

# The Observer.

VOL. I.—No. 4.

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Price 5 Cents.

## Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

My "pious and reverend" friend E. F. Sheppard reminds me very much of the old woman in the fable who upon seeing her wrinkles represented in a looking glass flew into a passion and broke the mirror into a thousand fragments. The only satisfaction she had out of it was that when she surveyed the wreck she saw her own deformity multiplied a thousand-fold. Mr. Sheppard looking at the supposed calamity which he and his friends helped to bring upon the city, flies into a rage and rips up everybody. In striking at Mayor Clarke he forgets that he also strikes at the thousand friends that helped Mr. Sheppard to elect Mr. Clarke, in days gone by, and in reality he is simply striking himself.

It is very amusing to see Mr. Sheppard posing as a king maker, mayor-maker, preacher or whatever you like to call him. Because he has happened to be on the winning side for mayor several times, he thinks that no one but his nominee can succeed. If he sticks to Mr. Osler long enough, he will find out his mistake. The moralizing twaddle in the style of a country parson's sermon about things human and divine that he turns out weekly under the caption of "Don" is enough to make angels weep. Mr. Sheppard's sermons are about on a par with the rot he published in a holiday number some time ago and called poetry. His poetry will live as a unique example of Canadian verse devoid of the first essentials of poetry, measure, thought or rhyme.

A correspondent writing to me wants to know why I have been hitting the labor men of the city so hard. Well, I have not been hitting the labor men. I have only been trying to give the professional labor men, what all the newspapers are afraid to give them, their just deserts. According to the Greeks the gods placed labor before virtue. All great civilized nations, and all great men, have borne testimony to the power of labor. There is no man whom I admire more than the worker, but for the man who takes advantage of his position as a spokesman of labor to further his own selfish and sordid ends, I have the greatest contempt. They bring ruin upon the very cause which they advocate.

Alf. Jury is a specimen of the professional labor advocate. His position has been similar to that of John Armstrong. Jury is the fogleman of the Grits in the labor camp and Armstrong of the Tories. Both have been paid for their party services with commissionerships and government salaries and the honest labor men are about sick of such touters.

There are few citizens who will agree with Mr. Smith and others in their efforts to balk Dr. Allen in fixing up the old smallpox hospital as a temporary hospital for diphtheria. This disease has been spreading in the city with great rapidity and it is of the utmost importance that the patients should not only be isolated, but properly nursed and treated.

The Ratepayers' Association is about the funniest fake that has struck this city, outside of the Christian Scientists, for some time. The ratepayers who attend the meetings of the association do not take the matter seriously, and are laughing at the fool institution. It might well be called the paradise of fools. Just think of the Association appointing a committee to select aldermen, in the different Wards, and desiring to put all the executive powers of this city into the hands of three commissioners. Tammany's wildest schemes never equalled this.

I am of the opinion there is a huge job at the bottom of the new rifle range scheme. It is questionable if the new range will be any safer than the present one to those on boats out on the lake, and then there is the increased cost to every rifleman, not to speak of the cost to the city. All the volunteers will vote against the by-law, and I hardly think the ratepayers feel like assuming any additional burdens. The present rifle range could be rendered perfectly safe by expending a couple of thousand dollars on the butts. By lengthening and by raising the butts about twenty feet higher all danger could be averted. It would not cost near as much to do this as to purchase a new range.

But then there is the Industrial Exhibition Association, it wants a race track, and it would like the citizens to pay for it. This is at the bottom of the rifle range agitation. Where do the thousands gobbled by this association every year, go, anyway. There must be a rat-hole some place.

Quite a number of names have already been mentioned in connection with aldermanic honors. There is one thing, however, I would like to see and that is more business men in the field. I take the position that a good business man is worth a half dozen real estate dealers in the Council.

A great many people are disposed to lay all the ills the city is suffering from at the door of the local improvement system. For my part I cannot see any reason for this. By means of this system streets have been opened up and improvements made of vast benefit to the city and citizens. The city has become a huge loaning corporation, pledging its credit for the benefit of the property holder. The money is a charge against the land, not in the

sense of a general tax for city maintenance, but similar to a mortgage for building improvements on the property. The only difference is that in one case the city is the lender, and in the other it is a loan company.

Another thing that must not be lost sight of is that the local improvement system has virtually done away with what is known as "ward grabbing." If streets were paved out of the general fund the alderman with the biggest pull at the City Hall would get the biggest slice for his ward.

The local improvement by-law is not faultless, however, because it does not take into consideration the value of the land. For instance, we will say that Yonge Street has to be paved. The work is done under the local improvement system, and the man who owns property out at North Toronto pays as much per foot as property at the corner of King and Yonge streets. Of course, it may be argued that it costs just as much to build the roadway at one place as at another. Well, perhaps it does, still the benefit derived in one place is greater than in another.

Another matter that requires reform is the present system of putting down water mains and paying the cost out of the general fund derived from the water rate. Outside of the fact that Mr. Hamilton, superintendent of the Water Works, the man who is all the time tearing up mains and replacing them with others, and also putting mains out to York County, is interested personally in the foundry that supplies these mains, there is still something to be said. I believe the only right way to put down mains is to charge the cost of putting them down in the local improvement plan and charge the water rate on the general assessment. Under the present system the holder of vacant land has the advantage.

For some time the *Globe* has been publishing in its Saturday issue several columns of rubbish, which were first called "Observations," then "All Sorts and Sizes," and then, I think, "Sixes and Sevens." One of the *Globe* staff told me that this was intended as a kind of rival to "The Flaneur" page of *The Mail*, just as "Madge Merton's Meandering" is a spurious imitation of Kit's smartly written "Woman's Kingdom." It is sad to have to say it, but the Observations on the Sixes and Sevens of All Sorts and Sizes will thrill an enraptured public no more.

The talented Canadian authoress, "Marie Stuart," will appear in Public in Toronto next Friday evening as a dramatic reader; the fair debutante has been coached by Professor Clarke.

