

The Observer.

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Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

There is one creature in this world that I pity from the bottom of my heart, and that is the demagogue. It matters not in what sphere of life he is found, he is a source of sorrow to his friends, trouble to his enemies, regret to himself and ridicule to the whole world. His life labor is that of Sisyphus. Up the hill of fame he laboriously rolls the stone of his fortune, only when it nears the top to have it go thundering back again into the depths of ignominy and despair. The time spent by patient merit in that preparation which is necessary to success, he spends in ventilating some fancied grievance in order to attract attention to himself, or, worse still, in cultivating those devious arts whereby the rights of the people are bartered for selfish ends. But after all what does he gain? What benefit is it for a man to secure a seat in the councils of his fellows, or even the delights of leadership, if he knows inwardly he is unworthy and that those whose opinion is really worth having will measure him and find him wanting?

This dissertation is to a purpose. We have only to look around us to find numerous examples. True, the trade of the demagogue often pays, as no doubt my friends John Armstrong, Dan O'Donohue or Andrew McCormack could tell, but still beyond the loaves and fishes what is there in it? Absolutely nothing but vanity and self-reproach.

For instance, there is Edmund E. Sheppard, a journalist of no mean ability, although grammar is not his forte. Endowed with the keen sagacity of a Down-east Yankee, the aggressiveness of a Hebrew, and the pliability of a Conger eel, he has successively played the part of a cowboy, a farming editor, a labor agitator, a Canadian patriot, an Imperial Federationist, a society editor, and lastly the role of municipal reformer. Now the original Sisyphus himself could hardly envy him, and what is the reason? Because everything that this man does is prompted by selfish motives, and not by any desire to benefit his fellow man.

What has E. E. Sheppard ever done for humanity? Has he built a hospital for sick children? Has he alleviated the sufferings of the poor, has he righted the injuries of the oppressed? Has he ever done anything for anybody in this world but for himself? Echo answers No! and Sisyphus-like the rock which he has labelled "Popularity" is no sooner rolled near the goal of his ambition than it goes thundering down again.

Last week I took occasion to stir up a few of the labor men. They did not like it, but I cannot help that. There is still plenty of room to swing my club and a few heads worthy of a knock. Now there is George Beales, for instance, the orator of the Plasterers Laborers. I remember, when George was seeking popularity, how when there was a strike, he used to get information on the inside

and go to the newspaper offices with it. He used to sit up at night to do this. Of course he was a handy man to have on a string, and the newspapers patronised him accordingly. They always gave prominence to his speeches. Many a good item of news the *World* and other papers got out of George. But a change came over the spirit of his dream. One day he was missed, the next and then again the next followed and no George. Had he left the city? Was the cause of labor no more? Was labor's battle won? Not a bit of it. He had secured a job at the City Hall, as water inspector. It was what he wanted.

Next in order comes A. W. Wright. He is by far the brainiest man of the lot. The Conservatives ruined Wright politically by sending him out to constituencies as a forlorn hope. The historical Captain Cutts never presented a bolder front or fought a braver battle than Wright for his party. Were he member now for a constituency in this Province I know of no man more capable of filling the office of Cabinet Minister. Wright was educated in the greatest debating school this country has seen. Those were indeed palmy days when he used to stump the Province with Jim Fahey, King Dodds, C. F. Fraser, G. W. Ross and Wm. Macdougall. To-day there is not one man in the Conservative party his superior on the stump or in debate. But "Aleck," as he is known among the boys, is not in Canadian politics now.

When the labor fever began to rage A. W. Wright took a slight attack. Every effort was made by Alf. Jury and his gang to keep him out of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, but he finally got there, and now he is organiser for the order at a salary of some \$2,000 per year and expenses. But he is not a labor agitator for what there is in it. Oh no.

The city is at present threatened with an epidemic of diphtheria. Of all diseases next to small-pox, this is the most loathesome. It is fully as dangerous and as infectious. People do not pay half enough attention to sanitary conditions. Diphtheria is purely a filth disease. Sewer gas and privy pits are the direct causes, although the disease can be communicated by cows and cats, as recent scientific research has shown.

For one who has given the slightest attention to modern sanitary science to sit half-an-hour at the sessions of the Board of Health of the city is a revelation. Why, some of the aldermen even claim privy pits are healthy. These men by their looks show that they themselves are strangers to the bath-tub. Clean socks to some of them are a luxury. I know that this is a little rough, but a wooden comb best suits a horse's tail, and the epidermis of the average alderman is so thick that it would even dull a mill pick.

The dear ladies of the W. C. T. U. are shocked because the boys in the schools are drilled like soldiers. The poor dear women! Of course soldiering has a tendency to put some back-bone into a man, and he is not liable to develop into that boneless jelly-fish, that the women of the W. C. T. U. so much admire. But still, is

society any the worse for that? True, soldiering is something women are debarred from doing. They want to wear the garb, vote, and to all intents and purposes do just the same as a man, but soldiering is beyond them, and the cruel men who object to the r voting claim that this is a duty to the state, that man is prepared to fill, and that since woman cannot back up her ballot with a bullet she should not vote. This is why women of the W. C. T. U. object to soldiering.

There is nothing that will develop what is best in man like a military training such as the schools or our militia force gives. Mazzini laid it down as a principle always true in life, that a man must first learn to follow before he can lead. Our young men who go out into life filled with ideas of individualism either learn discipline in the hard school of experience or make failures. Why, discipline is at the very root of all our institutions. If discipline were abolished from the state; if the *ego*, the rights of the individual, were made supreme over the rights of association, or the state, we would have anarchy pure and simple. By all means train the youth up as soldiers. Military training is good for their bodies, military discipline is good for their minds, and when they grow up they will love their country, their homes, and their families better.

The sermon delivered by Rev. W. F. Wilson last Sunday to the Canadian Order of Foresters was a triumphant vindication of the work of secret societies. He laid down the principle that by their fruits ye shall know them, and he certainly made out a strong case for the societies. In his sermon, which was reported verbatim in parts in *The Mail* and which possessed passages sufficiently powerful to mark him as a master of pulpit prose equal to any clergyman in Canada, I could not help noticing the reference that he never asked a favor from anyone on account of his membership in any order.

