

The Observer.

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Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

Periodically we have outbursts of what is known as anti annexation sentiment, or, as some cruel Liberals call it, "Jingoism." The appearance of Mr. Sol. White, M. P. P., on the platform recently in the role of annexationist, gave several of our public men an excuse for fulminating against American institutions and doing kotow to all that is British. Now that the affair has blown over, and the ship freighted with the destinies of Canada is once more sailing in smooth water, we cannot help thinking that the words of Falstaff might apply to the Annexation bogey: "I fear this Gunpowder, Percy, though he be dead."

For anyone to assert that there is a sentiment or leaning toward annexation in this country is to wilfully misrepresent the truth. A few may force themselves into the belief that Canadians are anxious to become members of the great republic to the south of us. Some may in secret cherish such a desire, still the bulk of the people are willing to permit us to work out our own destiny by evolution rather than by revolution. The latter may be a more speedy method, but the former if the slower has this merit, it is the more permanent. However, in a mixed community like ours it would be indeed strange if a few were not stricken with political strabism.

There is no reasonable ground for all this noise, over what may be justly considered a dead issue. What is the use of setting up men of straw, that we may knock them down again? The annexationists avowed and *in petto* are few in number. There are far more Canadians to-day in the United States, true to their allegiance to this country, than there are annexationists in Canada. Any person who has lived among the Canadian colonies in the United States can corroborate this. There are also far more people in the United States who would vote to annex that country to this one than there are Canadians willing to annex Canada to the United States. This is a plain practical truth, devoid of all sentiment, and all the special pleading of journalistic hair-splitters cannot change this fact.

There is also a good deal of maudlin sentiment over the exodus of Canadians to the United States. In the case of the farmer, to be forced to leave this country is a hardship, and a fault, which if it can be laid at the door of our political policy, no amount of Jingoism can condone. Still it cannot be denied that a great many Canadians have gone to the United States to better their condition, and they have invariably succeeded. "Vote to bring

back the thousands of Canadians in the United States," was the cry at a recent election. Now let us be sensible. What would the great financial, commercial and industrial interests of the United States do if these Canadians were brought back for good by the first train? What would their railroads do without managers, their financial institutions without presidents? Let us be merciful, and rest content, since our countrymen are spoiling the Egyptians.

But there is one feature in the sentimental comedy that is like the rose with its attendant thorn. One cannot criticise our political institutions, or policies, without being accused of treason, and denounced as an annexationist in disguise. Everybody is supposed to sit up at night with a lantern watching our Constitution and British connection. We hardly think this is Canadian sentiment. *The Mail* is frequently denounced as false to Canadian interests, simply because it does not indulge in buncombe and mock heroics. True Canadian sentiment as exemplified by all honest Canadians is like the love of Cordelia for King Lear. When Lear asked his three daughters how much they loved him, Goneril and Regan answered him in extravagant panegyric. When he put the question to Cordelia she answered,

"Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less."

Yet Lear found, when he was robbed and deserted by his daughters, that Cordelia's love was as she said herself, "More ponderous than her tongue."

The brave man is never guilty of boasting of his bravery, the honest man of his honesty, the patriot of his patriotism. Canadian sentiment is unobtrusive, but for this reason deeper and more lasting. And when we hear the extravagant panegyrics of political Gonerils and Regans we are constrained to repeat with Cordelia:

"What shall Cordelia say? Love and be silent."

The present municipal campaign is more prolific of candidates than any other within my memory. It would appear as if every citizen were out running for some office or another, and, as I am an exception, I feel like St. Athanasius, *contra mundum*. In the rush for office some one is bound to get left. The present situation reminds me much of an election which took place in a western town a few years ago. The place was a mining town that had sprung into existence almost in a night. Suddenly the citizens decided that a mayor was a necessity. A returning officer was selected and the voters proceeded to ballot. There were no nominations and everybody was supposed to vote for whoever he pleased. When the returning

officer counted the ballots he declared that no one had a majority, as there was but one vote for each candidate, and the only way he could account for this was that every man had voted for himself.

The women have introduced a new feature into the campaign by nominating one of their own sex in each ward for school trustee. Now, I do not believe very much in woman's suffrage, but this I will say, I do not think women will boodle or rob the public treasury. Who knows but the introduction of women into public office may be the purifying influence that is needed so badly to leaven the present political compound? Boodling is become such a fine art that hardly any man can be trusted. But I, for one, whilst believing that women should not be too forward in their demands for public recognition, am of the opinion that, as a whole, the weaker sex are the more honest.

If a woman is dishonest she is the creature of misfortune. The standard of honor and morality is higher among women than men, and even the most depraved of the sex have twinges of conscience altogether unknown to men. Business men find that their secrets are safer in the hands of women secretaries, and in the telegraph offices the "tickers" that send out the market reports are trusted alone to women, because when men had charge of the instruments false reports were often sent to help a confederate broker on change. Since women have been employed not a single instance of breach of faith has been known. A few women in the Public School Board may break the ring that at present exists there.

In looking over the list of labor jawsmiths, who are constantly disturbing the peace during election times, I quite forgot to mention Harry Parr. Parr is an employe of the *Toronto News*. He is employed in the *News* office, and whichever way the *News* weather-vane turns there you will find Mr. Parr. Parr may try to assume that he is a great man in the labor party, but those belonging to organized labor know better, for Mr. Parr is now recognised as the cat which the *News* uses to pull its chestnuts off the stove.

By long odds the ablest speaker in the municipal campaign is A. W. Wright. If Mr. Wright had not been so good a party man he would today have held a high public office in this country, but Wright is too good natured, and has been used as a step ladder whereby others have climbed into office.

In the next issue I intend dealing with the police and the present system of locking up drunks. The topic is *apropos* of the season, and in conclusion I wish my readers a Happy New Year.

The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Before I again have the pleasure of addressing the readers of this journal the municipal elections will have occurred, and we shall have appointed our civic guardians for the year 1892. The only thing that we cannot be, perhaps, too often reminded of is that we are too careless in a matter of this importance to take the trouble to appoint good men it is no use grumbling afterwards because they have not carried out their duty in a manner we approve.

It is the duty of every one who has a vote to exercise it, and to exercise it conscientiously. The number of abstentions among the voters in this city has for some time past been a feature reflecting no credit on a large number of the citizens. Those who in the main have been thus negligent in their duty have been the very people who, if not from education, at least from their position and responsibilities, should set the example of fulfilling what is a high public trust. The working people usually poll very fully in the municipal elections, but the more well-to-do of the citizens are the most remiss.

As far as the Mayoralty election is concerned the situation is somewhat more defined. Mr. Fleming's chances were exceptionally good, but the support of Mr. Spence, Peter Ryan, and the *Globe* have stamped him so decidedly with the damaged hall-mark of a Grit party candidate that I think his chances have lessened, though he would be a good man in the chair.

Mr. Beatty, I understand, will not go to the poll; Mr. McMillan has obtained somehow the support of the tag-rag and bob-tail of the Clarke *entourage*. McMillan we are told is "honest;" well, it is to be hoped so; only this is a curious recommendation, and from the way it is insisted on in this connection, one would infer that an honest man was a scarce article in Toronto.

