NEWS ABOUT THE CITY.

Five drunks arrested last night.

Butcher-birds are looking after the sparrows.

Cock-fighters travel out into the country in none but stylish cabs.

Our column of secret society news is unavoidably held over till to-morrow.

Boot and shoe men have done a large trade in rubbers of late.

Mr. Ald. Lobb has been appointed Lloyd's agent for the Dominion.

Major Thomas Grey lies in a precarious condition at the general hospital.

The Buffalo sporting men must have been delighted with the Victoria park hotel. It is so obscure and lonely.

Gooderham & Worts are erecting a suspension bridge across the Don to connect the distillery with the byres.

Dr. Talmage, who lectured in the Grand opera house last night, has just been offered and accepted the position of chaplain of the 23rd regiment of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sittings of the spring assizes in this city; Assizes and nisi prius, Tuesday, 15th March over and terminer, Tuesday, 19th April. Chief Justice Wilson will preside.

Mr. George Bingham of the Wiarton Echo has been in town during the past two days in the interests of the Stratford and Georgian bay railway, which it is proposed to extend north to Wiarton.

The employees of Thos. Davies & Co., brewers, hold a sleighing party to the Woodbine hotel to-night. Two bands of music will head the procession which starts from the brewery at 7 o'clock.

Mr. James Boomer, secretary of the Western Assurance company, on the eve of his marriage, was presented with a very handsome silver service by the staff of the company on Tuesday last.

The corn exchange yesterday appointed Mr. Robert Spratt as the representative to the industrial exhibition association. The exchange passed a resolution approving of the appointment of a railway commission.

An inquest was held by Coroner Riddel at the central prison yesterday afternoon on the body of a prisoner named Joseph Fields. The deceased was an American, 26 years of age. The jury returned a verdict of death from consumption of the lungs and bowels.

Pope Leo XIII. has lately been pleased to raise his lordship Bishop de Charbonnel, auxiliary bishop of the cardinal-archbishop of Lyons, and formerly bishop of the Toronto diocese, to the rank of archbishop, with the title of archbishop-bishop of Sosopolis, in partibus infidelium.

It turns out that the supposed cartridge, the explosion of which damaged a lad named Monahan the other day, was a small canister of powder stolen from the boat-house on the Queen's wharf. Monahan confesses that he and other comrades, besides breaking into the boat-house, attempted also to get into the adjacent light-house. A couple of the boy's in the escapade will be arrested.

The registered homeopathic physicians of Toronto have organized a homeopathic medical association, for the purpose of promoting the interests of homeopathy and mutual improvement. Dr. J. R. Kippax was elected president; Dr. D. S. Oliphant, vice-president; Dr. J. Adams, secretary; and Dr. J. F. Banter, treasurer. Dr. John Hall, Dr. H. Evans, and Dr. W. H. Howitt were elected members. The association is to meet the second Tuesday in every month except June, July and August, at the residence of the members in rotation.

The annnual meeting of the temperance reformation society was held last night, when officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:—President, Anthony Bell; first vice-president, Isaac Wardell; second vice-president, George Manton; treasurer, L. Wood; recording secretary, John McMillan; corresponding secretary, Rev. Wm. Withrow; chaplain, Jacob Spence. Board of directors—J. E. Pell, Jas. Thompson, E. M. Morphy, John Innes, David Millar, W. D. Duncan, George Davidson, J. H. King, T. McPhedris, John Lewis, G. M. Rose, and Wm. Matthews.

An entertainment was held in the schoolroom of the Sherbourne street Methodist church last night, which was an undoubted success. Mr. Ellis read a poem entitled "The Diver," in a style hardly up to the average amateur performances. Mrs. James sang a beautiful song in a style that defies criticism. Mr. Alexander recited "How he Saved St. Michaels." The rendering was almost spoiled by ungraceful attitudes and inappropriate gesticulation, but too much praise cannot be awarded the elocutionary treatment of the piece. Mr. Andrews sang "Speed On." After an intermission the treat of this evening followed. This was a lecture by Mr. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist, on the "Human Boy," illustrated by sketches executed on the platform. The audience was in a state of chronic giggle until the closing remark. Mr. Bengough is one of the most entertaining lecturers who appears on our platforms.