This suggested the thought that there is nothing a great mind so abhors as envy and jealousy. Preachers are notoriously envious of each other. Seldom indeed do these stragglers after fame rise to heights where they can afford to look complacently upon the success of a fellow-minister. No sect is free from this, and many a rising star in the church is consigned to the oblivion of a backwoods circuit, or shipped off to the mission field in some far off country, where those great minds that are suited to adorn society and bring brilliance and lustre to the pulpit are allowed to dim in innocuous disuetude or else burn out like a taper under a bushel.

Rev. Wilson was only refuting a charge which has been so often made against other able clergymen, that of using social influence to obtain preferment. Those who have never come in touch with social influence recognise his power and ability, those who have and know him can apply to him the words of Denham to Fletcher:

But whether am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise,
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need the juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their reign
Must have their brothers, sons and kindred slain.

Musical & Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

It seems to have become quite a common thing in Toronto for amateurs to take part in dramatic and musical entertainments. The performances at which they appear are generally given in aid of some deserving benevolent institution: charity covers a multitude of sins, and in such cases the public do not expect much for their money. The invasion of the stage by the amateur is, however, attended by many evils, as I have reason to know from instances which have come under my own observation. It stands to reason that the acting of the average amateur must, from an artistic point of view, be supremely ridiculous when compared with that of the average professional; yet the latter is treated to severe and trenchant criticism, or is altogether ignored, while the former, particularly if a woman, receives the false and fulsome praise of the press, and the plaudits of fond relatives and admiring friends. I do not like to betray the secrets of my fellow journalists, but it ought to be known that the glowing notices which amateur dramatic and operatic performances receive from the press have absolutely no meaning, or, if they have any meaning, they often express views exactly the opposite to the real views of the writers. The vanity of amateurs, however, leads them to accept the chorus of praise which greets their immature efforts, and in many cases the result is productive of serious mischief. Many a young fellow, deluded by the rose-colored notices of the press and the too partial verdict of his friends, has been thoroughly convinced that he has a heaven-born talent for acting, and has adopted the stage as a profession, only to find out after perhaps a couple of years' misdirected energy and wasted time that he has not enough dramatic ability to fill respectably a subordinate role. Fortunate indeed is he if he can escape from the glare of the footlights, and follow a calling suitable to him in the healthy light of day. In the case of a young man who has to earn his own living, the result of a similar mistake is still more deplorable. The stage, it is to be regretted, attracts a large number of undesirable women to the lower ranks of the profession, and association with these, in conjunction with the bitter sting of disappointed hopes, often causes a deterioration of character. For the unsuccessful actress the stage is full of moral traps and pitfalls. I do not expect that the press will treat amateur actors and actresses on their merits. Only those who have filled editorial chairs can realise the amount of social pressure brought to bear to secure favorable notices for amateur performances. But parents will at least act wisely in refusing to allow their children to appear in public performances at theatres, unless indeed they desire that the young people should take to the stage for a livelihood. I have not touched upon the injury to legitimate companies caused by the encouragement of amateur combinations; this must be apparent to everybody. A week of amateur performances is almost invariably followed by a complete collapse of interest in matters dramatic, so enormous is the amount of energy devoted to

canvassing the public, and pulling the wires generally, in behalf of what the newspapers facetiously call "these society events."

A company under the management of Mr. Louis Dietz occupied the boards of the Grand Opera House during the latter half of last week, and produced here for the first time Augustine Daly's comedy of "The Last Word." The plot is taken from a German source, but Mr. Daly has transferred the scene of action to Washington. The central role is that of the Baroness Vera, and was taken by Miss Ffolliott Paget, a lady who had previously made a favorable impression in "Aunt Jack." The play proved attractive, and Miss Paget gave a striking impersonation of the Baroness, but neither the play nor her impersonation will bear cool analysis. To me it appeared that Miss Paget adopted the pose and manner of an adventuress, rather than of the lovable, warm-hearted, estimable woman, which the *morale* of the piece would have one infer the Baroness is. Then the bold manner in which she woos the Secretary's son, and tempts him with her lips—the vivid picture of blissful passion which she subsequently draws for him—are enough to take one's breath away, coming from a supposed modest woman. But then I must remember that the Baroness is said to be a widow, and if the old English proverb is true, that widows despise dilly-dallying in love, and are apt to take the initiative with a too tardy sweetheart, then indeed the presentation of the Baroness may be a realistic one. Miss Paget has either designedly or unconsciously imitated the manner, accent and voice of Miss Ada Rehan in this role. If the imitation is intended, it is certainly very clever. The comedy has several touches of natural pathos skilfully introduced, and Miss Paget acquitted herself admirably in those parts of the play, and proved that she could when she chose put "tears in her voice." The support was not distinguished by special talent, but it had the negative virtue of not being obtrusively bad.

The play at the Academy of Music this week has been "Kidnapped," a ridiculous conglomeration of melo-dramatic rubbish. The piece is altogether out of place at this theatre.

The concert-lecture which was to have been given last Thursday for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society by Mr. W. Edgar Buck, has been postponed till December 2nd.

A sensible British jury has awarded Mr. Crampe one farthing damages against the London *Daily Telegraph* for an alleged libel contained in a criticism of the singer's performance of *Masetto* in "Don Giovanni." Costs were refused. It is fortunate that musical critics are to be protected in honest expressions of opinion, or the press would be compelled to ignore all performances they could not praise.

The death of Mr. W. J. Florence has taken from the world's stage an actor who in certain special characters has given delight to thousands of theatre goers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Florence

were great favourites in Toronto, and their public appearances were always considered dramatic events. There are probably few of our citizens who have not received pleasure from Mrs. Florence's remarkable impersonations in "The Almighty Dollar" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man."

A preternaturally bright American critic has discovered that Mascagni's opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" is nothing but a series of tricks. The "Siciliano" song behind the scenes is a trick, the church scene is a trick, and the celebrated duet is also a trick. From this point of view, any composition in music which produces a fine, charming or novel effect is a trick. "Der Freischutz" of Weber, the symphonies of Beethoven, and the music dramas of Wagner are nothing more than tricks. I have a shrewd suspicion that the American journalist in question when he evolved this criticism was more anxious to make a sensation than to deliver a sound judgment. Mascagni is welcomed as an opera composer, because we recognise in him dramatic force, originality of ideas, passionate expression, and the gift of melody. "Cavalleria Rusticana" is not claimed to be a great work, but it is so near to being great that music-lovers are justified in entertaining the brightest hopes of the future career of the composer.