But Mr. McMillan is undoubtedly a crank. We want no more of this kind of thing; we have suffered enough from the fooleries of the fanatic Howland, to make us fight very shy of the goody-goody nincompoops and the cold-water crowd. We do not want "honest John," and I ask all my readers to do their very possible best to snow him under.

The last four years I have cast my ballot for Mayor Clark. Had he come out this time I should have voted against him, because I do not want to see the office monopolised by any one man, and for no other reason. Mr. Clarke has made, all things considered, a fairly good Mayor; he has done about the best that his surroundings would permit.

Next Monday I intend to vote for Mr. Osler, who I expect to win the contest by a majority of

at least one thousand, and not improbably double that number, the reasons why he is being objected to in many quarters, being among some of the principle reasons why I shall do so.

Mr. Osler is a man of business and a man of the world, and exactly the kind of man we want in the Mayor's chair. He is not a teetotal "lecturer," nor an itinerant preacher, nor a supporter of the "morality" department; neither is he, as far as I can learn, on the verge of bankruptcy, and chasing after the Mayor's salary to keep him afloat for awhile. Mr. Osler's business success is a strong argument in his favor, as the fact of a man being able to manage his own affairs well is fair presumptive evidence that he can conduct the municipal business of the city.

But the most important matter on which we shall be called on to vote next Monday is the Sunday car question. This concerns the working people of the city, and their wives and children too, much more than who we shall have for Mayor and Aldermen for the next quarter of a century. This is a contest between the parsons and the people, between poverty and privilege, and it will be the fault of the people if they do not win.

Scarcely any of the parsons who are prominent in opposing the popular demand but admit that they habitually ride to their churches on a Sunday. Of course the most twaddling excuses are put forward to explain why they ride. Mr. Macdonald of whom I expected better things—says he rides to oblige his wife; why did he not say his wife's mother at once, and make it a case of "Oh, it is all on account of my mother-in-law?" Will Mr. Macdonald admit that the wife of a poor man has as much right to a street car as his wife to her private carriage?

But I do not care how the ministers go to church, that is entirely a side issue. The question is one concerning the convenience of the whole people, and especially the poorer people and their families. I refuse to make it either a religious or an unreligious dispute. I, as one of the inhabitants of this city, require to ride on Sundays; I know such to be the desire of a large proportion of the people. We have an undoubted right to do so, and we mean to enforce that right.

When I say "enforce the right," I mean of course by every means that constitutional action will allow. I believe those in favor of Sunday cars are in a considerable majority, and I ask everyone of them to be careful to register their votes correctly. This is a question of personal liberty against priestly bigotry and domination; it is an insult to our intelligence and an encroachment on our freedom, and it is time we swept the antiquated anomaly out of the way.

There will be a tough struggle, and possibly a bitter one; only if it be bitter the fault will be with our clerical opponents. We have raised a square issue and mean to carry it through in a square way. It is a question the people must decide, and as long as it is left to their unbiassed judgment we are content to await the verdict

without getting unduly excited. If the people, consulting their own interests, vote for the proposal well and good; it will go. If the people vote against it, we, who shall then be proved in the minority, must abide the decision. Only let the vote be untrammelled with clerical coercion.

The meeting on Wednesday evening was a splendid success, and one that the advocates of liberty for the poor people on Sundays may well be proud of, however the voting on Monday may go. All the argument is on the side of the demand of the people, and all the subterfuge and false pretence on the part of the parsons and the privileged classes.

One thing is certain, if not settled in the affirmative on Monday this agitation has come to stay. The majority of the citizens have quite made up their minds to take the management of their own affairs into their own hands. Let the clergy run their churches, if they can, *without the assistance of the people*, we quite intend to run cars here on Sunday, in spite of the opposition of all the parsons in Toronto united—and they are not united. But there must be a long pull and a strong pull on Monday; we not only want a majority, but a large one.

It is astonishing how encouraging a little friendly advice is now and again, even to persons in the highest places. When the important news was telegraphed from Europe here that the Countess of Clancarty was going to have a baby, I immediately cabled (as I stated in THE OBSERVER of a few weeks ago) and advised the lady, for reasons that I thought sufficient, to have a boy while she was about it. I did this on the strength of an old acquaintance with her when she was Belle Bilton, the popular music hall singer. The lady has taken the advice of an old friend and admirer so kindly that on Monday of this week she presented the most noble the Earl of Clancarty with a pair of boys at a birth! Belle, I congratulate you on your determination to secure an heir to the estate and trust you are "as well as can be expected."

Miss Julia Kavanagh, Beverley street, Toronto, writes to me in these affectionate terms:—"My dear Willy, I like THE OBSERVER and I like 'The Passing Show,' but is not the following paragraph a little obscure; at least I cannot understand it." Well, here is the sentence to which my fair correspondent objects:—"When the little stranger comes, if he takes after its mother it will sing, and sing something racy too. How funny it would sound if the precocious child should some day come out with the rather rude but popular ditty of *la petite blanchisseuse Parisienne*, on the night before her marriage as she apostrophies her lonely bed in the well known words, "*Oh mon lit, mon lit, mon pauvre lit*," and at the same time interrogates her mother in the refrain that may be roughly rendered into English thus:—

I ask you but one question, my mother—
Your confusion I'll help you to smother—
My kind-hearted mother, my loving mamma,
Tell me, pray tell me—who was my papa!"

I beg of Julia not to ask me to be more explicit. "*La petite blanchisseuse Parisienne*," means a little Paris laundress; those obliging young ladies kindly bring home the clean shirts and collars to the lodgings of single young men; they are always young and usually pretty. The second French phrase is a line of a well known and popular song in France; and the refrain, I think, speaks for itself. Oh, Julia! Your simplicity is excessive, and my heart is exceeding sorrowful for you.

Musical & Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

I am informed that Mr. Edward Fisher is at work on the details of a scheme for the formation of a club for musicians, artists and literary men. The need of such a club has long been felt, but there is no disguising the fact that the difficulties in the way are very great. There is little doubt, however, that if Mr. Edward Fisher takes up the scheme in earnest he will succeed in inaugurating it. The great problem will then be to obtain sufficient financial support to maintain the organisation on a permanent footing.

The Harmony Club is busy preparing for public production Milloecker's opera "The Beggar Student." The work has never been given in Toronto, although it is considered the best opera that the composer has yet written. I have no doubt that the Club will give a creditable performance. Much of the success which has attended the efforts of the Club in the past is due to the personal interest taken in its labors by Mr. Albert Nordheimer.

