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# THE OBSERVER

Devoted to the Advocacy of Canadian Literature, Municipal and Educational Reform.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

Mayor Clarke is a thoroughbred politician after the American school. He operates through organizations. An adept at finesse, he is quite capable of enlisting on his own behalf the aid of rival influences. Popular as an Orangeman who is not ashamed to walk with the rank and file on great occasions, tramping mile after mile under a blazing hot sun along streets packed with agitators of conflicting creeds, he is equally popular with the Catholics, whose good opinion he has captured by setting his foot—both feet in fact—firmly down upon Jumbo Campbell's fanaticism too blatantly and coarsely expounded in public places. He is a right royal courtier to King Demagogues. Therein lies his strength.

He also has other personal qualities which serve him well. Aggressive and firm, he fights determinedly, and never budges from a position he once seizes upon to secure a stronger one. He is not thin-skinned, to use an old phrase. Warrior like, he can stand a lot of abuse without exhibiting any annoyance, although he has been observed to glare savagely at his opponents when they pressed him harshly or roughly—for aldermen are not all gifted with refinement—on the floor of the Council Chamber. He has a man-of-destiny manner too, not Napoleonic never. But who wants a Napoleon in the civic chair? Edward "is all right"—a most effective man for political purposes.

Is he, however, of the sort qualified to lead an administration of the nature of Toronto's municipal government? This is a question difficult to answer. Mayors are not autocrats these days. They have not even the divinity which protects kings. Functionally, they possess certain powers, the exercise of which cannot possibly be arbitrary. In this city the mayor has no absolute authority; if he had, an incumbent of the character of the present one might, for popularity's sake, prove able in reform. As it is, he has little more executive power than the chairman of a committee. In the capacity of first officer he may shine brilliantly on certain occasions; in the capacity of a practical chief administrator he is simply the servant and actuary of the Council.

As long as the existing system of municipal government obtains so long will there be bidders of the Clarke stamp for an office that confers upon its occupant much honor, notoriety and many special favors, to say nothing of the salary which, however, seems to be a little too large for a city of Toronto's size and growing capacities. Such men are fruits of the hour, and they must resort to tact and self-popularizing methods in order to grasp the mayoral sceptre. What inducement is there for them to appeal for the suffrages of the ratepayers on the merit of executive ability? Little or none. It is questionable whether the

city fathers could be brought to a sense of their duty in the direction of civic reform if an angel of light and perspicacity were made mayor tomorrow.

The most formidable obstacle would be civic reformers have to encounter in their effort to obtain for the city a firmer grip upon and more salutary influence over the municipal government is the difficulty of getting first-class men to run for office. If such would step forward and volunteer their services with the zealous determination of effecting reform, there might be room for hope. Some of the aldermen now are fighting the good fight. These should be re-elected next January with a supplementary force of others solemnly pledged to do away with the shameful mismanagement of civic affairs. Now is the time to approach the class referred to. A month hence it will be too late. And six months hence the citizens will be mad enough to kick themselves for not having followed timely advice.

Unfortunately, while in one sense it is a covetable honor to be an alderman, the honor has been shorn of its attractiveness by the disrepute into which aldermanic misrule has brought the City Hall. Men who pride themselves upon their standing in the community, who are conscious of being publicly and privately esteemed for their probity and honorable conduct in all their relations with their fellow-men, naturally shrink from associations that are not unadulterated with reprehensible qualities. Notwithstanding this fact, which redounds to their credit, they should be willing, when asked, to overcome their sensitiveness and lend a helping hand toward making Toronto famous for the excellence and integrity of her municipal government.

The ward-heeler should be doomed to extinction. A creature of the polls, his function is to breed political corruption and foster its attendant result of perpetuating civic misrule. Where and why was he evolved? And how is it citizens who clamor for an honest dispensation do not perceive that those interests whose protection they are the most anxious about can never be properly protected while the ward-heeler is permitted to pursue his unholy calling. He serves the devil in broad daylight or after dark, as best suits his purpose. He has his own peculiar way of bribing for and controlling votes, which is highly appreciated by his master, the alderman-elect, who, depend upon it, has no virtuous designs on the City Hall or he would not employ the fellow.

The voters are aware of this, yet tolerate the ward-heeler's practices, which should involve him in disgrace and social ostracism. Gentlemen, if you desire municipal reform, if you are intelligent enough to detect the difference between a good and a bad alderman-elect, if you are not ward-heeler-

ishly inclined yourselves, if you appreciate the value of exercising the franchise as independent think-and-decide-for-yourself men, you will say adieu to this pestiferous election grasshopper, the ward-heeler. Tell him to go.

Some people are exceedingly hoggish. Proof of this was furnished the other day by two hucksters on Richmond street west. They had just concluded a bargain with a Jew, which left the latter a balance of five cents due to him. This trivial sum the hucksters refused to pay. Then a comedy commenced which Hoyt might dramatize with farcical bearings. The Israelite called in fraternal assistance and both promptly seized the bridal of the huckster's horse. Hebrew curses volleyed against Whitechapel oaths, while Jew and Gentile struck and kicked, each other with dreadful emphasis. The battle lasted twenty minutes. Lemons and potatoes were the weapons finally adopted by the hucksters, who left the field triumphant, carrying with them a little boy whose clothing showed he had been thrown into a mud-poll. All for five cents.

Individualism is fast becoming the slave of wealth. Capital and social influence are all but synonyms. Croesus is hoisted to supreme heights in the realms of politics, society, and even of religion, art and literature. Gold, independent of its functions relative to labor, has now such a tremendous "pull" on the world that it can purchase for its possessor a reputation foreign to his abilities, training and deserts. The rich charlatan buys another man's learning and advertises it as his own. All this is wrong, very wrong, and its pernicious effects may be summed up in a few words. It means the death blow to originality and genius. Bad as things were in Burns' day they are a thousand-fold worse now. Alas! for the future of individualism. A man cannot call his soul his own now-a-days, unless he be a millionaire more or less.

That portion of the Free Library room on Church street set apart for ladies should undoubtedly be provided with the daily newspapers. It is all very fine and courteous for the librarian to point to the gentlemen's stand when a woman or girl is found by him reading, contrary to rules, her own paper, but the gentler sex cannot be expected to thrust themselves among strange men so publicly. I know one young lady who did so. Her experience was so discomfiting she has never repeated the attempt. The stands she wanted were monopolized by gentlemen (!) who, instead of gallantly retiring in her favor, frowned and stolidly read on. It is the citizen's money which sustains the institution, and the citizens should see that the ladies' section of the reading room is supplied with a liberal assortment of newspapers and periodicals.

"How much a day are the Kiely-Everett people losing through the

transfer bungling?" is a question one can hear almost daily on any street car. There is no doubt whatever that the Toronto dead-heads are having fine fun now-a-days at the company's expense, and there seems to be no way out of the difficulty, so far as the syndicate is concerned, unless their contract with the city is altered, which, of course, it is not likely to be. Business men are asking how it happens that the Kielys, despite their long experience, were caught napping? Now they will have to hire a genius to extricate them from a money-losing dilemma.

It is stated, on authority which may not be undeniable, that certain aldermen have been approached on the matter by not disinterested parties, with a view to modifying the terms of the contract. It is also whispered that the company would eagerly give eight tickets for a quarter all day long, without transfers, if the change could be effected. But municipal consent to such an arrangement is out of the question, just now at any rate. Besides, all the aldermen are not, for reasons painful to the minority, pleased over the city's bargain with the Kiely-Everetts. If the truth were told, perhaps there was, after all, boodlery to no inconsiderable extent involved in the transaction, boodlery that did not pan out in the right direction, some aldermen might confess.

Speaking of street cars, it is amusing to watch the conduct of people who happen to enter a car in which a stove has been fixed. Nine out of every ten stare at the thing with an indescribable look of curiosity, not always unmixed with awe. Lady passengers invariably plank themselves on a seat adjoining it, if one is vacant, place their hands where they imagine warmth should be found, and then, finding none, examine the article with an air of confusion and contempt. After which they gaze round at their fellow passengers, evidently anxious to satisfy themselves that they have not been fooled in the sight of others. Only the other evening a stalwart policeman asked the conductor where the stove went to. "Through the chimney, when it is fixed" was the reply. Of course, the stove was not "going," and Mr. Policeman looked as though he would have liked to arrest himself on the spot.

Now that the storm of public indignation which burst over the head of the late Charles Stewart Parnell has abated, thinking people are beginning to ask why it was invoked. Was the sin he committed so uncommon and abominable that it was unpardonable? Certainly! This is a virtuous age—most virtuous, you know. Parnells are so scarce—Potiphars' wives so few. Nevertheless, I fancy that when the last howl of disapprobation over poor Parnell's folly has left nothing but its echo to remind us of it, friends and foes alike will wend their way to his tomb, acknowledging that a genius

after all is but human. Alas! for Parnell, he erred in a hypocritical age; erred, when jealous eyes were watching his every movement intently, only too anxious to discover one superlative flaw that would serve as a pretext to hurl an otherwise exemplary character from the pedestal of power and popularity into the mire of scandal and shame.

But his sin was so terrible! Why, the way people talked, and giped, and harped on the virtues, would lead us to conclude there was but one bad—really very bad—man in the world, and he, Parnell. Yet those who have "sized up humanity" with its own distinctly figured tape are well aware that the great Irish parliamentarian—the greatest tribune Hibernian agitation for Home Rule has produced, this century at any rate—was not worse than many of his fellows. True, he did wrong while he was endeavoring to right the wrongs of others. He did wrong. Love, however, is not responsible for all its actions; perfidy is; for while the former acts blindly, the latter does so systematically with a dastardly object in view.

History will do justice to Parnell. It will say to a more just, a more character appreciating age than this, that Parnell was less a sinner than a victim to that civilized savagery which seizes an opportune moment to incarnate its iniquities in a being conspicuous among mortals for his intellectual abilities, his power and influence, his genius! If Parnell had been a clodhopper, nothing would have been said against him, for all men are, more or less, the fools of passion. Let us be frank over his ashes. His faults were not greater than other men's. He loved not wisely but too well. His enemies, his rivals, tore the laurels from his brow not because they admired virtue, but because they were ravenously hungry for the fame he had acquired by his unswerving devotion to and sturdy, unquailable defence of the Irish cause.

Do you know that selfishness is the great curse of the age? If people would only act on the principle of live and let live, what a grand world this would be. Sermonizing, eh? Well, no—not for want of a text, however. Look at the hundreds in this city who might, if they so elected, be serviceable to humanity, who prefer to pursue a listless, conservative, unpopular course of existence, doing nothing for their neighbors, utterly impervious to anything, practically speaking, outside of their own limited circle, eating bread put into their hands by accident or inheritance, and otherwise droning away their lives—who actually grow richer and less useful year by year through the exertions of poorer but more industrious citizens.

Toronto is not a solitary exception as regards municipal degradation, but it will be a disgraceful exception, as a large city, if it fails to discover some means of re-establishing itself in the confidence of the people. Time was when New York was badly governed. But there arose a mayor inexorably bent on reforms, who wielded the civic axe with such deadly effect that he sent the electric light poles of a corporation which had long defied public opinion sprawling in the dust. True, the experiment nightly plunged successive sections of the city into darkness, and occasioned more incon-

venience than can readily be imagined. But what did the citizens care about that? They sympathized with the mayor, and certain millionaires were taught a lesson they will never forget this side of Hades. A mayor of this stamp is what Toronto needs just now to hew down the taxes. BENDIGO.

#### ALDERMANIC PASTELS.

As Mr. Pope, who wrote the *Dunciad*, is, unfortunately, dead, the task of immortalizing the aldermen of the city has fallen upon me.

The first man to call for comment is Ald. Saunders, chairman of the Executive Committee. Ald. Saunders has had considerable experience in the Council, and whilst by no means an orator, like "the McMATH" of St. Albans ward, he has a talent for committee work. As a civic financier he is not very successful. His bungling over the city loans is said to have cost Toronto a nice little sum, which went into the coffers of the local banks. Ald. Saunders is a mild man, and might be left at home next year without creating an aching void in the Council Chamber.

