

# The Observer.

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## Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

The death of Sir John Macdonald has left the Dominion Cabinet without a "Mac" at the council table. How the machinery of this country is going to run along smoothly without a "Mac" to oil up the wheels is a problem for the great Conservative party to take into its gravest consideration. Government without a "Mac" in an English speaking country is an impossibility, and sooner or later Premier Abbott will find this out to his cost.

But among the aspirants for political elevation at the present moment there does not seem to be a single "Mac." This may be the reason why so few of the aspirants get there and have to live on the honey of hope deferred, and find it hard on the digestion. For instance, there is N. Clarke Wallace, who finds himself a big gun out at Woodbridge quilting-bees and forthwith thinks he has a claim on a Cabinet office. There is also that learned pundit Davin from the wild and woolly west, who flings Greek in mouthful across the floor of Parliament, but who is an Irishman with all that the word implies. Being Irish he must have a grievance, and his grievance is that he is not a Cabinet Minister. But if either Wallace or Davin had "Mac" to their names they would have been Cabinet Ministers long ago.

Seeing that the "Macs," who are a large and respectable minority of the people of this great and glorious country, no longer have a representative in the councils of the nation, it will not be out of place to look around and find if there is a likely "Mac" to be had. To be suitable he must be young and represent the younger element in the party, eloquent to adorn his country, practical to keep up the traditions of his race, and if possible not a limb of the law.

There is just one man that will fill that bill and he is W. F. Maclean of the *World*. There is not a bigger fighter in all Ontario for his inches than Mr. Maclean. He has built up a daily paper by sheer ability. He is a man that the Conservative party might well feel proud of. W. F. Maclean and his paper the *World*, are greater factors to-day in Conservative politics, than any other Conservative combination of either brains or cash in Canada. It is the duty of the Conservative party, now that so many constituencies are open, to give Mr. Maclean a chance. To talk about Meredith as a representative of Ontario in the Cabinet is nonsense. Meredith, although an able man, has a poorer following in Ontario than any

other Conservative I know of. Even Clarke Wallace could bring more influence from Ontario than Mr. Meredith.

Then there is McCarthy, who might be the "Mac" in the Cabinet but who will not. He would be the best man available, but after him comes W. F. Maclean and nothing but the jealousy of the gaud of "literary" amateurs that clusters around the *Empire* keep him from getting there.

It is told of Mahomet that upon a visit he was about to pay to Paradise, he had the offer of numerous conveyances, such as fiery chariots and winged horses, but that he preferred to go there upon an ass. This inclination may seem singular but it is precisely the same spirit that prompted the Conservatives to ride to glory on the *Empire*. A greater specimen of the long-eared animal, figuratively speaking, than this paper it would be hard to find.

When the *Mail* gave up partyism and struck out on independent line, a few of the Conservative sore-heads made up their minds to start a paper. They had the *World*, and Maclean was doing the best work the party has had done for it since, but they were not content. The first proposal was to buy out the *World* and run it as the party organ. If the *World* was bought the Macleans, who are born journalists, wished to remain on it, but this would not suit the small knot of sore-headed political journalists, who were at the head of the movement and who desired fat offices for themselves.

Maclean and the *World* was shunted and with a big flourish of trumpets the *Empire* was started for the ostensible purpose of killing off the *Mail*. But the *Mail* has proved to be tough killing. Why, the *Empire* as it is run, could not kill off a hardy annual like Ayer's almanac, let alone a daily. The people want news the same as they want cloth. They are willing to pay for it and they do not care a continental in whose shop it is manufactured.

The *Empire* might have killed off the *Mail* had it been properly managed, but when it started every partizan newspaper man in the country struck it for a job and got one. To start with the editor, Mr. Creighton's knowledge of newspaper work did not extend beyond the realm of cross-road journalism. He might do to edit a weekly printed with apple butter on a cider press, but a daily in a metropolitan city was too big a quart for his pint measure experience. To make matters worse he was too old to learn, and as a consequence, the *Empire* is the bogey of its friends, the laughing stock of its enemies, and a public nuisance.

Mr. Creighton is so wrapped up in Owen Sound and the surrounding country, that he has not yet realized that he is living in a big city. Like the

man who lives in a barrel, he knows nothing except what he sees out of the bung-hole. His horizon does not extend beyond washing ink-rollers, and taking cordwood for subscriptions. If an Owen Sound farmer loses a cow, he can have a paragraph about it in the *Empire*, but when the Lieut. Governor had a paralytic stroke, the *Empire* was blissfully ignorant until it read the news in the columns of a contemporary.

A matter of much surprise for those who know something about newspaper work, is how it is that the stock-holders of this ridiculous sheet, allow their good money to be blown in such a hilarious fashion. The money spent in trying to build the *Empire* on a rotten journalistic foundation, would have made a great paper out of the *World* with Maclean at the head. The day is not far distant either, when the party will have to look to the *World* as its organ, and the sooner W. F. Maclean is taken into the councils of the Conservative party the better for that party.

W. F. Maclean is the "Mac" wanted in the Dominion Cabinet. He is young, eloquent, energetic, and as an Ontario man is quite capable of holding his own with any blue nose politician that the Maritime provinces can produce, either in wisdom, energy, or with tongue or pen.

The *Empire* is not a newspaper but merely a very rusty party machine; it has not at the head of any one single department of the paper a man qualified for his position either by experience or education. I "names no names," but the editorial writers on the *Empire* are simply drivelling incapables, with neither ideas, style, nor grammar, while their departmental editors are so many young prigs who part what hair they have got in the middle and curl their moustaches with the curling tongs of their sisters or their Sunday girls. It is to be hoped for the credit of Toronto journalism and the well-being of the Conservative party that the *Empire* may soon expire of inanition.

So the Rev. W. A. Hunter wants us all to "strike at the Devil." All I can say is that I pity the poor old Devil if he is to be knocked about by clerical toughs, like some of those who are now, like W. A. Hunter and Hugh Johnson, trying to interfere with the legal expression of the will of the people. What a sorry kind of an ass a man must be to trouble like this because it is proposed to do here in Toronto what is done in every other city in Europe or America.

The conductor on a very slow Toronto street car said, the other day, "Madame, your boy can't pass at half fare; he's too large."

"He may be too large now," replied the lady; "but he was small enough when we started."