Miss Fanny Davenport has assumed a rotundity of figure that is scarcely a qualification for posing as an ideal Cleopatra. Her production of the Moreau-Sardou version of the play "Cleopatra" at the Grand Opera House this week is, however, a remarkable one as a splendid stage spectacle. The mounting of the piece must have cost a large sum of money, and it was a courageous act to bring it to Toronto for the week immediately following Christmas, a time of the year when there are always heavy demands upon the pockets of our citizens. Miss Davenport's diction and acting as the fascinating Queen struck me as being decidedly mechanical—a finished bit of work, it is true, but without inspiration. As Miss Davenport has, however, been a sick woman for some time past, it would be unfair to take her impersonation as the best she can do. I must not forget to mention, as a feature of the play, the realistic and startling storm scene in the fifth act. The electric and mechanical effects elicited unbounded admiration from the spectators. The play is unequal in dramatic construction, but it contains several powerful situations. Mr. Melbourne MacDowell, in his effective portrayal of Mark Antony, gave a signal proof of the great progress he has made as an actor in the past few years. In the old days when he was a member of the Eugene MacDowell Co., he was considered a perfect "stick," and was assigned subordinate roles.

I have just come across an article recently published in an English magazine written by Mr. J. Carlile, which touches in a measure upon the subject of the little discussion I had with "Chromaticus." It seems that Mr. Ebenezer Prout has been contending for the necessity of additional accompaniments to Handel's orchestration in his oratorios. Mr. Bennett, the critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, in reply advocated Handel in his integrity. Mr. Carlile in his comments says:

"Mr. Bennett, for the sake of argument, chooses to adopt the views of the unlearned and to cry out for Handel in his integrity. It is a pious wish, like that of the Scotch divine, who, being troubled about the interpretation of a passage in the Hebrew scriptures, took up the version of King James with the remark, 'Let us turn to the original.' Mozart's revision of the Messiah is no more Handel than the authorised version of the Psalms is David; and Mr. Prout has been completely successful in showing, first, that Handel in his integrity is impracticable, and secondly, that if practicable, we should find it deadly dull. If there are any who remain unconvinced by Mr. Prout's reasoning, let them borrow an old harpsichord, import some of the coarse-voiced oboes which are believed to linger in Germany, find a player on the Viol de Gamba, if there is one left, and then give a performance of one of Handel's earliest works. It will be extremely interesting as an antiquarian curiosity, but very little likely to be repeated."

The Leipsico-cum-Chopin school of pianists are getting decidedly aggressive. They now talk very glibly of the variety of tone-colors produced by the educated touch of a skilled pianist. My old friend, Mr. Wesley Forsyth, in a paper he read on Tuesday before the Society of Musicians, spoke in glowing terms of the rich tone-color that could be evolved from the piano. As he said this I noticed a sarcastic smile flit across the mobile features of Miss Norah Hillary, who had up to that time been listening to the Aurora disciple of æsthetic pianism with rapt attention. "Rich tone-coloring" from a pianoforte is decidedly good. I had always thought you could get tone-colors from an orchestra in which there are varieties of instruments with different *timbres* and having the tone produced in different ways. But 'rich tone-color' of a piano—Oh, shades of Berlioz, Weber and Wagner!"

The Canadian Society of Musicians held its seventh annual Convention in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday. The association is one which the profession ought to support, but I fully recognise the difficulties experienced in keeping it alive. The absence of an adequate support from places outside of Toronto is keenly felt, and it may perhaps be many years before teachers in the country will be convinced that they receive any direct benefit from the Society. The promoters of the scheme need not, however, lose heart on that account. The support of the profession in Toronto and Hamilton should be sufficient to maintain it for the present, and as the representative musicians of the country gradually drop into line the rank and file of the profession will seek to become members in order to be in good company. It goes without saying that I am presupposing that the affairs of the Society will be conducted with judgment and tact. The Convention just closed has at last recognised the long labors of Mr. F. H. Torrington in the cause of music by electing him to the honorary position of President. A good deal of time is wasted at these conventions by prolix discussion. It was highly amusing,

though, to hear a number of teachers who ought to know better, gravely assert that the melodic combination of music had been exhausted, or in other words that it would be almost impossible to write original melodies.

It struck me that these gentlemen must either be indulging in a joke at the expense of their audience, or were seeking to find a reason why they had failed to produce original melodies. The question of requiring candidates for membership to pass an examination took up some time in the discussion. Naturally many musicians have an objection to examinations of the kind, for they know full well that had Beethoven and Wagner been examined by their contemporary musicians, they would have been ignominiously plucked. The convention was brought to a brilliant close on Wednesday night by a concert at which Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann was the bright, particular star. At last we have heard a pianist who does not abuse his instrument, and who cannot be classed among the peripatetic pounders who make it a business to spread the gospel of noise. Mr. de Pachmann is simply an exquisite player, a pianist in the true sense of the word, and a genial and genuine artist.

SO ENGLISH.

One of the strange paradoxes of our queer American nature, says the Toledo *Bee*, is the way our people—or a good portion of those who make themselves heard—rail out against England of all foreign nations and then hasten to ape and to quote her. It is not "good form." We shut her out of our markets and laud "the home industry" in laws and on paper. Our men and women who are rich enough to do so go over there and buy their season's wardrobe and smuggle them home in domestic-looking trunks, because they get better goods for the same or lower prices. The Christmas mistletoe is as common in Maryland as the woodbine is in Ohio, and yet, to find sale in the markets, it is branded "English mistletoe."

A TERRAPIN FARM.

Of late years a number of terrapin farms have been started along the Chesapeake. The biggest farm is on the Patuxent River, and it consists of a large salt water lake which could accommodate thousands of terrapin if they would breed as rapidly as desired. The farmer has surrounded this lake with broad fences to keep out the muskrats and foxes, which are the terrapin's enemies. He has made hatcheries of boxes partly filled with sand and so arranged that when the females enter them they cannot get out until taken out. He has nurseries for young terrapin and he keeps the little ones in here until they are ten months old, in order to preserve them from their fathers.

Some persons are so infernally officious that had they been present at the creation, they would have delayed matters several days by their interference; and before the final judgment is fairly inaugurated they will begin to kick because they have not been assigned a more prominent place on the programme.

IMMORALITY IN TORONTO.

BY HORACE SMITH, M. A.

IV.

I have great pleasure in calling the attention of my readers to an article which appeared in this paper by "Marie Stuart," in connection with the subject on which I am now writing. "Marie Stuart" is a lady who has thought deeply on many social subjects, and without necessarily endorsing all her views, I have no hesitation in saying that her various contributions on Socialogy are among the ablest that have appeared from the pen of any woman on this continent.

I regret exceedingly that my copy miscarried last week. It was mailed by me in the ordinary way, and should have reached in ample time for the early issue of the paper. But as it has not come to hand yet, the natural inference is that it is lost. It is quite impossible for me to remember what I wrote, but I resume the thread of the argument where I left off in the issue of the 19th inst.

In the remarks about to be made on the conduct of married women in this city it is as well that people should understand my statements are not intended to be too sweeping. There are in Toronto, of course, many married women, who as wife or mother are essentially patterns of duty and propriety; but there are many, and in fact, very many, to whom this description does not apply. And it is of these others about whom I shall talk to day.

No one can doubt, who goes into society or reads the current literature, that the institution of marriage is not regarded as the serious, sacred thing it was only a few years ago.

No one can deny that the idea of forming a matrimonial alliance is very distasteful to an increasing number of men every day, and also strange enough, to many women. A young man who marries now a-days is usually unmercifully gayed by his sometime bachelor companions, and also regarded as a fool by all the young ladies of his acquaintance, except the one whom he has honored by selection, and she usually waits until after the marriage ceremony, if not to discover, at least to openly aver that she regards him as a fool.