After the distinguished leader of the Council comes the father of the Council, Ald. Boustead. Ald. Boustead is a man of great parts when he gathers all himself together. He would make a fine study for Aristides the Just, and it is even whispered about town that on several occasions he has been caught comparing his pose with that of the figure of the great Athenian in the Normal School building. Ald. Boustead has white hair and white whiskers, with a steely blue eye. He has been looking at the Mayor's chair through the large end of a telescope for a number of years. Upon one occasion, when the people jumped with both feet upon one of those everlasting waterworks by-laws that are constantly bobbing up, Ald. Boustead took the matter to heart and resigned his seat in the Council Chamber. He expected that this act would bring the whole fabric down about the devoted heads of those who remained. No such result followed his retirement, much to his surprise, and no doubt disgust, so he took the first opportunity afforded him to crawl back to his old place. Since then he has not posed as a man of destiny.

Ald. Hewitt is young and a fair specimen of impertinent incapacity. He is the "kicker" of the Council, and he has not so far learned to hide his selfish ends under the saintly cloak of public interests. Ald. Hewitt would be better at home next year studying Ald. Graham's celebrated work on "Ashbridge's Bay, or the Bubble Burst."

If Ald. Shaw lived in New York State he would be one of the tigers in Tammany Hall. As a professional politician he has no equal in this city. His folly in forcing City Engineer Jennings into a false position shows that he either lacks tact or else gave the worthy engineer what in sporting parlance is called the "double cross." Whiskerander Shaw will probably stay at home next January.

Ald. McMurrich is the possessor of a happy combination of bland smile and blonde whiskers. He is one of the few rising men in the Council. He is a fair speaker and does not give all his time to the furthering of his own interests.

Ald. J. K. Leslie is another alderman whose services the city cannot

afford to lose. He is painstaking in his work, and takes the trouble to post himself on all the matters that he undertakes to deal with in the Council. He has hosts of friends in all parts of the city, for he is congenial in character and "a friend indeed."

Ald. Macdougall is a man of medium height and medium ability. He is very much impressed with the importance of Ald. Macdougall, and it would be simply impossible for anyone to be as wise and important as Ald. Macdougall looks. At present he is doing the hand-shaking act in anticipation of being in the field as mayor. He said he was going to run, but not long ago Ald. Macdougall stated that Mr. Badgerow, the County Crown Attorney, had asked him to act for him while he was absent for the good of his health, and that he (Mr. Macdougall) had agreed. Much to his surprise, the following week the Ontario Government appointed two younger men to fill the County Crown Attorney's office, and Ald. Macdougall found that he had been a trifle too previous. He may find himself in a similar position on the mayoralty question if he bids for the office. CIVIC CRITIC.

#### HOW IT IS DONE.

"Ah,—how do you do, Mr. Franchiseman. How do you do! Nice weather, eh! Fine for the crops—of ice, you know. Very fine indeed."

"Very" laconically replies the gentleman accosted.

It is a January morning. The streets, snow clad, thoroughly Canadian in their winter drapery, present signs of unusual activity and bustle. The jingle of sleigh bells; the rapid flight of cutters racing against slower but still fast-driven vehicles such as buggies and coaches; the hurried movements of pedestrians—all betoken that there is some spirit foreign to ordinary days animating the citizens.

So there is—the spirit of electioneering. For this is the great annual vote-bargain day of Toronto's civic year.

Mr. Franchiseman is on foot. He is a respectable-looking man, with a not unintelligent face. His garments suggest that he is a middling to fairly well-to-do tradesman. He may be on his way to a polling station, which is precisely the case.

He does not seem overjoyed at the encounter, for he is quite aware that Mr. Wardheeler, with whom he has been acquainted but a short time, is a "man with a mission." He even suspects the nature of the mission, but says nothing, preferring to await developments.

"You are looking first class," exclaims Mr. Wardheeler with an emphasis that speaks volumes under the circumstances.

"Glad to hear it."

"Yes, indeed, first class. Say, though, isn't it cold! How's the family; first class too, I hope. Ah! Mr. Franchiseman, you should be a happy man to have such a nice family; those girls of yours are really handsome, and the boys so promising, too, fine healthy lads. They will be a credit to the country, sir, some day."

"Hope so," Mr. Franchiseman answers, briefly. He is not displeased—what parent could be?—at hearing his progeny so highly commended for their merits. But he struggles to master this natural feeling, because he instinct-

ively guesses at the motives of the man who has aroused it.

"And how is business? Good I hope, although things just now are pretty dull. You see the season, so far, has been bad—rotten in fact. No money, at least very little in circulation. Ah, well, times will mend, let us hope."

"Business might be worse," says Mr. Franchiseman, who, by unflinching energy and integrity, has secured a footing in the grocery line which has placed him above want at any rate.

"The trouble is, taxes are so high."

"That's so."

"It's a crying shame!" Mr. Wardheeler exclaims energetically. "Half the aldermen are no use. Now if we only had such men as Mr. Leatherfortune, or Mr. Oattleseller, or Mr. Contractor so-and-so in the Council this state of affairs would soon end."

"Possibly."

Mr. Wardheeler is beating his way about the bush, and Mr. Franchiseman knows it.

"There is Mr. Goldbug, the lawyer, you know. Grand fellow that. He goes in for reduction of taxation and civic reform generally."

"Yes," Mr. Franchiseman smiles. The cat is out.

"So generous, too."

The Goldbug generosity consisted of a recent and well-timed gift of money to various charities in the ward in which he and, of course, Mr. Franchiseman reside.

"I suppose, however, it is too late to ask you to vote for him—you have already voted?"

This is a dexterous attack. Mr. Franchiseman stammers "no." He is not educated enough in municipal matters, nor does he know sufficient personally of the candidates in his ward for aldermen to decide definitely off hand which of these candidates most deserves his support.

He has heard of Mr. Goldbug before. In fact Mr. Goldbug of late has, through his housekeeper, patronised the grocery of this Mr. Wardheeler-besieged pedestrian, who, therefore, recollecting the circumstance, thaws into a humor which gladdens the heart of the besieger.

En route to the ballot box, intending to deposit his vote in favor of a man in whom he has a vague sense of confidence without comprehending exactly why—such is human nature's blind credulity more often than we imagine—he is just in that state of mind to be easily persuaded.

Politicians understand what's what in these matters.

So, after a while, he "caves in," as the boys would say, gives his promise to vote for the Goldbug aspirant to aldermanic fame, and conscientiously fulfills it.

That this is the consummation of a cleverly arranged campaign scheme by the Goldbug and his adjutant, Mr. Wardheeler, the simple souled grocery man does not for one moment suspect. His earlier suspicions have been dissipated by the stratagetic approach of his conqueror. BENDIGO.

Government statistics show that French smokers consumed in 1880, 2,000,000,000 worth of foreign cigars, 2,000,000,000 worth of home cigars, 10,000,000,000 of cigarettes, 29,000,000,000 of snuff, and 91,000,000,000 of pipe tobacco. There is an increase of 700,000,000 in the expenditure for ladies' cigarettes. There is one anti tobacco society in France.

LET OTHERS WEEP.

"Let others weep!" she lightly cried,  
 "No tears shall flow from me, I ween.  
 My life's all smooth, pellucid tide  
 Reflects but youthful summer's sheen,  
 The stream is deep,  
 Let others weep.

Let others weep, from perfumed halls,  
 Where good and noble faces shine,  
 The voice of pleasure sweetly calls,  
 And I must go, for eyes like mine  
 Should lustrous keep;  
 Let others weep."

Let others weep! Is life so long  
 That I have time to think of tears?  
 Ah no! For me the laugh and song.  
 The ear is sad, that sadness hears  
 And tears are cheap,  
 Let others weep.

B. SAWDEN.

THIS AND THAT.

Mr. Jennings, it is hoped, will accept in a gracious spirit THE OBSERVER'S best wishes for his future welfare, one of those wishes being that he may not allow himself to be engineered into a position for which nature has not equipped him. On, on to Ottawa, Mr. Jennings!

THE OBSERVER would like to ascertain if there is any truth in the allegation boldly made the other day by a gentleman who ought to know that the sand recently taken from Coatesworth Cut has been deposited for road-making purposes on the Woodbine race track, and if so, who ordered it to be sent there, how much was paid for it, and where the purchase money went to. Dear, dear!

If Jumbo Campbell will follow THE OBSERVER'S advice he will not accept nomination, even by Brother Wilkinson, for any civic office. Jumbo, you know you are not built that way.

THE OBSERVER'S compliments to John Ross Robertson, for whom we have a great regard as a mighty advocate of municipal reform. Please, Mr. John Ross, do "turn the rascals out," if you can—the rascals who shirk their duty to the city while pretending to be its faithful servants.

If ex-Mayor Beaty, Q.C., and ex-Ald. Fleming do not wish to throw cold water on their prospects as mayoral candidates they will refrain from temperance lecturing their constituents. Many of the ardent admirers of both gentlemen are — THE OBSERVER thinks, silence here is golden.

If I had an alderman  
 And he would not "go,"  
 Do you think I'd wallop him?  
 Well I should say, "No."  
 I'd give him the bounce.

Hero worship being now superseded by Ceresus worship, what is the matter with having G. W. Kiely as chief magistrate? He would make a popular "his worship" if citizens voted in sympathy with the spirit of the times.

Alderman Hewitt made himself conspicuous at the Revision Court by remembering his constituents. Bully for him. The city father who forgets his friends at this season of the year is a fourth-rate fool. He must not expect votes without earning them.

The flowery Pape blooms like an exotic in the hot-house of civic politics. He was not born to blush unseen, like many a wild rose that escapes the depredating hand of roving lovers. But

he is not an exotic, as his visage and his floral displays proclaim. Just now, his followers say, he is the incarnation of "forget-me-nots."

What's in a bell?" Fifth Ward citizens are asking. For one thing, a tongue. An alderman whose name suggests a reference to Poe's poetical masterpiece should have something to say about the — Bells, for example. He will, but so modestly that the city proper will only hear a faint whisper of his musical refrain:

The Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells,  
 The titinabulation of the Bells!

'Rah! for Osgoode Hall. That was a noble victory of legal muscle. Well, the limbs of the law should be great at kicking, while practice on the football is not a bad prelude to more serious "kicking" at the bar.

What is the matter with the civic clock-cleaner? It takes him a mighty long while to fix up that time-piece of Hose No. 6, Queen and John streets.

The Us We-Me-I-Am-Jaw-King Society is the latest novelty in Canadian journalistic circles.

Aldermen who weigh up their individual popularity in the *Mail* coupon scales will get badly left next January, if they rely on the former. The scales of public opinion cannot be monkeyed with by fakir journalism.

Who is it that is pulling the strings behind the Jennings' Coupon Act in the *Mail's* marionette farce? "The mayor-who should be, or The Fate of a crestfallen engineer?" Are Clarke's adherents behind the scene?

A Select Academy for aldermanic training would prove a convenient institution for those gentlemen who wish to become mayors without serving even a short apprenticeship in the Council Chamber. What do you think, Mr. Osler?

Education should arouse patriotism, as well as convey knowledge. Prof. Goldwin Smith, however, thinks otherwise, at least so far as regards any sentiment not strictly spread eagle in character. You see what learning will bring a man to!

Why is the rainbow better off, educationally, than Toronto? Because it has more Hughes, of course. (This is awful, Ed.)

Less drunkenness and fewer arrests is the problem Ex-Ald Fleming would like to solve. Why not reduce the police force, Mr. Fleming? That would settle the matter decisively, so far as the police force is concerned!

"I'm sure," cries Jack McMillan,  
 "That office I can fill, an'  
 I'll watch the rest!"

Drunkards, J. Enoch Thompson thinks, should be conveyed, Scotch-wheelbarrow fashion, to the cells. By whom—the men in blue? Them! Rather than soil their fingers in that fashion they'd call out the kilted regiment to do the dirty work.

