THE TORONTO WORLD.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 7, 1884.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Toronto at Last Meet More Than Their Match — Victory for the Montrealers.

Notwithstanding the variety of amusements going on simultaneously yesterday afternoon, a very large crowd of spectators assembled to see the Rugby football match between the Montrealers and Torontos for the championship of the dominion. They were by no means disappointed; for although the visiting team carried off the honors of the day by a large figure as 30 points to nothing, yet the greater part of the game was very hotly contested. The ball traversed every part of the field, and at no time could the play be characterised as one-sided.

The game was begun by McLennan kicking off for Toronto. The superiority of the Montrealers soon showed itself in the fact that the ball was kept well down by the goal of the home team, and that this latter had to touch down behind their own goal line. They rallied, however, and the contest was soon confined to the centre of the field, but not before an excellent kick from Sterling secured a goal for Montreal. To cut matters short, it may be said that the game was of a most varied character; every member did his utmost—Drummond (Montreal), and Muntz (Toronto), perhaps more particularly distinguishing themselves. The total result was: 2 goals (kicked by Sterling), 3 tries, and 2 rouges (30 points), for Montreal; Toronto nothing.

What was particularly noticeable in the play of the winning fifteen was the admirable way in which they played into each other's hands; no one monopolized the ball; the passing back was rapidly, frequently, and judiciously done; every player was on the alert watching his nearest comrade and ready to assist him. To this must be traced the victory of Montreal, for in other points the Torontos were by no means their inferiors, as was shown in the excellent manner in which often they more than held their own in the scrimmages.

The game passed off without a dispute, and at the conclusion, after the usual cheers, the winning team "chaired," or rather shouldered, their captain off the ground.

St. George's Society Concert.

The auditory of Shaftesbury hall was filled last night by members of the St. George's society and their friends. It was the occasion of the society's annual concert. Their charitable work is of a kind which demands the recognition of our christian public to an almost unlimited extent, and as the concert is given for the purpose of increasing their charitable fund, as explained by the president, R. W. Elliott, their efforts will always meet with a warm recognition. The program (arranged by E. W. Schuch) was one of both merit and popularity. A number of good old English airs were given and the "make up" of the audience was easily discernable from the enthusiasm with which they were received. The names of each on the program is too well known to our public to need a detailed mention, as they were Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Adamson, Miss Strong, Mr. Richards and Mr. Schuch, with Mr. Kerrison as accompanyist. Mrs. Adamson, however, deserves a special word of praise for her artistic rendering of Raff's Cavatina. Miss McCutcheon was the solo pianist and her playing was heartily applauded.

A Craze for Duck.

"Duck," said a well-known restaurateur to The World yesterday, "I never saw the like of it. Everyone is getting mad on duck—wild and domestic. I bought twice my usual allowance of wild duck on Wednesday and everyone that came in wanted duck. I could have sold ten times as much. I can't make it out. At night they all call for cold roast duck. But don't print this or the price of ducks will go up." At one restaurant yesterday at lunch time the reporter heard ten consecutive calls for roast duck. Something mysterious has seized the patrons of city restaurants.

Rev. Mr. Jeffrey's Champion.

Port Hope Times: Neither Patriarch McMillan nor G. M. Rose are equal to Rev. Mr. Jeffrey in his thorough christian character or work. The words he has spoken are thoughtful and truthful; and the supporters of the Scott act ought to remember at all times, that "had the christian world faith in Christ, and His power, they could make the country a temperance country, not only in drink but in other things in which intemperance abounds."

The One That's "Spoken of Highly."

Ed. J. Riley, whom the habitues of M. McConnell's know so well, and who has quartered himself at 76 Church street (Pat's old stand), entertained his many friends last night on the occasion of his opening. Mr. Riley does nothing by halves, and he made his guests as happy as May birds. His popularity will always stand him well, and in the words of the song, "If That's Mr. Riley They Speak of so Highly, etc."

Temperance Concert at Occident Hall.

Temperance people and their friends turned out in full force last night to attend the sixth annual concert of the Royal templars of temperance in Occident hall. Bro. Geo. Ward occupied the chair, and was supported on each side by a number of officers of the lodge. The program was an excellent one, and was gone through in a very creditable manner.

