

# THE OBSERVER.

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## Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

ABOUT this time of the year men begin to develop symptoms of what the Portuguese call *saudades* or a yearning. This yearning has as its object public office, and the virulence of the complaint is generally in inverse proportion to the ability of the subject. Men who cannot conduct the business of a corner grocery are generally those who thrust themselves forward, and are the loudest in their demands for public favour. Having made miserable failures out of their own affairs they are willing to run those of the public. And, strange to say, business men who would not trust such fellows with the collection of a five dollar debt, for fear they might embezzle the money, countenance and even work for these worthless demagogues.

The strangest thing in connection with the government of the city of Toronto, is the lack of men of business ability and skill in the council. Now, I will grant that there are a few men in the council that possess average ability in a business sense, but in many cases such men fail because they lack the tact of the demagogue.

Mr. Thomas Meehan, a member of the common council of the city of Philadelphia, and one of the most successful business men in that city, recently gave a few stray leaves from the book of his experience as a councilman. He gives as the reason why so many business men fail in municipal and other politics, that they do not live up to the Ciceronian maxim, "Qui non dissimulare nec non regnare." Even in a city council the man "who cannot dissimulate cannot reign," and men habituated to the straightforward answers and conduct necessary to success in business importing this honest method into their public life fail.

There is a good deal of truth in what Mr. Meehan says, and a study of Machiavelli's "Prince" in the present state of public affairs would not perhaps militate against a man's chances of success either at the polls or in the council chamber. We all love the straight, honorable man, and demand such as our ideal politician, but the rogue we nevertheless elect to office. Whilst professing a strong desire for truthful men in politics, our most noted politicians are those noted for their ability to lie. We have not even the decency of the Greeks, who admired a skillful thief, and considered it not dishonorable to steal, but dishonorable to be caught stealing. Even public men who have been caught pilfering on the public domain are elected to office, as if, not content with allowing vice to steal the garb of virtue, we must also give her virtue's crown.

The growth of a city is to a large extent dependent upon the manner in which the civil finances are conducted. One reason—that is often overlooked—why manufacturers and business men

left so many country towns and settled in Toronto was that the rate of taxation in this city used to be far less than that of the average Canadian town. Low taxation, reasonable assessments, the growth in value of property, and convenience as a distributive centre gave Toronto a great advantage over other towns and cities in Ontario. But our business men were content to allow the city to be run by a few loud-mouthed incompetents, and if such a state of affairs is continued much longer, Toronto will be a good place for a manufacturer or business man to get out of.

The mercantile life of the city is largely dependent upon its municipal government. The lower taxation is kept and the more carefully the civic treasure-chest is guarded, the more confidence capital has in making its investments. Every cent added to the tax on a business of any description is a cent deducted from its earning power and a reduction in its value. Say, for instance, a man has property worth a hundred dollars that will earn 5 per cent., or five dollars a year, which we will say is the current rate of interest. Now, if out of this \$5 he has to pay \$2 taxes, his property will only earn \$3. But if a hundred dollars should earn \$5 and his property only earns after deducting the taxes \$3, then his property is only worth sixty dollars and the tax of \$2 has reduced its value forty dollars.

If money is worth five per cent. every mill added to the civic taxation will reduce every hundred dollars' worth of property in the city \$2. Surely the civic rulers do not realize this when they add so recklessly to the rate.

One of the chief causes of our present civic condition is the way in which agitators have been pandered to. Why should so-called labor men want to fill all the offices in the city's gift? Why should they be allowed to elect whom they please and do as they please with the city by laws and the city government? Why should labor men, because they are labor men, have all the sweetness and light of public office? Have they any more rights than the groceryman, the manufacturer or the merchant? Why should they not be content with equal rights without special privileges?

Now, I believe in giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to labor the things that are labor's. If the labor unions have differences to settle with employers, let them settle them as best they can, or let the law of supply and demand settle it. Labor has often been dealt with harshly, but time has always worked a cure. The body politic has always been willing to accord justice to the oppressed, and a just cause never goes begging for advocates or friends. But why should the labor men want the earth? I know a few of the local thunder-makers personally, and I have never been impressed with their wonderful wisdom, ability or sagacity. In their own ranks they have not been able to develop that sterling ability that they are

always parading. As co-operative concerns they have failed. Even their own ranks are now so diminished that there is only a shadow left.

I have been among them, and know that those who say the least, but stay at home and mind their business after paying up their union dues, are those endowed with the most wisdom. These are the men who go hungry when there is a strike, who shed tears over their hungry wives and children, who battle silently but firmly for their rights. These are the men that do the fighting, and win victories for the unions, not the loud-mouthed rattle-pates that talk fortnightly at the Trades and Labor Council. These are the men the bosses cannot help honoring, and I say all honor to the man who fights uncomplainingly for his rights, and is not everlastingly whining about the rights of labour.

But if anything is done to further the interests of the business community of this city, forthwith there is howling at the Trades and Labor Council, that institution that relegates to itself the welfare of the city, that sits up all night watching civic legislation like the man in the play who sits up all night watching the British constitution, that with owl like gravity pronounces dogmatic opinions on questions that even the ablest financiers would hesitate to discuss offhand.

Let us analyse it and we will find that there is a good deal of ass under this lion's skin; that it is composed of an aggregation of animated kazooes, with aching emptiness in their heads, murder of Queen's English in their hearts and stale beer lower down in their stomachs. We will find that when an oracle issues from their Delphi it generally emanates from Bro. John Armstrong, Bro. McCormack or Bro. O'Donohue, and no triumvirate in ancient Rome could kick up such a dust as these three.

Why should such men dare to raise their voices in public affairs, when it is notorious that they are not above taking public money themselves?

Who are they anyway?

Who is John Armstrong? A printer by trade, a member of an honorable profession from whose ranks came some of the greatest and noblest men living and dead. But Armstrong is great only in his own mind. He is a labor agitator for what he gets out of it. A labor commissionership is the price of his tongue, and a high price it was, for among his fellow printers his "slips of the tongue" are a constant source of merriment.

Next comes Bro. O'Donohue, another printer, cursed with the madness of a tongue that can only be bridled with the bit of office. He is another labor man in office for what he can get out of the Ontario Government. What right has he, a pensioner of the Ontario Government, to pose as a critic? Only his own lack of delicacy and decorum permits him to discuss the actions of his betters.

Then there is Bro. McCormack. Who is he? Is he a Bayard and so pure in his public actions that he would be the type of a man to discuss public questions in the interests of the citizens? Is he not the McCormack who figures as a sewer inspector for the city? Well, indeed, does it pay him to have a hand in the making of aldermen. If he had any shame he would refrain from criticising the actions of the city council. As a grabber of salary at the city hall, he has been a howling success. He should go and hide his diminished head.

