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TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1889.

The Millers Want Their National Policy Too.

The general election contest which came to its wind-up in the fall of 1878 was decided upon one great issue. Other issues there were which had mention, more or less prominent; but practically the one to which we refer was like Aaron's rod, is swallowed up all the rest. Sir John Macdonald, then in Opposition, had promised that if returned to power he would give the country a National Policy of Protection; while the Grits took the ground that Free Trade was the right policy, and said that Protection should never be established here while they held control. The great issue between the two parties was plainly and squarely drawn; it certainly was not decided on false pretences, or through any general misunderstanding as to what it was all about. Men who supported Sir John's candidates knew perfectly well that they were voting for Protection, while men who supported Mr. Mackenzie's candidates knew just as well that they were voting for Free Trade.

Sir John and his lieutenants had declared in favor of Protection. But they had taken their stand for this and something more — a National Policy of Protection, to wit. For the first time in Canadian history this term — National Policy — became a word to conjure with — a word powerful to influence votes. It threw one Government out, and put another in its place. Now, it may be asked: What was supposed to be the difference between Protection and National Policy, or were they taken as being merely different names for the same thing?

For the present let us leave aside the dictionary definition of the term National Policy, whatever that may be. This is a matter of minor consequence. But it is of the very essence of the contract that the people of Canada should get *what was generally understood* by the term National Policy when they voted for it. Now, without attempting to be too "jolly particular" or philosophical about it, we think it will come pretty near the truth of history to say that by the term "National Policy" most people understood the application of the principle of Protection to the products of this farm as well as to those of the factory. Before that, in discussions *pro* and *con* as to Protection and Free Trade respectively, it was the protection of manufactures that was mostly understood. We do not say that this was generally stated in terms, but we feel quite sure that in the 1878 time nineteen men out of twenty, listening to an appeal in favor of Protection, took it for granted that Protection to manufactures was what was meant. Also that the same man, whenever "National Policy" was the theme, understood it to mean Protection for farmers as well as for manufacturers. The N.P. was on the face of it something having a broad and inclusive significance; it was expected to take in all national interests—all that go towards the making and building up of the nation. The N. P. was understood to be something more than merely provincial or sectional in its objects; it was held to be *national*, with all that the term implies.

It is now a little over ten years since the N. P. Act (1879) was passed at Ottawa; and we assert that the millers of Canada have never yet received their share of the N.P. Manufacturers *generally* have got theirs; although probably enough there are still weak spots in the tariff that require fixing up. The farmers have certainly got their share of the N.P., at least as far as wheat is concerned. Here is the proof: for a considerable time they have been receiving at least 10 cents a bushel for wheat more than was being received by farmers in the neighboring states. Just at the present time the advantage in favor of the Canadian farmer is 15 cents, or within a fraction of it.

But, as will be said, the millers have already 50 cents a barrel protection against imported flour. Well, as to what that miserable little pretence of Protection is worth to them, we say nothing just now. We hope, however that at the meeting which opens to-day the millers and others in the trade who have knowledge of how the thing works will clear up the practical points, and so give the general public to understand what's the matter. To do this it does not need long and elaborate speeches, but short, clear statements showing where exactly the trouble comes in. This last any sensible miller ought to be able to do, even if he should not feel like making a regular speech. And if he is not a sensible man he should not be a miller at all; we say that.

Among all our important Canadian interests the milling interest is the only one left without any share of benefit from the N.P. Now, if you think that this injustice of ten years' standing will still do to be continued right on, then you are very much mistaken, we beg to remark. Some will say—Oh! that is Sir John's fault; others will say, it is the fault of the Maritime Provinces people, or Quebec and Montreal influences, and so on. Meantime we would ask: Supposing Mr Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright in power, would they help to remedy the present injustice, do you think?

Does it never strike you what great changes time has wrought in the last twenty-five years or so? When Confederation was a-making, Ontario was the only one of all the Provinces having wheat or flour to sell. Now a vast new wheat-producing country is being developed, and the combined wheat and flour producing interest of the Dominion is going to be something gigantic ere many more years go by. Just ask yourself whither we are drifting in this respect. This might be an interesting, practical sort of a question, even to a man who is a politician before all else. We say to you: Better be on friendly terms with that growing young giant of Canada—the wheat and flour interest—better keep friends with both the farmers and the millers.

