

The Observer.

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Observations.

BY MARC MARIUS.

The elections are over in the city and like the rest of the heelers I should say that I voted for Fleming, although I did not. But that is neither here nor there. Fleming is there and next to the man I voted for, I believe he is the best man. What a stirring up he could give things at the City Hall if he were so inclined, but I am afraid that with all his talk he will only give us half-way measures.

I believe I know Mr. Fleming fairly well. I first met him in Montreal when he was courting his first wife, an amiable person then a proof-reader on a Montreal paper. I have known him and watched his career ever since. He is what in military language would be called a Fabian. His policy has always been caution. Nothing that can be done to benefit the city will he do unless he is forced by his friends or his desire of and love for popularity. He has a glorious opportunity, but will he take advantage of it? I hardly think he will.

Last week I promised to take as my text the police force. Now I do not wish to be understood as being opposed to a police, but I think the system in this city is all wrong. Our system combines all the worst elements of the civilian and the military systems. By the military system, I mean an institution governed by military laws and rules like the army, such as the Irish Constabulary or the North-west Mounted Police; by the citizen system, the fashion that obtains in towns and municipalities and in some cities where the constable is a citizen and is not governed by military rules.

Our system is a compound of the worst elements in both systems. We have the insolence and meanness of the citizen system coupled with the overbearing martinetism of the military. The average cop thinks he is lord of creation. He is patronizingly familiar to the citizens since he is himself a citizen. He will not chase a burglar out of your premises for fear his superior officer may catch him off his beat. If you catch him doing a wrong act he will lock you up and charge you with being the guilty one. He will drink your whiskey and then lock you up for drunkenness.

In the army Tommy Atkins is as good as the general. Her Majesty has laid down certain laws and if Tommy does not break the law and he obeys orders he can smile in supreme contempt on

his superiors. The law is the same for officer and private, and the rights of the one are now as jealousy guarded as those of the other. If a general breaks the law he can be brought to task by even a private. In our police force, such is not the case. The officers tyrannize over the men under them. The men have no rights that an officer is bound to respect. Sometimes a man gets tired of being abused and called a liar by his superior, and a sergeant is knocked down. A uniform is handed in the next day and that is all that is ever heard of it.

But the officers are never found guilty of breaking the rules. The officers from the chief down argue that it would hurt the standing of the officers with the men if they were reprimanded or carpeted for anything. It is a notorious fact that officers are often half drunk and sometimes wholly so while on duty. Off duty many of them spend their spare time in the saloons. But not a word is said against this for fear it would hurt official prestige.

The men, seeing their officers half drunk, naturally follow suit and get into trouble, but I venture to say that half of the force are in a partial state of intoxication every night in the year. Then a poor citizen comes along with a small "jag" on. The constable makes some brutal remark which he, if of good breeding, naturally resents. A few high words follow and the citizen is lugged off to the nearest patrol box and sent humming to the station, there to spend the night on a floor covered with crawling vermin, and in the association of thieves, burglars, and sometimes murderers. Next day he is up in the police court a disgraced man and is fined, not because he has broken the law, but to soothe the ruffled dignity of a half drunken policeman.

Now, I do not see any reason why a man should have to appear in court to answer to a charge of drunkenness. In some places now in the States, the officer in charge of the police station can release a prisoner charged with drunkenness as soon as the prisoner is sober. The prisoner is asked if he has been arrested on a similar charge during the year. Any one arrested three times on a charge of drunkenness is detained and imprisoned, rather than fined. If a prisoner makes a misstatement to the officer in charge, he can be re-arrested on a warrant, and imprisonment without the option of a fine is the consequence.

This system is found to work well wherever tried. The small fines imposed every morning for drunks do not pay the cost of administering the law. The money in nine cases out of ten comes

from the pockets of the wife and family who are the sufferers. Then again, if a man knows that a fine will not get him off in the police court he will be much less liable to get drunk a third time, for it is the dread of a law not the infliction of its penalties that makes us good citizens, as it is the dread of fire that keeps us from burning our fingers.

A word before I quit with the police magistrate. I am not prejudiced against him for anything he has ever done to me, but I have sat in the police court and felt sorry for him. Felt sorry that a man with the appearance of a gentleman could inflict such cruel jokes as he makes upon the sufferers in the dock. The remarks that he makes to the prisoners, in his coarse humorous style, would be more suitable coming from the lips of one of Torquemada's troopers than from a judge in a Christian community. Why sneer and crack jokes at the objects of misfortune? Poor creatures, it is pity and friendly counsel that they want, rather than the scorbatic humor of Col. Denison.

I had intended to make some further observations about the conduct of the police, and their wonderful faculty for finding out that a man is drunk when he is only a little overcome by fatigue or taking astronomical observations on a cold, clear night, leisurely leaning against a telegraph pole, but I find my zeal has outrun my space.

I think if we had fewer police we should have less cases of drunkenness; I am quite sure we should have far fewer charges of drunkenness. We have too many of the "gentlemen from Ireland" on the force; they are so glad to show their little brief authority and to distinguish themselves at headquarters, that they make "a charge" whenever they can.

I agree that if a man can walk home he should be left alone. If the fool falls down and hurts himself, let him, it may do him good and teach him to be careful for the future. And if he be helplessly drunk take him to the station house, let him sleep until sober, and then send him about his business. If a man be habitually drunk in the streets and so becomes a danger and a nuisance, charge him and give him a month's imprisonment, without the option of a fine. But we must change the present system, which encourages our ardent and enthusiastic "Bobby" to see a "drunk" in every noisy night-bird who may invade the sacred territory of the active constables' beat, and to run him in, with the sole object of running up the constable's record for fussy officiousness.

Musical & Dramatic Notes.

BY VIOLA.

Young people who patronise the Grand Opera House have really good grounds of complaint against the manager. It seems that when a good opera or spectacle is produced the prices of the theatre are raised about fifty per cent., and the fact, it is said, is either insufficiently advertised or not advertised at all. The young man who, with his best girl on his arm, two dollars in his pocket, and a twenty-five cent "fore-and-aft" on his head, marches proudly up to the box office and loudly demands two seats in the orchestra, is often placed in a very embarrassing position when the ticket-seller blandly remarks, "Another dollar, sir." It is really too bad of Mr. O. B. Sheppard. Many a young man of Christian proclivities on being caught in this way has inwardly felt himself to be horribly profane, while not a few have fallen permanently from grace.

As I predicted a few weeks ago, the musical festival scheme has been abandoned until next year. I am rather sorry that in this case I have proved to be a true prophet, but of course it would be unwise to press the project this year if the Festival Committee have reason to believe that it would not be supported by the citizens generally.

The *Globe's* musical critic has discovered that the Chopin solos played by Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann at the concert of the Canadian Society of Musicians are only elegant trifles. This is something that modern musicians have not yet suspected, but now that the *Globe* has enlightened them on the subject they can no longer plead ignorance. The *Globe's* critic, however, was not content with one discovery of so astounding a nature, for he went on to say that Mr. De Pachmann plays with an absence of "tonal effects." The phrase is delightfully vague, but probably the *Globe's* critic means that Mr. De Pachmann did not pound and thump on his instrument in the manner so general with German virtuosi.

Mr. F. H. Torrington writes as follows:—

In the musical jottings of the *Daily Graphic*, of Dec. 19, 1891, the following items appear:—"In disproof of the assertion so often heard now-a-days to the effect that Handel's popularity is on the wane, we may notice that no fewer than five performances of the "Messiah" have been given this week in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester to audiences always full, and sometimes overcrowded.

"We learn that a cheque for £500 has been handed to the treasurer of the General Hospital, Birmingham, as the financial result of the festival held last October."

This scarcely accords with the views set forth by "Viola" in your issue of December 12th on the decline of oratorio in English-speaking countries.

