

The Observer.

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Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

I see by the latest returns from the Trades and Labour Council, and from the seat of war in the wards, that some of the professional labour jsmiths are again at work, and that there is a prospect that a few of them may find employment at so much per night talking for mayoralty candidates. It is a very grave mistake to suppose that Armstrong, Jury, et al. work for the candidates most likely to help the cause of labour. They do nothing of the kind; they simply speak at so much a night and are open for the highest bidder. If Mr. Osler wants the support of the labour men of this city the easiest thing for him to do is to hire it.

I think that it is indeed a blessing that the so-called cause of labour which men like the virulent Jimuel Briggs and the mercurial "Bob" Simpson have been championing, is a dead issue. The people of this country should offer up thanks to Providence that labour has not been able to form a combination with any party. In Australia, that far-off corner of the world, labour was many years all-powerful, and a pretty mess they made of it.

It is a mistake to think that strikes are fights between capital and labour. Very seldom indeed is this the case, but the fight is almost always between union and non-union labour. The union labourer is a being of the most selfish kind. He must have his pound of flesh, even if the house or factory which he is working for fall. He is adverse to immigration, and is no respecter, as a rule, of law or the person. I have no objections to unions as long as they are governed by reasonable men who recognize that employers have rights as well as the employed, and that the boss and the bossed generally sink or swim together. When such harmony exists all is well, but when labor tries to play the tyrant there is the mischief to pay.

Down in New Zealand, where labour rules everything and the labourer is more worthy of his hire than anybody else, a case arose recently that throws some light on what these public benefactors would do were they all-powerful. A firm of printers and stationers had a quarrel with an employe. The union took up the quarrel and the order went forth that no union men were to handle any goods from the boycotted firm. The railroads are under government control, and the commissioners were appealed to, to remain "neutral," as the labor men called it, and refuse to carry goods for the firm. The commissioners held that the road was a public servant and must carry goods for anyone

who paid his money and did not transgress the rules of the road. The cry was raised that the government was crushing the workingmen. A terrible roar ensued, in which the government was denounced and there was danger of a revolution.

But the public of this country and of the United States has tired of Powderly rule and of the crass ignorance of labour agitators. It is well that a number of the agitators are safely anchored in public office, for it may be a long time before a favorable wind fills the sails of the labour party.

I see that Emperor William is going to have his sermons published in book form. They may possibly make as good reading as those of my good friend "Don."

The different aldermanic candidates are threatening to use their little axes in the Board of Works and Engineers' department. What will Trustee Roden and Andy McCormack do if their heads fall off? Mr. Roden tries to fill the dual position of a civic employe and a school trustee. If Mr. Roden as a civic servant is as useless as he is as a school trustee, the sooner his services are dispensed with the better.

Mr. Roden is another man who crawled into a civic office through the back door of an Orange lodge. He is as useful in his department as an old woman. The very idea of a man of such mediocre talent trying to play the part of a civic Poobah, and the citizens lending him countenance to such a scheme, is preposterous. If he devotes what small talent nature has endowed him with to his labours in the Works Department he will find his hands far too full.

Mercier is in trouble in Quebec, and it is now Mr. Mowat's turn. The rocks are already looming up on the horizon of the coming session. Where the blow will fall it is hard to say, but it is altogether likely that the tactics that proved so useful in unhorsing Mr. Mercier in Quebec may be adopted in Ontario. Some department of the public service will be attacked and a royal roving commission demanded. Who can tell what this commission may find, and where the Mowat Government may find itself?

So the Council has decided to let the Sunday car question go to the people. I am glad to see that the Council, even on its deathbed, has shown such good sense. Why should the ministers endeavor to keep the question from going before the people? Are the parsons afraid of the battle? It would seem so, yet I am inclined to think that the "devil," as the clergyman would say, will stand at the elbow of many a church member on

voting day and prompt him to vote for Sunday cars.

The biggest joke of the year is the handbill issued by Phillips Thompson, Chairman of the Nationalist Assn., blacklisting some of the aldermen because they voted in favour of the Keily-Everett street railway tender. This chairman of a society with a high-sounding title is none other than our old friend Jimuel Briggs. And the Nationalist Association—who in the city has heard of this organization? When was it formed and what does it propose to do? Bellamy started the Nationalists' Association in the States and I suppose the Baron of Bellamy, E. A. Macdonald, and Phillips Thompson make up the Nationalists of this city.

The citizens are about tired of professional agitators like Thompson, who are always blowing their own horns. This city has no room for Anarchists, and the honest, hard-working citizens—those who earn their daily bread with the sweat of their brows—are beginning to realize that agitators like Thompson, Armstrong, Beates, Donohue, McCormack, and such ilk, who pretend to be *doyens* of the different trades, are only looking for soft jobs and using their jaws for cold cash.

The theatres ought to do well this week. At the Grand the gifted Miss Huntington will of course draw crowds; she is in herself a supreme attraction, and while Captain Therese is a weak composition and the music still weaker—the house is certain to be full all the week, though prices are fifty per cent up.

Manager Shepherd has been shaking hands with all the "newspaper fellows" in an unusually affable way this week. "O. B." has also smoked cigars in a manner that meant managerial satisfaction. Manager Frank Kirchmer, too, has looked splendid every evening in a dress suit and a smiling face. "The Tar and Tartar" has made a hit; the *Mail* on Tuesday morning spoke more highly of it than of Captain Therese, and it is an open question which is the better opera of the two. My advice to my rapidly increasing circle of intelligent readers is to go and see them both.

From opera to freaks of nature is a long stride perhaps, but for those who like natural curiosities the Brothers Tocci are well worth a visit. Two heads, two pairs of arms and shoulders, worked by one stomach and owning between them only one pair of legs, is a curiosity so unique that I was not surprised to find the Yonge Street Musee crowded when I called in, and to learn from the affable manager, Mr. Young, that it had been filled at every performance.

Musical & Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

A correspondent, "Chromaticus," whose letter appeared in THE OBSERVER of last week, says he dissents altogether from my views touching the decline of the taste for oratorio here and elsewhere. Well, this would be a dull world if we all thought alike, and I do not expect that all my readers should agree with everything I say. "Chromaticus" advances his opinions in a very courteous and temperate manner, and it is therefore a pleasure to reply to him. Of course I can do no more than just skirt the edge of the subject; to deal comprehensively with it would take up a whole issue of THE OBSERVER, if not more. "Chromaticus" says: "That the change of sentiment, if any does exist, is the unfortunate sequel of the action of the majority of our conductors in the encouragement of the lighter and more romantic style of music." My proposition is just the reverse of this. I hold that our conductors supply the lighter and more romantic style of music in response to and in sympathy with the change in public sentiment, or, to put the case more tersely, the public want romantic music and will have it. The whole history of the development of modern music from the time of Weber is comprehended in the rise and development of the romantic school. Mr. W. S. Rockstro, the eminent English critic, and an advocate of the classic style, himself admits by inference that a change has been taking place in public sentiment in regard to oratorio when he asks certain questions in an article written for Grove's "Dictionary of Musicians," viz:—"Will the revolutionary spirit which is now working such radical changes in the constitution of the Opera affect the Oratorio also? Will the neglect of Counterpoint, the contempt for Fugue, the hatred of Polyphony, which so many young musicians—and not young ones only—are rapidly learning to regard as signs of progress, undermine the very foundations of sacred music to such an extent as to render the production of new and worthy works impossible?" It will be noted that Mr. Rockstro assumes that no "new and worthy" works are possible except on the old lines. "Chromaticus" says:—"The antiquatedness of Handel's style is most successfully set aside" by the success of the recent Birmingham Festival, at which the "Elijah" and the "Messiah" attracted the largest audiences. I really must say I fail to see how the success of the Birmingham Triennial Festival determines the style of Handel's music. In any case the profits of the recent festival were less than in 1873, when they reached nearly \$40,000; and the attendance was larger in 1876, having been 14,916. This year, moreover, the receipts for the "Elijah" exceeded those for the "Messiah." When the Birmingham festivals were first started, the programmes were devoted to Handel's music. Year by year the music of the old master has occupied less attention,