## Musical &amp; Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

There was a select gathering of musicians and critics in Association Hall on Saturday evening last to hear Herr Arthur Friedheim, the solo pianist. The engagement was made by my old friend, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, who had met the *virtuoso* in Germany, and had conceived an admiration for his ability. I am sorry for Mr. Forsyth, as I am certain he must have lost a good round sum of money on the venture. However, like most of the lads of the village of Aurora, as I remember them when I used to romp with them, he has lots of pluck and I should not be surprised if he should bring Friedheim here a second time. Herr Friedheim showed himself to be a phenomenally equipped player; he has an ideal hand—pianistically, excuse the word—extraordinary power, splendid execution, and a most versatile and well-developed touch, capable of the most varied effects. He gave the Beethoven sonata, op. 26, a musicianly, orthodox, and artistic interpretation. He showed strength that was well restrained, and delicacy that was not effeminate. A great merit of his reading was the wonderful clearness with which every phase and point was brought out. The *finale* was an exquisite bit of workmanship, so rapid, distinct, crisp and equal. His transcription of the "Tanhauser" overture was a veritable *tour de force*, but surely it is a mistake to attempt to rival the orchestra. An endeavor to work up such a colossal climax as that of the overture naturally results in bringing out the noisy qualities of the metallic monsters which the modern concert grands have become. One hears the thud of the blow, and the clang of the metal. I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but it seems to me that public taste as to piano-forte tone has become degraded of late years. The Leipzig school of pianopounders have had much to do with this; as they progressed in the art of smashing hammers, snapping strings and untuning instruments at one sitting, the manufacturers responded by increasing the weight of the strings and the strength and size of their pianos. At this rate the piano of the future will weigh about twenty tons and will be about fourteen feet long, and performers will have to undergo a preparatory course of instruction at a blacksmith's forge in order to work up muscle to qualify them to combat with such masses of iron and steel and wood. The volume of sound that Mr. Joseffy produces from a piano is quite sufficient for me; when I go to a piano recital I do not want to hear a brass band. In my opinion, Herr Friedheim plays many compositions with too much force, and often gets beyond the real tone of the instrument; he is lacking moreover in warmth of sentiment.

Mr. Boscovitz will give his second piano concert lecture on Monday evening in the Normal School theatre. Mr. Boscovitz will be

sure to have something instructive to say and pleasant to listen to.

The seventh annual convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians will be held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29th and 30th in the Public Hall of the Education Buildings, St. James' Square. The programme embraces contributions by Mr. Thomas Martin, of London, Mr. A. M. Read, of St. Catharines, Messrs. W. Elliott, Haslam and D. W. Forsyth, of Toronto, and other prominent musicians. The celebrated Mehan Ladies' Quartette, of Detroit, will sing on Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening a reception will be tendered the members of the convention by Mrs. George Tate Blackstock at her residence. The convention will close on Wednesday evening with a grand concert by the world-renowned pianist, Vladimir De Pachmann, his first appearance in Canada, assisted by Mrs. Wyman, the popular New York contralto. The society's enterprise deserves the ample support of our music-loving citizens.

Mr. Torrington writes to say that it is not true that he is opposed to the employment of a first-class orchestra in connection with the proposed musical festival. I am glad to hear it, and can only say that his views must be singularly misrepresented by his own friends. His letter will be found elsewhere. With it is forwarded the circular issued by Mr. Torrington in the fall of 1885, claiming support for the festival of 1886, and announcing that the chorus would be assisted by the orchestra of Theodore Thomas or Dr. Damrosch or the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We all know that instead of one of these organizations being secured, a "scratch" orchestra from Buffalo was engaged.

The concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, Mr. Edgar Buck conductor, occurred too late this week for notice.

We are to have an embarrassment of pianists shortly. Alfred Gruenfeld, Vladimir de Pachmann, and Paderewski are all announced to appear in Toronto between this and the 8th of January. If Paderewski comes I hope his manager will have a spare piano handy, as it is said that on one occasion in New York, he smashed three of the hammers of the concert grand he was using. Naturally he infinitely regretted the *accident*.

Things seem to be badly arranged at our theatres. Opera is announced for next week at both the Grand and the Academy—Miss Agnes Huntington in "Captain Therese," and Marion Manola in "Tar and Tartar." Both attractions are strong, so that each will suffer from the rivalry.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new light opera is expected to be ready for production in London shortly before Easter.

It is a curious fact that a Frenchman wishing for a repetition of a piece cries "Bis" (a Latin word), a German shouts "Da Capo" (Italian), and an Englishman yells "Encore" (French).

The critic of the *Mail* says that my old friend Mme. de Chadenades ought to be heard more frequently in concert. He is quite right; she is a sweet singer, and her style is much more attractive than that of several more pretentious vocalists who get well advertised.

Paulton's comedy "Niobe," which has been running all the week at the Academy of Music, is one of the best attractions that has been given at this theatre this season. Not the least of its merits is that it is free from vulgarity and horseplay. I am no prude myself but I must say that the rude jokes, coarse swearing and indecent kicking which have been prominent features of American farce-comedies of late years, cannot but have done much to hurt that delicacy of sentiment which is attributed to the sex. By kicking I do not mean the frisky antics of the skirt dancers, but that vulgar "booting" of each other indulged in by low comedians. "Low," indeed.

"Chromaticus," in a letter which will be found in another column, writes giving his views in opposition to my statement of last week as to the decline of oratorio. I have to postpone my reply till next issue.

A very interesting private *musicale* was given last Monday evening in the residence of Mr. A. S. Vogt, 605 Church Street. The programme was supplied by pupils of Mr. Vogt assisted by Mrs. Adamson, violinist, Miss McGill, vocalist, and Mr. Dinelli, violoncellist. It speaks well for Mr. Vogt's merits as a teacher and his taste as a musician that the selections included compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, St. Saens, Bizet, and Scharwenka, and that the performance was most creditable in every case. The pupils who contributed were: Miss Benson, Miss Boulton, Miss Andrich, Miss Burke, Miss Gaylord, Miss Topping, and Miss Mary Mara. I am sorry I have not more space at command to give to this notice.

Communications having reference to this column should be posted not later than Monday to secure notice in the next issue.

A little breeze, a gentle breeze—  
The kind that whispers through the trees,  
And flirts with flowers and birds and bees,  
Attuned to Nature's minor keys,  
Which wafts o'er downy beds of ease,  
Yet cools the couch of foul disease  
And everybody seems to please—  
May well deserve the sick man's prayer,  
May on its breath sweet fragrance bear,  
May soothe the clammy brow of care,  
May bless the brave and kiss the fair—  
But, heavens! how it makes me swear  
When here and there and everywhere  
It blows my papers in the air!

## The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

The question of paramount interest in Toronto at the present moment is not who is to be mayor, or whether we intend to kick some of the present aldermen into office again or kick them out, or hang a few of them up to telegraph posts as an encouragement to the rest. No, these comparatively minor issues are all put aside for the more important one of Sunday cars.

I have placed my opinion very plainly on record for many years past on this question, but people should remember that the direct question is not at issue yet. Our opponents are not fighting fair; they are trying by all manner of shabby tricks to prevent the citizens from saying "yes" or "no" on a matter of vital interest to us all. Strange, is it not, that the clergy as a class should be so fond of special pleading and of subterfuge?

Is a man like the Rev. Hugh Johnson capable of seeing himself as others see him? It is to be hoped not. For if it be not hypocritical cant for this man to ride to and from his church on Sundays—as he admits he does—and then to object to you and I riding in a street car because, forsooth, you and I should be desecrating the Sabbath, while he is not—if such a line of "argument" be not cant and hypocrisy, then these words have no meaning.

