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	a.m p.m.	a.m p.m.
G.T.R. East	6.00 7.30	7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30 7.45	8.00 9.00
G.T.R. West	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
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ENGLISH MAILS.—A mail for England via New York will be closed at this office every day, excepting Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 p.m., and will be despatched to England by what the New York Postmaster may consider the most expeditious route.

On Thursdays a supplementary mail for London, Dublin, Liverpool and Glasgow, will be closed here at 9 p.m., for the Cunard steamer sailing on Saturday, but to insure catching the steamer the 4 p.m. mail is recommended.

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TENTH YEAR. SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1889.—EIGHT PAGES. PRICE ONE CENT.

KILLED HIS WIFE

Another Horrible Tragedy in the West End.

JOHN MILLIGAN A MURDERER

Mrs. Fanny Milligan's Awful Death—Her Aged Father's Piteous Story—Three Little Girls Left Motherless—A Tale of Domestic Unhappiness—Inspector Armstrong's Story—What the Neighbors Say—How the Body Was Found by Little Francis—Whisky's Awful Work.

Peacefully sleeping, but in the sleep of death, lies Fanny Milligan in a lowly apartment at 130 Lisgar-street.

Stretched on the bed in her last sleep lies the wife of John Milligan, for many years the steward at Toronto University.

Three little children cry piteously for their mother. They are tenderly cared for by sympathizing neighbors, but not even this can avail to heal their wounded hearts.

The awful accusation of murder has been made against the father, John Milligan.

Behind the prison bars at the Police Station in No. 6 division Milligan, bloated with drink, and bearing all the signs of a long debauch, lies on the hard bench realizing but little of the fearful charge against him.

For months alcohol has had him in its grip, and whiskey has converted a once respected citizen and loving husband into little better than a brute.

Tale of the Tragedy.

The tragedy as told by the neighbors is that Fanny Milligan early yesterday afternoon went home complaining of cramp. She asked her little daughter Francis, 13 years of age, to bring her some warm water that she might bathe her feet, thinking thus to allay the pain. She then went up to

THE ALLEGED MURDERER.

bed, and afterwards, it is alleged, the prisoner followed her and jumped upon her with his knees. She came downstairs, and after going about some household duties again retired, stating that she was very ill. Milligan also went up and lay down beside her. Two hours later her aged father, who lives in the house, heard cries and groans, but paid little attention, as it seems of late months husband and wife have frequently quarreled. Still later in the day little Frances went upstairs, spoke to her mother and tried to awaken her. But the dead did not answer, and the child left the room and told her aged grandfather. He went up and lifted the dead woman's head from the pillow, and discovering the awful truth and remembering the cries he had heard, told the neighbors what had happened. Milligan was then arrested. Such are the facts as narrated to The World's Young Man.

Inspector Armstrong's Story.

Late last night a World reporter drove to No. 6 Police Station and interviewed the Inspector. He said: The prisoner's name is John Milligan. He was for 17 or 18 years steward at the University until he lost his position through drink. He has not breathed a sober breath for seven months. His wife is Fanny Milligan, a woman about 35 years of age; he is 45 years old. About two o'clock this afternoon she went home and said she was suffering from cramp and wanted some warm water in which to bathe her feet. This having been procured she went up to bed and was subsequently followed by the husband and jumped on her with his knees. Afterwards she came downstairs and later on went up to bed and must have undressed, for she lies dead there in her night-dress. The cries and jumping were heard, but no attention was paid to the noise because it seems to be a usual thing. Her little daughter 13 years old went up and spoke to her mother, but receiving no answer went back and said her mother would not speak. This she told to the dead woman's father, James Anderson. He then went up, and lifting his daughter's head, found life to be extinct. He ran out and bleary eyes told too well the story of his drunken dissipation.

Lying Like One Asleep.

After the discovery was made that Mrs. Milligan was dead, Police Constable Wright was put in charge of the house and nothing was moved, so that when a World reporter called at 130 Lisgar-street last night he saw the corpse and its surroundings just as they were when found.

