THE CITY AND VICINITY.

THE DAILY ROUND OF LIFE IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.

What the People are Doing and Thinking About—Brief Notes Gathered Everywhere by World Reporters.

The wife now gets her new "spring straw,"
With pansies decked, or tulips;
The husband also gets his straw,
But gets it in his "juleps."

Beneath a shady tree they sat.
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath, and lay right flat;
They kiss'd—I saw them do it.
He felt that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it.

Indian corn has made its appearance.

There are 135 patients in the general hospital.

There is a Mexican in town with a big sombrero on.

Three carloads of Scandinavians passed through last night.

The Oriole is back at her anchorage on the island shore. She is in better trim than ever.

Upwards of 150 people left the Yonge street station yesterday for Manitoba and the Northwest.

At the opening of the zoo on Monday next three prizes will be offered for the best talking parrots.

The shorthorn breeders' association of Ontario will meet here during the second week of the industrial exhibition.

The policemen at Nos. 1 and 2 had their annual pistol practice at the Garrison yesterday. Nos. 3 and 4 shoot to-day.

There was no hay on the market yesterday.—Globe. But where did the Globe's old man get the hay-seed in his hair?

On Monday evening a boy named Edwards fell off a freight train on the Esplanade, and fractured his collar-bone.

The Globe sends a special correspondent with the governor-general's party, but he does not go as a "friend."—*Guelph Mercury.*

The best dressed man in the American express office has borrowed a valise and duster and gone to Coney Island to spend his holidays.

In Winnipeg on July 23rd: Mrs. RS. Clark, A. L. Manning, A. W. Pullen, G. P. Macdonald, R. R. Macdonald, A. A. Allan, all of Toronto.

Shortly after 6 o'clock yesterday a little girl, daughter of a G. T. R. teamster, was severely bitten by a dog on the corner of Boulton and York street.

The building occupied by Graham & Co., No. 3 King street east, is to be torn down to make room for a new and handsome structure, which will cost $15,000.

"Clutch" Donoghue was up in the police court yesterday, but the case was adjourned. The prisoner was admitted to bail. The probability is that he will be acquitted.

The attractions at Lorne park on the civic holiday will be of a grand character, and among the most pleasing of them will be an aerial ascent by Prof. Grimley of New York.

Certain newspapers and their employees are eating their heads off in order to get Doc Sheppard in gaol. Because the doc won't or can't sell their papers is no reason why they should persecute him.

On Monday William Carson had his employer, Edmund McDonald, of West York, summoned before Mr. Carr, J. P., at Yorkville, for non payment of $49.50 wages. An amicable settlement was arrived at.

James McCabe was yesterday arrested for committing an aggravated assault upon Jacob Schaeffer. The affair occurred some time ago. McCabe was employed by Schaeffer, and the trouble was about wages.

The new line from River street along Gerrard to Parliament, and thence along Parliament and Queen to Sherbourne, is now in full running order. The cars are running regularly, but tradespeople have scarcely yet begun to take advantage of them.

The town council of Peterboro' have appointed the mayor and Mr. George A. Cox a committee to interview the promoters of the new paper mill, with a view to inducing them to locate in that town. They will have a meeting with certain members of the company to-day.

The mayor has gone on a holiday tour. He will put in a few days at New York and then go to Cacouna. Ald. Adamson was acting mayor yesterday. Ald. Ball will officiate in that capacity to-day and Ald. Crocker Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

The Toronto boy burglar was up before the Port Hope P. M. yesterday morning, but was remanded for one week. He stated that he and his companions stole three of the pistols from a second-hand store on Queen street, kept by a man named Knox; the others were stolen from a hardware store.

The Queen Victoria yesterday had a very successful excursion to the international temperance camp meeting at Grimsby. Although there was a pretty heavy sea on, she was remarkably steady. The return trip was made in two hours and three-quarters. To-morrow the same boat takes Dr. Wild's Sunday school to Bronte, and thence will carry another excursion to the camp gathering. Mr. W. H. Cooper will accompany the excursionists to look after their comfort.