## Musical &amp; Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

The orchestral music supplied at the Toronto theatres often causes unfavorable comment from visitors from other cities, and is a constant source of annoyance to the regular patrons of these houses who have cultivated musical tastes. The composition of the orchestra at the Grand Opera House is not of a character that one has a right to expect at a first-class theatre, and the music that is played is for the most part of the most trashy description. It is a notorious fact that when opera is produced here by a visiting company, the accompaniments are so mangled that the singers are often seriously interfered with, and the effect of their best numbers ruined. In many operas, particularly those of the modern school, the orchestra often fills as important a part as the singers, while in the enforcement of the dramatic situation it is occasionally paramount. Even in the comic operas of Gilbert & Sullivan a complete and effective orchestra is necessary for their effective performance. Yet how rarely do we hear the score reproduced in the form given it by the composer. First one part is missing and then another—here, a beautiful little melody for the violoncello, then a charming bit for the oboe or a few soft bars for the horns. To have the missing "leads" thumped out on a jingly pianoforte, as is often done by a too energetic conductor, is musically speaking adding insult to injury. When the first violin should rise triumphantly above the orchestra, perhaps singing a passionate love theme, as in "Faust," or vividly depicting the moaning of the wind and fury of the storm, as in "The Flying Dutchman," one hears nothing but some indistinct wheezy sound in the one case, and a series of inarticulate squeaks in the other. The cornet, trombone and side-drum reign supreme in our orchestras. The public are greatly to blame for this state of things, for they have allowed theatre managers to believe that they care little what kind of music is served up to them. They have indeed given good ground for the belief. How often has it occurred when a good orchestra has been brought here with opera, that the overture and *entr'acte* music have been seized upon as convenient opportunities for a discussion upon the fashions between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, or a heated controversy upon politics between Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones. I have referred to the Grand Opera House because it is at present our representative theatre. The orchestra there should be strengthened and re-arranged. There should at least be two first violins and two second, instead of one of each as at present. A violoncello is indispensable, and if possible an oboe and two horns should be added. We should then have a nice compact little orchestra, capable of performing with very fair effect ordinary overtures and operatic selections. I do not intend to reflect upon the individual players of our orchestras, but am simply condemning the system which has allowed the present state of things to continue so long

Now that I am on the subject of orchestral players, it will be in order to touch upon a matter

which has been causing a good deal of talk among the profession. About four years ago, a number of the players at the theatres met and organised a union called "The Toronto Orchestral Association." The object of the "combine" was stated to be "to unite the instrumental portion of the musical profession for the better protection of its interests in general, and the establishment of a minimum rate of prices to be charged by members of said Association for their professional services, and the enforcement of good faith and fair dealing between its members." So far, so good; the object seemed a desirable one, although I must say the last part of the "article" might be taken to bear the inference that "good faith and fair dealing" were not commonly practised in certain circles of the profession. The Association soon numbered on its list of members nearly all the instrumental musicians of the city, and even such prominent teachers as Messrs. Torrington, D'Auria, Edward Fisher and John Bayley thought it well to join in the movement. Unfortunately success did not bring wisdom, and in the arbitrary enforcement of its rules the Executive Committee has made the Association extremely unpopular. Section I of Article III. provides that "it shall be the duty of every member to refuse to perform in any orchestra in which any person or persons are engaged to perform who are not members." For a violation of this section a fine of \$2 is imposed for the first offence, \$5 for the second, while for the third offence the punishment is expulsion. It seems almost incredible, but we are told that the Board of Directors have interpreted this article to apply to the orchestras of amateur societies like the Philharmonic and Choral, and have also so defined the term "orchestra" as to include small parties of from three to six players. In other words, they have endeavored to discourage and prevent the association of professionals with amateurs and non-members at performances of every description. The effect of this enforcement of the rule has been to limit the earning powers of the members, and consequently to cause grave dissatisfaction. In many cases persons and societies who might have been able to engage a limited number of professionals have had to dispense with them altogether. After what I said last week, I am not likely to be accused of favoring the amateurs, but I must confess that so far as music is concerned the suppression of the amateur will mean starvation to a large proportion of the profession. Another rule provides that a certain fee must be charged for attendance at every rehearsal for an oratorio performance or orchestral concert in addition to the amount charged for the public performance. This rule would not be unreasonable if the members of the Association were all efficient executants and could play their parts after two or three rehearsals. It is unhappily the case, with but few exceptions, that the members of the union require almost as many rehearsals as the amateurs, and it can easily be calculated that if the rehearsal fees are rigidly insisted upon, an orchestra must become too expensive for the finances of our oratorio societies to sustain. I should not be surprised if the union falls to pieces within a few months from disaffection from within and from without its ranks. The Board of Direc-

tors will do well if like sensible men they reconsider the situation, and recognise the fact that circumstances alter cases, and that any attempt to apply the rigid musical "unionism" of New York to this city must result in an injury to the profession here.

## THEN AND NOW.

## WINTER.

W. SHAKESPEARE, (BORN 1564, DIED 1616.)

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
When nightly sings the staring owl  
Tuwhoo!  
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! a merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
Tuwhoo!  
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! a merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## BRITISH SPARROWS.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Over the dripping roofs and sunk snow-burrows  
The bells are ringing loud and strangely near,  
The shout of children din upon mine ear  
Shrilly, and like a flight of silvery arrows  
Showers the sweet gossip of the British sparrows,  
Gathered in noisy knots of one or two,  
To joke and chatter just as mortals do  
Over the day's long tale of joys and sorrows:  
Talk before bed-time of bold deeds together,  
Of thefts and flights, of hard times and the weather,  
Till sleep disarms them, to each little brain  
Bringing tucked wings and many a blissful dream—  
Visions of wind and sun, of field and stream,  
And busy barn-yards with their scattered grain.

## MR. "PHIL." ROBINSON.

Mr. Phil. Robinson, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, spoke in the following plain manner to a Canadian journalist during his recent visit here:—"I am extremely sorry to see how badly the papers here are served by the telegraph. I can't understand why men of such ability as are the editors of the different papers in the west of the Dominion, submit to the dictation of vulgar and malignant Yankees, who recognise the value of the press as a means of misdirecting the opinions of the rising generation on all public questions. If I were in the witness-box, and on my oath, I think I could put my finger, in three guesses, on the American who dictates and controls the garbled versions not only of European but often of Eastern Canadian news that reach the West. That an American's facts should be untrustworthy goes without saying, when those facts concern English politics, but it seems a pity that Canada should conspire with the States to disseminate these reports, injurious alike to the honor of Great Britain and to the welfare of her noblest colony." Few readers of Canadian journals will say that this is one whit exaggerated.

