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The Toronto World.

THE WORLD HAS THE LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION Of any Morning Paper in Toronto.

SIXTH YEAR — SATURDAY MORNING JANUARY 2 1886. — PRICE ONE CENT

ADDIE DAVIS' FATAL ACT.

THE SAD STORY OF HER DOWNFALL AND DEATH.

Her Ruin Laid at the Door of a Toronto Commercial Man—A Heart-broken Father Weeps Over the Remains of His Dead Daughter—The Inquest.

One of the saddest cases of suicide ever investigated in Toronto was begun yesterday morning at 11.30 o'clock, at the city morgue, before Coroner Duncan and a jury. Mr. Duncan McCabe was nominated foreman of the jury.

The enquiry, explained the coroner, was to ascertain the cause of death of Miss Adaliza Davis, who poisoned herself in an upper room at 146 King street east on Thursday evening. After the jury were sworn in they proceeded to the room where the remains lay, as described in The World of yesterday morning. While the jury were in the apartment the father of the unfortunate girl entered, and a pitiful spectacle was presented. Mr. John Davis, of Sarnia, is an old man with a flowing white beard and white hair. He bent over the distorted, charred features of his dead daughter, kissed the face passionately and wept bitterly, all the while exclaiming: "Oh, my poor Ada! my poor Ada! My dear daughter, what will your poor mother think of it!" The heart-broken old man had not been made aware of his daughter's suicide until late in the morning. He was so deeply affected that Esplanade Constable Williams had to support him as he tottered down the two flights of stairs to the street.

The coroner and his jury returned to the morgue and the inquest was begun. John B. Sutherland, who occupied the room where the girl committed the fatal act, was in attendance in custody of an officer. Although the evidence closed him of any complicity in the unfortunate girl's downfall, yet he appeared to be suffering intense mental agony. Sutherland wore a light-colored top coat over a neat-fitting suit of dark cloth. Mr. Galbraith, acting prosecuting attorney, was on hand to watch the case for the crown. Mr. Davis was the first witness called. It was with the utmost difficulty that he gave his evidence, his sobs almost choking him. He had to write answers to several of the coroner's questions on paper; he was unable to speak. Mr. Davis deposed that he recognized the remains as those of his daughter, Adaliza. He also identified her handwriting on several slips of paper which were handed in by Detective Inspector Newhall. These papers were found on a table in the room after the girls death. Her age was 23. A juryman asked Mr. Davis how long his daughter had been in the city. The coroner whispered something to the juryman and the question was not pressed. Mr. Davis was then allowed to retire. Half an hour later he returned and obtained an order from the coroner to remove the body to an undertaker's establishment. To The World reporter he said he wanted to get out of the place as soon as possible. "I will take poor Ada's remains home to Sarnia immediately," he added amid his sobs. After shaking hands with the reporter, the old man left the building.

Inspector Newhall testified as to being called in and taking possession of the room where the girl died and of the papers found on the table. Also two bottles which had contained two ounces of carbolic acid. They were both two-thirds empty and were labelled: "Carbolic acid (poison). From Joseph Dilworth, druggist, 168 King street east."

