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The Toronto World.

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TWELFTH YEAR. MONDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1891 ONE CENT

PARK DEVILRY.

A Series of Disgraceful Riots Yesterday.

THE MAYOR WAS MOBBED

Hoodlums Pitilessly Stoned the Police.

SEVERAL HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTS.

Jumbo Was Not There, But His Disciples Were.

So Were the Teetotalers and They Held Forth—Agnes-street Band Played—There Was Preaching and Praying—A Howling Mob Destroys Park Property—Six Arrests—Attempted Rescues—Graphic Sketches of the Day's Doings—What Pastor Starr Said About the Bylaw—The Offence for Which the Rioters Will Be Tried.

Whereas there has arisen a practice for orators and disputants of various religious and other beliefs to publicly preach and declaim in the parks, gardens and places for exhibition against the religious and other beliefs and tenets of other persons in language calculated to provoke ill-feeling between citizens resorting to such places and breaches of the law therein;

And whereas such declamations and oratory and loud talking have become a nuisance and interfere with the proper enjoyment of the said parks, gardens or places for exhibition as places for rest and recreation, and it is desirable to prevent such nuisance;

Therefore, it is enacted that no person shall in any public park, garden or place for exhibition in the city of Toronto publicly preach, lecture or declaim on the Sabbath. A fine not exceeding $50 shall be imposed for a breach of the bylaw.

This is the bylaw passed by the City Fathers as a message of peace to the citizens, the instrument which was to ensure calm and quietude in Toronto's parks and public places. It may have this effect in the good time coming; certainly yesterday's experience is not reassuring.

The Gathering of the Hosts.

There was the largest gathering in Queen's Park yesterday that The World's Descriptive Young Man has ever seen. Nothing is so difficult to estimate as a moving crowd. From an eminence a stationary one is easily computed. The World estimates the number of people in the Park at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon at 20,000. Fortunately, the large majority were peaceful, well-disposed citizens. The female element, alarmed by the riotous doings of the previous Sunday and dreading their repetition, discreetly, and to a very large extent, kept away from the scene of strife. Not so the hoodlum, rowdy element—the residuum of the lowest quarters of the city. It was very much in evidence. It showed up in all its hideous deformity and gave free vent to its innate hatred of law and order, and specially their white-helmeted representatives.

Large Force of the Finest.

But the police were wise in their day and generation. They well estimated the quality and strength of the enemy's forces and were prepared to meet force with force. Chief Grasett, Deputy Chief Stuart, nearly all the inspectors, many of the detectives and sergeants and three strong cohorts of constables, together with five mounted men, were in the Park. The band-stand was their headquarters. Here a score of men were in ambush; another equally strong force was hidden away in the office of the clerk of the works of the new Parliament buildings. As the events of the afternoon transpired and the fun grew fast and furious these reserved forces were put in the field and did admirable service.

It was close on the stroke of 2 o'clock when The World's Young Man arrived on the scene of action and this is the sight he saw: The police at their assigned posts, a couple of thousand people scattered in disputatious knots around the places where prayer and ranting were wont to be made; groups with interest reading the printed copies of the new bylaw which had been pasted on stout boards and nailed to the trees; the police quietly gliding amongst the contentious ones and suggesting a modification of tone of speech or the excited ones might be mistaken for park preachers.

The Agnostics' Protest.

A man carrying the well-known stand from which Citizen Duval and his confreres have often beaten the air, if not the bulwarks of Christianity, caused considerable sensation. He was promptly informed that the agnostic's mission, like Othello's occupation, was gone, and that the famous stand had better be relegated to some museum. All of which with more than Christian patience and resignation he humbly heard, and rearing the stand against the tree which marks the Secularists' trysting place, he said it would be a silent protest against the iniquity of suppressing free speech in a free land. There the stand remained unharmed the livelong afternoon, though tumult in which sticks and stones had a place raged repeatedly around. To their credit it should be stated that though the leaders of the Toronto Secularists were all present and were with great pertinacity urged to "speak and take chances," they did neither. Moreover, they urged on their impulsive disciples to "do likewise," but in this they were only partially successful.

