

# The Observer.

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## Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

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

The charges made by a certain lawyer of this city, and a promoter of the Ashbridge's Bay scheme, Col Alexander, against Mr. T. A. Gregg, editor of the *News*, and Mr. Caiger, the chief of the advertising department of that paper, during the past week has been the talk of the town. Mr. Darby, the manager of the *News*, immediately suspended the two gentlemen named, and the matter is now before the courts and it is not proper for me to make any comments. But the whole affair brings up a question that is seldom touched upon, the morality of the Canadian press.

On this subject I think I may speak with authority. I have grown gray in the service and the methods and ways of the newspaper fraternity are not unknown to me.

It is not to be wondered at that so many people think the press immoral, for a goodly section of the community is not above reproach, and we generally judge others according to our own measure. There is not a boodler in this country, but firmly believes every other man a boodler. There is not a thief behind the prison bars at the present moment but thinks that every man out of prison is a greater thief uncaught; there is not a criminal caught or uncaught but considers his morals equal to those of the rest of the community; and, to end all, there is not a man in this Province able to read but thinks he knows more about editing a paper than those who have spent their lives in the business, and as they grow older are free to confess that they know very little, and that the ideal journalist should live several centuries at the least, in order to know anything.

The press of this country has been so immoral politically, that there is little wonder that the people have reached the conclusion that this immoral taint has spread into other departments. When newspapers prostitute their politics, and political parties start papers and hire journalistic bravos to bulldoze the public into immolating itself for the cause of a few low-browed politicians; when these papers villify the characters of men whose political and private lives are known to everybody to be above reproach; and are always ready with the whitewash brush to whiten the characters of politicians whose acts of public and

private immorality have become bywords, is it much to be wondered at that the public pin their faith in the saying of the Psalmist, "All men are liars" and conclude that the newspaper men are past masters in the art?

I am not going to justify the vile political twaddle of the party press, but to excuse it. Politics is a disease and this blind fight for the party through the highways and purlieus, through sunshine and shadow, through meadows and filthy ditches, is one of the strangest features of the century. Men whose private lives are above reproach, descend into the depths of political purgatory for their party, without the slightest compunction and do deeds for party purposes that they would scorn to do for personal purposes. This blind faith in a party leads men into strange company, and makes men do strange acts. Is it to be wondered at that the newspapers should do some queer things for the sake of politics?

But as many men's lives are pure outside of politics, so in the lives of the newspaper men the taint seldom reaches beyond political scribbling. The tendency is in the opposite direction, and the people are showing by the support they give the independent press that their newspapers and political ideas are much higher than the politicians suppose. But it cannot be denied that the public, to some extent, are under the impression that newspapers can be bought. It is only an inference deducted from their political conduct, but the inference is wrong. I cannot account for human nature, and in human nature it is the unexpected that generally happens, but I say this, that I know of no other class of society where the standard of morality is higher than among the newspaper men of this city. I have known newspaper men again and again to refuse a small present, such as a necktie, a hat, a handkerchief or a book, for fear, by accepting it, they should violate their newspaper conscience. I know men on the press of this city that feel qualms of conscience in taking a pass for the theatre, a show or on a railroad, for fear that by so doing they are impairing their honest usefulness to the paper to which they happen to be attached. I know newspaper men in this city who would shed their last drop of blood for the honor of their paper. I have known newspaper men with information in their possession worth thousands of dollars to others outside of their journal, the suppression of which might mean thousands of dollars to interested parties, but I have never known a trust to be betrayed. I have known but one newspaper man in my life

who accepted a bribe and he was an amateur, whose misdeed soon found him out, and he returned to the ranks to which he properly belonged.

No soldiers has this world yet produced more faithful to their leader than the reporters and writers of the press to their respective papers. They are volunteers. The pay is not princely, and the incentive to write is not dollars and cents. There are other lines of business where their talents and untiring industry would bring them far greater reward. These men serve their country and humanity, and he is a cynic indeed who will deny that on the whole their work has done much to ameliorate the condition of the poor, brighten the homes of the people, lighten the public burdens, and assist the onward march of civilization. The poet, the philosopher, the student, and the statesman, the orator, and the scientist are taking advantage of this mighty engine of progress, the press, to better the condition of the world. The brightest minds and the noblest intellects in the world speak their burning messages to the masses through the columns of the newspapers. It would be indeed strange if a wolf did not enter such a fold. But he is soon found out, and his fall is greater far than that of Lucifer from the battlements of heaven.

And what do this noble army of workers ever get in return for their labors? Few of them indeed receive stars and garters, many of them receive only the brief passing notice that this rushing century deigns to give to its great sons, and the great majority fight the good fight and go down into the oblivion of unknown graves, like the brave men that they are, content in the consciousness that they have not lived in vain if they have only gathered a small stone for that great edifice which civilization is building out of the centuries. And still many smile and shake their heads and wink and say that the press is corrupt. All the gold that is given is treated as dross, and to the good acts evil motives are imputed. But it will be a sorry day for the nation when its journalists are suborned, when the watch-dogs of the public are muzzled with golden muzzles. A righteous providence will bring forth something else to plead the cause of the people.

As the orator gave way to the writer of books, the bookmaker to the pamphleteer, and the pamphleteer to the newspaper man, so may the press give place to something better. After us, what? Certainly not the deluge.

## Musical &amp; Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

In reference to the Birmingham Festival I have another fact for the consideration of Mr. Torrington, of which I was not aware when my last comment on the subject appeared in THE OBSERVER. The London *Musical Times* is authority for the statement that of the five thousand pounds which the Festival secured for the General Hospital, three thousand came in by way of donation. By the way, in reproducing in last week's issue Mr. Torrington's quotations from the *Daily Graphic*, the amount handed over to the General Hospital was misprinted £500.

