

# The Observer.

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## Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

If there is one man in the city of Toronto who deserves to be called an "animated Pasquin," it is ex Ald. E. A. Macdonald. He has latterly run foul of the lawyers and judges, and a great time they are having of it. The other day up at Osgood Hall, it is rumored, a budding young barrister of a "legal and judicial family," took the "Baron" by the throat and threatened to kick several holes in him if he persisted in his attacks upon a certain judge. In another instance a young lawyer, who used to figure as half-back for Yale, told "the Macdonald" he would kick his whiskers off if he lampooned him. Several other encounters of a similar nature are said to have occurred. If these limbs of the law could only induce the "Baron" to participate in a game of Rugby, there would not be much of him left after the first scrimmage.

Captain Manley has been making a fool of himself over the rifle ranges. Last week I said that I thought there was a nigger in the fence somewhere. I believe there is still. Captain Manley and those chiefly interested in the Mount Denis range held a meeting on Saturday night to try and keep the city from purchasing a new range unless it was that at Mount Denis. Of course they did not say so, but that is virtually what was at the bottom of it all.

I have already said that I can see no reason why the present range should be changed, and the whole scheme is being engineered by the Industrial Exhibition Association. This institution is now using ground given to it free by the Ontario Rifle Association, and because it wants more ground, the riflemen are to be driven out of the city, and the city has to pay thousands of dollars for a new range.

What are the facts? The ground around the New Fort barracks is Government property, owned by the Imperial authorities. The Ontario Rifle Association rents the common for about forty dollars a year. On part of this property the Industrial Exhibition grounds, buildings, and parks are placed. The riflemen willingly gave up this land. It never cost the Exhibition Association a cent, although it is worth over half a million dollars. The Industrial Association well know that at any moment the Imperial authorities can step in and seize their grounds and buildings, and what is more, they cannot refuse admittance to those grounds to a soldier in uniform. Not content with what they have secured, like a gigantic

devil-fish they want more, and because an accident happened once at the ranges, this is made the fulcrum by means of which they expect to clear the common of riflemen and get the ground for a race-course.

As a matter of fact, the Garrison Common range has had less accidents on it than any other range in Canada considering the shooting that is going on continually. And what is more, the Militia Act gives the riflemen power to stop all boats from passing outside of the range on the lake in the danger zone. To go boating there is an offence that can be punished by law.

Now, the new range is also to be on the lake shore, and it will be just as dangerous as the present one, for there will be just as many people boating out from the shore. But the authorities say they can make the new range perfectly safe by putting the butts in *echelon*; that is to say, placing the firing line at the farthest point away from the water, and building embankments for targets at the proper distances from the firing line. This is the very thing that would make the present range absolutely safe. Say that the firing line were placed down near the bridge at the lower end of the common, the two hundred yard target two hundred yards away from this firing line, the four hundred yard target four hundred yards away, and so on up to the thousand yards. Behind each target an embankment could be thrown up. In other words, the riflemen would shoot from the same line for all ranges and the targets would be placed apart, instead of the targets being placed together as at present and the riflemen apart. This would remove all danger on the lake altogether.

Let us see how a bullet that would miss the target would act. These things have been figured out to a nicety by the ordnance authorities, and tables for the calculation of the trajectory are given in the book on musketry instruction. If the bullet of a Snider-Enfield rifle such as is used by the riflemen, fired from the firing line at a target at two hundred yards distance, passed over a ten-foot butt it would graze the earth at about 400 yards. At 500 yards such a miss would graze at about 650 yards, at 800 yards about 900 yards. The further the target is away from the firing line the faster the bullet will graze after it misses the embankment, for the bullet drops much quicker as the force behind it wears out.

If the firing line were placed 1200 yards from the lake, I am satisfied that not one bullet in a million would ever strike the water.

The danger now is from the two and three hundred yard ranges. The firing line is so close

to the shore that when a bullet misses it goes spinning out into the lake about six hundred yards. The distance the rifleman is above the water, and the height of the butt over which the bullet passes, give it sufficient elevation to go out a long distance before it strikes the water. I believe that if the targets were re arranged as proposed, there would be absolutely no danger, and thousands of dollars could be saved to the city. At any rate, if the Industrial Exhibition Association want the land they should pay part of the new ranges.

I ask all my readers to lose no time in signing the petition for Sunday cars. The parsons are organising in opposition, they are afraid that their monopoly will be infringed on. But either with or without their consent we mean to have the cars run on Sundays.

It is a strange but undoubted fact that the clergy everywhere are the opponents of all progress. They earn their bread and butter by working on Sunday, and they mostly go to their work in a hired hack, but they object to the working men and their wives and children riding in the cars.

The question is in the hands of the people; if they will only be true to themselves and act in unison there is no doubt as to the result.

I have received several letters, some of them thanking me and some abusing me for what I have said about the labor leaders. Abused or thanked I shall continue my course telling the truth as I have seen it.

The patriarchal proprietor of THE OBSERVER said to me only yesterday, as with one hand he held me in firm but friendly bondage, while he combed his silver-grey whiskers with the other, "Marc, my boy, keep a firm grip of your cudgel, and go about the city like a knight-errant of old pointing out abuses and aiding all who are in distress." "Maidens in distress?" interrogated I. "No," he answered emphatically, "no, I will attend to the maidens." And I believe the old sinner will. Only the boys had better remember that I shall impartially swing my stick.

A copy of the *New England Magazine* for December has been received at this office. The number is an unusually good one, well printed, profusely illustrated, and in all respects a highly creditable production. The principal article "Canadian Journals and Journalists," by Walter Blackburn Harte, is of much interest to Canadians.



## Musical &amp; Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA

I have a strong suspicion that nothing will come of the proposal to hold a musical festival in Toronto next year. One great obstacle in the way of the scheme is the difficulty in satisfying the claims of our numerous conductors to a prominent participation in the performances. Each of these conductors has his circle of influential friends, and any suggestion to give the control of the festival to one man would meet with determined opposition. It is well known that Mr. Torrington's so-called monopoly of the musical management of the last festival aroused a good deal of ill-concealed bad feeling. Another troublesome question is that in connection with the orchestra. It is an open secret that Mr. Torrington is firmly opposed to the engagement of a first class orchestra such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or that of Seidl. I believe he takes the ground that the interests of our local orchestra will be hurt by the employment of a foreign orchestra, and in the second place that while the local conductor will have to do all the work of the festival, the foreign conductor will step in and take the chief credit. In spite of these objections I must firmly hold that without an efficient orchestra—and an efficient orchestra means one from over the border—the festival will neither be satisfactory to the public, nor successful from an artistic standpoint. *Nous verrons*, but I think we shall have no festival next year.

There is no disguising the fact that the love of oratorio music is on the decline, even among English-speaking communities. The change of public sentiment on the subject is felt even in Toronto. Year by year the difficulty of getting adequate support for our oratorio societies is increasing. The English are supremely faithful to their old loves in art; and in England the lovers of music have mounted Handel on a lofty pedestal and periodically fall down and worship him. And the multitude cry "there is but one god in music, and his name is Handel." Yet there are indications that the Handel cult is losing ground. The conventional critic and the orthodox musician will no doubt still pour out the vials of their wrath and scorn upon the head of any one who ventures to suggest that Handel's style is often felt to be antiquated, that his music has both strong individual mannerisms and the mannerisms of his time; that his setting of English words is often ridiculous and inartistic, and that the orchestration is extremely thin, and lacking in warmth and colour. But all the same, our oratorio societies find it difficult to obtain subscribers, and their audiences yawn and show weariness at the two hour performances of the mathematically constructed choruses and the dry recitatives which go so largely to make an oratorio of the standard type. In certain special effects Handel has not been surpassed; but these effects take a very limited range. My remarks apply to oratorio in general. I have referred especially to Handel, because most oratorio composers have adopted new methods, his because musical Phari-

sees still cry in polyphonic tones that Handel is the beginning and end of this class of music. I may have more to say on this topic on a future occasion.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is now actively engaged upon the music of a comic opera for the London Savoy Theatre, and, moreover, the libretto is not written by Mr. Gilbert. This will make no difference to the arrangement already announced by which the two Savoy partners will eventually write another opera in collaboration. Sir Arthur, however, did not deem it necessary to wait, and he has therefore accepted another libretto; while, on his side, Mr. Gilbert, with Mr. Collier as his musician, will, in about a month's time, produce at the Lyric a new comic opera which at the present bears the title of "The Mountebank," and early next year he will also produce at the Prince of Wales, in collaboration with Mr. George Grossmith, a musical comedy which for the moment bears the title of "Haste to the Wedding."