The primary question now is, Are or are not the taxpayers of this city to be allowed to vote on the subject? This will be settled on Monday evening. But in the meantime every expedient will be resorted to for the sole purpose of obscuring the issue, which is—do we really govern ourselves or not?

I ask the people to take special note of those aldermanic jacks-in-office who, disguised in a little brief and beggarly authority by the mandate of the people, have the impertinence to stand up in the council chamber and assert that the Sunday question is a question which the people do not understand, and that only an alderman has the intellect to grasp.

Any man who tells me he objects to all work on a Sunday and, therefore, objects to cars being run on the streets during that day, is a man with whom I shall diametrically differ, but can still shake hands with as a consistent fellow; but the minister who rides to church and objects to his congregation riding to church as well, is on a par with some newspaper proprietors who issue a paper on Monday that all the staff have had to work on Sunday to produce, and then coolly tell us they object to Sunday labor in the interest of the working man.

Let the *Globe* and the *Empire* both be consistent. They tell us daily that they oppose the popular movement in the interest of the working classes. Both these papers should then discontinue their Monday morning issue and allow the large number of men each office employs to rest on Sunday. A considerable public would, I am convinced, excuse the appearance of both these interesting sheets for one morning in each week—especially on conscientious grounds. But are either of these journals likely to do this for the sake of consistency or conscience? Well, not much.

In the interim let the genuine ratepayers continue to sign the petition. Let us clear the Sunday car question out of the way, for we have other work to do. But as far as Sunday cars are concerned our opponents may as well understand that we mean winning, and the best thing they can do is to stand aside.

I am very glad that Florence St. John, the Gaiety actress, has not been allowed her divorce. According to her own showing she is a shameless hussey, and it does appear a satire on the intelligence of mankind that the low intrigues of this painted and powdered wanton should for well-nigh a fortnight have occupied a prominent place in the columns of the leading newspapers of the world.

This young woman was the daughter of a poor man and woman who formerly lived by managing a little green-grocer's shop in the east of London, and yet in the course of a dozen or fifteen years this woman, certainly not very highly gifted in any way, has been three times legally married to men of means, and has also been on terms of very intimate intimacy with many of the nobleman and "swells" of London.

Why is this? Passing strange indeed is the divinity in which many men will invest a woman on the stage. In London a young fellow to be in the first rank of fashion must "keep" an actress. He must, of course, be exceedingly well-off to do it, because owning a yacht or a few race horses does not come as a rule so high as owning, or partly owning most probably, a lady on the stage.

This is the secret of the success of many of the star actresses about whom we hear so much. Like the lady in the *Beggar's Opera*, they have been for "years in keeping," and are proud of it. Only when we are treated *ad nauseum* to so much drivel about the Langtrys, and the St. Johns, and the Camerons, it may not be out of place to remind people that many a poor girl who from sheer necessity is walking the streets of this city to-night is pure both in body and in mind when compared with one of these.

I am pleased to see that Mr. W. J. Hambly is out in No. 2 Ward as school trustee. Mr. Hambly is too well known to require any endorsement from me—he is a jolly good fellow,

only he always appears to me much too diffident in the way of helping himself. He can go in and win this contest easily if he will only do what all the other candidates are doing, and what he would willingly do for anyone else—hustle for himself.

I still adhere to my opinion that Mr. Edward Clarke is the dark horse on which it would be most safe to put one's money for the mayoralty contest. If he runs, he will win, with McMillan for a good second, and a tie between Fleming and Beaty.

Should Clarke be well advised and consider his character before his pocket—that is to say, keep his word and not allow his officious friends to nominate him, it is not improbable that the Conservatives will unite on Osler, on account of the damning support being given by the *Globe* to Fleming. If Mr. Fleming is "snowed under," he will have to thank his friends Peter Ryan, Mr. Spence, and our journalistic Mrs. Gamp.

The other day Mr. George Eakins was presented with a handsome testimonial by his colleagues on the editorial staff of the *Mail*, where he has held the important position of associate editor for eight years. The presentation was made by Mr. Bunting in a frank and genial speech, and suitably and feelingly acknowledged by the recipient. The "boys" were present in full force.

Gladstone being led about Northampton by Labouchere reminds me of Mephistopheles and Faust—the devil, for his own ends, pandering to the senile vanity of an old fool.

I could tell some funny tales of Labby, and "Henrietta," and Northampton, but my space is limited, and—well, "some other day, some other day."

There was a rumor in London early this week that Mr. Du Maurier, the famous society artist of *Punch*, had become totally blind, but a friend cabled on Thursday from Fleet street as follows:—"I saw him to-day. It is true he has long since had the use only of one eye and the other is very much affected, but with the use of blue glasses he expects to retain and regain his sight."

I read in *Le Gaulois* that some French authors have adopted the practice of using green tinted paper for manuscript, finding it less harmful to the eyes than white paper.

*Flipper*—Did you notice Miss Plumpleigh just now, how she flirted out of the room? It seems to me she is putting on airs to an extent that is positively ridiculous.

*Flapper*—Excuse me, sir; you make a mistake. She is at this moment putting on a garter to an extension that is positively delicious. I saw her pick it up from the floor.

## THE FIRE INSURANCE PROBLEM.

Every year it is becoming more evident that some radical changes are required in the laws relating to fire insurance. The present system is far too costly, and the law is not in consonance with that spirit of practical justice and equity that obtains in modern legislation. The grievances are many, but can be classified under several heads. The rates are far too heavy and the method of adjustment unfair. The high rate is due to the absence of a stringent law to prevent and punish incendiarism, and the unfair adjustment to the absence of legislation to secure justice between all parties concerned.

Loss by fire is a calamity to the State as well as to the individual. The national wealth is reduced by a fire, and although the individual receives full compensation it is at the expense of the community. Property destroyed by fire represents the destruction of the fruit of so much labour. All the work bestowed on it is lost and can never be replaced.

The great majority of fires are the work of incendiaries. Thousands of dollars' worth of valuable property is lost every year through the deliberate destruction of man. In some cases it is an enemy that lights the torch, but the experience of insurance companies is that very often it is the man that expects the insurance that starts the fire. The law does not make provision for a searching investigation to bring the crime home, and such being the case the companies wink at these transactions. They pay the actual loss, minus a slice for the expenses of an adjuster, and make the rates of insurance to the community at large sufficiently high to meet the contingency. The insured takes his money, less what the companies see fit to deduct. If he has acted crookedly he has no desire to make the companies disgorge, for this might lead to disclosures. If he is honest he knows that a lawsuit with the companies might cost him more than the sum they have deducted from his loss.