The London *Daily Chronicle* states that Ibsenism is a growing influence in England. If this is a fact, it is one which can hardly be regarded with equanimity by well-wishers of the drama. Ibsen is doing for the drama what Zola has done for the novel. In other words, Ibsen gives us photographic pictures of the worst aspects of human nature. Meanness, cowardice, hypocrisy, sensuality, adultery, the shameful legacies of vice in the transmission of nameless diseases—these are the themes which Ibsen illustrates on the stage. I fail to see that these morbid studies can be productive of anything but evil. There are unhappily many loathsome physical diseases afflicting humanity, but no one advocates that the general public should be called in to investigate them, this unpleasant duty being left to medical men. I am conservative enough to think that in like manner the study of the phenomena of diseased mentality should be left to the psychologist, the superintendents of lunatic asylums and the administrators of criminal law. It is doubtful if Ibsen has created a single character which can command respect or admiration. His gospel is one of hopeless pessimism. According to him there is no escape from the remorseless influence of heredity, and he always shows us the influence of heredity for evil and never for good. In one sense he preaches a most uncompromising system of predestination. One deplorable result of this doctrine will be that many men who may accept it will cease to struggle against their evil instincts. The late eminent dramatic critic, Mr. Dutton Cook, said that the mission of the modern drama was to amuse and not to instruct, as in the old days. If this be so, what kind of people are they who can find amusement in the horrible nightmares of Ibsen and his school?

Messrs. Suckling & Sons announce that they have engaged the celebrated solo pianist Paderewski for one concert in Toronto on the 12th of next month. Paderewski has created so great a sensation in New York and Boston that if any solo pianist can draw a crowded house here at this season of the year, he is that man. The plan for reserved seats is now open at the music store of Messrs. Suckling, and I would advise amateurs who wish to get good seats to apply for them as soon as possible.

Speaking of the alleged exhaustion of the

melodic combinations of music, which was gravely discussed at the recent meeting of the Canadian Society of Musicians, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, I am told, got off a very good joke the other day. He was speaking in a well-known music store and remarked audibly, "We need be under no fear that melody will be exhausted so long as there are music publishers. They will take good care that the combinations of music are not exhausted."

Although repeated failures have marked the essays of Mrs. Scott-Siddons in the profession of her distinguished great-grandmother, Mrs. Siddons, she does not appear to have learned the lesson of experience. This reflection was forced upon me when at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, when Mrs. Scott-Siddons and her company appeared in a weak adaptation of a French play entitled "Check and Mate." Mrs. Scott-Siddons made her debut as an actress, I believe, in 1867, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, as Rosalind, in "As You Like It." The experiment was not successful, and her engagement was soon closed. It will be remembered that some years ago she appeared at the Royal Opera House in a round of plays and that the verdict of her London audiences was echoed here. As a reader, Mrs. Scott-Siddons has gained deserved distinction, but many of the qualities which have contributed to her success in that line have helped to still further increase her limitations as an actress. She has a thin and unmusical voice, totally unfitted to express the accents of passion or highly-wrought emotion; she is painfully conscious of the presence of her audience, lacks repose, and her acting is constrained and artificial. On the other hand, her work is always lady-like, refined and intelligent, and she has the advantage of having an attractive personality. Unluckily, it is in very essential qualities she is lacking; and it is strange that at this late period of her career she should court mortification and disaster in a role for which time has proved she is unfitted.

On Monday night the Kelly Concert Company, which has been recently organised under the management of Mr. Lindsay, of Collingwood, gave a very successful concert to a large and enthusiastic audience in the Auditorium. The star of the company is Mr. Charles Kelly, who it may be remembered made quite a reputation in this city some four years ago. Mr. Kelly has really a powerful bass voice of very fine quality, and his organ has, if anything, become more mellow and refined during his four years of absence from our midst. He has, moreover, made a marked advance in the art of vocalisation, and his work is in every way more matured and artistic. He created quite a furore on Monday night, and he received repeated recalls. To his vocal ability, Mr. Kelly adds the accomplishment of being a very excellent guitar player, and he contributed several solos on that instrument which were highly appreciated by the audience. With Mr. Kelly and his company are associated Miss Louise de Loramier, a young and talented elocutionist, Miss Carita Martini, a soprano of more than average ability and charm of voice and manner, and Miss Minnie Martin, a

rising young pianist, who acts as accompanist. I understand that the company are going on a tour throughout the Province, in which case they ought to have a very brilliant season.

"Night and Morning," which has been running at the Toronto Opera House this week, is an appalling compound of melo-dramatic rubbish. It is surprising that Mr. Arden, who is the star of the piece, should be willing to lend his name to such a tissue of nonsense. The plot is almost incomprehensible, the dialogue inflated and unmeaning, and the action disconnected. One remark made by the hero was almost blasphemous. I refer to the scene where, when ordered to be tied to a cross, he makes an irreverent comparison between himself and the Saviour. Some people have no idea of the eternal fitness of things. It speaks well for the good taste of the public, that they largely kept away from the theatre during the engagement.

The London *Daily Telegraph* says Mascagni's new opera, "L'Amico Fritz," is brimful of interest and beauty. The story is taken from Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrians "L'Ami Fritz." The work illustrates the composer's extraordinary tact in providing scenes and situations with music which appears naturally belonging thereto. It is said, moreover, that Mascagni shows a power of characterisation, which if not equal to Mozart's is of the same order.

I have been looking over a copy of the libretto of "The Mountebanks," Gilbert and Cellier's new opera. The London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says that the libretto is sparkling with wit and humor in the old time Gilbertian style. Perhaps my sense of humor is dull compared with that of Mr. G. W. Smalley, the *Tribune* representative, who, being in London, must naturally have his perceptions sharpened by the prevailing fogs there, but to me a good deal of the libretto appears arrant nonsense. What do my readers think of the following specimen:—

Pretty maidens—roguey-pogueys,  
Tempting both to youths and fogies—  
Pretty pipsy-wipsies!  
Tender little kiddies!  
Tiddy-iddy-iddies!

If you'd learn, O maids discerning,  
Words of wisdom, words of learning—  
Listen, I beseech you,  
Listen, while I teach you,  
In this village forum,  
Rules of true decorum.

