

The Observer.

VOL. I.—No 11.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1892.

Price 5 Cents.

Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man?
Falstaff, Henry IV.

The cold weather, the influenza and the depression that always follows the excitement of the Christmas holidays and the civil elections, have combined to make the present period one of unexampled dulness. There are few marriages, no runaways or divorces, no murders or crimes; in fact, the week is a perfect blank except for Mayor Fleming's inaugural speech. Of this interesting document—for it must be considered as a document—I have little to say except that it promises much that may be hard to fulfill.

I believe Mayor Fleming will make a good executive officer. He has ability of no mean order, he has opportunity and means, and what more could any man desire? It is in his power to make one of the ablest mayors this city has yet seen. It is in his power to clean the Augean stables at the city hall and to put civil affairs on a sound basis.

If he fails he cannot blame lack of experience. He knows the ways of the tricksters in the council very well. Why should he fail? If he has sufficient of that article to which the Americans give the homely name of "sand" he will make a record for himself and do good to the city.

The office of mayor in this city is no sinecure. It is an office fraught with peril to the holder. It is an office of grave responsibility. Mayor Howland ruined his regime by running after fads. He was not sufficiently diplomatic—not decisive enough. He promised much, but his term of office might justly be labelled a "failure," and why? Because he was not sufficiently practical. He never climbed down from the clouds of the *a priori* to plain practical talk. He attacked wrongs in masses instead of defeating them in details. He was too fond of brilliant *coups*, and very often his *coups* resolved themselves into sheet lightning and stage thunder. He was Frenchy in his methods and not sufficiently materialistic, and for that reason, whilst his term of office was one continuous din and clamor, there was much smoke and very little fire.

Mayor Fleming is not much of a theorist. He may have theories, but I think he has also a varied knowledge of detail. The business in which he has been engaged from boyhood must have taught

him the value of practical work and that persistent effort tells more forcibly in the end than intermittent attempts. If he keeps out of the clouds and begins the work of reform in a small way he may do something yet before the end of his year.

I see by the papers that when the proposal to grant \$5,000 to the Highland regiment was before the City Council and was defeated, Ald Hallam, who opposed it, waved his hands and shouted "On, Stanley on!" Now, I have nothing to say about the grant, but I have something to say about this knight of the "selected fleece." Ald Hallam, you are a humbug. Mark Twain's jumping frog never equalled you. When this proposal to grant the money to the kilties first came up you waved the thistle and did all in your power to aid the grant. You gave a picturesque description of your trip to England and how your heart warmed to the bare-legged soldiers, and if you had your way you would have made the grant \$10,000. But a change came o'er the spirit of your dream, and now you pose as the exponent of economy and the enemy of the kilties. Where can you look for friends? Certainly not among those who opposed such a grant, for they know your conduct in the first case, and death-bed repentance is not respectable to say the least of it. Do you think these long-legged, long-headed, long-minded Scotchmen will forget you? Not much! They are not built that way.

Ald. Hallam, you apparently forgot that the year you were so profusely "loyal" and had a flag and a "Jingo" motto on your election card, you were left at home, and I fain confess none is the place for you. A man with such a fickle mind, and such weak knees, is better off among the distaffs than consorting with the bad wicked aldermen at the City Hall. Drink lime water to knit your bones so as not to be a jelly fish. Then, perhaps, when you enthuse on some scheme at the City Hall you will at least be consistent and not make an ass of yourself by blowing hot and cold.

My friend E. E. Sheppard is off to Italy. He left a few days before the civic elections, and rumor has it, that he left to escape the snowing under his candidate was going to get. Mr. Sheppard helped to defeat Mr. Osler. The labor men have learned to dread gifts from the hands of E. E. Sheppard, and when they found him advocating Mr. Osler's cause they became suspicious. Mr. Osler might have won if he had kept Mr. Sheppard off the stump and sent him to Italy early in December.

The Ashbridge's Bay scandal that furnished the sensation for last week is almost forgotten already. The libel suits that Mr. Gregg and Mr. Caiger brought against Col. Alexander and Mr. McWilliams, have been postponed twice through the illness of the defendants, and it would seem as if it were going to take a long time for these gentlemen to settle the question in the courts. The outcome, judging from past experience, will be unsatisfactory to all parties concerned.

Last week I said something in defence of the newspaper men, but since then I have been down to the City Hall and find that they do things a little different there now from what used to be the rule. I found that there are several reporters who make themselves very obnoxious to the aldermen by interfering when different matters come up. They say to the aldermen, "If you support (or oppose) such and such a scheme it will hurt you (or help you)." They give this advice gratis and try to run things generally. In these questions, as a rule, these reporters have no interest whatever, but they have opinions and take sides when it is their business to tell the facts.

I always thought that opinions were unknown among newspaper reporters, and that the editorial page was the place for them. Reporters with opinions cannot help coloring their reports. If this has been going on at the City Hall for some time, and if the reporters are taking advantage of their position to bulldoze the alderman, there may be some truth in what Ald. Hewitt said about the city press, and it is high time some of the City Hall reporters were called down.

The number of seats declared vacant by the courts in Canada will give the people in the bye-elections an opportunity of showing what they think of the government of Mr. Abbott. From the excess of Reformers unseated over the Conservatives it would appear that the party of purity has fallen far from grace. When there is no great line between political parties except a question of ins and outs, the corruptionists generally get in their fine work.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has been interviewed by the New York papers, and in the course of his remarks got off some witty things at the expense of the Americans. He led the reporters to infer that if the United States went to war with Chili the latter country would have the better of it. Prof. Smith says before there can be annexation, there must be a strong desire on the part of both the United States and Canada. I agree with him. But there is no desire.

Musical & Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

The Toronto Orchestral Association, it seems, is still alive, although it ought to be dead. In my notes of December 5th, I pointed out a few of the abuses which had crept into the management of the organisation. It has come to my knowledge that the executive committee persists in its course of making itself obnoxious to the profession, and continues to ignore the growing dissatisfaction with which its acts are regarded. A short time ago a violinist, a non-member of the union, was engaged to play at one of the city theatres for a week of opera. The executive committee promptly sent a notice to the leader of the theatre orchestra forbidding his employment. The violinist, however, was not disposed to submit to tyranny of this kind, and threatened to sue for his week's salary, with the result that the union had to pay it, although he did not play a note. A few plucky acts of this kind would soon bring the committee to its senses. The greatest sufferers from the autocratic enactments of the union are our oratorio societies. Some of the best instrumental players in the city are non-members of the union, and the conductor of the Philharmonic Society is constantly receiving notices that he must not engage them for rehearsals or public performances. This conduct is extremely selfish, and is the more indefensible because it has often been the case that the service of union members could not be had owing to their being engaged elsewhere. The work of our choral societies is in this way very seriously interfered with, and it is a wonder to me why Messrs. Torrington, D'Auria and Bayley submit to such dictation. They ought to make a bold stand, and inform the executive committee that unless this sort of interference is abandoned, they will withdraw from the union.

The Philharmonic Society has been transformed into a joint stock company. I hope that it is now free from its financial embarrassments, and is about to enter on a long, prosperous and useful career. The present society was organised in 1872, but the pioneer organisation bearing the same name was formed in 1846.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, who left Toronto a short time ago for the United States, are meeting with great success in Chicago. They have been giving a series of ballad recitals, which have been well patronised, and have gained much praise. The *Chicago Daily Globe* of the 12th inst. says:—"Mr. and Mrs. Thomson are vocalists whose method is most pleasing, and the ballads chosen for yesterday proved most suitable for the display of their voices. The baritone voice of Mr. Thomson is powerful and resonant, and he has a peculiar dramatic style which made such pieces as Rodney's "Clangs of the Forge" very effective. Mrs. Agnes Thomson is a petite, graceful woman, and one wonders, when her sweet, bird-like voice breaks into song, where so much melody comes from. She has a great deal of facial expression, which lent color to a number of songs in Italian, Spanish, French, German and English.

A correspondent writes suggesting that I should take up the subject of a music festival for Toronto. A reference to the first number of *THE OBSERVER* will show that I have already touched upon the matter. I have stated it is my deliberate conviction that no festival scheme will give satisfaction that does not include as an essential feature the engagement of a first-class orchestra from New York or Boston. As, however, it is stated that no festival is to be given this year, it would serve no good purpose to discuss the subject in detail.

A new string quintette club is, I hear, to be formed in Ottawa, with Mr. Bertie Brewer as first violinist. Mr. Bertie Brewer is the son of the popular amateur violinist, Mr. Robert Brewer, of the Accountant's Department, House of Commons, and I am told on good authority, possesses exceptional talent and promises to become one of our leading solo violinists. I have no doubt that the club will give a good account of itself ere long.