Truly this is a great galaxy of talent that shines in the ranks of labor, and with callous impertinence assumes to speak on its behalf.

## Musical and Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA

Mr. Frederick Boscovitz gave the first of a series of three piano recitals last Monday night in the theatre of the Normal School in presence of an audience distinguished for its critical ability. The scheme was indeed very well launched, among the patrons being Miss Marjorie Campbell, Lady Macpherson, Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. B. Nordheimer, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. Heward, Mrs. F. Osler, Mrs. B. Robinson, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Langmuir and Mrs. Kerr. The concert was entitled "A Dream of the Past," and the programme included compositions from the days of William Byrde, 1543, up to the present time. It goes almost without saying that many of the pieces introduced were interesting more as historical relics than as musical works. The remarks made by Mr. Boscovitz upon the character of the various numbers were instructive and full of point, and the evening was therefore a very profitable one. Mr. Boscovitz's style has developed and ripened during the twenty years he has been absent from this city. In the old days he was not free from the suspicion that his treatment of the piano was a little too energetic. Time has, however, moderated the exuberant aggressiveness of youth, and the pianist's playing is now that of the matured and refined artist. Mr. Boscovitz has exceptional technical facility, allied to a vivid and poetical imagination, exemplified in his interpretations. Charming as was his performance of the time-honored numbers, the old-fashioned precision, formality and quaint grace of which he made conspicuous, he shone to the greatest advantage in his rendering of the Chopin, Liszt and Field pieces. His rare beauty and equality of touch were specially admired. The numbers characterized by the dance-form he rendered with an *abandon* the spirit of which communicated itself to the audience and placed it thoroughly *en rapport* with the music. Mr. Boscovitz is certainly a valuable acquisition to the ranks of the teaching professors of the city, and his presence in our midst can hardly fail to advance the development of pianoforte playing.

The boards of the Grand Opera House were occupied on Monday night by the Duff Opera Company, who produced for the first time here Lecocq's comic opera, "The Queen's Mate." The company is a very well balanced one, and the principal rôles were consequently appropriately and effectively filled. Miss Helen Bertram, the leading soprano, proved herself to be a capable singer of her music, with a bright voice, and she was well supported and rivalled by Miss Bettina Gerard, the second soprano. The plot of the opera is simply used as a means of connecting the various numbers. The music is pleasing throughout, without having any distinguishing merit of originality or invention. The opera scored a very fair success, thanks to the singing of the two ladies already mentioned, and the comic business of Messrs. Raffael and Carroll and Messrs. W. H. Clark and Stanley. The duet between the two latter gentlemen in the second act was really a

clever bit of humor cleverly worked out by them, and reminded one of some of the best efforts of Offenbach and Lecocq before the comic opera vein became exhausted. The chorus were handsomely dressed and well filled the stage in the grand *ensembles*, and the impression produced contributed materially to the success of the opera.

A local event of some interest last week was the soiree-musical given in the rooms of Messrs. Farwell and Glendon, King St. West. A well arranged programme was given and was carried out in a manner that gave much pleasure. Special features which might be noted were the *débüt* of Miss Sara Ryan as pianist, and the introduction of a new "Lullaby" by Mrs. Blackstock, which was sung by Mr. Harold Jarvis. Miss Ryan won more than a *succes d'estime*. She evinced marked musical ability with much natural talent as a pianist. Mrs. Blackstock's little song is decidedly one of her best compositions, and being given a finished rendering by Mr. Jarvis, it proved most effective. The few bars for the piano which are employed to connect the verses I think might be changed to advantage; they sound out of keeping with the lullaby style of the song, which in other respects is well maintained.

## CAN BLIND MEN SMOKE?

A blind man living in Toronto recently observed:—"My daughter read me the other day a newspaper paragraph about smoking, in which it was stated that no man can tell, without watching for the smoke, whether his pipe or cigar is alight or not, and stating that few, if any, blind men smoke. The writer must have been entirely misinformed in this matter, for, however much imagination there may be in the enjoyment of smoking, it is quite usual for blind men to smoke, and I do not think any of them are ever betrayed into useless puffing at a cigar which has gone out. For my own part I smoke after every meal, and very frequently while at work as well, and I never remember wasting a match trying to light a cigar already burning." So far from men who cannot see the smoke not being able to enjoy a weed, many such men, including myself, derive great comfort and consolation from the almost universal habit. There is no doubt that smoking aids imagination and helps a man to forget trouble, but that is all the imagination I know of in regard to the habit. Certainly the loss of eyesight does not destroy the desire to smoke, except, perhaps, when a physician attributes the infirmity to over-indulgence in the habit."

## ANCIENT BRITONS.

Our ancestors tattooed themselves; they knocked out their front teeth in sign of mourning; the men wore their own hair long and shaved their wives' as a mark of slavery; they thought it impious to wed a deceased wife's sister, and took a wife by force from another tribe, after, as a rule, knocking her down; they believed themselves to be descended from a wild animal of some kind, and worshipped those of their kindred who still clung to fur or feathers; sometimes they claimed lineage with a tree or a stone; they ate horse-flesh, and habitually got drunk.

The American sculptor MacMonnies is working in Paris on an immense fountain for the Chicago Fair. It will be the central decoration of the Exhibition grounds and will consist of thirty gigantic figures. It is now being put in plaster.

## Poetry.

[In this column will appear every week a lyric by one of the old English poets and one by a Canadian. This week the poets are Sir T. Wyatt and W. W. Campbell.]

## A SUPPLICATION.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (BORN 1543; DIED 1532.)

Forget not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant; •  
My great travail so gladly spent,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life, ye know since when  
The suit, the service, none tell can;  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,  
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
The painful patience in delays,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this,  
How long ago hath been and is  
The mind that never in amiss—  
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved  
The which so long hath thee so loved  
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—  
Forget not this!

## A HEBREW FATHER'S PRAYER.

W. W. CAMPBELL

O Thou just One, who givest gifts to men,  
Who holdest light and darkness in thy hand,  
Who alone can blight and bless, whose strong com-  
mand

Can make a garden of a darksome fen;  
O Thou who lovest all and hatest none,  
Look down compassionate, I pray, on me;  
Not for myself, but for the sake of one—  
The little child that smileth at my knee.

Men say we come of a dark, cursed race,  
Who fell in bitterness from out thy word;  
Who slew thy blessed Son, a ruthless horde,  
And gave him gall to drink, and smote his face.  
O thou who knowest all, let not this blight,  
This awful blight come down; but if it be,  
Send it on my dark life, not hers so bright—  
The little child that smileth at my knee.