This is a curious condition of things, and why is it so?

Why is it that so many men regard marriage as a mistake, and some women as a sacrifice?

There is no doubt that the general condition of married infelicity that single men know quite well is the state in which many of their married friends live, and the plain speaking of some married men to their unmarried friends, which generally assume some such formula as this, "Well, my boy, know when you are well off, and don't make a damned fool of yourself," has had and is having effect on the gilded youths of to-day.

The increasing selfishness and extravagance of young men and young women is also a strong deterring influence.

Men now smoke, drink, play billiards, gamble and bet in a manner and to a general extent unknown to the average young man of twenty years ago.

Young women now dress and drink and smoke to an extent that frightens men off any ideas of matrimony. And above all they flirt; and in this interesting occupation they all find the most astute, the most bitter, and the most successful rivals in the young married women whom they meet in society as their acquaintances and their friends.

There is no pretence of concealment about it. Many a married woman to-day boasts habitually of the men she has "mashed" with much more freedom than will many single girls.

A well known preacher at Montreal only the other day brought down a load of adverse criticism on his head by speaking plainly about the conduct of the majority of married women at the present time. He accused them in the plainest possible terms of "laying themselves out to attract the attentions of all men—whether married or single is usually a matter of absolute indifference to them, so long as it be the attention and the admiration of some man who is not their husband."

A married lady writes to me and says:—"Mr. Horace Smith, I only wish I had my hands in your wool." Now, I call this very kind of my correspondent, who, I am sure, is every inch a lady; but, like old Uncle Ned, I prefer to keep my wool on the top of my head; I am content to miss the interview. But, at the risk of another indignant letter, I quite endorse the above extract.

Anyone who goes into society at all, and observes how married women comport themselves, how they dress, and how they dance, who sees how openly they flirt, and who listens to their conversation, can have no possible doubt that their sole care, ambition, and study is to attract and fascinate men.

This is often done at first out of a silly kind of vanity to show that "though married" they are still admired; but more often to annoy the single women in the room. This may seem strange, but it is true; and the philosopher who said that every young woman had a secret longing to marry well so that she could insult her sisters, was an observant fellow and quite knew the sex.

In the matter of flirting, every single woman has the perfectly fair excuse that it may lead to marriage. But the married woman has no excuse, and, as a rule, asks for none. Her flirtations, begun in vanity or rivalry, can have but one inevitable result—she becomes some man's mistress.

This is the plain, unvarnished truth. Every man and woman of the world knows it is so. Many for various and often obvious reasons will not admit it; but in confidence they acknowledge that "unfortunately there is much that cannot be denied in this view of the matter; just look at Mrs. So and So, for example, and look how she goes on."

Anyone who goes to theatres and fashionable concerts, and watches the conduct of many society women, notices how they paint, powder and array themselves in the most light and airy of *decolletee* costumes, can doubt that the object is to gain the attention of—well, scarcely of the young ladies among the audience.

It is also noticeable the increasing custom among married women to attend balls and theatres with escorts who are not their liege lords, and the

apparent little grief caused to the ladies by the absence of their lawful protectors.

The effect of this rivalry between married and single women is morally detrimental to both. The single girls are often rendered desperate by the rivalry of their married friends, and often hence allow familiarities from men that they would not otherwise submit to; but they observe the greater latitude taken by the married women, and resent it often by indulging in it themselves.

The extravagance and ostentation in dress indulged in by so many married women urges single women to want to be costumed in a manner far beyond their means, while wives much too often dress in a manner far beyond the means of their husbands.

How many serious differences in married life—differences which have led to a life-long coolness—have arisen out of a milliner's bill; and how many women have taken the first step in a downward career to meet some obligation of this kind, contracted without the knowledge of the husband?

The example the married women set is followed by the single ones, partly from a real or a supposed necessity, partly from spite, and sometimes, it is to be feared, from choice. I have no hesitation in saying that the conduct of a large number of married women is responsible for a large amount of the private prostitution existing in this city at the present time.

(To be continued.)

THE BODY OF SAWTELLE.

We referred last week in the editorial column of THE OBSERVER to the confession of Sawtelle, the murderer. A strange story comes from Boston about the disposal of his body. We are told that Mr. Edgely, counsel for Isaac Sawtelle, the murderer, finds the legacy left to him by Isaac to be a costly one. He promised the murderer to bury the body. Isaac's body, encased in a pine box, left the Concord prison at an early hour to-day. It was placed aboard the first train leaving Concord over the Concord and Montreal Road and taken from the train at Newmarket Junction. Here it was the object of much attention from the residents gathered at the depot. It was then placed on a train bound for Great Falls. When it arrived there the people gathered in large numbers, but kept at a distance from the case containing the coffin. The trustees of Forest Glade Cemetery voted not to permit the body to be buried therein. Mr. Edgely then started for Boston. Here he met Mr. Hall, chairman of the Board of Trustees of Mount Hope Cemetery. Out of his own pocket he was ready and willing to buy a burial plot. The trustees sympathised with Mr. Edgely, but they flatly told him that the almost unanimous desire of the lot owners of Mount Hope Cemetery, which found expression in many ways, indicated that the burial of Sawtelle's body in the cemetery would be regarded with a feeling of horror. Forest Hill Cemetery is also closed to the body of the murderer. Mount Hope Cemetery almost adjoins Forest Hill, and within its borders rest the bodies of many murderers.

Mrs. W.—"I have just returned from a visit to that poor family that our dear good minister is so much interested in." Mr. W.—"I should think your dear good minister would call on them himself." Mrs. W.—"How can he, the poor man? He is over in Europe."

TWO HANDSOME BOOKS.

"THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE."

The handsomest and most interesting book about Shakespeare ever printed will be "The Home and Haunts of Shakespeare," which the Scribners are about to publish. So little is known about the immortal William's personality that innumerable "cranks" have tried to prove, first, that there never was such a man; second, if there was he must have been somebody else. Of his life in London as actor, playwright, and manager nothing whatever is known, which shows how lamentable was the condition of a city which lacked live daily papers, with their corps of interviewers and their semi-detached auxiliary force of "press agents" to drop down town daily and tell the editor anything he might care to print about where the actor, author, or manager was going to spend the summer, get married, or produce a new play.