No, the milling interest is too important a one to be neglected by any Government; and recollect that it is and will be supported by the farmers.

The Empire of yesterday: The Winnipeg Free Press is a party paper and need expect no fair treatment from the Toronto organ of treachery [The Mail] which insults nine-tenths of the newspapers of Canada, while itself the pariah of Canadian journalism. To expect truth or honor from a traitor is a waste of faith.

Look out for a bomb from The Mail office. Mr. Bunting is about tired of this charge of "traitor" and "treachery," and it is reported that he recently declared that if it was kept up he would tell the whole story of the Pulp tower plot, no matter whose reputation might suffer. By-the-bye, had Mr. Creighton anything to do with it?

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for fever and ague I have ever used."

BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

Toronto Has Progressed and Now Stands High in English Repute.

[From The London (Eng.) Financial News, June 21.]

A few years ago Canada was supposed to have only one commercial centre: Montreal was regarded as the chief port and *entrepot* of the Dominion. But on the north as well as on the south side of the lakes, "the star of empire slowly wends its way." Since the annexation of Manitoba and the great Northwest the Canadian centre of gravity has changed. It used to be in the Lower Province, but now it is in Ontario. According to all accounts, that is the coming county in North America, and Toronto is the coming city. In its youth Toronto had the reputation of being a very charming place to live in; but nobody who wanted to make money ever thought of going there. Now the tables are completely turned. A smart young Canadian who wishes to push his fortune makes for Toronto as naturally as a devout Mussulman turns his eyes towards Mecca.

A few years ago Toronto celebrated its municipal jubilee, or at least, it ought to have done, for in 1834 it was incorporated and in 1884 the interesting event might have been very appropriately commemorated by a modest flourish of trumpets about the wonderful progress of the city. At the date of its incorporation it numbered only about 9000 souls, and a great deal was thought of that at the time, inasmuch as the 9000 had been gathered together in a very few years. In 1826 there had not been quite 1700 of them, and an increase in eight years from 1700 to over 9000 was for those days a marvel. During the next 40 years Toronto kept growing on steadily, with a sensational spurt now and then. Its great development began about 1879, when the population numbered 75,000. Five years later it crossed the 100,000 and in the current year it has reached 172,000.

An increase of 116 per cent. in a single decade would set the American eagle flopping its wings and shaking the stripes and stars in the face of a humiliated universe. Such things are supposed to be possible only in Kansas or Colorado. That they should happen among the Kentucks seems at first sight too absurd to be credible. But there are the official figures, which any sceptical person is welcome to test by the municipal records. Toronto has been growing, not only in numbers, but still more in wealth and wealth-creating energy. The value of property assessed for municipal purposes has in the same decade much more than doubled itself. In 1879 it was not quite $50,000,000, in 1884 it exceeded $66,000,000, and this year it is $115,500,000.

Here is not only a growing but a well-to-do community, every man, woman and child of which has on an average $672 of capital. Taxation in such a case must be relatively light. Though the municipality has power to levy rates up to 2½ per cent. per annum of assessed value, the actual taxation in the current year is under 1½ per cent. Year by year it grows lighter, having during the past decade declined from 1.75 per cent. to 1.45 per cent. This rate, easy as it is—hardly a third, we should think, of what London householders have to pay—brings in a large and elastic revenue. Ten years ago the large rate brought in $1,126,000, five years later a reduced rate yielded $1,389,000, and this year the estimated revenue from a still lower rate is over two million dollars—namely, $2,196,000. Besides rates, the municipality enjoys a large income from property and other sources. The lands granted to it years ago by the Dominion and Provincial Governments have appreciated as rapidly as private estates, and they have recently been valued by a professional valuator of repute at over ten million dollars. The entire debt of the city is under eight and a half million dollars, and not only has Toronto larger assets than liabilities, but the interest on its bonded debt is more than covered by the income from its own investments.

A borrower so happily situated, and with such exceptionally solid security to offer, wishes, of course, to borrow on the best terms. The days of six per cent. bonds are over for Toronto. Step by step, as its credit has improved, it has lowered its standard of interest, till now it is down to 3½ per cent., and already a consolidation is talked of on a 3 per cent. basis. Meanwhile, as a whet to the appetite of the investment hunter, a three million dollar issue is being offered for tender in 3½ per cent. bonds. No doubt, investors will bid for them readily enough, and they may consider them a very substantial investment.

