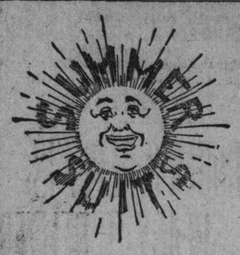

A bright and shining opportunity is yours to save money on summer suits. You can't wear them out now during the rest of the hot spell, but, at the price, it will pay you to put them on now and finish them next summer. You can afford to keep them over, but we cannot.

Men's Summer Suits, sold all season at 6.00, 7.00 and 8.00—now 5.00.

Boys' Wash Suits at half price. 2.00 suits for 1.00, 1.50 suits for 75c, 1.00 suits for 50c.

Oak Hall Clothiers,

115 to 121 KING ST. E., TORONTO,

Opposite the Cathedral.

FEMALE JUVENILE LODGES

Are the Desire of the Companions of the Forest, A.O.F.— Officers Elected Yesterday.

The High Circle, Companions of the Forest, A.O.F., concluded business yesterday and almost unanimously decided to hold their next convention at Hamilton.

The election of officers, which took place at the afternoon session, resulted as follows: High chief companion, Walter Richards, London; high sub-chief companion, Mrs. Hamilton, Sarnia; high marshal, Miss Bishop, Montreal; high guard, Miss McMillan, London; high sentry, Mrs. W. J. Vale, Toronto.

The district deputy high chief companions were appointed as follows: Hochelaga District, Waddell; York, Stevens; Middlesex, Cripps; Oxford, Fuller; Brant, Neilson; Lambton, Burkholder; Elgin, Pollard; Hastings, Gray; Carleton, Ellwine; Waterloo and Wellington, Baird.

After considering further amendments to the constitution, votes of thanks were passed to the City Council and local circles of A.O.F. Bro. Walter Richards was instructed to petition the High Court of the A.O.F., which meets in Toronto next week, for legislation for the formation of juvenile circles for girls, on the same basis as the juvenile branch for boys.

A pleasing incident during the afternoon was a presentation of a past high chief companion's jewel to companion George Richardson. A liberal grant of money was also made to High Chief Companion Wolsey of Montreal.

ENTERED ST. JOSEPH'S.

Four Young Women Took the Veil Yesterday—His Grace the Archbishop Officiated.

At St. Joseph's Convent yesterday morning four young ladies, desirous of devoting their lives to the service of God, were formally inducted into the community of St. Joseph's by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, assisted by Rev. Father Marijon. The solemnity and impressiveness of the ceremony was intensified by the grand singing of the nuns of the community.

Among those in the sanctuary were: Rev. Fathers Brennan, La Marche, Murray, Chevrier, Devine, Franchon and Cruise. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Millar of St. Patrick's.

The names of the young ladies who made their vows were: Miss Spencer, Owen Sound (Sister Mary Clare); Miss O'Malley, Osceola (Sister Mary Loretto); Miss Tuffy, Osceola (Sister Mary Dolores); Miss O'Shea, Peterboro (Sister Mary Paula).

Fur Re-Styling at Fairweather's.

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co. (successors to J. & J. Lugsdin), 84 Yonge-street, had almost immediate response from the announcement yesterday that they were prepared to give better attention to repairing, re-styling and remodelling fur garments during the present month than later on, —and thought it well to repeat the reminder—so here it is to-day—styles for the coming season are settled—a lady will find she is taking no chances on finding her sacque or coat out of style when the season opens, and there will be no possibility of a disappointment when the time comes that she will feel the need of the comfort that furs will give.

A Quiet Wedding.

A quiet wedding was solemnized on Monday last at the residence of the bride's parents, 95 Seaton-street, when Harry H. Smith of Oakville was united in matrimony to Hattie J., eldest daughter of Mr. John Kidd. Rev. S. Dempster of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony. The happy couple are spending the honeymoon in the east.