Adelina Patti is to appear at the Pavilion Music Hall next Tuesday evening. She will be assisted by Madame Fabbri, contralto, Monsieur Guille, tenor, Signor Del Puente, baritone, Signor Navarra, bass, and an orchestra under the direction of the veteran conductor, Signor Arditì. The first part of the programme will be devoted to a selection of miscellaneous music, while the second part will consist of the first act of Rossini's "Semi-ramide," which will be given in costume.

That very mellow comedienne, Rose Coghlan, appeared at the Grand Opera House last week in a play called "Dorothy's Dilemma," and drew large and fashionable audiences. The piece, however, is not one worthy of Miss Coghlan's talents. Parts of it are decidedly of a naughty flavour. Then the fear which Dorothy, after donning male attire, shows lest her trousers may be seen, is an absurd piece of exaggeration. Miss Coghlan is at her best in the good old English comedies, but these are rarely produced now, whether because an excellent all-round company would be required to perform them, or because it is thought the public have no taste for them, it is difficult to say.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousands sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

THE DUTY OF INSURING.

To the Editor of *THE OBSERVER*:

Life insurance is a duty which every married man owes to his family and to society. Of his own free will he assumed the care of a family, and made them look to him to supply all their wants. He deprived one of the chances of making a living, and entered into an engagement to provide for her—his wife. Nor must he rest content with making provision for them during his life-time. It is cowardly to leave them dependent on public or private charity. He must have recourse to some means by which, in the event of his death, they will not be left in want.

This life insurance does. For a sum of money paid at stated times, a company or an association takes the risk of his life, and agrees to pay a specified amount to his heirs.

It is often urged that the cost of insurance is beyond the power of a working man having a limited income, and renders him helpless to provide for his family.

Doubtless this is true of stock and mutual companies, but of many benevolent societies it cannot be said. For example, take the Independent Order of Foresters. This association supplies insurance at rates about one-half of those charged by stock companies.

To compare the cost: In a company a person, age 35, insuring for \$1,000, pays a yearly premium of \$26.49, while in the Foresters the amount paid is but \$13.36 for a like amount.

This \$26.49 is made up as follows: The cost of carrying the risk is \$8.83, placed in the self-insurance fund \$11.04, that is \$8.83 paid again, plus 25 per cent. The cost of risk, \$8.83, and the self-insurance fund, \$11.04, together make up \$19.87, called the net premium, which is loaded 33 1/3 per cent., equal to \$6.62, being margin for expenses.

Out of the \$11.04 the so-called profits, or dividends, are paid to policyholders. In plain English, these profits are nothing but excessive payments, partly refunded to the victims of the ordinary life insurance companies. Analysing the premium paid to the I.O.F., we have margin for expenses, \$4; cost of carrying the risk, \$9.36; total, \$13.36, or \$13.13 less than a company charges.

It is apparent that the sum of money placed in the self-insurance fund of the companies is the property of the policyholders, and in the refunding of it, disguised as a quinquennial dividend, the companies practically acknowledge that it is not needed; and if not required why do they extract it from the policyholders? Surely it is far better to leave that extra sum with the rightful owners in the first place, and prevent so many lapses. But lapses are profitable.

In the I.O.F. there are no stockholders to be paid semi-annual dividends, no agents receiving excessive commissions, no high-salaried officials, no payments for managing far exceeding death claims. These are all wanting, and in consequence insurance can be supplied at cost.

Nor are the members of the I.O.F. required to pay their dues six months or a year in advance. These are made once a month and are collected and forwarded to the proper official on the first day of the month by a brother member. Each court does its own work, manages its own affairs, looks after its members in sickness, and treats each one as a brother and not as one to be fleeced for the support of supercilious officials.

This order, the I.O.F., will bear the closest investigation, and courts such. Yours, etc.,

JAMES A. SIMPSON.

F.S. Court St. Mark I.O.F., 282
Toronto, Jan. 16, 1892.

The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

The extraordinary expression of sympathy with the Royal family by all classes of the English people is evidently one of those ebullitions of loyalty to the principle of monarchy that are very unpalatable to a certain class of people in the United States, and to judge from the comments of some of the papers printed across the lines shows a condition of things quite incomprehensible to them.

It is impossible for Yankee writers to deny the depth and sincerity of the love of people in Britain for the sovereign and her family, so lately they have ceased the ignorant and sneering comments which have for so long disgraced even some of the best journals published in the States whenever reference used to be made to the subject. They now say nothing, which if they cannot be commonly civil is about the best course to pursue.

The truth is the American people have for a long time blown their own trumpet with such persistency that many of them have come to believe that their country is, as they call it, "God's country," and the finest country on earth; it then follows that the Yankees as a people are the salt of the earth, and that their system of government is the best yet devised.

To a people like the Yankees who, with all their good points, are a very vain and super-sensitive people, it is an unpalatable truth to be convinced of, that almost any government in Europe—except of course Russia—is much more pure in its administration of justice, more amenable to public opinion, conducted more nearly to the idea "by the people for the people," and beyond question much more honest and economical in expenditure, than is the government of the United States.

This knowledge is coming home to our neighbors across the lines; and it is not at all unnatural that such a lesson should be one many of them are loth to learn. After playing at spread eagleism for over half a century, and asking all the world to come and see how grand was the system inaugurated by the great Republic of the land of the setting sun, it is annoying to have to acknowledge that for administrative capacity and honesty the United States of America have much to learn from the *effete* monarchies of Europe.

Nevertheless this in substance is what some of the leading journals in the United States have now the courage to confess. They need not be at all ashamed of such a confession, because we can all learn of each other. In fact, the older one becomes and the more one moves about the world the broader our views inevitably become, and we find that from all people everywhere there is something to be learned.

I have noticed for some years past a change for the better has been making rapid progress all

through the journals of the States. I remember when the *New York Herald* on one occasion gave half a column of head-lines to a Fenian meeting, and one of them was literally as follows:—"We Tell Those Cursed Saxon Swine This Irish Land Is Ours." I have seen nothing to equal this for a long time.

The remarks made lately by the papers across the lines in reference to the death of the Duke of Clarence have been a strong proof of what I say. They have been courteous without any approach to sycophancy; and yet dignified and conceived in a spirit of cosmopolitan common sense.

The only discordant note so far in connection with the bereavement of the Royal family has, strange to say, come from the Transvaal. Now there is no more loyal portion of the whole of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's broad domain than in the Transvaal. Some of the first friends of my youth are there as barristers and journalists, and I quite know what I am talking about in this connection.

As an Englishman, as a loyal subject of the Queen, as a member of the Primrose League, and as a Tory Democrat, the information given in a despatch from Johannesburg, Transvaal, stating that great excitement was caused there on Saturday last by the action of an editor of a paper published in that place caused me a considerable amount of satisfaction. In an article on the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale the editor took occasion to make an attack upon the character of the Duke. The man was driven out of a theatre by the angry people and was compelled to flee for his life. The newspaper building was stoned and all the windows were broken.

Bravo, my British friends! This incident recalls something that I witnessed many years ago, which was indelibly impressed on my memory because I was only then a little boy—quite a "nice little boy" my fair young lady cousins used to say. It was not long after the historic *coup d'etat*; my father and mother then resided in the island of Jersey, off the west coast of France. Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie had been visiting Queen Victoria, and had been right royally received not only by England's Queen but by England's people.

Well, Jersey was at this time full of Parisian journalists—the "mind of France" they called themselves; but youngster as I was it struck me that the "blackguardism of France" would have been a more appropriate name. My father, though an English gentleman of means, was decidedly Bohemian in his tastes, and many of these exiles were frequent visitors at our house, and among them I remember especially Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Felix Pyat, and I believe Ledru Rollin.

The French refugees in Jersey were incensed beyond bearing by the reception of Louis Napoleon and his wife by Queen Victoria. Victor Hugo and his friends were publishing a little sheet called *L'Homme*. On this sheet appeared a bitter article containing the sentence, "that Queen Victoria had, by receiving Louis Napoleon as her guest, sacrificed her dignity as a Queen, and her virtue as a woman."

That sentence did the business. The cry went forth of "An insult to the Queen." The little paper had scarcely left the press a couple of hours when a public meeting was called in St. Heliers, the office of the paper was attacked, the printing material scattered in the street, and the building set on fire. And within twenty-four hours every foreigner known to be connected with *L'Homme*, with Count Victor Hugo at their head, was escorted on board the steamer by the authorities and banished from the island.

This is a little bit of ancient history which was recalled to my notice by the plucky action of the people in the Transvaal, and it also brought to my mind an incident which occurred in Toronto not long ago when Sir John Macdonald called attention at the Academy of Music to some disgraceful facts. Then the Yankee organ here, the *Globe*—the organ too, of Riel and of Mercier—had to fetch the police to guard their office.