No Double Track for the G. T. R.

The Kingston News spoke to a Grand Trunk railway official yesterday, and learned from him that there was no prospect of a double track being built, as such extra accommodation is not required. Last summer there were over thirty special trains and this summer there were none.

Disorderly on a Tram Car.

Last night at 7.45 Duncan Sinclair and Samuel Ritchie became disorderly and boisterous on a Kingston road tram-car. They refused to pay their fare and assaulted the driver. Policeman Trotter boarded the car and took them into custody. They were booked at the Wilton avenue station.

Seamen's Wages Increased.

At a special meeting of the Toronto seamen's union yesterday the wages was raised from $2 to $2 50 per day, and wages for the round trip was made as follows: To Ogdensburg $40, Kingston and Oswego $25, Charlotte $20, Welland Canal $15, with fares back if laid up.

Parkdale Times Items.

Two deaths from typhoid fever took place here lately.

There is much sickness reported in the village.

Score another for the Parkdale bakers. Bread is 9c. for a large loaf.

LOCAL NEWS PARAGRAPHED.

The trains from the west and north yesterday were mantled with snow.

The sale of seats for the Rhea engagement at the Grand next week commences to-day at the box office, the prices being the same as usual.

Sarah Superior, the little Hebrew girl who swallowed a copper, is still unable to eat, existing solely on milk. The copper has not yet been removed.

The Queen's Own bugle band serenaded John Cochrane at his residence, No. 11 Huron street last night. He called the buglers in and entertained them.

Charles Ardagh, the injured fireman, was progressing favorably yesterday. Charles Dicken was somewhat worse, being almost unable to move through stiffness. He is confined to bed.

Through the anxiety of two street car drivers to reach the end of their run quickly their cars collided at the corner of Yonge and King streets at 12 o'clock last night. A couple of panes of glass in each car were broken.

Sacred Concert at Elm Street Church.

The Elm street methodist church was attended last night by a very large audience, on the occasion of a sacred concert given by the choir, assisted by some outside talent. These concerts are becoming very popular. The chorus numbered about fifty voices, and rendered selections from the various oratorios in a very creditable manner. The "Unfold," and "With Sheathed Swords" choruses from Sir M. Costa's Naaman, were given with precision and spirit, but the best piece of chorus singing was the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's Stabat Mater, which was rendered with great distinctness and expression, and was never overpowering to the soloist. The choir was assisted by Miss Kitty Tyrrell, soprano of Batavia, N.Y., and Herr Freid, tenor of Rochester. Herr Fried has frequently appeared in Toronto. His principal solos were "The Prayer" from Rienzi (Wagner) and "In Native Worth" from Haydn's Creation. These he effectively rendered, but his voice being one of great strength, he frequently sacrificed tone to power, and in this way the concerted pieces in which he took part were somewhat marred. Miss Tyrrell possesses a sweet and sympathetic soprano voice. In addition to the solo in the "Inflammatus" she sang "With Verdure Clad" (Creation) with expression and feeling. Mr. Warrington, who acted as conductor, sang "Rolling in Foaming Billows" (Creation) in a descriptive and careful manner, and added to the favorable impression he has made. Masters A. Hodsdon, F. Hutchinson and E. Corlett sang the "Angels' Trio" from Elijah without accompaniment, their youthful voices blending beautifully. Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Hardman, Miss Scott and Messrs. R. Bradon and A. M. Gorrie also contributed to the success of the concert. Mrs. H. M. Blight, organist of the church, played the accompaniments acceptably.

Return of Rhea.