There Will Be No Strike.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 16.—An agreement has been reached between the officials of the New York, New Haven and Hartford and its telegraphers, and there will be no strike by the latter.

OUR

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK

Is in direct charge of an expert operator, who does no other kind of dental work. His skill is perfected by daily practice—his facilities are complete in every essential of perfect work—and the material with which he is supplied, the best that money can buy, 22k. gold and the highest grade of porcelain crowns and teeth.

Perfect work—perfect satisfaction —results.

Porcelain Crowns $4.00
Gold Crown and Bridge Work ..... 5.00 *per tooth*

NEW YORK REAL PAINLESS DENTISTS
Cor. Yonge & Queen Sts.
ENTRANCE NO. 1 QUEEN EAST
Phone 1972 Dr. C. F. Knight, Prop.

HAMILTON NEWS

WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

That Was the Finding of the Jury in the Case of the Death on the T., H & B.

FUNERAL OF EX-ALDERMAN MAGILL.

A. R. Loudon of Toronto to Manage the Grand Opera House—General News Notes.

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 16.—(Special.)—This evening Coroner Griffin conducted an inquest on the death of Robert C. Camp of Copetown, who was killed on the T., H. & B. Railway on Monday night. The evidence showed that Camp was crossing a 200-foot trestle when the fatality occurred. He was about half way across when he saw the train. He jumped to one side and crouched down, but the steps of one of the cars struck him, precipitating him to the ground, a distance of 25 feet. Rev. R. B. Rowe, an eye-witness, told how the accident happened. The engineer said he applied the brakes, but could not stop the train in time to save Camp's life. A verdict of accidental death was rendered.

Ex-Ald. Magill's Funeral.

The funeral of the late ex-Ald. George Magill was largely attended. It was in charge of Acacia Lodge, A., F. & A. M. The pall-bearers were: Chief Smith, Ald. Griffith, Ald. Wright, Thomas Crooks, William Laughorn and Dr. Overholt. Rev. Dr. Beavis officiated.

Toronto Man Appointed.

"Allie" Loudon of Toronto, late press agent for the Cummings Stock Company, and formerly with The Toronto World, has been appointed manager of the Grand Opera House, to succeed Mr. F. W. Stair, who is now managing the "Who is Who" Company. His experience in the theatrical and newspaper worlds should qualify him well for the position he has received. He has many friends here, who wish him success. He and Mr. Herbert Whitney of Detroit, of the Whitney circuit, are in the city to-day.

Married a Widow.

James B. O'Neill, wood and coal merchant, surprised all his friends this morning by telling them he was quietly married last night to Mrs. Louisa Hayes of North John-street. Rev. Father J. J. Hinchey performed the service in St. Lawrence Church. The happy couple left at noon for New York. Mrs. O'Neill's first husband used to keep a restaurant in Toronto, and died about two months ago.

Masons at Grimsby Park.

To-morrow will be the centennial of the Grimsby Lodge, A.F. & A.M. It will be a gala day at Grimsby Park, and addresses will be delivered at 2.30 in the afternoon by Grand Master Malone of Toronto, Mayor Maybury of Detroit, A. T. Freed of this city, W. J. Drope of Grimsby and other leading members of the craft. A large gathering of the Masonic fraternity is expected.

Minor Matters.

Two frame houses on the Beach were burned early this morning. They were owned by Thomas Leather.

Morris' Southern Jubilee Singers are drawing large crowds nightly at the Jockey Club track.

Chief Smith will leave for Bala, Muskoka, to-morrow.

The prospectus of the Quebec, Hamilton and Fort William Navigation Company has been issued.

Robert Nicholson, night watchman at the City Street Railway Company's sheds, was injured last evening, a heavy wheel falling on his leg.

The Sons of England Cricket Club defeated the Grimsby eleven here this afternoon by a score of 152 to 72 runs.

Woman's World...

Devoted Specially to the Interests of our Women Readers.

Conducted by Katherine Leslie.