There was no attack contemplated, because it was no revelation to anyone here that the *Globe* was the kept organ of annexation. But the feeling at the Academy was so strong that the manager of the *Globe* became frightened, and fearing that the gilt would be knocked off his recently renovated edifice, he called the police.

From the little island of Jersey to the Transvaal, and from the Transvaal to Toronto, the distances are considerable indeed, but it is satisfactory to see that the same sound feeling of loyalty animates Britishers everywhere, as does also the same supreme contempt for traitors of whatever degree.

Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. Loyalist as I am and Tory as I am proud to be, I have no fault to find with any fellow who has the courage to avow himself an annexationist and an anti-Britisher. It is a difference of opinion, nothing more. But I cannot stand those people who are trying to run with the hare while they hunt with the hounds, who dare not say what they mean, and are only trimming until they can decide on which side of the fence it may appear to be judicious to alight.

I do not wish my readers to imagine that I consider "Jimmy" Muldoon to be worth a paragraph in "The Passing Show," but the story of his easy escape from the officer of justice while on a train suggests some enquiry. I know "Jimmy" very well, and I should like to know how much he paid the officer to allow him to escape.

I should not have mentioned this matter but that at about the same hour of the same day that "Jimmy" was making a break for liberty in Buffalo, another prisoner in another part of the continent, escaped by leaping off a train going at the speed of forty miles an hour.

These occurrences are not infrequent on this continent. But the obvious suggestion is, why are these people allowed the chance to escape? A pair of handcuffs will stop any inclination a gentleman may have to indulge in athletic exercises on a swiftly moving train. Of course, if the escape is a pre arranged affair—as undoubtedly it is more often than not—well then, if Canadian or United States courts tolerate such "escapes," we need not be surprised that there is throughout this continent but little respect for the law and its administrators.

Facts and Fancies for the Fair Sex.

BY MARIE STUART.

In making what is termed, in the vernacular, my initial bow to the women of Toronto, preparatory, I hope, to making friends with a goodly number of them, I should in the first place like to introduce myself, and say a word or two apropos of the subject in hand.

Many of my woman friends may or may not be aware, that for a number of years I, Marie Stuart, have constituted myself a woman's friend. I am that from my heart, and I am prepared cheerfully to do battle in any shape for my sex, if necessary. Women have not one weakness with which I have not a sympathetic feeling; and, of a surety, they will remember that a "fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." It is to these thinking, toiling, bearing women that I address myself more particularly; the mothers of large families who are heavily burdened, tired out body and soul; the mothers who, like over-anxious Martha, are troubled about many things. It is also to the "Mary, called Magdalene," that I write as well. We are all weak. We are all women together. And not one of us have been exempt from life's inevitable lot—that of suffering. Our own individual cups have been full to overflowing many a time, I have not the least particle of doubt. So women of Toronto—I will not make use of the ambiguous term, ladies—I propose that in this sheet we gossip about the things that will interest women in general, and that we endeavor to have a pleasant and a profitable time of it. I propose that in our chats we discuss women (what so interesting to woman as woman?) and that we take her up tenderly and handle her mentally, physically, morally and—last but not least—fashionably.

I do not consider woman (the *fin de siècle* dame, I mean) to be the "down trodden worm that don't turn," and all the rest of it, that these rampant, high-stepping woman lecturers would have us believe (except as regards a small community of which I shall speak more anon); still I do think that there are a good many slovenly wrongs to be righted, which carelessly exist—no one's particular fault; and it will indubitably be women's own personal stupidity if she does not do her level best to mitigate, or better still, eradicate, these flagrant absurdities. For, after all, they are only inconsistent absurdities, utterly baseless. It rests with woman alone to rectify all this. For no matter how extremely delectable an individual "Jack," may be personally in his own way, as a husband I mean, still every long-headed "Jill" thoroughly understands the desirability of occasionally poking the adorable "Jack" up with a long stick, lest he wax slothful, and if only for the wise purpose of preserving him from falling into deviously careless courses. When "Jack" is happy he, as a rule, is obnoxiously passive. Allow me to remark, once and for all, that I am utterly adverse, and not in sympathy in any degree, with these masculine excrescences, dignified women, who make life hideous with their loud-voiced lamentations, and who are desirous of jostling man in his own legitimate sphere: the various professional arenas, and so on. We can do better work and hold our own grandly in other ways. To the women who have their *Chateaus en Espagne* in the professional direction, I say, they may depend upon it, in the long-run, that

by striding alongside of man in his everyday occupations, we would defeat our own ends. All life's illusions would be destroyed, and we all know how largely the feminine gender deal in that necessary article; that fine indefinite something which exists between the halves of the race, for which there is no name, would be nullified. Women will always exist largely in foundationless illusions. It is their nature to. Dispel these necessary adjuncts to a womanly existence, and then where are we? Neither man nor woman. We evolve into an unnatural, unhealthy product of our own foolhardy inebecility.

It is not with the *parvenu* lady, who lolls luxuriously on silken cushions, who flashes swiftly past us as we humbly travel afoot, bestowing as she peregrinates from one imbecile fashionable gathering to another, inanities on her lap-dog, who drives all reasoning souls, and her own soul too, for that matter, frantic, in her vigorous, if mistaken, pursuit of fads and fancies with which she beguiles and kills old time, the fashionable dame who is *ennuyé* of luxury, satiated with life's pleasures. It is not with this *lady* that we have to do, she imposes no description of obligation on us. But there is so much real trouble in this world of ours; there is so much that we cannot know of. We catch glimpses sometimes, but frequently it is only in the form of a passing show. Even as I write I can see under me some of life's pictures, painted in life's old dreary colors. There is an aged woman tottering up the snow-covered pavement. She is in rags and tatters; is crying bitterly. Her cup is full to overflowing evidently. Life's illusions have all vanished here, and cruel, practical realisation holds its own. Oh, and here is something else! Comic side uppermost in this instance, to the man be it said. A woman is passing along, carrying a little one, a sweet, bouncing baby; but that is not to the point. Baby number two meanders behind, clutching in desperation to the tail of her mother's gown. Babies three, four and five, in different stages of natural growth, follow in the rear. Now here is where the funny part comes in. In the rear guard, altogether, is the husband presumably. He, poor soul, struggles manfully with a quite heavy shawl; he waves it aloft valiantly, and has quite a martial stride about him. *Telle est la vie*. Now I say that that was an unfair division of the profits, and that the fault lay with the woman, and that the woman was an unconscionable ninny (with all due deference to her) to allow for one moment, her husband to masquerade on the public highway shorn, self-confessed, of all parental obligation. But so the world wags.

In conclusion, let me say that all happy and unhappy women, girls, and boys, will be cordially welcomed to my department. Women will come first—you may remark that I am effusive. Well, if so, you must remember that effusiveness is one of woman's besetting sins. So women all! will you hearken to me still for a moment or two longer? I wish to say this to you—that we frail nonentities of the female persuasion must bury the hatchet as regards our pet feuds against one another, bury our petty jealousies, small-mindedness, must try and fill our heads with something sturdier than mere fashion and frivolity and the useless ramifications of polite society generally. I propose that we endeavor to cultivate a general loftiness of spirit, a high-toned demeanor, in the first place, which, although it may not impose on our intimate associates to any very decided degree, still to the mighty uninitiated it may be found worthy of example and in the end be productive of good results. I say, let us all, as women, fight under the broad, elastic covering of charity, which suffereth all things. And above every-

thing else, let us, for the sake of all that is consistent, stand by one another. Women are frightful renegades, and it is anything but a species of edification to a close observer to regard the facetious grin of the man who understands and views with riotous amusement the eccentricities of the sex, the internecine squabbles of womankind at large. So let us hide one another's faults and frailties, remember that the feminine half of the race have but a slender hold on the world's perquisites in any shape. In this age they are but hanging on with their extreme finger tips. Union is strength, and there is safety in numbers. We do not desire to either bully or oppose man. No use. Besides, there is something nasty, horrible, and unnatural in the mere idea. But smile the still small smile of "Mephistophelean" understanding here. My women friends, a word in your ear. We will, if we can, win him over to us by a species of delicate *finesse*, and the dear fellow will never suspect us of being designing females. He'll, as usual, "go it blind." By these fair means, he'll walk in the way he should go, and be none the worse for it. He'll see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and all the rest of it, "don't you know?"

So, although we have not the faintest idea of excluding "mighty man"—in fact, we do not mean to make any attempt to do without him—still, in the meantime, while we cosily chat over ways and means, we'll relegate the gentleman to the proverbial bald-headed front row, that paradise of the blessed, where with the footlight hours in full view, and lost in an ethereal vision of holiness and delight, he'll forget all about us—sober and staid-minded individuals that we are—until we severely call him to order. Now, I'll presume that we have all shaken hands, and that we are quite ready to proceed to business.

