PHYLLIS TO GO TO AUSTRIA

THE GREAT CANADIAN MARE CHANGES HANDS FOR $12,500.

She Will Prove a Handy Card on the Continental Circuits—Return of Garsman Manlan—He Retires Early and Snores—The Toronto Draught Club.

Notwithstanding the statement of her trainer, "Charlie Wagner," published in this column yesterday, the Canadian mare Phyllis has been sold. She was brought up from Mongomery, Ala., where she had been wintered, on Thursday, delivered at Woodstock to Mr. John Scott of Galt that day, and the money, $12,500, was in the Queen's Hotel safe on Thursday night. She will be shipped to Austria and will trot there. She will not be stinted to Patron, nor had she ever had a foal. She will be 13 years old in a few days. Phyllis was sold for $90 when 2 years old. The great mare has won over $20,000 in purses and much more than that for her trainer, owners and backers. Her sire was Phil Sheridan; she is at the head of the list of his get, with a record of 2.15¾.

"Pete" Curran, it is understood, will handle Phyllis for Mr. Scott on her Austrian and German tour. Phyllis will be a likely one on these continental circuits, where a peculiar (to Americans at least) custom prevails. On the outside of the tracks, at equal distances of fifty yards, are placed painted posts. Any horse breaking and running past two of these posts is disqualified. Phyllis' strong point is that when she breaks she can be caught up before she makes half-a-dozen jumps. She can do lots of running between the posts without getting the worst of it.

The Ex-Champion Snores.

Edward Hanlan returned to the city yesterday morning from Boston, via Montreal. He is looking and feeling well. When The World called at the oarsman's residence last evening at 9.30 the ex-champion was sleeping soundly, in fact he was snoring at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Speculation on American Events.

The betting market in New York during the week has shown a decided improvement, nearly all the pencilers doing business on future events have booked more or less money on different horses.

On the Suburban several horses have been backed. Tremont still continues to find supporters, even at the small price offered. One transaction regarding the famous black was recorded late last week, a well known New York speculator taking the odds of 1000 to 3500 against his chances of finishing first, second or third in the big race, and allowing the layer a start for his money.

Rataplan has come in for good support. He was backed on Monday at 3750 to 550 and at 1250 to 50 for place. Electric has also been backed a little, one bet of 3750 to 50 being booked. Of the others, Ben Ali, Blue Wing, Alf. Estill, Quito, The Bard, Exile and Sir Joseph have been backed to some extent, but generally for small amounts. On the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap very little is being done at present, Wickham being the only horse backed to any extent. On the Kentucky Derby business is light. Lobrisco, Goliah, Laredo and Silver Bow have been in some demand for small amounts.

The Withers is practically a dead letter so far as betting is concerned.

The Toronto Draught Club.

On Thursday evening the club room in Mutual-street Rink was again crowded with enthusiastic checker players. After routine business and the election of new members play was commenced, and ended with these scores:

	Won.		Won.	Draw.
Dissette	1	Godwin	1	1
Ouellette	3	Whalen	4	0
Campbell	3	Fletcher	2	0
Ascher	3	Walker	3	0
Craig	1	Rennie	4	2
Sisson	2	Michael	4	0
Fraser	4	Gray	3	3
Eache	1	McLean	5	0
Young	4	Davis	2	0
Darlington	3	Kirkpatrick	3	2
White	3	Ballentyne	3	0
Dovewell	4	Simmons	2	0
Gowler	1	Sinclair	4	1
McGregor	1	Hogg	1	4

Play for the President's trophy will be resumed at next meeting by those who won the largest number of games Thursday evening.

The Second Day at Collingwood.

COLLINGWOOD, March 4.—The second day's trotting was very satisfactory and well patronized, fully 1000 people being present. The track was in better shape to-day after a heavy frost last night. Summaries:

3-Min. Class:

Smith & Co.'s Mand Bartlett	2	1	1	1
J. F. Scholes' (Toronto) Schela	1	2	3	2
H. Moore's (Barrie) Elsie Hamilton	3	3	2	3
E. J. Dixon's (Toronto) Photographer	4	4	dr.	

Time—2.39¾, 2.34¼, 2.36, 2.37.

Open race:

J. Hobb's (Meaford), Deadwood	1	1	1	
A. Hunter's (Ottawa), Little Wic	2	2	2	
E. W. McRae's (Beaverton), May Flower	3	3	3	

Time 2.31¼, 2.30¼, 2.29¼.