The Haslam Vocal Society gave their first concert of the season on Tuesday evening in the Pavilion Music Hall, in which a large audience of subscribers and friends had gathered. The Society was assisted by the Musin Concert Company, and the combination resulted in a very attractive programme of a character not likely to give one musical indigestion. The various parts were sung most effectively, delicacy, nice shading, good intonation being specially noticeable. Mr. Haslam, the conductor, has selected voices of fresh and pleasing quality; occasionally he produced in unison parts a sustained unswerving tone from the sopranos and altos that reminded one of *cantabile* from the strings of Thomas's orchestra. In the rendering of soft effects Mr. Haslam's choice has always been particularly happy. Mr. Haslam has now succeeded in getting a remarkable volume of tone from the limited number of voices at his disposal. Mr. Ovide Musin, the solo violinist, added another triumph to his long list of successes here. His style is essentially popular, and he interprets compositions with a freedom of imagination that no doubt must cause the long-hair of the musicians of the German school to stand on end. He has, however, a fine, powerful tone,—although not of that exquisite quality of Sarasate—and a splendid technique. His wife, Annie Louise Tanner, was the solo soprano. I cannot say I ever had much admiration for these high singers of the *sfogato* class, but there is no doubt they please a public where a full-toned voice might fail. *Chacun a son gout*; there have been people who preferred the Steiner violin to the Cremona, and the piping voice of a Di Murska to the full flavoured organ of a Tietjens. I think all musical people must agree, however, that in music of an expressive or passionate nature these sopranos of extreme tenuity of voice always fail. Their mission is to warble; and like the trained canary of the Hartz district, they should be content to do nothing but warble. The solo pianist, Herr Scharf, did not set the lake on fire, while the French tennor, Dupuy, made a moderate success. He sings with that peculiar vibratory intensity which is so distasteful to English and American ears. The basso, Herr

Senger—who by-the-way, speaks English remarkably well for a Herr—made a favorable impression. Mr. Haslam conducted with his usual care and skill.

Paderewski, the celebrated Polish pianist, (he of the "minuet" fame), will, it is said, play in Toronto in January next under the management of Suckling & Sons.

It seems to be our unhappy fate to lose our most promising musicians. Miss Nora Clench, the talented solo violinist, of St. Mary's, has left for Brussels to study under Isaye for a year. It is unlikely she will return to Canada. She has become enamored of the attractions of London, which she visited a few years ago, and will, it is said, make that city her home. It will be easy to manage this, if the rumor be true that her sister is shortly to marry a citizen of the English metropolis.

The musical public ought to boycott the Pavilion Music Hall. It is totally unsuited for concert purposes. The place is full of draughts; the floor is flat, so that there is no proper line of vision, and solo singers and instrumentalists have their most felicitous efforts marred by the accompaniment of banging and creaky doors. Last but not least, it tires one dreadfully to have to sit for two hours or more on those hard-bottomed benches. The Pavilion is really a relic of barbarism. It ought to be given away to Bullock's Corners or Burk's Falls.

Lewis Morrison is playing "Faust" this week at the Grand Opera House. In many respects it is a striking and attractive production, but it is all fudge to say it is equal to Irving's presentation.

## A CHAPERONE APPROVED.

An amusing experience is told by one of a party of young people whose chaperone was hastily replaced by a delightful woman, whose ideas of the onerous duties were, to say the least, unique. It was at the seashore in Maine. The party were greeted each morning, and anxiously asked at intervals if they were enjoying themselves, but otherwise were allowed entire freedom. One lovely evening a pretty girl and her sweet escort went to the chaperone. "Can we go out rowing, Mrs.—?" they asked timidly. "I see no objection," was the answer. "We've been!" was the unexpected response from the curleups, who added, "We forgot to ask."

## MONOPOLY.

"Down with the monopolist," is naturally enough the cry of those who suffer from the evils of monopoly. But does it ever occur to those who are not monopolists, that monopoly lives only because of their acquiescence with laws that make monopoly possible? It is not the monopolist who should receive your condemnation, but the laws in which we hold out inducements for men to become monopolists. If we place a saddle on our backs and invite the monopolist to get on and ride, he is a fool if he don't do it. No man could become a monopolist without special laws to protect him in that monopoly. The destruction of one monopolist only makes room for another, but the abrogation of special laws make all monopoly impossible.



## The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

One of the most promising signs of the day in this city is without doubt the movement in favor of Sunday cars, and the enthusiastic response the people are making. I am delighted to see it. It is time that Toronto, a city of close upon a couple of hundred thousand souls, went out of leading strings; we have been run for much too long by parsons and policemen. It is time we relegated these two, perhaps, necessary evils to their proper places as servants not the masters of the people.

The *Globe* was the first paper to come out in opposition to the popular desire. As in most things, the *Globe* is maudlin in this matter; it objects to Sunday work, and yet the *Globe* works its editors, its reporters, its printers, its machine men, and in fact its entire staff as hard on Sunday as on any other day in the week. There are an immensely larger number of people here who wish to ride on Sunday than who care to read the *Globe* on Monday. As usual, the Mrs. Gamp of Toronto journalism has her brain demuddled and her cap awry.

I can imagine no more impertinent hypocrisy than the proprietors of a daily newspaper taking objection to Sunday work. There is no necessity for the issue of a paper on Monday morning—beyond, of course, a commercial necessity to the proprietors. A morning paper is demanded by the majority of intelligent people, and so it is produced, of course strictly on a commercial basis. This is perfectly legitimate, but for those people to object to any one else working on Sundays while they are procuring a sixth part of their revenue by working their *employes* every Sunday throughout the year, is as gross an instance of contemptible cant as it is possible to conceive.

However, this is a country in which theoretically at least, the majority rules, and where certainly a little clamor goes a long way. All the citizens have to do is to kick up a row and we shall not only get our Sunday cars, but shall have some of the parsons offering to drive them. So, men and women of Toronto, only keep hammering away and we will have Sunday cars on the streets in a few months. Every one should sign the *World* petition.

What we all want, and mean to have too, is as much genuine civic economy as we can get. But none of us want to see the very ordinary salaries of the working *employes* of the city reduced. It may be taken for granted that the men only receiving from twelve to say twenty dollars a week quite earn their salaries. The "soft snaps" do not exist among the rank and file, and I trust the recommendations of the cheese-paring committee will in this direction be ignored.

No, do not take ten cents a day out of the pocket of a poor devil earning a beggarly daily pittance of two dollars, but commence at the one thousand a year men. Reduce the salaries of men earning one thousand and upwards ten per cent., two thousand and upwards twenty per cent., three thousand and upwards thirty per cent., and so on. It is the heads of departments who are (if any one be) overpaid, and who are certainly too numerous.

