

THE SUNDAY WORLD
83 Yonge-street, Toronto.
PUBLISHED EACH SATURDAY AT 9 AND 9 P. M.

A THOROUGHLY LIVE BRIGHT AND CLEAN NEWSPAPER.
Containing all the news up to the hours of publication.
ALSO VERY MANY SPECIAL FEATURES

The aim of THE SUNDAY WORLD is to lighten the darkness thirty hours ahead of the Monday morning papers as to LOCAL NEWS, SPORTING NEWS, CABLE NEWS, SOCIETY NEWS, MONTREAL NEWS, OTTAWA NEWS, HAMILTON NEWS, THEATRICAL NEWS, POLITICAL NEWS, ALL THE WORLD'S NEWS.

To accomplish this a large staff of reporters and correspondents is employed and liberal expenditure is made with the telegraph companies. All the news and all the features are special to

THE SUNDAY WORLD

Not an organ. Not a mere record. Not a mere chronicle. Not one man's opinion. But an interesting, live, up to date newspaper; entertaining, not sensational; reliable, not pedantic, Plentifully illustrated.

Send for a sample copy and you will never be without it. Mailed or delivered free. Subscription price \$2 a year, 50c a quarter, 20c a month, 5c a copy, and can be obtained from the following newsdealers before 9 p.m. every Saturday:

Table listing various newsdealers and their addresses across the city, including Hurst, 472 King east, News Stand, Rossin House, Taylor, 286 Queen west, etc.

Because the Rose Must Fade...
Because the rose must fade...
Because the sunsets...
Because the sweet of youth...

PUNKIN HOLLER LIFE.
They're bin a havin' a rumpus in the Can'tites church an' Tilly's oldest girl...

Tilly's too overcastin' mild an' easy with em's my pinion. I felt awful mortified at the way Marie'd done, but I never let on, fur thinks I, she'll get enough 'er um.

Because the sunsets...
Because the sweet of youth...
Because the roses must fade...

But as soon as Marie'd got home she told her man all about it, an' said she just fired her best to keep from laffin' at her friends an' doin' up the place...

as meek as a cat, an' she felt real mortified over it.
"Morbid!" sez Miss Denny, a-turnin' up her nose.

"Well, she's all right, but when he got out there in a hurry, he went to dip her under the last time he let her fall backwards, a sich scramble an' a chokin' as she done when the pore feller managed to get her up oter a secon'.

THE HAUNTED GARRET.
The story which I am about to relate I ask none of my readers to believe; but I will endeavor to lay the facts before them just as they occurred, and then, of course, they can form their own conclusions.

On this account I at once determined to secure a room in some private house that was within a short walk of the college, where the students were accustomed to live.

from my landlady: Mrs. Denlow had come to her (the landlady) about a year before my arrival, and applied for board and the landlady had taken her.

One evening I was sitting alone in my room. It was storming without; my blind, as he could not live without her, overhung the house moaned and groaned in the wind.

"I have been deceived," thought I, and was turning back into my room when I involuntarily stopped.

The letter was signed "Your heart-broken father, W. Craig."
We now turned our attention to the paper, and after a little search we found the following marked among the deaths:

to find some new way to gratify his daughter.
"At the age of twenty she took a considerable amount of money which her mother had left her and eloped with a fellow named Denlow, who on reaching New York robbed her of half her money and fled."

After the funeral was over, I one day told my landlady what I had seen on the night of Mrs. Denlow's death, and she was deeply impressed and suggested that the matter on which the spectral light had rested should be examined.

Exists at the World's Fair.
The Russian section proper is surrounded by a unique wall with interesting, made of burnt oak, gilded. The design for this piece of "progrog" was made by the Princess Schakovsky and the wall with its two portals was constructed especially for the Russian section.

The oldest industry in Great Britain—older it could hardly be, for its existence has been traced back to the pre-historic stone age—is still being carried on at the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, and is reported to be in a flourishing condition. It is a manufactory of gun and tinder-box flints.

A Hint to Young Ladies.
Daughter—What an ugly man that Herr Krakelmeyer is, to be sure; I am always so glad when he doesn't ask me to dance.

Mother—Unmarried men are never ugly; mind that, child!