"I'm for free speech," shouted one, "and against all oppression and tyranny," but his fervor quickly subsided as half a dozen white helmets hove in sight. "It's a damned shame to shut up our mouths like this," roared another, but his roaring soon subsided into that of a sucking dove on cries of "The cops!" And there were curses not loud but deep, and waiting and gnashing of teeth in more than a metaphorical sense at what they termed the closure, the muzzle, the gag.

Jumbo's Emissaries Stirred Up Strife.

The most general inquiry was: "Is Jumbo Here?" No, the one who dubs himself "Defender of the Faith," after all his bombast, showed the white feather, turned tail and stayed at home. It was well he did, for there was more than sufficient turbulence without the incentive which his presence would unfailingly have given. But he sent one of his shop boys to distribute a handbill, to the composition of which he has been devoting much spare time. It consisted of a tirade of abuse of "Pope, Bishop & Co., pardon brokers and proprietors of the Purgatory loan and insurance company, manufacturers and wholesale dealers in genuine apostolic relics, indulgences medals, the scapular life preserver, charms, consecrated wafers or pancake gods, hair shirts, thumb screws, flesh pincers, whips, branding irons, breviaries, images, bones, beads, crosses, Babylonish garments and all other aids to faith." There was also much other vile trash on the two pages, signed like a peer of the realm, "Campbell, Toronto." In large type was the announcement of "red-hot burning truths in this paper next week." This is Jumbo's latest move: He will distribute his indecent and provocative literature to the thousands in the Park who will not be able to hear his highly-seasoned harangues. The distribution of this handbill caused great commotion, and the young man was pretty well mobbed.

The Mayor Hooted Out of the Park.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when the cry arose, "Here's the Mayor!" And so there he was, in immaculate Sunday black, shining silk hat, the indispensable buttonhole and blushing more than is his wont. He made his way to the front of the band stand, and was soon in confab with Chief Grasett and Deputy Chief Stuart. Meanwhile he was the observed of all observers, and his position soon became uncomfortable. The crowd surged around him, and His Worship had to run the gauntlet of such exclamations as "Free Speech!" "Who Signed the Bylaw?" "Down With Him!" "Run Him Out!" The Mayor good-humoredly smiled and gracefully raised his hat, but the hubbub increased, hooting became contagious, the crowd swelled to a thousand, the greater part, like the mob in the Temple of Ephesus, not knowing the cause of the tumult or wherefore they had come together. Saying good-day to the heads of police His Worship turned right-about, but accustomed to election crowds he was in a tighter one this time than ever before. He was hustled and jostled and the official cry was, "Haste to the Rescue!" Up came the valiant cops, their batons gleaming in the sun, up rode the mounted men, and bravely they held the more turbulent of the crowd at bay, whilst the Mayor, looking crestfallen, made tracks for the exit from the Park opposite St. Alban's-street. A howling mob, the majority of whom were young men, followed. They hooted till the welkin rang, and most ungentleel and impolite were the epithets hurled at the city's chief officer. "You'll Never be Mayor Again!" "To Hell With Him," "You can't carry out your bylaw," "You're a traitor," are samples of the plentiful rhetorical crop. Near the exit The World's Young Man accosted His Worship, who was covered with dust and perspiring profusely. Said he: "Mr. World, isn't this a most disgraceful exhibition for Toronto on the Sabbath afternoon?" "Indeed it is," replied the Scribe. "Well, it shows the need there was for the interference of the law. Such disorder must be put down or Toronto's fair name will suffer." The World bade His Worship "good-day" in St. Alban's-street, where a crowd of the noisy youngsters followed him as though he were a curiosity. And of the crowd there was not one left to do him reverence.

An Abrupt End to the Orangeman's Prayer.