My answer to the letter of "Chromaticus" on the same subject, covers, I think, the ground taken

by Mr. Torrington. I pointed out that the Birmingham Festival receipts had been exceeded in previous years, and that, of late, Handel's works occupied but a small proportion of the festival programme. As to the five performances of "The Messiah" at Manchester, the fact carries little significance, more especially as they were given in the week preceding Christmas. I am sorry to hear, though, that the audiences were always "full." The quotation from the *Graphic* shows that I am not singular in my opinion as to the decline of oratorio. In reference to performances of "The Messiah" in England as a basis of argument, one has always to consider how much of the success of these events is due to the religious sentiments of the people, and how much is due to the love of oratorio music.

I stated in the first number of THE OBSERVER that it was probable that ere long the public would have an opportunity of hearing again the incomparable Patti. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the manager of the Grand Opera House, now advertises that he has secured the *diva* for one concert this month. He is not certain about the date, but thinks it will be the 29th. The admirers of the celebrated *prima donna* had better take this opportunity of hearing her again for Patti, alas! is now forty-nine years of age, and after this concert it may be a case of "she never came back," as the popular song has it. Patti has, I venture to say, carried the star system to its utmost limit. She has invariably exacted exceptionally high fees, and in consequence has been often associated with very indifferent opera companies. She has not done so much for art as some of her less gifted sisters in song. Her roles have been almost invariably in operas of the light Italian school. As her dramatic ability is exceedingly limited, perhaps she has exercised a wise discretion in not appearing in more serious works. She has rarely lent the magic of her voice to the interpretation of the great thoughts of the great composers, and in this respect she has done less for the cultivation of the best music than either Madame Nilsson or Madame Albani. However, she has given thousands and thousands of people the mere sensuous pleasure of enjoying the exquisite tones of her voice—for a consideration.

Mr. John Earls is working hard in the interest of the Philharmonic Society, and it is to be hoped that he will succeed in extricating it from its present financial embarrassments. It would not be a credit to the musical community of Toronto were the Society allowed to die for lack of support. It has now been for twenty years under the direction of Mr. Torrington, and has produced a number of great works which without its agency we should not have heard. Thousands of singers have passed through the training school of its chorus, and it is impossible to estimate the good influence which they have spread throughout the community to the general advantage of the interests of music.

Nothing has been heard of the coming to Toronto of to-day's great sensation in the piano world, Paderewski, and it can only be inferred

that Messrs Suckling & Sons have been frightened off by the high price demanded by the great virtuoso or his manager. I fancy, however, that later in the season some one will make the venture and that we shall hear Paderewski before many months have passed.

A number of English and continental critics are disposed to hail Pietro Mascagni as the apostle of a new school of music, one that shall combine the rich resources and dramatic truth of the Wagner school with the melodic charm of the Italian opera composers. Certainly Mascagni's two operas "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Amico Fritz," give great promise of grand achievements in the future. It is very encouraging to know that Mascagni is still a young man and cannot have attained the full development of his powers. He has been writing a grand opera, and the world of music is awaiting its production with eager expectancy.

"The Power of the Press," by Augustus Pitou and Jessop, now being played at the Grand Opera House, is rather an effective melodrama of its kind. One cannot fail to observe, however, how much the authors have been indebted to the methods of the English melodramatists. The great objection to the ordinary melodrama is that it presents life in such an unreal aspect, The English melodrama generally confines honesty in men and virtue in women to the poorer classes and villainy and vice to the upper and rich classes, just as in the conventional Irish drama the landlord is almost invariably a scoundrel. It is on this account, probably, that these two kinds of plays are so successful with the gallery. "The Power of the Press" is handsomely staged and it is in the hands of a very efficient company. Mr. Augustus Pitou is a shrewd manager, and no doubt the title was chosen with the suspicion that it would do something towards gaining the goodwill of the New York press. To me it seems that the bait was a little too palpable.

A correspondent, "Orchestra," whose letter appears elsewhere, makes several pertinent enquiries in reference to the professional orchestra organised last season, and also to the Orchestral Union. I am not in a position to answer the questions put, as only a member of these organisations could supply the needed information. I do not think women would be admitted as members. Perhaps some of the readers of THE OBSERVER may be able to answer "Orchestra."

A year or two ago the New York World offered a prize for the best play submitted to it. The winner was Martha Morton's "The Merchant," which last season was acted successfully on the road. The New York Herald is now conducting a contest in which 596 one-act plays have been entered. The winner will get \$200 from the Herald, and T. Henry French has offered to buy the play from the author for \$800 more. Music and Drama, of Philadelphia, has offered \$100 for the best play submitted before March 1. It will be performed three times at the expense of Music and Drama and will then become the property of the author.

The Passing Show.

BY WILFRID WISGAST.

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

While the result of the elections on Monday last might personally have been more flattering to me, I am not at all inclined to indulge in lamentation. I voted for Mr Osler and of course should have preferred to see my man come in first, but Mr. Fleming will doubtless fill the position well, and I tender him my hearty congratulations. He shall receive not only just, but generous, treatment from me in my journalistic capacity.

It may satisfy some people to be told that Mr. Osler is not at all displeased at the result. He did his best to win, and does not feel sore at being beaten by a little over a couple of hundred in a total vote approaching twenty five thousand—the largest municipal vote ever cast in this city. Messrs. Fleming and Osler both bore themselves in this contest like gentlemen, and can now, in the orthodox manner, after a fair stand-up fight, shake hands.

The vote for Sunday street cars is one on which all of us who have advocated greater freedom on Sundays have reason to feel extremely pleased. We did not win straight away; it would have been a surprise to us if we had; but we have polled over ten thousand votes, and we were loudly assured by many who thought they knew that it was impossible for us to score as many hundreds.

In fact, the general belief of this had much to do with the result. I do not say we should have won, but I have been told by many persons since the numbers were declared, that they would have voted in favor of cars on Sundays had they had any idea the proposal was so near winning. Before the election many people to whom I spoke told me they would vote for the proposal if it was of any use, but "that it was sure to be snowed under."

All of us who voted for a free Sunday have cause to congratulate ourselves. We have broken the ice, and have shown our strength. We need claim no moral victory. We have suffered a temporary defeat, but one that has left our opponents in a much more shattered condition than ourselves. The narrow-minded sectarianism of this city has received a blow from which it will never recover.

On the other hand the people have to thank a large number of liberal-minded ministers in this city for the way they have dealt with this question. Some of them have said that, while opposed to it themselves, they would not attempt to dictate to the people how to act; while several ministers have spoken boldly out on our side. These are clergymen whom we can respect, and in this connection owe our thanks.

THE OBSERVER recommended the people to vote for Messrs Leslie, W. J. Hambly, Bernard Saunders, J. Maloney and Gowanlock. The people thought the advice was so good that the gentlemen above mentioned all gained the offices they sought, and gained them easily too.

This is as it should be. As a weekly paper we are fresh in the field, but our friends may rest assured that we are here to stay, and the people will find the advice we give them will be in the main such advice as they can safely follow.

In this connection a correspondent has written to me saying that my opinions in "The Passing Show" do not always quite accord with the views expressed in the editorial columns of THE OBSERVER. There is no reason that they should; all the departmental writers are allowed to say much what they please, as long as they remain in a kind of general accord. We all quite understand the lines on which the paper is run; we may differ in details, but not in principle.

Mr. James Keith writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows:—"Not one person in a hundred who knows Mr. Gladstone by sight, not one in a hundred thousand of the general public knows that when quite a young man Mr. Gladstone lost the forefinger of his left hand by an accident. Mr. Forbes, by advice, meanwhile, has painted this finger in, in the original portrait intended for the National Liberal Club, because this picture is to be reproduced for photogravure."

If the people of London are concerned about Mr. Gladstone's missing finger well and good; there are a large number of people in the Old Country who can afford to waste time in discussing such trivialities. Fortunately, or unfortunately, out here we have other things to do; we do not care about the missing finger. But we are all anxious to see the portrait of the Grand Old Man, both on account of the original and of the artist.

A large number of people in Canada are dead against Mr. Gladstone as a politician. They believe—and in my opinion they believe correctly—that he has done untold harm to political morality and to political liberty; but as the most unique figure in English public life to-day one cannot but feel an interest in the man. Yes, we are all curious to see Mr. Forbes' portrait of the famous Englishman who is an active politician at eighty-three.