## The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

Some one has sent me the copy of a novel called "In the Arms of Love," and asked my opinion of the production; it purports to be written by Abi S. Jackman. I wasted an hour in reading the book through and have no hesitation in saying what my opinion is.

This book, then, though bearing the name of a publisher in this city, is really a New York production, and is one of a series of cheap and nasty novels with which some Chicago and New York publishers have for a long time been flooding the whole of this continent. These novels have in them the worst elements of the worst kind of French novels, only entirely lacking the smartness and ability often a marked characteristic of the French *feuilleton*.

"In the Arms of Love" is the story of a young girl who passes most of her time in walking up and down her chamber with nothing at all in the way of drapery about her, and in this interesting condition she is fond of admiring herself in a large glass, and shrieking out for "Paul," a married man of whom she is enamoured. From the first page to the last the tale is a tale of undisguised sensuality and filth, without one redeeming particle of talent; from the first page to the last it is so much repulsive, nauseating, maudlin muck; it appears to be written by a half-tipsy courtesan and is only fit reading for a brothel.

It is said on the street and in the clubs that the retirement of Mr. Clarke is only a bluff. In repeating what I hear in this connection I express no opinion. The story is that the Mayor's friends, unable to meet the charge of "hoggishness" in trying to secure for him a fifth year of office have advised him to announce his retirement. However, this is announced to be only an electioneering dodge, and it is claimed that Mr. Clarke is a dark horse to be entered for the mayoralty stakes at the last moment.

I am told that it is the intention to try and work the pea in this way. Mr. Clarke's announced retirement will, of course, bring into the field candidates who would not otherwise have appeared. At the last moment, when two or three candidates have spent too much money and gone altogether too far to recede, a numerously-signed requisition will be presented to "Ned" begging him to withdraw his withdrawal; and Ned—our gentle, meek, and modest "Ned"—will find himself unable to withstand the flattering and earnest solicitations of such a large and influential section of his fellow-citizens and friends.

In the opinion of many men who "know the ropes" this is the game we are about to see attempted to be played. All is fair in love, in war, and—in electioneering. But Mayor Clarke may as well be distinctly told he will alienate many

old friends if he tries to come over us with a trick like this. At present it looks as if Beaty, Fleming, Osler, and McMillan all mean running. If so the friends of the present Mayor claim that in these circumstances they can, by the tactics here indicated, be sure to place their man.

The suicide of poor Henry Hanbury is only another case of the sad ending of a wasted life. Himself his own worst enemy, he found when his money was gone that his former friends knew him no more. I fear no amount of moralizing will ever alter the recurrence of this kind of folly. It is the old story of ruined health and squandered fortune, then poverty, dishonor, and a suicide's grave. But there are many men in this city who liked Henry Hanbury, and for whom, with all his faults, they will long have a tender memory.

The Hanburys are among the wealthiest people in London. They are bankers, brewers, and wholesale chemists. That a member of such a family should be out here, and have to eke out a scanty pittance from home by becoming bill collector for a livery stable keeper, is one of those strange stories in real life that men who move about the world become acquainted with so often. Just now I do not envy the feelings of liveryman Brown; Hanbury had misappropriated a few of the stabo-man's dollars; it was a paltry amount. Brown might have had the magnanimity to not prosecute him.

What I said last week about the elopement of Miss Teetzel with a fellow claiming to be a minister and calling himself Walter Nelson, has brought me a letter of remonstrance from a lady, who says that I have libelled her sex; she also informs me that she "often walks out with married men and sees no harm in it; and that only a corrupt mind would do so." Just as you will, my dear Miss or Madame—I bet my bottom dollar you are a Miss—I have no wish to interfere with your recreations, innocent or otherwise. Walk about, if you be so inclined, with the Devil himself, if you can find him. But what I said I adhere to and repeat: any single young woman who walks out habitually with a man whom she knows is married is tempting him and seeking temptation herself; she knows perfectly well what will probably come of it, and anyhow, whatever happens, she is equally responsible with the man, and deserves no sympathy. I am sorry that my correspondent is offended of course, but I have a habit of speaking my mind, and fully intend to continue to do so.

I desire to enter my most emphatic protest against the proposal to release the convict Graham, the cowardly miscreant who four or five years ago threw vitrol on the face of Louis Severt, the well-known and much respected tobacconist in the basement of the *Mail* office. Young Severt lost his sight for life, and for such an act of atrocity as this I would willingly hang Graham or any other man with my own hand. Let us know the names of the nauby-pamby "humanitarian" humbugs who are trying to effect this gross parody

on justice. I quite agree that this man ought not to pollute Kingston Gaol; it is much too good a place for a scoundrel of his degree. But we have no other place in which to put him that is more uncomfortable, so by all means let him stay there for life. The only thing I regret is that Graham does not receive a couple of dozen with the "cat" once every month.

Miss Gladys Evelyn, the London actress, is after Mr. Hurlbert with a warrant for his apprehension on a charge of perjury in the late celebrated trial. While there was much difference of opinion in London society and in the English press as to how much of the lady's story to give credence to, there was practically but one opinion as to Wilfred Murray being as mythical a personage as the late lamented Mrs. Harris. The fair Gladys said that William wrote the letters to her, letters described as too filthy to be read out in court. There was certainly some rather tall perjury on one side or the other, and it appears improbable that the truth ever will be established. Anyhow, Mr. William Henry Hurlbert has no doubt by this time quite realised that it is exceedingly risky work for a middle-aged gentleman of means to make intimate acquaintances of pretty girls picked up in a London omnibus.

I am only one of many thousands in the Canadian Dominion who are pleased to hear that the recent illness of Mr. Edmund Yates was not so serious as the first advices by cable led us to fear. As a novelist of repute, editor of the *London World*, and an all round jolly good fellow, Mr. Yates is one of the best known and most popular "newspaper men" of the day, and his numerous friends on this continent are delighted to hear that he is, according to our latest information, pulling himself together in good style.