It is not doubted, however, that Shakespeare spent his youth and his retiring years at Stratford-on-Avon, so Mr. James Leon Williams, author of the book named above, has confined his work to the poet's birthplace and environs. He began none too soon, for although the Warwickshire of Shakespeare remained little changed for centuries, the houses, lands, and landmarks remaining about as they had been when the poet lived, the march of improvement has reached the land; an ugly railway station with an uglier water tank rears its horrid front to mar one of the prettiest views of the village, and changes still more radical have been planned. The author describes Stratford and its environs as they are, and does it gracefully. His greater work, however, has been to select hundreds of subjects for illustration and to have the pictures handsomely and faithfully made. The book is to be of a magnitude befitting the subject. The size will be large folio, the pages measuring thirteen by seventeen inches. The paper is thick and fine, the print large, and the illustrations, of which there will be more than two hundred, are almost all from photographs of actual scenes and objects. Forty-five of them are to be full-page photogravures of the highest quality—plates so fine that many purchasers will be tempted to rob the book in order to frame the pictures. Besides these there are to be a hundred and fifty "half tone" pictures, presenting photographic views, which lack the "dead" appearance of photographs proper. Those which have appeared are so good as to fully justify Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearean critic, who writes the introduction, in saying:—

"Surely, therefore, it is an extremely pleasant feature in the following illustrations, that, together with the still life of field and bolt, we have so much of human life; of that human life which seems almost as unchanged since the days when Shakespeare was a part of it as is the azure vault above it. The self-same folk meet us here that lived their cribb'd and cabin'd life under Shakespeare's eyes so many years ago. Surely, this must be Jane Smile, whose chopt hands wielded the batlet that Touchstone (with the sigh, 'We that are true lovers run into strange capers') confessed that he had many a time kissed. And we are ready to be supposed upon a book, nay, upon this very book now before us, that we here behold Francis Pickbone and Wil! Squele and Old Double; and if our ears are keen enough we shall catch the answer to 'How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?' These are the people with their russet yeas and honest kersey noes, among whom, if Shakespeare did not pass the years of his busy manhood, certainly to whom he re-

turned, as his only real, outward home, to pass his last days; and pictures of that home cannot be quite complete without them. So charming, however, are these photogravures of Mr. Williams, so happy has he been in his choice of views, according to the seasons of the year, or even to the hour of the day, and so admirable moreover, are these plates which have been most skilfully colored, that whether or not they give us glimpses of Elizabethan life, we nevertheless fairly breathe therein the enchanted atmosphere of Shakespeare's Warwickshire, whereof the mere sound of the name 'hurls dazzling spells into the spongy air.'

Besides the photographic reproductions, great and small, are many vignettes by Kenyon Cox and initial letters by W. Hamilton Gibson. But there is still more, the book is enriched by fifteen prints in fac-simile of water colors painted specially for this work by Geo. H. Boughton, Carlton T. Chapman, Charles C. Curran, W. Hamilton Gibson, Homer Martin, Francis D. Millet, E. Percy Morah, J. Francis Murphy, Alfred Parsons, Charles Sprague Pearce, Charles S. Reinhart, William T. Smedley, F. Hopkinson Smith, Wm. L. Taylor, and Robert W. Van Boskerk. The book, which will be issued in monthly sections, is one which everyone interested in the personality of Shakespeare will prefer to any and all others on the same subject. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR."

The great series of pictures which Mr. Edwin Forbes has long been making from his sketches taken during the civil war is at last published, complete, in book form. "An Artist's Story of the Great War" is the title, which is doubly true, for Mr. Forbes has made the text as well as the pictures. The letter press sketches are short and without literary pretension, being merely descriptive of the pictures, although much is written that will answer questions frequently asked by persons too young at the time of the conflict to know anything about it. Necessarily the pictures are the principal attractions of the book. All of them are slightly reduced in size from the artist's large etchings, yet still make full page plates on paper measuring about fourteen by eighteen inches. The second and concluding volume contains, among many others so good that any distinction seems invidious, a few which will peculiarly affect old soldiers. The subjects are:—"The Halt of the Column," "Among the Batteries," "Crossing the Pontons," "Supporting a Battery," "Cavalry Raids" and "Winter Marching." There are also equestrian portraits, from paintings by Mr. Forbes, of Sheridan, Buell, Rosecrans, Burnside, Sedgwick, Thomas, Gilmore, Reynolds, Halleck and Schofield, and a great number of initials, vignettes and tailpieces, all of which are illustrative and after sketches made in the field. It is a book which every survivor of the war will want to own, for, although not all of the scenes may be familiar to him, the action, which is distinct in all, is true to military movements every way on both sides during the conflict. I have talked with many veterans of Northern and Southern armies about Mr. Forbes' pictures, and find that all are impressed by the artist's fidelity, nothing untrue to fact having been introduced, no strong situations neglected nor any phases of camp life forgotten. I have seen men who, twenty-five years ago, wore the twin stars of a major-general showing the book to brilliant Confederates whom they had fought wisely, yet not too well—just well enough—and both agreed as to the accuracy with which the stronger scenes of march and fight were depicted. It is a book for all old soldiers to show their children and grandchildren in the coming

days which will be far enough from the time of conflict to allow great men and events to appear in their proper magnitude. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.)

HE SQUEEZED HER FEET.

"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said the man who limped. "Just think of it—I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of my little *mot* which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said indignantly, though *sotto voce*:

"Sir, I will thank you to stop squeezing my foot!"
"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course without knowing it. Could anything have been more innocent? It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady on an occasion of social festivity. Nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."

THE MAID OF THE MATINEE.

BY KATE MASTERSON.

You may sing of summer maidens
And the haughty winter girls,
You may praise their voices' cadence
Or enthuse about their curls;
But there's one that still is sweeter,
Spite of all that you can say;
There are none of them can beat her,
The Maid of the Matinee!

Down the aisle she comes a swaying,
Flushing, blushing like a rose,
In time to the music playing;
How she does it no one knows,
But she seats herself sedately
All unconscious by your side,
And you make room for her, greatly
By her presence edified.

And she wears a gown close fitting,
You are sure it's tailor made,
As you watch her graceful sitting,
Fan and flowers together laid.
In her lap, her left hand clasping,
A bejeweled bonbonniere;
And her right, coquettish, grasping
At a dagger in her hair.

Oh! that wicked silver dagger,
How it will unfastened get,
But it's so intensely swagger,
And her tortoise shell kergette,
Through it she can place securely
Every man within the house,
Flirting all the while demurely
As a kitten or a mouse.

O'er the dresses, how she gushes!
And the handsome leading man;
On her face a wild rose flush is,
But she hides it with her fan,
You're so glad you're sitting near her;
It's much nicer than the play,
More entrancing—thrilling, dearer!
The Maid at the Matinee!

THE OBSERVER.

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Enlarged to Twelve Pages.

JNO. W. NETTLETON, PROPRIETOR & BUSINESS MAN'R.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1892.

THE LAST LOOK ROUND.

VOTE FOR SUNDAY CARS.

VOTE FOR OSLER AS MAYOR.

And Vote for—

Alderman Leslie,	Alderman Gowanlock
Bernard Saunders,	W. J. Hambly,
J. Maloney,	W. Crealock.

SUNDAY CARS.