Cold, cough, coffin, is what philosophers term "logical sequence." One is very liable to follow the other; but by curing the cold with a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral the cough will be stopped and the coffin not needed—just at present.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

The Koppleman Manufacturing Company's establishment, St. Louis, was burned last night.

F. C. Leeper, a member of the New York Bicycle Club, was drowned while bathing at Manhattan yesterday.

The thermometer yesterday at St. Paul registered from 96 to 103. Several places in Minnesota and Dakota report 100 and over.

W. L. Eggleson, a prominent negro politician in Kansas, is scheming to induce the negroes of the south to immigrate to Oklahoma.

Prof. W. H. Siford of Clarks University, Atlanta, deserted his wife and eloped with Minnie Warren, a notorious woman of Augusta.

A shock of earthquake was felt at Farmington, Me., last night, lasting half a minute. Dishes were rattled upon shelves, and light articles were knocked about.

Charles Carlson, son of the couple who own the cottage where Cronin is supposed to have met death, left Chicago for Winnipeg last night to try to identify Burke as one of the Williams brothers.

The steamer Haytian Republic from New York, which it was feared had been damaged or sunk by collision in the Atlantic, is safe.

Thomas J. Morgan, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has appointed his wife his private secretary at a salary of $1000 per annum.

Dr. Dorchester, Superintendent of Indian Schools, has secured the appointment of his wife as a special Indian Agent at a compensation of $6 per day and expenses.

Louis Cherier, cashier of the bank at Houghton, is missing. It is surmised that he has with him $50,000 which was to be used in paying off Hecla and other mining employes.

The inestimable value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier should be known to every wife and mother. It corrects irregularities, gives tone and strength to the vital organs and cleanses the system of all impurities. The best family medicine.

CANADIAN NOTES.

"The Johnstown sufferer" has made his appearance in several places in search of alms.

Mrs. Jane Doyle, who was on trial at Halifax on the charge of murdering her husband, but acquitted, is said to be keeping one of the worst dives in Halifax.

Eliza Taylor, a colored woman, died in the St. John poor house last week. Her age was popularly supposed to be 103 years.

John Kirkpatrick, section man on the L. & P.S.R., has a hen which since Jan. 1 last has laid 65 eggs and raised 38 chickens.

Three car loads of plant to be used in drilling for gas have arrived at Port Colborne, and as soon as this machinery can be put into position drilling will begin. The farm selected for the first test is that of Mr. Philip Zavitz just across the line in Bertie.

The Guelph Herald has come out in a new dress of handsome, clearly cut type, manufactured by the Toronto Type Foundry. The appearance of The Herald proves that just as good type can be made in Toronto as in any foreign country.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Another Big Sewer Job.

Ald. Ritchie got the following motion through in council last night:

That the City Engineer and Assessment Commissioner be instructed to take immediate steps to secure and arrange for a right of way for the construction of the sewer along the west branch of the Garrison Creek from Osington-avenue to Bloor-street.

ON SWEET GEORGIAN BAY.

HOW ONE OF THE WORLD'S YOUNG MEN SPENT TWO HAPPY DAYS.

"The Place of the Rolling Sand"—Lovely Penetanguishene—How to Reach It and What to See—The Bay and Its Legion of Isles—Some Pleasant Incidents.

Within 100 miles of busy Toronto and less than six hours' railway ride lies one of the most lovely and picturesque spots in the Dominion. Hither it was that I, wearied and worn with workaday toil, jaded and jejune with mental strain, repaired on Saturday last to seek the needed mental and physical recuperation. Nor was the quest in vain, nor the recommendations of one who had tried it, as to the tone-giving effects of a Sunday on sweet Georgian Bay, at all illusory. Full well I knew that loudly sing had been the praises of this favorite holiday resort, much had I heard of its beauty of water and land, but when I came and saw for myself, I (Queen of Sheba-like) exclaimed, "The half has not been told!"