Last night about 6 o'clock a woman was observed to fall heavily on Queen street near Yonge. Two gentlemen who assisted her on her feet, found she was overweighted with spirituous or fermented liquors, probably the former. She was a comely-looking woman of about 25 years of age. A little married lady who came along took great interest in the case, supposing that the woman had simply hurt herself in the fall. She inquired her name and where she lived, and offered to see her home. The intoxicated one was gratefully affected by this generous offer, and clasping the little woman in her arms kissed her effusively. The aforesaid little woman seemed to "tumble" to what was the matter now, and shortly afterwards disappeared. At last advices the inebriate was sitting on a step next door to a pawn-shop.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Tramp Question—Proposed Repeal of the Local Improvement By-law.

The executive yesterday afternoon were waited upon by Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. J. E. Pell, secretary of St. George's society, in reference to the question of providing temporary shelter and employment for tramps. The professor said the tramps must be relieved, and suggested that a receptacle should be furnished of a semi-penal description, and make them do a hard day's work for their food and shelter. A subcommittee, comprising Ald. Love, Clarke, and Hallam, was appointed to confer with Mr. Smith and Mr. Pell on the subject, the meeting to be held to-morrow afternoon.

A brief discussion ensued upon Ald. Boswell's by-law to repeal the local improvement by-law passed last year. Ald. Boswell contended that inasmuch as the people, by a direct vote, had decided against the principle thereof, and as it was only permissive and not compulsory, he thought it prudent to repeal it, because it was not understood. He accordingly introduced a draft by-law to repeal the local improvement by-law. The mayor, Ald. Love and Ald. Hallam were under the impression that the act would work very well when its provisions were brought into operation. It was decided to send the bill to the committee on works, where it could be more fully considered.

The remaining business of the committee was of a routine character.

A BIG COCKING MAIN.

How the Sports of Toronto and Buffalo Enjoyed Themselves Last Night.

REMARKABLE SCENE AT VICTORIA PARK

The Adventures of Two World Reporters in Tracing The Fight.

Mr. Millburn Names Some of His Guests—A Cordon of Cabs Around the Place—Where are our Police—An Eventful Night.

Yesterday two World reporters got wind of what is a very common affair in and about this city, viz., a cock-fight, and accordingly they determined to investigate the affair to the bottom. Especially were they bent on finding out the truth of the matter, for the reason that when the World mentioned a cock-fight that took place near Toronto some months ago many persons were disinclined to believe the story then related in these columns, owing to its circumstantial character. But of the cocking main of last night there can be no doubt, and below will be found full particulars thereof, as well as an account of the adventures of the reporters in gleaning them. Immediately on

GETTING ON THE TRACK

of the coming main—and it was by the slightest indiscretion on the part of one of two sports that the inkling was obtained, the two reporters held a council of war. All day yesterday they could do nothing but keep their weather eye open and remain quiet. They however

SAW SIGNS

even during the day and afternoon: well-known sports were observed bobbing in and out of old post-office lane; walking along King street almost on tip-toe; and in general wearing an air indicative of something big being on foot. Toward six o'clock the signs increased. A well-knowna ex-alderman, a great

ANTI-PUNKIN AGITATOR

and a well-known auctioneer might have been seen in deep consultation on the public street. But the reporters could do nothing but watch till eight o'clock, when they dropped into a well-known sporting saloon near the Royal opera house. The reporters at once spotted their crowd. In a group stood six or seven men—all Americans and all pronounced specimens of the genus sport that frequents

