

**A SAD CASE OF TOTAL
DEPRAVITY.**

TAKING a lively interest in the question of Sunday observance, and the street car service, I interviewed a large number of citizens of various nationalities, creeds, and social grades. A man whose oily black elbows and knees told of the machine shop, said: "Sunday cars? Not if I know myself. I belong to the union, have fought for shorter hours for the last twenty years. I am going to stand up for my principles. Just think of these poor motor men having to work seven days for six days' pay?"

A man with the smell of drugs in his clothes, said: "This talk of breaking the Sunday is all very well, but just think of the toiler at say \$1.25 a day and a family to keep. How is he going to get out to see the beauties of nature? Would I ride if they were running? Certainly, but I wouldn't vote for them on my own account, because I can afford to hire a rig. It's all to try to help the poor toiler that I will vote for a Sunday service."

Said a man in a wide felt hat, close buttoned black vest and white tie: "Many of the arguments in favor of a Sunday service are plausible, but such arguments are advanced by wicked and designing men who have not the eternal welfare of the public at heart. It is but a step from the Sunday car to the Sunday newspaper and worldly recreations of all sorts. It is a great pity that the vote could not be restricted to the church people," etc.

A real estate man with a solitaire gold ring, gold watch and chain, said: "Certainly I will support them, for the sake of humanity and advancement in civilization. Eh? Affect me? Oh, it wouldn't make much difference to me. I have a few properties where likely new lines might run; Sunday traffic there might hurt their sale a little, but I'd willingly stand that to see the dawn of a new era," etc.

A man who came down town to his office on King Street about 11.30 a.m. every day, said: "I hope they won't get them; the Sabbath is a blessed day of rest; if we let it go, down goes religion. Workingmen? We're all working men. No, I don't think I'd ride if they were running; the sacredness of the Sabbath must be respected," etc.

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And so it went on. I talked with artists, apple women, bakers, Baptists, brokers, bores, coal dealers, carters, Christian Scientists, doctors, dog-catchers, egg dealers, grocers, hair-dressers, hat men, judges, lawyers, laborers, milkmen, missionaries, negroes, orphans, and so on down the whole list, and they all were of one accord; that is, of two accords. Purely for the sake of sweet religion and the sacredness of the day of rest, or, for the advantage of the poor toiler in the abstract, they



THE RISING GENERATION.

"What is it you are giving him?"
 "Why, only a cake of chocolate."
 "I thought it was Pure Gold yeast. It looks like it."
 "Then you must have concluded I wished to raise the baby."

were all for Sunday cars or against them!

I felt a glow of pride as I thought of the moral altitude of our citizens, for, though they were on opposite sides of the question their motives were entirely altruistic. Surely those that scoffed at "Toronto the Good" would be ashamed of themselves if they knew all this.

Filled with these thoughts, I asked a quiet-looking stranger what he thought.

He said, "I'll vote for them."

"Don't you think it a dangerous precedent to run Sunday cars?"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout no president, but the cars is dangerous any day, if you don't look out."

"Thinking of the condition of the laboring man?"

"No."

"Trying to encourage enterprise and build up our great city?"

"Don't care about it at all."

"Are you a non-union man, philanthropist, socialist, churchman, or what?"

"I'm a plasterer."

"Why do you vote for them?"

"Because I want a cheap handy ride, when I think I need it."

"Does love of your fellow not influence you?"

"What fellow?"

"Are you moved by no feeling of benevolence or patriotism?"

"Trolley moves me."

I looked sternly at him and said, "Friend, you astonish and appal me. For weeks I have been asking hun-