The dead woman was lying on her bed, clad only in a chemise and a nightshirt. Her head was thrown back on the pillow and her eyes were still open. The front of the night dress was open and revealed a snowy breast and shoulders, underneath. Her rich, black, luxuriant hair clustered around her head and the back of her neck. There were no marks visible on the poor woman's throat to indicate violence, or that she was choked to death. The mouth was partly opened, showing a set of perfect teeth, but the lips no doubt once red with life, were blue in death.

The expression on the woman's face was not one of peace; nor yet was it one of agony. Rather an expression, vague though it was, of mental anguish and not bodily pain. Though the lips were open and extended, the teeth were firmly set.

Her hands were beneath the bedclothes. The rest of the body was covered, but although she was lying flat on her back her hips were drawn up and her legs extended across the bed.

In the Dead Woman's Home.

The house in which the murderer and his family live is one of a row of two-story houses in Lisgar-street. It is No. 130. There are three rooms downstairs and a like number upstairs. Mrs. Milligan's room, in which the awful crime of her husband was committed, is a front room. There are two windows looking out on the street. The floor was bare and clean. The bed is in the northwestern corner, about two feet from the wall.

There was no indication of any struggle having taken place. A few cheap picture prints on the wall, a heavy walnut bureau, three chairs, two frail wash-stands and a little dressing-table comprised all the furniture, except a large deal table near the foot of the bed. On this table was an old and heavy wooden writing desk, full of odds and ends. In the centre directly opposite the bed was an old-fashioned leather-covered trunk. It was locked. Behind this there was a pile of rubbish and rags.

The bed on which the corpse lay was of walnut, with a high carved head, evidently a relic of better days. There were plenty of bedclothes, but they were all very much worn, and the sheets and pillowcases were soiled and stained. On the right hand side of the corpse as it lay upon the bed was a depression in the bedclothes and in the pillow. This was where the husband was found, lying in a drunken stupor beside the body of the woman whom he, years ago, took unto him as his wife.

Signs of Better Days.

Directly behind the mother's room is the one where her three children, Frances Letitia, Isabella and Margaret, slept. Their ages are 13, 10 and 7 respectively. Here there was further evidence of days that had been brighter and more prosperous. Plenty of bed clothes, but all worn and soiled, a few pots of sickly-looking flowers, a little bureau covered with broken toys, picture blocks, and a cracked mirror; these were the contents of the children's room. The floor was carpetless, and the little window at the back curtained with a piece of chintz. Everything was in disorder.

In a room over the kitchen was a cheap, narrow bed, a broken chair and two heavy trunks. This was where Mrs. Milligan's father slept. Downstairs the dining-room was neat and cosy as one would expect in a workingman's home. The tapestry carpet on the floor was worn and the glassware on the sideboard was chipped and cracked, but the room neatly and comfortably furnished.

The front room or parlor, contained a good piano, and the wall was literally covered with pictures and photographs. Lace curtains covered the bay window, and on the floor was a carpet, which though not new was none the worse for wear.

On a table in the centre of the room was a family Bible, but it contained no mark or record. The family record in it had never been filled up. This room was in perfect order, forming a pleasing contrast to the rest of the house.

An Awful Story of Misery.

The dead woman's grey haired old father, his voice choked with tears, told the following story of the tragedy and of many months of domestic unhappiness:

This morning my daughter went out to buy some meat. She returned in a short time and complained that her feet were cold and asked for some hot water to warm them. Little Fanny brought it to her. I then went out and when I returned my daughter came downstairs and said that her husband had jumped with his knees upon her.

Then he came down and wanted to send me out for some liquor. I refused to do so until he got her consent. She said, "Oh go, and get him something," so I went out and brought a little in a bottle from a corner tavern. Then she went to bed and he followed her. She was dead when I went up and he was lying alongside of her as if he was trying to fix her. I ran out and told the neighbors and he was afterwards arrested.

"Oh," said the old granfather, "he was a hard man. I have many a time come home and only taken off my coat the whole night. My daughter and Milligan have been married 15 years. He kept a grocery store before he came here, but is doing nothing now. I have a brother in King, Ont., named George Anderson, and have often been tempted to go and stay with him, for life has been me a miserable here. I have heard him swear as I have never heard mortal man swear. I have heard him curse his God and I can prove it.