"C. P. R." should be Osler's slogan as a candidate for mayor.

The *World* is great on hogs and hog diseases. Office-hogs and hog-cholera have each been discussed scientifically

by our esteemed contemporary. Both are terrible afflictions. As to a remedy. Well, W.F., what is the matter with bringing the two classes of swine into juxtaposition? This might raise the death rate, but it would rid the city of some very bad hogs.

With emphasis frugal,  
 Cold-blooded Macdougall,  
 Says nought of the civic arm-chair,  
 Except that its pretty,  
 And that it's a pity  
 He—Mac—may not ever sit there.

THANKSGIVING SQUIBS.

He bows his head; but in the prayer  
 His thoughts, I fear, are far remote:  
 "I wonder whom we'll have for mayor!  
 I'm thankful I have got a vote."

"Thine eyes are bright, thy face is fair  
 As any sweet chrysanthemum!"  
 And onward roamed this happy pair,  
 A flower-show kiss-thank-ye-mum.

First Horse—"What have I to be thankful for this year, when this new company are loading the street cars more heavily than the old one did?"

Second Horse—"Thank the Lord Frank Smith did not sell out sooner."  
 TARIO.

CRACK FOOTBALL MEN.

As is now well-known, the Ontario Rugby Union's Challenge Cup has this year been won by the Osgoode Hall fifteen, they having on Monday last defeated Varsity by 18 points to 2. It may not perhaps be uninteresting to our readers to know the names and playing qualities of the winning team.

J. G. Mackay is a son of Donald Mackay (of Gordon, Mackay & Co.) of this city. His position is that of back; he played with Varsity last year, is a good sure kick and uses both feet, kicking quite as well with one as the other.

Kenneth Cameron is a son of the late Judge Cameron. Was captain of Trinity College School, Port Hope, team. He plays half back. His forte is tackling.

W. A. H. Kerr, of Toronto, played with the Royal Military College team in 1887, 1888 and 1889. He is undoubtedly one of the best half-backs in Canada; he is noted for the number of goals he kicks from the field.

J. H. Senkler is a son of Judge Senkler, of St. Catharines. He and Kerr make a great team of half-backs. He was captain of the Varsity team in 1889. He attended both Upper Canada College and Varsity and was the best all-round athlete in both institutions. He is a very fast and sure player. He is the captain of the present team.

J. F. Smelie, of Brockville, played for Queen's College in 1887, 1888 and 1890. He is the most persistent and determined player on the team, is a splendid passer and tackler; he is undoubtedly about the best quarter in Canada.

E. C. Senkler, also a son of Judge Senkler, of St. Catharines, was captain of Varsity team in 1888, and, like his brother, is a good all-round athlete. He only returned to Toronto last Saturday from England, where he has been playing on the All-American Association team.

W. Moran, of Prescott, plays wing. He was on Varsity team last year. Look for the ball and there you will see "Billy" Moran.

E. G. Rykert, of St. Catharines, is the "horse" of the team. He is

probably the best wing in Western Ontario.

J. Moss is a son of the late Chief Justice Moss, of Toronto. He takes a leading part in all of Osgoode's celebrated passes and long runs. He is a good all-round player.

R. Moss is a brother of Jack's, and also plays a good game. It will be remembered that this is the gentleman who disagreed with Mr. Logie, the captain of the Mountain "Tigers," when that aggregation was here a few weeks ago.

H. B. McGivern is a native of the "Mountain" and is the Orator of the team. He is a good all round player, is a splendid place kick and a good man to throw in from touch. He plays on the wing.

J. Farrell, of Kingston, is on the wing. He played for several years with the Queen's College team. He always turns up at the right time with the pig-skin in his possession.

W. A. Smith, of Toronto, is one of the forwards, and probably the best natured man of the team. He was captain of the Toronto Rugby team last year. He is a very unselfish player.

A. W. Ballantyne is a son of Thos. Ballantyne, M. P. P., for the South Riding of Perth. He played with Toronto last year, is a good man both in and out of the scrimmage, being heavy and strong.

John R. Blake, of Galt, is a well-known Association player, and only took up Rugby quite recently. He has burst into the front rank of forwards and is about the best scrimmage man on the team. He is also a very good place kick. HALF BACK.

TRIUMPHANT WOMAN.

A few evenings ago I was riding on a street car, when a young man and woman entered, each carrying umbrellas and apparently well acquainted with each other. After riding a few blocks he suddenly said:

"I see you have a new umbrella; where did you buy it?"

"Oh," she replied, "I did not buy it, it was presented to me," and a look of dissatisfaction appeared on her countenance.

"Just what I thought," he replied; "I didn't imagine for a moment you would buy such a cheap umbrella."

At this she was deeply hurt and waited for her chance to even matters. She gazed at his umbrella and remarked:

"I see you have a new umbrella, where did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it," he replied; "like you, I got it as a present."

"Just what I thought," she said; "I did not suppose you would buy such an expensive umbrella," and she continued her journey, reading the advertising signs and rejoicing that poor, weak woman had once more triumphed.

The proof-reader on a Russian city directory is said to look as if he had been kicked on each jaw by a pile driver.

A lady who advertised for a girl to do general housework had many applicants for the situation. Among others was one who, according to her own story, had all the good qualities that could be desired in a servant. Seeing that the lady still hesitated to engage her, the girl summed up with the remark: "Me work may not suit yez, but I'm sure you'll be plazed with me recommendations."

## THE POLITICALLY UNFIT.

The politically unfit exercise an undue proportion of power in the public affairs of this country. The machine rules at Ottawa, in Ontario, and in Quebec. Even the "remnant of light" in aggressive politics has become corrupted by corrupt associations. For the most part, in the camps of both great political parties, pretentious, narrow, and bigoted individuals of small moral stature control all the primaries. For them there is "something for the boy" in politics. Having no high aims, being seized of no lofty purpose for the welfare of the State, they push themselves forward, and by sheer cheek put to blush men who are their superiors in every qualification of good citizenship. The party "private" officials are not men of either commanding ability or scrupulous character. Chosen chiefly because they can manipulate the vote, as is shown by the election courts, they exercise almost despotic power within their spheres. Appeals to the worst impulses of mankind are their stock in trade. Understrappers are selected from the ranks of those who show their own evil tendencies in an intensified degree. No person who has the public good at heart can successfully dispute these facts. They are too notorious. Men of high principles, of good ability, and with attainments which would be of service to the State have time and again become disgusted at the power this sort of fellow wields in politics.

If it were influence, be it for good or evil, the feeling of nausea for public affairs would not be thus bred in men who would serve their country, could they do it, without moral contamination. The influence of this state of affairs upon the popular mind is debasing. A low estimate of the character of public men is thereby generated. The succeeding generation of men of affairs is therefore not likely to be any better than the source from which they spring. Example upon example might be piled up to illustrate this point. To all students of our political life their citation is not necessary, nor is it desirable. That the country has not suffered even to a greater extent than recent revelations have gone to show, is due in a great measure to the innate sense of right which animates the great majority of the Canadian people. Where the people are themselves most to blame is in not taking the power into their own hands and casting out the political devils which afflict this country. Many of the leaders in the parties are really "concerned for the growth in all that makes a nation prosperous and happy; but they are perforce obliged to rule with the material with which the electorate provides them. We have thus in Canada a class of men who stand as middlemen between the people, who want to be rightly governed, and the leaders, who wish to administer affairs righteously, and who control both to their hurt and to the hurt of the State. The "heeler" is the same wherever he is found. Both parties employ him, and one party is as much to blame as the other. This corrupt, pretentious and aggressive influence in our politics should be cast out, and simultaneously by both parties, root and branch. The rule should be that no man who will do a dishonorable act to win a party advantage should be retained in a position in which he is enabled to give direction to any affair of State. It is a disgrace that the people of Canada

have so long endured the bigoted and partizan rule of these politically unfit individuals of mountainous gill and unclean methods. The stream cannot be purer than its source, therefore every patriot in the land owes it to himself and to his country to do all that in him lies to send men to the councils of the nation, or of the Province, as the case may be, who will strengthen the better element at the head in their endeavors to administer or to secure the administration of the affairs of Canada righteously. 'Tis time that they remembered and acted upon a full knowledge of all that is implied in Pope's line, "Party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few." Truer words were never penned. The authority vested in the people should be called into play, therefore, to oust these narrow-minded, intolerant and low-moraled middlemen from positions they should never have held, and unless they thus rise in their might the people will have to be content with tainted government.

CANTON.

## CIVIC MODELS.

The problem of municipal reform is engaging serious attention in Canada and the United States. In this respect we are considerably behind the cities of Europe. Paris, London, and Berlin are models of city government. It is pretty well settled that effective reform of the present method of American city administration should proceed on two lines; a different way of electing the legislative bodies, and more or less separation of legislative and executive functions. Such are the views of the more prominent writers who have set forth their views on this topic. The first change would mean the abolition of the present ward system. Members of the council would represent the city as a whole, and would be called upon to consider municipal interests on the broadest scale, unhampered by the petty needs and intrigues inseparable from the ward system. Again, to have a thorough and prompt administration, the executive must not be checked by the action of vexatious committees who are often confident in their ability to control and direct men and measures they know very little about.—*Christian Guardian*.

## A PRINCESS OF SPIRIT.

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George the Fourth, was a young woman of great spirit and originality. One day, one of her teachers chanced to enter the room when the princess was reviling one of her attendant ladies, in great wrath, and after giving her a lecture on hasty speech, he presented her with a book on the subject. A few days later he found her still more furious, and using language even more violent. "I am sorry to find your royal highness in such a passion," said he; "your royal highness has not read the book I gave you." "I did, my lord!" cried she, tempestuously; "I both read it and profited by it. Otherwise I should have scratched her eyes out!"

Philistine—"Of what use is the editor of the paper?" Young Reporter—"To make a long story short."

Jackson says that some of his friends are such wretched correspondents that they wouldn't drop him a line if he were drowning.

## PERSONALTY ASSESSMENT.

Considerable attention lately has been given to the subject of local or municipal taxation. The mercantile sections of the Board of Trade of Toronto, Hamilton and other cities, feeling the burden of taxation increasing, and recognizing that the incidence of local taxation is not fairly distributed, have been investigating the matter, and ascertaining how this class of taxation is levied in other countries. The committee appointed in Toronto have been so industrious as to be enabled to place before the community interested much valuable information.

First, it has been found that in older countries, guided by lengthened experience and wisdom, they have abandoned entirely taxation on personality, the law only allowing a municipality to tax the rental of realty for local taxation, holding that this mode diffuses local taxation as fairly as is possible over the whole community; as a merchant or manufacturer will occupy as elaborate buildings as his capital will justify, and a private citizen will live in as fine a residence as his income will warrant, that realty is corporeal and visible so that there can be no evasion; whereas, when you adopt personality assessment fraud and deceit pertain to it.

Ontario, copying the wretched system prevailing in some parts of the United States, seeks to tax capital wherever it be found—such as capital on deposit in banks, in manufacture and business; but, as the result of his lethargy or ignorance, store-keepers and tradesmen have, like Nerfs, allowed themselves to become the only class taxed on capital. Here in Ontario they allow themselves, after paying the largest amount of realty taxation, to be taxed on capital at the same rate as the retired capitalist and lawyer do on their incomes. This has probably arisen from the circumstance that they are not fairly represented in the Legislature of the country, the lawyers, unfortunately, dominating therein. Why should a merchant or manufacturer employing capital and labor and benefiting the country pay ten times as much local taxation as the non-producing classes?

Why should one be taxed at the same rate on invested and producing capital as the other on income? This injustice, the merchants desire to remedy, and accordingly they the industrial classes, have had printed for distribution the following petition to the Ontario Government which will no doubt be read with interest by all concerned in the question.

To Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier and Attorney General of Ontario:—

"Your petitioners, merchants and manufacturers, represent to you and your Government that the industrial classes of this province, viz., those employing capital in business and manufacture, are unjustly and unfairly taxed in local or municipal taxation.

