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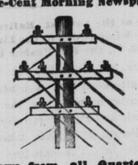

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1883.

THE DECADENCE OF THE GLOBE.

The Globe is steadily declining. The World perhaps is not the best medium wherefrom to learn such a fact, but fact it is nevertheless. Papers live on prestige, brains and money. The Globe once had all these. Now it has none of them.

When the Browns went out its prestige was gone. The Globe is now on a dead level with every other paper in the city. It has to look out for itself. With the Browns also went the brains. Since then there has been hardly anything but blunders, especially in its editorial columns. In place of ournalistic brains we have a subservient organship. The grit party is held to be the embodiment of every political virtue; the other side nothing but corruptionists. While the Globe under its former regeime agreed in many cases with the party it often differed from the leaders of that party. But more than this, it was the reform party that was the organ of the Browns. That was the true relation. Now the Globe is the mere mouthpiece of the reform leaders. It is also the organ of a clique of speculators. It is the organ of the Grand Trunk—how it is advocating the claims of that corporation was shown yesterday. It is the apologist of the London masonic lottery swindlers. It truckles to every sect and section. It smears with fulsome flattery all the churches. It pats on the back the few French Canadians who have been trying to make another Quebec out of the fruitful county of Essex. There is no independence in its columns at all.

And what is the consequence and what is the proof of all this? Simply that its circulation is rapidly going down, when other papers are going up. Notwithstanding that it sells its paper in the afternoon for a cent, the subscribers will not come. The present figures show a drop of a thousand on those of last year.

The lack of brains is also evident in other matters of policy. The opposition to the fostering of home manufactures in Canada is carried on more inconsequently than ever. The old story of decline in wages, hard times, panic, is dished up every day.

But the spectacle is not so much a matter of regret. If the Globe is decaying it is because something more vigorous, more Canadian, more aggressive, more independent is taking its place. We can always afford to discard an old hat when the hatter has given us a new and better one.

THE LOTTERY SWINDLE.

The Globe of Saturday apologizes for the London lottery swindlers. Why should an alleged leading journal be concerned in palliating the crimes of Brother Brunton. Listen to the Globe:

> In the London case the most active man in the management is accused of having held a ticket *sub rosa*. He alleges that the ticket had been purchased in good faith for his brother in Calcage, and that the money drawn on the ticket was paid over to him. The facts will no doubt be thoroughly sifted in the course of the suit which has been instituted, but we are loth to believe, and certainly there is nothing established yet which proves, that those who managed the drawing allowed themselves to be tampered with. However the holding of a ticket by one of the managers may be viewed by the public, his doing so is no proof that he attempted to influence the drawing, much less that he succeeded in doing so in such a way as to make sure of a prize.

All of which is, to the effect that the thief stole the horse, but he was an honest man when he did it. We have presented sufficient evidence to show how scaly was the whole business, and though we have challenged the "managers" to show where the prize money went they have declined to do so. If it were not a swindle why have the London papers been so silent? They have never yet denounced it. And because the managing editor of the Globe happens to come from London that paper, too, is dragged in as an apologist of Brunton, who drew and gave his receipt for $7500 on a ticket held by his "brother." Well might a man exclaim as he did yesterday, "Though I've known the whole tribe of them, I never knew Brunton had a brother in Chicago till The World brought it out." Not being a London concern perhaps the Globe will have something to say about the Guelph swindle.

ABUNDANT AND DEAR.

When we are told that food is dear because it is scarce we can only reply, if we admit the fact, that we are sorry for it, but can't help it. But to see food dear in the midst of festive and overwhelming abundance is something trying to public patience, and people may well demand to know the reason why. Under the influence of brighter skies and more sunshine than Europe has seen for a number of years back, grain prices there are falling at a rate fitted to strike terror to the hearts of Chicago wheat corner men. In the United States the latest and best accounts show that while the damage to fall wheat was greatly exaggerated two or three months ago, spring crops and grass are in splendid growth. Further, the fact is coming out that the quantity of last year's wheat left over in farmers' hands is far greater than was generally believed before. In Ontario the crops are in a general way doing remarkably well this season, the fine growth of spring grain promising to make up for any deficiency there may be in fall wheat. In Manitoba and the Northwest the growing season is pronounced a fine one, with all crops doing well. Nor is this all. The failure of the Chicago lard corner has been a "sickener" to speculators for the rise; and the provision market is evidently in no condition for the forcing up of prices at wholesale. Both here and in the neighboring states the splendid growing weather for grass is creating large and liberal supplies of butter and cheese. Yet *retail* prices of everything people have to buy for food continue high, in Toronto, at all events. There is something wrong in this business of food supply and food prices, and it is the duty of the press to unearth it and expose it, if possible, for the public good. Towards this end we propose to contribute our mite of effort.