"Besides my brother in King I have a sister living in Canada named Bessie."

A Neighbor's Version.

Mrs. Blaney, the wife of James Blaney, living at 132 Lisgar-street, has taken charge of the children. They are: Francis, aged 13; Isabella, aged 10, and Margaret, aged 7 years. Mrs. Blaney told the reporter that Anderson, the father of the dead woman, came to the house late in the evening and reported the death. She at once went out for a doctor, calling upon four medical men before any assistance could be secured. Dr. Lynd was the first to respond. When the father came in he said he was afraid Milligan had choked his wife. "The little girl," said Mrs. Blaney, was the first to discover the dead, and when the old man entered the room she was dead. I am told that she was in the habit of drinking. They lived in the house next to us about three months. We often heard him making a noise, but took very little notice of it.

"Have you ever heard anything of domestic troubles outside of those quarrels the reporter asked.

"No" Mrs. Blaney replied "and those troubles I have always attributed to drink. As far as I know they were in comfortable circumstances. I believe the de d woman was subject to fainting fits."

The reporter also had a talk with little Frances, or Fanny as she is called. The little girl is a bright little thing of 13, with dark eyes and hair.

"When I went to the room," she said, "I tried to wake my mother up, but she would not speak. I ran downstairs and told grandpa. He went upstairs and found my mamma dead," and the child sobbed piteously.

The Prisoner's History.

John Milligan was born in Ireland. He came to Canada some 23 or 24 years ago and after a time was employed as steward at Toronto University. He had been there some five years when he married Fannie Anderson, the woman whose life he is charged with having so wantonly destroyed. She was employed as a domestic at the University for some eight years previous to her marriage. The couple lived for some ten years at the University and then, on account of his drunken habits, Milligan was discharged. Until the 16th of July last they kept a small shop on the corner of Trafalgar and Dufferin-streets. This was sold out then and the money was divided, but Milligan has been drunk ever since and three weeks ago the last cent was spent. Then Mrs. Milligan sold some property she had in Parkdale and again divided the money. Milligan claimed his wife did not give him an equal share and they wrangled over this continually until last night's fatality.

Milligan has a brother in Toronto. According to the description of Mrs. Milligan's father, this man is "a drunken loafer," and is not good for anything. Of Mrs. Milligan's relatives, there is not much known except of her father, who has lived with them since they moved to 130 Lisgar-street. There is a sister, Mrs. Stevens, somewhere in the city. She formerly lived on Britton-street, but recently moved to the east. Another sister lives in Philadelphia.

Afraid of Her Husband.

When Mrs. Milligan moved to 130 Lisgar-street she got her aged father to come and live with them. The old man didn't want to live there, but she urged him to do so, saying she would be so much safer if he were in the house. "If you go away and leave me," she once said, "then if there is anything happens, you will be partly to blame for it."

Frequently the couple quarrelled. About three weeks ago, and only a day or two after the Parkdale property was sold, Milligan threw a large piece of coal at his wife and cut her head, and again only a few days ago he hit her in the face with his fist, blackening one of her eyes. This is the old father's story, but the corpse showed no sign of this last night. "He often hit her," said the old man, "and time and time again I had to step between them when they were fighting and quarrelling."

The Inquest To-Day.

Dr. Lynd was called upon shortly after midnight by a World reporter and asked as to what he knew about the murdered woman. He said he had been called down to 130 Lisgar-street by a police officer, but had made no particular examination, as he at once came to the conclusion it was a case in which an inquest should be held. He had come to no conclusion as to what caused death, but had given instructions for the holding of an inquest this morning at 11 o'clock. The inquest will be held at the Ronan House, corner of Queen-street and Beaconsfield-avenue, but nothing more will be done than to empanel the jury and view the body. Then the inquest will be adjourned till after a *post mortem* examination is held.

LEARNING OF CANADA.

Russian Engineers Examining the Canadian Pacific Railway.