Leaving Toronto at 8 a.m. by the Northern and Northwestern Railway, the train sped on through the pleasant scenery and fertile lands which lie between proud Lake Ontario and the less pretentious Lake Simcoe. Soon after passing Bradford the sparkling waters of the last mentioned lake were discerned and were more or less kept in view till Allandale Junction was passed. At this spot busy Barrie is seen directly across the northeastern arm of Simcoe's lake, and thence in a due northerly direction for 39 miles a pleasant run is made to Penetanguishene. This was to be my headquarters for my brief holiday, and a truly delightful spot I found it. Beautiful for situation, favored by Nature and not spoiled by man, this "town of the rolling sand," replete with historical associations, connected with war's eventful history, Canada's development, with the tragic tale intermingled with the web of progress, bids the traveler welcome to the threshold of the glorious Georgian Bay district.

Progressive Penetang.

Of the town itself it is not my purpose to treat at length. Railways have made and unmade many places. Emphatically the railway has "made" Penetang, as it is hereabouts universally called. There is a capital railway dock, busy wharves, miles of lumber piles, sawing mills, tanneries and other commercial works. The lumber, which is principally pine, is brought down on rafts from the innumerable inlets of Georgian Bay, and its preparation and trans-shipment is the principal trade of the Penetangs. The town has now a population of 2700; at the time of its incorporation, 10 years ago, it was only 700. It boasts not only of busy works but of a mayor and corporation, and has as healthy, thriving, contented a population as can be found in Ontario.

Enough of the town, now for the district. A mile from the railway station there has just been erected a spacious summer hotel christened "The Penetanguishene." This is for the special accommodation of the yearly increasing hosts of tourists. As a quiet resting place nothing better could be desired. It is in the centre of a most interesting and delightful district, both in a historical and physical sense. It has been built during the present spring through the enterprise of some Penetanguishene and Toronto gentlemen, constituted as a joint stock company, and who are sanguine of success. Saturday saw the formal opening of the hotel, the Toronto shareholders being represented by the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, and the local ones by ex-Mayor J. W. Keating, the managing director. The hotel has a pleasing appearance from the bay, its three towers forming a landmark. There are four balconies and many windows overlooking the water and the wooded heights beyond. A steamboat pier has been constructed; there are good boating and bathing facilities, and what is better still, all the comforts of home. The hotel is spacious, well-lighted, admirably ventilated, and in a few days its 100 rooms will be tenanted by Torontonians, Hamiltonians and denizens of other towns in search of healthful relaxation. There are 15 acres of woodland around, and within easy walk are scenes of romantic wildness, where tall and shadowy trees outstretch their arms and form green bowers of sylvan solitude; there brakes and thickets wild are found in which the hemlocks grow, the woodbine hangs, the wild sweetbriar flourishes, forming cool recesses of woodland loveliness.

"When the Moon is on the Waters."

Saturday evening was glorious; there was a true poet's sunset:

> Never, from the birth
> Of Time, were scatter'd o'er the glowing sky
> More splendid colorings. Every varying hue
> Of every beautiful thing on earth—the tints
> Of roses, and of lilies, all are in the west
> On this delicious eve.

Anon the fiercely brilliant streaks of crimson disappear and o'er the hills a flush of orange hovers softening up into harmonious union with the blue. And as the lovely night drew on the paly-beaming stars and the mild radiating moon shone forth.

Having quoted Carrington, most sympathetically did I say with Bailey:

> All things are calm, and fair, and passive.
> Earth looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap,
> Into a breathless deep sleep; so still
> That we can only say of things: they be.
> The lakes! now, no longer vexed with gusts,
> Replaces on her breast the pictured moon,
> Pearled round with stars.

There was scarcely a zephyr perceptible nor ripple on the pellucid water. Nature was silent, as her evening prayer, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the distant tinkling of the cow bells, the melodious ripple of the water as one or two ladies gently plied the oar, and a snatch of two love songs, certainly befitting the scene and the occasion: "The Music of My Own Heart," and "When the Moon is on the Waters." Loth to depart was I from the witchery of the spot, and silently sitting on the pier head memory traveled back to the tragic scenes of early Canadian history that very spot had witnessed: the supremacy of the Huron Indians, the deadly feuds of the implacable Iroquois, the torture and martyrdom of Jesuit missionaries, the tale the relics of sunken gunboats at my feet had to tell, the diminutive magazine on the island of that name standing out dark from the glistening waters, the graves of brave men of Her Majesty's 66th regiment on the hillside not far distant. But more of all this anon. So the last cigar puffed, the invigorating ice-water quaffed, the Evening Hymn sung, "good night" said to weary visitors, and in the arms of Morpheus all daylight does appear.