Thou knowest I have sinned and fallen short  
Of all thy laws; that I was reared in hate  
And bitterness as dread as theirs who wait  
In gloom and darkness round Hell's baleful court.  
But pity, Lord, O pity my distress!  
Let all thy righteous sentence fall on me!  
Consume me utterly, if thou wilt bless  
The little child that smileth at my knee.

O take me, Lord, and make me what thou wilt;  
Give me to drink whole centuries of woe;  
For her dear sake, who is as driven snow,  
Plunge agony's cruel sword clean to the hilt.  
Heap on me all! O what would I not bear!  
For deepest Hell were Heaven indeed to me,  
To know that thou didst have her in thy care—  
The little child that smileth at my knee.

Then spake God's angel, answering thus: "Old man,  
Thy love so white hath burnt out all thy sin,  
Where thy child goes thou, too, shalt enter in:  
Heaven hath no hate for thee in all its plan.  
God made love strong, that it might whiten all,  
Might conquer all, and make all chereby free.  
Thou lovedst thy God in loving that one small  
Unconscious child that smileth at thy knee."

Daniel C. French, the New York sculptor, has just arrived in Paris to fill an order for the Chicago Exhibition. It will be a colossal statue of the Republic, a female figure sixty or eighty feet high. He is also at work on a memorial statue of the late Martin Milmore, the Boston sculptor.

## The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

In making my initial bow to the intelligent ladies and gentlemen who are the patrons and readers of this journal, I think it advisable to make a few observations so that we may quite understand each other. And in calling you intelligent, permit me to say I use no mere *façon de parler*, because you being readers of this paper settles that; but should the fact not be quite established to the satisfaction of your friends, only keep on reading it and you will soon unmistakably become so. Of course, I say this more especially with reference to the accomplished company of Canadian *littérateurs* by whom I have in this connection the honour to be surrounded. These ladies and gentlemen will be the chief performers and fill the leading parts, while I shall act as showman and ring the curtain up, and make comments on the panorama that is daily going on before our eyes on that vast stage we call the world. In the drama of human life with ourselves as the *dramatis personæ* we are all bound to take a vivid interest, and it entirely depends on how we fill our part—whether we fill it conscientiously, ably, and well, to the best of our abilities—if our *role* be played with credit and honour to ourselves and pleasure to our immediate associates. As showman I need make no professions. I shall comment, sometimes seriously, sometimes jocosely, often severely, but I trust always fairly, on what may appear worth notice in this our Passing Show. It may be as well to say once and for all, that the views enunciated in these columns do not necessarily bind the paper to either their advocacy or their defence. The opinions I advance are the opinions I believe in; I do not pretend to be always right, but I try to be; only being human, I must sometimes err. It was told of Hume, who was a very advanced Freethinker, that he was sent as a delegate to a conference of Agnostics in Paris. Hume was sceptical enough and had little faith in anything beyond this world, but he returned home after the first meeting in Paris declaring that there was nothing to confer about, for while he much doubted the existence of a God he found that his confreres in the gay capital all *knew* that there was not one. I do not wish to emulate those gentlemen of Paris in being quite sure; but having had some experience of the world and some knowledge of the men and women in it, I hope to be able to give good reasons for the faith that is in me. Any of my readers taking objection to anything here said shall always receive from me a patient hearing and a courteous reply. But beyond that I do not profess to go; I shall try to hit hard, and do not mind how hard people strike back; in the game of literary fence I give no favours and I ask none. I hope to put plain thoughts into plain English, so that all who read may understand. *Messieurs et Mesdames*, to you I doff my cap and call the curtain up.

### Our Municipal Election.

I suppose it would very much offend about nine out of any ten men whom one might consecutively

meet on the street to tell them that they were unable to manage their own affairs. And yet it does not appear to strike many of us that the persistent and loud complaints we hear all around us about the mismanagement of the City of Toronto is simply a severe reflection on ourselves, both collectively and individually. The city has not been well managed, and taxes are too heavy, but instead of grumbling let us act. The men who run the municipality are the men we have put there. Toronto is too much governed. We have too many officials, too many police, and too many people generally who are doing little or nothing at the public expense. I do not advise that men be discharged; having appointed them there exists—in my opinion—a tacit understanding that they be retained while capable and of good repute. But let it be understood that not only are no fresh appointments to be made, but that as vacancies occur they are not to be filled up. Of course the official class and the expectant official class will kick at this, but let them kick; and little cliques of fussy humbugs will protest. Well, let them protest. We want better municipal service and less taxation, and the only possible way to gain those objects is to apply the pruning-knife to all our civic departments.

### Taxation in the City.

I am glad to see that two associations have been formed lately in Toronto with the idea of inaugurating some scheme of municipal reform. The fact that there are two such associations does not trouble me; the more people we can find to interest themselves in the matter the better. It is a serious condition of affairs when taxation on property is so badly adjusted and so unfair that it is more advantageous for people to hire houses than to own them, and when those who do own them are only waiting for any kind of fair opportunity to get rid of them to escape from the incidence of a pernicious system of taxation, which is ruinous to small property-holders and is fast driving large property-holders away. I am not inclined to suggest, at this period of the game, any gentlemen whom I might think advisable for Mayor. Before the first election of Mayor Clarke I proposed that gentleman, through the columns of *The Mail*, for the position he at present occupies. But I did not propose we should elect him for life. We might do worse, perhaps, but still I fail to see what the people of Toronto have done that they should be compelled to support Mr. E. Clarke for the term of his natural existence, though I know that Mr. Clarke may not quite see it in this light.

### Free Trade with Britain.

I am a complete freetrader, only it must in my opinion be complete or it is not free. On the other hand, I can see that protection may, in certain cases, be both necessary and right. In a new country it may be absolutely necessary to develop manufacturing industries. Only it must never be forgotten that such development is being done at the cost of the entire population of the country, and that the poorer portion pay proportionately the most and, of course, feel the pressure the most. Still the development of industries cannot go on for ever; they should at some time or other be able to stand alone, or not to stand at all. I am glad to see that the *Evening News* is advocating, and advocating very ably too, that Canada should open up free trade with Great Britain. The proposal is an excellent one, and would be of immense advantage to Canada and Canadians. Unrestricted reciprocity with the United States is not a playing card with the Canadian people. The handful of annexationists here are really not worth while wasting time to laugh at. We are in Canada deeply attached to the Mother Country, and the covert sneers of either knaves or fools will not alter that attachment. Free trade with England is

well worth our serious and immediate consideration; it is a cry that will carry and a scheme that will go.