The fact that at a recent meeting of the National League in Dublin as much as £2.10s. (about twelve dollars) was announced as the total receipts of the previous fortnight will prove more conclusively than anything in the shape of argument how completely the Irish Home Rule farce has fallen through.

We are gradually getting to know a good deal more than we expected about the inside history of this contemptible movement. When knaves fall out, if honest men do not necessarily become

possessed of their own, a lot of useful and interesting light is sure to be let in on the mode of procedure among the thieves. We see this in the course pursued by the Irish Home Rule gang.

For more than twelve months now these fellows have been wrangling among themselves, and applying to each other such epithets as only a patriotic Irishman can use. And the strongest "argument" each "patriot" has used was that the other fellow was a thief. And *vice versa*.

Who does the dramatic criticisms for the *Globe*? It would be absurd to say that the amusement column of the *Globe* is laughed at all over the city, because no one reads the stuff. Some time ago the *Globe* used very often to send a deaf man to "write up" a performance. The result was interesting; there was "oh, such a difference in the morning" between what had occurred on the stage and what the journalistic Mrs. Gamp of Toronto narrated to the Betsy Prigs who form her audience.

Of course if systematic laudation and endorsement of every dramatic outrage that comes along is the correct thing, then the kind of balderdash the *Globe* publishes will suffice. But if the idea be to act as a guide to the public and tell them not only when a good thing is on, but also—unfortunately the much more frequent case—when our enterprising managers are palming off on the public a "rotten show;" if the idea be to tell the truth and so enable people to save their dollars, then the *Globe* is simply conniving at a clumsy fraud on the pockets of the public.

Has the *Empire* yet found out who is mayor? Most of us knew by ten o'clock on Monday evening last, but the enterprising Government organ was not quite sure on Wednesday morning. It is surprising how long it takes to ascertain what one does not want to know.

When the *Empire* started it endeavored to procure good men and it offered good salaries. With a very few exceptions it failed in the men, but paid the salaries—for a time. Now, I am told, whenever a man leaves the *Empire* his post is filled by a boy at one-third of the former salary. No wonder that the organ is in "a parlous state—a very parlous state."

Victoria C. Woodhull (Lady Martin) has forwarded me from London a copy of her pamphlet "The Rapid Multiplication of the Unfit." I agree with her line of argument, but if the writer wishes to propagate her ideas why not write in language that ordinary people can understand?

"Afferent," "efferent," and many similarly unfamiliar words are out of place in a pamphlet meant for popular reading. It is a pity that so many instructors of the public will not understand that the more plainly they speak the more effective will be their teaching; and not write to show how much they know, but in a manner plain enough and distinct enough for the many to understand what is wanted to be taught.

MRS. WINTHROP'S HUSBAND.

He was the first actor Desire had ever met, and she regarded him from under her eyelashes with half-awed interest, as they sat side by side at Mrs. Royden's dinner. She had as much pretty romance about her life as a girl of 19 ought to have, and, to her, Guy Kennison wore something of the halo of Claude and Romeo and the other heroes of the good old-fashioned dramas over whose pages she had often hung entranced.

As may have been supposed, Miss Lyte was perhaps a little behind the world of the people among whom she found herself, and who were gathered round an oval table with a low centre piece of South American orchids, while the light of the rose-shaded wax candles in many-branched silver candelabra brought out the glitter of glass and plate and the sheen of silks and satins and sparkle of jewels.

It was all an enchanted world to Desire, and the crowning touch of her good fortune in being in it and of it during her visit to her rich cousin at Newport seemed this opportunity of actually talking with a representative of that still more enchanted world of genius and glamor, the stage. She almost expected Mr. Kennison to open the conversation in the style of the melancholy Dane or with the wit of Charles Surface.

Instead, he made an altogether conventional remark about the weather. This was certainly easier to reply to, which she did with an irrepressible little smile that brought sudden violet lights into her long-lashed deep-gray eyes, and set unsuspected dimples dancing about her demure mouth.

Kennison glanced questioningly yet admiringly, at the fleeting illumination; he had not thought the girl was half so pretty, he told himself.

"Did I say anything very amusing?" he quietly asked.

Desire flushed and paled with dismay.

"Oh, no, no," she said, with an earnestness amounting almost to agony. "Indeed, I do beg your pardon most sincerely. But, you see, I made a round of calls this afternoon with my cousin, and wherever we went, everybody seemed to begin by saying something about the weather, just as if they had all learned it out of a new manual of polite conversation, like Swift's with a difference, don't you know? And so when you began in the same way, I—I—"

"You naturally thought I, too, must have got hold of the manual," suggested Kennison, taking pity on her as she hesitated and stopped, and rather surprised at finding himself capable of such an unwonted interest in this new variety of "bud," this shy, quiet girl, with a face as fair and pure as the half-opened white roses on her breast, who read Swift and had unconsciously succeeded in making him feel distinctly foolish for an instant.

After that the ice was effectually broken. Desire's neighbor on the other side was too old and deaf to care to talk commonplaces, Kennison's was a stout bediamonded dame who preferred her dinner to conversation even with the fashionable young actor, and the two were thus completely thrown on each other for entertainment.

Their acquaintance rapidly advanced while the long ceremonious dinner went on through its many courses from soup to dessert. Desire mentally took some notes of Mr. Kennison's appearance, knowing that her two younger sisters would demand a full description of him, as of all the other notables she might see.

He was not at all handsome, she gravely decided; yet she could not but admit that there was something rarely attractive about

him, with his unusual grace of manner and bearing, his finely-poised dark head, brilliant half-weary dark eyes, and clear-cut olive face. That most character-revealing feature, the mouth, had an odd contradictory charm of expression, its curves being at once stern and sensitive, tender and sarcastic. He seemed like the hero of a modern analytic novel, she thought she would tell the girls, as best describing him.

But she decided that she would not tell the girls all the things they had talked about. Even sisters must have some reservations with each other, and it would be quite impossible to make anyone understand how natural it seemed to converse with this stranger on all sorts of subjects, from Shakespeare and other favorite authors to the wonderfully intelligent ways of Madam Mordecai, the Lytes' family cat, and a dear departed collie of Kennison's.

Dinner came to an end, and Desire followed the terra cotta satin train of the bediamonded dame out of the room, with a certain regret that her tete-a-tete with Mr. Kennison was over, since of course he would not care to seek her out when the men rejoined them in the drawing-room.

Yet that was just what he did, coming almost at once to her side where she sat by one of the great windows, and lingering there until Mrs. Royden asked him for some music and he went to the piano.

His voice was of a nondescript order—too deep for a tenor, too clearly sweet for a bass, but with a thrilling rememberable quality of its own, which many more perfect lack. So Desire, still mindful of her sisters' curiosity, decided with a critical ear; but soon the subtle power of the song and the singer swept her beyond the mood of criticism.

It was an old Provencal romance, and she understood not one word of it; but the vague fascination of the summer night seemed somehow in it as it came cadenced in the mellow manly voice, broken with pauses filled by the rippling notes of the softly touched piano.

"Yes," observed Cousin Maria, as she settled herself comfortably in her satin-cushioned carriage, where she had left the Royden cottage with Desire and they were on their way to one of the regular dances at the Cassino; "yes, any one could see that Kennison was born for an actor. He always reminds me of the man who could say 'Mesopotamia' in a way that brought tears into the people's eyes. I couldn't half understand what his song was about to-night, yet I was almost ready to cry over it."

