



UNDER THE UNION JACK

Toronto, Canada, Aug. 20.—Toronto seems to have solved the question of municipal government about as well as could be expected in this day and age. The Canadians seem to harbor the idea that laws are made to be enforced, and as a result the laws and ordinances of Toronto are carried out to the letter. Toronto has the saloon under control to a remarkable degree, and a degree almost unbelievable by the average American who is a resident of a large city. Here the bars close at 5 o'clock on Saturday evening, and remain closed until 6 o'clock Monday morning. And they are closed, too. The first infraction of the excise law means a fine of \$500, and the second means a revocation of the license. As the laws are enforced without fear or favor the result is a wonderful amount of conservatism on the part of the men who retail liquor. The mere suggestion to a liquor dealer that he disregard the law almost scares him to death.

The saloons are not saloons as we across the line to the south understand them. There are no saloons in Toronto—they are all hotels. In other words, in addition to selling liquor the dealer must also serve meals and have conveniences for lodging not less than fifteen people. The number of licenses in Toronto is limited to 150, and a license once revoked is not re-issued. When the Kings hotel—the finest in Canada, and one of the finest in North America—was opened, the proprietors had to buy out a little hotel in order to get a liquor license—and they paid a bonus of \$13,000 for the little bit of paper. The closing of the bars at 5 o'clock on Saturday was brought about by the labor unions of the city, and it has had a beneficial result. The Saturday half-holiday is well nigh universal here, and Saturday afternoon great crowds of workmen and their families may be seen hurrying to the boats intent on getting to some of the many pleasure resorts that abound in this section.

The street car problem that has bothered so many American cities does not bother Toronto people. There is no immediate demand for municipal ownership, the reason being that the owners of the street railway here seem to deal fairly with the people. Six fares for a quarter is the rule at all times, save between 6 and 8 a. m. and 5 and 7 p. m., when a 3-cent fare is allowed. This was made at the behest of the working men and women of the city. On school days school children can buy ten tickets for a quarter. The cars are the best that can be secured, and the service a revelation to one coming from a big city on the American side.

The workmen of Toronto run it politically. They do not divide on political lines, and they do not insist that their candidates be workmen. But they do insist that the candidates represent the interests of the producing classes, and woe be unto the successful candidate that betrays his trust. From the labor union standpoint Toronto is the best organized town in the country. There are 153 trades unions here, and they have built and maintain a labor temple that is a credit to a city possessing many splendid public buildings. The temple has been opened a little less than a

year, and has already paid a dividend of 7 per cent on the investment. No one is allowed to hold more than \$100 of the stock, and the temple is managed by a board of trustees elected by the stockholders.

For the past ten days Toronto has been full of union printers and their wives, the fifty-first annual convention of the International Typographical Union being in session. The printers have come from every state and territory in the United States, and from every province in Canada. A few years ago the word "printer" was synonymous with liquor. It is not so now. The writer has been here over a week, has met and communed with upwards of 2,500 printers, and during his whole stay in Toronto has not seen one intoxicated man. The organization of woman's auxiliaries and the introduction of the typesetting machines have worked a change in the printing fraternity that makes the feat of Alladin's lamp seem tame by comparison.

When one who has not visited Niagara Falls for fifteen years visits it now the only thing he recognizes is the falls. Everything else is changed. The vociferous and greedy hackman is no longer in evidence. For 15 cents one may ride in a reservation carriage all around the falls. A few years ago it cost all that the hackman could make the visitor pay. So notorious became this nuisance that Uncle Sam stepped in. He made a government reserve out of his side of the falls, and Canada performed the same service on the Canadian side. As a result one steps into a government carriage and is freed from extortion. But the souvenir dealers are still here, and the men who have various concessions are very persistent. Speaking of persistence, the revenue inspectors take the cake. Coming to Toronto the writer crossed from Niagara to the Canadian side, and was met by an inspector who opened his grip. Going down the Canadian side of the great gorge he crossed to Lewiston on the United States side, and was met by another inspector who had to peep into that grip. At Lewiston he took a steamer for Toronto, and before he landed that inoffensive grip had to be opened once more and thoroughly investigated. The inspectors spent not less than an hour with that grip, and if their time is worth 30 cents an hour and all grips yield as little revenue as this particular one, then Uncle Sam and Canada are losing money by the policy.

The Cave of the Winds is something that a majority of visitors at the falls must visit. No one knows why, unless it is because the average man and woman likes to stare death in the face. The writer made the trip, and wouldn't take big money for the experience. But he wouldn't take it again for twice as much. It recalled the story of the man who became a proud father. But there is one thing that the ing a friend, exclaimed: "I've got a boy at my house and wouldn't take \$1,000,000 for him. And I wouldn't give a quarter for another one."

This is a utilitarian age. After gazing with awe at Niagara Falls for 300 years, man has gone to work and harnessed it and hitched it to his machinery. Thousands of horsepower are now utilized, and millions more are in sight. Practically every wheel in

Buffalo and Niagara is turned by electric power generated by the falls. But up to date no one is able to detect any decrease in the flow of water over the precipice.