It is the heads of our civic departments who are responsible for the general maladministration and extravagance. These superior people are not to be approached by the common herd. A head of a department in Toronto is a big bug indeed; and all the crowd are tarred very much with one brush; their airs of arrogant and ignorant assumption of a state of dignity they know not how to fill is often highly amusing. Their swagger is as immense as their knowledge of any grammatical construction of their mother tongue is usually limited. Truly Lord Tomnoddy in all his glory was not as inaccessible as a Toronto city official.

Again, I object to the discharging any of the junior staff in the departments, especially in mid-winter. Let no fresh appointments be made, but as vacancies occur distribute the work among the staff. Let the weeding proceed on the lines of natural involution, and only a few months will make a marked difference. We must not turn poor men out into the street without cause, who have gained their appointments in a legitimate way. There is no occasion for any such injustice.

I do not care to say much about the Russell divorce case, for the simple reason that I do not wish to dip my pen into a sewer. There is little difference in this case between the lord and the lady. Lady Mabel before she was 20 was heavily in debt, and in addition to the usual accomplishments, had learned to smoke, bet, gamble, and swear.

The lord was turned out of college for writing filthy letters to a fellow collegian, he amused himself by seducing the servant girls about the town, made his wife wash and dress him, and would kick and throw the cats and dogs about the room for amusement. My only comment on the case need be the much-quoted remark of the confidential and communicative monkey,—"Arn't they a pretty pair?"

So, Florence the Fair, the naughty St. John is again seeking a divorce. Well, Florence, between the husbands that the law has already been kind enough to allow you and those you have taken without allowance, you must have by this time a pretty good idea of what matrimony means. Ten or a dozen years ago I knew "Flo;" she was then enjoying altogether a good time, and she evidently intends to keep the record up.

And so Bel'e Bilton going to have another baby! Oh dear, how the bad boys of the Alhambra, and the Pavilion, and the "Cri" will laugh, and joke and air their little wit, Belle and her sister were always favorites with the young mashers of the music halls, and many a London man about town could tell, if so disposed, how when deadbroke Belle had "lent him a sov."

Should the baby be a boy there will be joy in the mansions of the Clancarty's, and the earl, we are told, will be forgiven for having "married beneath him." Not that he did anything of the kind. Belle was fair, frolicsome, and free, but with ten times the brains of her lord.

When the little stranger comes, if it takes after its mother it will sing, and sing something racy too. How funny it would sound if the precocious child should some day come out with the rather rude but popular ditty of *la petite blanchisseuse Parisienne*, on the night before her marriage as she apostrophises her lonely bed in the well-known words, "*Oh mon lit, mon lit, mon pauvre lit,*" and at the same time interrogates her mother in the refrain that may be roughly rendered into English thus:—

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

I suppose no one is surprised at the matrimonial troubles of Mr. Robert Mantell. Mantell is a fine, gentlemanly-looking fellow, and has for a long time been idolized by the women everywhere. Charlotte Behrens is a very pretty woman, and frequent playing at love appears to have at last become love in earnest.

Is it not time that women at the play should control somewhat their often too-evident admiration for actors who professedly "travel on their form." The way that some presumably respectable women will lounge in a theatre and gloat over a good-looking man on the stage is scarcely encouraging to those who desire to keep up the fiction about the modesty of women.

I congratulate that influential association the Sons of England on the first issue of the *English Canadian*, which is evidently to be the organ of the society. While in its political aspirations and sympathies it will run on much the same lines as THE OBSERVER, there will be only a straightforward and friendly rivalry between us, and, "may the best man win."

I have just received a copy of a new book called "Rhymes Afloat and Afield," by William T. James. A hasty glance through the book justifies me in saying that it contains some very choice specimens of verse, much above the average of the productions of the day. I ask those of my readers who like good poetry to purchase a copy of Mr. James' book.



## OUR NEXT MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

BY "FAIRPLAY RADICAL."

The method adopted by the *Mail* to ascertain the popular belief as to the fittest men for mayor and aldermen next year is the best step taken for years past looking to civic reform—and if properly utilised it will lead to a new era in our municipal history. It is a great opportunity to bring the best men to the front. All Torontonians are agreed that the present system is a bad one, and that our city is inefficiently and often dishonestly served in municipal affairs. We are victimised by shams and frauds. Many men get into office on some plausible pretext and then use their position for absurd fads or to serve private ends; and although we have many honest officials, unfortunately they are not in a majority. We require intelligence, executive ability and firmness, as well as honesty, in those who rule and administer.

Some of the names one sees in the list of popular favorites given by the *Mail* show that numbers of our citizens from ignorance of the facts are likely to vote for the wrong men to fill these important positions, and I therefore propose to bring to the notice of the public some eye-opening facts bearing upon the subject. Before giving these particulars I will relate several facts relative to a Local Board of Health in England so as to show the result of appointing honest and bona fide city merchants. About 35 years ago a Local Board of Health was formed for Wanstead, situated 8 miles from the Royal Exchange, London. It is a long and very straggling parish; the movement was inaugurated by the gentry and city merchants residing there. The Local Board which was elected by the ratepayers was mainly composed of city merchants—meaning by "merchant" something altogether different from a retail tailor, corner grocer or "a pick-up of unconsidered trifles." There was not a solitary shyster, labor-fraud, or patriot with an axe to grind on the Board—all its business was done economically, thoroughly, and wisely—there was not the faintest approach to our city-council wrangling—all was done harmoniously and with a minimum of talk. If a man had nothing to say he held his tongue. A large sum was raised for sewerage works, a thoroughly good engineer was engaged; the contract was not given to the very lowest tenderer, but to a Scotchman who had the reputation of doing first-rate work. The work was thoroughly well done and the repayment of the loan being by a terminable annuity the debt is now extinguished. The Board attended to the roads, which were kept in splendid order, the drainage, sewage works, all sorts of nuisances and everything relating to health. I was behind the scenes and don't believe that there was a shilling wasted. This was the result of appointing gentlemen who were thorough men of business. The total salaries were under eight hundred dollars a year. The rate was sixpence in the pound on the rated rentals. The rated rental would be about four-fifths of the gross rental. Thus if a man paid £20 a year for rent the house would be rated at £16 and the Local Board rate would be 8s. per annum. Comparing this with our method, Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade, in his "Growth of Capital," averages the value of the houses in England at 15 years' purchase on the rated value. At his valuation a house rated at £16 would be worth £240 or \$1,168. This taxation by our method would be nearly 7 mills on the dollar, and for this there would be really good roads and sewerage, and thorough attention to everything relating to health. The health-officer reported that some cottages were in an insanitary condition, and the Board immediately ordered proper water-closets to be put in, which was forthwith done; they stood no nonsense. Compare this with the case of ex-alderman Fleming subsequently referred to. The Inspector of Nuis-

ances, who was also Collector and Road-surveyor, thoroughly attended to his duties, any complaint made was promptly investigated, and if found to be true the grievance was immediately remedied. A resident surveyor who wished to advertize himself applied for the position of surveyor, but the Board not needing such an official simply laughed at him. Here such a man would have cozened some local journal to abuse the members for tramping on the people, because they refused to let in the man with an axe to grind.

(To be continued.)

## CURRENT UNBELIEF.

THE REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D.

There are so many phases of unbelief that few men are competent to map out the subject with any completeness. In this paper I propose to speak of unbelief in the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, and of false views of inspiration as the cause of the unbelief. The Church claims that there is an element in the Old and New Testament writings that can be found in no other literature, and, therefore declares them inspired. But the Church never has defined, in any of its great Creeds or Confessions, the nature and extent of Inspiration, either positively or negatively. It is notorious, however, that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. When the Church has been silent the priests, the pulpiteer, the dogmatist, and the schoolman have been accustomed to speak frequently, loudly, volubly. They have usually enunciated views of Inspiration similar to that claimed by the Mohammedans for their Koran, or by orthodox Hindus for their Vedas and Puranas. God dictated His revelations word for word to human mediums while they were in a state of ecstasy. This conception of Inspiration, which is still the favorite in many quarters of Christendom as well as Heathendom, is generally called high. It is not even low. It destroys Inspiration, and its consequences have been, and are, far more disastrous than will ever be known.