SERVILE PRESBYTERIANS.

Globe of Monday: It would be unpardonable not to notice with special interest and approval the fraternal intercourse which took place between the assembly and the anglican synod which was in session at the same time and in the same city. Evidently Bishop Hellmuth and his clergy wish to cultivate more than a mere "street acquaintance" with the ministers of other denominations, and the manner in which they carried out this wish was worthy of all commendation. There was no affectation of clerical assumption on the one side, and no symptom of gratified servility on the other.

The presbyterians will doubtless feel flattered at being told by the Globe that they exhibited "no symptom of gratified servility" on the occasion in question. Are they ever in the habit of showing it? The Globe insinuates that they are.

The wet weather has been so continuous that many farmers have abandoned turnip sowing and are putting in Hungarian grass.

It is to be hoped the county crown attorney of Wellington will at once enforce the law against the Guelph lottery swindlers, whether they be sheriffs, mayors, councillors or "reputable citizens." They are promoting a most disreputable gambling enterprise and ought to be put down. The attorney general, not having an election at hand, ought also to move in the matter. The Guelph clergymen have a good opportunity to pitch in. Let them not be like their fellows in London, who were afraid to say anything against the masons.

The Globe and Mail of Monday published a statement that the Canada Mutual telegraph company had passed into the control of Great Northwestern. The officers of the former company deny the statement, and say not one share of their stock is controlled by the Great Northwestern, and that they are competitors with that company wherever possible.

The present wet weather is unparalleled in the history of this portion of Ontario. The "oldest inhabitant" cannot remember such a downpour of rain in May and June. The crops must suffer from the too frequent baths. But probably no one feels it so badly as the retail merchants of the cities and towns. People will not go out shopping in the rain, and as a consequence the salesmen and saleswomen stand in their places counting the hours as they roll slowly around, and watching the overcast countenance of the "boss." Business is slow all round, and everyone is praying for at least a few days of dry, bright weather.

Bradstreets is not given to joking—the editor of that journal would hate himself if he should let a pun slip from the end of his serious pen—but when he intimated on Saturday that the bull movement in the stock market had unexpectedly slipped up in consequence of the lard deals in Chicago he came perilously near the edge of funniness. The "bull" is a creature that is always on an up grade. Of course, if his pathway is impeded by cheap lard it demoralized him.

The Philadelphia retail merchants are in a high state of excitement over the fact that a large number of shoppers go to New York to make their purchases. Some of the newspapers of the City of Brotherly Love affirm that these persons go to New York not only to shop, but also to have a good time away from their wives or their husbands, as the case may be. To this charge the New York Times replies that such abuse would not lead these erring shoppers back, and suggests that they would spend their money at home if Philadelphia merchants would keep abreast of the times, reduce prices, and enlarge their assortment of goods. It appears that Philadelphia merchants are not only losing much of the trade of that city, but also that of Trenton and other adjacent places, the shoppers from these towns all going to New York.

Himalaya (the abode of snow from the sanscrit "hima," snow, and "alaya," abode) is the most elevated and stupendous system on the globe. The tea plant can be cultivated along the entire southern face of the Himalaya to an elevation of 5000 feet, but the best is produced at from 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea, and the best only is sold by the Li Quor Tea company at 39 cents per lb.

Rossin House.

The Rossin is the largest hotel in Canada, only two blocks from Union station, corner King and York streets, finest situation in Toronto. Its thoroughly first-class appointments, large corridors, lofty ceilings, spacious, clean and well ventilated rooms (the whole house having been painted, frescoed and decorated this spring), detached and en suite, polite and attentive employees in every apartment, together with unexcelled cuisine, make it specially attractive to the travelling public. Elevator running day and night. Hot and cold baths on each floor. Electric bells in rooms. Fire escape in each bed-room. Prices gradusted.

WOMANLY WOMAN'S WOES.

PSYCHE AND HER CRITICS IN PRINT ONCE MORE.

A Woman Gives Some Advice About Choosing a Husband—She is Down on the Englishman as Being Overbearing and Jealous.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: Psyche's letter of June 21 is, from beginning to end, a direct insult to all good and true women and should be so regarded by all gentlemen. After comparing us to the Chinese, reminding us of our naturally weaker body, declaring that we all earnestly hope some man will some day marry us, and calling us bold, immodest and rude, he crowns all his previous insults by the last, unbearable one that this tirade against all classes of women except "perfect women, nobly planned," is written by a woman. Female stenographers have at least enough modesty to blush with burning shame and indignation at the thought that such an effusion could be penned by one of their sex, and one who pretends to be a *womanly woman*.