We quite agree with the opinion expressed this week by our contributor Mr. Wilfrid Wisgast, that of all the matters to be settled by the people on Monday the question of whether or not cars are to be run in this city on Sundays is by far the most important of them all. It appears to us, speaking quite calmly on the matter, that nearly all the argument is on the side of the supporters of the proposition. But there is one argument, a fair one, against the proposal, which we will examine presently. We place the whole matter on the ground of convenience for the majority of the people, and especially the people of small means. We refuse to discuss the question of Sunday cars from a religious point of view, because in face of the fact that almost every city in the civilised world has ample means of locomotion on Sundays, if what many of the clergy here are telling us means anything it must mean that all the cities of the earth except Toronto are in a state of damnable sin, and their millions of inhabitants outside the pale of salvation. This kind of egotistical folly may suit the intellectual capacity of some so-called ministers of God to give utterance to, but as only fools could urge and fools believe such an absurdity the "argument" is beneath notice. The various phases of Sunday observance from a theological standpoint we put aside as beyond the sphere of our argument. We claim that the people have a right to pass every Sunday in just such a manner as

they think fit, provided always they keep within the law and behave as becomes the free citizens of a free state, who possess liberty solely because they can judiciously exercise and protect it. The citizens are on Monday to say "Yes" or "No" to this proposal. The time for talking has passed and the opportunity for action is at hand. How the feeling is in the city the magnitude and enthusiasm of the meeting on Wednesday evening need leave little doubt to those who only seek the truth; it now only remains for the majority to put their opinions into practical shape by voting straight for the proposal. The one argument against the suggested reformation, in which there is some force, is the tendency it may have to increase Sunday work. We say *may* have advisedly, because it does not necessarily follow that such a result will occur to any appreciable extent. The company is already forbidden to employ its hands for more than a specified number of hours each week, and it can, if deemed advisable, be made penal for either masters or men to contract themselves out of the agreement. Or, better still, let the men be paid a fixed sum per day, and let them be entitled to demand a day off—Sunday or any other day—by giving due notice. This is the plan adopted in London by the omnibus and street car companies, and it works easily enough. This is the only argument of the Sabbatarians worthy of serious consideration, and we have shown conclusively how it can be met. In these circumstances, we ask our readers to do all they can to support the demand for Sunday cars, in full assurance of the justice of the request and the certainty that the proposal if carried will be in the common interest and for the common good.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The important duty which devolves upon us all as citizens on Monday next is one that, it is to be hoped, for the sake of our reputation, as well as our own mutual interest, we shall not fail to carry out to the best of our ability. The election of the Mayor and Aldermen for the ensuing year is a trust of considerable consequence just now. We need not be concerned to discuss whether the civic administration that has now only a day or two to live has discharged its various duties efficiently or not. All the talking in the world would not settle the question, and if we could settle it, little, if anything, could possibly be gained. Our concern is not with the past except of course in so far as what the past can teach us; but our immediate duty and our immediate interest is in the future of our city, and an important factor in that future will be the result of next Monday's polling. As far as the mayoralty is concerned, we are not

partizans of any particular candidate. Apparently four gentlemen intend going to the polls. We are of opinion that in many respects Mr. Fleming would be well suited to fill the Mayor's chair, but undoubtedly Mr. Fleming's chances have been materially lessened by the partisan complexion lately given to his candidature. Starting professedly on a non-political platform, it was more than suspicious to find the *Globe* suddenly undertaking to violently endorse his campaign, and to find also that the wire-pullers and manipulators of the Grit party in this city were at the back of Mr. Fleming. Excellent as appeared the prospects of Mr. Fleming two or three weeks ago, but they appear to have gone off considerably, and for no other reason than the one just given. We are not going to prophecy—for the best of all possible reasons—but all indications seem to point to the election of Mr. Osler as mayor by a large majority. We say this without meaning it to be understood that we endorse Mr. Osler as the best man for the post, only we are very strongly of opinion that he is the man who is going to fill it. Undoubtedly Mr. Osler's business capacity and qualifications are equal to the best and superior to some of his competitors in this contest. The men behind Mr. Osler are the men who have votes, if they will only take the trouble to hand them in at the ballot-boxes. Mr. McMillan will poll heavily among the Orangemen and the extreme teetotalers. The Orange vote likely to be cast for Mr. McMillan may be taken at between five and six thousand this is of course an uncommon fine nest egg, but the temperance vote amounts to little when united, and it is not united; from the outside public Mr. McMillan will probably score a very small support. For some reason or other Mr. Beatty, though an able man with a clean record, does not appear to have caught that curious thing, the popular ear. Whatever the result may be, it will in no way surprise us, but our deliberate and unbiassed belief is that for the year of grace 1892 the Mayor of Toronto will be Mr. Edmund Osler.

"IMMORALITY IN TORONTO."

In reference to the articles of Mr. Horace Smith, we have received several letters, most of them marked "private," and none of sufficient interest to justify publication, except the clever communication from Marie Stuart, which we printed last week. One correspondent offers to advertise with us if we will "call Mr. Smith off." We decline to do anything of the kind. We neither affirm nor deny the statements of Mr. Smith; but we do know that from his knowledge of the world and extended travel Mr. Smith is especially qualified to speak on the subject he is treating in THE OBSERVER. The *raison d'être* of THE OBSERVER is its independence and outspoken-

ness; we, like all other papers, desire all the advertisements we can procure, but we are not going to be deterred by petty threats like that indulged in by our correspondent, from the plainest possible speaking that we may consider is justified by the facts. But anyone desiring to answer Mr. Smith shall have ample space allowed him in our columns.

ANOTHER CRANK.

The lunatic who called the other day at the house of Mr. Vanderbilt in New York to ask for Mr. Vanderbilt's brains may have struck a valuable idea, though one rather difficult of execution. He said:—"I want to have Mr. Vanderbilt's brains analyzed. I wish to take his brains to a chemical laboratory and have them examined. I want to see what difference there is between the brains of the man in this house and my own. By this means I may be able to learn why I am so poor. Mr. Vanderbilt has been able to accumulate a large amount of money, while I have failed to make a cent, and as it is all owing to the difference in our brains, I must ascertain just wherein the difference lies." When the doctors are able to take out brains and replace them after an examination, as they now do teeth and eyeballs and intestines, then this crank's idea may become practical.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

The question whether the grip is epidemic or not is one on which medical authorities disagree. There is no doubt, however, that an epidemic of railway accidents prevails at the present time in the United States, and to an unprecedentedly alarming extent. Nearly every day of the present month has witnessed one or more. It is time for the railway companies and all their employees to redouble their vigilance. Every man ought to be made to feel an increased measure of responsibility. Most of the recent smash-ups have been without excuse. Preventable accidents should be prevented. Next year, we trust, will make a better showing on this head than the past one.

A LONDON FOG.

The recent fog in London is described as one of the worst ever known. Harold Frederic cables the *New York Times*:—"Heaven alone knows how many deaths were indirectly due to its malignant agency. One woman went into an office, asked the price of coal and fell dead when they told her." It is hard to see on what ground Mr. Frederick attributes this death to the fog. Everything indicates that it was caused by the startlingly high price of coal.

OUR NEXT MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

BY FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

PART IV.

On Monday evening we shall know whether our new Mayor will be an able and upright administrator like Mr. Osler, used to great and difficult undertakings; or ex-alderman Fleming a gentleman who, in the matter of insanitary houses, is an admitted lawbreaker, and who as such was recently denounced in the city council, and which charge has not been disproved.