THE RACE-TRACKS

of Buffalo and Rochester. There was no doubt but what they were the visiting delegation, and either backed or owned the birds on one side of the coming match. Save this group there were no other customers in the saloon. To avoid giving rise to suspicion the reporters left at once and spent the next hour in their room, whence they sallied forth for later particulars about nine o'clock. At the corner of King and Yonge streets a cab with two men on the box and four inside came along King street at a spanking pace. The reporters exclaimed involuntarily

"THERE THEY GO!"

and started in pursuit. They had the satisfaction of seeing the carriage turn up Yonge to Adelaide, along Adelaide to Jarvis, up Jarvis to Queen, and then eastward toward the Don. The hack was a first-class one, drawn by a lively pair of greys with silver bells. The reporters then retraced their steps to the centre of the city and found the haunts of the fraternity deserted. Then they started for the Don, and before the classic stream was reached they were rewarded with the sight of

ANOTHER CAB LOADED

inside and outside as before, and driving rapidly toward the river. The game was now afoot. Till this time the reporters were in doubt—now they were certain and they accordingly doubled their energy. On the way down they called a hackman from the Church street stand and questioned him. He said he knew that there was to be a fight—Jim Ward who drives for O'Keefe had told him—and said he would take the two out to Victoria park

FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

Not being blest with a surplus of five dollars, and not having a great deal of confidence in the John in question, the reporters continued their march and struck boldly for the Don. Soon the bridge was crossed, and after a rapid, uneventful march, at last the welcome sight of

LIGHTS AHEAD

announced that the first halting place on the weary journey was near. The scribes were encouraged besides by the thought that some of the hangers-on at the Woodbine would know something about whether any cabs had passed, and that they, with the native shrewdness of their class, would give a pretty good guess as to their destination and

WHAT WAS IN THE WIND.

Subsequent events showed that these conjectures were correct. The first place reached was the main entrance to the Woodbine track, which was lying wide open disclosing the well lit up brick hotel to full view. There were lights in the outhouses, and at first the item hunters were impressed with the idea that the snide gang with the "hens" had been

MAD ENOUGH

to attempt their funny business there. The tracks in the fresh snow showed, however, that no rigs had turned in from the direction of Toronto, but there were tracks of rigs either going out or coming in on the east side. There were no cabs on the grounds, but an hostler, all of the olden time, was ambling slowly up and down under the sheds, lantern in hand. He brightened up at

THE SIGHT OF STRANGERS

and became quite communicative. No cabs had stopped there to-night but a number had passed on to the next hotel over the way—bearing a dancing party probably. The scribes went on to the Woodbine, the hotel alluded to, and inspected the stables and sheds. No cabs. They made a partial tour of the buildings. No cabs. Where had the cabs gone to? To Victoria park as sure as fate, there was nothing else for it. But how to reach Victoria park on

A DARK CLOUDY WET NIGHT

through untrodden and treacherous roads was the question. Neither of them had been there save by boat, and the overland route, so to speak, was unknown to them. To hire a rig might give the job dead away. The cocky party gone before might have left a sentry at the corner to watch all comers. Luck had been in their favor all night, however, and it was

SAFE TO TAKE THE CHANCES AGAIN.

The pair entered the bar-room and encountered the searching eyes of half a dozen men lounging about the stove. With one or two exceptions they were of the class to be found almost any winter night

LOAFING IN A COUNTRY BAR-ROOM.

It did not take the visitors long to spot the pair that could be worked. One was a big stout fellow with a frank, swarthy face. He wore rubber boots that reached to his waist, his woollen cap was pushed back on his thick hair, and as he sat straddle of his chair he rested his chin on the back of it. The other was as like him as two peas, only he had no rubber boots, but

HIS SLOUCH HAT

and numerous overcoat made up for it. These two worthies had seen the cabs pass by, and had smelt a rat or "got onto it," as they expressed it themselves. Every one in the bar had "got onto it" for that matter. The searchers for the happy hunting grounds saw this and acted themselves accordingly. They knew, that their only course was to get into

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PARTY,

as that class of men if they once got a hint as to who their visitors were would rather lose a finger than give the thing away. The visitors assumed the role of knowing sports and patronized the swarthy pair at the stove by condescending to talk turf matters with them. The two were delighted, they thought they had collared

A PAIR OF "SOLE SPORTS."