THEN AND NOW.

APELLES' SONG.

BY JOHN LYLY (BORN 1554, DIED 1606).

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
He staked his quiver, bows and arrows;
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lips, the rose
Growing on one cheek (but none knows how):
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,—
She won and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me.

THE FARM AT DUSK.

BY C. G. D. ROBERTS.

When milking time is done, and over all
This quiet Canadian inland forest-home
And wide rough pasture lots the shadows come,
And dews, with peace and twilight voices, fall,
From moss-cooled watering-trough to foddered stall
The tired plough-horses turn,—the barn-yard loam
Soft to their feet,—and in the sky's pale dome
Like resonant chords the swooping night-jars call.
Then, while the crickets pipe, and frogs are shrill
About the slow brook's edge, the pasture bars
Down clatter, and the cattle wander through,
Vague, pallid shapes amid the thickets,—till
Above the wet gray wilds emerge the stars,
And through the dusk the farmstead fades from
view.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?" asked the father. "I can; but I won't," replied the careful young man. "I'm not extravagant."

The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

The scandal of the week has been the elopement of Miss Rosabel Teetzel with a Methodist minister calling himself Walter Nelson. The case is notable for several reasons. In the first place, the man was married, and the school teacher who eloped with him knew that he was married. In the second place, it is absurd to call Miss Teetzel "a young girl"; she is in her 27th year, and if she be not a young woman I fear she never will be. That the man is a liar and a knave there is no doubt; he deserves a good thrashing, and I hope he has had one before this.

But what about the woman? The *World*, in a maudlin manner, calls her "the stricken ewe lamb." A lamb of 27 years old! Now, the *World* is usually reasonable, and does not go in for sentimental gush. But such balderdash as this is injurious, especially in this connection. I have not one word to say in mitigation of the offence of the man, but in this case, without a doubt, the woman was equally to blame, and very probably, in my opinion, more so.

Of course this is a bad sentiment to give utterance to I know, and several people will be shocked or pretend to be. But there is such a thing as the seduction of a weak fool of a man by an intriguing woman. The modest young men of the *World* office may not think such atrocity possible. There are plenty of "ewe lambs" of even under the tender age of 27 years who are quite capable of deliberately and designedly luring a man on to any act of folly or criminality. To attempt to ignore a truth self-evident to any one going about the world with eyes to see is folly.

Not for one moment do I suggest that this Methodist minister was enticed into wrong-doing, any more than the woman was "betrayed." A woman of 27, knowing a man is married, and who drives and walks about with him, admits him to her room at night, and finally elopes with him, is not "betrayed," and it is not absurd to use such language in connection with the case. A woman of twenty or over is usually much more shrewd than a man of the same age; and, as a rule, much more able to take care of herself, if she desires to do so.

My object in saying this is because I am convinced that this wholesale and spurious sympathy for women who do not deserve it has a very bad effect, and causes many a girl to be more careless in her conduct, because she knows that if anything does go wrong all the blame will be thrown on the man, while she will be sympathised with, pitied, and excused. In fact she will be made a little fuss over, and obtain, maybe, some brief notoriety. And there is many a young woman quite willing even to be called "a stricken ewe lamb" to gain some passing tribute to her vanity like this.

The truth is women are often very silly in their bearing and relations towards a "minister." Especially is this so in country places. If single he is simply adored, and petted, and made much of by quite half the young women in his fold; and if married he is often treated with much more confidence and familiarity than any other man. That this is so the frequent publicity the papers have to give to a scandal in some church or the other is unfortunately more than ample evidence. And the members of almost any congregation can, if so disposed, affirm that the scandals which reach the public ear are not a tithe of those that which are known to occur.

Mayor Clarke has done well in deciding not to offer himself for re-election. He has consulted his own dignity, and done the right thing. I should not mind the Mayor being elected for five years, but while the elections are annual I do not want to see anyone permanently installed in the Mayor's chair. It is said that Mr. Clarke has found such continuous occupation while in office that his own private affairs have been neglected. I must say that his paper, the *Sentinel*, is sadly in need of supervision; it was once an interesting sheet, but has for some time past been an unsightly thing built up mostly of boiler plate.

I see a gang of Yankee quack doctors have arrived in this city, and are advertising to give advice free. Of course there are always a certain quantity of fools to be caught, but I trust none of them will be among the readers of this paper. This advice gratis is a quack fake. Those who take it will find it worth exactly what they give for it. It is an old device to catch simpletons, and those who fall into the trap will find themselves certainly no better in health but very certainly much lighter in purse for having acted on the "advice gratis" these advertising philanthropists will give.

I am pleased to see that at last some citizens are becoming alive to the folly of continuing the expensive and grotesque farce known among us as the "Morality Department." It is an insulting and expensive institution; it does much more harm than it ever has done or can do good. It means half a-dozen fellows loafing about, and doing practically nothing, at the public expense. Mr. Sheard is to be congratulated on the stand he has taken in this matter. We must sweep the "Morality Department" away.

We are told by a New York paper that the Prince of Wales has a nervous habit of winking one eye when talking to a friend, and that the person addressed, from a kind of magnetic sympathy I presume, takes after a while to winking one eye also; and the effect of two people thus winking at one another is described as very peculiar." Possibly it is; but we are not told whether it is a lady or gentleman with whom the Prince indulges in this pastime. Well, if it be a lady, perhaps the Princess of Wales had better be on her gay young husband's track; but if it is a man I recognize it as a secret Masonic sign to come and wet the other eye. Anyhow, it is interesting and valuable

information for a leading New York journal to have cabled from London.

It is certainly amusing to any one who has lived in England, and is aware of the utter lack of attention paid by the masses of English people to the doings of Society and the "Swells," to notice with what fulsome minuteness any item of gossip connected with the English upper class is cabled to all the papers of this continent. To be told how some riffy-raffy English nobleman eats, drinks, dresses, or swears, is evidently a matter of absorbing interest to many a staunch republican out here.

The literary occurrence of the week in London is Churton Collins's acknowledgment of the authorship of *The Cornhill Magazine* article published long ago on "Tennysonian Origins." By a republication in an extended form under the title "Illustrations of Tennyson," Mr. Collins does not profess to accuse the poet of plagiarism, but brings up parallel passages showing that Tennyson borrowed ideas and phrases wholesale from previous authors, always, however, improving them.