A short stout well-known figure in the Park, and one of Jumbo's most earnest supporters, who rejoices in the patronymic of Smith, had in the meantime become excited. Standing on a bench near Campbell's rostrum he had cried "Bravo" when the demonstrative ones had denounced the Mayor's tyranny. Then in Boanerges tones he cried: "I'll we may not preach or orate in the Park we can pray. Let us pray!" And suiting the action to the word he doffed his chapeau, piously clasped his hands and lifting up his eyes, if not his voice, to heaven, began: "O Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, we are in Thy great temple"—when immediately he found he was knocked off his perch though the terrific rush which followed on two mounted policemen riding at hot haste into the crowd to suppress the supplicator. However, nobody seemed one penny the worse, and the conclusion of the prayer is amongst the things which never came. But the peace which followed was short-lived. A change came o'er the spirit of the scene. Smith had not let off all his steam; it was dangerous sitting on the safety valve, the inward fire burned and it found outward expression. The good-meaning but unfortunate brother had scores said as many words in defence of British liberty and freedom of speech as he had used in his prayer than the myrmidons of the law were unerringly on his trail, and he found himself in the firm grip of two sturdy stalwarts.

A Fight Between Police and Mob.

The sympathy of the crowd was with Smith and a rescue was called for and would to all intents and purposes have been carried into effect had not a regular posse of police and the mounted men made small work of the sympathizers. Batons were more than flourished, they were vigorously used, there was a conflict, short, sharp and decisive, and a rush pell-mell and dangerous. Men and women were knocked over and hundreds fled like frightened sheep from the approach of the fighting mob. The police, meanwhile, were being assailed with stones. These must have been pre-provided, to coin a word, for they are a scarce article in the Park away from the new Parliament buildings. As the mob approached the latter they replenished their stores of ammunition. There was a brisk fusilade. Several times the horses were struck, as well as their riders. Sergeant Cross was hit on the shoulder by a heavy missile, and the World's Young Man would not have been able to write this report if a large jagged stone had hit his cranium with the force it struck the gate-post within half an inch of his head. There arose cries of "Close the gates!" to prevent the exit of the police with their prisoner. This attempt was futile, but a strong body guard was there to rescue Smith. Satisfied they apparently were when they found that his penalty was only being "run out." This was done unceremoniously and Smith was the hero of the hour. "Speech!" became the cry, but no, he would run no more chances. "I've vindicated the right of free speech; I've protested against the bylaw and there my duty ends." "Well, come back again into the Park," said a hundred voices at once. And enamored with the idea of going back, with injured innocence, if not posing as a martyr, he essayed to do as his admirers wished. But he reckoned without his host. The eDputy Chief said, standing in the breach, the gateway: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," and his dictum was law, backed up by the presence of the Chief and two score white helmets. Lugubriously The World found Smith an hour later inspecting the scene through the Park railings, like Moses on Pisgah surveying the Promised Land.

"Down With the Bylaw Boards."

The mob, vowing vengeance, returned to the centre of the Park. There was a good deal of hustling and hooting and spasmodic efforts on part of the police to break up what appeared organized gangs. One of these was bent on the demolition of the bylaw boards. Several unsuccessful attempts were made on the one above the Secularists' wonted stand. At last the lynx-eye of No. 15 Mounted Police caught a young fellow at this risky game. The attempt was nipped in the bud, amid both cheering and hooting. In the surging mob the prancing steed curveted, when a stone deftly aimed knocked off the helmet of No. 15, which to the great delight of the unruly ones rolled over in the dust. No. 15 was nedled more than hurt, and didn't he flourish his riding whip! Reinforcements arrived, some traitor, as the boys dubbed him, gave the snap away and a tough-looking but diminutive youth was arrested. Then followed a repetition of the scene described above in connection with Smith's arrest. There was more tumult, but less stone-throwing. The Chief was to the front and his reserve forces were called out to stem the onrush of the thousands in dangerous proximity to the heaps of refuse stone. The patrol was rung up, and if ever the horses galloped they did that hot afternoon. The roar of hootings and groans which greeted its advent was terrific; so was the rush to get a glimpse of the captive; but the majesty of the law prevailed and, escorted by mounted men, the patrol started. At this juncture another arrest for stone-throwing was made, and a sight was seen which reminded the writer of Dick Turpin pursuing the Royal Mail. In hot haste two mounted men o'ertook the fast-retreating patrol and a stout, strong companion was handcuffed to the diminutive, lonely prisoner.