### A Good Example.

Since the present proprietors have had control of the street car service I have purposely abstained from calling attention to some defects in the service, because it has appeared to me the company was endeavoring to give a good service to the people, and that it must be allowed a reasonable amount of time to do it in. But with the best endeavors on the part of the corporation, a great deal depends on the willingness and ability of the workingstaff,—the rank and file I mean. The following information, condensed from the *Chicago Journal*, I commend to the attention of the Toronto Street Car Company as a good example for them to follow. We are told that President Yerkes recently distributed \$975 in gold among prize gripmen of his cable lines. Three prizes are annually offered by the company, of \$100, \$75 and \$50 each, to gripmen with the best annual record. On examination it was found that nine gripmen had a record without an accident or a complaint, and that twelve others were entitled to either first or second prizes. The nine received \$75 and the other twelve \$25 each, making a total of \$975 awarded, instead of the \$225 promised. This is a just and generous recognition of merit, capability and efficiency in work, and the showing is a creditable one both for the company and the employees.

### Mr. George Eakins.

I have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. George Eakins on his appointment as Librarian at Osgoode Hall. The necessity for a librarian has become urgent, and the committee have selected the best man. Mr. Eakins has been for many years an editorial writer on *The Mail*. His work has been characterised by ability and force; he will be much missed on the staff of our chief morning paper. He will also be much missed by his colleagues at *The Mail* office, among whom he is deservedly popular. A genial, courteous, unassuming gentleman, Mr. Eakins in his new sphere of activity has the best wishes and hearty congratulations of a large circle of friends.

### Leman Blanchard.

London *Literary Opinion* contains a long and interesting notice of the biography of the late E. L. Blanchard, the famous playwright and dramatic critic. The biography shows Blanchard in a most amiable light. It also shows that he was scandalously underpaid; at a time when he was writing the pantomimes for Drury Lane and for various other theatres, supplying entertainments, songs, and what not, and also working hard as a journalist, his income, carefully entered in his diary, was on an average about \$1000. He rarely makes complaints, "though he places on record without comments," says *The Saturday Review*, "the fact that he is paid for the Era Almanac £30, and that he had expended on it 140 days, and places in juxtaposition the fact that the proprietor is purchasing an estate. Ten shillings an act seems to have been given him for plays, a sum altogether inconceivable when the remuneration of the modern dramatist is taken into account." Yet all this time poor Blanchard was supporting a horde of able bodied pauper relatives without demur and with a kindness as touching as it was uncommon.

### Madame Bartholdi

Madame Bartholdi, mother of the well-known sculptor and designer, who died a few days ago at the advanced age of ninety years, was the model for Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1891.

## OUR POLITICS.

Our politics are Conservative but independent. We do not consider there is any necessity to go into particulars as to why we are Conservative, but merely state the fact so that our readers may know what to expect from us. We do not pretend to be quite satisfied with the present Canadian Ministers, but the country appears to be unable at present to replace Premier Abbott and his colleagues by any better combination. There is scarcely one man among the Canadian Liberal party who would be quite acceptable to the party throughout the Dominion should an opportunity offer to them to obtain power. There are of course several men, who would be tolerated for the sake of party, but not one who would be really popular among all sections of the Grits. In these circumstances, even were we neutral—and we are not—there does not exist sufficient reason for a change. The Liberals are not in a position to hold office at Ottawa even if they could get it; and this possibility is more remote than it appeared a few months ago. The indications are that the bye-elections will strengthen the Government. As Conservatives we will support all proposals, by whoever introduced, which will in our opinion make for the public good. We are in favor of extended trade relations with all the world, but Commercial Union with the United States and discrimination against England is a suggestion we will strenuously oppose. If we want to benefit Canada let us try free trade with England; of course it rests entirely with ourselves, and if we did not like it we could retrace our steps; though there would be little fear of that. It is said that the present Government are considering some move in this direction. If so they will have the support of the majority of the Canadian people, who, while quite friendly towards the people of the United States, are not prepared to place themselves unreservedly in their hands, nor in any sense to sever the existing connection with the mighty Empire of which as Canadians we are proud to know we form an integral and an important part. These are the lines on which the policy of the OBSERVER will run; we have indicated sufficient for the present. Each succeeding issue of our paper will illustrate more plainly than any quantity of profession what our future course will be.

## THE PERSONALTY TAX.

It is becoming more evident every day that some relief must soon come from the burden of the tax on personal property.

The merchants and manufacturers are not the only people who suffer from this wrong, for the farmer is in the same boat. The better a farmer works his farm, the more cattle, sheep and personal property he accumulates on his farm, the more taxes he has to pay on personalty, while his indigent neighbor who does not increase his personal property avoids the taxes.

The trouble with the personalty tax is that no distinction is made between it and an income tax. In the case of a personal tax a man is taxed on his stock-in-trade, his machinery, and plant, and this tax is often as much as the annual profit on his investment. If he paid taxes on his profits he would be on the same level with the money-lender, who pays not on his capital but on the interest derived from it. Why should any distinction be made? One man has a thousand dollars which he lends at five per cent. and he pays taxes on fifty dollars. If the rate is one mill he will pay fifty cents taxes. Another man has a like sum which he invests in a factory which pays five per cent. profit, or fifty dollars. But he is not taxed on the fifty dollars but on the thousand, and at the rate given he would pay ten dollars in taxes. The money-lender has the advantage by nine dollars and a half.

It would only be reasonable to suppose also in taxing the income of clerks, if equity were the rule, and not the exception, that incomes would be capitalised and this amount taxed in the place of their salaries. A man earning one thousand dollars a year is getting at the rate of five per cent. on a capital of twenty thousand dollars. If this amount were taxed what an outcry would follow; but still this is the position in which the law places the manufacturers and the merchants.

We believe that Mr. Mowat's sense of equity will lead him to bring in such legislation at the coming session as will relieve the community at large of a tax which is as burdensome and odious as the hearth tax was in England before the days of William the third.

## CAUSES OF CORRUPTION.

It would seem as if the day were not far distant when a man in order to obtain a seat in parliament must either be a lawyer or a farmer. Lawyers may be honest, but the traditions of centuries teach us otherwise. Farmers may be wise, but their surroundings and the simplicity of their lives make them easy dupes for the designing, as the "hay-fork" and seed-wheat cases that are constantly cropping up in the courts abundantly show. In this way our legislatures are comprised largely of two classes, the fools and the fakirs.