One of the men coming to the front as a journalist on the London press is Mr. Gilbert Parker, for some years a resident of Toronto University.

A lady of Canadian birth is making her mark as a writer under the *nom de guerre* of "Marie Stuart."

Mr. Andrew Lang has written a slashing article in the last number to hand of the *Illustrated London News*; it is called "On Being Slated," and is a reply to a rather smart criticism by Walter Blackburn Harte in the *New England Magazine*.

Walter Blackburn Harte has a long article in the December number of the *New England Magazine* on "Canadian Journals and Journalists." It will be read with much interest here.

Sir Edwin Arnold has written a long poem, which appears in the December number of *The Contemporary Review*. It is in the lyrical dramatic form and embodies a charming Japanese legend. The title of the poem is "The No Dance."

Joseph Knight, the veteran dramatic critic of London, is writing a life of Garrick. He is also preparing to publish a volume under the title of "Theatrical Notes," which will be a record of the principal performances at the London theatres during the last twenty years.

George Ebers has been writing a story of Alexandria in the third century, under the reign of Caracalla. It is to be called "Per Aspera."

Mark Twain's novel is to be published in England in *The Inler*, Mr. Jerome's new magazine.

In the literary world much interest has been aroused in Lord Rosebery's life of William Pitt.

The Church authorities of Belgium have placed Bruneau's opera "Le Reve" in the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum."

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1891.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

FROM his retreat in New York City, Mike Conolly, the boodler, has been giving his experiences as a Government contractor. He says that Canada is a good country for contractors to live in and that if the boodlers had not quarreled among themselves they might have owned the whole of this country in about five years. The Tweed gang in its palmiest days never equalled the Langevin gang of boodlers, and we agree with him. The mendicant and piratical proclivities of Quebec Province seems to imbue her sons individually and cold cash takes precedence everywhere over patriotism. Partyism is at the root of this evil and the Liberals are no better than the Conservatives.

So far very little attempt has been made to bring the offenders to justice. If some of our members of Parliament lived in England they would long before this have found themselves in prison. There is a story told of the Athenians that seems to suit our case exactly. At the national games an old man entered that part of the auditorium reserved for the Spartan and Athenian youths. An Athenian beckoned him to take his seat, but when the old man went to accept the offer the youth sat down and refused to make way. The Athenians all laughed and thought this a fine joke, but the Spartans called the old man among them and gave him a good seat. From this incident came the proverb that the Athenians knew what was right but did not do right, while the Spartans knew what was right and practised it. The people of Canada know that it is wrong to elect men to office who will rob them, still they elect such men. Our standard of political morality is very low, and a partizan press is largely to blame for this.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT.

The news that Lieut. Governor Campbell is seriously ill will be heard by many with regret. Sir Alexander has been closely allied with the political life of this Dominion for many years and was one of the late Premier's ablest Lieutenants. His illness calls public attention for a time to the office which he holds. Not many years ago the citizens used to have a half holiday when the occupant of the gubernatorial chair took his pilgrimage to the red brick pile on Front Street and formally opened Parliament. Troopers in waving

plumes, infantry in red coats, and salvoes of artillery used to herald this important event. Since his advent all this is changed. He is not very fond of show and the Democratic spirit of the Legislature was quite in keeping with his views. Now a simple guard of honor officiates at the opening of the Parliament. We predict that a few years hence the house will be opened by a governor in a frock coat, and then court uniforms, feathers, and swords will be no more.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

FROM all parts of the County we hear of an improvement in the business situation. True, the amount of money in circulation is larger than at any corresponding period for a number of years, still there is no great boom in business circles, and this is one of the elements of future stability. Business men profiting by past experience are becoming more conservative in their purchases. They are also becoming more conservative in their credit, which is better still. This year the farmers are first of all paying off the standing debts upon which they have to pay interest, before attending to the floating debt due to the merchant, but if the latter class insist upon a settlement this year,—and the farmer who cannot make some settlement this year never can—they will weather the crisis successfully and the New Year will be one of the best for business in the history of this country. The effects of the revival cannot be much felt until the Spring, still better times are coming.

MR. EATON AND THE DRUGGISTS.

The trouble between Mr. Eaton and the druggists of this city is only a new development of an old grievance between the large stores that sell everything, and in certain lines "cut" prices as an advertisement, and the ordinary retail storekeepers throughout Toronto. We refer to it not so much as concerning the druggist only, but as a matter that affects the retail traders as a whole. Of course it is useless to deny that cheapness draws the masses. We all know that people will go a good deal out of their way to secure what they consider a bargain. But it is as well to understand that there is an immense deal of humbug about this "bargain" business. A tradesman, whether it be Mr. Eaton or another, must have a certain margin of profit on his goods, and when some goods are "cut"—that is to say, sold at near or perhaps a little under cost price—it stands to reason that the difference is placed on other articles to make up the deficiency. This must be done or the storekeeper could not exist; and in a gigantic concern like this Yonge St. store of which complaint is made, where close on one thousand employees have to be paid every Saturday, the total of profit must be enormous or the concern could not run for a week. Hence it follows as a matter of fact these cutting houses do not actually sell any cheaper than the ordinary storekeeper. It must not be forgotten, either, that everything sold at Eaton's is for spot cash; customers actually pay before the goods bought are handed to them. Now it is often the case that people will go to Eaton's to expend their ready money and run an account with their local storekeepers. This is very unfair, but

it is very common. Any storekeeper in this city can sell just as cheap as Mr. Eaton for cash down, and will be glad to do so. It is bad for business, and bad for the community, for the whole trade of the city to be virtually monopolised by a few gigantic concerns. The storekeeper is a necessity of our modern mode of life; as a citizen and a heavy taxpayer, he only asks fair treatment. This it is the duty of the public to accord to him; he asks no more, but is certainly entitled to no less.

WHO WILL BE MAYOR?