In the friendly dusk of the carriage, Desire smiled a little at the oddity of her cousin's comparison, perhaps also at memories of her own. Mrs. Verplanck continued her pleasant staccato murmur of chat:—

"He is very likable, too, don't you think? I liked him from the first time I ever saw him play. It was in 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' three years ago. He made his first great success in that. Perhaps he did so well because there was nature as well as art in his acting. He was Mrs. Winthrop's husband, and they say he was madly in love with her then. His wife was Miss Fay, you may remember—a magnificent beauty, but not much of an actress. I've heard she treated him abominably on the stage as well as off it; but, of course, one can never get at the rights of such quarrels. Anyway, they broke with each other completely. It's said they don't even speak, unless on the boards, in the way of business, you know. I suppose he'll call on us very soon, as I've known him so long. We mustn't forget to send him a card for your garden-party next week. What luck Cecilia Royden does have with her cooks! Did you notice the absolute perfection of the mayonnaise?"

Cousin Maria went contentedly rambling on in her usual fashion about the dishes, the dresses, the decorations and the small events of the evening, but Desire sat unusually silent.

She remembered having seen some notices of Kennison and Miss Fay in the play her cousin mentioned. It had been Miss Fay in the newspaper, but she knew that actresses generally keep their maiden names for public use. After all it was no affair of hers, she reflected; and it would certainly have been very presuming in Mr. Kennison to suppose that she must be so much interested in his private history that he ought to inform her, a stranger, met for the first time, that he was a married man.

But ought any married man, even one separated from his wife, have been quite so earnest in his manner to herself? There had been nothing really to complain of, nothing but what might have been altogether harmless—rather pleasant and flattering, indeed, if he had no wife; but, as it was—

(To be continued.)

PHILLIPS BROOKS' FIRST SERMON.

"The way in which Phillips Brooks began to preach the Gospel," says Julius H. Ward in the *New England Magazine*, "is so unique that the story must be told in full. Two or three miles from the hill on which the Alexandria Seminary stands is a little hamlet called Sharon, composed of poor whites and negroes, which one of his classmates undertook to work up. It was a task in which he needed help, and Brooks reluctantly consented to go. After he had been once, his heart was interested and he was ready to go again. Here he preached his first sermon and began the work of ministering to human souls. The success of the little mission stirred up opposition, which was headed by a Northern man, who had become an infidel and delighted to express his opinions to a few followers. These appeared determined to break up the meetings; and when young Brooks was fully aware of their purpose, one Sunday, he denounced the whole set in terms of scathing rebuke, which his classmate still remembers as the most searching and sarcastic speech that he ever heard. Little as he may have occasion to use it, Phillips Brooks is as effective and powerful a master of invective as ever Theodore Parker was, and the effect of his speech upon this little community was to destroy the opposition and to bring all but one of the hostile persons, and that was not the leader, to baptism and confirmation."

MR. QUICKWIT—You don't seem to like me, Miss Razortongue?

MISS RAZORTONGUE—Well, you know, calves are not to be depended on.

MR. QUICKWIT—Isn't that a delightful paradox? Now I'll venture to say that two most lovely ones are your main support.

(They became engaged within a week.)

A Texas father rebuked his son for drinking at saloons.

"Didn't you drink at the saloons when you were of my age?" asked the promising young man.

"Yes, but I saw the folly of it and gave it up."

"Well, how am I to see the folly of it, so I can give it up, unless I go there?"

Verdict for the junior member of the firm, and no appeal.

A late song is entitled, "Nobody Knows But Mother." Generally speaking nobody knows but mother what kind of a temper a daughter has, but after the honeymoon is over the young husband begins to find out something of what mother knew.

ABOUT BABIES.

The elegant youth whom THE OBSERVER has retained on its staff as its special masher writes to say that at this festive season he is kept very much occupied by his society duties, but he has found time to send us the following little story about babies. He says he has been for the Christmas week on a visit to a married sister, and relates this experience:—

I was walking up and down the garden when, on passing the summer house, I overheard my eldest niece, aged seven, who was sitting very upright in a very big chair, giving information to her younger sister, aged five, on the subject of "Babies, Their Origin, Discovery and Use."

"You know babies," she was remarking, "ain't like dollies. Babies is 'live. Nobody gives you babies till you've growed up. An' they're very improper. We're not supposed to talk 'bout such things—we was babies once."

She is a very thoughtful child, is my eldest niece. Her thirst for knowledge is a most praiseworthy trait in her character, but has rather an effect upon the rest of the family. We limit her now to 700 questions a day. After she has asked 700 questions, and we have answered them, or rather, as we are able, we boycott her; and she retires to bed, indignant, asking:

"Why only 700? Why not 800?"

Nor is her range of inquiry what you would call narrow or circumscribed at all. It embraces most subjects that are known as yet to civilisation, from abstract theology to rats, from the failure of marriage to chocolate, and why you must not take it out and look at it when you have once put it inside your mouth.

She has her own opinion, too, about most of these matters, and expresses it with a freedom which is apt to shock respectfully brought up folks. I am not over orthodox myself, but she staggers even me at times. Her theories are too advanced for me at present.

She has not given much attention to the matter of babies hitherto. It is only this week that she has gone in for that subject. The explanation is—I hardly like mentioning it. Perhaps it—I don't know, I don't see that there is any harm in it, though. Yet, well, the fact of the matter is, there is an "event" expected in our family, or rather, in my brother-in-law's; and—there! you know these things get discussed among relatives, and May—that is my nieces name—is one of those children that you are always forgetting about, and never know how much it has heard and how much it has not.

The child said nothing, however, and all seemed right until last Sunday afternoon. It was a wet day, and I was reading in the breakfast parlor, and Emily was sitting on the sofa looking at an album of Swiss views with Dick Chetwyn. Dick and Emily are engaged. Dick is a steady young fellow and Emily loves him dearly, I am sure; but they both suffer, in my opinion, from an overdose of modesty. As for Emily it does not so much matter; girls are like that before they are married. But in Dick it seems out of place. They both of them flare up quite scarlet at the simplest joke even. They always make me think of Gilbert's bashful young couple.

Well, there we were, sitting round, the child on the floor, playing with her bricks. She had been very quiet for about five minutes and I was just wondering what could be the matter with her, when all of a sudden and without a word of warning, she observed in the most casual tone of voice while continuing her building operations:

"Is Auntie Cissy goin' to have a little boy baby or a little girl baby, uncle?"

"Oh, don't ask silly questions; she hasn't made up her mind yet."

"Oh, Oh! I think I should 'vise her to have

a little girl, 'cause little girls ain't so much trouble as boys, is they? Which would you 'vise her to have, uncle?"

"Will you go on with your bricks and not talk about things you don't understand? We are not supposed to talk about these sort of things at all. It isn't proper."

"What isn't p'oper? Ain't babies p'oper?"

"No; very improper, especially some of them."

"Umph! then what's people have 'em for, if they isn't p'oper?"

"Will you go on with your bricks, or will you not?"

"Shall I have a baby when I'm growed up?"

"Oh, bother the child! Yes, if your're good and don't worry and get married."

"What's married? What mamma and puppa is."

"Yes."

"And what Auntie Emily and Mr. Chetwyn is going to be?"

"Yes; don't talk so much."

"Will Auntie Emily have a——?"

"Go on with your bricks!"

A SECRET.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

He said: "No one shall ever learn
This secret that my heart must keep:
No matter how the words may burn,
No matter how my heart may leap,
No one shall know I love her so,
No one shall know, no one shall know!"

But though his lips were tightly sealed
The very birds his secret guessed;
For in his eyes it was revealed,
And in his face it was confessed—
"I love her so, I love her so,
But none shall know, but none shall know!"

The wind soon found it out and ran on,
To tell it to the wondering flowers,
And bear it to the gates of dawn.
Where loiter all the coming hours,
That they might know, he loved her so,
That they might know, that they might know.

Sometimes all secrets must unfold,
And soon did he a listener seek,
To whom his story might be told,
Before the laughing world should speak
And tell her (if she did not know!)
He loved her so, he loved her so!