The little visitor was a small boy, aetat seven years, and like all small boys, he was a delight and a torment combined. His nose was peeled with sunburn, he had just come into the possession of two large white front teeth, he had big grey eyes, a towsy thatch of flaxen hair, and a grin before which the flintiest heart would melt. He soon made the acquaintance of all the small boys in the neighborhood, and to these, ranging in age from 5 years to 8, he referred generally as "the fellahs" in speaking of them, and in addressing them, as "you fellahs." Individually they were known to him as "Buzz," "Fattie," "Specs," etc., etc. When he went abroad with the "fellahs" he was usually accompanied by a baseball club or lacrosse stick in summer, and a "shinny" in winter.

When football was on at Varsity in the autumn afternoons, the small boy would perch during the whole game high up in an elm tree he had selected with an eye to its unobstructed view of the field. From this courageous retreat he and a few of his friends would shrilly cheer on the players who were blissfully unconscious of the encouragement. At dinner, after the game, he would make technical criticisms that were received with grave understanding by his Rugby playing uncle, but which were as so much Volapuk to his aunts. Where he had learned the game of Rugby was a mystery; that he knew it there was no doubt. He always returned from his tree near the campus with a small following at his heels, to whom he might be heard demonstrating with authority the strength or weakness of the game he had just witnessed from his reserved seat in the elm, and he would mention quite familiarly the names of the players as though they were old friends of his. His aunts suspected their brother of coaching the small boy, but he swore by the "pigskin" that he had no hand in the boy's football education. In other things, as in football, the small boy had decided tastes. It was a constant tribulation to him that he had not more pockets; it was the dream of his life to have as many pockets as "my fawther" has. One big patch pocket on his sailor blouse and two in his small trousers were all insufficient for the storage of such "portable property" as the small boy loves, so the inside of his blouse became a receptacle for as motley a collection of curios as you could see in a museum. Towards the end of the day his waist seemed to be—in the language of the immortal Weller—"wuddle swellin"; it began to assume the circular, ridgy appearance of a life preserver. And when his aunt slipped her arm round the little body by way of a hug, in return for an adorable grin, it was like embracing a small sack of coal or rocks. An investigation, conducted amid much hilarity, revealed four tops—one with a peg gone—a baseball, a large bit of rock with some fossil shells in it—for is not "my fawther" a "jiologist?"—a tennis ball, got in swap for a tomato, and a painted ball, three dreadful little green apples, one all bitten and brown, a knife with a broken blade, a jack knife, a fearsome pocket handkerchief, sundry bits of string, the remains of a popcorn bag—and a wooden whistle—"Buzz made it, Aunt Kate; isn't it great?" Then when there seemed to be no possibility of anything further being kept in the blouse pouch, the eager, grimy, little dirty-nailed hands produced some rusty nails, a carved peach nut, more string, long, strong and with button attached—"my top string," some little iron nuts, some mangled cracker remains, and an American cent! Last but not least, O, naughty!—a forbidden catapult!

The advent of the watermelon season brought the small boy to his aunt's room one thirsty afternoon. He came with his middy's cap so far on the back of his head that she wondered for the thousandth time how he kept it on, and, as usual, he was accompanied by his baseball club. With crossed legs, and head leaning on the club, which was gripped by two very dirty hands, he began, calling her by the foreign name he always used when he was bent upon having his own way:

"Tante Katerina, It's awful hot to-day—do you like watermelyons?" "Yes, dear." "Tante Katerina, they have awful nice watermelyons over at Smith's; I saw them." "Did you, sweetheart?" and the mean woman went calmly on with her writing.

"Tante Katerina, why don't we have watermelyons for dessert? Millers have them every day; Buzz says so."