Women and girls, what is termed relative death is the most terrible contingency that we mortals are called upon to face. A royal Rachel is weeping for her eldest born across the Atlantic and refuses to be comforted. Allow your thoughts to travel with mine across old ocean and think, picture to yourselves, the days and nights of weariest watching, of suspense and anxiety, borne by these royal watchers, think of those agonised fluctuations between hope and fear, followed so sharply by the falling of that invisible, hopeless, and inevitable hand. Think of those who are now bent low in grief, that grief so terrible, so unavailing in the loss of a loved one, one of England's royal sons. Think of the seemingly unbearable sorrow, shouldered alike by father and mother, of the lonely, desolate girl who wanders in an apathy of grief from room to room, whose young, promising life is crushed by her sorrow—never to be exactly the same again. Imagine those after-visits to the chamber of mysterious death, that death which is so coldly, so inexplicably majestic; of the placing of waxen flowers on coldest brow, and poor, still, pathetic hands; of the sobbing farewells to the unresponsive prone figure of that "which was but is not"—those eternal farewells which do not die, but are always with us. Think of the vain impotency of humanity and the majesty and power of the Supreme Being—the great leveller—who is no respecter of persons, who deals alike with king and commoner. No, let us rather, as the greater number of us have our own dear dead—that little shut door in our hearts which is only opened when we are in silence and alone—let us rather, while we with woman's tears extend our sorrowful sympathy, draw the veil of silent, infinite compassion.

"Whom the gods love die young."

that is men are g but a rver to under-ent the rneicine o let us member ve but a in any ring on nion is s. We se man. nasty, a. But phisto-women ll, if we delicate suspect usual, 'll walk ne the s, hear n't you

st idea ct, we without cosily ate the d front re with it in an it, he'll minded ely call ve have e ready

relative hat we . royal across fortified. across res, the of sus-royal ations rply by and in- re now so un- one of mingly father rl who oom to rushed e same cham- hich is of the w, and g fare- of that al fare- with us. ity and being— of per- moner. r of us ut door hen we ; while rowful te com-

I propose that as a starting-point, we have a hat on dress reform, *a la* "Mrs. Jeaness Miller." What does anyone think of the divided skirt as an undergarment, for instance, to usurp the place of the impeding, clinging petticoat. I fondly imagine it to be a very requisite and necessary feature to a comfortably moving woman, for out-of-door wear, of course (no woman in her senses would think of cropping her pretty lace befrilled house petticoats). I have been progressing in one for some months, and can say that there is a free and easy feel about the affair that is infinitely composing to one's mind in time of trouble—when, for instance, the zephyrs are exuberantly boisterous. This is my advice to you, given in all single-mindedness, that you procure one of these garments without delay, insert yourself in it, and before enveloping your ethereal form in your outside habiliment, just prance up and down in full view of your mirror. Laugh with me then, and tell me if you ever considered before that so much free and independent character could be depicted in the feminine stride divine, whose pedal appendages have been heretofore swathed up in the hidden folds of the uncomfortably clinging *jupon*.

Here is brevity of attire for you. Dr. Alice Stockham, of Chicago, sailed from New York for a six months' trip round the world, and just listen to the list of clothes she carried with her in her handbag. She wore, to start with, a combination suit of light wool, a divided skirt of blue serge, lined, a black cloth gown made in one piece, a long serge travelling coat, a black bonnet and gloves, heavy soft kid boots, and black wool stockings. In her bag she carried a second union suit, like the one she wore, and one a little heavier, a pair of equestrian tights (what under the sun did she take one pair of equestrian tights for? If she's the typical down-east school mar'm with blue spectacles—as I picture her to be—nice she must have looked in them), a second pair of stockings, a black silk princess gown, and a bedroom wrapper, also of silk (never!), one cotton night gown (goodness me!), two neck handkerchiefs of black silk, and two of white to hold inside the necks of her gowns, which she wore low (I call the whole business very low), half-a-dozen pocket handkerchiefs, and a black scarf for head gear in crossing. That's all. Girls, unconsciously, I strike a tragic attitude. I am dissolved in tears. Not a band box, not a petticoat, not even a frill, none of "Lundborg's" white violet. Not a powder puff. Oh, girls! Let the curtain drop, please.

It is edifying to know, and *in a manner gratifying*, that that favorite of fickle fortune, "The Jersey Lilly," has been temporarily laid up by an attack of nervous prostration—*poor dear*—and that she is amicably entertaining herself during her period of enforced convalescing retirement by returning profuse thanks, not to the Almighty, but to her many American admirers, and the public in general (I suppose Teddy is included), for the showers of presents which have been falling in an avalanche at her dainty feet (I forget, she ambles in number fives, I believe), and which seem to fill quite enjoyably the typical actresses' aching void.

Have you seen the "Magpie" Toilet. Any clever girl can circumvent one—given time and material. The gown is just the daring fancy of a girl who goes to the country in summer and to the opera in winter and has more invitations than money. Last winter, when everyone had a long velvet coat, she had one, of course, because it was made out of an old coat of her mother's—it was black. Last summer she had a white wool gown, fine and firm;

and so long ago she had almost forgotten about it, someone had something trimmed with rich black fur. If she really told the whole truth she would have to confess to a few tears when she sat down before this apparently uncongenial combination and reflected that there was nothing else in the house to fix over, and that alone could save her from spending the evenings in the seclusion of her own room through half the season. Then she brushed the tears out of her eyes, pieced the old white skirt down in the back and bordered it with the fur, and out of its old surah sash she made a white lining for the velvet coat. She cut the coat sharply away in front, put on a high flaring collar of the fur, and hung revers of fur also tapering sharply to a point, and pieced the sleeves down with broad flaring turned-down cuffs. The front of the waist she made of full white chiffond, strapped over four times at the waist with very fine and delicate jet passementerie. The hat was a last winter's velvet bent into a graceful shape, metamorphosed with a Tam O'Shanter crown of white, studded with jet nail-heads, and completed with a cluster of small blackbirds. The gloves were black, and the effect as Frenchy as anything the immortal Worth ever fashioned with his magic touch.

For the future, until further orders, command your costumier to shape your house-dress and tea-gowns low in the back of the neck, just so the nape of the neck is to be seen, for one who knows expounds this theory. "Very few people realize the beauty there is in the base of the neck, or the nape of it as it is usually called. (Between you and me, reader, that's all right if the subject under discussion is a plump one, but preserve me from the sight of a woman indecorously masquerading for the public at large with knobs on her spinal diaphragm that one could conveniently hang one's hat upon. This is one of the most important points (all right, so long as there are not too many points) of a beautiful woman, and yet she rarely appreciates it herself, and is apt to spoil completely the graceful line of the throat by wearing jewellery, that covers it completely, or worse still, by severing the head from the body, as it were, by that ugliest of modern fashions, a band of black velvet. If a neck is thin or badly shaped, additions may be becoming, but a young girl with a full white throat should avoid any ornament whatever, and to spoil the grand curves of the neck that we sometimes see on older women, is a fatal mistake.

A few minutes ago I happened to be chatting with one of Toronto's society belles—who was equipped for a walk, and was in the act of parcelling up some fruit, oranges and bananas, and so on. I, in some surprise, asked her what she intended doing with her parcel? (being of an inquiring turn of mind). She replied that they were for one of her Sunday school boys, who was laid up, she feared, with La Grippe—that she was going to see him, to find out if he had proper medical attendance, etc. His mother did not seem to understand the gravity of La Grippe in general—that it might possibly develop into being a serious matter. I said, "and do you constitute it your bounden duty to look after your boys in all shapes, physically, mentally and morally?" "Yes," said she, simply, "I intend if he is really very ill asking Dr. Baines to go add see him—you see, (continued she, apologetically), his mother does not seem to understand." And off she went with her parcel tucked under her arm, through a big snow-storm. I say, all hail to Toronto's pretty girls, whose duty reigns supreme even on a disagreeable winter's afternoon.

Girls, have you been on an ice-boat this winter? As I write, "white-winged birds" on skates float gracefully past me on the frozen surface of the bay. One of these days I intend tempting Providence and ten inches of ice and having a ride, although I am a distinct coward as regards the unknown elements, in this case, thin ice, unknown currents of air and snow. Two gentlemen were pressing, so to speak, in their invitations yesterday as to a free ride for my special edification, which was, however respectfully declined with thanks.