His idea of quoting scripture to uphold a bad cause is not a new one. He seems to forget, though the import of that "sermon on charity," which might benefit him to recall. However, he thinks women should carefully follow the injunction of the apostle to be "keepers at home;" but pray, how are women to be keepers at home, who have no home! And how are women to adorn themselves in even "modest apparel" if they, having no natural protectors, cannot work for their living? But even those who do not need to work at all do not seem to meet his valued approval, for he is almost equally hard on those who can "dress in crushed strawberry and parade our streets." He will none of them. When he wants a wife he will seek her in some "house-woman" or maid.

In reply to his remark about the influences which surround us and detract so much from our worth in his eyes. I might say that female stenographers or any other class of women rarely meet with anything so demoralizing in its tone and tenor as this pitiable letter of his.

Mr. Editor, do you consider it a very gentlemanly act in this Psyche to pour forth such a flood of insults? Or that a manly man would attempt to hide such smallness by calling himself a woman?

ONE OF THE WOMANLY WOMEN.

Toronto, June 26, 1883.

[But Psyche is a woman nevertheless—ED.]

A REPLY FROM PSYCHE TO MATER.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: I have read the attempted reply of Mater in The World of Saturday, to my letter upon Womanly Women, and am more than ever convinced of the correctness of the maxim, "It is only truth that stings," as it has plainly stung Mater, and very severely, too. Now to all the facts I have stated in my letter she is quite unable to reply. I judge so because her letter is nearly all an attack upon men and marriage, and not one line of it in any way replies to my statements. Before going any farther I would just remind that logicians tell us when an opponent becomes angry it proves they have been defeated, and the first part of her letter is not conspicuous for womanly calmness or gentleness. Cultivate sweetness and gentleness, Mater. Try the experiment, and you will find that those "mean and selfish men" whom you so much despise, will admire you even more than they do at present. Mater's "indignation" interferes. One word more before closing. Be sure and learn your future husband's disposition. Never marry a passionate man under any circumstance, or your happiness will be jeopardized and your days shortened. You will hear from me again in reference to others. F. P.

Toronto, June 25, 1883.

THE LONDON LOTTERY SWINDLES

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: It is not only at headquarters that shady transactions have taken place in connection with this now—thanks to The World—notorious swindle. In this place which lies a few miles east of your city, a prominent member of the "order" secured a large number of tickets for sale, and disposed of scores of them to a syndicate composed of innocent lambs who all took tickets for the good of the order of course. When the return of prizes was published it was found that a goodly number of minor prizes fell to the share of this syndicate, but whether there was only enough money for one, or because the p. m. was afraid of Bro. Fenton does not appear. The only thing now clear in the minds of the fleeced is that the treasurer of the syndicate has failed to "whack up," and the aforesaid shorn ones are debating the best method of getting what little they are entitle to. Your scathing denunciations of the whole system of lotteries has brought to the minds of our people a very scaly transaction which took place here a few years ago when one of your now city fathers held the winning tickets; the facts in regard to which will be forthcoming in due course.

HARBSCRABBLE.

Toronto, June 26, 1883.

A COW BYRE IN THE WRONG PLACE.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: I see it mentioned in the papers that a city inspector is on the warpath, and that several keepers of cow byres have been fined under the new by law. I just wish that the vigilant official aforesaid would visit the corner of Breadalbane street and Surrey place and take note of a foul-smelling cow byre there, which touches the sidewalk line on both streets. I wonder that the parties responsible for the property management of St. Joseph's convent seem never to have reflected what a disgrace to their splendid building and grounds this cow byre is, and what a nuisance to residents of the neighborhood besides. But, whatever they may think of it, the offence against the law is open and flagrant, and calls for immediate action by the authorities.

CITIZEN.

Toronto, June 26, 1883.

A SLIGHT ERROR.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: In the full column advertisement of our business in this day's World our clerk has made us say that we undertake "the settlement of states." Will you kindly allow us to correct this. We do not propose to settle "states," but are prepared to settle the business of any "estate" committed to us.

MACMILLAN & BURGESS.

Toronto, June 26, 1883.

We are always told that women cannot be logical and I think Mater's letter proves as much, since she attempts to reply to my reasons for women following their own avocations by attacking marriage; this is surely a peculiar line of argument. Now I would remind her that I am not alone in believing that women have no right to compete with men, and I assert that when they do they prove themselves immodest and unwomanly.

At a meeting held in London, England, lately Lady Brassy said "she was a great believer in work of all kinds. She believed it was much better for women strictly in their own way, because she thought it was the tendency of the present age of women to work out of this element and to compete too much with men. For she was quite sure in her own mind that if women did not compete with men, they would use an influence for good which she hoped all true women possessed at the present day."