*Grip* the other day presented the following curious composition:—

COCHONVERT—"Avez vous vu *Passepartout*, journal comique?"

GOMMEUX—"Non. Est il Rouge ou Bleu?"

COCHONVERT—"Ni lim ni l'autre."

GOMMEUX—"Quel couleur doux."

COCHONVERT—"Sorel."

The interesting bird had better confine its attention to the English language, in which it is not too proficient. Taking the above as a specimen of what it can do in another tongue, one naturally exclaims:—"Oh, Mon Dieu, c'est vraiment ni l'un ni l'autre. Et Monsieur le rédacteur-en-chef, le mot 'doux,' dit-moi, s'il vous plait, qu'est ce que c'est que cela?"

A correspondent sends me the following particulars about the "advice gratis" firm of Yankee quacks to which I drew attention last week. Two young men a few days ago called on these gentry and received the "advice gratis" but parted with \$8.50 each (a total of \$17) for the medicine they were persuaded to buy. Who was the philosopher who said a fool was born into the world every minute? And they evidently all live.

I do not know whether the *Globe* has dropped the train or the railway company has dropped the *Globe*. Anyhow the "special train" which the *Globe* has been for a long time telling us was such a startling success is given up—doubtless because it was a success. It cost nominally one thousand dollars a month, but in the elegant language of one of the proprietors, "We divvied that up with some ads."

## THE OBSERVER.

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THE OBSERVER next Saturday will be Enlarged to Twelve Pages.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1891.

## "THE OBSERVER."

We make the gratifying announcement to-day that THE OBSERVER will next Saturday and for the future be increased to never less than twelve and generally sixteen pages. Our reception by the public has been most gratifying. We flatter ourselves that so far each issue has been an improvement on its predecessor, and it will be our constant endeavor to be able to truthfully make this boast. We also will announce next Saturday in these columns the particulars of our interesting guessing contest. THE OBSERVER will offer a prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to any one of our subscribers who will most accurately guess the number of a specified letter in a specified number of our paper. We shall place the awarding of the prize in the hands of a committee of our subscribers, to be appointed by the subscribers themselves, so that there can be no manner of question as to the genuineness of the award. It is our intention to continue competitions of this kind. We ask our readers to be kind enough to note that full particulars will be given in THE OBSERVER of next Saturday, December 12.

We desire to say a few words about ourselves. Having engaged on our staff some of the most able newspaper men in Canada we have resolved, while of course preserving a general tone of accord in the paper, to allow our principal writers to express their own opinions in their own way, without any toning down or editorial curtailment, by which a writer's work is often emasculated and spoiled. Our principal writers are "VIOLA," a lady of high musical and dramatic ability, and one of the best critics in London and New York, in both of which cities her work is quite familiar. "MARC MARIUS" is a prominent Canadian journalist and as Canadian in sentiment as in birth; this clever writer has already shown by his work in this journal the quality of his power. "WILFRID WISGAST" has been familiar to newspaper readers both in America and Europe for many years, and his terse but

energetic comments on all kinds of subjects will be one of the features of THE OBSERVER. We conclude to-day an interesting article by MR. RICHARD B. MALCHEIN, the popular *Maitre d'Armes* of our Toronto Fencing Club, "On Fencing"; and we intend to give frequent articles by specialists. But for the fact that MR. HORACE SMITH passes much of his time in Europe, we should announce him as a regular contributor, still, whenever available, he will contribute, and this gentleman writes, "I am only too glad to be on the staff of a paper that is plucky enough to be intelligently saucy and sensible enough to be independent."

We have received offers of assistance from "Fairplay Radical," "Marie Stuart," and several other Canadian writers of note. With such a staff it is not at all necessary to boast of the fact that we shall turn out in every respect the most racy and smart paper in the Canadian Dominion. We are Conservative in tone, Canadian in our sentiments and hope, but we are thoroughly independent, owning no party and being owned by none.

## SUNDAY CARS.

The article we published last week by HORACE SMITH on "Sunday Cars" has swiftly brought two of the city papers to time. The *World* promptly replied to us, and seeing the force of our arguments and stung by our remarks it has come out flat-footed on the popular side. We quite understand what was meant by "the letters of numerous correspondents, some of whom complain that we have neglected their interests." Mr. W. F. MACLEAN is a sharp newspaper man, but we also fancy that some of the tricks of the trade are not unfamiliar to ourselves. It was THE OBSERVER that brought you up to time, Mr. W. F. McLEAN, and very glad we are to be able to say so, because we value your support. All our readers are requested to sign the petition printed in *The World* and return to the *World* office. Let the citizens stand by each other, and we shall have not a victory, for there will be no real fight; but we shall have a simple walk over. But no time should be wasted, and not an effort neglected to settle this question straight away. We will submit no longer to the gross outrage of not being allowed to ride on Sundays. Go ahead, Mr. W. F. McLean. THE OBSERVER forced your hand and will stand by you. On Wednesday the *Globe* also replied to us, and by its despairing tone shows that it is quite aware that it has to lead a very forlorn hope. The *Globe* quotes our remark that people quit the city on Sundays to the detriment of the city, and the *Globe* admits we are right in making the statement. We know we are right. The *Globe* opposition will only intensify the fun. We are winning, and we mean to win. Every working man and woman in Toronto is interested in this movement; it is the only holiday they have, and they are forbidden to use it; the only time in all the

week that they possess a few spare hours, and when the country and the fields and God's fresh air should be free to them, the bigotry and selfishness of a few Sabbatarians practically forbid the workingmen and women, with their often sickly little ones, to leave the purlieus of the city. Let every reader of THE OBSERVER at once support the Sunday car movement; there is no time to hesitate. Let us act.

## CIVIC MELANGE.

There is very little change in the situation at that temple of fame, the City Hall. The only new move since last week was the attempt made by ex-Ald. McMillan's supporters to get Mayor Clarke to show his hand. A deputation waited on Mr. Clarke, and told him if he would step out they would support Mr. McMillan. Mr. Clarke, like the coon, refused to come down, and as the deputation was not loaded for bear, they are as wise now as ever. On Tuesday evening another meeting of Mr. McMillan's supporters was held, and another deputation started on the same errand. Mr. McMillan announced himself as a candidate anyway.