until now the subscribers are content if they get one work by Handel. It has to be remembered that the English are very slow to change their idols; and on the old oratorio nights the very best obtainable solo vocal talent is put forward. These two facts taken together have much to do in keeping the receipts up to a certain standard on these occasions. I still hold, however, that even in England Handel's music is becoming, slowly, if you will, but surely, less popular. In the United States the oratorio societies which work on the old conservative methods have a hard struggle for existence.

Miss Agnes Huntington seems to have been singularly unfortunate in the selection of the operas with which she has been on tour in America. One can find very little to say in favor of Planquette's "Captain Therese," which she and her company have been presenting at the Grand Opera House this week. Planquette seems to have worked out his vein of inspiration. "Captain Therese" is what is called a reminiscent opera, and what makes matters worse, it is reminiscent of a very poor class of tunes. The plot is dreadful rubbish, but that does not excuse the weak music, seeing that other composers have shown that they can write effectively even when embarrassed by an inferior libretto. Miss Huntington's popularity is, of course, great, but the public will soon become tired of having to swallow so much musical bitters for the sake of the small quantity of sweets which the favorite contralto can give them. I cannot say that Miss Huntington is surrounded by very talented associates; they are artists who, to use the evasive phrase of the professional journalist, give "adequate support," but do not for a moment divert interest from the star. This will not do, Miss Agnes; if you cannot give your patrons better value for their dollar and a-half seats, you had better marry and retire to the practical study of domestic economy. For the rest, it must be said that Miss Huntington has her opera attractively staged, both in regard to costumes and scenery, and her chorus does good average work. My impression is that when the week closes there will be no lingering desire in Toronto to hear anything more of "Captain Therese."

"The Tar and Tartar," which has been the opera at the Academy this week, owes its success to its comic business and to the excellence of the company. Marion Manola is a sweet and charming little singer, while as to Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bell and Hubert Wilke, are they not established favorites in this city?

The concert of the Toronto Vocal Society which occurred last week in the Pavilion Music Hall, was somewhat in the nature of a disappointment. There was not sufficient variety in the choral numbers, and with the public, excellence of performance will not reconcile them to sameness of style. To make up an effective programme is an art; and Mr. Buck

will do well to acquire its principles. On the night of the concert I heard some grumblers near me remark: "Why don't they give us the 'Sweet bye and-bye,' or some psalm tunes, while they are about it?" These words I think roughly echoed the feeling of a large part of the audience. The chorus, however, did some well-finished work, although the quality of tone produced was not equal to that of the Haslam Society. The soloists were Miss Fremstadt, mezzo-contralto, Mr. Victor Herbert, violoncello, and Miss Irene Gurney, pianist. Mr. Herbert is a very artistic player, with a round and sympathetic tone, and a well-trained left hand. The Servais "Souvenir de Spa," is a conventional concert piece of the "air with variations" class, and had no special interest. Mr. Herbert's best number was the Chopin "Nocturne," which he rendered with a fine singing tone, and with a pure style of expression, free from any attempt to vamp up the hectic sentimentality which many Chopin players affect. Miss Gurney is one of our most satisfactory piano soloists, and she has superior musical intelligence. The Chopin solo was, however, a little beyond her powers, and it would have been better if it had not been attempted. For many reasons the Chopin craze with which modern pianists are afflicted is to be regretted, but without specifying them, it should be admitted that pianists ought not to play in public the works of composers with whose style they are not in sympathy. The vocalist made a very favorable impression, and has evidently studied in a good school.

Mr. Fred. Boscovitz gave his second piano-recital last Monday evening in the Normal School theatre, in the presence of a select and fashionable gathering. The entertainment was called an "Evening with Chopin," and a very pleasant evening it proved to be. Mr. Boscovitz plays Chopin with a great deal of poetic insight and feeling; hence his success with his hearers.

MOORE'S MUSEE THEATRE.

Among the many excellent attractions which are constantly being brought before the public at Moore's Musee Theatre, there have been few of greater interest than the natty, witty little man who is to appear next week—Little Hop o' my Thumb. Hop o' my Thumb is in his eighteenth year but not much taller than a gentleman's silk dress hat. His twenty inches of height is made up of a symmetrical figure. He does not look dwarfish or out of proportion, and he is a miniature Apollo from the tops of his manly little head to the tips of his doll feet. Wherever Hop o' my Thumb has given public audiences, he has excited the most enthusiastic admiration of the mothers and children. The other attractions for New Year's week at the Musee Theatre are all of a high order of interest.

New Jersey girls have taken to wearing bells on their garters. They seem determined to make a noise in the world. It is not an original idea, however, for from time immemorial bells have been suspended from calves.

The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

The City Council has done its duty, and the people will now have to settle whether tram cars shall run on Sundays or not. There is, in my opinion, not the least doubt as to the result; but let every man, and woman too, do their level best until the question is decided. I believe we are in an immense majority, but there will be a strong opposition by the religious fanatics, and they are well organized.

When I say "religious fanatics" I do not wish to be misunderstood; I do not mean they are fanatics because they are religious. The extreme party who disgrace religion by their intense bitterness and bigotry are the crowd referred to. A religious paper says I am unfair to the clergy, and speak of them in a contemptuous way. Nothing of the kind; but some of them have been in times past and are just now, in reference to the Sunday question, rather hard on me. It does me no harm. But when I can I like to return a Roland for an Oliver.

The attitude of some of the ministers of religion in this dispute has been a consistent and creditable one. While disliking the idea of Sunday cars they have had the intelligence to see that a question so directly concerning the people must necessarily be settled by the people, and to oppose this position is in direct contradiction to what is called the democratic spirit of the age.

At the present moment all those desirous of removing the absurd restriction with which the Sunday in Toronto is hedged round must organize and canvas for an exhaustive vote for the running of Sunday cars. The vote will be taken on the 4th of next month; the opposition will fight hard, and all of us who want to win must put our shoulder to the wheel. Do this and we shall be able to ride as well on the Sabbath as on any other day in a few weeks.

The *National Review* of London, a first-class monthly periodical, has an interesting and well-written article in the December issue on "Military Life in Canada," by Gilbert Parker. Mr. Gilbert Parker is a Canadian who is evidently going to take a good position in the front rank of London journalists and *literati*.

I have no desire to say much about the trouble between Mr. J. Ross Robertson and Madam Obernier, especially as I know the lady. But I fear that a good deal of explanation will be required to reinstate Mrs. Obernier in the position she has for a long time held in the estimation of her friends. I was at both the performances of "The Mikado" about which the trouble has arisen, and with some

knowledge of theatrical matters I am compelled to say that the amount handed over to the Lakeside hospital as the proceeds of such an audience was absurdly small.