The women Sarah Howe, Mary Redfern and Charlotte Emerty, arrested in connection with the recent child desertion case, appeared at the police court yesterday. The evidence taken showed Mrs. Emerty and Mrs. Redfern had left the child, warmly clad, near the Girls' home, and had waited until it was taken in, and that it had afterwards died. Mr. McNab, who appeared for the prisoners, commented strongly on the lack of a place in Toronto where such infants could be taken care of. The case was remanded till to-day.

James Malloch, employed as a laborer in the Grand Trunk freight sheds, attempted to jump on a moving train at the Union station Monday evening. The lid of a small tin can which he carried in his hand fell to the platform, and in jumping off the train backwards to recover it, Malloch fell between the cars to the track. He gave himself a quick jerk, thereby throwing himself off the track, and the train passed on, carrying away a portion of his coat and making a rent in his pants.

The confusion and loss of time in the board of works' meetings are caused by the non-observance of a proper order of business. If in reading minutes a block pavement on a certain street happens to be mentioned, an alderman jumps up and makes an enquiry about it which gives rise to a ten minute dispute, ending in nothing. In the midst of a discussion on, say street railways, a member enquires why that sewer on such a street is not being proceeded with. Let a time be set apart for enquiries (after the regular business is over), and let the chairman choke off without mercy any discussion which is raised out of its proper time.

—A select stock of Irish serges, light summer tweeds and fancy trouserings, etc., just to hand. J. M. Maloney & Son, Merchant Tailors, Bay street. Gentlemen requiring fine ordered suits should not fail to see them, as they are decidedly new and must be sold immediately to make room for fall goods.

SOME CANADIAN YOUTHS.

The Coney Island Swell at Burlington Beach—Tom Guernsey at Toronto Island—Summer Characters.

Hamilton and Toronto are well favored in having attractive waterside resorts right at their very doors. At Toronto, the Island is just over the bay; at Hamilton, Burlington Beach is within a few minutes' run on the cars. And both resorts are very similar in many respects; they are, however, as wide as the poles in the kind of young man they have developed.

THE CONEY ISLAND SWELL.

"There's a Coney Island swell for you," said a Philadelphian who was talking with a friend on the pier at Burlington Beach.

"Oh, no; that's a Hamilton boy," was the reply.

"I don't care where he comes from, he looks the Coney Island swell."

The young gentleman in question had a good bit of swagger about him, wore quick clothes, spent his time about bowling alleys and the Beach, knew Ned Hanlan and swore by him, smoked ten cent cigars, talked boat racing, sang nigger hymns in chorus, and was a self-esteemed judge of lager beer. When not at the Beach you see him in the billiard-room of the leading hotel of the ambitious city, or in the quieter bowling alley adjoining the "gilded saloon." He gets his cues from the American sport or showman when he comes to town, or if he can afford to go to Buffalo or New York he lays in a supply of current phrases. When there is anything "good" in the Grand Opera house he comes down to Toronto to see it. He is a good-hearted fellow, and is grieved if taken for a snob, for of all things he loves not a snob. The merits of actresses take up much of his time.

TOM GUERNSEY

of Toronto is an altogether different youth. He is engaged in some kind of mercantile or professional pursuit, is a great hand at taking long tramps in winter, keeps a water spaniel and owns a boat, which he stores in a section at his boat club or at a neighboring boat house. He considers himself very respectable, wears elaborately-colored guernseys and boating caps, thinks himself a regular water dog, goes about the island in bare arms—the more sunburnt the better—rowing shirt, and cricket pants—plays cricket, by-the-by, in preference to other games—smokes a straight-stemmed briar-root, and belongs to a crack company in the Queen's Own. His boat is a model of convenience, and he spends half his spare cash in fixing up his "Fairy" or "Maud" with all the latest whims in boat rigging. If he can afford it he keeps a couple of fine easy chairs in his boat house, has esthetic pictures from the illustrated prints on the walls, and invites his lady friends to lounge away an hour in listening to descriptions of the marvels of his boat. And he would never think of eating a slice of water melon on the street.