The lady of the house presided at the bar and we pay her the compliment of saying that she knew more than the whole gang of men put together. She was quite willing to chat with the strangers, but the moment they hinted at

VICTORIA PARK

she shut up like a city saloon on Sunday and never another word would she say. Not so the two fresh youths at the stove. A sporting man from Toronto was something greater in their eyes than a member of parliament. Two real cock-fighters. Oh, yum, yum! And then there was an exquisite air of mystery about them that was delicious. Did the fresh youths see any cabs pass eastward? Oh, yes. The fresh youths saw cabs pass eastward and one went down Queen street and had to turn round and come back. Did the fresh youths see

A GRAY HACK TEAM

with bells on? Oh, yes—the fresh youths had seen a grey team with bells on. Did the fresh youths know the way to Victoria park? Oh, yes; the fresh youths knew the short cut through the bush to Victoria park. Would the fresh youths

GUIDE THE SPORTS THITHER?

Why, yes, certainly; only too glad. The pair were delighted to find a couple of piloting "rals" sports on such an errand, and they would more than likely get a view of the main. A start was made at once, the fresh youth in the rubber socks leading the way. He took the extension of Queen street which is a shorter cut by nearly a mile. But

THE LITERARY ADVENTURERS

had no idea what was before them. The wretched tramp from the city was bad enough, but their low shoes and rubbers were worse than useless in the man-forsaken road they entered. Rubber, Socks, brimming over with enthusiasm and delightful anticipation of the coming sport, swung on ahead at a go-as-you-please pace that kept the other three

CANTERING IN HIS WAKE

in a ridiculous fashion. With his head in the air, his shoulders squared back, and his hands swinging like massive pendulums beside him, he dashed on like the leader of a forlorn hope. His mate trotted along bareheaded to keep himself cool, but the enthusiastic guide assured the company that he was quite cold indeed and that it was nothing for him to go twice as fast. To comprehend what that little party went through it must be remembered that the road has never been opened out or graded. It is full of

HOLES AND GULLIES,

and those holes and gullies were full of slush covered over with a treacherous crust of snow. Every now and then one of the party would flounder into one of these holes up to his waist, and flounder out again dripping, sore and heavy, amid the good-humored jokes of his fellows. But

THE SCENT WAS HOT,

the game was near and the hardship of that march was nothing. Stumbling into holes, rolling into ditches, tripping head over heels where logs opposed, and never less than ankle-deep in snow-broth, slush and mud, the little party hurried on. There, under their noses in the wet snow, were the

TRACKS OF HACK-WHEELS,

and these tracks were not an hour old. The guide never relaxed his speed—perhaps he wasn't enthusiastic; oh, no. Perhaps he didn't sniff the battle from afar. Suddenly he left the road and entered an unbeaten path on the left side. The hill was covered with a dense undergrowth of shrubs and small timber and the party had to move almost on all fours.

REAL INDIAN WORK BEGAN.

The snow was knee-deep in some places and was nowhere broken. The guide moved nearly as fast as ever, and the supple twigs of the shrubs flying back whipt his followers in the face. He walked like a gorilla and crashed through the undergrowth like a moose. He took this route directly as he otherwise would have had to pass through a yard where

A BIG WATCH-DOG

would have given the alarm. Steep gullies were encountered, where it was impossible to keep one's footing, but the tramp was kept up. Over logs, through fences, across ditches went the party,

NOISELESS AS INDIANS ON A TRAIL.