I was much pained and surprised at the account cabled from London of the charge against and the arrest of Mr. George W. Hastings, M.P. for East Worcestershire. In his capacity of secretary of the Society for the Advancement of Social Science I knew him personally and very well. He was an able man, holding a good position, well connected and both liked and respected by all who knew him, and he was on friendly terms with some of the most famous literary and scientific men both in England and the European continent. That such a man should be guilty of misappropriating money appears incredible to me, but the charge is very specific and the case looks grave.

I felt quite sure that the *Globe* could not keep a stiff upper lip long. When the charges of theft were made against government officials, and something like general negligence was proved to exist among the different departments at Ottawa, the Conservative government appeared to be in very bad case. In the circumstances the *Globe* was very jubilant and very virtuous. Purity was their only cry; in fact, so pure was the *Globe* that it reminded me of the famous picture of "The Harlot at the Christening," where, among all the women present, it is the unchaste woman who alone is shocked at the nakedness of the little child.

So it happened that when the Baie des Chaleurs scandal was unearthed the *Globe* was in a devil of a quandary. Accustomed as it is to taking back water it tried to assume a semblance of virtue, and like the lady above mentioned it was very shocked and raised a hand before its face in shame. It actually kept consistent for a week, and endeavored to convince some of its hay-seed constituency that it was sincere in declaring that a Liberal pick-pocket was as bad a man as a Conservative pick-pocket. Of course many people saw through the truth and laughed. But a few of the minor Grit papers in the country lauded the *Globe* for its fairness and consistency and the *Globe* of course laughed—but reprinted all the extracts and worked a cheap advertisement for what little it was worth.

But some of the party managers began to kick, and the *Globe* was called off. The organ of Louis Riel and the Quebec Nationalists has discovered that there is a constitutional issue at stake. Undoubtedly there is, and there is also a criminal issue at stake for "Count" Mercier and some of his understrappers. But there is a much more serious issue at stake for Quebec.

The conduct of that province is being watched just now by financiers with considerable curiosity and interest. Montreal is in a

state of bankruptcy, and she has for a long time past been cadging about London and Paris to try and arrange a loan on the security of the Province. London would have none of it, but to encourage the "national" feeling a French syndicate "entertained" the proposal; a small sum was lent and a large one promised. In the face of recent revelations, however, it is needless to say the promise is off, and Quebec is face to face with provincial beggary.

Sir George Baden-Powell will start for Washington early next year to assist in preparing the report of the joint commission on the Behring Sea fisheries for the court of arbitration. The suggestion that the court shall include experts in natural history does not meet with official approval at Washington. It is held that the court ought to be composed entirely of jurists.

The death of the Duke of Devonshire calls the Marquess of Hartington to the House of Lords, and almost of necessity calls Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to the leadership of the Liberal Unionist party,—a party that is stronger in English politics to-day than it ever was, despite the Irish-American Associated Press Organization for Spreading Lies by Telegraph.

By-the-by, while on the subject of lying telegraphy, it certainly is amazing to me that Dalziel's agency is used to the extent it is in England. Of course on the London *Times* I quite understand how matters stand. In that office they have some old-standing quarrel with Reuter's agency; they would never use Reuter's "copy" if any other could be obtained, and he was always accorded in the *Times* newspaper the most insignificant "credit" they could invent. Thus, I suppose, it is that, having dropped the system of special wires that the late J. C. Macdonald introduced, the *Times* newspaper is using and advertising Dalziel's agency, the most unreliable and discredited newspaper agency in the world.

It is time Christmas came here to mellow the news a little. The fruits of the present season are railroad accidents, marine disasters, domestic scandals, brutal murders, mysterious disappearances, grip, crankiness and war talk. By all means let us prepare to turn over a new leaf.

Russell Sage may not be a Czar, but he knows what it is to feel like one.

The Christmas number of the "*Dominion Illustrated*" should be bought by everyone; it is a capital number, and able to bear comparison with the Christmas numbers of the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated News*, and many others.

There is trouble in the "Morality Department." By an order of Chancellor Boyd and Mr. Justice Meredith, Archibald and Slein have to divulge the names of the spies whom they have been employing. This is as it should be; we do not want an exhibition of this kind here. And now it is next in order to sweep the Morality Department out of the way.

Quebec has now the opportunity to redeem herself in the eyes of decent people, or to damn herself before the world for all coming time by condoning the stealings of a common thief.

THE IMMORALITY QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE OBSERVER.

SIR,—Your contributor Mr. Horace Smith is writing on a subject of great interest to me, as it must be to all thinking women. This is my quick thought upon the subject.

The evolution of the woman has its natural result in this century in evolving for our edification a peculiar specimen of the genus. The immorality of the world at large is "begun, continued, and ended" in women. No doubt of it. Their petty smallnesses, the *catty* displays of jealousy as exhibited with amiable impartiality towards members of their own sex, are fixed attributes of delightfully charitable tendency. Their inane follies, deceptions, and what not imbecilities, are only *lesser* in degree than the openly-avowed sins of the fallen woman, who plies her trade on the public thoroughfare "free to all," and with the same end in view—her own selfish aggrandisement.

Why allude to merely *one* standard as regards immorality? There is the *ungodly* immorality of the woman who, after backbiting her neighbor, robbing her with a pleased inconsequence of every shred and vestige of character, of decency that might perchance be her naturally accrued dower, calmly departs with a saintly air and with a self-satisfied complacency, born of the devil, and partakes of the Holy Sacrament.

Then, again, there is the immorality of the woman who saunters along with a high head and a proud stomach, who drags her skirt aside, fearful that she suffer contamination by coming even outwardly and invisibly in contact with a fallen sister, fearful of even touching that fallen sister's bedraggled garments. "Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee," is an uncertain sound to these immoral scions of a spurious aristocracy.

Why do you cite love of dress and amusement, merely the lighter frivolities of life, as the chief causes of immorality in woman? I assert that the principal causes of immorality in the sex are these. That women, as a rule, and with few exceptions, are, comparatively speaking, brainless, headless lumps of unreason, and exist in a half—nay, quarter—state of intellectual culture. It is the *self-confessedly* shallow woman, the woman who will not, *cannot* think, who is innately immoral. The woman with brains is rarely so.