COUNTRY PLEASURES.

Letter From a Bilious and Prejudiced Citizen Who Has Been Spending Two Weeks on a Farm.

When you go to a country house the farmer gives you a glass of milk, and says, "Ah, you don't get milk like that in town," sometimes coupled with the offensively familiar remark, "that's the stuff to fatten you up." The milk I get in town is quite as rich as country milk; moreover, it is cold, and not reeking warm from the cow, and it doesn't leave a rank taste in your mouth, as country milk invariably does; and finally, I don't want to be fattened up.

Again, the farmer talks about country fare. You might reasonably suppose that this meant abundance of vegetables and fruit. But if you want these things you had better stay in town. There you will get tomatoes, corn and green peas as fast as they come in, whereas at a farm you get nothing but potatoes. Their teas are embodied dyspepsia, and their breakfasts include the horrible anachronism of cold pie.

The farmer also remarks, "Ah! you don't see green fields like these in town." In the town I have close at hand the Queen's park, the Horticultural gardens, and a little further away three or four others. In the country I have only wheat and barley fields, where I get my pants wet up to the knees, and rouse the ire of the owner.

Then they talk about country walks. I can walk up and down Jarvis street, and enjoy shade, good sidewalks, and freedom from dust ensured by the kindly watering cart. On a country road I have to endure the burning rays of the sun, toilsome walking, and clouds of dust, and the only scenery is fields of stumps.

Bah! Dont talk to me about your country. RUS IN URBE.

SET HIM A-THINKING.

Senator Miller of New York, the man who talks with pulp in his mouth, has set John of Pulptower a-thinking. "If Miller can do a good turn for the pulp branch of home industry, why may not I?" This is the question John of Pulptower has been putting to himself morning, noon and night for a whole week, and he has about made up his mind that he will ask Sir John to give him a lift into the senate. A seat in the senate and the chance to put in a good word for pulp and paper, would pay better than a baronetcy.

SCHAEBERLE'S COMET.

The news that Schaeberle's comet has grown a tail, a forked one at that, and is aiming, head on, for the earth, will add to public interest in this new messenger of the skies, which may yet carry off the honors as the great comet of 1881. Schaeberle, it may be remarked, is not a Globe reporter; neither is his observatory in the Mail's tower.

WORLD BALLADS.

KISMET—BY W. G. F.

There sailed a ship both good and true,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
And manned by a brave and fearless crew,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
The wind whistled shrill and the sea ran high,
And the ship swept out on the rushing wave,
And many a maiden breathed a sigh,
And whispered a prayer for her lover brave:
Yo! Ho! merrily O!

Spray dashed upon the deck,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
But they laughed aloud, nor did they reck,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
For the ship was as staunch as staunch can be,
And their hearts were fearless, and brave, and true;
So they sang Yo! Ho! with a joyous glee,
As away the ship to the seaward flew:
Yo! Ho! merrily O!

The ship had weathered many a gale,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
For the ship was true to her helm and sail,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
But the wind whistled shrill, the sea ran high,
And the billows yawned across their track,
And down they went with a shuddering cry,
And the Storm Fiend yelled as he flew with the rack:
Yo! Ho! merrily O!

The wind blows fast, the sea runs high,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
And the white-sailed ships to seaward fly,
Yo! Ho! merrily O!
But the maidens weep for their lovers brave,
And turn their tear-dimmed eyes to sea;
But their lovers sleep in a watery grave,
And the Storm Fiend yells, as he laughs in glee
Yo! Ho! merrily O!

ABOUT NOTE PROTESTING.

HOW LUCKY LAWYERS HAVE FAT FEES FOR DOING NOTHING.

A Change in the Law Needed—Harassing the Hard-Up—"I Wouldn't Have that Protested for Five Hundred Dollars"—Altogether a Sad Business.