Who can say that they have not a feeling of admiration for the Rev. Sam Small, Yankee as he is spoke, for his evident sincerity, his unconscious, unaffected brilliancy, and for his crude but most forcible eloquence, when he contributed his mead of sympathy, his eulogistic tribute concerning the sad death of Prince Albert Victor, and which he paid to the nation at large? It was powerful in the extreme. His loyalty concerning crown and country more particularly as he directed it towards Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. It all fell upon good ground, and *en evidence* went straight to the hearts of his hearers—a large congregation of loyal Canadians who were gathered together in the Auditorium on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Sam spoke in words of peculiar pathos of the marriage incident, of the power of love in connection with this tragic event, by which England's crown has been diverted from its most natural channel. I believe Mr. Small to be honest and sincere, and what more can one desire? Outward and visible applause was of course a prominent feature of the entertainment. A reason given for the finite and lifeless audiences that flourish in this city was the absence of the necessary street car. This was an *apropos* remark suggested by Mr. Small.

The other gentleman who had charge of the entertainment, the energetic singer and prayer, came down heavily on the reigning livery establishments, which were accredited with doing a big business on the Lord's day. This gentleman also, with amusing naivete, came out voluntarily with the remark, that he was most exorbitantly charged on a recent Sunday for the hire of a vehicle—for the reason that it was Sunday, and that custom on that day was always brisk. I believe in my heart that the Rev. Sam Small has got religion, as the saying is, and is sincere in his desire to spread it. There was none of that boasted, self-confessed, ill-bred familiarity with Almighty God, about which his enemies so ironically enlarge. Not at all. He spoke with an earnest eloquence not to be denied, and also not often to be heard.

NOTES.

Yeast, it is said, has been successfully tried for typhoid fever, and in cases where it has been used, no relapses have followed. It is supposed that the yeast destroys the bacilli in the intestines and so prevents re-infection.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

To clean a black dress use a sponge dipped in strong black tea, cold.

A piece of sponge fastened to a stick, is a good thing to clean lamp chimneys with.

To take out scorch, lay the article that has been scorched in the bright sunlight.

Wipe flat irons on a cloth wet with coal oil, and they will not scorch the clothing.

For poisonous wounds made by insects, such as mosquitos, etc., use Cologne water.

To clean brass gas fixtures, rub them with cut lemons, and then wash them off in hot water.

Oilcloths should be rubbed off with a flannel cloth dipped in sweet milk, once a week. Rub well.

THE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

99 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

[Where letters to the Editor are to be addressed.]

Subscription—\$2.00 per Annum, payable half-yearly in advance; 50c. per ann. extra if posted or delivered in the City. Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertisements will be received at the office between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. every day except Saturday, when the office closes at 1 o'clock.

Advertisement Rates:—Five lines and under, one insertion, 50c.; each additional line, 5c. Special terms for large advertisements and long contracts may be obtained at the office.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1892.

MAYOR FLEMING'S ADDRESS.

We have pleasure in saying that the inaugural address of Mayor Fleming meets with our entire approval. We say so the more readily because we only gave Mr. Fleming a very qualified support during his candidature for the Mayor's chair. We also give the Mayor our congratulations on the views he expressed, because they are in the main the views on municipal matters that we have inculcated week after week in the columns of THE OBSERVER. If Mr. Fleming will only do his level best to act up to the proposals he has placed before the public, he will receive the hearty support of the people and the press. It has been said the address of the Mayor was destructive, and not constructive; this is easily answered by saying that it is almost always necessary to destroy before it is possible to rebuild. This is the case with municipal affairs in Toronto; matters have got so mixed, and they are in such a muddle all round, and it may be necessary to so completely alter and reconstruct the different civic departments, that in a sense it may not be incorrect to say they will be destroyed, in the form they at present exist. The proposal to amalgamate committees is a good one; it will not only save time and money, but facilitate public business in many ways, for these committees constantly clash with each other, and often impede one another in the work they are attempting to carry out. In this direction also some of the departments can be re-arranged with advantage to the public service and much saving to the public treasury. We do not want to see salaries reduced among the junior members of the staff certainly, nor do we like the idea of discharging men who have been engaged in a legitimate way. Of course, if there are men who are unfit in any way for the positions they occupy they will have to go; but this is not believed to be the case to any large extent. The abolition of tax-collectors can at all events be tried; there is no reason why the citizens should not call at the City

Hall and pay their taxes, and so save a considerable outlay. It will, of course, mean a little trouble, but it is utterly useless to keep on clamoring for economy if we are not prepared to individually exert ourselves to bring it about. No mayor and no court of aldermen on the face of the earth can do much in this direction without the earnest co-operation of the citizens. The city taxes should be promptly and willingly paid, because people hardly need being reminded that prompt payment means a substantial pecuniary gain, and that labor saved is money saved. The suggestion about the Ashbridge's Bay reclamation is one we shall all agree with; no one desires to part with an inch of land that the city can retain. Land in and around Toronto is much too valuable for that, but above all else we want the work done, and the sooner some definite step is taken the better; and considering the number of years the question has been wrangled about, there ought to be no possible talk now of hurrying any scheme through. We want the electric system applied to our street cars, but certainly not the trolley and the overhead wires; this, however, is a matter that can wait for a while. The police force needs revision, and the Morality Department must be cleaned out of the way at once. The Morality Department is an absurd, an expensive, and a dangerous excrescence, and the citizens require that it be without more ado wiped out. Of the other matters touched on in the opening address of the Mayor nothing need at present be said. We shall keep a paternal and friendly eye on both the Mayor and the aldermen. They will receive a generous measure of justice from us as long as we consider that they are striving to do right, but there must be no paltering with pledges nor going back on promises seriously made. We like the tenor of the Mayor's inaugural, and we say so without any reservation or stint; let him honestly endeavor to act up to it and he will at once materially benefit the city and now and hereafter earn much credit for himself.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Our contemporary, the *Toronto News*, on Wednesday evening last expressed the idea that must have occurred to many Canadians on Wednesday morning as throughout every city and town in this vast Canadian Dominion the bells were tolling for the Duke of Clarence. All our stock exchanges were closed, between ten and eleven business was suspended, while but one topic was on every tongue. The *News* said:—"Even more inspiring than the drum beat which follows the sun around the world was the dull sound of the muffled bells which waked the echoes to-day from London to Calcutta and from

Calcutta to Gibraltar. There is something sublime in the idea of the people of an empire embracing one-fourth the earth's surface and one-fifth the population of the world simultaneously engaged in the same duty, whether that duty be to mourn over a common loss or celebrate a common triumph. Such a spectacle as that of to-day has never before been witnessed since time began: Peoples of all colors and creeds, dotting the entire surface of the globe, but held together by loyalty to the one flag, mourning in sympathy while the electric current kept the most remote part of the mighty body in touch with the centre of power." This is true; we are effusive in our loyalty, but we are sincere. As an integral part of the British empire, the mourning of England is our mourning, her sorrow is our sorrow; and though two thousand miles of ocean rolls between us, our hearts beat in sympathy with the Royal House of England, who at Sandringham and Windsor are so sorely stricken and so humbled now. It is an occasion of this kind, perhaps more than any other, that helps us all to realise the extent, the majesty, and power of the mighty empire that so proudly owns allegiance to the honored Queen of England.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHILI.

The prospects of war between Chili and the United States at the present moment are serious. The blundering, blustering manner in which the negotiations have been conducted by the Americans through their minister in Chili, are not likely to materially assist in bringing about an amicable settlement with a country like Chili, just flushed with a victory over an internecine foe. If anything were wanted to consolidate the Chilians and unify that plucky country it would be war with the United States.

The Chilians are by long odds the bravest nation in South America. There is a large admixture of the old native blood in the population, and the native Chilians, the Spaniards found hard to conquer, harder far than the Mexicans or the Peruvians. Their army at the present time is admirably equipped for a modern war. Their armament is equal to that of the best European power. They use the best rifles, while the American army is armed with a weapon that is the laughing-stock of military critics, a weapon thirty years behind the ages. But not only are the Chilians armed with the best modern rifles, but they also hold the unique position of being the only nation in the world that has as yet put into practice the new system of tactics suited to attack when an enemy is armed with long-range rifles. The last battles of the Chilian civil war were models of the "zone" formation of attack as distinguished from the old system of tactics. The principal of the "zone" system is to separate an attack-

ing force into units and attack in waves, so as to develop strength for the final charge, with the least danger to the attacking party. In the last great battle in Chili the Government forces, under the eyes of English and German tacticians, employed this system, and proved that it could be as effective in attacking a force armed with modern rifles as the old system was in the days when the range was only three or four hundred yards. Besides the Chilians have been at war with themselves or some other South American country for years, and war is the rule there, not the exception, as in the case of the United States.

The Chilian navy is also highly efficient. It is modern in all its appointments, and the officers are mostly Englishmen with Spanish names. The officers and men have been in action and know something of war, whilst, if report is true, all the American commanders can do is to keep their ships from going to the bottom in piping times of peace. It is not very long since a stone-hooker collided with one of Uncle Sam's ships of war, to the discomfiture and destruction of the latter. Several fine new ships have since been built, but the crews are made up of a motley lot of foreigners that cannot compare favorably with the pirate crews of Paul Jones.