OTTAWA, Dec. 27.—N. S. Kronglilicoff and S. B. T. Tinshenich, two civil engineers from Russia, arrived here this morning from the Pacific coast. In conversation with your correspondent they said that they left St. Petersburg two years ago with instructions to examine the projected railway by Russia in Siberia, and then proceed to Canada and take a run over the Canadian Pacific Railway. The object of this railway in Siberia is to get Russia connected with the Pacific Ocean. The road is about 5000 miles long. They spent eighteen months in Siberia, and then proceeded to Japan, from whence they sailed to Vancouver. Their object in coming to Canada is to obtain some practical idea, by observation and otherwise, as to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, particularly in British Columbia, which would be of advantage to the Russian Government in constructing their Siberia road. British Columbia, they describe as being very similar in appearance to part of Siberia, but our scenery is more picturesque than that of the latter country. On the Pacific slope they remained for two weeks. Here they intend visiting the Railway Department to obtain copies of official railway reports, and then proceed to Montreal, where they will interview the head officials of the road, returning to St. Petersburg by Niagara Falls, Philadelphia, New York and Liverpool.

JOHN BETZELL'S FALL.

An Unlucky Hamiltonian's Luck—Houses Blown Down by the Gale.

HAMILTON, Dec. 27.—John Betzell, a cigar maker, 39 years old, fell from the window of his room in the third story of the Franklin House at 2 o'clock this morning. He landed on the roof of Thomas' piano factory, bounding to the shed below and thence to the ground, where he was found three hours later. His back was bruised and his face badly cut, but no bones were broken.

President Macpherson of the South Ontario Pacific Railway has received a communication from Mr. Van Horne which, it is understood, urges an immediate settlement of the route question, and he has stated that a meeting of the Railway Committee be held to consider the matter. Ald. Moore has accordingly called a meeting for to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Two frame houses which are being erected by Mr. Kennedy Connor in West-street were reduced to a heap of timbers by the terrific wind which prevailed in this district yesterday. Several outbuildings in that vicinity were also blown down, in some cases being moved ten or twelve yards by the fury of the gusts.

Charlie Phillips was sentenced yesterday to seven years in the Penitentiary for burglarizing the residence of L. Sovereign, a Simcoe merchant.

William Monaghan, the newly appointed United States consul at Hamilton, arrived with his family yesterday. He will take up his residence immediately at 160 Main-street west.

St. George's Society supplied 333 families, representing 1682 people, with Christmas dinner this year. The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society supplied 125 families, or about 750 persons.

Life itself—the "Athlete." 136

WAR FEARS AVERTED.

The Anglo-Portuguese Difficulty Will Be Settled—General Cable News.

LONDON, Dec. 27.— The British squadron of action has been ordered to Gibraltar in order to be in readiness to move at once to Lisbon. The Temeraire has already arrived and the Colossus and Benbow left Malta this morning. This is interpreted as indicating that the Government no longer apprehends that a quasi-warlike movement will add to the irritation already existing or stand in the way of a peaceful solution of the troubles.

Nuns Imprisoned for Deceit.

MUNICH, Dec. 27.—Three Franciscan nuns at Dachan, near this city, have been sentenced to imprisonment for short terms for practising upon the hysterical credulity of a girl pupil and deceiving her by various illusions of pretended supernatural character.

Emin Pasha Suffers a Relapse.

ZANZIBAR, Dec. 27.—Emin Pasha has had a relapse. There is secondary hemorrhage from the ear and great excitement is felt.

The Influenza in Lisbon.

LISBON, Dec. 27.—Two thousand persons here have the influenza, including the Queen and Senhor Gomez, the Foreign Minister.

Serpa Pinto is returning to Europe on the plea of ill-health. His despatch to the Government declares that the English officials have written him their thanks for his services in Nyassaland.

French Parliamentary Reform.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The Republican groups have agreed upon a plan for important reforms in parliamentary procedure, the object being to prevent parliamentarism from smothering the will of the executive. They propose that interpellations shall be restricted to one day in the week and power shall be given to the Chamber to adjourn six times any question addressed to the Government.