During the third heat in the 3-minute trot a man named Robertson of Collingwood Township nearly lost his life by being struck and knocked down by Elsie Hamilton.

The Toronto Football Club.

These officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Toronto Association Football Club, held in a Rossin House parlor last night: Honorary President, W. B. McMurrich; President, M. H. Irish; Vice President, John Galt; Captain, E. P. Gordon; Vice-Captain, W. W. Wood; Secretary, Al. M. Thomson, 52 St. Albans-street; Treasurer, J. B. Laidlaw; General Committee, A. W. Bell, C. Baird, W. Milne, D. Anderson, C. Elliott. It was announced that arrangements had been completed for an extended trip to Newark, N.J., and other eastern cities in the spring. The following new members were elected: Charles Baird, W. Galt, J. Galt, W. Wood, F. James, T. G. Price, W. Gordon.

The Lawn Tennis Club.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club was held on Thursday evening. The statement of account submitted by the Honorary Secretary, showed the club to be in a sound financial condition. It is hoped that the price charged for the use of courts may be lowered during the ensuing season. The following committee was elected: E. T. English, A. C. Galt, H. D. Gamble, Harry Hayes, E. Henderson, Gordon Jones, N. Kingsmill, H. Gordon Mackenzie, O. R. Macklem, A. E. Plummer, J. T. Small, G. W. Yarker. The committee afterwards met and re-appointed Mr. Harry Hayes Honorary Secretary.

General Notes.

Lindsay defeated Peterboro yesterday; three rinks. Score: Lindsay 64, Peterboro 53.

Sheppard commences practice work next week in the Metropolitan Rink. Sam Reid will catch him.

Toronto's ex-manager, Humphries, has not yet risen to explain what disposition he made of the Smith fund.

The annual club match between Moss Park and the Toronto Curling Clubs was played on the ice of the latter last evening. Three rinks were played. Score: Moss Park 40, Toronto 27.

Walter Over's celebrated bull terrier bitch "Kit" returned yesterday from New Haven, Conn., where she met Frank F. Dates' champion dog Count. A grand progeny is looked for.

A match has been made between Neil Matterson and Peter Kemp for $1000, the event to come off over the championship course on Parramatta River, N.S.W., on the second or third Saturday in May.

Frank J. Mumford, the New Orleans sculler who has entered the professional ranks, will not have to wait long before getting on a race, if he is so inclined. O'Connor, of this city, expresses his willingness to meet the New Orleans sculler in a three-mile race to be rowed on Lake Ponchartrain or Toronto Bay.

Edward Hanlan has spread without taking on flesh. He recently underwent an examination at Harvard College and was pronounced as healthy as a man could be. He is a half inch bigger all around by actual measurement than he was three years ago, and yet he weighs the same. His bones are larger and he feels stronger.

Skating has been very good in Paris this winter. Among the champion skaters the following are mentioned: Miss Falkiner, Mlle. Aline de Rothschild, the Duc d'Aven, the Princess de Leon, the Duc de La Force, Mlles. Prodigers and Post and Messrs. H. Blount and George Frost.

The annual meeting of the Peninsular Cricket Club was held Thursday evening last. The club decided to change their name to "The West Toronto Cricket Club," it being a more representative name, as they have been a West End Club with a good record for the last four years. Following are the officers: Hon. President, Ald. M. J. Woods; President, Geo. Morrison; Vice-President, J. Ball; Secretary-Treasurer, F. S. Treen; Committee, G. A. Barker, S. Durham, J. F. Alanson, G. E. Stroud, J. W. Treen. The Secretary's address is 74 Dovercourt-road.

For the Missouri Handicap Steeplechase, to be run at St. Louis in June, Wellington is allotted top weight, 170 pounds. Tennessee has an impost of 162 and Jim Carlisle 160. The old horse Carter H. Harrison, now 10 years of age, and better known as Turfman, is among the entries, with 142 pounds.