In accordance with this erroneous conception, Inspiration has been made to cover every subject referred to in the Bible, such as geography, geology, astronomy, history, antiquities, as well as the revelation of the character of God, and the character and destiny of man. No mistakes could be acknowledged. When scientific discoveries threatened old interpretations, the men of science and their disciples were held up to public ridicule and punished as severely as the public opinion of the age permitted.

Look at some of the consequences that have flowed from this false conception of Inspiration. The Scripture writers believed with the world of their time that the earth was a great plain, and when men discovered that the earth was round, they were punished as heretics for teaching contrary to divine truth. Then came the discovery that the earth revolved around the sun. Again contrary to Scripture, and heretical. But in spite of persecution, the evidence on this head became so strong as to be irresistible. The discovery was then made that the Bible was never meant to teach astronomy, and great was the comfort to poor men who had been perilling their souls on the contrary belief. Alas! that the discovery was not made sooner, or that the simple deduction was not then made, that the Bible was not intended to teach any branch of science. For soon another alarm was raised, and this time Geology threatened to discredit Scripture. What subterfuges were not then resorted to to get rid of the evidences of the antiquity of the earth.

One might suppose that by this time the lesson might have been learned, that the Divine element in the Bible does not extend to the knowledge of science, but on such matters the writers occupied precisely the same platform as other men of their

class and time. But to-day there is almost as much apprehension in some circles with reference to the conclusions of Historical Criticism, as there was half or a quarter of a century ago over the truths of geology. And so the average youth puts the matter to himself somewhat as follows: "On the one hand every eminent oriental scholar and unbiassed investigator, who is at all in sympathy with the undoubted principles of modern criticism—with perhaps a single exception here and there, which only proves the rule—declares that Deuteronomy was not written by Moses, but by a prophet in the reign of King Josiah, and that the Book of Daniel was not written in the sixth, but in the second century B.C. On such matters I accept the decision of experts as final. But on the other hand ministers and elders assure me that the books then are forgeries, and as that is a point on which they ought to be competent to speak, I accept their decision."

These men still go to church, perhaps, from habit, or it may be under the impulse of the devotional instinct, until their sense of decency is outraged by the sneers of the preacher at a subject he is ignorant of, or his denunciation by name of scientists whose works he has never read.

But what, it may be asked, would you have the minister do? Must he not be faithful to his convictions? If he is to do any good, must he not preach a definite theology? Did not Jesus of Nazareth speak with authority to learned and unlearned? To all which questions I answer, emphatically, Yes. Faithful the witness for God must be, or he is not a Minister of the True Witness. Definite truth he must preach, or else he should never enter the pulpit. He is not called on to take sides on disputed questions, and he should do so least of all when he does not understand both sides. As a public teacher he is bound to master a subject before he attempts to teach it to grown men. When he believes that the spiritual convictions of his people are bound up with prejudices, preconceptions, and traditions, he must be patient lest in pulling up tares he pull up the wheat also. Reflecting on how slowly new truth dawned on his own mind, how at first it seemed to threaten the very foundations of the old edifice in which he and his pious father and mother lived long in peace, enjoying the light of God's own countenance, he will be careful not to pull down until he has built up, and on no account to shock the sensibilities or blunt the reverential feelings without which religion cannot exist. But, while nourishing the babes, he must not repel the strong young men. There are very few intelligent men who do not know something of the conclusions of the Higher Criticism, and who are not in sympathy with the movement as a whole. To fight against it, is to fight a hopeless battle.

## TIGHTS AND GARTERS.

BY OUR BAD YOUNG MAN.

Every one knows that garters have gone out and girdles have come in, but did anyone stop to trace the analogy between the decadence of the one and the unpopularity of the other? It is the wearing of tights, of course, that brings the garter into desuetude; that is, that reduces the number of garters worn by one-half. If you see a swagger girl with a gold ribbon one inch in width clasped around her waist, you may wager your bank account that she has its mate clasped around her leg, just below the knee. What for? Oh, just for the quaint conceit of the thing!

It is amusing to watch the pretty young girls shopping for tights. With the perversity of things mundane, the hose counters are presided over by men, and it is very embarrassing to have them think you are a skirt dancer or a ballet favorite. And so the pretty girls get the tights on an order from the country, or for her mother,



or her grandmother even. Then she hustles home and puts them on her own slender extremities, throws away her garters and harness of elastic straps, and in half an hour realizes that she never really lived before. The lines of anxiety smooth out of her fair brow, the shadows of care soften from her eyes. She knows her stockings won't come down, and battle, murder and sudden death lose their terrors for her.

One of the most remarkable things about a woman is the way she manages from little girlhood up to keep one corner of her mind clear and devoted to her stockings in the midst of most distressing grief and anxiety. As a child, no matter how much she wants to beat her brother in the race, she has to stop if her stocking comes down. As a woman she may in the stress of her woe let her hairpins fall out, she may forget to eat or sleep, but she never relaxes the vigilance over her stockings. The amount of nerve force consumed in a lifetime of this constant, strict surveillance is enormous. Now that the tyranny of the garter is ended it is little wonder that girls are growing taller and that women are stepping up bravely into the world's high places and winning laurels in fame's great temple.

#### THE VAMPIRE VINE.

The following extraordinary story comes to us from London, on the respectable authority of the *London Spectator*. We are assured that there has been discovered in Nicaragua a flesh-eating, or rather man-eating plant, which for horror is quite the equal of the novelist's imagination. This plant is found, it is asserted, in Nicaragua, and is called by the natives "the devil's snare." In form it is a kind of vegetable octopus, or devil-fish, and is able to drain the blood of any living thing which comes within its clutches. We give the story with all reserve, but it must be admitted to be circumstantial enough in all its details to be possible. It appears that a Mr. Dunstan, a naturalist, has lately returned from Central America, where he spent two years in the study of the plants and animals of those regions. In one of the swamps which surround the great Nicaragua Lake he discovered the singular growth of which we are writing. "He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibres. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan attempted to cut the poor beast free; but it was with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to sever the fleshy muscular fibres of the plant. When the dog was extricated from the coils of the plant Mr. Dunstan saw, to his horror and amazement, that the dog's body was bloodstained. "While the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots," and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. "In cutting the vine, the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a greyish dark tinge, remarkably adhesive, and of a disagreeable animal odor, powerful and nauseating to inhale." The natives, we are told, showed the greatest horror of the plant, which, as we have noted above, they called the "devil's snare," and they recounted to the naturalist many stories of its death-dealing powers. Mr. Dunstan we are told, was able to

discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be shaken off with the loss of skin, and even of flesh. As near as he could ascertain, however, its power of suction is contained "in a number of mouths or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food. If the substance is animal, the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short space of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief."

The story is unquestionably a very curious one, and we may rely upon it that if the plant really does exist we shall soon have a specimen at Kew. The digging of the Nicaragua Canal will bring plenty of Americans and Englishmen in the very country where the "vampire vine" is said to exist, and the question whether the whole thing is or is not a hoax may very soon be tested. This fact makes, we readily admit, very much in favour of the truth of the story. Since the shores of the Nicaragua Lake are so soon to be explored, it would have been far safer for a botanical practical joker to have "seated" his plant in that natural home of unverifiable strange stories, the Upper Valley of the Amazon. The neighborhood inhabited by that Amazonian tribe who by the use of some secret process can reduce a human corpse to a tenth of its original size, and so produce a perfectly proportioned miniature mummy of the dead man, would have been a good locality in which to "place" the tale of the blood-sucking plant. Again, Nicaragua is within the tropics, and plant-life there is therefore specially gross and vigorous. Besides, there is no inherent impossibility in the idea of a flesh-eating plant. It is merely a question as to whether evolution has or has not happened to develop the fly-eating plant on a sufficiently large enough scale to do what is related of the vampire vine.