"O, Day, Most Bright, Most Calm!"

Such was Sunday. Godly George Herbert could not have wished a more brilliant, peaceful Sabbath. The sun's glorious rays, the tuneful choir of birds in the neighboring trees, the delicious coolness of the water for the matutinal dip, all conspired to make us early risers. Out in the blithe and breathing air we sallied. Some to say their morning prayer in Nature's temple, others to listen to 200 reformatory boys sing Sankey's tune ful songs, some to walk o'er hill and dale inspirited with the life-quickening air fresh from bay and pine-clad isle, whilst the ladies sat and let the sounds of nature's music creep into their ears and quietly inhaled the ozone and other constituents of an atmosphere uncontaminated with the smoke of cities, pleased with the knowledge that they were several hundred feet above the level of Ontario's fair lake.

And, truth to tell, a select and happy and thankful party had a pleasant sail down Penetanguishene Bay and in and around some of its fair islands. Advisedly I say "some," for are there not 30,000 in the Georgian Bay archipelago? Their names I cannot tell, for being holiday and Sunday notebookwas for the nonce consigned to the tomb of the Capulets and memory's tables was not sufficient for the details of nomenclature, topography, and historical lore which our Captain, our ex-Mayor, our ex-Lieutenant-Governor and others of the party graphically recited. 'Twas a glorious trip and no wonder snatches were heard of Bishop Ken's Morning Hymn, and of the immortal Te Deum. Said one, poetically inclined:

> Delightful is this solitude!
> It calms my heart.
> Here nature speaks;
> How peaceful every sound!

"The World Forgetting, by The World Forgot."

But "solitude" was a misnomer, as we soon found. Early as the camping season is the boats of the campers were seen snugly anchored in the little creeks, their white tents glimmered in the morning sun, and as good Christians was it not our duty to land and see how our brethren fared? "Fared," and they; "we more than fare, we prosperously and jollily thrive." And their looks and their surroundings gave emphasis to their assevertions. Sun-burnt, and proud of it, they were, the world forgetting by the world forgot, with appetites keen as hunters, well-stocked larders, and brimful of the spirit of hospitality. This is the hall-mark of the genuine camper; their quality is not strained—their hospitality blesses those who give and those who partake. But veracity is the essence of the contract in a sketch of a holiday tour, which is not meant for a guide-book. So I veraciously state that she only shampoo those whom we visited had had was lake-foam, that hot water, looking-glass and razors seemed to have been tabooed, that it was fashionable in these lovely if lonely islands to don old clothes, and that there was an absence of any desire for news. And I'll tell my readers (if they tell it not in Gath nor publish it in the streets of Askalon) that one of the party was particularly anxious to plant his foot if not on his native heath, yet on his own island. "That is it; that's the isle of beauty; make for it, captain," and great was the ex-Lieut.-Governor's delight to find that his island had not disappeared, and that its 75 acres were still there. One of the party jocosely and irreverently said the proprietor was measuring as well as surveying his estate as he proudly and with military air strutted over its bare-rock plateau, inspected the underbrush in the dusky dells and bade his compatriots welcome.

Friends on the Isle of Beauty.

It was now, however, necessary to sing the praises of his lake-washed isle, for they were in evidence, and to the general surprise had been so appreciated by some Torontonians that three camps had been pitched, whose owners soon returned from their morning's devotions on the water, and by grace of the proprietor were not evicted but told to live there, enjoy themselves and pay no rent as long as it was consistent with their own sweet will and roving disposition. Thanks not loud but deep and fervent arose from grateful hearts. And "sail" was eaten, compliments passed, felicitations exchanged and all were for the while as happy and a little bit more so than if the campers had been in Toronto's Granite Club to which they belong. Messrs. Badensch, Merritt and Dalton gallantly escorted the ladies to the steamer; I and my companions to talk of friendship, the campers to renew theirs.