He now poses as a severe critic of the faults of his fellow-aldermen during the last six years but why did he not do this when he himself was an alderman? Now, he may gain \$4,000 by doing so, but then there was "no money in it." He claims that he objected to two comparatively small outlays, but during the same period he looked quietly on and condoned vastly larger disbursements—for our greatest financial trouble has arisen from the real estate speculators influencing and controlling the City Council,—he himself is a dealer in real estate. Surely this was straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Common sense tells us the reason of his silence—how could he blame others while he himself refused to obey the directions to make his own property fit for human habitation? Their prompt answer would have been—if you expose us we will expose you. Practically, he was muzzled.

Outside of his tenderness for typhoid and diphtheria, I believe him to be a highly respectable man for such an onerous position.

Our new mayor should have executiveness, honesty, moral courage, far-seeing and large views; and not be penny-wise and pound-foolish. By executive ability, I mean the ability to wisely and foreseeingly plan, and to skilfully execute. Mr. Osler's career shows that he has all these qualities. On the other hand, dodging the health-officer and evading the law, is not the sort of executive ability that we need. That description of executive ability often leads to interviewing Col. Denison.

Mr. Fleming's promise to dismiss officials wholesale shows penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness. All that can be done wisely is judicious pruning and the weeding out of unnecessary officials—mostly appointed while he was alderman. Why did he not object then? People should reflect how much has been lost in England during the last forty years by occasional fits of penny-wisdom. Necessary outlays have been curtailed, with the result that ultimately the government has had to pay twice as much as would have been necessary if the proper sum had been spent at the right time.

Voters should ask themselves this question—"Is a man who promises us the moon at all likely to fulfil his promises?"

Wife (in an injured tone)—Some day you will find me at death's door, and then what will you do?

Husband—My dear, have you ever known me to be so ungallant as to allow a lady to open a door in my presence—never!

THE COUNTESS CLANCARTY.

A telegram from London to *THE OBSERVER* says that people over there are much amused at the receipt of the news that the Countess of Clancarty, formerly the well-known music hall singer, Belle Billon, and still later known as Lady Dunlo, gave birth on Monday to twins, both boys, one of whom becomes Lord Dunlo. The difference in the ages of the two young swells is said to be only twenty minutes. The younger of the two probably will be sorry for the rest of his life he was late less than half an hour. The Countess of Clancarty telegraphed to a friend from Upper Hare Park two hours after the interesting double event was over:—

"Nothing succeeds like success. Double bill to-night. Pantomimes not in it."

The Countess took a leading part in the Drury Lane pantomime just a year ago.

As soon as the first child was born a piece of white ribbon was tied around his wrist, so that there could be no mistake afterwards, as, unless some accident should happen, he will be the next Earl.

These births amply provide for the direct succession to the Earldom of Clancarty. It is believed that the occurrence will lead to a complete reunion of the family and to the social recognition of the Countess. The story of the marriage of Lord Dunlo has been often told. The marriage scandalized the aristocratic world, and the present Earl's father hurried the newly-married Viscount off on a foreign tour. Immediately upon the return of the Viscount proceedings for a divorce were instituted, on the usual statutory grounds. The jury decided, however, that the charges were not sustained by the evidence. The Earl cut off his son's allowance, and refused to have anything to do with him after the latter made up his troubles with his wife upon the failure of his divorce suit. The result was that for a considerable period the Viscount was compelled to depend for his support upon his wife's earnings as a singer.

TWO WELL-KNOWN CITIZENS DEAD.

Mr. John Dissette died yesterday at the residence of his son, T. E. Dissette, 710 Dundas street. For the past three years Mr. Dissette had suffered from feeble health, and his death was not unexpected. Deceased was born at Mount Pleasant House, Limerick, in 1811, and came to Canada in 1832. He was first employed as purser on a boat running between Montreal and Brighton. Subsequently he moved to Bradford and then to Orillia, where he farmed till 1881. He leaves seven sons and two daughters. He was interred in St. Michael's cemetery, and the funeral went from 710 Dundas street on Tuesday morning last.

Mr. Dennis O'Connor, the well-known hatter at the corner of Richmond and Yonge, died suddenly on Tuesday evening, just before midnight, of heart disease, at his residence, 64 Hazelton avenue. The deceased was much respected, and leaves a large family to mourn his sudden and untimely loss.

The difference between realism and idealism is just the difference between a girl's opinion of her lover and the young man himself.—*Somerville Journal*.

A SHOOTING TRIP.

(Concluded.)

There is not much exertion about deer hunting. The plan is as simple as a plan can well be. In the first place, the "captain" decides which drive is to be worked. Along each drive are different locations called "stands," all of which are given proper names. For instance, Uncle Jake decided to work the nearest drive, which is known as "Dead Man's Drive." Along this famous run are stands known as "Grassy Pond," "Beaver Dam," "Tar Kiln," "Tuckahoe Guide," "Four-finger-run," and "Deer Lick," as well as a dozen others. It is an established fact, known to old deer hunters, that a deer when chased will traverse a beaten track. With this knowledge the captain of a hunt puts each one of his men on a stand and instructs them to keep a close lookout for game. When all the men are properly placed, the "driver" with his dogs starts in at one end and if there are any deer in the way, they generally manage to get one of them, at least, on the beaten track, and if the poor beast keeps on running he is subjected to a fusillade of buckshot which is very apt to cut short his career.

It did not take Uncle Jake long to scatter his men along "Dead Man's Drive" after a hasty breakfast had been eaten. When each person had been pointed out the spot on which to stand, he was admonished to "stay right thar and don't move till somebody comes fer you. If a deer goes by ye, kill him ef ye kin." Just as the sun had begun to paint the sky in the east with a dash of crimson and gold, the loud baying of the hounds denoted that the driver had started in to perform his part of the work. The sound floated through the pines and the scrub oak with startling distinctness, but gradually died away in the distance, and then began a vigil which requires a very vivid imagination to elevate into the province of exciting sport. The only amusement for the lonely lookout on the "Tuckahoe Guide" stand was to watch the "gineril," about 200 yards away, keeping a close lookout from "Four-finger-run."

The "gineril" still clung to his high hat and his spike-tail coat. His weapon was an old style weapon of extraordinary length. In this the "gineril" differed from the other hunters, who carried double barrelled shot guns heavily loaded with strong powder and buckshot. The old man was quite methodical. He would look straight ahead for half an hour at a time, and then just as regularly walk back to an old tree, pick up a black bottle, pull the cork, throw back his head, elevate the bottle for a minute, go through the motions of corking up the bottle and putting it down again, and then walk back, pick up his old gun and resume the watch.

Along in the afternoon the faint baying of the dogs could be heard in the distance, and the "gineril" crouched closer to the ground and took a firmer grip on the ancient rifle. Nearer and nearer came the dogs and closer and closer the old gentleman crouched down among the brown leaves. It was very evident that he suspected big game was coming and his attitude plainly indicated that "Four-finger-run" was a dangerous locality for big game.

Suddenly to the left of the "gineril," about 300 yards away, a noble buck rose high enough in the air to clear the scrub oaks, which stand about twelve feet high on an average. It was a splendid specimen of the deer family, and the spreading antlers showed him to be fully grown. The animal was evidently making for the beaten path, and had jumped over the scrub oak in order to take advantage of a

bird's eye view of the surrounding territory for signs of danger.