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

London, June 8.—Whether the ridiculous rumor that Lord Randolph Churchill was to have the St. Petersburg Embassy emanated from himself or from irresponsible, over-zealous partizans will probably never be exactly known. There may possibly have been a wish of this sort in his own mind, but certainly there never has been any thought to gratify it. The prompt announcement of Lord Salisbury's choice almost as soon as the canard got wing showed emphatically how unsuitable the wandering heir was deemed for an appointment of first-rate importance. The fact is that the Conservative leaders have been watching Lord Randolph's recent exploits with half-contemptuous pity, merited by his deliberate efforts at political self-effacement. Not the slightest credence is to be given, therefore, to a batch of subsidiary fictions which nominate him for every possible and impossible post, from Viceroy of India down to Governor of Tasmania. He has as yet given no sign of having made up his mind as to

his own future, and I am in a position to state that his future depends mainly on himself. He will not be again pushed forward by party leaders.

FAME IS THE FASHION.

"There seems to be a deplorable lack of 'mute inglorious Miltons' in these days," says Walter Blackburn Harte in the January *New England Magazine*. "There is a perfect epidemic of 'famous' people—the market is flooded with the sons and daughters of famous people. It is fashionable in society to be 'famous,' and the crop of famous folk is appalling. Everybody with aspirations is going into literature nowadays. It seems as if literature, which used to mean more or less obscurity, though the pathway to the most enduring fame, is now sought by the sort of people who only want the bubble reputation of social life, and who a generation or two ago would have identified themselves with a fashionable tailor, a jockey club, the cock-pit or the prize ring to achieve prominence. It has become as unblushing a business as the vending of quack medicine; it is only a matter of labels. The people who come before the public in heavy type are 'billed,' to use a theatrical term, principally for the reason that they have never had anything to do with literature before, but can lead a German or play baseball, or fit their clothes. Journalists are the only people who fail to grow fat upon twaddling in this world of platitude."

WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS.

"What is the matter?" asked the Boston girl, addressing a little boy.

"They're raising the devil in a saloon down the street," replied the urchin as he dashed away in the direction of the disturbance.

"What is the matter, Priscilla?" asked the mother of the Boston girl.

The maiden hesitated a moment, but only for a moment: her conscientiousness, her regard for the truth overcame the impulse to give her parent an evasive answer and she replied:

"They are elevating Satan in an establishment devoted to the sale of alcoholic beverages somewhere in the vicinity, but of the exact location of which I am yet unapprised."

A TRIFLE TOO PRACTICAL.

Wool—"That boy of Longnecker's will never make an architect."

Van Pelt—"Isn't he getting along in the office?"

Wool—"No; the architect told him to make the plans for a bridge and he got stuck."

Van Pelt—"What did he do?"

Wool—"The little fool built the bridge without any plans."

He threw his arms around her neck,
And words of love he spoke;
And then went home a total wreck.
He threw his arms around her neck;
It was indeed no joke,
For his suspender broke.

A hideous monster came out of a water-pipe at Albany and frightened several people nearly out of their wits. The description given in the *Press* shows that it is the common harmless little "hell-bender" of the lakes (*menobranthus maculatus*). The late Professor Linden bought hundreds of them from Lake Erie fishermen to send to scientific societies in Europe, it being an American batrachian and considered a great curiosity by European naturalists.

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Enlarged to Twelve Pages.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1892.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

The question of reform in our municipal government has been so much talked and written about during the past year among the people and by the newspapers of Toronto that it will be as well, perhaps, to define what is meant before we become tired of any mention of the matter, by the weariness inevitably caused by continuous harping upon one string. It is necessary to come down to details, and say what we want, instead of continuing in a general manner to clamor for "reform," which may mean just anything or nothing. There is nothing easier than to indulge in the pastime so pleasant to many of us of lecturing all mankind and insisting on the necessity of alteration and amendment in the ways of the whole world. But it is when one attempts to show what is best to be done and how best to do it, that the real difficulty begins. And so it is with our municipal affairs; we are all agreed, in a general sense, that a change is necessary, but how few of us have really taken the trouble, even in the most cursory way, to condescend to details and attempt to define what it is really practicable to effect. We want, of course, efficiency and economy. Well, we have just elected a mayor and a council for a year, and we are willing to assume, if merely out of compliment to the elected of the people, that an honest and an able set of civic officers are installed. At least there is little doubt that both our Mayor and his council are a decided improvement on their predecessors. In respect to economy doubtless something can be done in the way of curtailment in all our public departments. In the City Hall there are too many men unquestionably; we do not complain that salaries there are too high, except, perhaps, with a few of the heads of departments; but there is unnecessary subdivision of work and unnecessary elaboration of detail, which means waste of energy, needless multiplicity of clerical and messenger service, and divided authority and responsibility where

direct responsibility is needed. Much money can be saved at the City Hall, and better work can be secured at a much smaller cost. Again, the police force needs putting in order; we have too many men, and the cost of the police in this city is altogether excessive. Among other things, that costly and puerile farce, the Morality Department, must go at once! The Fire Department also needs watching, and here, with a little well-directed practical re-organisation, a handsome sum of money can be saved. These are only a few directions in which reform is necessary, but there are many others. Only we must make up our minds as to what we really do want and bend our energies in that direction until our will is done. But we may as well remember one thing: it is impossible to have all the latest improvements in lighting, in carriage, in drainage and in water supply, and maintain a low rate of expenditure. If we want to keep abreast of London and Paris, and boast that Toronto is a twentieth century city, we must pay for it. We must be content to go more slowly, or we shall find, while it may flatter our vanity to think we are ahead of everybody, that the pace is telling and the freight comes high.

THE ELECTIONS.

We see little use in reading a homily to the people on the elections of last Monday; they now belong to the past, and our City Fathers are appointed for the present year. THE OBSERVER was not a strong partisan of any of the Mayoralty candidates, and we are content to accept the choice of the people. Mr. Fleming shall have our independent support, and we trust and believe he will prove a worthy occupant of the chair. As regards the minor elections for aldermen and school trustees, we are pleased to know that the people were kind enough to place in office, with only one exception, all the gentlemen whom we specified. On the Sunday car question—which we said last week and again say now—was the most important point at issue, we are proud of the position taken by us all along and more proud still of the splendid response the people made at the polls. That a drastic change of the kind suggested should be supported by TEN THOUSAND AND FOUR HUNDRED votes is a certain augury of coming victory at an early day. We do not mean to let the agitation drop, and before the next election an organisation shall be completed that will in all probability ensure immediate triumph. In the meantime, let all the friends of this popular demand keep hammering away by arguments with their friends, by letters to the newspapers, and by organising in the different districts of the city, and glorious as has been the progress we have so far made, the result of the next

appeal to the people on the Sunday car question shall be, in its far-reaching practical results, more glorious still.

ENGLISH TRADE UNIONISTS.

The Parliamentary Committee of the English Trades Union Congress are a body of men elected at the annual meetings held each year in September. They are supposed to be the pick of the trades' union world, but their latest action looks as if, like some other jumpers after popularity whom we are only too familiar with out here, they know what it is to "sit on the fence." At the last Congress held lately in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the hours of labor question was discussed at enormous length, and a resolution was finally agreed to of which nobody could make any sense. As originally drafted, it demanded an eight-hour day for all trades in which the majority does not object to it. But, in order to get it carried, the proposers agreed to strike out the words eight hours and leave that hours should be regulated by Government, without saying whether they should be eight or eighteen per day. The London *Trades Unionist* says:—"On all points connected with factory legislation the record of the Tory party is more creditable on the whole than anything Liberals can show. The country squires at least preserved some traditions which saved them from the heartlessness of the Manchester school. Pity for overworked mothers and weary children found its way to the genial countryman's heart, when it could not touch the hardened ruthlessness of commercialist greed. To help the suffering belonged to the best instincts of the squirearchy."

A VILLAIN.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been trifled with. Somebody appertaining to the Court has leaked. The Court's decision in the famous Nebraska case involving the title to the Governorship has with malice aforethought been made known to a wondering world in advance of its formal recitation in open Court. The Chief Justice and the Associate Justices have wrapped their black drapery around them in gloom, and refuse to be comforted. The Court has our profoundest sympathy, and we hope that the leaking villain will be caught.

A LITERARY BANDIT.