It would hardly be proper to use the term swindling in characterizing anything sanctioned by law, yet a term very like that would not be far out of place for the sharp practice of the banks and their solicitors in the matter of protesting promissory notes. Wherever there are fees there are abuses, has become a trite saying; and as the law has prescribed certain fees for the notaries in protesting notes, these officials may be trusted to look out for themselves. It is said that

THE BANKS MAKE NOTHING

by the protesting of notes; so that if the abuses are pointed out the bank managers and directors should join in securing a change in the law, and save their customers from the harassings that their solicitors inflict on them.

THE SOLICITOR.

Every bank has a solicitor at each of its agencies, and this post is eagerly sought for by the lawyers. In a large commercial city like Toronto the post is worth a small income of itself, and there is accordingly a fight for the office. A big law firm, the head of which has a friend on the directorate, or some young limb who is just starting and is a nephew or other connection of the president "gets a good send off" by being appointed solicitor for the concern. Onward and upward after that. If the bank does a good business he will have lots of protesting—and lots of fees.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

As everyone knows, or should know, notes are payable at the expiry of three days of grace. There is always a teller assigned to the duty of receiving the money and handing over the notes. Up to three o'clock you can "lift a note," but in the majority of the banks five minutes after that hour the unfortunate maker of the note will find that the document has gone up to the solicitor—he generally has his office hard by—and is in the act of being protested. A few are known to have got off with a fine of fifty cents, but as a general thing the wily notary rushes the thing through, and gets his full fees tacked on.

A CASE IN POINT.

The anxiety of lawyers to secure their fees is illustrated by the following incident told by a Toronto law stationer with much bitterness: He sold a bill of goods to a lawyer living in a country town, and shortly afterwards sent a draft for the amount, which the lawyer refused to accept. Now, he happened to be notary for the bank which held the draft, and accordingly it came into his hands for protest. This was done, and the notary calmly pocketed the fees. Not a bad way of reducing a bill.

THE FEES.

Take a note of three months for $100 as an example. The notary gets fifty cents for protesting the note, and twenty-five cents for each notice of protest that he sends out, with due allowance for postage. On a hundred dollar note like the one instanced the fees average $1.25. The work of the solicitor is done by a junior member of the firm, and consists in signing and filling in two or three blank forms. Twenty-five cents would be a good remuneration to anyone but a lawyer for such a job.

THE NEXT STEP

is to return the protested note, tacked on to the protest, to the teller of the bank, for those concerned well know that it is mainly through oversight that the payment was not made, and that as soon as the maker receives the notice he will rush to the bank in a high state of excitement, take up the note, pay the fees without murmuring, and thank his stars that he has escaped a terrible fate. For somehow or other the average mortal is more afraid of a protested note than he would be if he met his mother-in-law's ghost in a graveyard.

WHERE NOTES ARE NOT PROTESTED.

Of course the man or firm with a big credit to his or its account never receives the polite missive of the notary. When his note is due and he neglects taking it up, "it is charged." But for the unfortunate whose funds are few, or whose account is overdrawn, or who does business at a rival bank, there is no mercy. The first letter he opens in the morning is a notice of protest, and that sets him chewing files all day.

NO NOTICE

is sent the maker that his note is coming due, and that he ought to meet it. He is supposed to keep a bill-book and to consult it every day. But even men who consult their bill-books daily have notes protested on them through making wrong entries in them. For instance, a man gives a note for thirty, sixty or ninety *days*, counts one, two or three *months* on the calendar, and marks the day of payment accordingly. But a month often contains thirty-one days, and two of them sixty-two days, and so he counts one or two days more than he is entitled to—and has his note protested. The consolation he gets from the bank is that "you should know better," or "you shouldn't make a mistake." A man has often to go out of town; when he gets back late at night the dreaded protest awaits him, and he has a bad attack of the nightmare as a result.

SOULLESS CORPORATIONS.

Banks pride themselves on being soulless corporations, but they are not altogether beyond criticism, nor are they infallible. They make their little mistakes like other people—sometimes they can't meet *their notes*—and therefore shouldn't ride too high a horse, or rather they shouldn't allow their solicitors to do the circus business for them.