> Is aught so fair
> In all the dewy landscape of the spring!
> In the bright eye of Hesper in the morn,
> In nature's fairest forms is aught so fair
> As unfeigned friendship?

So Akenside asks, and silence gave consent. Nor did the company traverse the dictum of Richter that "friendship requires actions," nor the deep if cynical philosophy of La Fontaine anent the rarity of friendship: Rare is true love, true friendship is still rarer.

Thus moralizing and improving the shining hours the lighthouse was passed, the massive Reformatory on its commanding site, and "The Penetanguishene" reached anon, where the aspiration was "May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." And the prayer and grace to be "truly thankful" were both answered, for be it incidentally remarked the breezes of the Georgian Bay are not favorable to the settlement or pockets of many doctors hereabouts. The good dinner which sharpens wit whilst it softens the heart was amply discussed; then for some came the welcome siesta fanned by the gentle breezes; others were devotionally inclined; but all these doings and gossip with Indian missionary, Jesuit Father, a visit to the sanctuaries of this pleasant spot, an evening at the Reformatory and other matter of a scribbler's ollа podrida will serve for another article and perhaps a less sultry evening.

The moral of the tale, however, is "Go to Penetang; visit these isles of beauty in the holiday time," and all who have perception of the grand and beautiful in nature will agree with Wordsworth's lines anent Tintern Abbey and apply them to Georgian Bay:

> That Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.

Toronto, July 8. H. T. HOWARD.

"One breaks the glass and cuts his finger;
But they whom Truth and Wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed."

Those who are wise and who love the truth, will believe what we say when we tell them that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than all other medicines now known to science. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, painful menstruation and kindred troubles. If is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Rebuking the Strife-Provoking Element.

EDITOR WORLD: The words spoken at Exhibition Park yesterday by Col. G.T. Denison were a severe rebuke to the various meetings held recently in our midst by those who should do all in their power to establish peace among men rather than lend themselves to stirring up strife and religious dissension. I refer to the many fanatical clergymen who by their speeches against the French and Catholics in Canada are keeping alive a feud commenced in 1690, and with which Canada has nothing to do, and which, if Canada is to have that real unity necessary to the foundation of a great nation, must not only be stopped but their influence should be used towards suppressing the useless parades of fife and drum bands playing tunes objectionable in a musical sense and most offensive to a very large number of our citizens.

Let the Maple Leaf be our emblem and the constitution and laws our protection and the bond of unity between our people, and if any of our citizens, singly or collectively, do that which is against the law then bring them before the court and punish them. But peace will never be had while so many leaders of opinion cast imputations against a large body of citizens, as has been done in Toronto for the last two months, and yet in such a manner that it is impossible to bring those making the imputation to task or make them withdraw them.

It is unchristianlike, unmanly and a poor specimen of that Canadian fair play we all expect to see in those who should be above reproach. A CATHOLIC CANADIAN.

Toronto, July 2.

Mr. Alexander Robinson of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good, to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received."

A Chance for All.

This is an age of progress. Science, art and literature have all made gigantic strides. The earth now wears Shakespeare's girdle. Machinery has been brought to a pitch of perfection that would make our grandfathers wink if they could but see it. But to our mind one of the most marvelous improvements of the age has been brought to our notice recently. A wealthy and well-known citizen with a large and philanthropic heart has surveyed out a large tract of land to the north of Toronto in lots 25 to 33 feet by 125 to 150 feet deep and is selling them on the following remarkable terms. The price at present is $185 per lot, including all interest, payable $6.50 down and $1.50 per month until balance is paid, but should the purchaser die at any time after one year, his wife, or father or mother, or any relative he may appoint will receive a clear deed without any further payment whatever. The remarkable feature about this scheme is that the market value of land to-day is from $5 to $6 per foot, and the great question is how this grand achievement is accomplished, as long before the land can be possibly paid for it must be worth at least four times the present price. Mr. McQuarrie, No. 4 Shaftesbury-place, Shaftesbury-avenue, or C. W. Dennis, 337 Yonge-street, or Herbert Clarke, 563 Front-street east, Toronto, will be happy to give all further particulars and take all intending purchasers to see the lots. 246

Of vital importance to sufferers from Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, etc., will find immediate relief by using Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine. Highly recommended by leading physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

THE STARS NOT SO BRIGHT

THEIR DEFEAT BY TORONTO DARKENED THEM SOMEWHAT.