The Fight Waxes Hot—Down Come the Boards.

Undeterred by these "awful examples" the destructive gang made a renewed attack on the obnoxious placards. Firmly nailed as the boards were, stout blows by horny hands soon demolished a couple. The greatest excitement was at the spot where Jumbo orates. When the board fell, great, even demoniacal, was the delight of the hoodlums. They fairly danced for joy. They shouted themselves hoarse. They threw the board on the ground, jumped upon it, spat upon it, heaped dust upon it, as though it were a thing of life. Then, breaking it into several fragments, they flourished them in the air, some even surmounting them with their hats, which recalled the Cap of Liberty the Scribe has seen in big English political demonstrations. Then a procession was organized, and singing "John Brown's body—Glory, Hallelujah!" a frantic rush was made with the object of demolishing the other bylaw boards. In this they were successful—that is, ultimately. But before this was done there was a riot—a scene of extreme danger. Four mounted policemen protected the board nailed to a tree adjoining the roadway and immediately opposite to the George Brown memorial. There was something ludicrous as well as tragic in the episode which followed. Like Horatius, who kept the bridge in the brave days of old, valiantly, with teeth firmly set and flourishing their whipstocks, the four held the fort. Here the mob was very great, the roadway blocked with carriages, locomotion an impossibility. Devilish was the device adopted and carried into execution by the implacable hoodlums. They struck and prodded the mounted men's steeds till they kicked and plunged. The patience, long tried, of their riders was exhausted, and fiercely—yes, that is the term—they struck right and left at the howling mob so closely pressing them. There was a terrible stampede. People rushed into the blockaded road, were jammed against carriages and horses, and a serious riot, imperilling life and limb, seemed imminent. Then came the development of the plot. Whilst the police charged the mob the notice board was left unprotected. Then with a thump down came the two-foot piece of wood work, and a mighty cheer rent the air. This recalled the mounted men to the bad effects of their flank attack. With difficulty the mob was dispersed and some of the prized relics of the attack rescued from their possessors.

Flaws in the Bylaw.

Was it not Lord Palmerston who boasted that he could drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament? Well, if Acts of the Imperial Parliament are not faultless, how can we expect Toronto's city bylaws to be? The bylaw does not prohibit praying in the Park. A shrewd-headed zealot saw this. So he could not preach he prayed the gospel, and this in as loud a voice as ever Jumbo used. Another missioner well known in connection with the Bible cause also found a flaw in the bylaw. He said: "Let us read the Word of God, if we cannot preach." And read he did and preach a sermon too, for he read from the Acts and, instead of preaching his own sermon, preached PAUL. The Agnes-street band, pursuant to advertisement, also played, as is its wont. Thus stole a march on the Salvation Army, who honorably stayed away. Not content with the beating of the drum and the blowing of the brass instruments, soloists "sang the gospel." As several of the listeners said to The World, "What's the difference between 'praying the gospel' and 'singing the gospel' and 'preaching the gospel'?" This is a conundrum the City Fathers in their united wisdom may possibly answer to-night. Another sapient remark was that the Salvation Army night parade up and down the Park the whole afternoon, with the dancing dervishes, and sounding the loud timbrel, relating experiences and praying, and yet go scot-free. Further, there were two glaring evasions of the bylaw, one at the entrance and the other at the rear of the Park. The Temperance Reformation Society had its claims publicly advocated, teetotal appeals were made and pledges taken. At the rising ground at the north end of the Park a self-constituted evangelist exhorted the people to "flee from the wrath to come," without any one daring to make him afraid. The police were too busy in the other parts of the people's recreation ground.

It is unquestionable that the last Sunday of July of the present year of grace was the most disorderly which Toronto has ever seen. Its mayor mobbed, its police force stoned, murderous threats publicly used, the peace broken, the bylaw disregarded, the Lord's Day desecrated, rest and recreation prevented, traffic blockaded are not items which constitute a Red-Letter day—in the ecclesiastical sense of the word—in the local records of the Queen City of the West.

Those Who Were Arrested.

Robert Magill, 49 Clyde-street, bookbinder, disorderly by throwing stones in the Park.

