

THE TORONTO WORLD.

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 12, 1913.

LOCAL NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The city waterworks committee will hold a special meeting this afternoon to re-consider the plan for the new waterworks.

John S. Ramsey, the old gentleman who has for so long been confined for debt in the city jail, was released yesterday, and left for his home in Alliston in the afternoon.

Over 200 skaters appeared in costume at the Adelaide street roller skating rink last night. The carnival went off well and was viewed by a large crowd. It will open day and night.

The best-looking marshall in Wednesday night's procession was Mike Matthews, and he was mounted on the best-looking steed. It was T. McIlroy's coal-black pacer, Bolly.

John Logan, aged 67, of Hamilton, was arrested in York street last evening by Police Peckham. He stands charged with stealing an overcoat from Frank Martin, Jr., of King street west.

The Toronto Co-operative association and their friends had a good time in O'Connell hall last night. There was a concert, a dance and a supper, all in one entertainment. The affair was a success in every way.

T. Thompson & Son are having a special sale of real Persian lamb caps, a bankrupt stock purchased by the above firm for not less than half their worth. While most people are complaining of dull trade and had times, the "Mammoth house" is always doing a rushing business.

Building permits issued yesterday: F. Phillips, pair of semi-detached brick dwellings on Haydon street, cost \$4800; Mr. Stumm, pair of two-story, semi-detached brick dwellings on Cecil street, cost \$3500; W. A. Murray, additions and alterations to Nos. 17 and 27 King street east, cost \$3500.

One case ornaments worth 50 cents for 10 cents each at the Bon Marche.

The Levy concert company appeared at the gardens last night before a good audience. Mozart's aria "Qui Sogno" sung by Edward McMahon afforded him an opportunity of displaying his lower notes, and he received an encore, but in his second solo, "Jack's Fare," his voice was rather dead and he was not always in tune. Constant Sternberg, the solo pianist, proved an artist of considerable merit. His first number was Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" and this with two pieces in the second part were brilliantly executed. Miss Talbot's readings were well received. Miss Talbot's readings were somewhat disappointing. Her voice is shrill and expressionless and her style lacks cultivation. She sang "I was a dream," by Gower and Millard's "Waiting." In the latter she was most successful. She also sang in the duet for voice and piano "Let the bright seraphim," by Handel.

Levy's cornet solo was the principal attraction. His first selection was The Lost Chord, which was given with great purity of tone and expression, and he received a storm of applause. His second solo, a waltz, Sweet Sixteen, rendered with a delicacy of execution, and as an encore he played The Last Rose of Summer with feeling and good effect.

The company appear in the pavilion again to-night in an entire change of program.

Large fires can be prevented by having the "Grenade" at hand for immediate use.

The Police Court Record.

Trunk drunks in this court yesterday: Frank 15, larceny, pleaded guilty, remanded till Tuesday for sentence. Sidney Townsend, 20, aggravated assault on A. W. Abbott, four months in the central prison. Angus McNab, a sailor, was fined \$2 for smashing a window in Lily Kelly's house in York street. Jane Backovitch, receiving stolen property, sent for trial. Five young men were charged with assaulting John B. McLaughlin in Berkeley street last Friday night. They were all discharged but George Pearce, who was remanded till Monday for sentence. James Gilson, who keeps the hotel where the row originated between McLaughlin and his assailant, will be called on a charge of obstructing Police officers. He is in charge of his duty. John Beachcroft, alias Baneroff, confidence man, remanded till day for examination. Other cases were remanded.

The Royal Visit to Canada.

—Two cable talks to Prince Albert Victor of Wales (not Whales as the Telegram has it) will probably pay a visit to Canada early in 1915. He is expected to land at Halifax from B.M.S. Tamar about the last end of February and will come direct to Toronto, where he will be the guest of the lieutenant-governor. As it will be cold weather when H.R.H. arrives in Toronto he will at once repair to the Hotel de Ville, where he will be the guest of the lieutenant-governor. As it will be cold weather when H.R.H. arrives in Toronto he will at once repair to the Hotel de Ville, where he will be the guest of the lieutenant-governor.