Now we do not wish to be understood as saying that all lawyers are knaves and all farmers fools. Far from it. Many of the greatest legislators the world has seen were jurists; men honest, sincere, and virtuous. Where in all the annals of England can a brighter name be found than that of Somers, whose integrity was never questioned in a corrupt age; or in our own day and country Edward

Blake, the purity of whose private character even his bitterest enemies acknowledge. Then from the farm spring some of the shrewdest men of business, and the ablest reformers in our legislatures. But the fact remains that the great majority of the lawyers who find their way into politics are sharks whose ideals of morality do not rise above the police court, and farmers whose legislative knowledge and linguistic abilities are better suited for the township meeting and the village tavern than the councils of a nation. The corruption that meets us on every hand is in a great measure due to the preponderance of these two classes in parliament. The farmer, narrow-minded and politically bigoted, is the dupe of the designing lawyers. A pretty mess they have made of Canadian politics. They spent nearly a whole year investigating the bribery and corruption of their own members at Ottawa, and wound up the farce by making a concerted raid on the public purse and voting themselves a bonus in the shape of an extra indemnity. This vote of an additional sessional indemnity was the crowning piece of infamy of an infamous session, and the future historian will give it the proper place. It shows how little honesty can be expected from such men. Why, they will wind up the sessions soon by dividing all the money left in the treasury between themselves.

What we want is more business men in our councils. More of those hard-headed practical fellows who can reduce "castles in Spain" to cold columns of facts and figures. Men who have earned their way in the world by honesty and integrity. These are the men wanted to transact the business of the state, not the dreamers, the schemers and the honest incompetents.

## SECRET SOCIETIES.

It is not so uncommon an occurrence as many people imagine for a minister of the gospel to talk nonsense; only as a rule, when confining their remarks to matters in reference to the next world, it is difficult to contradict them. When, however, they come down to earth and tamper with mundane affairs it is sometimes possible to pin them to something and to convict them out of their own mouths of talking most egregious folly. The Ministerial Association has been discussing secret societies, and a Presbyterian minister named Wallace has been making some especially false and offensive remarks, and remarks that show this gentleman's utter ignorance of the subject on which he has had the injudicious temerity to speak. If Mr. Wallace is no better versed in theology than he is in the important development of our social life which he chooses to call "secret societies," we most sincerely pity the members of his flock who look to him for guidance to the Promised Land. We tell this reverend gentleman that he has no knowledge of what he has been foolishly talking about, and that he has wantonly insulted thousands of worthy and estimable men. For ourselves we are content to remind this libellous minister of God of the advantage some men gain by acting on the advice contained in the good old classic phrase that bids every cobbler stick to his last.

THE POOR OLD *GLOBE*.

It appears to us quite unnecessary for the *Empire* to keep on requesting the Grits to call the *Globe* off in its persistent and malicious purpose of running down the country. The policy of perpetually traducing Canada, which is now pursued with more malevolence and spite than ever before, is not so much hurting the country as it is damaging the Grit party. Under the Farrer regime the *Mail* went on a somewhat similar tact, and did itself harm in a financial sense that it has not yet recovered. If the *Empire*, as a party organ, knows its business it should pat the poor old *Globe* on the back for the injury it is daily doing to the Liberal party in the Dominion. The Canadian people need not buy the *Globe*, the merchants and tradesmen of Toronto need not advertise in it. In every issue this Yankee sheet insults the majority of the Canadian people by its pusillanimous treachery and cowardice.

## LORD ROSEBERY.

We quite agree with the *Canadian Gazette* when it says that every friend of the Colonies will heartily welcome the return of Lord Rosebery to public life. There is hardly another British statesman who has made equal sacrifices of time and energy for the cause of Imperial unity, the accomplishment of which is, as he once put it, the dream of his life, and there is certainly none who is more capable of directing that cause with success in the future. Lord Rosebery is so closely in touch with British public feeling, and so keenly in sympathy with Colonial aspirations, that his return to public life at this moment is nothing less than an event of Imperial importance.

## GOLDWIN SMITH.

We sincerely regret that the condition of Mr. Goldwin Smith's health is such that he is compelled to leave Toronto and seek a warmer climate for the winter months. We differ very decidedly from Mr. Smith on many points, but we respect him as a man of great acquirements and ability, and as one who has the courage of his convictions and says what he means. Mr. Smith is in favor of a political union of Canada with the United States. We are opposed *in toto* to the suggestion. But Goldwin Smith is quite entitled to his opinion, and cannot logically be condemned for saying what he thinks. Professor Smith has done something to elevate the tone of public controversy on this continent, and we owe him thanks for it. We do not want your politics, Professor, but we are sorry to lose you. We wish you better health and many more years of life to enjoy it, and a speedy return to our midst.

## WHEN OTHER LIPS.

When other lips your own have met,  
'Tis such a taste of bliss,  
You try, and try again to get  
Another little kiss!  
But if a comrade slyly sips  
From out your glass, 'tis clear  
There's not much bliss when other lips  
Have drunk up all your beer!

## THE CIVIC COMEDY.

A delightful little comedy is at present being enacted in the municipal campaign in which Mayor Clarke and Alderman Macdougall are playing the leading parts. This is the situation in a nutshell. Mayor Clarke is out for a fifth term. Mr. James Beatty, Q.C., is already in the field and if elected he would do much towards putting the affairs of the city into proper shape; but Mr. Beatty has been Mayor of Toronto, and this is made to be his misfortune instead of his recommendation. His term of office was one of the brightest in the history of the city, but he should be contented with the honors he has received, is the argument used against him, as if it were the empty honor, and not the public interests that prompts his actions.

Then ex-Alderman R. J. Fleming has already organized the fighting phalanx of women who fought so bravely and so successfully for ex-Mayor Howland. During the darkest year in our civic history Mr. Fleming has wisely abstained from taking part in municipal politics. Mr. Fleming, strange to say, however, earned the hostility of the liquor vote and the hotel men, although he secured the passage of a by-law whereby every hotel-keeper's business was made more valuable by hundreds of dollars. We cannot conceive that the grocery men, for instance, would feel incensed at an alderman who would reduce the number of grocery stores by one-half. We are inclined to believe they would call the alderman blessed and raise a monument of bronze to his memory. Now this is virtually what Mr. Fleming has done for the hotel men, and for this he has earned their undying antagonism. This influence will tell heavily against his chances of success. Then comes Mr. Osler, one of the ablest financiers this city has yet seen. A member of a great family. But although he represents the higher political thought and financial interests of the city he does not find favor in the eyes of many. He is a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which the ratepayers are dimly conceiving, if it had its way, might side-track Toronto, close it out from water communication, and make it a second edition of Guelph or Stratford to help Montreal. Again, Mr. Osler is closely connected with the banking institutions of the city, and the people have not yet forgotten the shaving the city got the last time it fell into the hands of the local banks. And they also fear that Mr. Osler's skill in finance might waver between the city whose interests he might be elected to defend and the banks that are constantly doing business with the city and whose interests are personally his.