Again in the concluding portion of her letter Mater says that "she acknowledges after all, marriage is the happiest condition for man and woman," and that "not the least important point should be a sufficient income if the life is to preserve her womanly and gentleness."

Alas! for my sex if our womanly softness and gentleness depend upon dollars and cents. Now we fondly cling to the belief that it is best to marry for love. And I would not give much for the woman who could calmly count up to see if her lover had a sufficient income. That is a business-like, cool, matter-of-fact, loveless nature, which can only belong to the class of women whose "womanly softness and gentleness" depend upon a husband's income. Now, in concluding my review of Mater's letter, I would again assert that woman's place is the home. That is her sphere. The express command of St. Paul is that she be "a keeper at home." This has neither been recalled nor denied; and by being so she will become the happy wife of some good man, who will be able to say that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

Now, Mr. Editor, in regard to J. L. F.'s letter in Monday's World. As she has not answered any statement in my letter I need not reply to her. I have always believed J. L. F. to be an old lady, and as old ladies are proverbially garrulous, and as I fear we might be treated to a dose of "linked sweetness long drawn out" by this "Triton of the minnows," I shall not reply in detail, but would just remind J. L. F. that when she writes to The World she should bear in mind that "brevity is the soul of wit," and that a good short letter from her would be, as Shakespeare says, "an argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever," so rare would it be.

Toronto, June 25, 1883. PSYCHE.

[And Psyche is wrong when she says J. L. F. is a woman—ED.]

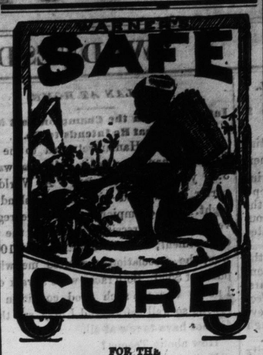
ONE WORD OF ADVICE ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: I have noticed several paragraphs in your valuable paper in reference to woman and woman's competitors. Now if you will allow me a small space in one of your colums I would like to give one word of advice to ladies on the selection of a husband. In the first place be particular about their nationality. Seldom if ever make a choice of an Englishman, for nine cases out of ten they will lead you a tyrannical life. They are jealous-minded, smooth-tongued, and as for selfishness no other nation can compete with them. Of such, ladies beware, for they are always suspicious of you in whatever sphere you may move. I think a woman should command her own house and should reign as queen there. But an Englishman in most cases will not allow you the privilege. He, on returning home from his day's toil, wishes to reign supreme and usurp woman's place. No Canadian can endure this. She is utterly crushed. Now let any sensible woman hold the position she can best fill, which I think is the home circle, and I despise the man who will there interfere. One word more before closing. Be sure and learn your future husband's disposition. Never marry a passionate man under any circumstance, or your happiness will be jeopardized and your days shortened. You will hear from me again in reference to others. F. P.

Toronto, June 25, 1883.

The worst case of pride on record was the Boston woman who daily painted the pale cheeks of her dying husband to make his complexion match her pink wrapper.



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There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all kidney, liver and urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

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CAMP BEDS,

Just the thing for Volunteers going to camp.

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GENERAL TICKET AGENCY

Tickets issued in connection with the Palace Steamer

CHICORA

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YONGE ST. SHOE COMPANY.

SPRING, 1883.

NEW STYLES. POPULAR PRICES.

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NEW GOODS!

BOYS' LACED AND BUTTONED BOOTS!

BOYS' OXFORD AND TIE SHOES, BOYS' PATENT LEATHER DRESS SHOES.

Also a nice variety of BOOTS and SHOES in kid, goat and pebble leather, for misses' and children's wear.

Prices Reasonable.

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A. MACDONALD,

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The Neatest, Nobbiest and Best-Looking Suits in the City at Lowest Rates.

COAL AND WOOD.

ESTABLISHED 1856. *ESTABLISHED 1856*

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COAL & WOOD

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Best Hard Wood (Beech and Maple) delivered to any part of the city at - - - - $5.50 per cord
2nd Quality do do do do $4.00 do
Beech and Maple by carload on cars in Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway yard. - - - $4.50 do

All descriptions Hard and Soft Coal. Best Qualities. Lowest Rates.

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Corner Front and Bathurst sts. | 51 King street east,
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BEST QUALITY

COAL AND WOOD - LOWEST PRICES.

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THE CABLE AND EL PADRE

CIGARS

To be had in all railway trains in Canada and of all first-class hotels and dealers.

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TORONTO BRANCH—34 Church Street

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A Full Assortment of Globes and Smoke Bells.

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