Who will be Mayor of Toronto for the coming twelve months, is a question we soon shall be asking each other in earnest. Plenty of names are mentioned, some of whom we should like to appoint to the chair, but who, for various reasons will not serve, and again, others who would be only too glad to serve but who for various reasons we do not want. Anyhow, we desire a good man, and we must pay him for the work. The talk about doing away with the salary of the Mayor is nonsense. The position is not one so much of honour as hard work, and an income of four thousand dollars a year is not an amount for which a leading lawyer or merchant in this city could afford to neglect his profession or business, even for the short space of twelve months. This being the case, our choice of men is very limited. We want a man of business and experience, and of sufficient force of character to hold his own with dignity and impartiality in a position that is often trying and unpleasant. But above all things we do not want the nominee of any clique or the advocate of any fad. It is to be hoped the citizens will, if it be possible, for once put aside their partizanship, and, regardless of politics or sectarianism, endeavor to elect to the honorable position of Chief Magistrate of Toronto the ablest man that we can find to fill the Civic Chair.

FREE TRADE WITH ENGLAND.

The idea of Canada opening her ports to the free admission of English goods is rapidly becoming more popular. That it would immensely cheapen the cost of living all through the Dominion is understood by all of us, but it is only just commencing to dawn on some minds that it is about the most practical answer we can give to the avowedly hostile McKinley tariff. With free trade between ourselves and England we could enter into competition with the United States in many lines in a manner that they would soon realise. People would swarm over here from all along the border to purchase in the cheaper market, and no tariff wall could stop them. The smuggling into the States would become a popular and a paying industry, with the hearty connivance of the large section of the American people who would be directly profiting by such "under-ground commerce." It is curious to note how silent are the advocates of commercial union at the suggestion that we shall admit British goods to our markets free. Of course all arguments for free trade with the United States apply with tenfold force to free trade with England, besides being much more in unison with the national sentiment of the entire Canadian people. The *News*, in a series of clever

articles, has shown how the scheme can be made to work with the loss of but a small revenue to the Dominion, a loss, in fact, so small that it is scarcely worth serious consideration beside the immense advantage in every direction that such an important fiscal change would create at once in the social and political condition of our country. We are certain that Canadians have only to understand it to favor a policy that will develop Canada into a nation in preference to the cowardly surrender that must degrade her into a State.

CIVIC MELANGE.

The municipal pot is almost boiling over, and every day sees a new candidate in the field. The latest rumor is that Mr. J. J. Withrow is to supersede Mr. Osler. Mr. Withrow is without doubt an able man. He is a man of the people, and should he come out he will secure a large following. No doubt Mr. Withrow will be opposed by the labor men, but the labor men have been crying "wolf" so often that people do not now take what they say seriously. Mr. Osler is undoubtedly out of it, at least for the present. So far Mr. Beaty has almost a clean field before him. Since last week Mayor Clarke has announced that he will not be a candidate, but not before the *News* had thrown him overboard. We believe, however, that if Ald. Macdougall will step out of the way, Mayor Clarke can easily be induced to run again.

The Ratepayers' Association is out with a huge plank which is the biggest piece of theoretical rot that has been produced in this city for a long time. Sensible people of this city will not for a moment allow such anarchistical legislation as this sapient body proposes. The first proposal, to abolish the Mayor's salary, will hardly meet with the approval of those who believe the laborer is worthy of his hire. Such a proposal will meet with the opposition of the middle and lower classes and they are the bone and sinew of the community. We believe the aldermen should be paid for the actual time they spend in the service of the city, and in township municipalities such is often the rule. Surely Toronto is as far advanced in municipal life as the townships. The idea of electing three commissioners for three years is also contrary to the principles of constant reference of all questions to the people which is meeting now with the approval of many. The whole history of municipal legislation fails to produce a precedent for this.

Next this irresponsible body proposes to abolish the civic departments and bring anarchy and confusion into everything. The three commissioners are going to be the "Kodaks" of the city. "Touch the button once in three years and we do the rest." It proposes also to stay all assessments for three years. We believe that this is contrary to the spirit of municipal institutions. The assessment every year should be the basis of taxation for that year, and the voters' list and assessment instead of being behind should be up to date. This is the rule elsewhere in this Province. Nothing but laziness at the City Hall compels a man to own property in this city for two years before he can vote.

The Ratepayers' Association is not filling the purpose for which it was intended. Whenever there is a grievance there is far too much desire on the part of individuals to sweep out of existence existing institutions and bring about revolutions. This is virtually flying from the evils that we have to others that we know not of. Practical common sense should impell the Ratepayers' Associa-

tion to pause before wishing to abolish existing institutions. Better propose economic reforms in existing institutions. Excessive taxation is the only thing of which the citizens complain, and care and economy can easily overcome that. What we want is a council pledged to bring the rate down to thirteen mills. A council composed largely of business men.

SUNDAY CARS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

One of the questions in which we are much interested just now in this city is the necessity for some relaxation of the law in reference to the observance of the Sabbath. The City of Toronto has been receiving for some time past a good deal of complimentary notice from the outside world. The press of London and New York have recorded the wonderful growth of the city; even some of the far-off Australian papers have lately considered us of sufficient interest to make many complimentary allusions to the fact of our existence. But they nearly all agree in expressing astonishment at the old-fashioned puritanical observance of the Sunday that is enforced here. Now this is a serious matter, and a matter that we cannot take in hand and rectify too soon.

One curious feature in this connection is the attitude of the Toronto papers on this subject: none of them will touch it; they are evidently all afraid. The *Mail* carefully avoids any reference to the Sunday question in its columns; the *Empire* and the *Globe* are both in bigotted support of the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs. I am not surprised at the *Globe*, because that paper is *par excellence* the bigot's organ. As to the *Empire*, Mr. Creighton, the managing editor, is a gentleman of only provincial training and experience, and of narrow views, and wishes before all things to keep in with Mrs. Grundy and the "gentle folks." Some time ago the *World* took up the Sunday car question, and worked it for a short time in a manner that looked like winning, and that was winning too, if it had been maintained. But all of a sudden the *World* stopped in the campaign; Mr. W. F. McLean was evidently called off, and one can search the lively little one-cent sheet in vain now for any reference to Sunday cars. A few months ago "The Flaneur" of the *Mail* spoke very decidedly in favour of a free Sunday; but since then there has been no reference in his versatile page to the Sunday question. Was "The Flaneur" also called off? It looks very much like it. As far as the press is concerned, the position is that not one Toronto daily has the courage to advocate what they quite know must come, and come soon too. There is not one editor-in-chief of any morning paper in Toronto who would not break out into a hot perspiration and be in a blue funk if he saw in his own sheet to-morrow morning one line in favour of such a mild reform as the running of the cars in the streets on Sundays.