The *News* is out advocating the claims of ex-Ald. Fleming, and Mr. Fleming will poll a big vote. The *News* as a factor in the coming struggle is not to be ignored.

Mr. Beatty has held some meetings, and is meeting with a fair degree of success in his canvass.

Ald. William Bell has smoked the pipe of peace with Mayor Clarke, and a deputation will no doubt come down from St. Stephens' Ward in a few days to wait upon the prodigal son. Mr. Bell is a factor in this fight too, and he can command a larger individual following than any single alderman in Toronto.

Mayor Clarke will be a candidate, for Ald. McDougall is not in good health and he cannot stand another campaign. The Reformers will knife McDougall for Fleming every time, still they would like to see him in the field if they thought it would keep Mayor Clarke out.

## CANADIAN SENTIMENT.

The only annexationist in Canada worthy of the name is Sol. White, M.P.P. of Essex. If Mr. White lived a hundred years ago and went up and down the country offering to hand us over to a foreign nation he would be put in a dungeon cell, and the chances are Parliament at its next meeting would bring in a bill of attainder and his head would fall.

Hon. Oliver Mowat came out with a strong letter denouncing annexation, and as a result when Mr. White talked annexation in the town hall at Woodstock in Mr. Mowat's and Mr. Cartwright's constituency he was metaphorically snowed under. The town hall at Woodstock has seen many strange things. A year ago it witnessed the great Birchall trial, but Mr. White is the biggest fool that figured in it since.

We often wonder what the theprists who are so constantly wanting to change "the destiny" of

Canada would do if some of their proposals were consummated. Mr. Goldwin Smith would like to turn us over to the United States. Col. Denison would have us turned over to England. What would these gentlemen do if we had Imperial Federation, Annexation or Independence? Like Othello, they would find their occupation gone.

Mr. Mowat thinks the people of Canada love the Queen, their country, its laws and institutions. He believes the Canadians have no desire for revolution so as to reach their "destiny," but that they prefer to let the matter be worked out by evolution, and we heartily agree with him. Although Mr. Mowat asked his constituents to vote against annexation, still Sir Richard Cartwright was strangely silent on the subject.

### IMMORALITY IN TORONTO.

BY HORACE SMITH, M. A.

There are of course various kinds of what is termed immorality, taking that term in its ordinary conventional acceptance without any attempt to define it, which is unnecessary here.

My desire is always to make myself understood, and therefore my readers may as well know at once that the immorality to be treated of is sexual immorality, and that in order to say what I mean it is my duty to write on this subject with a directness of purpose and plainness of speech about which there can be no possible misconception.

Some people I know object to the public discussion of this question, as tending only to call attention to and intensify the evil; they only make reference to the matter in whispers, and affect to ignore what every woman and man is quite cognizant of. I give these people credit for the best of intentions, while I assert that their hypocrisy of silence is as dangerous as it is absurd.

In the discussion of any question affecting the public welfare all the advantage is on the side of publicity and debate; all attempts at suppression never result in concealment, while the mere fact of such an attempt being made has the inevitable result of causing inquisitiveness and often exaggerating the extent of the evil about which so much secrecy is sought to be observed.

Having made these observations as an indication of the manner in which I shall treat the question under discussion, I state at once that what will be discussed in this letter is the important one of the Rapid Increase of Prostitution in Toronto.

To attempt to ignore what is euphoniously called "the Social Evil" is to shut our eyes to what is going on around us by day and by night, to disregard the experience of every country in the world, and to neglect the teachings of history.

That prostitution has enormously increased among us during the last four or five years no one will I think have the courage to deny; the increase is apparent to us all.

But there are two kinds of prostitution: the public and the private. The ordinary women

of the town are of course public prostitutes; the private ones are those young girls who while apparently respectable, and often residing with their parents, have a circle of male acquaintances from whom they receive not hard cash but "presents,"—gloves, boots, bonnets, dresses, and jewellery.

This latter form of private prostitution is much more insidious, corrupting, and dangerous than the first, bad in all senses as that is.

The causes to which in my opinion we are to attribute this lamentable state of social degradation are primarily these:—

1. The desire to be well and often elaborately dressed, which is daily on the increase among women of all classes.
2. The general extravagance in living, and the ostentatious display in which all people as a rule strive to indulge.
3. The marked indifference to any forms of religion among a large section of the people.
4. The absence in the Canadian Dominion of a Divorce Court.

These may be considered as the chief causes of much of the sexual immorality rampant in this city to-day. Apart from the question of natural desire, which it is nonsense to suppose is not as strong in the woman as in the man, the number of young women who have to earn their living and the consequent low rate of wages paid for woman's ordinary work, is an inevitable cause of prostitution, the truth of which it would be waste of time to discuss.

Thousands of good-looking young girls are working daily in this city, at various occupations, for wages ranging from \$1.50 to \$3 per week. These girls have to board and dress. Board poorly they often do, but they will not dress poorly; in fact, it is one of the first remarks of a stranger in Toronto, "How well your women dress." This is true; there may be some women here who cannot dress well, but they never appear on the street. Some of these girls I know live at home, but even then in the vast majority of cases they are expected to pay something towards the expenses of the home; the result being that they have as a rule not enough money left to pay for the gloves and boots that many of them wear.

But a large number of girls are in this city from the country, with neither connections nor friends. In these cases the weekly wages will scarcely ever more than pay the weekly board bill, and will often not do that. There can be only one result. Short often of the absolute necessities of life, from week to week without a cent in their possession, envious of women better dressed than themselves, often lacking anything like moral principle, is it to be wondered at that they fall, and seek what appears to be the only avenue of escape from drudgery and penury to what in the distance looks to them like luxury, idleness, and wealth.

I do not wish anyone to imagine that I mean to attribute the practice of prostitution only to the poor girls here. I shall have something to say before I have done about the habits and conduct of many of the married women among

us, plenty of them without even the poor excuse of poverty for what they do.

Next week I shall treat this painful subject more in detail, and those people who do not care to read some unpleasant truths HAD BETTER NOT PURCHASE NEXT SATURDAY'S ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

(To be continued.)