Suddenly the park fence was reached, and the guide, putting his finger to his lips, emitted a warning "hush!" Stealthily the party crept on. Hark! The ominous tinkle of a sleigh-bell as a hack-horse shook himself fell on the ear. On tip-toe

THE GUERILLA BAND CREPT ON

the enemy's camp, and all at once a light gleamed through the leafless trees, and

A COCK CREW!

The journey was ended, but the hardest work was yet to come.

The fresh youths were burning with expectation and enthusiasm and would rush right in, and were kept back with the greatest difficulty.

A few careful steps disclosed the whole game. The hotel was a blaze of light, the rooms lit up with Chinese lanterns, but the windows were obscured with cotton curtains, except the upper panes. The place was surrounded by

A PERFECT CORDON OF CABS,

cutters, and buggies, but so thoroughly secure did the sports feel in that lone and obscure spot that there were no sentries placed to give the alarm. They kept very quiet, and no sound was heard save the cheery crowing of the cocks, the restless tinkle of the sleighbells, and

THE SURGE OF THE LAKE

on the beach near at hand. The guides were no more use and became at once a source of trouble and annoyance. They came near spoiling the whole thing but were disposed of by being furnished with funds to go in to the main, but to say nothing of the two outside. Once rid of the guides the scribes retired to the dancing pavilion about sixty yards distant from the hotel to consult. There was

THE COCKING MAIN

so near and yet so far. To go in would be to spoil everything, but by staying out how were they to learn who were there. Ah! the top of the pavilion—happy thought. The pair climbed in the dark like two coons up the cedar pillars that support the lofty roof and clinging to the rafters and supports looked down from their high perch over the blinds into the main. They saw a busy but quiet sight. The large room on the lake side was crowded, and the men were moving to and fro in great confusion, while the cell-tale chr'llenge of

THE BELLIGERENT CHANTICLEER

came thinking every now and then on the night air. But this was very unsatisfactory after all; the scribes wanted to know who were there—they wanted some names. Luck was in their favor again. Suddenly the door of the hotel opened, and with the sound of muttered words, mingled with

VALIANT COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOS

and a quantity of smoke and steam, came forth a man. He advanced cautiously for a few steps and whistled to the lake. The pair who were perched where the swallows homeward fly knew that whistle was for them, and they didn't feel a bit uncomfortable—oh, no. Perhaps it didn't strike them that a good duck gun would rattle them down out of that like

A THOUSAND OF BRICK.

The proprietor turned towards the wild woods and whistled—a low, seductive whistle. Echo was obliging enough to answer, and that was all. Then the vigilant pair, not as blind, but quite as clinging, as bats, observed the shadowy figure slouching towards the pavilion with fateful steps. The smallest, and consequently the bravest, of the two, slid down, heels foremost, and confronted the approaching figure. Maybe he wasn't just a little surprised. Said he in a low, quivering voice,

"Who are you, and what are you wanting round here?"

"Oh, we've just come to see the cock-fight."

"*We* are," said the proprietor, with great stress on the pronoun; "where's the other feller?"

The other feller dropped out of the roof like a cockroach, and then the whole party was there.

"I want you to understand," continued the proprietor, "that this is a little private invited party. The boys are all paying a dollar a head to go in. If you know any of the sports iaside well I'll let you in." After a long silence the question was put:

"Are you Millburn?"

Proprietor, confidently.—"Yes, sir, I'm Millburn."

Reporter.—"Is Harry Piper in there?"

Millburn, delightedly.—"Yes, Harry's in there."

Rep.—"Is E. King Dodds in there?"

Millburn, enthusiastically.—"Yes, Dodds is there."

Rep.—"Is Frank Martin there?"

Millburn.—"No, Frank isn't there. I don't think he will be down to-night."

"Was Mr.——there," giving the name of a well-known representative of an eastern city in the local legislature.

"Yes, said Mr. Millburn, emphatically."

Rep.—When will the main be over?

Millburn—I ha'nt seen no main to-night.