Garza, the Mexican bandit who calls himself a revolutionary leader, is said to be fairly well educated, having attended school in Brownsville, Tex., and been graduated at the University of Mexico. He entered the Mexi-

can army, but was suspended for misconduct and fled to the United States, where he has been charged with having killed several persons. It is also said that he edited several small Texas newspapers in which he assailed the Mexican Government. He collected a band of refugees, smugglers, etc., about a year ago, crossed the Rio Grande, and began a career of pillage. He was badly defeated at Mier but was hidden from his enemies by the smugglers. The United States authorities are said to want him nearly as badly as do the Mexicans.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHILI.

The terrible menace of war between the United States and Chili has at last cooled down to a question whether the proposal for arbitration shall emanate from the United States or from Chili. This is a very nice matter of diplomatic punctilio, it is true; but when it has come to so small a point all danger of war may be regarded as at an end. It may readily be conceived that the party that has been breathing the most direful threats of vengeance should be somewhat reluctant to descend to a pacific proposition to arbitrate without any change in the situation. But there is a way of settling this question without a compromise of the dignity of either side. Let Germany or Great Britain, or some other neutral power having an interest in the maintenance of peace, propose an arbitration, and let it be accepted simultaneously by the United States and by Chili.

MONS. DE LAVELAYE.

Mons. De Lavelaye, the noted Belgian writer on political economy, whose death is announced, had a remarkable literary career of over half a century. All subjects seemed easy of treatment to him. European politics, bimetalism, primitive and modern forms of government, questions of law, and abstruse socialistic theories, were each handled by him with an analytical power and erudition which excited the amazement and admiration of his readers. With all this, he was a thorough Liberal, and republican Liberals had no doughtier champion nor warmer defender than this profound thinker and philosopher. It is not, perhaps, generally known that Emile de Lavelaye enjoyed the unique distinction of having been burned in effigy by the Turks, denounced as a heretic by the Russians, and worshipped as an ikon by the grateful Bulgars because of his utterances, and valued it more than he did his Edinburgh degree or his French and Spanish decorations.

Walter Blackburn Harte writes of sons and daughters in literature in the January *New England Magazine*. In the February number he will have a story dealing with an editorial predicament.

IMMORALITY IN TORONTO.

BY HORACE SMITH, M. A.

V.

I have received a very temperately written letter from a lady well-known in Toronto who says that while she does not care to enter on the public discussion of such an unsavoury subject to a modest woman, uses these words:—

"The evil you indicate is an evil to be met and dealt with, and therefore of course it must be understood, and to be understood it must be discussed. As well might a medical man refuse to treat a loathsome or a contagious disease because it was unpleasant or dangerous, as for men or women of the world to ignore this serious social evil. We all know full well, if we have the honesty to admit our knowledge, that prostitution is more rampant to-day than ever. I admit this, and I admit the truth of much that you say; but I think you are too hard on women and unfair to us women. You write as if we were alone to blame, while you men—you poor, weak, innocent men—were alone to be pitied. Now I say that it is you men who are responsible in the first instance for all our follies and our sins. You admire us, you say; you flatter us, knowing that we like flattery; you make love to us and tempt us, knowing that we are weak. We, I admit, dress to catch your eye and (poor, weak fools that we are) to gain your admiration. But is it not unmanly, Mr. Horace Smith, for you—who from what you say must have had considerable personal experience—to turn round and taunt us publicly with the very weaknesses by which you and of course thousands like you have often not been above profiting? You should do all you can to hide our follies and not to publish them to the world. And above all things, Mr. Horace Smith, instead of abusing us poor women—who even you allow are much better than your own sex, and who I know are—would it not be better to point out a remedy, if you can, for the evils about which you write so impudently and so glibly. Do this and you may do some good, but if you cannot do it, why hold your tongue, and don't libel the sex to which your own mother belonged. There, I am getting mad, and won't write any more."

I am sorry that my correspondent, who writes a sensible and, on the whole, very well-balanced and temperate letter, should towards the close have got mad. However, I will let that pass, and reply to the objection that I have proposed no remedy.

In the first place, to trace the source of the evil is inferentially to suggest a remedy, and this I have endeavored to do all along. I have said, and I say again, that one chief cause of the trouble is a general desire among

all classes of the people to live beyond their means; to "keep up appearances," as they call it, which means nothing else than to indulge in ostentatious display.

I do not say that the women are alone to blame in the matter; many men are equally unwise, but the folly is only confined to some men, while it is not too much to say that love of handsome dress, and as much as possible of it, is and always has been a leading characteristic of the female sex.

Mind, I am not blaming them for this. It is as much part of their femininity as it is that their hair grows luxuriant and long, and that their faces are fair to look upon. It is a characteristic of woman, and now it is increasing in its intensity, and with this expansion of a woman's natural desire to dress well and look as nice as possible has followed the expansion of the serious social evil to which I have drawn attention in this series of papers.

Another cause of the rapid increase of prostitution too, is, in my opinion, what is called the movement for the "emancipation of woman." This absurd twaddle, which practically means a movement to facilitate and increase the discontent and general unfitness of woman for domestic duties and social life, has done more than anything else to bring the institution of marriage into contempt with many intelligent but restless women.

I was talking only a few days ago to a lady of education and refinement on social questions generally, and she expressed her firm conviction that in the course of another hundred years or so what is now known as legal marriage will have practically ceased to exist. And I must admit that the indications of the present day point very decidedly in this direction.

I make this admission with regret, because I am sure that such a result will be a very bad one for women, and consequently for progress and humanity. Anything that helps to detract from the status of the married wife and the married mother of children will be a serious injury to the whole sex.

It is all very well to talk, as some foolish woman was doing the other day in the States, about the "greater freedom of the unmarried mother," or to sneer at marriage as an indignity and a restraint, and to coo soft sounds and silly sentiments as did Laura to Petrich when she was supposed to have exclaimed:—

"Not Caesar's Empress would I deign to prove!
No, make me Mistress to the man I love:
And if there is another name more free—
More fond—than Mistress, make me that to Thee!"

This is fine poetry and sounds pretty, I know. But the interest of women as a class lies in the perpetuation of the institution of marriage, which institution the manners and conduct of many both married and single women is doing much to bring into general disrepute.

Many married women are so giddy—in-
nocently so, perhaps—in their bearing and
conversation, that single men take alarm and
decline to risk taking a wife who may act in
a similar manner; and no one can blame them
for their caution.

Single women are so extravagant in their
habits, and often so unreasoning in their desire
for amusement and novelty; and above all
are often so uncommonly bland and gracious
to all men, that young fellows are apt to con-
clude that it is better to gather their sweets
from flower to flower than attempt to own
one dainty plant themselves.

All this means increased celibacy, which
means of course increased prostitution; this
is as certain a natural law as is the rising and
the setting of to-morrow's sun.

(To be continued.)

ORCHESTRAL MATTERS IN TORONTO.

To the Editor of THE OBSERVER.

Your article in the December 5th issue of
your clever paper on the Toronto Orchestral
Association will be read with interest, and it
will no doubt do good to let some little light
in upon the workings of this institution, and in
directions also through which the interests of
orchestral music in our city have suffered.

Last season a professional orchestra was or-
ganised in Toronto, and all kinds of superior
advantages, specified in an elaborate circular,
were to accrue to the art, the members of the
orchestra, and to the public in particular from
this organisation. Have the ideas been
carried into effect? or has this ephemeral
institution faded into symphonic thin air?

Probably the co-operative system has enabled
all who were included in the list of favored
ones to retire with an independent fortune
derived from the financial returns of the ven-
ture. Perhaps someone who knows would let
the public hear how much each performer got
for his services for the entire season's work.

Is it true that the Orchestral Association is
managed by musicians who are all, or nearly
all, permanently engaged in the Toronto
theatres, and who make stringent rules which
only interfere with the business of those not so
engaged, and who have to depend upon what
they can earn professionally in the orchestra,
from concerts where orchestral men are en-
gaged in the regular way and paid for their
services.

It would be well to know whether the rules
adopted by the Orchestral Association since
its organization have tended to increase the
business of Toronto orchestral players, or the
reverse.