### MAYOR CLARKE'S POSITION.

BY M. DASH.

Mayor Clarke's position is indeed a peculiar one. He has been the choice of the citizens for four consecutive years; he has fought for every position he has gained, and now that he has signified his intention to step out of the mayor's chair, every effort is made by his old enemies to make him go out under a cloud. To a man possessed of the pugnacity that is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race, the temptation would be very strong to try another pull with his traducers. To those who like British fair play such an action would be justifiable, and in the struggle the sympathy would be with the traduced. Since Mayor Clarke has exhibited a desire to step aside and refuse the civic chair for a fifth term, surely the least his enemies could do would be to leave him alone. Even if he were vanquished in the arena of civic politics—and he is not—that courtesy shown to a fallen adversary surely should by all laws of chivalry be his. Still there is no cessation in the tirade of abuse, slander, and misrepresentation that is poured upon him daily on the platform and in the press.

If Mayor Clarke has any regard for his future as a public man, if he has the sense of injured innocence, the position taken by his enemies makes it impossible for him to do otherwise than enter the field once more and overthrow his enemies completely, or else fall fighting.

Either of these two alternatives is to be preferred to inglorious retirement from the honourable position he has occupied as Chief Magistrate of the City for four years. In the one case he would earn the respect of all, in the other he would carry with him the reproaches of his enemies and the contempt of his friends.

But let us first examine the causes of present discontent and ascertain if Mr. Clarke is responsible. The financial depression that followed closely upon the Baring failure in England, by raising the rate of interest, made speculation in stocks or real estate in the United States and Canada almost impossible. True, we did not feel the pressure here immediately, still it came this year, and in spite of the good crops throughout the country, it is still with us. This made it difficult for holders of land to pay civic taxation on the present basis of assessment, and this is the immediate cause of discontent. The local improvements and the various needs of a growing city increased the civic debt considerably. But viewed candidly, we hardly think Mr. Clarke was personally responsible for the increase. He stood out again and again against the abuse of the local improvement system, and credit should be given where credit is due. But the cry is raised that taxes are too high. Four years ago, it is said, they were only about half what they are now. This may be true, but we hardly think any of these men who owned property four years ago and own it now will be willing to forego the unearned increment on the increase in the value of their land and go back to the former rate of taxation. The growth of the city has increased the value of property, and according to all economic laws propounded from the days of Adam Smith to Henry George, the rate of taxation should increase accordingly. But men must find something to

kick at, and the tendency of humanity is ingratitude.

But, granted the city affairs are in a critical condition, would it be wise to dispense with the services of Mayor Clarke? Would it even be right for him to step aside? All agree that it is cowardly for a captain to desert his ship in distress, and few will think it good policy to throw the captain overboard when the ship is in danger. If the mutinous sailors had thrown Columbus overboard America perhaps would never have been discovered. Is it therefore either advisable for Mayor Clarke to retire, or expedient for the citizens to desert him? This is a grave question. A new civic system is being inaugurated, and would it not be as well to have an old hand at the helm? As far as Mayor Clarke is concerned, his worst enemy will not charge him with using his position to further his personal ends. True, his salary has been increased, but there are those who hold that it is better to pay a good salary to a faithful servant who will not pilfer or allow others to do so, than to pay a poor salary to a thief. On one occasion Mr. Clarke was opposed by Mr. Rogers, who afterwards acknowledged the merit of his opponent by supporting him. Mr. McMillan also opposed Mr. Clarke, and even last week he too, offered to step aside if Mr. Clarke remained in the field. Now, coming to the third instance, where Mr. Clarke was opposed. All will agree that his conduct in the street railway matter was exemplary. He leaned judiciously toward civic control and forced the very best possible terms out of the Street Railway Companies, until it would not pay the city to run the road at the terms offered. Most enemies could not charge him with corruption, still the man who fought him so bitterly and abused him so roundly last January was, although a defeated candidate, implicated in a very shabby transaction with the Street Car Company. Had Mr. Clarke been defeated last January, the loss to the city through boodling in the street car matter can easily be inferred. People are easily led by demagogues, and after all we must not forget that justice, integrity, and honesty in the public service is too often rewarded with obloquy and reproach.

If Mayor Clarke should run, and it will be very hard for him to avoid so doing, there are still many who will support him rather than see his enemies drive him out of public life, a disgraced man.

### ON FENCING.

ITS BENEFITS, AND HOW IT IS PRACTISED.

BY RICHARD B. MALCHIEN,  
*Maitre d'Armes, T.F.C.*

#### II.

During a bout of fencing there is no hard feeling aroused; no hard knocks on the scone, black eyes or broken noses received; no loss of temper, for this would be disastrous to the loser, and which often occurs in boxing. If in boxing there is a loss of good feeling, every brutish instinct is aroused, and the weaker, even if more scientific, will receive most of the punishment, and though the body may be refreshed, the mind and head will be in anything but a pleasant state after being punched.

The New York Times in an editorial, "Military Value of Fencing" notes the value of fencing in strong terms, from which the following is an extract:

Fencing is so fine and scientific a game when brought to any perfection by practice that there is no wonder it should be neglected by the ordinary man, even if he be a graduate of West Point or Annapolis and have received what grounding in the art is now permitted by the curriculum at those fine institutions. But at its lowest valuation it still contains so much worth that the neglect

with which it is now treated should give way to intelligent encouragement on the part of officers of the army, navy, and National Guard. Its advantages in making the whole body supple and promoting digestion give it a medical value. It is a delightful and invigorating pastime for young boys and women; it wearies and refreshes the strongest men; it places on a level through its braininess a weak man and a powerful; it is suited to old men who can bear no other form of active exercise. It is a game of tact, thought, and quickness. It is a school for the eye and promotes good temper, self-control, and fairness, to an adversary. It teaches men to hold themselves erect, measure distance to a hair's breadth, place their feet properly, and walk like human beings proud of their superiority to animals. It is the author's, the artist's, the business man's fitting exercise, and has that flavor of sentiment and romance which makes, more than we realize, towards our finest enjoyments.