At first view the falls are disappointing. This is due to the fact that the human mind is incapable of grasping their immensity all at once. But the longer one gazes at the tremendous spectacle the more impressive it becomes. Man with all of his wonderful ingenuity, his wonderful opportunities and his wonderful resources, has never been able to create anything so grand, so awe-inspiring, so awful. No other power than that of Omnipotence could have torn those giant rocks asunder and sent the waters rushing over with a noise as of thunder and a power that can not be measured by finite minds. The very roar of the cataract is as the voice of the Almighty calling upon man to witness the infinite power.

To all outward appearances the citizens of Toronto do not differ from the people of cities on the American side. It is only when one takes a closer view that the difference is manifest. In the American city of 300,000 the strenuous life is apparent. Here the people seem to take things easy, and they seem to make about as much money, too. They walk the street leisurely, they do business leisurely and they take their pleasures leisurely. Your average Toronto man is a family man par excellence. He never thinks of taking a holiday without sharing it with his family, and the dozens of pleasure resorts in and about Toronto are always thronged with crowds of picnickers. No intoxicants are allowed to be sold at any of these resorts.

for the first time, and, meet-Canadian does not have—good coffee. They are tea drinkers, and coffee is among the impossible things. Many of the restaurants do not serve it, and those that do serve it, and do so reluctantly. After trying it for a week it is easy to understand their reluctance. It is no wonder that people who make such execrable coffee do not like to sell it. When they do they lay themselves liable to arrest for obtaining money under false pretenses. They are tea drinkers, and when they do not drink tea they drink 'arf-an-'arf' or porter, or ale. This is a cold country, a fact that may explain why the waiters never think of putting a piece of ice in the drinking water.

On Kings street—the principal thoroughfare—is a street intersection that is famous throughout the provinces. The four corners have been named "Education, Legislation, Salvation and Damnation." On one corner is a school house, on another the premier's residence, on another a church and on the other a bar. The application may readily be seen.

The Typographical Union convention has been full of interest. The 1906 session will be held at Colorado Springs, Colo., the seat of the Union Printers' Home. By unanimous vote the convention decided to "stand pat" on the eight-hour day proposition. The chief incident of the convention was the unseating of a delegate, who, as editor of a labor paper, dared to criticize the executive council of the union. Without commenting upon this incident it might be well enough to remark that it seems queer that printers, of all tradesmen, should be the first to limit the liberty of the press.

MENTIONING NO NAMES

At the recent annual commencement exercises of the New York law school the principal speaker was Martin W. Littleton, Esq., president of Brooklyn Borough. He mentioned no names in the course of an address in which he scored greed and dishonesty, but his audience would experience no difficulty in identifying the conspicuous figures in iron, oil life insurance and other activities to whom he alluded, as will be seen from the following extracts from the address:

"Not very long ago a little man sat down amid the hills and built a fire that burned for days and years and when the smoke went up and the fire went out he raked the ashes and found \$300,000,000 melted in the heat of sweat and toil. His footsteps fell upon a continent of iron, his cunning brought a conquering army of brawn and grit, and with the two to serve and sleep not he rose to be a monarch crowned with steel. But when at last he saw the shadows lengthening toward the east he turned away from grinding metal and golden greed to set up once again his lost ideal. Granite galleries hung with art and color, marble structures stuffed with books of cult and greed, rose upon this base of solid gold. But all the granite in the undiscovered earth and all the marble massed in unmined mountains, and all the books born of hate and love, of thought and passion, would fail to teach one half as much as the calm confession coming from this little man that his gain was wrongly got and his ideal lost in the getting.

"Another man holds hard in check the surging commerce of the age. He, too, found nature's hoarded treasure in deep rich lake of liquid wealth, and with a privilege government given and with a protection government guaranteed, he put a plant together whose boundaries baffle all the skill of men and whose powers stagger all the resolute nerve of a nation.

"Mistaking the decay of nature for the grace of God he turns a trivial stipend to the church, a paltry contribution to the schools and in return he expects the pulpit and the chair to apologize to God and all the world for the system by which it came. Better than colleges crowning campus grounds; better than churches impliedly pledged to put the case in colorless discourse; better than all these would be the plain admission briefly made that all his gain was got against the laws of God and man.

"A few decades ago a man began to guarantee his fellow man against the grave, and since that time the men who loved their wives and children bent their backs in loving labor to fix it so that want would send no specters to their simple board when they were dead. * * * Men holding the highest place in the integrity of finance; men moulding the customs of the times into law for those who come after; men called brave, honest, American men, charged to hold this treasure in the name of the born and the unborn—these men exploit its fullest power for selfish gain; expend its substance in the debonair's debauch; create fictitious bonds and trade them for the real gold, exchange the lithographed promise of a lie for the sacred fund. The collapse comes, and then contending captains of the craft and gain play high to win the prize. The game is finished and the fund of millions for millions is organized into a gambler's roll to bet the street up or down the sheet."—Petroleum Gazette.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Korea-Spondent—I see the mikado has enjoined his generals to rename each new town captured.

Reporter-Arthur—Yes; and they have already suggested a name for Vladivostok.

Korea-Spondent—What is it?
Reporter-Arthur—Bloodbustup.—Judge.