Information on the above point is asked for
from those who have had the management of
the two associations in question.

Sincerely yours,

ORCHESTRA.

Toronto, Jan. 2, 1892.

To the Editor of THE OBSERVER.

SIR,—Your musical editor has evidently mis-
read my letter somewhat, as I did not state in
my festival circular that the chorus *would* be
supported by either of the orchestras men-
tioned. I simply gave my idea as to what I
thought it should be. In addition, I suggested
that the outside orchestra should be *supple-
mented by our local talent*—a very important

point, entirely overlooked by your musical
editor in his note upon my communication.
The Festival Committee—who made all the
engagements—were perfectly justified in doing
as they did, even though there may have been
some poor material in the Buffalo "contingent"
of the orchestra.

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

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1892.

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT.

About two hundred years ago there lived a
Prince of Mahrattas, in Hindostan, whose name
was Shahjee. Princes are numerous in India, but
this particular prince was long remembered on
account of his beneficence and great wisdom. He
seems to have been the most learned prince of the
time, and his advice and help were always sought
in critical matters. Many stories are told of his
ingenious settlement of difficulties, and some of
them are certainly curious.

Once a very high official in the court of Prince
Shahjee made a vow that if he succeeded
in a certain enterprise he would distribute to the
poor of his district "the weight of his own ele-
phant in silver." Elephants were very highly
prized by these princes, and each kept the largest
and finest for his own use. The official's vow, if
hasty, was generous, and perhaps the success of
the undertaking was worth the price.

The undertaking succeeded, but the official,
willing to keep his oath, was met by an unexpect-
ed difficulty. There was no possible way of find-
ing the elephant's correct weight. No scales in
the country were constructed of sufficient power
to weigh such enormous beasts. Elephants were
not sold by the pound and no need had before
arisen for scales to weigh them. All the learned
and clever men of the court tried in vain to con-
struct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the
enormous beast. It did seem probable that the poor
of Hindostan would have to get along without
that silver. It is possible that the official had
thought of this objection when he made the vow.
Indians are crafty, and this one might have been
cunning enough to leave himself a loophole of
escape to prevent parting with his money.

But if any such notion had occurred to him he
was doomed to disappointment in the matter.
The question was referred to Shahjee, as all such
vexatious were, and it did not take him long to
find a very simple solution. That is always the
way with true genius, you know. The solution it
finds out is so simple that everyone cries out in
wonder:

"Why, of course! Why didn't somebody
speak of that before?"

Shahjee commanded the elephant to be con-
ducted along a platform into a flat-bottomed boat,
which lay by the water-side. When the animal
was safely aboard he desired the attendants to
mark upon the boat's side the exact height to
which the water reached when the elephant
weighed it down. Then the elephant was taken
out, and stones substituted until enough were
loaded into the boat to bring it to the same water-
line as when the elephant was the passenger.

Then the stones were weighed. If the scales
could not hold all at once part could be taken at a
time, you see, and so the elephant's weight was
correctly ascertained. It is safe to conclude that
the poor of Hindostan finally got the silver. A
prince so wise, must also have been just. Whether
the official who paid the money was quite sat-
isfied, history does not tell us, but we will hope,
for his charity's sake, he was, and as a full-grown
elephant weighs several tons, the amount distrib-
uted among the poor of the district must have been
very large.

TO A REJECTED LOVER.

Friend, why so gloomy? Why so glum?
Why such a dull, lack-lustre eye?
At festive meetings why so dumb?
From dearest friend so apt to fly?
You must have got a reason: Come!

I know she's young, I know she's fair,
I know she's beautiful and sweet;
I know her wealth of golden hair,
Her sunny eyes, her tiny feet;
I do not bid you not despair

Of ever being more to her
Than half a dozen other men;
She's going, if I do not err,
To marry some one else; what then?
I see no cause for such a stir,

It isn't what one *hasn't* got
That ought to quench the light of life;
It's what one *loses*; is it not?
It's death or treason in a wife;
It's finding one's unhappy lot.

Comprises foes and friends untrue;
Grief, worry, sickness; even crime;
And I should only pity you
If aught of these should come with time;
Not blame you, as I own I do.

There's much that's great and much that's good
You haven't got, we both agree,
Though once perhaps you thought you would;
You do not grieve, nor do I see
The slightest reason why you should.

You haven't got a thousand pounds;
You cannot write yourself M. P.
There are not any solid grounds
For thinking you will ever be
A very famous man: but, zounds!

You don't on that account exclaim
That life's a curse and birth a blight!
Nor do you minimize or blame
Such merits as are yours by right;
Well! be your conduct still the same.

From what you haven't gaily turn
To what you have; the world's alive;
Still pulses beat, still passions burn;
There's still to work, there's still to strive;
The cure is easy to discern.

I do not bid you to forget,
Nor say that she is full of flaws,
Nor rail on womankind; nor yet
Bestow a meed of just applause
On Anabel or Violet.

Or say the sea is full of fish
As good as those which others catch;
Indeed I do not greatly wish
To urge you to another match;
I only say that life's a dish

Well worth the eating, even when
You cannot get the sauce you like.
You have a pair of hands, a pen,
A tongue: I've seen you work, and strike
A blow worth striking now and then:

So don't be gloomy, don't be glum,
Nor give a thought to what you lack;
Take what you have; no longer dumb
Nor idle, hit misfortune back,
And own that I have reason: Come!

1892 SPRING SEASON 1892

Our shipments for the Spring Trade are coming forward rapidly and we hope that in a few days our stock of first purchases will be complete.

Our Linen department is of special interest to all keen buyers. Our assortment of Linens is larger this season than for any former season. We mention a few of the leading lines: Bleached and Loom Tabling, Towels, Towellings, Hollands, Diapers, Table Napkins, 5 o'clock Tea Sets, etc., etc.

Another department of special interest is our Dress Goods. These have been bought with the greatest care and on the very best terms from the principal places of production both in Britain and the European Continent. Our Woolens, Silks, Staple Carpets, Gents Furnishings and Smallwares, are equally as attractive as in former seasons.

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Filling Letter Orders a specialty.

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I am going out of Furs, and will therefore give everybody a chance to secure bargains before Christmas. I have a large stock of all kinds of FURS to select from, and I invite intending purchasers to call and inspect my stock. It will pay you.

Take a Queen and Brockton to the door.

JOHN W. NETTLETON,

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DRY GOODS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS, TAILORING, HATS, CAPS AND FURS

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Brockton's Reliable Barber has removed to
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Regular Meeting, 4th Tuesday each month
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**Brother Gardner Decides That Every-
day Language is Good Enough.**

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner as the
meeting came to order, "I hev a few words
of advice to offer which I hope will be keer-
fully listened to an' impecuniously con-
sidered. I has observed a tendency on de part
of many members of dis club to affeck what
may be termed de Shakspearean style of
conversashun. It cum's from de white folks,
of co'se—from dat class who has bin sudden-
ly elevated by de profits of a sewer contract,
an' should be sot down on wid de mo't vigor-
ous disqualification. It hain't in keepin' wid
de financial an' soshul standin' of a man who
has to black stoves an' ay on whitewash at
an aiverage income of seben dollars a week.
I wan' it stopped.

"For instance how many members of dis
club know de meanin' of de term: 'To pogn-
osticate towards de emblematical individu-
ality' an' yit, at de party given at my house
de odder night, I heard it uttered no less dan
fo'teen times. What's de use of a man arin'
in a dollar a day obsarvin' dat he expects to
condescend to de irresponsible endeavor
befo' spring? He doan know whether it
means dat cranberries an' gwine up to fo'ty
cents a quart or will drap down to six, an'
his hearer goes home an' can't sleep fur
thinkin' about it. Sich conversashun simply
implicates a resinous disinclination to ab-
sorb de proper desideratum.