Now, this is a ridiculous, nay, a scandalous condition of affairs. The majority of the people want to ride on Sundays more than on any other day in the week; the majority of the people are put to great inconvenience by the absence of any Sunday locomotion, and the large majority are in favor of a change. If the press will not help us, we must help ourselves. I propose that we start a Free Sunday League, and I ask for the opinions of as many of my readers as care to write to me about the proposal.

Not only is the want of locomotion a serious inconvenience to the people of Toronto, but the enforcement of a lot of grandmotherly legislation

among us in reference to the Sabbath is doing serious harm to the city. The booking clerks of some of our principal hotels can bear me out when I assert that many visitors here go away on Saturday and return the following Monday morning, because they will not stay in a place where they are liable to arrest for riding in a hack on Sunday, and where they cannot find a street car; because, in fact, they will not remain in a city which, as a magazine writer put it only the other day, "appears to a stranger on Sunday to be like a city of the dead!"

I spoke, the other day, to a Toronto alderman about the Sunday car question, and said I meant to agitate it. "For heaven's sake, don't," he exclaimed, "it is the one topic we all desire to avoid." But they must not be permitted to avoid it. If the people of Toronto take hold of this question they can soon make the change desired; we do not want to be laughed at by every stranger who arrives within our gates; we cannot afford to be behind Montreal, even behind Hamilton! Let us shake off the rule of priests and policemen, and govern our city ourselves for our own convenience and in our own interest. Now is the time to press the subject home to every candidate for municipal honours. Admit of no sitting on the fence, accept of no equivocation. Have a plain "Yes" or a plain "No," and act accordingly.

ON FENCING:

ITS BENEFITS, AND HOW IT IS PRACTISED.

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

This is a progressive age, an age of advancement, in which even the arts that have been known to mankind before Julius Caesar, are being perfected more and more every day.

To this fact the noble art of fencing, the science of the sword, has much to be thankful for; and if a Professor of Fence of the old school could, from his home in the dim beyond, look into one of our modern *salles d'Armes* and see with what lightning rapidity the foil, the present practice sword, is handled, compare it with the old minuet like movement of olden time sword players, his breath would come in gasps, his eyes stand out like saucers, and each particular hair stand up on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine; and if he had been a true lover of the art, there is little doubt, but that he would be delighted; but whether he himself would be able to cope with a modern *Maitre d'Armes* is another matter.

Strange is it not? to think that at a time when the sword is little used as a means to protect life, honor, home, and kingdom, it should have reached this height of perfection.

But this is because the mask, a protection for the face and eyes, was not invented until this century, which enables fencers to practise the most intricate and lightning-like movements, which are only acquired and executed with precision after a great deal of practice, with perfect safety.

A fencer engaged in swordplay is the embodiment of the poetry of motion; he moves with perfect freedom, carriage is graceful, and his clear eye denotes confidence; in fact the whole appearance is one of conscious self-control, every muscle is held in check and ready for use, and somehow one is reminded of the Corsican Brother who is "always ready." And these distinguishing features are not confined by him to the *salle d'Armes*, but are recognisable in whatever place he may be. This cavalier-like deportment was characteristic of the olden times, when the tendency was always to be courteous, and naturally, if the mind is inclined that way the body will soon follow suit. But nowadays, when there is the everlasting pursuit of the mighty dollar, it is not so easy to attain these qualities; and it requires strong measures, the best of which I candidly think is a rigid application to the study of fencing.

This art calls into use all the faculties of the mind and body, it teaches one to use the brains to think, and quickly too at that, as they are used in learning a language; then the muscles of the body, being well trained, must respond in the twinkling of an eye to the slightest suggestion or wish the thought expresses; so it will be seen, that the mental faculties play a prominent part in this game of skill, where good judgment is the main essential.

There is nothing I know of, from which more healthful enjoyment can be got, to those immediately interested, than a bout with the foils. Let us, just for a moment, come "On guard" and see if we cannot appreciate the enjoyment that two fencers experience while engaged in the "Assault." Now then, first *Le Grande* salute, which is an exhibition of the most graceful movements and a respectful salutation to the onlookers, is gone through. Then "On guard," the blades cross, there is a trembling together of the steel, the blades seem to be imbued with life and intelligence and to enter into the spirit of the thing, like an old war horse who smells powder and chafes under restraint, eager for the fray.

Now comes the game of head work; every muscle quivers, the eye on the alert, the haunches ready to spring, ready to attack or defend at the first opportunity; there is a momentary lull; now the steel skins, what can be his game? Ah! here came a thrust, yes—no! not yet, we were too quick that time, but very nearly being caught; hello! another follows in quick succession—thrust—thrust; ah, ah! my fine fellow; you will push the fight; all right; I am not averse; and the fight waxes fast and furious; now it is a perfect melee, in which nothing is seen but a confused mass of swords, arms, legs and bodies, all moving, squirming with the activity of two rival cats fighting. "Touch"! Bravo! at last; that was well earned and we acknowledge the hit without reluctance, for it was well done, but now we must try again, as soon as we recover our breath, for we want revenge.

The same is gone through again, only this time we change our tactics, resolved not to be caught in the same trap again. What! touched again? Oh! this will never do, and so we brace up for the final touch. Not that we haven't been braced up before, but it's always a consolation to brace up for the next. Yes! this time we get it, and now we regret that we did not "brace" up before, feeling convinced that if such had been the case, we would have won all three. This is a peculiarity in fencing,—one is never satisfied of defeat. However, we are in a profuse perspiration, which is a happy state to be in for a little while. We shake hands and congratulate the victor, take a bath, and arrange another meeting.

After this is gone through one feels as frisky and chipper as can be imagined, the muscles of the legs are so pliant, one scarcely seems to touch the ground while walking, and we are in condition to execute any task we may be called upon to perform.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG BIGAMIST.

A correspondent has furnished the details of an extraordinary case of polygamy. A Brahman of Bengal gave away his six aunts, eight sisters and four daughters in a batch in marriage to a boy less than ten years old. The ages of the brides of three generations varied from 50 years to 3 months, and the baby bride was brought to the marriage ceremony on a brass plate. Among the Kulin Brahmans, it is said, the man who receives in marriage the majority of the daughters of a family is also bound to have the rest, otherwise the minority must suffer a lifelong celibacy. The correspondent concludes: "Hundreds of instances like the above might be given if needed."