John Sutherland was then called as a witness. The coroner gave him the usual admonition about tendering evidence that would in any way criminate him. He said he was free to make any statement he saw fit, or he could testify under oath. Sutherland said he had nothing to hide and he made this deposition after being duly sworn: "I am a traveler for George Virtue, publisher and importer, 10½ Adelaide street east. About 10.30 o'clock last Monday morning I was in King street, near Jarvis, when deceased and a Miss Cassidy passed by. They both looked pretty hard at me and I looked at them. They walked down Jarvis street to the door of the Albion hotel. They looked back at me and I beckoned to them. Both girls returned to the door of the stairway leading to my room over the store of the Toronto Shoe company. I asked them where they were going. Miss Davis said she was looking for a boarding house for a few days. I said to her jestingly: "Why not come and stay with me?" They both laughed and started to walk away. As they did so I told Miss Davis that I would like to meet her in the evening. She then told me that she would meet me at 7.30 in front of Pelleyer's. She kept her appointment, and we both went to my room. She told me she had some trouble with her friends with whom she had been stopping, and she was afraid to return to them; also that her trunk was in a house in Carlton street. She said she would like to remain with me until Saturday, when she would go home to Sarnia. I replied that she was welcome to stay as long as I was in the city. She remained three days and nights, until Thursday morning. About 12.15 on the latter day she told me she was going to see her brother, and she asked me if I would let her have the key of the room, so that she could get in when she returned. I replied that I might need it myself, as I was expecting some coal. She then requested that I leave the key under the coal bin. I did so, and went to my business. About 5 in the evening I returned to the room. When I entered Miss Davis flung her hands in the air and screamed out that she had poisoned herself. I at once took her down to the next flat, where Dr. J. F. Reeve has his office. I told the doctor the girl had poisoned herself, and asked him if he had a stomach pump. He replied: "No, get some other doctor." I said: "My God, you can't see the woman die." Dr. Reeve then ordered me to take the girl out of his office. I carried her into the hallway and sat her down on the stairway. At this time she was able to speak. She had no jacket or hat on, and she told me that when she visited her brother he had taken them from her. I then ran out to find a doctor. I first went to the residence of Dr. Wm. Oldright, at 56 Duke street, but he was out. I then ran to Dr. James Ross' house, on Sherbourne street, opposite the electric light station. I called in through the door and explained the circumstances. Word came back from the doctor that he was engaged and could not come. I then hastened down Queen street east to Dr. Ball's house at 270. Dr. Ball was not in. I next crossed the street to the house of Dr. Chafee, who came with me at once. [Dr. Chafee's residence is near the corner of Parliament and Queen streets.] We walked briskly back to the room, and on the way Dr. Chafee told me he would need an assistant. We found the girl still sitting on the stairway. I went to Miller's drug store for medicine. Then I went for some rubber tubing and some brandy. I went a second time for tubing. Dr. Chafee again told me that he would need an assistant. I told him Mr. Reeve was a doctor. When I came back the second time Dr. Reeve was in the room; so was a Mr. Swinbourn. Brandy was given the girl, but in a minute or two she was dead. Dr. Reeve leaned over and felt the region of her heart. He said she was dead. Witness further testified that when he returned to the hallway with Dr. Chafee the girl was sitting where he had left her. Dr. Reeve had just come out of his office. The doctor and Mr. Swinbourn were moving about the hall, apparently attending to their own business. There were a few boys standing around. No one seemed to be doing anything for the girl. Dr. Reeve, Swinbourn and I carried her upstairs to my room. She never spoke after I returned with Dr. Chafee.

Mr. Galbraith asked the witness if Miss Davis ever told him the cause of her trouble.

"Yes," he replied, "she told me she had gone to a certain place with a young man and her friends found it out. Last Tuesday she was very much down-hearted and spoke of her troubles."

To the coroner—I read part of one of the letters found on the table. I did not know all the letters found were in the room until all the people had left.

A juryman asked witness if he was sure that Dr. Reeve declined to administer to the girl. Witness replied: "Dr. Reeve positively refused to attend her."

"Is not a doctor compelled to act under such circumstances?" continued the juryman.

"I don't know," replied Sutherland.

To the coroner—"I swear positively that I never saw deceased before last Monday morning."

During the time that Sutherland was giving his evidence the coroner produced the letters found. There were five papers in all—three letters, a post card and an empty envelope addressed:

MISS GEO. DAVIS,
Sarnia,
Box 190. Ont.

All of the papers were smeared with ink. The first letter read was addressed to her father. It said:

Thursday.

DEAR FATHER: I have heard that you are looking for me.

I cannot tell the truth. I was accused of wrong long before I was guilty, but now *I am guilty.*

I blame D. R. Hawley (a boot and shoe traveler). His home is on University street. He will be held responsible for my poor soul. What will my friends think when this has been divulged? I cannot live. Hell itself will not be half as bad as what I am enduring at present. I have been a source of trouble to you, but now it is all at an end. You must excuse this scribble, for I am just about dead.

My poor sisters, I am glad that I am the one who has been led astray instead of any of them, for they will see by my wages that sin has ruined my body and soul.

I cannot live, for I know you are in search of me, and I don't want to see any one.

ADDIE.

P.S.—I did not yield to D. K. Hawley's wishes, but he took advantage of me and forced me to nearly two years ago. My drunk and debts are at 87 Carlton street, and I am here breathing my last. Don't blame the landlady whose room I am in, for he has been a friend.

Good bye,

ADDIE.

On a post-card, addressed to "J. Sutherland, 146 King street east, city," were these words:

DEAR J.—I confessed all to you last night, and now I am about to end my miserable life. You have been a friend to me, and I don't want you blamed.

ADDIE.

P. S.—I want you to tell everything, as I did you last night, and then the truth will be known.

On a sheet of foolscap was penned the following:

THURSDAY, Dec. 31, '85.

DEAR FRIEND J.—After I left you this morning I went to my brother's, as I told you I was going to do, and he asked me a question at once. He then took my cloak from me and went away. I would not wait till he returned, but came away in my bare head. I found that you were not here, so I take this way of telling you that my father is here looking for me. I cannot see him. I cannot live and I am sorry that my life will be ended in your room. I cannot help it. I came in and fastened both locks, and when I wrote this note to my father I then went to the door to unlock it, but I could not. I confessed all to you last night. I told you about D. K. Hawley seducing me, and he is the man who will be responsible for my poor soul. I also told you about Ed. Lancaster betraying me. He will be sorry for it, for I would not end my life only for him. All I told you personally I want you to tell again, for you are not to blame for any one of my actions. I cannot say sufficient with regard to Hawley. I have told you the truth, and I want you to tell it the same as you heard it, and let the guilty parties be punished, and when I am found here you may put my bracelets in my pocket, and let everything be sent home. I can scarcely write so will now close.