George Muter, 177 Yonge-street, disorderly in St. Vincent-street, throwing stones.

Lawrence Hammond, Sullivan-street, laborer, disorderly in the Park.

John Harding, 168 Oxford-street, painter, disorderly in the Park.

This does list not include those "run out" of the Park. The next act in the sensational drama will be in the Police Court this morning.

How the Prisoners Will Be Arraigned.

The four men who were arrested will not be tried for a breach of the bylaw but for the misdemeanor of engaging in a riot. For this offence they cannot be fined, but are liable, if convicted, to be sent to jail for seven years, as that is the extreme penalty the law provides for this offence. This will also avoid any appeals on the score of the invalidity of the bylaw.

Mr. Starr Approves the Bylaw.

Rev. J. E. Starr preached a stirring sermon in the Elm-street Methodist Church on "The Sunday Park Bylaw," taking as his text Exodus xxxv., 3: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitation on the Sabbath day."

In olden times the people had to eat cold dinners on Sunday so that the cooks might have a day of rest.

Some argue that laws regarding the Sabbath are laws aiming to make people religious. Such is not the case. All civilized nations have become aware that a weekly day of rest makes the citizens stronger in body and purer in morals, and enables them to work harder and with better results. So laws have been placed upon the statute books enforcing Sabbath observance.

The State has found it essential to its existence to set apart a national holiday to cultivate in its citizens the spirit of patriotism. There may be some who would like to use our banks and courts of law on the first of July. Yet will anyone say it is a violation of individual liberty to close them up? Should one hear such a complaint he may set the author down as a rebel. So it is with the Sabbath laws. It is in the interests of public liberty that they be maintained, and where public liberty begins private liberty ends.

"For these reasons," continued the speaker, "I am glad to express my satisfaction with the bylaw proposed by Mr. Score, the superintendent of our own Sabbath school," and he gazed for a moment in silent admiration at the worthy alderman, "prohibiting all public speaking in the city parks upon the Sabbath. Proceedings which have been a reproach to our city have been enacted during the years past, but I am glad to know that the council has at last assumed control."

The speaker did not mean to judge the work of the Salvation Army and the temperance speakers, but he did say "the good that they may have done has been more than counterbalanced by the irreverence they have shown toward the Lord's Day." At this remark a couple of men showed their displeasure by leaving the church. "It is getting too hot for them," put in the preacher.

He continued: "I am sorry that there were Methodists who had so little sense as to stand up this afternoon and pose as law-breakers. There are some who maintain that the law is ultra vires and that the position of the council is untenable." While the courts would, in his opinion, uphold the action of the council, yet if not it would be very easy to add a clause giving the right to speak to certain licensed persons who would not transgress the sanctity of the Sabbath.

Holding up a maple leaf the speaker said: "This is to me one of the dearest treasures. To maintain it unsoiled I would fain pour out my very heart's blood. I love to see it placed just over the Union Jack and below the cross. May the time never come when either the bigotry of the "Fleur de lis" or the intolerance of the Orange lily shall cause the maple leaf to be bathed in blood."

DEATH IN THE PRAYER BOOK.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF SEVERAL FRENCH MINISTERS.

Interiors of Roman Catholic Mass Books Cut Out and a Powerful Fulminate Powder Placed in the Hollowed Out Books, Which Were Then Sent to the Intended Victims.

PARIS, July 25.—It became known to-day that an attempt had been made to assassinate Mme. Constans, wife of the Minister of the Interior. Mme. Constans received a package addressed to her from Toulon and apparently containing an oblong box. The wrapping paper around the supposed box was taken off and the package was found to consist of a gook-sized missal, or Roman Catholic mass book. At first sight it was a neat present to send to the wife of the President. Upon more careful examination it was found that the leaves of the missal, to outward appearance, had been stuck together with varnish or mucilage. This caused a still more careful examination of the mysterious missal and upon being opened with the greatest care it was found that the interior of the book had been cut away in the manner sometimes adopted by smugglers who desire to send articles free of duty through the mails, and who placed them in a hollowed-out book for that purpose. The interior of the missal contained a powerful fulminate powder. There was no explosion. No clue has been found to the sender of this infernal machine through the post-office authorities of Toulon acting in conjunction with Parisian police, and the police of Toulon are said to be on the track of the perpetrator or perpetrators of this outrage. No reason seems to have been found for this attempt upon the life of Mme. Constans, and so it is thought the would-be assassins really intended to take the life of the Minister, and supposed that a package addressed to Mme. Constans would be carelessly opened by her husband, while a package addressed to M. Constans might be carefully opened by his attendants. The report of the attempted assassination is the talk of Paris, and has caused considerable indignation.