"Your petitioners respectfully recall your attention to these facts, that for municipal taxation a municipality can tax realty and personality; that the mode and rate of assessment on realty is alike to all classes of citizens. The value of the realty being the basis of assessment, and the rate must be the same; but unfortunately when personality assessment is dealt with the Act allows the assessor the option of taxing either on income or capital, a monstrous privilege and power, and which is universally used to the detri-

ment and persecution of the said industrial classes, the said industrial classes being always taxed on capital instead of income, the rich and retired classes being only taxed on their income derived from capital invested in bank stocks and other investments, and besides millions of capital in the province on deposit at interest in chartered banks, saving banks, etc., entirely and completely freed from taxation, contrary to the intention of the Act. Your petitioners desire to call your attention to the circumstance that in Great Britain and all other civilized countries in the world as far as known, except in certain sections of the United States, there is no tax on personality allowed for local taxation, this privilege and power being reserved to the State. Your petitioners therefore pray that the Municipal Act be so amended that if the personality tax is to be continued it shall be based on income to all citizens alike.

Copies of the above petition for signature may be obtained on application to the OBSERVER office.

PAUL CAMPBELL.

## THE OLDEST COLLEGE.

Some discussion has arisen as to what is the oldest college in America. Harvard University has (with many persons who have not troubled themselves to investigate) the credit of being the oldest, and the honor of seniority.

But now comes Hon. W. J. Onych of Chicago (a man who reads books and frequents libraries), and alleges that the Catholics have the honor. Laval University, Quebec, was the first American college.

Parkman, in his work, "The Jesuits of North America," concedes it. He says: "A year before the building of Harvard College the Jesuits began the wooden structure in the rear of the (Quebec), and there within one year the closure was the Huron Seminary and the College for French Boys."

In the "History of the Ursulines of Quebec," published by that venerable community, Laval College is stated to have been "opened in 1635."

Bancroft (Vol. III) says: "The (Laval College) foundation was laid under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living, two years before the emigration of John Harvard, one year before the General Court of Massachusetts had made provision for a college in America."

But the genuinely oldest college in America was founded in Mexico, two generations before Harvard—1531, the college of St. Idelfonso, in the City of Mexico.

## LITTLE CURIOUS THINGS.

The creature having the greatest number of distinct eyes is the chiton, a species of mollusk, in the shell of which has been found as many as 11,000 separate mobile eyes.

The largest animal known is the pororqual, which is 100 feet in length, the smallest is the twilight moose, which is only the twelve thousandths of an inch.

A single sheet of paper 6 feet wide and 7 1/2 miles long has been made. The paper works at Watertown, N. H. It weighed 2,207 pounds.

Prof. Lintner, an authority on entomology, says that there are a million or more species of insects in the world, and that he has seen at one glance more snowflakes of a single species than there are human beings on the globe.

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## SOUL OF MY HEART.

Soul of my heart,  
The day seems long and dreary,  
The night seems sad and weary,  
The morn fast wears to noon,  
The evening, aye, too soon,  
Comes with its shadowy moon,  
Not cheery,  
Soul of my heart.

Heart of my heart,  
Cease thy tumultuous beating,  
And from thy fears retreating  
Look out upon the sorrow  
That others bear; nor borrow  
The hours from bright to-morrow,  
Repeating,  
Heart of my heart.

Courage, faint heart!  
Up, up, let duty guide thee!  
Faith from the storm will hide thee,  
And though the clouds may lower,  
Trust Him whose love and power  
Will whisper in that hour,  
Beside thee,  
Courage, faint heart.

Soul of my heart,  
Why should the day seem dreary?  
Or why the night seem weary?  
The morn fast wears to noon,  
And evening, aye, full soon  
Comes with its silvery moon,  
And cheery,  
Soul of my heart.

STURGEON STEWART, Ph. D.

## LOVE AND LUCRE.

met Laura at a charity ball. It was a case of love at first sight on my part, and I got introduced.

Dr. Spriggs—Miss Laura Wyatt." Introduction was made in an instant. We had one waltz, only one, which we danced from start to finish; then, when that glorious waltz was over, we both felt as though we had known and loved each other all our lives.

How I managed it I don't exactly know, but I did manage it. I succeeded in getting introduced to old Mr. Wyatt, Laura's papa. I danced several other dances with Laura, and at the end of the evening I danced with her the one thing undefiled that lived and breathed in this world of sin; the purest, tenderest, truest child that a man ever trusted in.

You may say that it did not take me long to arrive at this conclusion. It did not take me long, simply because I had met a man of great mental promptitude, and I had grown accustomed to arrive at a correct diagnosis. You would have arrived at a rapid diagnosis when you see 120 patients in three hours, and I had been in the habit of doing so as an assistant physician to St. Skinflint's.

I fancy I made a rather favorable impression on old Wyatt. I had cultivated a good professional manner. The people say that in my profession the character is everything. I was what they would term extra-professional—a young consulting physician always with the etiquette and the ethics of the profession at my fingers' ends, and at that time I honestly felt that if I had not been for my peculiarly prepossessing appearance and the fact that I was deficient in the physician's crown of glory—I mean a bald head—a large and lucrative practice—must be mine eventually; and till the night I saw Laura I was absolutely devoted to the profession of medicine, and I longed—actually longed—for that bald head and the accompanying large and lucrative practice.

I called and I was very favorably received. Mr. Wyatt asked me to dinner; and he made a very favorable impression upon me, and he gave me a very good dinner; and the interest the

old gentleman took in medicine was something wonderful. Old Wyatt lived in a very large house, in thoroughly respectable style—butler who looked like an archdeacon and two parlor maids.

Well, I was very much in love with Laura (it was fifteen years ago, and I am as much in love with her now as I was then). I proposed for Laura in form; and then I had to confess to old Wyatt that I had only six thousand pounds of my own left. I had got through four thousand of my original ten in the rent of consulting room, the hire of brougham and the usual taxes to which the young consultant is subjected. I told old Wyatt flatly that I did not want his money; it was his daughter I wanted and not his ducats. This statement was absolutely genuine, for I was very much in love. I explained to Mr. Wyatt that by the time the rest of the ten thousand was gone I might honestly expect to be in receipt of the magnificent professional income of five hundred a year.

Then old Mr. Wyatt threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud. I thought he would never leave off laughing. I remonstrated with him upon his heartless conduct.

"My dear fellow," he said; "I can't help it, it's too ridiculous. You deliberately throw away £10,000 and the best years of your life for the sake of £500 a year. Now, Dr. Spriggs, I will not attempt to conceal from you that my daughter is much attached to you. You are young, you are enthusiastic, you are ready to sacrifice everything for your profession. Now, the question is: Are you ready to sacrifice your profession for my daughter? I am a bit of a doctor myself," he said, with a curious chuckle, "and I've a great respect for doctors; but there are reasons—good and substantial reasons—why my daughter could never marry a medical man; or, rather, to be more accurate, there are reasons why no medical man could marry my daughter."

What could he mean? It was a most mysterious statement.

"My dear sir," I said, "if I threw up my profession for your daughter's sake we should not have enough to live on; £6,000 would not last very long."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Wyatt; "I am fairly well off. I should be prepared to give you a share in my business—it's a very good business—and I'm very fond of my daughter Laura, and she is my only child, you know. Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Wyatt; "I shouldn't want your money. I should only want your assistance in developing my business. I could give you a salary, if you liked—say, a couple a thousand a year; or, as I said before, you could have a share in the business."

"But I am not a business man," I remonstrated; "besides I know nothing whatever of the nature of the business," I added, for I was altogether puzzled.

"You will not betray my confidence?" said Mr. Wyatt, with an air of mystery; "of course you won't. Well, I'm a benefactor of the human race. Did you ever hear of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture? I married Bumstead's widow. Laura is my daughter by a second marriage—this will give you all the necessary particulars," he said, as he thrust a little pamphlet into my hands. "I'll come back for your answer in a few minutes." Then he

left me and the room began to turn round and round.

Of course I had heard of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture—who hasn't? Who has not read the well-known advertisement beginning:

Have you got a cold in the head? Try "Bumstead."  
Do you suffer from indigestion? Try "Bumstead."  
Is old age creeping upon you? Try "Bumstead."

And so on for a whole column. Had not I been continually irritated by my patients at the hospital telling me that they had tried "Bumstead" before they tried me? Was not "Bumstead," familiar in their mouths as a household word? And my Laura's father had married the widow of a quack—he was a quack himself. And I suffered agonies as I remembered that Laura was a quack's daughter. The idea was a horrible one.

I read the little book. There were hundreds of testimonials, according to which "Bumstead's Tincture" was infallible; the testimonials were from all sorts and conditions of men. They were evidently perfectly genuine, for they attached their names and addresses. Perhaps the mysterious Bumstead had discovered the Elixir Vitæ. Then I read on till I came to the description of the remedy itself; it was said to be "prepared from certain medicinal plants found only in Central Arabia, Beloochistan and the mountainous region of the northwestern frontier of Crim Tartary." Oh, there could not be anything in it; of course, it was a swindle. If it were only genuine, I felt that I would not hesitate for a single instant. At that moment the door opened, and Bumstead—I mean Mr. Wyatt—entered.

"Well, my young friend," he said, with a good-humored smile, "what is your determination?"

"Mr. Wyatt," I said, and I assumed my very best professional manner, "if I could only believe in the genuineness of these testimonials; if I could only think that the Infallible Tincture does all that it is said to do; if I could only honestly believe in it, I would cast principle and pride and prejudice to the winds and instantly jump at your most liberal offer."

"You don't mean to say that you doubt the genuineness of the testimonials?" cried Mr. Wyatt, in evident indignation. Then he read Lord Addlepat's testimonial very slowly and very softly. "Dr. Spriggs," he said at its conclusion, "Lord Addlepat is a peer of the realm—one of our hereditary legislators. Would you presume to doubt the word of an hereditary legislator? Call on his lordship; you are a physician; you can form your own opinion. The whole of these testimonials, sir, are absolutely genuine!" cried Mr. Wyatt, and he thumped the table with his fist. "I believe in Bumstead, sir, and I've never had a day's illness in my life." I did not think much of that argument.

"Look here," said Mr. Wyatt, "I'll make you a present of a gross of it. Take it to St. Skinflint's and try it on your patients." The horrible suggestion caused me to shudder in spite of myself.

"Do you care so little for my daughter, Dr. Spriggs," said Bumstead—I mean Mr. Wyatt—very solemnly, "that you actually decline to investigate the matter? Didn't the whole world believe the earth to be flat till it was proved to be round? Wasn't Columbus looked upon as a fool and an impostor? Let me tell you, sir, the day

is coming when all the world will reverse the name of Bumstead."

When I looked round upon the evident signs of wealth, when I looked into that old man's face, and I remembered that he was Laura's father, I could not doubt the honesty of his convictions. I seized his hand; there were tears in my eyes as I bid him an affectionate farewell.

"I will investigate it, sir!" I cried; "and I will communicate the result to you in a fortnight."

Then we shook hands.

I went into the nearest chemist's, I asked for a bottle of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture.

"It's a very valuable remedy, sir," said the chemist; "most of our customers find it a perfect panacea."

I took a double dose that night. It did not have the slightest effect upon me. I finished the bottle the next day; it did not even make me feel ill. I did not think much of "Bumstead" as a medicine. Most valuable remedies make you feel very ill indeed—that is my experience. Then I called on six of the testimonial-givers; they all swore by "Bumstead." "A man must take medicine of some sort, sir," one remarked to me; "when I'm a bit out of sorts I just flies to 'Bumstead,' and it does me a power of good."

My next step was to insert an advertisement in the Agony Column of the *Times*:

"To the physician who recommended 'Bumstead's Infallible Tincture' to an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, in the Pullman train running to Brighton, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th. Kindly send address and greatly oblige Lord X."

Then followed an address in Mayfair.

I got 237 answers to that advertisement. Over 200 of them sang the praises of "Bumstead." Thirty inclosed prospectuses of rival medicines. One was a very rude letter; it ran as follows:

DEAR BUMSTEAD—I'll give you a testimonial with pleasure on receipt of a postal order for one pound.