Mlle. Rhea, the favorite actress, returns to the city for a week's engagement at the Grand, commencing Monday next. She will open in her new drama of Yvonne. It is essentially a French play of the emotional order. Yvonne is the sister of the Countess Grangelieu. A liason existing between a Fernand de Lauriac and the Countess culminates in the death of the latter at the hands of Count Grangelieu. The Countess accuses her sister, the plain and musical Yvonne, of having surreptitiously entertained de Lauriac in the house of her husband. The innocent Yvonne bears the disgrace to save her proud and handsome sister's name, and, under the protection of a venerable American gentleman, a retired physician, Dr. Ferlin, flees to New Orleans. Here she finds a pleasant refuge from the venom of Parisian scandal, and has almost forgot her sad and harrowing past, when a young French nobleman, Marquis Raoul de Reinfort, travelling in America, falls ill of yellow fever, and under the care of her protector, Dr. Ferlin, recovers, being nursed through his convalescence by Yvonne. He loves her and broaches marriage, but she refuses to an alliance on account of her past history. He urges his suit with all the more vigor. On his voluntary declaration never to examine the past, Yvonne yields. Subsequently at a ball masque in Paris the wily Countess draws from the Marquis his love for Yvonne and denounces her, reviving the accusation against her sister and charging her with De Lauriac's assassination. Yvonne is present at the denunciation and witnesses the young Marquis' consternation. A shudder quivers through her sensitive figure and she shrinks away, stunned by her lover's cowardly distrust; but suddenly, with the fire of wronged womanhood and insulted virtue, she tears off her mask, walks to the midst of the assemblage and displays the pale face of the spurned Yvonne. She has her proofs and denounces the sister for whom she sacrificed her good name. As she turns to leave, the marquis breaks out wildly in apology, but with the cold and scornful look of a queen she spurns him and says "I do not know you, sir!" The ignominious death of the Countess follows in due time and the lovers are of course re-united.

From Yorkville to Union Station.

The Yonge street cars ran for the first time yesterday to the corner of Front and York streets via the extension from King to Front street on Yonge. This long looked for convenience has come at last. Church, Sherbourne and Parliament street cars also run to this point.

Increasing the Temptation.

The county crown attorney will have to be doubly careful. The other day a person at the reporter's table, at the police court, proposed to steal his old hat. Now that he has got a new plucked otter cap, the temptation will be doubly great to the frequenters of that table.

Friday and Thirteen.

In Paris the Avenue Friedland, an aristocratic quarter, has no No. 13, says the New York Sun. The owner of the house petitioned the prefect of the Seine and actually obtained from him permission to number the mansion "11 bis." Artists in the French capital are notoriously superstitious. When by chance thirteen of them are about to sit down to dinner, some of them are sure to go in search of another guest to drive away the bad luck. Theophile Gautier gets pale when a salt-cellar is upset. On all the Paris railroads and omnibusses the number of travelers is sensibly reduced on Fridays. Friday is regarded as an unlucky day for riding.

In November.

From the Century.

From my hill-circled home, this eve, I heard
The tempest singing on the windy height—
The first wild storm of winter in its flight
Seaward—as though some mighty Arctic bird
Had left its snowy nest, and on the firred,
Steep mountain summit paused one boisterous night
To fill the valleys with its fierce delight.
Ah me, I thought, how every pine is stirred
Till all its deep storm-music is unbound;
How every waving bough gives forth its roar
And the firs shout as though some harper hoar
Laid his great hand upon the hills around,
And drew a loud hymn forth, a voice to sound
Far, far away, beyond the world's dull shore.

DOMINION DASHES.

There was sleighing in Winnipeg Sunday.

Potatoes bring from 30 to 35 cents per bushel in P. E. Island.

A great many cattle have died around Thamesville during the past month from black leg.

Wm. Curran, the special constable killed in an election row at Chicago Tuesday, lived in Guelph five years ago.

Down in the maritime provinces the temperance people have raised a fund to prosecute violators of the Scott act.

The Cobourg council cannot afford to raise the police magistrate's salary and recommend that the office be abolished.

Peterboro is rapidly progressing towards the status of a city; over $200,000 was expended in building operations this year.

The Toronto Freemason for November states that the English registered masonic lodges now working in Montreal are illegal.

Merchants in Lindsay are having beds put up in their stores, so as to be ready to scare away burglars. They have but little faith in the police.

The cold weather is already catching them up in Manitoba. Alex. Moore lay in a shed at Winnipeg all night and was nearly frozen to death.

The Peterboro fire brigade will give gold badges to the two members who will be present at and answer to the largest number of roll calls next year.

Mail Carrier Davis, who conveys the mails between Bethany and Ballyduff, was shot by a desperado, who tried to stop him. The shot carried off one of his fingers.

