AMUSEMENTS AND MEETINGS TO-DAY.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE—The Octoroon.

LOCAL NEWS.

Brevities.

Last night was a bad night on the lakes.

The average mouse vacates the sidewalk for a man's tick.

A skeleton has been stolen from Upper Canada College.

Coal is arriving in immense quantities both by vessel and rail.

Parkdale is already agitated over the January municipal elections.

The inmates in the House of Providence number 470. The asst rs appeal for further aid.

A uniformed encampment of Knights of St. John and Malta will shortly be instituted in this city.

Mr. J. W. C. Bedson, of this city, has captured a very fine cub bear in the Parry Sound district.

'Don't you think so?' is the word about town. 'That's what I was saying, myself,' is how the newsboys put it.

Robt. McKinnon, of Prince Edward County, blew out his gas at the Rossin House, and was found nearly dead yesterday morning. He will recover.

The man who rings in his overcoat to keep him warm, and sleeps in his socks so that he can give his nose a chance, is at a premium in the boarding houses.

The Fisk jubilee singers last night appeared before a full house at Shaftesbury hall. Their singing was simply perfect and threw the audience into ecstacies.

The annual distribution of prizes at Upper Canada College took place yesterday. Speeches were delivered by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Bishop of Toronto, the mayor and others.

The Baptist union was yesterday occupied with foreign missions. The treasury shows receipts of $8,948 57 in all. The deficit last year was $113 90. The cash on hand now is $31 35, liabilities *nil*. The next annual meeting will be held in Montreal.

This morning shortly before eight o'clock a man saw a lamp burning in an engine-room off the esplanade (Hart & McKillop's) and thinking it was a fire, pulled No. 4 box. The brigade turned out at the gallop and came home at a walk. It took the boys all forenoon to wash the machines after the bootless trip.

In the maritime court yesterday, before Judge Mackenzie, an order was made to extend the amount of Mr. R. G. Lunt's claim against the City of Toronto to $230, but a motion for the re-arrest of the steamer till bail was filed or the claim paid was refused. The case will be tried at the January sittings.

Weather Probabilities.

Lower lake region.—Brisk to high winds, mostly northerly and north-westerly; partially clearing continued cold weather.

A Beautiful Picture.

Mr. Warran Adams, a young artist on Toronto street, has painted a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. It is a perfect likeness and will be much admired. It will be sold by subscription and presented to Mrs. Siddons.

The Winter Coming.

A large flock of wild geese passed over the city, going to the south, this morning. They were so low down that their peculiar cry was quite audible. As these birds are generally the last to leave before the winter, this seems to indicate the near approach of hard weather.

Wrestling Match.

To night at Albert Hall a wrestling match comes off between Turnbull Smith and R. N. Harrison. The match embraces four Greco-Roman, catch-as-catch can, side-holds, and Cumberland and Westmoreland—and a severe and exciting contest may be looked for, both men being in good trim. The match is no put-up job, there being no stakes up, and the proceeds will be given to public charities.

A New Transatlantic Line.

The Mediterranean and New York Steamship Company have commenced business with five first-class steamers running direct from New York to Italy, calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Messina, and terminating the voyage at Palermo. An excursion party from Toronto is already talked of, which will touch all the above points of interest long enough to see them satisfactorily. Messrs. J. E. Thompson, the well-known excursion agents, represent the company here.

For the Girls.

Eve wore the first fall costume.

A work girl remarked last night, 'Silks and laces everywhere and not a yard to wear.'

There was a young girl from Port Perry
Who occasionally gets very merry.
Her friend was a drummer,
But he has gone from her,
And she is so sorry—oh very.

When she has to walk round the block of a morning to see what kind of weather it is in order to know the hat or dress to wear, you may make up your mind that the weather is changeable.

The Disturbing Element.

The disturbing influence on a railway train is not the conductor who opens the door and yells 'Tickets!' nor the boy who takes you for a political procession and pelts you with imitation brick-bats of 'fresh broken candies,' nor the man who jumps on the train at a wayside station and asks you whether you saw any traces of his carrier pigeons up in the part of the country where you came from. Nor, for that matter, is it the man who says he has a chill and thinks he would like to have his market basket up on the seat beside him, so that he can reach under the lid for the quinine easily. It is not he who disturbs you. It is the man who holds his mouth close to your ear and whispers, what do you think about the Eclectic church, anyway.