Look at the Christmas table of fancy goods sold at 50 cents on the dollar at the Bon Marche.

Mrs. Bernard Beers' Dress in "Diplomacy."

From the "London Truth."

Everyone is talking of the exquisite gown Mrs. Bernard Beers wears in the last act of "Diplomacy." It is a veritable poem. The back of the bodice and the train are of pearl grey brocade, the design of which consists of lilacs of the valley and their leaves in the palest possible tint of that color. The petticoat is of pearl grey satin, edged with a thickly fringed fringe, lined with grey velvet and covered with an embroidery on net made of velvet leaves outlined with silver and wrought party in fine silk. This is edged with a pom-pom fringe, from which large cherry-shaped tassels of pale grey satin depend by strands of steel beads and flowers. A short drape of the silkenette, lined with velvet, forms a small tunic, and is arranged with apparent carelessness so that the velvet shows on the left side. The front of the bodice is velvet, lined with brocade, and edged upon a waist of white felt. One reverse of the bodice is turned back, showing the brocade, and is held in that position by a tassel like those of the fringe on the skirt. The velvet collar is very high, just like that on an officer's uniform. The sleeves are of brocade and reach to the elbow, where they are turned up with velvet, and finished off with two or three folds of white mousseline de soie. The collar is done in a similar way. The long white frills, with rows of silver beads round the crown. The edge of the frills is a cluster of shaded grey feathers from the trimming. The strings are white striped velvet.

AMUSEMENTS.

Oliver Don Byron in Across the Continent at the Grand.

Theatrical matters, as far as attendance goes, has been somewhat off during last week and the present week. Oliver Don Byron, in his well-known and popular play of Across the Continent, has hitherto met with considerable success in Toronto, but last night the attendance was limited. One reason of this no doubt was because of so many counter attractions. Across the Continent is too well known to require any extended mention in these columns. Suffice it to say that Mr. Byron and his company appeared as of old and pleased every one in the house. To-night, for the first time in America, Mr. Byron's new play, Rage and Ruin, will be presented. There will be a matinee to-morrow afternoon.

At the People's theatre Harry Montague's Dudes are drawing good houses, as they well deserve. The show is worthy of patronage. Matinee to-morrow afternoon.

For silks, satins, velveteens go to the Bon Marche.

The "shakemakers" of the Sierras.

Living just above the foothills and in the midst of the virgin pine forests of the Sierras are a class of industrious people little known to the world. They live in an isolated, happy life far from the busy world, of which they know little and care less. These are the "shakemakers." They exist usually in couples and make their home for the time being where the finest sugar pine grows, and whence the products of their labors can be conveniently hauled away. They are a jolly, happy lot, these "shakemakers" of the Sierras. They work with will, and by way of recreation divide their leisure time between deer and bear hunting and the nearest country store. The mode of making "shakes" or clappers is simple. The tree felled is sawed into suitable lengths, and then is split into thin boards or "shakes" by means of a free and a mallet. The shakes sell here for the month's sale at \$4 to \$4.50 per 1000, and are always in demand. A shakemaker's camp is one of the most picturesque scenes to be found on the coast, and the voluntary cluses who spend year after year in these mountain altitudes are the jolliest lot of bachelors on earth. The majority of them are of unknown race, some are old miners and young men from the foot-hill farms. Wild, brave, uneducated and kind-hearted, they include within their numbers hunters, feds of the best frontiersmen and the noblest types of mankind.

Protect your property by using the Canadian Grenade Fire Extinguisher.

The Horse-Trader and the Horse.