Tiscomb Was Tough, at Least Syracuse Found Him So Yesterday—The Home Team Plays an Errorless Game—Racing at Brighton Beach and Chicago.

One of the finest games of ball ever seen on the Toronto ground was that played yesterday between Toronto and Syracuse, which was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd. Both teams put up a strong game, which was characterized by brilliant plays and clean fielding, the only misplay being made by Ely of the visitors. Titcomb went in the box for Toronto at his own request and was supported by McGuire, while Murphy and Walker were in the points for the Stars. The visitors were unable to do anything with Titcomb's delivery and only secured three scattered hits, while Murphy was not so effective, being touched up for seven, besides being very wild at times, giving seven men bases on balls. But for the home team's miserable base running in the fourth inning the game would not have been so close. The feature of the game was McMillan's phenomenal catch in the eighth inning off Walker's fly to left field, which McMillan misjudged, and after falling, secured the ball with one hand while he appeared to be standing on his head.

The visitors scored their only run in the first inning, Wright was given his base on balls but was forced out at second by Childs, who stole second and crossed the plate on McQuery's single. Ely and McLaughlin were retired at first base.

The Torontos tied the score in the sixth inning, when Burke singled to left field and reached second on Ely's fumble of the ball, McGlone's sacrifice sent Burke to third and McGuire's single brought him home. The winning run was made in the ninth, when McMillan hit safe and tallied on sacrifices by McLaughlin and Titcomb. There was considerable wrangling by the visitors on the ground that McMillan did not touch third base, but Umpire Quest, who was watching Titcomb's retirement of first, did not see McMillan and therefore could not give the decision against him. Thus the game ended in favor of Toronto by 2 to 1. The score:

TORONTO.	R	H	O	A	E	STRACUSE.	R	H	O	A	E
Hoover, rf	0	1	0	0	0	Wright, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Burke, cf	1	2	1	0	0	McQuery, cf	1	1	2	0	0
McGlone, ss	0	0	1	0	0	Childs, 2b	0	0	2	1	0
McGuire, c	0	2	11	0	0	McQuery, lf	0	0	2	1	0
Hartsell, 1b	0	0	9	0	0	Connors, ss	0	0	1	2	0
Richley, 3b	0	0	2	2	0	Ely, 1b	0	0	9	0	1
McMillan, lf	1	1	3	1	0	M'Laughlin, ss	0	0	2	2	0
M'Laughlin, 2b	0	0	4	4	0	Battin, 3b	0	0	0	2	0
Titcomb, p	0	0	0	6	0	Murphy, p	0	0	0	0	0
						Walker, c	0	0	6	3	0
Total	2	7	27	14	0	Total	1	3	27	10	1

Toronto ..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 — 2
Stars ..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 1

Earned runs—Toronto 1. Two base hits—Childs. Sacrifice hits—McGlone, McLaughlin, Titcomb, Ely. Stolen bases—Hartsell, Childs, McQuery. Left on bases—Toronto 4, Syracuse 5. Double plays—Childs, McQuery, Ely to Walker. Bases on balls—McGlone 2, Hartsell 2, McLaughlin 2, Wright, McQuery 2, Connors, Ely. Hit by pitched ball—Hartsell. Struck out—Hoover, Titcomb, Wright, Childs, McQuery, Connors, Battin, Walker. Passed ball—McGuire. Time of game 1.50. Umpire—Quest.

Other International Games.

		R.	H.	E.
At London:				
London	0 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 —	4	10	2
Rochester	2 2 0 0 2 0 0 x —	6	10	0
Batteries—Cain and Kinslow; Barr and McKeogh. Umpire—Hoover.				
At Detroit:				
Detroit	2 3 3 0 0 1 2 3 —	17	20	3
Buffalo	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 —	1	9	11
Batteries—Shrevo and Goodfellow; Chamberlain and Dealy. Umpire—Emslie.				
At Toledo:		R.	H.	E.
Toledo	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 —	3	7	4
Hamilton	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 —	1	2	6
Batteries—Wehrle and Stallings; Gibbs and Banning. Umpire—Daniels.				

