ROYAL CANADIAN EO. McMURRICH, Gen, Age

## The Toronto World.

SIXTH YEAR

SATURDAY MORNING MARCH 27 1886 .--- EIGHT PAGS.

**QLADSTONE'S INTENTIONS** 

ers.

& Co's

CLEARED

BUSINESS-

AL ESTATE:

FACTURING erative; \$700. street, Toronto. JSE, CLAR-

> CO., n House 246

entoG

AUVANCED

54-ON CITY

ortgages pur-ought and sold GREENWOOD, ancial Agents. ER CENT. ON d Agents, 67 AL ESTATE

AREN, MAC-IEPLEY, 28 6 PER CENT

TO LEND buy lands

KER SCRIP

W. HALL OANED ON

AND PRO

ND. DOMIN-

CTERINARY

COLLEGE.

MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE

pers, No. 5 To

MARRIAGE Evening of

MUSIC-III

RTE AND

GHNUTS

H'S

VERY LITTLE SPORT.

The state of the control of the cont

AN EXTENSIVE STRIKE G. T. R.

CHIEF POWDERLEY SPEAKS

THE HOUSE WAS LOCKED.

SATURDAY MORNING MACCH 27 1806—THE POWERLES SPRING.

THE POWERLES

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

PRICE ONE CENT

CORRUPTION AT GOTHAM

Globe's leading article yesterday.

And what Sir Richard Cartwright and Alex.

Mackenzie thought of it. Editor World: Have all the states of the

Editor World: To whom would a person wishing to join the volunteers apply, and at what time?

A Typographical Error.

Editor World: Please correct your report of stock held by me in Federal bank. It should be \$12,500 instead of \$125,000.

JOSEPH SIMPSON. The Forks of the Read.

Editor World: To satisfy a mind in an agony of doubt, will your grammar man please state which is the correct expression, "The forks of the road," the fork of the road," or "the fork of the road," and oblige "ASIS MOTES.

St. Farrick's Day, 1885.

Ratior World: Would you kindly let me know if the thermometer was below zero at any time of the day on St. Patrick's day, 1885, and oblige.

CONSTANT READER.

At 7 a.m it was 6 below zero; in the afternoon 2 above, and in the evening 5 above.

A candle stood out in the snow, Stuck in a bottle; Son it began to g immer and glow, Splutter and spottle. Weeping a thick tallow tear, Guttering blindly: The moon, relaxing her usual leer, Smiled on it kindly. Saying: "Don't be afraid of the dark— I shall be shining. No one will miss your poor little spark, So dry up your whining."

Said the candle, beginning to pout;
"You think yourself witty,
I'm smaller than you, but I hate to go out,
My flame is so pretty." Next morning the sun shone as bright
As a brase handle:
The moon sile turned fearfully white,
And thought of the candle. —F. B. Mott.

"t'nited Back.s Let mediums rave,
And claim, if they will,
That folk in the grave
Not always lie still. I e'en must insist—
Of this make the mo
There ne'er did exist
A sight of a ghost. Else stories now read,
And labeled as mine,
Would raise me—tho dea
I truly opine.

And, could it be so, These tales would, alack!
Have long, long ago
From death called me back.
Ghost of Hugh Convey in Chicago Re

turnip cannot well be beaten. The same with Dineen's hats. You can't beat them. He has the best and cheapest stock in town. Corner of King and Yonge streets. x

Rebed in Blushes and a Skirt.

From Town Topics.

"Isn't that the lady they call the beautiful Mrs. Sparkle?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see anything positively structing about her, I must say."

"Ah, my boy, she has got her lace on tonight. You ought to see her in her opera corsage."

A Face.

If one could have that little head of hers Painted upon a background of pale gold, Such as the Tuscaa's early art prefers! No shade encreaching on the matchless mold of those two lips, which should be openings soft in the pure profile; not as when she laughs. For that spoils all; but rather as if aloft. You hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff's Burden of honey-colored buds, to kiss. And capture twixt the lips apart for this, Then her lithe next, three lingers might surround.

"Ah, my boy, she has got her lace on tonight. You ought to see her in her opera