reported sion of the Chinese im this is designed to ke Chinese women, wh in number in proporti These women are said bought and sold as s scarcity in the suppl would be likely to go u say \$600 to \$1000 each trader are likely to g ration may be bringe trip two or three wome whom they will pass The immigration of n families is not prohib and it would be next to prove the claim that over are wives duly c It might even pay Chi trips for this special pu

A controversy has b three years among the ton public young con sition on the aboves that many books in t for general circulaio unannounced at th the removal of all ppositively immoral ciat "a tent to lower th read-r," and such as "spirit" irreverence on veria." From the bo wish to have besles a pired for issue to boy