Women are beginning to see that fencing is a better exercise for them than tennis, with its obligation to keep at work long after one or other of the players has become weary. A class of about thirty ladies makes use of the Fencers' Club of this city at certain hours when the floors are given up to their exclusive use.

This writer has evidently had some useful experience and benefit of fencing, and knows what he is writing, else he would not be so warm in his praise, for very few really know what fencing is, it is so badly taught. Even in England, where we might expect to have good fencing, where the Prince of Wales, H. R. H. Duke of Edinburgh, and most of the prominent names in the nobility, are numbered on the list of the fencing club, we hear and read only of complaint from the best swordsmen there.

Egerton Castle, M.A., F. S. A., well known for his work "Schools and Masters of Fence, from the Middle Ages to the 18th Century," in a lecture on swordsmanship, delivered in Henry Irving's Theatre, deplors the fact that they have no schools of fence in England, and that, "indifferent as the practice is, the theory is almost worse."

This, too, in a kingdom where every gentleman fences, and not only the men, but every lady of rank, learns how to fence. From latest rumors the daughter of Gen. Wolsley is considered one of the most expert foil players in London.

The ladies' classes in New York and Philadelphia are made up of some of the oldest and wealthiest families in America.

In Chicago, that aspiring city of the west, they also boast of lady fencers; one charming society lady, Miss Mildred Holland, rejoices in the unpretentious title of "champion of the west," and this honour or distinction is not held with impunity, however, for Miss Mabel Marsh, another society lady in Chicago, is said to be a close second for championship honors. An enthusiastic Chicagoite who was a witness of a bout between these two swordswomen, describes it in the following manner:

"The spectacle these two charming young women afforded, with every nerve and muscle on the alert, with picturesque poses, that changed with kaleidoscope rapidity, was an æsthetic pleasure."

He evidently appreciated what he saw.

There are many who enjoy the reputation of being fencers, who know very little about the art of fencing. Through constant practice with the weapon they have become dangerous opponents to meet in contests, but this is not fencing, though so called; and if anyone wants to fence they should go through a good ground-work, else the art of fencing will ever remain a chimera to them. Neither is it wise to learn from a master who cannot speak our own language. It is owing to this practice of going to "French nitbleurist" to

learn how to fence, that I attribute the fact that fencing is so little understood in English-speaking countries. Very often he is trading upon the reputation his country enjoys, and when not wishing to enter into an argument with an inquisitive pupil, he shrugs his shoulders, putting an end to further questions, and the pupil must go on practising in the dark. They also like to surround the art of fencing with a halo of mystery; there is nothing mysterious about fencing. It is its very simplicity that makes a mastery of it unattainable. [Paradox].

### CHURCH EXEMPTION.

BY H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

An item of news from Toronto, Ontario, has not received the attention which it deserved; it may prove to be the first step of a very important movement.

The Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, has passed a vote requesting the municipal authorities to assess the church property just as any other property, and to impose taxes upon it. These taxes will amount to about \$1,100 a year.

This action is an example of adherence to conviction even when the adherence involves expense. Nor can any one deny that the action is a logical sequence from the doctrine of the entire severance of Church from State—a doctrine which the Baptists were the first to proclaim, and on the basis of which Roger Williams founded his immortal little Commonwealth.

The key to the situation is found in the fact that exemption from taxation, up to any certain amount, is exactly the same in practice and in principle as a grant of money to the same amount. If it is right for the State to grant money to a denominational or religious body, then it is right for the State to exempt such a body from taxation; if not, then not. If any taxes amount to \$100, he who gives me a receipted bill or a certificate of exemption gives me the equivalent of \$100 in cash. And while the exemption of churches from taxation is erroneous in theory, it is no less harmful in practice. It has all the evils that would attend a grant of money, and it is less honest and above-board. And it all inures to the advantage of the Church which is always asking favors of the State, and never asking in vain. Where the Protestant churches gain one dollar by exemption the Roman Catholic gain at least ten; the amount of their church property is out of all proportion to the taxable property of the individual members. A congregation, scarce any of whose members are taxed, will have a lordly church or cathedral, which receives the care of the State, the benefit of roads, protection from fire, etc., without paying a cent of equivalent.

And the vicious principle once granted, no one can tell where we are to stop. If the Protestant churches in the city and State of New York had maintained from the start the only tenable ground, the Roman Catholic churches and schools and protectories and hospitals would hardly have received such lavish endowments from the State and city; and the ground on which St. Patrick's Cathedral stands would not have been conveyed by the city for the sum of one dollar.

The objection to church exemption may be stated in a few words: "We do not want to pay our money if we can help it." Here is a church which has a valuable property; but changes in population have left it weak. It would come very hard to pay the taxes. This is quite likely. But exactly the same reason would hold for maintaining the religious establishment in England, in Wales, in Germany, in Russia. If it is said that the churches are not money-making institutions, the same reason would argue the exemption of art galleries, club-houses and, in fact, of all residences that are not productive of direct and visible income.

When this matter was somewhat profusely and warmly discussed eighteen years ago, only two religious papers (if I recollect aright) took distinct and positive ground against the policy of exemption, *The Independent* and *The National Baptist*. It is a source of gratification to those who were then in the minority, and who got a great many more kicks than half-pence, to see that the world is gradually coming around, and that men everywhere are approaching the only tenable, logical position.

It seems to me that there is very often in our utterances an unexpressed, but very real, proviso. Before every election the citizen is exhorted to exercise his liberty as a freeman, with the proviso "Provided you go with the party." We adjure the minister and the theological aspirant to study the bible, to study it candidly; and we add (in an undertone, as it were), "provided your study brings you out just where we want it to." The merchant says to his travelling salesman, "Be honest with every one; represent everything as it is, do not vary from absolute rectitude, always provided you sell the goods." The owner leases his premises to the saloon keeper, and says: "Preserve perfect order; do everything for the welfare of the neighborhood; and do not cause any scandal, provided you pay the rent promptly."

The American citizen is asked if he believes in perfect religious liberty and in the severance of Church from State. He replies: "Oh, yes! I do devoutly. I believe in every religious denomination supporting itself without State aid, provided that this does not interfere with our receiving from the State, annually, the amount of our taxes in the form of exemption."