The Russian Explorers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 27.—The latest news from Col. Pievtsoff's expedition is that it will pass the winter at Nia in Chinese Tartary, and will enter Thibet in the spring.

HOT SHOT FOR MGR. CLEARY

FROM WILLIAM MEREDITH OF THE ONTARIO OPPOSITION.

The Archbishop's Record Recalled—A Good Word for Dr. Caven and Equal Rights—A Clear Definition Between the Rights of Citizens and the Claims of the Hierarchy—The Separate School Dispute—Eternal Justice Must Prevail.

LONDON, Dec. 27.

To the Most Reverend the Archbishop (elect) of the Diocese of Kingston.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Dec. 22 (but only through the public newspapers), and were one content with a superficial reading of it, it would be difficult in the mass of exhortation, instruction and fatherly admonition which it contains, and which reaches its climax when you stay for a moment the torrent of your eloquent invective to drop a sympathetic tear at the thought of the injury I have done to my cause, to recognize the handiwork of the fiery ecclesiastic who, at the last provincial general election swept Eastern Ontario with his denunciations of the party I had the honor to lead, and exhorting, nay commanding, these of his episcopal flock to cast their ballots against it.

But it has been impossible for you to conceal entirely your true sentiments or to hide the motive or object of your attack. Else why do you speak of my "agnostic friends?" or why do you talk of the "ferocious bigots" of the Equal Rights Association? or falsely charge me with desiring to oppress the Roman Catholic minority, or with seeking by disgraceful methods to catch the votes of the unthinking populace and influence religious passion against the Roman Catholic minority of Ontario? for, mask as you may, that is the charge which you insinuate, though you do not appear openly to make.

I can appeal to a lifetime in this community for the answer to the charge of intolerance and bigotry which you insinuate against me and to the utterances of nearly twenty years of public life as my defence against your calumnious charges.

Some Stinging Queries for His Grace.

Tried by the same test, can you ask a verdict of acquittal on a like charge from your fellow-citizens? I trow not. They do not—they cannot forget the cruel, the wanton attack which you publicly made upon the defenceless girls and young women of Ontario, and that, too, that you might make a point against the public school system of this province; nor can they forget the language which you thought fit to use towards your Protestant fellow-citizens when you were addressing a body of Roman Catholic gentlemen connected with an association which had its meeting not long ago in Kingston.

Then, too, by what right do you speak of those who are connected with the Equal Rights movement as "ferocious bigots"? Such language from a politician in the heat of a political harangue could hardly be palliated, but what is to be said of its use by a high dignitary of a great church, not spoken but written in the seclusion of his study, and when he was penning a charge of intolerance and bigotry against a public man? Think of such language as applied to the recognized leader of the movement, whose position in the church to which he belongs is as high as that of Your Grace in your own, and whose every utterance—while he spoke with clearness against a piece of legislation which a vast majority of his fellow-citizens, whatever view they may entertain of the constitutional question involved, join with him in condemning—was characterized by that broad liberality, generous toleration and true charity towards all men which should pervade the utterances, not only of a Christian minister but of a Christian gentleman.

Then, how do you justify your attempt to make me an oppresser of the Roman Catholic minority, if not in act, at least in intention?

Not Only Just But Generous.

I had thought that you concurred with me in deprecating the advice given to the Roman Catholic minority by the writer of the article in The Canadian Freeman, to which you referred in your first letter, and as your last letter seems to leave that matter in doubt the people of the province, whom you are addressing by means of your own choosing, are entitled to know whether you do or do not approve it, and, if no other good results from my correspondence with you, much good will be done to have obtained a clear definition of your view on that subject.

But you say that my proposition to meet such a combination as I suggested involves the oppression of the minority? Granting your premises I deny your conclusion, and am astonished that in the face of the declaration which I made as to the principles upon which I believed that the government of this province should be conducted, you should make such a charge.

In this province the Roman Catholic minority has been treated not merely justly but with generosity, and if (which I do not deny) prejudice exists in some quarters against the Roman Catholic, it is in my judgment due mainly to the policy of the church, which forbids the youth of the country being educated together, and to a system of education which tends to separate from the rest of the community a body of its citizens by creed lines as well as to the injudicious and intemperate utterances of men on both sides who do not know or have forgotten what civil and religious liberty means.