The insurance companies do not lose by the transaction. They are not greatly concerned about the welfare of the public, and they make the rates according to their losses. It is evident that something should be done, and it is suggested that a change in the law might remedy the evil, an official inquiry being held by an officer of the law, a justice of the peace or a coroner, where the loss by fire exceeds a certain sum, say one or two hundred dollars, and there is a suspicion of foul play. This officer and a jury should hear evidence under oath, as in the case of an inquest. It would be the duty of the jury to find a verdict according to the facts and ascertain the cause of the fire and value the loss. A small fee would meet the expenses of the enquiry. This could be deducted from the insurance money. Such an inquiry would have a great effect in lessening the number of fires. The knowledge that an inquiry would follow a fire would in almost every case deter a man from deliberately burning his own property to get the insurance. Thus a stop would be put to the most fruitful source of fires. Another difficulty would also be overcome, for a man could carry insurance to the full value of his stock, and would not have to carry insurance for more than his stock is worth, for the enquiry would assess his exact loss and stand between him and the insurance company. At present the companies say they will not insure up to the full value, but in many cases men carry insurance for more than their stock is really worth, because in case of fire, and even total loss, they think they will have to throw something off the insurance and they might as well have a good margin. The companies lay down the golden rule of not insuring to the full value

of the stock, but they do not care a straw if you insure for three times the value of the stock. They get the advantage in the extra premium, and in case of fire they pay only the actual loss anyway and at their estimate. They stand to win every time.

It is evident that some such a scheme as proposed would save thousands of dollars of loss annually, besides lowering the rates of insurance all round. The public would be benefited, whilst no injustice would be done to the companies.

This is a question that might receive the attention of our legislators. The public at large is far more deeply interested than the insurance companies, but for this very reason the matter has been neglected.

## A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

BY E. SNODGRASS.

The piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings. It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somehow about the year 1200 this was thought of and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hands of the player, and then a genius invented a key-board, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers. This instrument was called a clavichorium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord, and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton, and the fine ladies of our revolutionary times played on. In 1710 Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a key or keyboard, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano. In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as a piano. At the present day the upright piano has the field almost entirely to itself, and has reached such a high grade of perfection in shape, tone and appearance that there would appear to be no possibility of further improvement.

As long ago as the days of the Greeks and Romans a slight *elancee* figure was admired, and stoutness looked upon as a deformity. Martial ridiculed fat women, and Ovid put large waists in the first rank of his remedies against love. Several means were tried then, as now, not only to restrain an expanding figure, but to enhance the beauties of a very slight one. But they were of a different kind from those with which we are familiar. Bandages were worn, with the generic name of *fasciæ mamillares*. These consisted of the strophium, the cloth worn round the bosom; the tænta, a similar band below, and the zona, or waist belt. When bandages failed, those who valued the beauty of their figure had recourse to a remedy prescribed by Seranus Sammonicus. They enveloped their busts with garlands of ivy, which were thrown on the fire as soon as withdrawn, and afterwards rubbed all the upper part of their figures either with goose fat mixed with warm milk or with the egg of a partridge. Men were as vain as the woman, if we are to believe Aristophanes and other writers. The great comic dramatist mocked his contemporary, Cinecias, for wearing busks of linden wood, and Capitolinus, in his bio-

graphy of the Emperor Anthony, mentions that he also has recourse to them to compress his swelling figure. Testimony is conflicting, however. Some contend that the ancients wore veritable corsets, arguing that when Homer, in describing Juno's toilet when she wished to captivate Jupiter, speaks of her two girdles, he was really describing a Greek corset; and that the *egide* of Minerva, which Virgil describes, is to be interpreted in the same manner. But this view is surely mistaken, for no monument, no artist work, no evidence point to the use of stiff whalebone corsets, as worn to-day.

## TO UTILIZE NIAGARA.

Cleveland is taking a prominent part just now, in a movement which will doubtless lead to the saving of vast sums by the citizens of American municipalities, and that beautiful city may soon take a long step toward revolutionizing the application of the electric light for public purposes. It is quite possible that the streets of Toronto may be thickly studded, within a few years, with electric lights, the power of which shall have been obtained from the Niagara River. Everything now points to the generation of all the electric energy needed to light and heat Canada and the United States, from the forces of streams and tides and even air currents, and to its distribution by methods which will bring a new era of cleanliness and convenience.

## A TERRIBLE TALE.

Connected with these tragedies of the heart, which startle society from time to time and then pass into dim legends, are some curious incidents. One is being told of a certain judge in this city who arouses his wife's suspicions because of his close attention to his office in the evenings. She follows and discovers that it is at the shrine of a fascinating siren that he kneels rather than to the "California Reports" or the bust of Blackstone. So it comes to pass that *she* is the one who visits the office in the evening, taking the locksmith along to make duplicate keys to her husband's private desk; meanwhile the office-boy stands guard at the door. Carefully she reads all her husband's private correspondence, which proves exceedingly interesting, makes copies and then collects the torn letters from the waste-basket, which she pastes together the next day at her leisure. By this means she has a most charming collection. But it happens one night, while she is at her self-imposed task, that the Judge makes his appearance. She draws the shawl over her head and slips out the other door, but delays long enough to hear the upright judge reprimanding the office-boy for his wickedness and bidding him never let it happen again. But strange to say—or, rather, not strange at all—the office-boy is not as impressed as he should be, and remains stolidly silent, while the wife makes her escape. When the judge is confronted by these letters he will probably remember the incident.

"That's a good fit you got at the Bazaar," said his *fiancee*.

"Yes; but 'taint a marker to the fit the governor will get when he receives the bill," said he.

"My papa," said the five-year-old orphan reprovingly to the two gentlemen, who, while playing cards, were vigorously using the weed—"My papa didn't chew tobacco, 'n' he didn't smoke, 'n' he didn't get drunk, 'n' he didn't swear. But he died all the same."

*Father* (who wouldn't give his daughter a new hat)—Good sermon, Sophy? What was the text?

*Daughter*—I can't remember the words exactly, dad, but something to the effect that if you have one spark of generosity in you, water it well.

## OUR NEXT MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

BY "FAIRPLAL RADICAL."  
(Continued from last week.)

EX-ALDERMAN FLEMING.

This gentleman's name has been put forward as a candidate for the mayoralty and on referring to the lists published by the *Mail* he appears to be one of the favorites. He is well-known as a staunch total-abstainer, and in consequence unthinking people rush to the conclusion that he must be the best man for mayor in all other respects. The Scripture says that charity covers a multitude of sins, but it does not say that total abstinence does, and St. Paul's fatherly advice to Timothy anent the latter's stomach is opposed to such an idea I don't insinuate anything against Mr. Fleming outside his insanitary houses, for I believe that in other respects he is a very respectable gentleman. Although a total abstainer myself. I contend that teetotalism is not the "be all and end all" of municipal life. Only recently complaint has been made of insanitary houses owned by ex-Alderman Fleming, and at a meeting of the City Council lately one alderman (deserving of praise for his moral courage) observed how incongruous it was that a gentleman aspiring to the position of mayor should act in such a blame-worthy manner.