Regard the unmeaning imbecility of the woman whose face is wreathed in a perpetual, monotonous giggle, whose eyes are shifty and half open, who glances at you sideways in deprecating fashion, whose petticoats fall in a series of crooked folds, whose hair is *inartistically* untidy, who straps from the shoulders, who shuffles along with her toes turned in. *These* denote the woman of openly seductive proclivities, of whom it behoves every decent young, innocently-progressing son of "Adam and Eve" to "beware and have a care." She is the "Siren" who lures by her very obvious attractions (?) the poor dear souls of injured men to destruction. The avowedly bad man one can tell at a glance. *He* is not the proverbial "wolf in sheep's clothing"—not a bit of it. *He* glories in peregrinating in his own redoubtable habiliments. And I readily believe that even a "*mauvais sujet*" is content to remain passive until one of these inadequate, incapable articles of live lumber, with the sly eyes, comes on the scene and creates an enlivening diversion. "I was the woman tempted me," you know, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

All the damage done to the world has been successfully accomplished by fools. Make a woman, in the first place, understand that God

(in, as we must now regard it, a moment of questionable kindness and generosity) has bequeathed her a brain. Solve this conundrum, for her benefit, in some shape by practical demonstration, or she won't believe you. Then compel, actually compel her, by fair means or foul, to *utilize* this so far mythical addenda. Strengthen and train her body so that she takes pride in the active delights of physical exercise. Make her realize, believe, no matter how very erroneous the idea may be to *you* personally, that it is a good thing, a fine thing, a great privilege, in fact, and all the rest of it, to be born a woman. Cultivate to the greatest extent womanly pride and self-respect. Teach her to look life squarely and bravely in the face, man fashion, comic side uppermost, with her head up. Teach her to destroy all unnecessary ornamentation about the hard facts of life such as love-making and sentiment. Make her work her brain at the expense of her heart. Above all things teach her that the white soul and fair body that our "fair Father Christ" has given her are worthy of care, and must at all hazards be returned to him just so white, just so stainless. For I say better far the life of rigid asceticism, *lived, dead* to the world, hidden by the sad, impregnable walls of a cloister, than the immoral life, lived and choked up as it may be, by the so-called *holy bonds of matrimony*.

But, perhaps, better than all this, moral or immoral, good or evil, hypocrite, fallen woman, or saint, better even than the "white flower of a blameless life," better than the earthly life of Christlike, heavenly asceticism, perhaps *better* for the women of this generation, who *think*, who *reason*, who *feel*, who *mourn*, on whom life's inevitable shadows throw a gloom too deeply dark. Perhaps *better* the dreamless sleep of unquestioning silence, who knows? with maybe *some* of life's questions answered. Yes, perhaps *better* than all to us women is what we, in *human* ignorance, call *death*.

"MARIE STUART."

Toronto, Dec. 23.

SHE DID NOT WISELY LOVE.

At Angouleme, near Paris, France, there commenced last week the trial of Mons. Lesdain for attempting to murder his wife and her lover in a railway carriage. The leading witness, Mme. De Rute, directress of the *Revue Internationale*, of which Mme. Lesdain was assistant editor, sent a medical certificate to the effect that she was in ill-health and was sojourning in Spain. Mme. Lesdain deposed that her husband was an agent of an insurance company and travelled in the country, visiting her only at long intervals. She resided and worked with Mme. De Rute, and was thrown constantly into the society of M. Delbœuf, a member of the staff of the *Revue*, who succeeded in gaining her affections. When Delbœuf was dismissed from his position on the staff she resolved to abandon her husband in order to share the fortunes of her lover. She wrote her husband her decision, saying that she wanted a divorce, as it was impossible to live happily with him. While travelling toward Paris with Delbœuf her husband suddenly appeared at the door of the railway carriage at the Hendaye station. After kissing her and saying "I know all, yet I love you," he drew a revolver and fired, wounding Delbœuf. She denied that her husband had found her in the arms of her lover. A physician who was on the train at the time of the shooting stated that Mme. Lesdain said:—"My husband has surprised me and my lover and has avenged himself. He has done well."

This Mme. de Rute is Mme. Ratazzi, one of the most celebrated women in Europe, in fact a modern Cleopatra. That she is mixed up in such a trial

is quite characteristic of her. Under the name of "Baron Stock" she conducts *La Nouvelle Revue Internationale*. Among the contributors is Tony Revillon, who many a year ago was one of her lovers. The *Review* is an independent publication, devoted to literature, art and politics. Mme. de Rute's life is exceedingly sensational, and one in writing its history would be obliged to mention the names of nearly all the most celebrated men of the last fifty years. She must be now quite sixty years old. Her wit was as keen as a Damascus blade and she had no scruples in using it. In January, 1887, Mme. de Rute was condemned by a Paris tribunal to ten days' imprisonment and fifty francs fine for libel and slander upon the late Marquis Guelly Rente, who married a sister-in-law of Queen Isabella. The action was brought by the sons of the late Marquis. She fled to escape the penalty. She was the daughter of Letitia Bonaparte (niece of the First Napoleon) and Thomas Wyse, who was once British Minister to Greece. She was born in Waterford in 1827. She once said:—"I am destined to turn things upside down. I cannot live in an ordinary humdrum fashion. I need a great deal of space. When I take what belongs to me I tread on the toes of Conservatives and derange the established order of things." She has been steadily turning things upside down since she was sixteen years old.

At a very early period of her life the future Maria Bonaparte Wyse showed a strong taste for study and for literary pursuits—a taste which the separation of her parents and her own genteel poverty tended to increase rather than diminish. She was put to school in France, at the Maison Royale de la Legion d'Honneur, a government institution founded for the education of the daughters of needy officers of the Legion, and situated at Saint Denis. Here she passed examinations qualifying her for the humble career of a governess. In 1850 she had the good or ill fortune to attract the notice of a wealthy Alsatian, the Prince de Solms, whom she asked to marry her, and he did. The match did not prove a happy one, and when two years later, for political reasons, an imperial decree obliged the Princess to leave Paris, a formal separation was effected. From 1854 until 1860 the Princess lived at Savoy and at Nice, where she became intimate with many of the leading French writers, notably Eugene Sue and Ponsard. She herself took to literature seriously and wrote a number of poems, novels and comedies. On the annexation of Savoy she returned to Paris and became known very soon as a writer of elegant *causeries* in the *Pays* and the *Constitutionnel*. On the latter paper she had the perilous honor of replacing Edmund About. She travelled a good deal in Italy, where she was very well received by the Court. In 1862 she married the eminent Italian statesman, Urban Ratazzi, but her new domestic duties did not prevent her from continuing her literary labors. Her contributions to the *Courrier de Florence* and other papers, (most of which were signed "Baron Stock" and "Louise de Kelner") attracted much attention. Signor Ratazzi's death in 1873 again restored her to liberty. When Ratazzi died speculation was rife as to the next man his widow would honor with her hand, and speculation was not at fault, at least in regard to the belief that she had not yet exhausted her chances.

Mme. Ratazzi chose for her third husband the Spanish engineer and Deputy, Senor de Rute, but before she did so M. Pailleron had written "L'Age Ingrat," and it was generally understood that Mme. Ratazzi was the mistress of that eccentric establishment which for months kept the Gymnase audiences in a roar.

It now appears that Sarah Bernhardt's mother was a milliner, which may account for Sarah's prices

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A MUCH MARRIED WOMAN.