English advices of Feb. 15 reports the odds as follows: 100 to 6 each against Loved One (110 lb.), Chiselhurst (110 lb.), and Fullerton (105 lb.) for the Lincolnshire; 8 to 1 Roquefort (176 lbs.), 100 to 7 Too Good (168 lbs.), 100 to 6 Ringlet (153 lb.), and 100 to 6 Phyllis (151 lb.) for the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase; 6 to 1 Grandison and 20 to 1 Eglamore for the 2000 Guineas; 10 to 1 Florentine, 100 to 6 Timothy, 20 to 1 Glenstral and 33 to 1 Blanchland for the Derby.

A Funny Incident.

Yesterday morning a wholesale merchant stopped opposite the big side window of McKendry & Co., the Waterloo House, whilst his hair almost stood on end and the blood all rushed to his nose with excitement. Mr. McKendry happened out to the door and asked him what was wrong. The merchant exclaimed: "Do you intend, sir, to demoralize business by selling dry goods at the prices marked there? Why, those gents' ties you have ticketed at 12½c are worth $2.25 to $4 per dozen wholesale. What does it mean?" Mr. McK. quietly remarked: "Come in and buy two for a quarter." And he did. 246

Bro. Nolan's Telescopes.

Bro. Nolan of the Atradome has been trying to eclipse the great lens of California by dressing his windows a la telescope, with the very latest and richest patterns in English and Continental plushes and silks. There must have been at least 3000 ladies who stood in front of the window yesterday to admire Mr. Nolan's handicraft in window-dressing.

A Big Auction Sale To-day.

C. L. Stevens & Co. are having another big auction sale of A 1 household furniture to-day at their warerooms, 187 Yonge-street.

Enjoy Life.

—What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened! Discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that *Green's August Flower* will make them free from disease as when born. Dyspepsia and liver complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, costiveness, nervous prostration, dizziness of the head, palpitation of the heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower* will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it. 135

Messrs. Rutherford & McGregor, having bought out the business at 186 Queen-street west, will supply their customers with the best of goods and at the lowest possible price. The quality of flour supplied to their customers is of the finest grade, and in fact all their goods are sold at lowest prices and are of the best quality. x

Lady Harberton's Views.

The blame for the defects of women's dress belongs, in Lady Harberton's opinion, to men. They are the authors of all female woes. The doctors are no better than the dressmakers, and the garments of hospital nurses are as sternly condemned by her as the fashionable frocks devised by the great Worth. Things are bad now and have never been any better. There have been changes in small details, but no real progress. As for her own divided garment, Lady Harberton, modestly but with singular taste in metaphors, described it as simply a scaffolding on which she hoped others would build. She scolded the doctor who said a woman's waist was round. The true shape, in the opinion of this reformer, is an ellipse. Be the true shape or the actual shape what it may, the female waist ought not to be made to support a mass of dry goods; no, not even with the hips to help. On this point her Ladyship is clear. Perhaps the remark has been heard before, "Let ought the hips "to be compressed by clothing." The effect is to shorten the step, and the effect of shortening a woman's step is that "double the distance is walked over the same ground." Here I suspected an error in the text, but on looking into a peerage I discovered that Lady Harberton was born in Malone House, County Antrim, and I apologise to the reporter for doubting her accuracy. Nor is it directed to set limit to what this females orator will allege. She proclaimed to her audience on Wednesday that "women have totally reversed the whole idea of their own body; whereas the larger and more solid portion was the upper, they have arranged that the larger and more solid portion of their attire should be the lower." What will the anatomists and physiologists say to this view of the structure of the female frame? Nothing, probably, and I shall say nothing, for I cannot venture to suppose that I am writing to ladies only. But does Lady Harberton hope to persuade her own sex so to adjust their own raiment that their shoulders, let us say, shall be the broadest part of the figure? She, or perhaps it was Mrs. Pfeiffer, advised us all to go to the British Museum and look upon the types of female beauty which the Greeks have left. Some of us have been there already, but who has seen the female body treated on this novel theory of this titled dress reformer?

Congressional Electricity.

From the Baltimore American.

"I think I'll take my electricity," said a member of Congress to-day, as he came out of the House into the lobby, "I feel worn out; that last speech has almost exhausted me. Won't you come along?" he asked of a fellow member.

"I don't mind," the second Congressman replied. "I think a little will do me good, too."