#### WHY THE GREAT LAKES ARE LOWER.

During the past two or three years the level of what are known here as the "Great Lakes" has fallen from twelve to twenty inches. This is a curious and interesting phenomenon, and is thus accounted for by Mr. Frank Moberly and his friend Captain Dick, than whom there are no two men better known in connection with the Great Lakes. Mr. Moberly says:—"In 1872 I first went up to the basin of Lake Superior. Then the whole basin of the lake was covered with pine and spruce, with the rock and sandy soil coated over with from one to four feet of moss, and underneath this was very often ice the whole year round. Since then the whole place has been swept by fire and the soil exposed. Now, before the fire swept the country there was little or no evaporation in these forests, and the rain and snow found its way into Lake Superior by innumerable streams. Lake Superior, Lake Huron and the ocean were the surfaces where evaporation took place. Now evaporation takes place where the rain falls, and the water never finds its way to the lake. For this reason the lakes and rivers are lower. Another reason is that heavy storms and rain centres follow the height of land. One-half went into the basin of Lake Superior. Gradually now the moisture is drifting over to the basin of the Hudson. According to levels set for the survey of the Georgian Bay the level of Lake Huron this year is twenty inches lower than it was in 1872." Capt. Dick agreed with this view, but also gave it as his opinion that the level of the great lakes was constantly rising and falling in certain periods of about seven years. Mr. Moberly also ascribed the fall in the water of these lakes to the deepening of a canal at Chicago that turned the water into the Mississippi river.

#### GOLDWIN SMITH AND CANADA.

In the opinion of the *London Canadian Gazette* the attitude of Mr. Goldwin Smith towards the paltry annexation movement in a border county of Ontario makes it easier to understand the feeling of resentment which many Canadians cherish towards him. A moment's consideration of known facts would, convince even Mr. Smith that to nine Canadians out of every ten there is something repugnant in the idea of abandoning British institutions. That idea Mr. Smith, as a British resident in Canada, might, at least, be expected to respect. He does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he takes every opportunity of flouting it as "jingoism." He sneers at the plucky efforts of five million Canadians to carve out a future for themselves, and he openly encourages the commercial and political enemies of the country to do their utmost to defeat these patriotic aspirations. There is not a phase of Canadian life over which he does not at one time or another throw the gloom of his all-pervading pessimism, and the worst of it is that his high literary attainments give to his dyspeptic effusions an importance in the eyes of Englishmen quite out of proportion to their value as records of current affairs, while they encourage the United States in its attitude of unrelenting hostility to closer trade relations with Canada on terms consistent with Canada's present status. This is undoubtedly quite true, and in addition it may be urged that there is hardly one among the hundred prophecies in which this apostle of despair has indulged during the past fifteen years that has not been again and again falsified by events. Take, for example, this one question of annexation to the United States. Mr. Smith has during two decades never failed to declare, with all the glowing periods at his command, that Canada must each year gravitate towards the United States, and that no progress can be made by her as long as she remains outside the Union. The history of Canada since Confederation gives the best answer to such twaddle. Even Mr. Erastus Wiman admits the futility of the movement which a handful of disappointed politicians are trying to set on foot in a corner of Ontario. "Annexation," he wrote in the *Brooklyn Eagle* of September 26th, "is unnecessary, is undesirable, and is impossible. . . . The Liberal party of Canada is ready to yield every point which this country can demand consistently with honour and a maintenance of British connection. Any attempt to force either party to concessions in the hope of annexation will be simply postponing the enormous advantages which to both countries would flow from unrestricted reciprocity."

#### THE WAIL OF THE WORDY.

Embarked on a florid, hilarious jag  
Of fluent verbosity, I  
Shall wallow enveloped in rhythmical gush  
Till verbal insanity's by.  
When I love I exclaim, "I am feeling erotic,"  
And melodiously worship the goddess despotic  
Who has lavished on me her enchantments hypnotic  
And with whom I am throbbing to fly.

My mad lucubrations are temples unique  
With luxuriant adjectives bright,  
Where to all lexicographers anthems I chant  
With polysyllabic delight  
I sigh for relief from my grandiose curse,  
I'm a Babel incarnate or something far worse;  
But why should I sigh to be simple and terse  
When it's ads. for a living I write.



# THE OBSERVER.

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**THE OBSERVER is this week Enlarged to Twelve Pages.**

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1891.

## "THE OBSERVER."

In accordance with our announcement of last Saturday, we have the pleasure to present our readers with a twelve-page paper to-day, an increase of four pages. This is an unusual step to take with a journal that has been only a few weeks in existence, but from the flattering manner that THE OBSERVER has been received by the public, and the words of encouragement and promises of support received from all directions, we feel justified in hoping that in a few weeks our paper will regularly appear with sixteen pages of well-written and well-printed bright and original matter. We have been fortunate in securing the services of an exceptionally able staff, as each issue of our paper plainly testifies. While completely independent as far as political parties are concerned, we have our convictions and shall enforce them. At present, while neglecting nothing of general interest everywhere, our attention will be chiefly directed to municipal affairs, for as good citizens we believe it advisable to put our own house in order before attempting to interfere with the affairs of our neighbors; and to this end we shall act on the old advice of Goethe, and strive to "do the duty nearest hand." THE OBSERVER will endeavor to take a fair, impartial, common-sense view of all matters, and to state its opinions in plain English in a plain way, so that all who read may understand. We appeal to and write for intelligent men and women of the world, and while we hope that our language will not lack literary finish and taste, it is quite intended to be as forcible and to the point as circumstances may render necessary. It is our intention to endeavor to rectify abuses by

attacking false principles and not individuals, though, of course, occasions may arise that will justify the latter course,—and then it may be found that we can be very personal indeed. Promises of course are easily made, but we have no wish to indulge in this cheap form of vain-gloriousness; our work must speak for us. Changes and additions will probably be made every week for some time to come before THE OBSERVER will be quite up to what we consider high-water mark. But we place this present issue of the paper in the hands of the public as a sample of what we can do, and will do on a much larger scale in the early future if only favored with the incentive of their approval and support.

## THE MAYORALTY.

Who is going to be next mayor? This is the all-absorbing question. We have given some thought and no small amount of study to the question, and we have come to the conclusion that ex-Ald. Fleming is the coming and most desirable man.

When we make such a statement we must necessarily substantiate it by proof or reasonable argument, and we are prepared to do so. Mr. Fleming is already in the field, and his committee are meeting with unexpected success in their canvass. Let us, however, view the situation critically and judiciously. Mr. James Beaty is working hard, but no one except Mr. Beaty and his own particular friends believe that he will be elected. There is no wild mad rush of excited ratepayers to his meetings, and the belief is strong that Mr. Beaty would have shown much better judgment if he had been contented to stay at home. If it is the honor of the office he wants he has been Mayor once, and that should be enough. If it is the welfare of the city he has at heart, few there are who can be convinced it is; if it is the salary he is after it will cost him four thousand dollars to get elected, and he will gain nothing in the end, unless he has a park or something he wishes to sell the city during the coming year. In that case he might make it pay, but we hardly think Mr. Beaty is a man of that kind, and we firmly believe it is inordinate vanity that is impelling him into a course that will prove disastrous to his hopes on election day.