"All right, little man," murmurs the hard-hearted tante, irrelevantly, still driving her pen. Then a decisive move on the part of the small boy; a pair of grimy paws encircling her immaculate collar and a pair of heavenly grey eyes pleading. "Tante Katerina, let me go for a watermelyon?" What's Tante Katerina or any other "tante" to do under such circumstances? So, with a whoop like an Indian's, three leaps downstairs, a bang of the door that makes the house tremble, and the small boy has vanished. Peace descends, and the writing goes on apace.

But surely the small boy is gone a very long time! Where can he be? Tante descends to the street door, and after some time descries what appears to be a miniature Atlas bearing the world upon his tiny shoulders, and an admiring crowd of "fellahs" in his wake. It seems to be a very heavy world indeed, for every now and then Atlas lets it down gingerly upon the sidewalk, and sits upon it! There are offers of assistance from the other fellahs, but these are repudiated with scorn. Atlas shoulders his world again, catches a glimpse of tante laughing in the door, runs, stumbles, falls, and—alas! for his "melyon" world! and O, what a wall of despair! Split open in a dozen parts it lies with crimson heart set with black seeds, circled by the fellahs, who gaze with expectant eye at them. No knife is necessary, now; tante distributes the sections of the shattered "melyon," and the fellahs sit in a row on the boulevard, like sparrows on a wire, nothing to be seen but dirty little hands, grinning faces and ragged sections of water "melyon."

Tante Katerina, invited by the small boy to join the feast, looks fearfully up and down the little street, looks at the small boys and the melon, and—"falls to." But the third luscious bite never reaches its destination. An acquaintance—a very conventional lady, indeed—appears at the end of the street. "Run, laddies—run to the garden!" There is a rush and a scampering; tante flies upstairs for soap and water, rushes into a clean neck ribbon, and presently descends as though "watermelyon" were received with grave understanding by his Rugby playing uncle, but which were as so much Volapuk to his aunts. Where he had learned the game of Rugby was a mystery; that he knew it there was no doubt. He always returned from his tree near the campus with a small following at his heels, to whom he might be heard demonstrating with authority the strength or weakness of the game he had just witnessed from his reserved seat in the elm, and he would mention quite familiarly the names of the players as though they were old friends of his. His aunts suspected their brother of coaching the small boy, but he swore by the "pigskin" that he had no hand in the boy's football education. In other things, as in football, the small boy had decided tastes. It was a constant tribulation to him that he had not more pockets; it was the dream of his life to have as many pockets as "my fawther." One big patch pocket on his sailor blouse and two in his small trousers were all insufficient for the storage of such "portable property" as the small boy loves, so the inside of his blouse became a receptacle for as motley a collection of curios as you could see in a museum. Towards the end of the day his waist seemed to be—in the language of the immortal Weller—"wuddle swellin"; it began to assume the circular, ridgy appearance of a life preserver. And when his aunt slipped her arm round the little body by way of a hug, in return for an adorable grin, it was like embracing a small sack of coal or rocks. An investigation, conducted amid much hilarity, revealed four tops—one with a peg gone—a baseball, a large bit of rock with some fossil shells in it—for is not "my fawther" a "jiologist?"—a tennis ball, got in swap for a tomato, and a painted ball, three dreadful little green apples, one all bitten and brown, a knife with a broken blade, a jack knife, a fearsome pocket handkerchief, sundry bits of string, the remains of a popcorn bag—and a wooden whistle—"Buzz made it, Aunt Kate; isn't it great?" Then when there seemed to be no possibility of anything further being kept in the blouse pouch, the eager, grimy, little dirty-nailed hands produced some rusty nails, a carved peach nut, more string, long, strong and with button attached—"my top string," some little iron nuts, some mangled cracker remains, and an American cent! Last but not least, O, naughty!—a forbidden catapult!