Good bye for ever,

DEAR JACK. DEAR JACK.

I am dying quickly.

On another sheet of foolscap the girl had began her last note. By this time the poison had evidently nearly finished its work, for the note ended abruptly. The words written were these:

DEAR J.—I have managed to unlock the door, and I know you will come in contact with a terrible sight, but I cannot get down stairs. I cannot see—

This was evidently written in the last throes of death.

The coroner then announced that it would be impossible to finish the enquiry in any reasonable time, and an adjournment was made until 8 o'clock to-night. Mr. Galbraith consented to the release of Sutherland on his own recognizance, and he was accordingly allowed to depart.

The theory advanced as to why the girl selected carbolic acid as the poison is this: Sutherland had been using carbolic acid on a sore arm. Deceased saw the bottle on the table and read on the label that it was poison, and went to Dilworth's drug store and purchased a two-ounce bottle, swallowing two-thirds of it.

The last scene in this sad drama, as far as Toronto is concerned, was enacted last night when Mr. Davis left on the 11 o'clock train, via the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk, for Sarnia, where the remains of the deceased will be interred.

New Year's Day at the Central Prison.

At 10.30 yesterday morning the inmates of the Central prison were entertained in the chapel, which was tastefully ornamented for the occasion with flowers and evergreens, in a pleasing manner by Mr. H. C. Dixon and his choir, which turned out fifty strong. The piece selected was "Christy's Old Organ," which was admirably rendered. Mr. Dixon read parts of the story, which was interspersed with solos and hymns. This was followed with "Home, Sweet Home." There were 370 of the convicts in the chapel. Mr. Dixon made a pleasing address to the men and Warden Massie replied on behalf of himself and the officials of the prison.

Two Valuable Horses Burned.

At 11.25 last night box 125, Queen and George streets, was sounded for an alarm of fire in Radley's hay-packing and feed establishment adjoing C. J. Smith's woodyard. It took hours to fully extinguish the smouldering embers which undermined the hay. Some four or five tons of hay, a quantity of feed and two valuable horses were destroyed. The loss will be probably $500 or $600, which is partly covered by insurance. Mr. Smith's horses, which were in the next stable, were saved.

—See the Wanzer Roller Skate for Christmas presents and New Year gifts at 82 King street west. x

AMONG THE ORIENTALS.

A ROUSING MEETING FOR MAYOR MANNING OVER THE DON.

Some of the Burning Questions of the Day Under Discussion—The Don Improvement Receives the Attention of His Worship.

Another rousing meeting in favor of Mr. Manning was held last night in Mallindine's hall, Kingston road. Mr. Robert Woodcock occupied the chair, and on the platform with him were Mayor Manning, ex-Mayor Boswell, Ald. Jones, Ald. Smith, Ald. Elliott, James Mitchell, Joshua Ingham, Alfred Boultbee and John Hague. The audience were for the most part solid ratepayers and took a lively interest in all that affected the welfare of their own section. The straightening of the Don was the "burning question," and kept the meeting in constant ebullition. One ratepayer wanted to know why it was that the east end was made the dumping ground for smallpox, garbage, sewage, jails, hospitals, etc. He thought they should send these nuisances out to the Humber for a change. Among those present were, James Stevens, Arthur Tiffin, David Hunter, Terence Farr, James Walsh, ex-School Trustee Potter, School Trustee Poulton, Wm. Woods, George Guest, J. Valiant, John Nicholson, Peter Macdonald, J.P., U. Kelly, Edward Lever, George Logan, Wm. Logan, Ed. Lowes, Hugh Galley, John Russell, Thos. Wills, James Kiddie, Henry Normancel, John Stratton.

Mr. Alfred Boultbee, as the first speaker, referred to Mr. Howland's inexperience and unfitness for the position. The only thing he was good for was promises.

Ex-Mayor Boswell, as a man who had been through the mill and understood the difficulties of the position, favored Mr. Manning's candidature. It would be a blow to the progress of Toronto if the present mayor was not returned.

Mr. A. P. Macdonald, coming from the vicinity of Brockton, was in favor of straightening the Don. He pointed out the importance of the Don as a site for factories to convert the products of the great Northwest into merchandise. He would make the Don 100 feet wide, with a stone wall on each side. Mr. Howland was not sufficiently posted to make these improvements.

Ald. Jones was greeted with the remark: "You're the stuff," to which he replied: "That's what I intend to be as long as I have the honor of representing you." He then proceeded to advocate Mr. Manning's claims in a humorous way. Mr. Manning had raised many buildings, and had used some of the speaker's bricks in them, too. He had canvassed the ward, and found that out of 36 men 33 were in favor of the present mayor.