For Equal Rights.

I have no quarrel with my Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. I have nothing to do with their religious views or opinions and cannot be drawn into a controversy as to the merits or demerits of the dogmas or practices of their church. I am ready to give to them every right which I enjoy, and I seek to take from them none that I claim for myself, but I am not willing that exceptional privileges should be granted to them, and I protest against and shall use my best endeavors to prevent their utilizing the party system for enabling them by means of the balance of power which it is claimed they hold to dictate their terms to political parties.

As to their separate schools, I have nothing to add to what I have said except to say that the principle on which they, in my judgment, rest is that their organization and support depend solely upon the voluntary action of the Roman Catholic *citizen*, and that the State has, in their creation and for their conduct, committed to its citizens and not to the hierarchy the management and control of them. Upon no other ground and on no other view of their true position can the existence of them in a free country be excused, much less defended.

Truth is Mighty and Will Prevail.

By the principles which I have laid down my party and myself must be judged, and not by unjust inferences which you, against the whole spirit of it, profess to draw from my language.

You have too long been accustomed, when any question affecting or supposed to affect, the Roman Catholic people of this province was being raised, to see its public men, through fear of the cry which you are now seeking to raise against me, deterred from the efficient discharge of their duty; but I have the satisfaction of believing that, whatever effect my declaration of principles may have on my party or myself (and it may be that your forecast of the result may prove correct, for I know the effect of the crusade you seek to preach), those principles must ultimately receive the endorsation by their votes, as they do now, of the convictions of the people of Ontario; because, as I believe, they have their foundation in the principles of eternal justice, and that without the recognition of them there can be no full development of the principles of civil and religious liberty, which have done so much for humanity and for none more than for the Roman Catholic minority of the great empire, of which we form a not insignificant part.

I have the honor to be

Your Grace's obedient servant,

W. R. MEREDITH.

Merchants can warehouse goods in bond or free with Mitchell, Miller & Co. Negotiable warehouse receipts issued; rate of insurance low.

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

Election of Officers for 1890—Essays Read During the Day.

The Modern Language Association met again yesterday morning at the Normal Scohol, Prof. Goldwin Smith in the chair. A. Stevenson, B.A., presented an interesting article on "The Beginning of Speech." After this came the election of officers for the year 1890. They are as follows:

Honorary President—Goldwin Smith.

President—G. E. Shaw, B.A.

Vice-President—J. M. Hunter, M.A., LL.B.

Secretary Treasurer—J. Squair, B.A.

Councillors—Messrs. Chase, Keys, Frazer, Burt, Embree, Vander Smissen, Seath and Bell.

The afternoon and evening program consisted of:

Subjects and Methods in the Teaching of English—James Cappon, M.A.

French-Canadian Poetry—A. H. Gibbard, B.A.

Modern Languages in Canadian Universities, an historial sketch—D. R. Keys, M.A.

Some Tendencies in Philology—W. J. Alexander, Ph. D.

Elementary Teaching of Modern Languages—A. W. Burt, B.A.

After each paper there was some little discussion. Mr. Cappon's paper being specially spoken of as an able and exhaustive review. The association adjourned till next year.

Advances made on merchandise warehoused with Mitchell, Miller & Co., 45 Front-street east.

Will the Tramps Work?

How to treat our tramps has been a question which has caused a great deal of thought, as there is a tendancy to make paupers. In order to make a test, and also to encourage those who want to work, the cottage meeting workers have decided to open in a central part of the city a room which will serve for a free reading room to such as frequent the Sunday breakfasts—a place where they can be free from the bad atmosphere of their lodging houses, and where they can sit and read the papers, etc., until called to a job. An employment bureau will be connected with it, and those who require the help of a man can get it. Should any man refuse to work when offered it he will be denied the use of the room, and that there may be no excuse, saws, axes, picks, etc., will be kept on hand with the cottage meeting brand on them. It is hoped that those who have been crying down the tramps will now give them a chance, and the workers of this meeting will do all in their power to solve the problem which has been so often discussed. The promoters believe that funds will be forthcoming to furnish the room and meet the current expenses, as they are confident, from their experience with this class of people, that it is a step in the right direction. No "loafing" will be allowed, and a trusty and responsible person will be in charge all day long.