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Fashion's cruel eye. But already the pelican quill has wearied her, and her fancy now turns upon the beautiful wild duck, the pigeon, and the gull. If the wilderness did not prove a sanctuary for the pelican, neither are the lonely spaces of the great lakes or the Atlantic safe abiding places for the gulls, once Fashion's insatiable greed for their wings has been aroused. Not "common" as yet, but already you see the beautiful grey and white wings, with the inner black spot on the snowy white, not swooping or wheeling in joyous flight over the heaving waters, but ignominiously pinned to those rakish-looking felt hats that are the latest freak of Fashion; lovely wings, no more responsive to the call of the winds or the cry of the waters, when the storm is abroad. How can any woman with a grain of sentiment in her bear to rob these free creatures of life, that she may wear their wings on her head? It is the most pitiful thing I know, this sacrifice of gulls to provide a new trimming for women's hats, this wanton destruction of God's creatures to satisfy a caprice of Fashion. We have caused the forests to be robbed of their birds of brilliant plumage—we do not hesitate to demand singing birds for our hats—we have long sanctioned the tearing from the living flesh of the heron its egrets, ought we not to be satisfied? Surely we may leave to the lonely lakes and grey seas their gulls.

Marie Corelli is a terror to evil-doers, in the shape of critics, who venture to question her ability to write novels. Unlike other writers, who either profit by adverse criticism of their works, or maintain a dignified silence when attacked, Marie Corelli always sallies forth from her nest like an angry wasp, and woe betide the one who has attacked her. Recently a well-known London reviewer rashly gave his opinion of this lady in print. It took the form of a sort of sugar-coated pill, which he publicly administered as follows: "Miss Corelli is a dazzling, pretty woman, but she fails as a novelist," a remark which even those of us who agree with him must admit was rather fatuous. But the compliment to her personal charms did not mitigate the wrath of the vengeful Marie; she sallied forth as usual, in an English daily, with the following stinging reply, modelled upon her critic's own lines: "Mr. Jones has a brown beard, three inches long and neatly trimmed. He is slightly bald, but on the whole good looking, yet he cannot write correct English." Poor Mr. Jones! To tell a critic of literature that he cannot write correct English! It was waspish.

My life is full of weary days,
But good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wandered into other ways;
I have not lacked thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands across the brink,
Of that deep grave to which I go:
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far, far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.
—Tennyson.

BUSH FIRE NEAR CHATHAM.

A Good Deal of Damage Done—Horace Black of Raleigh Loses Barns and Crops.

Chatham, Ont., Aug. 16.—A large bush fire is raging on concession 11, Chatham township. It started last Friday in a field where men were clearing up the land and spread to the woods on John Cooper's farm, lot 9. From there it spread to lots 8 and 7. The strong wind of the past few days has helped considerably to fan and spread the flames. A force of between 200 and 300 men have been fighting the fire for the last few days, and have it about under control. Two frame dwelling houses have been burned, but their household effects have been saved. The continued dry weather is the cause of the fires.

Barns Burned.

Yesterday afternoon fire totally destroyed the barns and crops of Horace Black, concession 5, Raleigh. How the fire started is a mystery. Mr. Black was at the time in the barnyard fixing a sulky plow. When he noticed the flames he tried to save the barns. A strong east wind was blowing at the time and it helped considerably to spread the flames. Three barns were burned with all his season's crops and all the implements. Mr. Black had only threshed a week ago, and had the finest crops in that section. His loss will be well on to $6000, with about $3000 insurance. The house was saved with difficulty. It caught fire a numberof times. Mr. A. Shrieve had a hard time to save his barn and house, which were about a quarter of a mile away.

IS HER ASSAILANT CAUGHT?

George Brett, a Farm Hand of Toronto Gore, Under Arrest on a Serious Charge.

George Brett, a farm hand of Toronto Gore, was arrested yesterday morning on the farm of Mr. J. Jackson, near Downsview, by County Constables McIlwain and Burns, on the serious charge of assaulting Miss Sarah Carmichael of Edgeley, a girl of 17, who is keeping house for two young children in the absence of their mother.

On Sunday night Brett is said to have entered the house and torn her clothing to shreds. The girl resisted courageously and was struck with a stool. On crawling under the bed she was dragged out and again fought her assailant.