I am very glad to hear that Mr. Douglas Bird won success in the tenor solos at the recent production of "The Messiah" by the Ottawa Philharmonic Society. Mr. Bird appears to be scarcely more than a lad, and it is highly creditable to him, and speaks well for his future career, that he should be able to render satisfactorily standard oratorio music. Mr. Bird is an Englishman, but as he has taken up his residence in Toronto, we can claim him as "one of our very own."

## The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

If Mayor Fleming is pledged to one thing more decidedly than another it is to inaugurate a regime of strict economy. The first step in this direction can be taken at once in connection with the police force. A new police station is being opened on Ossington avenue, and of course the necessary appointments must be made.

Now I object to the discharge of any men who have been appointed to berths in any of our public offices for any other cause than proved incapacity or dishonesty. If a man has procured his appointment by fair means and accepted it in good faith he should not be made the sport of an electioneering cry for economy. We shall never obtain the services of good men in any of the departments if it once is recognised that men are to be discharged to aid a demagogue in his bids for popularity.

So that, much as I desire to see that monstrosity that has been contemptuously termed the Morality Department swept out of the way, I do not ask that any men be discharged for such a purpose. Let them be drafted back into the police force and no additional men be taken on to fill the Ossington avenue station, but let the necessary material be found within the force.

The police force here is absurdly over-manned and too expensively conducted. But if the plan I suggest be adopted, that no fresh hands be taken on, before the year is out we shall have a material reduction in the numbers and the expense of the police, and there is little doubt but that a proportional increase in its efficiency will also occur.

Let Mayor Fleming see to this at once. We want to start with not a proof of his good intentions, but of his administrative grasp and capacity. It may not be pleasant to Mr. Fleming to have to wipe out an absurdity that I am told he helped to create; but Mr. Fleming will find that, having become a servant of the people, he will have to do much he does not relish.

We all know that that person who is ostensibly editor of the *Globe* is a mere figurehead, a foil, in fact, to cover the acts of other people. A kind of literary hay-seed, he was swept up out of a little country office at London, Ont., and pitchforked into the *Globe* office to be at once a flunkey and a tool. But having accepted the humiliating position, he cannot be allowed to shirk the consequences.

What, then, are we to think of the literary skunk who allowed such an attack as that on Lady Macdonald to appear in columns that he is supposed to control. Such a fellow ought to be, not kicked—because it would be a degradation to a decent boot to be applied to any part of his person—but cut in the most marked and insulting

manner by all self-respecting men as a cowardly and offensive calumniator of a stricken and defenceless woman.

What is the object of attacking Lady Macdonald? It can only be the most mean kind of spite, because the lady is naturally in sympathy with the political party with which her husband was associated all his life. The Grit gang must be desperately in want of the crumbs of office when they try to improve their position by inventing calumnies about women.

Besides, if this kind of thing is to be the order of political warfare, how will it do to import into the arena the wives of some of these slander-mongers themselves? It would be interesting to see how the inventors and publishers of the sort of journalistic outrage to which I have called attention would act if we turned the light of an impertinent publicity into the interior of their ménage.

No one desires to have resort to this kind of miserable silliness, and I hope no one will do it, because, whatever the enemy do, let us fight fair. But I mention this because it has been proposed in certain quarters, and was very nearly carried out a few days ago; but ultimately, I am glad to say, better advice and calmer counsel prevailed.

The discovery of a dynamite bomb factory at Walsall, in Lancashire, is one of those interesting events that may give some of us a little food for reflection. When we think how easy it is now for any madman or knave to do incalculable injury to any number of people by exploding a bomb, is it not time for us to ask what the people who are not incipient assassins can do to protect themselves?

It would appear now that a man has only to call himself a "Socialist," or Anarchist, or advanced thinker of some brand or the other, and he can commit murder singly or by wholesale, and men claim immunity because it is only a political offence. Patrick Egan, the United States Minister to Chili, is an example. He was both a thief and an assassin, and on this account President Harrison honored him only to insult England.

Now, we have to consider how to deal with these desperadoes, not for their benefit or reclamation, or any sentimental nonsense of that sort, but how to exterminate them for the safety and advantage of society at large, and how to exterminate them at the least cost and in the speediest possible way.

We cannot do better than to hang them, and to hang them with only the preliminaries a fair trial and strict justice require. We have had this kind of fester in the body politic all our lives, and our fathers and fore-fathers suffered from the same infliction. But they had not the same tolerance and apology accorded to them in days gone by; once caught red-handed, their transference to another and a better world was swift.

The hanging of the Haymarket assassins at Chicago had a wonderfully beneficial effect; we have heard but little about anarchism and the

"policy of dynamite," as it is elegantly termed, since then on this continent. What we have to do is to let these people swing, and swing freely.

This is not brutality, but common sense. The way to hinder murder is to punish it, and to punish it severely. The lunatic or knave who will throw a dynamite bomb into a crowd in the street or into a business office is not the kind of animal entitled to any rights, but should be treated as something much more dangerous than a mad dog, and shot or hanged on sight.

We hear occasionally the delirious shouts of a few fools in honor of the "Manchester Martyrs," the "Phoenix Park Martyrs," and the "Martyrs of Chicago"; the martyrdom is a rather unsatisfactory quantity, but the result of enforcing the law has been undoubtedly deterrent. The moral is inevitable: if patriots insist on blowing up society in sections, society must persist in hanging them in bulk.

Many years ago Feice Orsini, a crazy Italian, because he hated the then Emperor of the French, threw some bombs among an immense crowd of people in the Rue Lepelletier, Paris, and killed several of the spectators; we all remember the Saturday evening in May when the chivalry of Irishmen was shown by a party of ten armed Irishmen lying in ambush for two unarmed and unsuspecting men and stabbing them to death as they walked home to dinner; later at Chicago some of the scum of foreign emigrants that the United States has nursed so kindly in the past, showed their love of liberty and their appreciation of the law by hurling bombs among a mass of people in the Hay Market.

It is folly to talk to fanatics of this kind. They appeal to force; well and good, let them be treated by their own recipe. It is the only cure we have for this kind of madness—a madness that is, unfortunately, on the increase, which also added knowledge affords desperate men every possible facility to deal death and injury all around them and gain an ephemeral notoriety themselves.

