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Address all communications to

Editor VANITY FAIR,

39 and 41 Melinda Street, Toronto

In a letter to the *Week* Dr. Wild prophesies the accomplishment of Imperial Federation—or “alliance,” he does not seem very clear as to which—“Britain being Israel”—and claims the right to discuss the question. Surely the Prophet of Bond street should be able to tell us how it can be brought about without so much talk.

The coming Dominion elections bid fair to be the most exciting of any, in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. It looks very much as if Sir John will follow in Ned Hanlan's footsteps, and never knew when he has had enough. If we had any special interest in politics, we would advise the Conservative party to buy a toboggan and sit on it, for at the rate they have been sliding down-hill lately, it cannot be expected their trousers will hold out much longer.

Not a day passes but some paper jumps on our esteemed, if unfortunate, friend, Prof. Goldwin Smith, editor of the *Week*. Even “Pica” takes his turn and says: “Excepting an election by acclamation be guaranteed, Mr. Goldwin Smith will not accept any nomination for Parliament. Up to date the yearning constituency has not materialized.” Nor will it. Perhaps, up on the Salt Creek, away from the haunts of men, Goldie might find a seat (on a log), but transportation is high and Goldie never did like to give up a cent.

The *Standard*, a campaign sheet issued in this city, is with all its imperfections and short-comings, flat-footed Conservative. It strikes no uncertain note. Both the hands and the voice are Esau's, but it does not belong to the tribe of Eli, nor will it get there with both feet. It was started for the sole aim of trying to carry Sir John over perhaps the last election that he will ever contest. But it must now be evident to the most enthusiastic supporter of the good old party, that victory is not for them. Louis Kribs, who is head and shoulders above any other newspaper man in the Dominion, will fail. The cause is hopeless; the die is cast.

Secular Thought is attracting a great deal of attention, which is much to be regretted. The essence of its teaching is simply to lay aside all public marks and expressions of a christian character, and to conduct all our affairs on a purely secular basis. The blasphemies, the splendidly worded doubts, the polished sarcasms, and atheistic philosophies, of the Voltaires, the Gib-

bonses, the Paines, the Olmsteads, the Spencers and the Watts, will not do. The truth remains the same, that good is impershiable, and a man in this world makes the bed downy or thorny on which he lies in the next. The premises are too golden, the prospects too bright to permit of a moment's hesitation in a choice. Choose now, and choose quickly, for the tenure of life is as frail as an apple on a bough, when the wind is blowing; and when the apple falls, God grant it be ripe and sound to the core. We have all had the sunshines, the gales and frosts, whereby juices are made sweet and fiber softened and enriched, and if we have been content to grow the way the Master willed, what matters it at what hour the breeze comes that detaches us from the tree? Only a puff, a fall and a silence, and then the blessed rest to follow.

We see by an Ottawa society letter that the rage for five o'clock teas has at last reached there. Would that society might be blessed with a veritable impersonation of Mr. Gilbert's charming fancy of a philanthropic avenger of crime, that an actual Mikado might arise to confound all unpleasant persons and put an end to all disagreeable things. Certainly the afternoon tea, that thinnest of society shams, would be among the first to claim his official attention. Who does not know the misery of being compelled to stand wedged in among a pushing, struggling crowd of bad-tempered people, all vainly wondering what they came for, in a room whose furnace has been seven times heated, and then reinforced by the tremendous open fire burning with unparalleled ferocity directly at your back. It is a pleasing fiction that a “tea” is an extraordinarily genteel and acceptable form of discharging social obligations. It is easy to arrange; for ten times as many people can be asked as for anything else; and, above all, it is cheap. The old idea that a “tea” was a plan in which one's friends might be met in a pleasant, informal way has long been dead. But who shall deliver us from the incubus of this dead body?

The lamentable weakness of the utterances of the Seer of the Grange was never more conspicuously exhibited than in the opening article of last week's *Week*. The lameness of its conclusion is only equalled by the admittedly “indecorous”—we would rather say childish—language of its opening sentence. It seems strange that men who are capable of such clear insight in many ways should allow their pens to fall from their grasp just when they have been marshalling ample materials for writing down a decided opinion; leaving it for men of less erudition but more robust and manly brains to strike a note that shall serve as some sort of rallying cry to the busy workers of the world. It is not long since we heard Talmage give utterance at Grimsby Camp to such a cry. “Away with such croaking,” he said. “This nineteenth century is the best century the world has ever seen; this month—this week—this day—this hour—this very moment is the best this world has ever seen.” We might add that it is the only mo-