Potatoes are quoted at several places at 15 cents per bushel, and one farmer near Bowmanville sold a load of forty bushels at 10 cents rather than take them back home with him.

OLD TIME RACING.

Some Famous Contests in and Around Hamilton—Horse Racing at its Best.

From the Hamilton Times.

There is but little left to point out where once was the old race-course on Main street in what is now East Hamilton. The old track saw some great contests from the time the officers of the garrison rode in the breakneck steeplechases to the days of Melton and Mazzepa. Many a famous horse was speeded here. Here Dexter trotted the only time in Canada. Here, too, the great brown horse Terror ran his last race, and when he was collared at the three-quarter pole he threw up his tail, quit like most of his blood at any distance near a mile, and was beaten home by Storm and John Bell.

A couple of old-time races, a reference to which will be of interest though they were not run over the old track, were the Hamilton steeplechases at Wm. Hendrie's Brant farm, near what was then Wellington square. On Nov. 22, 1862, Wm. Hendrie and John Hendrie won two steeplechases over two miles of fair hunting country, riding their own horses, Mark Tapley and Doncaster. Doncaster defeated Silver Heel, ridden and owned by E. L. Ritchie, Captain Walter's (Royal Artillery), Victor and Capt. Blundell's (Rifle Brigade) Teetotum. Behind Wm. Hendrie on Mark Tapley finished St. Andrew, Shylock and Bertha. The late T. C. Kerr's Strathroy was entered but did not start. Mark Tapley and Bertha, however, finished on the wrong side of the flag and the race was given to the third horse, St. Andrew. A couple of weeks afterwards, in December, Mark, ridden by Mr. Somerville, of the Rifle Brigade, ran second to Skirmisher, another Rifle Brigade charger.

Dennis Moore and Æmelius Irving were at the last general election the reform candidates for this city. It was not the first time these gentlemen were together, though in a less important affair. Twenty-one years ago on May 6, 1863, Mr. Irving was starter in the steeplechases over the course on Mr. Moore's farm, near Oaklands, including the property that is now the Roman catholic cemetery. The stewards were Lord Russell, colonel of the Rifle Brigade; Capt. Maitland, of the Royal Engineers; Capt. Tryon, Wm. Hendrie, H. Anderson and E. L. Ritchie. On that bright May day, twenty-one years ago, 4000 people saw Mr. Irving dip his flag and send the timber-toppers away, one race having a field of ten horses. The attendance comprised the beauty and fashion of the city, and the racing was of the most exciting and interesting kind. The late James White's (Bronte) fine jumper, Donna Maria, took twenty-seven fences and ditches that day without a miss or a refusal. The first race on the bill was a steeplechase for horses owned by officers of the garrison. Among the starters for the second was the bay gelding Charlie, owned and ridden by Jas. Judd, now of W. H. Judd & Bro. The course was two miles, with eight jumps to a mile. Charlie carried 168 lbs., and made the running for the first mile. As a report of that date says: "Mr. Judd's Charlie gallantly led off, taking every leap in beautiful style, coming in ahead at the end of the first mile, but here his wind failed him." Doncaster, with John Hendrie up, here took the lead for a couple of fences, but then went on the wrong side of the flag, and Donna Maria went to the front. Wm. Hendrie on Polka had followed Doncaster in his mistake, but was not fast enough to catch him afterwards, and Doncaster finished fourth. H. Erskine Irving, now Col. Irving, riding St. Andrew, was fifth, and afterwards won the consolation stakes for beaten horses.

Under much the same stewardship, and with Lord Edward Clinton as judge, the autumn steeplechases of the same year were run. Wm. Hendrie's chestnut gelding Rifleman won the Wentworth steeplechase, beating among others Mr. Judd's horse with his owner on his back. Andrew Smith, now Dr. Smith, the genial president of the Ontario veterinary college, Toronto, rode Brown Dick, and won the open steeplechase. John Hendrie won the President's steeplechase with the reliable Doncaster, beating Skirmisher, the winner of the Garrison. The next spring over the old track Rifleman captured the President's and Wentworth stakes, ridden in the latter by J. Hendrie, and carrying 14 lbs. penalty for winning the former. Mr. White was not yet satisfied that Rifleman could beat Donna Maria, and a match was made. It was run a week later and the mare received 14 lbs., but Mr. Hendrie's horse won easily. The mare was a dozen lengths behind when she fell at the second fence from the finish. Dr. Smith started the horses at this meeting. Later on Rifleman went down to St. Hyacinthe and ran in a flat race, carrying 146 lbs. and finishing 3d in a mile which was run in 1.55½. Dr. Smith's Brown Dick and Mr. Hendrie's Doncaster, by Sherry Cobbler, ran a great race in the open steeplechase at the autumn meeting here in 1864. The brown horse fell twice, and Mr. Hendrie broke his stirrup leathers, but the doctor's horse had the most speed, and when they went at it again Brown Dick won by a nose, and his plucky rider, John McFarlane, received a great ovation at the finish.