What society has done in the past it will undoubtedly have to do again. It will have to hang these people who will indulge in this very pronounced form of propaganda; and it will have again, as it has had to do before, meet force by force and violence by violence and mow down by bayonet and by bullet these outragers of public liberty, these enemies of the public prosperity and peace.

Rightly or wrongly the highest development of liberty that we can at present conceive is that the majority shall rule. It may not be the best attainable, but it is the best we at present know. Therefore any man or number of men in a free country, who dispute by force the wish of the majority, are traitors to democracy as we understand it, and if they persist in their folly we must shoot or hang them before they have the opportunity of performing the same interesting experiment on ourselves.

## THE MORALITY QUESTION.

Out of several letters in this connection we publish to-day the following reply to Mr. Smith from "Marie Stuart." Next week Mr. Horace Smith will conclude his writing on this subject, though our columns will still be open to any correspondents who may have anything worth saying upon the matter:

To the Editor of THE OBSERVER.

To the casual observer, Mr. Smith, it would appear that you are handling the fair but excessively frail sex without the gloves, and that they are likely to have but a bad quarter of an hour at your hands. Is it not time for some one to step into the breach? Will you allow me to take up the cudgels in their defence? As a starting point, and just as a mere matter of curiosity, how about the "morale" of the masculine part of the community, without whose active participation, co-operation at the least, in these matters, such a state of affairs could not be in existence? Are you aware that a veritable Diana, the most chaste woman on the face of the earth, would find it utterly impossible to progress in this vale of tears, to live a moral life, at any rate, should she not be in a manner inured to man's amiable blandishments and be the fortunate possessor of a hard head and flinty heart? Do you know that a good-looking woman in this age of imaginary civilisation is the object of nothing short of a species of persecution at the hands of the gilded youths and hoary-headed old sinners of this city of Toronto, year of our Lord 1892.

The fact of a woman being alone and unprotected is the outward and visible sign, cause, in fact, of an inhuman, unmanly oppression and pursuit of her. It is sufficient excuse for the veiled innuendo, the sneering speech, the "faint praise that damns," which mean so little to the men who indulge in them, merely idleness, malice born of inherent antagonism, and a superfluity of "John Collins" mixed, *pour passer le temps*. But, *mon Dieu*, to the woman under discussion it is her reputation, her moral death, the flinging in the mire of everything that the world calls good. It's the old game of the man and the frogs over again—with this difference, that the frog is a woman.

That the woman who is independent does not attach much importance to public opinion, given in the biased manner that it is,—in other words, that she has the courage of her condition, is all against her, but weighs against her indeed in the moral balance that is deducted.

If civilisation were what it is represented to be, the moral laws of a land would be sufficient to protect a woman from persecution of this kind, and it speaks but poorly for our vaunted civilisation, humanity, and manliness, when she cannot live her own life undeterred—cannot live out her own poor life unhindered, "no man making her afraid." The bombast with which the world reeks nowadays concerning "Woman's Rights" is but a fraud and delusion, where such a state of inequality can obtain; rights and wrongs are here synonymous terms. In plain English, Mr. Smith, there is just this to be said. In this city of churches, much clergy, and charities, where you

let drive at the frail sex so ruthlessly, let me assure you that it is impossible for an attractive woman to walk alone up the *Salle a manger* of any of our city hotels without constituting herself an object of the most undesirable regard; *loud spoken*, metaphorically speaking, she is at the mercy of the masher and of his ilk. She is even quite likely (it is on the cards in fact) to be followed to her chamber door by some aspiring genius. Such things have occurred. Not to speak of the small matters of being watched for in dim corridors, when the shades of evening fall fast, and of being shadowed from street-car doors to her destination in the broad light of day, when she takes her matutinal walks abroad. These matters, of course, are hardly worth alluding to—merely "Signs of the times." My idea of the affair is this, that every decent looking daughter of Eve should arm herself (amongst the rest of her requisite and necessary appendages) with a nice serviceable little whip, and like the ladies of Donnybrook legendary lore, *use it*, should she labor under the painful necessity for so doing.

If women could only be made to realise that men's attentions of this kind are infinitely degrading, that invariably it is the woman's honor he's after, that he is only actuated by a vacuous animal bestiality, that there is no such a thing as love about it, there would be a lesser degree of cases of seduction and whatnot iniquity that now disgrace our courts of law.

But the fair sex are proverbially soft-hearted. Maybe something is wrong with their heads, and so the hideous business goes on. I do not, will not, believe that many women sin, but from a mistaken idea of love. I believe the start is in that way, at any rate, and so with a woman's invariable recklessness, she stakes all and as certainly loses. With a man it is but a pleasant episode, one of a thousand other little *esclandres* that he has been engaged in—cursorily—in the course of his unchecked career. He has nothing to lose. He has not the faintest use for a moral reputation. That's merely sentiment—a flash in the pan. But poor, wretched, weak woman loses all, reputation, the world's respect—everything. She is relegated to the ranks of those foolish virgins who swell the "soiled dove" flock. She loses all chance of fighting for herself in the world. She's an outcast for ever more—pointed at by the proverbial finger of scorn; and, worse than everything else, she loses that without which a woman so easily slips on the downward path—she loses her self-respect.

Mr. Smith, say what you like. It makes one heart-sick to think of the iniquitous social inequalities of the age, and there's no help to be looked for in this generation. You are aware of what Shakespeare says:—

He who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

Since writing the above, this week's OBSERVER has reached me. Will you allow me to say a few words in answer to "Toronto Lady"?

I deny emphatically that we are weaker morally than men. Mentally we undoubtedly are, that's

where the fault lies. A woman has not one particle of excuse for immorality. She is not weighted down with the bestial instincts which beset a man from his youth up, and which are, of course, natural to him. There is no good, solid reason why a woman should not be pure, except that unfortunately she is weak-minded.

"Toronto Lady" is as well charmingly inconsistent, in addition to her amiable little admissions in the frailty line, when she, with an amount of amusing gratuitousness, acknowledges that women dress for the admiration of the masculine gender alone, and then with expedition turns around and without more ado, abuses man for giving her the much-desired admiration.