Mayor Manning was the next speaker. He first dealt with the charge that he had cut down the poor man's wages. He had explained this over a dozen times before, but there were still some who did not rightly understand the facts of the case. A deputation of corporation laborers waited on him and complained that while they were only getting $1 a day, other men on the same work were being paid $1.25. He enquired into the matter, and instead of reducing had raised them all to the same level. He considered the piece-rot imperfect and unfitted a new and untried man should come out and declare that the city was on the way to ruin, and himself the only person able to save it. The people had made him their mayor last year; they had placed honor upon him, and he had never sullied that honor. His views on the Don question had been misrepresented. He had favored the straightening of the river before many of his audience knew anything about the subject, and the work would be proceeded with when ways and means were devised. He favored a trunk sewer in order that sewage might be carried away from the bay, instead of being allowed to fester under the wharves and destroy the beauty of our water front as at present. He was anxious to improve the Esplanade and make it a credit to the city. The mayor concluded by expressing the conviction that St. Matthew's ward would give him a larger vote than last year.

Joshua Ingham bore good testimony for Mr. Manning. He had nothing to say against the other party, only there was a little too much bombast.

Ernest Albert Macdonald then stood up for Riverside. He showed that $2200 for the removal of the tollgate was their share of the $19,000 incurred by the city for annexation.

Ald. Elliott, Ald. Smith and James Mitchell spoke briefly, and the meeting broke up with cheers for Mr. Manning and the queen.

Mr. Manning's Last Meetings.

This evening at 8 o'clock there will be a grand rally of the St. John's ward friends of Mayor Manning in McBride's hall, corner of Edward and Elizabeth streets. It will be the final gathering of the campaign. A number of prominent and influential citizens will address the electors.

Last evening a rousing meeting of Mr. Manning's supporters in St. Lawrence and St. Thomas' wards was held in Copeland's hall, corner of Sherbourne and King streets. Inspiriting addresses were delivered, scrutineers appointed and other arrangements made for the fight on Monday.

A meeting will be held this evening at Mr. Manning's central committee rooms, Pell's block, next to the Grand opera house, of active workers and a deputation from each ward, for deciding upon the division of labor on Monday.

An Uneventful Holiday.

New Year's day passed off quietly. In spite of the dull weather the principal thoroughfares were crowded with pleasure seekers from early morning till late at night, and all, as on the previous evening, were in the best of humor and on good terms with themselves and neighbors. The livery stables did a big business. Runaways were numerous, due probably to the hilarity or inexperience of the drivers. The number of callers abroad was much smaller than on previous years. The custom is slowly but surely dying. The places of amusement were all well patronized, the roller rinks coming in for a large share of the public attention. The theatres were crowded afternoon and evening. In police circles, as elsewhere, things were quiet. The blotters at the different stations contained only the names of a few bibulists who had succeeded thus early in breaking their New Year's resolutions.

Young Blood in the Council.

Mr. William Miller is one of the energetic young men of St. Lawrence ward, and the "old heads" need not be surprised if they see Mr. M. head the poll on Monday. Mr. Miller is a freeholder, has the interests of the ward at heart, and is a son of that old and respected citizen, Mr. Hugh Miller. His chances look brighter hourly.

Tremendous rush at the Bon Marche. Goods sold at half price. Open till 10 to-night.

IN THEIR OWN HOVEL.

An Aged Couple Burned to Death at Perth, Ont.

PERTH, Ont., Jan. 1.—An old man named Robert Mallan and his wife, who lived in a hovel near the eastern limits of the corporation, have been burned to a crisp. Their dwelling having caught fire from the inside, the couple being very old and helpless, it is supposed were smothered by smoke before they could give the alarm or help themselves. The firemen turned out, but too late to accomplish anything. The few bones left were removed to the lock-up to await proper burial. Mr. Mallan was over 90 years of age, and had recently refused to be removed to the county jail for safe keeping.

The people who have money to spend read The World. The wise advertiser, therefore, wends himself of its columns.

DUBLIN'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

Unusually Imposing Installation Ceremonies Yesterday.

DUBLIN, Jan. 1.—T. D. Sullivan, the new lord mayor, was formally installed in office with much ceremony. The populace was very enthusiastic, and turned out en masse in honor of the event. An immense procession, comprised of artizans and laborers carrying green banners and other emblems, was one of the features of the celebration. Thirty bands were interspersed through the procession. Good order prevailed. No soldiers were seen on the streets during the demonstration. Lord Randolph Churchill witnessed the procession on foot. He was not molested.

THE ANNEXATION OF BURMAH.

Proposed Alliance Between India and China.