If war should break out, the United States will find that fighting Chili will be a harder nut to crack than Mexico. It will not take much to make Chili fight, and if there is a marine engagement the chances will be in favor of the South American. This war talk is also sedulously cultivated in the United States to give the Government a chance of running a lot of cash into the navy yards, where, if the truth were known, there is boodling of alarming proportions. The truth of this has been shown by the fact that not one of the new ships of war built for the Government have come up to the specifications. If war comes it will cause considerable activity in Canada. With the American ports blockaded by Chilian cruisers the United States would have to ship by way of Canada, prices would go up, and we should have a marked improvement in many departments of trade.

THE INFLUENZA.

This most troublesome disease is again upon us and the death rate has increased alarmingly. The disease, long ago named "The Influenza" by the Italians, made its appearance in a malignant form in the spring of 1891. The malady is easily known. Its period of incubation is short, its manifestations being, prostration, headache, chills, and high fever for two or three days. The sickness comes in three forms, first, nervous symptoms only, as severe pains in the head, back and limbs, with

other neuralgias; second, with catarrh, sneezing and bronchial catarrh; and third, with gastric disturbances, diarrhoea, anorexia or vomiting, sometimes persistent. In the first form convalescence is often prevented by peculiar nervous symptoms and great prostration, in the second form pneumonia often occurs, to the great danger of the patient, in the third there is great disturbance of the digestive apparatus and great prostration. The most depressing fact in connection with the disease is that it has apparently come to stay.

ADVANCE CANADA.

The past year has been one of severe testing for Canada. It opened when the gloom of the McKinley tariff still enveloped the commercial horizon. In its early months were experienced the storm and stress of a political conflict more fraught with grave issues probably than any other in the whole history of Canada. Then came the sudden loss of the statesman to whose courage and patriotism Canada owes much of her present political and commercial stability; and the painful disclosures at Ottawa and Quebec followed in quick succession. Seldom is a young nation called upon to pass through such a fire of trial in one short year, and the fact that Canada can look forward to 1892 with even brighter hopes than were held on January 1st, 1891, is eloquent testimony to the inherent strength of her institutions and the deep-seated faith of her people in their own future. The view taken by the *Canadian Gazette* is correct. The *Gazette* says that the McKinley tariff is, thanks to Canadian pluck and enterprise, being made the beginning of a new era of commercial intercourse with the rest of the Empire. The removal of Sir John Macdonald has brought to the front statesmen equally imbued with the spirit to which Canada owes her position to-day; and the purification of the public life of the provinces, as well as of the Dominion, which is following the disclosures at Quebec and Ottawa, is the best possible guarantee that the Canadians realise the responsibilities as well as the privileges of a free government. A people that can pass through such crises as Canada has passed through during the past year need have no misgiving.

AN ELEGANT IRISH SHEET.

The *United Irishman* seems to be a somewhat fiery paper, for the main principles of the body—of which it is the official organ—are as follows:—"Every Englishman going into Ireland to govern Ireland for England deserves death. Every Irishman who thinks so—and every Irishman does think so—ought to buckle on his armour to slay the invader. Join the United Irishmen. Send for constitutions and instructions. If I could grasp the

unquenchable fires of hell, I would seize them, and hurl them into the face of my country's enemy."—John Mitchel." The Union of Hearts does not appear to prevail to any very marked extent amongst the American Irish whose favorite organ the *United Irishman* appears to be

A PIOUS MURDERER.

A murder has been discovered by rather curious means in St. Petersburg at the Horse Guards' Barracks in that city. The surgeon of the corps wanted the dead body of a cat for some professional purposes, and so he sent his orderly in pursuit of an animal. The cat in question in its flight dashed up a ladder into a disused loft, followed by the soldier, who as soon as he got inside stumbled over some large object lying on the ground. The man called for a light, and to his horror found that it was a dead body dressed only in a shirt with diamond studs and sleeve-links. Suspicion was directed to three soldiers who had been spending money rather freely of late, and they were arrested and finally confessed their crime, for which they will shortly be hanged. Apparently they belong to a regular band of criminals, including soldiers, civilians, and even women. The clothes of the murdered man were found in the possession of the wife of one of the culprits, who was cook to a Russian General, and who, when cross-examined by her mistress, admitted that she would probably have been the next victim. "I thought we should never have succeeded in getting the body into the loft," said one of the culprits, who seemed to have been a pious murderer, "but God helped us."

THE GODSON CASE.

In business and legal circles the sensation of the week has been the trial in the now notorious prosecution of A. W. Godson, charged with having defrauded the City in certain contracts for material supplied away back in the seventies.

Some three years ago these charges were taken up a clique in the then City Council, who were desirous of proclaiming their own inherent virtue, and in this they were assisted by the only good evening paper in the town. This combination terrorized the Council into voting ten thousand dollars, to be spent in investigating Godson's dealings with the city, after which, by shutting out rebutting testimony, we appear to have had a costly inquiry which did not truly investigate, an expert accountant who muddled figures and testified to the truth of his deductions, and witnesses whose statements appear to have been not even questioned, but all having a lien on the City Treasury through the appropriation so urgently pressed for by their friends in council. Now, the people want to know who is responsible for such a prosecution, and we respectfully submit that it is in order for Judge McDougall, investigator; expert accountant Cross, and the solicitor for the City on this case to rise and explain.

MRS. WINTHROP'S HUSBAND.

II. (CONCLUDED).

As it was, Miss Lyte's small fingers tightened on the handle of her fan, and the color burned in her cheeks. Probably Mr. Kennison thought her such an ignorant gushing country girl that he could behave to her as he pleased, and had been much amused at his success in drawing her out.

When he asked her for a dance that same night, at the Casino, she refused it. When he called, she had developed a sudden headache, and of course could not see him. When he came to her garden-party, where she was indisputably the belle in an ivory-white Empire gown, made after a portrait by Gerard, she did her utmost duty to him as his hostess, in a carefully courteous way.

Mr. Kennison was not used to such treatment from women. He was vexed, piqued, interested—more, he felt as if he had suffered an actual loss in the sudden disappearance of the girl who had talked so frankly and prettily to him, and who had called out from him in return more of his own inner self than he had ever revealed to any other woman except one.

He tried hard to find this girl again, his charming demure neighbor of the dinner-party. There were times when for a moment he thought he had succeeded; but always she disappeared once more, and in her stead was a young woman of the world, with the same soft, fair face, but what seemed an altogether different nature.

Yet, in spite of all her changes, all her delicate, confidence-checking reserves, sparkling and chill as hoar-frost upon budding flowers, day by day she grew to him more completely "the one fair woman, fair for him."

And there came a place and an hour when he told her this. It was at one of the cottages closest to the sea, nearly at the end of a dance that she had given him, with a subtle softening of the mood in which she so often contrived to keep a sense of distance between them. The band was still playing, but she had suddenly paused and said she was tired and the room was too warm, and so they had passed together out through the hall and into a little deserted boudoir.

The distant throb of the music came to them, mixed with the moaning murmur of the waves. As they stood at the window, the lights and glare of the ball were behind them, the still night before.

"Have I been too hasty?" he asked, after a silent pause. "Do you feel that you know too little of me yet to answer either yes or no?" he went on, with a touch of hope mingling with his anxiety. "If that is so, I will wait. I will be very patient—I will not annoy you with my love; but, dearest, heart's Desire, won't you give me at least one word now?"

"What can I say to a man who insults me?" she said, slowly. "The only thing I can do is to leave him."

"Insults you?" he exclaimed, standing still as stone, instead of moving to let her pass. "What do you mean? What insult is there in my telling you I love you; in wishing to make you my wife?"

"How dare you even to speak of such things in your disgraceful circumstances?" flashed Desire, willing to show her indignation rather than let him see her grief.

"It is you who have insulted me now," he said. "If you were a man I could make you give me the explanation I have the right to demand. Be merciful. Tell me of what you accuse me."

And she told him. A moment before, she

had thought nothing would induce her to talk with him longer; but his pale face and quiet manner constrained her.

"Thanks," he said, when she ended; "you have shown me more clearly than ever that there is a great mistake somewhere. Will you further oblige me by repeating Mrs. Verplanck's exact words, if you can?"

Desire could, and did. Kennison's eyes suddenly lighted, but he did not laugh; he felt too keen a sense of escape to do that.

"No case could be clearer against me," he said; "but remember my profession. Miss Fay was my wife as I was Mrs. Winthrop's husband—in the play, and there only. Oh, Desire, Desire, now that you know I am free to do it, will you not let me at least try to win your love? Give me that hope or tell me to leave you forever."