The six remaining letters were all from medical men. Each of them declared that they remembered the incident perfectly, that Bumstead's Infallible Tincture was the very thing, and each of them intimated to Lord X that he had better consult the writer at his earliest convenience. One was from the senior physician of St. Skinflint's.

After such evidence as this, could I doubt any longer? Could any man who possessed a well-balanced and judicial mind dare to doubt such evidence as this? "Bumstead" must indeed be an infallible remedy, when six eminent physicians, each travelling by the Pullman train to Brighton on a particular afternoon, should each have the good fortune to meet with an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, and each and everyone of them from the very bottom of his heart recommended "Bumstead" as a matter of course.

On the appointed day I called upon Mr. Wyatt. I respectfully saluted him as a benefactor of the human race. Within three months I married Laura. I gave up the practice of the profession as a matter of conviction. I went into partnership with old Mr. Wyatt. He died a year or two ago. He left everything to Laura. I am a rich man now. I live in Kensington Park Gardens, and I have a lovely place in the country; and I became, and I practically became—well—"Bumstead."

## "The Observer."

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JNO. W. NETTLETON, Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1891.

### SALUTATORY.

A journal without a mission is as badly off as a preacher without a text or a lecturer without a subject.

THE OBSERVER is not in this predicament. It has an object in view, a purpose to serve.

In civic affairs, it recognizes the fact that the people do not govern, and that before they can govern pressure must be brought to bear upon the City Hall from the outside, from the ratepayers.

Briefly, the citizens must organize to effect municipal reform.

It is easy enough to hurl anathemas at the Administration, but far from easy to rectify its conduct. One is a matter of words, the other of action.

Co-operation of all classes on a platform demanding reconstruction in the civic system is the need of the moment. A popular movement of this character is what THE OBSERVER proposes to voice and sustain.

Rival organizations should not be encouraged; those existing on municipal reform lines had better forthwith amalgamate. The policy of the hour is to bring this about.

Rich and poor ratepayers must fall in line on a crusade so all-important to the city at large.

THE OBSERVER's columns are open to propagate and, if possible, materialize this aspect of the question.

Our views on educational matters are radical. They will be enunciated fully in subsequent issues. We believe the existing systems, especially those affecting the Public Schools, encourage superfluous education—education not sufficiently practical for a country on the threshold of national manhood such as Canada is.

In a general way, THE OBSERVER will endeavor to supply its readers with bright, original literature from the pens of Canadian writers,

preserving an attitude of independence on all political and religious subjects.

With this necessarily condensed prospectus, we make our bow to the public, and expect to receive precisely as much encouragement as we merit—no more.

### ERMINE AND CAPITALISM

Now that the Board of Trade has selected a favorite to run under its auspices for the mayoralty, it is quite in order for the citizens to ask why they should have thrust upon their attention as a candidate any man merely because he is the nominee of a rich and powerful corporation, or because he happens to be the pet of a few representative men of wealth. Indeed, there is no reason why they should not make enquiries as to the motive which is prompting this corporation to try and place a choice of its own on the civic throne. The experiment seems suggestive. It smacks too much of ermine and capitalism to meet with popular favor. As between fustian and velvet, good commercial tweed will suit the rate payers best—that is, the people will prefer a sound business man for the chief magistracy.

### CIVIC CONTROL.

It has been said that the municipal system of this province gives the people almost direct control of their representatives in Council. Is it so? A glance over the field will hardly confirm an affirmative answer. The few "leading" or aggressive or interested citizens fix the slate, and the people are expected to ratify their preferences for men whom they never saw; for men whose interests are in direct opposition to theirs. Why is this the case? Because the education of the populace becomes secondary to that of the classes. While it may be true that the aristocracy of education is the least galling of all aristocracies, there is no doubt that in such a country as Canada we need no such class at all. Our schools are free; but their freedom is controlled in such degree by the "higher" classes that the popular branch is but a tool whereby the child of the poor man is earlier sent to work in order that the so-called higher educational establishments may receive only those whose parents can afford it as their inmates. The Public School curriculum is so managed that the child who has to leave school at from fourteen to sixteen years of age does not get that thorough ground work of education that will make his future self-study of practical benefit to himself and the community. Thus a ruling class is created, and worst of all, the money of the people is employed to fix the bonds of their serfdom. What wonder, then, that on the mention

of a "big bug" for place by the suffrages of the people the poorer must step aside for their "betters." The perpetuation of this state of affairs is neither wise nor just. It can, however, only be remedied by making the Public School the first care of the people. A more thorough, perhaps wider, curriculum of study, a greater proportion of the money annually spent for education, a more intelligent interest in school affairs by the people themselves, are prima desiderata ere the desired change will come. Suppose it takes place. The "braggart" system in public affairs would have to give way to the greater intelligence of the masses, who would indeed begin to know their rights and maintain them. Public place would become honorable again. Great men would feel the influence and take their share in public duties, and altogether a better condition of affairs would prevail throughout the province.

### UNEMPLOYED FEMALES.

Winter upon us, it is the duty of the hour for all citizens who have the means to remember and provide for the poor. Organized charity will not and should not solve the problem of how to abolish poverty. It is not charity that is needed any way, but employment, to effectually assist the pecuniarily distressed.

So far as unemployed women and girls are concerned, the wealthy ladies of this and other cities can help them if they choose. By curtailing their orders to fashionable and costly dress-makers, milliners, etc., they can furnish many of the former with work. Is not the experiment worth trying, taking into thought what misery and ruin it may forestall? THE OBSERVER, as an initial step to bring this about, will give a free advertisement in its columns to any of the gentler sex unemployed, who may apply for it, either personally or through the post.

And we hope those of the richer classes who may notice these advertisements will bear in mind that they are so many indices to hearts sickening.

"Beneath the bitter weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One-half the human race."

### MAYORAL INCAPACITY.

The position THE OBSERVER takes in regard to the Mayoralty question is that the chief magistrate of a city like Toronto should be fully qualified for the office. He should be a man of experience—an ex-alderman, who has served on the principal committees, and who understands the departments sufficiently to be capable of discerning their defects. Without a man of this stamp, at the head of civic affairs how can the citizens hope to have an effective municipal administration? No sensible business firm would install a novice or an inexperienced person as manager of even a department. It would be a suicidal policy to do so, and what applies in principle to pri-

vate enterprise applies with equal force to public offices. If, as who will deny, the City Hall is urgently in need of reconstruction and reform, and the people look to the Mayor to accomplish the mission, it is but just and reasonable to elect for the office a man who is versed in civic matters, who will not find himself at the mercy of subordinates and the wire-pulling parasites of time-serving aldermen, for the knowledge he should already possess if he be the right man in the right place. Mayoral incapacity will not only postpone the hour of reformation, but plunge the city deeper than ever into the evils of incompetent and over-costly government. What Toronto requires is a thoroughly experienced man in the civic chair—one also known to be conscientious and trustworthy. Surely from among thirty-nine aldermen now in office, and the scores of ex-aldermen, Toronto can discover one who possesses the qualifications that will enable him to serve the city faithfully and well. If not, alas for Toronto's electoral wisdom!

### TIMELY OPPOSITION.

The Ratepayers' Association in opposing the nomination of Mr. E. B. Osler for mayor, is pursuing a course that will commend itself to the citizens generally. Very few sensible people will admit that it would be wise for Toronto to seat in the civic chair a man who is a director of a great railway company. Mr. Osler, personally, is an amiable and justly esteemed citizen, and but for the fact of his railroad interests would be acceptable to the entire community as a public official. On principle, however, he must be regarded as disqualified for an appointment he has not sought himself.

The Trades and Labor Council will in duty bound fight tooth and nail against Mr. Osler, seeing that his sympathies cannot naturally lean in the direction of the working classes.

In any case, the railroad magnate need not expect success, especially if, as the *World* points out, he runs away to Europe at the very moment when he should stay at home.

### ORGANIZE FOR REFORM.

Toronto should establish a real, live, Civic Reform Association, possessing a business-like programme, instead of trying to support two as yet unpopular organizations which pretend to have a common object in view. Every citizen should be called upon to organize for reform in the municipal government. That is the way, and the only way, to reach the desired end. All the rate-payers must cooperate in the movement to make it successful.

E. B. Osler is no doubt clever. Perhaps he is perfectly justified in patronizing the civic chair. What the city wants, however, is not patronage but efficiency in its chief magistrate. A good salary should tempt the right kind of man to present himself.

The season Sarah I the en compar her sir 29th, S Tosca, by mu weakne of dram of Fam Dowell thing : but Mo M. Du phasizi who h stage t ality. lustre he is at will greetec audien Acader Mlle larity l uninte isms a new p improv doleful season. The able ve of elev ances t praise Their did no played the En On spectac of Lev title, v House employ The ca Joseph Miss Fahey Gratus Hur, l Bircha Miss I son; l son; l Bende Boulth Rolph Simon Baltha Mr. M Herod Snow panion loch, M Hamil "Char play leaux varied show. were dance the a their numbe Altoge credits specify occupy to thi "Oha fessor was a Cor Jacob

THE DRAMA.

The notable dramatic events of the season have been the appearances of Sarah Bernhardt and Mlle. Rhea, and the engagement of the Pitou stock company. Mme. Bernhardt chose for her single representation on October 29th, Sardou's gruesome play of "La Tosca," a piece which is characterized by much of the strength and all the weakness of the modern French school of drama. After the impersonations of Fanny Davenport and Eugene McDowell, one might have expected something still more revoltingly realistic, but Mme. Bernhardt and her associate, M. Duquesne, artistically avoided emphasizing the frankness of the dramatist who has daringly delineated on the stage the brutality of criminal sensuality. Time has not yet dimmed the lustre of Mme. Bernhardt's genius; she is still the divine Sarah who can at will fascinate or terrify. She was greeted by a brilliant and fashionable audience that completely filled the Academy of Music.

Mlle. Rhea seems to retain her popularity here. Her utterances are still as unintelligible, and her many mannerisms as conspicuous as of old. Her new play "La Czarina" is a decided improvement upon "Josephine," the doleful piece in which she starred last season.

The Pitou company won a most favorable verdict as a judicious combination of clever artists. They gave performances that for finish would have won praise either in London or New York. Their series of plays, unfortunately, did not please, and they would have played to better advantage in some of the English standard comedies.

On Monday night "Ben Hur," a spectacular pantomime, in illustration of Lew Wallace's novel of the same title, was produced at the Grand Opera House by amateur talent. The piece employed altogether about 150 people. The cast of principals was as follows: Joseph, Mr. Grant Ridout; Mary, Miss Bostwick; Rabbi Samuel, Mr. Fahy; Sanballat, Mr. Green; Valerius Gratus, Mr. Dunstan; Mother of Ben Hur, Miss McCausland; Tirzah, Mrs. Birchall; Iras, Miss Lash; Esther, Miss Hornibrook; Amrah, Mrs. Denison; Ben Hur as a man, Mr. Patterson; Ben Hur as a boy, Mr. Fred. Bendelari; Messala as a man, Dr. Boulton; Messala as a boy, Mr. H. Rolph; Ilderim, Mr. G. Beddoe; Simonides, Mr. Percival F. Ridout; Balthazar, Mr. Goodman; Melchior, Mr. Meredith; Gasper, Mr. Dunstan; Herod, Mr. Boddy; Arruis, Mr. Snow; Thord, Mr. Dunstan; Companion of Thord, Mr. Chandler; Malloch, Mr. Percy Patterson; Slave Boy, Hamilton V. Bendelari; Reader, "Chariot Race," Mr. Clarke. The play consists of a series of tableaux vivants, dances and marches, varied by connecting links of dumb show. A number of little children were enlisted in the service of the dance and quite captured the hearts of the audience. The young ladies in their brilliant costumes formed a number of most attractive pictures. Altogether the production was most creditable to all concerned, but to specify all the points of merit would occupy more space than there is allowed to this column. The reading of the "Chariot Race" by Mr. Clarke, professor at the Conservatory of Music, was a fine bit of elocutionary work.

