

"LITTLE BULGARIA" GONE.

Toronto Colony Fled Before Declaration of War.

The statement to make is Toronto on the best of authority, that one day in September, the Bulgarian consul to the United States paid a quiet little visit to Toronto, and that five days later, the teeming colony known to Torontonians as "Little Bulgaria" was deserted. They will say that as Bulgaria was "sold" to Germany months ago, the warning was issued and the German agents in the United States secretly got all the Bulgarians over the border. Why? Because every Bulgarian is anti-ally, and several thousand Bulgarians would greatly increase the German and anti-British forces in the States, for political purposes.

They are gone, the Bulgarians. We know that. But those merchants who remain will tell you that the colony was not deserted all of a sudden, but gradually, covering the past year or more, as the Bulgarians, who are section men and laborers, went south in search of work. Ask Gospodin Georgieff, who keeps the general store. Ask Gospodin Hadji Peroff, the banker and grocer. They will say there is no deceit, no cunning intent in this strange fitting of a whole village.

They will tell you further: "Bulgarians, except kings and counsellors, have had seven centuries of war. There is no one of us who has not in his family some dear dead to make him curse kings and all their counsellors. Do not charge us with patriotism. It is unjust."

Perhaps the sight of so many uniforms in Toronto has driven them southward to a land ideally free of uniforms. At any rate—

These things are gone; the coming of a winter night, cold and bleak, with the wind crying in off the lake so near to King street. And at that point in King street where it turns suddenly and throws you into an old and shabby town, not like Toronto in any respect, with narrow streets turning in strange angles, with dim little alleys shoved in among the shops, the sight of an old convent tower with a cross on it, there in the grey dark—it is all some corner of an old-world town. It is the only part of Toronto, except the fashionable areas, where the streets do not run at right angles. It is the only part of Toronto that is jammed, jumbled, and tumbled. It is the only place in Canada, save some old parts of Montreal and in towns of Quebec, that would make the poor of the old world feel at home.

On the coming of the cold night, the little shops all lighted up their steamy windows. Out of all the lodging houses came the hundreds of men, who slept in the day in order to enjoy the night.

They came directly to the restaurants. The street, for King street, except when a frightened street-car rattled through, was like the village's main street, was crowded with men, foreign men of strange countenances, fierce moustachios, colored waistcoats, braided coats, tinted shirts. These were the Bulgarians who built railways all summer and spent their sixpence all winter in sleeping, by day and in crowded restaurants all night. Now they are gone.—Gregory Clark in Toronto Star Weekly.