POLICEMEN'S PAY.

The Second and Third Class Men want an Increase, also a Change as to Promotion.

On Monday the second and third class policemen sent in a petition for an increase in their pay—the former from $1.45 to $1.75, which is the present pay of first class men, and the latter from $1.25 to $1.45. They also want an alteration made in the rule for promotion to the first class. The rule is that no promotion can be made until there are less than fifty men in the first class, and as there are over eighty in that class the chances of promotion appear to be very slim for some time to come.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

To the Editor of the Toronto World.

SIR,—I have seen two or three letters in your paper in regard to secret societies. It may be that the really and exclusively benevolent ones have a reason for existence, but I fail to see it. They are engines of sociability and benevolence, but it seems to me that both these ends are secured at much too great a cost. I have always noticed that the more active spirits are the ones who profit by them, and that they are always pulling the wires of the organizations for their own benefit. Will some one point out their real benefit?

REPORTER.

August.

The summer season now reaches its climax, and is prolific in developing bowel complaints. Over-indulgence in fruit, immoderate drinking of iced waters and summer beverages, in a few hours produce fatal ravages among children and adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most reliable remedy for all forms of summer complaints. Safe, pleasant and prompt in its effects. All dealers keep it.

SUMMER HOUSEKEEPING.

Precepts for the Hot Weather—What to Eat and Wear, and How to Sleep—Some Timely Hints.

In the hot weather we cannot do better than follow the example of dwellers in hot climates, who live principally on fruits and fresh vegetables. Dates and bread form the chief diet of the desert Arab, and the hardy East Indian coolie subsists almost entirely on rice. Bouillon, that is, light soup, fresh fruit, a salad and coffee is the Frenchman's bill of fare for the hot weather.

He who eats much meat in hot weather is apt to pay the penalty for it in a clogged brain and feeling of general heaviness.

Tomatoes, eaten raw, are a sovereign remedy for biliousness.

Breakfast, especially, should in warm weather be a light meal. Milk and oatmeal or cracked wheat, soft-boiled eggs, bread, which, however, need not be stale, fresh butter and fruit are far more refreshing and healthy diet with the thermometer up among the nineties than hot cakes and fried meat, washed down with hot coffee.

A popular fallacy condemns soup as too hot for warm weather. On the contrary, it is one of the best of summer dishes. In a well-made soup the process of digestion is half accomplished, and nothing else, except beef-tea, containing as much nourishment can be eaten with so little effort. Vegetable soups are easily made, and well made are delicious.

Oil and gas stoves are blessed inventions to lessen the labors of housekeepers in summer. The fire may be lighted in an instant, and as quickly extinguished. There is no coal to carry, no ashes to remove, and the cooking of an average family may be readily done on one, so that there is no necessity for kindling a fire in the range, except on washing and ironing days.

Against flies, that plague of summer, two weapons are powerful—cleanliness and darkness. The table should be cleaned as soon as meals are over and all crumbs carefully brushed up from table and floor. The dining-room should be kept dark between meals; but it will not do simply to shut up the room, shutting the flies in it. Close every door and window but one and drive the flies out through that. This is by no means so difficult as it appears upon paper, and practice enables one to become quite an expert at the task.

Air all sleeping rooms thoroughly every morning, and if possible sun the mattresses occasionally.

Often at night, when the heat is unbearable, a wet cloth stretched over the window blind will cool the room as though a shower had fallen.

But above all, the great secret of doing housework with comfort in warm weather is to do it as much as possible in the early morning, resting in the middle of the day.

FONETICS IN FILOLOGY.

A Convention of Spelling Reformers—Some Odd but Sensible Changes Recommended.