I deny that "in toto." I say that the generality of women dress from an unholy desire to stir up wrath in the hearts of their own sex, their dearest woman friends, the redoubtable 400—an unrighteous rancour—jealousy, envy, and all uncharitableness. That done, they rest on their oars content. Men, as a rule, do not notice dress—it's the woman and a *je ne sais quoi* about the woman that catches their roving eyes, and is what they admire.

Cease troubling yourself, dear "Toronto Lady," as regards man's excessive admiration in consequence of your purple and fine linen. But regard with equanimity the eccentricities of your next door neighbor who revels in one of Murray's brocaded silk, fur-lined white opera cloaks, which cost her affectionate husband \$250. See if by fair means or foul you are not able to go ten better.

MARIE STUART.

ADELINA PATTI.

Patti is now over forty-eight years of age, having been born in Madrid in 1843. Her experienced manager, M. De Vivo, gives four reasons for the preservation of her voice. He says (1) that her method is perfect; (2) that she always fits the music, which she is obliged to sing, to her voice; (3) that she never uses her voice when she is indisposed; and (4) that she only sings on an average ten times a month each seven months. Mr. De Vivo also says that her life is one of "privation and toil," and here, says the *Boston Journal*, his eyes were filled with tears as he thought of her humble cottage in Wales, covered only by a mortgage. He concludes by praising her for "very seldom attending rehearsals." It is doubtful whether other managers would consider this last habit as so very commendable.

A READABLE BOOK.

We have received from New York the second number of selected "Tales from Town Topics," a volume of reading that people who like something lively will enjoy. It is, perhaps, scarcely the kind of book that the goody-goody youth who belongs to the Y.M.C.A. would care to own he had read—though he would read it if he had the chance—but the tales will be enjoyed by men and women of the world, as the stories are all good and some of them very good.

The poet who sent us in a poem entitled "Pass Not, O Dying Year," is informed that it will not be used, owing to the fact that the dying year has passed, and there is nothing in the poem about ordering it up.

## MORE ABOUT BABIES.

The society young man of THE OBSERVER is evidently enjoying himself at his married sister's house. Whether it be the purer atmosphere developed by the sight of domestic felicity that he daily witnesses, or the infantine innocence of the children, or the—but we cannot betray a confidence; only it is a strange that Our Own Masher stays in this house so long. Besides he is developing a moral tone and an interest in babies that we know was until lately quite foreign to him. His remarks last week showed some study of the interesting problem of the precocity of childhood. Our Own Young Man continues this week to harp on the same string. It is suspicious. But as we are behind hand this week and our printer is making the air blue with some *soto voce* remarks on our usual blank, blank, blank laziness, we hurry up Our Masher's copy without any further delay. The young man remarks:—

"Babies are bundles of clothes with yellow heads." That was my definition until I was told that in tropical climates babies had black faces and were found without any clothes worth speaking about.

Babies do not differ much in temper, size or disposition. They are violent, about the size of a pillow, and covetous. A baby can have one corkscrew, a pair of tongs, a handbell, and a broken hearth brush, and nothing can induce it to part with any of them, although it may have the corkscrew half way down its ear, and the handle of the hearth brush altogether down its throat.

When you come near a baby it stretches out its hand and clutches hold of your necktie. This is, the mother tells you, a sign that baby desires to kiss you. When you stoop forward to kiss the creature it seizes you by the hair, and everyone but you laughs and says what a precocious baby it is. When you sit down you are asked to hold the baby. You take it in your arms and place it on your knee. Immediately it catches hold of your collar and tries to stand up on your best trousers with its dirty boots, and the mother says, "Oh, do, Mr. Jones! he's delighted to stand up; it won't hurt him." It then lays hold of your shirt studs, and shoots out its finger at your eye, and drives a hand, sticky with wet sugar, into the bosom of your shirt. Not unfrequently it behaves in a manner so inconsiderate that description is impossible.

Babies, like dogs, are not found wild in any country. They are usually the companions of women. The first thing a woman does when she takes a baby in her hands is to hold it at arms' length and say, "Oh dear!" or "Oh, my goodness!" or some words to that effect, "What a fine little fellow, and only seven months old, too! Why, Mrs. So-and-so's baby is ten months, and this little fellow is twice his weight. Upon my word, Mrs. So-and-so, I've seen many a baby, but this is by far the finest." Mrs. So-and-so smiles, and takes the baby and shows how it can nearly stand when it is held up under the arms and has its back against the leg of the sofa. A most singular thing about babies is that according to women each one is larger and finer than any one that has ever been before.

The education of babies is generally in a very backward state indeed; they do not appear to know much of their mother tongue beyond the words "papa," "mamma," "me," "go," "by-bye." A man once told me that there can be no doubt that babies are descended from negroes, for they always say "me" for "I." Another had the insolence to tell me that men were descended from babies! What Mr. Darwin said about monkeys is bad enough, but this is really carrying matters too far.

## ON THE THRESHOLD.

The new year dawns apace;  
What of the night?  
The battlers for the race,  
Won they the fight?  
The laggard Time doth tread  
On hosts of valiant dead;—  
Right slain by might.

The old year heedless dies.  
What of the day?  
A world for succor cries,  
Long on the way  
Through darkness, greed and crime;  
When cometh that new time  
For which men pray?

Read backward through the years,  
Impatient soul!  
More smiles and fewer tears  
While ages roll;  
Truth leading still the van,  
Man helping fellow-man,  
Illumes the scroll.

Then hail the coming day,  
And bravely press  
Untroubled on the way;—  
Heal some distress,  
And count as victory won  
Each nearest duty done,  
And that shall bless.

## WINE DRINKING AT DINNER.

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The use of wine at dinner has been decreasing for several years. In the novels and autobiographies of fifty and one hundred years ago "one bottle," "two bottle," and "three bottle" men formed a feature of the description of the society of the period. They did not take light wines either, but solid sherries, ports and Madeiras. We learn that it was common at those entertainments for a number of the guests to be hopelessly intoxicated. The fact that the diner-out was apt to get in this condition did not impair his popularity or his standing among his friends. One may dine now every night in the year, and never meet with a tipsy person. It is because we drink very much lighter wines, and less of them.