RANGOON, Jan. 1.—The proclamation announcing the annexation of Burmah to the British empire was read to-day. There was a grand parade in honor of the event, and a large concourse of natives gathered to hear the reading of the proclamation. England cedes to China part of Upper Burmah, in order to make the Chinese and Indian frontiers contiguous. India advocates an offensive and defensive alliance between China and India.

If you have an announcement that you wish to make to the business men in the morning utilize the columns of The World.

Fell Into a Pit.

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 1.—Deputy-Sheriff Pierce on Wednesday night went to the saloon of Lorenzo Ill in the Des Moines House in search of contraband liquor. He broke open the cellar door and espied a keg of lager. He started towards it, when he fell into a pit 9 feet deep, the bottom of which was set with sharpened stakes. Pierce clung to the side of the pit, and a constable who accompanied him extricated him. The barkeeper in the meantime sent for the police, and Pierce was arrested charged with malicious injury to the building.

The Republicans of Spain.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—At a banquet given by republicans in honor of Senor Zorilla, the speakers, representing a majority of those present, urged a revolution against the government. The minority, headed by Senor Salmeron, an eminent republican leader, protested against violence and strongly urged that help be sought from the moderates.

Costume cloths worth 50c. for 25c. per yard. The great headquarters for bargains is the Bon Marche.

Republicans Arrested in Spain.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—A band of republican revolutionists made an attempt to-day to destroy the railway bridge in the Sierra Morena mountains. Five members of the band have been arrested. It is reported that several persons have been arrested and imprisoned at Ciudad Real on suspicion of being implicated in a revolutionary conspiracy.

A Missing Woman's Body Found.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., Jan. 1.—The body of the missing Aggie Fake, the woman that had a quarrel with her husband and disappeared so mysteriously some two months ago, was seen through the ice to-day by a party of boys skating on Pinafore lake. The ice was cut away and the body recovered.

The Bank President is Missing.

CLINTON, Mass., Jan. 1.—The Lancaster National bank closed the doors last night after a searching examination of the books of the directors. President W. H. McNeil is missing. He is charged with having used the bank's money for speculative enterprises in which he was interested.

A Missionary in Danger.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The king of Mombasa, in Central Africa, has seized Bishop Hannington, who has been engaged in missionary service, and will probably put him to death. No reason is given for the king's action.

Dublin Gas Works on Fire.

DUBLIN, Jan. 1.—A gasometer belonging to the Dublin gas works caught fire this evening and is burning fiercely. The whole city is illuminated by the flames.

Two Fatal Accidents.

KINGSTON, Ont., Jan. 1.—James King fell out of his bedroom window last night and was killed. Barney McCloskey was struck on the head by a falling wrench and received fatal injuries.

—"Echoes," every Saturday, at all agents. The Canadian Tid-Bits. Amusing and instructive.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

The New Year's reception at the White house, Washington, yesterday was an unusually brilliant affair.

The Bedell house, a summer resort on Grand island, in the Niagara river, was destroyed by fire last night; loss heavy.

Miss Elizabeth VanVoorst, a maiden woman 69 years of age and a sister-in-law to Lawyer Robert Sewell, was burned to death at her residence in New York yesterday.

When regard is had for class and number of readers and price per line The World is the best and cheapest advertising paper in the city.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Items of General Interest Received by Mail and Wire.

From and after this date the embargo that has existed on Montreal clothing coming into Ontario, in consequence of the smallpox, will be remedied.

The Belgian brothers intend to convert their establishment at Longue Pointe into a private lunatic asylum with a ward for the treatment of habitual drunkards.

Mgr. Moreau in a mandement to the faithful of St. Hyacinthe says: "When Riel was put to death his execution was undoubtedly a misfortune for our country and for our province particularly, and may the result of it not prove in any way disastrous!"

To-day's Canada Gazette will contain the appointment of Capt. R. Streatfield, A.D.C. to the governor-general to the position of military secretary to his excellency, rendered vacant by the resignation of Viscount Melgund. Capt. Streatfield will be succeeded by an officer of the English guards.

—The specialist of Elm street, whose advertisement appears in another column, is doing a fine business curing rupture. He invites worst cases. Splendid local references. x

A HANDSOME NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Ald. William Adamson, the "Father of the Council," Gets a Surprise.

Ald. Adamson, popularly known as the "father of the council," after twenty-one years of service in the municipal body retires permanently from the field. The venerable alderman was surprised at his residence in Berkeley street yesterday at noon, when several of the solid men of St. David's ward and a number of prominent citizens waited on him and placed in his hand a purse containing the handsome sum of $1275 and an illuminated address. Mr. Adamson made a feeling reply and wished his visitors a very happy New Year. The address was as follows:

To Alderman William Adamson:

DEAR SIR: A few of your many friends, warmly recognizing the high estimation in which you are held by your fellow citizens, and your true fidelity to the city's interests manifested by a continuous service in the city council of over twenty years, and desiring further to record in some prominent form their happy remembrance of the sincere friendship which has marked a long personal acquaintance, avail themselves of the opening of a new year and your retirement from the city council, to tender you their heartfelt and best wishes for your future welfare and happiness, and beg that you will accept the accompanying testimonial as an evidence of their sincerity, and in so doing, the more heartily gratify your old friends. It affords us no small pleasure to be the medium on this happy occasion of carrying out their wishes, and to sign this address on their behalf.