The late Anthony Trollope in his later life commanded as much as $15,000 for a novel; in earlier years his annual earnings were less than $100.

A PITTSBURG ROMANCE.

The Sad Tale of an Elopement of a Lady of Blue Blood With a Servant.

A young woman, a descendant of British aristocracy, is lying at the point of death in the Pittsburg almshouse. It is a case of elopement with a social inferior, typical because it is extreme, and the history of it is one that reads like a romance. The story, as told by the victim of youthful imprudence, is as follows:

About twenty years ago there lived near Wolverton, England, a proud scion of British aristocracy, a member of the Royal society, on a valuable estate. His family consisted of his wife, a son, and two daughters, the youngest of whom at that time was 16 years of age. The latter was known by the name of Priscilla. She was the pet of her parents, and all the luxuries and accomplishments which wealth can command were provided for her. Innocent as she was she forgot herself so far as to listen to advances made by a servant in the family, and eventually to give herself up entirely to his influence, to leave her home, friends, and relatives. Trusting in the love of Langdon, her husband, she did not realize the terrors of her situation when her father banished her. In the course of time a child was born to the young couple, and in her love for this the young wife did not notice that her husband was growing profligate, neglecting his work, and that her company did not offer the attractions for him as did that of boon companions of his ilk. Her sister, in the meantime, had married a rich landlord in Ireland, who but recently added one of the largest hotels in Ireland to his various possessions, while her brother, with her father's aid, had embarked in the manufacture of edge tools.

The married life of the couple dated back about five years, when Mrs. Langdon inherited from a kind-hearted aunt the sum of $25,000. At the same time her parents offered to take charge of her infant and to give it all advantages of education which its mother had enjoyed, Mrs. Langdon, in order to save at least part of her inheritance for her child, accepted the offer of her parents, and bequeathed $20,000 to her little daughter. Supposing the change might have an effect on the habits of her husband, she then persuaded him to emigrate to America with the $5000 left. She has been in America fifteen years, and the remainder of her story goes to show that her expectations were not realized. After moving about from place to place in the east, Mrs. Langdon and her husband came to Pittsburg in 1873.

Langdon's neglect of his wife became more evident from year to year, and starvation was staring the poor woman in the face, when, in 1877, to fill her cup of sorrow to the brim, her husband left her destitute in Pittsburg, and, as she supposes, returned to England. She struggled on, however, and though her education (she speaks four languages) might have entitled her to a better mode of supporting herself, her pride prevented her from applying for a position. Since that time she has kept herself barely alive, toiling hard for her scanty remuneration and devoting all her care to the keeping secret of her identity. The woman was sent to the poor farm, where she now lies in a critical condition. The poor board officials decline to reveal her identity until after her death.

Oh! The Little Darling.

—It was yesterday afternoon, on the dollar side of King street. She was a blonde, light blue eyes, and a pair of the rosiest lips that ever dipped beneath the scented moustache of a bank teller. She tripped gracefully along, her dainty little toes serenely bobbing in and out beneath the pure white lace that adorned the edge of her petticoat. Over her well-formed shoulders she wore a handsome fur cape. All the ladies admired it, and bless their dear hearts, how they admiring the wearer. Dineen—the furman—corner of King and Yonge streets, has a beautiful assortment of ladies' fur capes.—Advt.

A Montrealer Done up by Crooks.

From the Calgary Herald, Oct. 29.