Within the last ten years a great change has come over dinners in the number and variety of wines served. This is especially the case in the United States and in England. Formerly there was a procession of wines, one with each course. Any one who went through with such a dinner, after astonishing his digestion with white wines and sherry, with claret, champagne, Burgundy, Madeira, brandy and liqueurs, became an easy subject for Carlsbad waters and a premature grave.

I have noticed in London the last two seasons that at the English dinner they now go almost to the other extreme, serving claret and champagne, according to the preferences of the guests for one or the other, through the whole meal. We have not come exactly to that yet, but at a New York

dinner, while you still find several varieties of wine, champagne is the one which is served mainly through the entire evening. The amount of wine which is consumed per head is constantly diminishing at all dinners, and the number of men who abstain altogether is decidedly on the increase. The sparkling mineral water is largely performing the functions formerly filled by the stronger beverages.

An infrequent diner out is much more apt to indulge unduly in both food and drink than a veteran. When one's social obligations compel him to appear in evening dress at his own house or some one else's every night he finds that to have a clear head and sound stomach for the business of the next day he must practise self-denial and temperance. We are all creatures of habit, and self-denial can become as much of a habit as over-indulgence. As the cares of business become more exacting, and the pace of life more rapid, we pay greater attention to the loss of health. We find not only longevity, but comfort, in avoiding those things which impair or unduly excite our organism. Thus while our temptations increase we become more temperate.

As matters are now progressing in the social world the next generation will be found dieting under medical directions. They will be enjoying better health, doing a larger amount of work and enduring a greater social strain in a festive way, and having a better time than their fathers did.

## TALMAGE AND HIS BUST.

A terra-cotta bust of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage sat contentedly the other day on a table in front of a jury in the Supreme Court before Judge Beach. It was the principal exhibit in the trial of the suit of Jacob Schwartz & Co., to recover from John Wood, the treasurer of Dr. Talmage's church, the price of fifty busts at \$6 each. Mr. Wood conceived the bust idea when Dr. Talmage was in Palestine in 1890. Dr. Talmage approved of it when he returned. He sat for the bust, the sculptor being Hugo Herb. It was expected that there would be a big demand for the busts at \$6 apiece, and it was also thought that the subscription list of the *Christian Herald*, of which Dr. Talmage was editor, would be greatly added to by the offer of a bust to whoever would secure seventy-five subscribers to the paper. Mr. Wood was to have the exclusive sale in Brooklyn. There wasn't any demand for the busts, and the subscription lists of the *Christian Herald* were not swelled. Then it was declared that the mouth of the bust was too severe in expression, and Mr. Wood refused to accept the busts. No fault was found except with the mouth. Jacob Schwartz testified yesterday as to the making of the contracts. He said that there were only two busts delivered. About fifteen were made, however. The principal cost was attached to the making of the first bust. Mr. Wood had found fault with the mouth and changes had been made. Anton Welzell, Mr. Schwartz's partner, corroborated the testimony as to the cost of the busts, saying that after the first bust the cost would be about 14 cents each.

A Cincinnati woman who boarded a street-car the other day and had to stand refused to pay her fare unless she was provided with a seat. When the conductor insisted on her paying, she snappishly asked, "Can you change a \$20 bill?" "Yes," he replied. "Let me see the change, then," she answered. So he took out \$19.95 change and showed it to her. But she didn't produce her bill. After glaring at him and the change for a moment she handed him a nickel.

# THE OBSERVER.

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Enlarged to Twelve Pages.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 16 1892.

## NOTICE.

Next week we shall commence a series of articles on matters of general interest to women, in connection with the management of the family, the household, and the fashions of the day. This department will be made a special feature, and continued from week to week. It will be conducted by that well-known and gifted Canadian writer Madame MARIE STUART.

Letters and contributions for this column are invited.

## FLAGS AT HALF-MAST TO-DAY.

The death of the Duke of Clarence is sad in its personal bearing and perhaps important in its public results. That a young fellow with such splendid prospects before him and almost on the eve of marriage should be cut off on the threshold of what bid fair to be a happy and an honoured manhood is, indeed, an object lesson on the futility of human ambition, and the terrible uncertainty of life. We only voice the sentiments of the whole Canadian Dominion when we say our hearts go out in fullest sympathy to the Royal Family of England in this affliction, and we join with our kith and kin throughout the length and breadth of Britain in offering to the mother and father of the dead prince our honest condolence with them in their tribulation and distress. It is no exaggeration to say that to-day the whole English nation mourns, and that a feeling of universal sorrow pervades alike the proudest and humblest homes throughout all the British Isles. It is possible, too, that the political consequence in the future may involve a change in the direct succession to the mightiest empire the world has ever seen.

In Cardinal Manning the world has lost a

man who has been a social force for good for nearly half a century in England. A man of singular sincerity, and unique personality, and the rare courage of his convictions—whether those convictions happened to be popular or unpopular—we have lost in Cardinal Manning a man who has always been, according to his lights, an honest and an earnest worker for what he believed to be the common weal.

## MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

The present year will probably be one of considerable importance in the municipal history of the city of Toronto, as the people have apparently started on an economic crusade, and it will be interesting to watch how long the enthusiasm will last and where it will ultimately land us. The danger is, of course, that our good intentions will dissipate before we have time to utilize them in any positive direction. Vague demands for reform really amount to nothing, and will amount to nothing; we must know what we want, and having once formulated a clear idea of the changes most desirable it will be necessary to concentrate the full force of public opinion into the channel in which it may be considered most advisable to direct the first attack. We must not expect anything like a sweeping reform to come from the occupants of the civic offices themselves; nor, in fact, from the heads of departments, and it is with the heads of departments that the matter practically lies. Mayor Fleming, in his public address, placed before the people various schemes of apparently sensible consolidation and retrenchment; and it is in the amalgamation of departments that the real road to economy will be found to run. We do not want a few dollars saved here and there by reducing the none-to-liberal salaries of junior clerks and office boys; if any reduction in this connection be considered advisable, let it be on a graduated scale, commencing with the most highly-paid officers, and not going below any one earning up to say one thousand a year. But we do not regard any of the salaries paid as being really excessive, and are of opinion that the very trifling amount it would be possible to save by an attempted reduction of this kind would be a step in a wrong direction. One thing that can be done at once, with undoubted advantage, is to amalgamate several of the committees. Each committee has its secretary and some other servants, and involves in many almost indescribable ways a considerable expenditure of money in minor details, expenditure that will be found to total up to a considerable amount in the aggregate. Having reduced the committees, the next step will be to amalgamate some of the departments, and so obtain better service at eventually a much smaller outlay

of public money. Mayor Fleming's promises were good; the people have taken him at his word and placed him in office on the strength of what he has proclaimed his ability and his willingness to do. He cannot inaugurate his term of office by some marked reform too soon to satisfy the citizens nor too thoroughly to justify the professions by which he gained his present honorable post.

## INSULTING LADY MACDONALD.

All Canadians must have read with sympathy and indignation the letter of Lady Macdonald in reply to the insulting slanders of the *Globe* newspaper. The *Globe* has been notorious for years as having adopted among its editorial stock-in-trade some of the very worst features of the lowest types of American newspaper rascality. News has been invented or falsified to suit the purpose of the paper, telegrams have been forged, altered or suppressed with the same end in view, and lastly, the cowardly system of personal slander of political opponents, and attacks on the wives and daughters of political opponents, have been among the most contemptible of the innumerable contemptible devices to which this miserable sheet of slander and sedition has become accustomed to resort. To attempt to reason with the journalistic ruffians who will act in this manner would certainly be of no avail, and the only way is to descend into the arena of personal blackguardism in which these men revel and to attack them with their own weapons in their own way. We all know the names of both the political editor of the *Globe* and of the nominal editor—one is Edward Farrer, the other is J. S. Willison. The first is the person who inspires and very probably writes the diatribes upon the late Conservative premier and his family, while the other person is officially responsible for the appearance of these articles in the columns of the *Globe*. The first man, for many years the heeler and the hack of the most corrupt section of the Conservative party in its most corrupt days, like all renegades is only too anxious to turn and tear the hands of those who for so long fed him. As to Willison, he has no real control over a line that appears in the editorial columns of the *Globe*, but he is the cover from behind which these venomous attacks are made by men who dare not attach their names to the slanders they almost daily pen. Thus it is that we can only hold up to public scorn the two persons here named, as being either separately or conjointly responsible for these insults to Lady Macdonald. If one or both of these fellows happened to be cowhided on the street, such an event might have a salutary effect, much as, in many respects, we should deplore such a breach of conventional etiquette. In the meantime, let those who ob-

ject to tactics of slander against women who cannot defend themselves, give every possible public utterance to the feelings of indignation with which respectable members of any party must regard the continued practice of falsehood and innuendo against the private acts and private life of political opponents, whether they be men or women. If these tactics are not stopped reprisals will be adopted that will not be of a pleasant nature, but these blackguards must be met in the only manner they can feel, and it will be interesting to hunt up their records, even if this involves raking up the unclean past of a country reporter, a disappointed politician, a turncoat editor, a renegade priest, or a hiring Irish spy.

#### UNHAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

A tale of woe and a matrimonial bureau comes from the wilds of Pennsylvania, to the effect that John Sweitzer, who negotiated for a wife at the Wilkesbarre agency, has become a wiser and far sadder man after a week's experience of married life. Catherine Gotlieb, the woman furnished him at regular rates, was a newly landed daughter of the Fatherland, who, in accepting the responsibilities of a wife, immediately took upon herself the responsibility of running both her husband and his house. When Sweitzer mildly objected to his bride's innovations a quarrel ensued, in which the sturdy Catherine seized Sweitzer and threw him down the cellar to languish away the days of the honeymoon, while she locked up the house, gave the key to a neighbor, and then took a vacation to New York. When Sweitzer was finally discovered by a rescuing party he was a sorry-looking, half-starved creature, whose faith in matrimony and bureaus was completely shattered.

#### FRANCE AND BULGARIA.

The dispute between France and Bulgaria is to be amicably settled, the Governments of both countries being apparently anxious to get rid of the difficulty, and at the same time leave the impression upon the general mind that they have not sacrificed any of their dignity. The action of France was ill-advised in the first instance, and she may consider herself fortunate that she has been permitted to retire from the quarrel without having been subjected to humiliation.

#### THE STATES AND SLAVERY.

It is apparently one of the faults of representative government that it is always behind-hand in treaty-making. So it happens that the United States is the last of the 19 powers whose signatures give effect to the treaty barring out slavery from the Congo State—

the outpost of human liberty in the Dark Continent. It might be supposed that the United States of America would be among the first to make such a pledge—remembering what freedom has cost them, and how recently it was bought. But Senatorial dignity and Senatorial courtesy are a great drag on moral issues. If there had been any gifts of office involved the matter would have been settled long ago.

#### A COUNTESS IN A FIX.

A French newspaper is responsible for the following sensational story, *a propos* of the daring exploits of London thieves. According to its testimony, the event happened so lately as last summer, in which case we can only say the lady in question managed cleverly to keep it from the knowledge of the public—and small wonder that she wished to do so if it be really true! The Countess — (so runs the story), who is well-known for her benevolence, one day received a little girl of seven years old, who purported to be sent to ask relief for her mother, who was perishing of hunger and very ill. Lady —, though the child was a stranger to her, was touched by her tears and her tale of misery, and promised to visit the mother at an address given in a street not far from some of the larger thoroughfares of the West-end.