#### TORONTO FENCING CLUB.

A thoroughly enjoyable reunion occurred last Friday evening at the salon of the Toronto Fencing Club on Wellington street. The occasion was a "Fencers' Night," and a large gathering of members and their friends were well on time. Captain Richard B. Malchien, the affable maitre d'armes of the club, having settled the necessary preliminaries, the business of the evening commenced, and some excellent work was exhibited. Some of the bouts were very animated, four and six couples being repeatedly in contest at one time. Some of the most prominent among the gentlemen present and the participators in the practice of the elegant art last evening were Messrs. Ed. Currie, H. A. Yuelle, Bruce Brough, J. Carroll, Captain C. C. Bennett, Captain Melchien, Captain "Jack" Currie, J. W. L. Forster, H. Horace Wiltsbire, Thomas Capps, W. Macdonald, Lewis McBrien, James Hay E. Sampson, W. J. Somerville, and many other members and their friends. After business was over the gentlemen present held an aesthetic seance, in which philosophy, art, songs, and cigars had due prominence. The Fencing Competition of the club commenced on Tuesday evening, and is in progress now. Owing to our rapidly increasing circulation, *THE OBSERVER* will be on the press too early to announce in this issue the final results, but the subject shall receive due attention next week.

#### A DEADHEAD.

Have you ever tried to locate a deadhead in a theatre? It isn't a hard matter to do. Just look around until you find a man:

- Growling about the play.
- Growling about the actors.
- Growling about the scenery.
- Growling about the ventilation.
- Talking loudly and incessantly.
- Indulging in theatrical reminiscences.
- Going out after every act.
- And making himself a confounded nuisance.
- And that's the deadhead.

#### THE SOVEREIGN POWER OF LOVE.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

It was tea-time, before the appearance of the lamps. The villa commanded the sea; the sun, which had disappeared, had left the sky all rosy from his passing—rubbed, as it were, with gold-dust; and the Mediterranean, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth still shining under the dying day, seemed like a huge and polished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains outlined their black profile on the paled purple of the west.

We talked of love, we discussed that old subject, we said again the things which we had said already very often. The sweet melancholy of the twilight made our words slower, caused a tenderness to waver in our souls; and that word "love," which came back ceaselessly, now pronounced by a strong man's voice, now uttered by the frail-toned sweet voice of a woman, seemed to fill the little salon, to flutter like a bird, to hover there like a spirit.

Can one remain in love for years in succession? "Yes," maintained some.

"No," affirmed others.

We distinguished cases, we established limitations, we cited examples; and all, men and women, filled with rising and troubling memories, which they could not quote, and which mounted to their lips, seemed moved, and talked of that common, that sovereign thing, the tender and mysterious union of two beings, with a profound emotion and an ardent interest.

But all of a sudden some one, whose eyes had been fixed upon the distance, cried out:

"Oh! Look down there; what is it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the horizon, loomed up a mass, gray, enormous and confused.

The women had risen from their seats, and without understanding, looked at this surprising thing which they had never seen before.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica! You see it so two or three times a year, in certain exceptional conditions of the atmosphere, when the air is perfectly clear, and it is not concealed by those heavy mists of sea-fog which always veil the distances."

We distinguish vaguely the mountain ridges, we thought we recognised the snow of their summits. And every one remained surprised, troubled, almost terrified, by this sudden apparition of a world, by this phantom risen from the sea. Maybe that those who, like Columbus, went away across undiscovered oceans had such strange visions as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had not yet spoken:

"See here: I knew in that island which raises itself before us, as if in person to answer what we said, and to recall to me a singular memory—I knew, I say, an admirable case of love which was true, of love which, improbably enough, was happy. Here it is:

"Five years ago I made a journey to Corsica. That savage island is more unknown and more distant from us than America, even though you see it sometimes from the very coasts of France, as we have done to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos, imagine a storm of mountains separated by narrow ravines where torrents roll; not a single plain, but immense waves of granite, and giant undulations of earth covered with brushwood or with high forests of chestnut-trees and pines. It is a virgin soil, uncultivated, desert, although you sometimes make out a village, like a heap of rocks, on the summit of a mountain. No culture, no industries, no art. One never meets here with a morsel of carved wood, or a bit of sculptured stone, never the least reminder that the ancestors of these people had any taste, whether rude or refined, for gracious

and beautiful things. It is this which strikes you the most in their superb and hard country: their indifference to that search for seductive forms which is called Art.

"Italy, where every palace, full of masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself; Italy, where marble, wood, bronze, iron, metals, and precious stones attest man's genius, where the smallest old things which lie about in the ancient houses reveal that divine care for grace—Italy is for us the sacred country we love, because she shows us and proves to us the struggle, the grandeur, the power, and the triumph of the intelligence which creates.

"And, face to face with her, the savage Corsica has remained exactly as in her earliest days. A man lives there in his rude house, indifferent to everything which does not concern his own bare existence or his family feuds. And he has retained the vices and virtues of savage races; he is violent, malignant, sanguinary without a thought of remorse, but also hospitable, generous, devoted, simple, opening his door to passers-by, and giving freely his faithful friendship in return for the least sign of human sympathy.

"So, for a month, I had been wandering over this magnificent island with the sensation that I was at the end of the world. No more inns, no taverns, no roads. You gain by mule-paths hamlets hanging up, as it were, on a mountain-side, and commanding tortuous abysses whence of an evening you hear rising the steady sound, the dull and deep voice, of the torrent. You knock at the doors of the houses. You ask a shelter for the night and something to live on till the morrow. And you sit down at the humble board, and you sleep under the humble roof, and in the morning you press the extended hand of your host, who has guided you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"Now, one night, after ten hours' walking, I reached a little dwelling quite by-itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on. The two steep slopes of the mountain, covered with brush, fallen rocks, and great trees, shut in this lamentably sad ravine like two sombre walls.

"Around the cottage were some vines, a little garden, and, farther off, several large chestnut-trees—enough to live on; in fact, a fortune for this poor country.

"The woman who received me was old, severe, and neat—exceptionally so. The man, seated on a straw chair, near the door, rose to salute me, then sat down again without saying a word.

(To be continued.)

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