JOHN SMALL. D. M. DEFOE.
J. G. SWAIT. THOS. R. WHITESIDE.
THOS. THOMPSON. JOHN EWIN.
ELIJAH WESTMAN. R. A. PYNE, M.D.,
THOS. WALKER.

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1886.

Endorsed by the Trades and Labor Council.

The following has been issued by the Trades and Labor council:

In furtherance of the attitude of the Toronto Trades and Labor council respecting candidates for municipal honors, the committee of that body to whom was relegated the duty of placing before the electorate the names of those candidates whose answers to the questions of the council were deemed satisfactory or otherwise, desire to state that the following, having answered satisfactorily, deserve in their respective wards the warm support of the whole people, viz.:

For Aldermen—Messrs. Hunter, Piper, Crocker, Irwin, St. Leger, Low, McMillan, Ald. Carlyle, Jones, Smith, Mitchell, Saunders, Macdonald, Crocker, Swan, Ritchey, Johnston, Barton, W. Carlyle, Scully, McCord, Steiner, Pells, Dodds, Fleming, Galley, Drayton, Thompson, Miller, Kelly and James. Unsatisfactory and to be opposed—Messrs. Baxter, Pepler, Price, Adamson, Allen, Lamb, Hall, Sheppard, Shaw, Walker and Hynes.

The candidates for the office of mayor—Mayor Manning and W. H. Howland—both answered satisfactorily the questions of the council.

Was Milton, Too, a Plagiarist?

London Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

An extraordinary work has just been published by Messrs. Trubner & Co., bearing the title of Milton and Vondel, in which it is shown that the author of Paradise Lost borrowed his plot and the best part of his world-renowned epic from the works of Joost van Vondel, the eminent Dutch poet, whose Lucifer saw the light in 1664, four entire years before Milton began his masterpiece. This is a startling book. Its author is George Edmundson, M.A., an Oxford student, late fellow of Brasenose college, and now vicar of Northolt, in Middlesex. He shows, in a manner thought to be conclusive, that three, at least, of Milton's so-called original poems—Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes were built upon the Lucifer, the John the Baptist and the Samson of Vondel. Some of the finest poetry of Milton he discovers in the Dutch poet, almost word for word, so far as difference of language will permit. I, for one, am by no means surprised at this discovery, for I long ago called attention to Milton's "borrowings" from the Italian. He borrowed from Dante and stole from Ariosto—or perhaps I should say he borrowed from Ariosto, for "stole" is a nasty word. Milton was a great scholar and a great linguist; all that he read he utilized; all men's thoughts found their way to his mill, and he made bread—and excellent bread, too, though a trifle heavy at times—out of the people's grain. One day I had an argument on this subject with a renowned philologist, who maintained that Milton's poetry was all his own. "Take that splendid line," he said, "which I have never before quoted. Where did he get that?" And he quoted the line again, which ran as follows: "Things unattempted in prose or rhyme." I had just been reading "Orlando Furioso," and I at once replied: "He got it from Ariosto. Here is the original: "Cose non dette mai in prosa o in rima." My friend was instantly converted, and from that moment he changed his views about Milton.

Popular Fallacies Concerning Mad Dogs

From the Philadelphia Press.

"No," said Geo. H. McCaughin, superintendent of the city pound and shelter for dogs, recently, "there is no hydrophobia scare in or about Philadelphia that I know of. Fact is, most of the mad dogs one reads about are paper dogs—dogs that are made simply in the imagination of some timid persons. People in general don't really know anything about the appearance of hydrophobia in a dog. They see a dog in a fit lying on his back, kicking and foaming at the mouth, or they see a dog jumping about foaming at the mouth, and every one says at once, 'mad dog.'"

"Do not dogs foam at the mouth when they are mad?"

"Never; that is a very common mistake. A mad dog's mouth is perfectly dry, with the tongue parched and no saliva to be found upon it. The under lip is very often a deep purple, and is apt to be swollen. A mad dog is practically blind. His brain is on fire; he is really insane. When he starts to run he runs in as straight a line as it is possible for him to keep. He never departs from that line except when he runs into something, and that something he always bites at. He never turns aside because of yells and cries. I don't believe he hears them. His idea is probably to run away from his own head, the pain of which makes him deaf as well as blind."

"Do you often run across mad dogs when you are collecting the stray dogs from the streets?"