Then there is Mr. Osler, who is trying to play the man of destiny. He has gone off to Europe, and expects, like Byron, to wake some morning and in a cablegram from Mr. VanHorne or Mr. Wills of the Board of Trade, learn that he has become famous. Mr. Osler is in every sense a nominee of the monetary oligarchy. He is not in sympathy with the

common people like other financial men, such as J. I. Davidson, Paul Campbell, or Hugh Blain. Outside of shaving notes or engineering railway deals he has not been heard of and although E. E. Sheppard worships at his shrine Mr. Sheppard has been so much given to following false gods of late that no one pays the slightest attention to his antics. Mr. Osler's committee had to pay even for the men who carted the requisition about for signatures asking him to be Mayor, and this is indeed an ominous sign. If a man can not command enough volunteers to do a small job like that, but little dependence can be put in his paid mercenaries on election day.

Then there is John McMillan, who suffered defeat once, and who is likely to be in the same fix again. Mr. McMillan is not what "the boys" would call a hustler. He gets intoxicated with "election glory" and is too fond of sitting in his committee-room, to be admired, instead of putting his shoulder to the wheel himself. Mr. McMillan may be an honest man, but all Ald. Wm. Bell's ability as a hustler in the Wards cannot carry him to the civic chair.

Of Mayor Clarke not much can be said. He has filled the Mayor's chair long enough and has signified his intention of stepping aside. To violate such a promise would be to break faith with some of his best friends, and as matters stand he is out of the race.

Ald. McDougall is not by any means a strong man. The Reformers will not support him. He is assisted by the present Mayor, but he will only bring down upon his head the general feeling against the present administration of civic affairs, and he cannot command the personal following and personal popularity that stood by the present mayor on so many occasions.

The one man out of all the candidates in the field who fills the situation acceptably is Mr. Fleming. His record in the Council has been without reproach. Nothing can be urged against him unless it be the purity of his public actions and motives. The worst elements of course hate what is honest and upright. Mr. Fleming did more for the laboring men while he was in the Council than any other alderman, and he was never afraid to speak up for the rights of the people against the encroachments of the classes. True, he has been in the real estate business, but the fact that he is a large property-holder will make him cautious in increasing the public burdens. The principal cause of dissatisfaction with the present administration is the way in which taxation has been increased so as to reduce the value of property. Mr. Fleming's knowledge of property and what is required to place real estate in Toronto once more on a solid basis, is a most convincing argument in favor of his election.

Again, the temperance people should stand by him as a fearless champion of their cause, and the hotel-keepers in the city owe hundreds of dollars to him. By reducing the number of licenses he made hotel property much more valuable, and those whose property has been increased in value in this way, in spite of everything said to the contrary, will not oppose him very bitterly.



When he ran in St. David's ward as alderman he always left politics at home and Liberals and Conservatives joined in supporting him. It is the same case now. He does not believe in party politics in civic affairs, and if Mr. Fleming is elected we will have a man of the people working for the people, and an honest and economical administration.

Viewed upon all sides, we unhesitatingly pronounce Mr. Fleming the strongest and best candidate in the field; and we believe it would be in the interests of the city to elect him.

#### SUNDAY CARS.

The question of Sunday street cars, which had been allowed to slumber until once more brought to the front by THE OBSERVER, bids fair to be one of the burning questions at the coming municipal elections. The *World* is out on its old tack in favor of the innovation and is making a strong fight. The *Globe* and the *News* are protesting. The *Telegram* is whistling for a popular breeze as usual, and The *Mail* is dignified and silent. Already the clergy have held an indignation meeting, and do doubt every effort will be made to keep the question from going before the people.

As the question stands at present there is no reason why the people should not vote on it, on municipal election day. The city stands pledged to put the question to the people as soon as a petition properly signed by the required number of ratepayers is presented to the Council. That petition will without a doubt be presented, and then the battle will be at the polls.

It would appear as if every effort will be made by the clergy to stave off a vote for another year, but if they do so they are standing in their own light. The people think they are quite capable of settling the question without clerical interference, and this is Toronto and not Quebec.

The clergy of Toronto, if they have any power over their parishioners, get it through respect and not through fear. Spiritual pains and penalties cease to be a power in Toronto, and as soon as a clergyman begins to interfere with a man's rights of citizenship, just so soon does he lose that respect from which springs his influence.

The question of Sunday street cars is opposed on two grounds. First, by those who hold the Hebrew conception of strict observance of the divine law; and secondly, on the ground that it is wrong to interfere with the day of rest set apart for man by a state or human ordinance.

We hardly think any sane person, let alone a close and conscientious Bible student, will assume the position of strict observance as a divine command. If we go beyond the gospels into the Mosaic law, we are at once confronted by what is known as the "higher criticism" by theologians. Even such men as Professor

Grant, of Kingston, agree that there is great and grave doubt if Moses ever wrote the books in the Bible ascribed to him, that authentic record does not go within centuries of the great law-giver. If there is doubt about the work of Moses, how much more doubt is there not by implication cast upon the divine origin of the law? The divine origin of the ten commandments is at once in question. Then under the new dispensation Christ taught a lesson to the strict Sabbatarians, for instance, when the disciples were accused of breaking the Sabbath day by plucking ears of corn. Even the Hebrews, if we are to follow them, do not keep the day the same as Christians do, and this must necessarily rob Sunday of much of the halo of divinity and horror which the clergy are so fond of weaving about it. People are beginning to realize in this century that Christianity truly interpreted means joy, happiness, and innocent pleasure, and not mortification of the flesh, and gloomy preparations for eternity that occupy the time that should be taken up in trying to make mankind happier and better. If we lose some of the respect we have for Sundays, and fastings, and flagellations, we gain more respect for that Divinity and for him who set the example for mankind of going about doing good.

But very few of the opponents of Sunday cars rest their case on scriptural grounds, and make "Sunday labor" and the oppression of workmen their cry. Well, there are many trades where workmen are now compelled to work on Sunday and not a word is said against it. First, we have the clergy themselves, who work very hard on Sunday, who earn their salary on that day, and who cannot in any sense claim that their labor is a labor of love. True, Paul, the greatest preacher of them all, earned his living tent-making, and as far as we can find he did not pass around the collection plate after his famous sermon on Mars Hill, or after any other sermon. Neither did he sell his sermon at so much a column to a morning paper, and history is silent on the question of his having sent a postal card to the city editor of a daily, asking him to send a reporter around to his church on Sunday, as he was going to preach a sermon on "Sunday cars" which he would like to be reported in the Monday papers. Besides, Paul must have been much behind his time in church work, for critics and historians have failed to find one instance where he had a furnace man employed in the winter to work on Sunday and keep his church warm. But that would be Sunday labor, and besides, Paul lived in a warm climate.

Then the telegraph operators, the drug clerks, the reporters, the printers, the switchmen, the train men, the men who run boat-houses, and ferryboats, the bakers, the butlers, the coachmen, and cab drivers, of course they

are beyond the pale, and although they have to work seven days a week no one feels inclined to enter a protest. But because it is proposed to work a couple of hundred street car drivers, pay them good cold cash for their labor, and by their so doing enable the citizens and their little ones to enjoy themselves on the Day of Rest, in the parks or in the green fields out beyond the smoke and the dust of the city, or give visitors an opportunity of getting about the city without paying exorbitant cab rates, there is an immediate outcry.

But we hold that the laboring classes will be directly benefited by the introduction of Sunday cars, and that if we had them many a poor man could earn a dollar on Sunday that he could not earn any other day in the week. The city makes it a condition that none of the street car employees can be compelled to work more than six days in the week. By the introduction of Sunday cars the staff of drivers and conductors would have to be increased at once. There are hundreds of men now out of a job hanging about the street car stables that would be only too glad of a job on Sunday. And when we come to look at it in this way and consider the number of men out of work in the city this winter, we cannot but think it advisable to enlarge the field of labor and give as much employment as possible. The man who votes against Sunday cars may, for all he knows, be voting the bread out of a hungry child's mouth during the coming winter. By all means let us be sensible and have Sunday cars.

