

CASUAL COMMENTS.

I HAD been thinking that it was about time that we began to ask ourselves these questions. Who was the Queen's Park? Does the city pay the rent in order that a few individuals should have the privilege of airing their views? Was it for the continuance of such displays as were witnessed last Sunday that the city sought the University authorities so liberally? And do the citizens pay the police to protect such blatant show-ers to first offenders as Jumbo Campbell to the first offenders will answer "The People," and if they mean what they say, they must negotiate all the others. For if the people own the park, and it is for their use, certainly no few individuals, let their creed or belief be what it will, have the right to monopolize the people's breathing room. Monopolize it they do if they fill the air with doggerel, with insinuations against a large number of fellow-citizens.

How can I enjoy the quiet Sunday Toronto is so noted for, if a half a dozen individuals are permitted to make what is, in relation to some of the only available open spaces, a pandemonium? One citizen comes upon what is the common property of all, and dies into their ears the assertion that they are going to holl if they don't go through a certain mental experience he says they must. Another holl's forth at length upon the firm grip the devil has upon the man who dares to drink a glass of ale. A little further on to the sound of drums and tambourine, a group of fantastically arrayed shouters proclaim that "if they are saved, they are, they know they are," until the unfortunate listener wishes that every man of them was in the clutches of the devil, they are so certain they have escaped. Any or all of these are had enough, and perhaps may be rather amusing than otherwise, but when a miserable notoriety hunter, who only seeks to advertise his stale meat emporium and gather in shill-ahs from the bigots who listen to him, is allowed to insult the mothers and sisters of those who differ from him in religion, and claims the protection of the police while doing it, it is time to call a halt.

I KNOW that there is the right of all to freedom of speech and that it is a dangerous thing to interfere with the rights of individuals. In this respect, but what about the freedom of quietness? Has the man who wishes to spend a quiet hour or so, no rights to be respected? Should a few, whose greatest enjoyment appears to be in the sound of their own voice, practically, say to him, "we run this park, if you don't like the row you can go home!" I hardly think it. I think that I have no right, no matter how sincere I may be in the desire to benefit my fellow men, to make the air hideous with their loudly expressed opinions, because, to that extent, I prevent others from enjoying what is the common property of all. The man who keeps quiet disturbs no one, troubles nobody. He enjoys himself, and lets others do the same, but when a man takes his pleasure in boisterous screanings and denunciations of all who do not agree with him, he should be shut up and that suddenly.

I AM glad that our city fathers have at last realized this, and on Monday evening passed a by-law prohibiting speaking in the parks. This is what it had to come to, and if it should be that some time it may interfere with the freedom of speech we so dearly prize, we have those miserable screaners and shouters that have forced this action which, perhaps, may some day be used as an instrument to gag the public. It is likely there will be some lively scenes when it comes to be enforced, but enforced it will have to be unless Sunday's friends is to be repeated. If those who disturb the quiet of the city must let loose the pest in the form of their shouters, let them leave a hall. That would be better for us to place the city halls at their disposal rather than to have the roting places of the people monopolized. Then there would be freedom of speech and freedom of quiet.

I WONDER what the opinion of those who so strenuously opposed the proposed sacred concerts in the park last summer is on this question. It's hard to say, but as they have uttered no word of protest against this most approved method of keeping the Sabbath they were so afraid of, it is fair to infer that it meets with their approval. They apparently prefer any kind of a racket, that is made in the name of religion, with the accompanying collection, to "harmony of sweet sounds" paid for with the warped intention of pleasing and elevating the listeners. Truly they draw fine distinctions and are able nicely to distinguish between what

desecrates the Sabbath and what doesn't. I am sorry that my powers of discrimination are at fault in this particular, but, to those who so loudly shout what they term sound truths into the ears of all who cannot get far enough away to lose the sound of their voices. I may be mistaken, but I leave it with you to decide for yourselves which is the most likely to make men and women better. Will shouting at them that they are going to holl, screaning that their religion makes them immoral, or allowing them to listen quietly and respectfully to grand music, succeed if you will, that must and does inspire to better things, be the surest means of accomplishing this?

At the mass meeting of citizens on Monday night, which is fully dealt with elsewhere in this issue, good use was made of the platform which had been so thoughtfully erected. Good sounding speeches were delivered and a wonderful unanimity of opinion manifested by the listeners. Only one man spoke in opposition to the resolutions, and he certainly was given abundant proof that he was on the wrong side of the question. The resolutions carried unanimously, and were heartily approved, the honest expression of the opinion of those present, and to the majority of the citizens of Toronto. But it was the protest of the "outs" made outside while the "ins" settled things inside. That was the unfortunate difference between the two meetings and this was fully emphasized when the delegation, carrying the resolutions, desired to lay them before the august aldermen who are presumably the servants of the citizens.