"I never yet saw a mad dog on any of our periodical raids, and I am personally acquainted with about 4000 dogs in each year. I have seen men bitten by dogs in fits, but I have never known them to suffer from them further than one would from any ordinary dog bite. Lots of times people bring dogs here that are supposed to be mad, but they never are. Sometimes we are sent for to kill a mad dog, but the dog never is mad. Just remember that mad dogs do not foam at the mouth, and that when they bite human beings or animals those bitten generally show symptoms of hydrophobia within a very short time, and I believe most of the mad dog scenes are founded on very little fact."

—If the posters that are put up on the walls and fences of the city of Toronto are a sample of Howland's honesty and religion, all we can say, save us from such honesty or religion.

MR. MANNING IS THE MAN.

SOME GLARING INCONSISTENCIES OF THE TRULY GOOD PARTY.

The Solid Business Men of the City Rallying Round the Present Mayor—The Would-be Municipal Boss of the Red Streak.

Mr. Manning is the candidate of the solid business men of the city. The bankers, the merchants, the traders, the brewers, the distillers, the insurance men, the manufacturers—all those who make up the mercantile life of the city, are the great majority of them in his favor.

* * * *

Mr. Howland is supported by none of the large interests that have built up Toronto. He is the candidate of that portion of the community who suspect their acquaintances, who are ready to interfere with their neighbors in order to make them "better," who trade on their own goodness, and hold up their hands at the alleged wrongdoing of fellow-citizens. Not all Mr. Howland's support is of this class, but it is the predominating element.

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Moreover, Mr. Howland and those who are loudest for him are most of them light taxpayers and ungrateful. They characterize all previous mayors and aldermen as rogues and corporation thieves; and follow this up with the assertion that a Howland regime alone will clean the stable. It is hardly a good card, to say the least of it, to heap insuls on those who have served the city long and well and to claim that Mr. Howland is the only honest man in all Toronto, that Graham, his head secretary in the campaign, is the only faithful steward of church funds, that Mrs. Hardy, formerly of Ottawa, who is working the female vote, is the only honest woman!

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On a par with the truly good are the two evening newspaper advocates of Mr. Howland. John Ross Robertson is anxious to become a municipal boss. For some years he has tyrannized and wishes to still further tyrannize over the aldermen and corporation of Toronto. He has just about become unbearable. He is playing the role of the reformed sinner a little too strong. The best thing for a "real bad man" to do when he has reformed is to keep quiet about his neighbors.

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As to the News, one has only to read its laudations of Manning in the last contest to be struck with amazement at what must have been the suddenness of the mayor's descent into sin and municipal corruption. Sometimes, however, it's the other fellow who tumbles and doesn't know it.

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Mr. Manning has done nothing to forfeit a second term—the rule has been found to be a good one in the past, and ought not to be changed without cause. Messrs. Beaty and McMurrich were better mayors in second terms than in their first.

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The paramount issue, however, is good city government, and ratepayers ought not to hesitate a moment in deciding that Mayor Manning, by reason of his business capacity, his individual success, his grasp of civic affairs, his full and careful knowledge of the city's needs, is the superior of Mr. Howland. Mr. Howland is a novice in this respect. He does not pretend to have knowledge of the concerns of the city. He promises to enforce laws, to prevent the workingman from having Sunday street cars, to put blue laws in force on the Island, to restrain liberty and to interfere with the business future of Toronto.

* * * *

We respect Mr. Howland for his philanthropy, for his good works, for his religious zeal, even for his good opinion of himself. But the ratepayers are not voting on philanthropy, on zeal, or on teetotalism. They are going to cast their ballots on a question of civic administration.

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As for the workingmen, they will vote as they think fit. The matter is in their own hands, and they are not likely to go against a man who, as a contractor on large public works, and as an owner of property in Toronto, has given employment to thousands of honest toilers. He has never quarrelled with his men, he has answered the questions of the Trades and Labor council satisfactorily, and has never been a party to civic legislation that bore unfairly on the smaller ratepayers. And when it comes to a comparison between the two men, surely he who gives a man work and thereby enables him to preserve his manhood, is more a friend of labor than he who gives him a cast-off coat, or an order on a lodging-house for a meal and a bed.

ST. IAN.

The Farley Bankrupt Stock and additional $25,000 Bankrupt Stock drawing crowds eager to select the bargains at the Bon Marche.

Amusement Notes.

Baker and Farron amused two immense audiences at the Grand opera house yesterday in their lively attraction, A Soap Bubble. Matinee this afternoon, and last performance to-night.

There was a tremendous rush at the Toronto roller rink last night, the biggest crowd of the season, it is said.

The drama Louis Riel was presented in London last night for the first time in Canada, and was accorded a stirring reception. It will be put on the boards at the Grand opera house next Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

The Bairnsfather family of Scotch vocalists appeared again in Shaftesbury hall yesterday afternoon and last night to good houses. The entertainment is of high merit.

Go to the People's theatre and see a good show.