In an instant the old "gineril" was transformed. He threw off his apparent lethargy entirely, stood erect against the butt of a big tree, and with the high hat tilted backward held the rifle ready for action. The deer made another jump about seventy-five yards in front of the "gineril," and quick as a flash of lightning the rifle cracked spitefully and the buck almost turned a back somersault in mid air. It looked decidedly as if he had been fatally hit, but a visit to the spot where the big animal struck the ground, disclosed the fact that he had only been wounded. Here and there were splashes of crimson blood upon the brown leaves, but the tracks made by the buck indicated that the wound was by no means fatal.

The sound of the rifle shot drew Uncle Jake to the spot, and in answer to his anxious inquiry the "gineril" silently pointed to the blood spots. He did not even utter a word when Uncle Jake sympathisingly remarked:

"By jiminy grapes! A durned outrage!"

No more deer were sighted that day and the party was compelled to go back to the tavern venisonless, hungry and decidedly out of humor. There was no carousing by the "Piney" boys that night, for the captain ordered all hands to bed soon after supper, as he said the start next morning would be exceptionally early and he didn't care about hearing any kicking when the dogs ran yelping through the hall.

Better luck waited upon the hunters the next day. Soon after the men were placed on the stands the dogs started up a young buck, which did not appear to be possessed of average sense, for it came lopping past the stand where old Uncle Jake was keeping a lookout. The report of the right barrel of the shotgun signed the death warrant and the unsophisticated buck fell in his tracks, a victim to inexperience. He didn't die right away, however, but thrashed around under the pines until Uncle Jake came up and cut his throat with a big hunting knife.

"Thar now, durn ye! I gess the boys'll have some venison fer supper to-night," was all the comment made.

And what a rousing appetite-teasing supper it turned out to be. Uncle Jake, arrayed in a big white apron, went into the kitchen and attended to the cooking of the venison himself. He would trust it to none of the women folks.

"It's simple enuf when ye know how," explained the old man. "Fill yer stove up chock full of hard wood 'till you have more than a bushel of live coals, fer it's a sin to cook venison enny way but by brilin'. Then cut off thin slices of the deer ham and plunk it on the gridiron an' let'er cook right quick. Put the cooked slices on a hot platter, and pour over 'em a hot sauce made of old Madeira wine and good Jarsey country butter. Then set the platter on the table an' by the side of each boy's plate put a sasserful of currant jelly. Then jess eat en eat en eat, sez I."

THE END.

HOW NICE.

How nice it is when you are warm,
Well fed and well protected
From summer's heat or winter's storm,
And have no want neglected

When fortune's looks are all benign,
And neither care nor trial
You know, to sit and drink your wine
And talk of self-denial!

MY LADY.

BY ARTHUR HENRY.

Now lovingly the stars look down
While in their tender light
The meadows, cool and peaceful, sleep
Through all the silent night.

A south wind romps upon the fields
And dances down the hills,
And follows fairy bubble boats
Along the murmuring rills.

So swift and light its passage is,
So airily it treads;
It scarcely stirs the tender grass
Or bends the clover heads.

And all the flowers of all the fields
And all the forests hold
Pour out their profligate perfume
Upon this lover bold.

Had I the south wind's power to woo
And right to roam at will
Along my lady's loneliest walks
Or o'er her window sill,

I'd hasten to a lonely place
Where fields of violets bloom,
And from their gen'rous, tender hearts
Take all their sweet perfume.

Swift then I'd speed the summer night
To where my lady sleeps
In snowy raiment, light and loose,
From which her bo-om peeps,

And passes, with each breath, from view
Behind a screen of lace;
Nor any flower should tempt me from
The roses in her face.

"No," exclaimed the lady from the West, "I'd have you to know that I was not born in Chicago." "No?" was the reply of her dear friend, "I ought to have known better. Chicago is a new place, comparatively speaking."

"Do you think that monkeys can be taught to talk?" he asked. "I never put the question that way," she replied. "I always wondered whether they could be taught not to."

"I snail die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise me not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin Charles." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow; "I am engaged to his brother."

A man seeing several very lean horses, standing tied in front of a livery stable, asked the proprietor if he made horses. "No," said the proprietor, "why do you ask?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up."

A Yankee and a Patlander happened to be riding together past a gallows. "Where would you be," said Jonathan, "if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, begorra," retorted the Irishman.

Landlady—"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder: "Ah, yes, poor thing, I was expecting that! I've noticed for some time that it hasn't been strong."

"What charming little, pink-tipped, shell-like ears you have, Miss Toty! Did you ever have them pierced?" "No; but I have had them bared."

A Boston fop, on his return from Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," said he, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

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The address delivered by the Hon. J. M. Ashley before the Ohio Society of New York, in which he advocated the nomination and election of the President and Senators and Representatives in Congress by direct popular vote, and the creation of an independent body of officials in each State, to be elected by the people and to take charge of all national elections, has been published by the request of the Society in a pamphlet of eighty-eight pages, under the title "The Impending Political Epoch,"

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As Alderman for 1892.

Nomination, 28th December, 1891.

Election, January 4th, 1892.

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Your Vote and Influence are respectfully requested for the re-election of

ALD. WM. GREALOCK

As Alderman for 1892.

Election takes place January 4th, 1892.

WARD NO. 6

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Election takes place January 4th, 1892.

Municipal Elections, District No. 6.
1892.

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J. Gowanlock

AS ALDERMAN.

Election takes place on Monday, Jan. 4, 1892.

M. Edward Lockroy's "Life and Letters of Marshal von Moltke," recently published in Paris, has caused some bad feeling on the other side of the Rhine. Germans object to reading opinions reflecting upon the genius of their great military leader. M. Lockroy looks upon Moltke as an ordinarily clever general, who was fortunate in having incompetent adversaries.

Mr. Thomas Wright, who is preparing Cowper's letters for publication, says that he has in his possession about 400 of the poet's letters that are either not in Southey's collection, or of which Southey gives only scraps. He intends to publish them in chronological order.

Professor A. L. Frothingham, jr., of Princeton College, is preparing for publication the Syriac text of a mystical work, "The Book of Hierotheos," which will cast light on the views of both Gnostics and Neo-Platonists.

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EXERCISE YOUR INGENUITY AND GUESS.

No one knows what the number will be. We do not know ourselves, and it is impossible to tell until the paper is printed. The competition will close on FEBRUARY 10TH, 1892.

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Take a copy of this paper. The St. Valentine number will be twelve pages. We may print a cover, or a supplement to it, but the letters on that *will not count*. Only the paper paged from 1 to 12 will count. Don't think for that reason that you are going to have an easy guess. You must remember that the paper will be made up of all kinds and sizes of type. Every letter from the heading to the last word on page twelve will be counted. When you have made an estimate write it down on one of the guessing coupons printed below. Cut out the coupon, and send it with \$1 to our office. You will get THE OBSERVER for six months. This is worth your money. If you send \$2 you are entitled to two extra guesses. If you send \$1 and put down two or more guesses, only the first will count. Remember also, if you make one guess and send \$1, and then make up your mind to try your hand again, and send \$1 to make your subscription good for one year, you will only be allowed one guess

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