Brett bears marks of having been in a determined struggle, and the constables feel sure that the wheel and cap left behind are his.

LOCAL TOPICS.

Ten-cent William Pitt and Recorder cigars sold at 5c each. Alive Bollard.

The Lakeside Navigation Company are continuing their popular 2 p.m. trips every afternoon, at 50c, until after Sept. 10.

On Saturday next a cheap excursion will be run to Sanitarium Park, Muskoka. An opportunity will thus be given to see the beautiful park and buildings of a worthy institution.

It is wonderful how quickly any article that meets with public approbation is imitated. Sometimes it is copied so closely that unless the public are on their guard they mistake the imitation for the genuine. In teas, the enormous trade done throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States by the "Salada" Tea Company has brought about the usual results, that is, dozens of imitations, all packed in lead packets of the same shape, and most of them with names as closely resembling the word "Salada" as the law will permit. Then, as they show the grocer all the way from 3c to 10c per pound more profit than the genuine "Salada," they are sometimes pushed off by unprincipled grocers. It is well for the public to be on their guard, and their safety lies in the word "Salada" on each and every packet.

To prevent cracking use English Army Blacking. It protects the leather and gives your shoes a bright, black shine.

Belleville Notes.

Belleville, Aug. 16.—Mr. Ernest Bunnett and Mrs. Gertrude Kiser of Thurlow were married to-day at St. John's Church by Rev. Rural Dean Bogart.

The wife of Henry Vandewater died this morning, aged 71 years. Her husband and a family of four sons and one daughter survive her.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

FIELD DAY FOR THE BOBBIES

Seventeenth Annual Athletic Tourney of the Toronto Police Association.

DAN ROBINSON AGAIN CHAMPION.

Big Crowd and Ideal Weather for Officers, Constables and Friends at the Island.

The seventeenth annual athletic tournament of the Toronto Police Association was held yesterday afternoon on the Island oval before about 4000 spectators. The games were the most successful ever held by the association, and the entries were the most numerous. The program was a long one, lasting from 2 p.m. till after 7 o'clock, and the band of the Grenadiers rendered a select program, that livened up the afternoon.

The events were all keenly contested, there being competitors from Montreal, Hamilton and Ottawa. The championship was again won by Daniel Robinson of Toronto, he having a big lead over the others.

There was one open event on the program—a bicycle race—and in it there were over 20 starters.

The different contests were all made in good time, but no records were touched.

Inspector Hall (president), Sergt. McFarlane (treasurer), Inspector Stark (secretary) and all the other officers are to be congratulated on the great success of the meet, which has grown to be second to none of the kind in Toronto. His Worship Mayor Shaw, Ald. John Hallam and scores of prominent citizens were present.

The chief officers were: G. M. Higginbotham and A. E. Walton, referees; James Pearson, starter. Summary:

Throwing 56-lb. weight—J. McArthur 1, Massicotte (Montreal) 2, W. Young 3. Height, 13 ft. 10¼ in.

Running high jump—McArthur 1, P. C. Culver (Ottawa) 2, D. Robinson 3. Height, 5 ft. 4½ in.

Long service race (over 15 years)—W. Young 1, Sam Mitchell 2, Charles Fyfe 3. Time, 12 4-5 sec.

Standing broad jump—McLaughlin (Ottawa) 1, D. Robinson 2, A. Allison 3. Distance, 9 ft. 7¾ in.

Constables (over 10 years' service)—J. J. Eagen 1, W. Young 2, Allison 3. Time, 12 2-5 sec.

Putting shot (16 lbs.)—Culver (Ottawa) 1, Ross 2, Hamilton (Montreal) 3. Distance, 38 ft. 3½ in.

100 yards—G. Guthrie 1, Landriault (Montreal) 2, Robinson 3. Time, 11 1-5 sec.