At the filological convention in Cleveland last week, Prof. F. A. March, of Lafayette college, presented the report of the spelling reform comitee. The comitee recomended to drop silent *e* from such words as genuine, leave, etc.; to drop *a* from ea, as in health, head, feather, breakfast; to drop *e* from ea, as in hearken; to drop *a* from beauty; to drop *o* from jeopardy, people, leopard; to drop *e* from woman; to restore old *u* for *o* in govern, dozen, etc.; to restore *i* for *e* in women; to restore old *u* for *o* in double, journey; to drop *u* from honour, labour, etc.; to drop silent *u* after *g* in such native English words as guard; to drop *we* when at end, as in demagogue, catalogue; to restore ryme for rhyme, tyme for thyme, and tung for tongue; to simplify double consonants, as stif for stiff, pas for pass, eg for egg, ad for add, batle for battle, traveler for traveller; to drop silent *b* in debt, dumb, etc.; to restore old *s* for *c* when a consonant precedes, as onse for once, pense for pence; to restore *k* or *c* in words unetymologically now written ch, as ache, anchor, stomach; to write t for ed, as in looked, booked; drop silent ig, as in foreign and sovereign: make words in ghf fonetic, if possible, by dropping h, as ghost, glast; spell though tho, and through thru; or change gh to f, enuf for enough, ruf for rough, tuf for tough; drop l in could; drop p in receipt; drop s in aisle and island; change s to z in distinctive words, so as to distinguish close from close, abuze from abuse; drop c in scent and scythe; drop t of tch, as in pitch, witch, etc.; drop w in whole, and change ph to f in all words. These changes would greatly simplify the speiling of the language without offending the eye.

The report was approved. On motion of Prof. Whitney, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale college was added to the comitee on spelling reform, and the comitee was continued.

THE NORCROSS OPERATIC CO.

This company appeared again last night at the Gardens, in "The Pirates." They were greeted by a good house, who evidently enjoyed the performance, and recalled several of the members. As "Mabel" Mrs. Carter did better than any Mabel we have yet seen, and her appearance on the stage was the signal for a round of applause. Her rendering of "Stay, Frederic," was encored, and deservedly so, as was the duet "Ah, leave me not" and some other numbers. The "Pirate King" (Mr. Dunbar) was very good, but his voice tired slightly towards the end and flatted a little, but on the whole he is perhaps as good as any "King" we have heard. The "Pirate King" was encored, and heartily so. "Ruth" (Miss Annie Hall) proved a great success in her acting, and was well received by the audience. Mr. Lalor, as the Major-General, was very good, but nervous. His acting is first-rate, but owing to a slight cold and nervousness his voice was hardly strong enough. He, however, will be better in the next representation. Mr. Lalor being a "Toronto man" was applauded on the start. Mr. Chas. Olsen, as Samuel, performed his part well, as did Edith, Kate, and Isabel (Misses Carlton, Collins and Sanger).

The female chorus was rather weak, and sometimes required a deal of prompting. But so did many of the performers, this being the first performance. Those present were well pleased with the representation, which is, on the whole, the best we have seen here. The absence of scenic effects is painfully apparent, and the company labors under this disadvantage as compared with those we have already seen. The policeman with the light pants should get out—he is not quite the thing. A baby in the audience joined in the duet, "Ah! leave me not alone," much to the amusement of the rest of the audience.

WILL THEY KNOW HIM?

The Brooklyn Eagle of Monday says: The Rev. J. L. Campbell, D. D., of Tompkins Avenue Presbyterian church, the place Baptist church yesterday, morning and evening. In the morning his discourse was, "The Power of Prayer;" in the evening, "The Power of Grace." The congregation was very fair in point of number in the morning, considering the temperature. The Rev. Dr. Campbell's introductory prayer was couched in the most beautiful scriptural language, and his allusion to the president's condition bedewed the eyes of the ladies in the congregation with tears. We wonder if Mr. Campbell's congregation out in quiet Cheltenham will know him when he gets home, with D.D.'s and all other clerical honors tacked on to him.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

LACROSSE.

BALTIMORE V. NEW YORK.

A lacrosse match has just been arranged between the lacrosse teams of the Baltimore athletic club and the New York lacrosse club, to be played in New York on the polo grounds next Saturday, the 30th inst.