Corinne opened on Monday at Jacob & Sparrow's theatre in a bur-

lesque called "Carmen up to date." Corinne is a much over-rated little beauty, but, thanks to good management and skilful "puffing," she invariably plays to good business. The fact is she is always surrounded by artists superior to herself, while her pieces are handsomely staged. Corinne dances a little and sings a little, and is cleverly posed as the central figure of every striking scene. Thus the public do not notice she has really little to do with the success of the performances. A large amount of money has been spent in mounting "Carmen up to date," and the glitter and tinsel, the singing of Bernard Dyllin, the grotesque work of Daboll, and the march evolutions of gaily attired damsels carry the piece through. The title has, of course, been appropriated from the London Gaiety burlesque, but here the resemblance ceases. VIOLA.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The musical season of 1891-92 does not give much promise of being distinguished by exceptional brilliancy. I might almost venture to predict, judging from the way in which it has opened, that it will be comparatively dull. Our local organizations are having a hard road to travel, and are finding it difficult to fill up their subscription lists. I am told that the Philharmonic Society is, in fact, somewhat embarrassed by debt, the legacy of last season. It is an open secret that the enterprise of the managing committee in engaging such high-class attractions as the Zerrahn Orchestra and Mr. Santley, was not rewarded with satisfactory receipts. The Toronto and Haslam Vocal Societies are not likely, perhaps, to feel the pinching of the financial shoe; having no orchestra to maintain, their expenses are, or can be made, relatively light. It is not expected that the Choral Society will undertake this season any enterprise of an ambitious nature. So far, their directors have announced that they will produce a new cantata by Signor D'Auria, who as a creative musician, occupies the front rank in Canada, and whose work will therefore be awaited with much interest.

In opera, there has been only one event worthy of note—the engagement of the Emma Juch Company. Miss Juch is a capable artist and a charming singer, and the companies with which she has been connected have always given performances of much merit. Of late years the Juch Company has been the only grand opera company which has visited Toronto, worthy of the name. It is a question, however, whether the Juch engagement here did more than just pay expenses. Mascagni's now celebrated opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Wagner's "Tannhauser" drew large audiences, but "Carmen" and "Faust" were played to an almost empty house. The lover of grand opera will not at present find promise of these representations being surpassed or even equalled this season. It is announced that both Patti and Albani will be here next year, but it is not stated that they will appear in opera. In any case the public will have the privilege of hearing Patti at the rate of \$5 a seat, while the Canadian prima-donna may offer to sing for the more modest charge of \$3 for the best seats.

The cause of orchestral music is again languishing in this city. It seems almost impossible to maintain

an efficient local orchestra, or to do more than arouse a fitful interest in the undertaking. The Symphony orchestra—an association composed of professional instrumentalists under the direction of Signor D'Auria, has ceased to exist, partly from want of public support and partly from lack of cohesive power. There is the Torrington orchestra—a mixed association of amateurs and professionals—but it takes all the conductor's well-known pluck and energy to keep it together; and it is doubtful whether he receives any financial return for his labour. A first-class orchestra, established on a sound footing, is a most important need of musical Toronto; but we are not likely to have one till our wealthy citizens are prepared to put their hands in their pockets and subscribe the necessary guarantee for a term of three or five years.

There is some talk of holding a musical festival next year. The project will have to be carried out on somewhat different lines from that of the first festival if general satisfaction is to be sought for. No scheme of the kind will be complete unless it includes the participation of a first-class orchestra; either the Boston Symphony orchestra or that of Theodore Thomas. We cannot produce a local orchestra capable of interpreting effectively such works as ought to form a feature of the festival programmes, and it will be idle to attempt to conceal the fact. In any case, if the old musical festival association has any serious idea of holding a festival next year, they cannot too soon commence the work of organisation, nor too soon take the public into their confidence.

The arrival here of Mr. Fred Boscovitz, the solo pianist, with the intention of residing amongst us, is an encouraging sign of the times. We have too many "all-round" musicians in this city and too few specialists. People are beginning to recognize the fact that if one wants to be taught to play the violin, it is necessary to go to a musician who has made a special study of that instrument, and who can give his pupil the benefit of example by being able to play artistically himself.

The city is still without a proper music hall. The Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens has to answer the purpose, *faute de mieux*. It is a most uncomfortable place, with its hard benches, flat floor, draughty corridors and creaking doors. VIOLA.

HOW VERDI ENJOYED HIMSELF.

Some years ago Verdi was visited by a friend in a small bathing place, where he was found quartered in a little room, which he said served at once as a dining, dwelling and bedroom. As the visitor expressed surprise, Verdi broke in, "Oh, I have two other large rooms, but I keep the articles hired by me in them." With this the composer rose from his seat, opened the door and showed his astonished visitor ninety-five barrel organs, remarking: "When I came here all these organs played 'Rigoletto,' 'Trovatore,' and similar stuff. I have hired them from the owners. I pay about 1,500 lire, and now I enjoy my summer rest without being disturbed."

Young Wife—"We are told to cast our bread upon the waters." The Brute—"But don't you do it. A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."

EDUCATIONISTS, ATTENTION!

\$20 Third Premium,  
\$30 Second Premium,  
\$50 First Premium.

Total: One Hundred Dollars.

As an inducement to awaken interest in the subject of

Educational Reform,

we have decided to offer the above premiums for the three best essays based on an editorial headed "SUPERFLUOUS EDUCATION," which will appear in our next issue.

THE OBSERVER conditions are as follows:

The articles must not exceed two OBSERVER columns in length.

MSS. to be signed with a *nom de plume*, the name and address of the writer to be enclosed in a sealed envelope endorsed with his or her *nom de plume*.

The envelopes of competitors will not be opened before the Judges have declared the successful essays.

No MSS. will be read after February 1st, 1892.

Half year's subscription of one dollar for THE OBSERVER must accompany MSS.

An Educational Reform edition of THE OBSERVER will be issued early in the next year, which will contain the prize essays and selections from the less fortunate ones.

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

VOTE FOR EX-MAYOR

JAMES BEATY

FOR MAYOR, 1892,

AND SUPPORT

Economy & Efficiency

An Improved System of civic administration.

An effort to obtain a new City Charter. Amongst other reforms, the appointment of civic business into a few Permanent Departments, controlled as to officials and service immediately by competent heads under suitable By-Laws, but ultimately by the Council, the people's representatives as a body and not as individuals.

Also the institution of a Board of Control, composed of the Mayor, the Chairmen of Committees (as ex-officio members) and heads of Departments, to suggest methods to Control, Reduce and Manage the Expenditure.

Reduced Taxation as far as practicable, consistent with the necessities of the city. With this view, retrench and moderate all controllable expenditures in every department of work and service.

Equitable Assessment and fair taxation on all property and classes, and so as to promote the influx of capital.

Utilizing to the best advantage City Property and Assets, and Reduce the Debt and encourage improvements.

Equivalent value in work and material for monies expended.

Business-like financial arrangements to increase the credit and prosperity of the city.

An effort to procure pure water and thorough drainage to protect the health of the citizens.

To encourage manufacturing industries and induce the use of capital in the city, and thus provide employment.

A readjustment of the Local Improvement System to render it fair and equitable in its operations.

To establish a judicious relief system for paupers that will at the same time protect the citizens from street beggars.

To establish a means of reformatory punishment for habitual drunkards.

To provide reformatory restraints in cases of first offences of a trivial nature or for youthful indiscretions.

Support an earnest endeavor to uphold the moral, political, financial and educational features of the Queen City.



## POLLY'S PRATTLE.

Original Facts and Fancies for the Women of To-Day.

## Is Phonography a Craze?

How the Proprietor of one of Toronto's Dry Goods Stores was Surprised—Should the Public Library Board Furnish Daily Papers for the Ladies.

What a tongue loosener is tea. Place a bevy of us women alone at a tea-table, of course without any of the male element present, and our tongues will wag nineteen to the dozen.

Mr. James Paton tells us that "in favorable circumstances the tea plant 'flushes' or sends forth a fresh crop of tender young shoots from twenty to twenty-five times in the course of the season."

Under favorable circumstances, 5 o'clock tea scandal as frequently flushes or sends forth to the hard, censoring ears of Mrs. Grundy, a voluminous crop of untender shoots from more than twenty-five thousand poisoned tongue-arrows during the winter season.

As the principal chemical component of the tea-leaf is essential oil, so the principal component of the inveterate tea-drinker seems to be the essential oil of scandal—an oil which does not quell the waters of trouble.

'Twas but a breath,  
And yet the fair, good name was wilted  
And friends, once fond, grew cold and stilted  
And life was worse than death!

One venomous word,  
That struck its coward, poisoned blow.  
In craven whispers, hushed and low—  
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,  
That muttered low for every shame,  
The thing that slander dare not name—  
And yet its work was done.

A hit so slight  
And yet so mighty in its power,  
A human soul in one short hour  
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Russian teas are the rage just now. Of course for these one should endeavor to be as Russian as possible. One's sitting room or one's boudoir should be decorated with rugs and robes spread in all available places. Each cake and biscuit must be made from a Russian receipt. The real Russian tea is very expensive but common tea can be served in the orthodox Russian style, that is, a slice of lemon placed in each cup and one lump of sugar upon it, but on no account must cream be used.

I have a friend who has a soul above such things as tea table scandal. Gwen's pet hobby is not scandal but the rights and wrongs of female employees, and I, in my own way, try to help her. Gwen was an office girl some years ago.

Unlike most women who have sprung from the ranks, suddenly having "greatness thrust upon them" by a marriage with a wealthy employer, Gwen does not kick down the ladder whose rungs she has so quickly mounted; but bravely holds it in its position so that she may extend a helping hand to other girls less fortunate.

The embodiment of originality, Gwen delights in saying and doing

things to astonish her neighbors. Her latest craze is phonography. For the last month her good-natured husband declares that she has literally breakfasted, lunched and dined upon shorthand, even arranging her prayers phonographically.

Passing through the Yonge Street Arcade yesterday we caught sight of some crayon-written hieroglyphics. "Just wait a moment while I translate this," said Gwen. "It is:—Light Line Phonography is the latest revelation—can it be revelation? Yes, I have it! Light Line Phonography is the latest revelation of the—ahem!" About five years ago Gwen was friendless and alone in Toronto. She desired a position in an editorial or a business office. Knowing something about advertising, a reportorial friend advised her to call upon a dry goods firm who were just then in need of some one to write up their advertisements. She did so.

"Appearances go as far as brains," remarked Gwen that June morning, as she tied upon her flossy head the neatest of pale blue bonnets and pinned in the bosom of her white muslin dress a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

Alas, though for poor Gwen! The proprietor of the mammoth establishment looked through extremely dull glasses, and was quite impervious to the fact that a clever and picturesque little piece of femininity stood awaiting his commands. At her modest request for this somewhat uncongenial work, he gave her a lengthy description of the numerous duties involved.

"Then you wish me to be here punctually at 9 o'clock every morning, to make the round of each department and ascertain the various goods to be puffed at the different counters? You desire something original and to the point? The ads. must be the required length? You wish me to take them to the various newspapers? I should have to come here every day and in all weather?"

"Exactly! Can't you be a little quicker? Here's a card and pencil" (tossing them across the table) "make haste and write down what you want per week!"

Gwen took up the pencil and hesitated. "Come," said the testy man of business, "I have no time to waste if you have. Be quick! Put down your lowest terms."

Gwen hastily wrote \$6 upon the card and handed it back to its owner. "\$6? Preposterous! Preposterous! I cannot pay all that! Come now make some alteration!"—throwing the card back.

"Yes, I will make an alteration!" said Gwen with a Cromwellian look in her brown eye. Taking up the pencil she quickly placed a 1 in front of the 6.

While re adjusting his spectacles the dry goods merchant doubtless thought he had secured a valuable acquisition for his store at the beggarly rate of about \$3 or \$4 per week. His surprise was great, however, when he found that the proposed salary had mounted up to \$16.