The two members got on the elevator and went down to the basement to take their electricity. It is quite the fad nowadays for the members to take electricity. An electric apparatus has been fixed up in the engine room in the basement, and daily the members avail themselves of the opportunity to get freshened up. A board, with a tooth piece of copper, is placed beneath the great belt of the large engine wheel, and the electricity thus generated is carried off by a wire attached to the board, which is long enough to be grasped by one who sits in a chair near by. The circuit is completed by the person holding the wire grasping a small brass chain attached to the railing around the engine's wheel. The system is thus filled quietly with electricity. The members say it is splendid after they have been out to receptions and suppers all night, or after they have exhausted their brain power by speech making or listening. A great many members take electricity, and some go to the basement of the Capitol for it every day during the session.

Rough on the Mother.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The English professional beauties have been succeeded by three or four specimens of Mr. Henry James' "American young girl." The conversation of the latter has more "flavor" about it than that of an English woman. She keeps you awake by a delicious apprehension as to "what she'll say next." Like the professional beauty, she has a drawback. In the case of the beauty it was the husband. He was difficult to amuse—that was all. In the case of the "American young girl" it is her mother who is the nuisance. The old woman is worse than the husband. She is aggressive and wants to monopolize all the talk. She is moreover imprudent and foolish to a degree.

An Explanation.

From Texas Siftings.

Customer: "I must say I don't like this milk." Milkman: "Why, what's the matter with it?" "Just look at it; don't you see that it is blue?" "Well, yes; it is a little darker than usual." "What is the cause of it?" "I think I can explain it." "Did you water it?" "You see, we weaned the calf a few days ago, and probably the old cow feels a little blue about it. That's the only way I can account for it."

The Dog was Disgusted.

Ph. Ferdinand Pell Mell was duck-shooting last week, and informed the man from whom he hired the dog that the animal was no good.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the owner.

"I fired seven times at a duck," explained young Mr. Pell Mell, "before I discovered that it was a wooden decoy. Then the dog howled, put his tail between his legs and ran home. What kind of a dog do you call that?"

"A good dog!" he replied, patting the intelligent animal's head.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

The Opinions of Canadian Journalists on the Subject.

Port Hope Guide: We fail to see that a free trade on the above basis necessarily involves annexation. We cannot understand what motive there would be to annex when we had all the advantages thereof, without the complications. But even should it lead to a political union, it would not be such a serious disaster, as a great many people think that such a result is the only salvation of the country.

St. Thomas Journal: The Globe and the Mail are now cautiously feeling their way towards giving an active support to the principle of a customs union of Canada with the United States. A year ago, when the Journal argued in favor of such a union the Mail was vigorously opposed to it, and the Globe didn't know what to think. Time works many wonders.

How the Poor Live in Italy.

from a "Tramp Trip" in Europe.

At Naples our traveler, in his workman's blouse, and armed with a little knowledge of the Italian tongue, fraternized with the first set of workmen he found, and accepted a man's invitation to sleep at his house. The place proved to be a dark damp single room on the ground floor. Naples has lofty houses, that darken the narrow streets, and rents are higher the higher you climb, story above story, to the sunshine. This man couldn't afford to take any but a room on the lower floor. Here all the family lived—man and wife and several children—one a young woman of 16 or 18; but it made no difference—there, or anywhere else on the European continent—all undressed and went to bed as unconcernedly as if each were in a separate room. The beds rolled up in the daytime, were unrolled at night and filled the room. For dinner they had a jolly meal, reinforced by two pounds extra of macaroni bought for the occasion by the stranger. America and Americans, our traveler found, are greatly honored in Italy, as indeed they are in many other European countries. He says of Naples:

What most strikes a stranger is the crowded condition of the masses. A whole family, consisting of parents and sometimes five to ten children, live in one room.

A marvelous degree of economy is practiced even in the smallest details. Coffee-grounds from the wealthy man's kitchen are dried and resold to the poor. In a similar way oil is twice and sometimes three times used, the drippings after each successive frying being gathered from the pan and sold to the poor. Old shoes, hats, clothes, candle-ends, dried coffee-grounds, "second-hand" oil, and a hundred other articles are spread out upon the broad stones of the piazza (or square) of a town—and it is here to a great extent that the Italian workman produces his supplies. A laborer's suit, consisting of breeches, jacket, vest, shirt, socks, neckties and shoes, costs anywhere from $4.45 up. His food is as simple as his clothing and his habitation. In the morning a great loaf of black bread is passed around; each member of the family gouges out a piece of the inside, until finally only the hard crust is left. At noon a crust is eaten, softened by a little wine. A plate of macaroni, costing two or three cents, finishes the bill of fare. At night more macaroni, then the beds or pallets are spread and the family goes to sleep, to get up and go through the same routine on the morrow.