Tossing caber—McArthur 1, C. Fyfe 2, Ross 3. Distance, 37 ft. 9 in.

Running hop, step and jump—Robinson 1, Culver (Ottawa) 2, Allison 3. Distance, 41 ft. 8 in.

Mile bicycle race—Anderson 1, Ironsides 2, Follis 3. Time, 2.43 2-5.

Throwing hammer (16-lb.)—Robinson 1, Tipton 2, Stenmunn 3. Distance, 116 ft. 3 in.

Quarter-mile—G. Guthrie 1, Robinson 2, McDermitt 3. Time, .56 2-5.

Old men's race (over 45 years)—Sam Mitchell 1, Armstrong 2, Anson 3. Time, .13 3-5.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—Hamilton (Montreal) 1, McArthur 2, Curley (Ottawa) 3. Distance, 28 ft. 1 in.

Three-mile bicycle race—J. J. Eagen 1, Anderson 2, Ironsides 3. Time, 7.44.

Patrol-sergeants' race (100 yards)—Sam Mitchell 1, Dilworth 2, Cross 3. Time, .13 4-5.

Running broad jump—D. Robinson 1, Coleman (Montreal) 2, Culver (Ottawa) 3. Distance, 19 ft. 11 in.

Bicycle race (15 years' service)—Armstrong 1, Bloodworth 2, Wallace 3. Time, 5.55.

Bicycle handicap, five miles (open)—Bert Elliott (420 yards) 1, Burgoine (400 yards) 2, J. Smith (75 yards) 3. Time, 12.05.

Half-mile—Coleman (Montreal) 1, Watson (Toronto) 2, McLaughlin (Ottawa) 3. Time, 2.20.

Officers' race (100 yards)—Sergt. Hales 1, Sergt. Miller 2, Sergt. McFarlane 3. Time, .14 3-5.

Fat men's race (225 lbs.)—Irvine 1, Patterson 2, Anson 3. Time, .13 4-5.

Hurdle race (120 yards)—McArthur 1, George Guthrie 2. Time, .20.

Four-mile bicycle race—J. J. Eagen 1, B. Anderson 2, A. Nerbonne (Montreal) 3. Time, 10.59 3-5.

Consolation race—J. Rutherford 1, T. Thompson (Hamilton) 2, J. Walker 3. Time, .12 2-5.

Special (100 yards)—D. Macdonald 1, Geo. Campbell 2, J. Walker 3. Time, .12½.

ASSESSMENT ON PRINTERS.

A Special Levy Authorized in Case the Strike Fund Should Fall Below $20,000.

Detroit, Aug. 16.—At the sitting of the International Typographical Union this afternoon a report from the Committee on Laws, favoring the levying of a special assessment upon members of not more than 50 cents in any three months, by the Executive Council, whenever the strike fund of the union shall fall below $20,000, was adopted, after much argument. Discussion of the proposition to unionize and strike the Chicago stereotypers was made a special order for Thursday afternoon, the session to be executive.

Milwaukee was victorious in the contest for the next convention by a vote of 84 to 78 for Binghamton, Ala.

PERSONAL.

On Oct. 1 Rev. S. R. McClements, pastor of Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, will go to Rutherford, N.J., to his new charge.

Mrs. W. J. Weatherley has left for New York, where she will join her husband. They will make their home in New York for the future.

Senator J. C. Stineman of South Forks, Pa., was a visitor at the Parliament Buildings yesterday.

Mrs. Howard Fletcher of Queen's-avenue and her sister, Miss Palmer, after spending a week in New York are now visiting their cousin, Mrs. John Wallace, of East Orange, N.J.