At Paris, on Wednesday last, the notorious Duchess de Dino, *nee* Sampson, of New York, was married to Count Orlowski, a Polish noble. The bride's witnesses were United States Minister Reid and Count Gallifet, and the bridegroom's witnesses were Count Edmond Talleyrand and Count Xavier Orlowski. The bridal dress was of white peau de soie, with bodice draped in Moyen Age style, and having fastened to the front a large bouquet of orange flowers. The Duchess de Dino is famous on two continents. She is best known on this side of the Atlantic as Mrs. Frederick W. Stevens. Her history during the past fourteen years is very interesting. She was the daughter of the late Josiah Sampson, a New York merchant, who made a large fortune some thirty-four years ago. This gave him an entrance into New York society, and his daughter, Adele Livingston Sampson, soon became one of its reigning belles. She was never beautiful, in the true sense of the word, but she was fair to look upon, clever and an heiress. She met, when about eighteen, Frederick Stevens, who was then a very handsome lawyer of twenty-five, with prepossessing manners, and although poor, moving in the best circles. They soon became engaged. Every one thought it was a love match, and for over ten years nothing came to disturb the thought. They were married one sunny June day, and at once began housekeeping on a princely plan, Mrs. Stevens' fortune left her by her father supplying the means. Mr. Stevens still worked hard at his profession. They had four children, a son and three daughters, all of whom are living. They spent their winters in the beautiful mansion on the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, New York, which is now owned and occupied by Secretary and Mrs. Whitney. This house, with its rich furnishing, cost over \$2,000,000, and was sold with all its contents to Mrs. Whitney for just half that sum seven years ago. In the summer they went to Newport and occupied one of the most beautiful of the villas there. This is still owned, it is said, by Mrs. Stevens, and as late as last summer she had it put in complete order, when at Newport securing a divorce from Mr. Stevens.

About twelve years ago the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, who is a descendant of the famous wit and philosopher of that name, came to New York for a visit. It was not his first visit to America, having some few years previous married Miss Bessie Curtis, a beautiful girl and a member of the old Boston family of that name. He brought letters of introduction to some of the best houses here, and although he was far from handsome, being undersized, dark, and rather sinister looking, his cleverness and wide learning soon made him popular. It is said that Mrs. Stevens became infatuated with him. When he returned to Paris she took her two little girls and went abroad, and in 1882 returned to seek a divorce from her husband. This divorce was granted in 1887. It was obtained by Mrs. Stevens on the ground of non-support and desertion against Mr. Stevens, who all the time had remained at home with his two oldest children. The decree was granted in Newport. Meanwhile the marquis was busy in Paris obtaining a divorce from his wife. This was granted. The marquise did not oppose the suit. Mrs. Stevens left for Paris when all was ready. The pair were married first at the Mairie, where a civil service was performed, then at the American Church in the Rue de Berri, the Rev. Dr. Hough officiating. Only the immediate friends were present, and Judge Edwards Pierre pont gave the brideaway. She wore one of Worth's

newest creations, and after a wedding breakfast the bride and bridegroom left on a tour. The father of the Marquis, who, it would seem, was pleased at the marriage, ceded to his son his own title of the Duc de Dino, and Mrs. Stevens was henceforth known as the Duchess de Dino. Her vast fortune, it is said, had been secured in such a way that her four children were protected and the Duc got nothing.

MY LEG.

Good leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And truly hast thy duty done;
I thank thee most that to the end
Thou did'st not let the body run.

Strange paradox, that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft,
I lost my left leg for the Right,
And yet the right's the one that's left.

But while the sturdy stump remains
I may be able yet to patch it,
For even now I've taken pains
To make an L-e-g to match it.

A GOOD PLAN.

In reply to a deputation of agricultural laborers assembled a few days ago in London Mr. Joseph Chamberlain M. P., said that the dwellings of the laborers would be improved, adding that the government proposed at the coming session of Parliament to authorize loans for that purpose. It also had ready to introduce a measure to allow laborers to acquire small holdings and to assist them in procuring the land. The government, Mr. Chamberlain further declared, also had under consideration other measures of special interest to agricultural laborers.

JACK EROST.

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

Thy pencil lend me, Jack,
And with it, pray,
Thy cunning etcher's knack,
I, too, would play
The artist on my lady's window-pane;
So shall she deign
To read my verses pricked in sparkling ice,
With quaint device
Of wreathed fern and frond and feathered grass.

But stay, alas!
My burning fingers mar thy tempered tool;
Thy heart is cool,
And doth not spoil thy knack.
Here, take thy pencil, Jack!

Somebody having invented an odorless whiskey, we may expect next a flavorless whiskey, and then whiskey will be spoiled altogether. Why can't people let well enough alone?

"Well, what sort of a night has madam had?"
"Heaven be praised, Herr Doctor. She is decidedly better. She drank a basin of beef tea this morning, and when she had finished she threw the basin at the servant's head."

Sir Edwin Arnold tells of a reception at Marlborough House during which Sir Francis Knollys stepped up to the Prince of Wales and informed his Royal Highness that there were some gentlemen of the press outside who demanded admission. "Show them in," said the Prince, "for if they don't come in at the door they will come in at the ventilator."

THE ROMANCE OF SISTER ROSE.

One of the strongest scenes in Sardou's stirring drama, "Thermidor," which created such a tumult in Paris and was recently presented in New York, is the struggle of the heroine to decide whether she will keep her religious vows or marry her soldier lover. She has promised to wed him, but, believing that he has died in battle, she has become a novice of the Church. Suddenly her lover appears before her, and claims her hand, but her religious fervor gains the mastership, and, despite the lover's frantic efforts to save her, she goes a willing martyr to the guillotine. Something like this, with the tragic features omitted, is presented by the case of Sister Rose Gertrude, or Miss Amy C. Fowler, the young Englishwoman who recently went to Hawaii to devote her life to nursing the lepers at Molokai. She believed she had received a call from above, entered the Sisterhood of St. Dominicus, received the blessings of the Pope and Cardinal Manning, and started forth rejoicing on her career of self-sacrifice. At Honolulu, however, she met a German specialist whose love-making proved irresistible, and now the rosy-cheeked Englishwoman is no longer Sister Rose Gertrude, but the wife of Dr. Lutz.

BOTH HAD TO STEER.

There was a young man at the float,
Who rowed with a maid in a boat;
Their position was queer
For they both had to steer,
And 'twas quite hard to manage the boat.

'Twas a dear little maid at his side,
And betwixt them the space was not wide.
Cruel calcium light
To reveal that sweet sight,
And to make them both eager to hide.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

"Here's anodder good one an' it's bonny-fied! Dere was er company stoppin' over in Troy one Sunday, an' one o' de ladies axed er female hash-slinger at de hotel where de nearest Baptist church was. De girl was Irish:
"And is it goin' to church ye are?" says she.
"Cert," says de lady.
"Wat der yer tink de hash-slinger says to dat?
'I didn't spose ye actors would be let.'"

THE SUMMER HOTEL BILL.

"By the way," remarked a guest to the landlord of a summer resort as he paid his bill and started away, "do you permit your help to accept tips?"
"Why—n-o—n-o," he said with nervous anxiety, as he glanced back over the account, "you haven't got any money left; have you?"

THE EARLY BIRD.

Ethel—"Do you like Mr. Eames, mamma?"
Mamma (a young widow)—"Why, y-e-s, darling."
Ethel—"And Mr. Webster?"
Mamma—"Yes, dear."
Ethel—"And Mr. Fish, and Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Sheldon?"
Mamma—"I like them all, pet."
Ethel—"Which one are you going to marry, then?"
Mamma—"The one who proposes first, darling."

"I have a misgiving in this affair," as the father said when he gave away the bride.

THE OBSERVER.

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Enlarged to Twelve Pages.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1891.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the receipt of only a portion of Mr. Horace Smith's copy, the article on "Immorality in Toronto" has to be omitted; it shall be continued next week.

SUNDAY CARS.