Desire must speak now or never, she felt. Her eyes were still on her fan, but her low voice was very brave and sweet.

"I cannot, because—because— Oh, Guy, can't you understand? I am ashamed—ashamed, though you know I would never have told you, if that mistake had been the truth; but you can never win my love, for you have it already!"

AMUSEMENTS NEXT WEEK.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday evening next will appear at the Grand the popular play "Blue Jeans." The advance sale has been large, and the public evidently anticipate a treat, and they are not likely to be disappointed. This is the play that was given in New York last season for over 200 nights. It is very realistic from the opening scene, where Jacob Tutewiler, the village cobbler, is at work on his bench, to the climax in the third act, in which a saw mill is represented in full blast, the people going about their duties as handily and with as great seeming familiarity with their respective trades as if they had worked at them all their lives. The saw mill scene, of which so much has been said, is a turning point in the plot, but it is not a scene around which a play has been written. The events of the previous acts lead up to it naturally, and while it enhances the interest in the performance, the play is not dependent on it for its success. It is managed by real machinery, shafting and belts and three large circular saws in rapid revolution. After a few boards have been sawed, as a guarantee of good faith that the saws are not of pasteboard, the mill is shut down for an hour, and during this interval, at the end of a scuffle between the hero and the villain, the former is thrown upon the tramway which carries the boards forward against the teeth of the saws. Of course the heroine releases the unfortunate in the nick of time, but the scene is an intensely thrilling one, nevertheless.

PATTI IS COMING.

Surely this is about all that is necessary to say. This will probably be her last appearance in this city, so that those who have never heard her, and those who having heard her are of course anxious to hear her again, cannot afford to miss this opportunity. The dramatic critic of the *Mail* correctly says:—That the great diva Patti still remains the most attractive star in the musical firmament is proved by the public's demand for seats whenever she is announced to sing. It is claimed that Patti in operatic concerts is better placed than in any other form of entertainment. The public evidently want to hear her in a variety of musical numbers, and a concert does away with the absurdity of breaking out into "Home Sweet Home," in the operatic "Traviata." In the concerts arranged for the great prima donna,

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau have so managed that the public demand is more than fully satisfied. Only one concert will be given in Toronto, which takes place next Tuesday evening at the Horticultural pavilion. The sale of seats will begin to-morrow morning at ten o'clock at the Grand Opera house. The prices arranged for the one operatic concert are \$2, \$3, \$4, and \$5. The assistant artists are Madame Fabbri, contralto; Signor Guille, tenor; Signor Del Puente, baritone; Signor Novarra, basso; and a full orchestra, under the leadership of Signor Arditi. Thus Toronto will be able to hear Patti and her fellow-artists in a choice programme from the most popular operas. The first act of Rossini's "Semi-ramide," with complete scenery, costumes, paraphernalia, etc., will also be given.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy will be closed next week, but on Monday, February 1, "Niobe" will re-appear for three evenings at this house, and large audiences are assured. On Thursday, February 4, the famous minstrel show will open at the Academy and play for three nights.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

Next week the attraction at the Toronto Opera House will be "The World Against Her." The piece is thoroughly melodramatic, and lovers of this class of stage productions can find in it plenty of features worthy of recognition. Agnes Wallace Vilia assumes the leading role, that of Madge Carlton, the wrongfully suspected and finally divorced wife. At first she is the winsome, loving wife, but when the clouds begin to gather, she endows the character with a forbearance that is truly touching. The part of James Carlton presents a good illustration of a married man who has been too quick to judge but is honest in his convictions. There are opportunities in this part for splendid acting, and they were fully appreciated and well-conceived by the leading actor. There is lots of comedy in this superb drama, and the dude and dudine are well taken care of.

THE MUSEE.

This popular amusement resort has been patronised with crowded and appreciative audiences during the week, the chief attraction being, of course, Laloo, the physical enigma. The Italian Gipsy Band have been much appreciated in their rendering of some very pleasing music. "Burnello," the fire swallower, is well received, and astonishes his audience; and Sidney, the pen-knife whittler in wood, is clever if the specimens shown are all by his own hand. The waxwork grouping, menagerie, etc., etc., are well patronised, and the theatre, always presenting the best of variety talent, is eagerly sought by old and young at each performance. The attractions for the coming week are Woodward's Educated Seals, the Fee Je Cannibals (mother and three daughters), Big Eliza the 700 pounder, and Major Atom, the midget.

CONCERTS.

PADEREWski CONCERT.

The subscribers' list to this concert embraces the names of nearly all the "ton" people of the city.

THE HARMONY CLUB.

In referring again briefly to the Harmony Club and the production of Millocker's Beggar Student, it may be interesting to mention that the costumes are being supplied from New York, and the stage manager, whose name is only now made public, is Mr. Rochester of the McCaul Opera Company, who will play the part of Ollendorf in the opera.

NOTES.

"The Witch" is billed for the Opera-house at Hamilton on Monday and Tuesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, late of Toronto, are giving a series of ballad recitals in Chicago and are meeting with much success. The Chicago press speaks in terms of high praise of the singing of Mrs. Agnes Thomson.

Mr. S. H. Clark, the electionist, will give an evening of readings in Association hall on Monday, the 1st of February. He will be assisted by Mrs. Blight, organist.

We are told that "Spain has at last adopted a protective tariff." Spain has had a protective system for more than two centuries. To the protective spirit, more than to anything else, historians have ascribed the industrial and commercial decay of that once great nation.

A CANINE HERO.

A case illustrating the sagacity of the canine race has occurred at Jackson, Miss. Several negro children were playing on the banks of Pearl river, near the bridge, when one of them, Robert Jackson, a boy about seven years old, slipped and fell into the water. He was being borne rapidly away by the current when his dog, a little black setter, plunged into the river, and, seizing the child by the clothing, swam safely to shore with its heavy burden. The boy was pretty full of water, but soon recovered and ran home with his dog following at his heels.

MR. BARRY—There goes Miss Giddileigh, in that same old dress. I haven't seen her without it for six months.

MRS. BARRY—I should hope not, dear.

Major Moses P. Handy, the great American gastronomist and all 'round linguist, is hard at work preparing World's Fair menus in all the languages of the world. As an epicurean specialist Major Handy seldom drags on the ground, but, on the contrary, quite frequently hits the ceiling. In view of all this it is hard to understand why Congress hesitates to impart a little slack to the purse strings.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED!

HOW?

By using RICE'S CATARRHAL INHALANT, a sure cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head. TRY IT. Send to

JOHN RICE,

Agents Wanted. 20 Gladstone Place.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

NEWSBOYS to sell THE OBSERVER, 99 Adelaide St. West.

SUBSCRIPTION Canvassers, must be experienced and give references or security. OBSERVER Office, 99 Adelaide St. West.

J. R. L. STARR,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

4 King St. East,

TORONTO.

BRUCE, FAIR & HOOEY,

BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

King St. East, Toronto, And Collingwood, Ont.

G. W. Bruce, B.A., R. E. Fair, B.A., Hooey, B.A.

J. A. MILLS,

DENTAL SURGEON,

Diploma and Medallist in Practical Dentistry of R. C. D. S.

Office: Steward's Block, S. W. Cor. Spadina Ave. and College St.

TORONTO.

THE

Brockton Fruit & Fish Store

Everything New and Fresh. NO STALE GOODS. Christmas Fruits and Fresh Oysters a specialty.

612 DUNDAS ST.

DONOVAN,

Family Butcher

633 DUNDAS ST.

Fresh and Salt Meats. Ham and Bacon Specialties. Telephone 5221.

W. J. SECORD.

Brockton's Reliable Barber has removed to 581 DUNDAS STREET.

Old and New Customers please remember. A choice stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Smokers' Sundries, etc., always on hand. Crescent Steam Laundry. W. J. SECORD.



TORONTO COLLEGE

ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES OF MUSIC DIPLOMAS (Limited)

Send for calendar. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

SUCKLING & SONS' CONCERT SERIES.

FEB. 12

The distinguished Polish Pianist and Composer. Paderewski

Subscribers' List now open.

MARCH 24 DePachman The eminent Pianist and exponent of Chopin

MAY 3

The greatest of English Tenors. Edw. Lloyd

I. SUCKLING & SONS,

Music Warerooms, 107 Yonge St. Telephone 1171.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 26th.

Under the Direction of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau One Grand Operatic Concert by Mme.

ADELINA PATTI

Assisted by the following Artists:

Mme. FABRI, Prima Donna Contralto; M. GUILLE, Tenor; Sig. DEL PUENTE, Baritone; Sig. NOVARO Basso; Sig. ARDITI, Conductor.

When will be presented an elaborate concert programme, together with selections from first and second acts of Rossini's

SEMIRAMIDE

With full orchestra and complete stage settings. PRICES:—\$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00. Steinway Piano used.