At this moment a cock crew and while the reporters were thinking of a certain scriptural story the uneasy Millburn reluctantly retraced his steps towards the hotel probably for the purpose of consulting with some of the gentlemen whose names had been mentioned. Millburn, though he somewhat suspected the reporters, thought by the familiar way in which he spoke of his guests and of the cock-fight, that they must be all right, and appeared anxious to collect a dollar a head from them, "like the rest of the boys." As soon as the door closed on him the reporters tramped it back to the Woodbine by the Kingston road. Arrived at the hotel they regaled themselves with corn beef and potatoes. Said the proprietor confidentially:

"Was there one set-to?"

The reporter answered and said "there were two," and the proprietor winked. After a short rest the reporters retraced their steps to the city which they reached between one and two o'clock.

THE FIGHT.

The reporters from their elevated perch could see the crowd surging in and out from the bar-room to the pit between each set-to. The birds were crowing vociferously, the lights were glaring brightly, and there was all the excitement that accompanies such an exhibition. The reporters did not go in and see the fight, for the reason that if they had exposed themselves the fight would not have gone on, or if it had gone on, it would have been on the express understanding that nothing was to be said about it. They preferred to remain where they were, and thus be in a position to relate what they saw.

THIS MORNING

the reporters met several of the worthies who took part in the main on the streets. Their boots were nicely blacked, but they themselves looked as if they had been up late last night.

THE PAGES.

The members in the assembly chamber do a great deal of writing—they must do a great deal of writing. Sit in the reporters' gallery and you will see them hard at work. Half a dozen members in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Meredith and the same number on the treasury benches do all the talking, and the rest of the members write. They write love-letters and family-letters and dunning-letters and valentines, and send blue-books off to their constituents. It keeps the messenger boys hopping to carry them all to the parliamentary post-box. They are kept on the dead run all day. Some members whistle for them, others snap their fingers like school boys. The messenger boys hop up and skip across the floor of the house with the expedition of a Broadway policeman escorting an apple woman over a crossing. The lads have their likes and dislikes—that's quite apparent. They are conveniently deaf when some old stager on the back benches snaps his fingers. It is plain that he never scatters many quarters round. It is not till the old gentleman pulls down his vest, and gives a vigorous whistle as if the pig was in the garden and he was calling Carlo, that they see fit to recognize him. Then they saunter up the aisle as unconcerned as possible and with "well, old covey, what do *you* want, eh?" expression on their juvenile faces. The old covey explains that he has been calling them for the last half hour and the messengers take it all in while they curiously read the addresses on the various envelopes. But if it is a favorite and modern member they jump as if they were springs from a catapult, and smile all over while they wait commands. Human nature is human nature all the world over, and you can't make anything else of it.

Rice, the sailor who had his ear split by a blow from an axe-handle in the hands of Mr. McDonald, proprietor of the Armory hotel, is said to be in a very serious condition, erysipelas having set in.

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DE WITT TALMAGE.

His Lecture in the Grand Opera House Last Night.

There was a rush to the Grand opera house last night to see and hear the eccentric pastor of Brooklyn tabernacle. At a quarter to eight o'clock there was a genuine jam about the doors, so that in a very few minutes every available seat in dress circle, parquette and galleries was filled. It was

ONE OF THE BEST AUDIENCES

that ever greeted a lecturer in Toronto, and Dr. Talmage may justly feel proud of the compliment paid him. The lyceum has lost much of its old charm, and now-a-days it seldom happens that the most eloquent of orators can draw a full house. But Dr. Talmage is more than an orator, and perhaps that curiosity to see a man of whom so much has been heard had as much to do with filling the seats as any mere desire for instruction or amusement. The lecturer

CAME OUT ON THE STAGE

just as any other actor would; there was no chairman and no words of introduction; he had the first word and the last, and excepting the frequent bursts of applause that now and then broke out there was no expression of thanks. The subject of the lecture was, "Is Christianity a Failure?" but it might almost as well be anything else. It was full of contrasts, apothegms, witty sayings, amusing illustrations, graphic descriptions, and human nature generally. The key-note of all that he said was this, that only those who are taking a cheerful view of human life are doing anything to make the world better.