The identity of the person or persons who sent the infernal machine has not been discovered, according to the latest particulars. The book in which the explosive was concealed appeared to be a Catholic prayer book. The book accompanied by a letter addressed to Mme. Constans came in the morning on his desk. The handwriting on the envelope was so much like the writing of one of his nieces that he concluded that the letter was intended for Mme. Constans and he therefore sent both the book and the letter to his wife. Madame Constans, on receiving the book, found the leaves stuck fast together and handed it to the butler to open. The butler was about to use a chisel on it when he noticed a false affixed to the leaves. The book was then turned over to the police, by whom it was cautiously opened, when a cavity was disclosed which concealed 200 grains of fulminate. A few grains of the fulminate when tested in a laboratory exploded with a report like that of a cannon.

A book similarly prepared reached M. Etienne, Secretary of the Colonial Office, and another was received by M. Treille, Director of the Colonial Health Department. M. Treille was put on his guard by a few grains of the fulminate dropping out of the book. There is a vague suspicion that the missive was sent by a retired naval surgeon who has a grievance.

M. Girard, the analyst, says only a madman would have risked his life in preparing such an apparatus, which was formidable enough to bring down a house and make a 50-foot hole in the ground. A navy surgeon, who had committed suicide at Toulon, was possibly the culprit.

THE WIEBACH VICTORY.

The London Press on the Liberal Triumph—The Times Jubilant.

LONDON, July 26.—The Times, commenting on the result of the Wiebach election, says: This defeat is the worst the Unionists have sustained. Mr. Gladstone has at length obtained an argument supporting his predictions of a Liberal success at the general election. The reverse was not due to the popularity of Home Rule, but rather to the Unionist-Liberals who withdrew their support from the Conservatives under belief that the time has come when they can again exercise freedom of choice in politics.

The Post says the election was an undoubted defeat for the Unionists. Nothing can be gained by attempting to minimize it. The result was due to Unionist carelessness and apathy. The decline of the former spirit gravely menaces the Unionist cause.

The Chronicle says: The result was due to the Conservative candidate adopting a protective cry. The laborers recognize that protection for the farmers will not increase their wages. They voted for the Gladstonian candidate believing the Radical measures had better be entrusted to a Radical Government.

The Daily News is jubilant. It says the result of the election is proof that the country generally is waiting to reverse the decision of 1886.

General Booth Makes His Will.

LONDON, July 26.—Commander-in-Chief Booth of the Salvation Army sails for Cape Town to-morrow on a tour of the world. He has a presentiment that he will never return alive and he has arranged all his affairs accordingly.

A sealed letter has been deposited with his solicitors, in which he gives directions in regard to the changes he wishes made in the headship of the Army in the event of his death abroad. He names as his successor his son Bramwell Booth.

The General in an interview to-day expressed his regret that he could not visit America. He sends his eldest daughter, Mrs. Booth Clibborn, to that country in the latter part of August.

STANLEY BREAKS HIS THIGH.

The Great Explorer Meets With a Serious Accident.

GENOA, July 26.—Henry M. Stanley has met with a serious accident. According to information received here from Muerren, where Mr. Stanley is staying with his wife, the explorer has fractured his left lower thigh bone by accidentally slipping while mountain climbing.

Mr. Stanley had started to walk from Muerren towards the Schill Valley. While passing through a wood he slipped on some rocky ground and fell heavily to the earth, fracturing his left thigh bone. Two English doctors who were stopping at Muerren were summoned to the spot. They bandaged Mr. Stanley's leg and then had the explorer conveyed to Mürren, where Dr. Playfair of Kurhaus is attending him.