His face flushed to an angry red, and Gwen afterwards remarked: "If I had belonged to the nobler (?) sex Monsieur Growly Wowly would no doubt have made my exit from this store both undignified and rapid."

As it was, however, Gwen simply raised her innocent orbs to his in a look of girlish enquiry, saying some-

what mischievously, "Yes! I should have made still another alteration. I should have placed the one after the six instead of before it. Good-morning, sir!"

How is it that some people  
Set their backs stiff as a steeple,  
And walk around the city just as tho' they  
owned it all?  
Is it real superiority  
That braces the majority?  
No! You bet your life it isn't! It's their  
cold, hard gall.

"You look wrathful," said I, one morning a few weeks ago, meeting Gwen. "What has happened to upset and cause you to beat this Mephistophelian tattoo upon the sidewalk?" "I am more than wrathful, and an extremely polite and gentlemanly individual in the Free Library is the cause thereof."

"It was in this way. I walked into the Library just now, sat down in the Ladies' Reading Room and drew a newspaper out of my satchel, intending to look in the situations vacant to see if I could find anything for a poor girl of my acquaintance. I had hardly sat there a moment when up came this polite young man who, in sad and sepulchral tones, said, 'Madam, I must request you to put up that newspaper!'"

"I shall never forget the sound of that, 'madam.' It struck right down into my soul and gave me an inward and invisible rheumatism.

"Put away my newspaper? Certainly not! It is my paper, it does not belong to the Library."

"With a smile that was childlike and bland, he then explained that the fact of the paper being my own property was the reason I must put it away out of sight."

Oh, tyranny, tyranny! Thy name is the Queen City of the West. Yea, verily, some of thy laws, fair Toronto, are worthy of the dark ages.

"If I am not allowed to read my own newspaper here, why in the name of common sense do you not provide papers for me?" Gwen asked angrily.

"There are newspapers in the gentlemen's room, where ladies do not usually go, but where they can see the papers if they choose."

Thus it falls that a working girl anxiously looking for a situation is not allowed to peruse her own newspaper in the ladies' reading room. Not many girls, I think, would care to push their way through a crowd of men and ask permission to get a glimpse of the newspapers. She cannot always afford to spend three cents for a paper, neither can she always afford to buy a cup of coffee or tea at a restaurant, expressly for the pleasure of being allowed to read her newspaper in peace.

Where else should a woman seeking employment look for the newspaper advertisements, which are to her a daily necessity, except in our Free Library?

Upon street car 190, the other week, I first saw the new indicator. Being of a curious turn of mind, I enquired of a shaggy bearded man seated next me how it was worked. Whereupon he arose up suddenly and convulsively grabbed the bell string, saying: "Just pull this rope ma'am when ye want to get out."

"Are you an Englishman?" enquired a Toronto man of a gentleman seated at his right hand on a Yonge street car last Saturday. "I ham!" replied

the Britisher, somewhat huffily. "And a very well dressed ham too," remarked the Toronto man in an audible voice to his friend.

Silver flagons for stimulants, tonics, lotions and salts, boxes, pinholders, buttonhooks; shoe-horns of silver, small enamelled trays embossed in silver, silver match boxes, toothpicks, cork-screws, hairpins, etc. Silver cruets, jugs and phials. Silver bon bon boxes, powder boxes, cream boxes, and other nameless silver articles. Indeed a girl of the times has almost as many pieces of silver upon her dressing case as it takes to set a luncheon table—only of course there is a differentiation in the implements thereof.

Le Long, that celebrated artificer of steel jewelry, made quite a hit when he mingled steel beads with artificial pearls; one enhances the other's beauty. At night they have a lovely effect and give a pretty, soft tone to the complexion. Steel trinkets are now much worn; but they should be kept well burnished as they easily rust.

I met recently upon King street east a brunette with the loveliest complexion I have seen in Canada. Her bright, dark eyes lit up a face with enough diablerie in it to make a bewitching stage Carmen. She was not, however, attired in the gipsy or the Toreador style. She simply wore a grey cloth costume with a black velvet waistcoat, embroidered in narrow silver braid, a small gray toque of black velvet and silver with grey ostrich feathers, and across her arm hung a long grey cloak lined with silver fox. It suited her to perfection.

"You girls cannot have pure complexions unless you first secure pure blood, and neither rouge nor pearl powder will give you that," remarked a sensible old lady to her two granddaughters in my hearing. "I will give you a receipt which is perfectly harmless. Well mix a teaspoonful of charcoal in either water or honey, and take it for three successive nights upon going to bed, and on the fourth night a mild aperient." The two girls laughed at their grannie's advice, but took the hint and washed the powder off their cheeks. No doubt they followed up all the directions, for I saw them at their home in Parkdale lately, and their sweet, blonde faces looked "as clear as morning roses newly washed in dew."

An unexplainable thing is love at first sight.

Two people who, in all probability never saw each other before, meet in a railway train or street car. One look into each other's eyes sets a strange current in motion, which rapidly passes there and then into their very souls, for the electric fluid of fate cannot be shut out.

Goethe tells us that those who easily love, easily forget. But I imagine few women will agree with him. It is perfectly natural for a woman's heart to bound love-wards directly it finds the object fated for its affection. "Like Dian's kiss unasked, unsought, love (woman's love) gives itself, it is not bought."

We women are at best a contradiction as somebody or other has truthfully observed. Although we may not agree with the German Shakespeare in his assertion, we yet torment ourselves

unceasingly with the possibility of our bereavement.

Men were predestined to be grumblers. A woman is much better adapted to make the best of it than a man. I never met one of the opposite sex yet who could agree with Quarles when he said: "Grumble not! Perchance it was a necessary thing thou should'st want."

No! Man doesn't believe in wanting anything. He believes in wanting to know the reason why he doesn't get it. When he becomes a victim to the tender passion he is a forcible illustration of this. Even when he, to all appearance, has everything he wants, he is, nevertheless, discontented. I suppose as Gwen says, he grows that way.

When its dry  
He for showers is heard to sigh,  
When—to meet his wish—it rains,  
Of the wet the man complains.  
Hot or cold, dry or wet,  
Nothing suits that he can get;  
I consider, as a rule,  
Man's a fool.

Sometimes I think thy love grows cold,  
And is not as it used to be;  
Sometimes I dream those links of old  
No longer join thy life to me!  
If thou, perchance, my love should doubt,  
To thee once more I can but say,  
Thy love I could not live without  
One single moment of the day.  
Look in my heart and thou wilt see  
It nothing shows but thoughts of thee!  
Only thy love it holds in store,  
Thou, thou art there for evermore.

Many an hour when day is past  
And starry orbs illumine the sky,  
I muse on love that may not last  
But, in its sweetness, droop and die!  
And yet thou must most surely know  
My life, my soul, is all thine own;  
And that 'twill be for ever so,  
That thee I love, and thee alone!  
Look in my heart and thou wilt see  
It nothing shows but thoughts of thee!  
Only thy love it holds in store,  
Thou, thou art there for evermore.

Gwen, like many other good people who consult their Bibles none too often, sometimes gets mixed up when on Scriptural matters.

I was amused last Sunday afternoon by one of her blundering allusions "Of course," she exclaimed, answering a question of mine, "I remember the story, it is a lovely one. Moses was a beautiful baby about six months old, and his mother, the Princess, placed him in a cradle of bullrushes, and then when she went to bathe she pretended to find him and took him home to her palace."

"Surely you do not think that the Princess was the mother of Moses?" I exclaimed between bursts of laughter.

Boy—"Say, mister, please give me a penn'orth of castor-oil, and give me very short measure, too."

Druggist—"Short measure! Why?"  
Boy—"Cos I've got to take it myself."

Young Widow—"Why can't they have black postage stamps for people who are in mourning! It gives me a shock every time I see these salmon-pink things."

"Well, you may criticise the young Emperor of Germany as much as you choose, but there's a mark of business about him that I like," said Spodkins.

"Why, man, when did you read the papers last? He got rid of that months ago," said Bodkins.

"Got rid of what?"  
"His biz mark, to be sure."  
Spodkins had to pay for two.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OBSERVER.]

Surely women-students must love to think of the heroines this greatest master of the human heart has portrayed.

Heroines that in some instances have only lived in the infinite genius of his own most wondrous imagination; yet having never lived will still live for ever as Shakespeare lives.

Who, indeed, has done for woman what Shakespeare has in thus describing female characters?

"Holding the mirror up to nature" he has shown us woman in all her virtues, woman in all her weaknesses, woman in all her vices. Yet never through all does he allow her to lose the true charm of her womanhood and never, never has he pictured woman a fool.

Shakespeare's ideal woman is true to herself, good honorable and pure.

Of all his heroines not one resembles the other; he has given us no repetition of character, but an infinite variety.

Here is the graceful Imogen, true image of wifely courage, straining her timid, gazelle-like eyes to catch sight of the expected sail of her husband's ship. The pale, trusting Miranda, dwelling with her studious father in his lone rocky cave. The tender, loving Juliet, who will not live after her Romeo is no more, choosing rather to rest by his side under the cold marble monument. The impulsive, generous Constance. The blushing Jessica, bending like a June rose from her case-ment. The pensive Viola, dearest friend and faithful servant ere she becomes her master's cherished wife. The coquettish Cressida. The broken-hearted Marina alone in her moated grange. The chaste Hermione. The pleading Isabel. The amiable Celia whom Cupid's arrow pierced so swiftly. The fitful Rosalind who made Arden's forest gay with her wit and pleasantry. The sweet Perdita pure as the flower she bears in her hand. The two love-lorn Helenas. The energetic impassioned Margaret of Anjou. The peerless Sylvia, fit love for the noble, tender Valentine. The laughing frolicsome Lady Percy. The persevering, right-minded Countess of Rousillon. The forsaken Julia, who wins her worthless Proteus in the end. The poor, slandered bride, Hero. The witty Beatrice, taming her wild heart to Benedick's loving hand. The firmest and bravest of daughters, Cordelia. The sweet Anne Page. The generous hearted, clever Portia who gives herself and all she has to Bassanio, reckoning a good man's love a rich exchange. The brave Joan of Arc, radiant even amid the ruthless flames. The proud, haughty beauty, Olivia. Mrs. Page, so anxious to see her pretty daughter married, and Kate, "the prettiest Kate in Christendom" who "like the hazel twig is straight and slender and as brown in hue as hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels."

Lady Macbeth, wicked as she is, must, from a woman's point of view, seem always more admirable than "that poor player, who struts and frets his weary hour upon the stage," her weak and foolish husband. She has fearlessly dared crime for his sake and when remorse comes—which Macbeth himself is too selfish to feel—she, broken-hearted, courageously ends her troubles.

Shakespeare's wife-heroines almost

invariably excel their husbands in courage and fortitude.

That unlucky young waverer, Romeo, though "writ in sour misfortune's book," well merits the good friar's rebuke: "Take heed! Take heed, for such die miserable." While Juliet, young as she is in years, by the love she bears her husband, gains such wonderful self-control and nobly exclaims: "Love, give me strength and strength shall help afford."

What grand, womanly intellect does Juliet then display. Forsaken by her parents, who cruelly design the death of her husband, whom she loves more than her life. Councelled wrongly by her old nurse, whom she had hitherto relied upon so faithfully. And combatting so grievously with the unwelcome and rude attentions of Paris.

What Romeo was to Juliet and what that faithful, loving woman endured is expressed powerfully in that one line of Shakespeare's:—"Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! Ah, husband! Friend!"

Not one, perhaps, of Shakespeare's heroines is more natural than that true wife and affectionate daughter, Cordelia, so gentle and yet so heroic.

Bravest at the last, tawny-haired, sensuous Cleopatra, that capricious eastern star, as Egyptian as the Nile itself. Raised by the power of love, her courage proved her its equal and she dies in the high, Roman fashion. "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well," in her pyramid beneath the circle of the Ptolemies.

The wit of Beatrice and her bravery in defending her cousin Hero won Benedick's admiration and love, even more than her beauty; "The god of love who sits above" compelling them, after much ado about nothing, to confess that they loved each other "no more than reason."