Next come ex-Alderman John McMillan and Ald. Boustead, but neither one of these two men will feel inclined to face the expenses and indignities of a canvass. Mr. McMillan was wrecked once and fears to venture out again; Ald. Boustead has for years been whistling for a favorable breeze to waft him into the Mayor's chair, but his whistling has so far been in vain.

Last but not least comes the comedy that Mayor Clarke and Ald. Macdougall are playing. Ald. Macdougall's weakness is vanity. Mayor Clarke knows this. Mayor Clarke has promised him that

he will not stand in his way next January, and together they have been doing the hand-shaking act. But Ald. Macdougall is not in good health, and at the last moment let no one be astonished to find him funk and start on a trip to Europe. Christmas day may see such a consummation. In the mean time Mayor Clarke's promise to stand by Ald. Macdougall will avert criticism from himself. Two or three other candidates will be in the field. Then, once Ald. Macdougall steps aside, Mayor Clarke will be absolved from his promise and will be in the field himself. With two or three other candidates running his chances of success are good.

## TRADES UNION TYRANNY.

The following suggestive story is taken from the *Liverpool Mercury*. It appears that a building of some importance in North London was begun last autumn, and was being rapidly completed when the ever-famous blizzard came and prevented all operations. Through no fault of master or men the entire body of workmen was forced into idleness. It will be remembered that after the blizzard passed away there came a brief spell of extremely fine weather. The men engaged in this particular task came back eager for work, bored with leisure. Some of them had been reduced almost to the point of destitution. When they resumed their labor they took counsel together, and went unanimously to the foreman asking him, as they had rested so long, as their means were so near exhaustion, and as the building itself was behindhand, to permit them to work overtime. So far as he was concerned this meant extra hours without pay; but he felt for the men, and gave them a permission which they hailed with delight. A few days afterwards there came along a new hand seeking a job, possibly and even probably an emissary of the union. He went speedily to the foreman and pointed out that the rules of the union were being broken by overtime. He was told that there was no compulsion on any man to work beyond the regular hours, and that he himself might throw down his tools at the end of his ordinary day's labor. "That won't do for me, mate," was the reply. "Unless you stop the overtime I shall report the case to the union." "This is a free country," replied the foreman; "I am not going to stop men from working who have big losses to make up." The case was reported to the union. The union forbade the overtime. The unionists' perforce submitted. But the non-unionists went on working. Again the man went to the supervisor. "These blacklegs must stop or I shall call a strike." "You may call what you like," replied the foreman; "I shall neither order the men to cease from working nor dismiss them for trying to pay the debts they have incurred during a period of enforced idleness." There was another report to the union, another warning sent to the foreman, which he disregarded, and then the strike was ordered. It was not settled when the larger strike occurred in which now it is merged.

The American edition of "The Story of the Imitatio Christi" comes from the house of A. C. Armstrong and Co. and like most of their books, it is brought out in admirable style. It is the latest volume in the "Book Lovers' Library."

E. H. Blashfield, the New York artist, gave a reception last Saturday at his studio in Paris, where his picture for the next Salon, to which he is giving the last touches, was shown. It is entitled "Angels Ringing the Christmas Bells."

There is no place like home, and some unhappy wives are glad there isn't.

## THE RABBI'S RANSOM.

BY LE SAGE.

Night and Silence.

But the Schulklopper could not sleep. There was a sound in his ears like the blows of the wooden hammer, struck upon the doors of the village houses to call the people to worship. At last he spoke to his daughter.

"Dost thou hear aught?"

"I hear the hammer. The Rabbi is dying."

There was a loud noise in the street—knocks on the door, and a voice cried: "Rise, call the Synagogue; Thillim must be said, for the Rabbi is dying!"

The Schulklopper rose and went out into the darkness and mystery of the night and shattered its silence with the three blows of his wooden hammer on the doors of the houses. At every door, he said: "Come to the Synagogue; Thillim must be said, for the Rabbi is dying!"

His daughter crouched alone in the darkness. She shivered at every stroke of the hammer. When the last blow fell she burst into tears.

The Rabbi lived through the night.

"The Thillim has saved him!" cried the Bochrin (disciples), overjoyed at this hopeful sign.

But in the morning he was worse again.

"The grave is hungry," said the Bochrin. And they got a great quantity of wax and a length of wick. They measured the body of the Rabbi and made a gigantic taper of the same size. They dressed it in a shroud and carrying it to the cemetery, laid it beside the dead. And the Rabbi lived through the night.

But in the morning he was worse again.

The Bochrin lamented loudly. Then they went and knelt beside the bed.

"Master," said one, "we can do nothing. Tell us, pray, how we can serve you!"

The Rabbi spoke faintly: "My people, I must leave you. For unless each man will give me of his own life, I cannot live. My years are ended."

Then the Bochrin answered, "We will each give you a year of life, and we will go and ask a year of every one in the village, for without you we all live in darkness."

One of the disciples went into the village and asked, at every door, a year from whosoever would give of his own life to save the Rabbi. And the names of those who gave he wrote on a parchment. When he came to the house of the Schulklopper, the old man's daughter stood in the door. He told his errand.

"I will give my whole life."

On the morrow the Rabbi was well and that same day the body of a young girl was laid among the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the night of the full moon. The Rabbi sat alone in his room studying the Gemara. He sighed often and heavily. At last he rose and paced the room. "Was it well?" he asked himself. "My people needed me—but the girl! Ah well! It was for the best. Her life might have been full of pain!"

Suddenly a song pierced the stillness of the night—a song of such unearthly beauty, of such divine sweetness, that the Rabbi trembled almost with fear. Higher and clearer it rose on the air, seeming to enter and fill the room and touching the spirit of the Rabbi as might the song of seraphs. Awe struck, trembling, he listened, while the melody rose and fell in waves of harmony about him. It was a woman's voice—the voice of a girl and yet—what girl would sing at such an hour? Long since, the Schulklopper had gone through the village and called the people to the Synagogue. Thillim had been said and the people were now at rest. Only the good Rabbi forgot to sleep and sat pouring over the Gemara until half the night had worn itself away. Whence

came the song? The Rabbi laid his hands upon the holy book and bowed his face upon them. Still the song rang in his ears! He raised his eyes fearfully. He was alone. He glanced toward the open window. The song was without. Ah! how sweet it was! It seemed to call the Rabbi—to draw him gently to the window. He rose and with trembling limbs approached the casement. The ghostly light crept past him into the room and laid its wan fingers on his brow and on his hands, and the lamps behind him faded away into the shadows. The night was warm, but the Rabbi shivered as if the cold wind swept over him. He leaned against the casement and looked out into the night. The moonlight flooded the courtyard and bathed a grass plot in its centre with a silvery radiance, in the midst of which appeared the form of a young girl, wrapped in her grave-clothes, with the still, white smile of death on her lips. And she was singing! Ah! What a song! So clear, so joyous, so sweet—so young, so full of life.