The rent of one of these rooms is from $10 to $12 per year; the cost of the macaroni, wine and bread, is about 10 cents per day for each person; but even at this cheap rate of living, the workman who has a family often finds it difficult to make both ends meet. A skilled bricklayer averages only 2½ lire (50 cents) a day.

How His House was Slowly Burned.

From the Chicago Herald.

While the fire engines were rushing along West Madison-street one day last week the word was passed on the front platform of a street car that somebody's house a few blocks away was on fire and in danger of being destroyed. "It must be tough to lose a house that way," remarked the sympathetic driver. "Yes," replied an elderly passenger who stood on the platform, smoking a cigar; "I know it is, because I've had some experience; I lost a house by fire, and the queerest thing about it was that the conflagration continued for more than thirty years." At this the driver let go his brake and almost dropped the lines, so great was his astonishment. "I mean just what I say," continued the elderly passenger. "And, furthermore, I've been able to figure out the rate of destruction. It was a $6000 house, and it has been burning away at the rate of $182 a year, or 50 cents a day. It's about gone now, and, as there is no insurance, I realize that I shall be compelled to spend my old age without the home of my own, which was my dream thirty years ago." "What kind of a fire was it, mister?" queried the driver, recovering his composure and his grip on the brake. "This kind," replied the passenger, taking a fresh cigar from his vest pocket and lighting it upon the stump of the one he had just finished. "This kind, and it has destroyed my house and lot as completely as an earthquake could have done it."

The Lime Kiln Club on the Fisheries.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A communication from the Mayor's office, Chicago, called attention to the following recent action of the branch club at that place, and inquired if such a movement had the favor of the parent club:

"The Lime Kiln Club met Monday night at their rooms, Forty-third and Ashland-avenue, and after a stormy debate passed the following:

"Whereas, As our Government is now in a perplexing situation over the fishery question, and

"Whereas, We believe our manhood has been insulted, outrages committed on our citizens, and the Star Spangled Banner dragged down from the lofty position it has held for a century, we, in regular session assembled, call on our Government to protect our citizens even if blood has to be spilled."

The secretary was instructed to reply to the effect that the branch entirely exceeded its authority in taking such a course, and that its action was repudiated. He was also instructed to forward a note of warning to the president of the branch, informing him that any further breaks of that sort would result in the cancelling of his charter.

"Mebbe our manhood has been insulted, an' mebbe it hain't," observed Bro. Gardener. "We'll wait until we ar' suah of it. De pusson who goes aroun' lookin' fur some one to knock a chip off his shoulder kin allus see blood on de moon."

Too Well Paid in America.

From Town Topics.

The truth of the matter is that we are spoiling German artists just as we have spoiled Italian singers. They are overpaid and altogether too well treated. Signor Campanini's first salary in America was $2000 a month, and he ended his career in the United States to the tune of $9000. Mme. Nilsson originally received $1000 a night from the Messrs. Strakosch; when she last sang for Mr. Abbey she demanded $2500. And it should be remembered that artists are not like wine, and improve not with age. In Berlin Herr Niemann was paid $125 a night; in New York he got $500. As for Fraulein Lehmann, her two years' sojourn in this land of the red-skins and pale-faces, will have placed her in a position of principal sufficient to yield her annual interest equivalent to the full pension she would have been entitled to after singing twenty years, at about $8000 or $9000 per annum, at the Berlin Opera House.

The Duchess of Albany's Fortune.

Apropos of an old woman being sent to prison for one month for telling fortunes by cards the Pall Mall Gazette asks if Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who recently told the fortune of the Duchess of Albany by her hand at a bazaar in London, for which a charge of five shillings was made, will be arrested.

No Show to Salt.

From the Wall-Street News.

At a recent trial in Colorado, wherein a Baltimore man sued a resident of the Territory for selling him a worthless mine, the judge took the case from the lawyers and asked:

"When you found the hole worthless why didn't you salt up and catch a sucker?"

"There was no show for it, sir; it was too late in the season for suckers."

Verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff should have bought earlier in the season.

HUGE SPECULATORS IN WOOD.

A Scheme to Boost Pork up to a Corner Price of $24 or $25 Per Barrel.

