

## TORONTO AND ABOUT.

There appears to be every probability of the West Toronto election being a rather interesting one. There is some talk of Mr. Blain appearing on the field, though what platform he is supposed to uphold does not appear. On the Reform side Mr. Bethune is to be called out. The question is, What has *he* done to merit election? On the Conservative side, as I intimated in a previous issue of the SPECTATOR, Mr. Mayor Beaty intends taking the field, but his chances are small, as better men than he are in the field. The late Mayor, Mr. Angus Morrison, also aspires to be a candidate. Mr. Morrison is a disappointed office-seeker; this I presume is his claim before the electors. Mr. A. W. Wright is the next man; he is a "rag-baby" candidate for political honours; he is a working man, a paper-currency man, a friend of Dennis Kearney, and therefore a revolutionising Communist, and as such, of course, will be elected to stay at home. Last, but by no means least, comes Mr. Fred. Chase Capreol, the representative of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal, which he claims has as much, if not more, to do with Montreal than Toronto. Mr. Capreol's past services will very likely considerably influence the electors in his favour. Mr. Capreol is a Toronto citizen of fifty years' standing, and as such is entitled to considerable respect. He evidently has the best right to the seat; but electors, as a rule, are too versatile in their political opinions, so a prophecy on the result of the polls would be only a guess.

The *Globe*, *Mail*, and *Telegram* find it about hard work enough to hold their own and make things pay, and yet in the face of this competition a fourth Company has the temerity to start another daily journal. The *Evening News* shortly will startle the neighbourhood. I am afraid the proprietors or managers have not given the subject much thought, for it is beyond question that four daily papers cannot exist in a city of less than 80,000 inhabitants. Journalists appear to have gone mad in the Queen City. At present there are about fourteen weekly and daily papers issued in Toronto, and yet another is issued, the *Commonwealth*. Well, if all these journals flourish, the Capital of the Province must be an exceedingly enlightened place.

We are not to have peace. Last Friday the Hibernian Societies had their grand triumphal procession in celebration of the O'Connell anniversary, and in the evening (as I prophesied) an unseemly *fracas* took place on Queen street. A policeman, half doubled up, informed me that a Papist, with "a piece of old red sandstone, struck him in the abdomen." Fighting for a few minutes went on pretty lively, and although the procession in the afternoon was exceptionally orderly, yet the scene in the evening was most disgraceful. The Orangemen are much incensed over the affair, and to spite the sons of Old Ireland they are going to have a procession soon that will as much outshine the Papists' procession as the sun does the moon. Twenty years hence we may hope to see these processions done away with; it certainly would have a beneficial effect if the nuisance could be put down by Act of Parliament.

The ridiculous outcry against the Central Committee still continues. No doubt the committee has been grievously in the wrong, but quite enough has been said. The best of people are liable to err, and when a rebuke has been given, the matter should drop; to continually harp upon the same subject with rebuke on rebuke, censure upon censure, is neither generous nor charitable. The matter has been investigated, the committee censured through the press, and more than seven times insulted, and therefore that should be quite sufficient to satisfy the most vindictive.

The Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway is to be handed over to the Grand Trunk. The T. G. and B. Ry. was in a measure to be competitive to the Grand Trunk, though it tapped a separate section of country, competitive with respect to the freight from the North West and Chicago, but alas! our dearest schemes prove vain. However, perhaps it is as well that the Grand Trunk takes control of the line, if only to stop its continual begging for bonuses, though we may have to submit to higher freight charges.

The *Telegram* wants to know if there are any of the bogus Philadelphia degrees in Canada. I could inform the *Telegram* of several in the same city whence issues the *Telegram*. He whom we least expect to wear such a title, is perhaps the very man who unblushingly advertises the deceit.

At last there is abundant evidence that our island is to become a second Coney Island. Mr. Mark Irish of the Rossin House, Toronto, is about to expend a quarter of a million dollars in a hotel to accommodate 2,000 guests, and park and ferry boat, after the New York and Brooklyn fashion. If Mr. Irish is in earnest, we may be congratulated upon the enterprise of our citizen.

There is a most reckless disregard of human life at our steamboat excursions. Last Tuesday week the steamer Prince Arthur was chartered by the Queen Street Methodist Church to take a Sunday school down to the Victoria Park. The teachers and school with their friends, would number about a thousand, quite as much as the boat could hold safely. After the boat had been chartered, the owners or managers of the Prince Arthur undertook to carry another thousand excursionists (from Milton *via* the Credit Valley Railroad) on the same trip; the consequence was, the boat left the wharf with her gunwale touching the water. The excitement on board was intense, the children cried and the parents dared not move, but all kept still and motionless waiting in dread anxiety to land. The affair was so infamous that the custom authorities would not permit the boat to make a second trip, fearing to endanger the lives of the people. This sort of thing is not of rare occurrence, but happens frequently; what are we to do to protect our lives when we desire to enjoy a breeze on the lake? An Act of Parliament somewhat different to the one in force is required.

It is a most laughable thing to witness a hundred men cleaning our streets with brooms and spades. We are behind the age in street cleaning, as in everything else; small brooms and spades do well enough for children; I have seen in some of our large English towns twenty men with hoes three feet wide at the blade do more work in half the time than a hundred men accomplish in Toronto. Toronto's engineer may take the hint, of large hoes or street scrapers, as he would confer a boon upon the public both in economy and cleanliness.

Montreal and Toronto have several grievances in common and not the least of them is the lack of bathing facilities. So far as the lesser city is concerned we are as far off from the solution of the trouble as ever. The Mayor does a great deal of talking, but we have learned to take Mr. Beaty's talk for what it is worth. There should be no difficulty about the affair; all that is required is the providing of bathing suits and permission to bathe at any part of the island, obliging the bathers to wear suitable dresses. The thing is simple enough and the cry is great, but the little trouble that always will arise, somehow prevents the carrying out of this simple boon.

It makes very little difference to Torontonians that the people of Montreal call their exhibition the Dominion Exhibition; we are bound not to be beaten, and if the Dominion Exhibition is a greater success than the exhibition to be held in Toronto, then the good citizens of the Queen City of the West will attempt to carry out the suggestion made four years ago, that we hold an International Exhibition of the World in the Ontario capital. This suggestion has been brought forward in good faith, but I am not sure that Toronto is the best place for such an important undertaking. Montreal should have equal claims. True, we are in close proximity to the Niagara Falls, which might be made a big inducement to European visitors, and we are more centrally situated for the Western States, but Montreal unquestionably is more convenient for Europe and the populous New England and Eastern States. But, leaving preference of location aside, it is a question of grave doubt whether Canada is at present sufficiently prosperous or advanced to make an International Exposition at all profitable.

Queen City.