The habitual horse-trader is not always a bad man and neighbor; but he is always supposed to need especial watching. He, certainly, is a double-edged sword. He is sometimes a good fellow, and his code into his official one wholly. For the horse, which is among the noblest of animals, really is, somehow, practically a corrupting institution. He contains in himself nearly all the vices of the human race, and he is the worst of all that, that his qualities are only to be known within any moderate approximation, by an expert. It is hardly credible that under the visage which seems so guileless, there can be such a mass of malice and evil. But we know, to our sorrow, that it does hide there. We generally find out the day after an unfortunate purchase that the animal driven up so promptly before us yesterday is not the one that now limps and wheezes. The real entity was marvellously concealed. It is wonder that the head of the mythical sphinx was not mounted upon a horse. If it had been, Odipus would have been worse baffled to unravel its mystery. The sphinx, therefore, of the horse-trader, is easily accounted for. He cannot very well help it. It is altogether probable that he is half the time cheated himself. That he has more virtue than he is credited with is evident from the fact that he is rarely, if ever, known to be rich, and is never a millionaire.

Send your order for Canadian Grenades to 59 Princess street, City.

The Queen's Pipers.

But the most picturesque feature of all is the "Band of the Queen's Pipers." It consists of twelve bag-pipers, under the direction of Willie Donald, and is divided into two divisions as the drum and fife band, the drums of which are used to accompany the pipes. The pipers are all dressed in the complete Highland costume, the tartan being that of the clan Douglas. "Willie" Donald, the leader, is a tall, well-built man, and carries himself with a proud and perfect grace, and he has the springing step of an Indian. The shrill pipes playing the martial music of the Highlands stir the blood of the multitude of admirers.

Economy.

The secret of economy lies in the buying of what you need, and not in the buying of what you don't need. The man who buys what he doesn't need is a fool. The man who buys what he does need is a wise man.

From the "Contemporary Review."

A large number of rats established themselves in a hay-loft about midway between the floor and the top of the hay. The owner of the premises, hearing a continuous squealing noise in the loft, took a fork and removed the hay from the place whence the noise proceeded, and uncovered a nest of about twenty rats.

Several of them ran and were caught by the dog, but a bundle of straw which the animals remained on the spot; their tails were plaited together something after the fashion of a whipcord. By picking up bits of the straw adhered, and could not be shaken apart.

It was supposed by persons who saw them that in order to avoid the cold the rats occupying the top of the pile sought a warmer place by creeping underneath, but not having room to draw his tail after him it was left sticking out; the next rat did the same, and so on until all had changed their position and every individual rat's tail was entwined into the curious knot which the rats had thus made.

What had happened together. If they had not been discovered and killed they might have starved, as they could not have separated.

Nick-Nacks.

Nick-nacks suitable for Xmas presents and New Year's gifts at Doherty's, 205 Queen street west. All kinds of repairs to watches, clocks and jewelry. Old watches repaired, regularly. Old watches repaired, regularly. Old watches repaired, regularly.

The Made-Up Maiden.

She is just too lovely, bless her! But I know, but she has a secret. She is just too lovely, bless her! But I know, but she has a secret. She is just too lovely, bless her! But I know, but she has a secret.

Superstitions.

One of Peter Lin Green's court jesters was one day the centre of a group of officers who were eagerly relating their several exploits during a recent battle. At length the jester interrupted them. "Ah, gentlemen," said he, "these stories are of very good, and may be of quite true, but I know, but she has a secret. She is just too lovely, bless her! But I know, but she has a secret. She is just too lovely, bless her! But I know, but she has a secret."

Now, at the battle in question,

I was hovering all alone on the enemy's flank, prepared to do any bold deed that circumstances might suggest. Suddenly I came upon several grenadiers who had got detached from the main body. I drew my sword, rushed at the nearest of them, and "What!" eagerly cried the officers. "Cut off his right foot at a stroke." "His foot, you fool! Why didn't you cut off his head?" "Oh!" said the jester, "I forgot to mention it, but his head had been cut off before."

QUINN. THE SHIRT-MAKER.

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