Chicago Special in the New York Sun.

There are four great commission houses in Chicago which undoubtedly hold among them from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels of wheat. They are Field, Lindley & Co., George C. Walker & Co., Maurice Rosenfeld & Co., and Irwin, Green & Co. The two first named houses represent one syndicate, and the two latter another. The principals of Field, Lindley & Co. and George C. Walker & Co. send their orders from New York, and have been buying wheat on an enormous scale for three months. They are millionaire Pacific coast men, the most of whom live in New York. The principals of Irwin, Green & Co. and M. Rosenfeld send their orders here from Cincinnati. The value of the holdings of the Cincinnati clique can be guessed at when it is known that their order here is to buy 1,000,000 bushels at each cent decline. A million bushels was thus bought at 80¾c. on Friday, another million at 79¾c. on Saturday, and yesterday an attempt was made to buy another 1,000,000 bushels at 78¾c.

In provisions, the talk now is that Nat Jones and N. B. Ream have whatever deal there is on hand. It is conceded that not only Armour, but all the other big packers have given whatever aid they could to the advance, but it is not believed that they participated much in the speculative advance. Jones & Ream are supposed to be anxious to unload and realize.

When pork got up to $15.50 to-day, there was so much alarm in the provision pit that a little anti-corner conspiracy was hatched. George Ball had bought a great lot of pork in the morning without giving the name of his principal. It was found later that he was buying for C. H. Adams & Co., and then there was a little scene. The crowd refused to accept Adams & Co. on the ground that they were a clique house and that brokers who had trades with that firm, being unable to settle them or "ring" them up, might go broke if pork, as is likely to be the case, goes up to $25 and $30. This kick was led to-day by Frank Clifton and by Henry Warren. Ream & Jones are believed to have started this pork deal at about $14, and to have bought from 100,000 to $200,000 barrels since then. Leopold Bloom bought and sold 300,000 barrels to-day at $15.30 to $15.50.

QUICK WITTED.

How Philosopher Mendelssohn Turned the Tables on Frederick II. of Prussia.

Nature is a compensating mistress, observes Youth's Companion. She often makes hunchbacks witty and thus distinguishes them above better formed men. Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, was thus deformed and the wittiest of men. Frederick II. of Prussia, who was fond of gathering about him literary men, artists and singers, frequently invited Mendelssohn to the small suppers he gave at the palace.

In those days Germany was cut up into a number of small kingdoms and dukedoms, the petty sovereigns of which were haughty in proportion to the smallness of their realms. An ambassador of one of these small kings happened to be present at one of Frederick's suppers, when Mendelssohn sat by the king's side.

The proud ambassador tried to chaff the little hunchback, who, with his quick wit, turned the tables at once upon his adversary. The ambassador subsequently made a formal complaint to the king against admitting the plebeian into the royal circle.

"Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were," answered the king. "As you provoked him, you should be willing to accept the consequences."

"Oh, he is a man of no breeding; he would offend your majesty if he imagined that your majesty had offended him."

"No, he would not offend me," replied the king. "I would never give him a reason for feeling hurt; but if I did he would never offend me."

"Will your majesty, in order to test him, at the next supper party write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is one ass,' and sign it 'Frederick the second,' and put the paper on Mendelssohn's plate?"

"That would be a gratuitous insult. I can't do it," answered the king. But his curiosity to see how the matter would end persuaded him to write the paper. The evening came, the table was laid for twelve, the paper laid on Mendelssohn's plate and the other guests, informed of the trial, assembled, eager to know the result.

Mendelssohn, being short sighted, held the paper near his eyes, read it and gave a start.

"What is the matter? No unpleasant news, I hope," said the king.

"It is nothing," answered the philosopher. "I demand only to know," said the king. "Nothing would have made you start. I command you to tell me."

"Oh, if your majesty commands me," replied the wit, calmly, "I will say that some one has taken the liberty to make a joke of rather bad taste with your majesty. I'd rather not—"

"With me? What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick, the second.'"

What We Are Coming To.

(Scene—A rural hostelry. Enter two swells. Waiter shows them into the parlor and waits for the order).

First swell: Waitah! Two gwass b'aw. You take b'aw, Chaws?

Second swell: Yaw.

First swell: Haw! Waitah, two gwass b'aw.

Waiter (looking puzzled): I beg y'r pawrdon. Whit wis it ye ordered?