National League Games.

		R.	H.	E.
At Boston:				
Boston	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	0	4	8
Cleveland	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 —	1	6	6
Batteries—Clarkson and Bennett; Bakely and Zimmer.				
At New York:		R.	H.	E.
New York	0 0 4 0 1 0 0 2 0 —	7	14	1
Pittsburg	0 0 2 0 0 0 0 3 0 —	5	7	9
Batteries—Crane and Ewing; Galvin and Miller. Umpire—Powers.				
At Philadelphia:		R.	H.	E.
Philadelphia	1 1 3 0 2 3 1 0 0 —	11	13	4
Indianapolis	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	1	5	4
Batteries—Sanders and Schriver; Getzein and Daly. Umpire—McQuade.				
At Washington:		R.	H.	E.
Washington	0 1 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 —	4	4	4
Chicago	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 3 —	6	9	2
Batteries—Person and Dully; Hutchinson and Farrell. Umpire—Lynch.				

American Association Games.

		R.	H.	E.
At Cincinnati:				
Cincinnati	1 0 0 6 2 0 2 x —	11	12	3
Athletics	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 —	3	6	6
Batteries—Duryea and Keenan; McMahon and Brennan. Umpire—Goldsmith.				
At Louisville:		R.	H.	E.
Louisville	0 0 0 1 0 2 1 1 —	5	9	2
Baltimore	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 —	2	6	6
Batteries—Rhret and Vaughan; Foreman and Quinn. Umpire—Ferguson.				
At St. Louis:		R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	0 0 0 4 1 5 0 4 0 —	14	18	1
Columbus	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	0	6	3
Batteries—King and Milligan; Baldwin and Bligh. Umpire—Gaffney.				
At Kansas City:		R.	H.	E.
Kansas City	2 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 —	5	8	5
Brooklyn	5 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 x —	8	5	1
Batteries—Sowders and Gunson; Carruthers and Visner. Umpire—Holland.				

Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the secretions, give strength to the debilitated, eradicate all humors of the blood and give excellent satisfaction to all.

Personal Mention.

In his study Mr. John Morley is one of the most orderly of men.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh is a direct descendant of Robert Bruce, and has in his family archives a deed signed by the Scottish patriot, transferring upon one of his ancestors the title to a small estate at Clackmannan, which has ever since remained in the possession of the family.

Although he had an income of $750,000 a year, in addition to a couple of palaces kept up without cost to him, the late Crown Prince of Austria left debts amounting to $2,000,000, all of which the Emperor has paid.

Mr. John Catto, Mrs. Catto and Miss Catto left the city for Europe yesterday, sailing from New York to-morrow in the City of Paris.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

They Need It in England Also.

[From The Newcastle Chronicle.]

They are about to have in Canada what we greatly need in England—that is an Intelligence Department for spreading trustworthy information about the food and bait fishes in the adjoining seas and for acquainting fishermen with their movements. That admirable institution, the Scientific Committee in connection with the Scottish Fishery Board, is now doing, to a great extent, this useful service to the Scotch fishermen.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P.Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, etc., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

A New Rain Theory.

[From The Boston Budget.]

A curious theory has been advanced that from the steam given out by the enormous number of locomotives and stationary engines is derived the water which, formed into clouds, causes the excessive amount of rainfall and storms that have lately prevailed. The Northwestern Railroader is responsible for this theory. The Railroader calculates that from steam engines alone 470,000,000,000 cubic yards of steam are sent forth each week, enough, it thinks, to give a moderate rainfall every twenty-four hours.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Peterboro Inundated.

[From The Mount Forest Representative.]

Mr. George Mason, the voluble, genial and handsome clerk at the Queen's, excurted to Peterboro Saturday and spent Sunday with friends there.

Diamond Oil—The greatest pain remedy in the world. Cures diarrhœa, dysentery and summer complaint. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents per bottle. Put up at 65 Yonge-street, Toronto, and 586 Broadway, New York. 243 T. D. M. C

THE C.P.R. AND THE COUNCIL.

President McMillan's Message to the Council Last Night.

When council opened business last night, President McMillan sent down the following message dealing with the C. P. R.:

Gentlemen of the Council:

The application of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to the Railway Committee of the Privy Council for leave to exprop