THE WORLD IS BRIGHTENING

with every generation, and the truths of religion and science never made greater progress than in our own time. Religion is sunshine, and the more of it a man has the happier he will be. The manners and fashions of the people are better than they were, wars are less cruel and destructive, and there is less of personal and political dishonesty in the world. Dr. Talmage is a firm believer in the great future of the Anglo-Saxon race, and maintains that God is going to give to it

THE DOMINION OF THE WORLD.

The civilizing and christianizing influence of the English will extend eastward across Europe, and that of America westward across the Pacific and Asia until both meet in the Holyland. Then will be fought the great battle of Armageddon, the Anglo-Saxon people standing shoulder to shoulder, Christ will review the grand army, and a huzza for the morning will herald the triumph of Christianity. The lecturer's description of the review at Washington at the close of the civil war was vivid and powerful, but he is more at home in the field of

HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION.

Nothing could be better of its kind than his sketch of country school-house life, such as it was a generation ago, and there are hundreds of middle-aged men in Canada whose feelings towards old teachers find an echo in Dr. Talmage's old Hastings and Hall, who m he hopes to meet in heaven, but not on the first day. The doctor is a little above the medium height, combs his hair to cover a baldness, moves about and poses on the stage like an actor, and pitches his voice in every variety of key.

DOMINION GRANGE.

The Dominion Grange met at 9 o'clock yesterday in the Temperance hall. After routine business a letter was read from C. F. Whitman, delegate appointed by the National grange of the United States to attend the Dominion grange, regretting his inability to attend. Several reports of committees were read and disposed of. It was resolved by motion to open up correspondence with the various co-operative societies in England. It was also resolved to persevere in the movement for the total abolition of the market fees.

A motion was carried asking the legislature to amend the assessment law so the rolls will show the amount of grain and dairy products. A large number of visiting members from all parts of Ontario were present and evinced much interest in the proceedings of the meeting. An evening session was held for the purpose of advancing the business.

MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Manufacturers' and Industrial association was held yesterday at the Rossin house, where members representing a large number of manufacturing industries were present. The president, Mr. I. E. Gurney, jr., congratulated the association on the increasing prosperity of the country, and said the indications were that a number of new industries would be commenced in the near future in consequence of the large amount of capital now seeking investment. A lengthy discussion followed on the tariff, each speaker expressing general satisfaction with the results of the tariff legislation of the government.

Messrs. George Booth, Charles Rogers, Daniel Lamb, R. W. Elliott, and Robert Davies were appointed delegates to represent the association at the annual meeting of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition association.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—E. Gurney, jr., president; George Booth, treasurer; C. A. Kelly, jr., secretary. Executive committee—Daniel Lamb, Charles Rogers, Joseph Simpson, R. W. Elliott, Oliver Withy, W. Bell, Robert Barber, J. F. Ellis, A. Warnock, J. L. Brooks, R. McKechnie, and James Watson.

The meeting then adjourned.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Edwin Booth was a dismal failure in Othello in London. As Iago the London press pronounced him a success.

"The Creole," at the Union square theatre, New York, was such a failure that after a few performances Mr. Palmer refused to allow it to hold the boards any longer. He will reproduce "The Danicheffs," in elaborate style, and by so doing endeavor to regain what he has lost by the production of "The Creole."

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

THOSE THINKING OF GOING TO MANITOBA or the new Northwest territories during the coming season should write at once to R. W. PRITTIE & CO., 64 King street east, Toronto, enclosing 10c., when the Colonist's News, a paper giving just the information they require, will be mailed to them regularly every month to end of year. PRITTIE'S popular excursions, with sleeping cars attached, will commence running on 3rd of March and continue every other week through season, preceded two days by fast freight trains. 052

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