First swell: B'aw.

Second swell: Yaw.

First swell: Haw!—yaws, b'aw.

Waiter (astonished): I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I'm kin'o' deef the day. Wid ye obleege me by speakin' oot a bit?

First swell (shouting): Two—gwass—b'aw.

Second swell (shouting): Yaw.

Waiter (dumbfounded): I'm sorry, gentlemen, but we're oot o'—quite oot o'—o' b'aw the noo. Wid ye tak' onything else?

First swell: B'aw? Out of b'aw! Strange haws! Waitah! bwing us pawtah. You take pawtah, Chaws?

Second swell: Yah.

First swell: Haw! Waitah, two bawtals pawtah.

Waiter (flabbergasted): Looder, if ye please, sir, looder!

Both swells (shouting): Pawtah! pawtah!

Waiter (shaking his head doleefully): Sorry, gentlemen, we're oot o' pawtah the noo. Onything else ye wid like?

First swell: Pawtah? out of, pawtah! Stwange haws! Hey, Chaws?

Second swell: Yaw, yaw.

First swell: Waitaw! bwing us pawt. You take pawt, Chaws?

Second swell: Yaw.

First swell: Haw! A bawtah pawt, waitah.

Waiter (scratching his head): There's no a drap in the house, sir.

Both swells: No pawt! No pawt! Stwange haws! No pawt!

Waiter: Not a drap, gentlemen.

First swell: No pawt! Well, bring us—aw—anything, haw! You take—aw—anything Chaws?

Second swell: Yaw.

First swell: Haw! Waitah, bwing us—aw—anything—haw!

Waiter (recovering his senses): Very guid, sir. [Exit.]

First swell: No b'aw, no pawtah, no pawt. Stwange haws! Hay Chaws?

Second swell: Yaw.

First swell: Haw!

(Re-enter waiter, bearing tray with bottles of beer, stout, porter, sherry, port, etc. Sets it down before swells.)

Waiter: Noo, tak' yer pick, gentlemen.

Both swells (staring at tray): Great heavens!

(Both faint sitting. Waiter holds up his hands in astonishment. Slow music from a barrel-organ outside. Tableaux.)

Poetry vs. Fact.

I.

"I love my love in the morning,
For she like morni s fair."—
Er—that is to say,
If you keep away
Till after she's crimped her hair.

II.

"I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon."—
But it makes me sad
To see her get mad
When I get home to dinner too soon.

III.

"I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at eve."—
But if she should snore
Just a little bit more,
I think I should have to leave.

BIRTHS.

WOODS—At Thornhill, Feb. 27, 1887, the wife of W. P. Woods of Chicago of a daughter.

EARDLEY-WILMOT—At Stratford, on March 1, the wife of K. Eardley-Wilmot, Bank of Montreal, of a daughter.

ANDERSON—At 114 Parliament-street, on Thursday, March 3, the wife of A. Anderson, of a son.

MACDONALD—On March 2, at 572 Church-street, the wife of J. H. Macdonald, of a son.

BELL—At 224 College-street, on March 3, the wife of William J. Bell, of twins, boy and girl.

PRESTON—At 8 Bernard-avenue, Toronto, on March 3, the wife of S. H. Preston, of a daughter.

MORAE—At 55 Beverley-street, March 3, the wife of Philip McRae, railway contractor, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

FULLERTON—GRAIN—On March 3, at the residence of the bride's father, John Grain, Esq., by Rev. E. Large, Mr. William F. Fullerton to Miss Esther A. Grain, both of Weston.

DEATHS.

LYND—At Port Credit, on Friday, March 4th, Mary Jane Lynd, relict of the late Robert Lynd, in her 80th year.

Funeral from the residence of W. M. Shaw on Monday, at 2 p.m.

MORAE—Died at Cookstown, on Tuesday, the 1st of March, George C. M., son of Christopher Cooke, J.P., aged 1 year and 18 days.

STOREY—On March 3, Harriet Elizabeth, beloved wife of John Storey, aged 21 years, 4 months and 3 days.

Funeral will leave her late residence 3 Clarastreet, for St. James' Cemetery, on Saturday, 3 p.m.

BECKER—At Bournemouth, England, Mary Middlestein, daughter of the late Rev. W. H. Cadwell Robertson and wife of Frank G. Becker, Esq., of Thelocton Grange, Scole, Norfolk.