Current Literature.

There is one man in Washington at present whose name is on every one's tongue, and that is Lewis V. Bogy, a Pension Bureau clerk, the author of the novel, "In Office." The book is not by any means clever, and is of that nasty school of American realism that apes the French in everything but artistic cleverness. It deals largely with the temptations of a lady in the civil service, and makes public a good deal of harsh truth concerning the immorality of many statesmen, some stray leaves of which came so near being unfolded in a certain department at Ottawa last winter. Mr. Bogy has been a bogey man to the departmental officers ever since his unsavory book was published. It deals with the dark side of the civil service and the truth of his pictures has been abundantly attested by the instant recognition accorded to many of his portraits by those who know the capital city. The general impression is that Mr. Bogy has done a good turn to the public, although his book is nasty. But he has very little reason to congratulate himself. He sold the book for \$100 to the publisher and earned his discharge from the civil service at the same time. At the present moment he is one of the best advertised men in the United States, and it is said his publishers have already made \$5,000 out of his book, but Mr. Bogy gets nothing out of all this but fame. (Caswell's Publishing Co., New York, \$1.00.)

"Conduct as a Fine Art," is the title of a book that should be in the hands of every teacher. It is composed of the two essays which shared equally the prize of \$1,000 offered by a Philadelphia organization for the best manual to aid teachers in public schools to instruct children in morals without dabbling in religious details. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.)

"Thirty Years of Wit," by Eli Perkins, is the title Melville D. Landon gives to his latest book. The wit Mr. Perkins has spread over thirty years is a few degrees thinner than vacuum. Coarse humor and horse play cannot be called wit any more than a cross-cut saw can be called a lancet. Coarse rock salt is what Eli Perkins gives us in this book.

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" has been pronounced the greatest biography ever written. Now we have Mr. Percy Fitzgerald coming forward and giving us a life of the ubiquitous Boswell. The most interesting part of Mr. Fitzgerald's book is where Boswell is presented as he appeared in the eyes of his great contemporaries. Miss Fanny Burney turned up her nose, but admired him; Johnson loved but held him in contempt; and Walpole called his "Life of Johnson," "The Story of a Mountebank and His Zany." The truth is that Boswell with all his good humor and effrontery was ahead of his time. He was a reporter and interviewer of the end of the nineteenth century—born ahead of his time. He was a note taker, and everything was grist that came to his mill. Mr. Fitzgerald has used the material at his disposal with judgment, sympathy and appreciation. This book is well worth placing alongside of the immortal "Life of Johnson" in any library. (Life of James Boswell, with an account of his sayings, doings and writings, by Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

Those interested in foreign missions will read with much interest "Once a Hindu: Now a Christian, the early life of Baba Padmanji." An Autobiography, edited by J. Murray Mitchell. The book is an autobiography of a Hindu of the higher caste who becomes a convert to Christianity. It contains some interesting information relative to the mission work in India, and is a book that can be read with interest by anyone. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 75 cents.)

A despatch announces that Alphonse Daudet, the celebrated French writer, is dying. Daudet is one of the great characters of literature. Born of poor parents, he passed, through the various stages of literary life over which so many of our own great American writers have travelled. A poor student, a country schoolmaster, and a starving scribbler on Grub Street, the consciousness of his own genius always kept him steadfastly to his task. It is related of him that in his youth and starving in Paris, he took a bust to a dealer in art treasures and asked him if he desired to purchase the "bust of a great man." The dealer answered in the affirmative, when Daudet uncovered a bust of himself made by a friend. "My dear sir," said the dealer, "this is a bust of you, and you are not a great man." "No," said Daudet, "but I will be." He has amply fulfilled his own prophecy, for some of his works, while tainted with the morbid realism of the present French school of fiction, command our respect as works of art. His style is the purest of the pure; his method faultless, whatever his subject may be, and he can be humorous, sublime, and pathetic to suit the occasion.

The December *Forum* will contain an article by Governor William E. Russell on the Significance of the Democratic Victory in Massachusetts and its bearings on next year's campaign. The same number will contain an article on "Degradation by Pensions—The Protest of Loyal Volunteers," by Lieut. Allen R. Foote, founder of the Society of Loyal Volunteers. Sir Edwin Arnold will have a description of a "Day with Lord Tennyson," describing the home-life of the Laureate, with many incidental criticisms of his works. The financial and international bearings of the Jewish persecution will be explained by M. Leroy Beaulieu, the greatest living authority on the subject. In the same number, M. Camille Pelletan, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, frankly explains the French feeling towards Germany, showing that at some time another conflict about Alsace Lorraine is inevitable.

Mr. Mansfield's tragical play of "Don Juan" is not only delightful on the stage, but it bears the test of print—if that, indeed, be a test, which, with regard to drama, may well be doubted, since it is action, and not language, in which drama consists, and action, though it may be shown, cannot be printed. This piece moves with celerity; it is crisp and terse in style; it is delicate and poetical in feeling and tone; it portrays character truly and deftly; and it succeeds in telling a dramatic story about Don Juan without introducing the obnoxious element of licentiousness. In act first the author has used an incident from Byron's poem, and in act third an incident from the life of the Duke of Guise (1550-1588), improving considerably upon the use of it that was long ago made by Dumas, in his "Henry the Third." There are in the piece sixteen characters. The central idea is the redemption of a man, through the self-sacrificing love of a woman. The methods applied in the treatment of that idea are those of comic cross-purposes and equivocation. The play is published by J. W. Bouton, New York.

The generality of Canadian newspapers in their style, says Walter Blackburn Harte, a Canadian journalist, in the *New England Magazine* for December, are a curious mixture of English and American methods. In the news department they are very similar to the newspapers in the smaller American cities, and in the editorial columns they are modelled after the English provincial papers. Except in one or two instances, they are destitute of all pretensions to literary excellence. The *Toronto Mail* and *Globe* maintain a higher standard than any of their contemporaries. The *Gazette* of Montreal and the *Empire* of Toronto are almost exclusively political in their scope, and exist as the organs of the Conservative party. The Western papers have little room for anything outside of

news and politics. The Montreal Star is always on the popular side of every question. The Ottawa papers, like those of Washington, carry little weight and are miserable in every particular. The French Canadian newspapers are less enterprising and energetic in the gathering of news than the English, but their editorial columns are usually more striking in a literary way.