Late arrivals at New Hotel Arlington are: Charles Stanley and wife, Toronto; A. T. Breeding and wife, New York; F. E. Rogers, Rochester, N.Y.; George E. Kenzie and wife, Rochester, N.Y.; James G. Ritone, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. McTaggart and daughter, Mrs. Charles Spencer and daughter and child, Toronto; Miss B. Maccabe, Miss Anna Doto, Miss Buchi Doto, Miss Juliet Doto, Miss Bertha Carron, Miss L. Carron, Louisville, Ky.; Miss H. W. Pruter, Miss Cora C. Carney, Chicago, Ill.; T. M. Nelson and wife, Miss Anna Nelson, Mr. Robert Nelson, Mr. T. Nelson, Mr. Herbert Hartman, T. McConnell and wife, C. C. McConnell, Ingolis McConnell, Pittsburg; Mr. B. F. Ousted and family, Cleveland; L. W. Whittaker, Brantford; Edgar M. Young, jr., Fredericksburg, Va.; James B. Bath, Roanoke, Va.; C. S. Reynolds and wife, Calma, Md.; W. T. Jones and son, Charlotte, Kansas.

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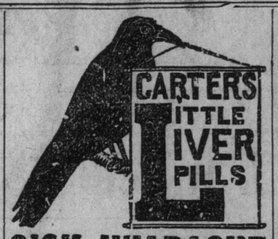

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BULLET LOCATED BY X RAYS

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LABORI CONTINUES TO IMPROVE.

The Shooting of the Counsel, However, Has Put the Defence to a Lot of Trouble.

Rennes, Aug. 16.—(5.20 p.m.)—The following bulletin has just been issued: "The condition of the patient (M. Laborl) is satisfactory in spite of slight fever. The X ray has shown the bullet traversed the skin, subcutaneous cellular tissue, and muscles around the spinal column, flattening against the right side of the fifth or sixth dorsal vertebra."

The bulletin was signed by the four doctors in attendance upon Laborl.

Mme. Mornet, mother of Capt. Dreyfus, visited the wounded man this morning. Finding him to be progressing favorably, M. Dreyfus said: Well, mon brave, the revolver does not seem to have done you much harm. "Oh," replied Laborl, smiling, "revolvers are no use against me. I am too big. It needs a cannon shot to do me much harm." This is a striking illustration of Laborl's pluck and cheerfulness, in spite of the agony he is undergoing.

Sympathy of the Premier.

The Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has telegraphed to the sufferer, expressing his sincere grief and expressing hopes of his recovery.

Emile Zola has telegraphed to M. Laborl, saying: "On learing of the outrage I send you of the expression of my indignant anger. My heart is full of tenderness and admiration for you."

M. Demange had a long consultation with M. Matthew Dreyfus this afternoon respecting to-day's session of the court-martial, the gravity of which is fully recognized. M Demange is much upset by the loss of the assistance of his colleague, M. Labori, particularly as the latter had prepared a special set of questions for Gen. Roget, and the absence of this, together with the fact that M. Laborl's secretary was compelled to be away, put M. Demange to a great disadvantage. Counsel for the defence, however, will take Gen. Roget in hand the first thing to-morrow. The great pre-occupation of the Dreyfus family and M. Demange, however, is the refusal of the court to adjourn when applied to this morning. This is considered of grave portent, and is taken to be an indication that the members of the court-marial have already made up their minds unfavorably to Dreyfus.

A Visit to the Sick Man.

Rennes, Aug. 16.—(5 p.m.)—The correspondent here of the Associated Press has just returned from a visit to Laborl, who is lying at the residence of Prof. Basch, situated in a walled garden on the outskirts of Rennes.

Mme. Laborl is beginning to feel the effects of the nervous shock, of fatigue and nursing.

Judges All Against Dreyfus.

M. Hill, secretary of Laborl, said it had not been thought advisable to inform the patient to-day of the refusal of the president of the court-martial to adjourn the sessions in view of counsel's condition. The decision of Col. Jouaust not to adjourn the court has created a very bad impression in Dreyfusard circles, and pessimistic predictions are being made as to the outcome of the trial. It is pointed out that the decision of the members of the court not to adjourn being unanimous shows that not one of the judges is well disposed towards the prisoner.

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