Desdemona's belief in her husband's opinion of her honesty is beautifully expressed in the lines:—"And but my noble Moor is true of mind and made of no such baseness as jealous creatures are, it were enough to put him to ill-thinking." Afterwards, knowing that Othello is laboring under some strange delusion in thus misjudging her—even after he has struck her:—"Tis meet I should be used so, very, meet. How have I been betrayed that he may stick, the smallest opinion on my least misuse."

Womanly and gentle as Desdemona is, she is yet heroically strong.

How well does she answer Emilia, who thinks wives are justified in revenging injuries their husbands subject them to, when she replies:

"Heaven me such usage send, not to pluck bad from bad, but by bad mend."

Desdemona dies, as she had lived, Othello's true and noble wife.

Saddest of all Shakespeare's characters in "that rose of May," sweet Ophelia, bearing the brunt of Hamlet's unjust anger vented upon her in his feigned madness.

Her aged father slain by her lover, her lover gone she knew not whither the same night.

Can we wonder then that the "sweet bells jingle out of tune" in those wild, heart broken songs, in which she only half remembers those whom she loved, till at last she seeks death beneath "the willow aslant the brook that shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

If we would understand the brightness of Ophelia's intellect and the true

purity of her womanly heart we have only to turn to Hamlet's tribute of his love—:

"Thought and affliction, hell itself  
She turns to favor and to prettiness."

And again when he stands at her grave—:

"Lay her i' the earth  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring."

NORA LAUGHER.

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**UNEMPLOYED WOMEN.**

A really clever girl is not likely to become a burden upon her friends; her active brain will prompt her to strike out in some fresh vein, if the one she is already in is not remunerative.

I hold it true that the woman who pockets her pride and sets out to earn a livelihood for herself is far less degraded in accepting money from any source that is an honest source, than she is in receiving a dollar or so from friends in payment for her miserable little bits of fancy work brought by them out of pure charity.

There are, however, hundreds of girls in Toronto who would work at anything honest if they could get employment.

The most considerate of us do not seem to realize how much good we could do by lending a helping hand to unemployed women. Yet so many of them are almost wanting bread, while a few interest themselves in the matter.

Oh, wealthy women of Canada, have you no hearts? Can you not feel for these poor, suffering ones? Winter is nigh. Will you, clad in your furs and velvets, forget those of your own sex who are destitute? Will you, remembering, rejoice in the cold weather that brings the warm glow of health to your cheeks and appetite to your palate, without bestowing one sympathetic thought upon those to whom cold and frost and snow mean pallid cheeks, fainting hearts and, perhaps, death.

Will you, oh, will you not think of the many poor girls, pale and wan

from the lack of warm clothing, whose bodies will grow feeble from lack of good food.

Oh, women of Canada, women wealthy and happy, can you not do something for your unemployed sisters?

They do not ask you to give them money. They do not ask you for happiness. They simply ask you for work which will bring them both.

Surely, surely there are some in this wide Dominion who will plead with others or try themselves to find employment for these daughters of the poor.

Oh, that this coming winter there may be no woman in our midst who can reproach herself with the thought that by a little exertion or self-denial on her part she might have saved a sister from ruin or starvation.

Heaven grant no conscience amongst us may be tortured by the recollection:

Oh, it was pitiful,  
Mid a whole city full  
Friends she had none.

POLLY.

George W. Frost and W. W. Vivian, both a reputable citizens, report having seen a wild man on the banks of the Tittabawasee river, in Gladwin county, Michigan. The man was nude, covered with hair, and was a giant in proportions. According to their story he must have been at least seven feet high, his arms reaching below his knees, and with hands twice the usual size. Mr. Vivian set his bull dog on the crazy man, who with one mighty stroke of his monstrous hand felled the dog dead. His jumps were measured and found to be from twenty to twenty-three feet long,

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## ETHICS OF CIVIC GOVERNMENT.

There is no subject to which the inhabitants of a great and growing city should be more willing or anxious to give their most serious thought than the history of their civic government. How can they expect to be well-governed if they persist in remaining ignorant of the principles upon which their government has been developed? It is the indifference of the masses to these things which too frequently prolongs the existence of corrupt officialism in public servants.

Here, for example, is a city of phenomenal growth, having a population of two hundred thousand, and every assurance of rapid enlargement. Little or no confidence is reposed in the municipal regime. Very little indeed in its fiscal operations. Some reform in its constitution is felt to be needed; but as to the nature of the reform, what? Who can answer? And why not? Simply because few, if any, are acquainted with the actual internal workings of the machinery they call government.

Now, supposing the citizens were unanimously and sternly resolved to have their municipal affairs properly managed, so as to redeem the credit of the city, and to utilize to the utmost advantage all its natural resources, how would they proceed? How could they proceed? Remember, it is not the easiest thing imaginable to recover power once it is vested in a corporation subject to the uncertain decisions of the polls.

We witnessed at the last election an attempt to effect a reformation by a liberal infusion of new blood into the Council. That was not a bad idea; but it subsequently became painfully evident that the public as a whole had no faith in the experiment.

Probably, as anticipated by the electorate, the "new blood" by this time has been contaminated, if not corrupted by the old, for as one of the aldermen remarked the other day: "The 'new blood' soon discovers how impotent and insignificant its influence is when it begins to assert itself with the object of converting the Council from the error of its ways. It would require a genius to transform the Corporation into a pure-souled organism."

As a matter of fact, the citizens are all but powerless, so far as effecting radical reform in their municipal executive is concerned. It may seem strange, but upon due consideration it will be seen that they are literally compelled to "put up" with the defective administration at the City Hall. Why?

Let us see. There is no history of Toronto's civic government to throw light upon its evolution. It is a creature of committees and departments, with the composition of which the outside public has nothing whatever to say. As the city has grown, these departments and committees have multiplied, until at the present moment they present a network of bureaus, so to speak, each of which has its special functions.

It is not the writer's intention, in this article, to analyse the aforesaid committees and departments, but merely to note the fact that incompetence on the part of any of them can only be detected by the public in general results. It is utterly impossible to follow the committees in their transactions beyond what they do in session. How far individual interests

govern the actions of the members of the various committees is also something that the public is not in a position to pronounce judgment upon.

So far as its true inwardness is concerned, the City Hall offers closed doors and drawn blinds to all except the city fathers. Perhaps under the most favorable circumstances this could not altogether be avoided. Yet it would seem nothing but right and just that the people who pay toll should know what road they are travelling along; that if their civic government is not fulfilling its duties satisfactorily there should be some way in which the public can interfere, trace the wrong doing to its source, and stop the culprits in time to prevent serious injury being done.

But, as already seen, compulsory dependence upon a visible form of government, with a system based upon invisible principles, places the citizens in the situation of helpless onlookers. They can vote, yes; once a year be assured by those who seek their suffrage that they, the citizens, own the city; then they are permitted for three hundred and sixty-four days to rack their brains endeavoring to find out why it is that although they do vote, do elect their own councillors and mayor, yet they only perpetuate the system and its hidden mysteries without making any appreciable alteration in the behavior of the government.

If they could only change the system! But they cannot. It is invincible; it has grown callous with the years. Like the systems of government on a more pretentious scale, it is almost unconscionable in its moral impregnability. It defies assault, because it possesses the keys of power, which, though rightfully belonging to the people, are held in the firm, unyielding grasp of this corporative embodiment of public will. Hence, the rings and cliques, which shield themselves behind the system, can effectually neutralize the efforts of would-be useful members of the Council to become serviceable reformers. As for outsiders—the voting classes—they perceive the municipal organism which they sustain through the ballot box, i. e., its outward and visible sign. That is all. The rest—the vital principles animating the system, are represented by X, and there is no algebraical formula that will reach the unknown quantity.

Great are the mysteries of government—of civic government especially! Who can fathom them? By all the laws of reason and justice the citizens of Toronto should control their municipal administration; by all the evidence of fact it controls and misrules them.

Electors have shown an unmistakable desire to have an improved state of things in the City Hall. Why is not this desire gratified? Surely the electors should be the masters.

But they are not. They may bully and threaten their "civic government," and try to purify it by electing new men, but there can never be a change while the system inherited from previous Councils remains inviolate. It is the system that is diseased, the principles that are wrong. While these continue unattacked, the body corporate will follow the "old policy" whose effects are creating alarm in the public mind, tending as they do to involve the city in bankruptcy and disgrace.

There are men in the Council who have the ability to get at the root of the evil, and who should have inde-

pendence of character enough to advocate reform of a trenchant nature. If there is to be reform, it must either begin very spiritedly and determinedly inside the City Hall, or by a revolution from without.

Aldermen must sooner or later be taught that they shall not carry the city of Toronto in their inside pockets.

B. SAWDEN.

## THE MUNICIPAL CRISIS.

The municipal situation in Toronto is but a reflex of the tendencies of the times. Everywhere, in the municipalities, in the provinces, and in the Dominion, the governments, small and great, are looked upon as fair game for plunder. The haste to be rich, which characterizes the present day, is responsible for this condition of affairs. The absolute honesty of a man in dealing with another is not impugned, although the same man in transacting business of any kind with a government is on the lookout for any favors going. The consequence is that the man with "the pull" gets there, while honest merit shivers in the cold. Then the circle enlarges. The mediocre man who has "the pull" by his social or moneyed interests is assisted by those who work for the smaller favors to come. This results in saddling on the community more public servants than the service requires; in public enterprises that are in advance of the ability of the people to pay for; and, in cities like Toronto, in the equipment of streets with water, block paving, electric and gas lighting, etc., for the sole benefit of the speculators who own the land and control the aldermen. The burden of high taxes is the inevitable predicament. In this city, within the last five years, the taxes on the land have been trebled. Undoubtedly the system under which these things be possible has assisted the too willing aldermen to this end. It has meant money for them and their friends. Their trade being in danger a stern and stubborn fight has become necessary. They will not easily yield their places to better men. The loaves and the fishes have been many during the past five years, and many have been the feeders. All these will have to be calculated with ere reform will be accomplished or even begun. He who thinks to leave them out of his reckoning will be badly disappointed when the day of trial comes. But, many and powerful though they be through organized self-interest, the great residue of honest men in the city who neither require nor ask favors may cope with them in absolute confidence, if they, casting aside all petty self-interest, prejudice or any other thing that stands in the way, unite for municipal reform for Toronto. It will be well for them to remember at the outset that they too are not entirely blameless. To retrieve the errors of the past they must approach the solution of the difficulties besetting the city with an honest appraisal of all the facts. They must, in blaming others, be content to take their share for lukewarmness. They must be fully seized with the idea that they live not to themselves. Their apathy, their lack of public spiritedness alone make it possible for inferior men to control the affairs of this great city. An honest thought upon the questions of municipal administration will convince them that the effect of mal-administration has at last reached them. The fact that ratepayers are organizing, that men who seldom have taken to heart their

municipal duty are active now, should and doubtless will, persuade them that it is high time they made their voice ring and their votes tell for a more economical conduct of public affairs. Investigation into the affairs of the city should follow. Nor should the facts be taken at second-hand. They are apt to be distorted to suit the convenience of the person stating them. Prejudice, too, should not enter into their determination. Honest men, handicapped it may be by numbers, should be given their due share of praise or blame, and a conviction that a man is honest in his public career, having at heart the interests of the people, should count in his favor even though his judgment has not always been the same as yours. If a public servant is honest, if he has ability, there may have been other causes why the results attained are not all his blame. These causes should be searched for. Found, they should be ruthlessly uprooted. The future welfare of the city demands no less than this. Nay, it demands more; a remedy must be provided. That remedy is the people's honest will. Let no class rule. Let no society hold sway. Let neither race nor religion militate against the plain duty of the moment. Elect a people's council and a people's mayor. And let these be men of honesty first, ability next, and lastly, men who do not think that success in life means riches first, last and all the time. Such a municipal government would soon place Toronto above and beyond all the mistakes of the past, and would be an augury that the promise of the future will be fully realized.

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