About half-past twelve her ladyship drove thither, carrying food and clothes with her; and as she intended to sit a little while with the object of her charity, she told the coachman to wait for her at a certain church in the next street. Then, nothing doubting, she went and knocked at the door of the house she had promised to visit, and it was opened; but no sooner was she inside of it than unseen hands laid hold of her, half-throttled her to prevent her from crying out, and dragged her upstairs to the first floor. There she was stripped, not only of her purse, watch, rings, &c., but also of all her clothes: and such a torpor and inability to defend herself seemed to overpower her, that it was evident chloroform had been administered in some form when she was being dragged from the hall-door. Finally, she lost consciousness altogether, and remained in that state for some time; when she came to herself again, it was to find that she was alone in an empty house—in the costume of her great ancestress, Eve!

After various attempts she succeeded in calling out of a window to a policeman; and when he learned who she was and her miserable plight, he despatched a messenger to her house and her maid came to the rescue with clothes. But the authors of the outrage were never discovered! Indeed, if the astounding history be truth and not fiction, we can easily imagine that the Countess's friends were more anxious to keep her adventure out of the newspapers than to bring the miscreants to justice! Too many persons in Society are apt to see the ludicrous side of their neighbor's misfortunes; and the idea of a peeress, fallen among thieves and stripped of her raiment, pleading with a man in blue from the window, to send and verify her pitiful tale, and procure some clothes for her to put on, has its irresistibly comic aspect, deeply as one may sympathise with the victim of such an outrage!

#### AMUSEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

We shall give under this heading as complete an announcement as we can obtain up to the hour of going to press, and to aid us in making these announcements as complete as possible the managers of the theatres and concerts are requested to forward to THE OBSERVER office notices of their engagements in advance.

#### AT THE THEATRES.

##### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The "Danger Signal," with Miss Rosabel Morrison in the leading role, will be produced at the Grand Opera House next week. The play, which was written by Henry C. De Mille, is said to be one of the author's greatest works, and is strong, not only in scenic features, but dramatic facts as well. There is every triumph of the mechanical art in the staging of this thrilling railroad play.

##### TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

The annual engagement at this theatre of the Night Owls is a happy event for all concerned. The present is the fifth tour of this exceptional organisation. Popular appreciation from the first induced Manager Manchester to improve his company continually. Handsome and majestic Pauline Markham still leads the list, next came the Japanese Imperial Chrysanthemum Troupe. The performances of these Japanese people are remarkable, the feats of Karawaza, Yoshimata, and Martinoski bordering on the marvellous. The Japanese dancing beauty, Miss Haru, is said to be the handsomest and most accomplished native belle ever permitted to leave the kingdom of Japan. Already the American young men are casting eyes at Haru, but she is shy and coy and her father, Koza, is watchful. The "Marble Halls of Statuary and Illuminated Revelations of the Plastic Art" will doubtless be a "taking" feature of the performance. A score of young women will illustrate many celebrated works of art and masterpieces of the sculptors and painters of all nations. The terminating feature is a travesty styled "The Model" or "Scenes in a Sculptor's Studio." The scenery, by De LaHarpe, to be seen for the first time on Monday, arrived in Toronto this (Saturday) evening.

##### THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The attraction at the Academy of Music next week will be a new drama entitled "The Witch." It deals interestingly with the old witchcraft days in Salem, Mass., and tells a really pathetic love story with a wealth of picturesque and apparently accurate coloring. Mare Hubert Frohman will be the star, and will be supported by a strong company.

##### THE MUSEE.

The management of this favorite place of amusement astonishes the public more every week. The Siamese twins set all the world a craze; the double-headed Nightingale surprised for a long time even a London audience, but the coming human puzzle surpasses anything ever heard of. It is "Laloo," an East Indian boy and girl, the girl being headless, so indescribably inseparable that it must be seen to be realized. The business

of this theatre bears daily evidence how a good entertainment at popular prices will prosper—since Mr. Moore has proved a clever public caterer. He is an old hand at the business, and divides his attention between the Musee, of Toronto, and Wonderland and the Griswold St. Theatre, of Detroit. The head of the management staff, Mr. Young, Mr. C. E. Penny, treasurer, and Mr. Smith Warner, lecturer, work well together to give a snap to everything they present to the public, and their efforts are deservedly appreciated.

The surgeons of the University Hospital at Philadelphia have a curious case on their hands just now. A Hindoo, born some twenty years ago in the village of Oovou, in Oudh, is anxious to be relieved of the twin sister who, from his birth, has been closely attached to him in the most literal sense of the term. By a strange freak of nature Laloo Rambrassad Bhikaree was born with his twin sister growing from his breastbone. To all appearance she seemed to have plunged head first

into her brother's body, for dangling from his chest was only to be seen the body and four limbs of a baby-girl. To-day Laloo is a tall, well proportioned young man, healthy and intelligent, and his abnormally-decapitated sister is a living human body half his size, fed by his mouth and living on his tissue. The doctors at the Philadelphia Hospital have been carefully considering the feasibility of such an operation as Laloo not unnaturally desires to have performed, but their opinion up to the present time is rather to the effect that the unlucky Laloo can only be released from his terrible burden at the cost of his life.—*The London Figaro.*

## CONCERTS, ETC.

The Paderewski concert, on the 12th Feb'y, promises to be quite an innovation in such speculative ventures. The Messrs. Suckling say that no entertainment which they have ever provided will hold the least comparison with the unprecedented demand for seats since the plan opened at

their rooms on Wednesday last. The high prices referred to in our last issue have not apparently blocked the way to this famous local enterprise.

The Concert to be given by the Emerson Concert Company in Association Hall next Tuesday evening will be an attractive one. Walter Emerson surpasses all cornet players; as soloist of the famous Gilmore Band his name is familiar to every one. Miss Bertha Webb is a violinist remarkable for her wonderful power in handling the bow. The violin she uses was made in 1735 and cost over \$2,000. The bow was made by Tourte, of Paris, and is valued at \$150. Miss MacFowler is a reader with rare accomplishments, and the other members of the company are worth hearing. Reserved seats are only 25 cents each, and can be secured at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, Yonge st.

The Harmony Club are working hard at their rehearsals of "The Beggar Student," dated for the 13th February, and probably in our next issue more may be said.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

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**THE LETTER "E"**

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

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

**EXERCISE YOUR INGENUITY AND GUESS.**

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

**THE WAY TO GUESS IS THIS:**

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

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