The meeting held on Tuesday evening at the Pavilion to organise the citizens in opposition to the running of cars on Sundays was not a striking success in any way. The place was nothing like full, and the majority of the leading ministers of the town were conspicuous by their absence. Dr. Potts was present, and of course he brayed. One gentleman rose to ask a question, and a clergyman threatened to call the police! But in opposition to the parsons we will place the press; we saw the Petition of the People before it was presented, and that petition contained the names of nearly EVERY INFLUENTIAL JOURNALIST in Toronto. This is a fact, though the majority of the newspapers are not friendly to the movement. Only two papers here, THE OBSERVER and the *World*, have had the courage to openly espouse the cause of the people. Some papers are in opposition, and some are sitting on the fence feeling very frightened. But the people will win, and then they will be able to estimate how little influence some papers in this city really have in formulating public opinion. Remember that this Sunday car matter is of much more importance than the election of mayor and aldermen. We have long suffered here from the infliction of an impertinent priestly tyranny, and it is quite time that once and for ever we broke the galling and ignominious bonds.

THIS WEEK.

This week is the culmination of the holiday season, recognized as such by people of all religious persuasions and all social classes.

Even if the calendar did not tell us so, we would know that it is Christmas week; for the outward marks and signs of that great festival are everywhere around us. It is the season when joy and gladness seem to radiate in the air, and when love and contentment are supposed to be present at every fireside. And yet the world is full of sorrow and pain and grief this week, in spite of the holy spirit of brotherhood that Christmas does so much to foster. We should remember this fact, not to dampen any joy that may chance to come into our own lives, but in order that we may thereby become more unselfish, more thoughtful of others, and therefore more in harmony with the divine lessons of the season.

UNFAIR CRITICISM.

The *Penetanguishene Herald* of December the 17th says:—

"The Toronto *Observer*, in an article on Sunday street cars, claims to have brought two city papers, the *Globe* and *World* to time, and stung the latter to the quick and forced its hands. It also asserts that W. F. MacLean is a smart newspaper man and up to the tricks of the trade, and that the *World* has been compelled to come out 'flat-footed' on the popular side. All of which appears very strange to many, seeing that the *World* was the pioneer on the Sunday street car question and a veritable Ishmaelite among newspapers on this great moral or impious innovation. The funniest part of all this business is, that the *Observer* descants most lugubriously on the 'bigotry and selfishness of a few Sabbatarians,' and comes out itself in full-fledged support of the Sunday car movement."

THE OBSERVER adheres to what it said. For nearly a year not a line in favor of Sunday cars had appeared in the *World* until we published a strong article, a marked copy of which was sent to Mr. W. F. MacLean. It may have been only a coincidence of course, but if so it was at least a curious one, that four days after the *World* started on the war-path. The *Penetanguishene Herald* seems to be a little mixed as to the exact meaning of words and phrases in the English tongue. We are certainly in full support of the Sunday car movement, and with or without assistance we quite mean to get there.

THE GRIP.

Dr. Nothnagle, of Vienna, traces the origin of epidemic influenza or grip as far back as the ninth century, history showing that it recurs three or four years with varying intensity and then dies out for a period of 20 or more years. As this is the third year of the present epidemic, we may reasonably hope for the beginning of the 20 years period of exemption soon. This learned Doctor recently said in a public address that the grip remains a puzzle to the doctors. In spite of all asser-

tions to the contrary, they know no remedy for it.

MULEY HASSAN CALLED DOWN.

The old and pregnant fable of the pots which came in contact is likely to receive another illustration in Morocco. In this case the clay vessel will be Muley Hassan. The iron pot will be identified with Europe. The Sultan of Morocco has made the mistake of defying the Powers which signed the Brussels anti-slavery protocol. He has not only allowed the continuance of the infamous traffic in human flesh against which the Conference protested, but he has winked at, if not ordered, a hideous and abominable system of slave-breeding in one of the imperial residences. Europe has at length been roused to a sense of the iniquity of Muley Hassan's action. A blockade of the Morocco coast has been determined on. Should that fail to stop the horrors described in the Paris despatches it is quite possible an expedition may be sent to the interior of the imperial dominions. France will no doubt take advantage of the incident to settle the long pending question of the Oran frontier. And in this case she will not arouse much jealousy.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A correspondent at Great Inague, W. I., reports that on the 2nd inst., between 11 and 12 p.m., two distinct earthquake vibrations were felt at that point. At 20 minutes to 11 a.m., the following day there were three shocks of considerable force. But no serious damage is noted. It seems that in recent years, and especially in 1891, there has been an increase of seismic activity in many parts of the world. It was predicted in 1883 by a prominent French physicist that this would be the case in the last part of the present century. Professor Milne, of Tokio, describing in *Nature* the terrible earthquake of October 28 in Japan, says:—Up to date (November 7) it is known that nearly eight thousand people have been killed. At least forty-one thousand houses are level with the plain, and engineering structures which have withstood both typhoon and flood have been reduced to ruin. In the middle of the stricken district it is doubtful whether any ordinary building could have resisted the violence of the movement. Huge cast-iron columns, acting as piers for railway bridges, have been cut in two near their base.

"It's a great invention," said the business man as he watched his stenographer sitting at the phonograph; "a great invention. That woman has sat there and listened for ten minutes and never said a word."

OUR NEXT MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

BY FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

PART III.

As the New Year draws near it becomes apparent that owing to the absence of a proper organization beforehand, there will be but little improvement so far as our new aldermen are concerned, and that our only real hope is in having a man who is honest, able, and thoroughly executive as our mayor—one who has practically proved that he is gifted with all those qualities.

Two facts will show better than many pages what the majority of our aldermen are. Of course there is an honest minority, but even in their case many lack the necessary brains or moral courage.

When Godson applied for a fresh contract, out of those present only one Alderman opposed the application. Mayor Clarke and the rest agreed to give it, notwithstanding that there was a criminal prosecution pending in relation to previous work done for the city—and which has not yet come on for trial. The second case occurred several years ago. Judge Macdougall after hearing evidence on both sides officially certified that the city had been charged by Burns and paid for about one thousand tons of coals more than had been actually delivered. Yet the next year when Burns tendered again, our Aldermen actually gave him the contract; but an explosion of public feeling compelled them to rescind it. Yet owing to a lack of organization on the part of our citizens many of these men will be our aldermen next year.

OSLER AS MAYOR.

Mr. Osler is a total stranger to me and I have no axe to grind. His career shows that he is thoroughly well-qualified for the position. Having been originally a bank clerk he has had experience with accounts, a very necessary qualification for our mayor. Subsequently he became connected with the Credit Valley Railway, and when it was in financial difficulties he managed to rescue it from being an almost total loss, and ultimately was the means of getting it and another railway absorbed by the Canadian Pacific. This meant very great financial, executive, and diplomatic ability—the very qualities we require in our mayor. Think of the difficulties he must have had to surmount; exaggerated ideas of value on the one hand, and the natural desire on the other to buy as cheaply as possible. He must from his lengthened executive experience, thoroughly understand Hotspur's expression of "moving a dish of skimmed milk to an honorable purpose." The simple fact of his having been appointed to be a director of the Canadian Pacific speaks volumes. The able men who rule that mammoth company, will not have any one to act with them unless he is supremely and financially able, and thoroughly unapproachable by self-seeking frauds. In addition he is a director of the Dominion Bank, a fact which is additional evidence of probity combined with ability. Of all others, a bank director requires the gift of being able to say "no," yet so as not to give offence. Considering all these facts we shall never get a better candidate than Mr. Osler.