New Year cards and booklets, office and pocket diaries, gents' calling cards, Xmas Nos. Boys' Own Paper and Girls' Own Paper, Quiver, Good Words, Xmas Star, Xmas Globe, Saturday Night, etc., etc., at Winnifrith Bros., 6 and 8 Toronto-street.

Substantial Life Insurance.

The Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York has placed substantial life insurance within the reach of every man. Life rates with profits per 1000 at age 25, $13.75; age 35, $16.04; age 45, $19.64; age 55, $26.24.

For full information apply to R. H. Matson, general manager for Canada, 37 Yonge-street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

Tired and found unequal for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis, Dominion Tar Syrup prepared by Dan Taylor & Co., Arcade Pharmacy, 133 Yonge-street. Sold by all druggists.

Private Dining Rooms at English Chop House. Theatre Parties a Specialty.

Miss Eletka Utassi,

A brilliant young Hungarian pianiste was for five years the pupil of Franz Liszt, with whom she was an exceptional favorite, and also of Prof. Theodore Leschetitzky of Vienna. While Miss Utassi's playing is most refined and highly polished in style, its distinguishing features are expressively and skilfully distributed light and shade, combined with an exceedingly vivid accentuation, highest precision of rhythm and a breadth, dignity and power, completely excluding even the slightest trace of effeminacy. Miss Utassi is engaged for the Toronto Vocal Society concert, Jan 16th.

Stop Watches.

Intricate and complicated watch work my orte. E. Beeton, High Grade Watch Special st. Opposite Post Office.

Rivalry Among Towns.

Different towns have from time to time claimed distinction by reason of the magnificent stocks of merchandise carried by some of their merchants. But for the man who is looking for high class goods at moderate prices Toronto takes the palm. Just at this time the display of holiday neckwear at quimi's is not only bewildering but bewitching.

Everybody's favorite—the "Athlete." 136

Accidents.

This is a year of accidents, the unfortunate effect of which are largely ameliorated by a policy in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Co., 83 King-street west, Toronto.

The man in the moon is sighing for "Athletes." 136

The Sheffield House Importing Company (Registered).

65 Yonge-street (below King), New Sterling Silver Goods suitable for Xmas Presents. We receive new goods every day. C. E. Robinson, Manager.

Families leaving the city or giving up housekeeping, can have their furniture carefully stored at moderate cost with Mitchell, Miller & Co., 45 Front-street East.

Art in Dress.

The three-button cutaway sack is steadily growing in favor. It is a very handsome garment. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 89 Yonge-street. 136

Diamonds and Jewelr

Money is saved in buying diamonds, watches and jewelry at D. H. Cunningham's, 77 Yonge-street, 2 doors north of King. 136

All the Race,
Crawl into your cage,
Here comes the "Athlete,"
The sweetest, the purest and the best value. 136

Fur Bargains.

There are lots of people looking after bargains. Dineen has several odd kinds of muffs, boas, caps, jackets, capes, collars, cuffs, and a few very fine seal mantles that were left over from our Christmas trade that will be sold cheap for the next three days. Go and see them at Dineen's fur store, corner King and Yonge-streets.

Manufacturers, by warehousing their surplus stock with Mitchell, Miller & Co., receive negotiable warehouse receipts.

Another lot of those famous black watered silk four-in-hands, received to-day. A. White, 65 King-street west.

J. R. Armstrong & Co., of the "City Foundery," have removed from 151 Yonge-street to 219, 221 and 223 Queen-street east. 4

MORES'S AMENDMENTS.

Demand to be Made for a Share of School Rates Paid by Corporations.