Isaac Glanz, a dealer in watches and jewelry, from Montreal, while in the mountains last week was made the victim of a most dastardly fraud by three of his own countrymen. A man who was traveling with Mr. Glanz accused the latter of stealing watches, etc., from him, and threatened him with arrest. Two accomplices came to Glanz and advised him to compromise in the matter by paying them a certain sum, and thus avoid the disagreeablenes of arrest and possible confinement in the police tent for months awaiting his trial. They succeeded in so frightening Glanz that he made over to them a quantity of watches and jewelry to the amount of about $300. On his arrival at Calgary he made his case known to the authorities, who plainly saw that the whole affair was a put up job, and steps were immediately taken towards the arrest of the parties.

—The reason why "Nonsuch Washing Compound" should be used in preference to all other washing preparations. First, It is perfectly harmless. Second, It saves more than half the labor. Third, It is the cheapest in the market. Many more could be given but this should be sufficient. For sale by all grocers. Lowden & Co., Wholesale, Agents for Toronto. 2-4-6.

Folly That is Crime.

Physician's Letter in Providence Journal.

More than thirty years ago a man, no doubt considered by himself and others a gentleman, removed a chair upon which a lady was about to sit. The lady had doubtless entered into the spirit of frolic which prompted the act. Had the man taken the chair and brained her on the spot he would have been committed for murder. But instant death would have been infinitely preferable to the torture which that thoughtless act entailed. A sprightly and intelligent woman was transformed into a bed-ridden sufferer, whose agony was so great at times as to almost deprive her of reason.

For nearly 30 years she endured pain which no pen could portray. Scores of times have her friends heard her pray that the cup of her suffering, which was full to overflowing, might be removed by death. The autopsy revealed the cause of this terrible agony. The fall had fractured the lower lumbar vertebræ. The fracture had remained ununited. The resulting inflammation had caused disease of the adjoining vertebræ and the spinal cord.

Were this the only case of the kind coming under my notice, it seems to me I should be fully justified in lifting up my voice and pen against the thoughtless and dangerous practice mentioned above. But this is the fourth case to which my attention has been called within as many years in which death has resulted from having a chair removed from the person about to sit.

Dress Reform for Men.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Now, to my mind, the dress, not of the time of William the Conqueror, or of the seventeenth century, but of just one hundred years ago, was the most suitable and most manly that was ever worn by the male population of these islands. By reverting to it we should get rid of two inconvenient and ugly portions of our present attire—namely, the cylindrical hat and the almost equally cylindrical trouser. The man of to-day is too cylindrical altogether to be a satisfactory object to himself or to artists. That a hat (to say nothing of its shape) should be made of a delicate material, which requires to be carefully protected from the weather and ironed and brushed it rained upon, is clearly ridiculous; that a man's legs, in this moist and muddy climate, should be clothed in tubes of cloth which reach to the heels and form admirable conductors of mud and dirt, both inside and outside, is equally so. By simply going back to the conical felt (not beaver) hat and the breeches and boots of our great grandfathers we should free ourselves at once of this inconvenience. And their caped frock-coat for riding and walking—why not that, too? It saved the shoulders from wet, and was a warm and sensible garment in every way.

Economy.

—The secret of economy lies in the buying of upholstering, such a parlor or drawing-room suites, in the purchaser going to an establishment where they make it a specialty of manufacturing first-class goods. T. F. Cummings, 349 Yonge street, has the reputation of being an experienced workman, who thoroughly understands his business. You can rest fully assured of getting what you want, and at reasonable figures.

After the Ceremony.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

"Thank heaven, the fuss is all over," said the groom, "and I have you all to myself."

"Yes," returned the happy bride, "and now let us take one last look at the wedding presents before pa sends them back to the jewelers."

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

ME THAN EIGHT YEARS' USE OF strictly reliable fabrics, made in the most artistic and durable manner possible, has made for

QUINN.

THE SHIRT-MAKER,

the most enviable reputation of any shirt-maker in Canada. ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK, York st., Toronto

CIGARS!

5c. CABLE, 5c.

10c. El Padre, 10c.

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15c. MODERN. 15c.

The Most Reliable Brands in the Market.

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AMUSEMENTS AND MEETINGS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

O. B. SHEPPARD, - - Manager.

To-night, Matinee To-morrow and To-morrow Evening

ROLAND REED

In Marsden's Comedy

CHEEK.