A LOVER OF THE QUEEN.

BY AIME GIRON.

General Gilbert de Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, possessed at Auvergne his old family chateau, Chavaniac—a huge, strongly-built, clumsy and characterless pile. Not far away rose rugged cliffs, covered by a tall growth of chestnuts and beeches. Beneath the green night of these forests swarmed the toilers of the wood. Dwelling in huts, working side by side in the open air, were the charcoal makers, the resin workers, the plank sawyers, the stave cutters, the makers of sabots.

Among them was a young sabot maker who neither sang nor worked with the rest. He was an orphan and a dreamer, reserved and taciturn. Apart from the others, he silently cut, shaped, pointed and polished his sabots. His name was Razon, signifying, in patois, Reason; but as he had such strange ways, lived alone and spoke little, the peasants gave him the nickname of Darazon, or "The Simpleton." And when, after awhile, it was discovered that beneath a rusty old musket on the wall of Darazon's hut there was pinned a tiny picture of Marie Antoinette, his companions laughed and whispered among themselves and called him Darazon, the lover of the Queen.

One day General de La Fayette arrived at Chavaniac from Paris. It was just at this time that the Court of France was amusing itself à la pastorale, at Trianon, and great lords and ladies masqueraded in the garb of shepherds and shepherdesses, millers and milkmaids, and thrust their aristocratic feet into wooden shoes—dainty ones, to be sure, but still genuine wooden sabots. And it was Marie Antoinette, herself, who wore the first pair.

All this the Marquis recounted to the groups of peasants in the forest, where he went, good Marquis that he was, for a friendly gossip with his people. Darazon listened breathlessly—wide-eyed and eager.

"The Queen wears sabots? Sabots did you say?"

"Yes!"

"And if—I should make her a pair, would you give them to her—would you, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Why yes!" replied the General, smiling; "only remember to make them far too pretty even

for your sweetheart and quite pretty enough for your Queen!"

Darazon answered nothing. Only daybreak found him at his work, and when twilight fell he was still working, and nearly all the night he worked by a feeble light in his hut. In fifteen days he had made a little pair of sabots—prettier than the prettiest sabots de noces.

They were finished! Darazon took them carefully in his right hand. He went through the forest and along the steep road until he came to the great chateau. He knocked and asked to see Monsieur le Marquis.

"It is I," he said; "and here are the Queen's sabots."

"You have really made them, then!" said the General.

He took them from Darazon and looked at them curiously. They were delicately fashioned from the wood of the chestnut, waxed and exquisitely polished; they were slender, elegant and daintily pointed—because they were for a Queen and not for a peasant; they were covered with a delicate tracery of vines, and beautifully carved on the toe of each little shoe was a heart, wreathed by a garland twined through the letters T. T. L. V.

The Marquis smiled. He knew the significance of these four letters, which every lover of Auvergne has carved upon the sabots of his sweetheart.

The Marquis de La Fayette returned to Paris, and true to his promise, carried the sabots to the Queen at Trianon. He told their simple, little story. Trianon was pastoral mad and Marie Antoinette was enchanted. What! To have real sabots! Sabots such as peasants wear! And made by a real sabotier!

"This heart, Marquis," said the Queen, "wreathed in 'favors' like the hand of the Virgin, that I can understand; but these letters T. T. L. V.?"

"Your Majesty alone has the right to permit me, or rather to command me, to translate them."

"Translate, then, it is my desire!"

"Taimerai tonta la vida."

"But I cannot understand this strange language!"

"This strange language is the patois of Auvergne, your Majesty, and means 'I will love thee a lily life!'"

The Queen neither smiled nor spoke

"The truth is," continued the Marquis, "that this poor sabotier, who is a little simple, worships your Majesty in the shape of a small portrait."

"Poor fellow! Brave fellow!" murmured the Queen tenderly. "The sabots, Monsieur le Marquis, seem to me a trifle large, but they will the better hold the recompense!" and Marie Antoinette whispered something in the ear of the Princess de Lamballe, who smiled, took the sabots, and left the room, returning with the little wooden shoes filled with as much gold as they could hold.

"And now, Marquis," said the Queen, "will you have this gold sent, in a casket to your young sabotier, with my warmest thanks, and say also—no! say nothing more!"

And the contents of the little shoes were sent.

But Paris was on the eve of the Revolution, and the wooden shoes were forgotten. 1789, 1792, 1793 passed like peals of thunder, each more terrible than the last.

Darazon, in the heart of his forest, knew this—like the rest of the world. There was terrible anguish in his heart, but he said nothing. Finally came the news of the imprisonment of the Royal family in the Temple. After this Darazon grew still more silent and sombre. One day he disappeared from the forest. They searched his hut. On the table lay an empty, open casket. The old musket and the picture of Marie Antoinette were gone.

Darazon was on the road to Paris.

He reached the city on the 17th of October, 1793—in wild rage with the tormentors of the Queen.

At the Place de la Bastille he accosted a patriot wearing a scarlet cap and armed with a club.

"How can I reach the Temple?"

"What do you want there?"

"To deliver the Queen!"

"The Austrian? She is a head shorter since yesterday!" replied the man with a ferocious gesture

Darazon, pale as death, snatched his musket from his shoulder, but the patriot dealt him a crushing blow with the club and the peasant fell, like a stone.

The mob gathered instantly. The peasant's body was roughly searched. On his breast they found the portrait of Marie Antoinette, beneath it the suspicious letters T. T. L. V. Ah then! This man was a complot.

"Away with him!"

The poor body was seized and hurried to the Seine.

The river silently opened her arms to receive the poor sabot maker of Auvergne—the lover of the Queen—with the dear gold pieces hidden in his peasant's blouse and the sacred image next his heart.

As will be seen from an advertisement in this paper, Mr. A. E. Thouret still presides over the oyster counter at the St. Charles hotel, on Yonge Street. Brother Thouret's courtesy and attention have won him lots of friends, from which he continues to receive very liberal patronage. No better oysters are to be found in the city than at Thouret's counter.

"Topliftical" is a new assault upon the alphabet made by a Yankee paper. It means too utterly high-falutin'.

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Nomination, 28th December, 1891.
Election, January 4th, 1892.

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And "Now—I know he is coming now!"
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Or they'll meet and pass with a distant bow

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