Disobeying the entrance to the City Hall a burly policeman snatched up the resolutions of the citizens, and were told that they "couldn't come in here." "It didn't make any difference who they were or who they represented, they were not to come in." And then the spectacle was presented of citizens, refused admittance to their own city hall, waiting humbly on the steps while a message was sent up to some other citizens requesting them to allow them to come in. After the lapse of an interval during which the matter was grately considered the delegates were informed that some of them would be allowed to enter the sacred precincts and intrude themselves upon the deliberations of their servants in council assembled. Thus were the people allowed to give force to their representatives who were carefully guarded in our own City Hall by our own police force.

What were our aldermen afraid of? Did they think that the sovereignty of the people would rudely burst in upon them and compel them to carry out their own wishes? It certainly looked like it, and perhaps the realization of these fears would be the best means of awakening some of them to a sense of their duty. In the case of many of them the usually effective hope of peacefully uterly fails to work, for being painfully aware that under the changed conditions they won't have a ghost of a chance, they don't care a continental for the wishes of the people. Perhaps under these circumstances it was wise to adjourn until the afternoon, when none of those terrible labor men would be able to get there and the people's property could be given away without fear of molestation.

The deed is done and Kilty-Everett have got the street railing, but there is a day of reckoning coming, and if the workmen of this city have any memories, and will manfully work together, the men who gave it away will find that it will be many a long day before they are in a position to give away anything of the city's again. Every man with a vote should keep the black list published every week in the LABOR ADVOCATE, and vote accordingly to its showing. We want to begin now to get ready for the fight, and when we are ready fight to win. H.S.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Text: GAIN ONE POUND A Day. A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME 'WALL RUN DOWN,' AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER, SCOTT'S EMULSION. OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Purest INDIAN GINGER. THIS FAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. PREPARED BY THOMPSON'S. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$4.00 PER BOTTLE. SCOTT'S BOWNE, Baltimore.

McKENDRY'S 202 YONGE STREET. 6 Doors north of Queen.

THE JULY CLEARING SALE

is going sweeping along, we are exchanging goods for the smallest coins imaginable. Not a thing in the store but marching at quick step to the tune of reduced rates. This is truly a working people's store, our prices enables you to dress your wife and children as neatly and as well as those who have the good fortune to be capitalists and we would just as soon have your trade as any in the world. When we were in business at the old stand, the working people flocked to our place of business, and because we have moved to larger and more elegantly appointed premises, it must not be supposed that we shall neglect the old customers. In our large purchases we study to get the best there is for the least money. How we succeed you can best tell by trading here a few times.

McKENDRY'S 202 YONGE STREET. 6 Doors north of Queen.

Homeopathic Pharmacy NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS-OUTTING. 384 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Pure Homeopathic Medicines Pure Sugar of Milk and Lobsters Breads and Family Cases from \$1 to \$12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for pamphlet containing full information. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist. 379 Yonge St., Toronto. Agents wanted.

J. C. BRACKENRIDGE Scranton Coal, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

111 QUEEN ST. W. - TELEPHONE 2556.

A. & R. FLEMING COAL & WOOD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

HEAD OFFICE: 101 Queen St. West, TELEPHONE 2434.

OFFICE & YARD: 124, 120 and 128 Edward St. TELEPHONE 1103. BRANCH OFFICE: 788 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 3083.

ESTABLISHED 1860. P. BURNS & CO. ONLY IMPORTERS OF THE CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL.

Summer Wood, \$4.50 PER CORD CUT AND SPLIT. HEAD OFFICE: 36 King Street, East. Telephone 131.

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOUR LAUNDRY WORK - Try the - PARISIAN 67 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, Telephone 1127.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

BY HIS NEPHEW Lieut-Colonel J. P. MACPHERSON, M.A., A.D.C. The Only Authentic Record of the Career of Canada's Greatest Premier.

Read this letter. Sir John A. Macdonald to Col. Macpherson.

Dear Sir, I have just received your letter of the 26th inst. regarding the life of Sir John Macdonald. I am glad to hear that you are engaged upon this work, and thus will be able to give the public a most complete and authentic life of the greatest statesman in fact, it will be the ONLY REAL life of Sir John Macdonald. There is a so-called life of Sir John A. Macdonald in the hands of agents which was written years ago and which has been proved to be untrue and revised. Regarding this work the additional stories from Macpherson's notes are Sir John's opinion. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. P. Macpherson.

The work will shortly be issued by the Darte Publishing House of St. John, N.B., and will be a marvel of the Printers' and Bookbinders' Art. It will be copiously illustrated, including two steel portraits of Sir John. The work will be complete in two volumes in four styles of binding. Lovers of Canada's "Grand Old Man" will do well to remember that this work was UNDERTAKEN WITH SIR JOHN'S CONCURRENCE.

EARLE PUBLISHING HOUSE SOLE AGENTS ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK. CRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, FRONT ST. WEST, TORONTO.