## A SECOND CASE.

Several years ago Mr. Fleming then an alderman, owned a house in St. David street; it was occupied by a carpenter, and the drain was in a bad condition. The tenant complained to Dr. Canniff, the then Health Officer, and Alderman Fleming was directed to do what was required to make it a healthy dwelling. But he never did it during the time that that tenant resided there (from one to two years). The under officials—doubtless echoing Dr. Canniff—used to go through the form of lamenting that the worthy Alderman failed to do what he was ordered to do. The tenant tinkered up the job the best way that he could, but of course not thoroughly, as it required the drain to be opened and was a bricklayer's job. A complaint appeared in the *Telegram* but without giving the Alderman's name, and a letter from Dr. Canniff also appeared, leading people to believe that he did not know who was referred to, and that if he did know it would be set right. The whole affair was a farce. Since Dr. Canniff's resignation we can understand that it would not have suited him to make an enemy of the Alderman. Unless the official documents have been tampered with there must be a record of the complaint.

Mr. Fleming is a stranger to me and I believe that in some respects he is a worthy man, but I contend that he is not a suitable person to be mayor of this great city—that he is "not the man for Galway." I respectfully suggest that he is "the gnat and camel" candidate.

## MAYOR CLARKE.

There is some talk of his being a candidate for a fresh term, but the following fact should preclude the possibility of his being again chosen. It will be in the recollection of all that in the Godson case Judge Macdougall, after hearing the evidence including the report of the first-rate accountants who examined Godson's books, officially certified that the city had been defrauded and a criminal prosecution has in consequence been instituted by our Local Government. Common sense and common decency should forbid Godson having any further city contracts until his trial is over, and only then in the event of his being found to be innocent and on proof that the entries in his books relied upon by the prosecution are not true. Yet when the question of giving him a fresh contract came before the City Council, as reported in the *Telegram*, only one alderman objected and Mayor Clarke was in favor of granting the contract. I confidently affirm that no

mayor or presiding officer in any municipality in England or Scotland would have acted so. I therefore submit that our present mayor ought not under any circumstances to be next year's mayor.

## THE LADY'S MAN.

The enterprising and energetic management of the OBSERVER have engaged a regular down-town masher who will keep us *au courant* with all points of interest among his very large circle of lady friends. Though a masher, our young man most emphatically is not a fool, and we think our readers will find that when this elegant youth does occasionally leave lady-killing for literature he will often have something interesting to say. On toned and perfumed paper he sends us some remarks this week on the manner in which women carry themselves. He writes:—"The prevailing style among women of dressing the neck low," said a well-known Toronto artist to me only yesterday, "emphasizes the fact my profession has long accepted, that a woman with a head well supported by a graceful neck and rising from even, sloping shoulders, is not common. Look about in a company of young women, whose faces, perhaps, are delicate and pretty, often beautiful, and whose figures seem, when facing them, rounded and elegant, and then get behind them and see how few show an attractive pose from that point. Even if she has a good back and shoulders, which is almost rare to an exception, she carries her head so far forward of her chest as to develop an angle at the nape of the neck, where nature certainly never intended to put one. Most women, however, have prominent shoulder blades, one shoulder point rising higher than the other, or, worse still, a trick of carrying the right side of the figure a trifle in advance of the left, which gives them from a side or back view a decidedly crooked appearance. This, too, in spite of the modern hue and cry about gymnastics and physical culture. It is going to take a generation of careful training to do away with these bad habits, and when I see the young schoolgirls going about the streets by dozens, with heads still bent and shoulders rounded, I think it may take several generations to accomplish much good."

## IS ORATORIO ON THE DECLINE.

The Editor of THE OBSERVER,

DEAR SIR.—"Viola" in your last issue states that "Oratorio is on the decline among English speaking communities," and that "The change of public sentiment is felt even in Toronto," when the facts are that the change of sentiment if any does exist is the unfortunate sequel of the action of the majority of our conductors in the encouragement of the higher and more romantic style of music. With one exception, perhaps, Oratorio has been ignored by our local conductors. If there is a distaste for Oratorio in Toronto, (as inferred by "Viola") it is not the result of foreign but strictly local influences, not a national chronic condition, but a local acute attack, which could be speedily relieved by a change in the class of music introduced to the public by our local conductors, and through our several societies. It is no sign, because Oratorio cannot be presented by everything in the form of a musical society, and that certain conductors see fit to introduce the lighter compositions, that Oratorio is on the decline, or that the tastes of a large portion of the Toronto public are any less keen for the grander elements of Oratorio. I am not a "conventional critic nor an orthodox musician," but, like all persons of good sense, bow in humble submission to facts. The antiquatedness of Handel's style, as inferred by your correspondent is most successfully set aside by the uncontradictable statements made in the following,

taken from the *Boston Musical Record* of December, 1891, and which does not in any degree accord with the idea of your correspondent, "Viola."

"The Birmingham (England) Musical Festival netted over \$25,000, which will be distributed among certain charities. It is interesting to see how fully two standard oratorios repaid the attention they received at the Festival. From a business point of view "Elijah" heads the list, the amount taken for tickets being \$8,000. "The Messiah" comes second with \$7,190, Dvorak's "Requiem" comes third with \$6,750—strong evidence of the position held by the Bohemian master in England; Bach's "Passion music" fourth with \$5,900, and Berlioz's "Faust" fifth with \$5,500. From these figures there is a big drop to \$3,800, the product of Dr. Stanford's "Eden." The total attendance was 13,179."

Sincerely yours,  
Toronto, Ont., Dec. 15. CHROMATICUS.

## EVIDENTLY A FALSE ALARM.

A red-haired, ten-year-old boy, who was almost out of breath from running, entered a Fourteenth-street drug store the other day and said to the clerk:

"If a feller—if a feller about as big as you are, and who has got ear-laps on but no mittens, comes a-whoopin' in here and—"

"But no one will come a-whoopin' in here," interrupted the clerk.

"Yes, there will, and he'll be all out of wind and his eyes will stick out and he'll ask you if a little feller with red hair and a wart on his cheek has bin in here."

"Well, what if he does?"

"You'll tell him he has, 'cause it's the truth, and that I said we didn't need an anecdote, 'cause it was all right."

"What is all right?"

"Why, we have some baking-powder in the house and some Rough on Rats, and ma went to make some biscuit, and she thought she got hold of the wrong box and was so skeered she fainted away. Dad runs for a doctor and I run for an anecdote and Bill run for a policeman, but it turned out all right. There wasn't any mix."

"Well?"

"Well, Bill's canterin up and down and don't know it, and if he comes in here you just tell him we ain't got to have no funeral. It is all right. When ma come to she remembered that she put the baking-powder in an old shaving-mug and the pizen into the new can, and nobody nor nothing need be skeered. That's all. And you tell Bill he needn't price no mourning goods, 'cause everything is all O. K. and the goose hangs high."

## BUT ONCE AGAIN.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

Is this the couch where she lay yesternight,  
With awed, pale face and fleeting, painful  
breath,  
And great sweet eyes that would not shrink  
from Death?  
Is this the pillow, soft as down, and white,  
On which her dear face lay, turned from the light?  
I downward lean, ah lo! could almost swear  
I feel the old soft goldness of her hair!  
Kind heaven! If but for one dear time I might  
Again press trembling hands upon her cheek—  
Her slim, pale throat—her whiter brow—her  
hair—  
Her tender eyes, wherein the love-light shone!  
But once—but once—to hear those sweet lips  
speak!  
I should be glad that she is free from care—  
But oh, this first and awful night alone!

