

The Observer.

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Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

I see by the latest returns from the Trades and Labour Council, and from the seat of war in the wards, that some of the professional labour jsmiths are again at work, and that there is a prospect that a few of them may find employment at so much per night talking for mayoralty candidates. It is a very grave mistake to suppose that Armstrong, Jury, et al. work for the candidates most likely to help the cause of labour. They do nothing of the kind; they simply speak at so much a night and are open for the highest bidder. If Mr. Osler wants the support of the labour men of this city the easiest thing for him to do is to hire it.

I think that it is indeed a blessing that the so-called cause of labour which men like the virulent Jimuel Briggs and the mercurial "Bob" Simpson have been championing, is a dead issue. The people of this country should offer up thanks to Providence that labour has not been able to form a combination with any party. In Australia, that far-off corner of the world, labour was many years all-powerful, and a pretty mess they made of it.

It is a mistake to think that strikes are fights between capital and labour. Very seldom indeed is this the case, but the fight is almost always between union and non-union labour. The union labourer is a being of the most selfish kind. He must have his pound of flesh, even if the house or factory which he is working for fall. He is adverse to immigration, and is no respecter, as a rule, of law or the person. I have no objections to unions as long as they are governed by reasonable men who recognize that employers have rights as well as the employed, and that the boss and the bossed generally sink or swim together. When such harmony exists all is well, but when labor tries to play the tyrant there is the mischief to pay.

Down in New Zealand, where labour rules everything and the labourer is more worthy of his hire than anybody else, a case arose recently that throws some light on what these public benefactors would do were they all-powerful. A firm of printers and stationers had a quarrel with an employe. The union took up the quarrel and the order went forth that no union men were to handle any goods from the boycotted firm. The railroads are under government control, and the commissioners were appealed to, to remain "neutral," as the labor men called it, and refuse to carry goods for the firm. The commissioners held that the road was a public servant and must carry goods for anyone

who paid his money and did not transgress the rules of the road. The cry was raised that the government was crushing the workingmen. A terrible roar ensued, in which the government was denounced and there was danger of a revolution.

But the public of this country and of the United States has tired of Powderly rule and of the crass ignorance of labour agitators. It is well that a number of the agitators are safely anchored in public office, for it may be a long time before a favorable wind fills the sails of the labour party.

I see that Emperor William is going to have his sermons published in book form. They may possibly make as good reading as those of my good friend "Don."

The different aldermanic candidates are threatening to use their little axes in the Board of Works and Engineers' department. What will Trustee Roden and Andy McCormack do if their heads fall off? Mr. Roden tries to fill the dual position of a civic employe and a school trustee. If Mr. Roden as a civic servant is as useless as he is as a school trustee, the sooner his services are dispensed with the better.

Mr. Roden is another man who crawled into a civic office through the back door of an Orange lodge. He is as useful in his department as an old woman. The very idea of a man of such mediocre talent trying to play the part of a civic Poobah, and the citizens lending him countenance to such a scheme, is preposterous. If he devotes what small talent nature has endowed him with to his labours in the Works Department he will find his hands far too full.

Mercier is in trouble in Quebec, and it is now Mr. Mowat's turn. The rocks are already looming up on the horizon of the coming session. Where the blow will fall it is hard to say, but it is altogether likely that the tactics that proved so useful in unhorsing Mr. Mercier in Quebec may be adopted in Ontario. Some department of the public service will be attacked and a royal roving commission demanded. Who can tell what this commission may find, and where the Mowat Government may find itself?

So the Council has decided to let the Sunday car question go to the people. I am glad to see that the Council, even on its deathbed, has shown such good sense. Why should the ministers endeavor to keep the question from going before the people? Are the parsons afraid of the battle? It would seem so, yet I am inclined to think that the "devil," as the clergyman would say, will stand at the elbow of many a church member on

voting day and prompt him to vote for Sunday cars.

The biggest joke of the year is the handbill issued by Phillips Thompson, Chairman of the Nationalist Assn., blacklisting some of the aldermen because they voted in favour of the Keily-Everett street railway tender. This chairman of a society with a high-sounding title is none other than our old friend Jimuel Briggs. And the Nationalist Association—who in the city has heard of this organization? When was it formed and what does it propose to do? Bellamy started the Nationalists' Association in the States and I suppose the Baron of Bellamy, E. A. Macdonald, and Phillips Thompson make up the Nationalists of this city.

The citizens are about tired of professional agitators like Thompson, who are always blowing their own horns. This city has no room for Anarchists, and the honest, hard-working citizens—those who earn their daily bread with the sweat of their brows—are beginning to realize that agitators like Thompson, Armstrong, Beates, Donohue, McCormack, and such ilk, who pretend to be *doyens* of the different trades, are only looking for soft jobs and using their jaws for cold cash.

The theatres ought to do well this week. At the Grand the gifted Miss Huntington will of course draw crowds; she is in herself a supreme attraction, and while Captain Therese is a weak composition and the music still weaker—the house is certain to be full all the week, though prices are fifty per cent up.

Manager Shepherd has been shaking hands with all the "newspaper fellows" in an unusually affable way this week. "O. B." has also smoked cigars in a manner that meant managerial satisfaction. Manager Frank Kirchmer, too, has looked splendid every evening in a dress suit and a smiling face. "The Tar and Tartar" has made a hit; the *Mail* on Tuesday morning spoke more highly of it than of Captain Therese, and it is an open question which is the better opera of the two. My advice to my rapidly increasing circle of intelligent readers is to go and see them both.

From opera to freaks of nature is a long stride perhaps, but for those who like natural curiosities the Brothers Tocci are well worth a visit. Two heads, two pairs of arms and shoulders, worked by one stomach and owning between them only one pair of legs, is a curiosity so unique that I was not surprised to find the Yonge Street Musee crowded when I called in, and to learn from the affable manager, Mr. Young, that it had been filled at every performance.