Many years ago when the great movement to improve the drainage of London commenced, an asinine alderman deprecating new-fangled ideas publicly stated that he rather liked the smell from the gratings over the sewers—whereupon *Punch* and the press held him up to ridicule. Improving upon the asinine alderman, a Torontonion, although knowing better, practically says: that he rather prefers that his tenants (not himself) should smell bad drains, and if they fall ill of typhoid or diphtheria, it only shows that they are not sound abstainers. In times past, referring to bad generalship, it was ironically said of the British

soldiers, that they were lions led by asses. If our citizens reward a typhoid apostle they will be the asses, and their leaders, well, something a trifle smarter.

An old satire ran thus—a lawyer equitably "divvied up" thus—he ate the oyster and handed the shells to the litigants; now it seems that an imitator has kept the full rents in his pocket, and offered diphtheria and typhoid to his tenants. Common-sense citizens would prefer the lawyer's oyster shells.

Citizens of Toronto, look upon this picture and then upon the other!

THE SITUATION IN QUEBEC.

SPECIAL TO THE OBSERVER.

MONTREAL, Dec. 23.—In reply to the telegram of the managers of THE OBSERVER, I have hurriedly prepared this letter, which I send you, simply premising that it is not as perfect as I trust my subsequent despatches will be. The excitement is of course intense. What passes for politics here is on every tongue.

This old-fashioned, one-hundred-years-behind-the-times Province of Quebec is pre-eminently the land of politicians. Nothing is heard of nowadays but politics and boodle, and the two naturally go together; and a politician's ability is measured by what he can steal, has stolen, or is expected to steal. Mercier has got his *conge*, and the Tories are patting each other on the back. Anger has certainly carried out his instructions well, and we may judge that they were pleased by the alacrity he has shown in carrying them out. Who was it said not to crow till you were out of the wood! This advice might be taken to heart by the Conservative party of Quebec at the present time. Mercier is out for the time being, but who can say how long he will remain to the left of the Speaker; and, do you know, I think we attach too much importance to the probable effect of the recent exposures. Nothing has been brought to light that everybody who takes any interest in politics at all was not perfectly aware of. I honestly believe that in the country constituencies the exposure of Mercier and his gang of thieves will do quite as much good as harm. Of course we are all engaged down here now in calling for honest government and economical administration. It will be a miracle if we get it, and never having had such a thing before Quebec will not understand what it means. Furthermore, Quebec does not want an economical administration. It is against the French nature. I was talking to an intelligent Frenchman the other day, a successful business man, and one who, I am sure, is perfectly honest in his business, and I made some remark about the recent exposures. He laughed pleasantly, said that the more money was spent the better for the country, and admitted that he liked himself, and liked his friends, to get money out of the government. He even told me confidentially of a little scheme he had on hand by which he was to get some \$5,000 from the Mercier government for \$100 worth of service. He was to pay his "friend," who was putting through the little deal, thirty per cent commission. This is a type of a class. The working classes, too, like an extravagant government. It makes the money circulate. Mercier and his friends

spent their stealings like water, and Mercier, personally, is the prince of good fellows. *Whiskey Blanc* is good enough for him, but nothing under champagne must his friends drink. In Mercier you see a most extraordinary character. The son of a poor farmer, he has been dependent on his own exertions all through life, and without, until lately, achieving any particular success, although always a public man of more or less prominence. He is to-day the central figure in the Quebec political stage, and has made himself wealthy through pure unscrupulousness. Mercier, too, has a particular fondness for the female sex, and is exceedingly liberal with those who share his follies. To return again to politics, however. It is perfectly understood that some of the men who are mentioned for the new cabinet are as perfect ruffians as the politicians who have just been dismissed. It is a game of grab on both sides, and the longest purse will carry its possessor a long way on the road to victory. The recent exposures cannot hurt Mercier in the English constituencies, for they always opposed him, and it remains to be seen what effect they will have in the heart of the country. I do not believe they will have any effect. The French who understand the exposures will take them as additional evidence of Mr. Mercier's cleverness; besides, has not the money been spent in the country? But just look for an instant at the character of the people who exercise in this priest-ridden province the right of franchise. We have about two millions of a population here, but how very, very many of these can neither read nor write. There are whole villages where a newspaper never enters, except to the door of the priest's handsome establishment. These people never know what is going on in the outer world. They still honor the memory of Napoleon, and look forward to the time when the country shall be torn from the *sacre Anglais*, and be once more a part of La Belle France. Their only law is the priest's will; they cannot do any business, can make no family arrangement without permission of their religious instructor. They could, of course, be educated, but that would mean the downfall of the church in the last great stronghold of Roman Catholicism. The church does not want them to be educated, it would not allow them to be educated. Poor, simple and ignorant then, they merely stagnate in their country villages away in the backwoods, and when the old folks die their farms are evenly divided up among the family, who go through the same old routine. What can you do with people like these? All that they know of Mercier is that he is the favorite of the church, has been blessed by the Pope, and wears the white breeches presented to him by His Eminence. The election that must follow the dismissal is simply a question of money and the influence of the church, Mercier has both, and with them at his back he has a strong majority. If he was overthrown we could look for no improvement from his successors. Nothing can be done for this province while it retains its ancient laws and institutions. And it is the province of all others that will exercise the greatest influence on the future destiny of Canada.

A SHOOTING TRIP.

(Continued from last week.)

Another little act in the back woods dsama served to throw a soft, beautiful light on the rough character of the old hunter. He stirred the fire uneasily for a few seconds, hemmed and hawed a little as if he wanted to make an explanation of some sort, and finally moved off toward the kitchen, where he could be heard arguing with the female portion of the household. When he came back Uncle Jake softly closed the door, sat down in front of the fireplace and drew from his pocket a well-thumbed copy of the Bible.

"It's the rule of the house, boys, an' I reckon none of you'll object. I mout hev skipt it ter nite, but you know how wimmin folks air 'bout sech things' an' I gess it wunt hurt none of ye ennyhow."

Slowly adjusting a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, Uncle Jake read with much impressiveness the story of the Prodigal Son. After reading he made a few appropriate remarks, dwelling upon the proneness of young men and old men as well, to wander away from the hearthstone of righteousness, and the hearty "Good-night, lads," and "God give ye all health," was blessing, prayer and benediction in one.

With the dawning of a cold, clear morning came smashing knocks on every bedroom door, and the stentorian voice of the hearty captain: "Tumble out, now, every dog dinged one of ye, fer I kin fairly smell deer in the air an' they're fifty miles away at that! Git down thar ter the pump an' souce yerselfs er ye'll be left behint as sure as shootin'!"

There is nothing on earth quite so cold as a frosty morning wash in a pump trough, and Uncle Jake laughed heartily when one of the shivering victims wheezed out through his chattering teeth that an iceberg was a fiery furnace compared with a pine woods pump toilet. A red hot breakfast served as a counterbalance, however, and in a remarkably short space of time the entire party was bowling along toward Cumberland county over a primitive road that was rough enough to entitle it to first prize in a corduroy exhibition. About ten miles from the start the teams drew up at a dilapidated house that showed some signs of former grandeur.