POLICE COURT.

The attendance was very small this morning, which had a dispiriting effect on the actors. The magistrate yawned frequently and the habitues exchanged notes on the weather. Wm. Simpson, a very wet-looking drunk, who, however, was very dry, was let go. F. J. Foster was fined $1 for being drunk. He said he had never been there or anywhere else before. Ed. Cahill, a young man from Hamilton, was allowed to go. Lizzie Wilson argued the thing out and escaped. Fannie Coyle was not so fortunate. She had to pay $1 and costs.

John Douglass pleaded guilty to stealing a valise from Mrs. Eliza Kemble, who, as Detective Reburn puts it, 'runs the temperance poll at the corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets.' He was sent to jail for six months.

Wm. Flag was charged with assaulting his wife, Mary Flag. He was not ready for trial and was remanded till Monday.

BOOTH AND SIDDONS.

A Remarkable Resemblance—But Without any Affinity—Irving and Terry.

My friends, said Mrs. Siddons to a World reporter, thought I resembled Booth, not only physically but mentally. The resemblance was also noticed by the public, and some effort was made to bring us together. I would willingly have taken any part, however minor, in playing with him, and I have always been ready to surrender a part to another who can do it better, and I always like to have better actors than myself about me. Our friends tried to bring us together, but Mr. Booth would never make any advances, though it was quite easy for him to have done so. I would like to have played with him. But he evidently does not like actors of some ability near him. Irving is the same way. I don't know Miss Terry who plays with him, but she just suits Irving, is picturesque and charming, and has the faculty of being popular.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ARE UNITARIANS CHRISTIANS.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me, as the temporary occupant of the pulpit of the Unitarian church of this city, to reply as briefly as possible to Mr. Ransford's letter of Wednesday, in which he defends his withholding the name Christian from Unitarians. His arguments might have weight if they had a reasonable mixture of fact, and his texts would be conclusive with many people if they had anything to do with the subject. So far from Unitarians agreeing to be classed as non-Christians we earnestly claim a right to the honored name of Christian, a name honored by us as well as by others. To emphasize this, and express our discipleship to Christ, many of our churches in England are distinctly called Unitarian Christians. Others are called Free Christians, not Unitarians at all, and our central organization exists, according to its fundamental rule, for the spreading of 'Unitarian Christianity.' Mr. Ransford may continue to deny us any part or lot in the Church of Christ; he is welcome to please himself in that, but it is to be hoped he will will never repeat his baseless thought that Unitarians themselves accept their exclusion.

He continues, 'By the word Christian is universally understood that religious system which —' and then follows an elaborate theological statement which certainly will not be 'universally understood.' Until thus instructed I had always supposed that 'a Christian' meant a disciple of Christ. And the only passage in the New Testament where the word occurs is Acts xi: 26, 'And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.' We also claim to be disciples of Christ, though we do not accept the doctrine stated by Mr. Ransford. And his definition will exclude from the pale of Christendom, among others, W. E. Channing, Florence Nightingale, and the great Christian poet, John Milton.

He says that the doctrine he holds has 'been ever held, held everywhere, and held by all.' The amount of care he is likely to have given to the verification of that sweeping assertion may be judged from his former reckless statement about the position taken by Unitarians as to the name Christian. As a matter of fact the church was torn to pieces for centuries by this very controversy respecting the deity of Christ, and it only died away as the darkness of barbarism spread over Europe, to revive again as soon as the light of the new learning and the reformation dawned.

And now permit me a word about the texts. 1 John ii., 22, says that whoever 'denies that Jesus is the Christ (that is the annointed, the Messiah) is a liar,' but there is not a syllable to show that 'the Christ' was 'equal to the Father,' and 'united with him in a hypostatic union.' The following verse says, 'whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.' Now we have the Father, we have the witness of His spirit in our hearts, and Florence Nightingale, who is a Unitarian, did not accomplish her work without Him; therefore we do not deny the Son. We only deny the ideas commonly held respecting Him. It is even more strange that Mr. Ransford should think it worth while to quote 2 John, v. 7, for that only says that those 'who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh are a deceiver and an anti-Christ.' It would be interesting to know by what process of thought he can have perceived any connection between this verse and the question he is treating. At a very early period there were persons who denied that Jesus Christ was come in the flesh, maintaining that he was a purely spiritual being without any real body of flesh. If there are any such now they are certainly not to be found among Unitarians.