It was the daughter of the Schulklopper.

"So she would have sung but for me!" cried the Rabbi and he fell in a faint.

A year passed. Again the Rabbi sat alone in his study. It was the time of the full moon. A confused sound of voices came through the open casement. He rose and went to the window. The sound seemed coming nearer. Around the grass plot trooped a procession—youths and maidens—laughing, singing, strewing the ground with flowers. It was a bridal. Now came the bride—in white—Schmah Israel! in her grave-clothes!

The Rabbi fell, shrieking, to the floor.

The years crept slowly by. One by one the faithful Bochrin passed away. Still the Rabbi lived on. And every year, at the time of a full moon, the vision of the Schulklopper's daughter appeared to him. He saw her, a young mother—her crooning lullaby called him from the sacred Gemara to look out on the grass-plot where she rocked a phantom cradle and sang her phantom babe to slumber. In other years, he heard the songs and and laughter of her little ones, and saw her, at last, crowned with the very glory of motherhood, when her children's children clung to her skirts or ran before her shadowy form, bathed in the ghostly moonlight.

The years crept along. The Rabbi was an old, old man and feeble. He could no longer read the Gemara—he sat with his hand upon the page and prayed that the end might come. One night when the moon was full, he heard a mournful sound. It stole into the room on the night breeze and enveloped him, and seemed to draw him to the window. He leaned heavily against the casement. The sound came nearer. He knew it now—a dirge, a death song. He saw a funeral procession wind slowly into the courtyard. When it passed beneath the window some one uncovered the face of the corpse. Ah! The eyes were closed at last.

In the morning the Rabbi was dead. He was found with his face bowed upon the holy Gemara and the pages of the sacred book were still wet with his tears.

## FRIENDSHIPS OF TIME.

BY J. P. TRUE.

High in a window niche, where sunset light  
Floods the deep arch with hue of battle red,  
Two weapons hang in peace, whose owners bled  
In hand-to-hand fierce combat for the right.  
A Moslem dagger, scarred with mark of fight  
Death notches, keeping tally of the dead;  
A battleaxe of ancient Frankistan,  
The mace still bright, is scored with runic line  
And arabesques enmingled; while the rust  
Lies thick and red upon the Arab blade;  
Conceals the record in mad conflict made,  
Of how o'er Christ's own tomb, and man to man,  
The desert-born and dweller of the Rhine  
Strove for a shrine now hallowed by their dust.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTEMUS WARD

BY EMETRIUS.

In the office of the Cleveland *Platonic*, that trumpet of Ohio Democracy, in the early sixties, there was suspended over the desk of the local editor (and for aught I know, it may be there yet), a large, well-executed portrait, in black and white, of "Artemus Ward and His Favorite Kangaroo." It was the work, if I mistake not, of a very genial gentleman, the successor of Artemus upon the oracular local tripod. The tripod, by the way, was not a stool at all, but a well-cushioned arm-chair, from the comfortable vantage ground of which the occupant might, to use the euphemism of one of the gentlemanly staff of reporters of those by-gone times, touching a certain cross-eyed beauty of the hour, "in seven directions seek the Sabbath days," and see any chance runaway or fight occurring on any of the several streets that crossed each other in front of the editorial windows. Let me remind the present generation of newspaper men that those halcyon days of reporters knew not the tricks and manners that now obtain. There were no hurried "details" told off; there were no "scoops." If Artemus were on duty to day, it would be safe to wager that the veriest tyro would outwit him on the sensation of the hour; and the great humorist would inevitably get his indefinite furlough from the city editor on his first day. Still, there were bright men about in those days. I remember the "Fat Contributor," a friendly rival of Artemus, a gentleman with a keen newspaper instinct, balanced with a gentlemanly sense of propriety and honour that, even to this day, I look back to with envy.

The portrait I speak of was a triumph of creative artistic humor: there was a "slow wise smile" about the lips; there was fun in the eyes; there was affection in the hand that caressed the confiding kangaroo; there was a homely, self-contented, restful look about the slippered feet that showed the ideal showman as he confessed himself in those absurd letters that made our almost daily subject of laughter.

But the picture was not in the least like the real Artemus, physically, at least. The actual flesh and blood journalist was as thin and scrawny as a starved Shanghai fowl, with a nose that, to the dullest physiognomist, would have been an index to wit and humor. All men with that style of nose have a witty tendency, even under the most adverse surroundings. Recall poor Judge Hoffman's proboscis, recall—but I must not be personal; the shade of my subject would disapprove.

In those days, fame was to be sought inevitably through the lecture room. There was money in it; and besides any one who wished to be anybody had to mount the beam and "give an account of himself between two penitential candles" or—be hanged to him.

Artemus dropped his journalistic pencil and lectured. To those of us who had heard his dry, unmalicious wit that came out clothed in a gentle, well-mannered voice over a game of billiards or a glass of Chicago ale, the oral efforts were not displeasing. We were primed by a knowledge of the man to appreciate what was coming; and we laughed "consumedly." It did not matter to us what the subject of the lecture might be—"Babe in the Wood," "Brigham Young," or what not—we had already been hypnotized, as it were, into an enthusiastic *claque*. Artemus as a lecturer in the East was a success; and as such, he came to California.

It was my fortune to encounter him at Acapulco. We were on opposition steamers, and had both the same day ashore in the strange old town.

I paid my respects to our Consul—the only one of our consular corps that I ever saw abroad, (like American Consuls) and after viewing the ruined church buildings and trying issues with the

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bare footed sentinel at the fort, I brought up at a queer hotel or tavern where Artemus was in converse with the host. This landlord was a character—a fierce secessionist—a man of ragged views on all subjects—a type full of attractions for the taste of Artemus; and Artemus was drawing him out with all the cleverness of a well bred, cross-examining lawyer, never trespassing either politeness or good feeling.