"If any of you has an ideah dat de yuse of
sich words as bombastic, delirium tremens,
Cato, inconsequential, Dante, Boston, im-
pugn, retaliate or Postmaster-General ele-
vates you in de corruptible an' imperious es-
timashun of Vanderbilt an' Gould you is pre-
cariously mistaken. When a member of
dis club comes to me an' wants to borry a
tablespoonful of 40 cent green tea, kase de
preacher an' gwine to be to his cabin fur
supper, I want him to sot down on de aige
of a cheer, look me in de eye, an' giv it to
me in plain English. He needn't spect me
to heap up de measure bekase he uses sich
words as abdicate, absquatulate, Caesarism
an' primeval incalculable.

"If I had a son 20 y'ars ole, an' he should
cum home some day wid his whitewash
brush on his shoulder an' inform me dat de
gratificashun of de incomparable syntax had
withdrawn its object-hums to de planetary
affiliashun, do you know what I would do?
I would riz up an' put my No. 13's agin him
wid sich auxillary reprehensibility dat he
would percolate de longitudinal cumulative
fur six weeks to cum. Dar' bein' no furder
bizness befo' de club until its recent com-
municashun to de Legislachur' is answered,
we will redundate homewards."—Detroit
Free Press.

A Bill for Kisses.

A wise lady, wiser in her generation than
the children of light, who keeps a fashionable
boarding-house not far from Sutter street,
San-Francisco, has taken an excellent method
of checking the disposition of her guests to
embrace the pretty chambermaids, in which
her establishment abounds. A frolicsome
boy received, at the end of his month, a bill
in which these charges occurred:

To one attempt to embrace Mary	\$1.00
To one attempt to embrace Jane	50
To one attempt to embrace Fanny	1.50
To kissing Fanny	2.00
To catching Jane around the neck	25
To holding Mary by the waist	1.00
Total	\$6.25

Poor Jane, being antique and freckled,
was put at the bottom of the list, while
Fanny, the buxom, was classed A 1. The
young man paid the bill without a murmur,
but inquired what it would cost to kiss the
landlady.

"That goes with the receipt," said the good
lady, demurely and the seal was forthwith
placed upon the business document.—New
York Morning Journal.

Society Item.

"Hear about Chappie's little adventure
last week?"

"No."

"Why, he called on Miss Ethel Lettie and
found Chollie there, and offered to fight him
on the spot."

"Did she scream?"

"Heavens, no. She just spanked them
both and sent them home."

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Ward for the large increase in this
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New Xmas Fruits and Peels.

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Fresh Tea, Coffee, Butter, Eggs,
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Thoroughly dry, cut and split to a medium
size, delivered to any part of the city or
any part of your premises, at the following
prices (pay when delivered): 6 crates for
\$1.00; 13 crates for \$2.00; 20 crates for
\$3.00. A crate holds as much as a barrel.
Send post card to **HARVIE & CO., 20**
Sheppard St., or go to your nearest grocer
or druggist and Telephone 1570.

PERFUME FREE.

HOW TO OBTAIN IT. Send a 3 ct. stamp
to **JOHN RICE**, 20 Gladstone Place, manu-
facturer of **Eclipse Bitters**, for the blood, and
Excelsior Cough Syrup, cures all coughs.

THE OBSERVER six months free to any person
purchasing 6 bottles of **Rice's Eclipse Bitters** for
\$5.00. AGENTS WANTED.

A Montreal Echo.

Chollie—I tell you me boy, she's a high-
stepper.

Dick—Must be from Toronto then. Always
heard it was muddy there.—Toronto Satur-
day night.

Worse Than a Club.

It was on a suburban train coming into
Jersey City. A bald-headed, fussy-lookin'
man, with a pair of spectacles on his nose
and his hat on the seat beside him, kept rub-
bing his pate in a fervent way and hitching
about on the seat as if he was afraid of tacks.
Opposite him sat a man who was close
watching his movements and chuckling and
grinning until the attention of a dozen peo-
ple was attracted. He was finally asked to
explain, and he said:

"The old chap over there sat down on my
hat, stepped on my toes and elbowed my ribs,
and didn't apologize. I determined to get
even with him. He always sits in that seat
if it isn't occupied, and he always hunts
around to find a paper instead of buying
one. I'm getting even with him this morn-
ing."

"But how?"

"That paper is just three years old to-day.
It cost me 50 cents to procure it, but I've had
\$50 worth of revenge. I left it on the seat,
and he's been reading it for the last twenty
miles. See?"

The old fellow struck the headlines of a
railroad accident, looked puzzled, bobbed up
and down, and slowly shook his head. He
jumped from that to a murder—on to news
from Washington—and for a minute was in-
terested in the stock market. Then he folded
the paper up, removed his glasses, and looked
out of the window with a troubled expression
on his face.

"He's wondering if his mind isn't giving
way, and is half scared to death!" chuckled
the joker. "Been flattering himself that he
is good for twenty years yet, and the first
thing he does when he gets to the city will
be to buy some brain food and a liver pad.
I'm not a bad, bad man, but the chap who
sits down on my hat must at least apolog-
ize."

Misjudged.

He was a very swell young man and she
was an old woman. It happened in a street
car. He arose to get out, and as he got op-
posite her she dropped her purse. He gal-
lantly stooped to pick it up, but she mistook
his motives and said in an easily heard
voice:

"No, yez don't. Gimme that pocketbook
or yez don't git away," and she grabbed his
coat-tails madly.

The poor man blushed, and after handing
her the purse almost fell off the car in his
embarrassment.

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Our Competition! Old and Young, Rich and Poor, Learned and Unlearned, have an Equal Chance!
A Big Money Prize! Read Our Offer and Try It! The Chance of a Lifetime!

Nothing pays as well as a good newspaper. This is why we are able to give away

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

in gold to the first subscriber who will guess the nearest to the number of "E's" that will appear in our St. Valentine number.

THE LETTER "E"

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

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

EXERCISE YOUR INGENUITY AND GUESS.

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

THE WAY TO GUESS IS THIS:

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

with the last dollar. A coupon accompanied by only \$1 entitles you under no circumstances to more than *one* guess, but \$2 with a coupon gives you

THREE GUESSES.

Send your name and address in full. Guesses not sent on the "guessing coupon" will not be counted, although accompanied by a subscription.

When your subscription and coupon are received at this office a postal card will be sent to you with a receipt for your subscription, and also giving the number of your guess. The hundred dollars will be paid on presentation of the postal card with the number at our office. It gives you a check, and enables you to remember what your guess was. If the winner lives outside of Toronto the postal card can be sent by mail to us, and we will send the money by post office order.

Remember this also: We give the \$100 away for nothing. The paper is worth the price of subscription twice over. It is the

BRIGHTEST PAPER IN CANADA,

because it is edited by a board of the most accomplished journalists in the Dominion. They meet weekly the same as the editors of *Punch*, and decide what shall go in the next edition. We will give crisp reviews on municipal matters generally, and the city of Toronto in particular.

We will give essays on different topics by specialists. Among those who have already written for THE OBSERVER is Prof. Malchien, *maitre d'armes* of the Toronto Fencing Club, on "Modern Fencing," Horace Smith, and M. Dash. Other specialists have been engaged to write on given subjects.

A short story will appear every week; also a serial story.

The Musical and Dramatical Department is in charge of a writer acknowledged to be without a peer in this country and with few equals in the United States. She couples a charming, popular prose style with a thorough knowledge of musical and dramatical matters, and is entirely free from fads or bias, a thing rare in a musical critic.

Poetry from the pens of the best old and new writers will appear every week, and Canadian poets will receive special attention.

Our Secret Society News is in charge of a specialist.

The doings of Society every week will be duly chronicled.

Our Editorial matter will be from the pens of the best editorial writers. Every topic will be discussed independently from a Canadian standpoint.

Sporting events of importance will be treated by qualified writers.

Our aim is to make THE OBSERVER the brightest, wittiest, keenest, ablest and most popular weekly in America, a paper that can be read by everybody with pleasure and profit. Any article to secure a place in our columns must have "go" in it. It must be bright, and written in a popular, telling way. For such matter we offer space and, if worthy, pay.

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