# THE OBSERVER.

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THE OBSERVER is this week Enlarged to Twelve Pages.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1891.

## NOTICES.

As Friday next will be Christmas Day, THE OBSERVER will be in the hands of the trade early on Thursday morning.

We are compelled by pressure on our space to leave over an article on the Children's Aid Society of Toronto, and several communications. The Children's Aid Society should not be forgotten at this time of year; it is doing work in which all should lend a willing hand—it is helping to feed the little ones.

## THE WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT.

The question of equitable water rates, and the proper system of economies in this most important civic department is constantly cropping up. So far, the intricacy of the subject has apparently kept the aldermen from grappling with it. That there is something wrong, no one will deny; that there are grave inequalities in the rating, in the method of collecting the rates, and in the application of the funds, all are agreed. Where the injustice lies we do not know, and the remedy no one seems able to tell.

The truth is that the problem is too vast for the average aldermanic mind. As for the waterworks department, from the Superintendent downward, a knowledge of elementary book-keeping is apparently wanting, let alone any of the varied phases of finance, and equity necessary to adjust matters properly.

No more glaring instance of the incompetence of the waterworks staff, in the matter of simple book-keeping, is required than a glance at the statements of revenue and expenditure published in the Superintendent's annual report. On page 11 a statement is furnished under the heading of "Revenue and Expenditure" where we are told the surplus for 1890 was \$14,884.32. On page 26 a schedule is given of "Revenue and Expendi-

ture for 1890," and here we are told the surplus was \$11,420.73. This can hardly be a printer's error, for the difference is too great. This method of bookkeeping, if not surprising is at least amusing. Inspector Hughes should open a night school in the waterworks office so that the Superintendent's report on "revenue and expenditure" should in future, in appearance, if not in reality, be the same as that furnished by his subordinates.

But the greatest grievance in connection with the waterworks department is the present system of rating. According to the system in vogue the water-taker has not only to pay for the water he uses himself, and the mains constructed along his property, but also to pay for the mains put down in front of the non-users' property. And to add insult to injury he has to contribute to the reduction of the non-users' taxes.

Let us take a case in which say Smith takes twenty feet of land on a certain street, and is a water-taker. Brown owns two hundred feet of land adjoining, on the same street, which is worth the same money per foot as Smith's and is so assessed, but Brown is not a water-taker. The construction of a main along both properties is paid out of the water-rates. Both interest and sinking fund on the debentures raised for main construction is chargeable and paid out of the revenue received for water rates. Smith pays, his proportion as a water-user, but Brown who requires ten times as much main in front of his property, pays no water-rate, and thus escapes his share of the cost of laying the main. By rights Brown should pay for this construction ten times as much as Smith pays, but not only does he escape the payment for construction, but he saddles the expense on Smith and other water-takers.

But this is not all. After the expenditure in the waterworks department is subtracted annually from the revenue, there is a surplus which goes into the general fund of the city and helps to reduce the general taxation. Smith, who contributed to this surplus, gets his proportion back in a reduction of his taxation not according to the amount of water rates he has paid, but according to the assessment on his property. But Brown who has not contributed a cent to this surplus, also receives his share out of it according to the value of his property, and he gets ten times as much as Smith as his property is ten times more valuable.

The non-user in this case—which is the rule—not only makes the user pay for the mains constructed, but he also makes him pay part of his taxes.

It is evident that a more equitable system of water-rating than this could be devised, and a more just method of taxing for the construction of mains,

It is of the utmost importance that aldermen able to deal with this question intelligently should be elected for the coming year. If left alone much longer these abuses threaten to become a positive public burden.

## SNEAKS.

The *Empire* keeps on talking day after day in very mediocre language and a very amateur style about a small body of men in Canada who it dignifies by the name of "traitors." The persons referred to are, of course, those who are supposed to be trying to organize a party in this country favorable to political incorporation with our neighbors across the line. To call these people "traitors" appears to us in some sense a misapplication of terms. In these days of advanced thought and wide latitude in the matter of opinion, it is hard to say exactly what a "traitor" is. If the legal definition be insisted on, there are but few of the advanced politicians of any country to whom the contemptuous epithet would not, perhaps, apply. Now, we argue that to call an avowed annexationist a "traitor" is absurd in these days of wide toleration, especially of political opinion. Anyone has a perfect right to avow a preference to be a citizen of the United States rather than of the British empire. There should be no contumely attached to such an avowal—mistaken though we consider it to be. We give the *Empire* credit for the possession of enough common sense to perfectly understand this. But the men who, we presume, are thus designated are those people who, under the guise of "commercial union" or "reciprocity," or some equally vague but euphonious phrase, are annexationists "wearing a mask." We prefer to call such individuals not "traitors" but "sneaks," men who have not the courage of their convictions, and who use catchy phrases to mask designs they have not the manliness to openly acknowledge nor the common honesty to avow and take the responsibility for. That we have a small band of these contemptible curs among us no one can deny, but their number is small and their real influence is unimportant. Their chief organ is the *Globe*, the "kept" journal of the Liberal party here. The Liberals have been so long out of power at Ottawa, that they have become desperate, and desperation breeds despair. Occasionally in the last few years it has looked as if the Liberal opportunity was near, but cupidity and stupidity combined have always spoiled it. The attitude of the chief organ of the sneaks in reference to the manifesto of the Hon. Oliver Mowat is an exact illustration of what we say. Mr. Mowat has dared to argue, albeit in a very apologetic way, in favor of British connection. For this the *Globe* is trying to drive him out of the party, as they drove out

Edward Blake. We are not concerned to defend Mr. Mowat, but we are concerned to see that a few ambitious and unscrupulous men are not allowed to enrich themselves either in pocket or in *prestige* by having even the quasi-dignified epithet of traitors thrust upon them. They are sneaks and nothing more; they are prowling about the country seeking to sell it if they can, and to lay their dirty hands on anything that it may be handy and safe to filch. These fellows are not the stuff of which "traitors" are made; they are a kind of afterbirth of rascaldom, too foul to handle and too insignificant to kick, and beneath even the passing contempt of decent men of either party. It is, perhaps, as well for some of them that they are "wearing a mask."

#### A NOVEL POINT.

It was certainly a novel question that the English Court of Appeal decided in the Maybrick case last week. The facts were these:—Mr. Maybrick had taken out a policy of insurance on his life. He directed in his will that his wife should have the income while she lived and that the principal should go to their two children. Maybrick soon after died and Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning him. She was sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The insurance company resisted payment on the ground that Mrs. Maybrick, as the jury found, had murdered her husband. The Court of Appeal holds that this is a good defence to her claim, but not to the children's. She has forfeited her interest by her crime, the Court holds, but this cannot affect the rights of the innocent children. The decision appears to be a just one.