"The 'gineril' lives in here," explained Uncle Jake, and he's goin' with us. He's been on every deer hunt with me fer the last twenty years an' he's goin' on this one. The 'gineril' fout in the war agin the side I fout on, but he's my friend, and my friends is good enuf fer ennybody, I reckon."

A loud halloo brought the "gineril" to the door and a single glance showed him to be as odd a character as his odd friend. He wore an old-fashioned bell-crowned hat of the vintage of 1835, and his coat was of the spiketail variety so much regarded before the war by the old Southern aristocracy. Grave almost to the verge of absolute silence and courteous to the last degree, the "gineril" climbed into his seat and did not speak during the entire trip except once in a while to acknowledge the temporary loan of a flask by the simple phrase, "Heah's my kind oblige, sah!"

Just at the edge of Cumberland county, fifteen miles from Dowdy's Tavern, the "caravan," as Uncle Jake called it, entered the pine-woods in earnest. A narrow road, crooked and rough, wound through the swaying pines and the brown bedecked scrub oaks. It was a frame-racking ride, but Uncle Jake cheered up the party by remarking that it would soon be over and a night with the "Piney" boys would surely recompense for any amount of hardship, no matter how severe. This remark even

revived the "gineril" into emitting a laugh that sounded much like the rumpling of a sheet of parchment paper in the hands of an agitated lawyer.

Dowdy's Tavern was built for deer hunters. It stands almost in the heart of the deer belt, and it is only about two miles from Atlantic county, which stands between it and the sea. It is rough, but comfortable and capacious. The big iron knob on the front door has a look of good cheer inside for the almost starving man who has hunted the elusive deer from sunrise to sunset. In one end of the big barroom is a mammoth fireplace piled high with crackling pine logs. Over the mantel are the antlers of a giant buck, and on the walls of the different rooms in the house are nailed smaller counterparts. Dogs lie about on the floor as thick as sawdust in an English taproom. A person can hardly step without encountering one of the homely, placid brutes, but they never bite.

At the supper table Uncle Jake was informed that deer signs were plentiful and the entire party emerged into the cheerful barroom in high spirits. As is the custom, a smoking bowl of whisky toddy was placed on one end of the low bar and all hands prepared to have a little fun. One by one the "Piney" boys from the neighboring tar kilns dropped in and quietly took seats about the room. By common consent Uncle Jake was installed as master of ceremonies, and after taking a generous drink of toddy declared, that he had friends in the room who were anxious and willing to join in a little fun with the "Piney" boys.

"I kin pipe a leetle," said he, "an' I'm willin' to start by singin' a leetle song that the boys up around Red Lion consider quite pert."

In a voice remarkable for vigor, Uncle Jake started a song that has at least thirty verses in it. When he had reached that stage where every man in the room had murder in his heart, the old man wound up with:

I wish I was in Kalamazoo
Whar pavin' stuns are black as ink
An' the purty gals adore me so—
I'll sing no more till I get a drink.

All hands had another "go" at the bowl of smoking toddy, and Uncle Jake ordered the dogs cleared away from the middle of the room and warned the dancers to prepare for business. Just who the dancers were appeared to be a mystery for a while, but several of the "Piney" boys were noticed to move uneasily in their seats.

"Come on you, Lem Sikes, with that ar fiddle and jest dror out your liveliest tunes, and you 'Piney' boys quit bein' so bashful, for yer all got to dance for sartin'."

Mr. Sikes, who had been so conspicuously called upon, was a little dried-up specimen about sixty years old, who had spent the major portion of those years as a handy man about tar kilns. He sneaked behind the bar and brought forth an old cracked fiddle, the high notes of which sounded like the filing of a saw. After the usual "plink-plunk" and "scrape-scraper" preliminary, Mr. Sikes started in vigorously on the "Devil's Dream." According to Mr Sikes' rendition of the popular old piece it might appropriately have been termed the "Devil's Nightmare." But the time was fairly good, and immediately several of the sleepy-looking "Piney" lads began to wake up and say an accompaniment with their big boots.

Suddenly there was a wild yell and the sleepest looking specimen of the lot vaulted into the middle of the cleared space in front of the fireplace and began to "hoe it down" in right royal style. The most critical observer could not accuse the dancer of being at all graceful, but he made up in vigor what he

lacked in symmetry of movement. As the wild strains of the "Devil's Dream" grew wilder and wilder the dancer grew more frisky and nimble. His neighbors, with sparkling eyes, climbed upon chair backs, and urged the cavorting tar kilner on to new exertions. Beads of sweat rolled down his face but did not serve to daunt him, for he simply peeled off his butternut colored wammus and buckled tighter to his work. At last the fiddler gave out, and Uncle Jake ordered another round of hot toddy, while the "gineril" condescended to "obleege" by warbling a simple love song.

Then Mr. Sikes again made his old fiddle wail out the "Fisherman's Hornpipe," while another "Piney" lad danced as hard as his predecessor had done.

Thus the hours until nearly midnight were passed in dancing, singing, and srequent trips of the toddy bowl. When the last "Piney" lad had departed Uncle Jake arose, yawned, and ordered all hands to bed with the remark that a start must be made by four o'clock next morning.

"Well, Uncle Jake," remarked one of the Philadelphians, "how about the 'Prodigal Son' to-night? Ain't we going to hear from him?"

"Oh, that's only a Red Lion rule," remarked the old man, laughing, "an' it don't go down at Dowdy's."

The dogs down in Jersey's deer strip are better for early risers than the very best alarm clocks. In the first place they seem to know by instinct the proper hour to run through the halls and bark and howl furiously. It is long before daylight and no one tells the dogs to do it, but it is done just the same, and no amount of cursing and bootjack firing will change the programme. There is nothing to do but get up and swear, for the dogs will not let up a bit until the last man has grumblingly descended to the barroom, and the "driver" puts his head out of the door and yells for quiet. Then the dogs one by one shamble down stairs and each one takes up a position on the floor where some one is sure to stumble over him, and immediately the brutes all go to sleep in the most aggravating manner.

(To be continued.)

PAPA WAS RIGHT.

Papa has said I musn't speak to him,
And so, perhaps, I'd better cross the street,—
If he should follow?—Well, the light is dim,
And I don't see just why we shouldn't meet,

He passed right on!—Oh, well it's plain to see
That there was truth in what we heard last night;
I'm sure he's no associate for me;
Beyond a doubt my dear papa was right!

PHYLLIS' GLOVE.

BY LIZETTE W. REESE.

Dropped on the stair, a shred of snow,
Lies Phyllis' little glove;
Of all the maids that I do know,
She is the one I love.

But ah, in vain! From where I stand,
Here in the dusk above,
I see young Jacques; he has her hand,
While I have but her—glove.

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2. **MUSIC AND THE DRAMA**, by VIOLA. This lady is universally admitted to be one of the best musical and dramatic critics on the American continent. Her weekly review will be looked forward to with interest.
3. **THE PASSING SHOW**, by WILFRED WISGAST. This article will consist of comments on political and social events of the week, happening in any part of the world. Mr. Wisgast is a high kicker.
4. **Occasional Articles** by HORACE SMITH and other able writers. Look out for what Mr. Horace Smith will say in THE OBSERVER of next week on "Immorality in Toronto."
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