Mr. Ransford's use of 2 John, v. 11, is not simply careless but reprehensible. He quotes the words 'this doctrine' as if they obviously referred to that enunciated by himself, applying to us the declaration, 'he that biddeth him God-speed is a partaker of his evil deeds.' And yet there is in this passage and this epistle no reference to Unitarianism whatever. Its object is to enforce obedience to the commandment 'that we love one another.' And this is love that we walk after his commandments' (verses 5 and 6). That is what is referred to in the words translated 'this doctrine.' Mr. Ransford, as a clergyman, must know that the Greek word *didache* means 'teaching, not doctrine in the modern sense. It is used of that most undoctrinal teaching, the Sermon on the Mount.' And its meaning here is explained by v. 9, which connects with v. 6, and reads: 'Whosoever transgresseth and abideth not in the teaching of Christ' (as to the commandments, especially that of love) 'hath not the Father.' Mr. Ransford is only partially excused for his want of 'time for controversy.' He ought either not to have written at all, or else to have taken sufficient pains to avoid doing injustice to his fellow Christians, though they are Unitarians, and at the same time perverting the word of scripture to the purposes of intolerance.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
C. D. BADLAND, M.A.

SPORTING NOTES.

Joe Elemonge beat J. Clancy in a skiff race on the bay for $25 yesterday.

The Ontario branch of the Royal Caledonian curling club met at the Walker House yesterday afternoon, thirty or more clubs being represented. Three clubs were admitted to membership. The question of severing connection with the Royal Canadian club was, after a heated discussion, postponed till the annual meeting in April. Favorable arrangements were reported to be in progress for an international bonspiel, with fifty clubs on each side. Drawing for the medal matches terminated the meeting. The Toronto Caledonians are to play Galt, and the Torontos are pitted against Ottawa.

CITY CELEBRITIES.

His Worship the Police Magistrate.

At 9:45 every morning, as regularly as the chimes of St. James' ring out, a tall, slight, iron-grey man with a decided stride rushes out of the postoffice with his handfull of letters and papers, and balancing therein a good-sized stick. Heedless of all, he makes his rapid way down the east side of Toronto street. He is dressed in a black plug, grey pants and a close-buttoned frock coat, the long tails of which flap and whiff in the morning air as the wearer strides along. His overcoats are bi-caudal, so to speak, and keep up an innocent game of tag with lesser coat-tails underneath. He turns into Court street with the dexterity of a hare, glances up at the church clock, gives his iron-grey moustaches a reassuring rub with the end of his stick, and is into his office in police court buildings actually before you know it. This is the Police Magistrate. If you run up stairs into the court-room and take a comfortable seat you will see him enter by the north-east entrance and stride up to his seat, just as if he had been walking ever since but did not want to come in till the right time. You cannot help thinking, as he sits there for a moment looking round him with a free, manly cordial eye, that he is a kindly-looking, handsome gentleman, whose appearance re-assures any poor fellow in court who feels that this man is his judge. He fixes his eye on the preliminary drunk in the dock, asks 'who is this man?' 'John Smith' your Worship.' 'Was he ever here before?' 'No, your Worship.' 'Discharged.' So the business runs on to the end briskly and with a wide constant stream of delinquents going in and coming out of the dock. He deals fairly with them and no one can say that he strains the law to punish any man. He loves a joke, and is ever ready to smile at the ridiculous or absurd, although he wipes it off the next moment, like crumbs of cake, with the palm of his hand, and sits grave and attentive again. He loves to be sarcastic sometimes, and delights to poke the lawyers in the ribs occasionally with an ironical remark that the reporters relish thoroughly. He never seems to tire in his seat, but rushes matters on Saturday mornings with a vengeance, which is quite agreeable to everybody else. He can lean back and relish Dan Dwan or Doc. Sheppard thoroughly, and an old woman in a night cap getting out a feeble and transparent excuse relieves the monotony of busy events. His military education has done this for him, he admires pluck and despises a sniveller. He can't forgive it in a little boy even, and Tommy Kitts would have been more fortunate at his hands had he not earned for himself the title of the crying thief. Let a young fellow stand up and fight his case out like a man and it will be better for him, but let him snivel out a rambling defence and the magistrate will lean back and pick his ear with the round end of a hairpin, and silently pity the man for being foolish. He has won for himself considerable distinction as a military men, not on the hard-fought field but rather while burning the midnight oil. He won a prize offered by the emperor of all the Russias for the best manual on the cavalry arm. It is acknowledged by all military authorities to be a clever book, and should be read by cavalry men. The magistrate was like all his kin, a conservative once, and the way he turned is thus explained: It is said that during the civil war in the States he, with others, fitted out a steamer on lake Huron, and it was hinted that the vessel was intended for ways that are dark. The government detained the vessel and seized some goods upon it. Sir George Cartier was then minister of militia, and the gallant colonel kept continually applying to him for redress. At last Cartier became impatient and paralyzed the colonel one day by exclaiming, 'What for de deffel do you bozare me so, eh?' Those awful words shook all the Torysim out of the colonel and he has been a Reformer ever since, and a strong one. This is not the only remarkable event in his political career. He ran for the Algoma district against John Beverley Robinson but was beaten, and when the office of police magistrate of Toronto was offered him he accepted it and has filled it with credit to himself and benefit to the city ever since. A born churchman, he is one of the leading lay members of the Anglican synod, and his manly voice is always heard in the interests of the low church party.