#### THE HON. J. A. OUIMET.

The Hon. Joseph Alderick Ouimet, the new member to the Dominion Cabinet, is still a young man, especially as politicians are usually counted. He was born at St. Rose, in the Province of Quebec, forty-three years ago; was called to the bar as far back as 1870, and took silk ten years later. He is still the head partner in the legal firm of Ouimet, Cornellier, & Lajoie, of Montreal. It is, however, in political and military, rather than in legal, circles that the new Minister is best known in his native Province. He entered the Dominion Parliament when only twenty-five years of age, and at each succeeding election he has found favor in the eyes of the electorate. After fourteen years of back-bench work in Parliament, he was selected by Sir John Macdonald for the Speakership of the Commons, and filled the chair with advantage during the Parliament of 1889-91. He has long taken a keen interest in the affairs of the Dominion Rifle Association, of the Council of which he is now the chairman; and more than once he has taken a leading part in the Wimbledon doings of Canadian marksmen.



## SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

The Princess Louise still retains a pleasant place in her memory for one who was—despite some human failings—the greatest Canadian statesman of this generation. She has consented to become patroness to the Kingston Macdonald Memorial, and, writing through her secretary, intimates that she does so because she “always had so high an opinion of Sir John Macdonald as a statesman, and such an affectionate regard for him as a man.”

## A DESERVING CHARITY.

We have received from Mr. J. S. Coleman, 32 Church Street, City, an appeal on behalf of the Toronto Children's Aid Society. This is one of the most deserving charities among us, and we will call special attention to its work and to its wants in our next issue.

## IMMORALITY IN TORONTO.

BY HORACE SMITH, M. A.

## II.

Among several letters received by me in reference to my remarks in THE OBSERVER of last week, one calls for attention to remove any possible misunderstanding. A correspondent says that I state all the women in the town are public prostitutes; this of course is absurd. I said nothing of the kind. The expression “woman of the town” is the common and correct expression wherever the English language is spoken for a woman who plies her calling publicly on the street. If my correspondent does not understand the common meaning of common words that is a misfortune for which I am not responsible.

In dealing especially with this question of sexual immorality and prostitution there are two views that can be taken—the sentimental and the practical. The sentimental view is that every woman who falls is “seduced;” that is to say, led by some specious promise, often of marriage, to give herself, in a moment of weakness, to a man whom she loves and whom she believes loves her. This is the view of the old-fashioned drama and the old-time novel. From this point of view we are taught to believe that every fallen woman has been deliberately led astray, that in the first place she has been the innocent victim of some man's deliberate cold-bloodedness and cruelty, and that finding herself deserted, disgraced, and penniless, she is driven to desperation and thwarted at every attempt at retraction and well-doing by the scoffing and contempt of a vitiated society and of a heartless world. This is the sentimental view.

The practical aspect of the question is that while undoubtedly young girls are occasionally “seduced” in the correct sense of the term by the machinations of a villain, still that this deliberate and planned seduction is comparatively infrequent, and certainly does not apply to the majority of cases. The majority of women who are either public or private prostitutes are so entirely of

their own free will, and would not change their mode of life for any length of time if they had the opportunity. This is the practical view.

I adopt without the least shadow of doubt this version of the practical view of the case.

In reference to what I had previously said about the wages of women in Toronto I have received a letter signed “A Mother of Five Girls.” The writer says her two youngest girls are at work at a large store in this city (name given) for one dollar a week each; one daughter, age 19, is working in a store for \$2.25 a week; another, age 23, is earning \$3 a week, and the oldest daughter, age 26, is earning \$3.50 a week, after nine years' experience; this young woman is said by her mother to consider herself fortunate to hold a regular situation at these wages, and that probably she could not do so but that she is able to “keep the books.”

“A Mother of Five Girls” adds:—My husband drives a car, I do a little dress-making, and my girls all live with me; they each pay me half their earnings for their board, and keep the remainder for clothes; but if they had not the home of their parents to come to their average earnings would not pay their board, not to speak of dressing, and it would be next to impossible for them to live decently. My heart bleeds for the motherless and friendless young girls who are working in this city.

With such a scale of wages for female labor of the ordinary kind it follows as a matter of course that the majority of work-girls must supplement their income to dress as they do, because many of these girls dress and look like young ladies.

Now the question is, how do they do it? Well, they commence by having a sweetheart who can take them to the theatre and make them presents. There is often no thought or question of marriage. It is a matter of mutual convenience. The young man takes the girl to dances, theatres, picnics; he takes her home, almost invariably after the parents are in bed, he is invited in, and stays with the girl for two or three hours. No one but a fool need doubt the result.

The girl has by this time practically realised that her youth and beauty are marketable commodities; any maidenly modesty (if she ever had any) is quite gone; and she aspires to and finds other lovers, whom she loves in proportion to the value of their gifts, and the frequency with which they will take her out for drives and to places of amusement.

Such a girl is a type of a class. Every single man in the city knows several of them, and many married men know them too; in fact many of these young women will candidly admit that they prefer to know married men, because they are “safe,” generally more kind and considerate, and are as a rule better off and can afford more expensive presents. These girls are what I call private prostitutes, and there are many thousands of them among us in this city at this moment, holding situations, living apparently respectably, dressing extremely well, and procuring their dress and jewellery in the manner here indicated, and often with the tacit connivance of their parents.

This is a shameful and very serious condition of

morals, because it is fast undermining, and in fact fatally destroying the true manhood and womanhood of those in whose hands in a few years must naturally be trusted the future of Canadian morals and society. And is it not time that we paused to consider what kind of men and women may we fairly expect to develop out of young people whose early and most impressionable years have been passed in the practice of coarse and undisguised, and practically unrestricted sensual indulgence. This is a very serious social problem, and it is folly to endeavor to hide the truth because it is an unpleasant truth, and because it is an unsavory subject and difficult to grapple with.

I am not writing a sensational article for a newspaper. What I have said is the truth very mildly put. The love of dress among women is leading to a rapid increase of prostitution, which is destroying the best instincts among the manhood of this fair Canadian land. It is no worse, perhaps, here in Toronto than in Montreal, but it is quite as bad.

A great social upheaval is going on all around us. The old institutions of marriage are fast being destroyed. I regret it, but it is so. It almost appears as if we are about entering on a social condition of something approaching free love and unrestricted sexual liberty. The daily practice of men and women, either single or married, is everywhere tending in this direction. The question for citizens, ministers of religion, and statesmen to consider is,—What are we to do?

Next week I shall continue the discussion of this question, and in the meantime I shall be glad to hear the opinions of any of my readers as to what has been advanced by me.

(To be continued.)

## SCAB UNIONS.

The St. Louis Labor Union Record, the organ of the united labor organizations of St. Louis, prints the following views, which, though rather radical, contain much truth: “The organized scabs of St. Louis are the men who, forming themselves into labor combinations for the purpose of self-interest, termed trades unions, will not, under any circumstances, affiliate with sister unions, but keep aloof, independent, self-sustaining and perfectly careless whether another union of a different trade goes to the wall and is disrupted. They are for themselves first, last and forever. These unions, so-called, publish every man who will not come into their little cast-iron union as a scab, every man who does not crawl and submit to any decree of said little monopoly of labor, voted by a majority (which majority is generally run by a clique or two or three) then there is a howl of scab. Very good. Now an individual who refuses to join with his fellow-workers for shorter hours, better pay and better condition in life is termed a scab. Under the same reasoning a body of men, calling themselves a labor union, who refuse to join with other unions for shorter hours, better pay and better condition in life, are simply organized scabs. An individual has as much right to remain outside the union of his craft as a union has to remain outside a union of unions, and it requires more courage to do so. The individual has to fight his battle alone, while the unions uphold each other in error of their way and glory in organized scabdom.”