Foreign Money Market.

LONDON, July 26.—Money was more plentiful during the past week and discount was easy at 1⅝ for three months and ¾ for short. Since the opening of the month, when discount rates touched the official minimum and an advance of the Bank of England rate appeared imminent, the monetary outlook has rapidly changed.

To Die at Daybreak.

PARIS, July 26.—The execution of young Berlaud and his companion, Dore, for the Courbevoie murder has been set for 5 o'clock Monday morning. The mother of Berlaud, also under death sentence, has been granted a reprieve.

A Famine Averted.

CALCUTTA, July 26.—Rains have fallen in northwest India, averting the famine that was feared.

Another M.P. Dead.

LONDON, July 26.—Sir Charles Foster, Bart, M.P. for Walsall, died to-day. He was born in 1815 and had sat for Walsall since 1852. In politics he was a Liberal, in favor of Home Rule.

Six Were Crushed to Death.

LONDON, July 26.—By the collapse of the condensers at the chemical works in Gateshead six men have been crushed to death.

Foreign News and Gossip.

It is semi-officially confirmed to-day that the general elections will take place in 1892.

Arrangements have been completed for the lighting of bonfires on the hilltops for long distances in Ireland on the night of the release from prison of Dillon and O'Brien.

The town of Schwalesburg, near Oppenheim, has been destroyed by fire. Hardly a house was left standing. Many horses and cattle perished in the flames.

It is now regarded as certain that the session of the British Parliament will wind up next Saturday. The discussion on the estimates will not be prolonged.

Fourteen counterfeiters have been arrested near Altoona. They are supposed to be the gang who have of late been uttering bogus money in many portions of the German Empire and have been very clever in eluding the police.

The Bishop of Cloyne has ordered the priests in his diocese not to say mass nor attend the funeral nor recommend the deceased to the prayers of the congregation in any case where intoxicating drink is supplied at the wake of a deceased person or at the funeral.

The Natural History Museum at Kensington has received a novel addition to its shelves in the shape of 10,000 spiders. The insects were bequeathed to the institution by the late Count Keyserling, who spent a good part of his life in collecting them.

The 17-year-old boy Pratte, who turned the wrong switch and sent a train on the Manchester Ship Canal Railway over an embankment, causing the loss of 11 lives, has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter. The magistrates who disposed of the case strongly censured the company for employing boys at switches.

It is reported that as a result of the repeated displays of mutinous conduct upon the part of the Foot Guards all those men belonging to the battalion of Grenadier Guards now on its way home from Bermuda will be discharged and will not be allowed to re-enlist.

Investigation into the causes which led up to the resignation of Prof. Koch of all public offices held by him has resulted in the friends of the professor authorizing the statement that his resignation was not because of the failure of his tuberculine. His action, they assert, was taken because, upon the point of accepting a new office, that of director of the Institute of Infectious Diseases, which has been organized by the German Government.

For Child Desertion.

GUELPH, July 25.—The mystery surrounding the child which was found in a basket on the Fergus and Orangeville road last May has been unravelled, and in consequence an old man named Andrew Watson finds himself in the clutches of the law. A number of years ago Watson adopted an orphan at Berlin by the name of Elizabeth May. The girl resided with him ever since and has grown to womanhood. On April 20 last she was about to become a mother and made application at the poorhouse in Berlin for admission. At first she was kept refused, but consented to keep her over night. The next day she gave birth to a child and remained there for two weeks. Watson then went to the poorhouse and paid $25 for the girl's board and attendance and took her and the child away. It is alleged that the child was left on the roadside on the way home from Berlin.

Stabbed by a Friend.

About 10 o'clock on Saturday a drunken row occurred in Wilton-avenue, near Sackville-street, in which one of the combatants, Lawrence O'Conner, 133 Sumach-street, was stabbed in the left side. The hemorrhage from the wound was so severe that the police took him at once to the hospital in the patrol wagon. L. Unsh, a companion, is under arrest for the deed. The two men were the best of friends, but whisky caused a falling out.