CANOEING.

THE COMING MEETING AT LAKE GEORGE.

In about a fortnight a great gathering of canoes is expected on Lake George, in Warren county, New York state. An American paper says there will be representatives from all the United States clubs, and adds: "The Canadian single-blades from Peterboro', and the double-blades from the Toronto and Ottawa Canoe clubs, are preparing for the start. Mr. Baldwin of the Dominion land office, Ottawa, Can., will cruise in the Rob Roy he purchased of Lord Dufferin, before that official left the Dominion." It is hoped that the earlier types of canoes—the birch-bark and its father the "dugout"—will be represented.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES PLAYED YESTERDAY

At Worcester, Mass.: Bostons 6, Worcesters 9.

At Detroit: Chicagos 9, Detroits 4.

At New York: Metropolitans 13, Baltimores 1.

At Philadelphia: Athletics 7, Quicksteps 1.

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYER (OF BALL).

Old Bill evidently played baseball occasionally. At least he knew all about it, if the following quotations be accepted:

Now let's have a catch.—*Merry Wives.*
And so I shall catch the fly.—*Henry V.*
I will run no base.—*Merry Wives.*
After he scores.—*All's Well.*
Have you scored me?—*Othello.*
The world is pitch and pay.—*Henry V.*
These nine men in buckram.—*Henry IV.*
What works my countrymen?
Where go you with bats and clubs?—*Coriolanus.*
Let us see you in the field.—*Troilus and Cressida.*
I will fear to catch.—*Timon.*
More like to run the country base.—*Cymbeline.*

CRICKET.

VICTORIA VS. YORKVILLE.

A match between these clubs came off on the grounds of the former yesterday, with the following result: Victoria, first innings, 30; second do. 50. Yorkville in their first innings made 79, thus being one behind. They, however, sent in two men and succeeded in getting the required number of runs without the loss of a wicket, leaving them victors by 10 wickets. The bowling of Gay was very much admired, his analysis for 1st being 9 wickets for 7 runs. The batting of Messrs. Lindsay, Morrison, and Behan for Victorias, and that of Messrs. Clarke Brown and Howard for the victors, was very good.

THE TURF.

THE SARATOGA RACES.

The Saratoga track was in bad condition yesterday. First race—$350, mile; Saunterer won, Girofle 2nd, Ripple 3rd. Second race—Mile and three-quarters; Hindoo 1st, Greenland 2nd, Valentine 3rd; time 3.21. Third race—Free handicap, mile and five-eighths; Governor Hampton won, Geo. McCullough 2nd, Cinderella 3rd; time 3.05¼. Fourth race—Steeplechase, mile-and-a-half; Trouble 1st, Postguard 2nd, Rosalie 3rd; time 3.02. The horse Warfare was jostled against the rail and fatally hurt.

The race for the Goodwood stakes yesterday was won by Mr. A. Brigge's Brown Bess, with Prudhomme 2nd, and Black Thorn 3rd.

The ten mile race between Miss Pinno and Miss Curtis at Leadville yesterday was won by the former. On the eighth mile Miss Curtis dismounted and fainted.

HOME STRETCHES.

The St. Leger will be run on September 14.

Piedmont, the stallion, has lowered his record to 2.17¾.

The duke of Westminster owns Peregrine, who ran second to Iroquois for the Derby.

The favorite jockey at the Brighton Beach track is the little Englishman Tiny Quantrell. He always rides to win, and if there is any good stuff in a horse he is sure to bring it out.

W. C. France, owner of Alexander, the winner of the stallion race at Rochester, writes that the statement that his horse was given two quarts of whiskey during the progress of the race is erroneous. He says that he was given only one pint of sherry.

AQUATICS.

THE GAUDAUR-WISE RACE.

ORILLIA, July 26.—Gaudaur arrived yesterday with his new boat, and took an hour's straight work in it. He seems as much at home in it as in his shell. Both Wise and he were out this morning, and put in some good work. Gaudaur's style is much superior to Wise's.