McDONNELL—On March 3, at his daughter's residence, 336 Queen-street east, Thomas McDonnell, aged 73 years, a native of the County of Wexford, Ireland.

Funeral on Saturday at 9 a.m.

ARMSTRONG—On March 2, at her residence, Second Concession, West York, Ann Armstrong, widow of Samuel Armstrong, aged 89 years.

Funeral on Saturday at 1 o'clock.

DOWDEN—On March 4, at 121 St. Patrick-street, Henry George, infant son of John and Mary Dowden, aged 6 months and 4 days.

Funeral on Sunday, March 6 at 2 p.m.

CLARE—On March 3, Elizabeth Clare, aged 3 months.

Funeral on Saturday, at 2 p.m., from 63 Fuller-street, Parkdale.

CORKER—On Friday, March 4, at 19 High-street, Henry Corker, in his 49th year.

He passed away in peaceful sleep.

Funeral on Sunday, at 2 p.m., to Mount Pleasant. Friends please accept this intimation.

Mortgage Sale of Valuable Freehold Property.

To be sold by public auction, in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage from James Andrew Troutman to the vendor, which will be produced at the time of sale.

In one parcel on Saturday, the 29th day of January A.D., 1887, at noon, by Oliver Coate & Co. Auctioneers, at the Mart, 97 King-st. east, in the city of Toronto, the following valuable real estate being composed of part of lot number 3 on the east side of Church-street, according to a plan filed in the Registry Office for the city of Toronto as number 22A, and may be more particularly described as follows:—Commencing on the east side of Church-street at the distance of one hundred and five feet eleven inches and three-quarters northerly from the north side of Queen-street, thence northerly along the east side of Church-street twenty-four feet nine inches to a point opposite the centre line of the partition wall between two dwelling houses, thence easterly through the centre line of said wall and the prolongation thereof, a total distance of one hundred and ten feet more or less to the west side of Dalhousie-street, thence southerly along said street twenty-four feet nine inches to a point distant one hundred and five feet four inches and three-quarters from Queen-street, thence westerly towards and through the centre line of the partition wall between two dwelling houses to the east side of Church-street, a total distance of one hundred and ten feet to the place of beginning.

On the premises are a three-story red brick house with stone foundation and stables in rear.

The vendor reserves to himself the right of one bidding in respect of the premises. Terms of payment very liberal. A deposit of ten per cent. of the purchase money must be paid at the time of sale, and balance in cash at the end of thirty days.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

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SUNDAY SERVICES.

Bond Street Congregational Church.
REV. JOSEPH WILD, D.D., PASTOR.
SUNDAY, MARCH 6th, 1887.
Services by the pastor.
11 a.m.—"Is David in Heaven."
7 p.m.—"Lessons from the late Elections."

UNITARIAN CHURCH,
(Jarvis-street, north of Wilton-avenue).
Sunday evening lectures on Christian Theology, by the pastor, Rev. Alexander T. Bowser, B.A., B.D. (of Harvard University).
March 6—"The Bible."
" 13—"God."
" 20—"Incarnation."
" 27—"Divinity of Jesus."
April 3—"The Soul."
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MEETINGS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Canadian Order of Foresters.
GRAND CONCERT,
HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,
MARCH 8, 1887,
Under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Robinson, when the following celebrated artists will appear: Mrs. Caldwell, Canada's favorite soprano; Miss Abbie Birdsall, the celebrated elocutionist from Central Music Hall, Chicago; Miss Lida M. Fackrell, New York, the renowned lady whistler; Mr. Reuben Fax, Woodstock, Canada's favorite comic in character, assisted by the following local talent: Mr. F. Warrington, musical director; J. Churchill Arlidge, flute; Signor Napolitano, violin; Mrs. F. Going and Mr. Jos. Lee, pianists; Mr. W. E. Ramsey, comic. Tickets: Reserved seats, 50c. Plan of hall at Nordheimer's, where those holding reserved seat tickets will please secure their sittings at once, as they are being rapidly taken.

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FANNY REEVES,
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Admission, 25, 35 and 50 cents; reserved seats, 50 and 75. Box plan now open.
Next Tuesday and Wednesday—Wilson & Rankin's Minstrels.

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ON SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 5.
Joe Popp will wind up with a well-known local pugilist. 46

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