His walk would not be recognized as military, but he does not affect the stiff walk of the line but rather the peculiar slouch of a horse soldier. He is seen to perfection in his military dress, but after a brisk walk of a morning in the sunlight when his frock coat is ornamented with a tasty button-hole bouquet, and he is in a good humor about something, and his eyes twinkle, he looks remarkably well. He yields readily and gracefully to conviction, but holds to his point with characteristic dignity if he feels he is right. He is seldom wrong and punctuality is one of his virtues. When Harry Piper gets up beside him and winks down at the boys, or makes a grimace at some delinquent from the noble ward, the magistrate appears utterly unconscious of what is going on. One can't help liking him and the aldermen who visit him so frequently, especially if there is something spicy in court, must see that he does his duty and does it well.

PERSONAL.

Remenyi promises his name Re-main-yi.

Lord Dufferin intends to publish his Canadian speeches.

Mr. S. J. Dawson, M. P. for Algoma, is at the Queen's.

The governor-general has abandoned his trip to the Pacific coast.

Capt. Mainwaring, who was kicked by a horse at the Hamilton exhibition, has recovered from his injuries, and is at his old post on the Globe again.

Mrs. Van Kirk, well known in Anglican church circles as an earnest Christian worker, is about to leave the city to take up her residence in New York.

Dr. Jomes Brown, formerly of Edinburgh, and now resident at Port Elgin, Ont., was in the city yesterday on his way to Europe, whither he goes partly to arrange for the publication of a fifth edition of his well known work, 'The Forester,' by Messrs. Blackwood, but chiefly at the request of the Portuguese government, who are about undertaking tree planting on a very extensive scale, and desire Dr. Brown's advice and assistance in the work.

Mr. Archibald Forbes on Tuesday lunched with General Sir Patrick McDougall and lady, at Maple Wood, Halifax, attended the review and sham-fight in the afternoon, and after his lecture at night was entertained at supper by the officers of the North British Society. Yesterday he lunched with Mayor Hall and officers of the 101st regiment, and after his lecture was entertained by some private gentlemen at dinner. He leaves Halifax to-day for Truro, where he lectures this evening. Mr. Forbes will be in Toronto on the 8th and 9th of November.

CLOTHING.

OAK HALL,

THE

Great One-Priced Clothing House,

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'The old man has been getting his clothes at the old-fashioned stores; I want him to buy an Oak Hall suit and have some style about him.'

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