## THE SOVEREIGN POWER OF LOVE.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

(Concluded.)

His companion said to me :

"Excuse him, monsieur, he is deaf now. He is over eighty-two years old."

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised."

"I asked her :

"You are not of Corsica?"

"She answered :

"No; we are from the continent. But we have lived here now fifty years."

"A feeling of anguish and of fear seized me at the thought of those fifty years passed in this gloomy hole, so far from the cities where human beings dwell. An old shepherd returned, and we began to eat the only dish there was for dinner, a thick soup in which potatoes, lard, and cabbages had been boiled together."

"When the short repast was finished, I went and sat down before the door, my heart pinched by the melancholy of the mournful landscape, wrung by that distress which sometimes seizes travellers on certain sad evenings, in certain desolate places. It seems that everything is near its ending—existence, and the universe itself. You perceive sharply the dreadful misery of life, the terrible isolation of everyone, the nothingness of all things, and the black loneliness of the heart which nurses itself and deceives itself with dreams until the very hour of death."

"The old woman rejoined me, and, tortured by that curiosity which ever lies hidden at the bottom of the most resigned of souls :

"So you come from France?" said she.

"Yes; I'm travelling for pleasure."

"You are from Paris, perhaps?"

"No, I am from Nancy."

"It seemed that an extraordinary emotion agitated her. How I saw, or rather felt it, I do not know."

"She repeated, in a slow voice :

"You are from Nancy?"

"The man appeared in the door, impassible, like all the deaf. She resumed :

"It doesn't make any difference. He can't hear."

"Then, at the end of several seconds :

"So you know people at Nancy?"

"Oh, yes, nearly everybody."

"The family of Sainte-Allaize?"

"Yes, very well; they were friends of my father."

"What are you called?"

"I told her my name. She regarded me fixedly, then said, in that low voice which is roused by memories :

"Yes, yes; I remember well. And the Brise-mares, what has become of them?"

"They are all dead."

"Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you know them?"

"Yes, the last of the family is a general."

"Then she said, trembling with emotion, with anguish, with I do not know what, feeling confused, powerful, and holy, with I do not know how great a need to confess, to tell all, to talk of those things which she had kept shut in the bottom of her heart, and to speak of those whose name distracted her soul :

"Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother."

"And I lifted my eyes at her, aghast with surprise. And all of a sudden my memory of it came back."

"It had caused, once, a great scandal among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, beautiful and rich, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under-officer in the regiment of hussars commanded by her father."

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he carried his blue dolman very well, this soldier who had captivated his colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him, doubtless while watching the squadrons filing by."

"But how she had got speech of him, how they had managed to see one another, to hear from one another; how she had dared to let him understand she loved him—that was never known."

"Nothing was divined, nothing suspected. One night when the soldier had just finished his time of service, they disappeared together. Her people looked for them in vain. They never received tidings, and they considered her as dead."

"So I found her in this sinister valley."

"Then in my turn I took up the word :

"Yes, I remember. You are Mlle. Suzanne."

"She made the sign 'yes,' with her head. Tears fell from her eyes. Then with a look showing me the old man motionless on the threshold of his hut, she said :

"That is he."

"And I understood that she loved him yet, that she still saw him with her bewitched eyes."

"I asked :

"Have you at least been happy?"

"She answered with a voice from her heart :

"Oh yes! very happy. He has made me very happy. I have never regretted."

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, astounded by the sovereign strength of love! That rich young lady had followed this man, this peasant. She was become herself a peasant woman. She had made for herself a life without charm, without luxury, without delicacy of any kind, she had stooped to simple customs. And she loved him yet. She was become the wife of a rustic, in a cap, in a cloth skirt. Seated on a straw-bottomed chair, she ate from an earthenware dish, at a wooden table, a soup of potatoes and of cabbages with lard. She slept on a mattress by his side."

"She had never thought of anything but of him. She had never regretted her jewels, nor her fine dresses, nor the elegancies of life, nor the perfumed warmth of the chambers hung with tapestry, nor the softness of the down-beds where the body sinks in for repose. She had never had need of anything but him; provided he was there, she desired nothing."

"Still young, she had abandoned life and the world and those who had brought her up, and who had loved her. She had come, alone with him, into this savage valley. And he had been every thing to her, all that one desires, all that one dreams of, all that one waits for, all that one hopes for without end. He had filled her life with happiness from the one end to the other."

"She could not have been more happy."

"And all the night, listening to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier stretched on his pallet beside her who had followed him so far, I thought of this strange and simple adventure, of this happiness so complete, and so true, made of so very little."

"And I went away at sunrise, after having pressed the hands of that aged pair."

The story-teller was silent.

A woman said :

"All the same, she had ideas which were too easily satisfied, needs which were too primitive, requirements too simple. She could only have been a fool."

Another said, in a low, slow and tender voice, "What matter! she was happy."

"And down there at the end of the horizon, Corsica was sinking into the night returning gently into the sea, blotting out her great shadow, which had appeared as if in person to tell the story of those two humble lovers who were sheltered by her coasts."

## A SOCIAL TEA.

"Have you a lot of friends to whom you owe social courtesies? And are you in doubt how to return them? Give them a "Tea"

Your house may be small and your carpet faded. Never mind. Run in a couple of rugs and tie ribbons on all the legs of your chairs and about the chandeliers and put flowers everywhere—foolish or otherwise. Get an ebony personage—male or female—to stand at the door with a silver salver to receive the cards as the guests enter. Put on your prettiest dress, with an Elizabethan collar surrounding your head like a hencoop does a refractory hen, to give you the proper dignity. Of course you know that you have taken a bed down and put it in the yard, so as to give more room, or that you have run the stove out, or have done some other absurd thing in order to put your best foot foremost, and that the children have been sent to their invalid aunt's to get them out of the way. But don't let anybody suspect these things for the world. Just pretend that you live in the midst of social excitement, and attend parties, routs and balls day and night. I don't know what a rout is myself, but they say it is very nice, and, besides, it sounds well."

You must have lots of table-cloth and napkins and a few—very few—lady fingers and macaroons, and lots of pretty cups and saucers with a little tea in, and some pretty young ladies in white or pink gowns to pour it out and divide up the provisions among the hungry horde that flocks in."

Your heart will beat with pride to see them come in—women with an alert look in the eye, bound to spy out things; women who live in smaller houses than your own and with shabbier carpets, who came in timidly and deprecatingly, very grateful to be counted in. Perhaps it is the first time they have been invited anywhere since the birth of the last baby. Then there are the women rampant; the women cynical, who will take in that hencoop collar of yours in a minute and know every flaw in your pretensions and in your husband and family generally in the flash of a thought. But don't wince. This is your occasion and make the best of it."

Underneath it all they are a little mad that you have dared to have a "Tea" and be the grand central figure. Enjoy while you may—to make other women mad and envious is to be quite a success."

The rampant and cynical women are not the ones to be feared—they do not pretend to be anything else. It is the smiling woman with the sweet words that you are to shrink from as she passes—like a breeze of poison-oak. For she will raise great blotches and welts all over you with the most devilish ingenuity to her next neighbor while she is drinking your tea and nibbling your dry little macaroons."

## ANARCHISTS.

The *Chicago Tribune* draws the line at the practical application of the methods of these gentry. It is right in saying that so long as these men meet to talk and advocate Socialism as a theory or condition of life and to discuss in an abstract way the beauty of having everything owned and run by the State, well, that is their right. But when they begin to think bombs and talk bombs, the experience of the past shows that it is not long before they begin to make bombs and throw bombs, and declare war against law and against society."

## WHEN TO MARRY.

Marry Monday for wealth,  
Marry Tuesday for health,  
Marry Wednesday, the best day of all;  
Marry Thursday for crosses,  
Marry Friday for losses,  
Marry Saturday no luck at all.



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