What was up between the bishops last week asked The World of an astute citizen yesterday. His reply was: What the bishops discussed I am unable to know, but this I know that the next episcopal demand on Mr. Mowat in regard to the separate schools will be a change in the law so as to give Roman Catholic schools one-fifth or one-sixth (whatever fraction of the community they constitute) of all the school rates levied on companies and corporations and all of which now to go to the support of public schools. A public or secret pledge to this effect will be demanded of Mr. Mowat before the approaching elections come off. Furthermore, the bishops have decided to sit forcibly upon any Catholic who openly or secretly advocates the use of the ballot in the election of separate school trustees.

POLITICAL CHANGES.

The Globe and Mr. Edgar—Has Mr. Nelson Sold Out?—Mr. Edgar's Political Future.

Seven years ago Gordon Brown was removed from the management of The Globe. The proposition he was asked to accept was to remain nominal head but to allow a political editor to have control of the political policy of the paper. The late William Johnston was the party named. Mr. Brown declined. Just before this offer was made him Mr. Edgar and Mr. Jaffray were put on as directors of the company. The next move was to remove Mr. Brown and to ask Mr. Blake, then leader of the party, to name a gentleman who would be acceptable to him as managing editor. He named Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron was accordingly installed, and for the first time The Globe was in harmony with its political leader. Some time ago Mr. Blake resigned the Liberal leadership, and now Mr. Edgar retires from the directorate. What this latest move means the public do not know. One possibility is that the Nelson interest has been sold. Within six months Mr. Nelson stated in Edinburgh to a Toronto gentleman that he was anxious to sell his interest in The Globe (about one half) at a big discount on its nominal value, and perhaps he has sold it and other changes may be on the tapis.

I do not expect, said a party man, yesterday, that Mr. Edgar will retire from parliament because he has left The Globe's board. I rather suspect that he aspires to the active leadership of the Reform members from Ontario and that he will divide the general leadership with Mr. Laurier.

Trowern, Jewelry Manufacturer, has removed from Yonge-street to 113 King-street west, south side, four doors east of Rossin House. 246

TOMMY'S FUNNY LITTLE GAME.

Firing Shots in the Dead of Night to Scare His Pa.

Last evening's papers were filled with thrilling stories of a murderous attack made by a burglar on young Thomas Jenkins, 416 Yonge-street. At about 3 o'clock in the morning, the story goes, young Jenkins was startled out of his sleep and became aware of a Presence in the room. He courageously hounded from his bed and interfered for the truder. Soon he saw a shadow gliding along and made after it, firing shots from his revolver as he went. Down the narrow stairs the shadow went, four steps at a time, Tommy following with revolver in hand. At the bottom of the stairs the shadow materialized into a burglar, caught the bold young man, and in an instant a razor gleamed in a stray moonbeam. The burglar at first determined to cut the young man's throat, but changed his mind and instead took a slice of Tommy's side. With that he escaped, Tommy firing a farewell shot after him. The noise made by young Jenkins awoke not only the household but the whole neighborhood, and brought several policemen to the scene.

The case was taken up by the detective department yesterday afternoon. Detective Burrows and Detective Black went up to the house and were shown the shirt that the burglar slashed. From the look of it they concluded it would be hard to have Tommy come down to headquarters. He was brought down, and at first wanted to show that red paint on the shirt was blood. Afterwards he acknowledged that the whole thing was a fake to scare his pa and the family. He didn't see a burglar at all, but just wanted to get up a little excitement. It is probable that even this story is not right. Tommy's ma went up to his room at one o'clock and caught him reading a sensational sporting paper, and she thinks that Tommy was dreaming of blood-curdling encounters when he danced in a round with the imaginary burglar.

The only positive cure known for Consumption—The Cannabis Sativa Indian Remedy. Dan Taylor & Co., 133 Yonge-street. Sole agents for Canada. 246

Tea, Speeches, Music in the New Tabernacle.

A pleasing feature in connection with the opening services of Woodgreen Methodist Church was the tea meeting held last night under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the church.

Tea was served in the basement, which presented a charming appearance, being profusely decorated. The attendance during the evening was large, and influenced by the kindly greeting and genial smile of the pastor, Rev. W. F. Wilson, the visitors spent a very happy time. After tea add