Come and see the fun. House crowded to the doors. Plan now open.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

O. B. SHEPPARD, - Manager.

One Week, commencing Monday, Nov. 10th. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Engagement of the distinguished French Society Star,

MLLE. RHEA,

Supported by a strong Dramatic Company under the management of Arthur B. Chase, in the following Brilliant Repertoire:

Monday, Tuesday and Saturday Nights and Wednesday Matinee, YVONNE.

Wednesday Evening and Saturday Matinee, AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

Thursday and Friday Eve'gs, FROU-FROU.

Box plan opens Friday, Nov. 7th, at 10 a m. Admission 25c., 50c., 75c. Reserved seats, 75c. and $1.00.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SITUATION WANTED BY A YOUNG man; inside work preferred; not afraid of work. Address Box 33, World office.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED TO HIRE IMMEDIATELY—100 horses and carts to deliver coal and wood through the city. Apply to P. BURNS, Cor. Bathurst and Front streets.

MONEY WANTED.

WANTED—FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS on mortgage Brick dwelling; leasehold; good margin. Box 213 Postoffice.

ARTICLES WANTED.

WANTED TO PURCHASE OLD SILVERWARE. Address E. S., World office.

FOR SALE

PIANO—GOOD—SECOND—HAND FOR sale, 7½ octaves. New York make. Apply at T. FISHER'S, 539 Yonge.

HORSES WANTED.

WANTED TO PURCHASE 75 GOOD, Sound, First-class Cart Horses. Highest prices paid for such as suit; will pay as high as $250. Apply at office, corner Bathurst and Front streets. P. BURNS.

PERSONAL

CHAPMAN, SYMONS & CO. WILL GIVE $10 reward upon conviction to any person who saw the milk dealer upset his man's full milk can at Union station on Monday morning.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND WHO WANTS to get into a good-paying business, or would you prefer to go in and win yourself? Agents, farmers, mechanics, clerks, school teachers, etc., will find this an easy way to make money; everybody satisfied; no humbug; no peddling; write for particulars, enclosing 3-cent stamp; don't delay; this advertisement will only appear for one week. Address James Laxt, importer of choice teas and coffees, 281 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont. 246

EDUCATIONAL.

TO YOUNG MEN WHO HAD NOT THE chance or neglected to receive a popular education: reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammer, and a general posting up, can be taught at the moderate charge of 10 cents a night. Apply at 8 Bond street, Toronto. 36

MEN'S OVERCOATS.

In Beavers, Miltons, Naps, Tweeds and Worsteds, all sizes in stock,

AT PETLEYS'.

MEN'S OVERCOATS,

In Light, Medium and Heavy Weights, all sizes in stock,

AT PETLEYS'.

BOYS' OVERCOATS,

In Beavers, Miltons, Naps, Tweeds and Worsteds, all sizes in stock,

AT PETLEYS'.

BOYS' RUBBER COATS,

Guaranteed Waterproof; price "one fifty;" all sizes in stock,

AT PETLEYS'.

128 TO 132 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

LONDON BREWERY.

LABATT'S

INDIA PALE ALE

AND BROWN STOUT

Received the Highest Awards of Merit for Purity and Excellence.

PHILADELPHIA ..... 1876.
CANADA ..... 1876.
AUSTRALIA ..... 1877.
PARIS ..... 1878.

TESTIMONIALS SELECTED.

TORONTO, April 12th, 1880.

I hereby certify that I have examined samples of JOHN LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE, submitted to me for analysis by James Good & Co., agents for this city, and find it to be perfectly sound, containing no ascetic acids, impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor. HENRY H. CROFT.

BEAVER HALL HILL, Montreal, Dec. 20, 1880.

I hereby certify that I have analysed several samples of INDIA PALE ALE and XXX STOUT from the brewery of JOHN LABATT, London, Ont. I find them to be remarkably sound Ales, brewed from pure malt and hops. I have examined both the March and October brewings, and find them of uniform quality. They may be recommended to invalids or convalescents where malt beverages are required as a tonic. Signed JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph., Professor of Chemistry and Public Analyst.

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