William Leak & Co.

Best Quality of Coal, Hardwood, Softwood and Slabs always on hand.

Coal reduced to \$5 25 per ton.

Head Office and Yard: DUNDAS ST. BRIDGES.

Branch Offices: 1000 Queen st. W.; 550 Dundas st.; 1340 Queen st. W. Telephone No. 5070.

ARNOT HEPBURN,

The Brockton Tailor and Clothier,

565 Dundas Street.

First-class Workmanship and Perfect Fit guaranteed.

—GO TO—

Gilchrist's Cash Grocery

Where you will find a choice selection of Christmas Fruits. Lard, Cheese, Butter and Eggs a specialty.

Cor. NORTHCOTE Ave. and ARGYLE St.

J. R. HILL

Thanks his many customers in No. 6 Ward for the large increase in this year's business over last.

New Xmas Fruits and Peels.

Dealer in

Choice Groceries and Provisions.

Fresh Tea, Coffee, Butter, Eggs, etc., a specialty.

J. R. HILL.

Cor. Dundas Street and Brock Ave.

R. PARKER & CO.,

Dyers and Cleaners

Works and Head Office:

787 to 791 Yonge Street,

209 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 277 Queen St. East, 475 Queen St. West, 1267 Queen St. West, TORONTO

Branches at Hamilton, Brantford, London, St. Catharines, Galt and Woodstock.

Ladies' and Gents' Wearing Apparel of all kinds Cleaned and Dyed.

Telephone Nos. 3037, 2143, 1004 & 3640. Send for pamphlet, new edition.

BOCCS BROS.

Coal and Wood Merchants.

DEALERS IN FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &c

606 to 612 Dundas St., cor. Brock Ave.,

TORONTO.

Telephone No. 5238.

Court St. Mark, I.O.F., No. 282

Regular Meeting, 4th Tuesday each month at 8 p.m., Mallon's Hall, Dundas Street. Committee of Management meets 2nd Tuesday each month at 9 p.m. Election of Officers at the regular meeting, Jan'y 26th, 1892.

JOHN MCCONNELL, M.D.,

JAS. CONSTABLE, Rec. Sec.

Chief Ranger.

The Next Number Especially Good.

TALES FROM

TOWN TOPICS

READ BY ALL MEN AND WOMEN.

Published first day of December, March, June and September.

DELICATE, DAINTY, WITTY, INTENSE.

Every reputable news and book stand has it. Price, single number, 50 CENTS. \$2.00 PER YEAR, postage FREE.

This brilliant Quarterly reproduces the best stories, sketches, burlesques, poems, witticisms, etc., from the early numbers of that much talked-about New York Society Journal. Town Topics, which is published weekly. Subscription price, \$4.00 per year.

The two publications "Town Topics" and "TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS" together, at the low club-price of \$5.00 per year.

Ask your newsdealer for them or address, TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23d Street, N. Y. City.

STAMMERING! Full report. A Cure guaranteed. No advance fees. CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL 249 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE

Thoroughly dry, cut and split to a medium size, delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises, at the following prices (pay when delivered): 6 crates for \$1.00; 13 crates for \$2.00; 20 crates for \$3.00. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send post card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard St., or go to your nearest grocer or druggist and Telephone 1570.

FURS. FURS. FURS.

A RARE CHANCE To Purchase at Actual Cost

I am going out of Furs, and will therefore give everybody a chance to secure bargains before Christmas. I have a large stock of all kinds of FURS to select from, and I invite intending purchasers to call and inspect my stock. It will pay you.

Take a Queen and Brockton to the door.

JOHN W. NETTLETON,

637 Dundas Street, TOONTO,

DRY GOODS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS, TAILORING, HATS, CAPS AND FURS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY!

THE OBSERVER:

A Weekly Independent Journal, advocating Political, Municipal and Social Progress and Reform.

We this week announce full particulars of its guessing contest. The proprietors have resolved to give ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to any subscriber who guesses the number of a specified letter in a special issue of this paper.

The size of THE OBSERVER for the future better twelve or sixteen pages; THE OBSERVER is well printed, in clear type, and on good paper

THE following are special features in THE OBSERVER:

1. **OBSERVATIONS**, by MARC MARIUS. This trenchant writer has been specially retained to perambulate the city with a big stick, and every week some one is sure to feel the weight of it.
2. **MUSIC AND TH 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."
5. **SOCITY NWS** and Secret Societies, will be immediately introduced, in addition to original, humorous, and select Poetry, Current Literature, the Gossip of Society and the Clubs, and various features of special interest.

THE OBSERVER is published every Friday afternoon, at 99 Adelaide Street West, where all letters to the Editor are to be addressed.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE OBSERVER.

One Hundred Dollars Given Away!

Our Competition! Old and Young, Rich and Poor, Learned and Unlearned, have an Equal Chance!
A Big Money Prize! Read Our Offer and Try It! The Chance of a Lifetime!

Nothing pays as well as a good newspaper. This is why we are able to give away

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

in gold to the first subscriber who will guess the nearest to the number of "E's" that will appear in our St. Valentine number.

THE LETTER "E"

appears oftener in the English language than any other letter. For this reason when Morse invented the telegraph alphabet he made "E" a dot. As it appeared oftenest it should be made the quickest. For this reason also, the box with the letter "e" in it is placed near the centre of a printer's case, under his right hand.

Now we want our subscribers to guess how often this interesting letter will appear in the St. Valentine issue of THE OBSERVER. We do not ask you to pore over the Bible to hunt up obscure bible questions. We do not want you to spoil your eyesight counting words in the dictionary. All we ask of you is to

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.

THE WAY TO GUESS IS THIS:

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

with the last dollar. A coupon accompanied by only \$1 entitles you under no circumstances to more than *one* guess, but \$2 with a coupon gives you

THREE GUESSES.

Send your name and address in full. Guesses not sent on the "guessing coupon" will not be counted, although accompanied by a subscription.

When your subscription and coupon are received at this office a postal card will be sent to you with a receipt for your subscription, and also giving the number of your guess. The hundred dollars will be paid on presentation of the postal card with the number at our office. It gives you a check, and enables you to remember what your guess was. If the winner lives outside of Toronto the postal card can be sent by mail to us, and we will send the money by post office order.

Remember this also: We give the \$100 away for nothing. The paper is worth the price of subscription twice over. It is the

BRIGHTEST PAPER IN CANADA,

because it is edited by a board of the most accomplished journalists in the Dominion. They meet weekly the same as the editors of *Punch*, and decide what shall go in the next edition. We will give crisp reviews on municipal matters generally, and the city of Toronto in particular.

We will give essays on different topics by specialists. Among those who have already written for THE OBSERVER is Prof. Malchien, *maitre d'armes* of the Toronto Fencing Club, on "Modern Fencing," Horace Smith, and M. Dash. Other specialists have been engaged to write on given subjects.

A short story will appear every week; also a serial story.

The Musical and Dramatical Department is in charge of a writer acknowledged to be without a peer in this country and with few equals in the United States. She couples a charming, popular prose style with a thorough knowledge of musical and dramatical matters, and is entirely free from fads or bias, a thing rare in a musical critic.

Poetry from the pens of the best old and new writers will appear every week, and Canadian poets will receive special attention.

Our Secret Society News is in charge of a specialist.

The doings of Society every week will be duly chronicled.

Our Editorial matter will be from the pens of the best editorial writers. Every topic will be discussed independently from a Canadian standpoint.

Sporting events of importance will be treated by qualified writers.

Our aim is to make THE OBSERVER the brightest, wittiest, keenest, ablest and most popular weekly in America, a paper that can be read by everybody with pleasure and profit. Any article to secure a place in our columns must have "go" in it. It must be bright, and written in a popular, telling way. For such matter we offer space and, if worthy, pay.

THE OBSERVER can be had at every news-dealer's, price 5 cents; or will be sent to any address for one year for \$2, or six months for \$1.

Address,—

THE OBSERVER,

J. W. NETTLETON,

Manager,

99 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO

"THE OBSERVER"

GUESSING COUPON

Name.....

P.O.,.....

County.....

Province.....

The number of letter E's
in the St. Valentine
number will be.....

Extra Guess, }

Enclosed you will please find \$.....for
.....months' subscription for
THE OBSERVER. Yours,

P.O.,.....

Remit by Registered Letter or Money Order

USE IT FOR

Difficulty of Breathing
 Tightness of the Chest
 Wasting Away of Flesh
 Throat Troubles
 Consumption
 Bronchitis, Weak Lungs
 Asthma, Coughs
 Catarrh, Colds

35

Cents
 A
Bottle.




DR. T. A.

SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL

TASTELESS

For sale by all Druggists

LABORATORY: TORONTO, ONT.