We came together again at the supper table of the Occidental on the day of our arrival here, and I saw the humorist repeatedly during his sojourn. He was of more years and experience than myself; besides, I humbly felt the then crushing ignominy of being a "steamer arrival," with the wrinkles hardly ironed out of my clothes; but he was gentleness itself, displayed in a manner that could not but fascinate those brought into social contact with him. I can remember what an enthusiastic admirer Artemus had in the barkeeper of "I think—the Blue Wing," (it may be mentioned that Artemus was declining into consumption and used stimulants generously), and there was another man who seemed to appreciate him at his worth—Thomas Starr King. I remember the two having an interview and wondering which of the two prevailed in the matter of Christian character or of humor.

I went (on an autograph pass from Artemus—I wish I had preserved it), to attend the lectures; but I felt that Artemus was, like myself, among strangers, who regarded him coldly and, possibly, with a dull derision. Indeed, one puffy looking chap next to me stigmatized the lecturer at the close, as "a perfect humbug." It pained me, and I half wondered if his judgment was correct. It was not until Artemus was admitted to the sacred band that worked on the London *Punch*, for which I always cherished a sneaking admiration, that I became rooted in my faith in him as an American humorist with substantial merit in his aims and work.

Looking back to those days, and essaying to sum up the value of a man's work, I cannot see aught reprehensible in the literary or lecturing efforts of the whilom journeyman printer. He attacked nothing that did not deserve attack. He

struck no bludgeon-like blows at his antagonist. He was as tactful as if he had had the ripest training of University and society to polish his literary weapons. His wit was not meant to "burn up" the object thereof; it was rather like a quiet flame that melts the enamel into form fit for polish into a tender design in *cloisonne*.

Here, Mr. Editor, is a reminiscent common-place of days when John Phoenix had hardly left the coast, when Bret Harte was writing in all humility at two dollars and a half a column for good natured weeklies, before "The Luck of Roaring Camp" had been written or conceived; while the good-natured Jo Lawrence was a familiar face on Montgomery Street; while Webb had his paper; and before the scanty garden of Pacific Coast poetry had successfully striven against the "climatic influences" that Harte offered as an excuse for the bareness of the little *florilegium* he first published.

You will pardon me if I rather strainingly attempt to connect the stray humorist and lecturer with those earlier days of our literary life in San Francisco. He was something better than a writer or humorist. He was to the uttermost "a jolly good fellow."

## COMMON SENSE.

In sincere and large-minded politics ideas and not offices are the matters of prime concern, remarks the *New York World*. The aim of every honest man in politics should be to win others to his way of thinking, because he believes that to be the right way of thinking, the way which best tends to the public welfare. We are all of us apt to forget this. We neglect the persuasive element in our oratory and in political writing. We are too ready to treat the political adversary as the public enemy, which he is not. We too often use against adverse opinion the weapons of scorn and denunciation, which should be reserved for the chastisement of dishonest and unrighteous courses. We too much neglect our opportunities of persuading others to our ways of thinking. We carry too far the simile which makes of a political canvass a "campaign," and of an election a battle.

## AN INTERESTING EVENT.

On Wednesday evening the Rossmore Club gave a surprise party to Miss Annie Lynch, at the residence of Mr. T. E. Dissette, 710 Dundas Street, city, where a very enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present we noticed the following:—Miss L. Ross, Miss D. Ross, Miss A. Cox; the Misses Jackson, the Misses Swift, the Misses Tingle, the Misses Dalton, the Misses Harrington; Miss Ditchsam, Miss Simmons, Miss Bradley; the Misses Gardiner, the Misses O'Connor, the Misses McClennan, the Misses O'Neil; Miss Cunningham, Miss Walsh, Miss Dee, Miss Weeks, Miss Morton, Miss McDonough, Miss Murphy; Mrs. Ross; Miss B. Brownlee; Miss G. Galt; Messrs. W. Ross, Bender, J. Young, Murphy, W. Feather, W. Beatty, H. Pritchard, W. Ainsley, Ainsley, A. Parr, Lusk, C. Simmons, H. Reid, Armstrong, Sirrell, Reed, Chambers, Simpson, Clair, A. Moore, W. Bradley, W. McKendry, McKim, McGinnis, T. Armstrong, A. Dorne, Christie Leadley, J. Bradshaw, C. Swift, Bell, Madill, Bird, Currie, Wells, Jarvis, J. Harper, Gardiner, Butchart, Hostetter; Miss E. Gibbons, Miss Fletcher, Mr. J. W. Nettleton. The Neapolitano Orchestra rendered delightful music, and dancing was indulged in until an early hour in the morning.

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm—  
It felt as soft as cake;  
"Oh, dear," said she, "what liberty  
You printer-men do take!"  
"Why, yes, my gal, my charming gal,"  
(I squeezed her some, I guess.)  
"Can you say aught, my love, against  
The freedom of the press?"

I kissed her some—I did, by gum,  
She colored like a beet;  
Upon my living soul, she looked  
Almost too good to eat!  
I gave another kiss, and then,  
Says she, "I do confess  
I rather kinder sorter like  
The freedom of the press."

## THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

VOTE FOR  
EX-MAYORJAMES BEATY  
FOR  
MAYOR, 1892

AND SUPPORT

## Economy and Efficiency.

An improved system of civic administration. An effort to obtain a new City Charter. Amongst other reforms, the appointment of civic business into a few permanent departments, controlled as to officials and service immediately by competent heads under suitable By-laws, but ultimately by the Council, the people's representatives as a body and not as individuals.

Also the institution of a Board of Control, composed of the Mayor, the Chairmen of Committees (as ex-officio members) and heads of Departments, to suggest methods to Control, Reduce and Manage the Expenditure.

Reduced Taxation, as far as practicable, consistent with the necessities of the city. With this view, retrench and moderate all controllable expenditures in every department of work and service.

Equitable assessment and fair taxation on

all property and classes, and so as to promote the influx of capital.

Utilizing to the best advantage city property and assets, and reduce the debt and encourage improvements.

Equivalent value in work and material for monies expended.

Business like financial arrangements to increase the credit and prosperity of the city.

An effort to procure pure water and thorough drainage to protect the health of the citizens.

To encourage manufacturing industries and induce the use of capital in the city, and thus provide employment.

A readjustment of the local improvement system to render it fair and equitable in its operations.

To establish a judicious relief system for paupers that will at the same time protect the citizens from street beggars.

To establish a means of reformatory punishment for habitual drunkards.

To provide reformatory restraints in cases of first offences of a trivial nature or for youthful indiscretions.

Support an earnest endeavor to uphold the moral, healthful, financial and educational features of the Queen City.

JEWELL & HOWELL,  
RESTAURANT,56, 58 & 60 Colborne Street,  
TORONTO.The Bar supplied with the best Wines.  
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