AMATEUR OARSMEN.

The ninth annual regatta of the National association of amateur oarsmen will be rowed on September 8 and 9 on the Potomac river, at Washington. The races are open to the members of all amateur rowing clubs, eight oars, six oars, four oars, pair oars, double-sculls, single-sculls. All races one and a half miles straightaway.

HANLAN V. ROSS.

The sporting public are anxiously awaiting to see if Wallace Ross will arrange a match with Hanlan. If the match is made, and there is no Seekonk business, Hanlan will add more money to his bank account. Ross is cunning and tricky in arranging matches, and before he posts $2000 to row Hanlan he will want "both ends and the middle."—New York News.

The Cornell crew contradict the statement that they purposely fouled at Henley.

BIRTH.

GARDINER—At 40 Pearl street north, Hamilton, on Tuesday, July 26th, the wife of Herbert F. Gardiner, M.A., editor of the Times, of a son.

DEATHS.

COLEMAN—On the 26th inst., at her husband's residence, 50 Howard street, Toronto, Jennie New, the beloved wife of Richard Coleman. Funeral to-day at 4.30 p.m., from 223 Main street west, Hamilton.

STEWART—At 23 Adelaide street west, on Monday evening, the 25th July, after a lingering illness, Elizabeth, daughter of Alex. Stewart, builder. Funeral this (Wednesday) afternoon at 4 o'clock to the Necropolis.

BRETT—At his residence, No. 10 Wellesley street, Toronto, on Monday evening at 10 o'clock, Mr. R. H. Brett, aged 66 years. Funeral to-day at 3 p.m.

M. NOLAN, 573 Queen st. west. Funerals supplied in First-Class style, at the Lowest Rates. The best Hearse in Toronto. Telephone communication with all parts of the City.

M. M'CABE & CO., UNDERTAKERS, 373 QUEEN STREET WEST. ORDERS ATTENDED TO NIGHT AND DAY.

J. YOUNG THE LEADING UNDERTAKER, 347 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

V. P. HUMPHREY, UNDERTAKER, 309 Yonge St., Opp. Agnes St. Night calls promptly attended to.

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GREAT CLEARING SALE AT EDWARD M'KEOWN'S PREVIOUS TO MAKING EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS.

In addition to OUR CLEARING SALE we will place on our counters to-day for sale a consignment of Lace Novelties purchased at 50 per cent. under importers' cost. These goods are of the very newest and choicest.

Cream Spanish Lace Fichus, "all silk," at 40c, 45c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1 up.
Black Spanish Lace Fichus, "all silk," 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 75c, $1 up.
Cream Spanish Lace Scarfs, 75c, 85c, $1.
Black Spanish Lace Scarfs, 75c, 85c, $1.
Black and Cream Spanish Laces, some very choice designs.
White Embroidered India Muslin Ties, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 18c, 22c, 25c, 33c up.
Every lady in town is purchasing one of these scarfs.
White Embroidered India Muslin Handkerchiefs, very pretty, 12½c., 15c., 18c., worth double the money. Cream India Lawn Squares 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 65c, 75c up—just half-price. New Cream Laces, in Brotonne, Venice Point, Bucharest, Languedoc, Old English Point, etc. Just opened, another lot of choice shadings in Ombre Ribbons, all widths; New Roman Sash; Ribbons New Sash Sash Ribbons, in cardinal, pink, sky, white, cream, etc. 55 cents, worth $1.00 per yard. Also great bargains in Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Mitts, Linen Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Underwear, Notions, etc.

We desire to draw particular attention to the above. These goods are of the VERY NEWEST IN THE MARKET, and Ladies will find it to their advantage to pay a special visit to our store to inspect these goods. On Monday we shall offer some very attractive specialties in our Dress Goods and Staple Department, which see in Saturday's issue. Your inspection solicited at

EDWARD M'KEOWN'S, 182 Yonge Street, Third Door north of Queen.

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WHITE'S SHIRTS.

6 for $6, or $1 each.
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STRAW HATS At Very Low Prices.

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