#### THE CONFESSION OF SAWTELLE.

The story of the man convicted of the murder of his father and mother, who appealed to the sympathies of the court on the ground of his being an orphan, has been generally considered an overdone fancy sketch. But Isaac Sawtelle, in his confession the other day makes it appear quite within the possibilities of actual occurrence. After killing his brother in a lonely place to which he had decoyed him for that sole purpose, he says:—"I then put the pistol to my head to kill myself, and said, 'Good-by, Hiram; I'm going to shoot.' Immediately I said, 'My God! There is my poor old mother. I must live for her.'" Could anything be more grotesquely horrible?

#### GLADSTONE'S PORTRAIT.

Mr. Gladstone's Canadian admirers arranged with the English Liberal leader some months ago to sit for a portrait; but as he had al-

ready had his picture painted nearly forty times, and has let more than a hundred photographers take likenesses, he signified that he was rather weary of the business and would allow no one to execute this Canadian commission but his friend, Sir John Millais. However, the colonists had an artist of their own, John Collins Forbes, of Toronto, to whom they wished to intrust the task; and Mr. Gladstone was finally won over to this scheme. The picture is now completed, and has just been exposed in London for criticism.

#### JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS.

Messrs. William Crealock and John Maloney are both put for Aldermen in No. 6 Ward. THE OBSERVER has a strong following in this part of the city, and we ask our readers to support these two gentlemen. They are practical, straight-forward, business men, just the kind of men we require to help put the affairs of the city in good shape, and to keep them in shape. Vote for Maloney and Crealock; in the council they will be a power for good. And they are both jolly good fellows as well. THE OBSERVER likes fellows of its own build, and we mean to put those two "brothers of ours" in for Aldermen.

#### THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of THE OBSERVER.

SIR.—In your issue of Dec. 12th, I notice an article—re the Toronto Musical Festival—in which the following statement is made

"It is an open secret that Mr. Torrington is firmly opposed to the engagement of a first class orchestra such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or that of Seial." Your musical Editor is in error on this point. In a circular, (one of which I enclose) issued Oct. 30th, 1885, you will find just what I advocated in outlining the scheme for the first Toronto Musical Festival; permit me to quote from said circular. "The chorus of from 700 to 1000 voices, selected from our societies and church choirs, to be supported by the orchestra of Theodore Thomas, or Dr. Damrosch, (now conducted by Walter Damrosch) supplemented by our local talent, and the most eminent solo vocalists available in America." This was my idea as to what would be the best then, and, adding Seial's orchestra, formed since—to the list to select from, I am of the same opinion still. As to the "ill concealed bad feeling" to which you allude, it should be consigned to the originators of it. Let me advise them to expend their force in aiding a festival scheme instead of anonymously abusing me, their motives for doing which are sufficiently transparent to be quite understood by the public.

F. H. TORRINGTON,  
Conductor of the Toronto Musical Festival 1886.  
Toronto, Dec. 12.

#### A SWEET FIND.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream;"  
Except, perhaps, the feeling sweet  
That thrills you through, from head to feet,  
When in your winter overcoat  
You find an old two dollar note,  
You take it out 'twixt hope and fear,  
And, finding it is really good,  
With joy you scream.

#### IMMORALITY IN TORONTO.

BY HORACE SMITH, M. A.

#### III.

A Toronto paper in the course of some rather weak, but very angry comments, on what I have written on this subject in these columns, says that granting to be true what is advanced about the increase of private prostitution, it cannot be denied that the "streets are free of those degraded specimens of womanhood who not many years ago disgraced our city by the unabashed effrontery with which they carried on their disgusting trade." And adds this interesting writer, "houses of ill-fame have ceased to exist in Toronto."

The writer is a gentleman who evidently knows or thinks he knows.

He declares that the streets are cleared of prostitutes canvassing for hire, and that the city is free from houses of accommodation, that is to say, houses where women are always to be found.

Both statements are utterly and ridiculously untrue.

Any one with eyes that they know how to use can see daily girls, many of whom are not more than twelve years old, walking up and down King Street every afternoon; watch them for a very few moments and notice how their eyes are brought to play on some of the men as they pass by, and you will have no doubt as to what their business is. This, mind, is not after dark, but in broad daylight in the afternoon.

In the evening one has only to walk from Bay to Simcoe, along King, thence to Queen, and on to Bay street again to know how far it is true that "our streets are free of those degrading specimens of womanhood," etc., etc., about whom my critic twaddles so glibly.

The "houses of ill-fame" may be less in number than they were some years ago in Toronto, but the "houses of accommodation" have increased ten-fold: Does my amateur reviewer understand the difference, and what the difference implies. I think not.

It means this,—that while the places in which women of the town all live together, have to some extent decreased, the houses where women can be taken have increased to an almost incredible extent all over the town, and in some of the best parts of the town too.

This condition of things is due entirely to the action of that absurd institution which has been contemptuously nicknamed "the Morality Department." This crazy concern, created by Mayor Howland five or six years ago, has cost the city more money and done more real harm to the character and morality of the city than did even the two-year term of Howland himself—and this is saying much.

The Morality Department occasionally raid a "house of ill-fame," and yet it is strange that in many of them the proprietor always knows "when the cops are coming," and tells any callers whether it is "all right" or whether

it be advisable for the gay young Lothairs to make tracks.

This may sound strange to those who do not know how the game goes; but it is perfectly true, as any man can find out by making a little enquiry.

I would undertake in the course of an hour to drive round to a couple of dozen millinery and dress-making establishments which are all houses of assignation for men and women; some of these places manage the business so well that while the women only enter and leave by the dressmaker's entrance the men enter and leave by a store—say a tobacco or a candy store or a pool room a few doors off, or in the front street; between the two there is a communication often in the rear.

These private resorts exist—many of them within half a mile of the office where sits Morality Inspector Archibald, doing very little and being paid five times what he is worth for the little that he does.

The Morality Department has spread the withering curse of prostitution in its most insidious, secret and dangerous form all over the city. It is to be found largely in many of the boarding houses in some of the hotels, in all our places of amusement, even in the churches are assignations not unfrequently made; and it is to be found more largely still in the upper floors of many of the large business stores on King, on Queen, and on Yonge, where both furnished and unfurnished rooms are readily let at high prices.

In many of these rooms hundreds of young women live alone. They are quiet, sober, very well dressed, and apparently respectable. Of course in their own rooms they can be visited by any friends they chose to receive, and all the morality inspectors in the world put together cannot interfere.

I was wrong to say "in the world," because Toronto is the only city I know of that indulges in such a costly farce.

These rooms are also largely rented by young men; some of course live in them, but many only use them occasionally as a handy down-town resort where they can play poker with a few kindred spirits undisturbed by the police, and where they can also in safety be visited by their lady friends, both married and single.

I have received a letter from a young woman who says I am wrong in spotting only the poor working girls as being "the cause of the evil, because there are many married women in Toronto whose husbands are well off who are much more gay and flirt much more than the single girls, and without their excuse." My correspondent is correct in the main; only I do not place the blame on the poor girls only, as she will see. The married women will hear from me next week.

(To be continued.)

Wife—"I don't think I shall get a new bonnet this month, but I shall have my old one trimmed over." Husband—"Bless you, my dear." Wife—"Don't bless me. Give me \$25 for trimmings."