Father Chiniquy Encourages Jumbo.

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Prince Yoneda's Imperial Japanese troupe begin their wonderful performances at Hanlan's Point to-day and will continue for the rest of the week. The performances begin at 4.30 in the afternoon and at 9.30 at night. The Queen's Own band will play.

The following Toronto passengers left New York on Thursday by the Allan State Line steamer State of Georgia: Miss Arkell, Mrs. Coffee, Dr. Farncomb, Mr. Thomas Fane, Mr. F. Knapp, Mr. John Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, Mr Wightman. The steamers of the Allan State Line are gaining every day in popularity. The first cabin rate is from $35 upwards from New York to Glasgow, and only $65 return.

Melville & Richardson, Toronto General Steamship Agency, 28 Adelaide-st east, report the following passengers booked for Europe last week: Mrs. Bell, Miss L. Bell, Mr. E. A. Parker, Mr. A. Johnston, Dr. W. H. Broughton, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. G. Ruddington, Mrs. Ruddington, Miss Eliza Ruddington, Mrs. M. Rose, Miss Rose, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. J. H. Edgar, Miss Edgar, Mr. Cochrane, Master C. B. Cochrane, Dr. Anderson, Joseph Powell, Miss Powell, J. B. Sanderson, John Russell, Miss Hutchings.

THE FAIRBANK TRAGEDY.

DETECTIVE GREER SPENDS TWO DAYS IN THE VICINITY.

Arrests May Be Expected Any Hour—Another Talk With the Father of the Murdered Girl—Sensational Reports of Startling Evidence—Can the Weapon Which Was Used Be Traced?

Before another sun sets, one, and perhaps two persons may be in custody, charged with knowing something concerning the murder of Sophie Hancock in her store at Fairbank village on Thursday, July 16. Government Detective Greer spent Friday and Saturday at the scene of the murder, returning to Toronto Saturday evening. The result of his investigations has been laid before the Attorney-General's department, and it is said that his report supports the opinion of the villagers that the girl was murdered.

Detective Greer examined the scene of the tragedy and, assisted by the girl's father, took accurate measurements of the surroundings.

Mr. Handcock Again Explains.

Edward Handcock, the father of the dead girl, yesterday attended the three services in the Fairbank Presbyterian Church, the pastor of which was foreman of the jury which returned a verdict that Sophie had been murdered. Yesterday was the second anniversary of the little chapel and the attendance was unusually large, and Mr. Handcock found many pairs of eyes directed at him from all quarters of the church edifice.

A World reporter had another talk with Mr. Handcock in the afternoon. Handcock is 55 years old. He was born in London, England, but when 8 years of age removed to Dover, where he lived for 27 years. From Dover he came to Toronto and has been living here ever since. In England he married his present wife, a comely woman of perhaps 40 to 45 summers. She is rather short and thick set, has a double chin, black hair streaked with grey and rich large brown eyes.

Handcock made no explanation as to why the property was deeded to the murdered girl. Speaking of Detective Greer's visit he said: "Nothing of a suspicious character was found about the place and the detective returned to the city apparently satisfied that there was no foul play in the matter."

Mr. Handcock continues to complain that the neighbors, or some of them at least, act in a most unneighborly way towards him in his deep bereavement. One, he said, even accused him of being the perpetrator of the foul deed and threatened, prior to the inquest, that if the body of the dead girl were buried it would be exhumed for a post-mortem examination.

He once more told his theory of the tragedy, and became very dramatic in its narration. "Sophie had always been," he said, "a healthy girl, was always strong and capable of a strong build—short and stout, but she had for some time been troubled with a very slight affection of the heart that at times produced a faintness, especially after going upstairs. I think that in her hurry the girl resided with him ever since and has grown to womanhood. On April 20 last she was about to become a mother and made application at the poorhouse in Berlin for admission. At first she was kept refused, but consented to keep her over night. The next day she gave birth to a child and remained there for two weeks. Watson then went to the poorhouse and paid $25 for the girl's board and attendance and took her and the child away. It is alleged that the child was left on the roadside on the way home from Berlin.

Stabbed by a Friend.

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