Alice Oates and her burlesque company will be at the Gardens all next week. Robin Hood is the name of the burlesque which the company has been playing to crowded houses wherever they have appeared.

—When men will resort to the extremity of getting up posters with nothing but falsehood and slander to try to carry a man into office, it shows how weak their cause must be.

Reception at Government House.

The usual New Year's reception was held at Government house from 4.30 until 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. His honor and Mrs. Robinson were called upon by a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

NEW YEAR'S DAY SPORTS.

Dog Races at Eglinton—Members of the Hunt Enjoy a Run.

Yesterday a large crowd of those interested in dog racing assembled at Mr. Outlcott's (Eglinton) to witness the races set apart for New Year's day. In the first race for greyhounds Mr. Archie Gothard's Wire and Mr. W. Clow's Bend Or were the competitors. Wire won a good race of 200 yards. The second race, for terriers, brought out Mr. J. W. Smith's Jack, Mr. Sam. Teasker's Jumbo and Mr. Robin's Tasso. Jack won. The third race was a sweepstakes, in which Mr. J. W. Smith's spaniel bitch, Nell, and terrier dog, Jack, and Mr. Geo. Broomfield's spaniel Dog Sport and setter bitch, Jessie, contested. After a splendid race, in which all kept well together, Jessie passed the mark two lengths ahead of Jack. The several races were productive of great interest throughout, showing that this class of sport is growing very much in favor. Mr. W. Smith was referee and Mr. Alfred Ellis starter.

The Weston—O'Leary Tramp.

SYRACUSE, N.Y., Jan. 1.—The score of the 2500 mile pedestrian contest between Weston and O'Leary at the Alhambra park stood to-night: O'Leary 1068 miles, 8 laps; Weston 1061 miles, 5 laps. Both walkers were in good condition at the close. At 7 o'clock Weston had reduced O'Leary's lead to five miles, but throughout the evening O'Leary did good work and brought his lead up to seven miles three laps. The walk will be continued here to-morrow. Monday the men will go to Rochester to continue the contest.

General Notes.

Friends of Jack Dempsey and Jack Fogarty will meet in New York to-day to make a match, with or without gloves, for from $1000 to $5000 a side.

Prof. Wm. Dale, instructor of Cornell gymnasium, broke the world's record yesterday at continuous swinging of Indian clubs, keeping the motion up four hours and fifty minutes, with clubs weighing seven pounds one ounce each.

This evening Harry Gilmore promises an excellent program at his boxing academy, King street, the main features of which will be the attempt of Mark Crocker to stop Harry's best pupil in six rounds, and the wind-up between Jack Moriarty and Gilmore.

The Montreal Gazette acknowledges the receipt of a circular announcing that the amateur athletic association of Canada intends to give a snowshoe championship meeting about the end of February. It is strange that these circulars are not sent to the Toronto papers.

Jack Dempsey will join the ranks of prize fighting statues on Monday, Jan. 4. He will appear at the Alexander Muse, Bowery, and will be assisted in entertaining the public by Miss Jennie Quigley, the royal midget, and by three startling red Madagascar flamingoes, who stand six feet three inches in their socks.

Eighteen or twenty members of the Toronto Hunt club took a run out to Lambton Mills yesterday and had a most enjoyable time. They found the country to be absolutely lovely. The fields and roads were never better for a ride across the country and the "veteran," who of course is the paramount authority, said he had never before known the going so good at this season of the year.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

Why is not the new city directory out?

Thomas Scott, Levi Barton and Henry Edmunds assaulted a colored man named William Brothers on Albert street at 1 o'clock yesterday morning and were run in.

The Canadian Almanac, published by Copp, Clark & Co., is out for 1886. It contains the usual amount of useful information, along with a capital map of the seat of the recent rebellion.

One of the best polo matches ever played in Toronto took place at the Esplanade rink New Year's eve between the Metropolitan and Stars, which resulted in 3 games to 2 in favor of the former.

In St. David's ward Emerson Coatsworth, jr., and Wm. Radcliffe were nominated for public school trustees in their absence and without their consent, and are not candidates. Mr. Foden will therefore be declared re-elected without opposition.

—It has been said by Mr. Howland's speakers and supporters that no personalities were being used in the election contest, but by the looks of the posters on the walls and fences they are not only using personalities but falsehoods of the most glaring kind. This sort of advertising only tends to weaken their cause. When they have to descend to such work before election, what will it be after?

A Few New Year's Pleasantries.

Mr. Bouchette Anderson, landing waiter in her majesty's customs, Grand Trunk railway, was on New Year's eve, at the Continental hotel, made the recipient of what may be termed his annual presentation. The chair was taken by Mr. Harry A. Collins who, in a felicitous speech, presented Mr. Anderson with a handsome gold chain and locket, which was duly acknowledged in Mr. A.'s happy style