### A SHOOTING TRIP.

"By jiminy grapes, I'm seventy-three years old next grass, but I kin shoot a deer er run a foot race with enny durned man in New Jersey, don't keer how young er tough he mout be!"

The remark was made by grizzled old Uncle Jake Abrams, the famous deer hunter and keeper of the no less famous Red Lion Tavern in the edge of the Jersey pine woods, and the one person in that wild, picturesque country who is revered by all men who are possessed of a smattering of the manly love for a dog and a gun.

Old Uncle Jake was talking to a crowd composed of a dozen Philadelphians, including a *Press* correspondent, who had agreed to brave the dangers of a trip to the New Jersey deer strip, and who had conspired openly and in secret against the lives and happiness of all the deer in the pine woods. As he spoke Uncle Jake arose from the deer skin couch upon which he had been stretched, pulled his gigantic frame together, took up an iron poker as big as an ordinary crowbar, and vigorously punched the back log in the immense fireplace.

While he was engaged in this cheerful occupation the assembled company had an opportunity to take in the proportions of the grand old giant—for in stature he was a veritable giant—broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and brawny armed. His ponderous fists were large enough to fell an ox at a single blow, and the manner in which his well-proportioned head, covered with hair like bristling silver, sat upon his shoulders, showed Uncle Jake to be a man of great determination. He looked every inch the famous deer hunter that he is.

"And boys," continued he, "ye've axed Uncle Jake to take yer deer shootin' an' he'll take ye, by grapes! but yer must all ricollect one thing and that is I'm the boss of the caravan. When I sez go, we'll go; an when I sez halt thar'll be haltin' all along the line er thar will be a right smart o' trubbel. And now ef ye kin agree ter that we'll go in and chaw, for the ole woman's been a yellin' fer to come to supper a durn site mor'n a mout."

After supper the would-be deer slayers got together and agreed in short order to put the entire expedition in the hands of Uncle Jake, and preparations were at once made for an early start. The first thing the old guide did was to start out on a four-mile tramp to secure "drivers" who were competent to handle the hounds, and to hire horses and wagons for the forty-five mile trip down through the pine woods into Cumberland and Atlantic counties.

While the grizzled dictator was gone, neighbors dropped into the dingy little bar-room and took turns in giving bits of history concerning the prowess of Uncle Jake. According to all the ingenuous talk, the old deer guide had been a phenomenon with the gun ever since he came to the pine woods, sixty years ago. He had shot upwards of a thousand pigeon matches, and the nicks cut in the edges of two of the shelves behind the ancient bar recorded his winnings and his losings. The shelf upon which had been recorded the winnings was nicked all along the upper edge and two-thirds of the way back on the lower edge. The losing shelf had just 110 nicks. One of the notches on the winning shelf was cut in over half an inch deep and Ike Priggitt, who is familiar with the pine woods history since 1834, walked back of the bar and affectionately ran his head along the seesaw edge, pausing when he came to the deep nick.

"Twus way back in the airy 60's," said he, "when a gang of fellers kem up from

Dowdy's Tavern daown in Cumberlin county whar youze fellers air gon' to kill deer. They kim up hyar for the sole purpose of banterin' Uncle Jake inter a pidgin match and thet's why this cut is so deep. They hed a 'ringer' with them who wus a mighty pe.t shot at a bird on ther wing and they allowed thet he cud jest everlastinly wallop Jake on the shoot. Naow ennybody 'as knows Uncle Jake 'tall, kems purty near to knowin' that he'd no sooner take a banter than he'd bite hiz own hed off, so the match was made for twenty-five pidgins apiece an' Uncle Jake an' us fellers kivered every dollar that looked like it mout belong round Dowdy's Tavern.

"Waal, the match begin next mornin' and the shootin' was next to perfect. Along 'bout the twentieth bird, a nigger that was with the party from Dowdy's Tavern, actin' accordin' to instrucshuns, run 'tween Jake and the bird jess as the trap was pulled. Jake hed to wait till the nigger got by an' then he killed the bird. The 'ringer' had mist one bird and wanted to hev it a tie ef they could. Jake wuz proper mad at sech unспортlike konduct, so he jess up an' tells Mr. Nigger that if he tries thet dodge on agin thet both he and the bird woud get killt fer sartin'. Wall, ennyhow the black man didn't think 'at Jake woud durst do it, so he run 'tween Jake and the bird agin. But jess as sure as shootin' he wuz sorry fer it right soon, fer Uncle Jake killt him deade'rn a nit with one bar'l and then killt the pidgin with the other an' won the match. After the trial which was a long and big one, Jake kem home the first nite and 'bout a dozen of us helpt him to cut this here notch. I tell you we all think a powerful—"

Suddenly the bar-room door swung violently open before Mr. Priggitt had a chance to finish the eulogy that he had been a life-time gathering and three gigantic, shaggy deer hounds came bounding into the room struggling at the ends of rattling chains and almost dragging into the room the laughing Uncle Jake.

"Durn 'em," panted the old man, "they've led me a lively chase down through the scrub oak, but ef thar is enny deer in Jersey they'll find 'em, that's one sure thing."

When the dogs had been safely tied in the barn and everything made snug for the night, Uncle Jake came into the bar-room, poked up the burning logs until the blaze crackled and snarled itself up into the black chimney with a sullen roar. Then he went behind the bar, set out a jug of applejack and a few glasses and invited neighbors and strangers alike to join him in a good night-drink.

"We'll be a movin', boys, long before the frost hez left the fence in the mornin' an' we'd better sleep while we kin."

Without any more ceremony the invitation was accepted, and each humble resident of the woods, as he drew the back of his hand across his mouth, waited until he could regain breath enough to bid Uncle Jake an affectionate good-bye and then went out into the night, taking some lonely path that led him under the boughs of the swaying, whistling pines.

(To be continued.)

Journalism in Persia is a ticklish sort of calling. After his last visit to Europe the Shah established a ministry of the press, and the dozen papers published in the kingdom are under strict censorship. How far this is carried may be judged from the fact that Iran, the chief publication, is compelled to begin each article with this statement: "Thanks to the ability of the governor of the province the country is prosperous and the people contented, all of them up prayers for his majesty."

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

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  2. **MUSIC AND THE DRAMA**, by **VIOLA**. This lady is universally admitted to be one of the best musical and dramatic critics on the American continent. Her weekly review will be looked forward to with interest.
  3. **THE PASSING SHOW**, by **WILFRED WISGAST**. This article will consist of comments on political and social events of the week, happening in any part of the world. Mr. Wisgast is a high kicker.
  4. **Occasional Articles** by **HORACE SMITH** and other able writers. Look out for what Mr. Horace Smith will say in **THE OBSERVER** of next week on "Immorality in Toronto."
  5. **SOCIETY NEWS** and Secret Societies, will be immediately introduced, in addition to original, humorous, and select Poetry, Current Literature, the Gossip of Society and the Clubs, and various features of special interest.
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### 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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